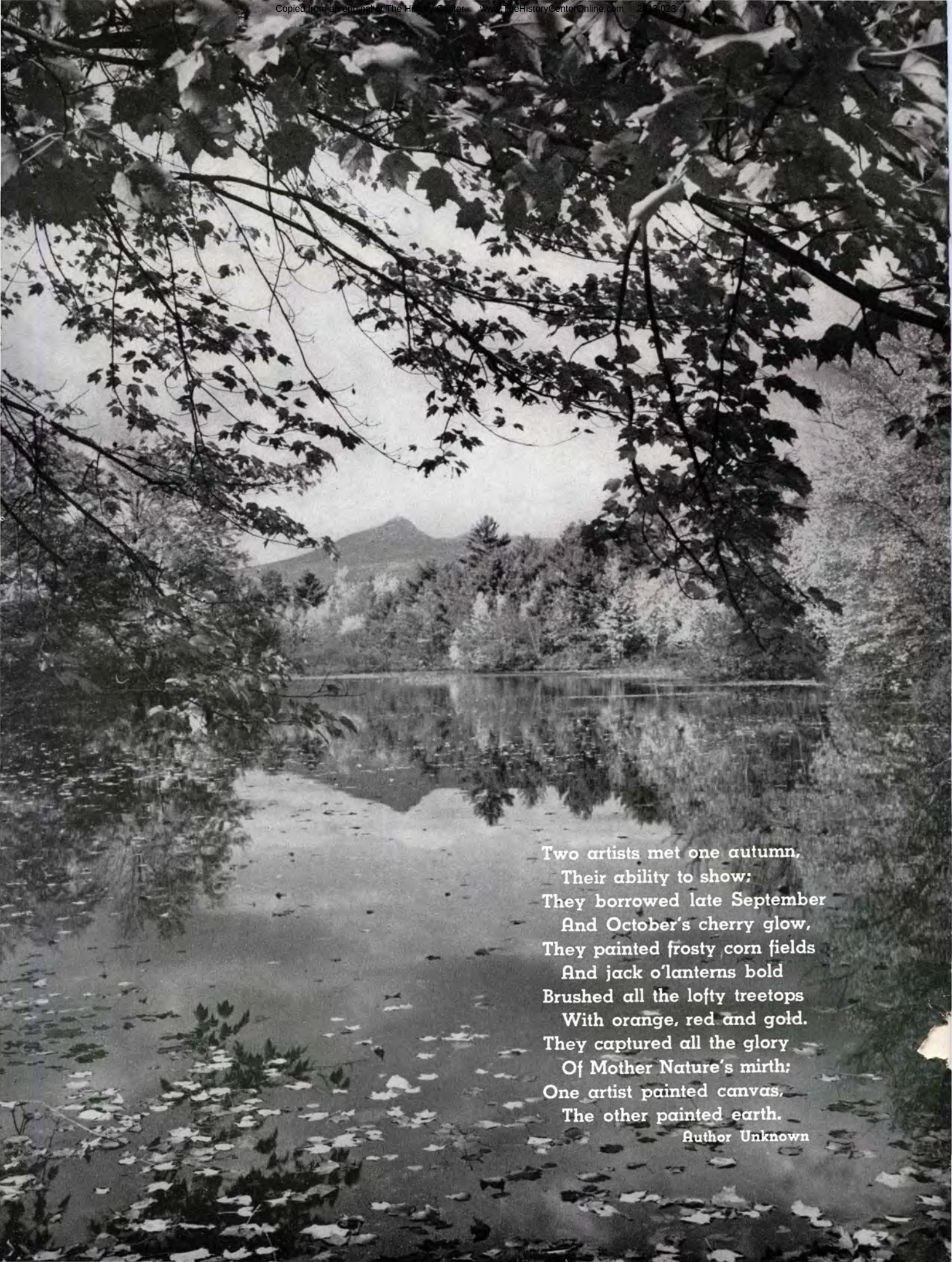
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# The Luffkin Line

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER • 1953

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Two artists met one autumn,
Their ability to show;
They borrowed late September
And October's cherry glow,
They painted frosty corn fields
And jack o'lanterns bold
Brushed all the lofty treetops
With orange, red and gold.
They captured all the glory
Of Mother Nature's mirth;
One artist painted canvas,
The other painted earth.

Author Unknown

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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

# THE Lufkin LINE

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1953
Volume XXVIII • Number 5

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**COVER: A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.**

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The very essence of happiness is honesty, sincerity, truthfulness. He who would have real happiness for his companion must be clean, straightforward, and sincere. The moment he departs from the right, she will take wings and fly away again.

**—Orison Swett Marden**

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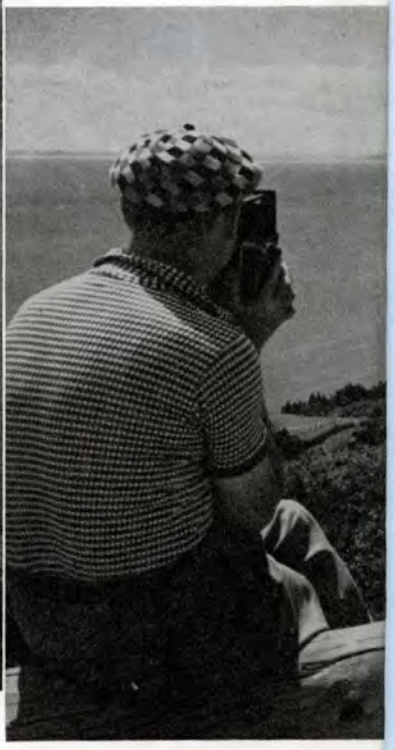
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WHITE sails reflect on the blue waters of the North West Arm of Nova Scotia. This yachtmen's paradise is near Halifax.



THIS band of Nova Scotia pipers catches all eyes when they march during the Highland Games at Antigonish.



A TYPICAL rocky surf scene on a south coast shore. This spot is near White Point Beach, Queens County.




NOVA SCOTIA wears well its title—"Canada's Ocean Playground."

Tagged on to the eastern Atlantic mainland of Canada, the lobster-shaped province of Nova Scotia juts out into the cool Atlantic like a huge pier, with all but 18 miles of its 5,000-mile coastline washed by invigorating breakers of the Atlantic.

This sea-swept Canadian province has everything to make a vacation a memorable one. Only comparatively small, geographically speaking, 374 miles in length with no spot more than 50 miles from the sea, it is at the same time a huge treasure chest of holiday gems.

There are miles upon miles—1,500 in all—of fine uncrowded paved highways, weaving along rugged shores with their quaint fishing villages or passing serenely through rich rolling farmlands.

Nova Scotia offers unlimited opportunities to the vacationist who likes nothing better than the gleam of sun-kissed waters and the tonic tang of an ocean breeze.

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ABOVE: Peggy's Cove, a picturesque fishing village built on solid rock, is a magnet for vacationing photographers.

LEFT: From Cape Smoky on the Cabot Trail can be seen breath-taking coastal panoramas and highland glens.

# Ocean Playground




IN THE Land of Evangeline is Grand Pre, home of a memorial park and one of the most visited historic shrines.

The Atlantic coastline is a panorama of ever-changing marine views—from bold rocky headlands plunging down to meet the fury of angry surf, to quiet protected inlets, their pine-fringed, unruffled waters reflecting varied-painted hulls of idling fishing craft and white puffs of cloud in the blue skies above.

Inland, one finds the pastoral beauty of fertile valleys, and lochs and glens sheltered from the elements by ranges of mist-enshrouded mountains and hills.

Tourist accommodation is adequate with more than 600 hostelries, ranging from swank seaside summer resorts to rustic road and lakeside cabins, meeting the needs of every purse.

Deep sea fishing is out of this world. The life of an angler in Nova Scotia is not complete until he or she has hooked a mighty bluefin tuna. The biggest in the ocean—up to 1,000 pounds or more—are waiting in Nova Scotia waters. Then there are the fighting Atlantic salmon and trout found in the



THIS huge bluefin was pulled in by Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., during 1952 International Tuna Cup Match.

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**WHEN** the deep-sea fishing fleet is in, Grace Bay's waterfront is a forest of spars and lobster traps.



**AN** Old-fashioned clam-bake on one of Nova Scotia's fine silver sand beaches is a must for vacationers.

cool waters of Nova Scotia's rivers and lakes.

This friendly little Canadian province, flying its own flag, is rich in history. Here you'll find the oldest permanent white settlement in America north of the Gulf of Mexico—Port Royal, on the shores of Annapolis Basin, where log-type buildings of the Champlain Habitation revive pioneer days of the early 17th century.

The past with its colorful traditions walks hand in hand with the present in Nova Scotia. Plodding, well-groomed oxen, patiently led by their French-Acadian masters, still plow the soil and Nova Scotia sons still reap, as their fathers and forefathers of the past, harvests from the sea.

In the historically rich land of Evangeline, memories of early Acadian settlers seem to live again at Grand Pre, a hallowed section of the peaceful Annapolis Valley. Grand Pre contains a beautiful memorial park where flowers of French origin, a wistful statute of Evangeline, and a replica of the church of St. Charles weave a spell of enchantment literally taking enthralled visitors back to the 17th century.

Visit the once great bastion of the French in America—Fortress of Louisbourg on the eastern shore of Cape Breton. Restoration work is now being carried on there, more than enough to show the magnificence of the remarkable stronghold.

Historic Fort Anne, at Annapolis Royal, once the capital of Acadia, the scene of fourteen varied sieges, beckons. A former British officers' quarters, now a museum, was built on the orders of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

Colorful events spice the leisurely summer-time pace of this vacation paradise by the sea.

Smart-stepping tartan-clad lads and lassies performing the sword dance, highland fling and other Scottish dances offer unusual chances for color photographers attending the Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod held each year in towns throughout the country.

Salty tales of the sea are always spun at the unique Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition at Lunenburg, home of deep-sea fishing schooners. From June to October, this storied old Nova Scotia seaport, in a long series of colorful events, celebrated its 200th birthday this year.

First important public function of the tourist season in Nova Scotia is the annual Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival which is held in several cities located in the fertile Annapolis Valley. In blossom time, the valley is a 100-mile long garden of pink and white blooms.

If you love the sea with its brow-cooling breezes and the back-to-childhood enchantment of farm lands, here's a suggested tour that should make you feel like a new person.

Start at Yarmouth on the southwestern tip of the province and follow along the "longest main street in America," the French Shore, through Acadian villages and fishing ports bordering St. Mary's Bay

**PLODDING,** well-groomed oxen led by French-Acadians still plow the soil and engage in ox-pulls.



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ATLANTIC breakers roar in on the shores of Presque Isle, scenic masterpiece along the Cabot Trail.

to Digby with its convention-popular Pines hotel, a leading summer resort, then along the winding highway clinging to land-locked Annapolis Basin to Fort Anne at Annapolis Royal, not forgetting to visit Champlain's Habitation at Port Royal, founded in 1605.

Wander through the land of Evangeline and while there motor to majestic Cape Blomidon with its Look-Off. From the heights, enjoy a magnificent view of the quilted farming lands of the Annapolis Valley.

Then on to Halifax, the capital city—bastion of the north—its 203 years steeped in history. From Halifax, midway in the tour, the scenic trip heads back to Yarmouth via the South Shore, a panorama of ever-changing marine views, a sea-cooled drive, where the Atlantic pounds granite headlands or gently sweeps silver sand beaches.

Chester, summer home for many Americans, demands a stop-over. Here white sails of sleek-hulled racing yachts contrast with the dark green of 365 pine-topped islands—"an island for each day of the year," as the inhabitants of this beautiful resort will tell you.

Next comes Mahone Bay, "town of churches" and home of skilled wooden-ship builders, and then on to Lunenburg, where the masts of Nova Scotia deep-sea fishing schooners when tied up on the waterfront form a forest of spars.

Liverpool, with its tales of privateers, is our next port of call before we pass on through Loyalist-founded Shelburne. Quaint fishing villages with their sun-bleached fishing shacks and neatly arranged piles of weather-grey lobster traps draw attention on the way to Pubnico—an Acadian settlement prospering in the co-operative way. Pubnico's history goes back over three centuries.

A short detour over a fine paved highway leads to the world's most renowned bluefin tuna angling center, the neat little village of Wedgeport. Hire a tuna launch, guide and equipment and have the thrill of a lifetime hooking and fighting one of these giants of the sea which run up to half-a-ton in weight. Soldier's Rip at Wedgeport, and other nearby waters, are the scene of that annual angling classic, the International Tuna Cup Match.

The 450-mile tour of scintillating travel draws to a close on the approach to "hay-fever-free" Yarmouth. Nova Scotia offers variety in scenery. The eastern end of the province is an island, Cape Breton. To many, this emerald isle compares with bonnie Scotland. Its majestic vapor-mantled headlands protect lovely lochs and glens, nestling villages and peaceful valleys.

A travel highlight of Cape Breton is its famed Cabot Trail, a 185-mile drive through unusual picturesque country. Rated by thousands as one of the most spectacular drives in eastern Canada, the trail commences at Baddeck, a lovely village on the shores of the Bras d'Or lakes. Near Baddeck is Beinn Bhreagh, Gaelic for "beautiful hill," where Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, and his wife are buried. His former home commands a fine view of the inland salt-water lake.

The trail then winds northward through beautiful Margaree Valley, a haven for artist and Atlantic salmon anglers alike. From the French-Acadian village of Cheticamp, home of skilled rug-hookers, the trail is beyond description. The highway rises from sea levels to heights hundreds of feet above the blue ocean, providing breath-taking scenes. Clinging to the sides and tops of mountains, the trail dips and bends through the grandeur of rugged scenery to Sunrise Valley, the forest-clad hills of which lead to the Atlantic.

Keltic Lodge, first-class summer resort operated by the Nova Scotia government, is located at Ingonish, home of the swordfishermen. At Englishtown, famed giant McAskill lies buried. Angus stood a mere seven feet nine inches and weighed 425 pounds. Legends of his massive strength remain strong in the minds of the inhabitants of this delightful village.

The Cabot Trail leads back to Baddeck via St. Ann's, home of Gaelic culture and scene of the annual Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod. Here is the only Gaelic college in America.

Nova Scota cordially invites all for the vacation of a lifetime.

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# WEST TEXAS Rendezvous

By J. NORMAN HEARD



**MACKENZIE State Park, with its modern picnic facilities and luxurious shade trees, is a rendezvous deluxe from the sun and dust of the West Texas plains.**

OUT on the West Texas plains, on the outskirts of Lubbock, a 549-acre tract known as Mackenzie State Park is in striking contrast with the surrounding terrain.

In the midst of a region so flat that a tumbleweed's progress is visible for miles, a visitor finds hills, valleys, and the Yellowhouse Canyon. In an area so short on streams that kids learn to swim in man-made stock tanks, he cools his toes in the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, and in a land so barren of shade that the cowhand takes his siesta in the shadow of his horse, he reclines beneath one of 13,300 trees, evergreens and shrubs.

So popular has the park become as a meeting place for residents of West Texas and New Mexico that in the fiscal year ending August 31, 1952, the staggering total of 1,391,237 persons entered its boundaries. This number accounted for more than forty percent of the total attendance of Texas' thirty-six state parks. Even more striking perhaps is the fact that Mackenzie attracted more visitors than did the next fifteen state parks combined. More than a half-million automobiles rolled through the park, including some 4,000 from other states, Alaska, Hawaii, Mexico, and Canada.

The park is named for General R. S. Mackenzie, famed frontier figher who broke the stranglehold of the Comanches on the Llano Estacado. His campaigns opened the Texas Panhandle and South Plains to settlement which had been delayed for thirty years by Quanah Parker and other Comanche chieftains.

Running through the center of the Mackenzie Park is the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River and the Yellowhouse Canyon. The Yellowhouse was known to Spanish explorers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and was described by Albert Pike who visited the region in 1832. Three-quarters of a century ago, in 1877, the last battle between Texan buffalo hunters and Indians was fought near the Canyon and within the present boundaries of Mackenzie Park. It has been said, too, that the last buffalo of the countless thousands which once roamed West Texas was killed in Yellowhouse Canyon. In doing excavation work in the park a large number of buffalo bones as well as seashell fossils have been unearthed.

Mackenzie Park had its beginning as a thirty-acre Lubbock city-county park. As the town mushroomed from a post village in 1900 to the hub of the South Plains by 1930, the need for greatly expanded park and recreational facilities was keenly felt. In 1935, the National Park Service was prevailed upon to expand the tract into a state park. Additional acreage then was purchased to bring the size up to state requirements. Primarily responsible for the park's development was K. N. Clapp, chairman of the Lubbock Park Commission and former member of the State Parks Board. The present park superintendent is James Taylor.

Expanding park facilities have kept pace through the years with the constantly increasing number of visitors. At present there are three major building facilities, the Party House, Mackenzie Terrace and the Barbecue Area, which are available for reservation by groups or individuals. The Party House and Mackenzie Terrace are reserved most often by Lubbock and South Plains groups for receptions and entertainments. The Barbecue Area is used chiefly for reunions.

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A tour through Mackenzie on any summer Sunday will find these reunions—state, region, county, city, or family—holding sway in every section of the park. The South Plains are populated largely by people who moved from the older East Texas Counties. A county reunion at Mackenzie Park is one of the year's highlights, as transplanted East Texas oil men now working in the Odessa and Snyder fields swap yarns with old friends who have moved to Panhandle wheat fields and ranches.

Among Mackenzie's most popular areas is the Amusement Park. Here are shooting galleries, penny arcades, and joy rides of all descriptions. For the athletically inclined, the park provides a golf course, two lighted softball fields which are used by some of the state's fastest teams, and two tennis courts which double as square dance floors on summer evenings.

Attracting thousands of visitors annually is the $125,000 concrete swimming pool and bath house. Younger aquatics use two wading pools. At one of these wading pools the small fry receive free swimming instructions.

The park is criss-crossed by more than eight miles of roads and it provides all-weather parking areas of almost 30,000 yards. Drinking fountains, fireplaces, and table and bench combinations are abundantly distributed throughout the area. A particularly inviting spot for the picnicker is Karper Grove in the southeast corner of the park. There shade is provided by the oldest large grove of Chinese elms in the country. These valuable trees were first introduced to Texas in 1919 by R. E. Karper, then superintendent of the Lubbock experiment station.

The park's animal life consists of squirrels, peacocks, and prairie dogs. Indicative of the abundance of squirrels is the sum of almost $800 which was spent last year for pecans to feed them.

The 20-acre prairie dog village is one of the most popular points of interest on the Texas Plains. When Mackenzie was set aside as a park, the custodians simply enclosed a prairie dog town which was already on the premises. The animals, once common on the Plains, have become scarce and the Park Board receives requests for prairie dogs from distant cities. Last year six of the animals were sent to a children's zoo at Roanoke, Virginia, two went to Tyler, and a pair to Chicago.

An elaborate water system provides year around rye and bermuda for the animals to eat. To augment their grass diet, the 700 saucy little creatures scurry from their holes to beg handouts from visitors who stare in delight from just outside the enclosure. And the prairie dogs munch their tidbits and stare right back. It's fun for them, too.



**NOT a scenic view in Florida or Louisiana, but a Lily pond in the heart of arid West Texas plains.**

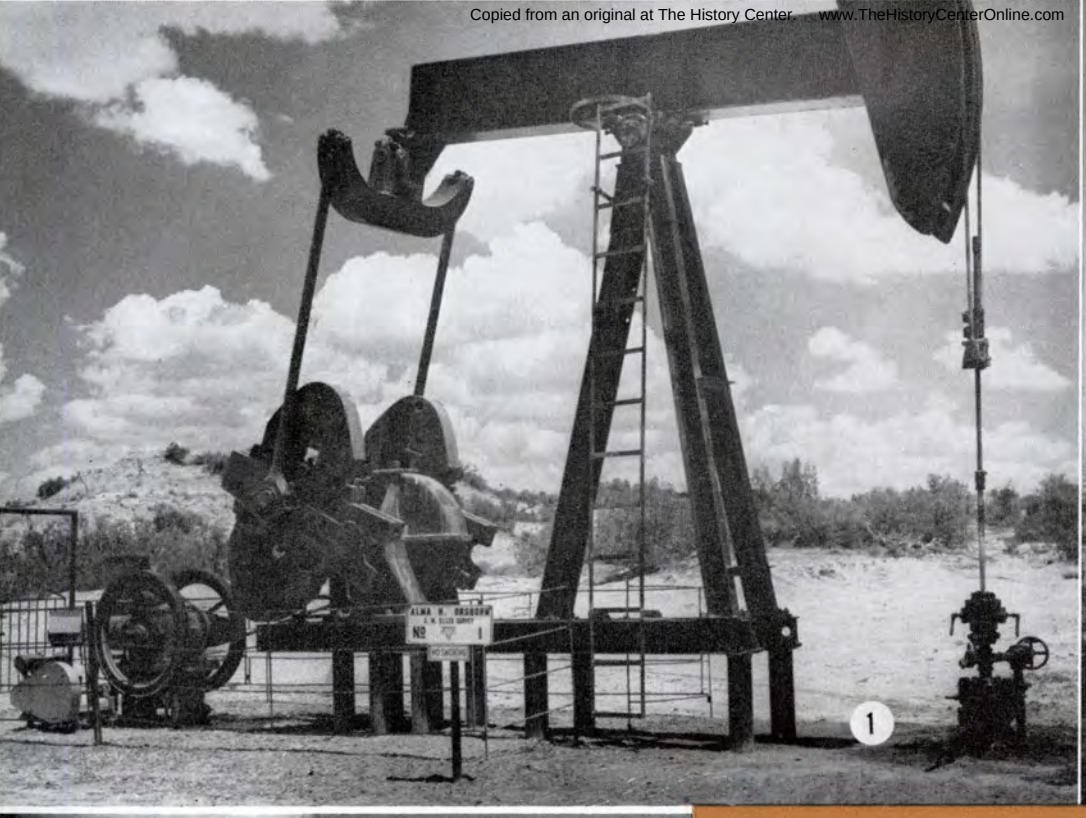


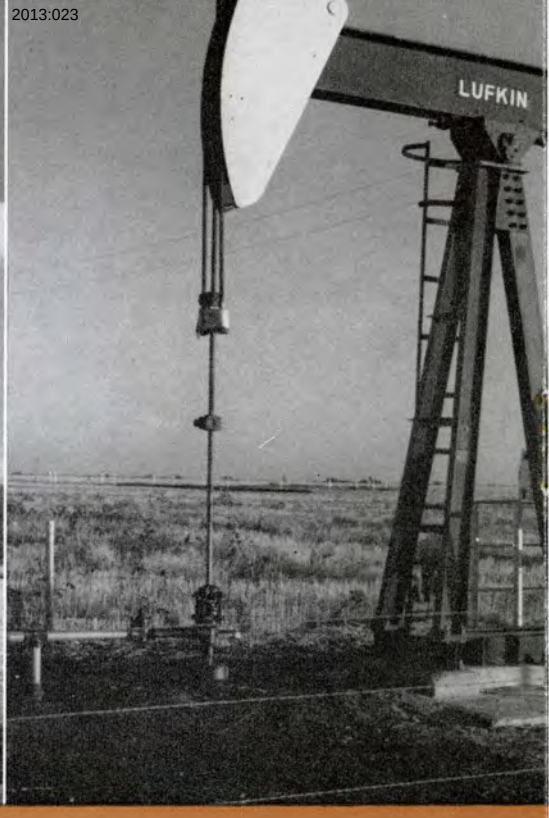
**IN A land of little water, this $125,000 swimming pool is very popular during summer months in park.**



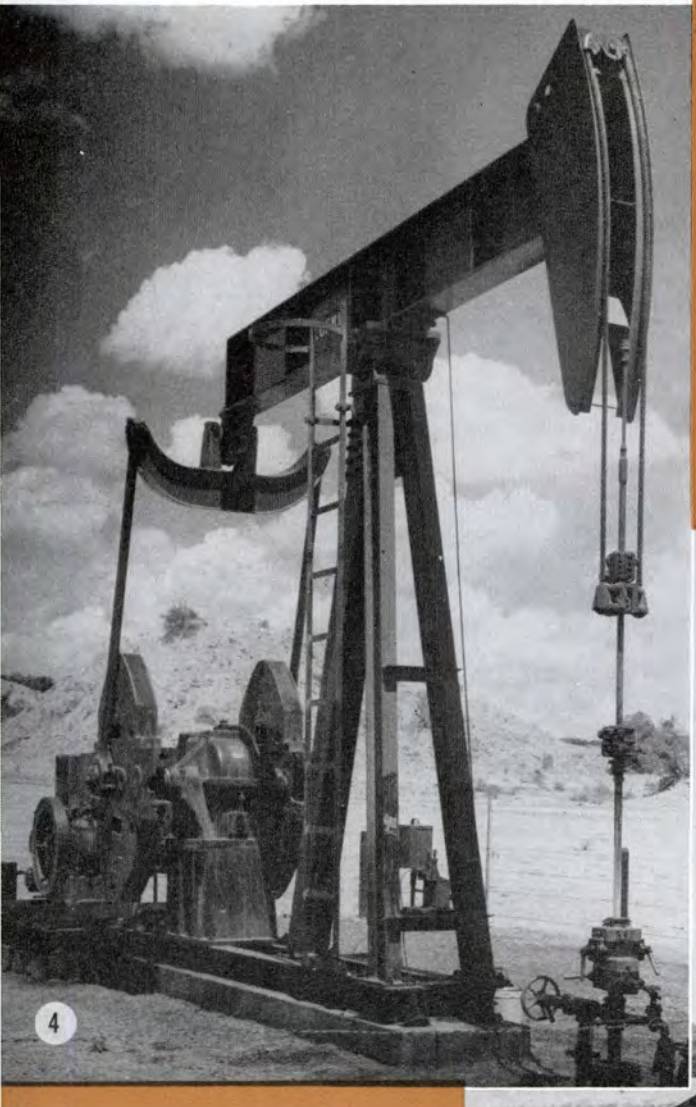
**THIS haven from sun and dust is criss-crossed with eight miles of roads lined with valuable Chinese elms.**

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# LUFKIN







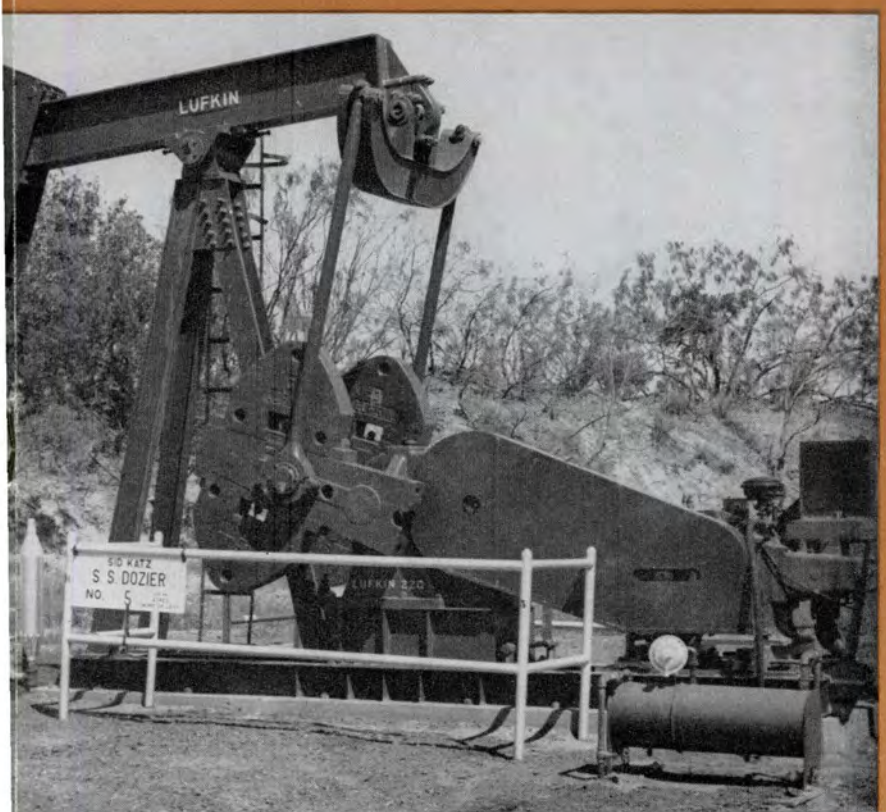


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# Installations




1 LUFKIN TC-2T-18B Unit, Continental Oil Co., Katz Field near Knox City.

2 LUFKIN TC-44-15B Unit, Woodley Petroleum Co., Truby, Texas.

3 LUFKIN TC-33AT-22G Unit with LUFKIN H-333 Gas Engine, Sid Katz, near Knox City, Texas.

4 LUFKIN TC-44A-15A Unit, Carey & Christopher, Katz Field near Knox City.

5 LUFKIN T5A-7C Unit, F. M. Robertson, near Goldsboro, Texas.

6 LUFKIN TC-33-22G Unit with LUFKIN H-333 Gas Engine, Sid Katz, near Knox City, Texas.

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**OFFICIALS** of Red Ball Motor Freight and Navajo Freight Lines team together to give through service from Texas to California. Red Ball officials standing third from right are Henry English, founder of Red Ball, E. E. Bailey, gen. mgr., O. B. English, pres.

U. S. HIGHWAY

# KING of the Gearjammers

HENRY ENGLISH, chairman of the Board of Directors of Red Ball Motor Freight Lines is known as the "King of Gearjammers."

He's a fellow who used his own bootstraps to pull himself to the top of the trucking industry.

He believes in his industry as most folks believe that the sun will rise tomorrow. For his industry, he has devoted many hours of research and study to gather the facts that will prove the worth of trucks to American economy.

There is plenty of widespread evidence floating around that railroads and airplanes are essential cogs in the American transportation wheel. On the other hand, the American public has heard only that trucks destroy beautiful highways for which the average citizen pays high taxes.

This human dynamo, who got his start in the trucking business by hauling freight between Lufkin and Houston, Texas, and whose firm now operates more than 200 Lufkin trailers, has considered himself a one-man team to inform the public of the contributions made by the trucking industry. Besides making hundreds of speeches all over the United States while he was the first Texan to serve as president of the American Trucking Association, he started a personal campaign in his own firm.

To show how much road tax was paid last year




**HENRY** English proves that the trucking industry is paying its share of taxes to use nation's highways.

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**THROUGH service from Texas to California is given by Navajo Freight Lines and Red Ball Motor Freight.**




**LUFKIN'S new flat-roof, square-front aluminum van is silhouetted against the imposing sky-line of Dallas.**

by his company, Mr. English had his statisticians determine exactly how much in taxes was paid for each truck. With this information, he had signs painted and placed on the rear of his vehicles. According to official figures, trucks represent less than 18 per cent of the nation's vehicles, but pay over one-third of all road taxes.

Soon after Henry took over as president of the A.T.A., he said to John Lawrence, managing director of the Association, "What our industry needs is a loud, convincing voice that can be heard clear across the country. Maybe my voice isn't so convincing, but it sure is loud, and I'm going to start splitting some eardrums. It's about time truck operators and their drivers stopped feeling like they just crawled out from under a rock and learned how important they are to the economy of this country."

And Henry English did just that. Before the end of his term as president, he crossed from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf 15 times, pumped the hands of 20,000 new friends, and kept a nearly three-billion dollar industry rolling in the black. He was appalled at the average American's lack of information about the seven million trucks which perform nearly 80 billion ton-miles of service yearly and carry approximately 60 per cent of the tonnage moved in the nation's commerce.

Henry English, the seventh of 11 children, ended his formal schooling at the conclusion of the sixth grade, deciding to help his father support the family. From then on he received his spoon-fed education from his father, who lived by the Bible and swore by Alger.

At 18, he was an expert bronco buster. Only the conviction that a more useful and less painful way of life must exist deflected him from a career in the rodeo ring.

During a depression in land and cattle, he got a job as a roughneck on an oil well in southwestern Oklahoma. When, on a return from a visit home, he was delayed by a late train and forced to miss several days of work, he decided to start a bus service between Greenville, near his home, and Dallas, Texas.

This was in 1919. With $150 of his own money and $100 borrowed, he bought a second-hand cadillac touring sedan and went into business. In 1927, he sold his interest in the line for $65,000. A few months later, he bought two trucks and began hauling freight between Lufkin and Houston.

Today Red Ball Motor Freight Lines cover 4,000 miles of operation with 40 terminals.

O. B. English, Henry's son, is President of the firm. Following in his father's footsteps, he's a strong advocate of the trucking industry. E. E. "Stag" Bailey is vice-president and general manager, while Beeman Carrell is vice-president and treasurer.

At the present time, Henry English is vice-president-at-large and member of the executive committee of the American Trucking Association. At the forthcoming annual meeting in October in Los Angeles, he will chairman the nominating committee.

And thus this exponent of true democracy continues his never-ending task as champion of the gearjammers.

When asked about his success, he answers with a laugh, "I started out with a sense of humor, had lots of flat tires, ran out of gas more times than you can count, but always knew where I was going."

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HARRY STANSBURY, Atlantic Refining Co., Dallas.



BLACKIE CRADDOCK, Honolulu Oil Co., Sundown, Texas.



CARL LAMBRECHT, Signal Oil & Gas Co., Fort Worth.



# SNAPSHOTS... with the Lufkin Cameraman





W. H. MARTIN, R. Lacy, Inc., Kilgore, Texas.



MR. and MRS. CARL JENNINGS, The Texas Company, Ft. Wroth Texas.

ERNIE MILLER, Tide Water Assoc. Oil Co., Houston.

KEN BOWIE, Union Sulphur Co., Houston, Texas.

PAUL FLETCHER, Sun Oil Co., Dallas, Texas.

PHIL LEHNHARD, East Texas Engr. Assoc., Kilgore.









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W. E. FRALEY, left, Abilene, Texas, and JOHNSON GRIMES, Ohio Oil Co., Midland.



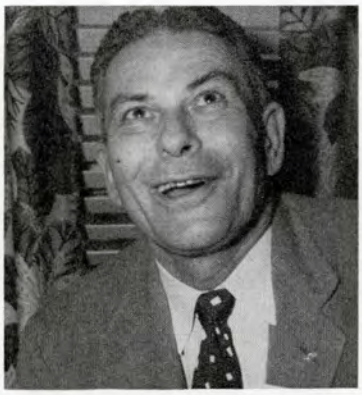
JOE PREJEAN, Seaboard Oil Co., Odom, Texas.



JIM FOSTER, Atlantic Refining Co., Dallas.







N. N. "CHUBBY" JONES, Humble Oil & Refining Co., Midland, Texas.

JOHNNY BREITHAUPT, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore, Texas.

LARRY S. DAVIS, JR., consultant, Houston, Texas.





GEORGE RICKS, Atlantic Refining Co., Dallas.

BOB RIDGEWAY, Sun Oil Co., Dallas.

J. W. VICTORY, Sid Katz, Knox City, Texas.

V. J. DRISCOLL, Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., Longview district.

BOB FIELDS, Atlantic Refining Co., Dallas.





A. B. STEVENS, Texas A & M College, College Station, Texas.





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# SNAPSHOTS...



R. E. HOWARD, Atlantic Refining Co., Midland, Texas.



MAX HALDERSON, Phillips Petr. Co., Bartlesville, Okla.



C. M. BARRINGTON and daughter, ALBERTA MARGARET, Coleman, Texas.



E. C. CASON, Deep Rock Oil Corp., Wichita Falls, Texas.



B. G. BOTKINS, left, Kilgore, and R. E. HICKS, Longview, both with R. Lacy, Inc.



A. W. WOOD, Lion Oil Co., Midland, Texas.



K. O. AUSTIN, left, Deep Rock Oil Co., and W. R. WILLIS, National Tank Co., both of Wichita Falls, Texas.



EBB WHITE, Seaboard Oil Co., Dallas.

J. H. JACKSON, Sun Oil Co., Brookhaven, Miss.

R. G. PEELER, left, and B. J. HINSON, both with Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., Longview district.







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JESS NEW, Union Producing Co., Shreveport, Louisiana



Left to right: J. B. PLUNKETT, SAM WEAVER, J. C. FARRIS, TOM JONES, BOB LeFEVER, CHARLES LUTZ, C. M. BRATTON, C. J. McCRORY, ED SPILLANE, and J. R. WEAVER, all with Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., Longview district.



Left to right: C. O. LUKEHART, C. M. BUMPASS, R. G. McPHERON, R. C. HARRISON, J. E. THOMPSON, all with Gulf Oil Corp., Hobbs, New Mexico.



PAT FLETCHER, left, Midland, and LOUIS DAVIS, Dallas, both with Atlantic Refining Co.



First row, left to right: BOB SCHULTE, BILL LUMPKIN, JACK LEONARD, A. E. DALY. Second row, left to right: C. L. DRUMMOND, BAILEY DAVIS, BOB DRAKE, all with Altantic Refining Co., Greggton, Texas.



ROSS HOBBS, left, and BOB EDWARDS, Cities Service Oil Co., Graham, Texas.



Front row, left to right: G. B. "TEX" WILLIAMS, Bay Petroleum Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., and GILBERT HAAS, Phillips Petroleum Co., Shidler, Okla. Back row, left to right: MARVIN McNATT, Bay Petr. Co., Oklahoma City; WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN, Bay Petr. Co., Orlando, Okla.; JACK AWTRY, Phillips Petr. Co., Shidler; JOE WALKER, Sohio Petr. Co., Oklahoma City; COOPER RICHARDS, L. F. & M. Co., Oklahoma City; R. C. "BOB" ARNOLD, Anderson Prichard Oil Corp., Oklahoma City.

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**IN 50 years, the trucking industry has grown to more than nine million vehicles hauling 75% of all freight.**




**THIS Trucking Industry Commemorative Stamp was issued in Los Angeles during annual ATA convention.**

**LUFKIN'S contribution to this progressive industry is this new square-front, flat-top aluminum van.**




# A Salute to TRUCKING INDUSTRY

A SPECIAL three-cent postage stamp will be issued Oct. 27, in Los Angeles, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the trucking industry.

The stamp will be issued with appropriate ceremonies at the American Trucking Associations, Inc. annual convention in Los Angeles.

Trucking and allied industries are hoping to top the record for mailing of first-day covers which is about 550,000.

The week of November 16 to 21 will be proclaimed National Truck Transportation Week, during which time national publicity will focus the attention of America upon the importance of the trucking industry to the nation's economy.

Just 50 years ago, in 1903, the motor truck received its first formal recognition as a distinct part of the infant automobile field. A contest was held in New York City to determine whether the truck could be used successfully in commerce cheaper and to better advantage than the horse-drawn transport then in use. The trucks won decisively.

Since that time, the trucking industry has grown to more than nine million vehicles, employs over six million people, and transports 75 per cent of the nation's freight. It is the second largest employer next to agriculture and is the largest industrial employer.

The trucking industry serves each American and all America. It demonstrates daily its slogan: "Where Trucks Roll, America Prospers."

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Coed, meeting her date of the evening before: "Hello, tall, dark and hands."

When the husband arrived home earlier than usual, he found his wife in the arms of his best friend.

"I love your wife," explained the friend, "and she loves me. I'll play you a game of cards for her. If I win, you divorce her, and if you win, I promise never to see her again. Will you play the game with me?"

"All right," the husband agreed, "but how about a penny a point to make it interesting?"

Gold-digger: A girl who mines her own business.

We understand that a new radio soap opera is being readied: "The Girl Who Wanted Two Bathrooms . . . or John's Wife's Other John."

"My dear! What a lovely coat—it must have cost a fortune!"

"No, it cost only a kiss."

"A kiss you gave your husband?"

"No—one that he gave the maid!"

The goat-gland clinic, which claimed the secret of eternal youth, advertised: "We make young colts out of old 45's."

Could it be that adolescence is when a boy goes from a Mickey Mouse watch to a Marilyn Monroe calendar?

Uncle Zeke claims the reason girls cross the street carefully and cross their legs carelessly is that they'd much rather be run down inside the house.

Mary: "When Johnny and I get married, we're going to Hawaii to see what it's like."

Mamie: "Don't be silly; it's the same wherever you go."

Skid Row Mazie says: "A girl can look like a million dollars if she don't have it invested to cover the wrong places."

During a Civil Defense practice raid, the warden stuck his head into a crowded cellar and shouted at the woman in charge: "Are there any expectant mothers down there?"

Before the woman could reply, a voice from the darkness answered: "Not yet! We've just got down here."

Lisping Lena says she had to divorce the old millionaire because he just wathn't any youth.

Lydia (reading from diary): "Up at 8. Felt a little seasick so took two pills. Passed an iceberg at ten."

Sally (listening): "How awful!"

And then there's the speaker who prefaces his talk with "As King Solomon remarked to the Queen of Sheba, I did not come here to speak."

And—Cleopatra's reply to Anthony's oration: "Sire, I am not prone to argue."

"Your husband is in no great danger, Mrs. Murphy, but I'm afraid I'll have to anesthetize him."

"Well, if you must, you must," she sighed, "but dear Mike did so want us to have some little ones."

Mable: "I nearly fainted when the boy I was out with last night asked for a kiss."

Homer: "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."

He took her auto-riding. She was a little angel and walked back. He took her boat-riding. She was a little angel and swam back. He took her airplane-riding—the little devil!

An oil man died and went to Heaven, much to his surprise. In his unsuccessful search for some of his old cronies who had gone before, he ran across two acquaintances he had known on earth, but, not caring much for either of them, he merely smiled and continued his search.

Soon he spied a wizened old man who struck the new-comer's funny-bone. Laughing heartedly, he said, "I bet I know who you are."

"I'll bet you don't, young feller. What's my name?"

"You're Adam," the oil man said quickly.

"Wal, that's right. But how did you know?"

The man answered, "You don't have a navel."

An old maid, bless her heart, wanted to do something for the veterans in the hospital, so she made several pairs of pajamas and took them to the administrator.

He thanked her graciously, and then began to examine her handiwork.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, "but these won't do. You didn't make them with fly fronts."

"My gracious," the poor old soul replied. Then her face lighted up and she suggested, "But couldn't the single boys use them?"

The adult moron bought his girl friend a bicycle and now she's pedaling it all over town.

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," begged the petroleum engineer. She fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few moments, but the tears flowed on.

"Will nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," she murmured, "it's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

Do you know how a Sultan chooses the best girl for his Harem? He lines all of them up and as they pass by, his servant throws water on them. If one sizzles, that's it.

He asked the secretary how she was doing in her race for matrimony and she said: "I'm doing all right. I think I'm on the last lap now."

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# LUFKIN'S Latest

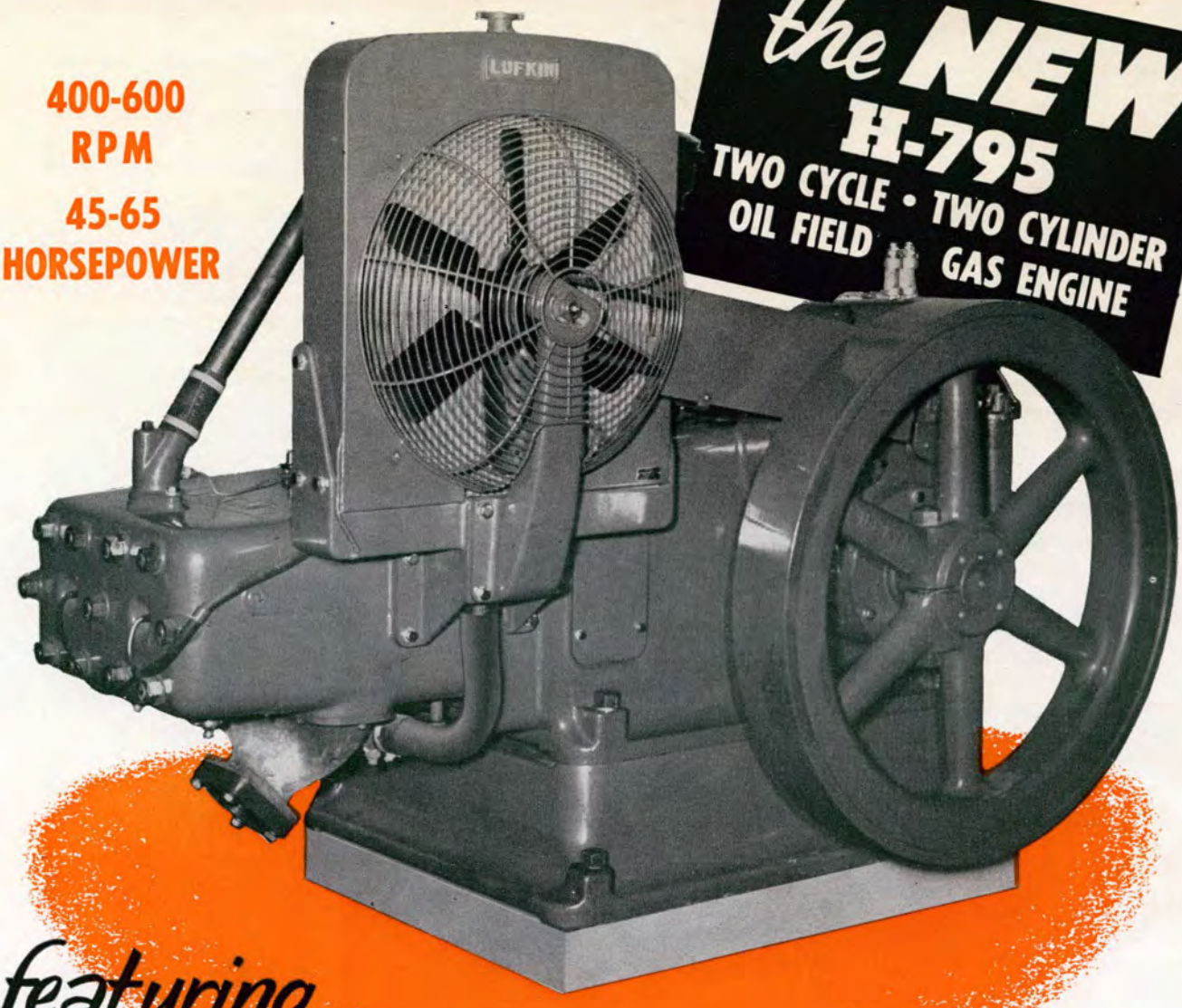
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