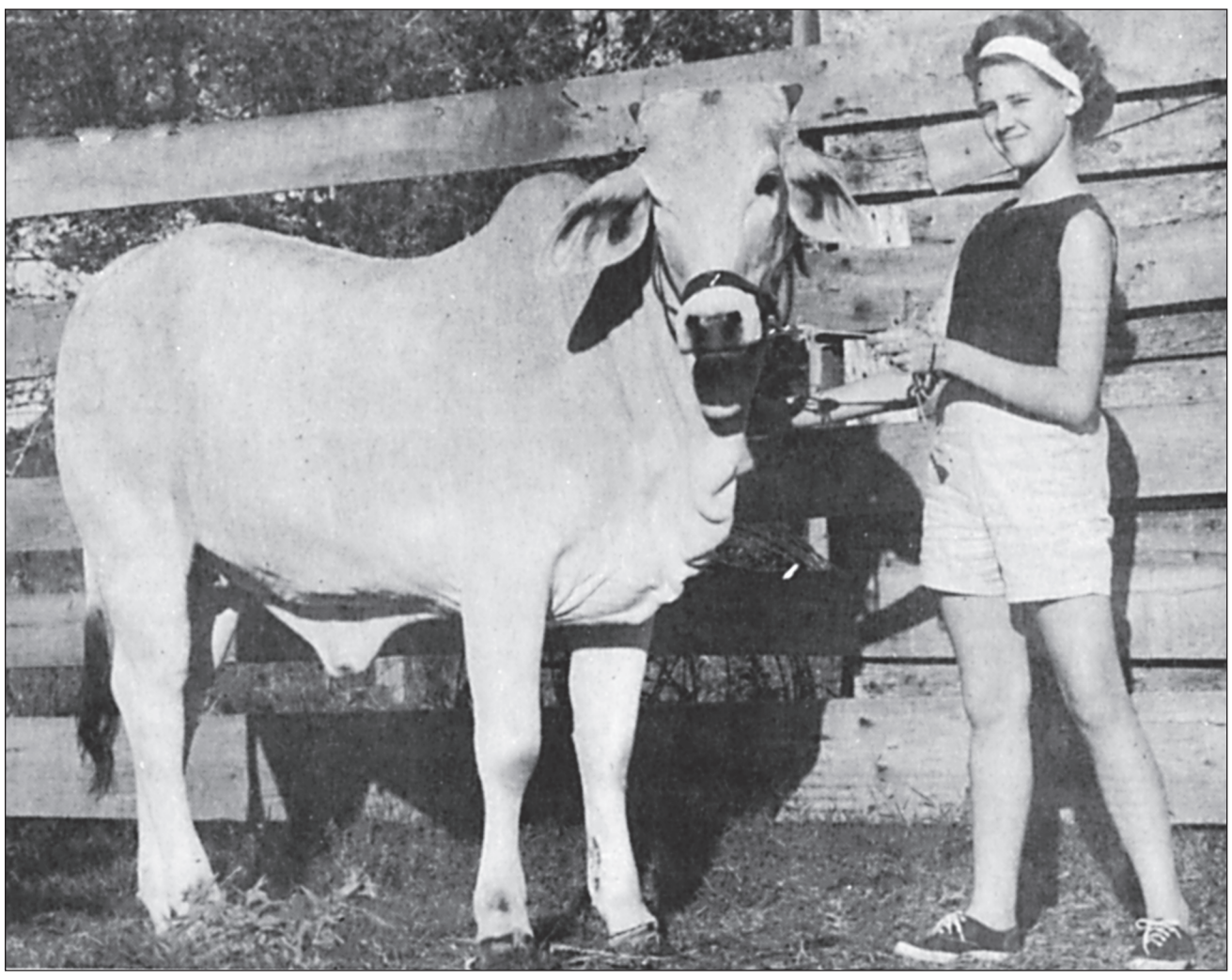
History & Folklore





ABOVE:
From Illustrated Press of Liberty County, Thursday, December 12, 1963 –
Horses and pets at the Bill Griffitts' in Dayton. Left to right: Joey, Stevie and Tommy White.

AT LEFT:
From Illustrated Press of Liberty County, Thursday, October 31, 1963 –
Rhonda Farris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.D. Farris Jr. raised this 14-month-old Brahman heifer. It weighs about 650 pounds and is named R.S. Lady Stilson 240, coming from the registered stock of the Seaberg Farms. Rhonda is 13 years old.

From Texas Illustrated, Oct. 16, 1986 –

Some Oilfield Humor

Anywhere one has a bunch of men working there are going to be some humorous interludes. The thing that truly surprises me is the number of humorous stories about oilfield workers and churches, which on the surface at least don't exactly walk around hand-in-hand with any degree of regularity.

There is the old story about a tool-dresser going into a boomtown barbershop to get his ears lowered. The barber bid the fellow to sit down in the chair and then eyed him rather warily for a moment or two before asking, "Fellow, do you want your hair cut or just have the oil changed?"

Then there was a preacher holding church services right in the middle of a boomtown, holding forth with one of those old-fashioned Holy Ghost revivals. The preacher was right in the middle of one of the opening prayers and intoned, "Lord, bless the pure and humble." A roustabout seated way back in the sanctuary popped off, "Yes, Lord, and don't forget the Gulf and the Magnolia."

On another occasion a preacher was holding a church service in a building that happened to be located right in the middle of all of the drilling and activity of the oilfield. Drilling was going on right outside on the Sabbath even as the preacher spoke. Amid all of the noise and general mayhem outside, the preacher shouted toward the back of the church, "You folks in the back there, can you hear me? There's so much noise up here in the front from the drilling just outside the window that I can't hear a word I'm saying." An oilfield hand in the back shouted back at him, "Parson, you're not missing a thing."

I suppose the best story I have come across has to do with a hand who dreamed for years of owning his own well. The fellow finally managed to secure a loan from a banker in town to do some drilling at an old abandoned well site nearby. The banker was easily persuaded since the old site was located right in the heart of an oil-producing area.

They hand drilled well after well after well with no success until all of his money was dwindled fast away. That night he walked the floor in anxiety until around two o'clock in the morning when he finally broke down and called the banker to relay the woeful news. The banker rose from his comfortable slumber to answer the telephone. "You might as well know the worst," said the hand. "The well's a duster. I'm ruined. I'm broke. I'll never be able to pay you back the money I owe you. I've been walking the floor all night worrying about it."

"That's all right, my friend," the banker answered. "You get on to bed and get some sleep. I'll walk the floor the rest of the night."

– KEVIN LADD

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