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The LUFKIN Line

SPRING, 1980

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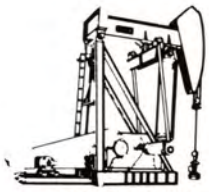
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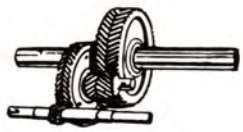


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INTERNATIONAL DIVISION ISSUE

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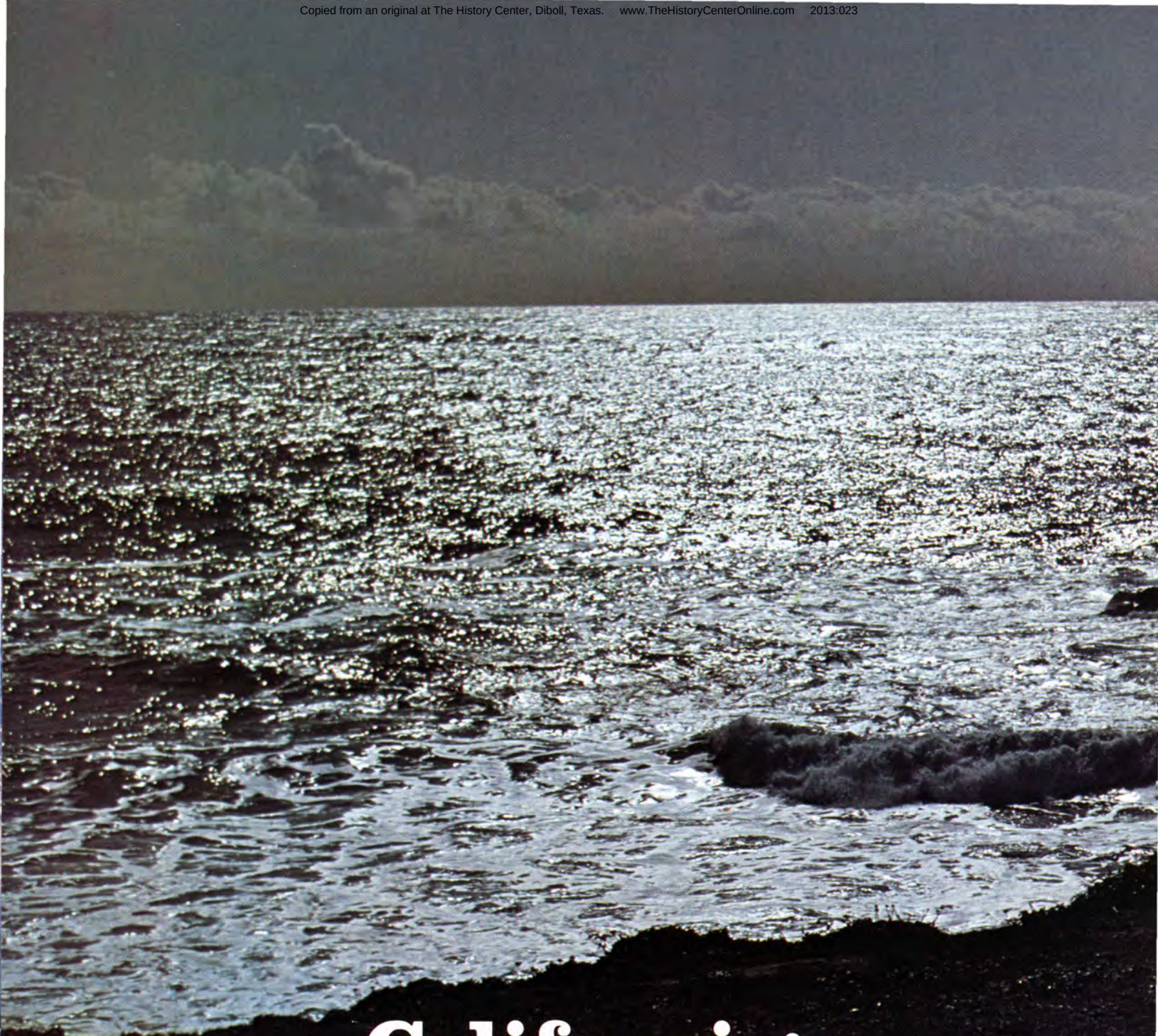
COVERS: Front: David Freeze, LUFKIN Photographer

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California's Untamed Northern Coast

By Phyllis Zauner

Few areas of California's coast are as wildly beautiful—and as seldom visited by other than locals—as the Northern section above Marin County.

This coastline bears little resemblance to its southern relative, that warm-water stretch of sand that's lined with sunbathers from Santa Barbara to San Diego. North of San Francisco the fog-festooned sand dunes will be spotted with wild grasses, and the weather is often chill and blustery. The ocean threshes endlessly, flinging itself in frothy rage against the rocks.

Then, just as you begin to think of this rugged countryside as cold and brooding, the sun suddenly burns through the fog, and the ocean turns a vivid shade of blue.

But whether the wind whistles in and the fog snuggles down, or the sun bounces sparkles off the sea, this is a superb place to get away and soothe the soul.

Travelling north from San Francisco, you separate from Highway 101 at Santa Rosa and head for Sebastapol, a village

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Far left: Individuality describes Mendocino architecture. Left: Couples stroll windy beaches but (above) when the sun burns off the fog, California turns golden, her seas startling blue

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Lodgings at Sea Ranch include miles and miles of grassy bluffs and perhaps a moody fog

of old-fashioned houses with porch swings on broad front verandas. (From this out-of-the-way town, Charlie Schulz used to mail his Peanuts strip to the editor.) In autumn you can buy crunchy apples at any of the orchards that line the two-lane highway to Bodega Bay.

It's at Bodega Bay that you meet the Pacific.

This unpretentious fishing community is said to possess the safest harbor of refuge between San Francisco and Coos Bay, Oregon. It's the last resort of a dying American industry, commercial fishing. One way or another, about a quarter of Bodega's able-bodied men (and a few salty women too) go down to the sea in ships. Little ships, barely of a size to brave the stern and heavy Pacific swells offshore. The boats go out after Dungeness crab, and sometimes King salmon. About 2:00 in the afternoon they start to weigh in their catches. Some are mom-and-pop operations; but Mom looks like she could win in a wrist-wrestling contest in any league.

You take a window seat at The Tides restaurant, order a bowl of thick clam chowder and chunks of sour sourdough bread, and look out on a pier where fishing is a livelihood, and a pastime. Children and grandpas and lovers and families line the dock, feet dangling, to try their luck. The bar is noisy with the boisterous conviviality of men who live by the sea; and in the cleaning shed women in rubber boots and rubber gloves deftly fillet the fish, while a crowd stands by waiting to buy the carcasses for chowder.

Farther up the coast there's Fort Ross, a rebuilt version of the wooden fortress that was once a foothold of Russian otter hunters in a land owned by Spain. Then, abruptly, the Russians wearied of the harsh land and sold out to Captain Sutter, down on the Sacramento River: land, stock and barrel for $30,000.

Three miles to the north you'll come around a curve to spot the handsome, rustic Timber Cover Inn. The setting is spectacular. The magnificent lodge, built out over the pounding Pacific, is a welcome haven for tourists, along a highway where lodgings are few and far between. Some of the rooms have a sunken tub, waterbed, a fireplace.

Nearby is Salt Point State Park, an ecological wonder with its four-mile shoreline of tidepools, sea stacks, caves, and underwater paths to explore.

Farther on, about 100 miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge, is Sea Ranch Lodge, one of the handsomest and best designed retreats you could find on any coast. Reservations here are practically a must (write to P. O. Box 1, The Sea Ranch CA 95497); but surprisingly, around 6:00 o'clock you may find yourself filling an unexpected cancellation.

Sea Ranch is far more than a pleasant lodge and excellent restaurant. It's a unique second-home colony that stretches along ten miles of otherwise primitive coastline, where redwood housing and Nature have been blended in an agreeable architectural marriage. The people who come to enjoy this craggy shore are plainly in love with Nature. They walk the windswept beach, or sit hunkered on a rock gazing at the soaring gulls that hover over the restless sea. Because of the curve of the shore, perhaps, Sea Ranch often is sunny and clear when the rest of the coast is not.

The town of Mendocino is the destination of most drivers up and down the coast. But three miles south of that city is Little River, a village with two excellent inns. Heritage House dates back to 1877, and has a colorful past; it was an early base for smuggling both liquor and Orientals, and once was a hideout for "Baby Face" Nelson. But today its respectability is unimpeachable. It is elegant, it is quiet, blending the finest of civilized pleasures to the notorious vagaries of unspoiled nature. It is often booked far in advance. But the excellent cuisine is usually available to passers-by.

Down the road there's another farmhouse-turned-lodging that dates back to 1853, still owned and operated by members of the family that built the Maine-style house. The Little River Inn.

But beyond all else on the northern California coast, there's the pleasure of discovering the village of Mendocino—a hangout for painters, photographers, poets, and lovers of ancient, sagging architecture.

Practically all the town is old. Some of the buildings are well painted, some rustic, and some obviously held together with chewing gum and string. Pointy picket fences, green with moss, sag tiredly to earth. Weathered water towers (still functional) proliferate the side streets. All over town artists scrunch down in doorways or sit on sidewalks, sketching the town around them. It's not a contrived artiness; most of them live there. So persistent is the effort to maintain the Mendocino image, that any new building must be accomplished with old lumber...a ruling that has pretty well denuded the countryside of its old barns and outhouses.

You might just as well park your car immediately when you get close to town. Mendocino's streets are short, narrow, and easily jammed by vehicle traffic. You can get to the galleries, shops and architectural surprises with little trouble on foot.

The most prominent landmark is the 108-year-old Presbyterian Church, whose tower can be seen dominating the view as you enter town. Main Street includes the hundred-year-old Mendocino Hotel, a bank with curved corner windows, lots of tiny shops, and a clock shop with hundreds of old clocks and

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Photos By Lou Zauner

Far left: Sailing is always a favorite sport but it's fun to stroll (above left) the streets of rustic Mendocino observing (above) the New England architecture

music boxes (visitors often crowd the interior to watch the owner demonstrate one of his treasures). The town is small; one of the chief pleasures for the visitor is simply walking through the streets, absorbing the atmosphere of Maine in California. (It was here that "Summer of '49" was filmed.)

The headlands have become State property, and it's wonderful to picnic on the windswept, grassy bluff, to hike up from the beach on trails through canyons overgrown with towering trees and lush ferns. One trail leads past a blowhole to the edge of the headland cliffs. During May the bluff is rich with wildflowers, and frequently deserted. You can look out toward some tiny, nearby islands, and be alone with the flowers, the shore birds, and the pounding surf.

Fort Bragg lies ahead, and the Skunk Railroad.

The "Skunk" rides an old logging railway that cost almost $2 million to build in 1885 (when things were cheap), and was 26 years in construction, one arduous step at a time, through a winding canyon and thick redwood groves. In the 40 miles it travels from Fort Bragg to Willits, the small diesel-powered train crosses 33 bridges and trestles. (Reservations made by writing Western Railroad, Fort Bragg 95437.)

Beyond Fort Bragg, Highway 1 clings to the ocean, passing through tiny half-deserted lumbering villages. The foamy green surf bangs against a thousand rocky coves and doghole ports where schooners came crashing to grief in heyday lumber days. It looks more like Maine than sunny California, but locals still call it the Banana Belt. It's all relative. The curve of the coast gives protection from howling northwesterlies that could be devastating.

Then the highway dips into the tree-studded hills, taking stomach-tilting hairpin turns through forests as endless as Eternity, to merge with Highway 101 for the journey through redwood country.

The giant redwoods, tallest of living organisms and perhaps the most majestic, grow only in these northern California coastal regions. Their somber serenity, their link with the past, most surely inspire deep feelings of kinship with earth and sky.

While Highway 101 is an express route to Eureka now, the former route, Avenue of the Giants, runs parallel and takes you through miles of redwood splendor. You can even drive through one of the trees.

Although Victorian architecture thrived with vigor in most of northern California, nowhere did it reach the proportions it has in Eureka. Lumber is what everyone had plenty of, and builders didn't stint. Many homes display lavish use of heartwood lumber, and one downtown building was built by simply nailing two-by-fours together, the 4" sides touching.

Second Street is the heart of Eureka's old town near the waterfront. One of the most interesting things to do in Eureka is to stroll this section of once-grand Victorian buildings and browse through art galleries, second-hand emporiums, antique shops.

Seafood from Humboldt Bay is considered by gourmets (especially Eureka gourmets) to be the best in California. And Lazio's restaurant, on the waterfront, knows what to do with the seafood once it gets into the kitchen. There's nothing fancy about Lazio's, but the cold seafood platter, with its coldwater crab and tiny shrimp can't be equalled anywhere.

Perhaps Eureka epitomizes the spirit of northern California as well as anything. Along the northern California coastline fishing is important. Lumbering is important. The sea is important. Nature is important. There's a simple natural quality to the land and to the people who occupy that land.

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LUFKIN installations



LUFKIN M-114D-143-64, Maraven, S.A., Lagunillas, Zulia, Venezuela.



LUFKIN C-228D-246-86. Maraven, S.A., Lagunillas, Zulia, Venezuela.

LUFKIN M-1280D-427-216, Austria Mobil, Klensmurstech, Austria.



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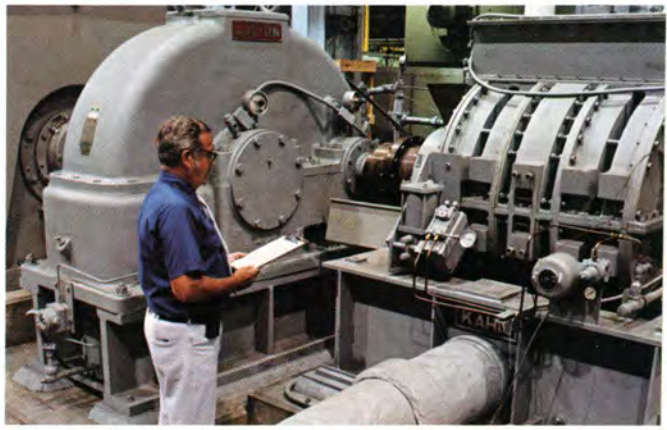




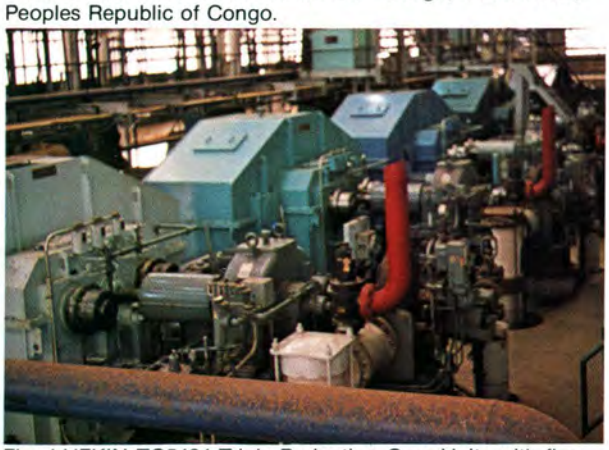
LUFKIN Air Balanced Units operating on a platform eight miles off the coast of Africa for Elf—Congo, Point Noire, Peoples Republic of Congo.



LUFKIN C-456D-120-100, Mene Grande Oil Company, San Tome, Venezuela.



LUFKIN N3006C Speed Reducer on an Electric Motor Test Stand to drive a dynamometer. It transmits 5000 H.P. at 3600 R.P.M. for Siemens-Allis, Inc., Norwood, Ohio.

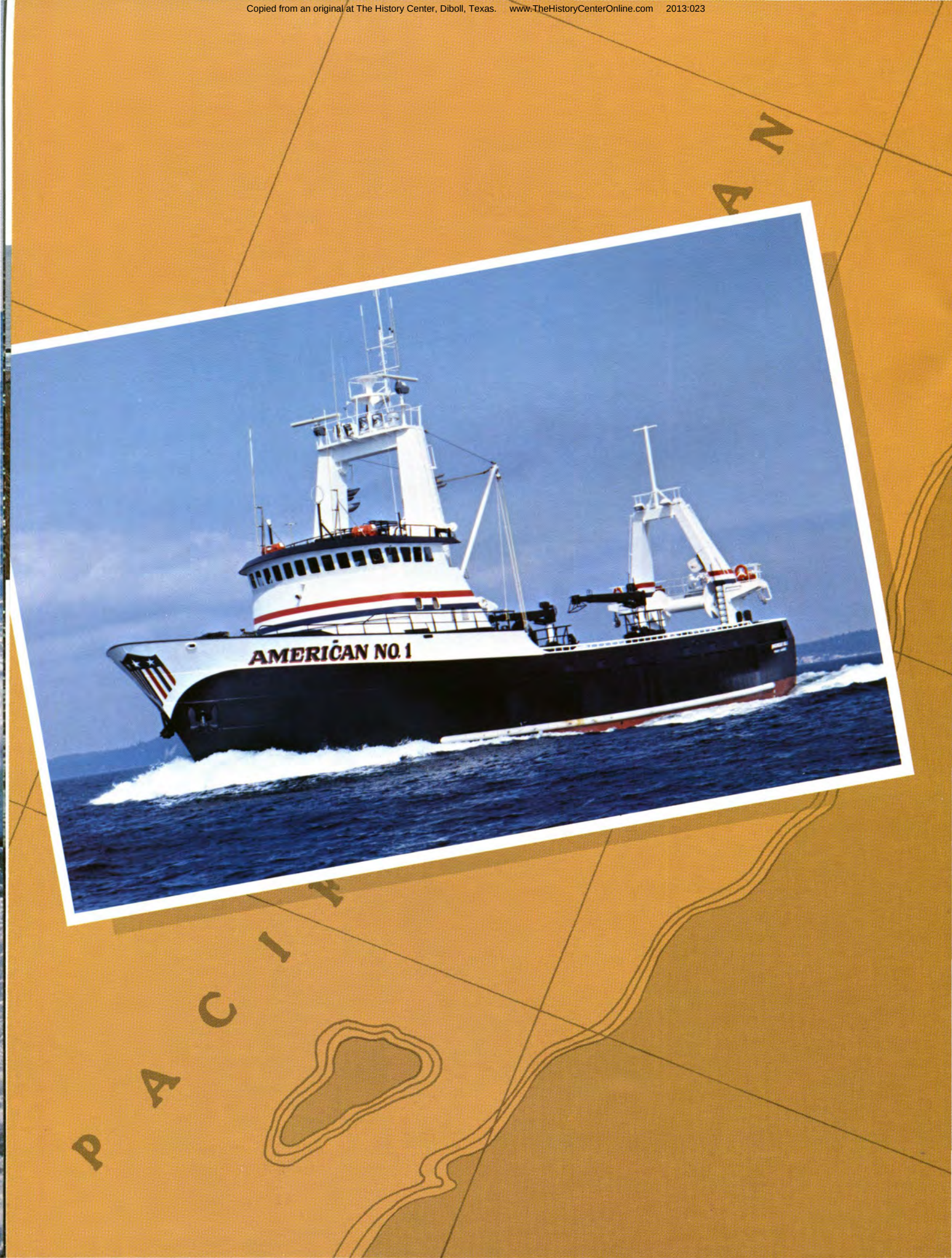


Five LUFKIN TC5424 Triple Reduction Gear Units with five LUFKIN N1800C single reduction high speed gear units driving sugar mills at Kohrogo, Ivory Coast, Africa.



LUFKIN C-640D-304-144 and LUFKIN A-640D-120-36, Texas Petroleum Company, Oritupano, Venezuela.

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She's One of a Kind

By David Willmon

Last August, a crowd of 500 people gathered in Seattle, Washington for the christening ceremonies of a 160-foot fishing vessel appropriately named the "American No. 1."

The gleaming red, white and blue vessel is the first American-built ship designed for all types of fishing, even deep-water trawling, and is equipped to process catches at sea.

The American No. 1 was designed and constructed by Marine Construction & Design Co. (MARCO) for Seattle fishermen, Kenneth Petersen and Carl Perovich, and Pan-Alaska Fisheries, Inc. at a cost of over $7 million.

It is the largest privately financed American fishing vessel to date but both the owners and builders say it is the first of a fleet of at least 100 similar fishing vessels which will be built in the coming years.

According to MARCO president, Peter Schmidt, the American No. 1 is a unique vessel. Over 20,000 man hours went into the design and development of the ship in order to incorporate the finest equipment into all the ship's systems, including over $500,000 in electronic fish-finding and navigation equipment.

The American No. 1 is the first U.S. fishing boat to be equipped with "Rapp Autotrawl" automatic trawling and "Simrad Situation Display," a computerized fish-finding system.

The Simrad system visually displays the position of the school of fish, the vessel and the net during the trawling operation using information from sonar scanners, speed log, and gyro compass equipment.

The vessel has five operating decks, with a processing room on the forward main deck which can be equipped to handle heading and gutting, filleting or crab processing operations. The vessel can butcher, cook, freeze and box 5000 pounds of raw crab an hour.

Five Vilter compressors provide refrigeration for chilling or freezing processed fish in the ship's 25,500 cubic feet dry storage hold or chilling in the 3,100 cubic feet holding tank.

Over two-thirds of the upper deck is for fishing operations and machinery. The vessel has a wide, 40-foot beam which provides more clear deck space for handling fishing gear compared to conventional trawlers. The forward third of the upper deck includes the galley and quarters for the crew of 21 fishermen and processors.

Designed to provide versatility, economy and dependability, the American No. 1 propulsion system consists of two 1125 HP D399 Caterpillar engines driving through a LUFKIN RCS-2S-7209 two-speed forward and reversing gearbox coupled to a nine-foot, five-blade Coolidge propellor.

This propulsion system allows the ship to steam at high speed on two engines in the higher gear ratio (5.9:1), run at an economical reduced speed with one engine in the lower gear ratio (4.9:1), or trawl with both engines at full power in the lower ratio.

This versatility permits the American No. 1 to operate efficiently in all types of fishing—deep-water and mid-water trawling or shell-fish catching.

Auxiliary power for the ship is provided through four diesel Caterpillar generator sets. Power for hydraulic systems, including two Rowe 8-ton telescoping cranes, is provided through MARCO DC20 hydraulic pump drives.

The American No. 1 will be watched closely during its first year of operation by the rest of the American fishing industry. A multi-million dollar investment will have to produce a large amount of fish. Owners Petersen, Perovich and Pan-Alaska Fisheries expect the American No. 1 to gross $10 million annually due to its versatile, year-round operation.

According to a study by the state of Alaska in 1978, U.S. vessels accounted for only one per cent of the 1.5 million metric tons of fish caught in Alaskan waters. The study also stated that the potential yield of fish in Alaska's waters could be as high as three million metric tons of fish per year.

They recommended a fleet of at least 800 boats and 111 processing plants would be needed to realize the full potential of Alaskan fishing resources. The American No. 1 is an innovative first step toward developing the resources in American waters off the coast of Alaska.



Propulsion system for the American No. 1 consists of two Caterpillar engines driving through a LUFKIN RCS-2S-7209 two-speed forward and reversing gear coupled to a nine-foot, five-blade Coolidge propellor

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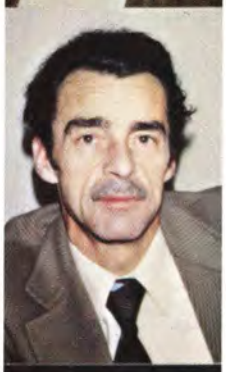
HANS-JOACHIM SCHOLZ
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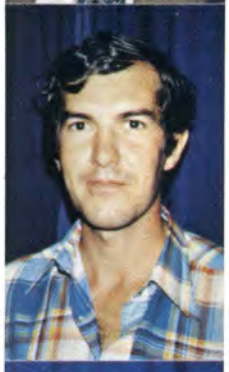
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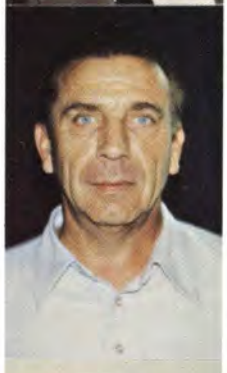
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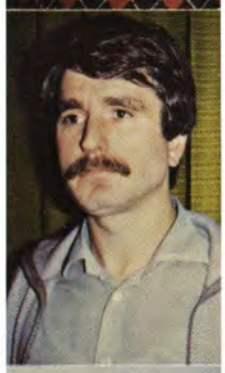
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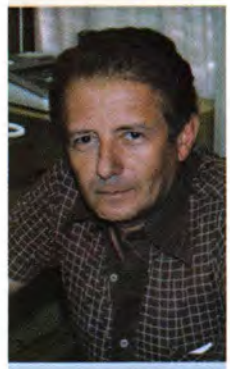


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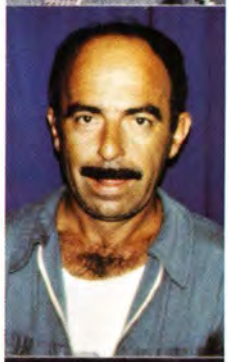
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Lufkin's Plane Crashes Near Denver

It was a cold, snowy afternoon March 27, 1980, when LUFKIN's Super King Air crashed and the lives of 10 fine men were snuffed out. This was the greatest tragedy in the company's 78-year history.

Seven of the passengers were customers from the Denver area on their way to visit the company's manufacturing facilities and to enjoy a weekend outing at its lodge on Lake Sam Rayburn.

These were Dan Bolding, 29, of Exeter Exploration Co.; Bob Easter, 30, of Petro Lewis; Larry Gallagher, 42, of Diamond Shamrock; Ed Gartland, 56, of Davis Oil Co.; Ron Pagliasotti, 34, of Kenneth Luff & Associates; Jack Rogers, mid-50s, of Tenneco Oil; and John Stanzione, 58, of Brown-Wallace-Armstrong and Bander.

Three LUFKIN employees were among the victims. They were John Poland, 29, youngest son of the company's president, R. L. Poland; Ray Fisher, 52, chief pilot, and Charles Gilstrap, 47, co-pilot.

John Poland was manager of LUFKIN's Rocky Mountain machinery sales division. He was a happy young man who enjoyed life, liked everyone he met and loved his family and his company.

Ray Fisher came to LUFKIN November 1, 1958, as its chief pilot, a position he maintained throughout his 22 years of service. He had an impeccable record with this company as well as when he was a corporate pilot and a pilot with the United States Armed Services before coming to LUFKIN. He was respected as an excellent pilot by all who have flown with him throughout the years.



John Poland



Ray Fisher



Charles Gilstrap

Charles Gilstrap had been an employee of LUFKIN only seven months before the ill-fated flight. However, he had been a corporate pilot for Southland Division of St. Regis for 13 years and before that had spent his entire adult life with airplanes. He was a conscientious, dedicated pilot and LUFKIN was proud to have him join this company when the Southland Division sold their plane.

Each of these deaths leaves a sorrowing family who long will grieve for their loved ones. The management, directors, shareholders and employees of Lufkin Industries agonizes with each family and extends to them their deepest sympathy.

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