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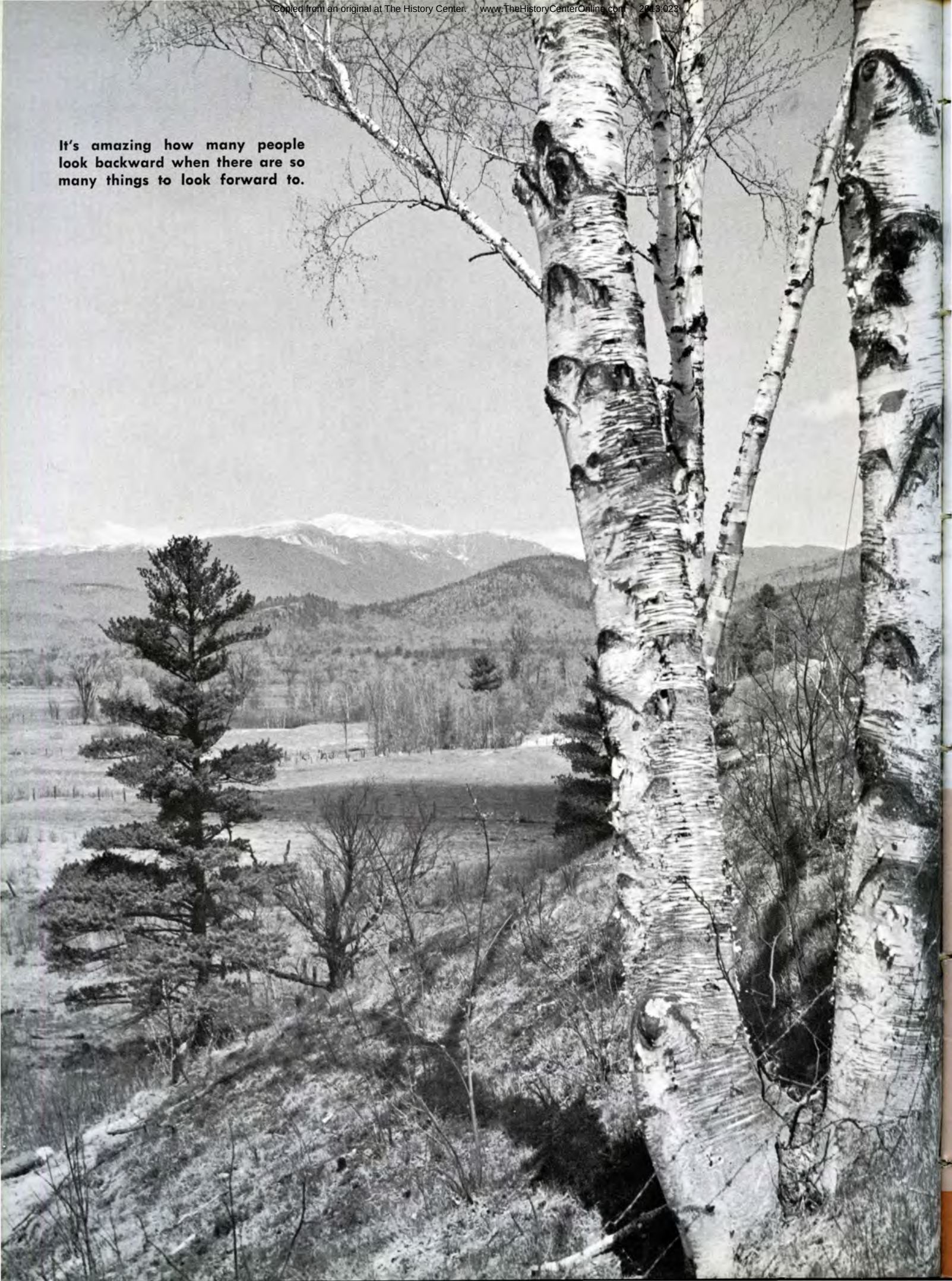


SHOSTAL

THE Lufkin LINE

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER • 1959

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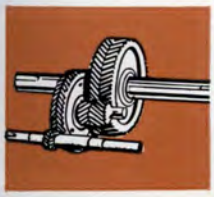
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OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

THE Lufkin LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



SEPTEMBER • OCTOBER, 1959

Volume 34 Number 5

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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—Dick Smith Photo

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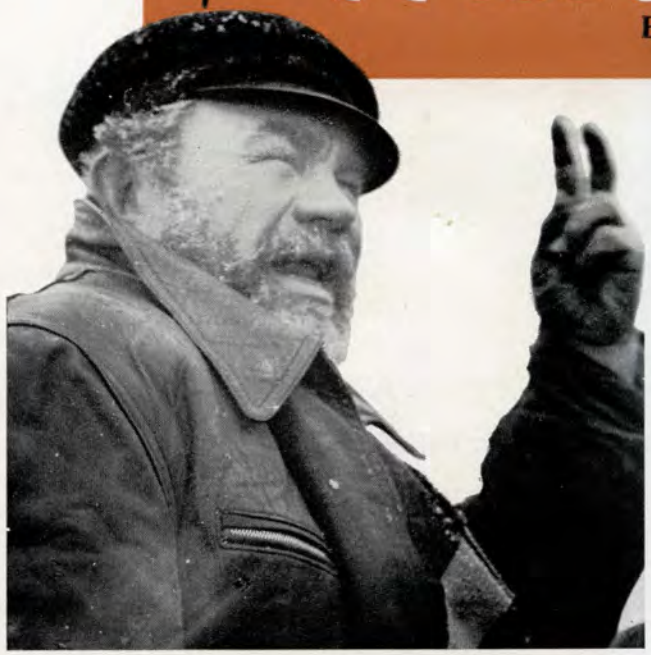
TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED

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Thor

By D.



CAPTAIN John Borgen, rough, tough, hard-boiled champion whaler has killed more than 5,500 whales

AT LEFT is the stern of factory ship showing slipway. A 45-foot Humpback is being hauled towards slipway



THIS 100-foot, 125-ton blue whale lies on deck of factory ship. Flenser is slitting blubber lengthwise

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she blows!

Richard Statile



HELICOPTER, now being used in modern day whaling, hovers over group of whales of various species

LOADED down with a half ton of film, cameras, tape recorder, arctic gear and clothing, I set out to make documentary movies and stills for "Life." After a rough time around the Horn, we proceeded south by west until we came to the Ross Sea. We were 14 ships in all: the factory ship, a tanker and 12 "killer" boats. On these ships I was to spend the next five months in combat with whale stench, sea rust, disputes, icebergs, icy winds and even to falling into a small river of blood on one occasion. The crew of 500 were all German; the captains Norwegian. Everyone worked practically around the clock during the long Antarctic daylight.

I went to sleep when I was tired. One would have to be tired to sleep in my cabin which was on the edge of the flensing deck and just above the huge boilers that grind the bones while cooking the blubber. The wind often converged the thick, nauseating smells on my cabin and I would stick my head through the porthole, preferring the battering of the elements for a breath of digestible air. Even that was risky for one could always count on being splattered with blood from the dumping overside of the waste.

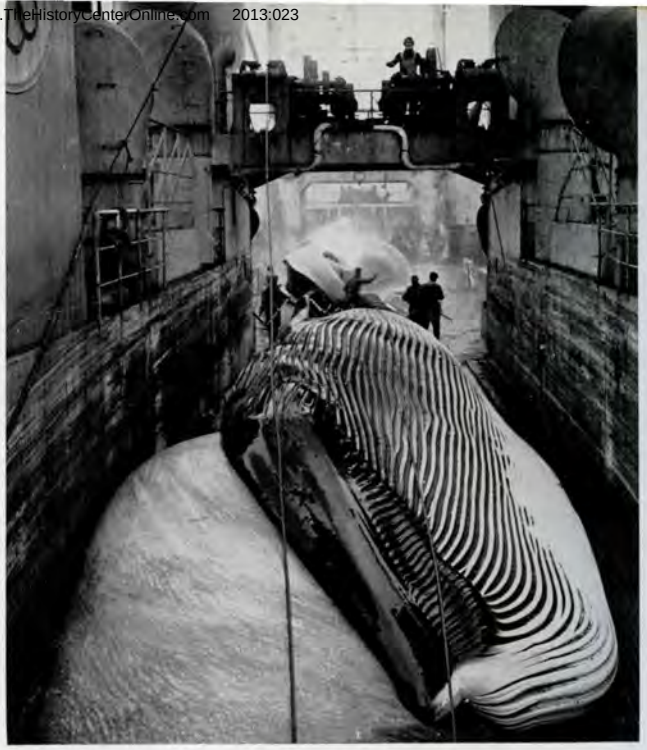
When something happened, I would have to decide fast which of the eight cameras would be best suited to the situation at hand. But most things seemed to happen where I wasn't. For instance, it was not my luck to be around when a blue whale came shooting out of the water after being shot and practically stood on its tail. An 80-foot monster, weighing over 100 tons, seemingly walking on the water, would have made quite a picture. I wasn't there when a lad went out of his mind after a whale slapped him on the head with a flip of its giant tail; nor when the captain smashed his thumb on a cannon recoil. I limped for several days when a whale flipped his tail and caught me as I was leaning half over the gunnel while working my camera. I lost that picture.

To make up for all this lost dramatic action, I persuaded the pilot of the expedition's helicopter to land on an iceberg. My fool idea almost ended in disaster for we not only ran out of fuel, but got off the berg just before it split in two. Then I hit on the idea of stretching a whale line to the top of the mast from the gun deck. I donned full whaling regalia and slid down this rope while someone worked my camera. This bit of action would be

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CAPTAIN-gunner fires whale cannon, scoring direct hit. War-head on harpoon tip will explode in the whale



BLUE whale being hauled up slipway. Round part, left foreground, is the tongue, inflated by air that has escaped into it

part of a scene. Due to the inexperience of the man at the camera, I had to make this 125-foot slide seven times while the boat bobbed on 30-foot waves. The last time was no less frightening than the first.

Early one morning I was awakened by a sailor who came into the cabin I was sharing with Captain Borgen to tell him that two whales had been sighted. The captain reached for his size 18 sheep-lined boots and asked me to help him with the 50-pound coat and harness he wore at his battle station on the gun deck. I followed to photograph him at work and perhaps catch some unusual action.

We headed into the wind in pursuit of two large blowing whales not more than 400 yards ahead. I was readying my camera when I heard the Captain swearing. He was tinkering with something on the gun that wouldn't give. By the time the mate corrected the defect, the whales had disappeared and the captain was swearing at his German crew in English, German, and Norwegian. The whales reappeared and my camera was ready as one of the whales surfaced near the starboard bow. The cannon barked. The swish of the wet line sprayed us as usual, and my lens was water coated before the harpoon entered the whale. The line became taut. He was pulling the 600-ton killer boat now. We were bobbing up and down in a sea so rough that from time to time the boat was lower than the whale that was pulling us like some mythical beast. The other whale proved to be a true mate and kept traveling just ahead of his wounded companion.

The winchman had let out about 4000 feet of the 40-ton line. A ten-foot albatross, followed by a flight of terns, swooped down, skimming over the bloody wake of the wounded whale. All of the crew not engaged in readying rope and gear were hypnotized by the action.

Thinking of pictures, I urged the captain to shoot the other whale but he answered that the same one would have to be shot again since there was danger that the line might break. Encouraged by his faithful companion, the whale's strength seemed to increase as he pulled us onward. The captain fired the second line before I could ready my camera. Then, to silence my protests, he agreed to fire a third harpoon especially for the picture.

From my perspective, the skipper looked like a legendary teamster, standing between the two lines, driving huge, fantastic shapes through a bleak, grey setting in which the only color was the spots of blood from the wounded whale and the tan lines. The spouts appeared as giant plumes. He signalled for more speed and I was ready. The cannon barked again followed soon after by the dull report of the grenade that exploded in the whale as the harpoon entered the lungs. Now one of the spouts was crimson. The dramatic battle was almost finished.

It was a welcome surprise when my feet again touched solid ground after five months on heaving decks with wobbly cameras in hurricane-like winds. I was satisfied to have come out intact and with what I considered a good supply of pictures of a documentary nature. The expedition had disposed of 3,000 whales.

—All photos by the author

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LAKE CADDO extends beyond the horizon in this aerial view. Its maze of boat roads and Cypress swamps make it easy for a man to get lost in its wilderness
—Langston McEachern Photo

Mysterious Caddo

By DEV KLAPP

IN 1811, the New Madrid Earthquake shook the southern states with violent tremors, changing many land and water formations almost beyond recognition.

At that time in Louisiana, lay a great swamp of stagnant pools and heavily wooded islands. Many years earlier a wandering tribe of Indians, the Caddos, had discovered this swamp that later bore their name. But not until the Spaniards, on their westward trek, explored it, was the area mapped and recorded. Little use even then was made of this almost impenetrable wilderness.

Then the great earthquake struck. For many days the earth quivered and rumbled. Trees fell, as mud and water boiled and seethed under the violent attack. When the catastrophe finally passed and the



IN this labyrinth of moss-hung Cypress are excellent, quiet bass-filled pools awaiting fishermen
—Townsend Miller Photo

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DREDGES have made boat roads through the clogging water Hyacinths into this almost primitive jungle
—L. A. Wilke Photo

water once more became calm, the floor of Caddo Swamp had sunk from sight. In its place was what is now known as Caddo Lake, twin sister to Tennessee's Reelfoot Lake, born of the same turbulent upheaval.

For more than a century after the earthquake, Caddo lay quiet and almost unchanged; a mysterious network of ponds, bayous and sloughs, sprawling across the Texas-Louisiana boundary, its 50,000-water acres smothered under a purple blanket of water hyacinths. A truly unspoiled wilderness.

But Caddo Lake has now roused from its somnolence. Modern paved roads have bracketed the old lake, bringing sportsmen, tourists and vacationists to explore and enjoy the fishing, hunting and swampland scenery.

With this influx of visitors came a need for proper accommodations. Camps and motor courts sprang up almost overnight. These places range from modest "rough-it" camps to comfortable motels such as the Fly'n Fish, with a private airfield nearby. An aggregate of about 50 such hostels are now able to handle over a thousand guests.



NIGHT trotline fishing for catfish is one of the more popular sports for vacationers on Lake Caddo
—J. P. Crowe Photo

Caddo Lake is a wonderful vacation spot at any season, be it cool or warm, with its average temperature of 66 degrees. Spring, however, is the best time to visit Caddo, for then the water hyacinths cover the lake with a pale-violet blanket, and water lilies spread their petals between yard-wide pads. Recently, dredges have cut extensive areas free of these beautiful plants, to create more space for boat traffic, but enough remain to paint the water lavender with the reflection of their blooms.

Caddo boat rides are really something to remember. Almost from the moment your boat leaves its dock, the swamp closes in. Down the winding "boat roads," twisting through the acres of flowering water plants you glide. Long beards of Spanish moss brush your cheek as you pass under the gnarled cypress trees, until finally you reach a quiet bass-filled pool. On the way, you may have glimpsed an occasional alligator basking his thick hide on some remote mud bank, or floating like a cypress log just below the surface in search of food, with only his knobby eyes and nose showing above the water. Or perhaps a pair of radiantly colored wood ducks rose to wing their way to their nest in a nearby tree hole. There's always something of interest to see on Caddo Lake.

For the fisherman, Lake Caddo has some of the best fresh-water fishing in America—black bass and white bass in the spring and early summer, chain pickerel from November to March, while crappie, bream and catfish bite all year around. There are no restrictive laws on game fish seasons in either Louisiana or Texas, so the angler is able to enjoy his sport during any season of the year.

During the last decade the fishing fraternity has

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ONE of the newer sports on Lake Caddo is shooting garfish with bow and arrow

turned to that battling fighter, the alligator gar, for exciting sport. From the smallest fingerling to the largest moss-back, these scrappers will give a good account of themselves. Often reaching seven feet in length, the gar is respectfully referred to, in Caddo circles, as the "fresh water tarpon." A real tackle-buster, he will give even the most rugged angler an arm-wrenching fight. The largest on record caught in Caddo is reported to have weighed over 400 pounds. And in March, 1950, a 142-pound alligator gar was landed with ordinary bass tackle, on a 15-lb. test line, after a two-hour battle.

Caddo Lake is the nearest thing to a labyrinth there is this side of the Pentagon in Washington. It is no place for a stranger to go wandering about without a competent guide, because of its many sloughs and criss-crossing passes, all confusingly alike. Many of these guides are picturesque, and all of them are born to the traditions of the lake. They know where to find the best hunting and fishing spots, and will guide you all day for a reasonable fee, usually about five or six dollars.

Though fishing is predominant, there is great hunting, in season, on and around, Caddo. The lake is situated near the Mississippi flyway, and sportsmen from all over the country come down in the fall for the duck hunting. Government statistics show that Lake Caddo has the largest sustained duck population of any body of water its size. Mallard, teal, and black ducks are plentiful, with many flights of the beautiful wood duck in evidence.

Deer roam the swamp, and quail are found in cultivated areas. Boats nose their way along the shore line, manned by hunters shooting squirrels. Then, at night, the sound of cowhorns, and the baying of coon hounds echo through the tree corridors.

Once the fisherman, hunter, or casual vacationist, has found his way through the maze of water plants, cypress, and Spanish moss, and nosed his boat into one of the thousand hidden retreats, he feels that he and his guide are alone in a great forest unchanged for a hundred years, where he may relax and enjoy himself undisturbed for another hundred years, if he so desires.

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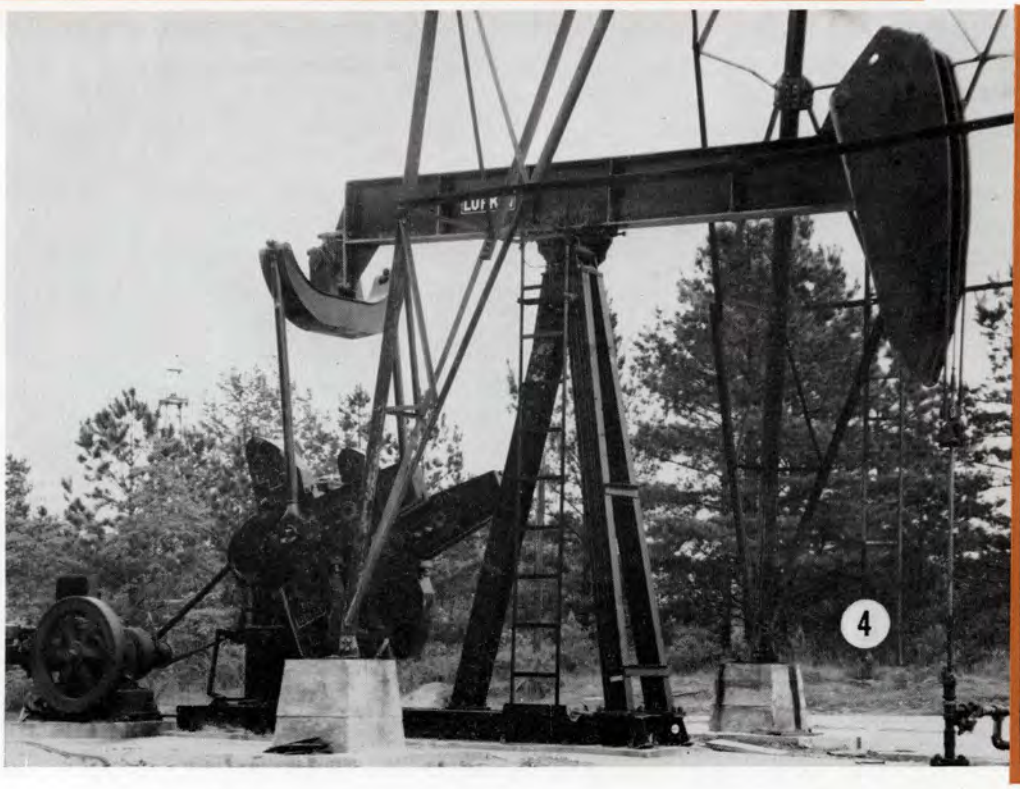


LUFKIN *installations*

1. LUFKIN C-57D-42-10.5 Unit, Phillip
Shongaloo, Louisiana.

2. LUFKIN C-160S-84-13.2 Unit, Smack o
El Dorado, Arkansas.

3. LUFKIN C-57D-42-10.5 Unit, Carter O
Louisiana.





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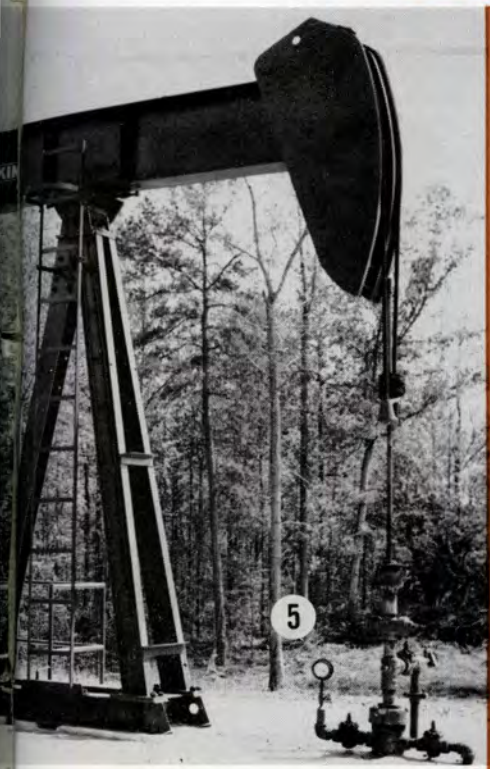
acIver Producing Company,

er il Company, Shongaloo,

4. LUFKIN C-160S-74-20 Unit and HC-333 Gas Engine, J. E. Berry Oil Company, Smackover, Arkansas.

5. LUFKIN C-25D-24-6 Unit, Pan American Petroleum Corporation, Vivian, Louisiana.

6. LUFKIN C-160D-64-23 Unit and HT-333 Gas Engine, Carter Oil Company, Fouke, Arkansas.

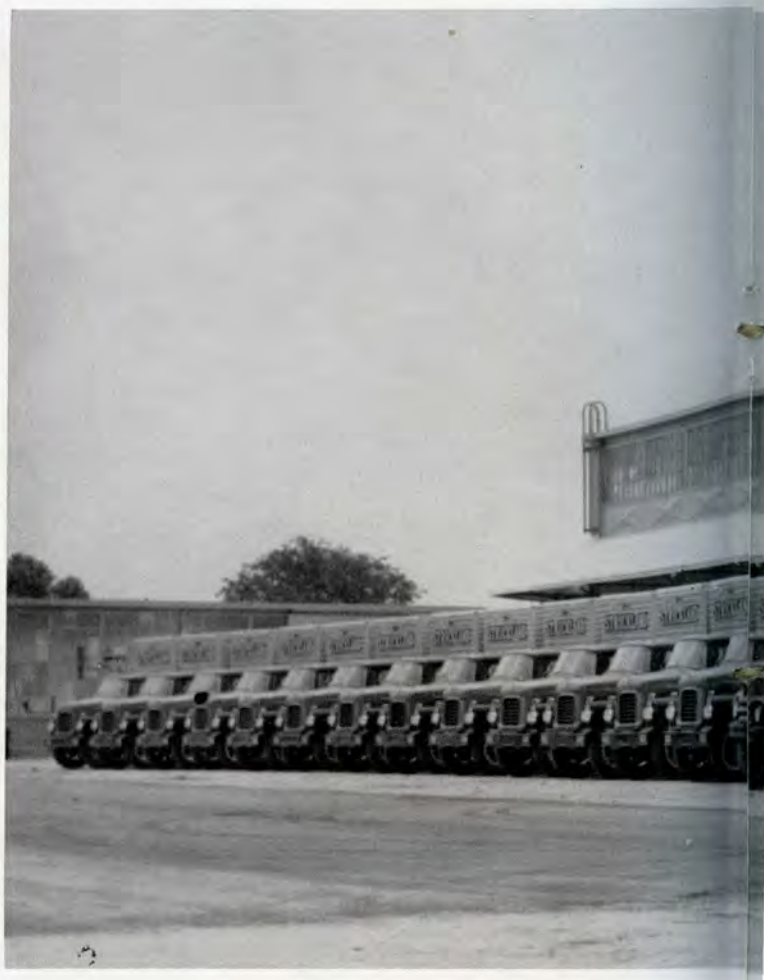




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The STRICKLAND Story...

SHIP



THE newest terminal of the Strickland Transportation Company is this one located in New Orleans, Louisiana. A portion of their fleet of truck-trailers are lined up ready for service in their far-flung territory

IN THE early 1930's the Strickland Transportation Company was founded by L. R. Strickland, with general offices in Houston, Texas. Prior to the formation of this Company, Mr. Strickland had varied experience in the trucking business, having worked in his very young days for Sproles Transfer & Storage of Fort Worth. Sproles was one of the very beginners of the trucking industry in Texas. A little later, Mr. Strickland worked for the West Texas Express as manager in Dallas, and following that he moved to Houston and was assistant manager of a union motor freight terminal from which some 25 to 30 motor carriers operated to and from all points in the state.

In 1935, the present firm was founded when L. R. Strickland bought an interest in the Jackson Freight Lines which operated from Houston into Oklahoma through Dallas. In 1936, Mr. Strickland bought the entire company and changed the name to Jackson-Strickland Transportation Company.

The General Office was moved to Dallas in 1942, and the firm was re-named Strickland Transportation Company which is the present corporate name.

From these early beginnings, Strickland bought the Tarry Motor Freight Lines, which operated from Fort Worth to Amarillo, Texas, and the Dallas-Fort Worth Motor Lines which operated between Dallas and Fort Worth.

In 1946, the operating rights of Ozark Motor Lines were purchased. This extended the operation of Strickland Transportation Company eastward from Dallas to Texarkana and Shreveport, into Little Rock, Arkansas, and Memphis, Tennessee. The following year, rights were purchased from Little Rock and Memphis on into St. Louis, Missouri. The firm operated in this fashion until 1954, when the operating authority of Dumont Cartage Company was acquired, extending Strickland's operations north from St. Louis into Chicago. This was really a major step in the expansion of this growing company, and was the prelude to the rapid growth which was to follow.

Next, in December, 1955, Strickland acquired the Kelleher Motor Freight Lines which extended the operation from St. Louis and Chicago eastward through Cleveland into New York City and New Jersey.

In 1958, operating rights were bought into Phil-

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adelphia, and in May, 1959, Strickland expanded into the states of Connecticut and Massachusetts by the purchase of Porto Transport, Inc.

A couple of months later, the Company was given authority by the Interstate Commerce Commission to operate the rights of Michigan Tri-State Motor Express and on July 13, opened major terminals in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Detroit, Michigan.

Also in 1959, authority was received from the Interstate Commerce Commission extending the operations from Houston into Lake Charles, Baton Rouge and New Orleans, Louisiana. At New Orleans, the Company has just completed a $750,000 major truck terminal, the operation of which began August 10.

The Company now operates approximately 255 over-the-road truck tractors and has more than 1400 employees. The payroll approximates eight and one-half million dollars annually. The dollar volume of freight revenue handled in 1959 will approximate 18 million dollars.

Strickland's facilities are of the very latest. The Company owns major terminals in such cities as Houston, San Antonio, Dallas, Texarkana, Shreveport, Little Rock, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Kearny, New Jersey, New Orleans, and other major cities. These terminals are of very modern construction and in each case are on properties of sufficient size to allow ample room for the maneuvering of trucks and trailers and for the parking of extra equipment.

Strickland's up-to-the-minute communications system consists of a fully automatic teletypewriter system linking each terminal as well as a newly-installed private lone-line telephone network between its major terminals.

The Company's method of loading and expediting trailers is one of loading LTL merchandise trailers or straight loads, as the case may be, at each terminal direct to all other terminals thus saving delays enroute and delays in transfer of the freight at junction points.

The Trailer Division of Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company is proud that Strickland's modern fleet of trucks and trailers include many LUFKINS.

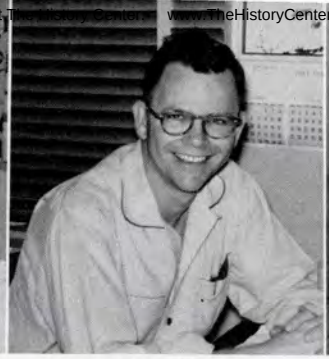
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C. E. SPENCER
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



RUDY GORISHEK
Alice-Sidney Oil Co.
El Dorado, Arkansas



DON HOWARD
Texaco, Inc.
Shreveport, Louisiana



HOYTE MAYES
Arkansas-Louisiana Gas
Co., Shreveport, La.



BILL COLE
Carter Oil Company
Shreveport, La.



J. W. GILLESPIE
Ohio Oil Company
Haynesville, Louisiana



LEO RECKNAGEL
Smackover Producing Company
Shreveport, Louisiana





FRANK HUMPHREYS, left, and
RICHARD VICKERS, Vickers Oil Co.
Smackover, Arkansas



RAY GLASSCOCK
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Olla, Louisiana



E. V. ENDEL
Texaco, Inc.
Shreveport, Louisiana



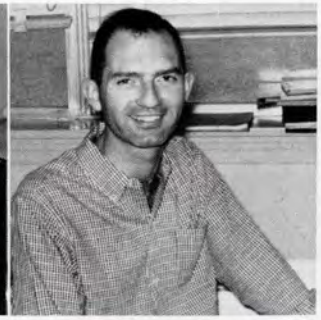
E. M. "BUD" McCAIN
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



JACK WEST
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Waskom, Texas



DON FISHER
Gulf Oil Corporation
Shreveport, Louisiana



FRED HUNTINGTON
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



Left to right: H. S. ELDEN,
C. E. CHINAULT, V. E. LONG, all with
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp., Shreveport, La.

JACK ADAMS
Carter Oil Company
Shreveport, La.



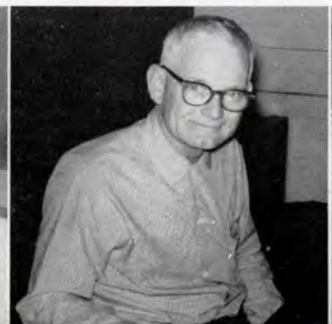
JOHN SNYDER
Pan American Petroleum Corp.
Shreveport, Louisiana



H. E. HARRELSON
Murphy Corporation
Shreveport, Louisiana



J. S. BEEBE
J. S. & E. J. Beebe Oil Acct.
El Dorado, Arkansas



CARL ELLIOTT
Arkansas Fuel Oil
Corp., Waskom, Texas



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BILL BASHAM
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JIM RAY
Pan American Petroleum
Corp., Vivian, La.



W. J. THORNTON
Murphy Corporation
Shreveport, Louisiana



J. C. CORDELL, Pan
American Petroleum Corp.
Shreveport, Louisiana



JIM KILPATRICK
Murphy Corporation
El Dorado, Arkansas





BOB HODNETT
Texaco, Inc.
Shreveport, Louisiana



BILL LINES
Alice-Sidney Oil Company
El Dorado, Arkansas



BILL JENKINS, left, and
H. E. DAVIS, Davis & Jenkins
Smackover, Arkansas



DON WARNKEN
Pan American Petroleum
Corp., Monroe, Louisiana



GEORGE B. HOLDEN
Arkansas Oil & Gas Com-
mission, El Dorado, Ark.



S. S. LACY, JR.
McAlester Fuel Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



E. L. BURRUS, left, and
J. E. "BEAR" KEEN, both with Arkansas
Fuel Oil Corp., Tullos, Louisiana



Left to right: JOHN GOHERING, JIM SETTLE
GEORGE FOREST, BILL RUSSELL, all with
Phillips Petroleum Co., Smackover, Arkansas



FOREST OLDHAM
Gulf Oil Corporation
Shreveport, Louisiana



CLINT MOORE
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Smackover, Ark.



C. A. VANATWERPEN
Tullos,
Louisiana

LELAND HURST, Pan
American Petroleum Corp.
Monroe, Louisiana



GEORGE WELLBORN
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Smackover, Arkansas



BOB HOSFORD, Pan
American Petroleum Co.
Shreveport, Louisiana



ED SNOW, J. S. &
E. J. Beebe Oil Account
El Dorado, Arkansas



FRANK LYON
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



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DAVID PIKE
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



AL HARTING, Pan
American Petroleum Corp.
Monroe, Louisiana



E. M. JONES
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Haynesville, Louisiana



GILBERT MONTGOMERY
Montgomery Drilling Company
El Dorado, Ark.



J. F. JUSTISS
Justiss-Mears Oil Co.
Jena, Louisiana



JOE JEAN, Lion Oil Co.
Division of Monsanto Chemical
Co., Shuler, Arkansas



JOHN RAGSDALE, Lion Oil Co.
Division of Monsanto Chemical
Co., Shreveport, Louisiana



C. S. SMITH, Lion Oil Co.
Division of Monsanto Chemical
Co., Shreveport, Louisiana





P. H. BEGGS, Pan
American Petroleum Corp.
Monroe, Louisiana



BILL STEPHENSON
Arkansas-Louisiana Gas
Co., Shreveport, La.



C. A. WALKER
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Tullos, Louisiana



JACK KERN, left, Kern Drilling Co.
Magnolia, Arkansas; and JACK TURNER
Tyler, Texas



BILL HALIBURTON
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Smackover, Arkansas



JOE WILSON
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



JAMES JUSTISS
Justiss-Mears Oil Co.
Jena, Louisiana



T. A. BANTA, left, Lufkin Foundry
Shreveport, Louisiana; and CLEM ENGLAND
Ohio Oil Co., Haynesville, Louisiana

DOYLE HOLLAWAY
Bibby Oil Company
Smackover, Arkansas

CARL GRAY
Spartan Drilling Company
Lisbon, Louisiana

P. D. MANNING, Pan
American Petroleum Corp.
Shreveport, La.

ROGER BUSH
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas

GEORGE SWILLEY
Mac Farlane Company
El Dorado, Arkansas







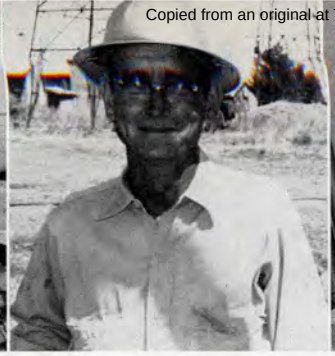




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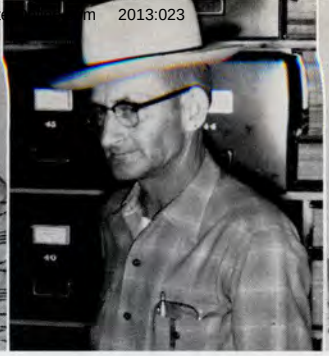
D. C. "TOM" HURST
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



W. M. MURPHREY
W. T. Murray, Trustee
Tullos, Louisiana



TROY W. MICHIE
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



W. R. "DUDE" ALLBRITTON
Justiss-Mears Oil Co.
Jena, Louisiana



FRED DILLARD
Pan American Petroleum
Corp., Monroe, Louisiana

Snap-shots



H. L. COGBURN, Lion Oil Co.
Division of Monsanto Chemical
Co., Shuler, Arkansas



W. S. HAWN, Lion Oil Co.
Division of Monsanto Chemical
Co., Shreveport, Louisiana



L. R. PAYNE, Lion Oil Co.
Division of Monsanto Chemical
Co., Shuler, Arkansas



Left to right: MIKE FREEMAN, D. J. CARDIN
RAYMOND WHATLEY, GERALD KINARD, JIM
KILPATRICK, all with Murphy Corp., El Dorado, Ark.



C. W. CACHERE
Gulf Oil Corporation
Homer, Louisiana



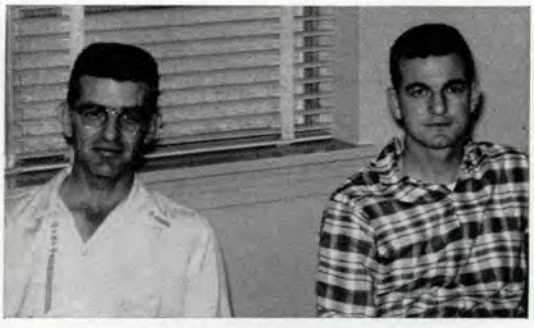
C. D. MILLER
Spartan Drilling Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



BILL HELTON, left, CHARLIE TOTHILL
and BRUCE GREER, all with
Murphy Corp., El Dorado, Arkansas



J. E. HAMPSON
Arkansas Fuel Oil Corp.
Shreveport, La.



PAUL CAMPBELL, left, and GENE LANGSTON
both with Carter Oil Co.
Magnolia, Arkansas

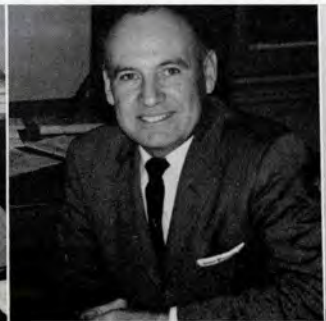
D. J. CARDIN
Murphy Corporation
El Dorado, Arkansas



GLENN J. ALLENBAUGH
Carter Oil Company
Shreveport, Louisiana



B. F. PATTERSON
Texaco, Inc.
Shreveport, Louisiana



A. N. BRELAND
Carter Oil Company
Magnolia, Arkansas



FRED SPEARS
P. J. Spears
Smackover, Arkansas



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"I'm going to have to divorce my wife!" raved the irate husband. "She's a liar and is unfaithful, too!"

"Why do you say that?" asked his friend.

"She said she spent the night with her girl friend, Margie!"

"But how do you know she is lying?"

"Because I spent the night with Margie!"

A young lady, calling up a music store, was connected by mistake with a garage.

"Do you have 'Two Red Lips and Seven Kisses'?" she asked.

"Nope," answered the garageman, "but we do have two tom cats and seven kittens."

"Is that a record?"

"Well, we think it is!"

When a baby girl arrived at the home of the spinster, the town started talking and one of the proud mothers finally made it a personal matter by charging: "You should be driven out of this town. Look at the scandal you've caused. Everybody knows you are an old maid!"

"So they do," replied the proud new mother, "But now they will know I am not a fussy old maid."

Married woman: "Don't be nervous about getting married, dearie; just act natural on your wedding night. Disrobe and retire as if nothing had been changed."

"Oh, I know about all the facts of life," answered the bride-to-be. "It's the cooking that worries me."

The desk sergeant picked up the insistent ringing telephone and answered: "Police Headquarters."

A small boy's voice came over the wire: "This is Willie. Come quick! Ma just hit Pa over the head with a skillet, and now he's chasin' Ma all over the kitchen with a butcher knife."

"What's your father's name?"

"Oh," answered Willie, "that's what the argument is about!"

Susie Simpleton says her boy friend is so thoughtful. He brought her a pound of sausage on February second because it was "ground hog day."

A druggist left his store one morning for a short while to get a haircut, leaving his assistant alone to manage things.

As he returned, he met a customer just leaving the store.

"What did Jim want?" he asked.

"Something for a cough," the assistant replied.

"What did you give him?"

The assistant named the ingredients he had mixed together, each of which was a powerful laxative.

"Why, man!" exclaimed the druggist, "that's no medicine for a cough!"

"Oh, no? Look at him out there, leaning against that post. He doesn't dare!"

Further proof that women often change their minds, is when a girl comes back from an auto ride with one muddy shoe.

"What's puzzling you?" asked Mamie's gal friend.

"Well, you know I've been going with Simon and I like him a lot, but now I have a proposal from Duke."

"Well, so what?"

"I can't make up my mind whether to be ducoed or simonized."

Indignant Woman: "I thought this was supposed to be a respectable hotel!"

Room Clerk: "Why it is, madam. It most certainly is. Is there something wrong?"

Indignant Woman: "Well, as I was waiting for the elevator I saw one of those men from the trucking convention chasing a girl down the hall."

Room Clerk: "Did he catch her?"

Indignant Woman: "No."

Room Clerk: "Then the hotel remains respectable."

Upon noticing a highway sign in behalf of Smith Brothers cough drops with the wording: "Take one to bed with you," the woman driver remarked to her companion:

"He'd have to shave first."

Personnel Manager: "Are you ticklish on points of honor?"

Applicant: "Yes, and under the arms, too."

Millie: "I understand Grace had two proposals last night."

Tillie: "Was either one for marriage?"

"I know we're traveling faster than sound," the passenger said, "because the stewardess slapped me before I got a word out of my mouth."

An old timer is being described as a man who can remember when the parking problem consisted of nothing more than getting a girl to agree on it.

The third time she paraded across the hotel lobby, an observant young man came forward and asked:

"Are you looking for someone in particular?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "I'm satisfied if you are."

Two moonshiners on their first train ride had never heard of soda pop, so when the vendor came through the car they each bought a bottle.

The first mountaineer wiped the lip of the bottle and took a long drink—just as the train entered a tunnel.

"How'd you like it, Jed?" asked his companion in the darkness.

"Don't tech that stuff, Lem. I been struck blind."

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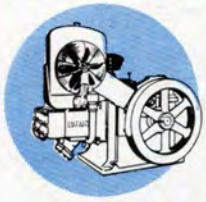
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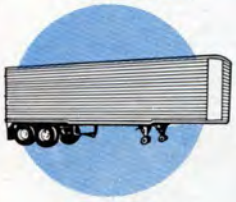
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