



THE *Lufkin* LINE

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER • 1957

At this special season of the year,
may we wish our many friends a
Joyous Christmas and a
new year of peace and happiness.

THE Lufkin LINE



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NOVEMBER • DECEMBER, 1957
Volume 32 • Number 6

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COVER: "Winter in a Western Oilfield", an original painting by E. M. Schiwetz, Houston, Texas.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Village of East Corinth, Vermont. Photo by Dick Smith, North Conway, New Hampshire.

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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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THE famous Rialto Bridge spans a busy reach of the Grand Canal, the main thoroughfare of Venice

VENICE



GONDOLAS at their moorings is a typical scene on the Grand Canal which teems with life and color

VENICE, the most romantic city of Europe, is a place of beauty and wonder that fairly defies the imagination. There is no other tourist spot on earth like this city, where all the traffic floats and most of the buildings along the main street, or Grand Canal, are fabulous ancient palaces.

You cannot drive an automobile anywhere in Venice. So you park it in the huge, multi-story Fiat garage just at the city entrance. Leaving the garage or railroad terminus, you step down into a gondola, or its modern diesel-powered equivalent, en route for your hotel. From that moment you sense something of the magical quality of this Adriatic seaport poised, as it were, between East and West.

The situation of Venice is, of course, unique. Connected to the mainland of North Italy only by the long embankment carrying the road and rail track over the lagoon, it sprawls across 117 small islands formed by about 150 canals, which are crossed by some 400 footbridges.

It is odd to think how all the priceless old



By W. H. OWENS

THE Bridge of Sighs was so named because it was used in the olden days by prisoners who were passing from the Court Room in the Doges' Palace to the dungeons



...City of Romance

churches and palaces of Venice are all founded on wood or stone piles driven deep down into the lagoon mud. The most solid foundations are those on which the great St. Mark's Cathedral and the old Palace of the Doges have arisen.

Venice was founded by refugees who sought sanctuary on the islands after the break-up of the Roman Empire. A number of small communities of industrious craftsmen were founded there in the fifth and sixth centuries. Gradually they merged together through common interest and grew into the wealthy and powerful city state which, for more than a thousand years, had command of the trade routes between Europe and the East.

The Venetian state derived its glory from the sea. Every year the Doge of Venice performed the ceremony of "Wedding the Adriatic" to symbolize the close union. Amid colorful pageantry a golden ring, consecrated by the Bishop of St. Mark's, was cast from a decorated barge into the lagoon.

All the rare merchandise of the Orient once passed through the hands of Venetian traders, and



ST. Mark's is decorated with statues, colored mosaics and pinnacles that dazzle in bright sunlight



BUILT by merchant princes centuries ago, houses beside Grand Canal seem to grow out of the water



DOGES' Palace contains glorious state apartments filled with paintings and rich ceiling frescoes

with their fortunes they built up their city of marble palaces and churches. These buildings have extraordinary richness and variety. They gleam and dazzle in the strong sunlight, and their beauty is reflected in the lagoon and innumerable canals.

Culture flourished alike with trade, and the merchants of Venice encouraged the flower of Italy's creative genius to work in their city. So today the noble architecture is matched with treasures of painting and sculpture by such masters as Titian, Bellini, Giovanni, Giorgione, Tintoretto and many others.

The Grand Canal, main thoroughfare of Venice, winds S-shaped through the city for over two miles, from the station down to the Doges' Palace fronting the lagoon. Flanked by about two hundred wonderful palaces, and spanned by the famous Rialto Bridge, the Grand Canal teems with life and color, and the noise and bustle characteristic of Venice.

Old-time gondolas—expensive to ride in but



THIS is the central courtyard around which the Doges' Palace was constructed about 600 years ago

much used by tourists—contrast with the up-to-date “Vaporetti” skimming to and fro across the waters on business or pleasure. Venetian boatmen are the most vocal of their kind. They guide their craft with astonishing skill, cutting round corners at the sharpest angles and using their voices alone to warn others of their intentions.

Boats in thousands often crowd the Grand Canal and the waterways leading into it. Fire-fighting launches, with sirens screaming, drive all other craft towards the banks as they race out on practice or to answer a call. Wedding and funeral processions, and the Venetian carnivals, all pass up and down the Grand Canal. Tradesmen deliver their wares by boat, and top-floor occupants haul up the groceries on a roped bucket.

The heart of Venice, however, is the magnificent Piazza San Marco—St. Mark's Square—which is rather like a huge ballroom open to the sky. On three of its sides are arcaded palaces, with fashionable shops and cafes underneath. On the fourth side is the fabulous, glittering front of St. Mark's Cathedral, and in the corner nearest the lagoon is the modern Campanile, replacing the ancient one which collapsed at the beginning of this century.

Everybody meets everybody else in the Piazza San Marco. Orchestras play for the patrons of the



STATUE of St. Theodore, the first patron saint of Venice, surmounts one of the Oriental pillars on the Piazzetta overlooking the lagoon

open-air cafes, friendly pigeons mingle unconcernedly with the crowds passing up and down before the Cathedral, and from the nearby quayside steamers and motor boats set off across the lagoon for the Lido and the islands.

St. Mark's Cathedral, built between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries, is the most richly ornamented building in Venice. Its clustered domes, faced with brilliantly colored marbles to reflect the sunlight, give this great church its Oriental appearance. The architects, anyway, came from Constantinople.

Jewels from many far-off lands and the finest of marbles went into the building of this basilica to enshrine St. Mark. The emblem of the Evangelist, the lion, was adopted as the Venice coat-of-arms. Among the treasures within the Cathedral are some of the world's most remarkable mosaics, and an altar-piece of beaten gold.

St. Mark's was once the private chapel of the Doges, the princely rulers of Venice, whose palace stands right next to it. The present Doges' Palace is about six hundred years old and is built round a central courtyard. Its glorious state apartments, filled with paintings and rich ceiling frescoes, reflect the city's ancient splendor and the great wealth of its bygone rulers.

Now the Doges' Palace is a museum, and tourists come from near and far to tread the marble staircases, passages and galleries which were once

almost holy ground. Adjoining the palace buildings is the legendary Bridge of Sighs, across which those convicted by the Doge's Court passed to the prison dungeons.

Away from the chief sights of the city, Venice has much to show. While parts are seen best from the canals and the comfort of a leisurely gondola, it is necessary to explore on foot through the island by-ways. Narrow streets and canal embankments frequently widen on to open squares of shops, cafes and markets. The colorful fruit markets beside the Rialto and elsewhere are a striking feature of the city.

There is endless fascination in the shops, and especially the little glass shops with which Venice naturally abounds. Collectors from all over the world haunt them in search of rare and interesting pieces of old Venetian glass.

From the Piazzetta, just below St. Mark's, you can sail over the lagoon to Murano, the traditional home of the glass industry. Here the glass-blowers carry on a highly skilled craft that is many centuries old. Many of the workers today are the descendants of those craftsmen who, in the Middle Ages, were forbidden to leave their island home lest their secrets were divulged to a rival power. Very wonderful pieces of hand-blown decorative glass of the fourteenth to eighteenth century are on exhibition in the Museo Vetrario at Murano and, of course, in the superb Venice collections.





Left to right: C. J. (DUDE) SCHULLER, manager of Lufkin Trailer Division; JAMES E. TAYLOR, director of TMTA, Austin; STARR KEALHOFER, San Antonio Chamber of Commerce; O. K. McCAULEY, San Antonio branch manager



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Left to right: BOB ARNOLD, LEE BULLOCK, and REG ORR, all with Carter Oil Company, Magnolia, Arkansas



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BOB TURNHAM, left, Lion Oil Company, Shreveport, Louisiana; and L. C. DOTSON, Shreveport





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R. P. WEAVER, left, Trailer Division sales representative, San Antonio; and ORAN (COKE) COKER, JR., Armo Mills, Inc., Lockhart, Texas

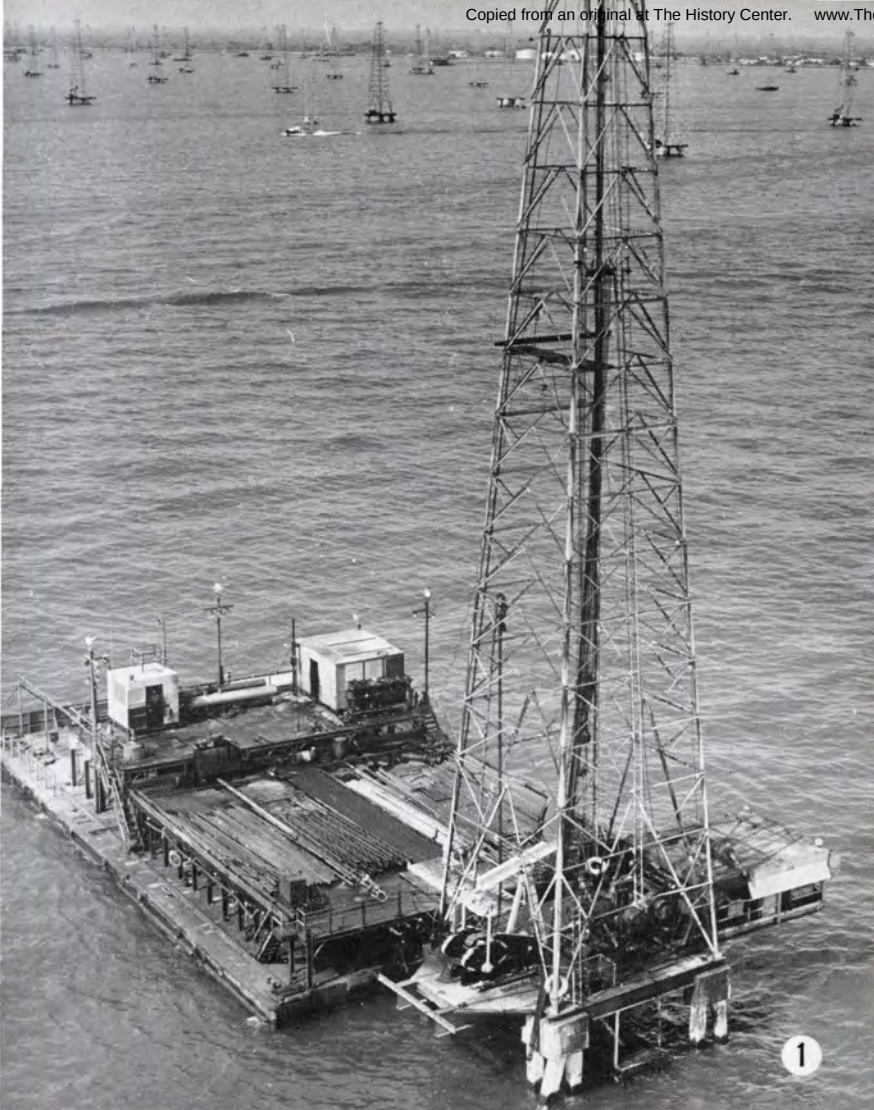
WILLIAM HUNTSMAN, left, H. E. B. Grocery Company, San Antonio, Texas; and KERMIT GAMMILL, Lufkin representative, Corpus Christi, Texas

W. T. NEAL, left, Western Foundry Company, Tyler, Texas; and FLOYD S. ROGERS, assistant sales manager, Lufkin Trailer Division

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MR. & MRS. CHARLES C. TONDRE, Tondre Transfer & Storage Company, Hondo, Texas





LUFKIN



- 1 A LUFKIN Pumping Unit at work on a Cr Petroleum Corporation well located in Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela
- 2 LUFKIN TC-44R-15B Unit, Compania Petr Ganso Azul, Peru
- 3 LUFKIN TC-44-15 Unit in Quiriquire Field, eastern Venezuela. (Standard Oil of Photo)
- 4 A TYPICAL LUFKIN Pumping Unit at work on the waters of Lake Maracaibo
- 5 LUFKIN A-912-D-120-30 Air Balance working for Richmond Exploration Company, Boscan Field, Maracaibo, Venezuela
- 6 LUFKIN Pumping Units dot the surface of Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela as stars dot the skies



Installations

Creole
on Lake

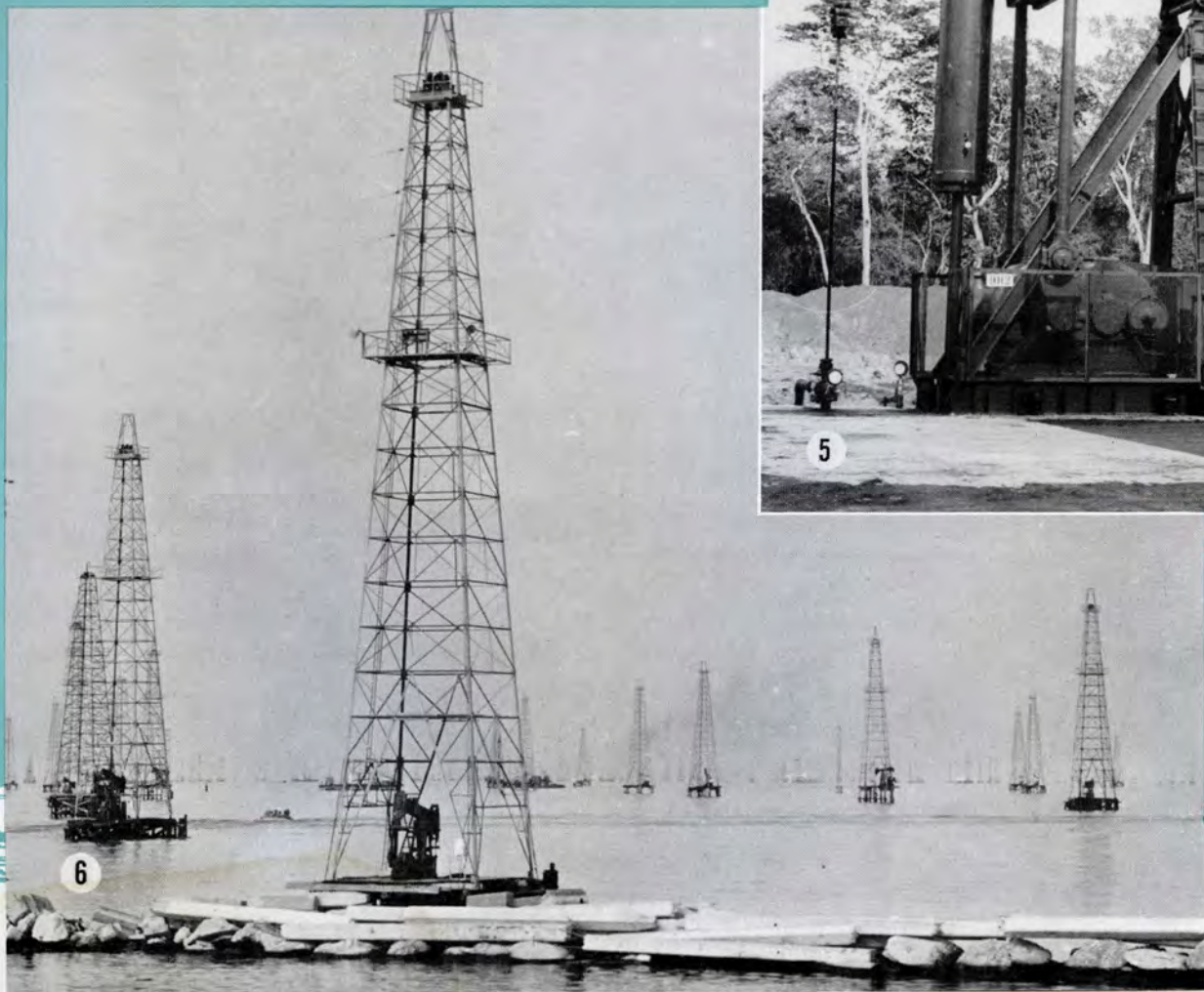
Petroleo

Field in
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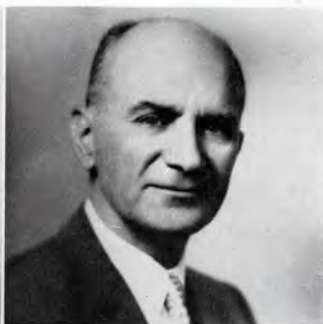
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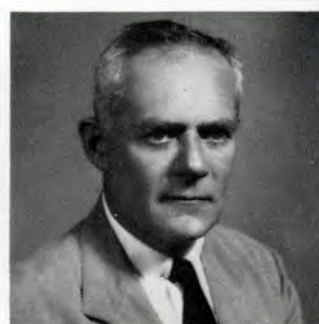
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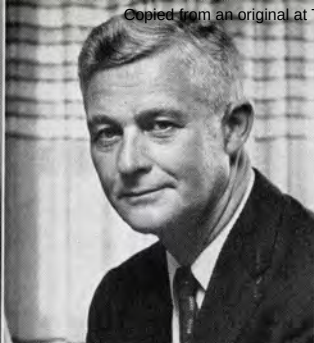
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Esso Standard Oil Company
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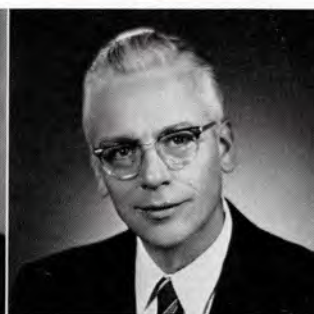
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JIM GIBBS, left, HAROLD LEGG, Creole Petroleum Company
Maracaibo, Venezuela



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CHARLES ELDER
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more Snap-shots



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Venezuelan Atlantic Oil Co.
Caracas, Venezuela



BILL RECTOR
Richmond Exploration Company
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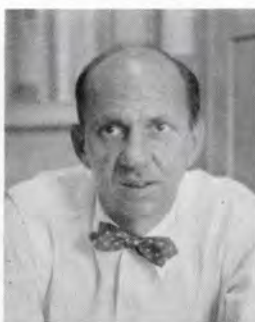
HAROLD CROOKS
Venezuelan Atlantic Oil Co.
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PAULINE PORTZ
San Jacinto Petroleum Corp.
Maracaibo, Venezuela



Left to right: P. G. KELLY, L. CALDWELL, LYLE SCHWEMLER, C. H. BLANKENHORN, FRED BROWN, all with Creole Lake Electrical Group in Bolivar Coast Field on East side of Lake Maracaibo



DICK M. KOONS
Cia. Shell de Venezuela
Maracaibo, Venezuela



B. G. MARTIN
San Jacinto Petroleum Corp.
Maracaibo, Venezuela



CARMAN APT
Sinclair Oil & Gas Company
Santa Barbara, Venezuela



Front row, left to right: MAX COOK, MARIO SOTO, BOB GRAHAM, FERNANDO DELON, RAY LEIBACH. Standing, left to right: BILL CURTIS, GENE BLENDERMAN, BOB SAXON, BILL STEVENSON, MATT SWEENEY, KENT SCHNEIDER, BOB BRADFORD, PAUL HEWITT, DICK PHILLIPS, all with Creole Petroleum Company, Maturin, Edo Monagas, Venezuela



Left to right: JIM KOLB, BOB SEAY, PETE NEWBERG, BILLY BRIGGS, all with Richmond Exploration Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela



EARL WOOD, left, RAY MUNNERLYN, both with Venezuelan Atlantic Oil Co., Caracas, Venezuela



Left to right: T. J. BUSH, J. RAY PACE, RAY INGRAM, all with Creole Petroleum Company, Quiriquire, Venezuela



GLENN PARK, left, and K. T. MILLER, Socony-Mobil Oil Company, Caracas, Venezuela



PAT DUPRIEST, left, and T. D. PATTERSON, Sinclair Oil & Gas Co., Santa Barbara, Venezuela

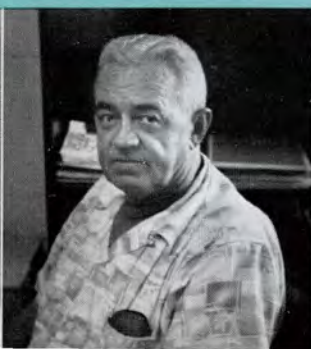
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BENNO C. SCHMIDT
San Jacinto Petroleum Corp.
Maracaibo, Venezuela



Left to right: JIMMY DUNCAN, I. D. WEATHERFORD, KENNETH MONTAGUE, all with Venezuelan Sun Oil Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela



H. L. RUNDQUIST, left, and F. W. KRESSELL, both with Venezuelan Atlantic Oil Co., Caracas, Venezuela



Left to right: PABLO SIERRA, Empresa Colombiana de Petroleo, El Centro, Colombia; BILL CAVER, Cities Service Oil Co., El Centro, Colombia; JAIME CORREA, K. L. VENDERAHE, ANTONIO MEDINA, all with Empresa Colombiana de Petroleo, El Centro, Colombia



Left to right: HOLLIS SPILLER, D. B. CROW, BEN GIVENS, all with Venezuelan Sun Oil Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela



Left to right: A. C. PIERCE, A. C. SMITH, C. F. LEHMANN, all with Creole Petroleum Company, Quiriquire, Venezuela



Standing, left to right: GEORGE COLTON, RAY GEORGE, GEORGE KUNKEL, JAN STEBER, JULIO PEREZ, DAVE KEEFFE. Kneeling, TONY GIORGIONE, left, and ORLANDO HERNANDEZ, all with Socony-Mobil Oil Company, Caracas, Venezuela



R. V. GILL, left, and I. A. ROBERTS, Cia. Shell de Venezuela, Maracaibo, Venezuela



R. H. GRIFFIN, left, and BILL HAYNES
Richmond Exploration Company
Maracaibo, Venezuela



Left to right: ARNOLD NEUMAN, DON WESTALL, CHARLIE JONES, JIM BILLARD, all with Texas Petroleum Company, Maracaibo, Venezuela

GORDON MASHMEYER
Socony-Mobil Oil Company
Caracas, Venezuela

L. W. GOODRICH
San Jacinto Petroleum Corp.
Maracaibo, Venezuela

W. E. (BILL) CAVER
Cities Service Oil Company
El Centro, Colombia

J. B. TURNER
Venezuelan Sun Oil Company
Maracaibo, Venezuela

HANK BEVANS
Texas Petroleum Company
Caracas, Venezuela





The BAHAMAS

...islands
of the
winter sun

NASSAU'S bright, sparkling beaches and multi-colored waters attract thousands of vacationers each winter

THE Bahamas, with Nassau their capital, are a blend of sun, society and solacement.

They are British enough to be different, American enough to make the visitor from stateside feel at home and near enough to the United States to be inexpensive to reach.

This near-perfection combination has made Nassau the nucleus of a vast, growing island resort empire dedicated, to the amazement of sales-charged moderns, to uncluttered ease minus all the blare and brass of the typical "vacationland."

Here you see little of the chrome, glass and modern architecture featured in today's hotelkeepers' guide. Its pastel buildings, looking more like sugar confections atop a baker's cake, blend with the islands' tropical, easy-going charm. Its narrow, picturesque walled streets are studies out of the past.

The beaches of Nassau and the Bahamas' Out

Islands strain the vocabularies of their promoters, with sands as clean as the white and pink shells washed upon them by incredibly clear waters separated into almost every hue of green, blue and violet.

Where parading British colonial troops once drilled and where racy pirate sloops once anchored, now are seen majestic hotels in the Bahamian style and pennanted yachts of visiting society in the greatest concentration this side of the Riviera.

The complete range of transportation—afoot, swarms of bicycles, lazing horse-drawn carriages and careening taxis and sports cars—moves quite well, thank you, without the aid of a single traffic signal.

The marts of Bay Street, a unique shopping district purveying choice wares imported from the marketplaces of the Old World, function on the



BAY STREET in the heart of Nassau's shopping district attracts thousands of sun-loving vacationers

premise that all shoppers first must look and feel. There are no neon signs to attract or detract and the clerk is quite oblivious to grab-and-hold techniques.

Ancient, battered Out Island sailing craft tie up each morning at the waterfront market to disgorge livestock, conch, dried grouper (it's a fish) and exotic fruits. The latter are displayed on rough-hewn stands and sold, not by the dozen, but "by the pile."

All of this adds up to a unique excursion—and lesson in fascinating charm—to American visitors, who find it a soul pleasing contrast to whistle-blown, frenetic "fun packages."

The Bahamas' alias, "The Isles of Eternal June," is not an exaggerated description of a climate that produces average winter temperatures in the mid-seventies, with the sun shining 29 days out of every 30.

Once the visitor unwinds to the tune of Nassau's leisurely pace, he can scan an amazing variety of



TWO visitors make use of the Queen's Staircase for picture-taking while fringed surrey waits below



TOURISTS seek out Nassau's Fort Charlotte that has basked in balmy sun for nearly two centuries



SERENE beaches and picturesque harbors are found in the tranquil Out Islands that surround Nassau

things to do, if and when he pleases to venture forth from under the palm tree.

Water-skiing, tennis, golf, skin diving, sports fishing, horseback riding and sailing always are available at reasonable cost. The town closes on Tuesday and Friday afternoons to watch colorful little Bahamian ponies race at Hobby Horse Hall.

Cricket is played as often by Bahamian youths as their American contemporaries pick up a softball bat.

For evening entertainment, the visitor takes his choice between polished local and imported acts in the dining rooms of the plush hotels, or the earthy goombay calypsos of native artists in palm-thatched clubs in their "over the hill" quarter.

The rediscovered Out Islands are giving new sparkle to the Bahamas winter sun circuit.

The Out Islands and tiny cays dot more than 70,000 square miles of sunny south North Atlantic area, running from a few miles off Florida in an ovaler, southeasterly tangent to within a few miles of the voodoo drums of Haiti.

First settled by English colonists in the 17th Century, the Out Islands were once much more important in the political and commercial fields in the Bahamas than New Providence, the island on which Nassau is situated. Their commercial importance diminished as the Bahamas shifted from

a plantation economy when the slaves were freed in 1838 to commercial trade and fishing. The War Between the States gave the whole island area its first fling at prosperity when many of the islands, with Nassau as the most dominant one, became trading and supply centers for the Southern armies.

During the American experiment in prohibition many of the remote islands became bases from which rum runners operated, running their supplies of liquor for the bootleg barons through U. S. Coast Guard patrols.

With all the waves of prosperity and activity that washed over them from time to time since their original settlement, the Out Islands were almost completely overlooked as places for vacationers. Their natural assets are beauty, tranquility and quaint atmosphere.

Today the islands out from Nassau offer a new type of vacationing that has great appeal to large numbers of American, Canadian and British citizens. The communities themselves look and exist much as they did a century ago. They have little to offer in the way of night life and shopping. But what they do offer is a serene type of living that is embellished by miles on end of clean sand beaches, picturesque harbors and an idyllic atmosphere that is guaranteed to take away all built-up tensions.



If young girls stay out late, drink, smoke and pet, men will call them fast . . . as fast as they can get to a phone.

Hear about the colored couple who had come to a parson to get married?

"An' you take dis man fur better or fur worse?" asked the parson.

"I'll take him just as he am," replied the bashful bride. "If he gets any better I'm afraid he'll die; an' if he gets any worse, I'll kill him myself!"

Geologist's Steno: "Do you think a seismic explosion can cause enough vibration to bring on rain?"

Oil Man's Steno: "Well, I am not so sure about that, but I've seen a shotgun bring on a shower."

Production Man: "When I married you I thought you were an angel."

Little Wifey: "So that's why you never bought me any clothes!"

At a Hollywood party the guests were playing a game which required each guest to write an epitaph for himself. A much married actress was sitting right next to the late Robert Benchley, and she whispered to him: "I am at a loss to write my own epitaph."

"That's easy," said Robert, "I'll write you one." Taking her paper he hastily scribbled suitable words. The epitaph, when read, was: "At last she sleeps alone."

Sign on a college bulleting board: "Good courting car for sale. Owner needs money to buy baby buggy."

Then there's the fellow who bred his parakeet to a tiger. He doesn't know what he's got, but when it talks, he listens.

It was a hot day in a small town. The bank inspector who walked into the bank was quite surprised to find no one on duty. Peering into the cashier's office, he spied two officials and three clerks playing cards. Determined to teach them a lesson, the inspector tripped the burglar alarm and hid in a vacant office. Hardly had the clang of the alarm died away when the doors of the tavern next door popped open.

"Coming right up, gents," called the bartender, entering the bank balancing a tray with five foaming mugs of beer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were brought before the bar of justice.

"I'd like to divorce this character," said the wife.

"I'd like to get rid of this battle-ax," screamed the husband.

Judge: "How many children do you have?"

Wife: "Three children."

Judge: "Why don't you stay married one more year and have another child, then you'll have four. You'll each take two and you'll both be satisfied."

Husband: "Yeah, but supposing we have twins?"

Wife: "Look at him—twins! If I depended on him, I wouldn't have these three either!"

The Frenchman was talking to his English friend, regretting that his marriage had produced no children.

"My wife, she eez—how you say it?—impregnable," he said.

"Oh, I don't think you mean quite that, old man," replied his friend.

"Well, then, she eez—inconceivable?"

"No, that is not correct," came the rejoinder.

"Ah, attendez. She mus' be—unbearable!"



When Marilyn Monroe was introduced to Lollobrigida in Rome, Italian newspapers headlined the occasion: "Meeting of the Big Four."

It was nine o'clock in the morning when the TV producer came rolling in to face his irate wife.

"It's very simple," he explained, "the rehearsals lasted until midnight. Then I drove one of the chorus girls home and she asked me in for a drink. We had three or four and by that time it was so late she suggested I spend the night with her. So I did."

"A likely story," said his wife. "You've been out playing poker with the boys again."

A man who has an enjoyable evening with a beautiful girl who has a wonderful figure, often wonders if there are others who feel about it the way he does.



"No, no—I said money or your life, not wifel"



"Now remember, just a kiss at the door tonight and no more of this trying to force your way into my apartment."

My next door neighbor owned a Tom cat which was very amorously going out every night romancing. As a result, the whole neighborhood got little sleep. On not hearing Tom one night, I inquired as to what had happened to him. I was told that Tom was at the "Vet's" and that his love life had been stopped dead in its tracks. However, I noticed Tom going out the very first night he was home, and I asked my neighbor how come.

He told me not to be concerned, that Tom was now going out on a consulting basis only.

"You need to relax and get away from it all," the doctor told his patient. "Could you go abroad?"

"Sure could, Doc," said the patient. "What's she like?"

With the advent of the Bikini bathing suits, the beaches nowadays display a wide variety of femininity.

Asked the old question, "If you were marooned on a desert island, what would you like to have for reading matter?" a chorus girl unhesitatingly replied, "A tattooed sailor."

It was Christmas Eve. They snuggled on the sofa before the hearth fire. He had talked himself out without saying a darn thing. She thought him slower than the mailman on Christmas morning.

"Do you notice," he observed, "do you notice how the pretty fire red-dens?"

"Yes," she sighed deeply, "but I'm sure it's not because of anything we've done."

Mandy: "Why, Mindy, where you all bin'? I've missed you."

Mindy: "I've been laid up."

Mandy: "You has?"

Mindy: "Yes'm. I been laid up with 'Rthritis."

Mandy: "Tch, tch, tch. I always heerd those Ritis boys was wild ones!"

A little girl answered the knock on the door of a farm house. The caller, a middle-aged man with a worried look, said, "I'd like to see your pa."

The little girl answered: "If you've come about the bull, it's \$50. We have the papers and everything is guaranteed."

The man: "Young lady, I want to see your pa."

The girl: "If that's too much, we have another bull for \$25 in the south pasture. He's guaranteed, but we have no papers."

The man: "Little girl, all I want to do is see your pa."

The girl: "If the price is too high we have another bull that's only \$10, but he's not guaranteed."

The man: "Well, since you're so smart, I'll tell you why I came here to see your pa. Your brother Elmer has got my daughter in trouble."

The girl: "Oh, I'm sorry. You'll have to see pa. I don't know what he charges for Elmer."



"I thought I might as well dress appropriately as long as I'm reading the brief commercials today."



"I'll be back in an hour or two. I know some fellows that'd like to kiss the bride."

The gold digger had brought out her last winter's coat and was gazing at it disconsolately, surveying the big gashes in the lining, and the other places in need of repairs.

"Gosh, wonder what I'll have to do for this fur coat," she remarked to her roommate.

"Holy moses!" gasped the other, "ain't you done it yet!"

One day during a war, a tall, strong and handsome Roman soldier broke into a house where he found two luscious maidens and their matronly nurse.

Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for a conquest, my pretties."

The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him, "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse."

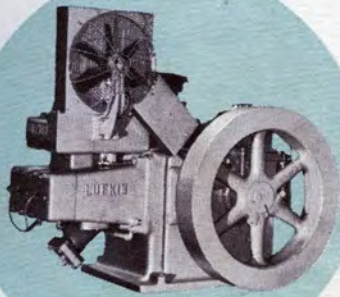
"Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse. "War is war."

There's a vast difference in making a peach cordial and making a peach turnover.

Salesgirl, showing lingerie to a man: "This is the only place you can touch these for anywhere near the price."

There was a young lady named Ritter
Who was hired as the new baby-sitter:

She sat on the child
Until he went wild
And you'd be surprised where
he bit her.



THE 1500 EMPLOYEES OF THE
OIL FIELD, TRUCK TRAILER, AND
MILL SUPPLIES DIVISIONS OF
LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY
LUFKIN, TEXAS



*Wish all of their
Friends a Very Merry
Christmas and a
Happy, Healthy, and
Prosperous New Year*



