

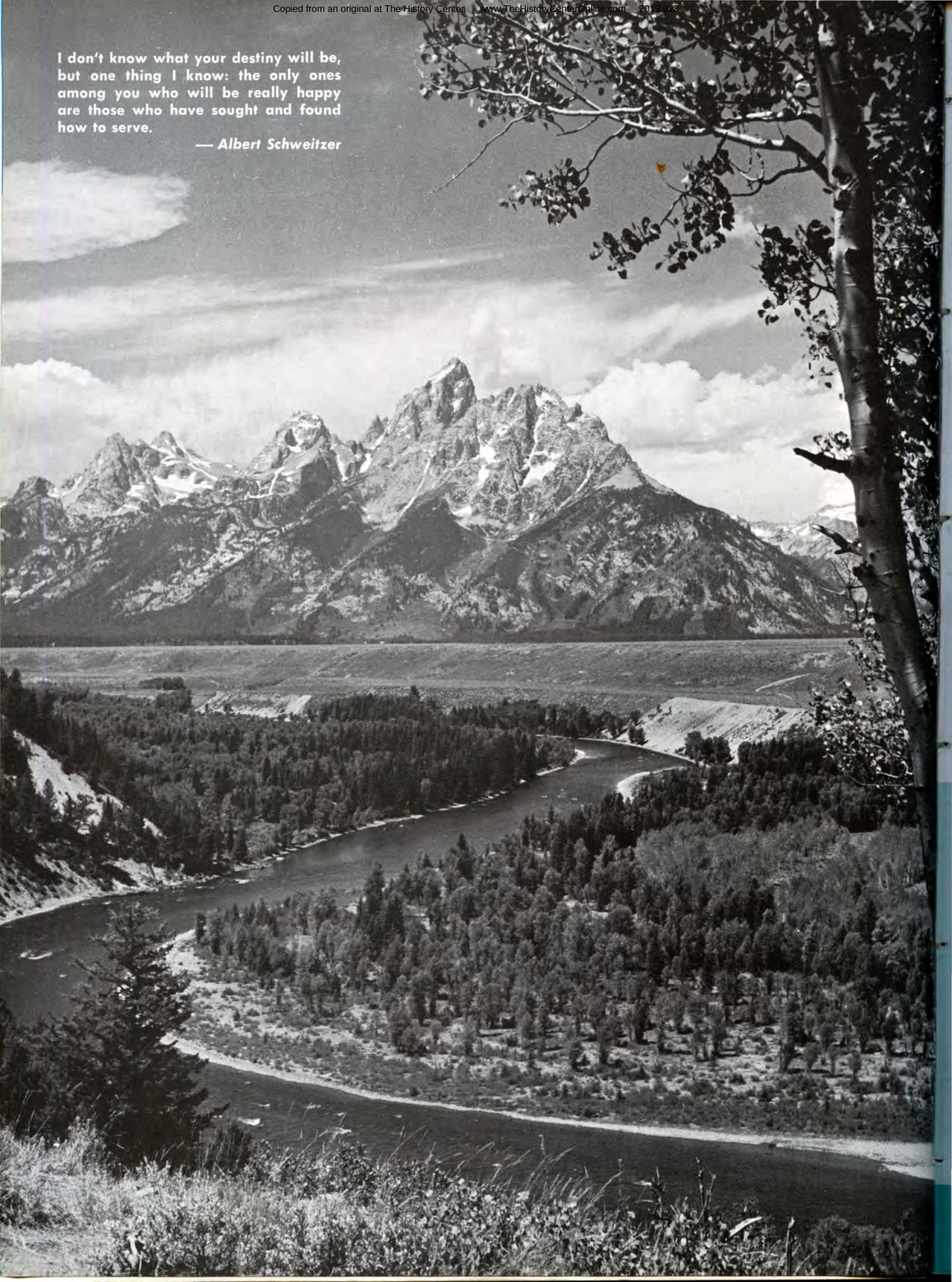


THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

MAY-JUNE • 1960

I don't know what your destiny will be,
but one thing I know: the only ones
among you who will be really happy
are those who have sought and found
how to serve.

— *Albert Schweitzer*





OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

THE *Lufkin* LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED

ROSARIO



THE road between El Rancho Consuelo and Rosario was meant for intrepid adventurers not Sunday drivers

By Owen Callin

THERE is in most of us a certain restless desire for adventure and each of us satisfies that desire in his own way. Perhaps that's why, when my 17-year-old asked me one day: "Dad, what's Baja California like 'way down below the border?" I answered: "Let's find out."

So we rented a pickup truck and stowed it with camping gear, our fishing equipment (Tom even took along a big lobster trap he had made), plenty of water and other necessities. We also took the dog.

Two weeks later, as we wheeled our pickup back across the border at Tijuana, Tom summed it up nicely:

"Boy, it's no trip for a Sunday driver!"

We live in Southern California some 50 miles north of San Diego, an advantageous location should one desire to seek out the adventures which lie in the mysterious desert peninsula of Baja. This time we planned on taking the main and only road south of Tijuana for a distance of nearly 300 miles to El Rosario, camping and fishing along the way and just exploring in general.

The main road parallels the coast all the way to El Rosario but then it leaves the sea and starts inland on a hot, rough course we didn't care to attempt at this time.

Very few persons with the exception of intrepid adventurers who occasionally make the entire trip to the tip of the peninsula by jeep or four-wheel drive or truckers carrying on what commerce lower Baja has with the markets to the north brave the road to El Rosario.

Not only is it extremely rough but there are very few accommodations along the way after one leaves the Tijuana-Ensenada resort area and the roadside offerings certainly are not those the average motorist expects to find. A breakdown of one's vehicle would pose a major problem.

Nevertheless, after we had reached El Rosario and fumbled our way along a weed-grown lane and through corn fields and thickets to the lonely beach, the first thing to meet our eye was a modern touring car alongside of which was a homey camp where a University of Arizona professor and his wife were quite peacefully enjoying the solitude.

"We like to get away from people," they explained. When we arrived they probably thought the mile-long beach was crowded!

Leaving Tijuana, we found the 65 miles of highway



to Ensenada a good, paved road. The pavement continued for another 71 miles to Arroyo Seco, although it was rough in spots where the winter weather had eroded it. At Arroyo Seco the pavement ends and rough gravel begins.

For 33 miles to Colonia Guerrero, one of the larger communities in this area, and for miles beyond this type of road continues over mesas and always between low hills to the east and the ocean to the west. Fourteen miles beyond Colonia Guerrero, a road leads to San Quintin Bay and nine miles farther is the Santa Maria Sky Ranch.

NEAR the village of Erendira, 75 miles south of Ensenada, the author and his son set up their camp

From the Sky Ranch to El Rosario is the adventurous part of the trip. The ranch seems to be the hopping off place, with only Socorro Ranch and the roadside store of Rancho El Consuelo the only havens in the 35 miles of seemingly uninhabited country.

Entering El Rosario is a thrill. You're riding smoothly along a hard dirt road, attaining a bit of speed for the first time in miles, when suddenly the route turns from its straight path across the mesa and darts suddenly down into a canyon at a startling 15 percent decline. There are loose rocks on the dirt and you wonder grimly if your vehicle will make it back up!

Down you go, not too steeply now after that first few hundred yards of sharp descent, and after winding for three miles along the downward canyon, crossing and recrossing a dry stream bed that must be a raging torrent in the rainy season, you're suddenly in El Rosario.

And no sooner are you in El Rosario than you're in front of the store of Senora Anita Espinosa, where a sign informs you that "English is spoken here." Anita herself, who speaks the English, is in the doorway to greet you as she does every passerby.

The mother of 11 children, Senora Espinosa is one of those few personages known throughout the peninsula. She's El Rosario's unofficial greeter, a one-man Chamber of Commerce, and one of the kindest and most helpful persons you'll ever want to find.

The village is some two to three miles up the river



THE rock-strewn beach at El Rosario is a lonely and desolate looking place but perfect for fishing



RANCHO El Consuelo is the only roadside store in the wilderness between Sky Ranch and Rosario

THESE three attractive girls cook and serve meals at Santa Maria Sky Ranch which caters to visitors who fly down in private planes for hunting season



valley from the ocean. Anita's store and a few other more modern tiendas are situated on the north side of the river. The old pueblo and the ruins of the old mission along with a newer church are on the other side.

Pretty, fresh-water lagoons hemmed around in many instances by palm trees, were passed on our way to the beach and many beautiful campsites were spotted. In fact, we made our camp by a reed-surrounded lagoon near the ocean, although not connected.

One of the highlights of the trip was our stay at Santa Maria, a community of scattered farms and ranches. It was here, just 123 miles south of Ensenada, that we found a fabulous beach which could accommodate the entire city of San Diego with plenty of space left over.

It is 12 miles long, in some places a quarter of a mile wide, and is composed of white, hard sand which sparkles in the Baja sun. The beach is the famed Santa Maria Playa, where one can drive along the water's edge for miles in jeep or auto and when the tide is out one doesn't need to dig for Pismo clams. They're right there on top of the sand!

And fish abound in the surf in untold numbers.

Furthermore, should the fisherman become tired of angling in the surf, there are the famed Santa Maria fresh-water lagoons where thousands of bass, up to 18 inches in length, are asking to be caught. The lagoons are only a few hundred yards from the beach about mid-center of the 12-mile stretch and this is the only place we know in Baja where one can enjoy salt and fresh-water fishing at one site.

We found both the beach and lagoons when we stopped at the Santa Maria Sky Ranch for a welcome respite from our weary battle with the indifferent roads.



The Santa Maria Sky Ranch caters largely to air tourists. One can land on the 5,000-foot landing strip near the ranch and taxi his plane right up to the front door of his motel room!

The ranch is the one farthest south of the three main guest ranches in this stretch of Baja—the other two being the Meling Ranch 31 miles back in the mountains through San Telmo and the other the noted Hamilton Ranch at Colonia Guerrero.

Many of those who visit the Sky Ranch come for the hunting, which begins around Oct. 15. Sprig, teal, blue-bill, ruddy and butterball ducks come early and the brant fly in around Nov. 15 and stay until March. Then the bass lagoons double as a hunting area. Cement blinds have been constructed along the edges.

A word of caution to those who would travel Baja. When walking off the traveled pathways beware of rattlesnakes. There are plenty of them in the desert peninsula.

In retrospect, we will never forget the first night of our trek when we camped along the beach at Erendira, a small village halfway to El Rosario. The sea was glowing with phosphorescence, a phenomenon rare on the west coast although common in the east.

The waves broke in sheets of flame and as far out as one could see the frothy wave tops resembled Fourth of July sparklers.

It was an auspicious beginning for our Rosario adventure.

But also auspicious was the moment when, tired, unshaven and bone-weary from the rough roads, we crossed the border on our way back. Home never looked so good!

AT Santa Maria, fresh water lagoons abound in bass, while only a few hundred yards away the sparkling beach beckons the surf fishermen

BESIDE a reedy lagoon at El Rosario, the fishermen pitch camp near the beach anticipating good fishing





A ROCKET-TYPE base cradles a giant red ball indicating new multi-million dollar Red Ball plant

A New Home for RED BALL

HENRY E. ENGLISH, left, Chairman of the Board,
and O. B. ENGLISH, President of Red Ball.



THOUSANDS of customers and friends attended the formal opening in June of the new multi-million dollar plant of Red Ball Motor Freight, Inc.

Sprawled across some 20 acres, the new general offices and Dallas terminal operations are located off the new Stemmons Expressway at 3177 Irving Boulevard in Dallas, Texas.

Designed by Architect George L. Dahl, the plant is described by many as "the most outstanding motor freight facility" in the nation. The giant rocket-type base that cradles the tremendous red ball in front of the new plant is a perfect symbol of the meteoric rise of Red Ball Motor Freight from a small trucking firm operating between Lufkin and Houston, to the enterprise that spreads today through six states, operating over a 6,000-mile network of a certificated highways.

The new plant also is a symbol of the dynamic leadership of its founder and now Chairman of the Board, Henry E. English, whose friends and associates number in the thousands across the United States. His son, O. B. English, is President of Red Ball.

The new facilities include the general offices building, the Dallas terminal offices and dock, and the Dallas equipment repair and service garage. In a separate wing of the terminal building are recreational facilities and sleeping quarters for 50 drivers.

The dock stretches for 500 feet—almost the length of two football fields—and can load and



RED Ball's new 500-foot dock facilitates the movement of more than five million pounds of freight daily

unload 100 trucks or trailers simultaneously. Typical of the most modern equipment available, the dock is fully automatic featuring a "dragline" conveyor system that speeds from 2500 to 3500 shipments of some five million pounds of freight in and out daily.

The general offices building occupies 18,525 square feet, while the terminal offices and dock spread across 76,429 square feet and the equipment repair and service garage requires 59,851 square feet. These one-level buildings are surrounded and connected with 660,000 square feet of paved parking space.

Red Ball has some \$8,000,000 invested in equipment and another \$5,000,000 invested in terminals. Its payroll exceeds \$7,000,000 annually to more than 1,000 employees, including 180 line drivers. The Company operates some 1200 units of rolling stock and operated last year more than 15,000,000 miles.

To maintain their motto "Smiling Service," Red Ball has a private long-line telephone network throughout their system.

Under the guidance of Henry E. and O. B. English, Red Ball Motor Freight has won a place in the hearts of Dallasites for not only does this Company engage in the normal routine of a truck line, but it also assumes its responsibilities as a good citizen. Red Ball's trucks and drivers participate in free hauling for such activities as Boy Scout Jamborees, Salesmanship Club Boys Camp, hauling goods for Chilean Relief during the recent earth-



HENRY English, ever thoughtful and generous with old friends, visits with an old timer and ex-miner "Paddy, The Bum" at Sammy's Bowery Follies, N.Y.

quake disasters, and hauling sets for the Dallas Civic Opera. No effort is shirked or side-stepped as Red Ball lends its support in the community's promotion of industrial development.

Operating now throughout six states including Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado, Arkansas and Louisiana, Red Ball has an application pending for the acquisition of the Couch Motor Lines of Shreveport, which will extend its operations into New Orleans, Louisiana; Mobile, Alabama; Jackson, Mississippi; Little Rock, Arkansas; and Memphis, Tennessee.

Lufkin is proud to number Red Ball Motor Freight, Inc. among its customers and friends.



Left to right: JOE DeSADIER, A. C. McMILLIAN, A. C. McMillian Trucking Co., Fort Worth, Texas; FLOYD ROGERS, Asst. Sales Mgr., Lufkin Trailers, Lufkin; GLENN FOY, Lufkin Trailers Branch Mgr., Lubbock, Texas

HERE and ... among FOLK



LAMAR WALKER, left, and BOB WALKER, Walker Transfer & Storage Co., Alice, Texas



L. W. (WOODIE) GOLDSMITH, left, and CLAIR GOLDSMITH, Harlingen, Texas



WALLACE LENTZ, left and C. D. SMITH, Smith Stone Company, Austin, Texas



VICK WOODARD, standing, Woodward Trucking Co., Houston; R. L. KELLEY, driver

FRED HILL, left, and SI HILL, Southwest Oilfield Transportation Co., Houston, Texas



BURK STRONG, Strong's Feed & Grain Co., Pearsall, Texas

AL MORROW, South Texas Tire Test Fleet, Devine, Texas

MILLER RHOADES, Rhoades Truck Line, Austin, Texas

DON WALLS, Altus, Oklahoma



THERE ... TRUCKING



Left to right: SNEED HICKS, JAMES HICKS, KAY HICKS, all with Payne Brick Co., Elgin, Texas



W. R. HENSARLING, left, takes delivery of a new Lufkin TLSV combination livestock and dry freight trailer from ERNIE DAILEY, Lufkin Trailers representative, Houston, Texas



HERBERT F. OTTO, cattle trucker and owner of Herb's Conoco Service Station, Llano, Texas, has just taken delivery of a new Lufkin TOLS



JOE DeSADIER, A. C. McMillian Trucking Co., Lubbock, Texas



MR. & MRS. ROY BAILEY, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



MARVIN STOKES, Calumet, Oklahoma

N. C. BYRD,
Byrd Sand & Gravel Co.,
Lubbock, Texas

M. E. RUBY, JR.,
M. E. Ruby Equipment Co.,
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JERRY COX,
Capitol Construction Co.
Austin, Texas

G. H. ELLIOTT,
Altus
Oklahoma





1



2



3



LUFKIN
INSTALLATION

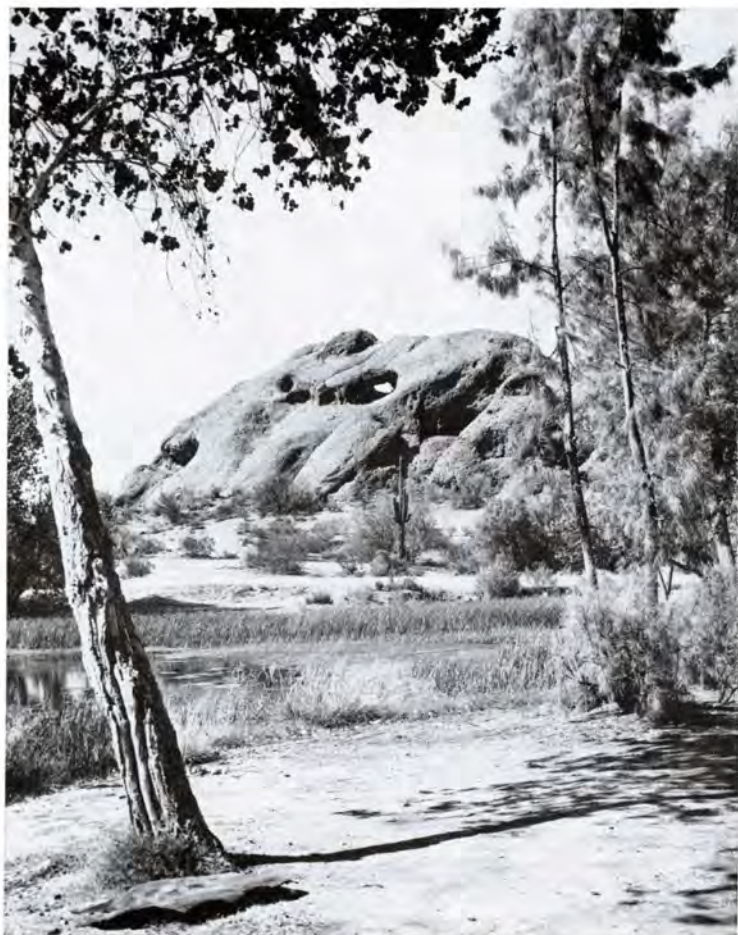




KIN ATIONS



1. LUFKIN C-160D-84RO-15.1 Unit, Shell Oil Company, Vedder Lease, Mt. Poso Field, Kern County, California
2. LUFKIN C-228D-74-23 Unit, Lake Oil Co., Tejon Ranch Lease, Tejon Field, Kern County, California
3. LUFKIN C-114DA-54-13 Unit, Kern Producers Company, KCL Lease, Fruitvale Field, Kern County, California
4. LUFKIN C-160D-64-18.8 Unit, Reserve Oil & Gas Co., Tejon Field, Kern County, California
5. LUFKIN C-640DB-108-30 Unit, Shell Oil Company, Glide Lease, Mt. Poso Field, Kern County, California
6. LUFKIN C-114DA-64-16 Unit, Union Oil Co., KCL Lease, Fruitvale Field, Kern County, California
7. LUFKIN C-320D-84-30 Unit, Richfield Oil Corp., Tejon "A" Lease, Tejon Field, Kern County, California



ON ANY tour in the vicinity of Phoenix, an array of natural wonders may be seen including fantastically eroded rocks



V VALLEY

By Dolores B. Jeffords

PHOENIX, unlike the mythical bird for which it is named, rose, not from its own ashes, but from those of a prehistoric civilization, the ruins of which have proved an inexhaustible field of research and excavation by the Municipal Division of Archaeology. Not only have artifacts and curios been recovered in sufficient quantity to stock the Hohokam Indian Museum, on the site, but remains of ancient ditches, ball courts, outlines of dwellings, and other evidences of a permanent settlement have been uncovered. These Indians disappeared, archaeologists say, about 700 years ago.

Dramatic indeed is the contrast between these prehistoric ruins, known as Pueblo Grande, and the great industries, modern streets and buildings, and lush resorts of the present city. The sun-scorched desert, too, contrasts with the rich green fields and groves surrounding Phoenix in the Valley of the Sun—a valley 100 miles wide, between bare mountain ranges.

Phoenix, which had an extremely humble beginning in 1864, owes its growth and beauty in the last two decades to the dams, reservoirs and canals which have brought the miracle of fertility to the Valley of the Sun. Not only has the valley become an agricultural empire, but with the availability of water, great industrial enterprises have moved in. Tourists, too, gather in increasing numbers to enjoy the dazzling splendor of warm, sunlit winter days, the invigorating coolness of desert nights. In fall, winter, and early spring, the climate is delightful.

There is literally no end of things to do and sights to see in and around Phoenix. Splashing in a tempered swimming pool, or fishing or boating on a man-made lake, you might easily forget that you are in the heart of a vast desert. And looking upon the ultra-modern Sky Harbor Airport, the Civic Center, the Silver-domed State Capitol, the tall office buildings and glamorous show-windows



LEFT: Camelback Mountain is the backdrop for this aerial view of Phoenix, a thriving city of 490,000



ARIZONA'S capitol, built of native stone, houses murals depicting the state's history and progress

OF THE SUN

of department stores, you may wonder what has become of the wild and woolly West.

But the landmarks of the old are not far to seek. Scottsdale, "the West's most Western town," 12 miles from Phoenix, goes back to frontier days with its false-fronted shops, plank sidewalks and hitching rails. Wickenburg, 53 miles from Phoenix, has also preserved its old-time appearance, as when the nearby Vulture Gold Mine—a \$17,000,000 bonanza discovered by Henry Wickenburg—was in operation, and the town was a characteristically boisterous mining camp.

In the vicinity, too, are many ranches—"guest ranches," and commercial cattle-raising enterprises. Often the two are combined.

A famous landmark near Phoenix is Camelback Mountain. Another, more distant, is Superstition Mountain, legendary site of the lost Dutchman Mine. Both the legend and the mountain provide an exciting climax for the Dons Club Travelcades, which are held weekly from November to March. Through cooperation of the Phoenix Visitors Club, these hikes may be joined by tourists at little or



SUPERSTITION Mountain, legendary site of the Lost Dutchman Mine, is climax of Dons Club Travelcades conducted by members in traditional Spanish attire



EAST of downtown Phoenix, archeologists excavate an old Hohokam Indian ball court at Pueblo Grande

A THRILLING one-day trip is the Apache Trail, a dark and bloody warpath when the Apaches were on the loose, but now transformed into State Route 88



no cost. The Dons are non-profit, interested only in acquainting the stranger with the wonders and lore of Arizona. The traditional Spanish attire of a bygone day, worn by both men and women of the Club, makes them a picturesque feature of the region.

The Visitors Club also conducts tours through the season, ranging from desert and mountain picnic outings to overnight trips by chartered bus to more distant attractions. But fine, well-marked highways enable the motorist to cover the tours in his own car, with maps and directions for long or short excursions.

On these tours are seen such an array of natural and man-made wonders and historical treasures, and such a kaleidoscope of spectacular scenes, that even a long vacation will seem too short. There are prehistoric cliff dwellings and petroglyphs, Indian reservations, desert wilderness parks, fantastically eroded rocks, magnificent natural lookouts, a forest of grotesque Joshua trees; a monument to "Hi Jolly"—the name given locally to Hadji Ali, one of the Syrian camel-drivers imported with those famous camels; a rock inscribed with the name of the Spanish missionary-explorer, Marcos de Niza,



THROUGH the miracle of irrigation, vast stretches of former desert land have been made a rich oasis

and the date 1539. And amid these antiquities are the no less fascinating marvels of the modern highways and great flood control projects that have reclaimed the desert wilderness.

A thrilling one-day trip is the Apache Trail, a dark and bloody warpath when the Apaches were on the loose, but now transformed into State Route 88. It starts at Apache Junction, near the foot of Superstition Mountain, where the Dons Club has placed a monument to Jacob Waltz, the "Dutchman" of the Lost Mine, which has so long been searched for in earnest and in fun, but always in vain.

Route 88 follows the Salt River overlooking from hundreds of feet above the succession of dams and cliff-rimmed lakes; dipping dizzily down to the floor of vividly colored Fish Creek Canyon, and rising again to overlook Roosevelt Lake. The return trip through Tonto National Monument, Globe, and other most interesting places is equally enjoyable.

There are longer tours of several days to the

Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, and other nationally famous attractions, all of which trips include less publicized wonders en route. There are tours through Tucson to the Mexican border at Douglas or Nogales, pausing to visit the beautiful Mission San Xavier del Bac, Saguaro, Chiricahua and Tumacacori National Monuments, and other places of interest.

The winter calendar of events in Phoenix and vicinity includes a world championship rodeo and several other rodeos; horse, dog and auto races; major league baseball games; square dancing; and such colorful features as Gold Rush Days, a Cattle-Rustlers' Ball, a Rawhide Roundup, a Western Stampede, and various other events, for both participants and spectators.

Add the usual city and resort recreations, plus delectable food from hamburgers to chicken served flaming on a sword, and it will be obvious that a Phoenix vacation can be crowded with all the activity and entertainment that time allows.



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BILL SILCOX, Standard Oil Co.,
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W. A. STROWN, left, and
W. H. RYHERD, Standard Oil Co.,
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HARRY NEMELA, left, Coalinga, Calif.,
and F. R. SCHMIEDER, Los Angeles,
both with Shell Oil Company



BOB DEWAR, left, Honolulu Oil Corp., Taft, Calif.,
and CARL FRAZER, Lufkin Fdy. & Mach. Co.,
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Los Angeles, Calif.

AL COOPER, Standard Oil Co., La Habra, Calif. RAY BROCKLEHURST, Standard Oil Company, Los Angeles, Calif. R. E. WEEKLEY, Richfield Oil Corp., Los Angeles, Calif. R. C. BACKMAN, Standard Oil Company, Los Angeles, Calif. JIM ROSS, Mobil Oil Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

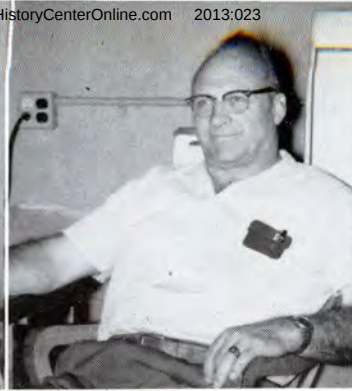




CLAY LaRUE,
Shell Oil Co.,
Bakersfield, Calif.



JIM LATHAM,
General Petroleum Corp.,
San Ardo, Calif.



JESS BRANT,
Richfield Oil Corp.,
Bakersfield, Calif.



ART WILLIAMS,
Tidewater Oil Co.,
Bakersfield, Calif.



M. F. WILSON,
Texaco, Inc.,
Los Angeles, Calif.



DICK CORDAINE,
Standard Oil Company,
Los Angeles, Calif.



HARRY MOTTS,
Standard Oil Company,
Los Angeles, Calif.



W. J. CLAUSER,
Mobil Oil Co.,
Santa Fe Springs, Calif.



ED BORG,
Texaco, Inc.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

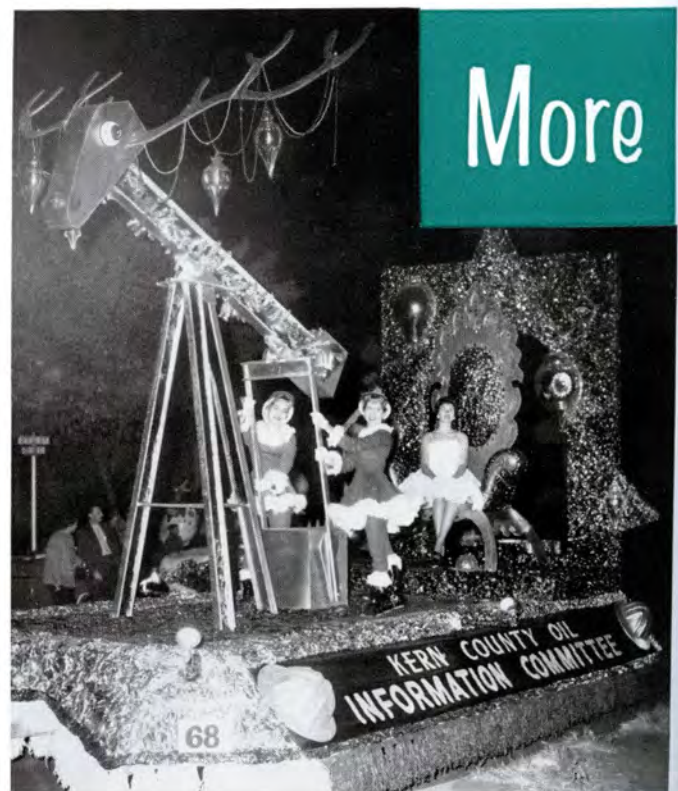


P. S. (PAT) MANNING,
Standard Oil Company,
Los Angeles, Calif.



F. R. (DUTCH) SCHMIEDER, General Superintendent for Shell Oil Co., Los Angeles, has been appointed Chairman of the API National Committee on Supervisory Development.

RIDING the Kern County Oil Information Committee's float in a parade are left to right: MISS MERLE HAVRON, Shell Oil Co.; MISS JEANETTE FRANCESCONI, Signal Oil and Gas Co.; and MISS MARLENE FREEMAN, Shell Oil Co.; all from Bakersfield, Calif.



More

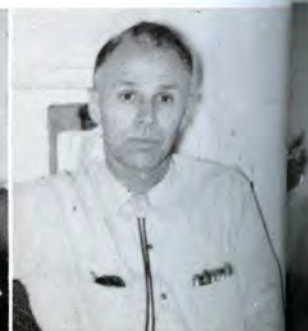
JOE OLIPHANT
General Petroleum Corp.
Taft, Calif.

IRVING YANCEY
General Petroleum Corp.
San Ardo, Calif.

JERRY JOHNSON
Texaco, Inc.
San Ardo, Calif.

BOB EVANS
Texaco, Inc.
San Ardo, Calif.

C. A. MITTNACHT
Tidewater Oil Co.
Bakersfield, Calif.





DON SHOENBERGER
Texaco, Inc.
San Ardo, Calif.



BILL MASSEY
Tidewater Oil Co.
Bakersfield, Calif.



FLOYD CHAMBERS
Richfield Oil Corp.
Bakersfield, Calif.



ED SANDBURG
Richfield Oil Co.
Bakersfield, Calif.



R. G. HULBERT
Mobil Oil Co.
Santa Fe Springs, Calif.



FRANK SPURLOCK
Standard Oil Co.
Coalinga, Calif.

Snapshots



ABOUT to cut the cake at the annual birthday party of the Petroleum Club of Bakersfield, Calif. are left to right: MR. & MRS. JACK TALBOT, Oliver Oil Tool Co. and MR. & MRS. RAY ARNETT, Richfield Oil Corp.



TEX FOSTER, left
and **BOB SHARP**, Shell Oil Co.
Bakersfield, Calif.



W. A. HARRISON, left
and **D. L. DRAPER**, Shell Oil Co.
Coalinga, Calif.



Left to right: **CLARENCE REYNOLDS**, Ohio Oil Co., Chairman of the Kern County Oil Information Committee; **MISS MERLE HAVRON**, who has been selected **MISS OIL**, representing the Kern County Oil Industry and who is employed by Shell Oil Co.; and **CARL FRAZER** of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co., who served as Miss Oil contest chairman.

JOHN HOLMAN
Richfield Oil Corp.
Cuyama, Calif.

RAY MUNSON
General Petroleum Corp.
San Ardo, Calif.

ART BARNETT
General Petroleum Corp.
Taft, Calif.

CHURCHILL CAMPBELL
Richfield Oil Corp.
Bakersfield, Calif.

WALLY JACKSON
Honolulu Oil Co.
Taft, Calif.





Two young men seated in a restaurant were watching a customer busily disposing of a plate of oysters on the half-shell. One of the young men remarked to his friend: "Did you ever hear that business about raw oysters being good for a man's virility?"

"Yes, why?" the friend asked.

"Well, take it from me, that's a lot of foolishness. I ate a dozen of them the other night and only nine worked."

"You know, babe, I've got about \$15 invested in you," he said as they left the nightclub.

"That's right, honey," she cooed. "Now what do you expect?"

"Oh, I expect to take about a \$13-loss."

A fellow was going in for a landing on Mars when he spotted a gorgeous, nude blonde. When the rocket came to a halt, he threw open the door in keen anticipation and rushed toward the enchantress.

Much to his dismay, she was 20 feet tall.

"Take me to your ladder," he stammered. "I'll see your leader later."

"I don't care if your name is Napoleon; get your hand out of my blouse."

Patient: "Is there anything worse than having an earache and a toothache at the same time?"

Doctor: "Yes, rheumatism on your wedding night."

A husband that is as busy as a bee may wake up one day and find his honey gone.

Sign seen at a filling station: "Fill your car and drain your family."

An ounce of suggestion is sometimes worth a pound of lure.

It happened in the home of one of those young couples who begin married life with twin beds. She brought home and placed over her husband's bed the motto: "I need thee every hour."

The husband promptly went out shopping and returned with a sign of his own. It read: "God give me strength."

It is the exceptional woman who gets out of a man's life without banging the door.

The wife was being teased by a neighbor who'd seen her husband in the company of a fancy-looking blonde dish. The wife calmly squelched her annoyer by saying: "All I know is that Joe brings home his pay check each week. Anything he can get for nothing at the age of fifty-five—he's entitled to!"

Don't worry about your hair falling out. Think how bad it would be if it ached and you had to have it pulled.

Overheard at the beach: "Tell me, is that girl wearing a black bathing suit or is that a bruise on her hip?"

There's no thrill like kissing a girl and dropping an ice cube down her back at the same time.

Know what an Auditor is? One who turns the sheet, checks the figure, makes an entry, and waits for the monthly statement.

A father and son bumped into each other at Mabel's Westward Ho House. The son was terribly embarrassed, and so was the father.

"Hey, Pop," said the son, "what are YOU doing here?"

"Well, son," said the father in a fatherly way, "for a lousy two bucks I didn't want to bother Mama."

Experience is what permits you to make the same mistake again without getting caught.

At a recent oil convention, a rather glum looking oilman walked into a women's dress shop and silently handed a saleslady a slip of paper which read:

"To whom it may concern: Since I am tired of returning black nightgowns, off-the-shoulder blouses and similar articles after every convention, and since the bearer of this note seems to think I am exactly the size of the current sales person, here are some statistics and information: I am five-feet-three-inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, wear a size 13 dress and size 10 stocking. I do not like the color green, wide stripes, polka dots or nylons without seams. Please do not sell him the most expensive gift in the store as we have to eat next week, too. Thanking you in advance, I am Sincerely, Wife of the bearer."

After viewing the day's "takes," the temperamental movie actress complained to the chief cameraman, "You're not photographing my best side."

"How can I?" he snapped. "You're always sitting on it."

Pretty Nurse: "There's one patient in my ward who doesn't try to make love to me."

Second Pretty Nurse: "Yeah, one of my patients is unconscious, too."

"Aw, baby, where's your heart?" he pleaded.

"Straight down my throat, first turn to the left."

A toolpusher who had a beautifully formed wife went to town to buy her a dress for her birthday. The saleslady, knowing the wife, brought out a number of highly revealing gowns.

The toolpusher shook his head. "No, miss, I don't want anything like those. To me, Molly is like money in the bank. As long as I know it's there, I don't have to see it all the time."

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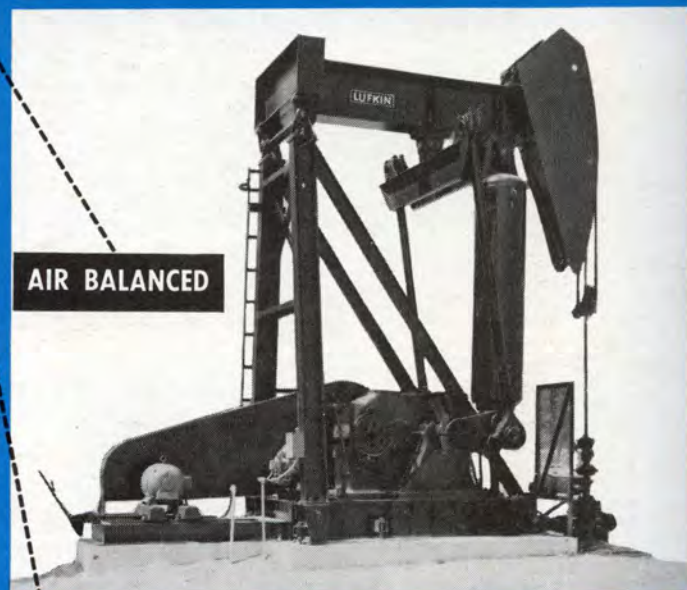
TRAILERS



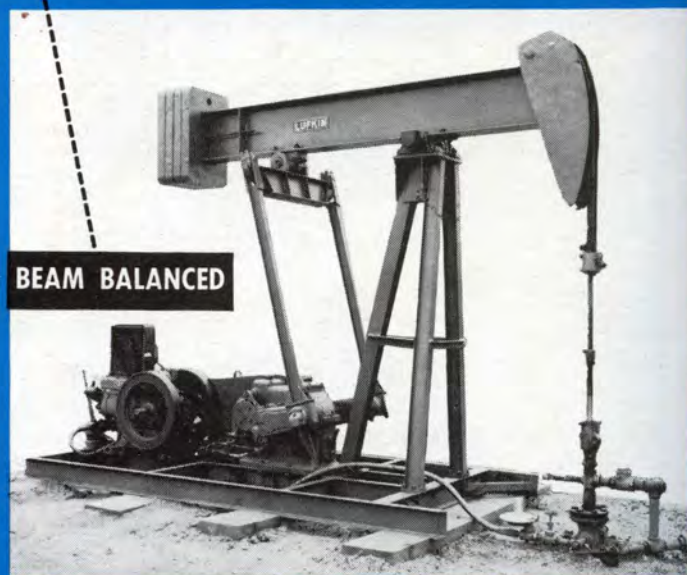
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