



THE *Luffkin* LINE

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER • 1953

I salute you: There is nothing I can
give you which you have not; but
there is much, that, while I cannot
give you, you can take . . .

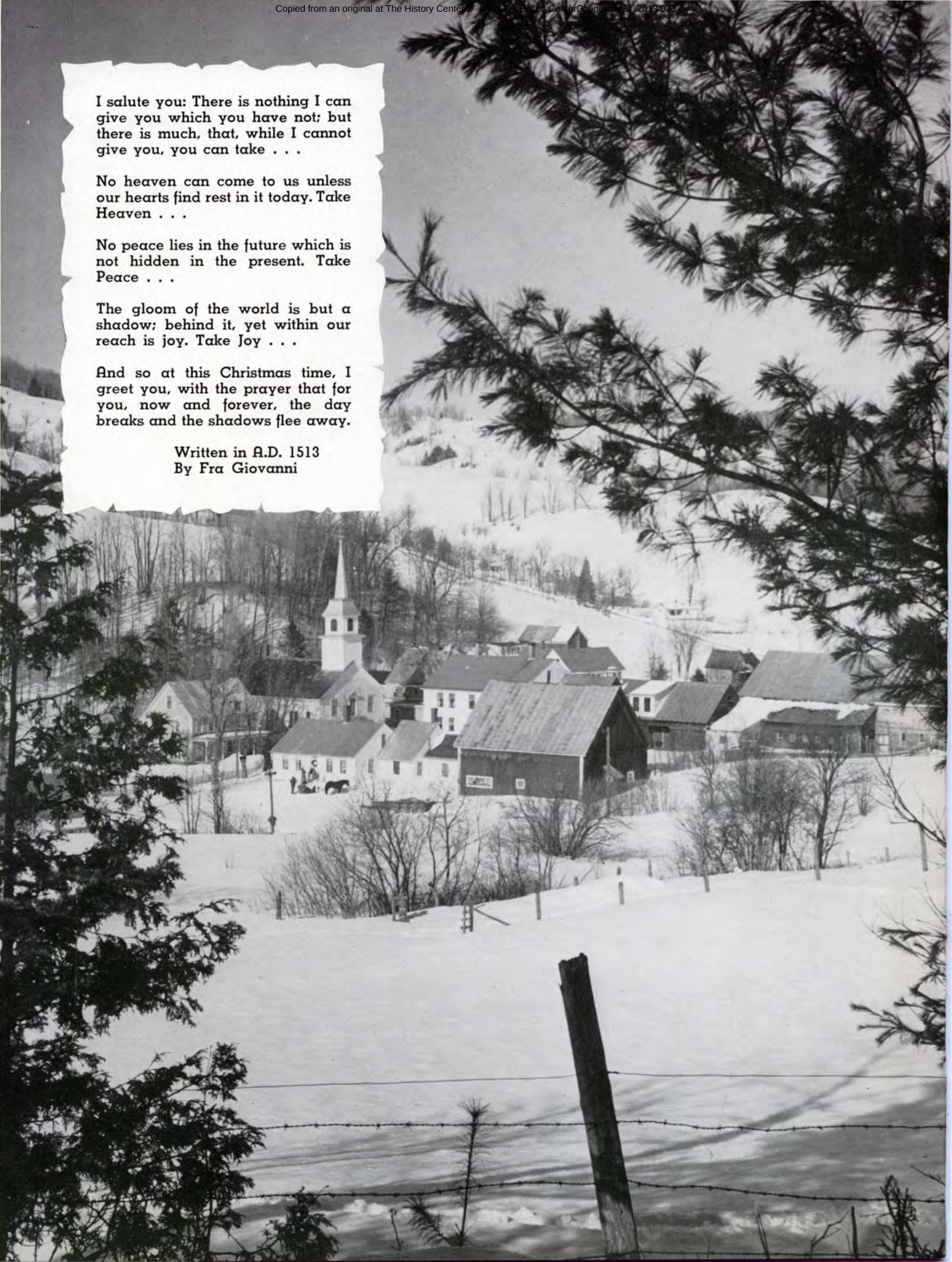
No heaven can come to us unless
our hearts find rest in it today. Take
Heaven . . .

No peace lies in the future which is
not hidden in the present. Take
Peace . . .

The gloom of the world is but a
shadow; behind it, yet within our
reach is joy. Take Joy . . .

And so at this Christmas time, I
greet you, with the prayer that for
you, now and forever, the day
breaks and the shadows flee away.

Written in A.D. 1513
By Fra Giovanni



THE *Lufkin* LINE

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1953

Volume XXVIII • Number 6

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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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Breakfast in ASIA... Lunch in EUROPE



LEFT: One of Turkey's most interesting tourist attractions is the Blue Mosque in Istanbul.

ORHAN DEMIR popped an olive into his mouth, gulped his tea, jammed his hat on his head and, like suburbanites the world over, burst out of the house on the double—his wife's final instructions ringing in his ears.

A look of horror passes over his face. "It's ten to nine," he cries. But, like his brother-commuters—and against all logic—he arrives where he belongs on time. Better still—a few minutes early. Just time enough for a quick shoeshine. But, before his shoes are dry, he is on the boat. He squeezes into a seat and counts himself fortunate to find one, otherwise he would have had little chance getting elbow-room to read yesterday's football scores in the morning paper. That's about all he has time to read for the ferry-ride takes only 15 minutes although it connects two continents—Europe and Asia.

Orhan Demir, a typical citizen of Istanbul, lives a life not very different from that of the average American except that he lives it in vastly different surroundings. If an American were to follow Orhan

Demir, the Turkish "John Smith," around the old metropolis, he would be left breathless by the color and the variety of the place. For a glimpse of 20th century life in an ancient setting, it would be interesting to do just that. Let's follow this Turkish gentleman through a day's activities.

Orhan debarks on the shore of Europe or, more exactly, at the Galata Bridge boat-landing. The bridge is packed with autos, buses, trams and people. Underneath it, busy little boats, plying the Golden Horn, pass in a constant stream. Large ships must wait until four in the morning when the bridge is opened for two hours to let them through.

Once on the bridge, Orhan has eyes only for the oncoming tram—none for the wonderful minaret and mosque-filled skyline looming up on both sides of him. A two-car tram comes along; he jumps on the red one, less crowded but costing five kurus more than the yellow. It's one of his milder extravagances. Fifteen minutes later, he is at his office at Sultan Ahmet Square.

His seat by the window, surrounded by business

machines—typewriter, mimeograph, adding machine, looks out on the great squat dome of St. Sophia. Orhan sees nothing incongruous about working in a modern office within the shadow of the oldest functioning building in the world—a survival of 1400 years of history. Erected on the ruins of a pagan temple, the huge color-flooded edifice was a church for 900 years, a mosque for 500 and a museum for 20.

Being a real estate man, Orhan Demir spends a good deal of time away from the office. A couple of telephone calls later and he is on his way. There's a piece of choice commercial property in Taksim Square, Istanbul's Times Square, that he is trying to rent.

On leaving his office in search of a taxi, he crosses the street in the direction of the 17th century Sultan Ahmet Mosque with its cascading domes and magnificent blue tiles. A moment later, he spots one, hops into it and finds he has three people for company. Sharing the taxi is an old Istanbul custom. As the other passengers are headed for Fatih Square, Orhan relaxes—he will be getting a slightly round-about ride to his destination.

The taxi speeds along the avenue past the huge covered bazaar with people pouring into its wide entrances. A city in itself, Turkey's great Kapali Carsi, has been a center of trade since the 15th century—a place where jewels and Oriental rugs, ancient coins and modern perfumes vie for the buyers attention along its miles of streets.



ABOVE: Lucky passengers get seats on busy ferries that link the European and Asiatic shores of Istanbul.

BELOW: Galata Bridge, which spans the famed Golden Horn, is Istanbul's busiest traffic artery.





SULTAN Ahmet Mosque is popularly called the Blue Mosque for the magnificence of its blue tiles.

Just beyond the bazaar is Beyazit Square, with its head-swimming melange of architectural styles. On one side is the 450-year-old Mosque of Beyazit with its great dome set upon four stout columns. The ancient mosque and its handsome courtyard give way to the modern buildings that make up Istanbul University, chief cultural center of Turkey. The lofty Tower of Beyazit dominates the extensive grounds of the school.

The taxi rolls on and Orhan's mind muses over the changing times as he looks out at Sehzadebashi, once the fashionable center of Istanbul. Today, though a bit run down, it boasts a spectacular array of coffee houses—500 in all. Once distinguished by the city's finest shops, now students gather here to discuss the problems of the world.

Minutes later, Fatih Square looms into view. The sight of the great sprawling Fatih Mosque, dedicated to the conqueror of Istanbul, causes Orhan's neighbor in the taxi to remark on the city's 500th anniversary celebration just passed. During these celebrations, the eyes of all Turkey were focused on Fatih Square. Troops, dressed in the costume of the 15th century, converged on the Square to pay honor to Mehmet Fatih who made Istanbul a Turkish city. While guns boomed out their salute, squadrons of planes flew over Fatih's

tomb, next to the Mosque, and dropped flowers. Everyone in the taxi agrees that the old city of Istanbul was indeed a lively place during the festivities.

The taxi disgorges three of its passengers at Fatih, swings around and makes for Ataturk Boulevard. Named for the founder of the Turkish Republic, the new highway considerably relieves Istanbul's traffic problem. Beautifully landscaped with dwarf trees dividing its lanes, auto trips that once took an hour now take 15 minutes.

In no time, the taxi is spanning the Golden Horn via Ataturk Bridge. Orhan wishes that the driver would slow down. The water below, reflecting a hundred iridescent hues, never seemed so beautiful. It's no wonder they call it the most glamorous waterway in the world, he muses. It suddenly occurs to him that it would be a nice idea to take his wife for a ride in one of those lovely little caiques to celebrate their anniversary. Like every true son of Istanbul, the most romantic memories of his past are connected with the magical waters of the Golden Horn and its neighbor, the Bosphorus.

Before he realizes it, Orhan is brought out of his day-dreaming by the noise of Taksim Square. He pays off his cab driver, stops for a drink of

his favorite bottled water at the corner vendor's, and makes for his business appointment.

An hour later, with success crowning his efforts, he looks forward to acting the spendthrift. Luckily for him, he is within hailing distance of Abdullah's, not only one of the best restaurants of Turkey but one of the best in the world. Once comfortably seated in the spacious dining room, it's no time before he has a plate of cold yogurt soup in front of him. His appetite sharpened, he proceeds to an ample dish of piping hot "shish Kebab" followed by stuffed eggplant cooked in olive oil. Though Orhan's hunger is considerably diminished, he cannot forego "baklava" for dessert. A cup of frothy Turkish coffee, accompanied by a glass of roseleaf liqueur, caps the meal. Even when the six lira (\$2) bill comes, Orhan does not regret his extravagance although he is somewhat apprehensive about his waistline.

After leaving Abdullah's, Orhan realizes with no little satisfaction that it is Saturday and, after all, no one works more than a half-day on Saturday. He walks leisurely down Istiklal Caddesi, Istanbul's Fifth Avenue, absorbing the strong spring sun. Looking in the shop windows as he ambles along Orhan stops for a minute to glance

at the graceful minaret standing in the secluded courtyard of Aga Mosque. Then he lets himself be carried along with the crowd past the famous old Konak Hotel, past the Greek and Italian churches, the embassies and the English school. Istiklal Caddesi carries on the tradition of Istanbul as a world-city. Orhan, like every Turk, takes pride in the easy-going friendliness of the ancient metropolis toward strangers.

Soon he is at the end of the beautiful avenue in a square bearing the unglamorous name "Tunnel." He enters a station, takes out 10 kuruş (31½c) and buys himself a ticket for what is probably the shortest and oldest subway in the world. It runs underground, along the side of the hill, for a third of a mile. A few blocks walk from the subway exit and Orhan is again on Galata Bridge waiting for a ferry to carry him home.

Though he lives in one continent and works in another, though he walks through streets where 10th, 15th and 20th century buildings crowd each other, Orhan lives a very modern existence among refrigerators, typewriters and central heating. His life is enriched by two milleniums of history and made comfortable by the conveniences of the contemporary world.

THOUSANDS of commuters daily pass through Galata Bridge boat-station for a brief ferry ride.



A QUICK shine is a work of art in Istanbul. Local bootblacks consider themselves professional artists.





THIS Piggly Wiggly Store, located in Lufkin, is typical of 17 such stores owned and operated by the Childs Food Stores, Inc.



ALVIN CHILDS, president of the firm.



Child's Drama...

Now a Stellar Attraction

THE STORY of Childs Piggly Wiggly Stores can be likened to a drama which began as a one-act play and is now in its 53rd year as a stellar attraction road show.

Producer of this East Texas drama is C. A. Childs, known affectionately by all Childs employees as Mr. Carter. His son, Alvin Childs, has been the Director and Chief Script Writer, while the ever-increasing number of employees are the actors who help make the production bigger and more exciting each year.

The drama was born in Jacksonville, a small East Texas town of population about 8500 today. It was in 1900 that C. C. Childs, father of Mr. Carter, purchased a small grocery store hardly bigger than the combined space of two 32-foot Lufkin Semi-Trailers.

Today the warehouse facilities of the Childs Piggly Wiggly Stores total 100,000 square feet of space with enormous coolers for frozen foods, oleo, cheese, fresh fruits and vegetables. There are 17

Childs stores and 40 affiliated stores employing approximately 385 persons. They operate 20 trailers, at least 15 of which are Lufkin made, and 19 trucks.

The originator of the Childs drama, C. C. Childs, sold his first store to his sons, Mr. Carter and O. W. Childs, some few years after he had operated it successfully. In 1929, the brothers opened a second store in Rusk, a town 12 miles south of Jacksonville.

As the years passed and fortune smiled on the two young men, they began to expand. Alvin Childs returned to the business after a college education, and the Childs Brothers, as the firm was known then, considered a revolutionary idea in the grocery business which was the brain child of a man named Clarence Saunders. He had introduced the idea of self-service and he called these stores Piggly Wiggly Stores.

For a small royalty fee, he permitted other grocers to use this name and system through fran-



ABOVE: These Lufkin aluminum vans are operated by Childs Food Stores of Jacksonville, over a 250-mile radius in three states.

LEFT: Crawford Godfrey, vice-president and secretary of Childs.

chise agreements. Childs Brothers knew that this wonderful and daring idea would be the standard someday and promptly adopted this newly developed way of serving customers. Their stores then became Piggly Wiggly Stores.

By 1936, the Childs family realized they needed to buy in greater volume if they continued to offer greatly lower prices for foodstuffs in their stores. They had four stores of their own, but that didn't create the volume buying needed. They proposed a plan whereby they would sell groceries to any Piggly Wiggly Store in that area at actual cost plus a small warehousing and handling fee.

This arrangement brought another actor into the drama, one Crawford Godfrey, a fresh graduate of the University of Texas' School of Business Administration and a bridegroom of two months. His bride mistakenly believed they were moving to Jacksonville, Florida!

By 1939, their increased warehouse facilities were servicing five of their own stores and eight other Piggly Wiggly stores. In 1941, they more than doubled the number of their own stores, despite the foreboding head-shaking of their friends who watched the Childs borrow as much money as they were worth to purchase six "M" System stores in Tyler, Texas. But the note was paid off in two years. This year Crawford Godfrey was made a partner in the firm, and in 1943, O. W. and Oakley Childs sold their interests to the other three partners.

During the past 10 years, the drama has increased its pace and continues to show to packed houses. Additional warehouse space was acquired,

old stores were remodeled or re-located, new stores were acquired in Lufkin, San Augustine, Nacogdoches and Crockett, Texas, and Monroe, Lake Charles and Alexandria, Louisiana. Their operations now include 17 Childs Piggly Wiggly Stores and 40 affiliated stores.

The Company operates on a policy stated in simple words, "It costs no more to go first class."

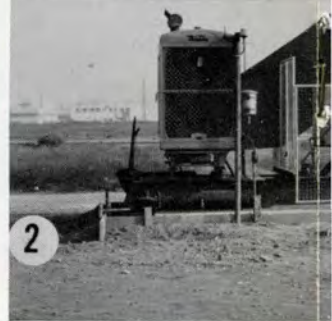
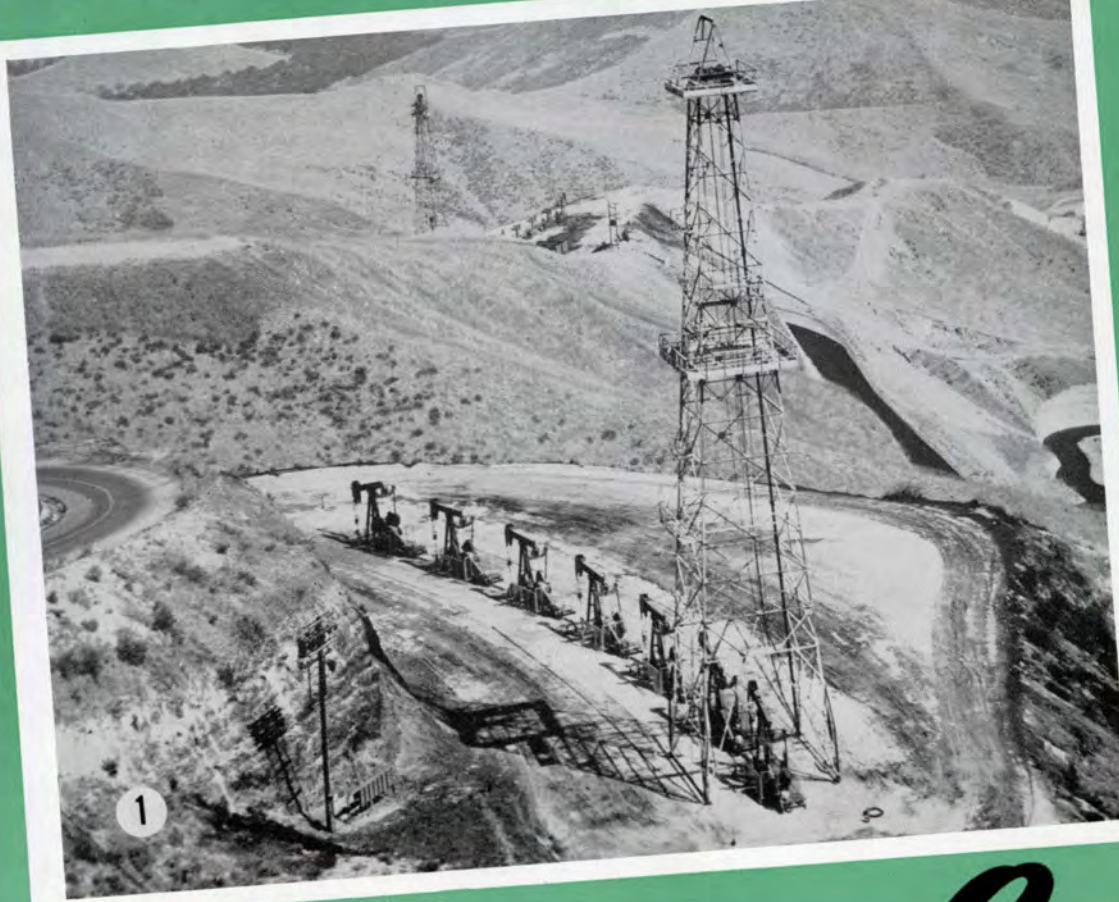
They have recently inaugurated a new four-week vacation plan for employees after one year of service, and have for several years provided free hospitalization and surgical benefits, free life insurance and a retirement plan for their employees. Also each store manager, market manager, and personnel are paid, in addition to their base salary, a percentage of the profits as well. Many store managers make as much as \$18,000 or more annually under this plan.

Officers of the Company include C. A. Childs, Chairman of the Board, Alvin Childs, President, and Crawford Godfrey, Vice-President and Secretary. There are 13 young executive and administrative assistants who form the Policy Committee of the Company, meeting each Monday morning at 7:30 with Alvin and Crawford to discuss operational policy and problems.

The Childs Piggly Wiggly show has been on the road for 53 years. They now cover parts of three states in an area with a radius of about 250 miles. The producers feel confident that the drama will be performed gloriously for another 53 years.

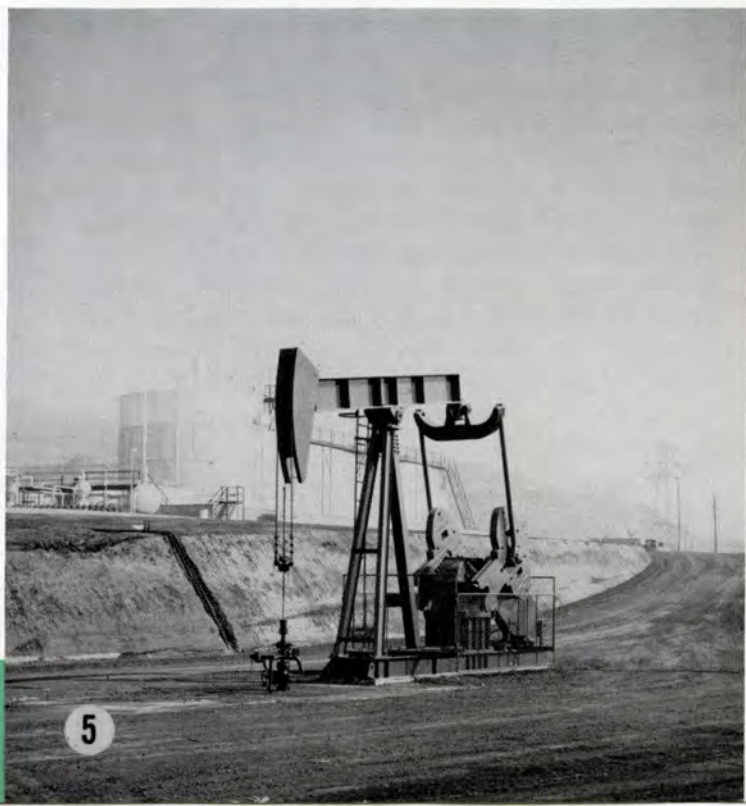


AERIAL view of new 100,000 square-foot warehouse.



Lufkin INS

- 1** SEVEN LUFKIN TC-33-22G Units installed on Shell Oil Company's Casperson Island #2 Lease at Santa Paula, California. Wells and service derrick rails were built on 300° radius.
- 2** LUFKIN TC-OLB-61B Unit at work on Union Pacific Railway Lease in the industrial district of East Los Angeles, California, for Richfield Oil Company.
- 3** LUFKIN TC-OL-61B Unit, Rothchild Oil Company, Santa Fe Springs, California.
- 4** LUFKIN TC-OL-61B Unit, Ridgehill Oil Company, Santa Fe Springs, California.
- 5** LUFKIN TC-1B-41C Unit, Well Puente C14, Shell Oil Company, Brea, California.
- 6** LUFKIN TC-OL-51B Unit in service for 12 years for Tide Water Associated Oil Company, Santa Fe Springs, California.
- 7** LUFKIN TC-OLB-61B Unit, General Petroleum Corporation, Santa Fe Springs, California.





INSTALLATIONS





WHEN Saturday afternoon rolls around, racing enthusiasts load their racer on a home-made trailer and head for testing grounds.



Pygmies of the Speedway

By FRANK L. REMINGTON

WESTERN speedway enthusiasts have a new baby—the three-quarter midget racing cars (TQ's). Still in their infancy, these pocket-size speedsters are powered by motorcycle engines, run on motor-scooter wheels and tires, and compete on tracks about the size of a baseball diamond's infield. At speeds up to 100 miles an hour, these racers provide thrills galore with wheel-to-wheel dueling, spine-tingling skids, wall-jumpings, and frequent pile-ups on the slightly banked turns. Enthusiasm for the tiny racers is catching with epidemic rapidity at Southern California and Midwestern tracks.

Little brother to the standard midget racer, the TQ midget has a wheelbase three-fourths as long, weighs about half as much, and can be built for a song from Austin, Crosley, and motor-scooter parts. "It's a poor man's racer," says Paul Griffith of

Downey, California, owner of Three-Quarter Midget No. 99. Always interested in racing but financially unable to construct a \$3,000 to \$6,000 standard midget, Griffith found the TQ's a made-to-order outlet for his racing ambitions.

A typical owner, Paul Griffith works weekdays as a foreman at Douglas Aircraft's Long Beach, California, plant. Evenings find him puttering about his garage workshop, adjusting the carburetor, mixing the specially prepared fuel, or making plans with his driver, Jerry Caywood, a furniture store upholsterer. Comes Saturday, the two push their pint-size racer onto a home-made, two-wheel trailer and head for Indio, California, desert site of a three-quarter midget track, or one of the other speedways. The Indio track operates night-time racing under floodlights.

With oval shapes ranging from one-fifth to one-



ABOVE: Griffith's two-year-old son, Warren, checks hand brake with black knob that works on rear wheels.

LEFT: Griffith checks oil level for twin-cylinder engine. Gas tank can be seen in opening above his hand.

eighth of a mile long, the tracks give the customers a close-up view of all the action without the aid of a telescope or binoculars. The ever-increasing attendance bears testimony that the fans are more than pleased with the motorized baby buggies.

In an evening at the tracks, there are four or five events. Winners of the trial heats qualify for the trophy dash, where the drivers attempt to set new track records. The semi-main event consists of 20 to 30 laps, and the main event of 30 to 50 laps. In addition, there are often special races of various lengths.

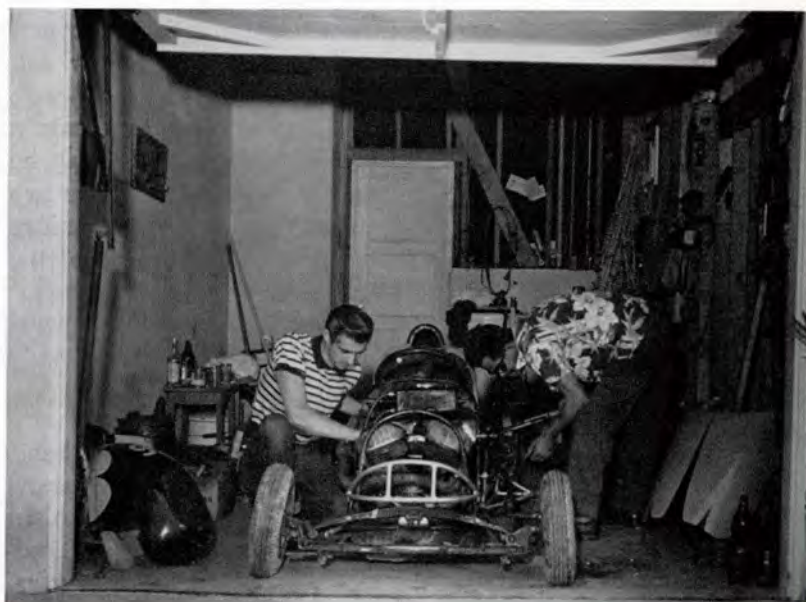
A typical race usually has from 10 to 20 entrants. Prizes are figured percentage-wise on the paid attendance. Admission generally costs a dollar and the crowds range from 1,500 to several thousand. After track rental and miscellaneous expenses are deducted, the contestants share the remainder, with the winning drivers, of course, taking the largest slices.

In his TQ track competition, Jerry Caywood, veteran driver, has figured in his share of freak accidents and tough breaks. Of average build, he appears almost too bulky to squeeze into the confines of No. 99's cockpit.

Once Jerry's steering apparatus gave way during a warm-up run and the car piled into the crash wall. Jerry not only suffered a fractured nose, but the car couldn't be repaired in time to enter

the competition. However, his chief claim to fame is his membership in the exclusive Upside Down Club. Jerry holds the only medal ever awarded to drivers who qualify for membership.

He earned this dubious honor by one of those once-in-a-million accidents. Roaring around the track at breakneck speed, the racer in front of him went into a spin and headed back towards Jerry. No. 99 rammed it head-on, climbed over,



GRIFFITH, left, adjusts carburetor of TQ No. 99, while his driver finishes some last-minute welding.



RACERS line up and receive final instructions and adjustments prior to the start of a hotly-contested race at Indio, California, before fans who are increasing weekly.

turned turtle, and ended up against the wooden crash wall. Jerry left his tire marks on the other driver's jacket. "I found myself flying through the air upside down," he recalls. "Thought it was my last race for sure." Fortunately, both drivers escaped without serious injury.

The design and construction of the TQ Midgets is left to the ingenuity of the individual owners, so long as they meet the specifications of the Three-Quarter Midget Racing Association. These rules specify a weight range of 350 to 650 pounds, a wheelbase of 54 to 60 inches, a tread of 32 to 40 inches, wheels ranging from 6 to 9 inches in diameter, and an engine of 30.50 to 45 cubic inches, depending on type. Numerous safety devices are also mandatory, such as a tail that extends beyond the rear wheels, firewall, flex-type steering wheel, and positive neutral.

Paul Griffith got the "bug" a year ago from a magazine account of the TQ's. Enthusiastically he contacted Jerry Caywood. At their leisure, the two drew up a design for a Tom Thumb racer. Evenings and week-ends during the next six months, the hobbyists worked in Griffith's garage with his lathe, welding outfit, and mechanic's tools. Several months ago TQ No. 99 rolled off the home-made assembly line.

No. 99's springs, front axle, and rear end were cut down from an Austin. The eight-inch wheels and tires were furnished by a Cushman motor-scooter. Steering was adapted from a Franklin. In fact, all the parts were cut or adapted from standard automobiles, motor-scooters, and motorcycles.

The engine is a 45 cubic inch Harley-Davidson twin-cylinder engine that develops 20 horsepower at 6,000 rpms. The compression ratio is $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The carburetor came from a stock car, and a $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallon can serves as a gas tank. No fuel pump is used. Fuel is forced from the tank to the carburetor by gravity alone. No. 99 has a standard English Austin gearbox with first and second removed, leaving third and high. The braking lever outside the body on the left works on the rear wheels. With no self-starters, the TQ's must be pushed by a truck to get under way.

The side panels and hood were molded from plastic and painted bright yellow. The racer weighs close to 500 pounds and has a wheelbase of 60 inches and a 40 inch tread. Total cost of construction approximated \$500.

Like Paul Griffith, most of Southern California's 30 registered owners are backyard mechanics, who designed and constructed their "midget" midgets as a hobby. TQ racing is specifically meant for those enthusiasts who can't afford the larger, more costly cars. Pride of ownership and a natural inclination to win the competition go far towards producing superb cars.

No two models are similar. Some cost as little as \$350; others as high as \$2,000. San Diego owner Curly McLain spent only \$350 on his racer, yet he placed third in the championship class.

One driver salvaged the tires from a portable cement mixer and used them on his racer. Others adapt wheels and tires from the tail wheels of bombers. Some owners find discarded race-car



FAST action thrills spectators as drivers skillfully slide their racers into a curve.

THESE drivers are warming up their cars which were built and assembled in garage workshops with tools available to home mechanics.

bodies readily adaptable to TQ specifications. One racer uses a surplus engine that formerly operated the bomb-bay doors of a bomber, while another exercised his ingenuity in cutting down a four-cylinder Crosley engine to about 34 cubic inches and designing a special cam. Even outboard motors are pressed into service to power the TQ's.

What goes into the two to four gallon tanks is anyone's guess. Each owner compounds his own fuel and jealously guards the secret. One burns alcohol, another methanol. Other owners use mixtures of the two with added gasoline and Ethyl. The compound may change from race to race as the driver finds a different mixture that brings better results.

Speed of the TQ's, of course, varies with the engines and the weights of the cars. Some drivers prefer powerful engines that give plenty of speed on the straight-aways. The lighter cars, however, have less trouble in taking the curves.

No. 99 can work up to a speed of more than 70 miles per hour. "Speed isn't so important on a small track," says Paul Griffith. "Winning the race depends to a great extent on the driver's skill in taking the turns and maneuvering into a favorable position."

To keep the TQ's on a strictly low-cost basis, the Three-Quarter Midget Racing Association ruled that each competition must be a claiming race and that any offer of \$2,000 for a car must be accepted without question by the owner. This decree automatically outlaws the construction of powerful and expensive motors and high-cost parts.

The Association meets four or five times a year to select track locations, draw up regulations and specifications for the racers, and discuss ideas to promote public interest in the cars. The Association now has plans to set up a circuit with one track in each of seven Southern California towns. There's also talk of establishing indoor TQ tracks to popularize the sport during the winter months.

In its fourth season this year, Three-Quarter Midget Racing is really only getting started in a big way. This season there are more racers, more interest, and more fans than last year. With enthusiasm spreading, the sky's the limit for these pygmies of the speedway.

WITH no self-starter, TQ's must be pushed by a truck. Note the difference in size with a pick-up.



SNAPSHOTS...

with the Lufkin Cameraman



Left to right: E. M. BENSON, JR., W. K. KREIGER, A. C. MARTIN, all with Richfield Oil Co., Los Angeles; and HUGH BARTON, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Los Angeles.



Seated, left to right: R. E. STEARNS, Universal Consolidated Oil Co., Los Angeles; JOHN AUGSBURGER, Kobe, Inc., Long Beach; W. WESTERGARD, Hancock Oil Co., Long Beach. Standing, left to right: V. W. VANDIVER, Seaboard Oil Co., and ALVIN ZWERNEMAN, Atlas Pipe, Inc., Houston, Texas.



W. C. KINDER, left, Emsco, and DICK SNEDDON, California Oil World, both of Los Angeles, Calif.

WALTER GREENFIELD, left, Signal Oil & Gas Co., Los Angeles; W. C. KINDER, center, Emsco, Los Angeles; and ALVIN ZWERNEMAN, Atlas Pipe, Inc., Houston, Texas.



A. E. COLLINS, left, and CHARLES A. YEATMAN, both with Shell Oil Co., Los Angeles.

RON O. SWAYZE, left, and PAUL J. WHITELEY, both with General Petroleum Corp., Los Angeles.

ROY M. FLY, left, and LES SMITH, both with Western Gulf Oil Co., Los Angeles.





Left to right: JOHN S. BELL, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Los Angeles; HENRY PAULSON, Norwalk Refining Co.; V. W. VANDIVER, Seaboard Oil Co.



Left to right: W. C. KINDER, Emsco; CHARLES KEEBLE, Union Pacific Railroad; C. H. TUTTLE, Standard Oil Co.; A. C. MARTIN, Richfield Oil Co., all of Los Angeles.



SAM A. BARCLAY, JR., left, and ED J. HAMNER, both with Humble Oil & Refining Co., Los Angeles.



ED J. HAMNER, left, Humble Oil & Refining Co.; JOHN S. BELL, center, Humble; and PAUL ANDREWS, Signal Oil & Gas Co., all of Los Angeles.



E. P. TROUT, left, Lufkin Foundry; FRED CURRIE, center, Copperweld Steel Co., Los Angeles; and W. F. LYTE, Douglas Oil Co.



MARTIN D'ERRICO, left, Lacy Oil Tool; W. G. COREY, center, Lacy Oil Tool; GLENN HENDERSON, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., all of Los Angeles.



Left to right: I. R. FUNK, Richfield Oil Co., Long Beach, Calif.; PAUL ANDREWS, Signal Oil & Gas Co., Los Angeles; H. E. WOODRUFF, The Texas Company, Los Angeles.

Left to right: JAMES C. EDDLEMAN, Amerada Oil Corp.; MARTIN NEWELL, Tide Water Associated Oil Co.; and ROY M. FLY, Western Gulf, all of Los Angeles.

Left to right: DON G. DAWKINS, General Petroleum Corp.; ROGER BRAMBLE, Lacy Oil Tool; HENRY PAULSON, Norwalk Refining Co.; OLLIE P. BRANYON, General Petroleum Corp., all of Los Angeles.





V. J. FAWCETT, left, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Los Angeles, and GORDON JACKSON, Drayer Hanson.



HARRY S. BRIGHAM, left, Western Gulf, and SAM A. BARCLAY, Humble Oil & Refining Co., both of Los Angeles.



ALVIN ZWERNEMAN, left, Atlas Pipe, Inc., Houston, and CHARLES N. BEYRLE, Standard Oil Co., La Habra.



Left to right: BOB PHELAN, BOB JORDA, and THERMAN MELBY, all with Shell Oil Co., Bakersfield, Calif.



WARREN C. JOHNSON, left, Standard Oil Co., La Habra, Calif., and ED W. MASTERS, Shell Oil Co., Los Angeles.



Left to right: D. A. LAMMERS, R. H. HOLTZ, and G. F. HOWELLS, Tide Water Associated Oil Co., Bakersfield, Calif.



WALTER GREENFIELD, Signal Oil & Gas Co., left; TOM H. WALLACE, Western Gulf Oil Co., center; and ED. W. MASTERS, Shell Oil Co., all of Los Angeles.



Left to right: CHARLES N. BEYRLE, Standard Oil Co., La Habra; W. H. COCHEMS, Standard Oil Co., La Habra; and ART F. WILSON, Standard Oil Co., Whittier, Calif.



HAROLD DAVIS, left, and OLLIE P. BRANYON, General Petroleum Corp., Los Angeles.

W. WESTERGARD, left, Hancock Oil Co., and JOHN AUGSBERGER, Kobe, Inc., both of Long Beach.



Left to right: HUGH B. BARTON, ED J. HAMNER, and SAM A. BARCLAY, all with Humble Oil & Refining Co., Los Angeles.



Left to right: E. M. BENSON, JR., W. K. KREIGER, and I. R. FUNK, all with Richfield Oil Co., Long Beach.





ried in a church; get my meals in a cafeteria, earn my livelihood on a job, live in a rooming house, spend my leisure hours in a night club; when I'm sick, I go to the hospital and when I die, I'll be buried from the undertaking parlor. All I need is a garage with a bedroom."

John and Mary had married under none too happy circumstances, and their married life was not as blissful as it might have been. But when, after they had been living together for 35 years, John went to a local judge and asked for an annulment, the whole town gasped.

A date for the hearing was set, and when the time came, the judge demanded to know the grounds on which John based his request.

"It's this way, your honor," answered John, "I just found out that Mary's father never had a license to carry a gun!"

The guy enclosed this note in a birthday gift to his gal: "You're a sweet girl. May the Lord bless you and keep you. I wish I could afford to."

As the elevator operator in the hospital closed the door, she called out, "What floor, please?"

A soft voice from the rear answered: "Ladies ready-to-bear, please."

The old man was more than a little irritated when he called his boys in and demanded to know who had pushed the privy into the river.

"I did, father," spoke up one lad. "Come out in the woodshed," the old man ordered. "I'm going to whale the tar out of you."

"George Washington's father did not punish him when he told the truth," pleaded the boy.

"Yes, I know," replied the old man, "but George Washington's father wasn't sitting in the cherry tree!"

He was a glib, persuasive talker and he turned to the girl with this plea: "Let's have a companionate marriage. We'll live together for a while and then, if we discover we've made mistakes, why then we can separate."

She smiled on him with the wisdom of the ages. "Sounds fine, but what'll we do with the mistakes?"

A hunter was standing beneath a tree in a dense forest one day when suddenly he saw a beautiful nude young woman race by.

By the time he had recovered his equilibrium, two men in white jackets came running by. Seeing the hunter, they stopped and asked: "Have you seen a nude woman running this way?"

"Why, yes, I did. She went in that direction, but would you mind telling me what's going on around here?" he answered.

"She's just escaped from a mental institution and we're trying to capture her," they answered and started to move on.

"But why is that man carrying that bucket of sand?" the hunter inquired.

"Oh, that's his handicap. He caught her last time," the doctor said as he ran off.

There was a Negro woman who was a defendant in a rape case being tried in District Court.

The District Attorney was questioning her and he asked, "You are a virtuous woman, aren't you?"

"Yah-suh," she answered.

"Now you know what virtuous means, don't you?" he questioned.

"'Deed I do, but I ain't no radical about it!"

The mother, in an affectionate mood, said to her son, aged five, "And whose little boy are you?"

The kid withered her with a scornful look. "Hell," he said, "don't tell me YOU don't know."

A chemical analysis of women:

Symbol: WO.

Accepted Atomic Weight: 120 pounds.

Physical Properties: Boils at nothing and freezes at any moment. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Occurrence: Wherever man exists.

Chemical Properties: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Uses: Highly ornamental and useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits, and an equalizer in the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income-reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

The teacher had told her pupils the day before to find out what their father's occupation was and how to spell it. She asked Jimmy if he had found out what his dad did for a living and if he could spell it.

"My daddy is a carpenter. C-a-r-p-e-n-t-e-r," he answered.

"And Johnny, what does your daddy do?"

"He's a sheet metal worker. S-h-i- . . ."

"Just a minute, Johnny. Now think carefully; how do you spell sheet metal worker?"

Johnny tried again, "S-h-i- . . ."

"We'll pass on to the next pupil, Johnny, and give you a chance to think about it," the teacher interrupted again.

She asked Mary what her daddy did, and Mary replied, "He's a gambler, and I bet you \$5 Johnny never spells sheet."

A real estate salesman who tried to sell a home to a newly-wed couple approached the bride describing the virtues of a home.

She replied: "Why do I need to buy a home or make a home? I was born in a hospital, reared in a boarding school, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and mar-



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