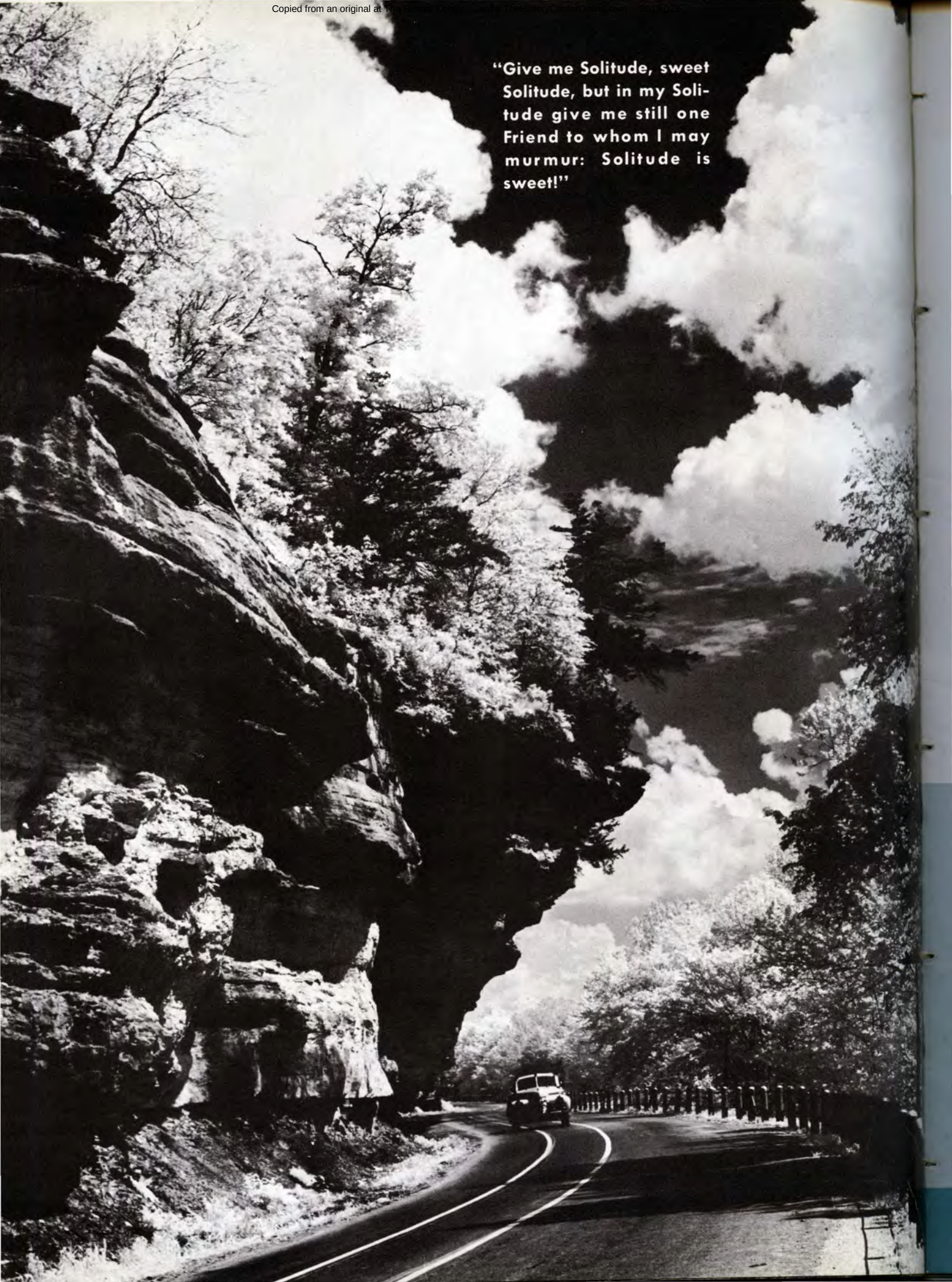




THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

MAY-JUNE • 1958

"Give me Solitude, sweet
Solitude, but in my Soli-
tude give me still one
Friend to whom I may
murmur: Solitude is
sweet!"





OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

THE Lufkin LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



MAY • JUNE, 1958
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with its customers and friends and to advance the
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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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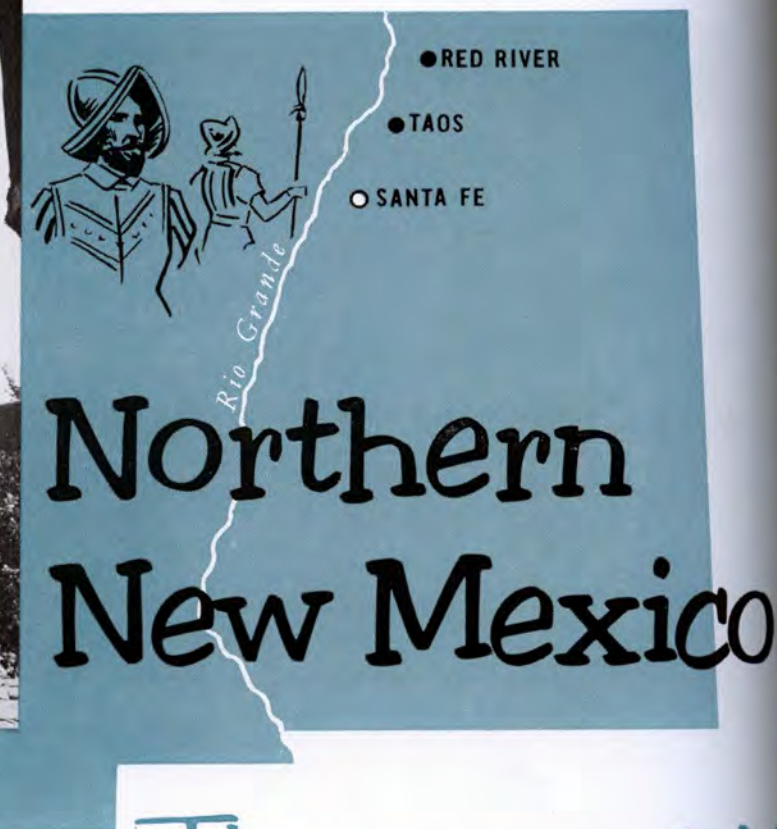
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TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED



LITTLE Mission of San Miguel in Santa Fe, built in the early 17th century, is the oldest mission church in America



By Richard Bradford

THE ancient capital city of Santa Fe, the charming old art colony of Taos, and the tiny resort village of Red River lie in a dramatic, ever-changing region in northern New Mexico.

The three communities lie in the Southern Rocky Mountains, a chain of soaring peaks blanketed with tall evergreens and aspens. Big game roam the mountains—elk, deer, bear and wild turkey. Rainbow trout flash in the cold streams and high lakes. Snow covers the towering summits from October to May, and much of the area is virgin wilderness, accessible only by foot or on horseback.

Indians have lived near this mountainous region for untold centuries, roaming the high plains as hunters and warriors, or farming small fields in the fertile river valleys.

In 1540 the Spanish explorer Francisco Vasquez Coronado glimpsed this beautiful terrain during his expedition, and his countrymen came to settle permanently in 1598. They founded their capital in Santa Fe in 1610.

Early in the 18th Century, a few French pioneers moved into northern New Mexico, easing the Span-

ish monopoly on trade. They made the village of Taos their headquarters, a small village three miles south of an ancient Indian pueblo.

American miners began developing the area soon after the Civil War, by which time New Mexico was an American territory. They prospected successfully for gold and silver in the rugged mountains, and built a town named after the Red River, a pleasant stream that watered the valley.

One of the most fascinating areas in the Southwest, this colorful and diverse region embraces three distinct cultures—the Indian, the Spanish and the Anglo-American. Although fairly homogenous today, each separate culture has retained its own characteristics to a large degree, giving New Mexico much of its unique charm and flavor.

Santa Fe, still the capital city after 347 years, was founded three years after the first English colony at Jamestown, and ten years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

Today, although a modern city in most respects, Santa Fe keeps many of its Old World qualities. The first building erected in the city, the old Pal-



THIS is The Palace of Governors in Santa Fe. Constructed in 1610, it is America's oldest public building

in colorful contrast

ace of the Governors, still stands on the north side of the shady plaza. Many of the public buildings and private homes reflect the original Pueblo architecture, modified by the early Spanish—the sturdy adobe walls, round ceiling beams and flat roofs. The buildings blend well with the land, and their soft contours and mellow tones seem to spring from the soil itself.

At an altitude of 7,000 feet, Santa Fe is cool and clear much of the year. Yet, in spite of its brisk weather, the mood of the city is quiet; the pace slow and relaxed. Spanish is heard spoken as much as, or more than, English. Pueblo Indians, whose ancestors captured the city from the Spaniards in 1680, now sit placidly beside the old Palace, selling pottery and silver-and-turquoise jewelry.

Santa Fe's annual Fiesta, in which the entire community and thousands of out-of-state visitors take part, is a blend of solemn religious observ-



THIS one-story building is the Sena Plaza, which was built over 100 years ago in territorial style



RESORT town of Red River nestles in beautiful Red River Valley in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains



TAOS Plaza is a trading center in peaceful little town of Taos, known for the nearby Indian pueblo

LEFT: Indians at Santa Clara Pueblo, north of Santa Fe, perform Deer Dance, an ancient tribal ritual

ances and hilarious frivolity, celebrating the reconquest of New Mexico from the Indians in 1693, by Captain General Diego de Vargas.

The ancient city was built in the foothills of La Cordillera de la Sangre de Cristo—the Mountains of the Blood of Christ—so named by the early Spanish settlers because the hills seem to turn a deep red at sunset. The mountains still turn crimson at dusk, and in other ways the mark of history is etched deeply in the old capital.

Seventy miles north of Santa Fe is Taos, in the midst of a region almost totally Spanish and Indian. A trading center since the early 1700's, Taos has seen French trappers, American pioneers and soldiers, violent revolutions and wars. Today it is a peaceful, completely untypical town, known for its artists' colony and the impressive Indian pueblo nearby.

Three villages make up Taos. Taos proper, or San Fernando de Taos, is the main town, formerly the home of such diverse people as Kit Carson, the gallant scout and Indian fighter, and D. H. Lawrence, the famous English novelist who was so charmed by the Southwest.

Three miles north of Taos is San Geronimo de Taos, an Indian village world famous for its massive five story communal houses. The people of Taos Pueblo are quite sophisticated after watching three centuries of change in their land, but remain Indian to the core—peaceful farmers and stock-raisers, worshipping their ancient Indian deities and speaking their traditional Tiwa language.

The third village of the Taos group, Rancho de Taos, is a modest farming community six miles south of Taos proper. Its inhabitants are Spanish-speaking farmers whose ancestors settled there in

the 1600's, and many of the customs and traditions of Spanish Renaissance times are still practiced in Rancho de Taos.

Dominating the village is the magnificent St. Francis Mission, an adobe church dating from 1772, noted for its graceful proportions and primitive beauty.

The Rio Grande follows the highway from Santa Fe to Taos, winding through rugged hills and cutting dramatic gorges through the length of New Mexico, and was one of the main avenues of exploration and conquest.

Near the Santa Fe-Taos highway, U.S. 64, are several of the state's 18 inhabited Indian pueblos, many of them dating to pre-Spanish time. Some of these sun-washed adobe villages retain their Indian names—Tesuque, Nambe, Picuris; others were renamed centuries ago by the Franciscan friars—San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, San Juan.

There is antiquity everywhere in this land. Tiny Spanish communities, little changed since Colonial days, sit high in the mountains; ruins of Indian cities that thrived a thousand years ago dot the canyons and valleys.

Far up in the Sangre de Cristo range, northeast of Taos, is the summer resort town of Red River. Once a mining boom town, Red River faded into a ghost town at the turn of the 20th Century, but came back to life in the 1920's as a summer haven for tourists. In the heart of New Mexico's mountain country, Red River is at an altitude of 8,750 feet, in a narrow, verdant valley between great forested peaks.

To reach Red River, drive north from Taos on State Road 3 to Questa, then east on State Road



ROAD from Santa Fe to the mountains proves winter changes but does not diminish charm of old city

38. The road winds into mountains crowned with fir, pine, spruce and quaking aspen.

Cool and invigorating in the summer, the Red River area is ideal for camping, hunting and fishing. New Mexico's highest mountain, 13,160-foot Wheeler Peak, is a few miles south of the resort, accessible to the hardy hiker, but a stiff climb even under the best conditions.

Summer visitors to Red River stay at the five lodges and 26 cabin courts nestled in the valley. Activities include trips to the nearby ghost town Elizabethtown, pack trips into the mountains, chuck-wagon dinners, an annual rodeo, and seasonal trout fishing in the Red River, which flashes through the valley. The tourist season generally ends in the late fall, when the deep snows come to the mountains.

Northern New Mexico has become a year-around vacation land. The climate and scenery are unparalleled; the people and customs are an exotic blend of different cultures. Modern cities lie close to crumbling Indian cliff-dwellings, abandoned before Columbus reached America.

The mountains, rivers, plains, forests and mesas have not changed since Coronado's ragged, dusty army marched into the new land 400 years ago, and today's visitor can still feel the aura of history that pervades the Land of Enchantment.



WHITE blanket worn by this Indian contrasts sharply with brown adobe walls of ancient Taos Pueblo



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Atlantic Refining Company
Duncan, Oklahoma



SAM JONES
Kingwood Oil Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



W. E. LAKE
P. G. Lake, Inc.
Shawnee, Oklahoma



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Snap

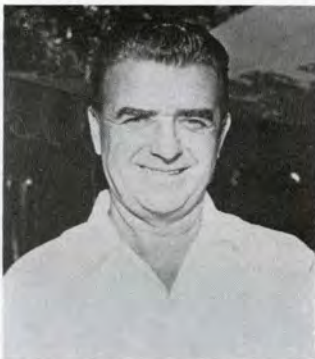
with the Lufkin



COOPER RICHARDS, left, Lufkin's assistant oilfield sales manager; **FRECKA JONES**, Gulf Oil Corporation, Oklahoma City



BOB REED, left, The Texas Company, Maysville, Oklahoma, and **JOHN METTAUER**, Lufkin's Oklahoma City representative



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FRANK JONES, left, and **AL ERICKSON**, both with Cities Service Oil Company, Great Bend, Kansas

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Sohio Petroleum Company
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

JIM EBRELL
Magnolia Petroleum Company
Great Bend, Kansas

O. W. ROUNDS,
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A. R. McANNELLY,
Phillips Petroleum Company,
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ORA BREWER,
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Winfield, Kansas



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Left to right: DICK MARTON, Oklahoma City; C. P. SCHWEIKHART and ARLE SKOR, both of Paul's Valley, Oklahoma, all with Sohio Petroleum Company



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Seminole, Oklahoma



M. D. McCORMICK
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Wewoka, Oklahoma



L. J. WALKER
Gulf Oil Corporation
Seminole, Oklahoma



Left to right: PETE PETERMAN, BOB HIGGINBOTTOM, VIRGIL HUGHEY, COXEY EVANS, all with Cities Service Oil Company, Oil Hill, Kansas

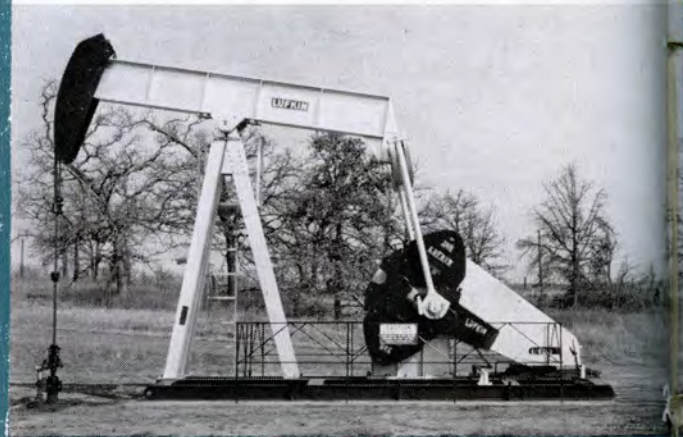
Left to right: LES SMITH, RUSSELL CAMPBELL, TOMMY KERNS, ERNEST SMARTT, BOB JAMES, FRANK MIKEMAN, all with General American Oil Co. of Texas, Seminole, Okla.

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Sinclair Oil & Gas Company,
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 2. LUFKIN C-80DB-48-12.7 Pumping Unit, Gulf Oil Corporation, near Bristow, Oklahoma.
 3. LUFKIN C-160D-64-23 Pumping Unit, Magnolia Petroleum Company, near Davenport, Oklahoma.
 4. LUFKIN A-640DA-144-40 Air-Balance Unit, Atlantic Refining Company, Stafford County, Kansas.
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 6. LUFKIN C-160D-6469-23 Pumping Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, near Wrights Corner, Oklahoma.





3



4

installations

7. LUFKIN C-114DA-54-14 Pumping Unit, The Texas Company, near Bristow, Oklahoma.
8. LUFKIN C-57DA-42-10.5 Pumping Unit, Tennessee Gas Transmission Company, Beaver, Kansas.
9. LUFKIN C-114SA-64-15 Pumping Unit, Thomas H. Allan, Seifkes Lease, Seward, Kansas.
10. LUFKIN C-640DB-108-30 Pumping Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, Russell County, Kansas.
11. LUFKIN C-640DB-120-30 Pumping Unit, Atlantic Refining Company, Claflin, Kansas.
12. LUFKIN C-114DA-64-16.1A Pumping Unit, Blackwell Oil & Gas Company, near Cushing, Oklahoma.



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12



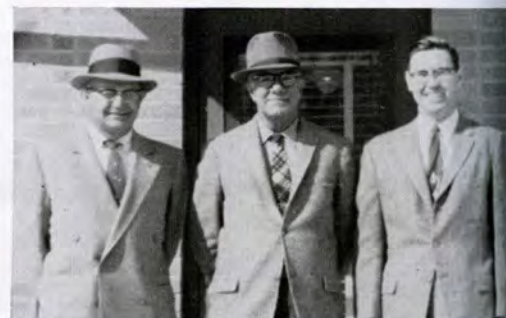
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RAY BUCKNER, left, LLOYD AUSTIN,
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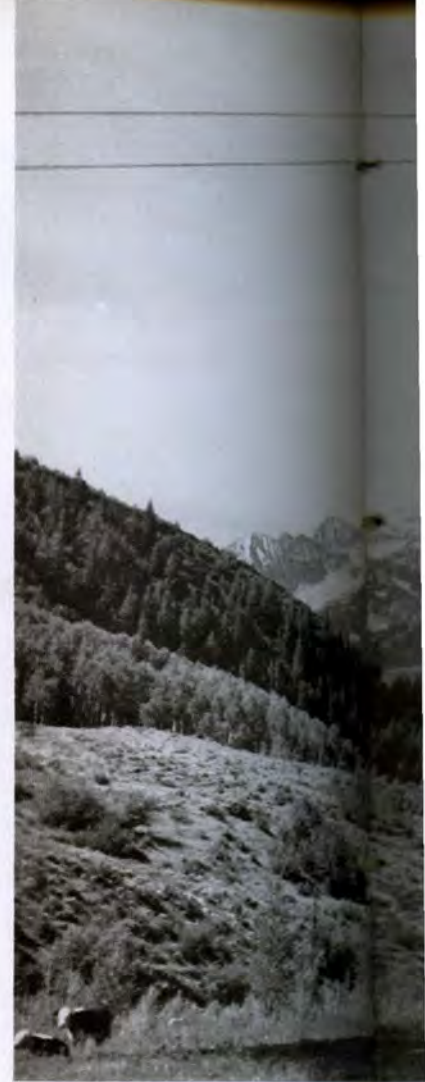
CECIL BURTON,
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Great Bend, Kansas





IN early days in Marble, buildings were constructed with waste lumber blocks

RIGHT: A coal loader crumbles in ruin, used by whitefaced herefords as shade from the noon-day sun with Armchair mountain as a backdrop



Legendary

CRYSTAL

By Richard and Irene Biddle

GUEST inn at Redstone is part of a baronial estate of J. C. Osgood built in the Crystal River Country



CASCADING and plunging down the steep slopes of the red mountains, the Crystal River races along the valley floor through one of Colorado's most fabulous and untouched mountain ranges. The river is of singular clearness, yet brawling and foaming over rocks where the bed lies on a steep downgrade. Tearing around massive boulders, the water boils with a mad rage, intent on its downward race. Even from great height, a mellow roar rises—deep, murmuring and mystical. The magnificent sloping red mountains are billowy with the green foliage of a tree that is everywhere, the white-barked aspen with its oceans of shiny, dancing leaves.

The winding valley road weaving its way through aspen groves stirs the imagination as the rhythmic rumbling water pounds over the falls and



RIVER VALLEY



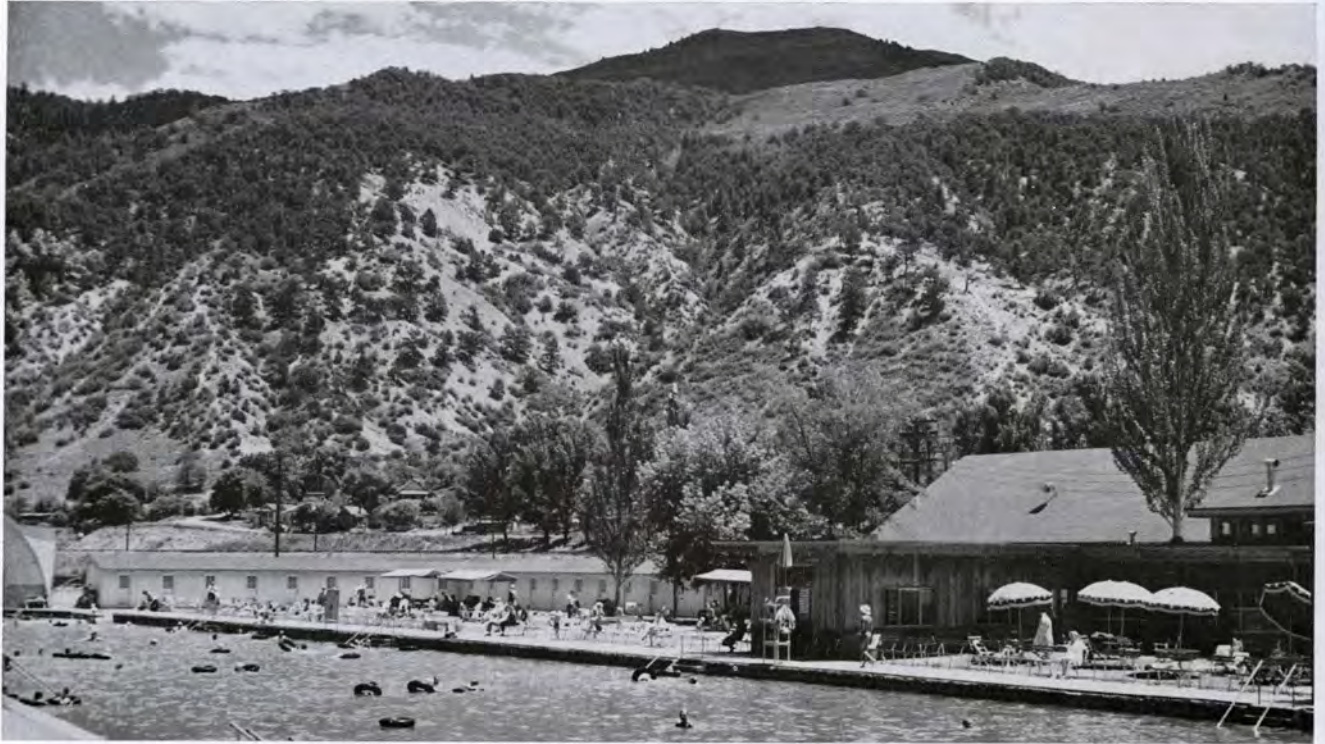
down the valley simulating the redman's drums that will never cease to beat in this mountain paradise. The haunting rustle of the winds in the aspen carry the singing love calls of the braves by high mirrored lakes; and the camper's fire is but a pinpoint in the vast darkness of night while a lonely coyote's cry echoes and re-echoes in the canyons. The red cliffs are lasting monuments to the happy and carefree Ute Indians whose entire existence rose in the sun and lived in the spirits personified by the amazingly blue skies, red mountains, and unending green forests of the beautiful Crystal River Valley. This was their chosen paradise to which they bitterly clung to the very end.

This is the truly primitive back country adjacent to Glenwood Springs, nestled in the heart of the Colorado Rockies, and one must commence the trip into the Crystal River Valley from there. Glenwood is reached on Highway No. 6 going West from

Denver over the Loveland Continental Divide.

For the traveler, there are beauties to behold at Glenwood such as Glenwood Canyon and Hanging Lake. There is the true refreshment of bathing in the wonderful languid Yampa pool that is heaven itself to the weary traveler. From Glenwood, the highway goes south past Carbondale where the road forks, one going up the Frying Pan River, and the other up the Crystal River, both streams excellent for trout fishing.

Driving on up past Mt. Sopris, the predominant landmark, one finds fewer and fewer cars on the highway, and it isn't long until we reach the village of Redstone now a secluded sportsman's hide-out. Pack trips are arranged at the Inn, and a little farther one can lunch and browse at Cleveholm, an unbelievably magnificent baronial castle built by a coal magnate. One can visit the "ghosties" by jeep, old abandoned coal mines, coke ovens, and homes



WARM the year around, Yampa Pool at Glenwood Springs is the ultimate in relaxation and fun for all

filled with the eeriness of unforgotten dreams. One can take the jeep to Lily Lake above Redstone and spend a few days completely removed from the cares of today's busy world. The fishing here is very good and fellow human beings just aren't around.

Farther up the main highway, located near the

top of the Continental Divide where Yule Creek forks into the Crystal River dwell the real "ghosties," thousands and thousands of huge blocks of white marble, quarried and left to weather. This is the town of Marble that once sought its fortune in quarrying the beautiful white marble so abundant and even yet inexhaustible in supply. Of the numerous jobs the company contracted and completed, their best known is the marble prepared for the Lincoln Memorial and the single block of marble quarried for the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. One can hike to the quarry above the town and view the abandoned operational site.

In the valley of the Crystal River still live old settlers who can remember the Ute's seasonal migrations and encampments. They brought their ailing and sick to the Big Muddy (Glenwood pool) where the "eternal healing waters" of the hot springs boil. The braves would hunt their favorite bear and elk grounds while the others would tend the sick. To this day, the Indian name for the mountains remain, and they will be always known as the Elk Range, where herds of elk still roam at will.

Most of the Utes unreservedly opposed the peace-making plans of the Big Chief Ouray, and



ACROSS from Redstone Inn in this line of coke ovens crumbling from lack of use and the ravages of time

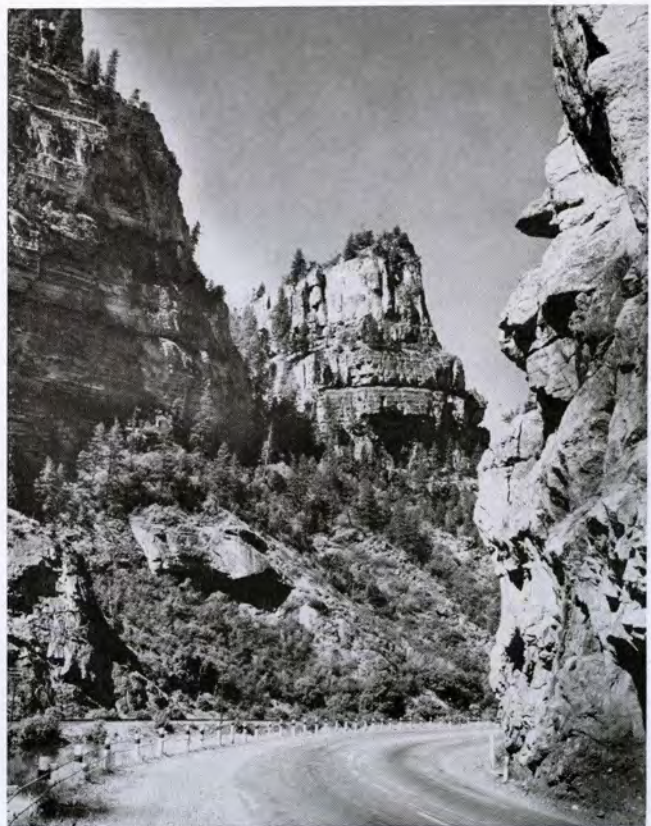


HEREFORDS graze beneath Mt. Sopris named after Richard Sopris, first white man in the environs

were merciless in their scourge on the whites who entered the valley. Actually, the Utes put up an unrelenting and stirring battle to retain their glorious green heaven, but they had to admit to the superiority of the whiteman's firearms and were banished forever.

Every enterprise such as mining, quarrying, and smelting has ended in disaster, and an ill-fated flash flood destroyed many of the towns in the valley in 1941. Even though precious metals were the drawing magnet for men by the thousands in the mountains, the Crystal River Valley now looks to its virgin forests, mountain streams, hot springs, and salubrious climate as its priceless heritage of assets. Once the Colorado mountains looked as a forbidding barrier to trail blazers of the first half of the 19th century. Almost as though the storied purple haze of the Rockies were a repelling vapor, early explorers veered north or south around them.

Thus it is that what is now the Crystal River Valley seemed to be destined to remain forever a little corner of paradise reserved exclusively for the sportsmen and vacationer to revitalize a saging "city-weary" being, and to return him with new energies and new visions to resume the reality of living after a vacation in the legendary Crystal River Valley of Colorado.



RUGGED beauty of Glenwood Canyon is framed on the right by a wall of rock, blasted to make the road



After inheriting his father's harem, the hesitant young shiek said, "It's not that I don't know what to do. I just don't know where to begin."

The preacher was finishing up his little talk on avarice: "And remember, friends, there will be no selling and buying in Heaven."

That's when an oil man on the back row got up and said: "Well, that's not where business has gone anyway."

A salesman was explaining to his buddy the reason for his sudden affluence.

"I sell ladies stockings. Sometimes if the woman of the house is really interested, I put them on for her," he said.

"You must sell plenty that way," said the friend.

"No, not really," said the salesman. "My legs look lousy in a woman's stocking."

A small college decided to go co-educational. Having only one dormitory, they assigned one wing to the boys and the other to the girls, and painted a white line over which no one was to stray.

The first night a boy got over the line and was hustled before the dean. The dean informed the lad that his first offense would cost him a fine of \$5, a second offense would cost \$10, and the third would be a \$15 fine, etc. "Do you understand?" asked the dean. "Are there any questions?"

"Yes," replied the boy. "How much will a season ticket cost?"

The few husbands who would rather make love to their wives than eat are the husbands whose wives are lousy cooks.

You can bet that two birds in a bush... are up to no good.

Boss: "I suppose you know when quitting time is?"

Secretary: "Oh, certainly. Whenever somebody knocks on the door."

Sign seen in a department store window: FOR SALE—Bath towels for the whole damp family.

"It's a miserable feeling," says Ida, "to have on your sitting-down shoes and your standing-up girdle."

Too many of us want our cake and somebody's else's cookie, too.

A hailstone is nothing but a passionate raindrop.

Extract from a patent medicine testimonial: "Since taking your pills regularly I'm another woman. My husband is delighted."

An hour's ride from San Antonio is Comfort, Texas, flanked by two other small towns, Alice and Louise. The single auto camp bears this slogan: "Sleep in Comfort between Alice and Louise."

The couple had just been rescued from a tiny island after three days and nights. The girl extended her hand to the man and said, "Charlie, you're a dear, and thanks for being such a gentleman. Too bad you didn't know this gun was empty, isn't it?"

Even if you can't read a girl like a book... it's fun to thumb the pages.

The lady was stepping from the shower and was about to reach for a towel when she caught sight of a window washer taking in all her

charms. She was too stunned to move, just stood staring at the man.

"Whatcha lookin' at, lady?" he finally asked. "Aintcha never seen a window washer before?"

Papa Bull was talking to Baby Bull. "Son," he said, "when you grow up, do you want to be a bull in a china closet, or had you rather be a bull on wall street?"

"Neither, Papa," said the Baby Bull, "I want to stay with you for heifer, and heifer and heifer."

One winter an Indian from southern Arizona brought his bride on their honeymoon to see Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. But it was so cold that after two nights he hunted up a Park Ranger and said, "How?"

Fay: "Gee, you looked mighty sharp in that red dress last night. Did you have a good time at the party?"

Mae: "Yes, darling. And that's just the trouble. I'm taking that dress straight back where I bought it."

Fay: "How come?"

Mae: "They told me I couldn't go wrong if I wore it to a party."

Love is blind—so a fellow often has to feel his way around.

The middle-aged farmer came home with a new 18-year-old wife. He asked his eldest hired hand what he thought of her. The old man shook his head slowly. "Well, she's a mighty purty young lady, all right..."

"Then what seems to be the trouble?" the new bridegroom asked.

"Oh, there ain't no trouble, Boss. It's just that I hate to see a man start out on a day's work so late in the afternoon."

The Ozark mountain daughter was sent away for the first time to a fancy Eastern college. After a few months she wrote her mother: "Mama, I made the Pep Squad and I need \$5.00 for a pair of Pep pants."

Her mam promptly sent her five bucks with this note: "Here is your \$5.00 for pep pants... and another \$5.00. Please send your father a pair."

Have you seen the daring new Atomic Bra? It's got a 80 per cent fall-out.

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MODEL HD-2

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