

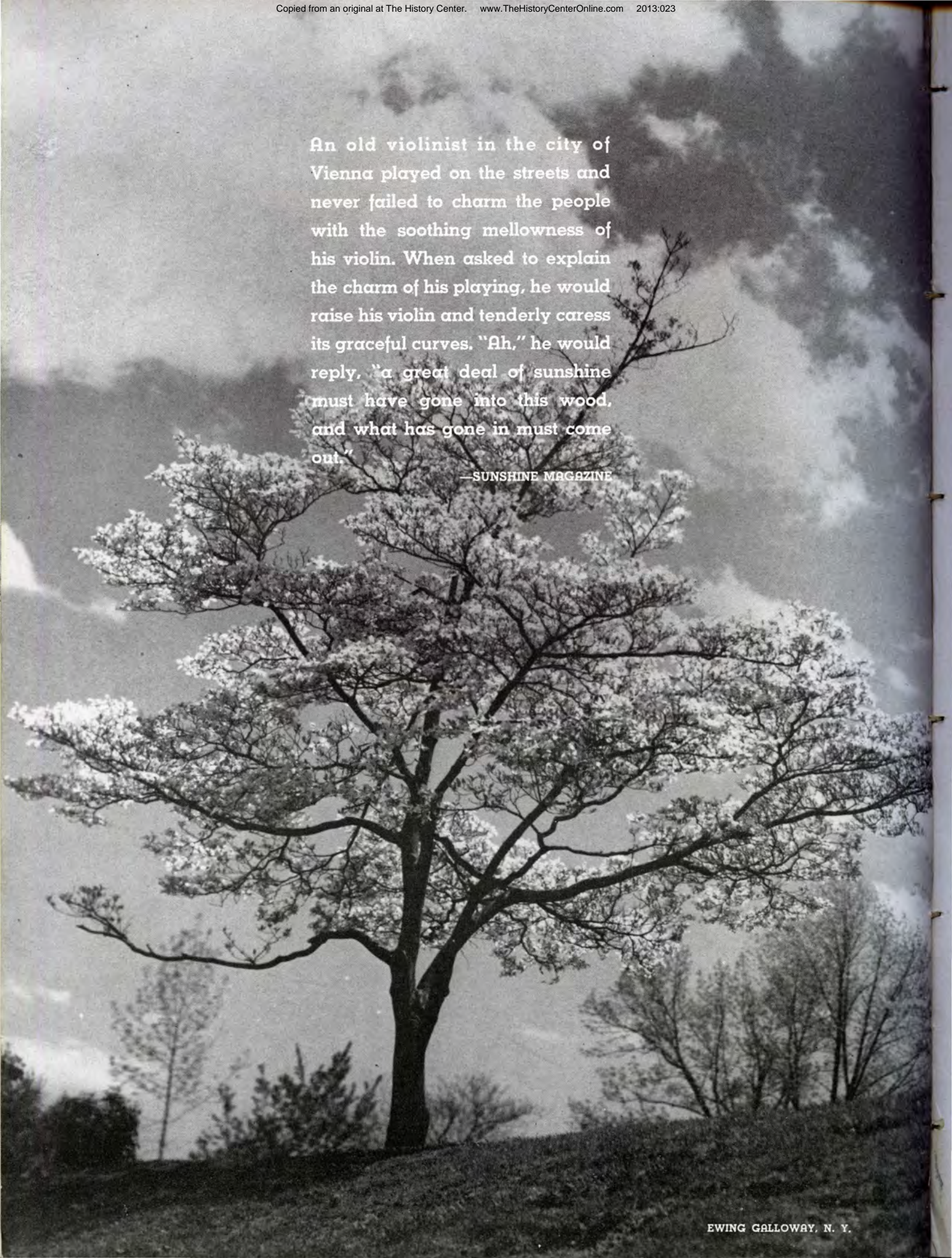


The Luffkin Line

VOLUME XXV . . . NUMBER 2

An old violinist in the city of Vienna played on the streets and never failed to charm the people with the soothing mellowness of his violin. When asked to explain the charm of his playing, he would raise his violin and tenderly caress its graceful curves. "Ah," he would reply, "a great deal of sunshine must have gone into this wood, and what has gone in must come out."

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE



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

Volume XXV

MARCH-APRIL, 1950

Number 2

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Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting to yourself.—**George Sand.**

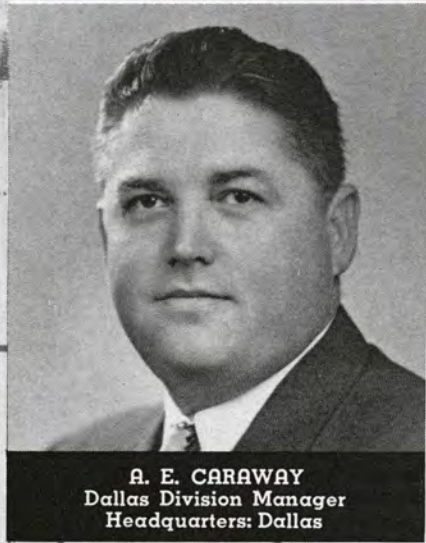
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BIG BEND OF TEXAS

By ETHEL M. NAIL

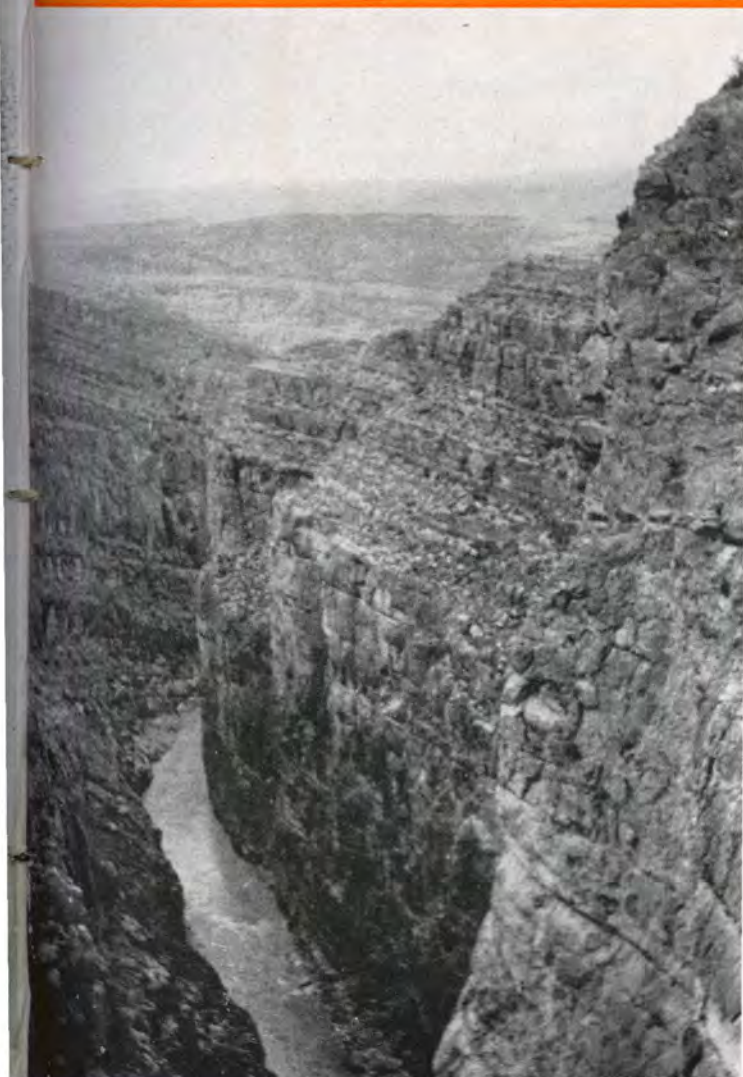
ALONG the Texas border between El Paso and Del Rio, the Rio Grande, blocked by mountains, swerves south of its general southeast course to the Gulf. In the area, half circled by the great arc of the river, lies the Big Bend National Park, which comprises three quarters of a million acres and is one of the United States' newest playgrounds.

Although Europeans discovered the Big Bend country in 1535, seventy-two years before the first English colony was established on the Atlantic coast, the region remained practically unknown and untamed until the beginning of the present century. The area, called the "last frontier of America,"

Sometimes the walls of the cliffs alongside the Rio Grande river rise to heights of 1500 feet. Mariscal canyon shown here is one of three gorges in the Park.



The Santa Helena canyon in the Big Bend National Park is the largest of three gorges through which the Rio Grande river snakes its way toward the Gulf of Mexico.



still retains its wild rugged beauty. It is so different from any other part of the United States that it possesses an atmosphere almost foreign.

The Chisos Mountains, a compact group of peaks nearly eight thousand feet high, are in the center of the park and tower like the crown of a mighty Mexican sombrero above the surrounding semi-desert terrain.

In contrast to these lofty peaks the park includes three very narrow, deep canyons—the Santa Helena, the Mariscal and the Boquillas. The first of these gorges is the largest. It is eight miles long and has cliff walls 1,500 feet high. The Mariscal Canyon is a few miles down the river where it reaches its southernmost point and then swings almost due north to resume the original southeastwardly direction to the Gulf of Mexico. After making the turn the Rio Grande cuts Boquillas Canyon through the Del Carmen (Red) Mountains.

The reason the lower Big Bend region remained unknown so long was because it was a hundred miles south of the great transcontinental trails across west Texas. Civilization, following these



Only cacti and native brush thrive in the lowlands of the Big Bend National Park. After a summer shower, the resurrection plants transform a barren hillside into a bright green carpet.



The Chisos Mountains, which rise almost 8000 feet, are in the center of the park. Legends abound concerning these mountains and the Indian tribes that inhabited them.

overland routes, bypassed the rough district where the park is now located. Even the construction of the first railroad across west Texas—the Southern Pacific—in the early 1880's had no effect on the southern Big Bend country.

In fact the last Indians, the Apaches, retreated to the mountains in it and there found an impregnable stronghold. Under the leadership of their

chief, Alsate, they lived happily on abundant wild game and supplies stolen from settlements in both Texas and Mexico. The latter, being nearer, suffered more from the raids of the savages. The Mexican towns of San Vicente, Santa Helena and San Carlos were constantly harassed by the Apaches.

Mexican authorities in San Carlos, which was a garrison, determined to capture Alsate and his Apache band. Since it was impossible to take the Indians in the mountains by force, the Mexicans, using a half Indian, half Spaniard named Castillo, whom Chief Alsate knew and trusted, tricked them into coming to San Carlos to receive gifts and a promised grant of land for a reservation where they could live peacefully.

On the day set, Chief Alsate led his people into San Carlos. They were welcomed and given food and drink and by nightfall fell into a drunken slumber. Then Mexican soldiers, who had been concealed near the town, seized and bound the Indians. The following day the captives were started on the road to Chihuahua City from which



In contrast to the prickly desert growths on the wastelands, tall timber is found on the mountains. The variety of trees that thrive in the Chisos can be found nowhere else in Texas.



Mexican families were moved out of the park, but they live along the Rio Grande on the south bank. Many of them are more Indian than Spanish.



One of the interesting phenomena in the Park are the broken trunks of petrified trees which lie at the base of Castalon Peak. Rainfall is so scant today that desert cacti can hardly survive.



In these Chisos Mountains, legend has it that the spirit of Apache Chief Alsate still lives, guarding the entrance to a cave where hidden treasures were stored many years ago.

point the Mexican officials planned to ship them to southern Mexico.

On the road Alsate, his squaw and a few other Apaches leaped from the carts in which they were being transported and ran into the brush-covered hills. Some of the Indians were re-captured but neither Alsate nor his squaw. After considerable search the Mexican soldiers decided the chief and his companion had perished in the desert region. But this supposition was disputed by rumors which soon began to circulate in the region adjacent to the mountains where the Apaches had lived.

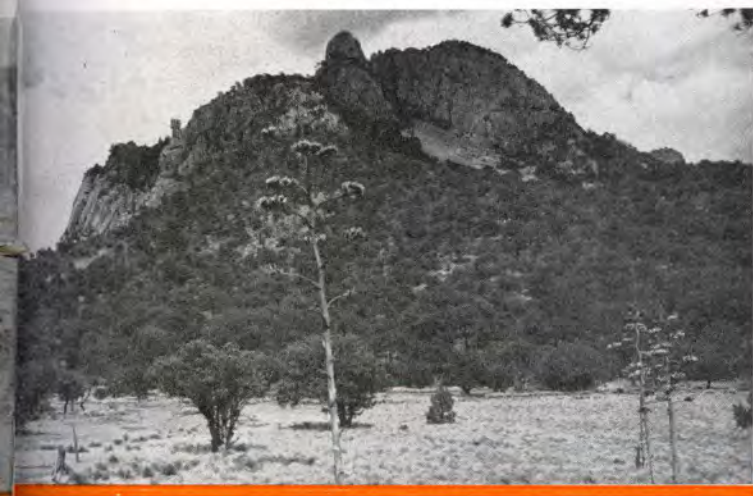
Mexican goat herders in the foothills of the mountains told of seeing Alsate or his ghost stalking along the high ridges and of hearing weird cries in the dusk of the evening. These Mexicans moved their flocks to the south side of the Rio Grande.

Americans, camping in the Chisos foothills, added their testimony to that of the goat herders. Upon arising in the mornings, the white men found human footprints near their campfires. These tracks

were in pairs, one large and the other small, so it was decided they had been made by Chief Alsate and his squaw prowling about during the night in search of food. As time passed the mountains became known as the Chisos, an old Indian word meaning ghost.

Years later a pioneer ranchman in the Chisos

(Continued on page 18)



From the southern rim of Mount Emory, which is the highest peak in the Park, a traveler may stand on Texas soil and view the mountains in Coahuila and Chihuahua in Mexico.



Mexicans who live along the Rio Grande tell of a lost gold and silver mine on Lost Mine Mountain in the Chisos peaks. They believe that Apache Chief Alsate's spirit dwells in the hills.



ANOTHER *Lufkin* FIRST

THE NEW LUFKIN H-333 ENGINE

LUFKIN proudly announces a new horizontal engine designed especially for the oil fields of the world. This Lufkin H-333 engine is the culmination of 7 years of producing engines of the Cooper-Bessemer design, years of research, designing, testing, re-designing and developing an engine to meet every requirement of the oil industry.

When, in 1943, Lufkin began manufacturing gas engines using the Cooper-Bessemer design, one aim was foremost in the minds of Lufkin engineers. That was to study the engine field without ceasing in an effort to determine the operator's problems, and then to develop an engine that would be more practical and reliable in the hands of the average operator.

Now, as a result of these years spent in study, designing, planning and developing, the new Lufkin H-333 horizontal, two cycle, two cylinder, medium speed, crosshead construction engine is a reality and has been placed on the market.

From the beginning, the engine program of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company has been under the direction of J. Taylor Hood, whose broad experience and knowledge of the oil fields has

resulted in improved designs and the new engine.

The H-333 engine has been tested under severe conditions. Many of the difficulties and troubles encountered with all oil field engines were carefully considered. Lufkin believes they all have been overcome in this new engine.

It long has been known that the two cycle cross-head type of engine has extremely long life, is simple and the average operator can make adjustments that are necessary. However, the average two cycle engine has been tricky as to starting and maintenance adjustments. The H-333 engine overcomes these objections in the simple design of all parts, which must be rugged and require minimum attention.

The Lufkin H-333 engine is very flexible and has a normal speed range of 350 RPM to 750 RPM, with a horsepower rating of 20 HP at 425 RPM and 30 HP at 650 RPM. This rating is conservative for continuous operation due to advanced design of cylinders, lubrication, and other items.

The H-333 engine has a bore of five and one-half inches and a stroke of seven inches. Total displacement is 333 cubic inches. Two cylinders, giving two power impulses every revolution of the crankshaft

and with a heavy single flywheel, provide smoothness not known in the average oil field engine. The engine, sturdy and reliable, is free from vibrations.

Indicative of advance design, this new engine is the first two cycle oil field engine to be equipped with an electric starter. Also it is the first to offer a combination gas-gasoline carburetor so that the engine can be started easily on gasoline when gas is not available. These two outstanding features eliminate the necessity of cranking or tromping the flywheel. However, while the engine is started quite easily on natural gas, there are times when field conditions make the average engine difficult to start.

Lufkin's new engine uses condenser cooling in which the entire cylinder block and head assembly operate at 212° F. No water pumps or piping are used. Cooling is more efficient; make-up water is practically nothing. Condenser cooling, coupled with crosshead design, with full metallic packing sealing all combustion gases from the crankcase, make this engine ideal for sour gas operation.

Condenser cooling allows the engine to operate at a higher temperature yet keeps in vapor form all sulphurous gases which severely attack cylinder walls, piston rings, etc. Oil changes are necessary approximately each six months as compared with approximately every 300 hours with multi-cylinder type engines.

A heavy one-piece box-type base extends downward to give flywheel clearance when mounted on conventional slide rails of pumping units. Since this base is made integral with the engine, a sturdier construction is achieved, and the engine can be installed easily on any type pumping unit using slide rails for belt adjustment. No sub bases are required.

The engine is entirely waterproof. The oil bath air filter is shrouded to prevent water from being pulled into the intake system in wet weather. Spark plugs are deeply recessed in the cylinder head so that they will not become wet. A magneto weather cover protects magneto from moisture. The crankcase and auxiliaries have been sealed carefully so that they may be operated in all weather conditions.

The Lufkin H-333 engine is full pressure lubricated. A gear type oil pump forces oil under approximately 35 lbs. pressure into the drilled crankshaft and up rifle-drilled connecting rods to the crosshead pins and crosshead guides and shoes.

This new horizontal engine, developed by the engine department of the Lufkin Foundry under direction of J. Taylor Hood, has been placed on the market. It is a two cycle, two cylinder, medium speed, crosshead construction engine.

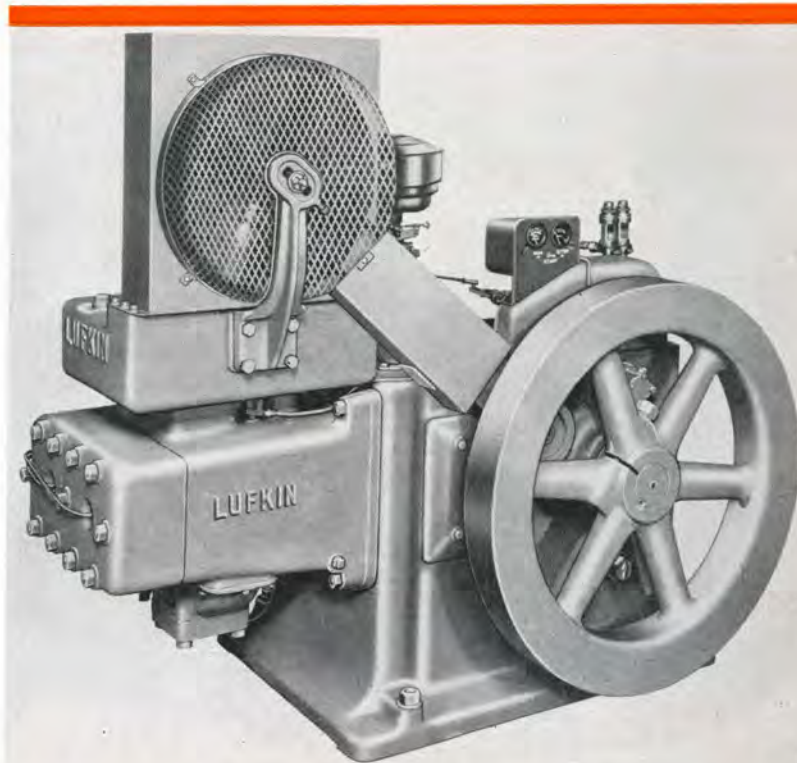
Pressure lubrication is carried further to the complete auxiliary gear train. Experience has shown that when high BMEP loads are carried, splash lubrication is not ample but a continuous supply of lubricating oil under pressure is desirable.

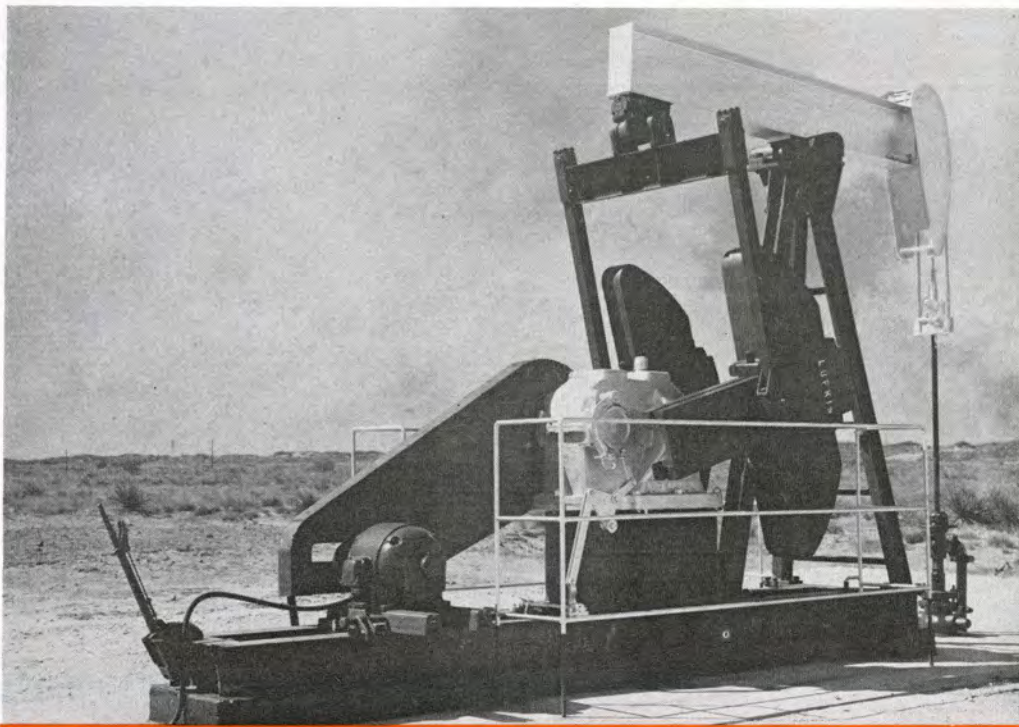
All parts of the engine are easily serviced, and no special tools are required for dismantling or assembling the engine. Precision insert, steel-backed connecting rod bearings are easily replaced when required after long service. No fitting or guess work is required. Taper roller main crankshaft bearings reduce friction and provide efficient long life.

Cylinders are lubricated by a positive force feed lubricator which meters the oil to the cylinders. Normal consumption is less than one quart per 24 hours of operation. This remains fixed regardless of the condition of piston rings. In the usual trunk-type piston engine, oil consumption increases as the oil rings and the cylinder bore wear. The operator does not have this worry with the Lufkin engine.

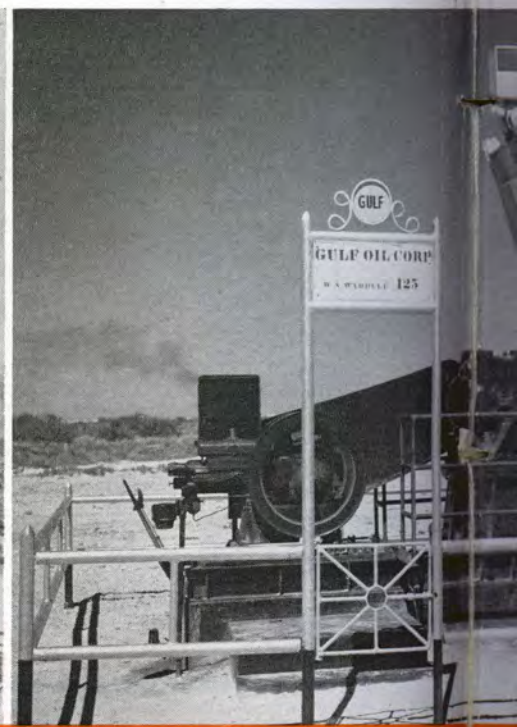
Standard equipment for the H-333 includes: Twin Disc clutch, Bosch magneto, magneto cover, McCord lubricator, full pressure lubrication, built-in oil and water safety controls, Ensign gas mixer with Ensign fuel regulator, oil bath air filter, condenser, fan and guard assembly, and all necessary operating parts.

Optional equipment includes an Ensign combination gas-gasoline carburetor, electric or air motor starter, and safety wheel starter for hand starting.





LUFKIN T6A-9A UNIT, Standard Oil Company of Texas, Kermit Field, Kermit, Texas.

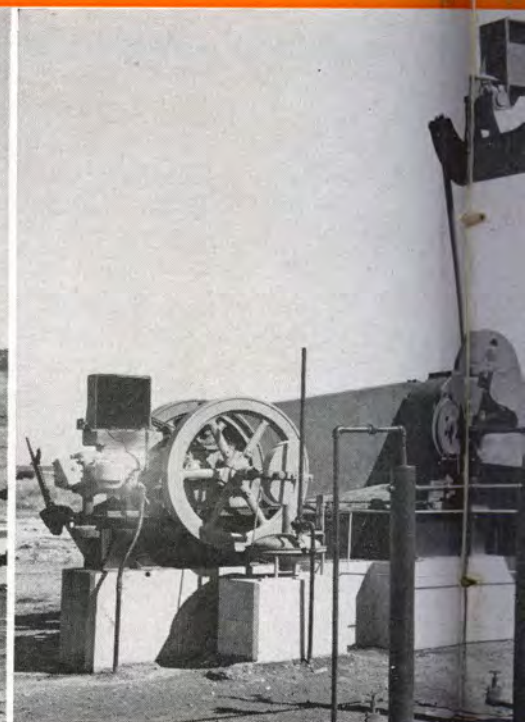
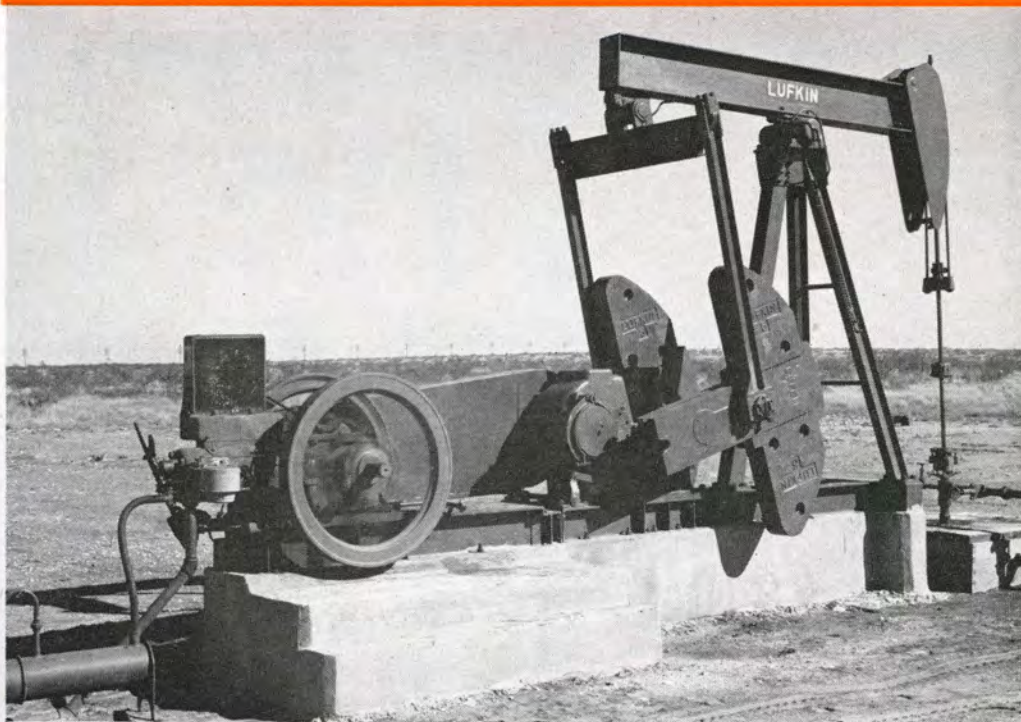


LUFKIN T5A-80D UNIT, Gulf Oil Co West Tex

Lufkin Tex

LUFKIN T5-15A UNIT, Union Oil of California, Odessa, Texas.

LUFKIN TC-1A-41C UNIT, Atlantic Texas.





... Corporation, Sand Hill District,
... Texas.

LUFKIN TC-1LB-41C UNIT, Shell Oil Company, Martin Field,
West Texas.

Installations

... Refining Company, Notrees,
... Texas.

LUFKIN TC-1A-41C UNIT, Phillips Petroleum Company, Notrees,
Texas.



In the "GOOD OLD DAYS"



IT SEEMS to me they are building staircases steeper than they used to. The steps are higher, or there are more of them, or something. Maybe this is because it's so much farther today from the first floor to the second floor; but I've noticed it is getting harder to make two steps at a time any more. Nowadays it is getting harder to make one step at a time.



Another thing I've noticed is the small print they're using lately. Newspapers are getting farther and farther away when I hold them, and I have to squint to make them out. The other day I had to back halfway out of a telephone booth in order to read the number on the coin box. It is obviously ridiculous to suggest that a person of my age needs glasses, but the only way I can find out what's going on is to have somebody read aloud to me, and that's not too satisfactory because people speak in such a low voice these days I can't hear them very well.

Everything is farther than it used to be. It's twice the distance from my house to the station now, and they've added a fair sized hill that I never noticed before. The trains leave sooner too. I've given up running for them because they start faster these days when I try to catch them.



You can't depend on timetables any more, and it's no use asking the conductor. I ask him a dozen times a trip if the next station is where I get off and he always says it isn't. How can you trust a conductor like that? Usually, I gather up my bundles and put on my hat and coat and stand in the middle of the aisle a couple of stops away, just to make sure I don't go past my destination. Sometimes, I make doubly sure by getting off at the station ahead.



IF YOU'VE STOPPED RUNNING FOR TRAINS AND THE WINTERS SEEM COLDER YOU ARE GETTING ALONG QUITE NORMALLY . .

A lot of things are different lately. Barbers no longer hold up a mirror behind me when they've finished, so I can see the back of my head, and my wife has been taking care of the tickets when we go to the theatre. They don't put the same material in the clothes any more either. I've noticed that all my suits have a tendency to shrink in certain places, such as around the waist and in the seat of the pants, and the laces they put in shoes nowadays are much harder to reach.



People are changing too. For one thing, they're younger than they used to be when I was their age. I went back recently to an alumni reunion at the college I graduated from in 1943; that is 1933—I mean 1923, and I was shocked to see the mere tots they're admitting as students these days. The average of the freshman class couldn't have been more than seven, but they seem to be more polite than in my time though. Several undergraduates called me "Sir" and one of them asked me if he could help me across the street.

Even the weather is changing. It's getting colder in the winter and the summers are hotter than they used to be. I'd go away, if it wasn't so far. Snow is heavier when I try to shovel it, and I have to put on rubbers whenever I go out, because the rain today is wetter than the rain used to get. Drafts are more severe too. It must be the way they build windows now.



On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I realize my generation is approaching middle age (I define middle age roughly as the period between 21 and 80) but there is no excuse for my classmates tottering into a state of advance senility. I ran into my old room mate at the bar and he'd changed so much that he didn't even recognize me!

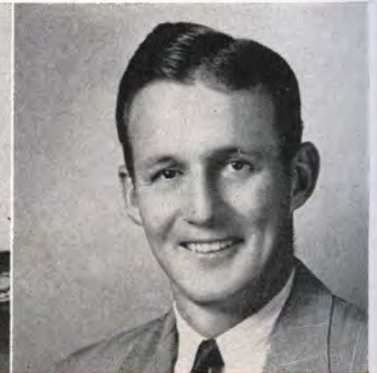
SNAPSHOTS

EGYPTIAN OIL EXECUTIVES VISIT LUFKIN. In the usual order, front row: A. W. RAKHA, H. E. ELMASRI, both of the Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields, Ltd.; and L. A. LITTLE, vice president and general sales manager of Lufkin. Back row: W. T. CROWDER, JR., Lufkin's Kilgore district manager; ROBERT POLAND, Lufkin engineer; and ROBERT HURD, Kilgore division engineer of Shell Oil Company



In the usual order, front row: SAM DAVIS, California Co., Malleliu, Miss.; BERT GUNTHER, California Co., Natchez, Miss.; and BENNIE LONDON, California Co., Brookhaven, Miss. Second row: C. W. WILLIAMSON, California Co., Cranfield, Miss.; CARL CHRISTENSEN, California Co., Brookhaven, Miss.; VAL GALLIA, Lufkin representative in Brookhaven; and L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin's sales manager. Third row: T. L. BOWERS, Lufkin representative in Houston; and W. H. MINER, Lufkin's Gulf Coast division manager with headquarters in Houston.

Front row: JOHN ANDERSON, A. R. Dillard Company, Wichita Falls, Texas; JESSIE GEORGE, The Texas Co., Wichita Falls; C. R. GRAHAM, Continental Oil Co., Wichita Falls; and L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin. Second row: ROBERT POLAND, Lufkin; LEE RUSSELL, Anderson-Prichard Co., Graham, Texas; BRUCE DAVIDSON, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Wichita Falls; and BAYO HOPPER, Lufkin.



TOM CROWDER, JR., Lufkin's Kilgore district manager, has been elected chairman of the East Texas chapter of the American Petroleum Institute, division of production. He assumed office January 1.

JOHN ASKAM, Ohio Oil Company, Findlay, Ohio.

A. V. ERICKSON, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth, Texas.

EDD TERRILL, JR., has been named Corpus Christi district manager of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company. He was transferred to Corpus Christi from Odessa, Texas.



F. J. FREEZE, MISS MARJORIE WARREN, and MISS INA HOLT, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.

H. R. ADAIR, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.

R. L. ENGLISH, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.

GENE SWEENEY, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.

BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



B. J. LANCASTER, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



M. L. BROWN, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.



JOHN GUYNES, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Dallas.



ALLAN GIBSON, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Dallas.



D. V. CARTER, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Dallas.



JERRY CRITTENDEN, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



VERN STEPPE, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



OSCAR McELHANEV, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



BUDDY MOIR, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



HARRY STANSBURY, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



LOUIS DAVIS, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



E. E. EDWARDS, Pure Oil Company, Fort Worth.



FLOYD BRETT, Sinclair Oil and Refining Co., Ft. Worth.



S. V. MCCOLLUM, Continental Oil Company, Ft. Worth.



H. L. JOHNSTON, Continental Oil Company, Ft. Worth.



LYNDD HOLSAPPLE, Sinclair Oil and Refining Co., Fort Worth.



CURT OPPEL, Atlantic Refining Company, Dallas.



C. H. HUDSON, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Dallas.



DON HARLAN, The Texas Company, Fort Worth.



J. T. HIGHTOWER, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.

SNAPSHOTS . . . BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN



BOB CHRISTIE, Amerada Petroleum Co., Fort Worth.



W. A. MONCRIEF, JR., Fort Worth.



J. ED HILL, S. W. Richardson Oil Co., Fort Worth.



R. A. HOYT, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



T. N. TURK, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



E. D. BROCKETT, JR., Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



B. E. THOMPSON, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



R. J. HOLLY, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



B. J. MILLER, The Texas Company, Fort Worth.



P. D. GRUMMAN, The Texas Company, Fort Worth.



LEVI SHIPLER, The Texas Company, Fort Worth.



JOHN EVANS, Stanolind Gas & Oil Corp., Fort Worth.



W. L. TODD, JR., Dalport Oil Company, Dallas.



M. A. SPARKS, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.



E. B. HUDSON, Sun Oil Company, Dallas.



R. B. KELLY, Pure Oil Company, Fort Worth.



F. J. ADAMS, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



L. K. LEE, Pure Oil Company, Fort Worth.



F. E. HATFIELD, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.



M. I. TAYLOR, Gulf Oil Corporation, Fort Worth.

[17]

TORNADO TOPPLES ARKANSAS DERRICK



FEBRUARY 12, 1950, will be remembered throughout East Texas for many years to come. So will persons living in parts of Louisiana and southwestern Arkansas remember.

For on this day a sudden and devastating tornado originated in East Texas and whipped its way destructively through these sections of the country, leaving in its wake thousands upon thousands of dollars lost in homes, businesses and farm crops as well as many lives snuffed out in mere seconds.

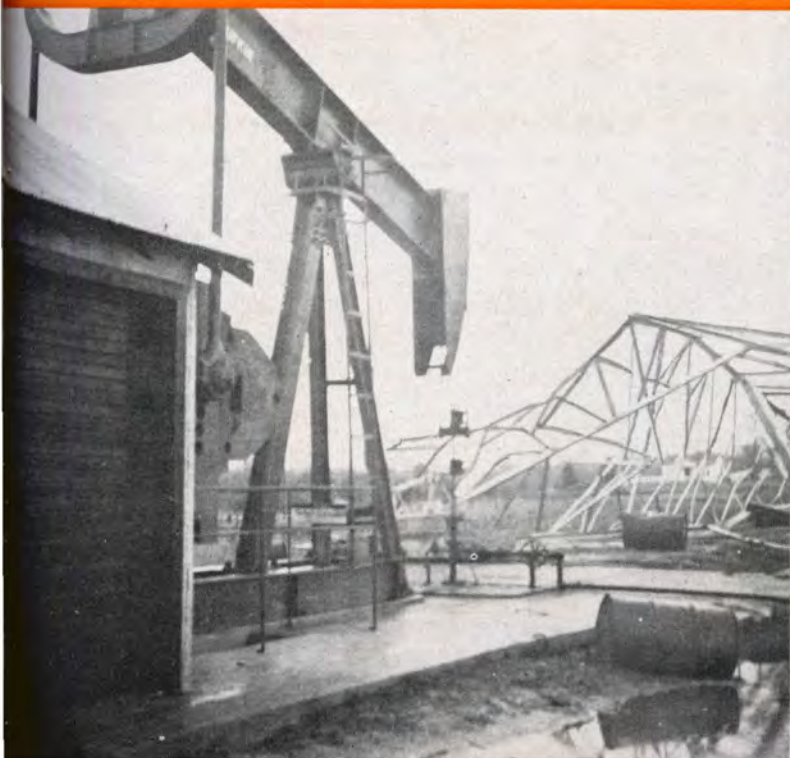
Ben Sargent, Jr., Lufkin's representative in El Dorado, Arkansas, reports that the Atlantic Refining Company was one of those suffering considerable loss.

The LUFKIN TC-2A-36A Unit on Atlantic Refining well at Mount Holly, Arkansas, survived a February tornado without damage. The twisting winds picked up the derrick corners farthest away from the Unit, sheared off the bolts, and left the steel crumpled on the ground.

Pictures on this page are of two Atlantic wells about one mile apart. Both derricks were blown over, and in one instance, much damage was done to their surface equipment. However, Ben was happy to report that one Lufkin unit was not damaged in the least, while the other was only twisted around because the foundation had cracked and the well head had twisted.

Left: Neither the engine house nor the Lufkin Unit received damage during a tornado through Mount Holly, Arkansas, although the derrick on the Atlantic Refining Company's well was toppled.

Right: The LUFKIN TC-2A-35A Unit on an Atlantic Refining Company well located about one mile away from the other unit, was damaged only slightly. The engine house was damaged somewhat, but the derrick was blown over, foundation block cracked, and well head twisted.



(Continued from page 7)

Mountains discovered a cave around which were the bones of many small animals and birds. In the rock shelter were a deep bank of ashes, a crude grass bed and an Indian skeleton. Apache Chief Alsate had evidently lived out his life in the cave, which became known as "Cueva de Alsate." No trace of his squaw was found, so it was supposed that she had gone across the Rio Grande to some of her people.

Mexicans in the Big Bend believe that Alsate's spirit dwells in the Chisos Mountains and guards their hidden treasures. One of these is a gold and silver mine on Lost Mine Mountain, a rugged peak on the north side of the Chisos.

About 1780 the Spaniards worked this mine with Indians held as slaves in San Vicente, a Mexican village about twenty miles southeast of the mountains. To prevent the Indians from learning the location of the mine, the Spaniards forced them to wear blindfolds while being taken to and from the tunnel. When the Spaniards saw they would have to leave the region, they concealed the entrance to the tunnel so carefully that no one has ever been able to locate it. But the trail from San Vicente to the foot of Lost Mine Mountain can be traced. There, however, erosion has cut so many gullies that the trail cannot be followed to the door of the tunnel. Along the route an old Spanish coin and a crude silver bar were picked up by ranchmen.

Legend has it that if a person will stand in the door of the old Spanish cathedral in San Vicente on May 1, he will see the first rays of the rising sun strike the entrance to the tunnel of this lost mine.

Other place names in the Big Bend National park are as fitting as those of the Chisos and Lost Mine Mountains. For instance the Del Carmen (Red) Mountains were so named because at sunset their lofty, notched peaks stand out in brilliant golden glory long after the rest of the country is shadowed in purple twilight.

Then there is Mule Ear Peak with two pinnacles looking exactly like the long, upstanding ears of a mule. And Casa Grande, the mountain that resembles a big house.

Castalon Peak, not far east of the mouth of Santa Helena Canyon, stands like a castle painted in golden browns, yellows and in reds. At the base of this lone mountain lie the broken trunks of petrified trees large enough to delight even a boastful Texan. It is difficult to imagine such trees in this region where the rainfall is now barely suffi-

cient to support desert cacti. But there are other paradoxes in the Big Bend, such as the shark teeth that can be scratched out of the sand on some of the knolls and the huge fossils embedded in limestone slabs.

During the past two World Wars the lower Big Bend district supplied much of the quicksilver used by our armed forces. One of the largest of the mines was in Terlingua. The place is a deserted town now. Legend tells us that the place received its name, which means three languages, from the fact that three Indian tribes—Apaches, Comanches and Shawnees—once lived in it in peace. This is difficult to imagine because the Apaches and Comanches were so warlike in nature.

The vegetation of the Big Bend National Park offers sharp contrasts between the prickly desert growths on the wastelands and the tall timber on the mountains. The lowlands are sparsely covered with cacti, scrub brush and occasional bunches of grass. Some of the desert plants are very interesting. One of them is the resurrection plant, which during dry weather rolls into a tight, dead-looking ball, and in rainy seasons open out into a saucer shaped fern. The resurrection plants sometimes transform a brown, bare hillside into a vivid green carpet a few hours after a summer shower.

While there is scant vegetation in the lowlands of the park, the mountains are well timbered. In the Chisos grow a variety of trees found nowhere else in Texas. Among these are junipers, Arizona cypress, Douglas fir, aspens, bigtooth maples, Mexican pinon pines, ponderosa pines and many kinds of oaks. These trees attain a height unbelievable in west Texas and make the Chisos a cool resort during the summer. The high altitude adds to the coolness. Since the park is so far south, the winters are not severe, so it is one of the few national playgrounds that can be enjoyed during the cold season of the year.

The park headquarters and tourist cabins are located in a crater-like basin in the heart of the Chisos Mountains. In the west wall around the basin there is a narrow slit called The Window. From this opening a person can look for miles and miles across the lowlands where the colors and contours outlined by sunshine and shadows change with every passing hour of the day.

The highest peak in the Chisos is Emory. From the south rim of this mountain a person can see beyond the Rio Grande. He can, while standing on Texas soil, view mountains in two states—Coahuila and Chihuahua—of a foreign land, Mexico.

Let's Laugh

From an accident report: "Watchman, without any business here, was talking to a boy and girl and while doing this was wasting his time and then he sticks his finger into her conveyor chain and cuts off his finger."

An elderly gentleman saw a young boy sitting on the curb crying and sobbing.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" the oldster asked.

"Because I can't do what the big boys do," he sobbed.

So the oldtimer sat down on the curb and cried with him.

Girls with bad reputations should no better.

Sally: "Does she stutter?"

Jane: "Does she! Why once she started to tell a man about her past, and before she had finished, he was part of it."

Angered wife: "I just know you had women at that poker party last night."

Explaining husband: "You are plain silly. We did not have women at the party."

Wife: "You gave it all away in your sleep last night—talking."

Husband: "What did I say?"

Wife: "You said, 'Look at that kitty, what a pot.' Then you said, 'get your ante on the table.'"

"We manicurists are luckier than most girls."

"Why? Because you have so many men at your fingertips?"

"No, because we always know where their hands are."

"Gawdge," an unbleached gentleman inquired, "who's dat pouter pigeon gal younder whut carries herself so perturbant?"

"Why, dat's de Miss Iodine De Lilac Washington f'um Memfuss!"

"Doggone! She sho do put on a wonderful front, don't she?"

"Hush yo' mouf, man!" was the reply, "Dat aint no put on!"

Excited announcer during the World Series: "Jones bunted and wet all the way to first base."

The school teacher kept the big boy in after school for something he had never done.

The doctor gave his 80-year-old patient a very curious look. "I've been practicing for two decades," he stated, "and I'm darned if I ever heard of such a complaint as yours. What do you mean, your virility's too high?"

The old man sighed gently. "It's all up in my head."

Sweet Young Thing: "How come you named your Ford convertible 'Mayflower'?"

Man-About-Town: "Because so many puritans came across in it, honey."

Riley: "I hear you have a new girl friend."

Dick: "Yes, she's one of those goody, goody girls."

Riley: "You mean the 'now you stop' type?"

Dick: "Oh no! Every time a fellow parks with her in a dark, lonely spot, she says 'goody, goody!'"

"What did Ruth do when her husband came home unexpectedly?"

"She let out a terrific sheik."

The bride is speaking from the luxurious depths of an oversized bed.

"Darling, I can hardly believe we're really married."

No answer.

Restlessly, the bride spoke again, "Oh, honey, I just can't believe we're really married."

The groom finally speaks—in a voice contorted with rage and frustration—"If I can get this damn shoelace untied you will!"

Once there was a sailor named Practice and he met a girl named Perfect.

The young lady carried her baby with her when she went to the fortune teller. He started reeling off things about the future of the child, but she cut him short, saying: "Never mind that, Just see if you can find out where I was after the New Year's party last year."

Then there was the young girl who said she'd rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling. Said she couldn't stand the thought of old age creeping up on her.

"Everybody laughed when I sat down at the piano, but when the little red-headed contralto gave me the key to A flat—boy, how I accompanied her!"

In traveling through the country, a small circus was overtaken by a violent storm which wrecked some of the cages. A few of the animals escaped. Early next morning the policeman of a nearby village got a phone call.

"Come out here at once," demanded an excited woman's voice. "There's a huge animal of some sort out in my garden a-pullin' up my cabbages with his tail."

"There is?" said the policeman. "What's he doin' with them?"

"Humph!" snorted the woman, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Three girls were discussing the following question: "If you were stranded on a desert island, what man would you rather be with?"

Mary: "I'd rather be with Van Johnson."

Sally: "Clark Gable."

Betty: "A damned good obstetrician!"

A young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. One of the bride's friends immediately called on her, and by way of making conversation, asked: "And how did John register at the first hotel you stopped at?"

"Oh, just fine," replied the bride happily.

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