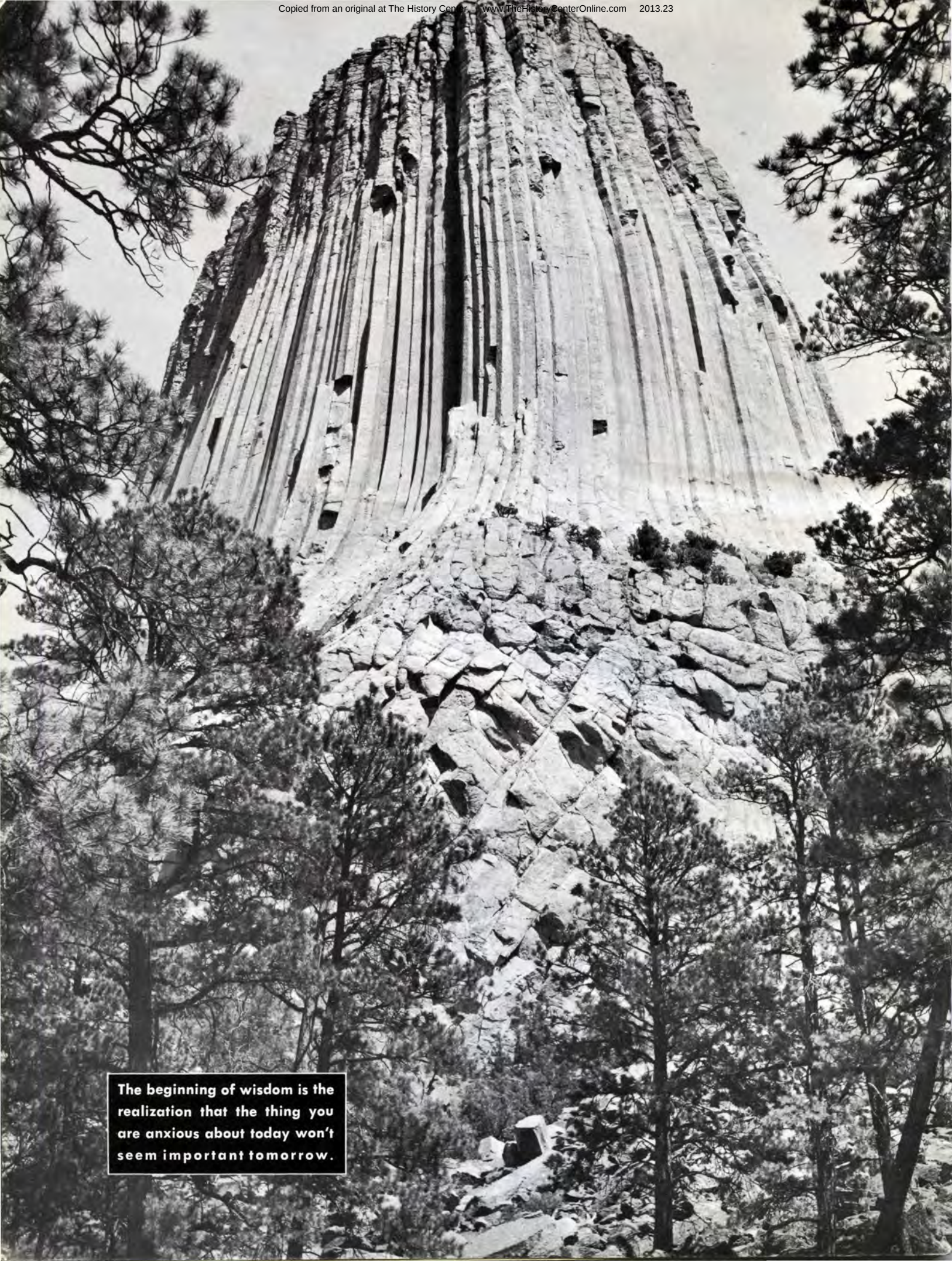




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THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

MARCH-APRIL • 1962



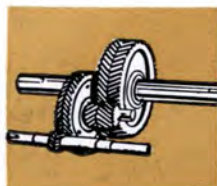
The beginning of wisdom is the realization that the thing you are anxious about today won't seem important tomorrow.



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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION ISSUE

CRAZY HORSE: A COLOSSUS IN THE MAKING— Don Hipschman	4- 9
HERE & THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLKS	10-11
JEFFRIES . . . SPECIALIZED HEAVY HAULING	12-13
LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS	14-15
HERE & THERE Continued	16
SNAPSHOTS WITH THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN	17-19
PIKE'S PEAK VIA THE COG—Ralph T. Burch	20-23
MORE SNAPSHOTS	24-25
LET'S LAUGH	26

COVER: Lithography by Western Lithograph of Texas

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CRAZY HORSE

By Don Hipschman

UP IN the high reaches of South Dakota's Black Hills—the once-sacred *Paha Sapa* of the Sioux—a gigantic monument to the North American Indian is being torn and blasted from the solid rock of Thunderhead Mountain.

The sculptor is Korczak Ziolkowski, a man whose spirit and body are as granitic as his mountain. He's carving Thunderhead Mountain into a memorial to Crazy Horse, the proud chieftain of the Sioux nation.

The mind bobbles at the size of Crazy Horse monument. The statue itself will be a warrior with an outstretched arm mounted astride a horse. Carved in the round, it will be atop the 6,600-foot Thunderhead Mountain, and will be 641 feet long and 563 feet high.

A 12-room house can be placed inside each of the horse's nostrils; a 10-story building will fit between the warrior's outstretched arm and the horse's name; four battalions (4,000 men) will be able to stand on the arm which will be 313 feet long by 136 feet wide.

The monument will dwarf Mount Rushmore,

only 22 miles away. It will also be far bigger than the Washington Monument, the Pyramid of Gizeh, and the Colossus of Rhodes.

Astonishingly, Ziolkowski considers the Crazy Horse Monument, which he estimates will cost \$5 million, only a minor phase of what he has chosen as his life's work. His goal is a \$50 million American Indian Center, complete with a university, hospital, museum and airfield.

Even more astonishing is that Ziolkowski is raising money for this stupendous job from contributions and 75-cent admission fees from tourists. He hasn't received a dime in federal or state funds or grants from any of the large philanthropic foundations. He has, in fact, refused an offer of \$10 million from the National Park Service.

Ziolkowski's motivation is also perplexing—he says he's doing it because he thinks there should be something Americans can see that will show them the American Indian was brave.

Mixed with this is an artistic ego of infinite proportions. Ziolkowski no doubt feels the Crazy Horse monument will also be his monument. He's

*My Lands Are Where
My People Lie Buried*

This is the pose Ziolkowski has chosen for the Crazy Horse Monument. Vandals have broken a feather and the pointing finger from this model. On the monument, the feather will be 44 feet high

ZIOLKOWSKI is standing on what will be the outstretched arm of Crazy Horse. Behind him is the monument's head. The jeep gives an indication of its size



... A Colossus in the Making!

demonstrated, though, in the 15 years he worked on the Crazy Horse monument, that he's competent to back up his dreams.

Why a monument to Crazy Horse?

Ziolkowski had done many busts of celebrities and was acquiring an international reputation in 1939, when he came to work as Gutzon Borglum's assistant on Mount Rushmore.

Shortly after he returned East from Rushmore, Henry Standing Bear, a chief of the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, wrote Ziolkowski asking him to carve a mountain statue of Crazy Horse "so that the white people may know that the red face had brave men also."

Borglum had inoculated him with the idea of doing mountain sculpture, and thus intrigued, Ziolkowski returned to South Dakota to talk with Standing Bear and other Sioux leaders.

"Hell," he says reflectively, "I didn't know who this Crazy Horse was or anything about him. I'd never heard of him! But the more I thought about it, the more I thought we could do something in this country to show the American *rouge* was part of our history, too."

After talking to Standing Bear, Ziolkowski began looking for a site for the memorial. He was in

Montana and Nebraska and Wyoming, but Standing Bear kept reminding him: "It should be in the Black Hills, this is our sacred land."

Ziolkowski came back to South Dakota and found his mountain. It was far larger than the 60 or 70 feet he had envisioned, and the monument grew ten-fold in concept from that moment. He named the mountain Thunderhead, and—with a publicist's eye to the future—decided he would put a 6-million candlepower spotlight on a nearby mountain to illuminate Crazy Horse at night.

Thunderhead Mountain, Ziolkowski soon learned, was inside the Black Hills National Forest, and he went to Washington to talk Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes out of a 6,600-foot piece of granite.

The Old Curmeudgeon barked there would be no more carving up of his mountains.

The matter stalled there. Ziolkowski went to West Hartford, Conn. to stir an imbroglio of sizable dimensions with a marble statue of Noah Webster. Ziolkowski proved to have more artistic mettle than the city fathers had bargained for, and they tried to ease him out by not providing funds. Ziolkowski raised the money himself, mowing some 700 lawns at ungodly hours in the morning.



JADWIGA, 8, and Anne, 6, consider their daddy's bust of Crazy Horse carved from a Ponderosa pine a first-rate cover and concealment in a game of hide and seek

The resultant furor broke into the national press and was still reverberating around West Hartford when Ziolkowski was drafted into the field artillery.

Predictably, he and the army ran head on, and he stood court martial for insubordination three times, but the charges were never proved. He eventually attained the rank of sergeant.

Through his army career, including the landing on Omaha Beach, Ziolkowski carried a copy of Albert Murray's *The Literature of Ancient Greece*. "That was my Bible," he recalls.

After the war, Ziolkowski came back to South Dakota, this time bearing a 300-pound model of Crazy Horse in white Tennessee marble. In 1947, he bought a 650-acre ranch at the foot of Thunderhead Mountain. Then he traded a 360-acre tract he owned adjacent to the Wind Cave National Park to the National Park Service for the 328-acre site of Thunderhead. After the trade, the Department of the Interior ordered the site to be taken out of the public domain forever.

Once in possession of Thunderhead, Ziolkowski found his assets were his deed, some hand tools, a war surplus jeep, and \$174 in cash. His liabilities were a mortgage of more than \$4,000 and a horde of people waiting for him to fall on his face. And he had no place to live.

He set to work cutting down the tall native Ponderosa pine to build a home. His help consisted of his wife and a few friends from the East whose gifts were more aesthetic than physical.

Nevertheless, the house went up, made of 70-foot logs with a skylight across the entire front of the house so the mountain may be seen from all main rooms.

Water and a power source for his home and the compressors and drills he would use on the mountain were also a problem. Ziolkowski solved the one by throwing a dam across a ravine and the other by falling trees and stringing his own line to hook onto a power line running along the highway two miles away.

By the time Ziolkowski was ready to take the first rock off Thunderhead in June, 1948, he had sunk \$81,000 of his own money into the project.

In order to get up the mountain some way other than by climbing up on ropes or riding a horse around the back slope, Ziolkowski built a formidable 700-foot staircase up the face of the mountain during the winter of 1948-49.

He estimates he carried 29 tons of lumber up Thunderhead. "Building those stairs nearly killed me," he admits. "When I first came here, I was used to working at near sea level, and the altitude really sapped me."

He has adapted nicely to the altitude now, however, and he awes tourists by picking up 200-pound weights in one hand.

The work on Crazy Horse was agonizing at first. Ziolkowski says, "it was just a mining operation." He and two assistants climbed the stairs or rode a jerky, pulse-stopping, home-made cable car to the top each day to drill and blast. Using bars, they prized the shattered rock off a 600-foot precipice.

Through 1949, Ziolkowski had taken 97,000 tons of rock—almost a third as much as had come off Rushmore in the 13 years it was in the making—and the result was barely visible.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1950, Ziolkowski married Ruth Ross of West Hartford, Conn. His first wife, whom he had married in 1936, had divorced him in 1949 when the endless hours of work, the struggle to raise funds and the isolation from the friends and culture of the East took their toll.

Contributions had failed to keep pace with the work, and by 1950 Ziolkowski found most of his



ZIOLKOWSKI will carve a colossal monument of Crazy Horse atop Thunderhead Mountain. He stands on the 700-foot stairway he built himself to the mountain top

own money exhausted, also. Casting about for some means of supporting his family, he discovered there was no large dairy in the Black Hills, and that most milk was brought in across hundreds of miles of prairie.

Ziolkowski had one cow, a venerable Holstein-Freisian named "Old Blossom." The Holstein-Freisians are excellent producers, and he began looking for the nucleus of a herd. In 1953, at St. Mary's College in Winona, Miss. he found that herd, buying a bull named "Leader" and 25 heifers.

With a herd at the ranch, Ziolkowski learned he couldn't get a loan to build a mechanical milking parlor. A contractor estimated the cost of the building at \$8400; the automatic milking equipment he wanted was out of the question. In the meantime, the herd was milked by hand.

Ziolkowski and his wife set to work building their own milking parlor during the winter and

fall of 1953-54. They did the design and blueprinting, dug and laid the foundation, cut lumber, and put up the cement blocks.

The milking parlor cost \$2600. Ziolkowski got a milking machine company to equip him, and agreed to repay the loan from the bonus he got producing premium milk.

The herd number approximately 140 cows now, with about 40 cows being milked each day. Each cow has a name, and life begins and ends each day with the cows. Winter and summer, the family rises at 4 a.m. Ziolkowski and the older children go down to the milking parlor while Ruth tends the babies and begins breakfast. With the automatic equipment, it takes less than an hour to milk the 40 cows.

Ziolkowski estimates the herd and milking parlor are worth \$35,000. They support his family and keep the project going during slack times.

Ruth, a buxom flazen-haired woman a dozen



THIS bust of Henry Standing Bear was done by Ziolkowski shortly before the Sioux chief died. It was he who convinced Ziolkowski to carve Crazy Horse Monument

years younger than Ziolkowski, explains the milking operation this way: "That's our way of life and you know where what we make goes—it goes up there," she says with a gesture at the mountain. "That's where everything goes."

Looking ahead to what he'd need in the way of materials for the monument also put Ziolkowski in the lumber business. The size of the Crazy Horse monument is such that it isn't practical to put men down over the side on ropes as was the case at Rushmore, and Ziolkowski decided to build scaffolding and move it down as work progresses.

This will require fantastic amounts of lumber and Ziolkowski decided that cutting his own would be far simpler than to buy lumber and ship it in.

So he went into Custer and bought a sawmill in Ruth's name in 1957, outraging various "experts" who predicted a quick collapse of all his enterprises.

Ziolkowski confounded nearly everyone with his success, however, and for the past three years, the mill is one of the only two in Custer which operated over the winter.

Near the new sawmill is a chipping plant owned by a firm in Green Bay, Wis. which Ziolkowski attracted to South Dakota. It takes slabs and ends

which are the refuse of a logging operation and breaks them into small chips to be used as pulp. Previously, the refuse had been burned.

"I've got a half-million dollar business in here that runs on stuff people used to burn to get rid of. You can't beat that, can you?" Ziolkowski chuckles.

He is obviously proud of his milking and lumber operations, but when he sits at his long table and looks up at the mountain looming before him, he feels frustrated.

"I didn't come out here to do these things," he says, sweeping his hands around the ranch, "I came out here to carve a mountain."

The milking parlor and sawmills wouldn't have been necessary. "Connie Wirth (director of the National Park Service) said he'd help me get \$10 million to carve the monument," Ziolkowski says.

"What about my Indian center, though?" I asked him, "What about the hospital and university?" He said he couldn't go for those, so I turned him down."

Ziolkowski feels the money he earns and the small contributions he gets will do the whole job.

The work on Crazy Horse is expensive. During the summer, it takes nearly \$340 a day for drill bits, help of one or two men, caps, blasting powder

IT'S 600 feet straight down off where the horse's head will be on the monument, but Ziolkowski (center) and his assistants are showing no signs of vertigo

and all the other implements needed to carve a mountain.

In 1957, he decided it was too slow to push the loose rock off the mountain by hand, and so he blasted a nerveracking path to the top and brought up a bulldozer.

On top the 6,600-foot mountain, the bulldozer appears bug-like. The view there is vertiginous: Nebraska can be seen to the southeast, Wyoming to the southwest, and Montana to the northwest. There's a sheer 600-foot drop on three sides.

Ziolkowski is a big man, just over six feet tall, and he weighs about 210 pounds. His hair is thinning, and he lets it grow so it juts over his ears and into his collar. The mustache he had when he first came to the Black Hills has been let to run into a fiercely forking beard, the color of rusting gun-metal with gray streaking it. His body is shaped like a wedge, massive through his shoulders and rib cage, and set on a narrow waist. His arms have the enormous sloping muscles of a stevedore or lumber jack.

His clothing invariable consists of a battered and stained wide-brimmed hat, scuffed boots, faded denims, a work shirt, and a jacket that's never closed.

Apart from technical training, Ziolkowski has not had much exposure to formal education, nor had he ever had an art lesson. "I have a sense of proportion—that's all," he says. He refuses to carry his assessment of himself beyond this.

Born in Boston in 1902, Ziolkowski was orphaned as an infant. He later lived with a construction engineer until he was 16, and then left home. He worked on the Boston docks, and there became interested in wood carving. He also attracted the attention of Judge Frederick Pickering Cabot, who later became his guardian. Ziolkowski attended Rindge Technical School at Cambridge, Mass., and after he was graduated in 1925, went to work for Bethlehem Steel in Boston.

The Ziolkowski's have nine children: John, 13; Dawn, 11; Adam, 10; Jadwiga, 8; Casimir, 7; Anne, 6; Mark, 4; Joel, 2; and Monique, 1. The older children are invaluable on the ranch, driving jeeps and herding cows and helping with the milking.

Their education is something of a major prob-



lem, however, Tuition costs to send them in to Custer was prohibitive, so in 1960, Ziolkowski solved the problem by buying a one-room school-house and moving it onto the ranch.

"It's the start of my university," he says.

Driving down from the school toward the pastures where his cows and horses graze, Ziolkowski said randomly, "This is a very prolific place."

The casualness of his remark somehow gives it impact.

The Crazy Horse Ranch is indeed a prolific place in work and ideas, and Korczak Ziolkowski is a many-faceted man. He's a dreamer who wants to build a colossus to a near-forgotten Indian leader and a humanitarian center for a defeated race; he's a pragmatist who could come from a mire of debt to establish a profitable dairy and two saw-mills; he's a man who can shoe a horse or quote Herodotus.

He leaves anyone who's visited the Crazy Horse Ranch little doubt that he'll inevitably succeed.

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among TRUCKING FOLK...

continued on page 16



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The truck line was incorporated in Oklahoma in January, 1952, with Oklahoma City as the home office. Terminals are strategically located at Pueblo and Denver, Colorado; Peoria, Illinois; Lon-

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LUFKIN recently furnished 15 new 40-foot Special Hi-tensile trailers like this, minus the grain boards, to H. J. Jeffries Truck Line



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—Jack Richard Studio—Cody

- 2 LUFKIN C-320D-298-86 Unit, Pan American Petroleum Corporation, Four Bear Field, near Meeteetse, Wyoming.

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- 3 LUFKIN A-1824-192-42 Unit, The California Company, Larson B No. 8, Rangely, Colorado.

- 4 LUFKIN M-228D-256-100 Mark II Unit driven by LUFKIN HT-333B Engine, Wendel C. Flynn, D. Dynnason #7, Sidney, Montana.

- 5 LUFKIN C-320D-100-25.3 Unit, Continental Oil Company, White Mesa Field, San Juan County, Utah.

- 6 LUFKIN A-912D-168-33.5 Unit driven by LUFKIN H-1770 Engine, Pure Oil Company, Adena Field, south of Fort Morgan, Colorado.

- 7 LUFKIN H2165 Engine driving Gaso Triplex Water Flood Pump, Shell Oil Company, Plant #4 Pine Unit, south of Glendive, Montana.

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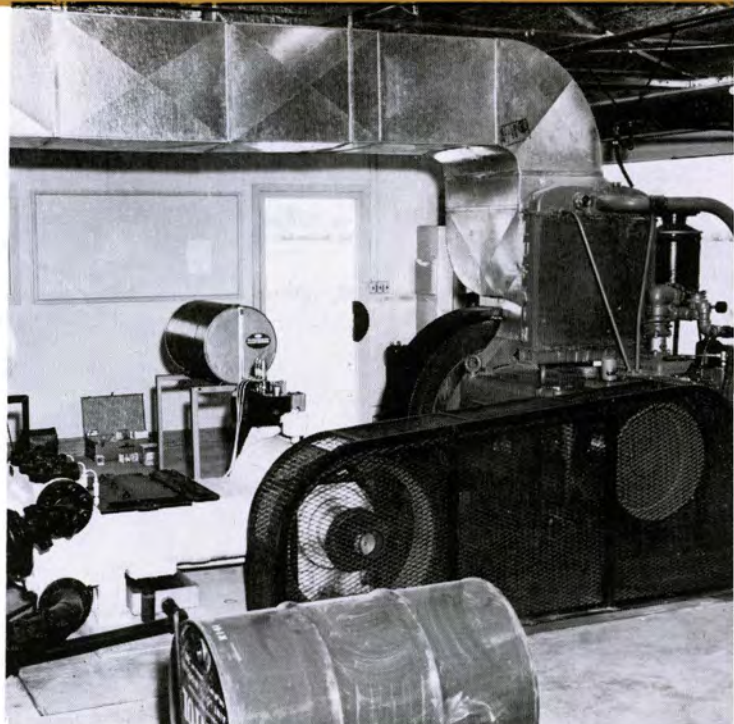
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Here and
There
*Continued
from page 11*



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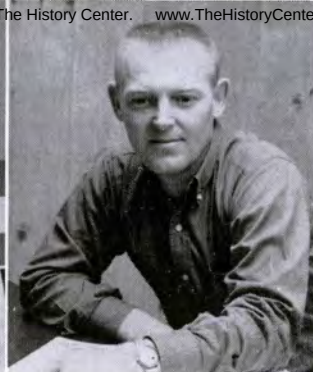




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MANITOU, in 1894, situated six miles from Colorado Springs, immediately at the foot of Pike's Peak

PIKE'S PEAK...

VIA THE



WILLIAMS Canyon near Manitou in 1894. Manitou was described at this time as follows: "The one resort of all the West. The attractions of this watering place have secured for it fame as a popular health resort."



By Ralph T. Burch

The Manitou and Pikes Peak Cog Railroad has begun its eighteenth season of hauling adventurers to the meadow of granite on top of the big old mountain. Spring snows may close the Cog Road now and then through May and June, but a twenty-five-ton rotary plow stands by to clear the track, especially in the Windy Point above timberline.

In an age of jet planes and despite dizzy tempo of life in general, the old Cog Road has resisted change. The nine-mile roadbed is the same as it was on the first trip in 1891. Some of the original nine-foot ties are still in place, preserved from rot by the dry altitude. The time for the run is the same—about an hour and a half. Most remarkable of all, the \$5 round-trip ticket is the same old price, making today's trip about a quarter as costly as it used to be, in terms of relative money value.

Manitou, the old tree-shaded town at the foot of Ute Pass, with its narrow, twisting streets and gingerbread inns, has not changed much. On cool summer evenings, people still stroll past the soda springs in the park along Fountain Creek, as they did when the place teemed with Eastern celebrities like Senator Chauncey Depew of New York and Helen Hunt Jackson, author of "Ramona."

ROTARY snow plow clears tracks at the top of Pike's Peak

—Photo by Bob McIntyre

COG



A REST stop along the rugged climb gives passengers a chance to stretch and view the grandeur

—Photo by Bob McIntyre

At the top of Ruxton Avenue, the Victorian stone-and-wood Cog Railroad station, trimmed red, white and blue, determinedly ignores the tempo of today. Brough Taggart, the leisurely man in the ticket office, takes pride in being a landmark. His father helped build the road and Brough 65, has presided at the window since 1918.

A wonderful wood odor pervades the station platform. Conductor and brakeman carry thick gold watches, wear somber maroon uniforms and bear themselves with the calm majesty of railroaders raised in the great tradition of the Palace Car era. The Diesel-electric engine and the 65 passenger plexiglass car are up-to-date but there is nothing new about the bangings, squeakings and tootings as the engine starts pushing the train up-grade. The passengers sit respectfully alert, taking the edge off their nervousness by indulging in subdued talk and quick laughter.

The tracks climb steeply on a shelf above the roaring water of Ruxton Creek. The hillsides wear pine at first, then Engelmann and blue spruce. Among the trees are great granite blocks with fanciful names accrued through the years, "Elephant," "Diamond" and "Castle." Near the top of

this preliminary canyon there is a startling peep-hole-view of the roofs of Manitou and beyond to the green valley and bright red rocks of the Garden of the Gods.

A fine, twenty-mile automobile highway winds up the north slopes of Pikes Peak but the topography that way is relatively simple. Besides, the heavy traffic is distracting. The north side lacks the complexity and lonely grandeur of the country south and east, where the Colorado plain unfolds as the cog train emerges from the canyon of Ruxton Creek and begins its six-mile grind to the top.

Pikes Peak did not achieve world renown by accident. It is a stupendous mountain, spreading over 500 square miles and offering a great variety of terrain. Eastward, below the cog tracks, passengers gaze across a series of immense, lake-dotted valleys, including Crystal, Jones, and Seven Lakes parks. Much of the area is part of the watershed owned by the City of Colorado Springs.

In the 1870's and 1880's, before the automobile, hundreds of rugged travelers poured into these remote forested basins. Log hotels were built to accommodate them. Many would arrive from Mani-



ONE of the 65-passenger plexiglass cars begin the upward climb to the top of the mountain

—Photo by Bob McIntyre

you in the afternoon, spend the night, and rise at 3 A.M. to ride to the top on burros at sunrise. The old burro trail near the cog track is still visible.

The high valleys are bounded on the east and south by an undulating ridge with summits named Cameron Cone, Mount Almagree and Mount Garfield. Beyond the ridge lies the plain but it cannot be seen until the train climbs into the bleak rock

world above timberline, where fat marmots bark and conies squeal at the passengers. At Windy Point, the plain appears suddenly, stretching off in the mist toward Kansas.

The boulder-strewn top of Pikes Peak with its unsightly Summit House is a bit of an anti-climax. Even as they enjoy views of the Continental Divide to the west and the Sangre de Cristo Range to the south, most passengers feel restless and a little bit out-of-breath and are content when, in half an hour, the conductor consults his gold watch and calls "All Aboard!" for the trip down.

The Manitou and Pikes Peak Railroad is patterned after New Hampshire's Mount Washington Cog Railway, which began running in 1869. Its outer rails are light. Motive power and braking depend on the heavy-toothed double rail, or rack, in the center, which is engaged by a steel cog gear in the engine. The grade is all up-hill and the passenger car is not coupled to the pushing engine. The car has its own engaged cog and its own brakes. If the engine should ride off the rack or



PASSENGERS get a preview of the cog trip to the top of Pike's Peak by taking a preliminary thrilling mile and a quarter ride up Mount Manitou Incline



COLORADO'S Pike's Peak from the Rampart Range

otherwise start slipping down hill, which has happened, the brakeman can stop the unattached car.

The Pikes Peak road has never had a passenger fatality, although several daredevils have been killed riding track coasters of their own invention. In mid-August of 1911, a man and his wife hiked up the track and were frozen at Windy Point in a matter of minutes during a freakish blizzard of incredible violence.

People dreamed of a Pikes Peak railroad when Colorado Springs was founded in 1871. One group went bankrupt attempting to build one in the early 1880's. Then the idea of a cog railroad struck the fancy of Zalmon G. Simmons, a summer visitor from Kenosha, Wisconsin. Simmons had made millions building the telegraph line from Chicago to Seattle and was deeply involved in a new kind of mattress firm, the Simmons Company, which would claim in time the sociological triumph of making America twin-bed conscious.

The Simmons family treasures its own cog train story. Grant G. Simmons, president of the Simmons Company, relates that his great-grandfather, who always wore a cut-away coat and stovepipe hat, "became so sore riding a mule to the top of the

Pikes Peak trail that he swore he would reach it in the greatest comfort that technology could provide, specifically a cog railroad."

The million-dollar project took three years to complete and was far more difficult than building the Mount Washington line. The distance was nine miles as compared to Mount Washington's three, which meant maintaining three water tanks to keep the engines in steam. The vertical climb was 7,539 feet to Pikes Peak's 14,110-foot summit.

Although the maximum grades of both roads are about twenty-five per cent, the Pikes Peak engine had to move nearly three times as fast to make expense.

But the Pikes Peak road was a success until after World War I, when in 1925, the Simmons family sold it to Spencer Penrose, who made it a part of his Broadmoor Hotel interests. Penrose renovated it completely and ran it at a loss until 1939, when a reliable and rugged Diesel engine was tried experimentally. The Diesel cut costs to one-tenth that of steam. In the years after Penrose's death, the road became profitable again as Diesels replaced the picturesque steam engines of Zalmon Simmons' day.



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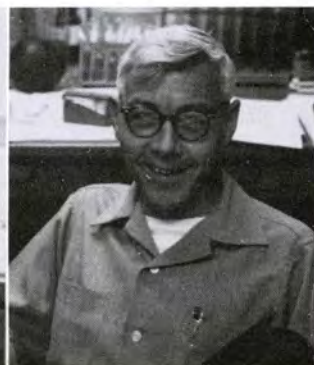


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Snap- shots



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Marathon Pipe Line Co.
Casper, Wyoming



R. C. WATTS
Amerada Petr. Corp.
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B. L. PLUMLEY, left,
J. C. PRICE, both with Sinclair
Oil & Gas, Fort Morgan, Colorado



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Gulf Oil Corp.
Casper, Wyoming



GEORGE BROWN
Continental Oil Co.
Durango, Colorado



BILL WOODRUFF
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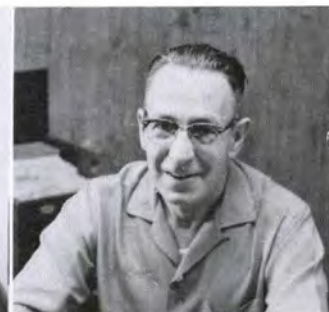
JOHN BUNTZ, left,
JOHN MANNING, both
with Shell Oil Co., Glendive, Montana



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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE: 16,212



"How long is the hair on a rabbit?"
"About 10 seconds."

Many husbands come in handy around the house — others come in unexpectedly.

"Dear Adviser: I've been going with a girl for two years and can't get her to say 'yes'. What should I do? Joe."

Adviser: "What's the question?"

As the popular young thing leaves, surrounded by a host of men, the Life-of-the-party pipes up with: "Well, there she goes in a cloud of lust."

Little Freddie was asked to write something with the word "adult" in it. Here's how he solved that.

"Adults don't have any fun. Adults just sit around and talk. Adults don't do nothing. There is nothing duller than adultery."

The doctor was advising the young parents on the care of their first born.

"Remember," he said, "boil everything before putting it in the baby's mouth."

"Gosh, honey," the new father exclaimed, "no wonder you insisted on putting Junior on a bottle!"

Two little boys were engaging in the traditional verbal battle of little boys everywhere.

"My father is better than your father!"

"No, he's not!"

"My brother is better than your brother!"

"No, he's not."

"My mother is better than your mother!"

A pause.

"Well, I guess you've got me there. My father says the same thing."

An old fellow went to his doctor for some new glands he had heard about and the doctor told him he could fix him up with monkey glands or goat glands.

The old man said: "Gimme both —while I'm monkeying around I might butt into something."

Judge: "I'll allow you five minutes of grace before your execution."

Condemned man: "Well, that's not long; but, bring her in."

When I was young
I used to smile
At pretty girls
As they went past.
Now I'm old
And try to pass
At pretty girls
But they just smile.

A southern preacher was telling his congregation all about King Solomon. He described the fabulous king's wisdom, his splendid way of life, his hundreds of wives and concubines.

"And," he added, "he fed them all ambrosia."

"Never mind what he fed them," one parishioner spoke up. "What did Solomon eat?"

CORRECTION

In our January-February issue on pages 10 and 11 were photographs illustrating various cooling tower manufacturers' installations which are equipped with Lufkin Type VB gears—fan drives. An error occurred in the description of the Slough DeFlon concrete tower. It should have read "The above tower is under construction in Bombay, India, and is being constructed in three sections. This photo illustrates typical design of the Slough DeFlon concrete tower."

Most of us waste time and energy worrying over things we can't control. It is well to do the best we can with what we have and be happy, for conditions are never so bad they could not be a lot worse. Remember the colored gal whose old man left her with 10 kids because he did not love her.

"Just think," she said happily, "what might have happened iffen he did!"

A self-made business man was in serious trouble and called up his lawyer.

"It's a dirty trick," he screamed into the phone, "a dirty trick!"

"Calm down, calm down," answered his lawyer, "and tell me what's the trouble."

"That girl's husband has made a terrible mistake. He's named me as correspondent in a divorce case and I can't even write!"

Wealthy Fleet Operator: "Jarvis, why didn't you lay out my gloves for me tonight?"

Butler: "But, sir, you told me you were calling on a young lady tonight, and I thought you'd feel better without them."

He whispered sweet nothings in her ear,

As they sat secluded, these two:
And he murmured, "I feel like I've known you for years."

And she answered,
"You certainly do."

An aging fellow, who had been a widower for a good many years, met and fell in love with a very young and pretty woman. He decided to marry her—which was also agreeable to the apple of his eye.

However, the old gent's grown son had a bit of advice. "Dad, you haven't much further to travel, while this young woman has a long way. Hadn't you better check with your doctor as to your virility?"

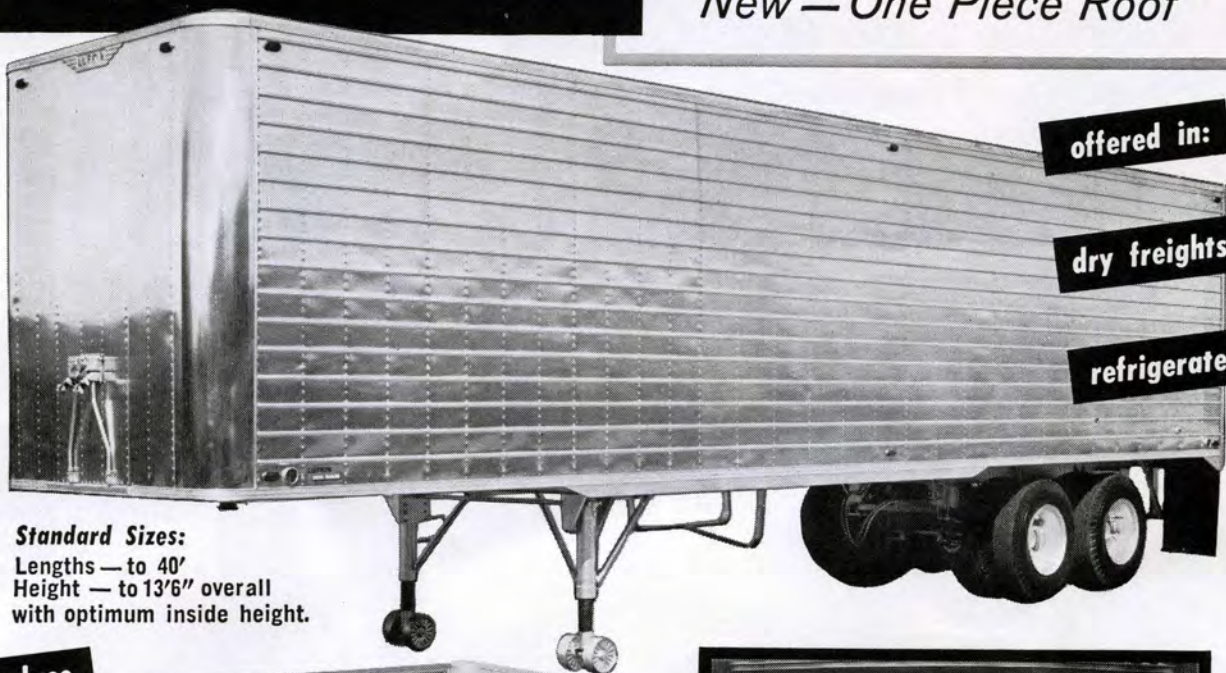
Dad thought it was a good idea. Next day he made it a point to see his son.

"Well, young fellow, the doc said I was very healthy for a man of my age. But him being smarter than me, he used some new fangled words that I don't understand. How many times a week is semi-annual?"

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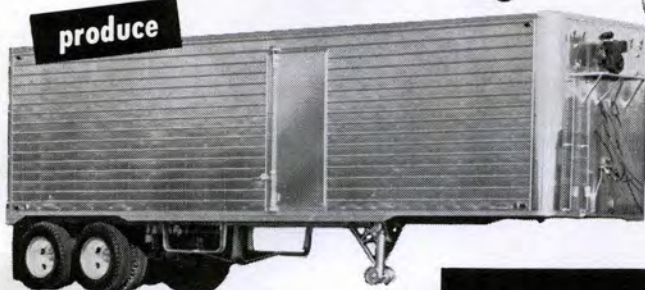


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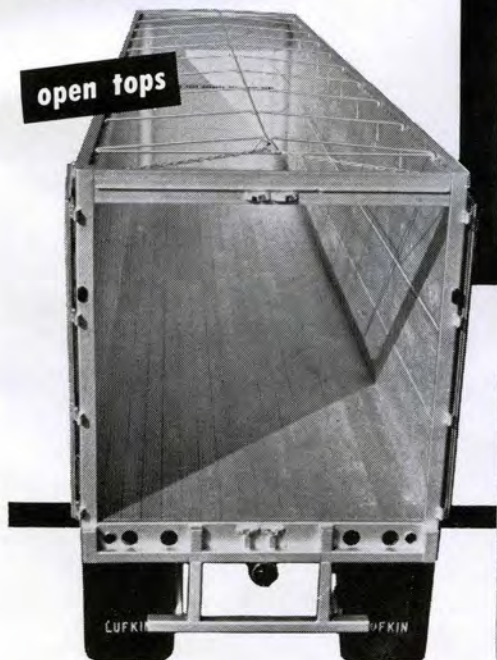


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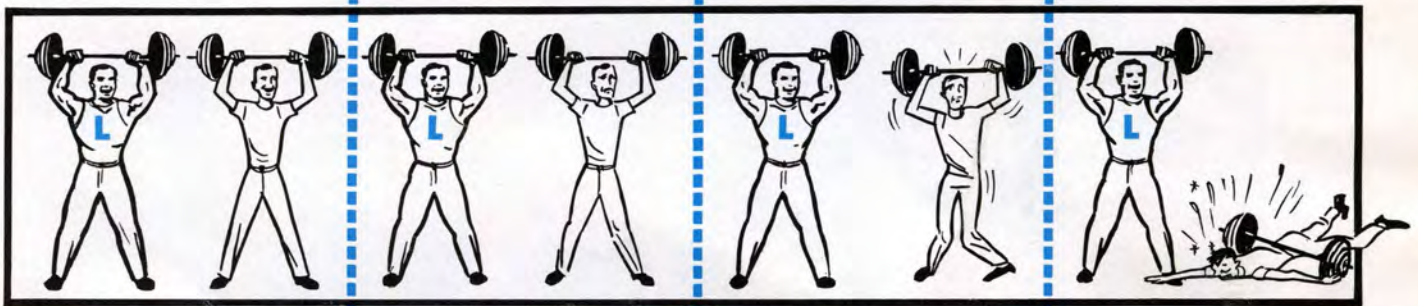
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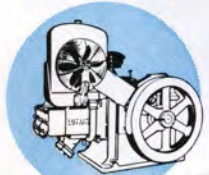
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