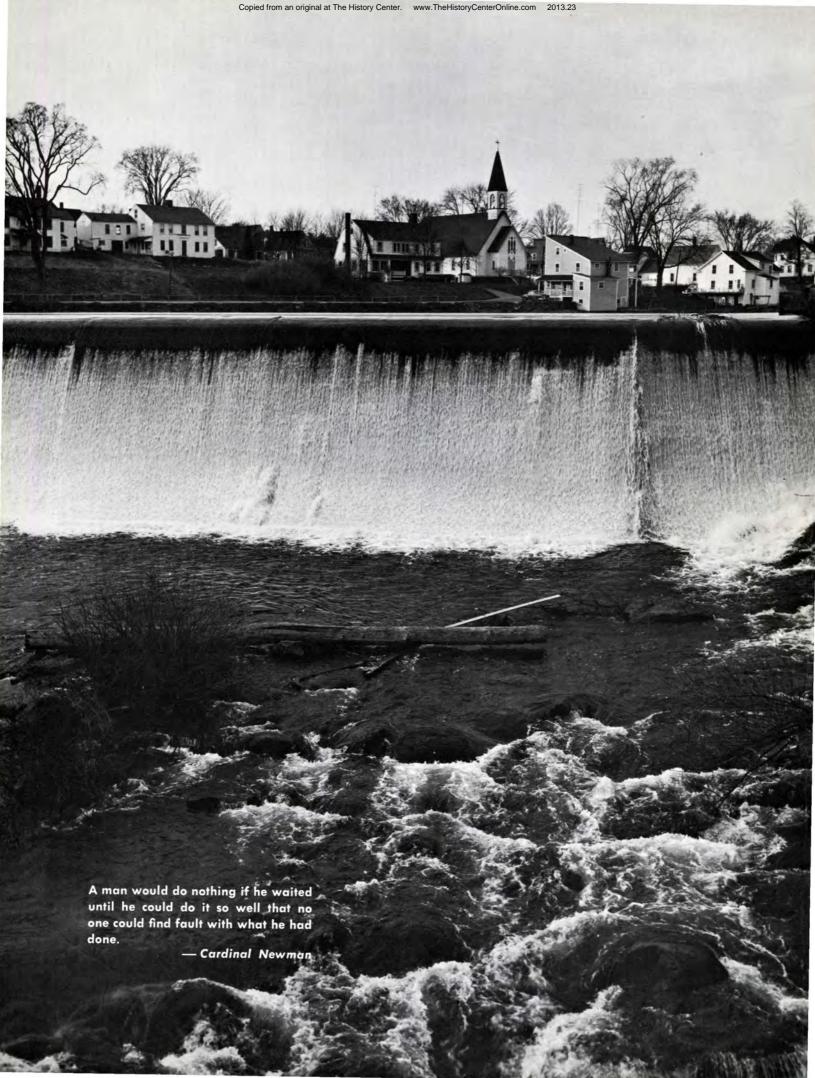
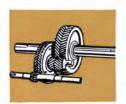


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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

WEST DALLAS DIVISION ISSUE

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COVER: Photo by Bunny Yeager, North Miami, Florida

OPPOSITE PAGE: The river, freed of its ice, spills gleefully over a dam at Pittsfield, New Hampshire. -Photo by Eric M. Sanford Manchester, New Hampshire

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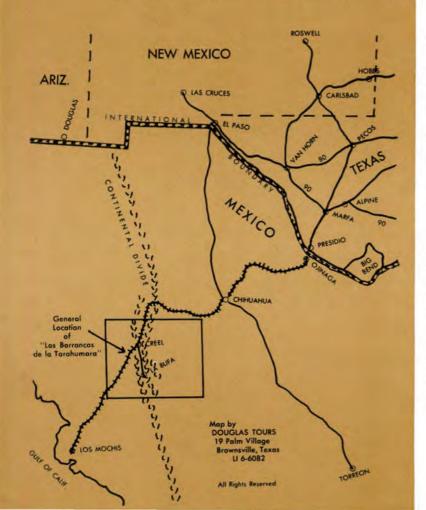
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THE road to La Bufa mine drops 7,000 feet in 10 miles as it seeks bottom of this canyon



America's THE STONE

By Henry N. Ferguson

LONELY strip of asphalt road winds through A the Chianti Mountains of southwest Texas, dropping suddenly into a huge natural bowl hollowed out of the rocky terrain. At the bottom of this pocket, jammed up against the Mexican border, is the small town of Presidio which, weatherwise, is often referred to as the nation's furnace.

Periodically a group of enthusiastic adventurers -men and women from many states-congregate at the air-conditioned New Phillips Hotel in Presidio, for an expedition into the unbelievable land of the Stone-Age Tarahumara Indians who live along the spine of Mexico's Sierra Madre Mountains in Chihuahua.

The primitive region that is their home was inaccessible until November, 1961, when a rail line connecting the Texas border with Mexico's Pacific coast was completed. Now a tour service has been established with the archaeologist, Douglas Elliott of Brownsville, Texas, as conductor.

The trip begins at Ojinaga, Presidio's sister city across the Rio Grande, with the Ferrocarril Chihuahua al Pacifico train providing air-conditioned comfort and an excellent cuisine.

Leaving at three o'clock in the afternoon, the train rolls across a parched desert for the next six hours. Mountain ranges serrate the distant southern horizon. Shortly after dark the train arrives at neon-crusted Chihuahua City. An hour later it glides out into the darkness toward the Pacific Coast, and almost immediately one senses a strain on the three powerful diesel engines. The terrain is undergoing a rapid change: the train snakes its way up steep, curving grades and through gorges carpeted with a dark mantle of fir and pine.

There is little sleep for passengers as they enter the fantastic country of Las Barrancas de la Tarahumara. The scenery is breath-taking. Etched against the pale night sky is jagged Barranca del

NEIGHBORS AGE people



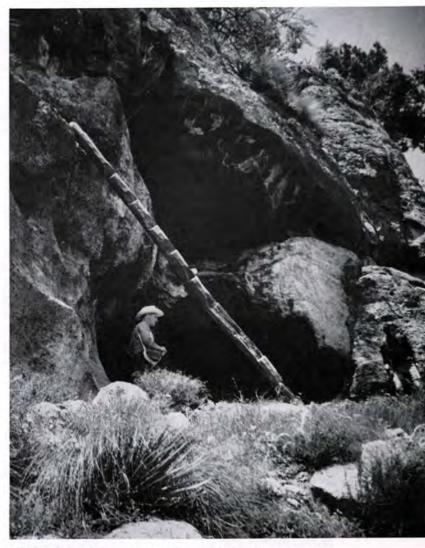
THIS is a typical Tarahumara Indian woman. They like to wear their entire wardrobe at all times

Cobre (Copper Canyon). The train runs along the north rim of this huge abyss which equals the Grand Canyon in magnificence and which at one point is 2,000 feet deeper than its Arizona rival.

There are vertical drops of 1,000 feet or more on either side of the track as the train twists through passes a mile and a half above sea level. In Santa Barbara Canyon a 500-foot waterfall glistens in the moonlight. At early dawn passengers glimpse a scene straight out of the Ozarks: log cabins surrounded by split-rail fences cling to steep ridges, smoke curling from crude chimneys.

The train halts at Creel, a tiny village (elevation 8,000 feet) astride the Continental Divide. There is an invigorating crispness in the air as passengers step out upon the station platform, ready to begin their ten-day tour. The party is transported by truck to the immaculately clean Nueve Hotel which consists of a hallway with five rooms on each side. A community shower is fed from two oil drums on the roof of an adjacent shed.

Creel is the center of the Tarahumara Indian country, where some of the most enchanting scen-

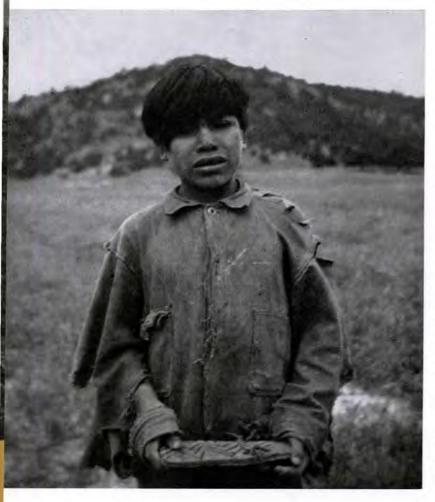


ACCESS to the upper level of this two-story cave is provided by α notched log

ery in the Americas is found. World travelers proclaim the magnificent Barrancas (canyons) as equal in beauty to anything in the Swiss Alps.

Traveling by truck, the tour members camp for the first night on the shore of picturesque La Laguna Lake. The next morning the caravan moves south along the only road in this area, a 75-mile trail to La Bufa mine, which in its heyday yielded some 30 million dollars' worth of gold and silver. Skirting towering peaks and clinging to narrow ledges, the road twists around hairpin turns and, at the end of the trail, plummets 7,000 feet within ten miles into the Batopilas Barranca.

After four days the group returns to Creel and begins a general exploration wherever crude trails will accommodate the truck convoy. Guests at whim stop to take pictures, explore a hidden canyon, or watch a sunset. Night camp is made when-





INDIAN children can travel like this for hours, facing the sun, without injury to their eyes

THE quiet desperation of centuries of precarious living is mirrored in the face of this Tarahumara shepherd lad

ever a favorable spot is located. Camp helpers set

up tents and prepare the food.

One thing that always fascinates visitors is the tremendous air suction in the canyons. A hat thrown into one of the Barrancas may fall for 2,000 feet and then suddenly come rushing upward on a powerful air current. As a result of these treacherous air currents airliners avoid flying

over this region.

Indians pop up everywhere. The Tarahumara is an uncivilized troglodyte, a cave-dwelling anachronism. Humble and shy, he exists without most of the things that modern society considers essential. His constant use of the words reko (please) and matetrava (thank you) depicts his character. He will not eat until his guests have been fed. He refuses to sit down in the presence of strangers until he is asked to do so. No matter how scanty his food supply he shares it with others.

Tarahumara women have a unique method of bearing their children. A prospective mother leaves her cave when her time nears and walks to a previously selected spot. She fashions a crude nest of grass under a tree. Then, standing erect and gripping a limb for leverage, she gives birth to her baby. On the third day she takes the child home

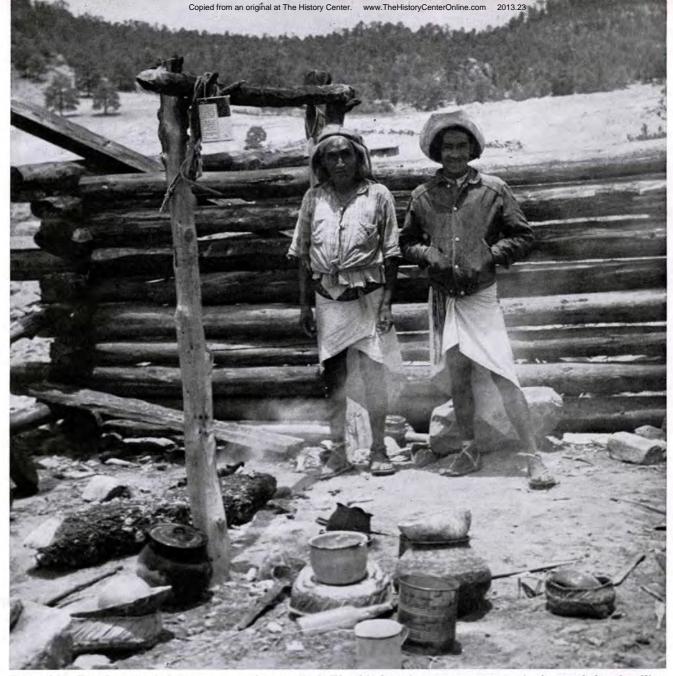
and resumes her duties.

There is an 80 per cent mortality rate among the children of these mountain people. However, those youngsters who reach the age of five years have an excellent chance of living to be a hundred.

A child of seven is free to leave home at will, and boys of fourteen and girls of thirteen are marriageable. A young couple simply moves into a vacant cave and when their first child is born, they return to the family for a marriage ceremony.

The Tarahumara religion is a mixture of paganism and Christianity. It comprises legends of the Creation, the Flood, the coming of a Saviour, a heaven and a hell. Long before the coming of the Spaniards to Mexico, the Tarahumaras related that a divine being had come into the world to help people. They claimed that such a being lived on earth for a while before returning to heaven. Scholars have been unable to determine how or when the Tarahumaras developed these legends.

The Tarahumara people have a strong belief in life after death and the immortality of the soul. They also have a superstitious fear of the dead.



A wealthy Tarahumara's home—no roof is needed. The kitchen is an open space in front of the dwelling

They feel that because the dead are lonely they will return in order to hasten the demise of their family and friends. Consequently, when someone dies, he is privately admonished by each member of the family not to come back and bother anyone in the home.

Only the wealthier Tarahumaras enjoy the luxury of a house. The crude structure is usually just four log walls; sometimes it is made by piling rocks in an irregular manner. By leaving out a few rocks in a wall they make a door. There is no roof. The kitchen is merely a level spot in front of the house with neither roof nor walls. When it rains the household moves to the nearest cave.

The typical Tarahumara lives in one of the thousands of caves that dot the Barrancas, and is likely to move several times during a year. He prefers to keep distance between his home and that of his neighbors. A so-called village may consist of half a dozen houses or caves covering several square miles of territory. The Tarahumara will welcome a visitor during the day, but when night comes he will politely ask his guest to leave or else will arrange for him to sleep in a nearby cave. A number of these caves are decorated with ancient hieroglyphics which so far have not been deciphered.

Through the centuries the greatest development made by these Indians have been in the field of Copied from an original at The History Center. w



THIS plow, developed by the Indians, is similar to ones used about 4,000 B.C.



MANY caves contain ancient hieroglyphics. They have no meaning to the Indians and have not been deciphered by scientists

scientific farming—they are now at just about the stage reached by agriculturists around 4,000 B.C. They have devised a crude oak plow, with an upright stick inserted to guide it. The tongue is held in place by an ingenious use of wedges which can be set to determine the depth of plowing. A plow is usually pulled by a yoke of oxen.

These mountain aborigines brew a crude beer by grinding corn that has sprouted and adding grass seeds for fermentation and flavor. The beer serves many purposes: it is used to anoint a baby's body at birth; it is a cure-all for ailments; it is an important feature at ceremonials such as weddings and funerals. Sometimes it is used for pleasure: a drinking bout will often be prolonged



THIS Indian appeared in camp one night with his home-made violin and treated tour members to an impromptu concert

for days and may result in a neighborly exchange of husbands and wives for the night. However, this courtesy is never extended to a stranger, and prostitution is unknown among the Tarahumara women.

The fleetness and endurance of these Indians is truly awesome; they are probably the greatest distance runners in the world. They run everywhere they go. When a brave says, "I believe I'll run over to see my friend Tagus," he isn't kidding. It makes little difference that Tagus may live many miles away, across high mountain ranges and deep valleys; the brave will run all the way.

Their incredible running ability has been officially checked on many occasions. A Tarahumara brave can—and has—run for days without stopping. A distance of 65 miles in less than ten hours is no feat at all. He often prefers to run his game to earth rather than kill it with a spear or bow and arrow. When the Spaniards first visited this region they hired these Indians to run down wild horses for them.

Tarahumara runners were often employed to bring fresh fish to the table of Montezuma; running in relay they could deliver it from the coast, more than 200 miles away, in less than twentyfour hours.

Often a group of Tarahumaras will be sitting around discussing whatever Stone Age people discuss. Someone suddenly speaks up: "Hey! Let's have a game of Rara Hipa." Quickly the men choose sides, and team members enlist the aid of their favorite medicine men.

The players agree on a course that may extend

for 150 miles through thick forests, down winding green valleys and across turbulent mountain streams. Each side receives a black wooden ball that cannot be touched by the hands but must be kicked for the entire distance. The side that first kicks its ball across the finish line will win.

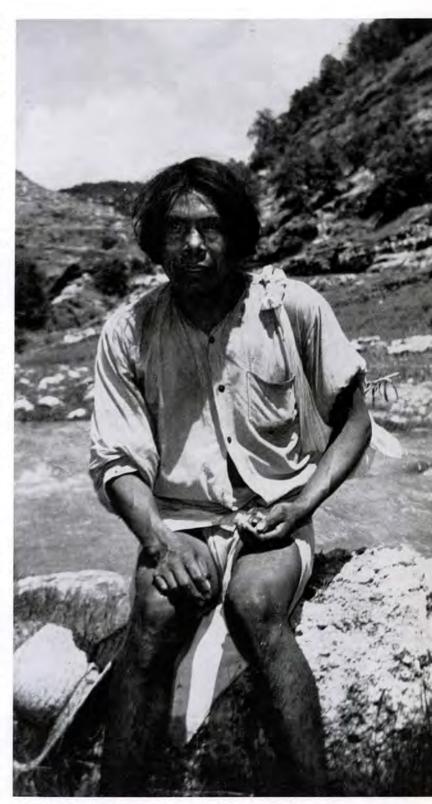
The starter fires a signal with his bow and arrow and the contestants are off in a cloud of bewitched powders and herbs flung into the air to slow down the opposing team. The women and children race along with the players, forming a mobile cheering section.

Considering their low status on civilization's totem pole, it is incongruous indeed to watch a Stone Age craftsman putting together a beautiful violin with only a knife and crude stone for tools. The early Spaniards instructed them in this art and also taught them how to play the instruments. The violins are fitted together with glue made from the leaf of an orchid. It is not unusual, as tour members relax around a campfire at night, to have a brave stride into the firelight and entertain them with a free concert.

On the eve of our return to the States, I paused on the rim of a vast Barranca and looked out across the incredible expanse of empty, up-ended land. In the fantastic shadows of early dusk it seemed that this must once have been the playground of giants who amused themselves by gouging out great chasms.

A full moon rose and mellowed the harsh Barranca walls. Then I realized that the emptiness was just an illusion, for on the distant side of the canyon, fires were burning in front of caves. Seven thousand feet below on the canyon floor there was a pinpoint of light where a housewife was preparing supper for her family. Many miles away on the other side of the Barranca, Indians were burning brush in preparation for planting corn. On the night breeze came the sound of a mountain mother soothing her child to sleep with a primitive lullaby.

Scientists have often pondered why some branches of the human family have reached the Atomic Age while others remain as living fossils of the Stone Age. The Tarahumaras may be the answer: they simply want no part of civilization. And why should they? They have no laws, no jails, no ulcers. Their beautifully savage land is perfect for their peculiar culture. The uncharted mountains harbor these simplest of people in a Shangrila where time stands still and progress has no meaning. Here is a retreat blessed with the tranquility of eternity.



THIS Indian had been running for hours but stopped long enough beside the trail to have his picture taken





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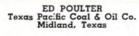
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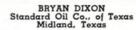
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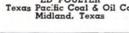
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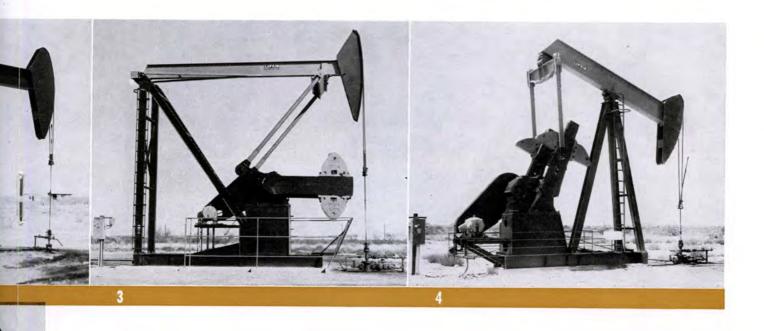






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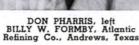
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Back Row, left to right: NEAL G. TURNER, Sinclair Oil & Gas Co., Edmonton; J. B. HOPPER, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin; GORDON HARRISON, Socony Mobil, Calgary; PERCY ALEXANDER, Kewanee, Calgary; JACK STANBERG, British American, Calgary; JOHN PEAK, Calgary & Edmonton Petroleum Corp., Calgary; MILTON WALTHER, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin







KENNY GAUNTT Gulf Oil Corp. Crane, Texas



M. H. DOERGE Gulf Oil Corp. Crane, Texas



TOM McGARY, left, KELLY PROCTOR
Union Oil Co. of California
Odessa, Texas



JERRY DETTERICK



Front Row, left to right: HAROLD ELLEDGE, Pan American, Andrews, Texas; BILL CHAMPION, Lufkin Foundry, Odessa, Texas; JOE BOHANNON, Mobil Oil Co., Hobbs, New Mexico; JOHN EATON, Pan American, Odessa; JOE HENRY, Gulf Oil, Odessa Second Row, left to right: CAL ANDRIST, Amerada Petroleum, Monument, New Mexico; JOE GORDON, Mobil Oil, Hobbs; JIM TARPLEY, Pan American, Monahans, Texas; C. L. RAMBO, Pan American, Andrews; LYLE CARPENTER and W. W. TROUT, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin Third Row, left to right: JIM PARTRIDE and C. D. RICHARDS, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; MARION HIGHTOWER, Lufkin Foundry, Hobbs; GENE MOTTER, Cities Service Oil Co., Hobbs; MILTON WALTHER, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; FRED KUMPF, Phillips Petroleum, Hobbs







DOUG AUSTIN Texaco, Inc. Notrees, Texas



First Row, left to right: A. A. LOLLAR, Kewanee Oil Co., Pampa, Texas; WILLIAM G. BARGER, Kelly Springfield Tire, Tyler, Texas; J. D. MORING, Skelly Oil Co., Pampa: PAUL REYNOLDS, and C. C. GRAYBILL, Phillips Petroleum Co., Borger, Texas Second Row, left to right: R. L. POLAND, L. A. LITTLE, FRED GRIFFIN, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin: BILL HAGGARD and GLOYD SHOCKLEY, Cities Service Oil Co., Guymon, Oklahoma: and EVERT LAMBERT, Calvert Exploration, Wichita Falls, Texas Third Row, left to right: W. TROUT, President, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin: NATHAN TURNBO, Kewanee Cil Co., Pampa: BILL WAGNER, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin: JOHN OUZTS, Kewanee Oil Co., Pampa: DON McCARN, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.; BILL TROUT and J. D. BRADLEY, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin

Front Row, left to right: C. B. EDWARDS and FRED JEANSONNE, Humble Fullerton Unit, Hobbs, New Mexico; L. A. LITTLE, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; PAT CARUTHERS, Pan American, Levelland, Texas; LUTHER REYNOLDS, Pan American, Brownfield, Texas; DON HEWITT, Cities Service Oil Co., Brownfield; and JIM PARTRIDGE, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin Second Row, left to right: MARION HIGHTOWER, Lufkin Foundry, Hobbs;

ED CARAWAY, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; OSCAR SECCO, Pan American, Argentina; BOB HANSON, Pan American, Brownfield; BILL WADLINGTON, Pan American, Levelland; MIKE FURREY, Cities Service Oil Co., Hobbs Back Row, left to right; GENE JEANSONNE, Hobbs; BAYO HOPPER and FRED GRIFFIN, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; BILL GRIFFIN, Phillips Petroleum, Hobbs; JOHN FINNEY, Lufkin Foundry, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania





JOHN KRAMER Gulf Oil Corp. Monahans, Texas



WALTER J. HART, Jr. Gulf Oil Corp. Odessa, Texas



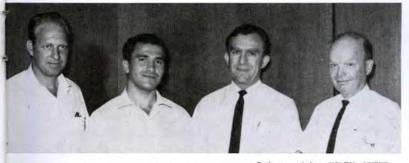
E. R. (SLIM) HOLT Pan American Petroleum Corp., Odessa, Texas



JIM KEASLER, left B. H. NABORS, Atlantic Refining Co., Andrews, Texas



ROBERT SCOGGINS Texaco, Inc. Notrees, Texas



Left to right: RILEY WEBB, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin: TUNCER ALPAY, and SELAHATTIN E. MALKOC, Turkiye Petrolleri A. O., Ank-ara, Turkey; and L. A. LITTLE, vice pres., Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., Lufkin



FRANK FRAWLEY, left JERRY HAMMON, Gulf Oil Corp. Wickett, Texas



RAY COE Tidewater Oil Co. Midland, Texas



ELVIN CALLAMAN, left
A. J. GERNANDT, Texaco, Inc.
Andrews, Texas

A. L. (ABE) KINCHEN, left HAROLD WILLIAMS, Phillips Petroleum Co., Odessa, Texas



D. R. LINN, left
 W. L. RUCKER, Texαco, Inc. Andrews, Texαs



HARRY HARMON, left BILLY POWELL, Texaco, Inc. Crane, Texas

First Row, left to right: JIM PARTRIDGE, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin; JACK GISSLER, Lufkin Foundry, Dallas, Texas; JACK MONZINGO, Mobil Oil Co., Wichita Falls, Texas; WILBUR WHITE, Cities Service Oil Co., Wichita Falls; WALTER LENAMON, Mobil Oil Co., Wichita Falls; D. A. WILLIAMS, Mobil Oil Co., Dallas; JOE GANTT, Roy H. Smith Drilling Co., Wichita Falls; Second Row, left to right: GENE HARMON, Cities Service Oil Co., Wichita

Falls, Texas; MILTON F. KARRENBROCK, Wichita Falls; J. T. HOOD, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin: BENNY FRANKS, Sun Oil Co., Dallas: DUANE COLTHARP, Continental Oil Co., Abilene, Texas; LYLE CARPENTER, Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin Third Row, left to right: RILEY WEBB, WALT BARDWELL, MILTON WALTHER, A. E. CARAWAY, RAY FISHER, all with Lufkin Foundry, Lufkin





Wisconsin Conservation Dept. Photo

DOOR COUNTY DAZE...

By E. M. LEFFERT

THE Great Lakes provide Wisconsin with a lovely "coast" scenery.
This is Green Bay, a part of Lake Michigan

If YOU are looking for thrilling, action-packed Smallmouth fishing and terrific concentrations of Wall-eyed, Northern Pike and over-sized yellow Perch, visit the Door County peninsula of Wisconsin during July. In this setting of unmatched beauty, some of the finest fishing in the United States is to be found.

Six-pound Wall-eyes and 20-pound Northerns are not uncommon in the teeming waters of Green Bay. Strings of three-pound Small-mouths do not rate more than a second glance during the peak of the season. Best of all, is the fact that even a novice can expect to take a tackle buster at any moment.

All the species hit well on artificials, with recent preference being shown for "River Runts" and spinning size "Flatfish," in light colors.

This paradise lies only 160 miles due north of Milwaukee over good roads and picturesque countryside. Ferryboats cross Lake Michigan regularly bringing fishing enthusiasts from both Frankfort and Ludington, Michigan. Chicago lies only 260 miles to the south.

Early July finds the Bronze-Backs spawning. They will hit your offerings with vicious abandon and they are the main attraction of the area at that time.

From Sturgeon Bay northward, on both sides of the 25-mile wide sliver of land, the fabulous fishing lies. Charter boats seating up to 20 persons are available daily at Sturgeon Bay, Egg Harbor, Bailey's Harbor or Jacksonport. Guides are always ready to assist and both boat rentals and guiding services are reasonable. Tackle is included in the price—if you don't bring your own. If you decide to bring along your boat, it's best to take along

a buddy or two. Fishing the vast deep, cold waters of Green Bay or Lake Michigan can be dangerous. Storms can come up quickly.

There is even a state owned and operated camping site nearby. Peninsula State Park is a beautiful place and within a short drive of any of the before-mentioned places. Peninsula will handle 200 trailers easily and is clean as a whistle. Lodges and hotels are everywhere.

No fishing license is required since these are federal waters. The entire Door County peninsula is easy to reach and easy to fish. And barring a solid week of rain—you'll enjoy the fishing time of your life.



THIS is the kind of Small-Mouth fishing that gave this article its name; it's a cinch to catch these in July
Wisconsin Conservation Dept. Photo



H. P. (JACK) RODDY Roddy and Company Brady, Texas



D. L. GRIGSBY Bowie Nursery Bowie, Texas



A. E. SANDERS Brady Mills, Inc. Brady, Texas



L. E. BRADLEY
L. E. Bradley Construction
Dallas, Texas

M. C. CROSS Paymaster Farms Aiken, Texas

Here and There among TRUCKING FOLK



JACK EATON Benham Bean Co. Mineola, Texas



CHELCIE PARKEY Weatherford, Texas



ED PILLIOD Dallas, Texas



WESLEY W. JAMISON, JR. Truck Equipment Sales Co. Dallas, Texas



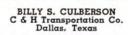
WILBUR CAMPBELL Record Truck Lines Henderson, Tennessee



WILLIAM BELNOSKE Refrigerated Transport, Inc. Houston, Texas



BUSTER TUTTLE, Lamesa, Texas; ROBERT HARVICK, Lufkin Trailers, Lubbock, Texas











REELFOOT MEAT Products

REELFOOT Packing Company is a corporate good citizen of Union City, Tennessee, pumping between \$20 and \$24 million per year into the economy of this area.

Housed in a three-million dollar plant, Reelfoot Packing Company is regarded as one of the most modern in America. According to C. T. Holbrook, plant manager, "Others may be bigger but none is better and this goes, we think, for our products, too."

Across the front of the building in 48-inch high stainless steel letters is the sign "Reelfoot Meat Products" with a 14-foot figure of a little Indian on each side.

The company facilities include two concrete, steel and brick buildings, a stockyard, boiler room and a garage where tractor-trailers and trucks are serviced. One building handles killing and rendering operations while the other houses departments where Reelfoot products are processed.

Reelfoot Meat Products are processed and manufactured in an atmosphere of modern efficiency. Inside and out, from reception room to loading dock, the modern buildings, equipment and appointments are designed to reflect in uniform high quality of their products.

Top grade beef cattle and hogs are housed in clean, modern stock pens upon their arrival at Reelfoot. Inside the plant, the meat animals move on conveyor lines. Skilled meat cutters prepare the meat for market under kitchen-clean conditions and rigid U. S. Government inspection.

Spicy sausages of several varieties, in addition to pure pork sausage, are made in Reelfoot's Sausage Department. For the whole hog pork sausage, tenderloins, hams and shoulders are used for better flavor. Many of the sausage products, as well as bacon and hams, are slowly smoked over glowing hickory embers for the distinctively Reelfoot taste.

Long rows of U. S. Government inspected pork and beef carcasses are kept in great cooler rooms at safe, constant temperatures until ready for processing for market.

Carter T. Holbrook, who has been in the meat packing business for 46 years and who is a long time associate of Lorenz Neuhoff, president and chief owner of the Reelfoot Packing Company and five other modern meat packing plants, has been general manager of the Reelfoot company for more than 15 years. He is a man whose sensitive





REFRIGERATED truck-trailers, several of them LUFKINS, distribute Reelfoot products throughout a wide area of the United States

LEFT: FORTY-EIGHT-inch high stainless steel letters identify the Reelfoot Meat Products plant in Union City, Tennessee

... Smoked over Glowing Embers



CARTER T. HOLBROOK, plant manager of Reelfoot Packing Company, has been in the meat packing business for 46 years

touch results in harmonious, efficient production in the Union City, Tennessee plant, and at the same time sparks sales in quantity of Reelfoot products to outlets covering a wide area of the eastern United States.

In addition to sales throughout the eastern part of the United States, Reelfoot products are also distributed west of the Mississippi River by truck and rail. The Company owns and operates a large fleet of refrigerated trucks and tractor-trailers. The tractor-trailers deliver to such places as Chicago, Birmingham, Atlanta and points in Florida. Inedibles of the Company, such as hides, are shipped by rail to numerous points throughout the country.

The area served directly and intensively by Reelfoot Packing Company by its own trucks extends roughly to Eldorado, Illinois; Poplar Bluff, Missouri; Walnut Ridge, Arkansas; and Memphis and Booneville, Mississippi.

Reelfoot Packing Company maintains distribution for its products at Atlanta. In addition to New York City, Reelfoot products are regularly delivered to Boston, Chicago and New Orleans.

Lufkin is proud to count this company among its friends and customers.



The army cook had just whipped up orders of fried eggs for a mob of hungry soldiers.

Wearied by his efforts, he sat down, yawned, lit a big fat cigar and wrote a letter to his sweetheart:

"Darling," he began, "for the past three hours shells have been bursting all around me."

A recruit was on guard duty with specific orders to admit no car to the area unless it bore a special tag. The sentry stopped a tagless car which was carrying a high-ranking officer. Hearing the officer order the driver to go right on through, the guard cocked his rifle and asked calmly:

"I'm new at this, sir. Do I shoot you or the driver?"

The modest Texan was in a New York bar, hoisting a few, when he was approached by a young lady, who asked him to dance. He modestly said, "I'm no Fred Astaire, but I'll dance."

While dancing she hinted, "Will you buy me a drink," He replied, "I'm no Rockfeller, but I'll buy."

After downing several drinks, she demurely suggested, "How about coming up to my apartment for awhile?" He replied, "I'm no Valentino, but I'll go.'

They left for her apartment, and after spending some time there, he proceeded to put on his coat to leave. She looked up at him and said, "Hey, wait a minute. How about some money?" The Texan looked at her and exclaimed, "Well, I'm no gigolo,

but I'll take it."

Have you heard about the stacked secretary who asked her amorous boss for a salary on next week's advances?

Exclusive medical surveys have proven that the average American college man's dream girl is a 5-6, well-stacked, blonde, sterile, deaf and dumb nymphomaniac with at least \$100,000 in the bank.

Heard the one about the timid sultan? The girls called him "Harem Scarem."

The pretty young thing had convinced the ardent young man of her purity, and that way kept him at bay. However, as they parted that night, he begged for "just one good night kiss."

"But I can't kiss you here in the hall," she replied. "Someone might

"Then let's step into your room."

"My roommate would object," she assured him.

"Oh now," he cajoled, "I'm sure your roommate wouldn't mind me taking just one sweet kiss from your chaste lips."

"You're wrong there," she told him. "He's extremely jealous."

Coach: "Cutie, what are you doing with that letter on your sweater? Don't you know you're supposed not to wear that unless you've made the team?"

Cutie: "Well?"

A marriage broker was trying to arrange a match between a business man and a beautiful girl. But the business man was very cagey.

"In my business," the businessman said, "I always look over samples. So-o-o before I get married I must also have a sample."

"But good heavens, man," remonstrated the marriage broker, "you can't ask a respectable girl for anything like that!

"Sorry," insisted the other. "This is strictly business with me. I want it done my way, or not at all."

The marriage broker went off in despair to talk with the girl. "I've got you a fine fellow," he said, "with lots of money. But strictly business he is and he won't do anything blind. He must have a sample."

"Listen," replied the girl. "I am just as smart in business as he is. Samples I won't give him; references,

I will."

The doctor was discussing health and hygiene with his spinster patient.

"Even though you take a bath every day, you can't stay healthy just by bathing alone."

"Maybe not, doctor," she snapped back, "but I can stay out of trouble by bathing alone!"

Girl: What makes me so popular with the boys. Is it my looks?

Boy: No

Girl: Is it my personality?

Boy: No Girl: I give up. Boy: That's it!

When Kerrigan and Fitzgerald made their first trip to Paris, they were very much impressed with the sights, but stuck firmly to their resolve to have no truck with French girls. One evening, however, Kerrigan could find no Irish girls to escort on the rounds of the Montmartre night clubs and grudgingly consented to convoy a very beautiful and chic Parisienne. The next morning Fitzgerald could hardly wait to ask Kerrigan what kind of a time he had.

"Fitzgerald, me boy," said Kerrigan with a satisfied sigh. "You kin quote me to the effect that sex in our country is in its infancy."

"Jack, are you sure it is me you are in love with and not my clothes?" "Test me, darling."

A beautiful moon shone down on the parked car in which sat Gayle and her bashful boy friend.

"Dear, you remind me of Don Juan, the great lover," murmured Gavle.

"Why?" he asked hopefully.

"For one thing," snapped Gayle, "he's been dead for years!

LUFKIN'S

ECONOMY LINE of QUALITY FLOATS

TBF series

31/4"

11/2"

3/8" X 2 1/2"

BOTTOM

BAR TOP AND

► 3 I/4" ·

TBF-40

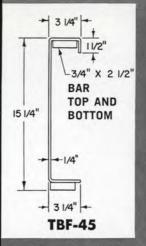
14 7/8"



The TBF-40 was designed and built for the four axle operator to haul any 40,000# distributed NET payload. With a 36'' king pin setting and a tandem setting of 90'' to 117'' in 6'' increments, it is available in lengths from 30' to 38'. Many options are available at reasonable additional cost.

The five axle operator that hauls a distributed NET payload of 45,000# can use the TBF-45 to advantage. With a 36" king pin setting and a tandem setting of 54" to 117" in 6" increments, it is available in lengths from 30' to 38'. Additional cutback and variations are readily available at slight additional cost.

TBF-50 - 50,000 # Trailer Also Available



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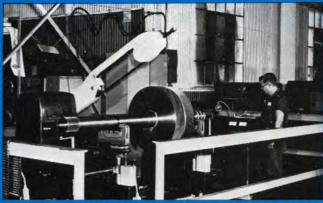
TO BUY . . .
. . TO USE
TO REPLACE

LUFKIN

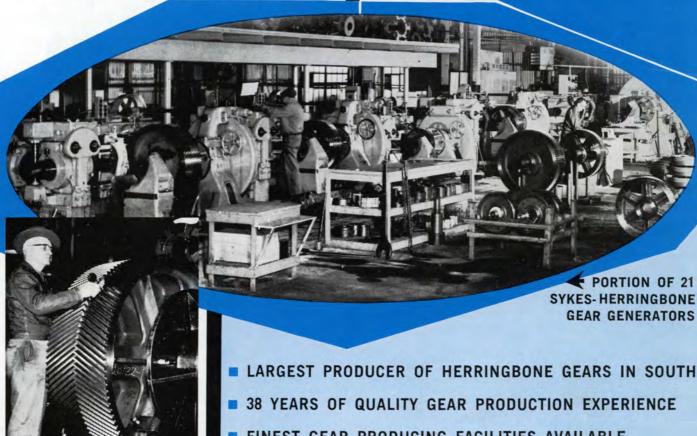


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