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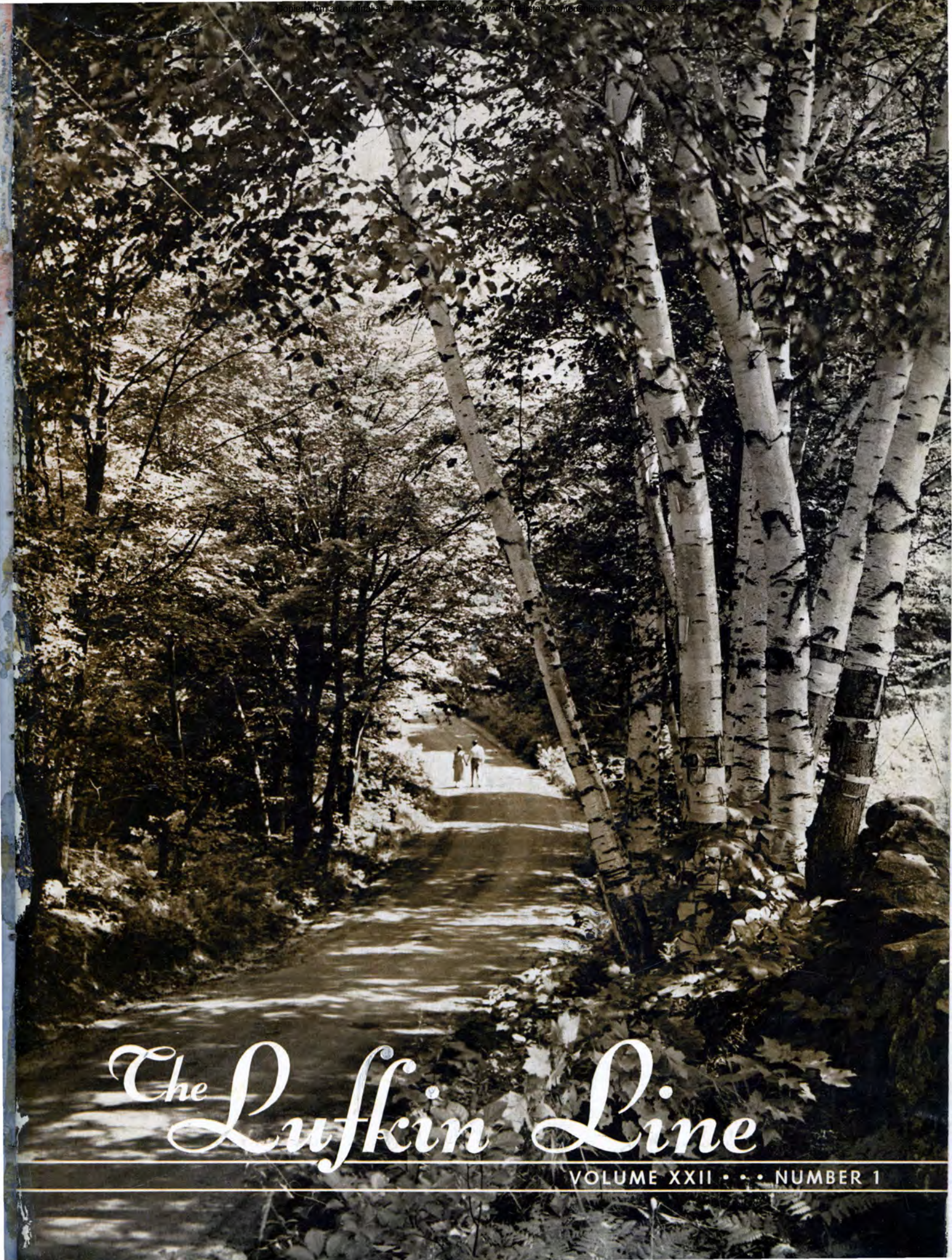

The Lufkin Line

VOLUME XXII • • • NUMBER 1

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He Never Knew WHAT HIT HIM

There is one common type of motor accident which is more likely than almost any other to result in fire, in death or in horribly crippling injuries, which is probably the most dangerous to the driver himself; and which more often than not happens on a fine road in fair weather at a time when there is but one vehicle on the highway.

Yet strangely enough, accidents of this kind are about the only ones which come after the drivers have had repeated and unmistakable warnings of precisely what is about to happen.

These accidents are very simple affairs—no tangle of traffic, no unexpected failure of the vehicle, no lurking death-trap on the road. There is no desperate dodging and no screeching of brakes to avoid or lessen the collision.

The driver merely FALLS ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.

One driver in three who has an asleep accident is a

TRUCK DRIVER!

About 65% of these truck drivers have had more than five years' experience.

Almost nine-tenths of such accidents occur on the supposed-to-be safer straight roads between intersections.

The truck drivers' most common hour of falling asleep is 4 to 5 a.m.

The proportion resulting fatally is more than twice as great as in other types of accidents; it's easy for a driver to kill himself if he goes to sleep, because there is no slowing up, no swerving from danger, no chance to prepare for the shock.

—National Safety Council.

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The Lufkin Line

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

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In This Issue

HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM 2
Dozing at the wheel usually results in a deep sleep

W. C. TROUT 4
Faithful Pilot of Lufkin Foundry Succumbs

ANTIGUA, COLONIAL CAPITAL OF GUATEMALA 6
"Most Noble and Loyal City of St. James of the Knights of Guatemala"

LUFKIN INSTALLATIONS 10-11

JUNGLE JOURNEY 12
About a slow train, not through Arkansas, but Nicaragua

SNAPSHOTS BY THE LUFKIN CAMERAMAN 14-15
Your friends in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas

GRINGAS GO SOUTH 16
Texas Co-eds Journey to Saltillo, Capital of Coahuila

LET'S LAUGH 19

THE COVER

Exploring a birch-lined road to discover the aesthetic wonders of Spring. Photo by EWING GALLOWAY, New York.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

It costs nothing, but creates much.

It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody till it is given away!

And nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give!

SALES and SERVICE
Offices and Warehouses
of the
LUFKIN FOUNDRY &
MACHINE COMPANY

CASPER, WYOMING
P. O. Box 1849
D. K. Womack

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS
434 Nixon Building
Phone 6145
Moulton B. Harrison
William M. Dowling

DALLAS, TEXAS
1317 Magnolia Building
Phone Central 5834
L. A. Little
Ed Caraway

GREAT BEND, KANSAS
935 Washington
P. O. Box 82
Phone 1044
Linville Caraway
J. D. Bradley

HOUSTON, TEXAS
2106 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Phone Capitol 0108
Bill Miner
Wiley K. Poston

KILGORE, TEXAS
P. O. Box 871
Phone 875
W. T. Crowder, Jr.
Robert Thompson

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
5959 South Alameda
Phone Lafayette 1201
V. J. Fawcett
Al McConville
George E. Henderson
Robert R. Spaulding

NEW YORK, NEW YORK
149 Broadway
Phone Barclay 7-0562
A. V. Simonson

ODESSA, TEXAS
P. O. Box 1632
Phone 216
Elvin Read
Edd Terrill, Jr.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA
537 Commerce Exchange Bldg.
Phone 7-7480
Cooper Richards

SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA
312 8th Street
Phone 34
Newell Lynch

TULSA, OKLAHOMA
719 Thompson Bldg.
Phone 3-0204
D. A. Reid

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
256 Allison-Duncan Bldg.
P. O. Box 2465
Phone 2-1967
Charles Dyer

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Faithful Pilot OF LUFKIN FOUNDRY Succumbs

W. C. Trout, president of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co., and beloved "Spark Plug" passed quietly into eternal sleep April 24.

Born April 10, 1874, at Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, Mr. Trout was the eldest of five children. His father, an early engineer in the lumber industry who developed the automatic cut-off engine, the Trout power set-works for log sawing, and many other improvements for the sawmill industry, moved the family to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1884, where the father became identified with the E. P. Allis Co., later known as Allis Chalmers Co., as a designing engineer in the sawmill department.

In 1893, W. C. Trout became a draftsman in the sawmill department of Allis Chalmers Manufacturing Co. and soon was made foreman of the department. For 7 years he continued this work, becoming well experienced in the design and manufacture of sawmill machines, and making many patented improvements covering a number of safety devices, including control of the carriage through steam feeds and their valve mechanism.

Mr. Trout, in 1900, became a contracting engineer for the company, designing and selling lumber plants all over the United States, but more especially in the South where he made an enviable record designing many economical plants.

When Mr. Trout came to Texas, he located in the heart of the timber district. He bought a substantial interest in the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co. which then had only 35 employees. Now, they number more than 900. The company devoted 20 years to the manufacture of sawmill machinery. After the dimunition of large forest tracts, the company began producing oil field pumping equipment and other specialties. Mr. Trout had many inventions but most important were several which greately improved the counterbalancing and pumping of oil wells.

Friends of W. C. Trout, who are numbered from coast to coast, sent loving, sincere expressions of personal sorrow. Some are quoted herewith:

Beauford Jester, Governor of Texas: "Texas has lost one of its outstanding leaders as well as an outstanding citizen in the death of W. C. Trout. Mr. Trout's imagination, vision, and aggression have been responsible to a great degree for the industrial progress that has been made in the Lufkin area. Texas will miss him. He was a fine citizen, a wise and just businessman, and a sincere friend."

Tom Connally, U. S. Senator: "Deeply grieved and shocked to learn of the death of our distinguished friend . . ."

Dutch Oberpriller, W. C. Trout, Jess Belote, Warden Ragland, Army-Navy "E" Ceremony.



At Army-Navy "E" Award Cremony, left to right: Geo. A. Hill, Adm. P. W. Foote, W. C. Trout.



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W. Lee O'Daniel, U. S. Senator: "The sudden and unexpected passing of our good friend W. C. Trout removes from the Texas scene an outstanding industrialist, a fine Christian gentleman, and a great American."

Robert R. Wason, Chairman of the Board, National Association of Manufacturers: "On behalf of the board of directors of the NAM may I offer deepest sympathy in your loss. As a fellow member of our board, Mr. Trout was held in high esteem and will be sorely missed by all his associates."

Mr. Trout was a past president of the Lufkin Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Southland Paper Mills and Texas Foundries; was a Regional vice-president-director of the NAM; and was president of the Texas Manufacturers Association for three years.

His inspiring presence will be severely missed but his guiding influence will remain forever with us.



Annual Banquet for Employees, Feb., 1947.



Above—Presentation of plaque to Mr. Trout from his employees—at birthday party last year (April). Dutch Oberpriller, W. C. Trout, Jess Belote, Warden Ragland, Charlie Ragland, A. E. Cudlipp.

Below—At a party with his employees.



Right—Plaque and Old Shop Door Hinge presented to W. C. Trout at his birthday party given for him by the employees of Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.



In Circle—At W. C. Trout's birthday party given him by his employees last year.

Below—W. C. Trout; C. A. Putnam, of Keene, New Hampshire, director of NAM; and M. C. Huntoon of Providence, Rhode Island, director of NAM, at the Golden Anniversary celebration of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York City, December 5, 6 and 7, 1945.





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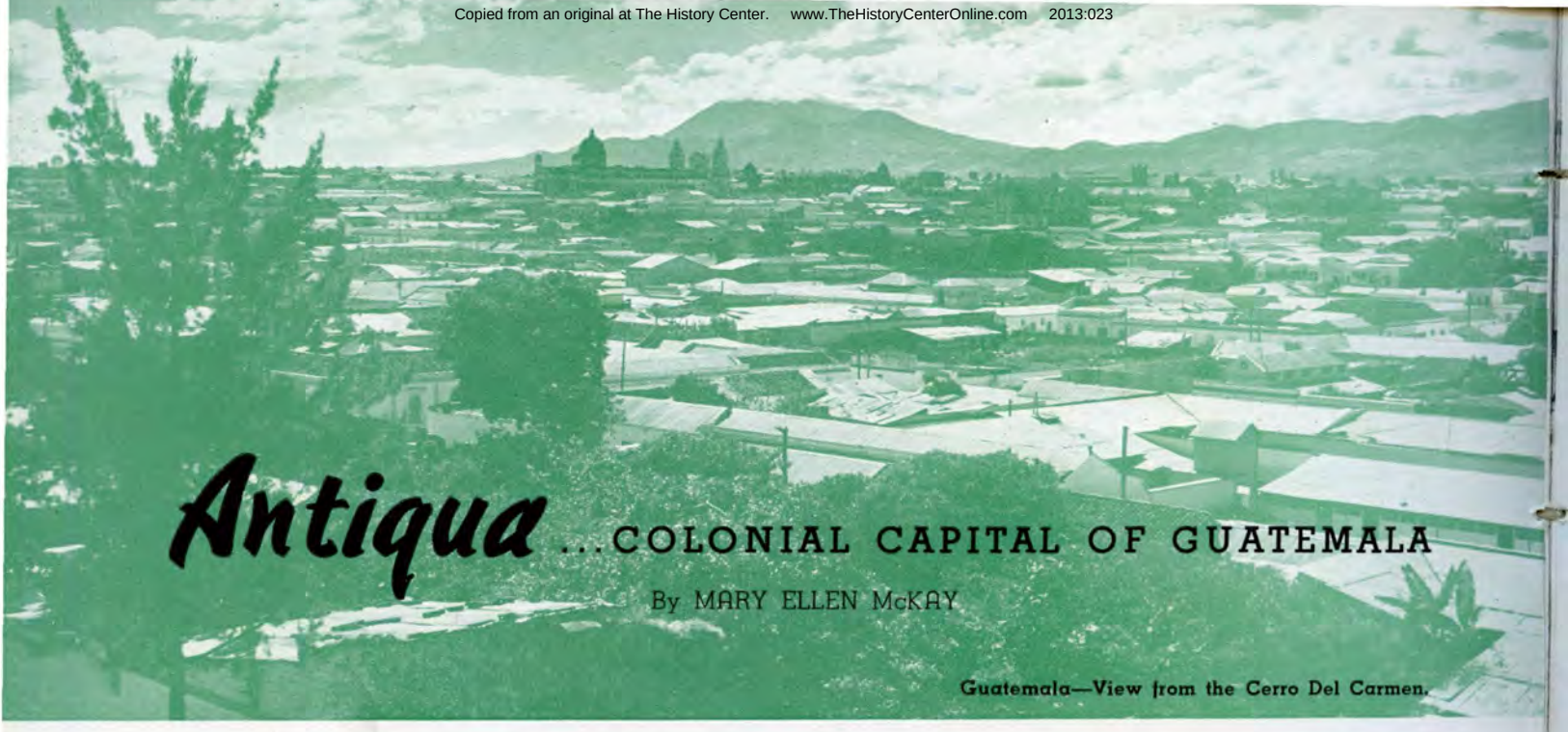

Antiqua ...COLONIAL CAPITAL OF GUATEMALA

By MARY ELLEN McKAY

Guatemala—View from the Cerro Del Carmen.

On the fateful afternoon of July 29, 1773, while stones and debris hurtled through the air, the inhabitants of the "Most Noble and Loyal City of St. James of the Knights of Guatemala," ran shrieking into the streets firmly convinced that the end of the world had come. Five minutes later the grandeur of the Spanish colonial city was no more. Only the cries of the hysterical and moans of the injured pierced the air.

Shortly after my arrival in Guatemala City I heard the story of the city of Antigua lying in the Panchoy Valley about twenty-five miles from the Central American capital. Most newcomers, after hearing some of the fascinating tales of the city that has been shaken by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, take the first opportunity to visit the ruined churches and convents and the restored colonial homes. To stroll through the cobbled streets which echo with the splendor and tragedy of the four-hundred-year-old city is a highpoint of any trip to the "Land of Eternal Spring," as Guatemala is called.

I was eager to go, and when Ernie called saying he had rented a motorcycle and motorbike from one of the local garages, I readily accepted the invitation. We would make the trip the following Tuesday.

The morning air was cool and crisp as we putted through the still sleepy capital and began the first lap up and around the mountains. Although the sun was shining a blue smoky mist rose from the ditches in the early hour. As we began to climb away from the Valley of the Hermit we met Indian women garbed in their colorful red huipeles, a blouse-like affair and tight wrap-around blue skirts. Huge baskets of papayas and avocados balanced on their heads while their swinging arms kept rhythm with their half-walk, half-jog pace. Soon we were approaching the little village of Mixco, half way up. We were also approaching our first trouble.

The sun shone from a clear madonna blue sky as we put full power on the engines and started up the steep incline. Through lush green vegetation that crowded to the road's edge it was possible to spot isolated thatch-covered Indian huts. Ten minutes away from Mixco the motorcycle began missing and with a final cough slid to a stop. About the same moment a Guatemalan motorcycle patrolman approached us from around a curve.

"*Buenos dias,* is there something wrong?" he asked in Spanish.

As Ernie spoke no Spanish, I explained that something appeared to be wrong with the engine and the two began working over the motorcycle. Despite their earnest efforts it showed no spark of life. Ernie decided to coast downhill to Mixco. Soon he was out of sight, the engine still silent.

The patrolman began chatting in Spanish. After I warned him to speak slower he continued:

"So you are going to Antigua. All the way on a motorbike. You do know how to ride the motorbike, *senorita?*"

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"Si," I replied in basic Spanish.

And perhaps the *senorita* also knows how to drive a car?" He was obviously curious about any female that took to machines.

"Si."

"And perhaps the *senorita* also knows how to fly an airplane?" he continued. I couldn't resist the temptation.

"Si, but only a little one." After all it was only a little white lie.

Meanwhile, Ernie had made arrangements with the local official in the village to use another motorcycle while his was being repaired. We were to pick it up on the way back.

Once again we left Mixco, this time escorted by the patrolman. After crossing the divide, traveling was on the downgrade; less work for the engine but certainly requiring more skill on the driver's part to keep from sliding on the loose gravel into abrupt ravines many feet below.

Guatemalan roads follow no trail laid by nature or men's feet. It is as if a huge *machete* had nicked the mountain side. By great engineering skill they consist of dents in the mountain, following a tortuous twisting line through the dense growth. A deep green mantle covers the jagged terrain. Strange, exotic wild flowers burst upon the eye in curious and startling colors. The fabulously blue sky, exhilarating air of the mountain altitude and above all that serene symmetrically shaped giant of nature, the volcano Agua, imbue one with a serenity of heart that only nature in perfection can inspire.

Our destination reached, we glided to a stop beside an ancient stone fountain that shot its glistening spray upward to the indigo sky on an incline at the city outskirts. Before us stretched the red tile roofs of the "*Muy Noble y Muy Leal Ciudad de Santiago de los Caballeros.*" It was lovely. Nestled at the foot of Agua, with the pastel buildings, cobbled streets, grass grown ruins of many churches, was the "Very Noble and Loyal City of St. James of the Knights of Guatemala."

A horde of little brown boys descended upon us.

"*Senor*, the best guide in all Antigua is myself, Carlitos," said an aggressive little fellow in ragged cotton shirt and pants.

"That is one big lie. I am much better guide than he," shouted another.

"He knows nothing of Antigua, *senor*, follow me." With an impressive air of taking our fate in his hands, Carlitos began jogging ahead of us. There was nothing to do but follow. We had a guide whether or not we wanted one.

We were first directed to the stone shell that was all that remained of the church and convent of San Francisco which was begun in 1543. Nature's brief tremblings had caved in the roof of the proud church. As in most of the ruins, the rubble has been cleared away. The patio is surrounded by arched cloisters and has been planted with grass and the fountain again has water simmering over the stones.

"*Magnifico*, is it not?" said Carlitos.

Indeed it was. Nature's destructive hand could not wipe out the vision of the past as we gazed upwards through massive stones silhouetted against the fathomless blue sky. We wandered through the dim shadowy corridors accompanied by the chattering Carlitos. The spell was broken with the arrival of a tourist-filled taxi at the front entrance.

Carlitos suggested a visit to Santa Clara, formerly one of the most popular convents. The patio, exceptionally large, contains a fountain that is considered one of the finest in Antigua. From the choir loft, Agua is framed by a large octagonally shaped window. Leading from the loft, a narrow dark staircase burrows through the wall to the roof.

Sitting on the slightly curved roof we basked in the sunlight, the clear mountain air throwing a panorama of many hued buildings, volcanos, flowers, and ruins before us. Below us the church entrance opens into the patio for the convenience of the nuns going to mass from their rooms opening on the patio. One wonders if the still ruins, sprouting flowers from crannies here, enveloped with bougainvilla in other spots, is not more beautiful than when it was used centuries ago. The four



On her way home after marketing is a typical Indian woman garbed in a colorful huipeles, a blouse-like affair and tight wrap-around skirt. Balanced on her head is a huge basket containing papayas and avocados; in her arms is her squirming baby, and yet the basket remains steady.

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Fountain at the outskirts of Antigua with the trio of volcanoes "Agua," "Fuego" and "Acatenango" in the background



The patio surrounded by cloisters of the convent of Santa Clara



The Palace of the Captain Generals on one side of the town plaza



View of the three volcanoes "Agua," "Fuego" and "Acatenango" from the road



Terrain of Guatemala is composed of jagged green mountains.



Early morning market in Mixco where the motorcycle was repaired

graveled paths cut the green growing carpet to the carved stone fountain in the center. The symmetric beauty of paths and cloister arches of pure Spanish styled architecture blend well against the ever looming mountains.

Carlitos pointed out various points of interest from our vantage place. We must see the church of Nuestra Senora de la Merced with its massive facade carved with entwining vines and flowers. *La Recoleccion*, one of the artists' favorite studies with its eight-feet thick walls and perfect proportions is a favorite. Perhaps one of the most photographed churches is Nuestra Senora del Carmen. Carlitos reeled off the names of many others in familiar rapidity.

Time has seen many changes. Once the Plaza de Armas vibrated with the activities of glittering colonial court life. Now an occasional Indian walks with soft-footed steps before the Palace of the Captains General. An extremely beautiful Indian girl in the white blouse and full skirt that identified the Coban women, stopped to sell us a "genuine" old Mayan coin.

"*Senor*, it is worth many times over the four dollars that I am asking," she said. After a pleasant and expected period of bargaining Ernie bought the coin for a quarter.

While the exploration of the many churches is the principal attraction in Antigua, there are also



Fountain in the patio of the Church of La Merced



"Agua" looms above the ancient capital of Antigua



Interior of the Church of San Francisco



View of "Agua" from a gate to the patio of the Church of La Merced



The Church of La Merced

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Roofs of a small village in Guatemala



The white walls of Guatemala City shine in the valley where it lies

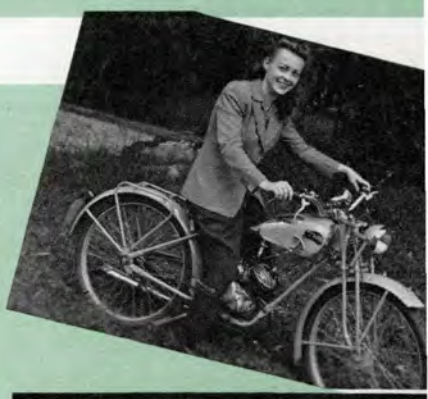


"Agua," the Cathedral on the left and corner of the Palace of the Captain Generals on the right

colleges, hospitals, and restored homes that should be visited. The Popenoe House, a restoration of an old colonial home, is widely known and has been reconstructed with great care down to the smallest detail. Built in 1634, the history of the house is an excellent insight into the social life of Antigua through the years. However, it was not until a later trip to the city that I saw the house.

A day is not enough time to see Antigua and one leaves with the feeling that some day he will return. When is not important—time itself is not important in Antigua. Ravaged by time, yet mellowed with the years, the crumbling stones of Antigua hold the mysteries of life through the ages. One must spend lazy days basking in the sun of the quiet plaza and wandering through the ruins in order to know the history woven into life in the city at the foot of mighty Agua.

Over the same winding, twisting road, we returned to Guatemala City. A short wait for the final touch on the motorcycle in Mixco and then the last few miles back to the capital. As we flew downward we could see the last rays of the sun outlining the volcano Agua and striking the white walls of the city. It simmered in the distance as a huge pearl in the darkening valley. In a few moments the mountain of past terror and glory which separated us from Antigua completely obscured the sun and it was night.



The author on her motorbike



View of "Agua" through the choir loft window in the church of Santa Clara
Note the thickness of the walls



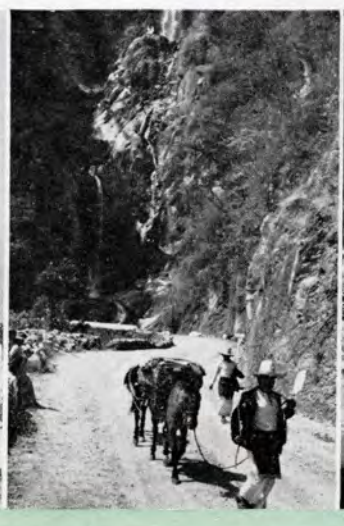
View of the three volcanoes from the roof of the church of Santa Clara



Big sister carries little sister



Looking at the volcano "Agua" from a street in Antigua



Indians going to market along Guatemala's mountain road



Ruins



Ruins

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1. Standing beside Lufkin long stroke TC-OL-61 Unit are left to right, Glenn E. Henderson, Lufkin representative; M. G. Scott, Secretary; and M. L. (Ike) Boroughs, Superintendent, Oscar R. Howard Lease, Santa Fe Springs, California. Located on Well No. 8 of the Howard Lease, this unit is producing 800 barrels per day from 4600' with 2½ tubing ¾ sucker rods, 2" plunger pump at 19-93" SPM.

Before the TC-OL-61 and the Buda were installed Well No. 8 was equipped with an old standard wooden end and a single barrel engine. It was running at 27-74" SPM. It was practically impossible to keep the well producing. The main sill used to walk from under the sampson post and the rods and tubing would part weekly. Since the installation of the Lufkin TC-OL-61 and the Buda, most of this trouble has been eliminated.

Ike is doing a good job in keeping his employees. He has six employed, four of whom have been with him about 25 years, one about 18 years, and one about eight years.

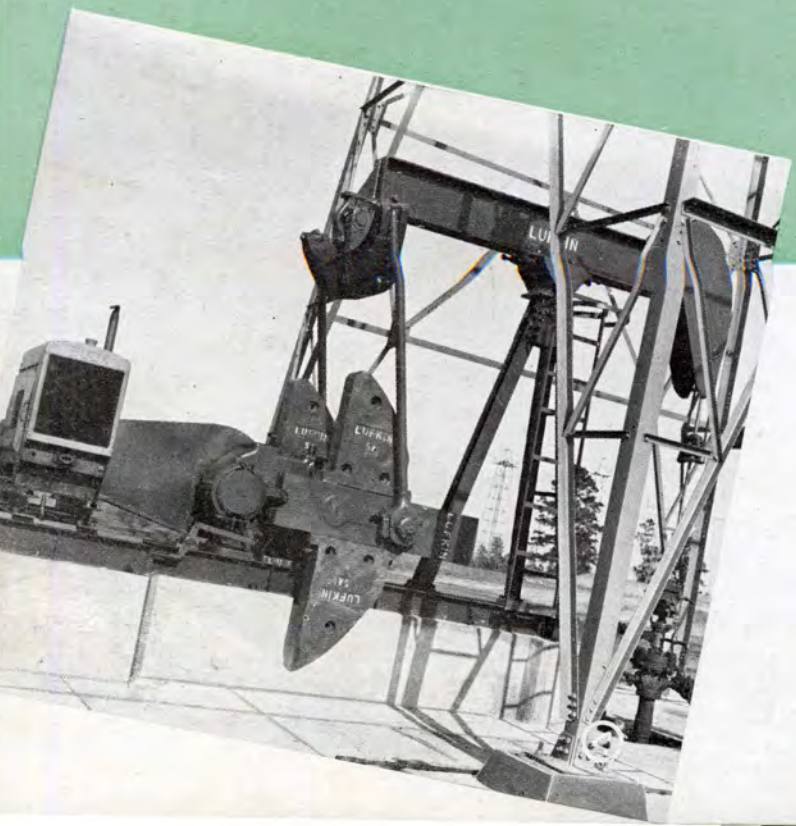


Lufkin INSTALLATIONS

2. TC-4C-24 Unit with Viku Waukesha Engine, Berg, Laney and Brown, Umpstead No. 17, Smackover, Arkansas.

3. Lufkin TC-2A-35 Unit with Viku Waukesha Engine, Alexander A-1, McAlester Fuel Company, Village, Arkansas.

4. Lufkin TC-5A-15 Unit with 217 H.P. Buda Engine, McAlester Fuel Company, Wesson Heirs No. A-2, Wesson Field, Arkansas.





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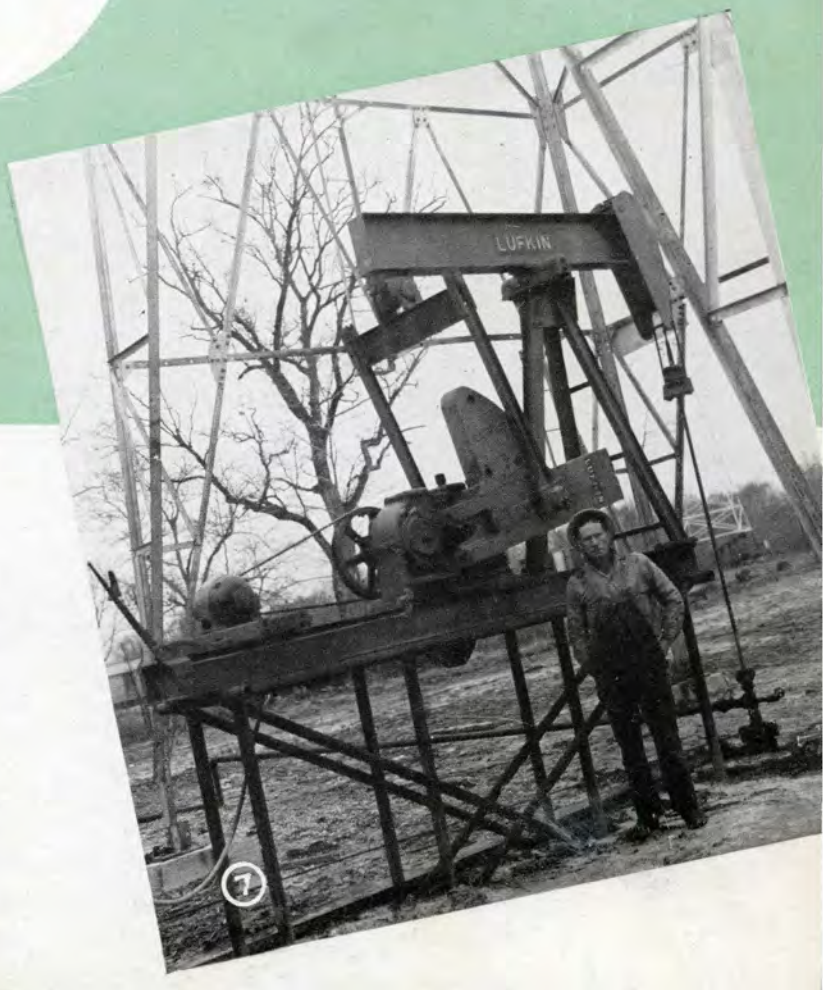
HERE, THERE EVERYWHERE

5. TC-3A Unit with Electric Motor Drive, Kennedy and Bachellar, Muslow No. 9, Pine Island, Louisiana.

6. TC-1-54B Unit, G. H. Vaughn, Macedonia Field, Arkansas.

7. TC-9 Unit with Electric Motor Drive, Conway Oil Company, Muslow-Bailey A-5, Pine Island, Louisiana.





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JUNGLE Journey

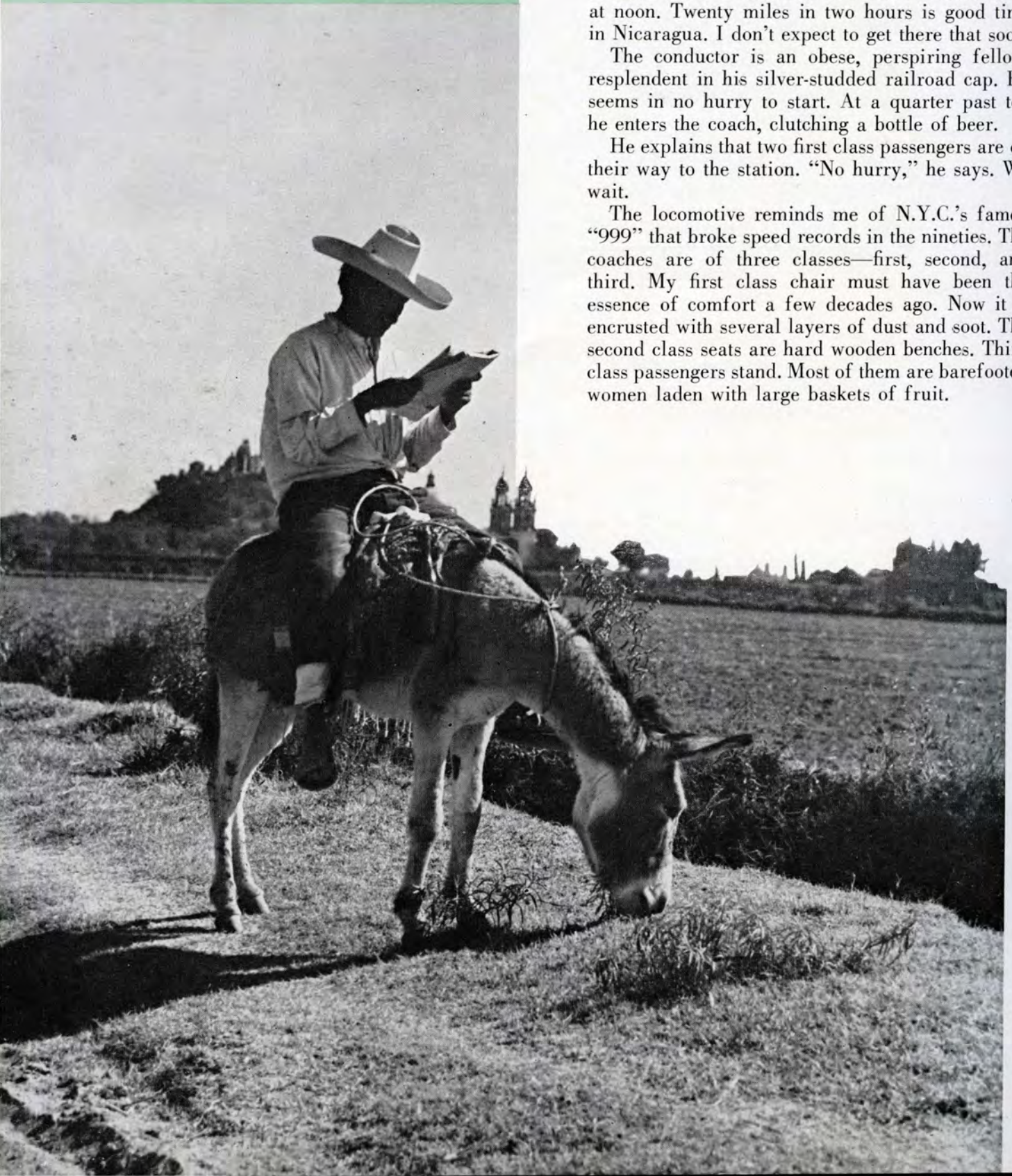
It is my third train ride in Nicaragua and I have profited by experience. I know what to expect from the crew and my fellow passengers. I do not smoke but I bring along a package of American cigarettes.

At Puerto Morazan I board the train with a ticket to Chinendega, twenty miles away. We are to leave at ten o'clock and to reach our destination at noon. Twenty miles in two hours is good time in Nicaragua. I don't expect to get there that soon.

The conductor is an obese, perspiring fellow, resplendent in his silver-studded railroad cap. He seems in no hurry to start. At a quarter past ten he enters the coach, clutching a bottle of beer.

He explains that two first class passengers are on their way to the station. "No hurry," he says. We wait.

The locomotive reminds me of N.Y.C.'s famed "999" that broke speed records in the nineties. The coaches are of three classes—first, second, and third. My first class chair must have been the essence of comfort a few decades ago. Now it is encrusted with several layers of dust and soot. The second class seats are hard wooden benches. Third class passengers stand. Most of them are barefooted women laden with large baskets of fruit.



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At last a young aristocrat and his wife climb aboard. A barefooted youth with a guitar accompanies them. He will enliven the journey.

At half past ten we are off with a jerk. We cross a swamp and a river. We skirt a volcano and plunge into the jungle.

A priest comes up the aisle toward me. He asks for a cigarette.

Two well-to-do ranchers drink beer together. They wear 45's strapped to the hip.

There is an altercation in the second class coach. I go to the rear and peer through the door. A man holds a murderous machete aloft, threatening to split another man's head. The victim pleads for his life. The assailant is appeased and the machete is put aside. The train rolls on.

The aristocrat invites me to join his party for a beer. He asks if I can spare an American cigarette. The youth strums his guitar and sings "*Solamente Una Vez.*" He has real talent.

We stop at a village. A crowd of women get on, vending their fruit. A man buys a coconut, splits it, and drinks the milk. A small boy enters the coach. He exhibits a poisonous scorpion in his cupped hand. I see that he has removed the hooked stinger. He seems quite proud of his plaything.

The train whistle toots, the women scramble off, and we plunge into the jungle once more. Twenty minutes later we stop again. There's no village in sight this time. I learn that it's pay day for the section gang and the money is on our train. The workmen converse with the fat conductor. He is not in a hurry. We wait.

At one o'clock we get started again. The jungle thins. We are approaching Chinendega.

In the outskirts of town we halt. A drunk man staggers aboard. Hurriedly I look out the window but he sees me. To my surprise he is not of Latin descent. "You Americano?" he says, extending an emaciated hand. "Me too. Me from San Francisco. No see many Americanos. You give me Americano cigarette, no?"

We enter the Chinendega station at a quarter of two. A dozen hack drivers scramble aboard to contest for ten first class passengers. "Hotel Vera Cruz, Senor?" "Hotel Vera Cruz," I agree, extending my pack of American cigarettes.



Most of the fruit and flower vendors look like this Indian woman who carries her wares atop her head.

There is no such thing as hurry in this country. Witness the scene of master and burro homeward bound from market.

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SNAPSHOTS

WITH THE *Lufkin* CAMERAMAN



















1. At the Speaker's Table at the meeting of the East Texas Chapter of A.I.M.E. in Kilgore, Texas, in March are left to right, R. T. Wade, Schlumberger Well Surveying Co.; Riley Aucoin, Humble Oil & Ref. Co., Tyler; Phil Lehnhard, East Texas Engr. Assoc., Kilgore; Marshall Fagan, The Petroleum Engineer, Dallas, visiting fireman and guest speaker; Tom Frick, Atlantic Ref. Co., Longview; and Bob Hess, Shell Oil Co., Kilgore. 2. Personnel of the East Texas District of Gulf Oil Corp., Kilgore. Seated are Misses Rosemary Herrington and Jean Flickenger, stenographers. In circle, Miss Nan Holley, PBX operator. Standing, left to right: E. L. Petree, Asst. Dist. Supt.; George Roeder, Warehouseman; T. A. Norman, Chemical Engineer; J. B. Russell, Dist. Supt.; and Guillermo Prias, Engineer from Colombian Government. 3. Personnel of the Tide Water Assoc. Oil Co., East Texas District, Kilgore. Front row, left to right: R. C. Weist, Dist. Chief Clerk; Nicholas Adams, Asst. Dist. Chief Clerk; T. L. Shackelford, Prod. Clerk; Margaret Chambers, Secy.; Pauline Henderson, Steno.; and S. L. McKinley, Foreman. Back row, left to right: M. E. Henry, Warehouseman; R. B. McGuire, Dist. Foreman; J. A. Butts, Jr., Dist. Engineer; and J. W. Johnston, Field Mech. Engineer. 4. Left to right: H. J. McNally, Assistant District Superintendent; J. C. McNatt, Engineer; C. R. Montgomery, Superintendent; Roy Harshaw, Engineer; and H. B. Seymour, District Chief Clerk, Phillips Petroleum Co., North Central Texas District. 5. Reno Oil Co. office personnel, left to right: Misses Martha Wallace, Wilma Whitehead, Mary Silkwood, and Mrs. Oleta Banks, Wichita Falls, Texas. 6. Office staff of the A. R. Dillard Oil Co., sitting, left to right: Misses Maurine Wood, bookkeeper; Winnie May, receptionist and secy.; Marie Cook, secretary; and Floy Brubaker, payroll clerk. Standing, left to right: Leedy Van Hooser, bookkeeper; Miss

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GRINGAS Go South

This little Indian boy is dressed in his finest for Fiesta day.



Every summer now since 1941 between 125 and 150 "gringas" say adios to bi-lingual Laredo on the Texas border and set out on their 240-mile pilgrimage to the highlands of Northern Mexico. Objective? Six glorious weeks in 5000-feet high Saltillo where these happy norteamericanas can combine study and play.

Six years ago Dr. Rebecca Switzer made a reality out of her dream of "let's take our college to Mexico to study Spanish," and thus Texas State College for Women in Denton, Texas, where she directs foreign languages, established its summer school in Saltillo. Now, girls from every section of the United States go there to study Spanish and Mexican culture.

Saltillo, capital of the state of Coahuila, is itself an old, cultural city, dating back to 1575 when a tribe of nomad Nahoa Indians settled there. Its 60,000 saltillenes, as its citizens are known, are proud of its being a famous serape center; proud of its August 6 fiesta, celebrating the founding of the magnificently decorated cathedral, when Indians come down from the hills, don gay-colored, elaborate feather headdresses and do Indian ceremonial dances in front of the cathedral. Its citizens have kept Saltillo "muy mexicano," and this, again, is a reason why it was chosen as a summer school site. It gives the gay co-eds a chance to see Mexican life as it is and not dressed up for "las turistas." Very little English is spoken here, another reason the students like the school because it gives them a chance to practice their Spanish.

When July comes big chartered buses begin to pull up in front of the tile-fronted Casa Colonial Hotel, headquarters for the school, and unload laughing and eager co-eds

Remembering that learning the customs and habits of a foreign country is a big part of any education, we were housed just upstreet from the Hotel Casa Colonial so that all activity would stem from the "headquarters" under college supervision. Some of us stayed in private homes converted into dormitories, and some in the "Casa" close by. Little time was squandered in getting settled in our home-for-six-weeks, and the minute clothes were unpacked and hung up girls would start darting from house to house, gasping in delight at the beauty of the bougainvillia-filled patios. Thus we learned lesson number 1, that part of Mexican life is their love for flowers. Be it only a humble adobe casita, if one peeps through the enticing doorways (and who can resist?), there is to be seen plants galore potted in everything from oil cans to brilliantly colored pottery jars.

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Our meals were served for students and faculty alike in the main dining room of the Casa Colonial. When the gong sounded announcing lunch or dinner, happy and avid students would file into the dining room, often to the accompaniment of Mexican serenaders who came by with their violins and guitars to greet the senoritas. I remember that the girls soon began to learn enough Spanish to ask Juan or Pedro, the white-jacketed waiters, for more of those wonderful tamales. The norte-americanas learn, too, an appreciation for that healthful food, rice, because soup and rice are "musts" in a Mexican meat at the Casa Colonial.

Making play and school seem synonymous, and to cut down on walking, too, Dr. Rebecca Switzer, director, has school headquarters just three doors downstreet from the Casa Colonial. It is here where girls find that learning Spanish is not nearly as difficult as they once thought.

The mornings are devoted to class-room courses, and the afternoons are left free for college-sponsored sightseeing tours, shopping tours, visits to homes of artists, or browsing through the ever-fascinating markets and practicing that bit of Spanish taught in the morning class.

For the lover of folk songs and folk dances, nothing will be more thrilling than the rhythmic count of "*uno, dos, tres . . .*" of the Mexican professor as he exhibits his utmost patience and skill in teaching these "*gringas*" the sometimes intricate steps of a Mexican folk dance. By this time, all of the enthusiasts from north of the border have made enough trips to the shopping centers in Saltillo so that as the girls come to dance class in the patio of the school they'll be decked out in Mexican jewelry, china poblano blouses, lace-yoked peasant blouses and colored, tiered skirts, all avidly taking lessons from one of Saltillo's dance experts.

Keenly aware that both young and old like to play as well as study, college sponsors have integrated in the program a social life that sends many girls back to the States with lingering memories.

For example, dances are arranged almost every Saturday night at the broad-terraced Manuel Acuna Club, named for the unfortunate Mexican lyric poet who committed suicide because of a disappointment in love. At these dances, the girls go in a group to meet the youth of Saltillo, who are equally as eager to meet the senoritas from the north.

If there are older persons in school who find dancing under a Mexican moon not as thrilling as other entertainments, then they will surely find pleasure in the week-end excursions to near-by cities. For instance, a day spent in Monterrey visiting not only the brewery, but the pottery factories, the innumerable silver shops, and El Obispado (Bishop's old palace) on the crest of Chepe Vera Hill almost a ruin now, but of considerable historic interest having been converted into a barrack after the sequestration of church property following the Reform Laws of Benito Juarez.

Or follow the crowd for a week-end trip to Torreon, about 185 miles west of Saltillo, in the productive Laguna district, and see what has grown from a small ranch settlement known as El Coyote in 1887 into a thriving, commercially rich town with cotton, flour, and iron mills. If real southern

Cacti-fenced, thatched roof houses are common sights in this country.



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Patio of the Casa Colonial, headquarters for the school.



Cathedral grounds decorated for the fiesta commemorating the founding of the Cathedral.

hospitality is sought, then here it will be found, for the ex-Governor of the State (whose two daughters he sent to TSCW) and his family out-do themselves in a round of glorious entertainment when the TSCW lassies come as their guests for the week-end.

The big house of the ex-Governor buzzes with excitement when the buses arrive heavy-laden with norte-americanas. The hosts dispatch agile, courteous maids scurring through the house showing guests to their rooms, pressing evening dresses, while the over-flow guests are sent to homes of Torreon friends. Girls find themselves staring agog that night in the patio of the red-tiled Spanish style house as they dance to a private orchestra, and see long banquet tables laden with lush food. Then again hospitality reigns supreme the next day when the guests are treated to a "ranchero" breakfast served in the gardens of Torreon's modern country club. If ever a breakfast brought forth "ah's" and "oh's" it is this one, and the girls never stop talking about it. Again there are long, white-clothed tables implanted firmly under huge willow trees, and filled with such things as boiled corn in the shuck, barbecued cabrita, hot and crisp tortillas, melon, frijoles of the most delectable sort, all served to the accompaniment of mugs of steaming hot coffee.

Such friendliness as this can't fail to please, so around noon-time the girls reluctantly climb into Saltillo-bound buses, in which have been placed huge baskets of fruit as a last token of hospitality.

However, one can sit right at home in the patio of the Casa Colonial and be entertained and educated, for here at intervals during the summer come some of the most outstanding entertainers of Mexico. For example, the Orquestra Tipica de Mexico, with its colorful Charro costumes, braided trousers, sombreros, give a concert of typical Mexican music; and expertly trained dancing teams, dressed in brilliant, authentic costumes, thrill the spectators with beautifully fascinating Spanish and Mexican dances.

Near the end of the six weeks "las turistas" begin packing up their belongings, scanning the town for cartons to carry home their many purchases of the summer. They are a happy throng as they again congregate in front of the Casa Colonial, this time to say adios to their many friends made during their journey to Mexico. The hotel manager, the faithful waiters, the men from the kitchen, maids and servants from every part of the hotel gather around to say farewell. Again the chartered buses pull up, baggage is loaded, and soon the gringas are headed northward with memories of a swift-moving summer, a better understanding of and appreciation for the Mexican people, and a strong resolution to go back home and spread the gospel about our charming neighbors of the South.

A "gringa" takes in the fresh air and mountain view while on an outing.



Mexican dancer (center) sent out by the Cultural Mission of Mexico City, with two summer school students dressed in costume.



The girls take "time out" for foot-cooling in a stream while on a picnic in the mountains.



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Let's Laugh

Elderly Patient: "As we have known each other so long, doctor, I do not intend to insult you by paying my bill. But I have left you a handsome legacy in my will."

Doctor: "That's very kind of you, I'm sure. By the way, just let me have that prescription again. There's a slight change I want to make in it."

★

Kissing will definitely not shorten one's life, but it does make time pass more quickly.

★

He: "My boss said I was a young man who would go far."

She: "You're going just so far—no matter what your boss said."

★

Shopper: "I want some nice, big apples for my sick husband. Do you know whether they have been sprayed with poison?"

Clerk: "No, ma'am . . . you have to get that at the drug store."

★

FOUND: Woman's bag left in my parked car. If owner will pay for this advertisement she can have it. If she will tell my wife how bag happened to be there, I'll pay cost of adv't. Telephone Jefferson 8100 — the quicker the better.

★

Headline in New York newspaper: "Father of Ten Shot—Mistaken for Rabbit."

★

A Broadway playboy had a closer shave than he bargained for in a local barbershop. His manicure girl was very beautiful, and he suggested dinner and a show that evening. "I don't think I ought to," said the girl demurely. "I'm married."

"Ask your husband," suggested the playboy. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"Why don't you ask him?" said the beautiful girl. "He's shaving you."

★

One tried and sure method of getting your wife home soon from an out-of-town vacation is to send her a copy of the local paper with one item cut out.

A man pinned underneath his car after an auto accident was being questioned by a policeman.

"Married?"

"No," said the man, "this is the worst fix I was ever in."

★

Two Cockney lads were discussing their jobs. One was telling how he'd just been taken on as a porter at an East End hotel, and that his employer had told him that he must treat the guests with tact.

"Tell me, Alf," he said, "do y'know wot this bloomin' tact is?"

"'Ere, now," Alf replied. "'Ere's wot tact is: I 'ad a blinkin' porter job m'self, at the Dorchester. And one fine day I was cleanin' up a bit, and I 'appens to open a bathroom door and there, nice as you please, is the Duchess—in the tub.

"So, wot do I do? I close the door quick, and I 'oller, 'Beg pardon, your Lordship'!

"Now, that 'beg pardon' was politeness, but that 'your Lordship'—that was tact!"

★

A rich old aunt was paying her nephew's college expenses and her visitor asked her if it was expensive.

"Well," said the aunt, "some of the languages run pretty high. My check this month covered $10 for Chemistry, $20 for Latin, and $250 for Scotch."

★

A very large American woman, wearing a brilliant red dress and many diamonds, went to consult a celebrated dress designer. "Mr. Rudolpho," she said, "what colors should I wear?"

The connoisseur looked her over a brief moment and then replied, "My dear madame, when the Creator fashioned the hummingbird and the butterfly, He made them of brilliant colors; but when He created the elephant He made it taupe!"

★

It's just an idea — but if your neighbor keeps his radio going full blast until 2 a.m., give him a ring at 4 a.m. and tell him how much you enjoyed it.

A pair of newly weds had tipped the porter generously on boarding the train to keep that fact a secret. The next morning, noticing many knowing looks cast in their direction, the angry groom called the porter to account for his treachery.

"Lawdy, boss," he replied, "I didn't tell 'em; they asked me if you was jus' married and I sez no, they're jus' very good friends."

★

Of all the surprises, there's nothing to compare
With treading in the darkness on a step that isn't there.

★

First wife: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Second wife: "No, and it's terribly exasperating. He merely grins."

★

A fisherman found a snake with a frog in its mouth. Frog is pretty good bait, so he got a forked stick, fastened the snake's head to the ground and helped himself to the frog. The snake seemed much depressed to lose the frog, so he consoled the reptile with a shot or two of whiskey. The snake seemed pleased, wriggled its tail and undulated away.

The fisherman thereupon baited his hook with the frog and sat down to await a bite. A while later he felt something knocking against his leg. The snake was back again, tapping the fisherman's leg with its tail to attract attention. In the snake's mouth was another frog.

★

"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it help you?"

"Peter Pipe picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Wonderful!"

"Yep, but it's d-d-darned hard to w-w-work into an ordinary c-c-c-conversation."

★

The lady of the house was entertaining her bridge club when the pattering of tiny feet was heard on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their goodnight message. It always gives me such a feeling of reverence to hear them—listen!"

There was a moment of silence—then shyly, "Mama, Willie found a bedbug."

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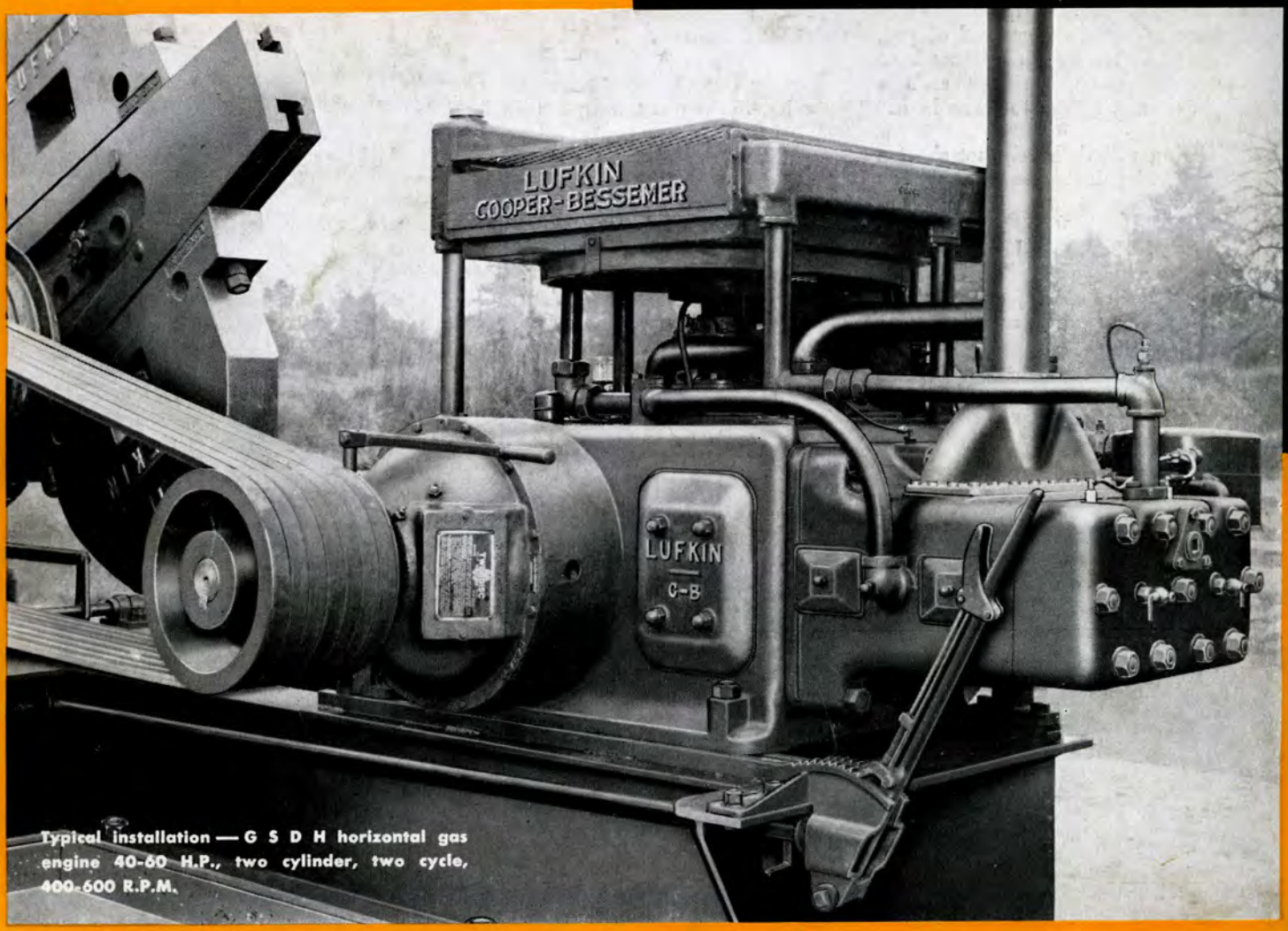

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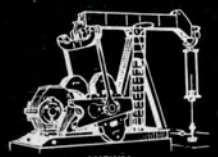

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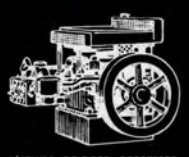

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