

THE *Luffkin* LINE

JULY-AUGUST • 1956





THE Lufkin LINE

JULY • AUGUST, 1956

Volume 31 • Number 4

MID-CONTINENT DIVISION ISSUE

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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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BEGGING bears are not content to wait for hand outs; they go looking and tourists always oblige

Nature AT HER Inspired Best

By THOMAS B. LESURE

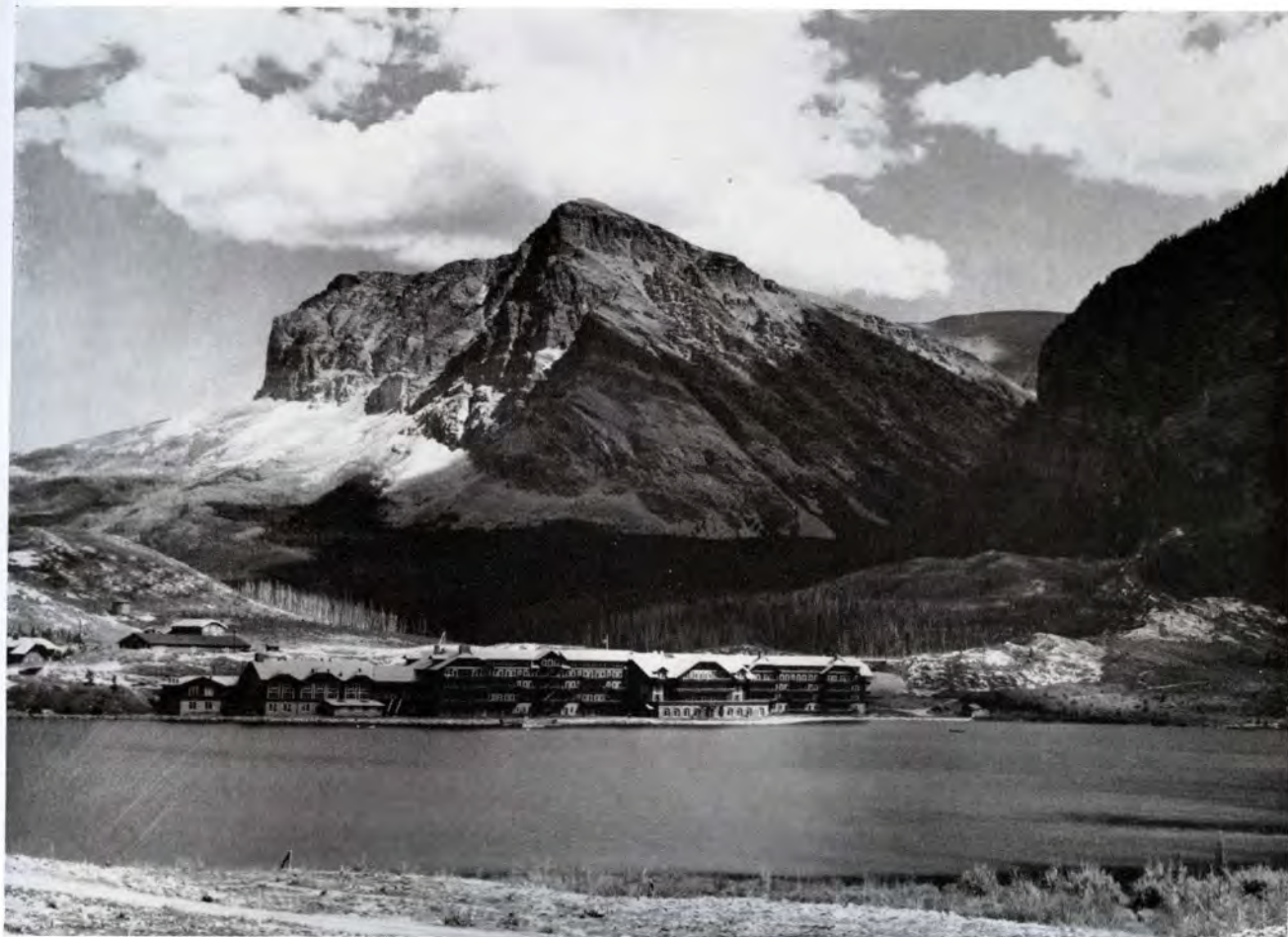
LAKE McDonald, among the largest of 200 lakes in the Park, reflects breathtaking beauty at all times



HIGH up in the northwestern part of Montana, and spilling over into Canada, rises one of America's most majestic vacationlands. It's Glacier National Park—more than a million acres of mountain forest lands, perpetual ice fields, snow-covered peaks, alpine lakes and spectacular drives and recreation.

Here Nature reigns at her inspired best, whether she's showing off one of her big black bears that shuffle up to your car as you drive along, or a cascade of glacier-fed waters dropping like a silvery plume through emerald woods. The bears, of course, are to be avoided unless you want to lose a finger or worse. But bears are only one of the many animals you can see at Glacier Park. In fact, animal life in this gorgeous mountain region is so abundant and varied that you can see every large important mammal native to the United States except the opossum and raccoon.

But let's emphasize the word "can." For usually, during the season from May 1 to October 15 when the Park is open, the larger animals skedaddle to less accessible areas. Elk head for the open ridges, moose stray toward the deep forests and mountain goats or sheep skip to the high cliffs and crests. So that means getting off the beaten tracks if you want to enjoy the diversity of wildlife this region offers.



MANY GLACIER Hotel, in a setting of natural splendor, is take-off point for foot and horseback trails

That's easy to do and it's one of the big magnets that draw thousands of visitors every summer. There are numerous chalets, cabins, and campgrounds scattered throughout the park and along its perimeters that can be made excellent bases of operation to fit just about any budget. Many of them provide horses and other equipment for extended pack trips, or shorter rides. Boats can be rented, too, if you want to go sailing or fishing.

And speaking of fishing, this is one section where you can keep your reel spinning and your creel full. Trout is the big catch, with eastern brook, cutthroat and rainbow most abundant. But—whether you prefer fly-casting or using spinners and grasshoppers—you can also hook onto mackinaw in lakes like St. Mary and Waterton, and grayling in Elizabeth Lake.

One of the most pleasant pastimes, and certainly the best way to enjoy intimate close-ups of the Park's wildlife and its more isolated areas, is hiking. More than 1,000 miles of trails penetrate

just about every portion of the Park. And though you can climb mountains and visit some of the more than 50 glaciers, not all the hiking is of such a rugged variety. There are lots of good, short nature trails where, among the lodgepole pine, Engelmann spruce and other trees, you can watch the antics of such rollicking birds as the water ouzel, the ptarmigan and osprey.

You can strike out on your own, carrying your equipment, making use of campsites along the trails. Or join the National Park Service rangers on one of their regular nature walks. Either way, though, it's wise to obtain a copy of the Park's topographic map that shows all trails, lakes, streams and mountains. It can keep you from getting lost and add enjoyment to your sightseeing.

If you'd rather go mountain-climbing under the horsepower of your car rather than under your own legpower, drive over one of the world's most spectacular highways. Indeed, this sky-roaring road—the Going-to-the-Sun Highway—is *the* heart of



THESE peaks are Garden Wall, towering above Going-to-the-Sun Highway in the Glacier Park

ONE of the most dramatic drives in the world is the Going-to-the-Sun Highway in the Glacier Park

Glacier National Park. And if you do nothing else in the area, you *must* make the drive; to by-pass it is to rob yourself of experiencing one of America's greatest travel thrills.

Zig-zagging for some 50 miles across the center of the Park from West Glacier east to St. Mary, it is the epitome of what makes Glacier Park great: a passing parade of dramatic peaks, wispy waterfalls, deep, clear lakes, pocket gorges and hanging valleys, frothy streams, strange rock formations and a multitude of kaleidoscopic wildflowers.

If you enter the Park at St. Mary on the eastern side, you see in vivid fashion how the mountains rise sharply from the rolling Montana prairies. It's as though a massive rock citadel guarded by shields of snow had been miraculously created to bar your way.

Within minutes, though, you have "breached" the citadel and, as you drive along the Going-to-the-Sun Highway, are within its "walls." First comes emerald-colored St. Mary Lake, backed by sharp, snow-streaked glacial horns cutting the clouds. Massive mountains like Triple Divide Peak (whose waters can flow to the Gulf of Mexico,





SUNNING on shore, boating on lake, or just looking are part of the restful atmosphere of Lake McDonald

Hudson Bay, or the Pacific Ocean) and 8,800-foot high Red Eagle Mountain rise on all sides and majestically frame the lake.

There are several fine parking turn-outs along the way to allow more leisurely viewing. One of the best is at Going-to-the-Sun Point, about 300 yards off the main road. Then, from there to the end of the Highway, it's a question of where to look first and for how long—so abundant and varied the the attractions.

One spot you'll want to see is 100 foot deep Sunrift Gorge, just off the road. Here, swift-tumbling Baring Creek, frothing like an angry dog, has been cutting the craggy gorge ever since the Ice Age. Then, a bit farther along, you'll see another arresting bit of water—Virginia Falls, bubbling out of the woods and over the cliffs of 9,552-foot high Little Chief Mountain.

Soon you begin to see some of the Park's glaciers clinging to the mountains like frosty mantles. Jackson Glacier, clearly seen from the road, is one of the largest in the area. Then, climbing more abruptly, you pass the flower filled amphitheater of Piegan Cirque and drive over Logan Pass astride the Continental Divide. The views from this highpoint are especially sweeping whether you're looking at peaks like Reynolds and Clement or the flower-bedecked Hanging Gardens.

Down from Logan Pass, you creep along the sheer Garden Wall, getting fly-like views of the Weeping Wall, Bird Woman Falls and glaciated McDonald Valley where McDonald Creek flows like a silver thread thousands of feet below you. This is one drive that literally and actually is breathtaking. In fact, you don't start breathing normally again until you've reached 10-mile long McDonald Lake—after passing such other treats as rare algal fossils, tunnel-framed Heaven Peak, Avalanche Creek and its short, self-guiding Trail of the Cedars nature walk, and a wildlife haunt of moose, muskrat, beaver and ducks.

This is the only road *through* Glacier National Park. There are, however, several other roads that probe into sections of it. If time allows, take the trips into Two Medicine Valley, Many Glacier or Cut Bank. Some of the going is rugged, but the primitive landscapes are worth it—to say nothing of enjoying uncrowded recreation. You might also like to visit the Waterton Lakes section across the Canadian border. With Glacier Park it forms the International Peace Park.

And "peace" is the word for this magnificent land. For it's full of restfulness, serenity and inspiration. It is, any way you look at it, a perfect antidote for getting away from the often hectic pace of modern life. Try it and you'll see.



Left to right: JOHN D. METTAUER, Lufkin representative, Oklahoma City, Okla.; W. GOOD and CHARLES BARNEY, both with Magnolia Petroleum Co., Duncan, Okla.; JACK MARSHALL, Continental Oil Co., Ardmore, Okla.; MILTON KRAMER, Lufkin Gear representative, Houston, Texas



Left to right: K. L. BROWN, Magnolia Petroleum Co., Ardmore, Okla.; C. RODELANDER and J. D. MOSES, both with Tennessee Gas Transmission Co., Duncan, Okla.; P. E. JARRETT, Samedan Oil Co., Ardmore, Okla.; V. M. STRATT, Phillips Petroleum Co., Ardmore



GEORGE SLENTZ, left, Gibbins & Slentz, Inc. Duncan, Oklahoma; AL SLAGLE, Phillips Petroleum Company, Wichita, Kansas



Left to right: OLIVER McKAY, Lufkin representative, Great Bend, Kansas; O. C. ATKINSON, Great Bend; G. W. NICHOLS, Lufkin representative, Great Bend; K. D. VAN HORN, Russell, Kansas; BILL DON, Great Bend; BOB CASSEL, Chase, Kansas; all with Cities Service Oil Company.



J. E. WELDEN, left, Pawhuska, Oklahoma and BILL WESTBROOK, Seminole, Oklahoma both with Sunray-Mid-Continent Oil Co.

ARNOLD HOLS
Shell Oil Company
Denver, Colorado

ALTON GOODRICH
Seaboard Oil Company
Sweetwater, Texas

GEORGE N. WILSON
Seaboard Oil Company
Midland, Texas

JAMES D. LYON
Shell Oil Company
Houston, Texas





shots

with the Lufkin Cameraman



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Carter Oil Company
Purcell, Oklahoma



ED CAPEHART
Magnolia Petroleum Company
El Dorado, Kansas



ED MORRIS
Rex and Morris Drilling Company
El Dorado, Kansas



HARLEY REAVIS
Humble Oil & Refining Company
Wichita Falls, Texas

ROGER WILSON, left, Davenport, Oklahoma;
JACK DOUGLASS, Great Bend, Kansas;
both with Magnolia Petroleum Company



Left to right: JACK SMITH, General American Oil Co., Wichita, Kansas;
LLOYD CLOTHIER, Franco Central Oil Co., Wichita, Kansas;
ART RHODES, General American Oil Co., Tulsa, Oklahoma;
P. C. MUSGROVE, Musgrove Petroleum Co., Wichita, Kansas

JOE T. ROBBINS, left, Crane Company, Wichita, Kansas, and
JOHN QUEEN, Continental Oil Company, Lyons, Kansas



Left to right: ED EIDSON, Shell Oil Co., Tulsa, Oklahoma;
OLIVER MCKAY, Lufkin representative, Great Bend, Kansas;
DICK MALLER, Shell Oil Co., Tulsa

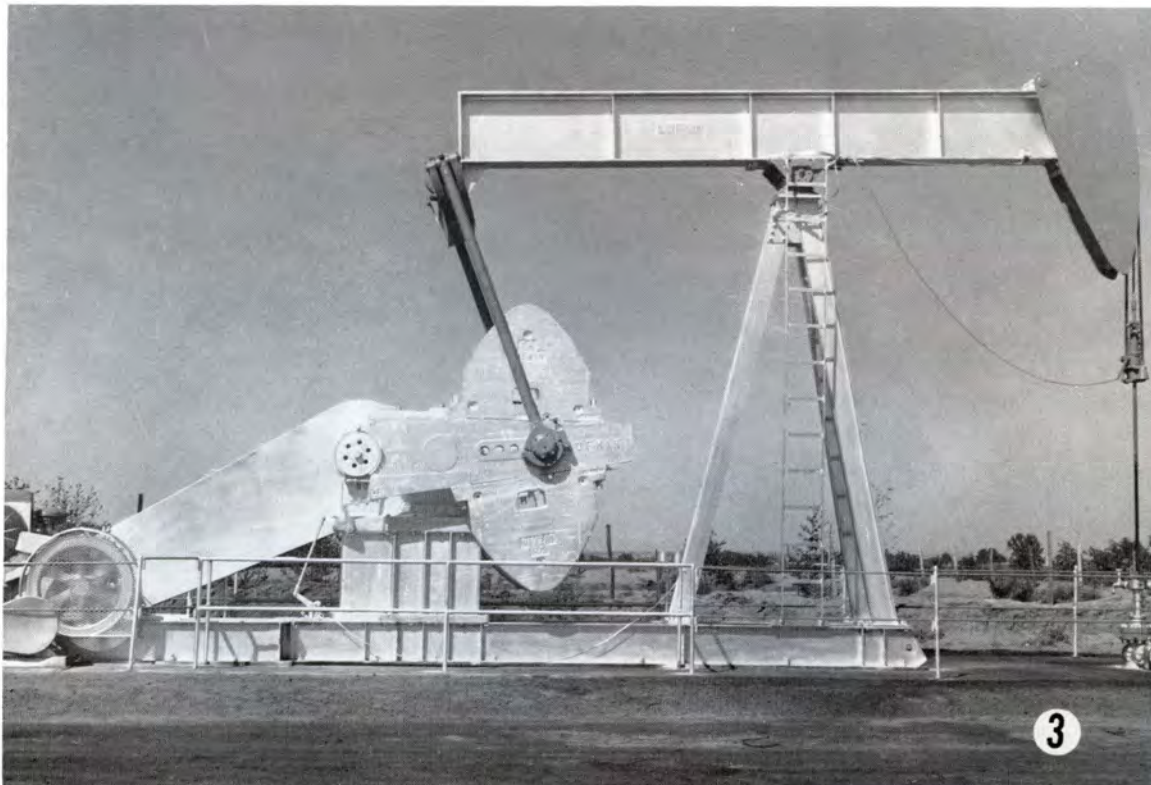
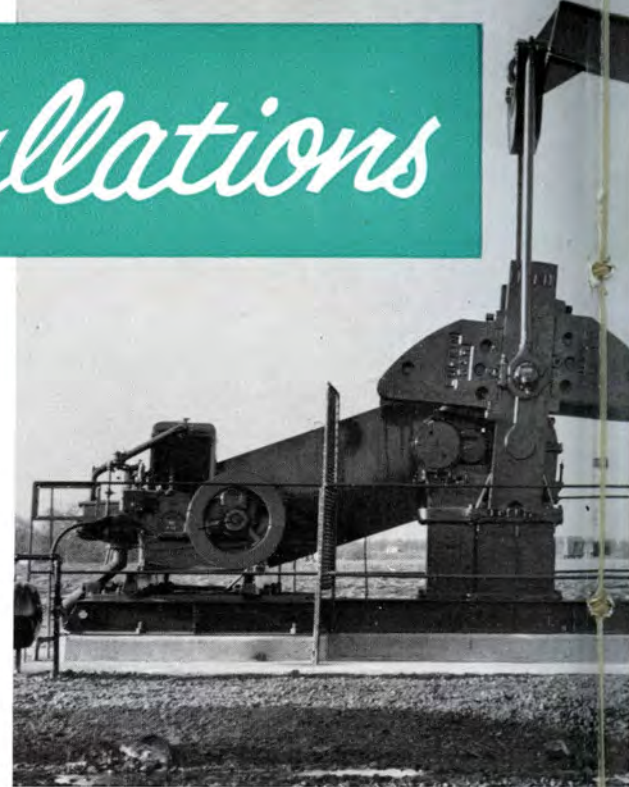


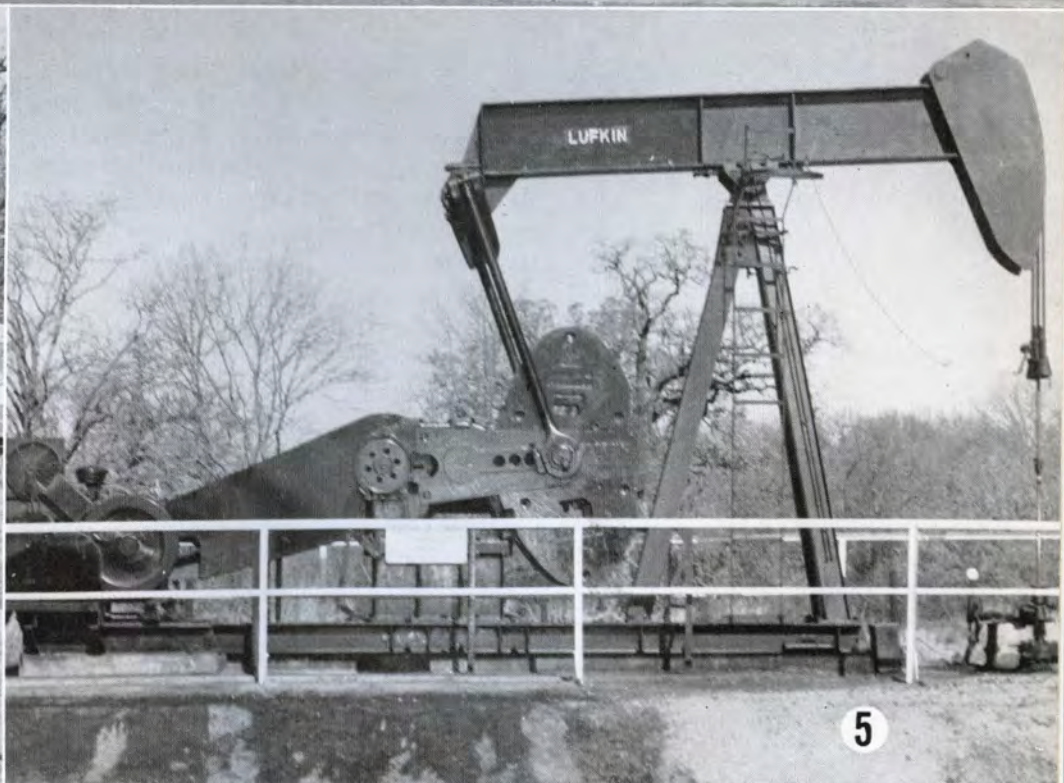
Left to right: H. D. SPIRES, Chickasha, Okla;
WENDELL HAUGH, Tulsa, Okla.;
RALPH TRUEBLOOD, San Francisco, Calif.;
all with Tide Water Oil Company

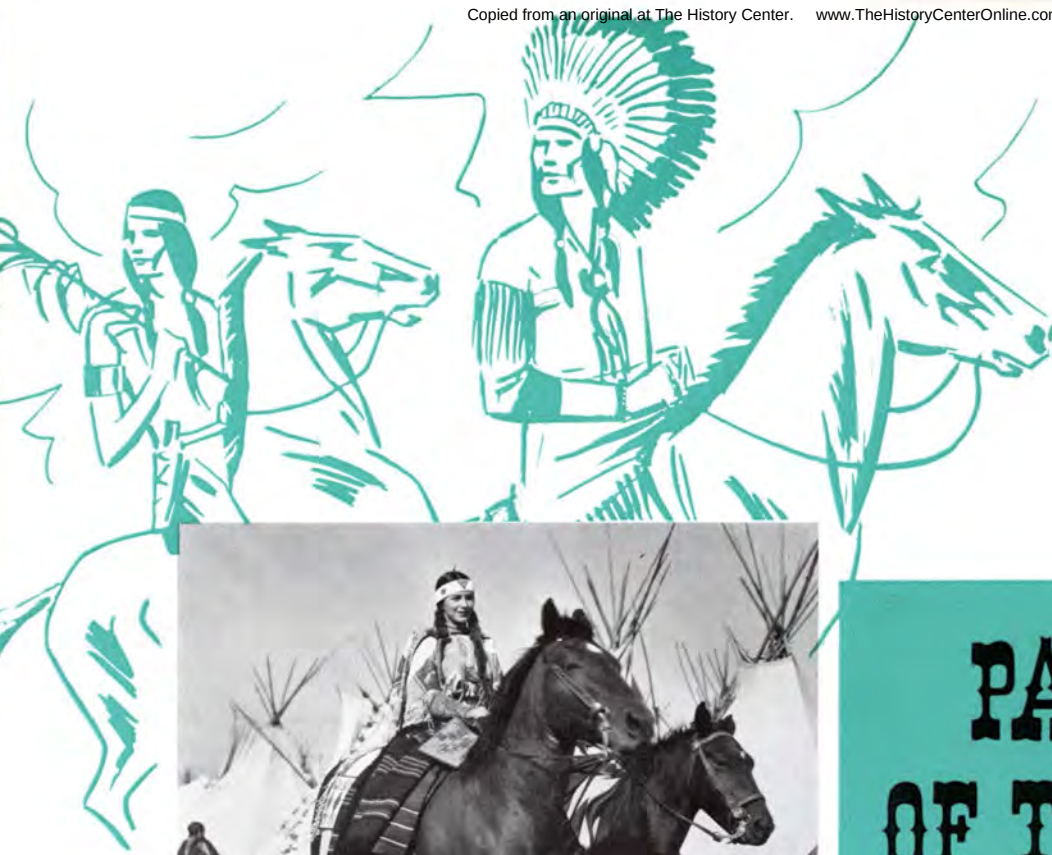


LUFKIN *Installations*

- 1** LUFKIN C-80DB-48-14 Unit, Continental Oil Company, near Fox, Oklahoma.
- 2** LUFKIN A-320D-86-27 Air Balance Unit, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Gladys Love #1, near Maysville, Oklahoma.
- 3** LUFKIN TC-OALR-41D Unit, with LUFKIN H-795 Gas Engine, Cities Service Oil Company, near Lindsay, Oklahoma.
- 4** LUFKIN B-10D-20-4 Unit, The Texas Company, near Healdton, Oklahoma.
- 5** LUFKIN C-160D-64-25 Unit, with LUFKIN H-333 Gas Engine, Seaboard Oil Company, near Lone Grove, Oklahoma.







PAGEANT OF THE WEST

LOVELY Indian maidens vie for beauty honors during the pageant.

By BOB ARRENDALE and DICK BELLEW

ROUND-UP time, in Pendleton, Oregon, means a rip-roaring frontier day celebration—the biggest, friendliest, and most exciting pow-wow of cowboys and Indians in all the West.

"Let 'er buck!" is the familiar cry that rings through the arena each September, as championship cowboys—and cowgirls—from the Rio Grande to the Canadian Border, come to compete for fame and cash at this great fall festival up along the Old Oregon Trail.

Over twenty-thousand dollars in purse money, aside from trophies and other awards, attract more than 150 of the nation's top professional performers, as well as a thousand amateurs, to the PENDLETON ROUND-UP, Blue Mountain Mecca of the Buckin' Bronc, the World Series of Rodeo-dom.

The competition lasts for three gruelling days and one final tempestuous night, and features all the major rodeo events. Numerous other competitions and races cram each day's program with thrills and merriment.

A spectacular accompanying attraction of this

Round-Up is the unique and magnificent Indian pageant, HAPPY CANYON, a night show which lends stirring beauty and great spontaneous fun to this most superb of Western Spectacles.

The Indians, in all their colorful regalia, are one of the highlights of the Round-Up. They come from every tribe in the vast Pacific Northwest—the Umatilla, Bannock, and Yakima, to name a few—and with them, they bring authentic Indian arts, songs, and tribal dances. All ages participate—from the venerable oldsters to the tiniest papoose.

During the Round-Up, the Indians are encamped in the manner and ceremonial costume of their ancestors on the Round-Up grounds, and many of Pendleton's most loyal supporters come year after year just to watch the Indians in arena processions, and in many other parades and events around the town.

The American Beauty Contest, only one of its kind, is open to maidens from these tribes, and on four occasions, an Indian girl has been selected to reign as Queen of the Round-Up.





"LET-er-buck" is the familiar cry ringing through the arena each year as the Round-Up gets underway



INDIANS in full dress give the Pendleton Round-Up a real western atmosphere found in few places today

At night, the wild, wide-open embryo gambling town of HAPPY CANYON is the scene of the Indian pageantry, depicting the days of the redman and the coming of the whites in classic drama. Visitors play faro, chuck-a-luck, and roulette with Happy Canyon Dollars, dance, and find no end of fun.

From early morning to the wee dark hours, Pendleton's Main Street is alive with activity. The Main Street Cowboys, an organization of local businessmen, make it a full-time job to provide entertainment free of charge to Round-Up guests. Street shows, dances, and various exhibits around town are arranged by them. Their unrehearsed buffoonery creates a constant whirl of fun, and their many courtesies to visitors is in the best tradition of Western hospitality.

The Round-Up is not a commercial show, but a great community enterprise, a proud civic activity of more than forty years for the people of Pendleton.

From the time a show goes on the planning boards (The Round-Up Association is at work from April until November) until the last event of that show is staged, more than 2000 local citizens work on it.

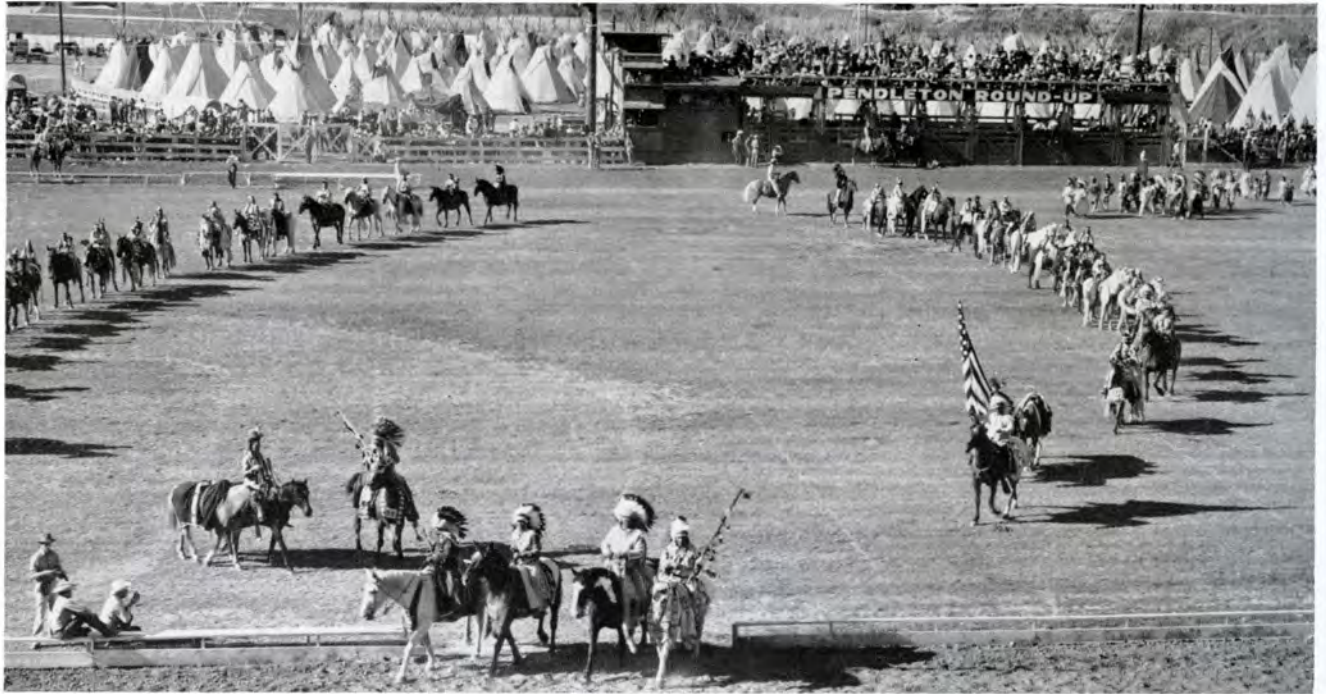
Amateur events—of a very high standard—allow thousands to participate, either as active contest-

ants, or as part of a sponsoring group or club. On the race track you see as many spills and hair-raising contests as in the rodeo arena—Chuck-wagon, chariot, relay, squaw, riding-club, etc.—and this competition, for the glory of organizations these amateurs represent, is something the Round-Up visitor talks about for days after the show.

Selection of a Queen of the Round-Up is a wholesome departure in qualifying young beauty. In the first place, the Queen must be able to ride, as must her consorts, four princesses. Happily, these girls have other admirable attributes aside from their riding skill; all are good to look upon and are typical examples of the best in American girlhood today.

Last year's Queen was a 19-year-old office secretary, who, besides riding horses, also rode wild cows, did calf-roping, and won in cow-milking events. In the pageant of HAPPY CANYON she played the role of a white captive, having to be able to dive and swim for this part. She had previously ridden in the mounted quadrille, and had taken part in Evolution of Equestrienne Dress, part of a Round-Up parade. As a high school girl she cooked for her father and two hired men, and in summers, was a truck driver in pea harvest. She was also very pretty.

There are trails and practices, and friendly get-



WHOLE villages of Indians, in all their color and tradition, enter the Round-Up arena during each show

THE crowd always roars as rider and steer come out of the chute. Bull riding is a most popular event



together for two weeks before the Round-Up actually gets underway. All the final preparations are being put into effect, and the festive atmosphere around Pendleton mounts from day to day. Early visitors have plenty to do and see.

Riding, fishing, cowboy breakfasts in the great outdoors, dancing, and many preliminary events precede the big show, and accommodations are all the best.

The grande finale of this great Western drama comes on the final morning, after the Rodeo finals. The WESTWARD HO! parade, reviewing the winning of the West in an authentic exposition of the primitive travois—replete with scouts, explorers, the intrepid pioneers, and savage Indians—is an encore of thousands from the stages of the show.

Pendleton is a thriving city of 12,000 in the healthy Blue Mountain region of northeastern Oregon, just 30 miles south from Walla Walla, Washington. It is reached by U. S. Highway 30, coming in from the southeast, and by U. S. 395 south to California.

Visitors to the Round-Up (September 12-15, incl., in 1956) will find accommodations good, and at reasonable rates. By writing to The Round-Up Association, reserved seating arrangements can be made for the forty-fourth annual presentation of this great show, when the spirit of the Old West truly lives again.



The BILL CORDER Story

BILL Corder, a personable young man, has made WHC Company a successful contract carrier in 5 years

MOST young men think a long time before going into business for themselves these days—and many decide not to do it.

But William H. Corder of San Antonio answered his long-time ambition in the affirmative a little more than four years ago. It was in March, 1952, that Corder organized and began operating the WHC Company, a contract carrier. His first contract haul was for the W. S. Dickey Clay Manufacturing Company of Saspamco, Texas.

The WHC Company began operating with eight new tandem LUFKIN BF floats and five tractors. The trailers operated on a shuttle basis, four rolling and four loading. In its fifth year now, the company has increased its 100 percent LUFKIN equipment to twelve tandem floats and three tandem floats and three tandem vans.

Normal daily hauls for this equipment average 500 miles, with 30 some miles of this being construction and new subdivision areas. "This type of hauling involves some pretty tough going on our trailers," Mr. Corder adds.

Part of their operational success is attributed to the remarkably low maintenance cost on their trailers. They proudly point out that their trailers have never developed a structural failure, have never had a wheel bearing replaced, nor had a tandem unit rebushed in some quarter of a million miles on their original eight units.

"With payloads averaging from 33,000 to 36,000 pounds per load, these floats still look and perform like new units even down to the original floors," Jack Hoover, assistant to Mr. Corder, added.

Of course this company, through its mechanics and ten capable drivers, exercises careful preventative maintenance.

Bill Corder is well known in trucking circles. At the close of the war, during which he served aboard the U. S. S. Gen. William Mitchell in the Coast Guard, Bill began his trucking career work-

ing for several common carriers in many capacities. At the time he decided to go into business for himself, he was General Manager of Alamo Motor Lines.

Bill, his wife Mary, and two children, John and Merry Lynn, are active members of Aldersgate Methodist Church. He is Vice President of the Highland Park Lions Club and is a member of the Masonic Lodge. He also finds time to do much civic work for the betterment of San Antonio.

LUFKIN TRAILERS is proud indeed to list Bill Corder and the WHC Company among its customers.



THE parking and storage lot is a neatly arranged place that is a credit to the surrounding areas

THIS is the office of WHC Company, a contract carrier that operates Lufkin equipment exclusively



more SNAPSHOTS



Left to right: CHARLES DYER, Lufkin representative, Oklahoma City; JACK DENNY, Phillips Petroleum Co., Ardmore, Okla.; COOPER RICHARDS, assistant sales manager, Lufkin, Tex.



J. E. PIERCE, left, and J. A. BUTTS, JR., both with Tide Water Oil Company Kilgore, Texas



PAUL SHIVEL, left, Petroleum, Inc. Great Bend, Kansas; LLOYD PICKRELL, Pickrell Drilling Company, Wichita, Kansas



J. K. CALDWELL, Sun Oil Company Goliad, Texas



A. P. CORTRIGHT, Continental Oil Company Ponca City, Okla.



BILL BARFIELD, left, S. M. Jones Company Great Bend, Kansas, and COXEY EVANS, Cities Service Oil Co., Oilhill, Kansas



BILL LANE, left, and D. W. SMITH, Sohio Oil Company Russell, Kansas





Left to right: Z. Z. HUNTER, Phillips Petroleum Company; GENE FUNK, Cities Service Oil Company; JIM HATFIELD, Cities Service Oil Company; all of Bartlesville, Oklahoma



Left to right: P. G. ANDERSON, JR., JOHNNY MURPHY, J. W. JEAN, all with Lion Oil Company, Snyder, Texas



Left to right: NUFF DeBROCK, Shell Oil Co.; DALE ROBINSON, Atlantic Refining Co.; JAKE ROSS, Shell Oil Co.; BILL OSBURN, Atlantic Refining Co.; all of Great Bend, Kansas



Left to right: RAY SPONGBERG, Russell, Kansas; ED HARRY, Oklahoma City; GENE YOUNG, Oklahoma City; BILL LANE, Russell, Kansas; JOHN ATWOOD, Pauls Valley, Oklahoma; all with Sohio Oil Company

H. C. BURCHARD of the Mechanical Engineering Department of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, brought the Junior Mechanical Engineering Students to Lufkin for a tour through the manufacturing plant of L. F. & M. Co.



Left to right: ELMER W. STARTZ and JIM HUTCHINSON of Madison, Kansas; SAM MATTHEWS of Oklahoma City; all with Cities Service Oil Company



Left to right: CARL HEFNER, Oklahoma City; JAMES CORNES, Wichita Falls, Texas; SAM MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City; Bill HOLLAND, Lindsay, Okla.; GEORGE CLINTON, Oklahoma City; all with Cities Service Oil Company.



H. D. JOHNSON
Continental Oil Company
Ponca City, Okla.



D. B. RINGENA
Magnolia Petroleum Company
Dallas, Texas





SNAPSHOTS *continued*



SENIOR Petroleum Engineering Students from the University of Texas visited the home office and manufacturing plant of Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co. recently. DR. H. H. TOWER is head of the Petroleum Engineering Department at the University.



JACK SMITH
General American Oil Company
Wichita, Kansas



FRANK JONES
Cities Service Oil Company
Great Bend, Kansas



G. W. NICHOLS, left, Lufkin representative, Great Bend, Kansas; M. K. BARNARD, Gulf Oil Company



D. W. SIMS
Continental Oil Company
Ponca City, Oklahoma



W. N. LEE
Continental Oil Company
Ponca City, Oklahoma



H. D. CHRISTNER, left, Continental Oil Company, Oklahoma City; DON TAYLOR, JR., Otis Pressure Control, Dallas, Texas



Left to right: JOHN H. ATWOOD, Paul's Valley, Okla.; JOHN E. BUCKLEY and E. B. HARRY, both of Oklahoma City; all with Sohio Petroleum Company



Fred's car had broken down, and he wandered into a lonely farmhouse down the road and asked if he could spend the night. The old couple agreed, but said he'd have to sleep with the baby. Fred, envisioning wet diapers and squalls at two in the morning, managed to get permission to sleep up in the hayloft instead.

When morning came, Fred was awakened by a beautiful young woman. He couldn't believe his eyes; he'd never seen anything so lovely in his life. "Who are you?" he stammered.

"I'm Baby," she answered, "Who are you?"

"Me?" he said bitterly, "I'm the jackass who spent the night in the barn!"

He had the toughest job in the world. He sold sleeping pills at Niagara Falls.

Know what the two old maids did when they got on a drunk?

They killed him.

It was painfully evident to the indignant father that all was not well with his attractive daughter. To his pointed questions, she tearfully admitted that motherhood was approaching and that the wealthy bachelor in the next block was responsible.

With fire in his eyes, the father charged down the street and rang the bachelor's bell. The young man answered the door and readily admitted his guilt.

"Just what do you intend doing about it?" demanded the irate father.

The bachelor thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "if it's a girl, I'll give your daughter \$5,000. And if it's a boy, I'll give her \$10,000."

"See here," propositioned the father, "if it's a miscarriage, will you give my daughter another chance?"

They are saying that these miraculous new hearing aids may be instrumental in lowering the birth rate. They bolster this fantastic assumption by the following case history:

John and Susan X had produced a bouncing baby every single year of their married life until quite recently when Susan, who is hard of hearing, acquired the aforementioned hearing aid.

As Susan explains it: "Every night when we retire, John always turns to me and asks, 'Well, shall we go to sleep or what?' And before I got my hearing aid, I always answered, 'What?'"

It seems that two middle-aged women rented a summer cottage sight unseen. When they arrived, they found it so isolated they were terrified. After a few frightened nights, they paid the old man, who did odd jobs, to sleep in a shed near their door every night. The next summer they took the place again and went to look up the old man. At his cottage they found a sign posted: "Wood supplied, odd jobs done, narvus wimmen slept with."

A woman needs two good lines. One a man can listen to and one he can look at.

Rich Young Oil Man: "My gal has such crazy habits that I'm turning in my car and buying an outboard cruiser."

Friend: "You mean she likes boats and hates cars?"

Oil Man: "No. She likes walking and can't swim!"

Judge: "How did the trouble start?"

Young Man: "Well, your Honor, she asked me to play around with her and I didn't know she was a golfer."

"Don't you dare park or you'll have your hands full," she warned.

"That's just what I am expecting," he admitted.

Susie: "Has your boy friend ever spoken about marriage?"

Tootsie: "Well, indirectly."

"Indirectly, how's that?"

"Once he said he had never smoked a pipe because he never could try one before he bought it."

Most girls are looking for a guy that is tall, dark and has some.

"I'm sorry I slapped you," she said, "I thought you were trying to get my sorority pin."

The pretty young lady come to her doctor for an examination. Her source of distress was fairly obvious to him—she was THAT way again.

"Three children," said the doctor.

"One each year for the past three years, and now a fourth on the way. Your husband must love you very much."

"Oh, I'm not married," she said innocently.

"Then why don't you get married?"

"Because the guy doesn't appeal to me," she explained.

An old maid in Florida has a little place that's never had a palm on it.

She was as pure as the driven snow—then she drifted.

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker . . .

And then there was the engineer who called his girl "Carbon" because her resistance went down when she got warmed up.

Steno Lou: "I posed in my bikini for Harry at his apartment last night."

Steno Sue: "But you're not a model."

Steno Lou: "That makes it even, Susie. He's not an artist, either."

*You guess
... we can't!*



10 YEARS AGO THIS FAMILIAR SILHOUETTE ON THE
OIL FIELD HORIZON WAS EASILY DISTINGUISHED AS A

LUFKIN

TODAY . . . MUCH CLOSER SCRUTINY IS NECESSARY TO
IDENTIFY THE MANUFACTURER OF THIS PUMPING UNIT

DO NOT BE MISLED BY APPEARANCE



"Look beneath the surface; let not the
several quality of a thing nor its worth
escape thee"..... *Marcus Aurelius*

Lufkin

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LUFKIN, TEXAS**

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