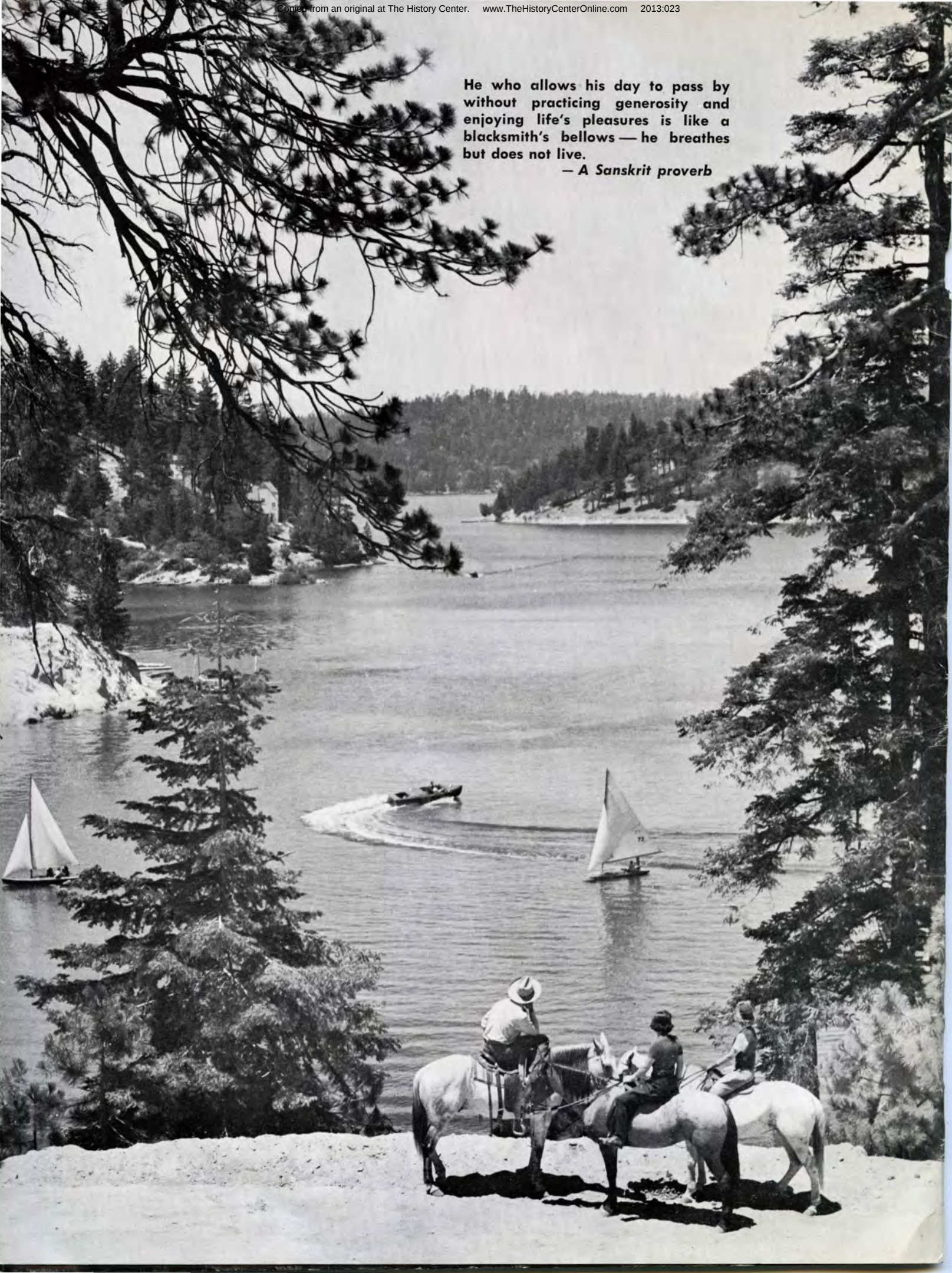




THE *Luffkin* LINE
JULY-AUGUST • 1957

He who allows his day to pass by
without practicing generosity and
enjoying life's pleasures is like a
blacksmith's bellows — he breathes
but does not live.

— A Sanskrit proverb



THE Lufkin LINE

JULY • AUGUST, 1957
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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

DALLAS DIVISION ISSUE

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Cover: Western Queens; Skinner & Kennedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains

—Photo from All-Year Club of Southern California

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THE Rio Grande emerges from the 18-mile long Santa Elena Canyon. The perpendicular canyon walls rise almost 2,000 feet above the river

Big Bend ... Texas'

By H. N. FERGUSON

TUCKED away in one corner of Brewster county in southwest Texas is Big Bend National Park, the sixth largest of the 28 national parks and the newest member of the family. This 700,000-acre wonderland, slashed by great gorges, pierced by high mountain peaks, and held together by broad mesas, is approximately the size of Rhode Island. Snuggled in the great bend of the Rio Grande river, it is in a more nearly primeval state than any area of similar size, perhaps, in the entire country.

It is a wild, forbidding land through which the Comanches and Apaches used to travel on their way to raid Mexican settlements. Cattle rustlers, smugglers, fugitives from justice, early Spanish explorers and modern treasure seekers have probed its ancient secrets.

Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay, spoke eloquently of this scrambled region on November 21, 1955, when he dedicated the park: "The Big Bend country has a record of violence dating back

hundreds of millions of years," he said. "These very mountains are products of the time when the earth twisted in an agony of upheaval and volcanic explosions . . . in the caves can be found traces of an Indian civilization that thrived before Christ was born."

The marvelously carved straight walls of the color-flaming canyons in the Big Bend country really had their beginning back in the shadowy past before time began—back when the sea that covered the central section of western America was drying up. The Rocky Mountains started their slow rise toward the sky and a thin trickle of water emerged from the ancient ocean of mud. For millions of years this slender stream, that would one day be known as the Rio Grande, flowed toward the sea. It

worked unhurriedly at its task of cutting chasms 2,000 feet deep through this area. Today Boquillas, Mariscal and Santa Elena canyons offer some of the most superb scenery in the United States.

This is a vast, strange and silent land. As one native caustically remarked: "It's a country that promises more and gives less than any place I ever saw. There's nothing in these mountains that don't have claws or thorns or a sting to it."

It's true. The creamy white blooms of the flowering sotol and the gorgeous coloring of the blossoming lechuguilla are eye-catching in their beauty. But the precipitous slopes and wide mesas are also clothed with masses of prickly pear and cacti that seem to take a sadistic delight in stabbing the unwary tenderfoot. However, it is not the brilliant coloring of their springtime dress but, rather, a murder mystery that gave the mountains their name.

When the encroaching white settlers moved into the area they drove the Indians into Mexico. Baja del Sol, the Apache chief, finally grew homesick for his homeland. Selecting a few trusted warriors to go with him, he returned to his hunting ground among the solitary peaks. Then, for some unaccountable reason, Baja del Sol's people killed him. Not long after, his murderers began to hear the chief's foot-

Country Last Frontier

steps treading through the lonely hills. Sometimes on a moonlight night his ghostly figure could be seen stalking restlessly along the high trails. And so this rugged land became known as the Chisos, or Phantom Mountains.

Hot Springs, down in the southeast corner of the park, has been a mecca for suffering humanity for hundreds of years. Long before the white man came to this country, the Indians knew of the curative powers of the springs. They had chiseled a giant bathtub out of solid rock and determined that a schedule of 21 baths could heal practically anything.

My first visit to this region began on a day in early May. The hot dry breath of the desert seemed fiery enough to singe the paint off the car as my wife



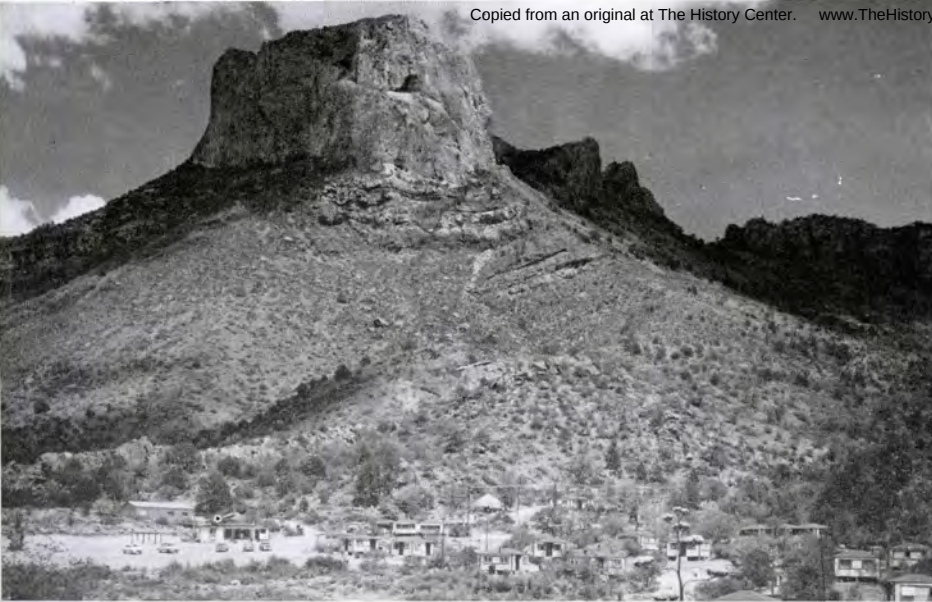
FROM a point overlooking the Rio Grande, tourists can see the quaint village of Boquillas, Mexico

and I drove into Marathon on U. S. Highway 90. After a refreshing lunch in the cool hotel dining room, we headed south on State Route 227 toward the park, 80 miles distant. The first part of the journey was through monotonous flat country, dotted with rocks, patches of greasewood, mesquite and cactus.

This was the Old Comanche Trail that the Indians formerly used on their marauding expeditions into Mexico. A third of the way down from Marathon, I suddenly realized we were in mountain country even though the high places were still a long way off. At nearly the halfway mark, we passed through the Santiago Range at Persimmon Gap. Just ahead was the park gate. And in the distance were the

MANY scenic vistas of Big Bend National Park are accessible only by trail, such as Juniper Flat





CASA Grande towers 2,000 feet above the attractive and comfortable overnight cottages in the Chisos Mountains

RIGHT: From Lofty South Rim, 7500 feet high, a magnificent panorama of the Rio Grande Valley unfolds



IN the Chisos Mountains, accommodations include cottages of adobe, tile and flagstone construction

Chisos Mountains, floating gently across a shimmering sky.

Then, suddenly, the peaks began to close in around us. The car moved slower and slower. I shifted to second, then to first. Water barrels, located at strategic places along the roadside, didn't add to my peace of mind. Coming around a sweeping curve we ran smack into a hairpin turn. Beyond this the road seemed to go straight up. As I ventured a quick look, my motor spluttered and died. Yet when I stepped on the starter the engine responded immediately and we scooted up the steep incline like a jackrabbit. In no time, we were over the rim and coasting down the other side to the park basin and camp.

Fused into the landscape of a wooded plateau



just beyond the office area was a group of picturesque stone cottages roofed with red tile. One of these was to be our home during our stay. The view from any one of the cottages is magnificent, and no one need miss the pets that were left at home. The first morning there I stepped out on the veranda and found myself face to face with four white-tail deer apparently lined up for inspection.

Excellent hiking and riding trails radiate out in all directions. One of the most popular of these leads from the cabin area up to Lost Mine Peak. There has probably never been a hiker on this trail who didn't secretly hope that he might be fortunate enough to stumble onto the Lost mine. It has been sought after for the past 150 years.

The mine was discovered in the early part of the nineteenth century by a Spanish prospector. Taking some ore samples with him, he went down to Chihuahua where he persuaded the governor to lend



him some prisoners to work the mine. The governor obligingly sent along a troop of soldiers to keep an eye on the convicts and, presumably, to protect his interests.

Before leaving for Chihuahua the prospector had stopped at the San Vicente Mission across the Rio Grande. It was seven o'clock in the morning when he looked through a window in the Mission and saw the sun shining directly into the opening of the mine high up on the peak. This would be his guiding mark to find the mine again upon his return.

When the prospector and his retinue arrived at the Mission on their return trip he set up his alidade to mark the angle to the mine and made an unnerving discovery. The sun wasn't hitting the peak anymore.

"It's simple," explained the padre who was watching him. "The sun never rises twice in the same place during the year."

The Spaniard and the soldiers conducted a long painstaking search but they never found the mine again.

The Big Bend country is the last frontier in the great Southwest—a wild and lonely wilderness much of which is yet unexplored. It is a fascinating land of legends, has long been the refuge for notorious gunmen and bandit gangs, and has been the site of blistering wars between Texas cattlemen and vaqueros from the ranches of Mexican cattle barons. It is one of the outstanding geological laboratories of the world. Its scenery is without parallel.

Secretary McKay must have had some of this in mind when he said: "No finer gift is within the reach of any government, or any mortal, than the preservation for all time of a vast wilderness area so that the generations of today, and the generations yet unborn, can view a portion of their native land in its untrammelled natural beauty."

—All Photos by National Park Concessions, Inc.



ROUTE 66 begins in the Windy City of Chicago, Illinois. The city skyline can be admired from Grant Park



ROUTE 66

*Main Street,
U.S.A.*

By THOMAS B. LESURE

THE Main Street of America"—U. S. Route 66—not only is one of the nation's principal east-west highways, but more important, from the tourist's point of view, it also is a significant gateway to vacation variety. For motorists who drive along its great arc that swings for 2,225 miles westward from Chicago to Santa Monica, California, reap one of the country's greatest travel bonanzas.

Either directly on U. S. 66 or via short side trips from it, are thriving metropolises, ancient cliff dwellings, intriguing Indian villages, drowsy cow towns and old missions, rippling seas of wheat, sprawling cattle ranches and vast forests of oil derricks, deep-wooded mountains, awesome canyons, extinct volcanoes, strange caverns, sun-blanchd

deserts and petrified forests—plus a wealth of historic sites, scenic drives and unsurpassed recreation.

From its eastern terminus at Chicago, U. S. 66 dips southwestward through rich farming and coal producing country to Springfield, capital city of the Prairie State and vibrant with the lore of Abe Lincoln. The Great Emancipator's home, bought by Lincoln 110 years ago, is worth a visit—as is the impressive Lincoln Tomb and Monument. You'll find history coming to life, too, at the Old Capitol where Lincoln made his famous "house divided against itself" speech and at the city's good museums. And for a bit of recreation or floral displays, try Lake Springfield and its Park.

A little more than 100 miles farther along U. S.



NATION'S largest inland excursion steamer, S. S. Admiral makes daily cruises down the Mississippi
—St. Louis Chamber of Commerce Photo



INDIANS like for tourists to stop and admire their handcraft, hoping they will buy before leaving
—Phoenix Chamber of Commerce Photo

66 is St. Louis, rampant with 18th Century history, modern industrialism and lovely parks. You'll want to see its exquisite gardens like the Jewel Box, historic buildings such as the Old Courthouse where the noted Dred Scot case was held, and some of the museums with relics from Louisiana Purchase days to Lindburgh's Atlantic flight. And, if you wish, you can take a boat ride on "Old Man River," the Mississippi.

Pleasant farming country encompasses the highway as you leave St. Louis and drive through the Meramec River Valley. But soon the fields turn to heavily wooded hills and you're in the recreation wonderland of the Ozark Mountains where you can enjoy a carefree lake and mountain holiday. If you'd like to dip your toes in freshening waters or cast a line for fighting fish, leave the main highway at Springfield, Missouri, and head for the resorts at Lake of the Ozarks, Lake Taneycomo and Norfolk or the Shepherd of the Hills country. Or stay on the main route and try your luck in the spring-fed streams near Joplin.

A few miles past Joplin, U. S. 66 nips the extreme southeastern corner of Kansas, then swings into Oklahoma via the lead mining sections around Miami. A little more than an hour later, you're in Claremore, known for its mineral wells, lake recreation and the birthplace of Will Rogers. Take time, as you drive through, to make the two mile round trip to the Will Rogers Memorial where the famed humorist is buried in a beautiful garden.

Oklahoma, of course, means oil and you'll see plenty of oil fields and derricks as you drive through Tulsa, the "Oil Capital of the World" and Oklahoma City where the derricks stand even on the state's capitol grounds. Oklahoma means agriculture, too, and you'll see seemingly endless miles of flat farmlands and cattle prairies as you drive along U. S. 66 toward Amarillo, Texas.

Amarillo's economy is both oil and cattle, but for something scenic, drive 30 miles southeastward to Palo Duro Canyon, full of strange and flaming formations and old Indian homes.

West of Amarillo, the prairies give way to the sweeping deserts of New Mexico, marked by low-slung mesas and infinite horizons. Then—Albuquerque, bursting its seams as New Mexico's largest city and almost visibly burgeoning across its broad valley. Here, by making short side trips from the main highway, you can take scenic drives along the Sandia mountain crest, explore ancient Indian settlements like the Coronado State Monument or modern pueblos like Isleta, see a bit of Old Spain in the city's venerable Plaza, or indulge in recreation ranging from fishing to tennis.

Heading westward from Albuquerque, you enter real Indian country. At Laguna, the highway all but knocks down Indian homes. Five miles farther along, State Route 23 runs southward for 14 miles through rolling deserts and past the Enchanted Mesa





ATOP a rocky mesa 350 feet above New Mexico plains a semi-deserted Indian Pueblo attracts tourists
—New Mexico Tourist Bureau Photo



PETRIFIED Forest National Monument is one of the most popular areas with tourists on Route 66



A FEW miles off U. S. 66 near Gallup, New Mexico, tourists see camping grounds of famed Kit Carson
—New Mexico Tourist Bureau Photo

to the "Sky City" of Acoma, an old Indian pueblo atop a 350-foot mesa whose uniqueness more than pays back the time involved to visit it. And all along the route, Indian women squat in rude ramadas fronted by displays of pottery.

There's plenty of variety of landscapes, too, as you drive westward from Laguna. At Grants, vast beds of twisted, blackened lava flows line the road. Near Gallup, a trading center for Zune and Navajo Indians and home of the Inter-Tribal Ceremonials staged each August, vivid red cliffs that hide Kit Carson's Cave stretch for miles along the highway. Just over the New Mexico-Arizona state line is the panchromatic Painted Desert, complimented by the even more fantastic region of the Petrified Forest National Monument. And a few miles past Winslow is Meteor Crater, a huge "breakfast" bowl gouged out by a meteor that came to dinner some 50,000 years ago.

Ahead—past forests of pinon pine and juniper, rose-tinted Sunset Crater and the cliff dwellings of Walnut Canyon—lies Flagstaff, at the foot of the sky-high San Francisco Peaks. Here, where Indians, cowhands, lumbermen and sportsmen gather amid frontier-like scenes, you can see the observatory that discovered Pluto, trace Southwestern history back more than 800 years, fish in fine lakes and trout streams, stock up on authentic Indian handicraft,



HIGHEST points in Arizona, the San Francisco Peaks are snow-covered about seven months a year
—Phoenix Chamber of Commerce Photo



or take scenic drives to places like Oak Creek Canyon whose flaming red rock walls and winsome scenes are the epitome of the best in Western movie locales.

Thirty-two miles west of Flagstaff is Williams, gateway to the Grand Canyon, about an hour's drive to the north. From here, U. S. 66 loops southward to Kingman and Needles, California—either of which is a good taking off point for a trip to giant Hoover Dam and sprawling Lake Mead, home of big bass, fine boating and other water sports.

Then, after another stretch of sagebrush and cactus dotted desert, you'll pull into Barstow, a center for drives to scenic Odessa Canyon, the ghost town of Calico, and fossil and lava beds.

West of Barstow, you'll follow the Mojave River, cruise over 4,300-foot Cajon Pass and swing into citrus-groved San Bernardino, gateway for the scenic Rim of the World Drive, Big Bear Lake, Lake Arrowhead and other mountain-lake resorts and recreation regions.

On the long last lap of U. S. 66, before it runs out at the Pacific Ocean, you'll drive through lovely vineyard and fruitland areas, into pleasant Pasadena, kaleidoscopic Hollywood, many-faceted Los Angeles,—arriving finally at the fine beach resort of Santa Monica and the end of one of America's most fabulous highways.



FIVE Indian tribes—Hopi, Navajo, Hualpai, Paiute and Havasupai—live and work near the Grand Canyon



THESE heavily-laden fruit trees stand below the snow-capped peak of Mt. Baldy near Los Angeles
—All Year Club of Southern Calif. Photo



PALISADES Cliff at Santa Monica at end of famed Wilshire Blvd. is where 66 runs into Pacific Ocean
—All Year Club of Southern Calif. Photo



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3 LUFKIN C-57D-42-10.5 Unit, Carter Oil Company, Shongaloo, Louisiana

4 LUFKIN C160S-74-20 Unit and HC-333 Gas Engine, J. E. Berry Oil Company, Smackover, Arkansas

5 LUFKIN C-25D-24-6 Unit, Pan American Petroleum Corporation, Vivian, Louisiana

6 LUFKIN C-160D-64-23 Unit and HT 333 Gas Engine, Carter Oil Company, Fouke, Arkansas

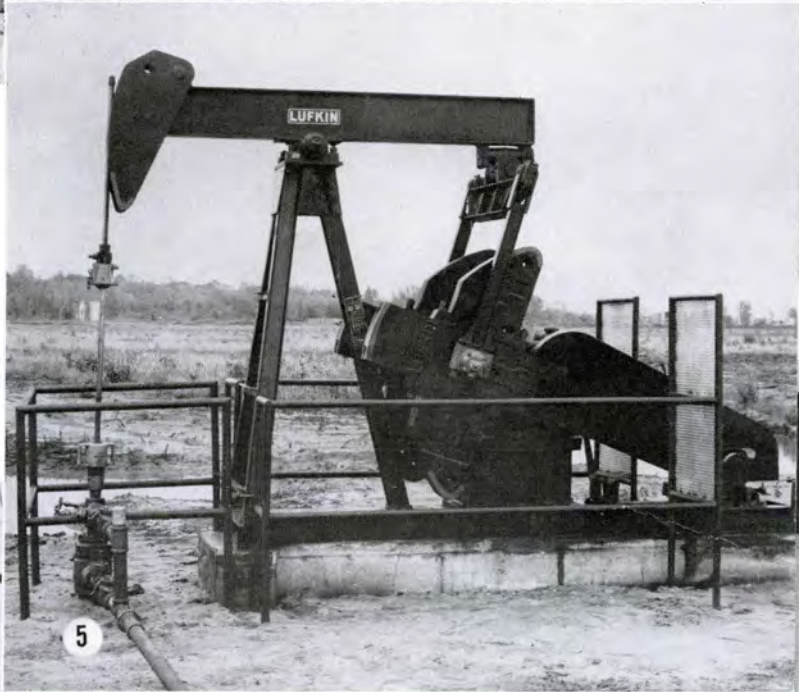
7 LUFKIN C-160S-84-13.2 Unit, Smackover Producing Company, El Dorado, Arkansas

8 LUFKIN A-320D-100-30 Unit, Pan American Petroleum Corporation, Mt. Sinai Field, Haynesville, Louisiana





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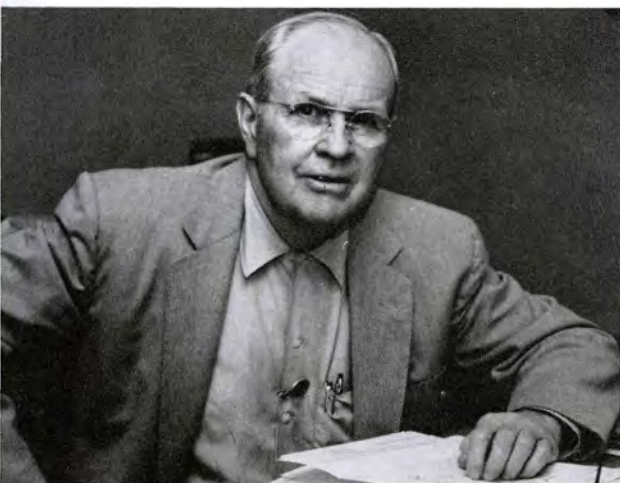
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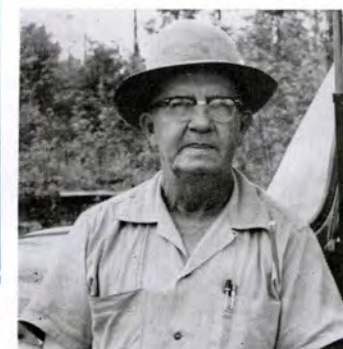
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San Francisco, Calif.; JIM ELLIS and ED ENROTH
both with The Texas Company, Houston, Texas



Left to right: W. S. MORRIS, Saltwater Oil Co., San Antonio, Texas; OTTO
DUKES, San Antonio; MRS. DUKES, San Antonio; TOM CROWDER, Lufkin
Foundry, Kilgore; MRS. MORRIS, San Antonio; A. E. CARAWAY, Lufkin
Foundry, Dallas



←
JAMES GLASS, left; BOB COOK,
both with Magnolia Petroleum
Co., Rodessa, Louisiana

→
MR. and MRS. WESLEY W.
MOORE, British American Oil
Company, Dallas, Texas



G. H. BARNES
Shell Oil Company
Kilgore, Texas

JACK TANNER
Carter Oil Company
Fouke, Arkansas

LINN CROCKETT, left, American
Liberty Oil Co.; DICK GRIFFIN
T. D. Humphrey & Son, both of Dallas

MR. and MRS. H. E. BRAUNIG, JR.
Gulf Oil Corporation
Shreveport, Louisiana





Left to right: J. W. MOORE, M. L. REED, G. R. GAUMER
all with Shell Oil Co., Kilgore, Texas



Snapshots *Continued*



Left to right: Front Row: JIM ALEXANDER, SAM McCLEESE, H. L. ABER-
CROMBIE. Back Row: WINK BLEDSOE, BILL LEACH, CHARLEY UNDERRINER;
all with Magnolia Petroleum Company, Electra, Texas



Left to right: W. W. SCOTT, Atlantic Refining Co., Dallas, Texas; R. S. BYNUM,
Core Laboratory, Midland, Texas; L. W. ASHMORE, Midland, Texas; W. W.
TROUT, President, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin



FRANK PURDUM
Wright Petroleum Company
Tulsa, Oklahoma



OSCAR McILHENNY
Atlantic Refining Company
Dallas, Texas



Left to right: W. L. COOPER, Vealmore, Texas; FRANK WELCH, Sweet-
water, Texas; A. K. BIBLE, Lamesa, Texas; SAM HUNT, Sweetwater;
GEORGE WILSON, Midland, Texas, all with Seaboard Oil Company

CHARLIE WOODRUFF
Magnolia Petroleum Company
Electra, Texas



BOB ADAIR
Smackover Producing Company
El Dorado, Arkansas



C. D. LANGE
Larcon Company
El Dorado, Arkansas



BILL RUSSELL
Phillips Petroleum Company
Smackover, Arkansas





THESE are some of the fine mules owned by Heard and Heard when they first entered hauling business



The Late THOMAS J. "LONG TOM" HEARD



T. H. "SHORT TOM" HEARD

From Mule Power to HORSE POWER

THIS is the story of Heard and Heard, Inc., Refugio, Texas, from their beginning with a couple of long eared mules and a model T Ford to a major trucking firm, serving Texas' vast oil industry.

The business was started at Refugio in 1922 by James B. Heard. Soon hereafter, Will Russell became associated with him. In 1924, Thomas J. (Long Tom) Heard bought into the firm which then became Heard, Russell and Heard. In 1925, Russell sold his interest to his partners and withdrew. In September, 1928, Thomas H. (Short Tom) Heard bought the interest of James B. Heard. The firm of Heard and Heard continued until May, 1931, when it was incorporated as Heard and Heard, Inc.

With the oil industry growing in Refugio County



AFTER mule power came the first truck-trailers



LOUIS P. LANDRUM



M. C. SCHUBERT



DOUGLAS A. WHITLOW

and South Texas, there came a need for transportation of heavy drilling equipment and location work. The Heards tackled this opportunity with mule power, wagons and fresnos, and thus made a humble beginning in the trucking industry.

Thomas James Heard and Thomas Henry Heard, affectionately known as "Long and Short Tom" to all their many friends, were the backbone of this Company and through their long hours and hard work built this business from a team of mules to a fleet of more than one hundred modern trucks and trailers. It was not until 1948 that the last of their mules was retired to pasture, ending a colorful era in their history that one time had seen over 100 working mules in their barns.

The Company has continued to grow in size and service and now operates extensive branches in Corpus Christi, Kingsville, and Falfurrias, Texas.

Besides mules, both Long and Short Tom loved fine horses and operated the H & H Racing Stables for many years. Their Irish colors of green and white could be seen where the finest horses in America ran. This stable now is owned and operated by T. H. Heard, Jr., son of T. H. "Short Tom" Heard. Mr. Heard, Sr. has never lost his love for horses as one can readily see at his ranch near Beeville, Texas.

In December, 1955, the firm and South Texas



FOUNDED in 1922 by James Heard, the trucking firm of Heard and Heard, Inc. has home offices in Refugio

suffered a great loss in the passing of "Long Tom" Heard. He will long be remembered as a man that served well his community and his fellow man. Besides the trucking business, he was an active rancher and his oil interest dated back to Refugio County's first oil wells.

The story of this firm would not be complete without mentioning J. R. "Roger" Carpenter who spent nearly 30 years as Secretary and Treasurer. "Carp," as he was known to his friends, started with the firm in 1927, and until his retirement in 1956, was one of its guiding hands. He is now devoting most of his time to ranching near Beeville.

The Company is now under the combined direction of T. H. "Short Tom" Heard, Douglas A. Whitlow, Louis P. Landrum, and M. C. Schubert. Mr. Schubert, general manager of the firm, was recently appointed a Director in the Oilfield Haulers Group of the Texas Motor Transportation Association at their last convention in Dallas, Texas. Douglas Whitlow, since the death of "Long Tom" Heard, divides his activities between the ranch and the trucking business. L. P. "Louis" Landrum's friendly voice can be heard many times a day over KKH510,

the Company's radio communication system, keeping the large fleet rolling.

Refugio, home of Heard and Heard, Inc., is located on U. S. Highway 77, about 50 miles northeast of Corpus Christi. It is one of the oldest Texas cities, dating back to 1749. Population is now around 5,000. It is a clean, modern city with wide paved streets and modern homes. Its chief interests are gas, oil, and ranching. Its beautiful modern high school is one of the finest in Texas, and is a credit to the city. Men at Heard and Heard, Inc. are proud of their city and have played a large part in its development and progress.

Lufkin Trailers has been supplying for many years this Company with oilfield floats, pipe trailers and lowboys, and in the past five years has delivered to them over twenty new tandem and three-axle trailers. The TOF-C, a combination float with a removable pole trailer, is only one of the Lufkin Models that men at Heard and Heard, Inc. have been exceptionally pleased with and express their satisfaction at the versatility and usefulness of this trailer. There are over 12 of these units in their fleet.



"Do you know what they call a man who doesn't believe in birth control?"

"No, what?"

"Daddy."

A big Texan watched some squirrels in a tree. One of them fell to the ground, bounced a couple of times, then looked back up in the tree and said, "That making love in the tree is for the birds."

The only trouble with being able to read women like a book is that you are liable to forget your place.

The newly inducted private was worried. Here he was about to report to training camp and his wife was to give birth any day.

"I hate leaving you like this," said the inductee, "but it can't be helped. When the baby is born, send me a telegram. But, I don't want the boys to razz me in the barracks, so in the telegram, instead of using the word 'baby' use the word 'kraut.'"

Sure enough in due time, the private got a wire from his ever lovin' wife, which read, "Kraut, kraut, kraut. Two with wieners, one without!"

Ever hear of the Sultan that left a call for 7 in the A.M.?

Amorous Truck Mechanic: "Ya know, doll, every time I see ya, my heart beats faster. And I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

Beauteous Babe: "Yeah, big boy, yeah. It means that in about five minutes I'm gonna have to slap your face."

Hi-Lo Operator: "How come you beautiful redheads marry men who are feeble, bald, nervous and weak?"

Ravishing Redhead: "We don't. They get that way!"

Maintenance Supt. (yelling from upstairs): "Mabel, tell the young man to turn the lights back on."

Devilish Daughter: "But we haven't turned the lights off."

Maintenance Superintendent: "I thought I heard the light button snap."

Daughter: "No father, that wasn't the light button."

The difference between the old saloon and a modern night club is that in the old time saloon a wistful little girl would pull on your sleeve and whisper, "Daddy, dear Daddy, come home with me now," and you paid no attention to her.

In a night club now a wistful little girl pulls at your sleeve and whispers, "Daddy, dear Daddy, come home with me now," and you do.

They were seated on the veranda, the Kentuckian and the Englishman. "This can't be beat," said the Kentuckian—"watching fine horses race and drinking good Kentucky bourbon."

"That's very jolly, I admit," said the Britisher, "but I'll take a good game of cricket and Scotch and soda."

The negro waiter who had been attending them spoke up: "Did any of you gent'mens ever try women and watermelon?"

The attractive woman psychiatrist was attending a convention. At one of the lectures the man sitting next to her began to pinch her. Annoyed,

she was about to give him an angry retort when she changed her mind.

"Why should I get angry?" she decided. "After all—it's his problem."

Shortly before the invasion, a general and his staff were watching a troop-carrying glider go by. From it came a carrier pigeon. Powerful field glasses followed the bird to a nearby field. A colonel raced over, got the bird and raced back to the general who read it, cursed and threw it on the ground. The colonel waited a minute, picked up the message. It read: "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."

Some medical men were talking one day when one happened to ask an obstetrician how his business was.

"Oh," he said, "it's swell, as usual. We've got lots of men working for us."

A spinster, seized and kissed by a strange man one dark night, reported the incident to the police but she could not give an adequate description of the assailant.

"I didn't see him clearly," she said, "but I know he was a Republican."

"A Republican!" exclaimed the police.

"Yes," insisted the spinster. "I know because I never had it so good."

Marie told her friend Helen she knew exactly what she was looking for in a man and exactly how she would treat him as a husband.

"I'd be a real devoted wife," she said. "I'd cook for him and with pleasure. I'd darn his sox and sew on his buttons. I'd have his slippers waiting for him when he came home from a hard day's work. I'd even light his pipe and bring him the evening paper. What else can a man expect?"

"Nothing," replied Helen, "unless he's evil minded."

A woman's whim is ever this:
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,
And, snaring it, to make him pant
For things a nice girl cannot grant.

The young lady dashed into her doctor's office and said: "Did I leave my panties here?"

"Yes," said the doc, "here they are."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the girl. "I was afraid for a moment that I had left them at the dentist's!"

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