

THE *Lubkin* LINE

JULY - AUGUST • 1954





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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

THE *Lufkin* LINE

JULY-AUGUST, 1954
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Fort George Island

FORT GEORGE ISLAND, a spit of land at the mouth of the beautiful St. Johns River near Jacksonville, has dangled like a lush plum to lure winter travelers, slave traders and people of every reputation to Florida for nearly four centuries.

A part of the island has been given, literally, to the birds, as a State Bird sanctuary, during the past few years. Its present tranquility shows little evidence of the noisy past. Just the same, there is enough left to intrigue the imagination of any who care to stop and see.

Just 20 minutes drive from Jacksonville over the Heckscher waterfront drive, or via the Mayport ferry, Fort George Island looms up as an isolated hammock rising above marshes on the west and

smooth beaches on the east. It is a natural setting for hunters, fresh and salt water fishermen.

Today, the island visitor sees a large plantation settlement which was Florida's first "White House." There are two large club houses, currently closed, about 10 private cottages, a small Episcopal Church, and the Bird Sanctuary Lodge.

A winding dirt road tunnels its way under the branches of the forest which covers most of the island. The semi-tropical climate has produced a vast area of incomparable vegetation surpassing anything in North Florida. The most beautiful forest tract lies in the John F. Rollins Bird and Plant Sanctuary given to the State of Florida by Rollins College.



LEFT: These Oriental Gardens on the banks of the beautiful St. Johns River attract Florida guests.

THIS is Florida's "First White House" built on the island by John McQueen. It's still livable.

A Beautiful Spit of Land





SARASOTA Jungle Gardens is one of many beautiful parks in Riverside section of Jacksonville

Ponce de Leon explored in the vicinity of Fort George Island in search of his Fountain of Youth. An adjacent island was the hiding place for the first Protestant settlers in America in 1562. America's first white child was born nearby.

Guarding the mouth of the majestic St. Johns River which was Florida's main travel artery for centuries, Fort George was a key outpost in the struggles between the British and Spaniards for the Sunshine State Peninsula. Oglethorpe built the first



ABOVE: The Treaty Oak—more than 800 years old

BELOW: Metropolitan Jacksonville is only a 20-minute drive from the tourist island, Ft. George



permanent fort on the island. It became one of the significant symbols in the Struggle for world power which culminated in King George's War 1739-48.

Spain gave the island to John McQueen in 1791 as a reward for the capture of several British adventurers who were annoying the Spanish empire. McQueen developed cotton crops and a large lumber mill on the island but sold it in 1804 to Houston McIntosh. This owner lost the property by mortgage foreclosure in 1817 to the fabulous slave trader, Zephaniah Kingsley.

Kingsley made the island into a den for smuggling Negroes into the South. He ruled the island jointly with his Madagascan mistress, or wife, Princess Anna Madegigine Jai, whose reputation has been a subject of historical debate for years. The little house in which the Princess lived still stands.

The island entered a more respectable era after the War Between the States, when it was bought by John F. Rollins of New Hampshire. Rollins left the old prison rooms and flogging posts which Kingsley had built for the slaves but turned to agricultural interests. He developed citrus groves and elaborate gardens.

The island dock was the first landing place for coastal steamers entering the St. Johns River. Rollins and his associates plotted the island for development of a Winter resort community and built Florida's first large Winter hotel. It was a gay resort until the yellow fever epidemic of 1838 frightened the tourists away. Another fine new hotel was built. Both were destroyed by fire, however, and never rebuilt because the tourists were migrating further southward to the Gold Coast region.

Jacksonville citizens built the Ribault Clubhouse on the island as a favorite weekend hide-away many years ago. A group of retired Army and Navy officers built a private club on the former Kingsley plantation tract at the north end of the island. Grounds of this club are still open to the visitor, though the clubhouse is closed.

the IRON GIANT



VULCAN, Alabam's famous giant, is 50 years old

BIRMINGHAM, called the Crossroads of the Southeast and the Youngest of the World's Great Cities, is also the home of Mighty Vulcan, the largest iron statue ever cast.

Vulcan, who now stands atop iron-rich Red Mountain, has had a stormy and none-too-happy past. But today in his fiftieth year, Vulcan has at last reached a position of distinction.

Although he has to be content as the second highest statue in the United States, topped by his more famous sister, the Statue of Liberty, he still is a 53-foot giant standing on his handsome 125-foot pedestal. In his out-stretched hand, he holds a beacon for all to see. The beacon burns red if an automobile accident causes a fatality within a 24-hour period, and green so long as Birmingham is free of traffic deaths.

But it hasn't always been this way. Vulcan was born in 1904 when Italian sculptor Giuseppe Moretti designed him for the St. Louis Exposition. He was cast in sections in a Birmingham foundry, and seven railroad cars were required to get him to St. Louis. After the Exposition, Vulcan came home—to lay in a weedy field gathering rust for the lack of a spot to stand on.

Finally, he was taken to the Alabama State Fair, but his troubles were not over. Workmen who erected him attached his right arm backwards and because of improperly connecting his left arm, a huge timber was placed under it for support.

For 30 years he remained in that condition. Then he was used in advertising stunts and as a backdrop for cheese-cake pictures. Just as folks were talking of melting him into scrap, the Birmingham Kiwanis Club suggested that he be moved to the top of Red Mountain, south of the city of Birmingham.

Seen by visitors to the industrial city, Vulcan may appear mis-shapen and in bad proportion. But that's because they don't know his history. He is a replica of the Roman God of Fire and Metal who was a squat, powerful dwarf according to mythology.

Vulcan weighs 120,000 pounds, with his head making up six tons of that total. His thumb, which is three feet long, weighs 175 pounds and each of his seven-foot long feet weighs five tons. A man can easily stand in his massive ear.

Some 250,000 people visit the iron giant each year.

TMTA

Texas Motor Transportation Association

DIRECTORS MEET IN LUFKIN



Left to right: JAMES TAYLOR, executive director of TMTA, Austin; L. B. BROWN, Best Motor Lines, Dallas; BILL GRACE, Hobbs Manufacturing Co., Ft. Worth.



Left to right: CARL STOUNE, Central Forwarding Co., Austin; BILL GRACE, Hobbs Manufacturing Co., Fort Worth; GEORGE HOWARD, Howard Van Lines, Dallas; BILL WISE, Miller Truck Lines, Fort Worth; JAMES TAYLOR, TMTA, Austin.



Left to right: BOB POWELL, Red Arrow Motor Freight Lines, Houston; BILL COMPTON, T. E. Mercer Co., Ft. Worth; HARRY BROWN, San Antonio; WALTER W. TROUT, President, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.

MRS. CARL STOUNE, left, CARL STOUNE, center, Central Forwarding Co., Austin; and HORACE HUMPHREYS, Lubbock.



Left to right: BILL COMPTON, T. E. Mercer Co., Fort Worth; A. E. CUDLIPP, vice-president, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.; HARRY BROWN, San Antonio; and WALTER SHOOK, Shook Cartage Company, Galveston.





Left to right: MRS. WALTER W. TROUT, MRS. A. E. CUDLIPP, MRS. R. B. POWELL, MRS. C. V. WILKINSON, MRS. BILL GRACE, and MRS. C. W. ALEXANDER.



Left to right: BILL GRACE, C. E. BEAUFORD, Beauford Truck Lines, Hereford, Texas; and BOB BLAIR, Blair Truck Lines, Amarillo, Texas.



C. W. ALEXANDER, left, sales manager, Lufkin Trailers; BILL WISE, Miller Truck Lines, Fort Worth.



CY WELLER, left, Frozen Foods Express, Dallas; and CHARLIE MATTHEWS, attorney for TMTA, Austin.



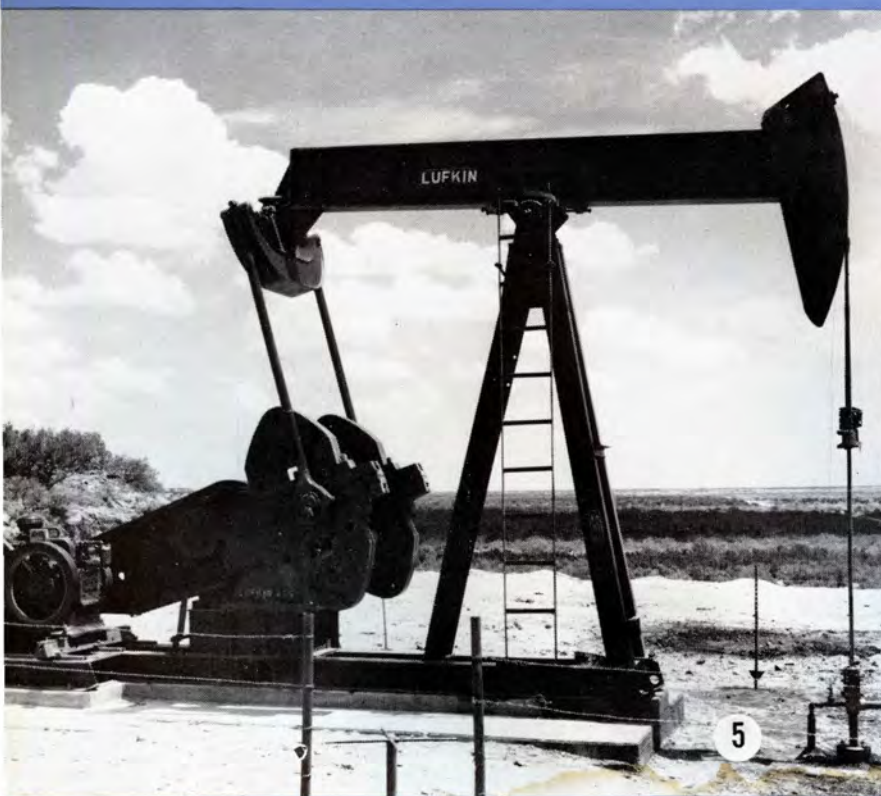
MRS. L. B. BROWN, left, and MRS. HARRY BROWN.

Left to right: BILL COMPTON, T. E. Mercer Co., Fort Worth; L. B. BROWN, Best Motor Lines, Dallas; WAYNE CUDD, Cudd Bros. Trucking Co., Wellington; CY WELLER, Frozen Foods Express, Dallas; CLARENCE SNOWDEN, Snowden Oil Co., Beaumont.





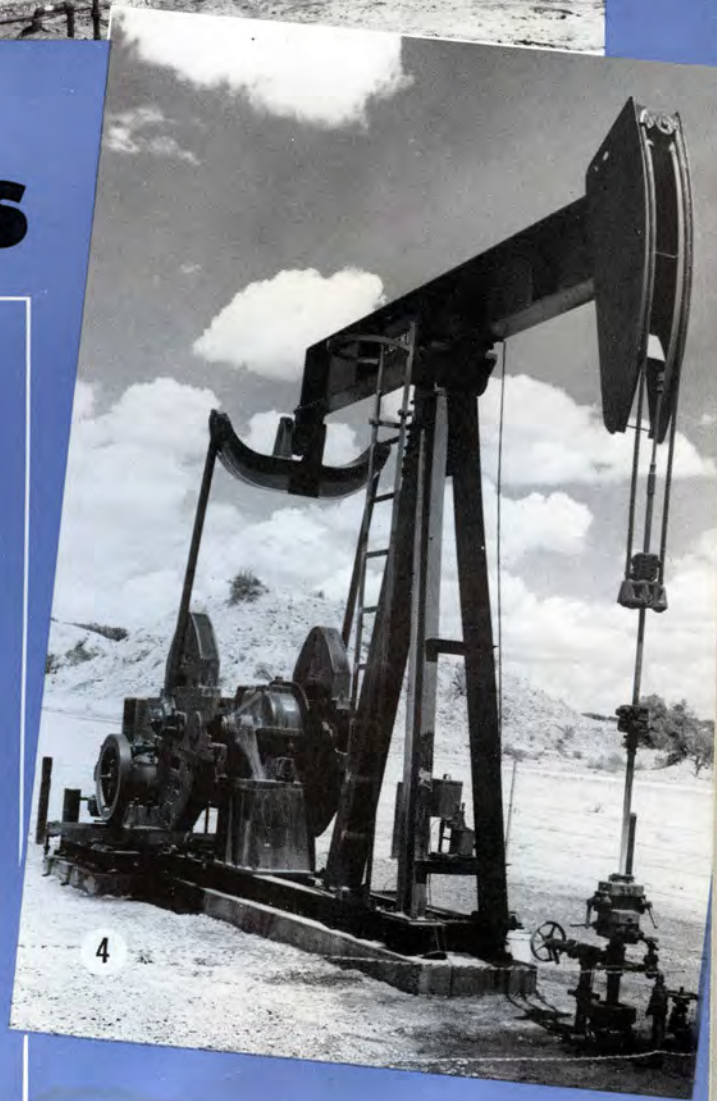
LUFKIN inst





tallations

- 1 LUFKIN TC-1-35B Unit with Lufkin H-333 Gas Engine, American Trading and Production Corporation, Scurry County, Texas.
- 2 LUFKIN TC-1R-35B Unit with LUFKIN H-333 Gas Engine, William B. McBee, Newsome Field, Texas.
- 3 LUFKIN TC-2T-35A Unit, Cities Service Oil Company, Chapel Hill Field, Kilgore, Texas.
- 4 LUFKIN TC-44A-15A Unit, Carey & Christopher, Katz Field.
- 5 LUFKIN TC-33A-22G Unit with LUFKIN H-333 Gas Engine, Woodley Petroleum Company, Katz Field.
- 6 LUFKIN T5D-80DB Unit, The Texas Company, East Texas Field, Turnertown, Texas.





A RUSSIAN VILLAGE in OLD MEXICO

MUTE evidence that this is Russian burial grounds.

JACK B. KEMMERER

NESTLED deep in the Guadalupe Valley lies the small Russian Village of Guadalupe, an unspoiled settlement almost exactly like an 19th century Tolstorian farming hamlet in the time of the Imperial Czar. Neither the United States nor Mexico have any qualms about this tiny, peaceful community located only sixty-five miles below the United States international border at Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico.

The village is easily reached from San Diego, California. After crossing the border at Tijuana, seventeen miles south of San Diego, Guadalupe lies a short distance off the main highway on the way to Ensenada. The paved Mexican highway that winds around the hills south of Tijuana is splendid

in every way. When it reaches the Pacific, mile after mile of blue sea is visible, set off by white sandy beaches broken occasionally by a rocky, cragged shoreline.

After passing Rosarita Beach and the Half-Way House, about fifty miles below Tijuana, a well marked road, on the left, leads fifteen miles back into Guadalupe Valley and the village. This last stretch of road is dirt and gravel, but graded and easily passable for any car in dry weather. This piece of road hasn't always been good, in fact not so long ago it was only a mule path. When the Mexican government insisted on cutting the road through, the Russians protested bitterly. They thought the mule path was good enough to handle



A RUSSIAN home sits behind a large field of grapes planted close to the house so women can tend them.



MEXICAN and Russian children play easily together.

the traffic of their annual wheat harvest. Besides, the mule path kept out unwelcome visitors, such as government officials and tax collectors. In fact, it was the Russian tax collectors that had caused them to flee their homeland in the first place.

Shortly before the turn of the century, the Czar began to expand his empire to the east and south at the expense of the Russian peasants who were forced to furnish both the taxes and recruits for the imperial army. The peasants broke away from the Russian Orthodox Church in protest and set up Protestant church sects of their own; Mennonites, Dukhobers, Mollicans and Malakans were a few of the many denominations established. They all differed in minor details but had one thing in common, the payment of taxes and serving in the army was prohibited by all.

When the tax collectors were unable to make the peasants pay the assessments the Czar sent his Cossacks to take over the job. In 1903, when the Czar was preparing for the Russo-Japanese war, he redoubled his efforts and brutal methods of collecting taxes. In the meantime the Protestants had heard of freedom across the sea and had sent mem-



THIS Russian type wagon of early vintage brings in the yearly harvest of these two young Russian farmers.

bers of their groups to investigate and report on the possibility of settling in some of these far away countries. Thus, about fifty years ago, the giant migrations of the sectarian Russians to North and South America began.

Practically all of the original settlers of Guadalupe were literally whipped out of Russia. In 1904 when the Cossacks visited a tiny village near the city of Erivan on the Turkish border they found the peasants in revolt and refusing to pay their taxes or send their young men off to war. The Cossacks, whipping all the old men as examples, forcibly seized the young men and the village's grain and took them off to fight for the Czar. The entire village, all members of the sect known as Malakans, packed their meager belongings and fled the country.

They eventually landed in the United States, near Los Angeles. After a short sojourn there, the elders of the sect decided that the section was too immoral for raising their children and began searching for another retreat.

Offered an isolated sanctuary by the Mexican

government, they settled in the fertile valley of the Guadalupe Mountains. As their religion forbade the owning of land, they secured long term leases on thousands of acres and settled down to live their lives in the Russian fashion and raise their children and crops in peace.

The young men work in the fields and camp by their plows far from the village in the Russian style. The old men hang around the village doing the so-called skilled labor. If a man has a couple of sons over fourteen or so he never goes to the fields at all. Instead, he grinds the wheat at home, works in his small blacksmith shop and putters around the place until time for afternoon tea with the other "oldsters" of the village.

On the women, the same as in the homeland, falls the burden of the work. Not only must they raise large families, but must also raise all garden produce necessary for the family table. They bake their own bread, feed and tend flocks of geese, ducks and chickens, milk the family cows and goats, make cheese, butcher the cows and pigs, stuff sausage and tan leather.

Until a few years ago the women wove homespun cloth on hand looms after washing, combing and spinning raw wool. They also made all the felt boots worn by the family. In recent years the men have discovered that clothing can be purchased cheaply in Ensenada and Tijuana and this frees the women for labor in the fields.

The Malakans are very religious and in the early days all Russian rites were strictly adhered to. The life of the village revolved around the church and smoking, drinking and dancing were forbidden. They continued to wear Russian clothes and retained the ancient customs of their homeland.

Old maids and bachelors do not exist for the families arrange early marriages for all children between the ages of fourteen and twenty. In accordance with a centuries-old custom, the bride and groom must be of the same age.

As the old folks died and were buried in the small village cemetery the younger generation came into its own. While they still accept the Malakan faith, they have become much more liberal.

They were compelled by law to attend the Mexican public elementary school near the village. In this school they mixed with the Mexican children and learned Spanish. In 1937 there were 117 Russian children attending the school.

These children are grown now and many of them have intermarried with the Mexicans and left the village. Others have migrated to the United States and settled in Los Angeles which now has a large Malakan colony. Some have also deserted the quiet country life for the modern cities of Tijuana and Ensenada.

Those who remain today are still farming the land and living as their fathers did before them. The main crops are wheat, barley, oats and grapes.

They sell their crops in Ensenada and most of the young people go there for entertainment. While their fathers wore the garb of a typical Russian peasant, the new generation wears American and Mexican clothing.

There are still a few members of the village alive that came from Russia with the original group and sometimes a new family will arrive from the large Russian settlement of Tampico, near Mexico City.

Twenty-seven families remain in the village and as time goes slowly by the number of Russians grows less. In another half-century it is doubtful if this bit of "Russia in Old Mexico" will still exist.

MOICES Michicoff is 20 and married. His father was one of original settlers from the old country.





A. E. DALY, left, and B. E. RAYWINKLE
Atlantic Refining Company
Greggton, Texas



M. V. DANIELS, left, and FRANK J. MIKESKA
Gulf Oil Corp.
Kilgore, Texas



L. L. LOMAX, left, and B. L. ATKINS
both with Gulf Oil Corp.
Mooringsport, Louisiana

SNAPSHOTS

*with the
Lufkin Cameraman*



←
Left to right: DOUG SEWARD,
FRANCES DYER, BOB SCHULTE,
all with Atlantic Refining Com-
pany, Greggton, Texas



→
R. E. GOLEMAN, left, M. J. De-
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and W. E. THOMPSON, B. G.
Byars Co., Tyler, Texas

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Shell Oil Company
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MIKE KRAMER
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J. B. RUSSELL, JR.
Gulf Oil Corp.
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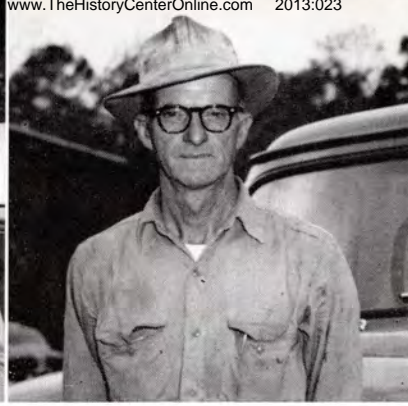




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H. S. Moss Co.
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Turnertown, Texas



←
Left to right: J. T. LITTON, M. J. Delaney Drilling Co., Kilgore; F. M. ADAIR, B. G. Byars Co., Tyler; R. E. HOHMAN, Union Oil of California



→
Left to right: T. E. SELF, E. E. PICKLE, D. B. ROBISON, all with The Texas Company, Oil City, Louisiana



←
JIM MILES, left, (deceased) and DAVE ALLEN, Cities Service Oil Company, Chapel Hill, Texas



→
R. H. HURD, left, and M. J. BINGHAM, Shell Oil Company, Kilgore, Texas



Left to right: S. C. THOMPSON, LEE PRICE, R. R. HANEY, E. McKEE, J. T. BREITHAUPT, all with Shell Oil Company, Gladewater, Texas.



Left to right: MRS. EMOGENE NABORS, DAVID PIRKEY, MRS. ZOE FULLER, J. A. COX, all with Atlantic Refining Company, Greggton, Texas.

SNAPSHOTS Continued



Left to right: L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin Foundry; BOB BUNGAY, and C. S. PERKINS, both with Union Oil Co. of California, Los Angeles; W. W. TROUT, president, Lufkin Foundry; A. E. CUDLIPP, Lufkin Foundry; MARTIN MICHAND, Union Oil of California, Los Angeles; E. S. LOPER, Union Oil of Calif., Houston; and BOB POLAND and LOUIS FINCHER, Lufkin Foundry.



Left to right: E. C. SMITH, F. R. OLDHAM, JR., W. P. ARNOLD, T. A. NORMAN, G. B. SCARBOROUGH, all with Gulf Oil Corp., Kilgore, Texas



Left to right: J. H. HUGGHINS, Crane, Texas; LEE AYRES, B. D. MCKENDREE, both of Penwell, Texas; D. M. HAGLER, Goldsmith, Texas; GEORGE HINSON, Lufkin Foundry; L. E. BRISTER, Penwell, Texas, all with Gulf Oil Corp., and R. N. KNOBLOCK, The Texas Company, Fairfax, Oklahoma.



A. C. TISDALE, left, and J. T. COOPER, both with Hunt Oil Company, Wright City, Texas.



←
RALPH AKERS, Shell Oil Company, Kilgore, Texas.
→

Left to right: Front view, JOHN GOODRICH, CARL WINGATE, CHUCK ST. LAURENT, HAROLD PIERCE. Back row, GUFFY TUTTLE, DON PAYNTER, GENE SCHEIRMAN, M. L. REED. All with Shell Oil Company, Kilgore, Texas.



JACK ABNEY
Abney Oil Company
Shreveport, Louisiana

DICK TROXEL
J. M. Findley Co.
Oil City, Louisiana

J. AMES LAWRENCE
Cities Service Oil Company
Gladewater, Texas

H. H. FAUST
Retsal Drilling Company
Turnertown, Texas





The census taker was considerably surprised when the mistress of the house opened the door and displayed her matronly self in a state of nudism.

"Please don't be shocked," she said. "I'm a nudist."

So, fortified by a college education which had prepared him for life, he asked the routine questions.

"And how many children do you have, Ma'am?" he asked, trying not to look at her and write at the same time.

"Twenty," she answered.

"My," he said, "you're not a nudist, lady. You just don't have time to get dressed!"

"One thing I have learned in my long experience with the fair sex," said the sly looking one to his drinking companion, "is that you can't trust a woman with brown eyes!"

"Say," exclaimed the other, "I've been married for two years and it occurs to me that I don't know what color eyes my wife has."

He bolted from the bar and whipped home. His wife was in bed asleep. Creeping closer, he lifted her eyelid.

"Brown, by gosh!" he roared.

Brown crawled out from under the bed and said, "How the devil did you know I was under here?"

The origin of the saying "Oh yeah" has been attributed to the bridegroom who, upon hearing his bride say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," said to himself, "Oh yeah!"

A group of men were in the club before dinner. The talk, for no good reason turned to married life.

"Well," said one fellow, "the real comfort in life comes when you are settled down with one woman you love. You can argue all you want, but

it's my opinion that, once they've settled down, most men remain faithful."

Most of the men agreed with him, but an older man in the group shook his head. "I don't agree at all," he asserted. "And if you fellows are honest, you'll know I am right. I'll bet any and all of you men a new hat there isn't one of you who hasn't strayed from the straight and narrow since he's married."

"I'll take that bet," cried one, swiftly.

"How long have you been married?" asked the cynic.

"Since last Saturday," was the reply.

The crowd roared, of course—and one of the listeners was so amused that he could hardly wait to get home and tell his wife about it. At the end of the story he laughed and laughed. But his laughter died as he noticed the strange expression on his wife's face. "Don't you think the story very funny?"

"Very funny," she said quietly, "but where's your new hat?"

A little country lad accompanied his father on an expedition to buy a new cow. The father gave his prospective purchase a going-over from head to foot, poking, probing, and pinching the animal very thoroughly. "You see, son," he explained, "when you buy a cow you want to be sure it's a sound one."

The boy nodded approval. A week later the boy came running breathlessly to his father in a distant corner of the farm. "Come quick, pa," he entreated. "A traveling salesman's pulled up behind the barn, and it looks like he's going to buy Sister."

Lotty: "My husband gave me one of those new electric blankets. It's

wonderful. You ought to get one."

Dotty: (who believes the honeymoon is over when a quickie before dinner is a dry martini) "Humph, I'd rather have my husband recharged."

A foreign diplomat was sitting beside a very beautiful blonde who possessed all the social graces. During the course of the dinner, he put his hand under the table and started to feel her ankle.

She gave him a brilliant smile. Encouraged, he went a little further and reached the calf of her leg with the same results. The lady smiled and he, becoming emboldened with this encouragement, went above the knees.

Very soon, giving the diplomat a lovely smile she leaned and whispered in his ear: "When you get far enough to discover that I'm a man, don't change the expression on your face—I'm Secret Agent No. 13."

A soldier just returned from three years overseas, arrived at a camp near his home town. He was naturally very anxious to see his wife, but try as he would, he could not possibly wrangle over two hours' leave. After six hours' absence, he came back to camp.

"Why the hell are you four hours A.W.O.L.?" barked his sergeant.

"Well, you see," said the soldier, "when I got home I found my wife in the tub and it took me four hours to dry out my uniform."

The newlyweds booked the honeymoon suite in a hotel. The bride was a beautiful creature, truly statuesque in figure, and her husband was obviously very much in love with her. The walls were thin, and two sailors occupied the next room.

"My dearest," said the husband, "you are so beautiful. Guess I'll get a sculptor from New York to model you."

A moment later there was a knock on the door. "Who's there?" asked the husband.

"Two sculptors from New York."

An insurance salesman tells about a valuable wardrobe which his firm insured for a client during a European trip. Upon reaching London she wired: "Gown lifted in London."

After due deliberation he sent this reply: "What do you think our policy covers?"

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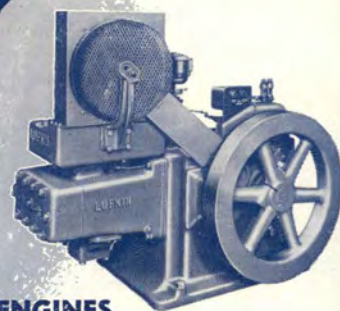
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