
shostal




# OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS THE Wustein LINE <br>  <br> JANUARY • FEBRUARY, 1963 <br> Volume 38 Number 1 

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


Virginia Allen, Editor

YOU have heard it said, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Here, you see the hand, the pen and the lady behind the pen that produces the LUFKIN LINE. Miss Virginia Allen is a product of the University of Texas School of Journalism. This is at least one outstanding contribution that they have made to the society of men.
We have information from reliable sources that this degree was not handed to her on a silver platter. During her school days money for frivolities was non-existent and a new dress and shoes for every occasion was not forthcoming. Here, in this lady, we have an example of determination and selfdenial. She made up her mind that she wanted that degree and went after it.

Miss Allen came to Lufkin from our neighboring town of Tyler. Whether she sought employment with our local Chamber of Commerce, or whether they sought her services is immaterial. The fact remains that her first job in Lufkin was with the Chamber of Commerce. How we had the good fortune of getting her on our side is also immaterial.
We know for a fact that for quite awhile she has done and is still doing a real job with the Roundup and the Line. We take this opportunity to congratulate Virginia on her fine performance. Her two editions are already much in demand and it is our prediction that on account of their increased popularity, we may have to hold future additions to our mailing list at a minimum. -Guy Croom

## MID-CONTINENT DIVISION ISSUE

MID-CONTINENT DIVISION MAP \& PERSONNEL ..... 4
MID-CONTINENT DIVISION MAP \& PERSONNEL

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin

WE TRAVELED THE ALASKA HIGHWAY-Clare H. Martin .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7 .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7 .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7 .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7 .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7 .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7 .....  .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 5-7

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21 .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21 .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21 .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21 .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21 .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21 .....  .....  .....  .....  ..... 8-11, 21

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13 .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13 .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13 .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13 .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13 .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13 .....  .....  .....  ..... 12-13

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT

EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT .....  .....  ..... 14-15 .....  .....  ..... 14-15 .....  .....  ..... 14-15 .....  .....  ..... 14-15 .....  .....  ..... 14-15 .....  .....  ..... 14-15 .....  .....  ..... 14-15

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK

HERE \& THERE AMONG TRUCKING FOLK .....  ..... 16-17 .....  ..... 16-17 .....  ..... 16-17 .....  ..... 16-17 .....  ..... 16-17 .....  ..... 16-17 .....  ..... 16-17
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse
PENNSYLVANIA'S VANISHED CITY-Harold L. Althouse ..... 18-20 ..... 18-20 ..... 18-20 ..... 18-20 ..... 18-20 ..... 18-20 ..... 18-20
LET'S LAUGH
LET'S LAUGH
LET'S LAUGH
LET'S LAUGH
LET'S LAUGH
LET'S LAUGH
LET'S LAUGH ..... 22 ..... 22 ..... 22 ..... 22 ..... 22 ..... 22 ..... 22 ..... 7 ..... 7 ..... 7 ..... 7 ..... 7 ..... 7 ..... 7
COVER: Lithography by Western LithographOPPOSITE PAGE: Sunset on Lake Almanor near Westwood, Calif. -Ken Wheeler Photo, Susanville, Calif.
TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED

## LUFKIN FOUNDRY

 \& MACHINE COMPANY
## EXECUTIVE OFFICES

## \& FACTORY

Lufkin, Texas
Phone: NEptune 4-4421
L. A. Little, Vice President and Oilfield Sales Manager C. D. Richards, Assistant Oilfield Sales Manager

TRAILER DIVISION
C. W. Alexander, Sales Manager Floyd Rogers, Assistant Sales Manager


CHARLES E. DYER

ben queen


OLIVER McKAY

TULSA, OKLAHOMA
CHARLES E. DYER, Division Manager
ben queen
OLIVER McKAY


JOHN D. METTAUER


NEWELL LYNCH


STEVE GARNER


DICK COUCH


LUTHER TACKETT

ELDON HUDSON

## OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

JOHN D. METTAUER
DICK COUCH
NEWELL LYNCH
LUTHER TACKETT, Warehouseman


BILL TROUT

PAMPA, TEXAS
BILL TROUT


TYPICAL country through which the Alaska Highway passes

# We raveled THE ALASKA Highway 

By Clare H. Martin

DRIVING the Alaska Highway today is perhaps a less fearsome and hazardous undertaking than a few years ago. Our first two days on the highway were the most frightening to me. I have lived my thirty-nine years plus in Texas and never experienced narrow, winding, mountain driving except on short vacation trips when I kept my head between my knees.

From Mile 0 at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to Mile 1520 at Fairbanks, Alaska, there are now 378 miles of pavement- 79 miles out of Dawson Creek, 299 miles from the Alaska border to Fairbanks. Between these two points are 1142 miles of gravel road without shoulders, and only wide enough for two cars to pass safely.

It is a twisty road with steep hills and innumerable square box-like corners. So, afraid my hus-


JOHNSON'S Crossing bridge over Teslin Lake in Canada's famed Yukon
band would drive too fast, or fail to read the signs -"Gear down, steep hill," "Very dangerous curve," "Slow to 20 ," "Next 20 miles winding road"-I glued my eyes to the road watching for road signs, then read them aloud to make certain he knew what was ahead. Finally, he said: "I can read! Watch for wild animals!"

We were pasing through some of the best big game areas for which Canada is noted. The vicinity of Fort Nelson, British Columbia, is a habitat for bears and other big game. Racing River, in the northern Rockies, is in the heart of the Stone sheep and mountain goat area; also, grizzly bear, moose, and caribou are found here.

Early one morning near Morley River we spotted a cub bear beside the road. We stopped and tumbled out to watch it climb a steep cliff.


AERIAL shot of the Alaska Highway showing some of the Spruce wooded country

Just as the cub neared the top it lost its footing and came rolling back down. Not until that moment did we realize the Mama bear was in close proximity and would stop at nothing to defend the safety of her baby. In my wild scramble to reach the car I knocked my husband to his knees and the cub was almost on top of him before he was upright again.

Leaving Milepost 0 at Dawson Creek, we wound over the paved road through the beautiful Peace River farmlands, edged past the thriving town of Ft. St. John, an early day trading post, and soon were facing the long gravel wilderness road. At Wonowon (Milepost 101) we took a coffee break to brace ourselves for whatever lay ahead. Here, after a lengthy chat with an Army family who was being transferred from Alaska to Texas, we parted, perhaps never to meet again, yet feeling the warmth of a common bond-they had traveled the Alaska Highway and we were on our way.

Up and down the winding road we were never long out of sight of the most beautiful of waters, clear and brilliant, and on either side of the highway and acjacent waters were the timbered mountains. The grandeur of the scenery was ever present. The enchanting view of the Sikanni Chief River Valley, the magnificent panoramic view of the Northern Rockies from the summit of Trutch Mountain, the beautiful Muskwa River Valley from the crest of Steamboat Mountain, were sights
unsurpassed unless by the sparkling, peaceful waters of the tree-lined lakes: turquoise Muncho, the 85 -mile long Teslin, Squanga, Summit (the highest point on the highway, 4250 feet), and the unforgettable blue Kluane Lake where the highway twists around its shores for forty miles.

But the rushing rivers are no less spectacular, and are as picturesque as the names imply: Peace, Beaton, Prophet (and the excellent view of the river valley), Sikanni Chief (where Indians were driving fifty or more horses across the bridge), Racing, Toad, Trout, Laird (bridged by the highway several times along a 150 -mile stretch), Yukon and others.

We found accommodations along the highway poor, fair, and excellent, depending on where one happens to stop for the night. By leaving Dawson Creek one morning, then driving approximately 300 miles each day, we arrived each evening at one of the larger settlements. At Fort Nelson, our first stop, we stayed in a modern motel where a unit for two, with kitchenette, was $\$ 10.00$. We spent our second night at Watson Lake Junction. Here our new motel, without kitchenette, was $\$ 8.00$. White-horse, capital of the Yukon Territory, was our stop the third night; our motel, without kitchenette, was $\$ 9.00$. Our fourth night at Tok Junction, Alaska, the location of the U.S. Customs and Immigration Office, and the junction of the Glenn Highway to Anchorage, our accommoda-


MILES Canyon on the Yukon River near Whitehorse

difficulty, is no greater than when traveling through sparsely populated Arizona, New Mexico, or other of the United States, or Canada.

We started the trip with a new set of tires and one extra, also two new inner tubes. A second spare is not necessary. Other essentials we included were a jack, spare fan belt, hand pump, tools, sealed-beam headlight, ignition points, two chains, and flashlight. Gas stations are strategically located along the highway and an extra can of gasoline is excess baggage.

We traveled in an air-conditioned car in which the inside pressure kept out the powdery dust, even in the trunk, but travelers without air-conditioning become reconciled to scooping dust out of their cars each night. During rainy weather, which we experienced on our way up, stretches of road were full of chugholes and twenty-five miles per hour was a fair speed. Construction crews, however, are working constantly to keep the highway in repair, as well as improving it by widening, straightening, and building bridges.

Some day perhaps the entire length of the Alaska Highway will be paved, but we are glad that we saw the beautiful northland before the thrill of adventure was spoiled by a monotonously straight super-highway, and before a hideous border of billboards along the way desecrates the natural beauty provided by the Divine Creator.



J. F. DIETRICH Pan American Petr Corp., Tulsa, Okla.

B. P. WALTS Sinclair Oil $\&$ Gas Tulsa, Okla.

GEORGE E. O'NEAL Pan American Petr. Corp., Tulsa, Okla.


Left to right: DANNY SMITH, Russell, Kans.; PRESTON RENNIE, Midland, Texas: SAM LISLE, Oklahoma City, Okla: DOY DEEM, Russell, Kans.; DICK JOHNSTON, Lafayette, La.; all with Sohio Russell, Kans.





## LUFKIN

instc
I

1 LUFKIN C-640D-304-144 Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, Bradley Springer Sand "C" Unit, Well No. C-8, near Bradley, Oklahoma.

2 LUFKIN C-640D-304-120 Unit, Phillips Petroleum Company, Panther Creek Gibson Sand Unit, Well No. L-21, near Elmore City, Oklahoma.

3 LUFKIN C-640D-168-35.6 Unit, Cities Service Petroleum Company, Purdy Unit Tract G-17 near Lindsay, Oklahoma.

4 LUFKIN C-228D-212-86 Hi-Prime Unit, Chase Petroleum Company, Martin County, Texas.

5 LUFKIN M-160D-200-86 Unit, Chase Petroleum Company, McAdams \#1, Martin County, Texas.

6 LUFKIN M-456D-305-168 Unit, Sinclair Oil \& Gas Company, Southeast New Hope Gibson Sand, Unit Well \#J-21, near Lindsay, Oklahoma.


-4 1.


5



EAST TEXAS MOTOR FREIGHT'S Dallas, Texas Terminal

## chat IEAST



ONE of the new LUFKIN all aluminum vans for East Texas Motor Freight

BACK in 1926, East Texas Motor Freight began as a one-truck operation, having over 150 miles of route between Dallas and the rapidly developing oil fields of east Texas. In those days, small shipments were important; on-time delivery of drill bits and other vital supplies often spelled the difference between bringing in a well or giving up for lack of funds.

ETMF has grown up from those first days, but emphasis on outstanding LTL (less than truck load) service as well as full loads continues. Today, the company with headquarters in Dallas, Texas, maintains an excellent reputation with shippers of all sizes.

Last year ETMF's Five Million Dollar new equipment program marked the last in a series of major decisions in recent years toward a program of progress that has given the firm an outstanding

G. E. PASCHALL, President

C. H. ROSE, Vice President, Maintenance

# MOTOR FREIGHT 

reputation for dependability and efficiency.
In 1958, an equipment program resulted in the design of a custom line tractor, and the entire over-the-road fleet was converted to diesel power.

A few years earlier, ETMF began planning and developing a terminal construction program that has resulted in one of the industry's most outstanding groups of major terminals specifically designed for efficiency in the handling of LTL freight.

East Texas Motor Freight, who celebrated their 30th anniversary in 1962, is justifiably proud of an excellent safety record. Last year they were one of the first major truck lines in America to have every highway unit equipped for seat belt installation. Metal "eyes" for seat belt installation were built into the cab framing of all units. Snap-on seat belts meeting National Safety Council test standards were issued free to all drivers wanting them.
"ETMF has one of the finest safety records of the trucking industry," says R. W. Huffman, vice-president-safety. "However, one of the reasons for that outstanding safety record is that as individuals and as a company we try not to overlook a single factor that can contribute to even safer operation. We feel that the use of safety belts can 'stabilize' the driver, particularly on curves, making it possible for him to maintain better control of his unit."

Along with the conversion to diesel power, ETMF has purchased more than 150 new trailers. LUFKIN is proud to have furnished several allaluminum vans to the freight line.

Today, East Texas Motor Freight rolls over 5700 miles of routes to a total of over 23 million miles a year to serve shippers from San Antonio and Fort Worth to Chicago and Memphis . . . "from the Great Lakes to the Gulf."



## Pennsylvania's



LAYOUT map of the Borough of Pithole City, Pa. The area now has been converted into a memorial park


ABANDONED horse-drawn wagon allegedly used to transport oil drums over Pithole City roads


By Harold L. Althouse

ATOPPLED and weatherworn stone grave marker, hidden in a lonely, untended and weed-shrouded graveyard, spotlighted with broken singular beams of brilliant sunlight reflected through the deep shade of stately oaks, elms and maples, bears mute testimony to the existence of what was once a busy, noisy and foul-smelling community known as Pithole City, Pa.

Located in Cornplanter township in oil-rich Venango County, Pennsylvania, remotely and comfortably nestled on the north bank of lethargic Pithole Creek less than ten miles southeast from Titusville, were two small farms carved out of the heavily forested wilderness by the pioneering brothers Thomas and William Holmden in the year of 1864 . These two men spent most of their working hours tilling the soil and raising grain cropsprincipally buckwheat- in addition to hunting the wild game of the region for their tables in efforts to keep house and home together.

Four miles southwest of this locale was a small rural community, Plumer, which had been more or less the employment mainstay of the Humboldt oil refinery-a well managed corporation which was rather well known for its technical advances in the petroleum industry of its time.

Two enterprising employees of the Humboldt refinery were successful in negotiating with the


LOCATED half a mile from the vanished city is the tombstone of John A. Holmden found in the weed-shrouded graveyard

> MEMORIAL marker of Pithole's Methodist Church, the last boom-time building to be demolished in 1939


Holmden brothers to lease less than one-hundred acres of their land for a wildcat oil speculation scheme. As luck would have it, after forming a corporation later to be known as the United States Petroleum Company, a spot was found by means of a witch hazel twig-in contrast to a sound geological survey-to drill for oil in this allegedly oil-barren area.

After several apparent unsuccessful yields, they finally struck a well that produced no less than 250 barrels of crude Pennsylvania oil in less than twenty-four hours! The hoarse shouts of success and joy from more than several dozen parched throats of toughened drillers and gentlemen speculators who watched the oil gurgle from this soon to be famous well was, without a doubt, the birth squeal of a new born town to be known to the world as Pithole.

Date of birth: January, 1865.
Word of this new find spread like wildfire. Excitement in the oil regions of Pennsylvania's mountain's mounted to almost frenzied proportions. Families, from tottering grandparents to young mothers with babes in arm, stampeded into the region by the hundreds on foot, on horseback, and in stages and wagons.

Housing was, in the beginning, non-existent except for makeshift accommodations. Wells were drilled almost as soon as enough trees were felled to make a workable clearing. The rush of speculators to Pithole, motivated by overwhelming desires to make a fortune on the liquid black gold, stimu-
lated an urgent demand for more organization and control of a community which sprouted almost overnight.

In less than nine months, a community of 15,000 persons had been accumulated and housed on the now over-run buckwheat fields, enjoying a total real-estate value of slightly over $\$ 2,000,000$ and where half-acre plots of land were sold for as much as $\$ 16,000$ each on a five-year lease basis. Construction started at a furious rate. Contracts to build two story buildings from the time of excavation to hanging the front doors and ready for occupancy within five days after signing the contract were not at all unusual, although carpentry was shoddy and building materials were usually quite flimsy.

However, within the year this community had built a total of 57 hotels, a daily newspaper, a water reservoir and a distribution system, a Methodist and Catholic church, a postoffice, two banks, a railroad service that offered twice daily communication and transportation to outlying stations and which was known as the Pithole Valley Railway, in addition to having representation of almost every type of retail store and practically every kind of profession-including the noble and the ignoble.

But the boom was short-lived. Muddy roads became impassable. The flow of oil from the wells did not last. Gushers became the exception rather than the rule. Wells that were good producers dried up almost overnight. The town tottered eco-


TWO youngsters look over the ruins of Pithole City
nomically, and by January of 1866, the daily production of the Pithole entire oil industry dropped sharply. The ensuing months were disheartening ones largely remembered for the numerous disastrous fires with large scale destruction. By the end of the year 1867, Pithole City was dead.

Less than three years later merely a handful of people remained amidst the shambles, rubble and debris where a large bubble of oil history had burst. But although Pithole City had died almost with a violence long before it attained adolescent age, it none-the-less allowed a heritage for the oil industries of the nation.

This short-lived community's claim to historic honors is not that it was at one time the third most prosperous community in the state of Pennsylvania -outprospered only by two larger metropolitan areas of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh-but that


TWO-INCH pipe line which carried oil along the course of Pithole Creek to bulk collection tanks
many of the basic innovations for the recovery and transportation of oil were developed by its townspeople for reasons of economic necessity. The most important contribution, and that for which it is largely remembered today, was the design and construction of the world's very first commercially successful crude oil pipeline which triggered a transportation revolution in the entire oil industry of that time.

The population of Pithole City today is " 0 ". The city has vanished!

Located just five miles due south of U.S. route 36 at Pleasantville, Pithole City today is a lovely park situated on legislative route No. 60049, maintained and dedicated by private enterprise, as a tribute to the pioneers of the oil industries of America. Still remaining are many of the town houses' cellar holes, with many of its streets and famous buildings and other sites marked with historical identification-several with old photographs -in addition to the old cemetery with its toppled tombstones.

The park is open to the public and tours are offered on weekends, with a spacious picnic area available for travelers and sightseers who might enjoy escaping the noise and bustle of heavily trafficked highways and cities for a day.



Housemaid: "I won't be able to come to work tomorrow, ma'am; my little girl is sick,"

Madam: "But I thought you said you were an old maid?"

Housemaid: "I 2 m , but I'm not one of the fussy kind."

Mr. Schmidt had trouble with his daughter. He sent her to an ultrafashionable girls' school and enrolled her in an extra-special class in etiquette. When graduated, she plunged into society.

One morning he found her crying hysterically. On the previous evening, it seems, she had attended a dance, met a very handsome and charming young man and gone for a ride in the park that had disastrous results.
"So," cried papa, "who is this scoundrel, this wolf in sheep's clothing? Tell me his name!"

When she shamefully admitted that she didn't even know his name, Schmidt's patience was at an end.
"After all your lessons," he screamed, "you still do not have the courtesy to ask, "With whom am I having the pleasure?"

Here's to the tailor's daughtershe's the only thing he ever made that fit me.

Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a glass of ginger ale.

He : "It's after midnight; I'd better get started."

She: "Okay, turn out the lights."
Feminine voice (from parked car) :
"What were you drinking tonightrubbing alcohol?"

There was the widow who told the bachelor: "Take it from me-don't get married!"

A wise woman is one who makes her husband feel as if he's head of the house when actually he's only chairman of the entertainment committee.

There was a lone co-ed attending an Ag course at the state university. The professor suggested a field trip to a farm for on the spot research. He told the woman she could be excused from the trip since it was to be very rugged. She being a former farm girl stated her desire to accompany the group that was otherwise all male.

Arriving at the farm a study was made of the hybrid corn, the Knox wheat, the furrow for hay silage, the brooder pens, the sheep, and finally they came to the breeding stalls.

The attendant became frustrated when the bull failed to perform in his usual manner because of the large audience. Picking up a corncob he roughly massaged the bull between his ears thus bringing him to the work at hand.

The group was making a report in class the following day. One lad told of the open pollenated corn as compared to the hybrid; another the difference in wheat and its production, and finally after most all had told of their thrills and special knowledge gained on the trip, the professor asked the young lady for her comments.
"Professor," she stated, beaming with the thrill of a discoverer, "I now know why there are so many bald-headed men."

When a young man aged 20 passes a woman on the street and she smiles at him, he looks himself over to see what makes him so attractive. But when he's 40 and a woman smiles
at him, he looks around to see who's following him . . . or what's unzipped.

It's a great life if you weaken enough to enjoy it.

A girl we know claims she got her mink coat for a song, but we suspect it was really for an overture.

Two co-eds had to attend an art museum as a class assignment.
"Wasn't that statue of Apollo just maryy?" said one.
"Yes," agreed her friend, "and wasn't it cold?"

Some women, like prizefighters, won't go into action until they see a ring.

We know an executive who is so dedicated to his work that he keeps a secretary near his bed in case he gets an idea during the night.
"Of course I never have," said the voice in the darkness." Why do you men always ask that?"

Sometimes cocktails can make you see double and feel single.

They call her Napkin because she's been on so many laps.

Friend of ours recently made a sizable contribution to the Home for Unwed Mothers. But he says next time he intends to give money.

Engineers are continually surprised to find that girls with the most streamline shapes offer the most resistance.

Many a starlet has made it to the top because her clothes didn't.

Sue: "And then he and I talked about the whether."
$\mathrm{Lu}:$ "About the whether?"
Sue: "Yeah. Whether to or whether not to."
"I have to go around with Frank."
"Why?" Has he got something on you?"
"Everything I'm wearing."
In Africa, native tribes beat the ground with clubs and utter bloodcurdling yells. Anthropologists call this "primitive self expression." Here, we call it golf.

# LOFRINE <br> <br> ECONOMY LINE <br> <br> ECONOMY LINE of of QUALITY FLOATS 



## LUFKIN TRAILERS

 Division of LUFKIN FOUNDRY \& MACHINE CO.Factory: LUFKIN, TEXAS • Phone: NEptune 4-4421

ECONOMICAL TO BUY

TO USE TO REPLACE



## LUFKIN FOUNDRY \& MACHINE COMPANY LUFKIN, TEXAS

Branch Sales Houston - Natchez - Corpus Christi - Lafayette - Dallas - Kilgore - Odessa - Hobbs and Service Great Bend - Denver - Shreveport - Midland - Los Angeles - Bakersfield - Casper Oklahoma City - Sidney - Wichita Falls - Farmington - Tulsa - New York - Maracaibo, Venezuela Anaco, Venezuela - Buenos Aires, Argentina - Talara, Peru - Rio De Janeiro, Brazil - La Paz, Bolivia Lufkin equipment in Canada is handled by THE LUFKIN MACHINE CO., LTD., 9950 65th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada


