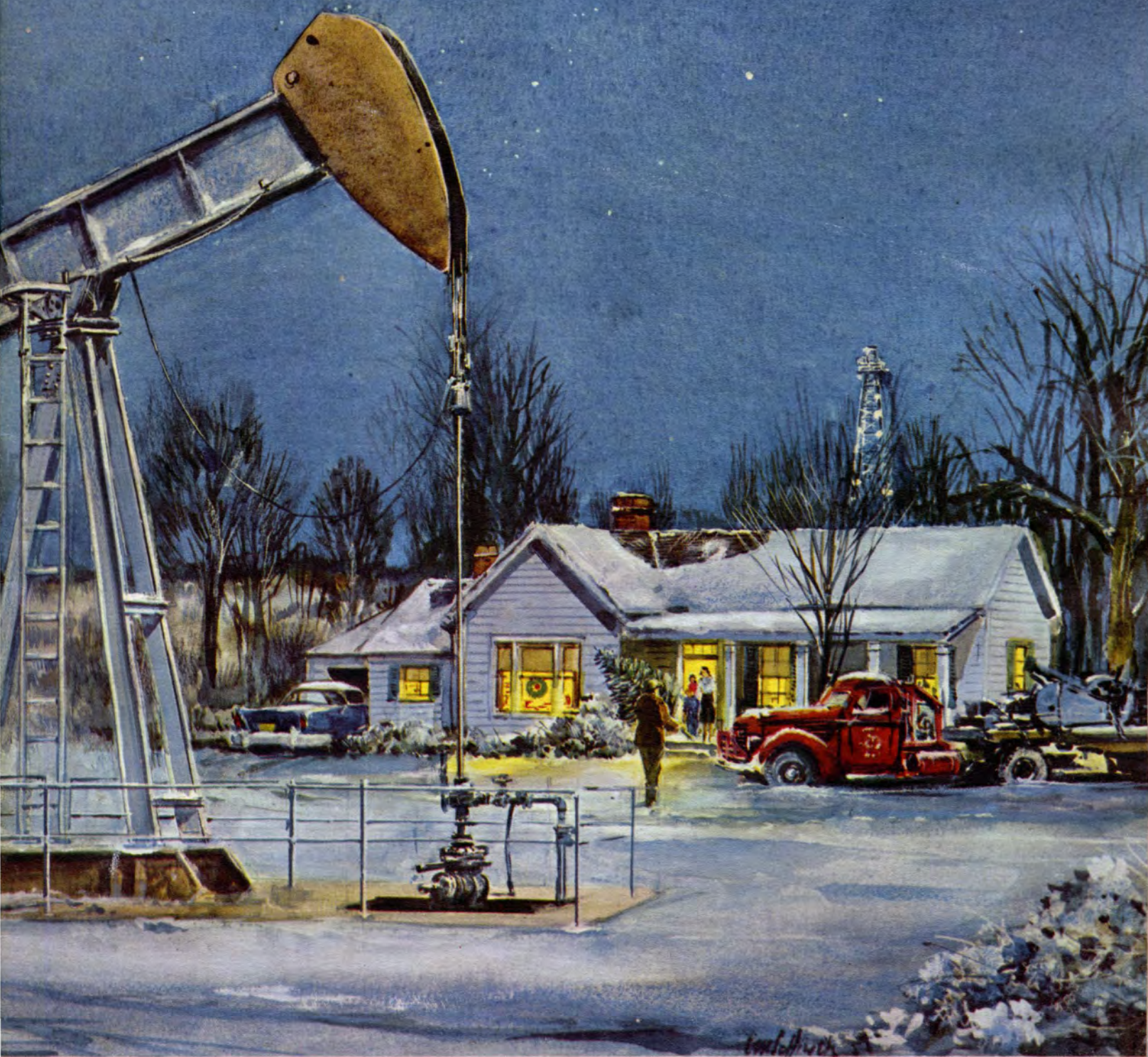


Belle Parish



THE *Luffkin* **LINE**

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER • 1955



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

THE *Lufkin* LINE

NOVEMBER • DECEMBER, 1955

Volume XXX • Number 6

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ONCE a million dollar Scottish castle of 60 rooms, this mansion was reduced by fire to desolate walls

Land of Hahatonka

BY GROVER BRINKMAN

MISSOURI

 *Lake of
the Ozarks*



NO doubt it was a high-flying airman, soaring over Lake of the Ozarks, who first dubbed it "The Missouri Dragon."

In one sense, this is a misnomer; in another, it isn't. From the ground it has little meaning. But ten thousand feet above this finger-like lake, with its hundreds of tenacled inlets and bays, the name is entirely fitting. For it looks strangely like a giant octopus sprawled against the lush green of the Missouri hogbacks when viewed from the cockpit. That's why you hear it referred to more and more as "The Dragon."

No matter what you call it, the region is vacationland plus.

Back in 1930, when Missouri needed kilowatts very badly, a private power dam was thrown across the Osage by one of the big electrical utilities, to capture the entire watershed of this historic river. Some folks liked it; others fought it, tooth and toenail. But today, Bagnell Dam is the state's largest, towering 148 feet from the Osage bedrock.

Lake of the Ozark's shoreline is 1,300 miles, an



MISSOURI'S Ozarks are a "last frontier" for the water-driven grist mill. This one is at Rock Hill

LOW-water bridges are common in the Ozarks. This one is on the road leading to Hahatonka Castle

amazing fact. It is 129 miles in length, with a surface area of 64,000 acres. At spots, its depth is tremendous, and it is fast becoming one of the fishing meccas of the Midwest.

Underneath its placid waters is the historic town of Linn Creek, several old grist mills, many valley farms, and other historic landmarks of pioneer Missouri.

It boasts the only privately-owned inland lighthouse in the country, and the only upside-down bridge in the history of structural steel. It stretches for half a mile over the Grand Glaize arm of the lake.

The rare beauty of this area is the same as that which nearly half a century ago prompted an English millionaire, Robert M. Snyder, to erect a million dollar castle high on a precipitous cliff overlooking Counterfeiter's Cove on the Big Niangua River.

Stone masons were brought in from Scotland, and the huge structure begun. When finally completed, it had 60 rooms and 28 massive fireplaces.



"THE Dragon" is ample in size to accommodate sailboat fans, and stiff breezes are generally on hand



VACATIONERS who visit the nostalgic land of the Ozarks will see the country's only upside-down bridge



GAUNT and bare, the ruins of Hahatonka castle stand in mute testimony of one man's attempt at empire

There were stone-walled stables for the horses Snyder owned, and a lookout tower near-by that commanded a breathtaking view.

Here was one man's dream of grandeur come to life, overlooking the same spot on which Daniel Boone is said to have stood in 1801, to hear from the native Indians themselves the story of Hahatonka—the country beautiful.

ROADS leading to "The Dragon" are an adventure in S-curves spanning valleys between the hog-back hills





THIS Buffalo-hide tree on the road to "The Dragon" was a sapling tied down by Indians to stretch hides on

But fate was unkind to Snyder. In 1907, just as his family were preparing to move into this castle-in-America, he was killed in one of the first recorded automobile accidents in the country.

The stone castle was closed, its rich furnishings shrouded, its lovely staircases echoless and dead.

Then in 1930 came the building of Lake of the Ozarks. The rising lake backed up the waters of the Big Niangua, washed out a dam Snyder had built to create his own private fishing paradise; washed away a century-old grist mill that was a bit of pioneer Americana, and did other damages as well.

The Snyders' heirs sued the power company for a tidy sum. James A. Reed, nationally known former U. S. Senator from Missouri, was their counsel. He won the case. The resultant publicity sent scores of tourists to see historic Hahatonka.

Then one windy Spring day, fate stepped in again to deal the Snyders another blow. A forest fire sprang up, and the castle and barns were gutted.

Today, only the whitened walls remain, and the lookout tower. From the top of the tower, the walls are outlined against the emerald green of the for-

est, all that remain of one man's dream of empire in the wilderness.

But around Hahatonka, America is at play. Fishing, boating, hiking, hunting—all are here, in their respective seasons.

Tourist time begins in early Spring and ends with the termination of the quail season, just before year-end. This is no place for the seeker of night life, and it is not uncommon to hear a resort owner tell a drunk to go home—and stay there. Lake of the Ozarks is a playground for America's families. It is a very unsophisticated place.

This is historic country, too, and if you follow the cliff lines along the shaded streams, it still isn't uncommon to see the pictographs scrawled by red men long dead. It's back-country, too, with log cabins and low-water bridges, and houn' dawgs that are unpedigreed but "tolerable good" at squirrel hunting.

And if your imagination is keyed to an ultra-high pitch, you might even get an ethereal glimpse of Daniel Boone emerging from some whispering glen of this enchanted land.





F. F. RHOADES
Gulf Oil Corporation
Pittsburg, Ohio



W. M. SAXON
Pure Oil Company
Newark, Ohio



H. B. WOOD
Sohio Petroleum Company
Lake Station, Michigan



C. H. KALLENBERGER
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois



Left to right: F. I. KILLINGSWORTH, JIM WILSON, both with Atlantic Refining Co., Houston, Texas; COOPER RICHARDS, B. C. BURNETTE, both with Lufkin; FRANK CREWS, Atlantic Refining Co., Lafayette, Louisiana; IVAN TUCKER, Atlantic Refining Co., Corpus Christi, Texas; JOE CARLISLE, Atlantic.



W. M. GORMLY, III,
Gulf Research & Development
Co., Pittsburg, Ohio

S N A P

*with the Lufkin
Cameraman*



HARRY X. BAY, promoted to
Louisiana Division manager, The
Texas Company, New Orleans, La.



ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH, rear, **DELBERT MEEK**, left,
and **EARNEST MORROW**, Magnolia Petroleum Corporation,
Salem, Illinois.



Left to right: T. S. MELBY, Shell Oil Co., Bakersfield, Calif.; J. J. OLIPHANT, General Petroleum Corp., Taft, Calif.; and E. W. WALKER, Western Gulf Oil Co., Bakersfield; at a recent meeting of San Joaquin Valley Chapter of the American Petroleum Institute.



GEORGE T. BRIGGS, recently promoted to
assistant general manager of the Producing
Department of The Texas Company, Houston, Texas.

JIM HUNTER
Pure Oil Company
Newark, Ohio



CHARLES W. McCLINTOCK
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois



CARROLL MAHONEY
The Texas Company
Salem, Illinois



ERLE DAUGHERTY
Sohio Petroleum Company
Lake Station, Michigan



HAROLD GADDY
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois





B. M. MICHAEL
Sohio Petroleum Company
Lake Station, Michigan



G. P. VERWAY
Pure Oil Company
Newark, Ohio



W. F. TAYLOR
Shell Oil Company
Centralia, Illinois



A. E. URICH
Gulf Oil Corporation
Pittsburg, Ohio



KENNETH BRIM
Sohio Petroleum Company
Centralia, Illinois

SHOTS...



Left to right: **JOHN PEVEHOUSE**, Shell Oil Co., Denver City, Texas; **LOUIS FINCHER**, Lufkin; **POSS BROOKS**, Shell Oil Co., Eunice, New Mexico; **JOHN SWANSON**, Lufkin; **JIM MONTGOMERY**, Shell Oil Co., Hobbs, New Mexico; **TAYLOR HOOD**, Lufkin; **COOPER RICHARDS**, Lufkin; **BARNEY CARLSON**, Shell Oil Co., Hobbs, New Mexico; **ROBERT POLAND**, Lufkin.



B. V. BARKER, left, and **D. H. MALLER**, Shell Oil Company, Centralia, Illinois



JERRY GEORGE, standing, and **CHARLES ANDERSON**, Magnolia Petroleum Corporation, Salem, Illinois



Left to right, back row: **J. G. TUTTLE**, **M. L. REED**, **M. J. KRAMER**, **D. D. PAYNTER**, **H. K. MCKINNON**; all with Shell Oil Company, Kilgore, Texas. Middle row, left to right: **J. JULIAN PLOMBON**, **H. B. (JOE) CAIN**, **B. D. BEASLEY**, **A. B. NEELY**, **R. G. AKERS**, **W. A. MIDDLETON**, all with Shell Oil Company, Kilgore; Front row, left to right: **DICK RHODES**, Lufkin; **J. C. (RED) TUCKER**, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore; **W. T. CROWDER, JR.**, Lufkin; **C. P. ST. LAURENT**, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore; **L. A. LITTLE**, Lufkin.

H. G. SCOTT, standing, and **CARL TEMPLE**, Sohio Petroleum Company, Centralia, Illinois



W. R. SCOTT
Sohio Petroleum Company
Lake Station, Michigan

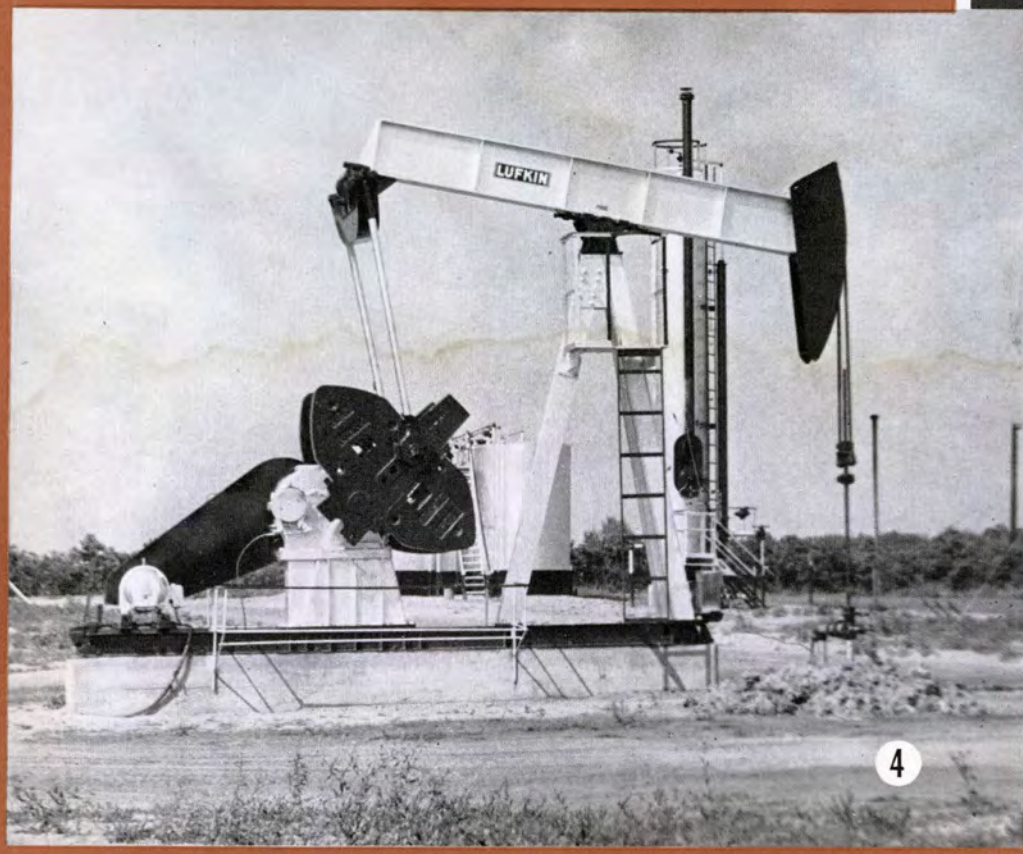
TOM ROBINSON, left, and **H. J. WHARTON**, Gulf Research & Development Co., Pittsburgh, Ohio



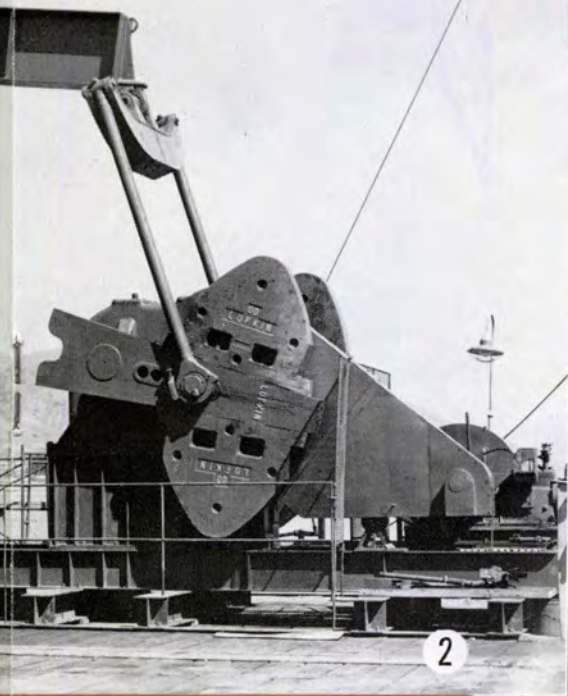
Recipients of meritorious service awards, presented at the recent meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Chapter of API, are, left to right, standing: **KELLER GRIGSBY**, Bankline Oil Co.; **WILLIAM BAILEY**, Division of Oil & Gas; **HOWARD DONLEY**, Axelson Manufacturing Co.; seated, left to right: **O. A. CAVINS**, retired, Standard Oil Co. of California; **J. B. STEVENS**, retired, Tide Water Associated Oil Co. Another recipient who was unable to attend was **R. N. AYARS**, division petroleum engineer, The Ohio Oil Company, Terre Haute, Indiana.



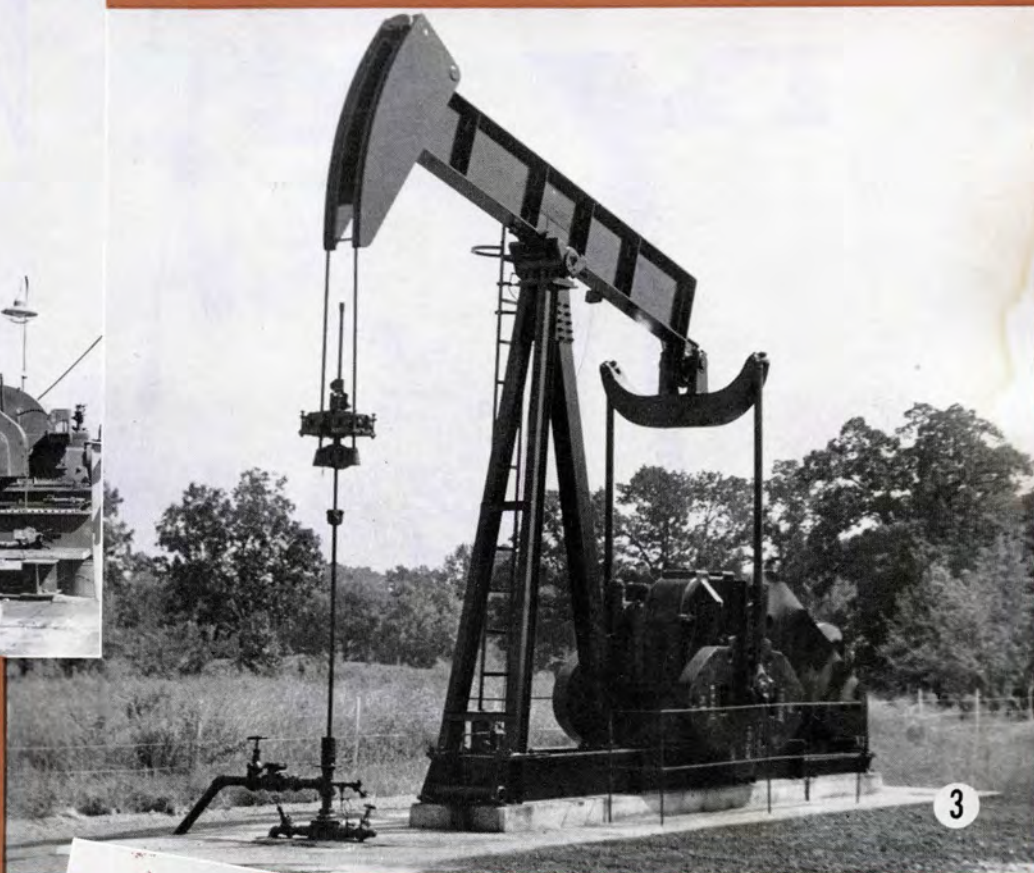
LUFKIN *installations*



- 1 LUFKIN TC-OLBR-456D Unit, Phillips Petroleum Co. Pool, Illinois.
- 2 LUFKIN TC-OOL-850 Unit, Ferguson No. 103, General Pool, Ventura, California.
- 3 LUFKIN TC-2BTR-35B Unit, No. 4, Raccoon Lake Pool, Marion County, Illinois.
- 4 LUFKIN TC-44ATR-15B Unit, Mulberry Grove Pool, Magnolia, Bond County, Illinois.
- 5 LUFKIN T6D-9B Unit, Frick Pool, The Texas Company, Marion County, Illinois.



2



3

LUFKIN Innovations

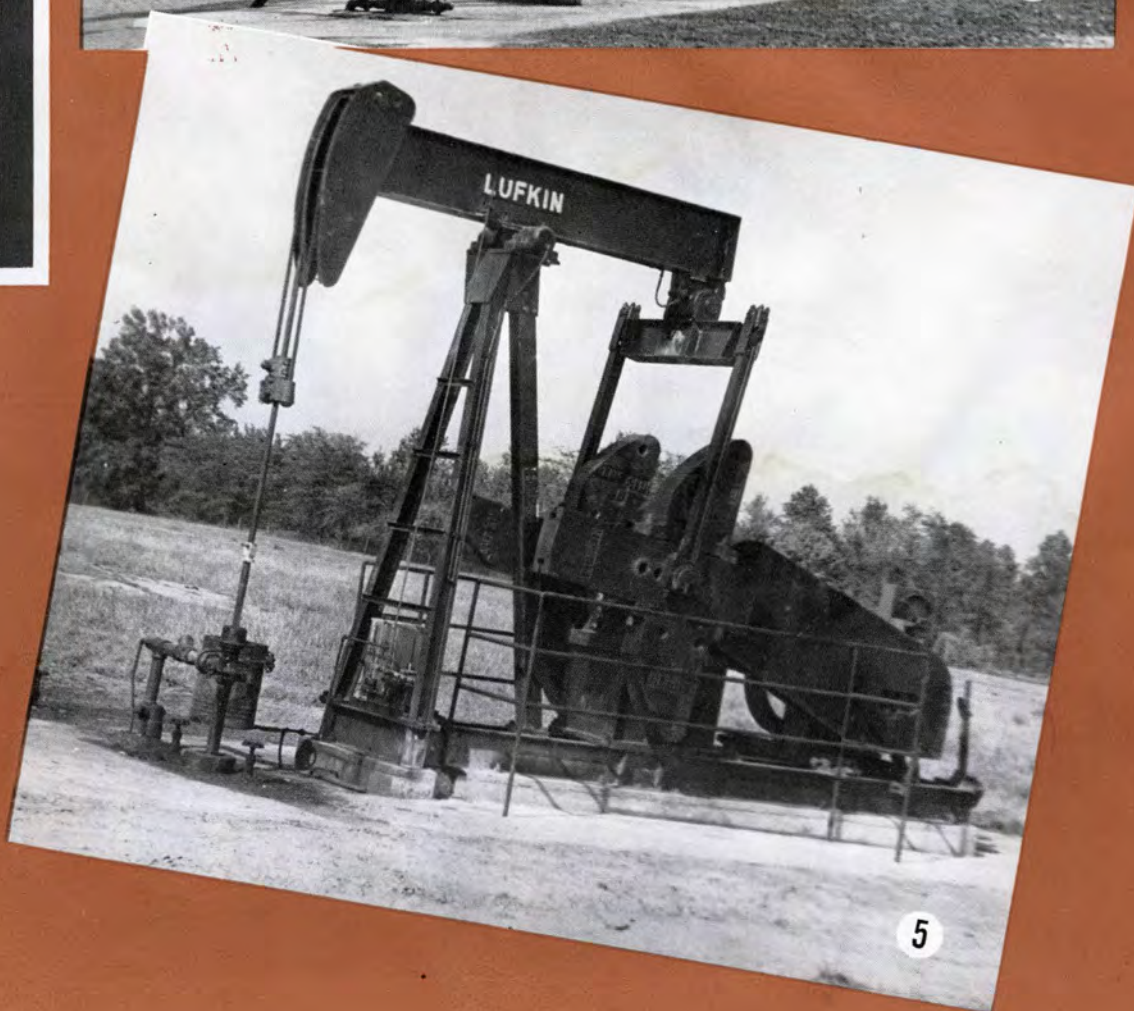
Unit, Well S-2, W. Kenner
Company, Clay County,

Unit, Rencon Pier Well, Fer-
Petroleum Corporation.

Unit, Franke-Meyer Well
Co., The Texas Company.

Unit, W. H. Gregg No. 7,
Penolia Petroleum Corpo-
ration.

Unit No. 9, Rosi Clair Pool,
Union County, Illinois.



5



MISTS of early morning and late afternoon in the land of "fairy crosses" lends an indescribable enchantment

FAIRY CROSSES of the

OUT where the blue-clad crests of the Appalachians form the western ramparts of Virginia, there is a storied land of sleepy hollows, boisterous mountain streams, and obscure glens, where the fairy-like mists of early morning and late afternoon hang low. There, along the faces of the red clay hills, around the edges of the tiny mountain fields, and imbedded in the rock strata of the brush-cloaked slopes, are found the curious little mineral specimens called by mineralogists stauro-lite, but by laymen everywhere, the "fairy crosses" of the Blue Ridge.

Ranging in size from specimens no larger than a match head to some as large as a man's thumb, the strange crosses have been known and sought after as good luck charms and keepsakes by generations of mountain folk and visitors to the area.

Some of the odd crosses are oblique, and some are right angle in shape; they occur in the form



IN a mountain valley on the banks of highway cuts is a good place to prospect for the little crosses



AMID these green-clad hills, according to legend, the fairies lived. Such areas yield many crosses

By FRANK A. MONTGOMERY, JR.

Blue Ridge

of the Roman cross, the St. Andrew's, and the Maltese. In some spots their color is gray, while others produce brown, or jet-black. But wherever they are found, the little pieces of stone always take the form of a cross of some kind, and to those who have seen or possessed specimens, there is nothing quite like the mineral.

Mineralogists say that the crosses are formed of one of the most unusual minerals in nature. They describe it as being an iron-aluminum silicate, with the vari-colored crystals occurring in well-defined crosses, and they call the formation staurolite. The composition of the crystals making up the crosses is harder than the rock in which they were originally imbedded, and when they are found individually it is usually always due to erosion.

But, if the origin of the "fairy crosses" of Virginia is thus to be so prosaically explained by the scientists, the hillfolk of the countryside hold to a



THOUSANDS of cross formations have been found embedded on surface of solid rock, freed by erosion



CROSSES on right are just as nature formed them; others have been boiled in oil, buffed and polished

theory of their own. It involves a legend simple and quaint, but one that is believed in wherever the crosses are known. Its very beauty lends it credence, and belief in its authenticity is enhanced when one visits the land of the little crosses and feels the elfin spirit of the silent and brooding hills.

This legend, its origin hidden in the past, sprang up in the years following the discovery of the crosses, and, as they became more generally known, spread far and wide. The country of the crosses, the legend goes, was inhabited in the distant years before the coming of the redmen under King Powhatan, by wandering bands of fairies. In those days there were no tiny crosses to be found anywhere



MANY crosses are prepared for sale by attaching emblems or symbols. Others are buffed and polished



"FAIRY crosses" are often found in mountain fields in the spring when the earth is freshly ploughed

among the hills. But one day, when the hardwoods were aflame with the reds and gold of late autumn, a messenger from a land far beyond the horizon arrived in the homeland of the tiny fairy folk. He bore with him the message of the Crucifixion of Christ.

When the fairies heard the sad tidings, they wept, and, as their tears fell to the earth, each crystallized in the form of a cross. There, until this day, the crystallized tears of the fairies remain, each a silent, tangible symbol of the grief of the little folks.

Although the "fairy crosses" of the Virginia hill country always occur as a true cross, polishing and trimming accentuate their cross shape and improves the appearance. Various methods of prepar-

ing them for sale are used, one of which calls for boiling them first in linseed oil to give them the soft, brownish color so much desired by buyers. All types are utilized as keepsakes, but the rarest and most desired cross of all is the Maltese.

A considerable demand from earliest times has existed for the talismen, and many jewelers handle them when they are able to get them. Many hill families augment their incomes by searching for the crosses in their spare time. They are apparently as much desired as good-luck pieces by their owners as they are as articles of jewelry. Hundreds of prominent people have counted a "fairy cross" among their prized possessions. Henry Ford was one of them, as was Luther Burbank, and former presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

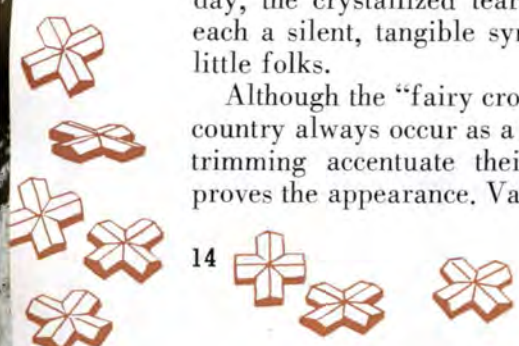
For many years following discovery of the little crosses in the glades of Patrick County, Virginia, from which spot most of the crosses come today, it was generally believed that the formations occurred only in this region of the Blue Ridge mountains. However, numerous specimens are found in western North Carolina, in Clay County, particularly.

But it is from Georgia, where that state's Fannin County brushes North Carolina, that some of the largest and most perfect crosses come. Some have been picked up in this area that weighed as much as six pounds. These are of a shiny, black color, and as perfectly polished and formed as if they had just come from a lapidary's shop.

But, today, when one discusses the "fairy crosses" of the Appalachian country, he is more than apt to have in mind those from Patrick County, Virginia. It was about the crosses from this section that the legend of the fairies was first woven, and it is from these hills that come most of the crosses now sold.

Not so long ago, the "fairy crosses" of Patrick County, Virginia, were recognized formally as a valuable tourist attraction by the state. Accordingly, the area thereabouts was set aside as the Fairy Stone State Park, it being located near the town of Bassett, in Patrick County, the center of the "fairy cross" country.

The hills there are not the high, majestic peaks of the main range, but the same blue haze gently cloaks them in the quiet evenings. And, as the stranger seeks out the little crosses in the silence of the eerie hollows, it isn't too difficult for him to make out in the shadowy half-light of the brush-filled coves the ephemereal forms of the mythical fairies, whose tears so long ago strewed the hill-sides with the legendary crystal crosses.



A Special Low-Boy for Mack



MACK BUCKALOO stands beside his Special Design Lufkin Low-Boy

M. T. (MACK) BUCKALOO, JR., is an individualist. He will tackle about any job that confronts him—and so far, he's batting 100 percent in the success column.

When Buckaloo Storage and Service Company was challenged with the problem of hauling heavy equipment that wouldn't clear highlines or underpasses on Texas highways, Mack determined to solve the difficulty. He brought his problems and ideas to Lufkin Trailers' engineers and they came up with something entirely new in the low-boy type of trailer.

A rig was designed especially to solve Mack's problems, but the trailer is catching on around the country as an excellent low-boy for heavy haulers.

This three-axle type low-boy can easily and

safely transport the most difficult-to-move piece of machinery or equipment. In Buckaloo's case, he will take two Lufkin Special Low-boys to an oil well location, and move a complete drilling rig at one time to another location.

Many hundreds of miles driving will be saved by using the Special Low-boy. The difference in height of 16 to 20 inches between loads on a standard float and on a Special Low-boy doesn't sound like much, but when underpass or electric highline trouble comes up, then those inches suddenly explode in importance.

From a safety standpoint, the low-boy shines brilliantly. The lower gravity of the load makes for easier handling and greater roadability. There is practically no danger of a big load toppling over.

But Mack Buckaloo is known for more than his ability to cope with his business problems. He's a man interested in his community. Since 1937, when Buckaloo Storage and Service Company began operating in Kenedy, Texas, Mack Buckaloo has been a civic leader in the town. When the Little League baseball team needed a leader, they called on Mack, and he's been involved in that work for several seasons now. His enthusiasm for sports is evident in the fact that he owns and operates the Kenedy Golf Course.

Throughout the South and Southwest, Mack Buckaloo is known as a friend to, and an earnest worker for, the oil industry. He is a past member of the Board of Directors of Texas Motor Transportation Association.



THESE three-axle low-boys can haul 125,000 pounds easily. Lower gravity loads mean safer handling



1 Canyonhead McGee returns to his favorite ridge year after year for a game of hide-and-seek with Ivan, the deer. Ivan always recognizes his old adversary.



2 Years of trial and error have taught Canyonhead McGee to listen with bated breath and keep his big mouth shut at the same time. No easy trick to learn . . .



6 No, fool, he. Canyonhead checks to make sure it's Ivan. Four points and two hundred weight plus a bit of growth from last year—it's Ivan, indubitably.



the DEER

Every Autumn thousands of deer-seekers take to the country, where thousands of deer are prepared to elude their pursuers with amazing agility.

Circling and hiding, tracking and back-tracking, each seeks to outwit the other. Picking out the peculiarities of his foe, playing on his weaknesses, the hunter and hunted play the game of hide-and-seek until one or the other meets his Waterloo.

Against a canopy of beautiful scenery, an endless succession of ridges and gullies break up the monotony of the prolonged pursuit, where beginners and old-timers stalk with a single-minded purpose—to end up with something more than empty-handed exercise.

Ah, the tales that come out of the tangled woods! Stories of mighty hunters relentlessly following their prey through thicket—and thin air. Of huge bucks looming mysteriously in the moonlight . . .

To this collection of stories, we add the odyssey of Canyonhead McGee and Ivan, the mule-deer.



7 With sporting blood seething, Canyonhead stalks silently off. He aims to confuse Ivan and at the same time give him an equal retaliation.



3 In the same breath, wise Ivan submerges his antlers in twigs while he looks, listens, and smells—the same old shirt.

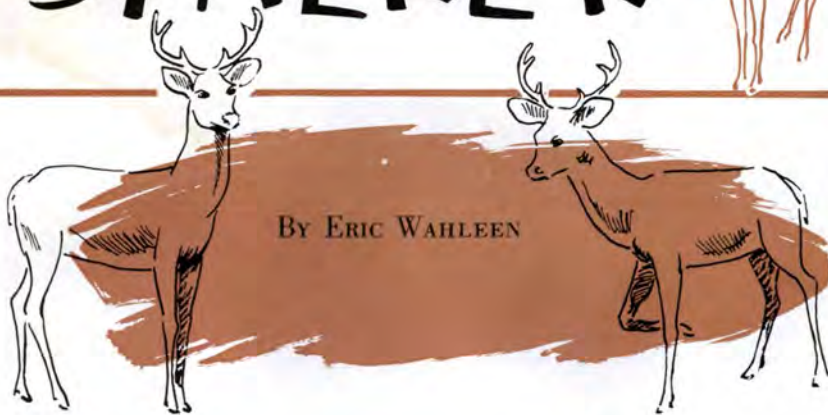


4 Seeking signs of Ivan, Canyonhead reasons that a stubborn mule-deer must surely lie at the end of the trail.



5 Nose-to-nose encounter is calculated to scare the daylight out of McGee.

STALKER



BY ERIC WAHLEEN



8 Tricky Ivan backtracks to keep tab. He doesn't trust Canyonhead.

9 Give up, McGee?? . . .

10 The seal of approval terminates the game of tag.



11 So ends the saga of Ivan and McGee . . . No shadow shall mar their path in the hereafter.



Critic: "You have a lot of bum jokes in this issue."

Editor: "Oh, I don't know. I put a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared."

First Actress: "The director told Lil if she let him kiss her, he'd give her a small part in his next picture."

Second Actress: "What happened?"

First: "She's going to be the star!"

Gold Digger: "Thank you very much for this lovely pearl necklace."

Married Man: "Don't mention it. Don't mention it. Don't mention it!"

Girls, the best way to get a wart off your hands is either to shoot him or marry him.

The evening had been going very well, but now, at the critical moment, the girl wouldn't let the playboy into her apartment. Her excuse was thin: "My roommate's home."

Bitter, her date said, "In other words, I'm supposed to ignore this door-mat that says 'Welcome'?"

"Of course, silly," she laughed. "There certainly isn't room enough for us on that!"

The young bride's mother had some old-fashioned ideas of marriage and passed them on to her daughter. "Never let your husband see you in the nude," she advised. "You should always wear something."

"Yes, mother," replied the obedient girl.

Two weeks after the wedding, the girl and her brand-new husband were preparing to retire when the fellow asked, "Dear, has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"Not that I know of," she answered. "Why?"

"Well," said her husband, "we've been married two weeks now and every night you've worn that silly hat to bed."

We just overheard a couple of our pretty stenographers discussing one of the more dashing members of our staff. "He dresses so well," said one. "And so quickly," replied the other.

For her first week's salary, the gorgeous new secretary was given an exquisite nightgown of imported lace. The next week her salary was raised.

The passionate young thing was having a very difficult time getting across what she wanted from her rather dense boy friend. Finally, she asked, "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?" "Gosh, no!" he replied. "I hate hospitals."

One guy we know is so suspicious that when his wife gave birth to twins, he flew into a rage because only one of them looked like him.

The big oil operator in South Louisiana had bragged of the excellent honey served at one hotel where he and his new bride were to stop. At breakfast, he caught the waiter's sleeve and asked: "Rastus, where's my honey?"

"Dunno, boss, dunno. She done quit working here six months ago."

"Claudette is certainly wearing a daring gown, isn't she?"

"Yes, it's daring every man in the room."

Nice Saleslady (showing lingerie to a much frustrated gentleman customer): "This is the only place you can touch these for anything near the price."

When you get slapped, she may not be wanting to hurt your feelings as much as she wants to stop them.

We have often wondered when King Solomon found time to sleep with the thousand or so things he had to do?

Newly-wed Stenographer: "Are you sure you'll love me forever?"

Newly-wed Lease Man: "Well, I'll try—but I gotta get some sleep sometime!"

Driller: "Did you hear about Bill's new job?"

Roustabout: "No, what's he doing?"

Driller: "He's working in a bloomer factory pulling down fifty-two hundred a year."

Did'ja hear about the American girl who spent her vacation in Italy and when she got back home she couldn't tell which one of the Tonys gave her the twins?

Plumber arriving three hours after the call: "How's things, Mr. Brown?"

The happy Mr. Brown: "Not so bad. While we were waiting I taught the maid how to swim."

When asked by a cop why she didn't have a red light on her car, June replied that it wasn't that kind of a car!

Sam Tweedledee was being congratulated on the announcement of his engagement. He extolled the virtues of his wife-to-be by saying: "My bride-to-be should make a perfect wife. She's a beautiful, sex-starved deaf-mute who owns a liquor store."

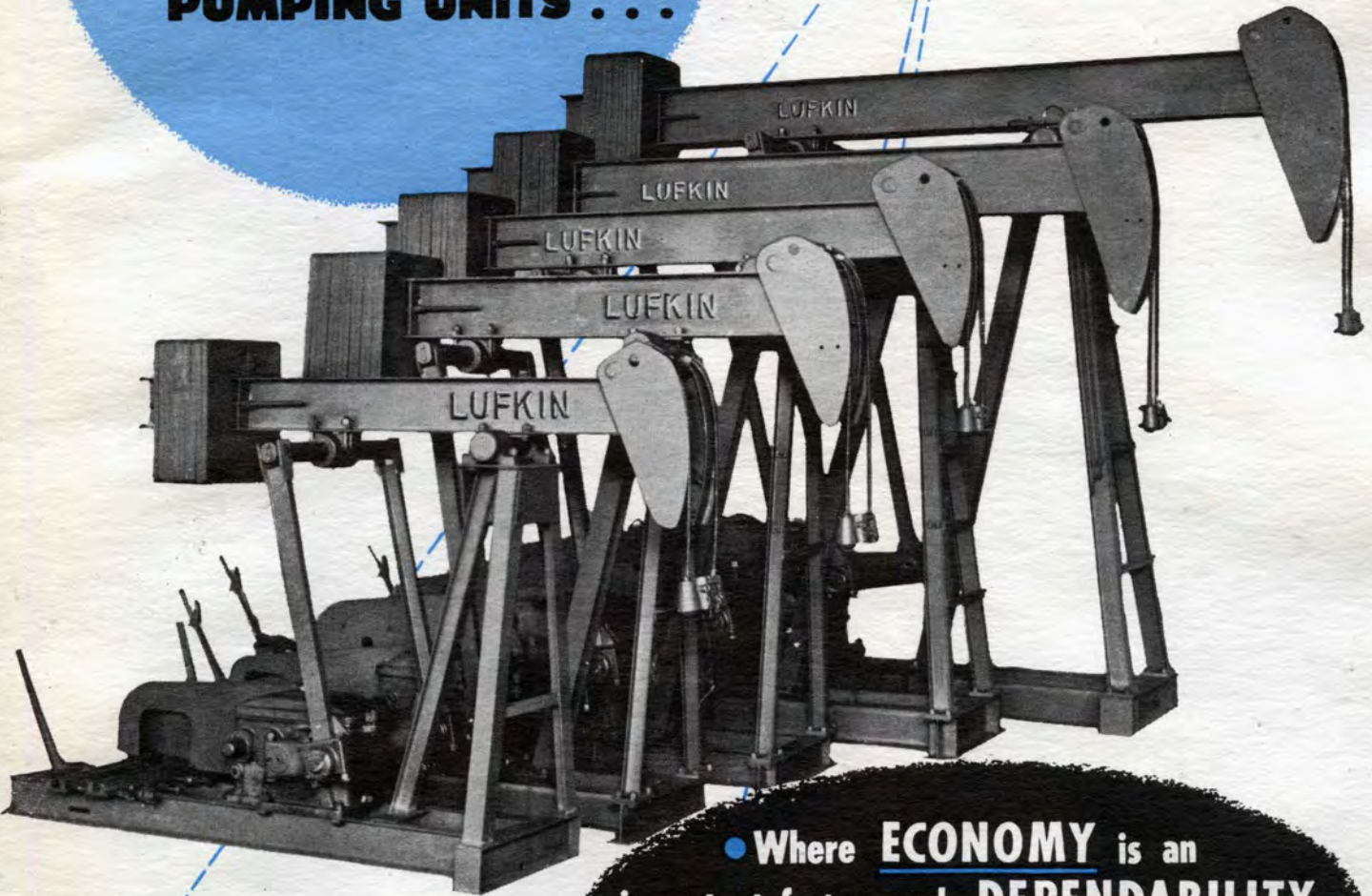
Then, of course, there is the butcher who backed into his meat grinder, and got a little behind in his work.

Molly: "When are you going to wear that lovely lingerie you got for your birthday?"

Dolly: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."

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