

# THE 




## OIL

## PUMPING UNITS



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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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AT Wyalusing State Park visitors may see the confluence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers

By Charles F. Wettach

T'HERE'S only one Mississippi River. It is born in Northern Minnesota's Lake Itasca. It flows in a southerly direction for 2,348 miles. It is swallowed up by the Gulf of Mexico.

But America's aquatic backbone is more than just another river. The Mississippi actually seems more like a collection of many fascinating rivers. The restrained giant that rolls along the levees and bayous south of Baton Rouge seems to have little in common with the freely rushing torrent that sweeps over St. Anthony Falls in Minneapolis.

Yet each particular riverside region has one thing in common with its upriver, or downriver, neighbor. They're all partners of a proposed gigantic network called The Great River Road. They say that one day this Mississippi River Parkway will border both sides of the magic waterway from the northern pines to the southern palms.

Those who drive along the Mississippi River in Wisconsin, from Cassville to Prescott, will discover several of these portions which are already "officially" part of The Great River Road. The entire ride next to Ol' Man River is a fascinating motoring experience.

A short distance north of the picturesque river
town of Cassville, just off WISC-35, on COUNTYVV , one can discover a nostalgic reminder of the past which stirs the imagination of all ages. Nelson Dewey Memorial State Park contains the carefully restored plantation of Wisconsin's first governor, as well as the delightful assortment of life-size buildings of Stonefield Village-many shops, the school, old barn, blacksmith shop, general store, etc. They're all as they were in the 1890's.

On the south bank of the Wisconsin River, at the point where it meets the Mississippi, one finds the site where a most significant event took place. On this spot, in present-day Wyalusing State Park, the famous French explorers Marquette and Joliet first saw "The Father of Waters." The year was 1673.

Prairie du Chien, across the Wisconsin River from Wyalusing State Park, has many points of historical interest. The Museum of Medical Prog. ress, at 700 South Beaumont Road, is in the reconstructed military hospital of the second Fort


Nelson Dewey State Park near Cassville, Wisconsin, contains the carefully restored Stonefield Village

## and OL' MAN RIVER...

Crawford. Its exhibits depict the fascinating development of medicine-and quackery-down through the years.

The old Fort Crawford which once stood here was at one time under the command of Colonel Zachary Taylor. One of his assistants was the dashing young Lt. Jefferson Davis who wooed and then married the Colonel's daughter, Sarah, against the Colonel's wishes.

Davis retired from the Army and took his lovely bride home to Beauvoir on the enchanting Gulf Coast of Mississippi. But their happiness was shortlived. Sarah died of a fever within a few months. Colonel Taylor eventually became the twelfth president of the United States. Twelve years later "Lt." Davis became the President of the Confederate States of America.

One finds the site of the first Fort Crawford on the banks of the Mississippi, not too far away, occupied by a lavishly-furnished home called Villa Louis. This 123 -year-old showcase was once the


NEAR Prairie Du Chien, this historic marker stands on the lawn of the Museum of Medical Progress

home of Hercules Dousman, a confidential frontier agent for John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company, land speculator, and Wisconsin's first millionaire.

Many tourists also visit the modest century-and-a-half-old Brisbois House which is near Villa Louis. And to complete a memorable visit to colorful Prairie du Chien one should go down to the Villa Louis Landing and board the picturesque twin paddlewheeler, "Lady M", for an eventful two-hour (or one hour) sightseeing cruise on the Mississippi.

North of Prairie du Chien The Great River Road really runs close to the water for unobstructed viewings. The traffic plying the impressive water-

AT LYNXVILLLE, a multi-million dollar dam and lock make possible 651 miles of river navigable
way seems to change constantly. A long narrow barge heavily loaded with coal or some other bulky cargo, disappears around a bend; a blunt-nosed gaily-colored houseboat takes it place. Power boats, row boats and sail boats seem to be everywhere.

But an even better place to observe the intriguing parade of ships is in a town, such as Lynxville, where one of those multi-million-dollar Government dams reaches to the opposite bank to tame the river and make navigation possible the entire 651 miles from St. Louis to Minneapolis. The wide

THE ever-changing river traffic plying the Mississippi intrigues motorists on The Great River Road

OKTOBERFEST is a Harvest Fun Festival held annually in La Crosse when merrymaking abounds



THIS 35 -foot statue of Hiawatha stands in Riverside Park at La Crosse, an excellent observation point
dams leave only a narrow steel-and-concrete corridor which all the boats must squeeze through. And when this lock is on the east bank of the Mississippi, it's quite a sight for those who are motoring along WISC-35.

One of the other things which makes this portion of The Great River Road so interesting, is the seemingly endless procession of sandstone bluffs. They crowd just as close to the powerful river as they dare. Unusual shapes have earned for these promontories such names as Chickenbreast Bluff, Indian Head Rock, Eagle Bluff (the highest), Sentinel Ridge, and Rattlesnake Bluff.

La Crosse is rich in Indian history for the site was originally a favorite gathering and trading place where principal trails crossed. Its most prominent Indian today is "Hiawatha," a 35 -foot statue in Riverside Park. The Park, with its at-tractively-landscaped gardens and flower-decorated levees, is an excellent point from which to observe the river and its hypnotic activities. A paddlewheeler leaves regularly from the northern end of the Park for two-hour and other length cruises of the fascinating river.

La Crosse's most popular vantage point is probably Grandad Bluff. This 570 -foot-high natural observatory can be easily reached by car. On a clear day one can see the distant hills of Iowa, as well as those of neighboring Minnesota and nearby Wisconsin, in a three-state river-dominated panorama.

New Orleans has its Mardi Gras and Cheyenne its Frontier Days. In La Crosse its Oktoberfest, a
once-a-year Harvest Fun Festival when merrymaking and a holiday spirit take over the town.

Two inviting riverbank recreational retreats border the Mississippi northwest of La Crosse. Both Perrot State Park (one mile above Trempealeau) and Merrick State Park (two miles above Fountain City) offer excellent opportunities for picnicking, swimming, boating, fishing and camping.

A parade of awesome bluffs overlook the Burlington Railroad tracks (Chicago-Minneapolis branch) and The Great River Road south of Alma. One of these bluffs is appropriately referred to as The Sphinx. Indians once built signal fires on its head to flash the latest news across the river.

Southeast of Pepin, the Chippewa River rushes under our scenicway (WISC-35) and surges into the Mississippi River with such force that it has accumulated tremendous sand bars. These naturemade barriers almost completely block the lazy flowing river and, with the help of towering riverbank palisades, back up a body of water that's 22 miles long. Lake Pepin, a popular vacation spot long before The War Between The States, is still "the most picturesque scene of the Middle West."

The last Wisconsin town to be visited by Ol' Man River is Prescott (on US-10). Here, at the mouth of the St. Croix River, great lumber rafts were once assembled for the long adventuresome journey down the Mississippi. But that was a hundred years ago. Today's Prescott is a quaint village which sometimes likes to reminisce, at close of day, of other years along The Great River Road.



Front Row, left to right: J. D. BRADLEY, Lufkin; JOE WOODSON, Phillips Petr. Co. Odessa, Texas; F. G. GOODRICH, Southland Rovalty, Midland, Texas. Second Row, left to right: JOE BYRD, Lufkin; JACK GERRINGTON, LYNN TROTT, both with Shell Oil Co., Midland, Texas; BILL CHAMPION, LUFKIN, Odessa: Charles brown, Mobil Oil Co., Midland; bill moreau, Lufkin.

W. R. WHITE, left. J. D. MOYER both with Cities Service Oil Co.

Wichita Falls, Texas


BOB HERRIN, left, Kewanee Oil Co
Charles engelman, General Manufacturing both of Wichita Falls, Texas


HAROLD G. VEST, left, ED LILLEY both with Tidewater Oil Co. Midland, Texas


CHARLES COFFMAN umble Oil \& Ref. Co Hobbs, New Mexico
E. F. MOTTER

Cines Service Oil Co
Hobbs, New Mexico

LESTER DUKE
Aztec Oil \& Gas Co.
Hobbs, New Mexico


LEE FLOWERS Mobil Oil Company
Hobbs, New Mexico
A. L. CARPENTER Humble Oil \& Ref. Co Hobbs, New Mexico

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# LUFKIN 



## INSTALLATIONS

1 LUFKIN M-228D-213-120 Unit and LUFKIN M-114D-173-74 Unit, Apache Corporation, Post Estate \#1, South Plains College, Levelland, Texas.
2 LUFKIN M-456D-253-144 Unit, Gulf Oil Corporation, C. A. Goldsmith Well \#1000-56, Goldsmith, Texas.
3 LUFKIN C-640D-305-168 Unit, Union Oil Company of California, Moss Únit Well \#18-4, Odessa, Texas.
4 LUFKIN C-228D-200-74 Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, Clyde Cowden Well \#124-56, Goldsmith, Texas.

5 THE HARRIET ANN-198 feet long, 50 feet wide and $111 / 2$ feet deep-is part of the fleet modernization program being carried out by Upper Mississippi Towing Corporation. She is powered by three Alco 251-V16 engines totaling 7200 HP. The engines turn 9 -foot propellers through LUFKIN reverse and reduction gears, fitted with Fawick clutches and have a 5.2:1 reduction ratio. She plies the Mississippi between St. Louis and New Orleans and is the largest towboat ever built by Nashville Bridge Co., Nashville, Tennessee.
6 LUFKIN N340B Double Reduction Speed Increaser Driving a 6-Stage Centrifugal 3870 RPM Pump, Gulf Oil Corporation, Goldsmith, Texas.





IN THE heart of what was once the Oklahoma Indian Territory is an example of the typical American story, that of a man who started with nothing but ambition, determination and the conditioning for hard work and who today is recognized as a leader in his field.

The field is the trucking industry and the man is J. E. Stith, chairman of the Board of The Chief Lines of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Born in Gainesville, Missouri, in the beautiful Ozarks country, Ed Stith was one of 12 children who was assigned certain chores to help his family grub out a living on a farm his father had homesteaded. When he was 16 , he went out on his own, mainly because of the necessity of providing for himself. As many a starry-eyed youngster did in those days after the turn of the century, he mi-

grated north to seek his fortune. In Detroit, he went to work for Ford Motor Company, thinking he would eventually become a tool and die maker.
"I saved regularly from my paycheck, and at last felt I could take a vacation in 1927. I went to visit in Oklahoma and while there, I happened to meet some people in the trucking business. As I listened to them talk, I felt a responsive chord and I knew that I would have to take a try at it," Stith reminisced.

By the spring of 1929 , Stith was ready to sink everything he had in a trucking venture. He came back to Oklahoma and bought two used Diamond T trucks with 12 -foot bodies and began hauling anything he could get between Tulsa and Coffeyville, Kansas. His first certificate was dated April 29,1929 , and he still has it among his files.

TULSA'S skyline and the Sunray Refinery form $\alpha$ dramatic background for one of The Chief Lines' fleet of LUFKINS

J. E. STITH, Chairman of the Board

It was not easy to make the runs between Tulsa and Coffeyville, according to Mr. Stith.
"Oklahoma just didn't have any roads to speak of. The pavement ended at Catoosa, just a few miles out of Tulsa, and from there it was an unimproved road all the way," he explained.

There was nothing dull about the trucking business; each day brought a new challenge. A regular arsenal of tools and spare parts was always carried on each run.
"I could change out an axle in a flat 10 minutes, and I did it many times," the former truck driver said.

In the beginning there were Stith, his brother and his brother-in-law driving the trucks.
"One day I was loaded with quarters of beef going from Tulsa to Coffeyville-and there was no such thing as a refrigerated van in those days. I knew I had just so many hours to make the delivery or the spoiled beef would be mine," Stith recalls somewhat wryly.
"I remember I was going downhill at a pretty good clip when I noticed something out the left corner of my eye. Jerking my head in that direc-

tion, I realized that one of my back dual wheels was rolling merrily by. I stopped the truck and raced on foot after it. I'm sure it rolled a mile, finally jumping a fence and landing in a field. It was a back-breaking job rolling that big wheel back up the hill, then making the repairs and getting back on the road with my load. However, I made it to the destination with those hindquarters."

His business prospered despite the Depression, and in 1930, he bought another long wheel base truck and put an eleven foot body on it. "It surely looked big to us."
"And it was big," he remembered. "I got stuck in the mud between Claremore and Chelsea one evening near the little town of Voyil and I didn't get pulled out until two nights later."

Stith was everything to his truck line thensalesman, bookkeeper, purchaser, freight bill writer, maintenance man and truck driver. During the darkest days of the Depression, his freight consisted mostly of salt pork and beans.
"I've carried many a 110 -pound sack of salt pork across my back to make the deliveries," he said.

In 1935, the National Motor Carriers Act was passed by Congress.
"This put a floor under the trucking industry and gave a person something to build for. I've always believed regulations were good for the industry," Stith stated.

So it was that in 1936, Stith bought another truck line which ran from Coffeyville to Kansas


LLOYD STITH, President

City. Putting the two companies into one, Stith named it The Chief Lines.
"That seemed a logical name since our routes were right through the heart of the Oklahoma Indian country," he explained.

At that time, he owned six pieces of equipment and was grossing approximately $\$ 6,000$ per month.

Although it was a terrific struggle, the business prospered and more equipment was added, "including our first 18 -foot trailer tied to a Ford truck. I still remember what a great feeling it was when I looked at that piece of equipment," Stith remarked.

His business continued to grow and in 1940, he purchased a line that operated from Kansas City back to Oklahoma City hauling general commodities. He then moved his headquarters to Kansas City from Coffeyville. In 1948, he bought authority to operate from Tulsa and Oklahoma City to Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas. At that time, he was operating 100 pieces of equipment and grossing about $\$ 10,000$ per month.

Today The Chief Lines operates 545 pieces of equipment and expects to gross about $\$ 8$ million


RAY BECK, Maintenance \& Equipment
in 1966. They employ 577 full time employees.
Headquarters of the company were moved to Tulsa in September, 1965, and on January 1, 1966, Ed Stith became Chairman of the Board and his son, Lloyd, was named President.

Lloyd has been in the trucking industry almost for as long as he can remember, having worked in many capacities for his father during vacations while he was still in school. He served his country in the United States Air Force and is a graduate of The University of Arkansas. Upon completion of his formal education in 1953, he was put in charge of purchases and equipment maintenance.

Other officers of The Chief Lines include H. B. Huffhines of Dallas, vice president; W. M. Keller of Kansas City, vice president and J. E. Mitchell of Tulsa, secretary-treasurer.

Ed Stith looks forward to his retirement.
"The Company is in good hands and my wife and I have built a home back on the old homestead farm on Bull Shoals lake in the Ozarks. I've got 240 acres in blue grass, and I enjoy golf and fish-ing-and my newest interest is flying the Beech Bonanza we recently bought. It's been a big thrill to learn to fly a plane after all these years."

He attributes the steady, solid growth of his company to the diligent work of his associates; the growth of the national economy; constant, vigilant service to his customers, and being able to give the customer what he wants when he wants it.

Lufkin is pleased to have been a part of this growth of The Chief Lines.


First row, left to right: PETE BLANDA, Kewanee Oil Co., WAYNE BLEWETT, Skelly Oil Co., both in Pampa, Texas; DOUG PATTON, and C. D. RICHARDS, Lufkin. Second row, left to right: FRED VAN SHOUBROUEK, Humble Oil \& Ref. Co. ELDON HUDSON, Lufkin, both in Pampa; ROY HUGHES, Phillips Petr. Co., Borger, Texas; BILL HINTON, Kewanee Oil Co., Pampa; RILEY WEBB, Lufkin; BILL HACKER, Skelly Oil Co.. Pampa; JOE SIMMONS, Lufkin. Third row, left to right: LEO GARRETT, Pampa, GENE SPARKS, Spearman, Texas, both with Shamrock Oil \& Gas Corp.; L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin; TOM GRAY, Cities Service Oil Co., Pampa; J. D. BRADLEY, Lufkin.


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BILL SOUTHERLAND, left, BOB IVORY, both with Tidewater Oil Co., Hobbs, New Mexico

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Wichita Falls, Texas


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Richardson Enterprises Kermit, Texas

LAROYE DRENNEN
Mobil Oil Co

JOHN EATON
Pan American Petr. Corp.




Adolescence is when boys discover girls and girls discover they've been discovered.

Will some friend please give a good answer to the little girl who asked, "If Santa Claus brings presents, and the Lord gives us our daily bread, and the stork brings our babies, why do we need men?"

Heard the one about the timid sultan? The girls called him "Harem Scarem."
"I may have nymphomania, doctor," said she sweetly, "but I wouldn't exactly say I was suffering from it."

The new skirts are so short that men who used to sit in sidewalk cafes to watch the girls pass, now pass to watch the girls sit in sidewalk cafes.

Some believe that the trouble in Eden was not caused by an apple but by a green pair.

Sign in downtown drugstore"Tested Hormone Pills-Good For What Fails You."

A career girl's mind moves her ahead, while a chorus girl's mind moves her behind.

Statistics are like a bikini: What is revealed is interesting, but what is concealed is vital.

A long-time spinster finally found herself a husband. After seeing the picture of a man on a "Wanted" poster, she offered $\$ 100$ more for him than the government did.

Trouble with being the best man at a wedding is that you don't get a chance to prove it.
A spinster is a gal who can knit but not knot.
Guaranteed, sure-fire hangover
cure: Merely shake the suffering fellow's hand and murmur softly, "That's a wonderful little girl you married last night."

She: "Have you noticed how Mary is losing weight these days?"

He: "Sure I have. Why, last night when I looked at her she was almost down to nothing."

This gal who had this teeny weeny bikini had to carry the top part in one billfold, and the bottom in another billfold because it was so small. One day she decided to go swimming, and put on the top, but lo and behold, she could not find the billfold with the bottom part of her bikini. But she was very determined to go swimming, so she went to the beach wearing only the top. Well, of course, the ever present policeman came strolling by, and as the gal was being arrested, she was heard saying, "Gee, I must have left my pants in my other billfold."
Did you know that falsies are the bust that money can buy?

Visitor to office: "Will Mr. Smith be back after a little?"

Secretary: "No, sir. I think that is what he went out for."

Husband: "After I get up in the morning and shave I feel twenty years younger."

Wife: "If that's the case then I wish you would shave before you go to bed."
"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"
"Yes, dear."
"Well, last night I found a new way."

A bride and groom reached their hotel room. The groom undressed and
got into bed. The bride put on a combing jacket and combed her hair. Then she creamed her face, manicured her nails and put a drop of perfume behind her ears.

The groom watched this for a few minutes, then hopped out of bed and started rummaging through his suitcase.
"What are you doing, honey?" asked the bride.
"Well, if this is going to be a formal affair," said the groom, "I thought I'd better put on my spats."

Coach: "Cutie, what are you doing with that letter on your sweater? Don't you know you're supposed not to wear that unless you've made the team?"

Cutie: "Well?"
An evangelist recently announced there are 577 different sins. He received thousands of requests for the list from people who thought they were missing something.
"I didn't make with the sex with my wife before we got married. Did you?"
"Heck, I don't know; what was her maiden name?"

They were talking about the number of women who seem to find older men attractive.
"Why," said one, "my grandfather was a perfect example of that. Women were crazy about him."
"And," said the second, "How did grandpa feel about it, was he crazy about them, too?"
"Well, not at first, but after a while it went to his head and he began to cut notches on his cane, one for every conquest. And do you know that's what killed him."
"How do you mean, that's what killed him?"
"Well, he made the mistake of leaning on his cane one day!"

Annoyed by the professor of anatomy who told racy stories during class, a group of coeds decided that the next time he started to tell one they would all rise and leave the room in protest. The professor, however, got wind of their scheme just before class the next day, he began, "They say there is quite a shortage of prostitutes in France..."

The girls looked at one another, arose and started for the door. "Young ladies," said the professor, "the next plane doesn't leave until tomorrow afternoon."


