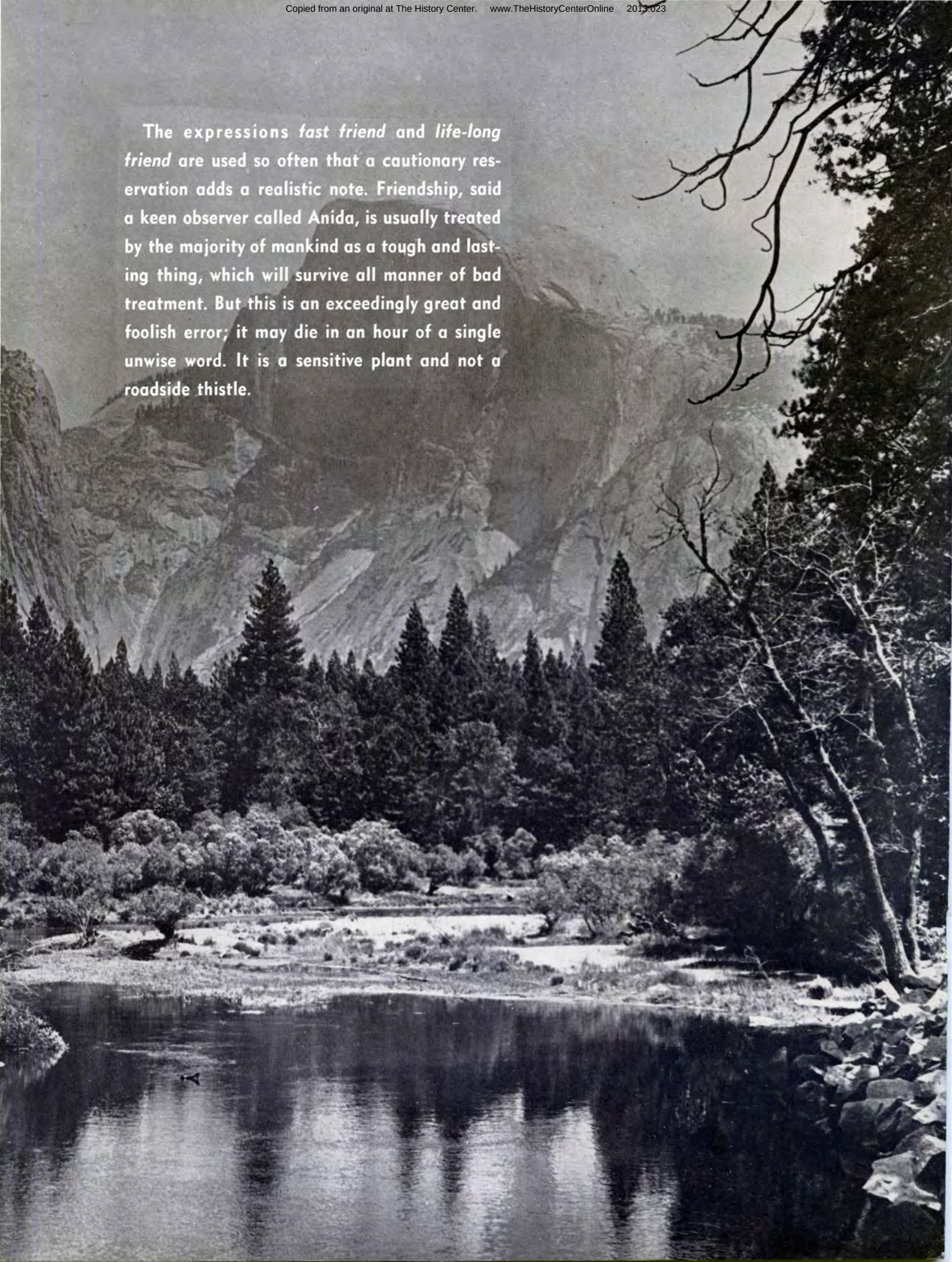
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# The Luffkin Line

VOLUME XXV · · · NUMBER 4

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The expressions *fast friend* and *life-long friend* are used so often that a cautionary reservation adds a realistic note. Friendship, said a keen observer called Anida, is usually treated by the majority of mankind as a tough and lasting thing, which will survive all manner of bad treatment. But this is an exceedingly great and foolish error; it may die in an hour of a single unwise word. It is a sensitive plant and not a roadside thistle.

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# The Lufkin Line

Published to promote Friendship and Good Will with its customers and friends and to advance the interest of its products by the Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company, Lufkin, Texas.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, Editor

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☆

Working without a goal is drudgery.
A goal without working is a dream.
Working towards a goal is progress.

—Martin Vanbee.

What we do for ourselves alone dies with us,
what we do for others remains and is immortal.

—Albert Pike.

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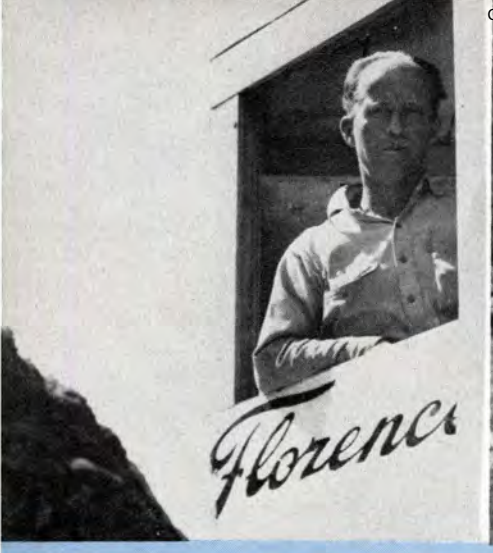
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The skipper himself, the venturesome Irishman, Kyle McGrady, who knows the character of the Snake as well as he knows his own pocket.

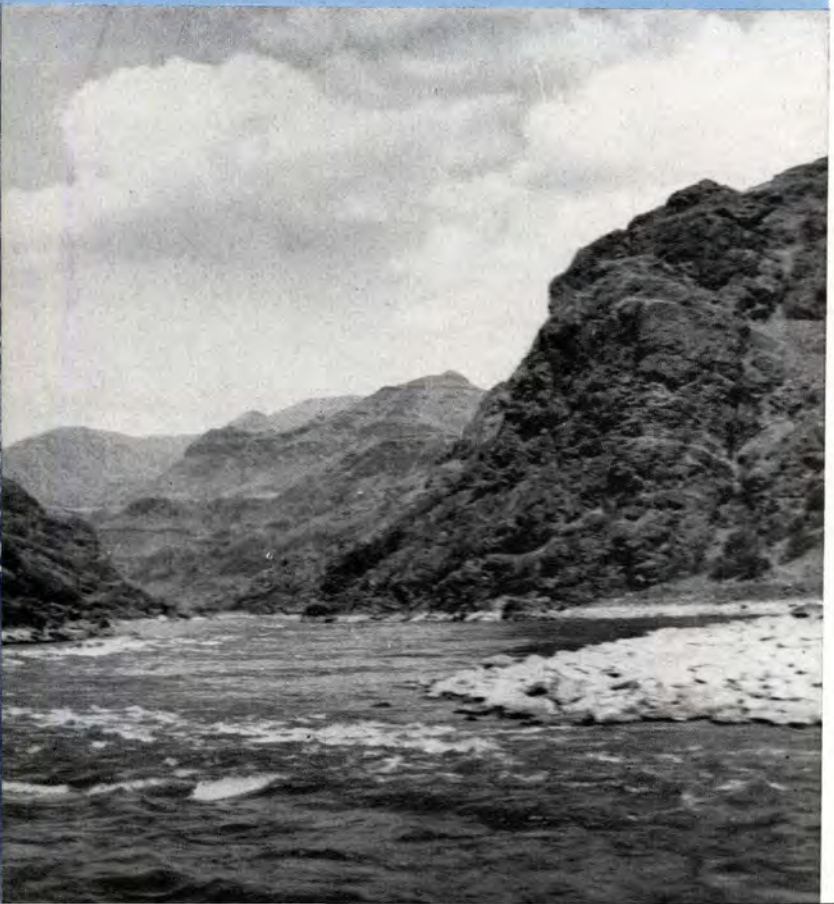


Hell's Canyon is connected with Lewiston, Idaho by the Snake's chain of at least 100 boiling rapids.

# The Superlative Snake

By HARRIET GEITHMANN

Countless sandbars along the Snake invited prospectors and placer miners to pan for golden nuggets, a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.



THE Snake River of Idaho has not only the reputation of being the wildest waterway in America but the least known. Beginning its headlong journey to the Pacific from the rugged heights of the Teton Mountains south of Yellowstone National Park, the Snake travels 1038 miles to join the Columbia at Pasco, Washington. It is the principal tributary of the Columbia and is excelled only by the Columbia, Colorado and Tennessee in hydro-electric power potentialities.

The Snake races south and west making almost a circle tour of Idaho. Turning north it forms the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon and Washington and finally makes a sharp turn to the west again where it pours its flood of mountain-born power into the Columbia.

En route, the Snake invites a thousands springs, both hot and cold, and cataracts galore including Shoshone Falls, to join in the race. It cuts a canyon here and there when mountains stand in the way. One of these same canyons is the challenging Hell's Canyon. In addition to all the streams that tumble through the pines and firs in their wild effort to join the mad race to the sea, there are also two really great tributaries, the Clearwater at Lewiston and the Salmon over half way to Hell's Canyon.

The Salmon is called the "River of No Return"

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The Florence noses up to the shore of the Snake where the rancher waits with his harvest of 300-lb. bags of wool ready to make the return trip to market.



Black walls of lava flank the turbulent waters of the Snake as it roars seaward.

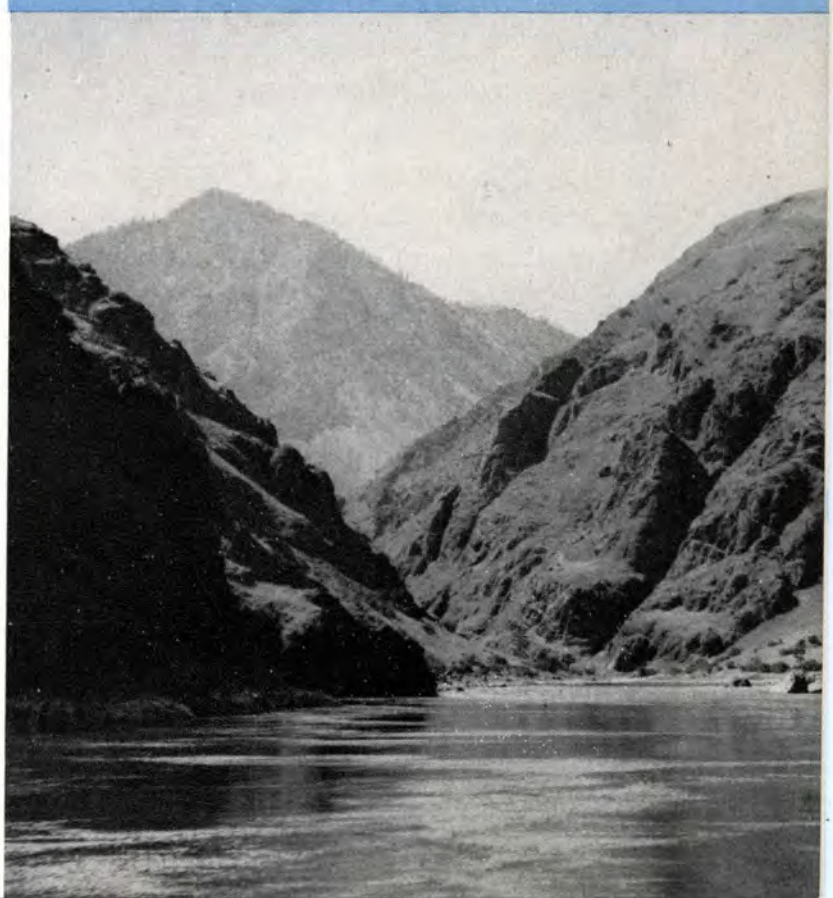
because it forbids any upstream travel by power boat. However, one can float for 300 miles from Salmon City to Lewiston without leaving his boat.

Our introduction to the Salmon came when we crossed its flood of turbulent water pouring into the Snake with a boy's leather jacket floating on top. The next day we read an account of the youth who lost his life while fishing on the Salmon. The jacket told his story. The Salmon gets its name from the hordes of silver salmon that swim 800 miles up from the Pacific in order to spawn in the upper Salmon.

From the Tetons of Wyoming to the fertile wheatlands of the Columbia in Washington, the Snake drains Idaho, parts of Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, an area exceeded only by the Mississippi and the Missouri. No one seems to know whether this wilderness river was named after the Snake Indians or its own serpentining character. One is apt to believe the latter after being confronted with all its twists and turns in traveling up the chain of rapids, 100 strong, punctuated by whirlpools with their local reputation for sucking down and out of sight great conifers and later laying them out flat on the swiftly moving water. Undoubtedly the Snake heads the list for sinuosity.

This river is flanked by lofty mountains hither and yon, beginning with the Tetons of the famous Jackson Hole country, where one may see a moose standing shoulder high in the meadow, to northern Idaho where the He Devil at 9387 feet in altitude and all the other Devils with their rich mineral deposits, face the Matterhorn at 10,004 feet and Eagle Gap at 9675 feet on the Oregon side.

With its serpentining character the Snake lives up to its well chosen name.



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While he waited for the Florence this rancher rolled away a boulder of lava, killed a rattler and then threw it on the deck of the boat to add to the excitement of the occasion.



A rancher's family on the upper Snake boards the Florence for a visit to civilization.

Not only mountains but men have added color and drama to the history of this river. In 1805 the Lewis & Clark pathfinders camped on the shores of the Snake at Lewiston where today a friendly hotel named in their honor shelters the world and his family when it stops long enough to get acquainted with the Snake and Hell's Canyon. After trials and tribulations in the region of the Snake and the Salmon with white water, walls of lava and rugged mountains, the pathfinders paddled on down the Snake to the Columbia. Following them in due time trailed John Jacob Astor, a member of the tragic Hunt's party in the "age of furs."

Prospectors and placer miners panned for gold washed up by the river along the quiet coves of the glittering sandbars. Among them were the Chinese, 32 of whom were murdered at Douglas Bar in the twilight of a July day in 1885 by eight white men who wanted their flasks of gold dust. This was called the "crime of the century." The majority of these criminals became fugitives of the law and never returned to the scene on the banks of the Salmon River. Neither did any more Chinese follow in the footsteps of their murdered countrymen. Even Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," came over to the Snake and acted as mail carrier and pony express rider between Lewiston and the mine in Pierce City.

Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, for whom the giant dam on the Columbia was named, scribbled this note in his diary while resting on the rim of Hell's Canyon: "Nothing we had ever gazed upon in any other region could for a moment compare in wild majesty and impressive sternness with the series of scenes which here at every turn astonished our senses and filled us with awe." Today the ghosts of these rugged trail-blazers are still treading in the region of the Snake.

It may be said that Hell's Canyon, some 90 miles south of Lewiston, is the climax of this spectacular river. This canyon, about 40 miles in length, is acknowledged to be the narrowest as well as the deepest canyon on the continent and one of the deepest in the world. It has an average depth of 6600 feet, 1000 feet deeper than that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado at Bright Angel Trail. From the level of the river to the rim of He Devil, it is about a mile and a half at its deepest point. In width, this canyon is 10 miles as compared with the 15-mile width of the Grand Canyon. Flanked by sheer cliffs of somber basalt, the Snake drops 12½ feet to the mile as it plunges over the boulders and roars on down to Lewiston.

Semi-weekly trips are made up the Snake to Hell's Canyon and Johnson's Bar just beyond by that sturdy Irishman, Kyle McGrady, in his U. S.

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The rancher's daughter meets the mail boat with her cow pony in time to rescue the mail and freight.



Even the rancher's dogs come down to meet the mail boat and share the fun.

Mail Boat, the Flyer of 1950. A glamorous individual is he who has been carrying the mail for Uncle Sam as well as freight and people twice a week on schedule since 1938. In addition, he carries about 2000 sightseers annually from all over the Union.

Some 400 rugged prospectors, cow-punchers, sheep-herders, fishermen and ranchers depend on this same Irishman for the necessities of life itself in their primitive hinterland far from doctors, grocers and druggists. Most of the patrons of the Flyer come down to the shore to greet their floating post office when they hear the whistle. If they do not meet the boat their letters and bacon wait on a sandbar for them.

Incidentally, Kyle McGrady fishes for sturgeon as he pilots his craft up the Snake. These sluggish sturgeons measuring from four to twelve feet and weighing from 150 to 300 pounds, are on their migration upstream. They swallow the bait on the barbed hook at the end of Kyle's rope and make little effort to be free.

Beyond this wild stretch of rushing water to Johnson's Bar in Hell's Canyon, the submerged and uncharted rocks practically defy the world of men and their boats. However, in May 1950, a Portland river pilot, 79 years young, Captain Stewart Winslow, commanded the Chief Joseph on its 212 mile trip in five days from Weiser to Lewiston, Idaho. The twin engine boat carried eight passengers on this exploratory trip, one which promises to be the beginning of a series planned by the owner, Blaine Stubblefield, who returned his boat to Weiser by truck. Through the hazardous waters of Hell's Canyon, or Dante's Inferno as Washington Irving called the gorge, the Chief Joseph dared miles of white water with their uncharted rocks and arrived with but a few battle scars to tell the tale.

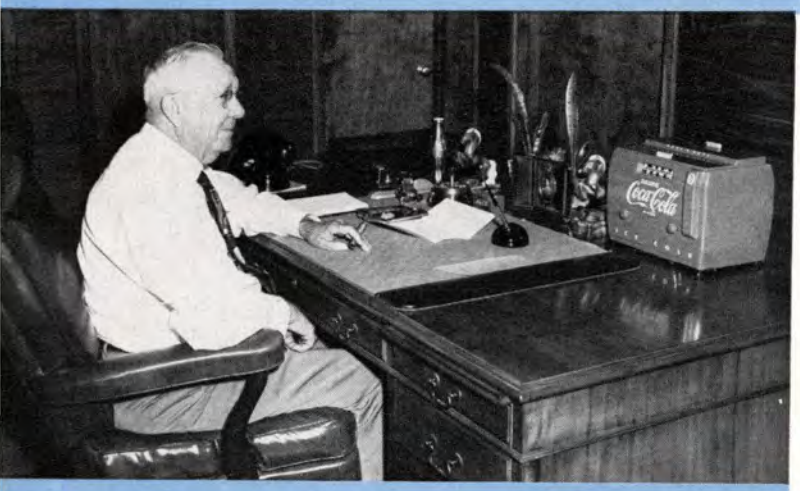
In due time, the Snake River with all its potential electrical energy promises to be tamed by Uncle Sam's engineers. A higher dam than the Hoover will be constructed in Hell's Canyon. Then the thunderous flood waters that now pour into the Columbia at Pasco will be harnessed in the interest of the human family. This same dam from bedrock of the Snake to the rim of the frowning cliffs will be about 740 feet high for the creation of a 4,400,000 acre-feet reservoir. A U-shaped generating plant with a 900,000 kilowatt capacity will be located at the toe of the dam.

When the Bureau of Reclamation completes this giant conservation project, great will be the results. Flood control, navigation and recreational benefits plus the development of the great phosphate deposits in the hills and mountains of southeastern Idaho will follow. Then will the wild Snake River with its superlative power be brought under control in behalf of our Twentieth Century civilization.

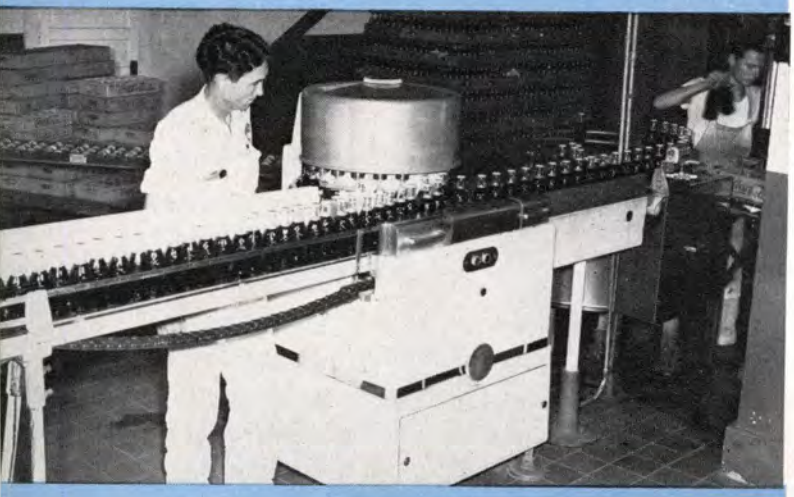
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**THESE TWO MEN** with the Daybrook power gate can load this Lufkin Trailer with 784 cases of Coca-Cola in approximately 22 minutes. Only two trips each week are necessaary to keep distant warehouses stocked. Before this Lufkin van was purchased, the regular company trucks had to make three trips per week, while their smaller trucks required twelve trips a week.



**OWNER OF LUFKIN'S** Coca-Cola plant is W. D. Newsom, one of the county's pioneers. He's been County Democratic Chairman for many years, and has always taken an active part in local politics. He figures his new equipment will pay for itself in five years.



**JACK O'NEILL,** production manager, watches the R.C.A. Electric Eye in operation. This new machine inspects the beverage bottles for foreign matter or other flaws that might be invisible to the human eye.

# OPERATION

## 18,816 Bottles

THE Lufkin Coca-Cola Bottling Company has, as have many other bottlers throughout the country, taken advantage of the team work of Lufkin Trailers and the Daybrook 2-Tonner Power Gate.

Through the use of the Daybrook power gate, the local company now loads 784 cases of Coca-Cola in a Lufkin trailer in 22 minutes, with only two men loading.

"We never could get that many cases loaded in one day without this new equipment," commented Barney Franklin, general manager of the Lufkin plant. "In the first place, it's a back-breaking job to do it by hand, and nobody wants a job like this."

Mr. Franklin reported that today he can keep his distant warehouses in Cokes by making two runs per week. Before the Lufkin van and power gate, six days were necessary with a large truck making three trips per week and smaller trucks requiring twelve trips each week.

The Lufkin company warehouses are located at Livingston, Corrigan and Groveton.

But this Lufkin Trailer and power gate are not the only new equipment of which the Lufkin Coca-Cola Bottling Company boasts. Last year, their

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**IN ONE OPERATION,** a pallet loaded with from 56 to 72 cases of Coca-Cola can be hoisted by the Daybrook power gate to the bed of the Lufkin trailer. Two men can easily load this van in 20 minutes where heretofore several men worked at it all day long carrying the cases one at a time by hand.

# COKE LOAD
## In 22 Minutes

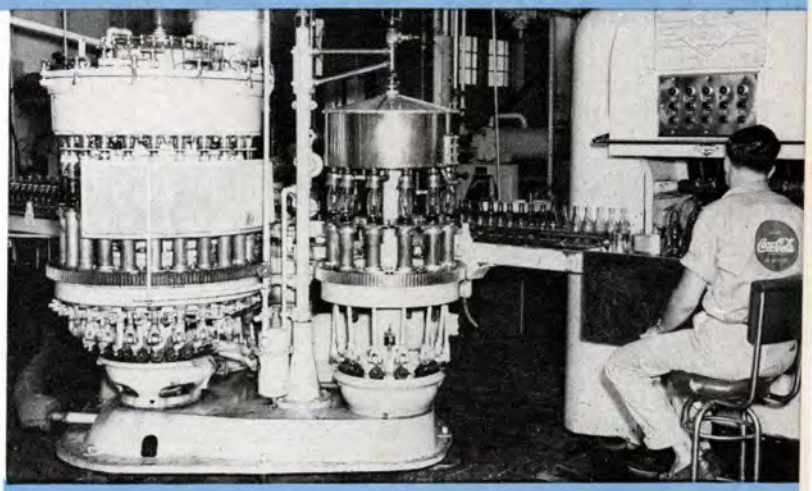
plant was completely remodeled and new equipment was installed.

One of the most modern pieces of equipment found in this plant is an R.C.A. electric eye machine which inspects beverage bottles. Its purpose is to locate any bottle of Coca-Cola that might contain foreign matter, not visible perhaps, to the human eye, and prevent this bottle from getting to the accumulating table from which cases are filled.

It is completely automatic. Several bogey bottles have been filled with Coke, then various objects such as gun shot, cellophane and sawdust dropped in just to test and demonstrate this phenomenal machine. It never fails to reject the bottles and set them aside from the assembly line of Cokes headed for casing and ultimately to the consumer.

Although this Company is small in quantity output, it is still as modern and well-equipped as the largest plants throughout the country. Their seven production employees can produce 140 bottles of Coca-Cola each minute. By next summer, they plan to have an automatic caser in operation.

Lufkin Trailer has produced many other models serving the entire beverage industry where quick, easy and safe operation is a must.



**EACH BOTTLE IS** thoroughly washed and inspected in Lufkin's Coke plant. It takes 32 minutes to completely clean an empty bottle in water that ranges in temperature from 100°F. to 140°F. Shown here, the bottles are emerging from the washer to the syruper, filler




**THIS LOADED LUFKIN** tandem van is headed for a Livingston warehouse. The hydraulic Daybrook power gate can be installed on any model trailer. The tail gate is adaptable to semi-trailer, van-type or bobtail bodies.

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ABOVE: Left. LUFKIN T6A-9A UNIT, Stanolind Oil and Gas Com

Center. LUFKIN T5A-7B UNIT, The Texas Company, Mush Cree ground.

Right. LUFKIN T6A-9A UNIT, Continental Oil Company, Sussex

LEFT. LUFKIN TC-1A-41C UNIT, Phillips Petroleum Company,

# LUFKIN INST

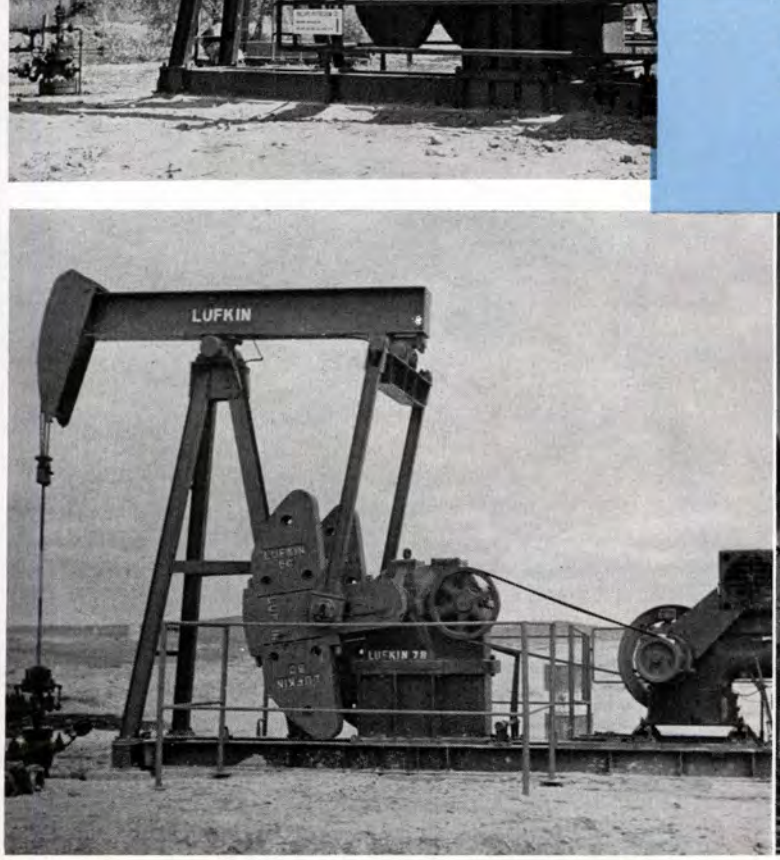
RIGHT. LUFKIN TC-33A-22G UNIT, The California Company, Ash

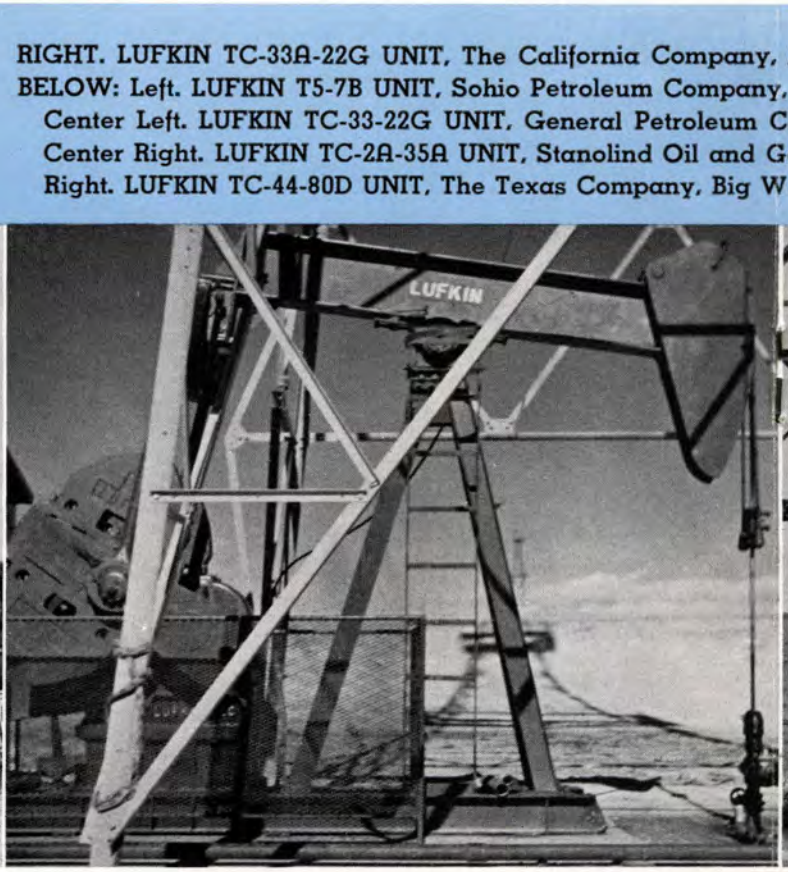
BELOW: Left. LUFKIN T5-7B UNIT, Sohio Petroleum Company, Fi

Center Left. LUFKIN TC-33-22G UNIT, General Petroleum Com

Center Right. LUFKIN TC-2A-35A UNIT, Stanolind Oil and Gas

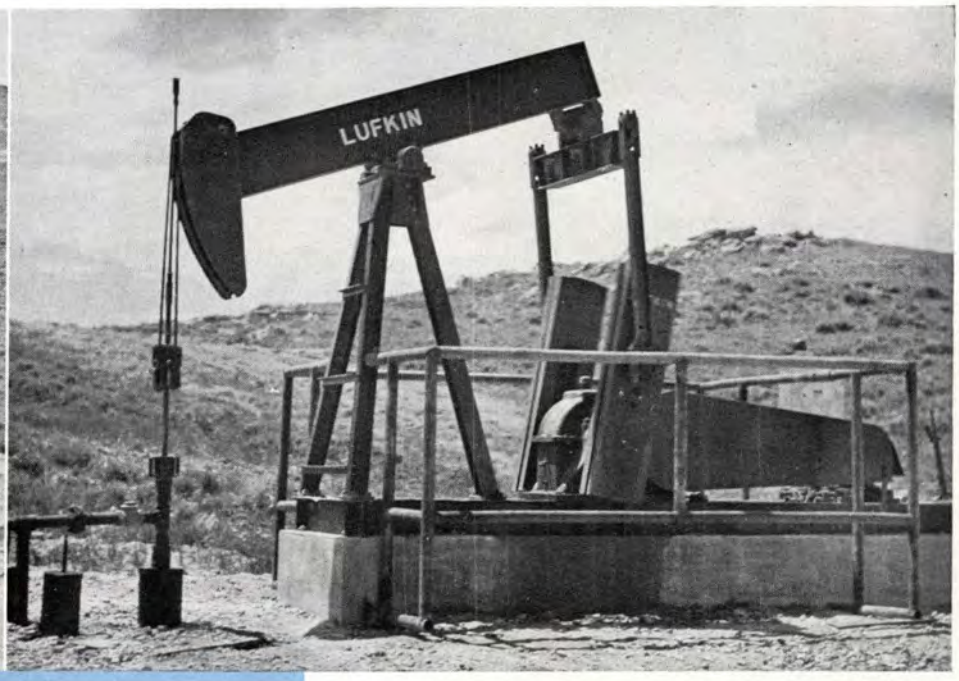
Right. LUFKIN TC-44-80D UNIT, The Texas Company, Big Wall,



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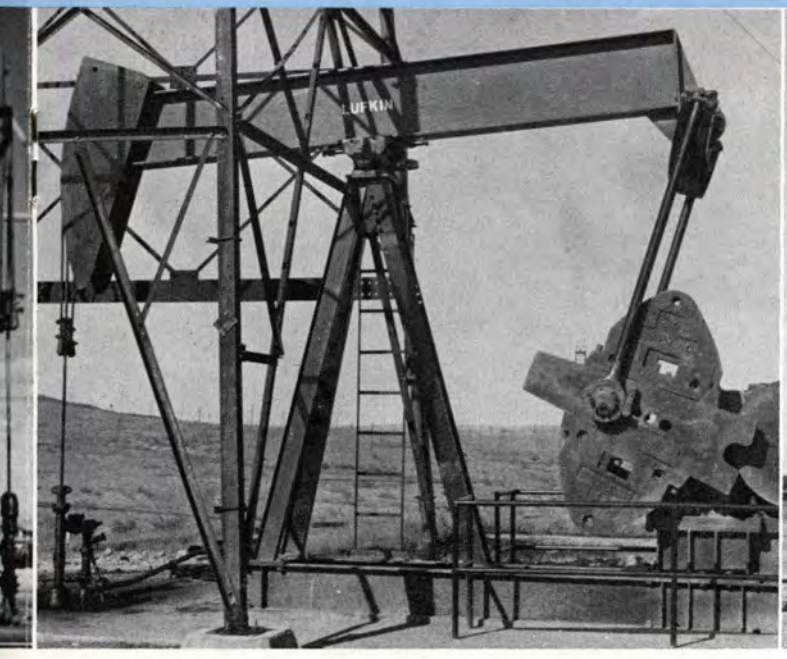

ts Company, Salt Creek, Wyoming.
h Creek, Wyoming. Mush Creek Camp can be seen in the back-

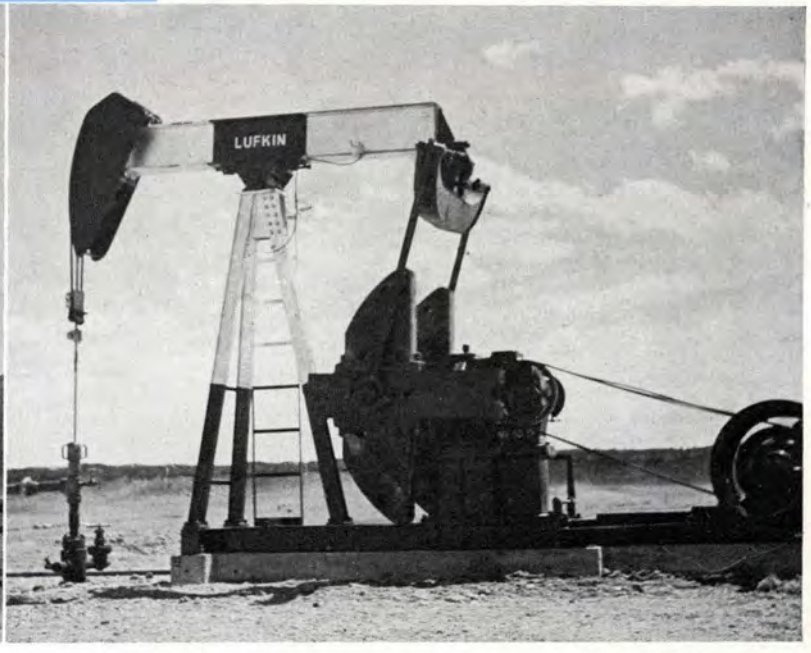
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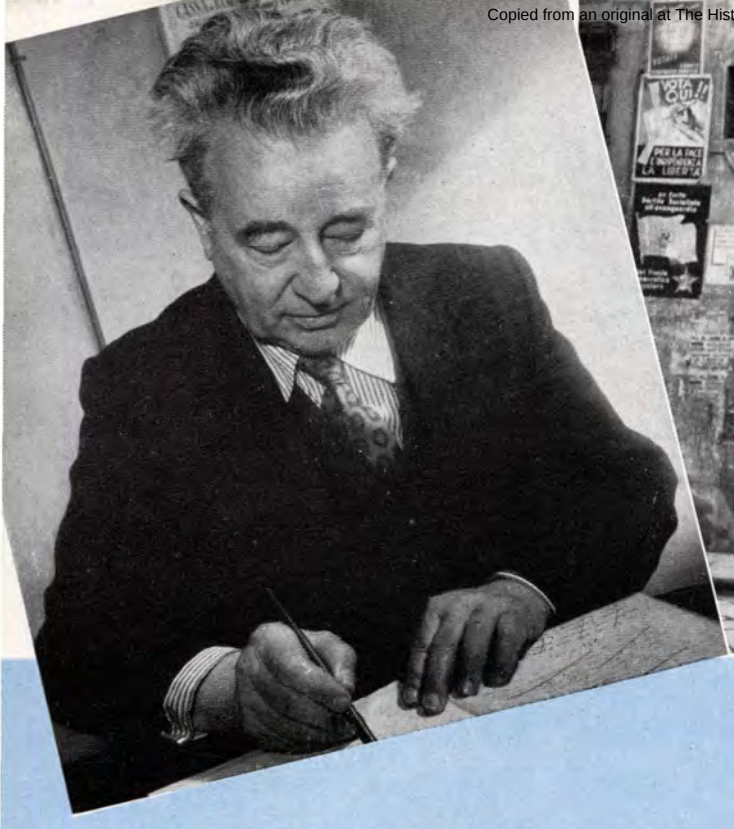

# TALLATIONS

ny, Ashley Valley, Utah.
any, Fiddler Creek, Wyoming.
n Company, Horse Creek, Wyoming.
d Gas Company, Salt Creek, Wyoming.
g Wall, Montana.



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**ABOVE: Right. ENTRANCE TO SCUOLA CITTA. This school, located in the heart of one of the largest slum areas in Florence, Italy, is doing a masterful job of getting the youth off the streets, cleaning them up, and helping them to become useful citizens.**

**Left. FOUNDER OF SCUOLA CITTA. Professor Ernesto Codignola, who has spent many years teaching philosophy in the University of Florence, is now devoting his time to a school he created to lift dirty, ragged urchins out of the street into a better life.**

**BELOW: Left. THRILL OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. The young students are extremely happy to be learning of themselves, their country and the exciting things about them.**

**Right. CHIEF COOK. All work done in the school is carried on by the pupils. This young Italian girl has been assigned to the kitchen for a certain period of time. There will be plenty of potatoes for hungry students when she has finished.**

# Scuola Citta..

IN ITALY today there is a *wonderful experiment* in progress—an experiment with human beings and what they are capable of if and when they possess an educational background.

Professor Ernesto Codignola, formerly with the University of Florence as teacher of philosophy, is the father of this experiment.

It was in 1945 that the inspiration came to the philosophy professor.

In Florence, Italy, behind and around the famous Church of Santa Croce, most of the city's illustrious dead are buried. Also behind and around that famed landmark lies one of the worst slums in the city. The streets are narrow and the four- and five-story houses are jammed together, stone against stone with no breaks between.

In most of the houses there is no running water and in many instances, no sanitary facilities whatsoever. The winters are bitter cold while the sum-





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# ..HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

mer's heat is stifling.

The families who inhabit these dark houses are large and without sufficient money to supply their daily needs. Most of the menfolk are laborers, and many of them have no work at all. The children play in the streets for there is no other place to go.

After the war, Professor Codignola recognized the need for a school in this community. He wanted the school to be unique, designed along free democratic lines. His burning dream was for a school that would lift the children above their sordid environment and influence them to become good independent-thinking Italian citizens.

And thus it was that Scuola Citta was founded.

The school is operated by funds received from various sources. Since it is a state authorized school, most of the teachers' salaries are paid by the state. The City of Florence gives some small amount of money each year for food and supplies. Also, the

**ABOVE: Left. READIN' AND WRITIN' AND 'RITHMETIC. These first graders are being taught to read. Although supplies are pitifully inadequate, the school is doing a wonderful work.**

**ABOVE: Right. CHILDREN AT PLAY. Games and sports play an important part in the school curriculum, and the Scuola Citta has an ample garden and play space behind it.**

**BELOW: Left. A NEW WORLD. That's what the Scuola Citta is for the children of the slum area of Florence, Italy. Dressed in their clean school smocks, they sit at their crudely built desks.**

**Center: LEARNING TO READ. A teacher patiently instructs the little children whose faces radiate fascination at the wonderful things they learn to do.**

**Right. AFTER THE BIG FEED. This little second grader is eating his lunch in the classroom. On this particular day, he was the waiter and had to wait until everyone had been served before he had his lunch.**







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building, electricity, gas, and heat are furnished by Florence.

Each year the school receives partial support from private subscriptions which come from local citizens and even from Switzerland.

This school is indeed a most remarkable experiment. Dominated by neither church nor state, the children are brought up in the true progressive educational pattern. The children themselves operate the school. They elect their officials, pass on the rules and regulations and mete out punishment for infraction of these rules.

Above all, they are learning by doing.

They do all the cleaning of the building. All meals are cooked and served by the students, and the dishes are washed and dried by the pupils.

They even act as banker for all school function monies. And when visitors come, they are shown around the school by student guides. Everything that possibly can be done by the students is being done by them as one of the most practical and plausible ways of obtaining knowledge.

These pupils, who were, before Professor Codignola came along, dirty-faced urchins playing in the streets, are taught cleanliness and respect for law and order.

There are about 150 students at the present time. Already the school, which is working against terrific odds, has had a marked influence on many homes in the district. Many Italians in Florence are saying that the development of this school and this kind of education can be the salvation of Italy's future generation.

Although there is not nearly enough money for Professor Codignola to expand and do the many things he would like to do, still the school is growing and gaining more and more attention throughout Italy.



**ABOVE: SANTA CROCE DISTRICT.** Here where the buildings are jammeed together on narrow, dark streets is where Professor Codignola's school is located. Now the Italian children, instead of playing in the streets throughout the day, are comfortably housed and are being educated to care for themselves.



**Left. CHECK-UP TIME.** Twice each week, a doctor comes to the school and checks any apparent illness. At the beginning of the school year, each student has a thorough physical checkup. Each week a student is assigned as an assistant in the infirmary.

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# SNAPS *from an* A. P. I. *Gathering*

Lufkin's Photographer visits the East Texas Chapter Meeting at Shell Recreation Hall in Kilgore, Texas.





1. ED CARAWAY, Lufkin's Dallas Division manager, diluted his speech on pumping problems with a few side remarks that were enjoyed by all.
2. Filling their plates with barbecue are TOM BANTA, Lufkin's Kilgore representative; ED CARAWAY, and JIM FOSTER, Sun Oil Company.
3. H. L. (PETE) LONG of Long Operating Co. and PETE DESJARDINS of Shell Oil Company, eye that savory barbecue with a long hungry look.



4. Enjoying the evening are W. S. (BUCK) MORRIS, East Texas Salt Water Disposal Co. and DICK MORRIS, Sun Oil Company.
5. Everybody had a fine time at the meeting, including GEORGE BARNES and R. M. HESS of Shell Oil Company.
6. This meeting has been proclaimed one of the best. Seen here, left to right, are MIKE Zoller, Central Commercial Co.; TOM CROWDER, Lufkin's Kilgore representative, and chairman of the East Texas API chapter; W. R. LUND, Shell Oil Company; and JOHN SWANSON and G. W. NICHOLS, Lufkin sales trainees.
7. JOHN PAYNE, Shell Oil Company.
8. BEN SARGENT, Lufkin's El Dorado, Arkansas representative, made a good waiter, and saw to it that BOB HESS and J. L. McCRAY of Shell Oil Company didn't get away empty-handed.
9. There was food a'plenty for all and everybody dug deep into the barbecue including JIM YOUNG, railroad commissioner; J. A. (BUSTER) BUTTS, JR., Tidewater Associated Oil Co.; and BILL LA ROCHE, Tidewater.













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# SNAPSHOTS...



Left to right: FLOYD T. CHAMBERS, HAL W. WOOD, DEL J. LOW, and GEORGE W. DAVIS.



Left to right: L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin vice president in charge of sales; F. G. WEST, Asiatic Petroleum Corp., Houston; L. J. VAN DIJK, Asiatic Petroleum Corp., New York, and W. W. TROUT, Lufkin's president.




HARRY GRAHAM and GEORGE WIGHT, Stanolind Oil and Gas Co., Salt Creek, Wyoming.



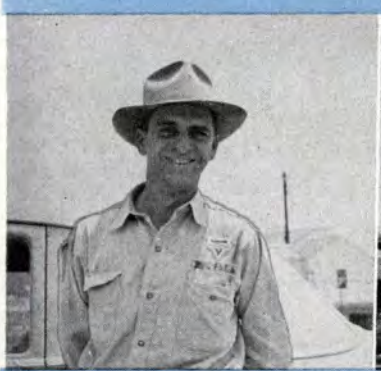
FRED KUMPF, General Petroleum Co., Horse Creek, Wyoming.



BERT MINCHOW, General Petroleum Co., Casper, Wyoming.



Left to right: HOWARD McMINN, The Texas Co., Rangley, Colorado; FREEMAN NEISH and KEN NEISH, The Texas Co., Craig, Colorado.



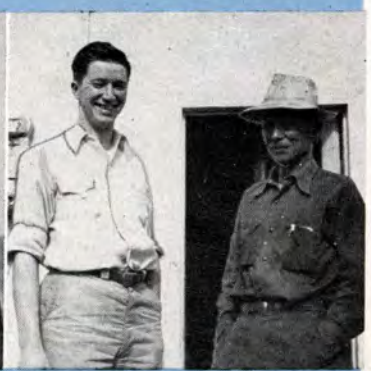
OMAR PETERS, Continental Oil Co., Sussex, Wyoming.



BOB BIXLER, J. M. Huber Corp., Fiddler Creek, Wyoming.



MARVIN MITCHELL, Midland Co-operative Wholesale, Fiddler Creek, Wyoming.



MARK DWIRE and L. D. SHRYROCK, Union Oil of California, Newcastle, Wyoming.



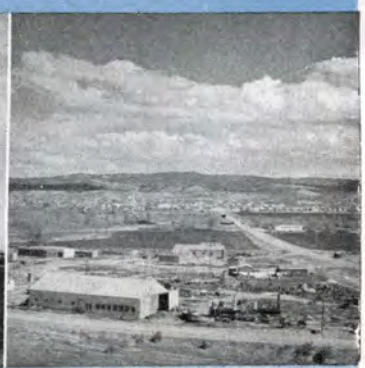
AFTER NEARLY 20 years of continuous service in Wyoming oil fields, this LUFKIN unit is now pumping for Ohio Oil Co. in Lance Creek Field, Wyoming.




LUFKIN'S BOOTH at Engineers Day Show, Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colorado.



BRITISH-AMERICAN Camp at Pilot Butte, Wyoming.



VIEW OF Rangely, Colorado.

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# BY THE *Lufkin* CAMERAMAN



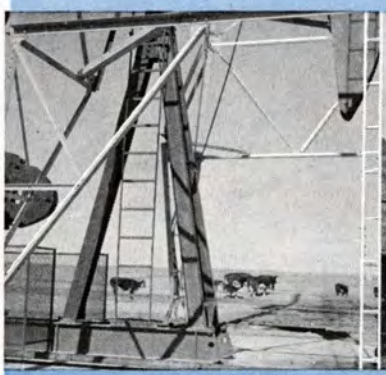
ART HESSER, head of fire prevention for General Petroleum Co., giving fire fighting demonstration at Worland, Wyoming.



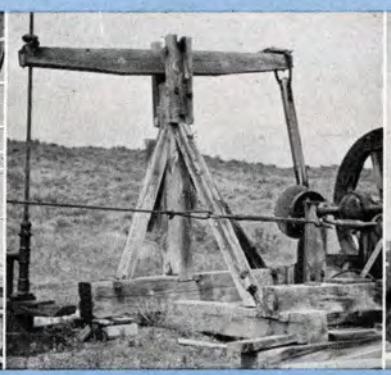
DEAN FOX and AL BARRETT of General Petroleum Co. watch a fire fighting demonstration at Worland, Wyoming.



Left to right: TIP POLUMBUS, Carter Oil Co., Denver, Colorado; DR. THEORDORE LINK, Calgary, Canada, and GEORGE LINK, Denver.



THIS SCENE depicts two great industries of Wyoming—Oil and Cattle. This picture was taken at General Petroleum Company, Horse Creek, Wyoming.



HOME-MADE pumping unit in the Osage Field near Fiddler Creek, Wyoming.

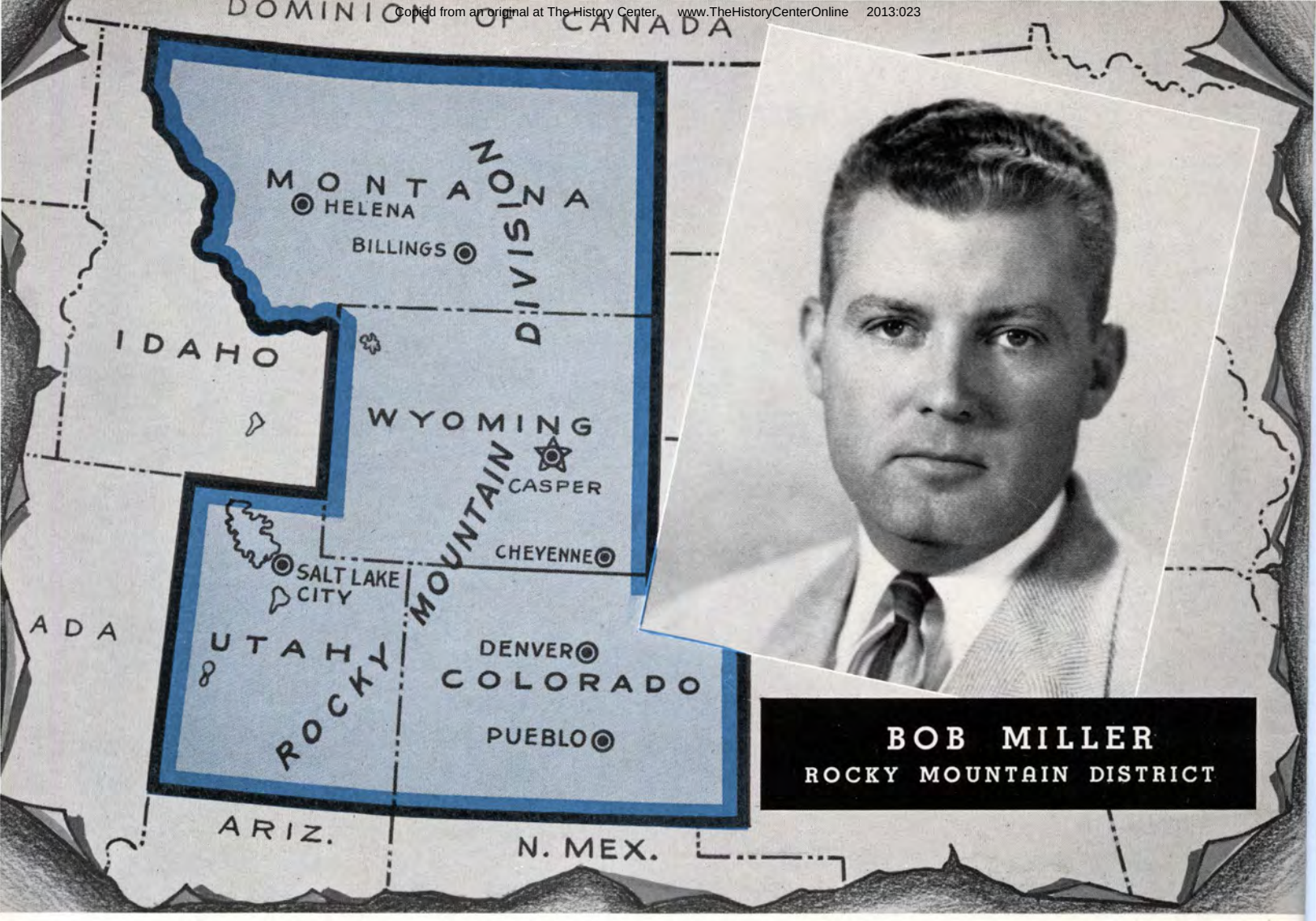


Left to right: RAY BARTELS, JOHN DENNY, and CHARLES PERRY, all of Continental Oil Co., Lance Creek, Wyoming.

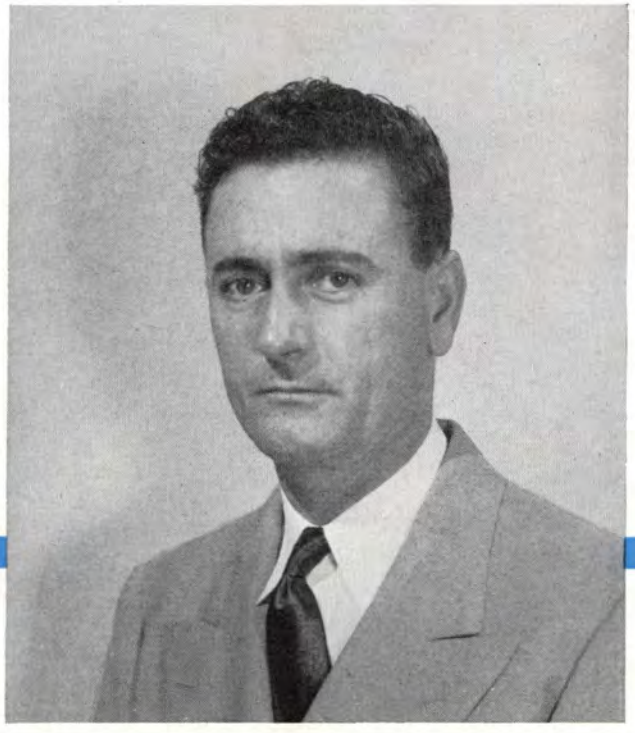


FIELD FORCE, British-American Oil Company, Pilot Butte, Wyoming.

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**BOB MILLER**
**ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT**



**DICK HUMPHRIES** of Dallas has joined the sales force of the trailer Division of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company. Upon completion of his six months' training period in the manufacturing plant at Lufkin, he will be assigned to the Dallas branch office.

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# Let's Laugh

The pretty waitress complained that everything she did seemed wrong.

"How about a date tonight?" asked the driller.

If half a pint makes a woman half tight, will a whole pint make her whole tight?

Oil Man (pouring a drink): "Say when, darling."

Cooperative Blonde: "Right after this drink, honey."

She was a golfer's daughter—went around in as little as possible.

Susie: "I'm through with those field superintendents."

Betsy: "Yeah, me too. They start out by holding your hand and pretty soon they're trying to shuffle the whole deck."

The reason I came in, "said the attractive matron, "was for a little oven."

Looking cautiously out of the corner of his eye at the big man with her, the salesman who wanted to accommodate said, "Then you better come back some time without your husband."

Driving up to the house to deliver the family's eighth baby, the doctor almost ran over a duck.

"Is that your duck out front?" asked the M.D.

"Yep, it's ours," replied the father, "but it ain't no duck. It's a stork with its legs worn down."

Three toolpushers were standing on the street corner in North Africa. They were an Englishman, an Arabian and an American. Just then a beautiful dancing girl walked by.

The Englishman said, "By Jove!"

The Arabian said, "By the prophet!"

The American said, "By tomorrow night!"

On a trip in town, seven-year-old Janie took her new collie into a grocery store.

"My, that's a fine dog you have there, Janie," the grocer remarked. "If she has puppies, will you save one, please?"

"I'd love to," replied Janie, "but Lady won't have any puppies. She's already had her tonsils out."

One of those benign lady settlement workers stopped a hard-looking youngster and asked where his father was.

"Ain't got no father," said the kid.

"And your mother?"

"Ain't got no mother."

"Ah, too bad. When did she pass away?"

"I never had no mother."

"Then how were you born?" the lady settlement worker asked in dulcet tones.

"Some bum played a dirty trick on my aunt!"

Sweater girls make excellent teachers—they outline things so clearly.

Have you heard about the Scotchman who gave his girl a watch case for Christmas, and she was so thrilled over the whole thing that the next time he had a date with her, he gave her the works?

The following document was recently found in the archives of the Fulton County courthouse at Lewistown, Illinois, undated, but probably written about 1840:

State of Illinois
Peoria County, SS

To the whole world—Greetings: Know ye that John Smith and Polly Myers is hereby permitted to go together and do as old folks does anywhere inside Coppers Precinct and when my commission comes I am to marry 'em good and proper and date 'em back to cover accidents.

(Signed) O. M. R., Justice of the Peace.

"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl. Second act, they hold hands. Third act, they kiss."

"Yeah, that's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a five-act play."

"Now gentlemen," said the president of the Sugar Baby Bottle Co., "we have 25,000 of these feeding bottles in stock, and the company expects you salesmen to go out and create the demand."

Please don't ask me to marry you now,
My mother would just have a fit.
Good lord, it was only this morning we met?
Can't you be patient a bit?

You know darling—how people would talk,
They'd say it wasn't very good taste.
And besides, I don't think a girl, if she's nice,
Should marry a man in such haste.

I'll marry you tomorrow, my dear, if you like
And we'll share the same toothbrush and comb,
But stop insisting upon it tonight,
Or I'll get up, get dressed and go home.

A touring American went into a London restaurant and sat down at a table. After a few moments a good-looking waitress came over and put down a menu.

"What's good today?" he asked the girl.

"Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice, and roast," was her answer.

"Baby, you sure do roll your r's."

"Yeah? Maybe it's because of these high heels I'm wearing."

A well-dressed woman was walking down a very windy street, holding her hat with both hands. A fellow on the corner, getting an eyeful, stepped up and said:

"Lady, why don't you hold your hat with one hand and hold your skirt with the other?"

"I'll have you know, young man," the woman retorted, "that this is a new hat, and what you are looking at is 37 years old."

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# Lufkin for the THRIFTY ...in 1950




Records maintained by long-time users of Lufkin Pumping Units reveal the utmost in economy in operating and maintenance costs . . . the all-important factors in this day. Truly it's *"Lufkin for the Thrifty in 1950!"* Our engineers will gladly give you the Lufkin story. *Call them today!*



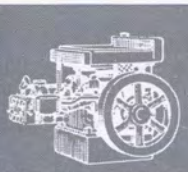

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