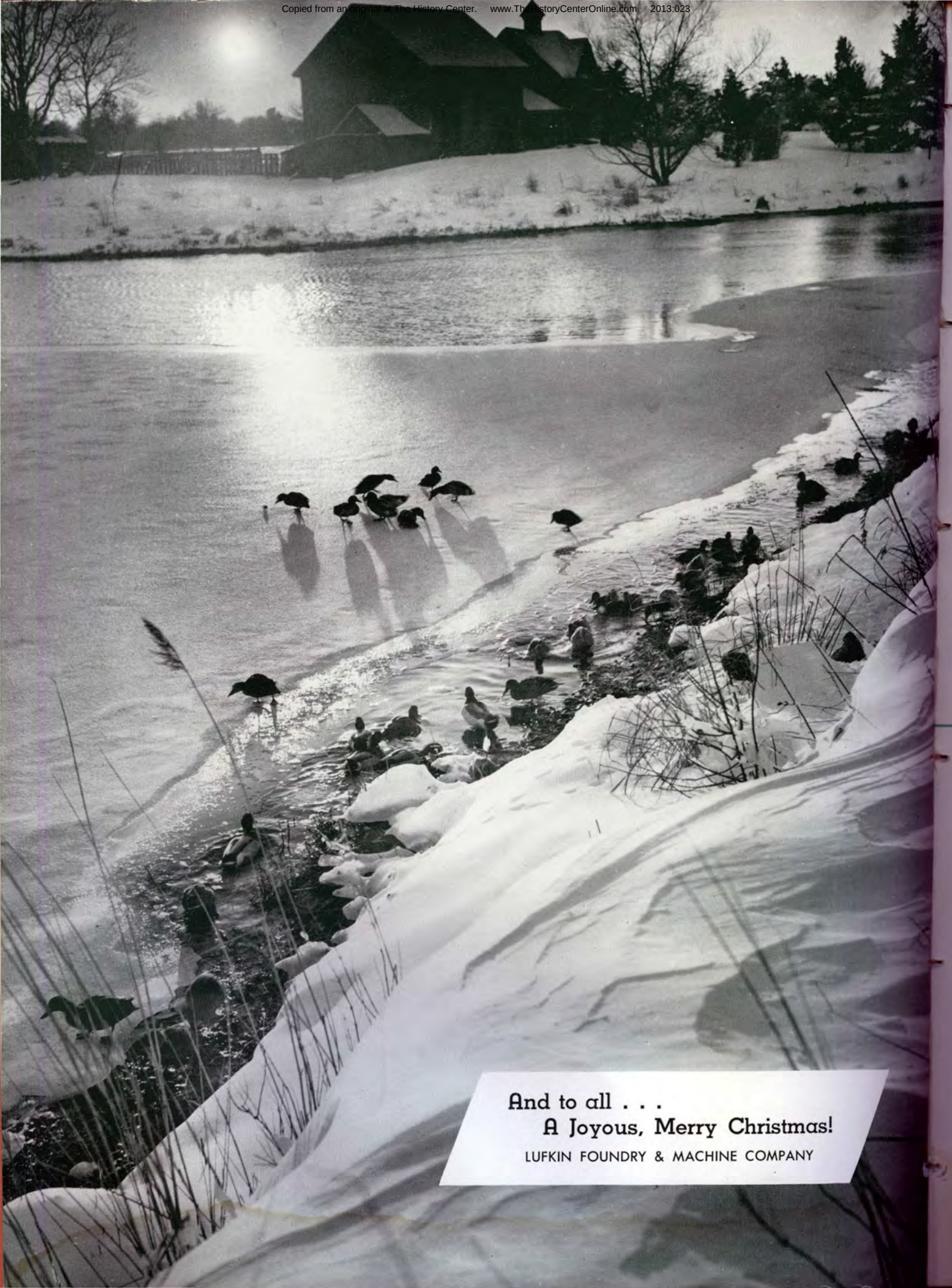
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THE Lufkin LINE

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER • 1954

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And to all . . .
A Joyous, Merry Christmas!

LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

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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

THE Lufkin LINE

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1954
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Nelson Henze
R. P. Weaver

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E. R. (Bob) Burns

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1632 South Quannah
Phone 4-4385
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WACO, TEXAS
3116 Willowbrook Drive
Phone 2-4031
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Phone 3-4426
C. W. (Lefty) Alexander, Sales Manager
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A. E. Caraway—R. C. Thompson

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R. D. Dunlop

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B. C. Burnette
Anthony Christina

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
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Phone Lafayette 1201
V. J. Fawcett
Al McConville
Robert R. Spaulding
Glenn E. Henderson

MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA, S. A.
Apartado No. 90
Ben C. Sargent, Jr.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK
149 Broadway
Phone Barclay 7-0562
A. V. Simonson

ODESSA, TEXAS
P. O. Box 1632, Phone 6-5662
Elvin Read
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Jim Rowe
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OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA
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Phone Regent 6-7480
Charles Dyer
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312 Eighth Street
Phone 34
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615 Elwood Street
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Phone 2-1967
Ernest Slaughter

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LEFT: Shallow lakes and bayous make fishing and crabbing top sport at Lake Charles



Wildlife in Southern Louisiana

By C. Faye Bennett

THERE are many things besides oil wells and rice fields in the swampy marshlands extending entirely across the southern tip of Louisiana. No state in the Union is more bountifully endowed with millions of waterfowl, game birds, four-footed game, fur-bearing animals and marine life.

Nature worked with a lavish hand when she filled the skies of the Pelican State with myriads of native and migratory birds and gave them thousands of islands for a refuge. Where thousands of brown pelicans nest on their mud flats at the mouth of the Mississippi, where countless egrets and blue herons inhabit their city at Avery Island, where the clamorous coming and going of migratory geese and ducks is heard in the rice fields, the amazing super-abundance of wings surpasses anything that can be imagined.

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THESE nesting Egrets are in a beautiful bird sanctuary on Avery Island, home of migratory waterfowl



MINK is next to muskrat in Southern Louisiana fur industry



As the winter home of 75 per cent of the migratory waterfowl, southern Louisiana has become a hunter's paradise. Numerous hunting clubs, camps and lodges are built around the sport of hunting and the licensed sportsman will find various kinds of legal quarry from October 1 to February 15.

Good picking for millions of ducks and geese is found in the wildlife refuges totaling approximately 520,000 acres. The adjoining rice fields, the river bottoms and the bayous, marshland lakes and lagoons are set with hundreds of duck blinds where the duckweed, duck potato and rice are a sure lure for the hungry waterfowl.

Avery Island, Louisiana, is the home of myriad egrets, blue herons and other water birds. The sanctuary established by the late E. A. McIlhenny appears to be alive with white birds in nesting



THIS IS a Barataria alligator hunter with his home-made pirogue or dugout made from a single log

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LOUISIANA ranks second only to California in commercial fishermen, most of whom are shrimpers





THE OTTER is part of Louisiana's vast fur trade

season. The long bamboo platforms above the pond and the surrounding trees are filled with the chattering birds.

It is said there is no finer game and "eatin'" birds than the rails and gallinules found in the grasslands of southern Louisiana. The short grass in the hard bottomed salt marsh country is the habitat of the much sought after clapper rail, a large gray hen-like bird with strong legs, a long bill and a white patch under the tail. By walking through the grass or with the aid of a trained dog, it is possible to bag the limit in a very short time. After the middle of October, migratory rails and gallinules from other states begin to arrive in the area.

What is considered the greatest fur empire on the continent is all but hidden in the tall grass marshes of the coastal region. It hardly seems possible that a little grass muskrat house from three to six feet at the base and from two to three feet high that incloses a little straw nest of 10 or 15 inches, could be the center of an industry amounting to millions of dollars, but such is the case. Unwittingly geared to the process of making lovely furs for milady, the prolific little muskrat produces the second litter before the first one is out of the nest. Millions of his uncles, aunts and cousins producing at the same rate combine to make a greater fur trade than any other in the U. S. or the Dominion of Canada.

The South American Nutria, recently introduced in the marshes of Louisiana, promises to become a close rival of the muskrat in the fur business. The nutria is about the size of a beaver and lives in the same habitat as the muskrat. The otter and the mink are also valuable assets to the fur industry of southern Louisiana.

At the same time that Nature planted her swamps with life and beauty, she left a little bit of poison to guard the door against encroaching civilization. Five poisonous snakes, the cottonmouth moccasin with its triangular head, the copperhead, the deadly coral snake and two kinds of rattlesnakes, the diamondback and the canebrake, are found in the area. Gnats, mosquitoes and wasps are a constant menace to human beings.

Green meadows with their flanking bayous are the habitat of many sleek and beautiful creatures. The bob cat, opossum, coon, coyote, rabbit, squirrel, mink, otter, the white tailed deer, quail and wild turkey are a tempting mark for hunter and trapper. The waterways and cypress swamps are inhabited by croaking bullfrogs with legs the size of chicken's drumstick, and alligators, with the voice of bellowing bulls.

It is unlawful in the state of Louisiana to kill a wild deer between sunset and sunrise, or to kill a deer in water when driven to dry land by overflow water, or to hunt with a gun equipped with a silencer to deaden the noise. With intelligent management and farm game improvement work, it is believed that the shrinking habitats of quail,

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wild turkey and deer will be improved to merit "open season" in most of the huntable areas. The supply of deer, once listed in over-abundant numbers, then rated in rapidly diminishing numbers, is again on the upward swing and hunting is good where it is permitted.

Anyone equipped with a rod, a gun, or a gig in the watery Barataria hideout of pirates Lafitte and Dominique You, need not go hungry. In the 100-mile stretch of land and water between New Orleans and Grand Isle, there are many small cabins, houseboats, pirogues and fishing boats belonging to the descendents of pirates in the eerie setting of moss draped oaks and the calm lagoons, lakes and bayous.

The water holes and palmetto marshlands of southern Louisiana continue to be good alligator territory. The alligator may be hooked, snared or shot with a gun in certain parishes where he is outlawed. The law narrows to "hunting by hand" in other areas. Equipment for hunting by hand is a 14-foot pole for finding the "gator" hole in the murky swamp and a scout hatchet to brain the critter with once you have lured him to the surface and caught him with your bare hands. You go hunting at night in a pirogue with a head light and an axe. The light will blind the blood red eyes of the reptile lying motionless in the water. Maybe you can paddle alongside the critter, seize him with your hands and finish him with a blow on the head.

The Louisiana Coon Hunters Association is asking for a better law on hunting the over-abundant coon. At present Mr. Coon occupies a relatively safe position behind the antiquated statutory provisions. Though he was outlawed as a predator in 1953, the coon cannot be taken with a gun at night.

Of the many kinds of crabs in Louisiana, but one, the blue crab, is used commercially. The stone crab, a rare delicacy with his meaty big claw, is strong enough to crush an oyster. It is said that millions of dozens of hardshell crabs pass through the wholesale food markets in New Orleans. The crab is very prolific. It is estimated that six female crabs could stock Lake Ponchatrain with 10 pounds of crabs per acre if they all lived to maturity. A female crab mates only one time, but after that mating, she will lay fertile eggs for the rest of her life. When a crab sheds its shell, it is a "soft shell" until it grows another. Crabbing is enjoyed as a sport and a pastime by thousands of people in the shallow waters on the Gulf, in the bayous, bays and lakes.



SOMEBODY is always fishing in the rivers, lakes or bayous of Louisiana. These are near Barataria

The 80-mile long Bayou LaFourche that reaches from Raceland to Grand Isle is among the world's ten best fishing spots. The entire Bayou is an active center of fishing. Shrimp boats, tugs, cruisers and every kind of seacraft may be seen on the broad calm waters. Fishermen's huts, houseboats and cabins line the grassy edges of the bayou.

The fresh water habitats are teeming with white, black and yellow bass. Rivers, bayous and lakes are stocked with sunfish, spoonbill cat, catfish and gaspergou. As catfish territory, Louisiana is considered top on the list, a fisherman's paradise deluxe, for either sport or livelihood.

There is more catfish sold at twenty cents per pound on the New Orleans market than all the salt water fish combined. Fish fries for sport and pleasure, a common practice in Louisiana, sometimes reach immense proportions. Castor Lake near Leesville reports such an event when 800 pounds of fish were served with like amounts of fried potatoes, hushpuppies, pickles and onions.

Coastal Louisiana produced 100,000,000 pounds of shrimp in 1953. The large Louisiana shrimp, found in deep water, sometimes attains the unbelievable length of six to eight inches.

The blessing of the shrimp fleets at Barataria, Grand Caillou, Morgan City and Golden Meadows is the festive occasion for decorating every kind of seacraft for a spectacular water parade. The officiating Clergy appears in vestments to invoke Divine protection for the fishermen who will be away from home for months.

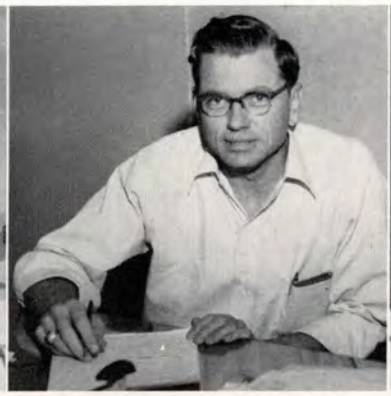
Whether you are a hunter, a fisherman or a visiting tourist, you have but to look and listen for the winging bird, the quail and the deer to feel that you have walked side by side with beauty and the mystery of life.

Photographs by the Author

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ED MICAK
Standard Oil of Texas
Gainesville, Texas



E. L. LAUGHLIN
Standard Oil of Texas
Gainesville, Texas



E. G. BILDERBACK
Cable Engineers
Wichita Falls, Texas



MEDFORD McCOY
Continental Oil Company
Wichita Falls, Texas

SNAPS with the Lufkin



Left to right: DALE GOODIN, HAROLD MASSEY, HAP WHIPPLE R. B. ODER, BLAKE SEAY, all with Cities Service Oil Company, Gladewater (Texas) District; L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin's Vice-President in charge of Sales; and TOM CROWDER, Lufkin's Manager of Kilgore District.



Left to right: CARL HARDAWAY, CHARLEY RAY, B. O. SIMS, F. D. MUSSON, BUFORD PARMER, MIKE GIST, all with Magnolia Petroleum Company, Senimole, Texas.



AMES LAWRENCE, left, DON PRESSLEY, Cities Service Oil Company, Gladewater, Texas.



Left to right: RAY FREEBORN, JOE HOBELMAN, BUZ COMSTOCK, HAL FREEDMAN, JOHN BUNCH, all with Continental Oil Company, Wichita Falls, Texas.



JIM F. HARDWICK
Triad Drilling Company
Wichita Falls, Texas

LOYD THORTON
Continental Oil Company
Wichita Falls, Texas





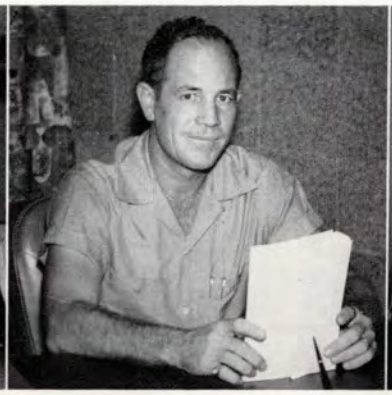


GLENN WILSON
Cities Service Oil Company
Gladewater, Texas

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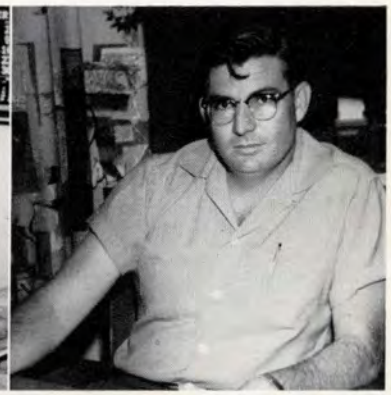
FRITZ W. SEYFARTH
Cable Engineers
Wichita Falls, Texas



JIM SINEZ
Triad Drilling Company
Wichita Falls, Texas



MARTIN McCOY
Continental Oil Company
Wichita Falls, Texas



JOE FLOWER
Ada Oil Company
Wichita Falls, Texas

SHOTS...

Cameraman



Left to right: W. H. KLARQUIST, The California Company New Orleans, La.; TOM BOWERS, Lufkin's Gulf Coast representative; BILLY BURNETTE, Lufkin's LaFayette, La., representative; and FELIX DREYFUS, The California Company, New Orleans.



PAUL PETERS, left, DAVE MEISENHEIMER, center and W. C. LENZ, all with The Texas Company, Wichita Falls, Texas.





Left to right: A. B. NEELY, W. A. MIDDLETON, M. G. BINGHAM, all with Shell Oil Company, Kilgore, Texas.



Left to right: GEORGE A. KRAHN, JAMES W. VANDERKOCH, GEORGE A. STOVALL, all with Standard Oil of Texas, Gainesville, Texas.

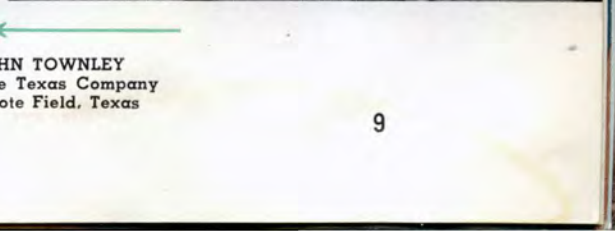
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Burk Royalty Company
Wichita Falls, Texas

TOM DARLING
Burk Royalty Company
Wichita Falls, Texas



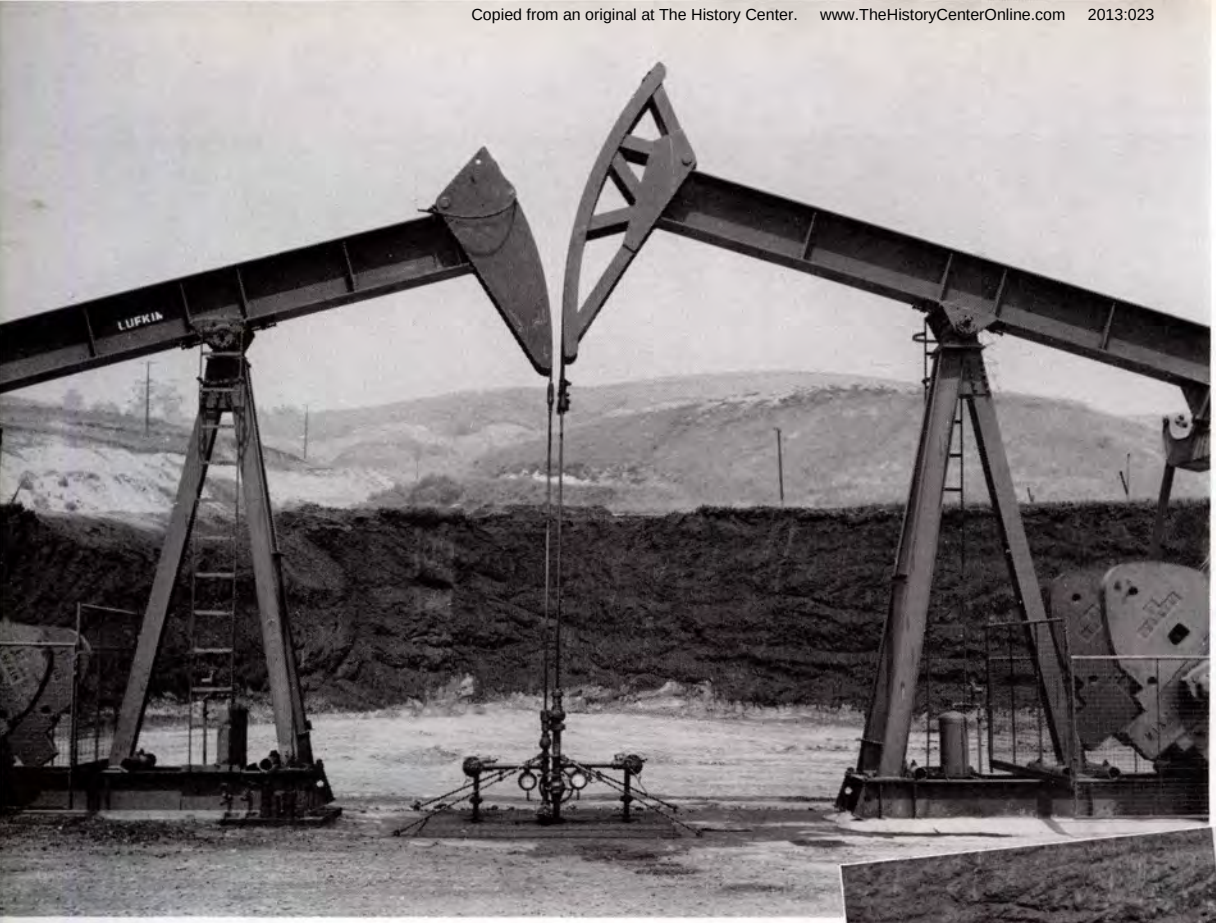




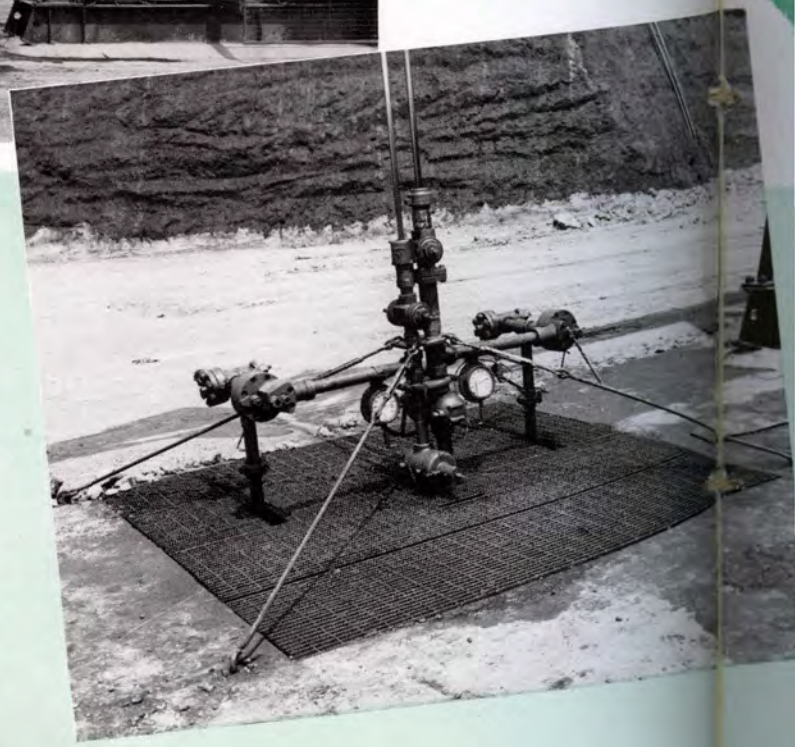


JOHN TOWNLEY
The Texas Company
Kyote Field, Texas

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Unus
LUFK
Installa



AMERICAN ingenuity has again triumphed over two rather unusual problems that developed out California way. One problem, as reported in the "Shell Spotlight," involved a well that is producing from two different zones. Engineers solved the tricky problem with an effective—if strange-looking—pumping setup with two units facing each other.

Puente B-24 in the Brea-Olinda Field was spudded in April 5, 1953, and drilled to a total depth of 5040 feet. It was desired to complete this well in two separate zones so that each zone could be produced and treated as a separate well allowing individual production tests, production rates, and pressure buildup tests.

To do this, two strings of tubing were used in parallel. The two producing zones are separated by a Guiberson packer which is held in place by a Guiberson hydraulic anchor. The lower zone was completed May 23, 1953, flowing 700 B/D from the interval between 4710-5040 feet. The upper zone was completed May 28, 1953, pumping 200 B/D from the interval between 4530-4670 feet.

The lower zone ceased flowing in February, 1954, and it was necessary to artificially lift the fluid. This brought about a unique pumping problem in that there are only 3.81 inches between the centers of the tubing. It was desired, for simplicity, to pump both zones by the conventional rod method. However, conventional carrier bars would collide during the pumping operation and could not be used.

A single line attachment to the horsehead and polish rod was then devised to be used on the

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usual
FKIN
lations



upper zone pumping string, as can be seen in the accompanying picture, leaving about an inch space between the single line attachment and the other carrier bar. A Lufkin TC-21-35 is used to pump the upper zone which is now producing 150 B/D, while a Lufkin TC-1LB-41D Unit is used to pump the lower zone at 220 B/D.

Shell reports that up to the present time, no difficulty has been experienced in producing the well.

THE second unusual application of a Lufkin Pumping Unit was reported in the "California Oil World." The need arose for a certain piece of oil equipment in the Tejon field, 25 miles south of Bakersfield, and to solve this need, California's first self-propelled pump unit was developed.

Jim Armstrong, Drilling & Production Company manager, designed the unique self-propelled pump unit for use in pumping six wells on the J. V. lease in the main Tejon field. High bottomhole pressure and low permeability made each well particularly suited for the pumping-in-relays experiment.

Component parts of the new device include a Lufkin T5-7B Pumping Unit, with 42-inch stroke, and a 40-horsepower Ford tractor engine with steering gear and two axles. Power for the Lufkin pump unit is furnished by an electrically-operated, 10-horsepower motor.

The self-propelled unit is driven ahead over a metal base on the concrete mat of the well to be pumped. The metal base serves as a guide and a stop to align the unit in exactly the proper position for pumping. There are two tie downs to secure the unit in position. After the self-propelled unit is in position, electric power is connected with the 10-horsepower pump motor and the unit is connected at the polish rod, completing preparations for the pumping job.

One man can move and set-up this mechanism in about 20 minutes.

Drilling & Production Company uses the unit to pump six wells, each of which is about 2,600 feet deep. Each well makes about five barrels a day of oil, and the 30-barrel accumulation of six days' production is pumped from the hole once every six days as the unit is rotated from one well to the other. Gene Swindle is production foreman for the company, and Bill Kelly is the pumper in the Tejon field.

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OKEFENOKEE National Wildlife Refuge is a swamp of winding waterways lined with moss-draped trees

Out of this

By Frank L. Remington

WEAK from exposure and almost starved, a pilot stumbled into a fisherman's camp and collapsed. Six days before, his plane had crashed in Southeastern Georgia's vast Okefenokee Swamp. "Another day in that jungle would have finished me," he later declared.

He was lucky. Veteran swamp guides declare that few persons lost in this 600 miles of trackless wilderness bordering the Florida-Georgia line live to tell of it. For Okefenokee is a soggy, tangled mass of swamp water and cypress roots alive with venomous reptiles, beasts of prey, and sinkholes of quicksand. Over the years it has been variously

THESE patrolmen make regular swamp surveys



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World



THESE vast and trackless waterways are a fisherman's paradise. He's hooked a fighting sunfish

described as a ghastly bog, a fisherman's paradise, a land of legend and mystery, and the most beautiful place on earth.

Today, Okefenokee is an important wildlife refuge and a refreshing vacation land. The Fish and Wildlife Service has consecrated itself to the preservation of most of the area as a primitive wilderness and the protection of native wildlife. In the past, only a handful of sportsmen, explorers and scientists have dared to venture into the depths of the swamp. But six years ago the citizens of Waycross, Georgia, developed and opened a Swamp Park at the north end of Okefenokee. It is open to the public and fast becoming one of the South's chief show places.

Okefenokee is out of this world; it's like nothing you've ever seen before. Within its borders abound virgin forests, prodigious wildlife, and winding waterways overhung with Cypress trees and Spanish moss. An almost ominous silence shrouds the swamp, yet it's filled with mysterious sounds—croaking frogs, melodious chirpings of insects and birds, and occasionally the bellow of a disgruntled 'gator or the shrill cry of a waterfowl. Sizeable portions of Okefenokee have never been explored and at one time outlaws hid in its dark interior.

The wide open water areas of the swamp are called "prairies." These are dotted with countless islands of trees and shrubs called "houses," which range in size from a few square feet to a square mile. In reality many of the islands are nothing more than rafts of dead leaves and soil, held together by an interwining network of roots. Sometimes the "houses" will support a person's weight, sometimes not. Trees many feet away will tremble and shake at a footstep. Appropriately, the old Indian word "Okefenokee" means "land of the trembling earth." Walking anywhere in the swamp is risky business, even if the ground appears solid.



OKEFENOKEE abounds with alligators. In the 600 acres of swampland, 45 species of mammals live

Names of the larger islands often furnish fascinating sidelights on Okefenokee's colorful past. Billy's Island, for instance, was christened for Billy Bowlegs, a Seminole Indian Chief who once lived in the swamp. Likewise Bugaboo Island is spotted with the remains of great Indian mounds and Soldier Camp Island derived its name from deserting Confederates who hid there.

The wonders and beauties of this "lost world" are easily accessible to motorists. It lies seven miles south of Waycross, Georgia, on U. S. Highway 1 and another five miles on the Vereen Bell Memorial Highway. Okefenokee Swamp Park holds numerous attractions. A boardwalk extend-

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A SNAKE clings to a lily pad in the black waters

ing far out into the swamp provides a fascinating look at nature in the raw. What appears to be a floating log may suddenly open a pair of enormous yellow eyes and swim away.

At strategic intervals along the boardwalk, cages holding animals native to the park often startle a stroller. Turning a corner he may come face to face with a snarling bear or an eerie-appearing owl. A 75-foot observation tower at the end of the boardwalk affords an excellent view of the swamp for miles around.



A TYPICAL scene along most of the lake shores

Nature exhibits and wildlife lectures draw large crowds. But a trip through the mirror water trails in an electrically-powered boat provides the greatest thrill, particularly for camera enthusiasts. Silently the craft glides along trails scattered with giant water lilies and overhung with pond cypress draped with lace-like moss. Often passengers glimpse a bear or a raccoon poking through the tangled growth or a long-legged egret wading through shallow water. A guide tells stories of the spots visited and demonstrates the trembling earth. When he pokes a "solid" island, a tree some distance away shakes and shimmers in every branch.

Water flows naturally along the water trails and it's pure enough to drink any place in the swamp. The area is completely malaria free. In fact, the visitor encounters few mosquitoes or other stinging insects and ticks are few.

For those with a hankering for adventure and exploration Okefenokee offers infinite possibilities. Arrangements for expeditions or fishing trips into the more remote sections of the swamp can be made by contacting the Swamp Park headquarters at Waycross.

A visit into the deeper recesses of Okefenokee is a pleasurable experience. Opportunities to view rare animal species and exotic botanical specimens are unexcelled. The swamp's fabulous wildlife includes all forms of migratory waterfowl. Ducks flock here by the millions and ungainly cranes and herons can also be glimpsed. Okefenokee supports some 80 bird species, 45 mammals, 28 snakes, 20 frogs and toads, 12 turtles, and 7 lizards.

Otters, bobcats, white-tailed deer, and pack rats prowl the tangled wilderness. Armies of alligators slither through the countless waterways. In the past hunters all but exterminated the 'gator population for its skins. The Fish and Wildlife Service, however, stopped the slaughter. Today, the swamp is a total wildlife refuge. No firearms of any kind may be taken into the swamp.

Okefenokee, however, is a fisherman's paradise. Anglers have counted at least 30 species of fish. The supply of trout, bream, yellow-breasted and war mouth perch never diminishes despite the vast number caught each year. The swamp is a natural fish hatchery because so many portions of it are not accessible to the fisherman.

If you're looking for something different, this primitive wonderland will surpass your expectations. Its trembling earth and unmatched beauty coupled with its teeming animal life and mystery will enchant you. Truly, Okefenokee is "out of this world."

Photographs by the Author

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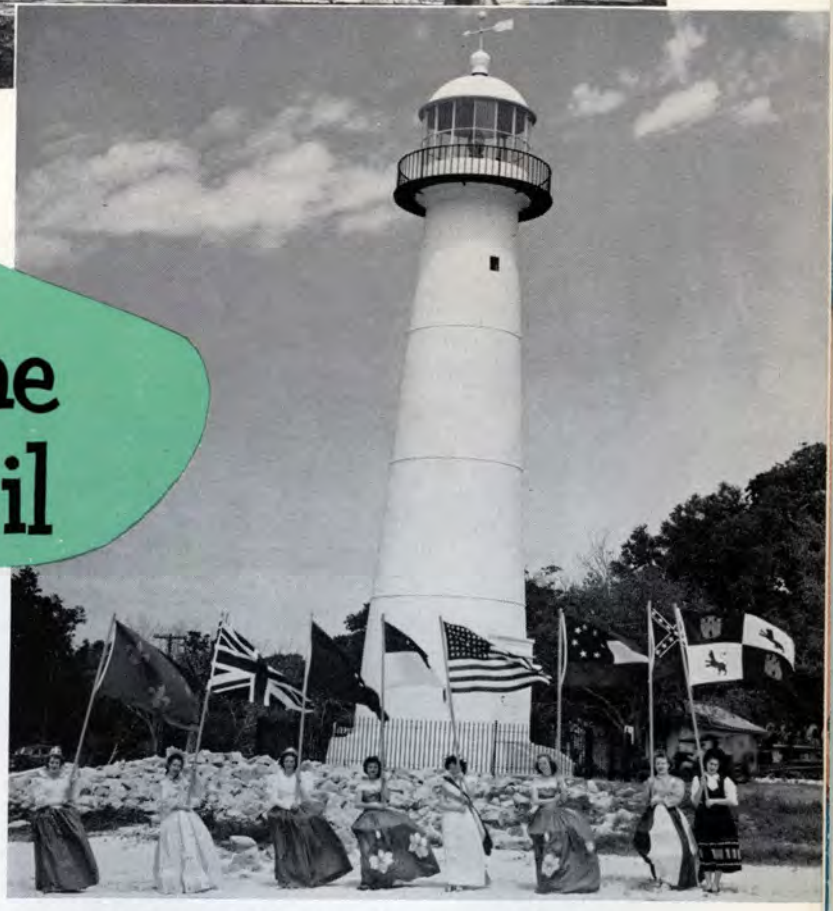
THIS IS "Beauvoir," historic home of Jefferson Davis located on West Beach Boulevard in Biloxi

Biloxi... on the Old Spanish Trail

By Dolores B. Jeffords

SITUATED on the long, narrow peninsula which lies between the Bay of Biloxi and Mississippi Sound, Biloxi stretches along the Old Spanish Trail —Modernized into U. S. Highway 90, and here known as Beach Boulevard. Mild winters and breeze-swept summers, and all-year fishing and sailing in its sheltered bay—or the sound, or the Gulf—plus an endearing Deep South charm, make it an attractive holiday spot in every season.

Founded by Pierre LeMoyne d'Iberville in 1699, and named for the friendly Biloxi Indians, it is the oldest permanent settlement in the Mississippi Valley, having once been the most important headquarters of the vast Louisiana Territory. Its early vicissitudes are attested by the eight flags it has flown, and which it still parades on occasion. Today, a very modern year-round resort, it still clings to the lore and romance of its colorful past. Between 1940 and 1950 its population doubled, making it one of the largest cities in Mississippi.



THE eight flags which have flown over Biloxi are shown here in front of a stately old lighthouse

Shielding the peninsula and the Sound are islands, one of which, Deer Island, a half mile off

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BLESSING of shrimp fleet is annual event on afternoon of first Sunday in August

THIS antebellum home on the Biloxi Gulf Beach was put together with wood pegs



Biloxi, is considered one of the most beautiful of coastal islands. Many legends surround it, of Indians, explorers and buccaneers. Pirate treasure is rumored still to be buried there.

On historic Ship Island, old Fort Massachusetts, built by the Union forces, still frowns across the channel at Confederate Biloxi. This relic of a bygone war presents a significant contrast with the Kessler Air Force Base, largest technical station of the U. S. Air Forces, with its radar, electronics and atomic schools, located at Biloxi.

Boat building and commercial fishing and canning are the workaday industries. Biloxi has been called "the nation's fish basket." The Bay, the Back Bay, the Sound, and the Gulf beyond the islands, teem with seafood, and the shrimp fleet and the canning and freezing plants are among the interesting sights. The annual blessing of the shrimp fleet in August is an event which attracts many visitors.

But the tourist trade has become extremely important, too, and Biloxi provides an ample variety of accommodations—hotels, cottages and cabins, trailer courts, even a "dude ranch." Seafood, needless to say, is Biloxi's super-specialty—and with its French and Spanish heritage, it vies with New Orleans in the preparation of such delicacies as shrimp creole and shrimp jambalaya.

Not only has Biloxi itself much of interest for the visitor, but its surroundings are most inviting and picturesque. Its much photographed lighthouse, built in 1848, is on Beach Boulevard within the city limits, facing the building now occupied by the Chamber of Commerce, which was once the home of the lighthouse keepers. It is claimed that during the Civil War, Confederate sympathizers removed and buried the lens of the light, which was not restored to the tower until the war was over. But despite its Confederate loyalties, Biloxi expressed its indignation and regret at the assassination of Lincoln by painting the lighthouse black—and it remained so until the Federal government had it repainted the regulation white. Now electrically operated, it was formerly tended by a mother and daughter for a total of 62 years.

East of the lighthouse is the Community House, in Central Beach Park, where there are some interesting old cannons, dredged from the Back Bay, said to be from one of d'Iberville's ships. Also on this part of Beach Boulevard is the beautiful Church of the Redeemer, built in 1890 to replace an older church which Jefferson Davis and his family attended. The old church has been preserved in the rear of the new one, but the pew occupied

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BEAUTIFUL East Beach Boulevard is noted for its great evergreen oaks and other magnificent trees

by the Davis family was moved into the new building, draped with a Confederate flag and marked with a silver plaque.

In the church yard is a huge old live oak, the lower branches of which form a distinct circle, and concerning which there is a legend of young Indian lovers, forbidden to marry because their respective tribes were at war. To their importunities the girl's father, chief of the Biloxis, replied that he would never permit the marriage "until a ring grows in this oak." That night an accommodating storm of great violence twisted the branches of the young tree into a ring—providing a happy ending to the legend, as well as an interesting freak of nature for the entertainment of sightseers.

Another famous Biloxi tree is the Councillor Oak, under which the Indians used to gather in days long gone. Its trunk was badly scarred by the Indian fires, but it is now preserved as a member of the Live Oak Society—a society whose sponsored members must be at least 100 years old, and whose dues are paid in acorns.

West on the Boulevard is an old ante-bellum home with a palm tree growing through its front steps, and Biloxi cemetery, dating back to the earliest settlement. Here, too, are the Yacht Club, and stately homes facing the Gulf of Mexico and the longest stepped seawall in the world. And here is Beauvoir, the last home of Jefferson Davis, one of Biloxi's most visited attractions.

The World War I Memorial Bridge carries U. S. 90 east across the bay to delightful little Ocean Springs on the mainland. The d'Iberville Memorial Bridge, crossing the Back Bay, leads to North Biloxi, and the cross and boulder which mark the original landing of the French.

An annual regatta, cup races, a fishing rodeo from November 1st through December, a Mardi Gras on February 6, and numerous other pageants and festivities on land and water, make Biloxi a gay, exciting place, the year around. Yet under its moss-hung live oaks, magnolias and palms, the nostalgic atmosphere of the Old South persists, to give it added beauty and appeal. It is one of the outstanding spots of natural loveliness and vacation enjoyment gracing the Old Spanish Trail, U. S. 90, as it pursues its ancient way along what is now the new American Riviera.

Photographs by Anthony V. Ragusin, Biloxi, Mississippi

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CUERO Coca-Cola Company



E. T. SUMMERS, left, is president of the bottling firm. C. R. Reese, right, is a transport driver

FROM an old Maxwell truck with no brakes, to modern Lufkin tandem trailers hauling 720 cases, the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Cuero has steadily grown.

It was some 30 years ago that E. T. Summers, president of the Cuero Coca-Cola Bottling Company, moved his young family from South Louisiana to Cuero, Texas, and became the new owner and operator of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company there.

The bottling plant was an old tin barn, and his equipment consisted of two Maxwell route trucks whose capacity was 40 cases each, and a horse and wagon for hot-shot deliveries of 30 cases or less.

Mr. Summers recalls quite vividly his first experiences in his new business.

"The trucks had little or no brakes. It was just a matter of the driver knowing where to begin slowing down so that upon reaching his destination, he could jump out and throw a chock under a wheel," he said.

His first year was considered most successful; he delivered nearly 1500 cases of Coca-Cola. Today, his volume stands at about one-half million cases annually.

Mr. Summers purchased his first trailer in 1938; it was a 21-foot van. Later, in 1946, he bought a single axle trailer. But it wasn't long before their small capacities for volume and axle loads caused Mr. Summers to sell them and buy three Lufkin tandem trailers as replacements.

Today, the plant and office of the company—a modern and beautiful edifice—is among the most outstanding in Cuero and is a tribute to the growth and progress of the company.

The present highway fleet consists of two modern Lufkin tandem semi-trailers, 13 route trucks, two refrigerated service units, and three pick-up trucks. Their latest piece of trailer equipment is a Lufkin TBF float with its "A" frame body designed to carry a normal load of 720 cases of Coke.

This trailer can be loaded or unloaded with a fork lift truck in a matter of minutes. Mr. Summers says that bottlers have gone to pallet handling as another means of labor saving and thus they are able to maintain their long established price of Coca-Cola.

This plant serves DeWitt, Victoria, Calhoun, Lavaca, and Refugio counties. Distributing warehouses are located at Victoria, Port Lavaca, Hallettsville, and Yoakum. Coca-Cola is transported from Cuero to these warehouses on Lufkin trailers.

Mr. Summers is assisted in his enterprise by three sons, E. T. Summers, Jr., manager at Cuero; F. M. Summers, manager at Victoria; and Paul Summers, manager at Port Lavaca.



LUFKIN TBF float with "A" frame body, 720-case load

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His friends had warned him that he was asking for trouble when he married a young widow who had an eight-year-old boy. He discovered what they meant when he left on a honeymoon with his bride—and the small boy. Day after day, night after night, the harrassed husband tried to be alone with his bride, but the little boy refused to leave his mother's side. The groom tried everything to get the boy out from underfoot. Movies? The kid had seen them all. The zoo? The kid hated animals. And so it went, until one afternoon the desperate lover had an inspiration.

"Tell you what I'll do, Sonny. You go down on the corner in front of the hotel, and I'll give you 50 cents for every red hat that passes by." The child thought it over, agreed to the plan and dashed off to look for red hats.

At last the man and his new wife were alone together! But hardly had they begun to carry out their long-delayed plans, when a knock sounded at the door. "Well, what is it?" shouted the frustrated groom.

Came the voice of little Sonny: "Before you bankrupt yourself in there, I thought I ought to tell you that there's a Shrine parade in town!"

The cow jumped over the fence. The fence was too high. Udder destruction.

"Son," said the sultan, "when I was your age I'd made a million."

Life of the Party: the guy who is full of sextemporaneous stories.

We know a gal who never did drink because she was afraid it might turn into would alcohol.

What's the difference between a girl running down the street and a sewing machine?

A sewing machine has only one bobbin.

"I'm warning you! He's a wolf! Why, he'll rip the dress right off your back!"

"So what! I'll wear an old dress!"

A very pretty coed, president of the Science Club, asked the biology professor to address the group. The professor rose: "I have worked closely with your president for a number of years," he said, "and during that time we have been intimate . . ."

The group giggled and the professor tried valiantly to cover the slip: "And when I say intimate, I mean, of course, in a biological way."

A wife and husband were asleep. About 2 a.m., the wife dreamed she was in another man's arms. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming toward her. In her sleep she shrieked out loud, "My husband!"

Her husband, awakened by her cry, leaped out the window.

The two girls were discussing various dates. "Why didn't you go to that good looking fellow's apartment?" Mary asked Lou.

"Because," Lou replied, "all I get when I go to his apartment is rum and coax."

Guest (at a wedding reception): "Are you the bridegroom?"

Young Man: "No ma'am, I was eliminated in the semi-finals."

"Miss Jones," said the exasperated professor, "the quotation is, 'All men are created equal,' and not, 'All men are made the same way.'"

She: "Does your husband still find you entertaining?"

Her: "Not if I can help it!"

The young man looked anxiously at the unconscious form being wheeled past. Moments later, the nurse motioned him in and whispered, "It's a boy!"

The chap turned to the doctor and asked puzzledly, "Why did it happen only six months after our marriage?"

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," the doctor said assuredly, "This often happens in the case of the first child, but never afterwards."

"Whoopee! My girl friend finally said 'yes' last night."

"Congratulations! When's the wedding!"

"What wedding?"

"Mine was not the perfect marriage," said Mrs. Zoothips. "You know how Cupid tried to shoot you in the heart with an arrow? Well, I was tying my shoe when he got me!"

The Boss has been very nervous since his stenographer said she was beginning to look upon him as a father.

A girl who tries to talk her boy friend into buying her a silk nightgown usually ends up with her boy friend trying to talk her out of it.

Beach Inspector: "Don't you know that a two-piece bathing suit is not allowed on this beach?"

Young Miss: "Very well, officer; which piece shall I take off?"

A fellow in Paris, enchanted by such U. S. phrases as "Can I drop you off somewhere?" is puzzled because an American girl he met at a cocktail party isn't speaking to him.

At the party's end he approached her and said brightly, "Can I throw you down someplace?"

The white-haired old man approached his doctor and said: "Doctor, I'm slowly going nuts over women. Is there any way to speed it up?"

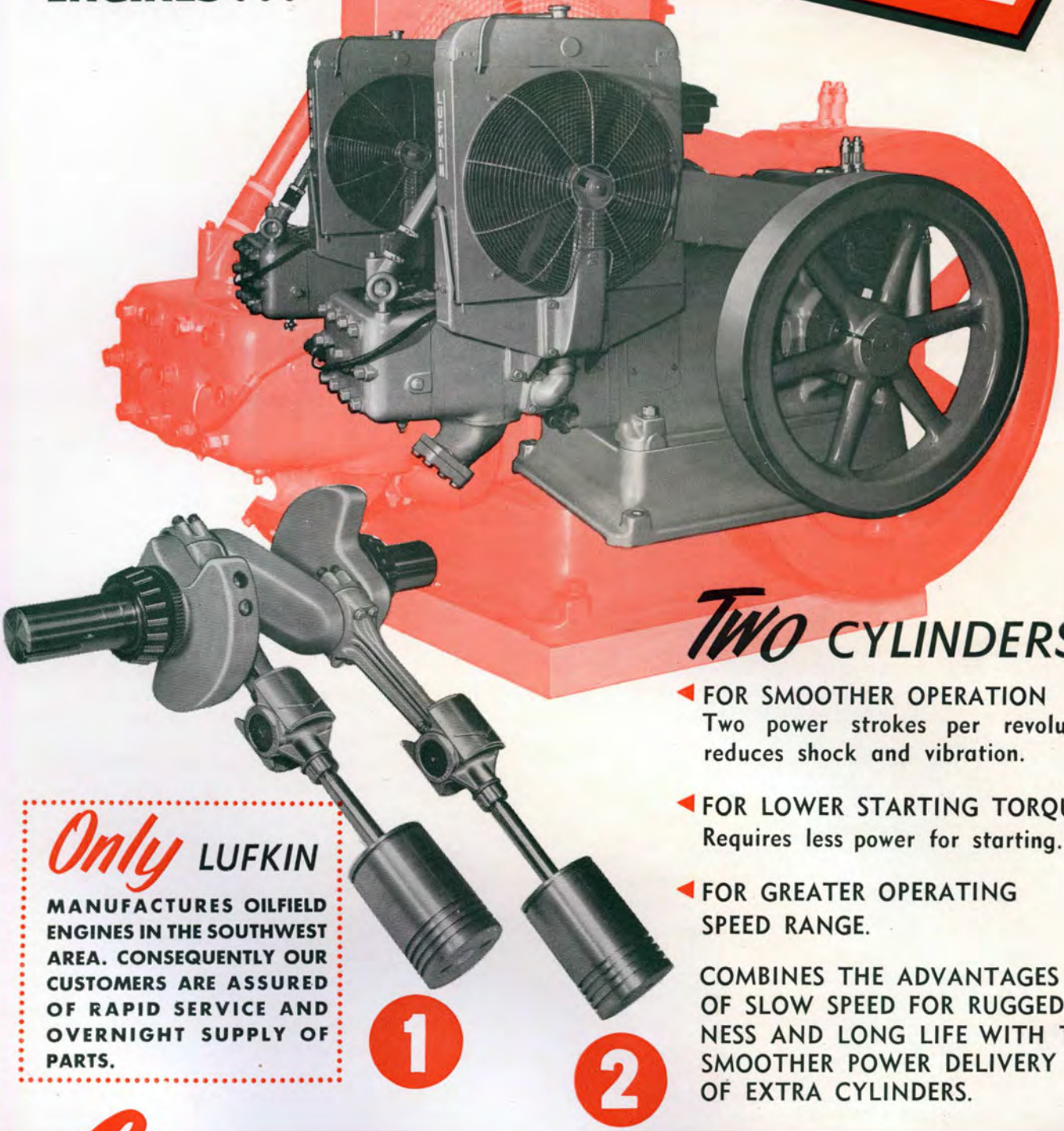
Differing from Love, Life is just one fool thing after another, while Love is just two fool things after each other.

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