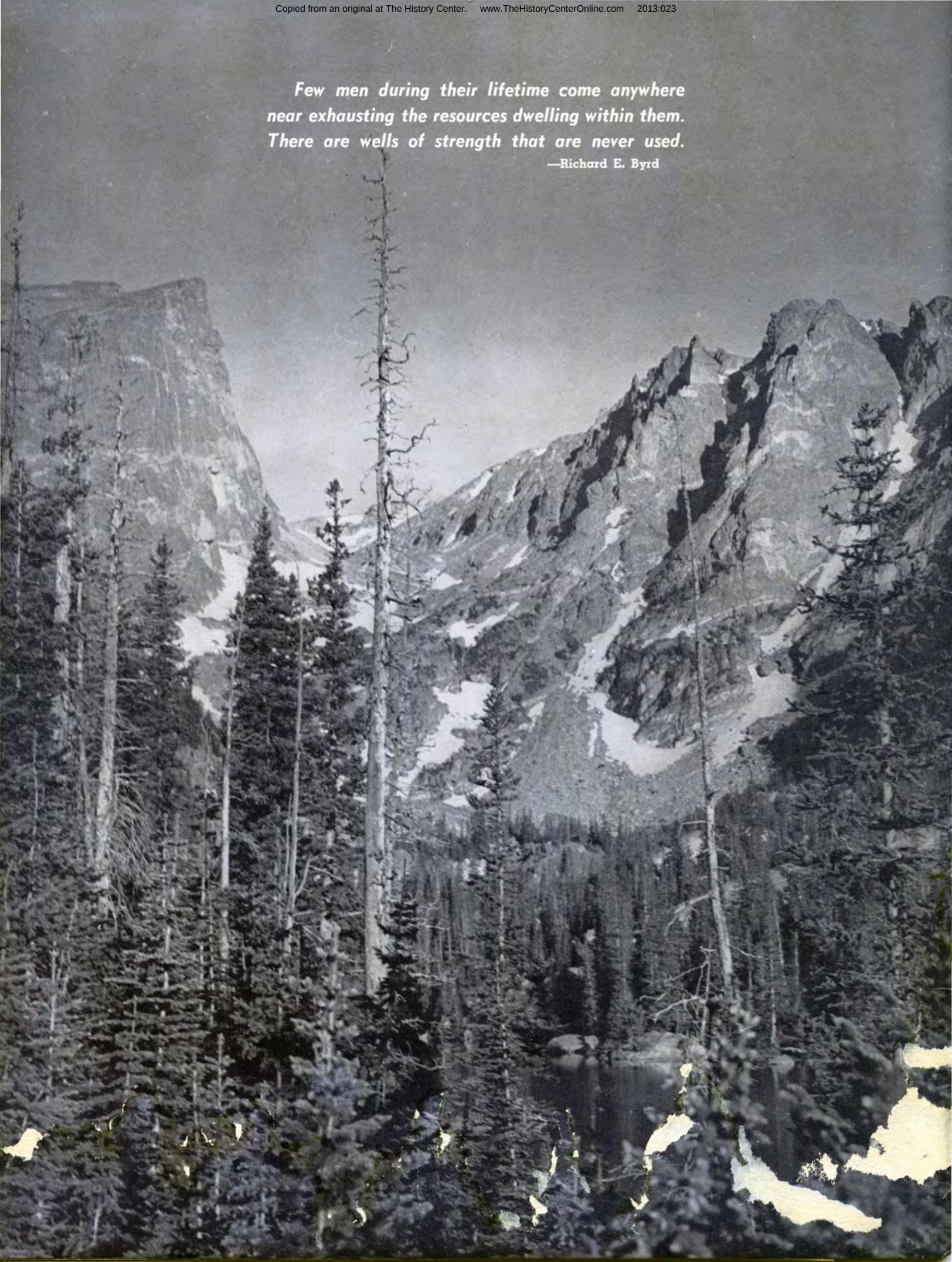
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The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXV . . . NUMBER 5

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Few men during their lifetime come anywhere near exhausting the resources dwelling within them. There are wells of strength that are never used.

—Richard E. Byrd

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The Lufkin Line

Published to promote Friendship and Good Will with its customers and friends and to advance the interest of its products by the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, Lufkin, Texas.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, Editor

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In This Issue

CANADA—VACATION LAND UNLIMITED 4-7
This Friendly Nation on Our North Has Many Different Meanings to All Visitors, but the Country's Travel Charm Beckons Unceasingly

LUFKIN'S CANADIAN DIVISION 8
On November 19, Lufkin Celebrates Its First Birthday in Canada

SNAPS FROM AN A.I.M.E. GATHERING 9
When a Group of Engineers Get Together, No Holds are Barred and Everybody Has Fun

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS 10-11
Whether in the Tropical Climes or Where Pumping Is Necessary at 60 Below, Lufkin Is on the Job

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN 12-13
Canadian Oil Men in and Near Our Edmonton Office

HONEY ON WHEELS—Sam L. Jones 14-15
A Most Unique Experiment Has Turned into a Wonderful Business Enterprise Worth 100 Million—Bees

GALAPAGOS—ISLANDS OF MYSTERY—J. Norman Heard ... 16-18
A Story of the Taming of—not the Shrew— But Land Iguanas on Seymour Island

LET'S LAUGH 19

COVER: Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

☆

If some of the days ahead are hard, remember that life deals with us on the installment plan. We never buy all of failure or success at any one time. We buy a little day by day, and the trick is to make sure that day by day we buy a little more success than we do failure.—**Paul Spoicher.**

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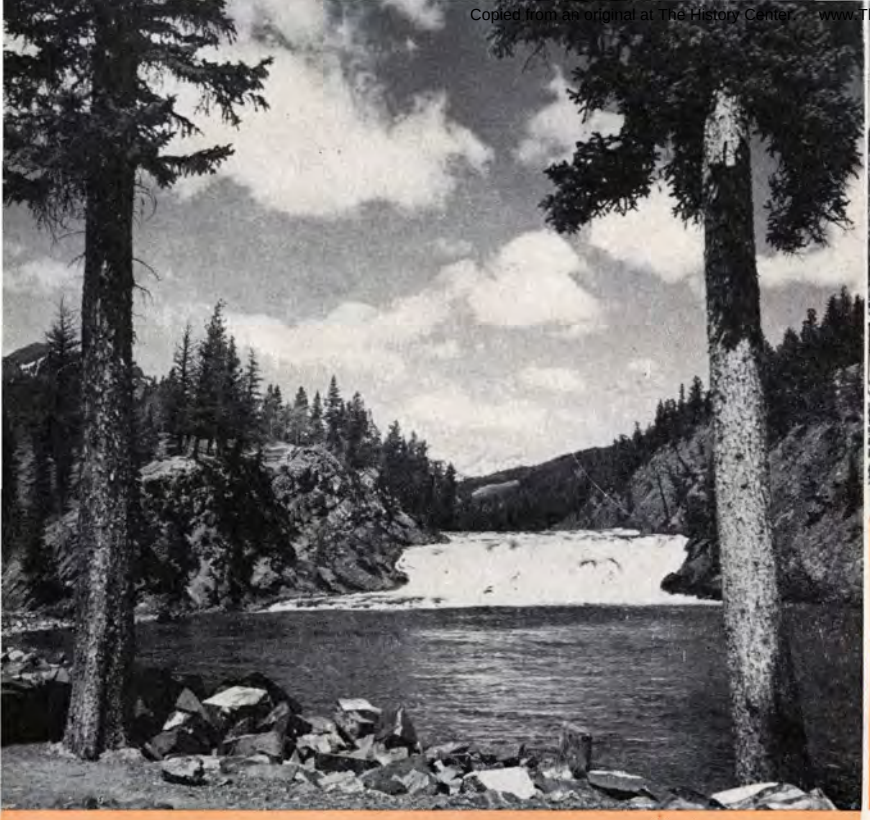
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Bow Falls in Banff National Park never fails to awe visitors. Autumn is considered one of the best seasons for seeing the parks for the slopes of the Canadian Rockies are a riot of color.



Modern trailer camps await visitors to Canada's many celebrated national parks. License plates may be seen in these parks from all parts of the United States as well as Canada.

CANADA . . . *Va*

CANADA is a lot of things to a lot of people. To the fisherman from Ohio who tries Newfoundland waters for the first time, it's the splash of a rising trout in North Arm Brook.

To the Montana hunter stalking big game in the mountains of British Columbia, it's the chilling snarl of a nervous cougar.

To the Detroiter taking a fast weekend trip to Toronto, it's the superb four-lane surface of the Queen Elizabeth Way.

To the New Yorker who flies to Montreal for a business-pleasure call, it's a galaxy of eating places offering the kind of meals that gourmets write books about.

Canada has different meanings to all these visitors, but each interpretation increases a vacation reputation that each year brings an invading army of recreation-minded Americans more than millions strong.

The country's travel charm is apparent enough so far as scenery goes. Its less obvious attraction lies in the character of its people, the leisurely tempo of their way of living, and the stuff of history which to many U. S. visitors is somewhat unfamiliar and completely intriguing.

There's not much talk about frozen northlands any more, though in years past Canadians had to battle the idea that their country was a sort of glorified ice field. They couldn't help relishing the occasional heat wave that speeded visitors and home folks alike to the mountains and cool green lakes which lie so near to many of Canada's cities. The legend has pretty well had its day, thanks to the personal visits of so many tourists. Actually the Canadian climate ranges from the year-round roses of Victoria, British Columbia, to the admittedly severe winters of the prairies. Southern Ontario is tobacco country, and each year migrant U. S. workers help harvest its crop. Bananas have been grown there too, just to prove it can be done.

Each of the ten Canadian provinces offers its own kind of vacation setting. In British Columbia the scenery is on the majestic scale, a happy combination of snowy mountain ranges, rugged coastal inlets and quiet countryside. It is a land of special delight for hunters and fishermen, and the country's most equable climate is British Columbia's finishing touch.

In Alberta there are Reservation Indians and cowhands, as of old, with the Calgary Stampede as the summer's highlight attraction. The province has over a score of dude ranches offering accommodation, riding and entertainment. Banff and Jasper are magic names in Alberta, and both these national parks and resort towns draw many travelers to the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Lake Louise, near Banff, has been called the most beautiful single scene in North America.

Saskatchewan presents a vacation picture distinctly Canadian. Fishi[illegible]anks high in the province's appeal, and th[illegible]at areas of forest

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A skier riding the Mt. Norquay chair lift near the top of the lift at 6800 feet altitude in Banff National Park. Banff offers plenty of recreational facilities for both winter and summer vacationers.

cation Land Unlimited



Two skiers stand on the roof of a cabin at Mt. Assiniboine Lodge in Banff National Park. Although some of the talk about frozen northlands has died down, this picture would give rise for further discussion.

lands, lakes and rivers. Deer, bear, antelope and wolves road the woodlands and brush country.

Manitoba, Canada's Keystone Province, is bigger by far than the combined states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. The more adventurous visitors can hunt belugas, the great whales of Hudson Bay, if they obtain a special license. Boats and harpoons are supplied at Churchill, and the big mammals weigh up to a ton.

About three-fifths of all visiting U. S. motorists first cross the Canadian border at Ontario. The province equals the combined areas of the New England states, of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. Within this great expanse lie two million lakes and over a hundred million acres of timberland. The province has 52 different vacation areas, and most every conceivable kind of holiday fun.

In Quebec, the New World's Normandy, there is the appeal of a bilingual culture against a background of ancient customs, handicrafts and communities dating back to Canada's earliest origins. Quebec City, capital of the province, is the only walled city in North America, and the Laurentian Mountains are the oldest in the world. Quebec offers the U. S. visitor the enjoyment of foreign travel without the usual complications.

Historic New Brunswick, with its almost endless variety of fish-laden waterways and game-filled forests, combines sea [illegible] with rugged cliffs, woodland lakes ar[illegible]re, rolling farmland and picturesque villages. There are hundreds of lakes and rivers, and some of the world's best salmon fishing. New Brunswick is one of the continent's best hunting areas, and has more than twelve million acres of woodland.

Nova Scotia is a land of legends. Practically every village has a story, and there is usually historic foundation for the tale. Hundreds of sandy beaches ring the province, and apple blossom time in the Annapolis Valley strengthens its inland charm. There are more white-tail deer per square mile in Nova Scotia than anywhere else in North America. Swordfish and tuna angling are bringing more U. S. sportsmen to the province every year.

Prince Edward Island, known for its specialties of potato growing and oyster farming, is getting a well deserved name for holiday hospitality too. This tiny island off the Atlantic seaboard is replete with history and adventure. Salmon inhabit nearly all its rivers, and rainbow trout can be found in lakes within 25 miles of the provincial capital, Charlottetown.

Newfoundland became the tenth Canadian province in 1949. Many place names on the island are reminiscent of the days when Frenchmen, Spaniards and Portuguese competed with fishermen from the west coast of England for the rich fishing grounds off Newfoundland's rugged coast. The interior of the province is a network of rivers and

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A canoe and a quiet Canadian lake are a perfect vacation combination. The setting is Smoke Lake in Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario.



A sentry stands on silent guard by a Martello tower at Fort Henry, Kingston, Ontario. Fort Henry was built following the War of 1812, when relations between Canada and the United States were still strained.

lakes where salmon and trout abound. Moose and caribou are plentiful.

That's the roster of provinces of Canada. Now for a look at her national parks which are among her greatest tourist attractions. These areas of outstanding beauty and interest have been set apart by statute for public use. Originally established to maintain the primitive beauty and wonders of the landscape, they are also conserving the native wildlife of the country and preserving sites of national historic interest. As recreational areas, too, their value is immeasurable, for they provide, in ideal surroundings, unequalled opportunities for the enjoyment of outdoor life.

Canada's national park system comprises 26 units with a combined area of more than 29,000 square miles. Seven of these parks are located in the mountains of Western Canada. Banff, Jasper, and Waterton Lakes parks are on the eastern slopes of the Canadian Rockies in Alberta. Kootenay and Yoho parks are on the western slopes in British Columbia; and Glacier and Mount Revelstoke parks, also in British Columbia, are in the Selkirks mountains.

Autumn is perhaps the most glorious season of the year for holiday making in Canada's mountain parks. After a few light frosts at night most of the late lingering mosquitoes disappear until another summer. Deciduous trees on mountain side and in the valleys change to a garment of brilliant foliage and there is a riot of color everywhere.

Wildlife is in its prime and, sensing the approach of winter, is more active than usual. Big game come down into the valleys and are a common sight along the highways. Migratory birds are making many new acquaintances for company on their long journey southwards. Little mountain dwellers of the animal kingdom are hustling about collecting their winter food supply.

By comparison there is little hustle on the highways. Traffic at this time of the year has decreased considerably and sight-seeing is therefore much more enjoyable. There is an exhilarating freshness and tang in the air which brings a healthful glow to the cheeks. Days, though getting shorter, are warmed by brilliant Autumn sunlight that seems to bring more and more of the wild creatures into the open. Camera hunting, always a popular pastime, becomes more fascinating than ever and the rewards are rich indeed.

These great wildlife sanctuaries, the mountain parks of Canada, provide a variety of animal studies, from the lordly moose to the tiny chipmunk. Because of the sanctuary conditions imposed, most of the animals, small and large, have little or no fear of man. Few have heard the sound of a rifle and have come to regard visitors to the parks as their friends, not enemies seeking their destruction. Late blooming wild flowers in the woodlands, and gorgeous floral displays around the parks' townsites add to the charm and beauty of the scene. Truly this is an enchanting season in the mountains.

The restless mood which characterizes the wild creatures at this time of the year seems also to stimulate the adventurous spirit in man and to imbue him with the wanderlust. Mountain streams and deep pools suggesting speckled trout call to him. Thoughts of winding trails and pack ponies conjure up visions of moccasined Indians, tepees and log cabins deep in the forest. Stories of the early explorers who blazed the first trails through this mountain fastness are recalled and their exploits relived in im-

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Beach ball is fun, says Jeanette Ollerich, who holds the Lady of the Lake beauty title at Kelowna, British Columbia.



With the Peace Tower of Canada's parliament buildings in the background, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable gives directions to visitors to Ottawa.



Visitors often view the eternal beauty of the many lakes and woodlands with nostalgic remembrances of history stories about romantic pioneers and their adventurous trail blazing.

He pictures himself as a successor those hardy pioneers of bygone days and he has an impelling desire to emulate some of their achievements, without perhaps experiencing many of the attendant hardships. He beholds in fancy the lofty, snow-capped peaks, the hanging glaciers, the turbulent rivers, and deep canyons which formed the "Great Barrier" to the "Western Sea."

He yearns for sight of the foaming waterfalls and jewel-like alpine lakes which make this a land of wonder and delight. He longs to follow the trails which lead into the primeval wilderness—into the very heart of nature herself; to follow in the footsteps of Mackenzie, Thompson, Fraser, Simpson, and other pathfinders whose daring achievements are recorded in the stirring events of a century or more ago.

And suddenly he realizes that this is not merely a day dream; it's real and within his reach. The mountain parks are now accessible over good roads and are within easy distance by car from his home town.

Through some of these national playgrounds he can follow the trails blazed by David Thompson, the story of whose epic journey across the Rockies to the Columbia River by way of Athabasca Pass thrilled many a school boy. He can motor down the Banff-Jasper Highway through Jasper into Banff National Park skirting on the way the great Columbia ice-field where at one point the tongue of Athabasca glacier comes down almost to the roadside.

As he enters Banff National Park by this route he is following the trail blazed by Sir James Hector, geologist with the Palliser expedition. He can retrace without leaving his car much of Hector's journey through the Kicking Horse Pass into the territory which now forms the Yoho and Kootenay National Parks.

He may hear stories of the famous guide, Tom Wilson, whom the Indians led to "The Lake of the Little Fishes," now beautiful Lake Louise in Banff National Park. Banff Park is a region of majestic alpine grandeur. Range after range of lofty mountains, many of them perpetually snow-capped, rise one behind the other in parallel lines running generally from southeast to northwest. Sparkling glaciers hang from the sides of the mountains, and in some places reach far down into the valleys.

If he takes the Banff-Windermere highway down through Kootenay Park, it will lead him to the trail of another noted explorer, Sir George Simpson, a former Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and one of the most eminent pathfinders of a century ago. The "Big Bend Highway," part of the Trans-Canada highway, will perhaps lure him to Mount Revelstoke National Park further to the west, a mountain kingdom literally above the clouds, clothed with forests of spruce and balsam fir, and wild flower gardens, and jewel-studded with alpine lakes.

The traveller will be reminded here also of another member of the famous Palliser expedition, Lieutenant Thomas Blakiston, R. A., who crossed the South Kootenay Pass on his journey to discover a feasible route through the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The park, with Glacier National Park in Montana, is known as the International Peace Park.

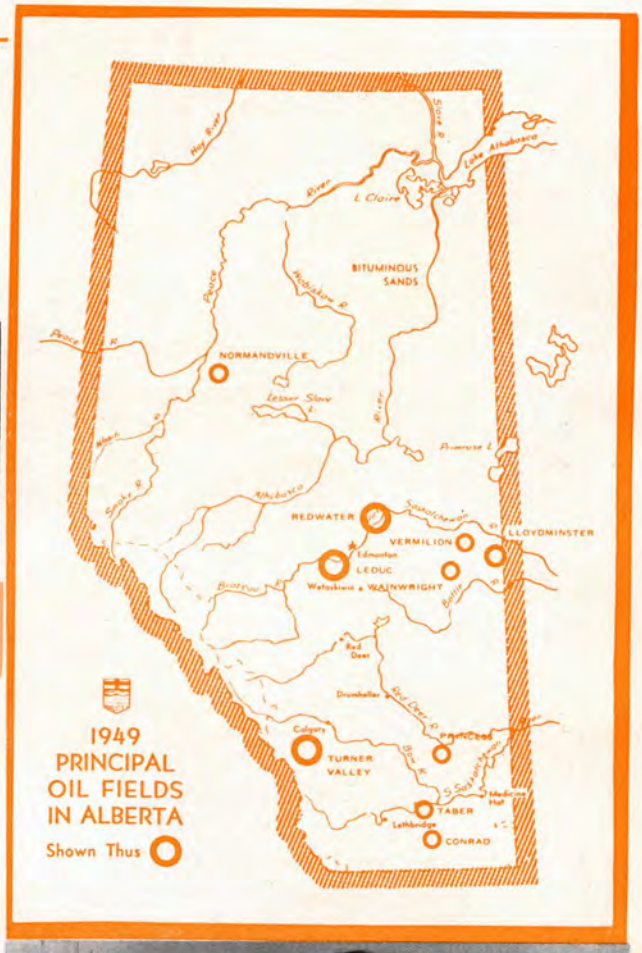
And so the modern "pathfinder" takes the trail that leads to the mountains, a trail now broad and smooth and easy to follow. Behind him he leaves the noise and turmoil of a busy world; before him lies the peace, the mystery and the autumn charm of the mountain parks with their perpetual grandeur, their history, their romance and their eternal call to the adventurous.

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The Lufkin Line



CHARLES DYER, Canadian Division Manager, with headquarters at Edmonton, Alberta.



WESTERN CANADA is now experiencing an oil boom which has taken an great significance for the Dominion of Canada. Oil is not new to the prairie Provinces since the first commercial producer was found in Turner Valley, Alberta, in 1914.

Again in 1947, the petroleum industry in Alprairie provinces since the first commercial pro-Leduc field. This field was rapidly followed with fields at Redwater, Stettler, Golden Spike, Excelsior, Campbell and a number of other fields.

The Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company registered on November 19, 1949, a Canadian subsidiary—the Lufkin Machine Company, Ltd. This office handles the sales and service of Lufkin pumping units in the Dominion of Canada.



Right. MAURICE WIGELSWORTH, member of Lufkin's Canadian staff.

Below. Building in background is Lufkin's warehouse, while the foreground building is the sales and service office of the Lufkin Machine Company, Ltd.



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These pictures, taken by Jess Adkins for the LUFKIN LINE, were made at the Petroleum Branch Banquet October 5, during the Fall Meeting of the American Institute of Mining & Metallurgical Engineers. The meeting was held October 4-6, at the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Many friends from various sections of the country were brought together again for this meeting. For those who were unable to attend, we bring you these snapshots to show you it was not all work and no play.

















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LUFKIN TC-44-15A, Standard Oil Company, La Habra, California.



LUFKIN TC-33-22G with Lufkin H-333 Engine, Richfield Oil Company, Fellows, California.

LUFKIN INST

LUFKIN TC-44S-15A, Imperial Oil Ltd., Redwater, Alberta.



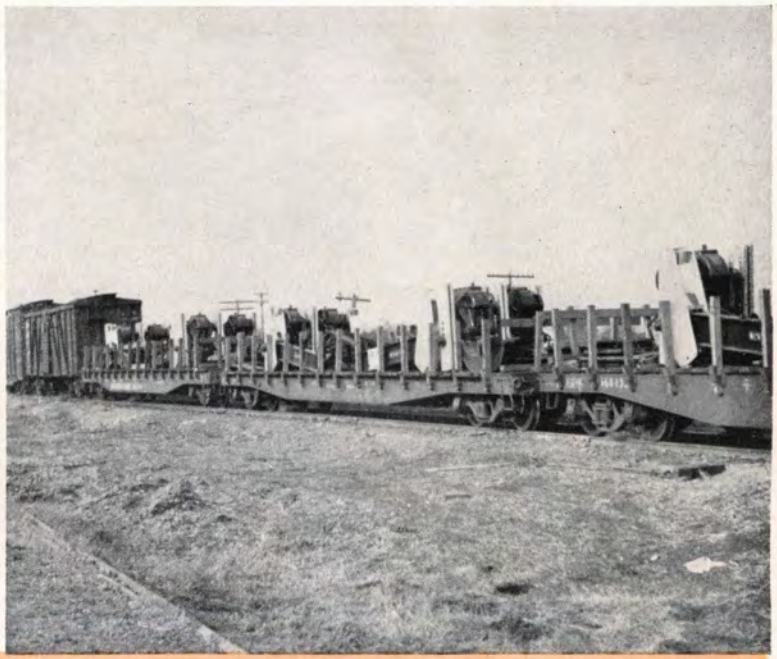
LUFKIN TC-44-15A, Imperial Oil Ltd., Leduc Field, Alberta.



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LUFKIN T7-3A, General Petroleum Company, Taft, California.



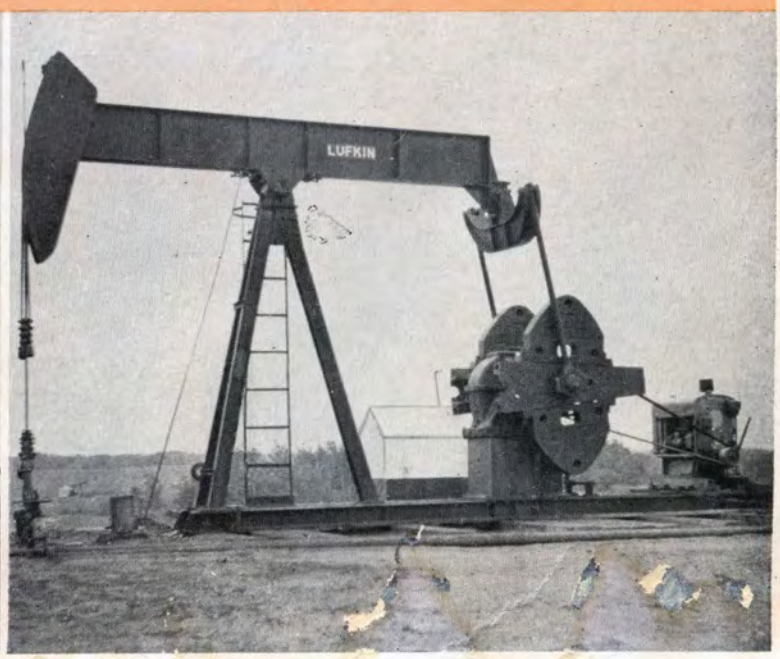
TYPICAL scene of Lufkin Pumping Units being unloaded at Redwater, Alberta, Canada.

TALLATIONS

LUFKIN TC-33A-22G, Imperial Oil Ltd., Leduc Field, Alberta.



LUFKIN TC-44A-15A, Husky Oil & Refining Ltd., Woodbend, Alberta.



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SNAPSHOTS . . . . .



J. M. HOCHIN and JUDGE WALKER of Phillips Petroleum Co., were recent visitors to Calgary.



E. H. BRADLEY and DUTCH LINDBERG, Texaco Exploration Co., Redwater.



JIMMY GIBSON
Imperial Oil Ltd., Redwater, Alberta



A. T. JACOBSON
Amerada Petroleum Corp., Calgary, Alberta



G. A. BANNANTINE
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PAUL ROTHWELL
McCarty Coleman Co., Calgary



VERN HUNTER
Imperial Oil Ltd., Redwater



JACK TURNER
Imperial Oil Ltd., Redwater



HOWARD COMFORT
Imperial Oil Ltd., Redwater



MURRY HANNA
Imperial Oil Ltd., Redwater



A. J. MARTIN
Texaco Exploration Co., Edmonton



O. W. WALL
British-American Oil, Edmonton



K[illegible] [illegible]STON
Roy[illegible]

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. . . BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



D. G. STROPELE, Hudson Bay Oil & Gas, and R. F. ATKINSON, British-American Oil, both of Edmonton, Alberta.



W. G. COLEMAN, Texaco Exploration Co., and MISS JEAN BUCHANAN, of Edmonton.



JOHN McKAY
British-American Oil, Calgary



BILL MUGGLER
British-American Oil, Calgary



BILL DERRICK
Phillips Petroleum, Calgary



S. B. BANISTER
Royalite Oil, Calgary



BOB WELSH
Imperial Oil Ltd., Leduc Field



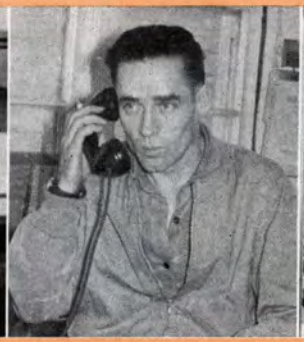
Front row: Lufkin Engineer Louis Fincher and Gordon Connell, Royalite Oil Co., Calgary; back row, Ed Stevens, Royalite Oil Co., Turner Valley, Alberta, and Lufkin Engineer Bayo Copper.



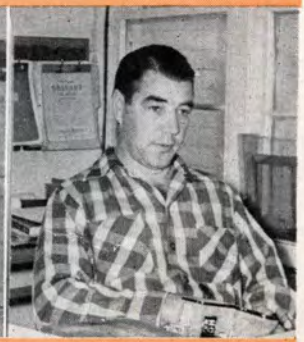
Left to Right: EVERITT MILLER, T. R. CRAIN, A. R. WELCH, ABE PERSINGER, W. R. KILPATRICK, and W. A. LUCAS, Union Producing Company, Big Island field, Louisiana.



R itish-American Oil, and C. E. DYER, Lufkin's Canadian representative, Edmonton.



HENRY BOINET
Imperial Oil Ltd., Leduc Field



H. F. NALDRETT
Imperial Oil Ltd., Leduc Field

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HONEY ON WHEELS

By SAM L. JONES

IN JUST a few more days it will be moving time for 100 million bees.

About the middle of November, the Hatch Brothers of Marathon, Texas, will load their 32-foot Lufkin van with 200 hives of bees and head their truck toward the Rio Grande Valley with a unique money-making idea that pays rich dividends.

The Hatch Brothers—Howard and Harvey—are identical twins born 20 minutes apart on April 30, 1913. They were Marathon's first twins and caused quite a furor in this small western town.

They are causing still a greater furor today after 18 years of honey-making. They have brought something revolutionary into the field of producing honey and have proved the idea to be 100 percent sound.

A few years ago, the twins were talking together about the things that affect honey making, when they hit upon the idea of transporting their hives to various parts of Texas during pollination seasons. They began immediately to make their idea a reality. They purchased a truck and a standard Lufkin cattle van with only a screen wire added to the inside.

Next the brothers worked out a yearly schedule. During November and December, the bees are transported to the lower Rio Grande valley near the towns of Mission, Pharr and Donna. The hives are placed near the citrus groves whose pollination period lasts until early March. The hives are located so that the bees will not have to travel more than four miles to the fruit trees.

Howard Hatch explains that bees will fly as far as eight miles from the hive while working, but the yield of honey is greater when they travel less than four miles.

After the hives have been robbed during the last week in March, they are loaded onto the van and taken back home to the Big Bend country for the blooming of the Catclaw and Whitebrush. They remain here until the hives are robbed about May 20.

When the first of July comes around, the bees are traveling down the highway toward Plainview, Texas, for the pollination season of Clover and Alfalfa. When the honey is gathered about August 15, the van with its buzzing mass heads back to Marathon for the blooming of the Kinnikinik Brush and Whitebrush. After the robbing around November 1, the cycle begins all over again.

The Big Bend Honey Company is located in the foothills of the beautiful Santiago Mountain, on

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92-acre ranch. Since the twins began to transport their bees around the country, their honey yield has increased to 100,000 pounds per year.

The Hatch Brothers, who say they live a quiet, peaceful and happy life because they are bachelors, have pioneered in the field of honey on wheels, but their idea has spread throughout the country and is being tried by many honey producers.

Although we're inclined to accept this statement with a grain of salt, the genial twins insist that they would not exchange their 92 acres of Texas ranchland and their 100 million bees for the like amount in cold cash!





On opposite page. Howard and Harvey Hatch were Marathon's first set of twins. Born in 1913, they went into the honey business at the age of 19. Their 92-acre ranch is located in the foothills of the Santiago Mountains in the Big Bend country.

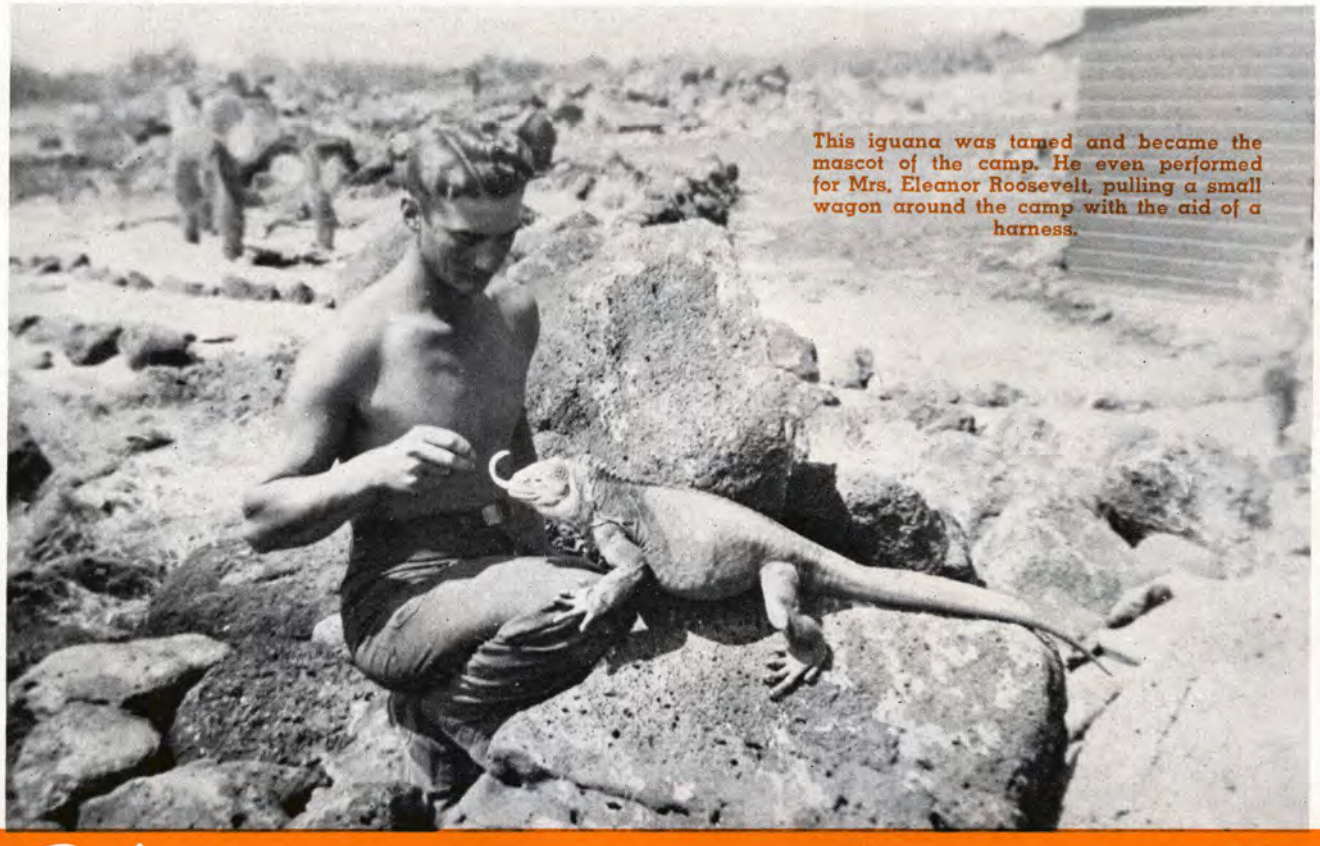
Above Right. The Big Bend Honey company, owned and operated by Howard and Harvey Hatch who are identical twins, was just an ordinary business in West Texas until the brothers turned up with a unique honey-making idea.

Center. Since the twin brothers began to haul their 100 million bees around in Texas, their honey yield has increased to 100,000 pounds per year. They say they wouldn't trade their business for one dollar per bee in cash money.

Below. This converted Lufkin cattle van is a home away from home for 100 million bees. With a fine screen wire on the inside, the van transports the honey bees to various sections of Texas during different pollination seasons.



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This iguana was tamed and became the mascot of the camp. He even performed for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, pulling a small wagon around the camp with the aid of a harness.

Galapagos . . . ISLAND OF MYSTERY

By J. NORMAN HEARD

MY FIRST sight of the mysterious Galapagos Islands came from above as the giant Navy Seaplane circled and swooped down over Seymour Island. Then all was obscured in a sea of spray as our pontoons touched water in a sheltered harbor. Soon we cast a line on a buoy and made ready to go ashore.

The baggage was transferred to a motor whale boat, I clambered in after it, and we sped toward one of the great piles of volcanic rock that straddled the equator six hundred miles out in the Pacific from Ecuador.

I had heard much of the islands, called World's End, by the naturalist, William Beebe, and familiarly known as "the rock" by servicemen stationed there during the war. I'd always wanted to see them and when Uncle Sam ordered me to the Naval Air Station on Seymour Island, I liked the assignment.

When I stepped ashore, I found a vast expanse of hardened lava, topped here and there by a little patch of dusty soil. I soon found that walking across these lava fields was a tedious process for anyone unaccustomed to threading his way through crevices and over rock piles. I had not been ashore ten minutes when I tried to leap between two boulders and fell flat. Luckily I escaped being cut by the jagged outcroppings and I was about to get up when I found myself face to face with an iguana—Galapagos variety.

I'd seen iguanas before, in Panama and Nicaragua, but they were little fellows compared to this four foot giant land iguana, of a species found only in the Galapagos. He resembled a miniature prehistoric monster as he stared back at me. A coat of scales entirely covered him and a ridge of spines extended from his neck to his tail. Black and yellow splotches covered the greater part of his body and his merged from green to gold in color. He seemed to be classifying me as friend or foe and he must have decided I wasn't to be trusted, for he suddenly turned and scurried frantically to his hole in the rocks.

In the months to come I became well acquainted with several specimens of the breed, ge. rally con

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The largest tree on the island grows on the beach on the west side. In the background, Daphnes Minor and Major rise abruptly from the sea.

sidered untamable. Strange as it may seem, the isolated Galapagos Islands are the last stronghold for these descendants of dinosaurs that roamed most of the earth many thousands of years ago.

I also became acquainted with the smaller marine iguanas, the only marine lizards in the world. These black reptiles were often seen sunning themselves on the rocks along the west coast of the island. They get their name from their maritime tendencies, as they often plunge into the sea to swim for hundreds of yards.

Marine iguanas actually blow showers of steam into the air like dragons of old. They have the ability to inflate their bodies with air and once entrenched in a rock crevice they are almost impossible to dislodge. They refuse to travel further inland than the high tide mark.



Seymour Island wasn't the most pleasant place in the world to be. The only vegetation consisted of bristling cacti and a few scrubby trees.

The Galapagos Islands are full of surprises and perhaps one of the greatest is the weather. Since we were located squarely on the equator, I'd expected to endure blistering days, but during my two months stay the temperature did not climb above the 86 degree mark. Nights were so cool that we sometimes slept under two blankets. This phenomenon is explained by the cold Humboldt current that flows around the island. The current makes the water fifteen to twenty degrees cooler than oceans at corresponding latitudes, as I discovered immediately on my first plunge into the surf. While swimmers in the United States were enjoying themselves in the warm summer water, I climbed out of t' equatorial Pacific with my teeth chat-ering

During my stay at the island it did not rain a drop. In fact, rain is a rarity for the region except in mid-winter when the equatorial front, the great dividing line between the northeast and southeast trade winds, pushes that far south, bringing the thunderstorm season.

The only vegetation on the island consisted of bristling cactus plants and a few scrubby trees. It was a blasted out, fire-blackened region, clearly showing that it had been erupted from the sea by a series of terrific underwater explosions, centuries earlier.

Seymour did not look like a hospitable place to live, and indeed before the coming of American troops all save the largest islands were deserted, and these supported only a few Norwegian and Ecuadorian fishermen.

The Galapagos have been called the enchanted islands and few stranger spots could be found anywhere in the world. Our island was about five miles long and two miles wide. On the south it bordered larger Indefatigable Island. To the west tiny Daphne Minor and Daphne Major, each consisting of a single crater, jutted abruptly from the sea. The smaller of these islands has probably never been visited by man, so abrupt and unclimbable are its slopes.

Wild goats, the only form of animal life to thrive in the interior of Seymour, were plentiful. They were too wild to approach but I often saw them, led by some great bearded billy, leaping from boulder to boulder, or pausing to munch on prickly pear bushes. The few pet goats at the station, captured as kids, were domesticated with the aid of mess hall scraps. They and their wild breth-



One of the greatest phenomena of the islands were the presence of the seals. Just what a seal could be doing at the equator is a question not easily answered.

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ren caused lots of trouble tearing down our stone bird baths. They'd clamber up the sides, scattering rocks in all directions, to get at the water we'd prepared for the birds.

Our birds, by the way, were so tame that you could almost capture them by hand. The doves had never been hunted and it's likely that if someone had been heartless to go shooting, the birds would have lighted on his gun barrel. Once when I stood still a bird came to light on my shoulder and seemed perfectly content on his perch.

Seals provided another of the mysteries of the amazing island. Beebe believes that the animals, normally residents of polar regions, followed the cold Humboldt current northward. There seems to be no other plausible explanation of their presence at the equator.

A family of the amphibious animals made their home on the west coast of Seymour and could be seen any afternoon playing noisily in the surf. One day I surprised them basking in the sun and dashed into the water to capture a baby seal. The little fellow gave me quite a tussle for a few minutes. When I released the squirming creature he splashed rapidly to join his family which had been swimming warily in the vicinity.

On the east side of the island, cliffs dropped sharply forty feet into the water. The ocean was perfectly clear at this point and I liked to spend hours sitting on the edge of the cliff watching large schools of fish below. Sharks were almost constantly in view, gliding rapidly in pursuit of brilliantly hued tropical fish. Once I saw a giant devil ray, his wings stretching at least ten feet from tip to tip, battering the water as he plunged along.

One form of life, commonly associated with the islands, which I did not see was the Sea Turtle. These 400-pound creatures which gave the islands their name have become almost extinct. Ecuadorian hunters have killed thousands of them for their oil.

Land iguanas, too, have become a rarity, except on Seymour Island. Formerly they inhabited all the islands but they became a much-prized food by the fishermen on the larger islands and thousands were trapped and plopped into cooking pots.

Shortly after my arrival on the island, my companions and I began trying to tame some land iguanas. At first they resisted our advances, bobbing their heads furiously in perplexed fashion. When we drew near them they broke into a shambling run, long spiney tails thrashing against their legs. At last, however, we discovered their partiality to onions. With these as bait, we induced two or three to become regular visitors at feeding time. They never became vicious unless picked up by the tail, but they snapped so hungrily at their food that lots of nerve was required to feed them by hand. Some of my companions did so, one at the cost of the tip of his finger, but I always preferred to extend my hunk of onion at the end of a stick.

One of our "iggys" became our faithful pet. We even broke him to harness, and a hilarious sight he was, tugging a miniature wagon around the office, his long tail threatening to overturn it at every step. He soon became a favorite of most of the men at the station. Visitors to the island never failed to take time to view his antics, and he even performed for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt when she toured Galapagos in 1943. By the time I left the island he was firmly established as the number one mascot of the Naval Air Station.



This un amable giant land iguana was dif ult to approach for this picture. is four-foot monster resembles iniature prehistoric dinosaur. B and yellow splotches cover th greater part of his body.



Galapagos doves have never been hunted. They don't object to being tographed, but they didn't like for goats to tear down the bird baths pared for them by the sail.



Balanced boulder ov s a deep ravine on island clearly shows pted from the sea by eries of terrific unde water explosions many centuries ago.

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Let's Laugh

An Englishman was very proudly exhibiting to a Yankee friend, the pictures of his ancestors. Pointing to one of them, he explained that he was the founder of the family. The American had several times asked: "What did he do?"

Each time the Englishman had replied that Sir Archibald was the founder of the family. Finally, the Yankee's patience was about exhausted, and he shouted: "Yes, you've told me that over and over again, but what I'm trying to find out is what did he do in the daytime?"

Little Johnny wanted to know what a honeymoon was, and his mother explained "that it was a pleasure trip taken by a newly-wedded couple."

"Was I along on yours and daddy's honeymoon, mamma?" he asked.

"Well, Johnny," she answered, "yes and no; you went with your daddy, but you came back with your mamma!"

"This check is undoubtedly O.K.," said the bank teller, "but have you anything about you by which you could be identified?"

Maizie blushed: "Well . . . I have a birthmark just a little above here;" she faltered, as she slapped her side, "it's the cutest thing!"

An aged Chinese servant proudly displayed to his employer pictures he had just received from China of a very nice looking Chinese girl and two babies; his wife and two sons he boasted.

"Are you kidding?" cried his puzzled employer. "You've been in this country for the last twenty years."

"Yes, yes, me know," explained the oriental, "but me got velly good fliend in China!"

Pullman Conductor: "Look here, porter, what's the big idea of hanging a red lantern on that berth?"

Rastus (the new porter); "Well, it's one sto'y on page seben ob de rule book, to hang out a red light when rear end ob de sleeper am exposed!"

There was a young lady from France
Who thought that she'd just "take a chance;"
For an hour or so, she just "let herself go."
And now all her sisters are aunts!

A chaperone is an elderly woman who accompanies young women to see that they do not indulge in any of the things she would have indulged in if she hadn't been chaperoned when she was a young woman.

It's okay to tell a gal she has pretty ankles . . . but don't compliment her too highly.

The glances that over cocktails
seemed so sweet.
May be less charming over a
dish of shredded wheat.

"Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"I'm afraid, son, that you couldn't support her in the manner to which she's accustomed."

"Your daughter and I have talked it over, and she has consented to live on what I make."

"That's fine. But that's just one problem. You know that after a while, a little one may come along, and that will mean added expense."

"That's true, sir, but we've been lucky so far!"

The country boy in the big city was passing a row of rooming houses when he noticed a peculiar sign on the door of one. The sign consisted of the letters "B-B-B-B."

Curious about the meaning of the sign, he knocked on the door. A buxom blonde, clad only in a sheer negligee, came to the door and asked what he wanted.

He inquired about the meaning of the sign, and received this answer: "Blondes, Brunettes, Beer and Beds."

The lad thanked her and started to walk away. Suddenly, after counting the money in his pocket, he hurried back to the house and knocked again. The same blonde appeared at the door with a come-hither look in her eye, and again asked what he wanted.

"Say," he replied, "is that draught or bottle beer?"

Little Marion had received a tiny alarm clock and a bottle of perfume for her birthday, and she was extremely proud of both gifts. But the day her mother entertained her bridge club, Marion was warned not to display her presents.

All was going well until there was a lull in the conversation. Then little Marion piped up, "If you hear anything or smell anything, it's me!"

She had bedroom eyes—a pillow under each.

The farmer's son wanted to go to college so he could study obstetrics, but Papa warned against it. "Why, sure as shootin'," said the farmer, "you'll spend all that time learnin' about obstetrics and then somebody'll come along and find a cure for it."

Mable: "Is there any difference between a Camel girl and a Chesterfield girl?"

Brenda: "Sure, honey, one walks a mile; the other satisfies."

Visitor: "Doctor, what can you say to a girl who is so scary she jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she's frightened?"

Doctor: "Boo!"

"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have everything!"

"Don't think that every sad-eyed woman has loved and lost; she may have got him."

Some years ago a hotel in Louisville adopted the custom of naming a room in the hotel for each winner of the Kentucky Derby. There is a Zev Room, a Gallant Fox Room, a Whirlaway Room and so forth. But after the 1946 Derby the management decided to abandon the practice. The winner that year was Assault.

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