

FORD TIMES

MARCH 1947





Photo by George King

San Antonio's Medical Arts building as seen from the Alamo.

March, 1947

In tribute to Texas, our largest state, on the celebration of her Independence Day, March 2



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William D. Kennedy..... Editor-in-Chief

Irene Cornell..... Managing Editor

Arthur T. Lougee..... Art Director

Burgess H. Scott..... Roving Editor

Nancy Kennedy..... Games Editor

Jane Lahy..... Circulation Manager

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the titled trees of Texas

by Ervin Hickman

BRYAN; TEXAS—Anyone who has crossed Texas comes away with a mixture of impressions—including one that he has met more trees personally than in any other state of the U.S. This is because Texans, unlike other folks, are not content to let trees merely be trees. Instead they have given names to as many as possible and ear-marked still others for future historical reference. What's more the Texas Forest Service at Texas A. & M. College here in Bryan has been assigned the job of not only keeping a record of those already named and accounted for but of passing judg-

ment on all new applicants to the state's arboreal hall of fame.

To begin with there's the Santa Anna Surrender Tree, spotted with a granite marker about 20 miles outside of Houston. Here the Mexican General Santa Anna surrendered to General Sam Houston after the battle of San Jacinto in 1836.

Commemorating the final thrust of Texas strength is the Independence Tree in West Columbia where the declaration was read March 2 of the same year. This was the first assembly of the Texas Congress. Some 300 Texas soldiers are buried under the tree.

In Skillman's Grove, in the Davis Mountain region, the Prayer Tree marks the spot where early cowboys held camp meetings—possibly the precedent for the meetings held annually in that part of the state now.



Because a young girl killed herself under a great oak in Alamo Heights in San Antonio, the tree has been called Suicide Oak. Originally its top branches served as a look out for Indians.



And then there's the Treaty Oak, a gigantic tree near the bank of the Colorado river within the city limits of Austin. Here Stephen F. Austin signed the first boundary line treaty between the settlers and Indians 500 years ago.

In the middle of the public road in the small town of San Saba is the Matrimonial Oak where Indian braves and maidens held their trysts. And now, every spring, there are three or four couples married beneath its branches.



In Austin the Auction Oak marks the spot of the first auction sale of land in lot size in anticipation of the new capitol. At the Henderson Tree the citizens met to decide the name and location of Rusk County. Crockett County's first court met in 1891 under the Charter Oak. And the Matagorda Salt Cedars stand on the spot where LaSalle was said to have landed to build his Fort

San Luis and raise the flag of France in Texas.



For all the trees named there are scores merely marked. An ancient tree in the main street of Columbia is a reminder of the first district court. If the defendant were found guilty court adjourned and the criminal was strung up on the limbs over the court's head.

In the yard of the old home of General Sam Houston in Huntsville there is an old pecan where he smoked the pipe of peace with his Indian friends and planned his campaigns, so history says.

The pecan is the state tree—all because of Governor James Stephen Hogg. His last wish was that “no monument or stone or marble” be placed at his grave. Instead he asked that there be planted “at my head a pecan tree and at my feet an old fashioned walnut; and when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and walnut be given out among the plain people of Texas so they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees.” The trees are large on his grave in Austin. The fruit of the first tree was planted at College Station.

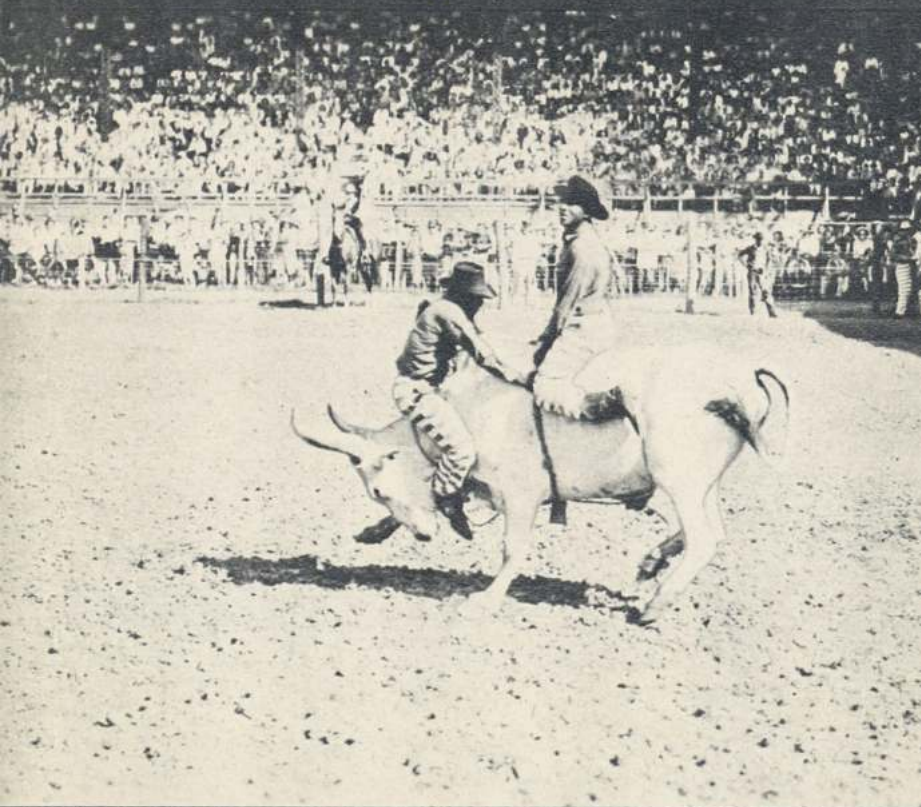
Not so long ago a city ordinance in Commanche tested the Texan's love of trees. It declared that the ancient oak on the courthouse lawn be cut down. An old-timer in Commanche, Uncle Mart Fleming, had, as a boy, slept under the old relic. In protest Uncle Mart, his shotgun under his arm, seated himself on the courthouse lawn and told the tree cutters:

“Boys, I don't believe I would cut this here tree down today.”

The tree still stands.



One-Picture Story



ROUGH RIDING: "Hold 'em Inmate! Hold 'em bank-robber," cry the 25,000 spectators at the Texas Prison Rodeo, held the first four Sundays in October at Huntsville. Burglars, hold-up men and murderers sentenced from one-year terms to life in prison take part in the wildest, fastest rodeo ever staged to draw Texans as well as tourists. Announcers introduce contestants as Inmate Smith or Thief Jones, but never as Prisoner Smith or Jones. Occasionally, men try to escape, adding to the excitement of the rodeo, an annual event since 1930.

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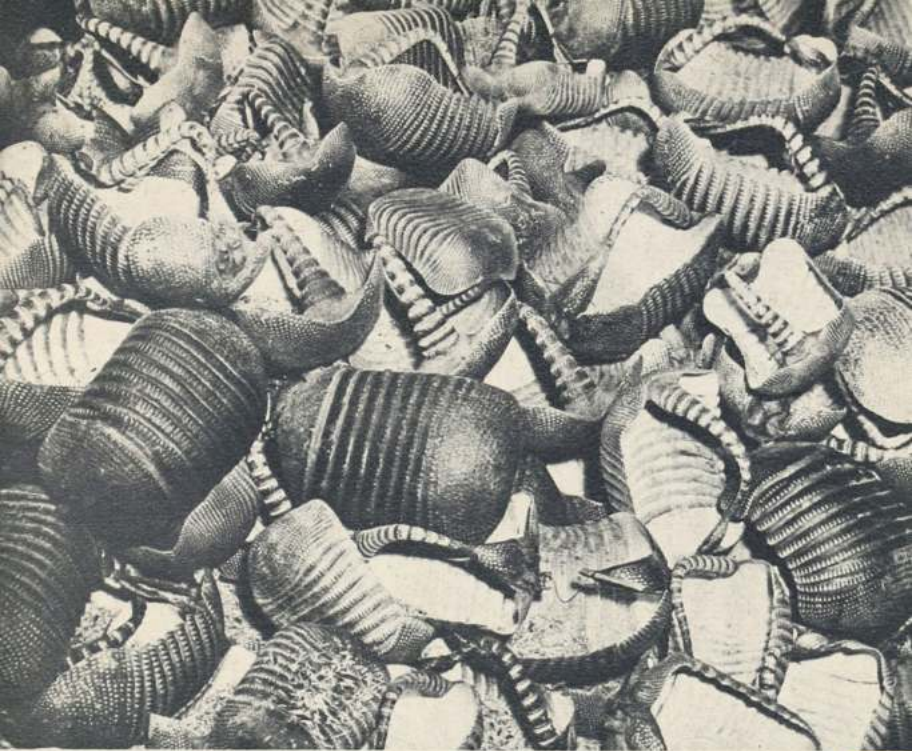
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'dillo ranching

by Burgess H. Scott

COMFORT, TEXAS—In the live oak hills not far from this quaint German village, Mrs. Charles Apelt is running what she claims to be the only armadillo farm and factory in the world.

From the hard and glossy shell of the little mammal she makes baskets and lampshades which go

to all parts of the world. The farming part of her enterprise is growing live ones for sale to students or just anybody who, for some reason best known to himself, wants an armadillo. Mrs. Apelt has a strict ruling that armadillos raised on the farm are not to be killed for baskets. She said she becomes

attached to them as they grow up about the place, although her hard-shelled herd displays little affection for her.

The baskets are made from wild ones killed and cleaned by hired Mexican hunters. As the armadillo is a nocturnal animal, the hunt takes place at night. The animals travel in herds of 40 to 50 and can be tracked by little furrows in the dirt left by their dragging tails. When the animal is finally cornered he heads for a burrow, whereupon the hunter reaches in, grabs its tail, and starts pulling.

Plucking an armadillo out of its burrow is more of a job than it sounds. They have strong, clawed

feet and an ability to cling to the ground that tests the strength of a strong man. One method is to apply steady pressure until the animal's grip loosens—slacken quickly, and then give a yank.

There is danger involved in armadillo hunting, not from the granary but from the rattlesnakes the animal chooses to live with. The armadillo's tail somewhat resembles the tail of a rattler. Hunters who grab a rattler instead of the 'dillo don't usually live to tell about it.

Once in hand, the animal is harmless, relying on its hard shell for protection. The armadillo's most vulnerable point is the soft back of its skull, usually kept

If this armadillo's mother could see him now! He's become a sun-helmet for one of Mrs. Apelt's customer's. Other armadillos have become baskets with fancy satin linings.





Armadillo embryos sell for \$3.50 each, are the size of an orange.

tucked under the eaves of the tough shell. A sharp blow on this spot dispatches the creature painlessly and it is ready for cleaning. Some consider the meat of the armadillo a delicacy, one Mexican custom being to roast it in its shell. It is said to taste something like turtle and to resemble young pork in texture.

There are some uses for armadillo meat other than for human food. A chicken feed of sorts has been made from it, and an oil extracted from it is used in cosmetics and medicines. Mexicans consider the oil tops for rheumatism, softening boots, and preserving leather.

The name, "armadillo" is the Spanish diminutive for "armored," hence the literal translation is "little armored one." About 30 species of the animal occur from South America to Central Texas. They are the only mammals protected by bony plates. The Apelt armadillos are of the nine-banded variety and make the best baskets. He is a mammal of the anteater family and kin to the

sloths. The zoologists refer to him as an "edentate," meaning "toothless," although he does have a few molars far back in his mouth. He is non-poisonous, omnivorous and has a nose something like a pig's with which he roots for his food.

The female armadillo has scientists puzzled, because she always has a litter of four—never more or less—and these four are always of a single sex. Because of this peculiarity, there's a lively trade in armadillo embryos for study and dissecting.

The animal is fast but clumsy and appears baffled by everything. He can take off like lightning, but it's usually in the wrong direction. The armadillo has no offensive weapon, being all but toothless. However he has the best defense of any animal in his hard shell and can also deal out a small amount of punishment with his strong feet and whip-like tail. The largest armadillo at present is a yard-long giant variety from Brazil, but students say it has a prehistoric ancestor as big as a rhino.

The farm armadillos are kept in

pens surrounded by fencing sunk in the ground deeper than a 'dillo can burrow. If they were fed what they like most, they would be on a steady diet of fishing worms. As it is, they get dog food crumbs soaked in milk. The young are surprising in that they are born complete with shell, looking like tiny carbon copies of their parents.

The Apelt business was started in 1887 by her late husband quite through chance. A basket weaver by trade, Mr. Apelt had been over from Germany only a short time and was trying to make farming in Texas pay off. In his field one day he saw an object he had taken for a big rock begin to move. He then captured and killed his first armadillo.

Aside from the strangeness of it, he immediately saw its possibility as a basket. From that beginning has grown the Apelt factory.

For a while about 25 years ago forest fires were killing so many armadillos that Mr. Apelt found it hard to get his raw material, but now the animals are thick again over all of Central Texas.

For baskets, Mrs. Apelt sews a tufted satin lining in the shell. The head and tail plates are fastened together over the open

shell, forming a handle. Then there are various refinements in the basket motif, including the addition of stuffed armadillo feet to serve as legs for the basket. With a fringe of beads around the edge, the shell becomes a creditable shade for a desk lamp. One very special number is the armadillo desk set, the main shell forming a container for ink and pens, and smaller pieces of shell covering the blotter and other utensils. A small stuffed armadillo is thrown in as a paperweight.

Prices on the shades and baskets vary from \$4 to \$25. One specialty costing from \$7.50 to \$9, is the "armadillo completa," meaning a complete stuffed armadillo with no function other than confusing callers. As a final offer, the Apelt catalog states: "If you are real daring you can have the live armadillo sent to you." Live ones sell for \$5 each or \$9 the pair. One of the biggest live orders ever sent out by Mrs. Apelt was 60 sent to Sweden for study.

Mrs. Apelt will continue to operate the business which once was ridiculed until her husband showed his neighbors that it is possible to turn hard shells into hard cash.





TREASURE INLAND

by Lynn Treadwell

MENARD, TEXAS—Since a day back in the 1560's when the Spanish explorer, Coronado, started out hopefully into America's southwest searching for seven jewelled cities; men, young and old, have been lured to this part of the country in quest of fabulous hidden treasures. Although most searches have ended fruitlessly, as did Coronado's in a jewelless mud hut city, enough fortunes have been made by treasure seekers to keep the others digging on.

Tourists are the latest to join the ranks of the goldbugs, and they hunt for a few weeks as feverishly for buried treasure chests and lost mines as do the "desert rats", the grizzled prospectors who spend their lives following old maps and new leads

in the hope of uncovering secrets of the past.

Just outside of this city of Menard on U.S. 83 is centered the search for one of the most famous treasures, the San Saba Mine. The ruined old fort outside of the town was supposedly the military protection in the late 1750's of a rich Spanish silver mine which is said to have been abandoned because of the savage attacks of Indians. The ground for miles around has been feverishly dug and re-dug, but the fortune in silver remains elusive.

Down in the Nueces River section of Texas near Montell and Camp Wood, just off U. S. 83, is another lost mine. Abandoned by the Spanish, it has disappointed scores of hopeful goldbugs. Old



General Baylor, one time governor of Texas and a rugged Indian-fighting frontiersman, spent a fortune and the last years of his life looking for it. He was spurred on in the search by a joker who put a few gold shavings in with ground ore samples and then neglected to tell the elated General of the deception.

Goldbugs disagree as to the best method of gaining a fortune. To some the thought of operating a gold mine—if they found one—is too complicated; hence they prefer the treasure of hidden chests of jewels and money. Just such loot is claimed to await some goldbug down near Brownsville on the Rio Grande. Somewhere out six miles from the city is buried all the payroll left behind by the Mexican Army after its defeat at Palo Alto. Cart-loads of the gold pieces were buried and, if you are inclined to

doubt the legend, the son of one of the Mexican diggers will swear to its truth.

A bag of Mexican opals and over \$37,000 worth of silver lies waiting somewhere near the grave of Montez Rodriguez, a beautiful Cuban girl, near Del Rio. Traveling east of the mouth of the Pecos River near along what is now U.S. 90 with two adventurers who had operated gambling houses with her throughout the West, the Cuban girl became taken ill and died. Her companions buried her with two opal rings on her fingers and marked her grave with an initialled stone. Fearing to travel farther with their fortune, the men buried the treasure near her grave thinking they would return. But, as happens so often in tales of this sort, they never lived to claim their treasure. It is supposed to be buried in the side canyons of the Pecos. The only searches have

been guided by their deathbed instructions.

About 70 miles north of Austin, near Belton on U. S. 81, "ten burro loads" of silver and gold have gone undiscovered for years. Known as "Steinheimer's Hidden Treasure" it was buried by a wounded traveler who gave the directions for finding it to friends, but time had so altered the area when they came to dig it out that his description was of little use.

However the wide open spaces of Texas are not the only areas where goldbugs pursue their quest.

Outside Denver, Colo., near the Ralston Dam, are ruins of an old stone house which, according to legend, hides a chest full of solid gold bars, the loot of a stagecoach robbery. It has been estimated that if all the digging around this building had been concentrated in

one spot the Colorado goldbugs would have ended up in China.

Most of the treasure hunting in Montana is of the lost mine variety. A score of old frontiersmen went into Montana saloons displaying rich samples of gold they found "up thar" only to be shot before they told the exact location of their rich strike. About the badlands of the Missouri River in Montana just such a rich mine story is told. One William Keyes went into old Fort Benton (on State Highway 29) displaying a bag full of nuggets and gold flour from a mine in the vicinity. On his way back to his fortune, he was killed. Only the vague directions of his Indian wife have guided searchers.

Just five years ago an Idaho man spent hundreds of dollars trying to locate the hidden loot of

a Wells-Fargo stagecoach robbery. As the story goes a priceless cargo of gold bars was dumped into Mud Lake northwest of Idaho Falls on U.S. 91.

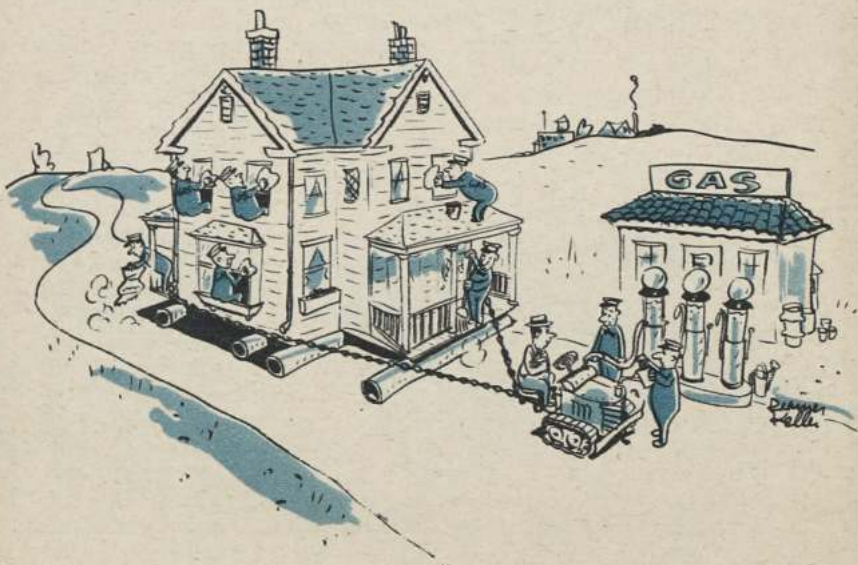
A few of the people who have gone around hunting for hidden objects actually "rightfully" own the riches. Anyone who has vainly hunted for a five





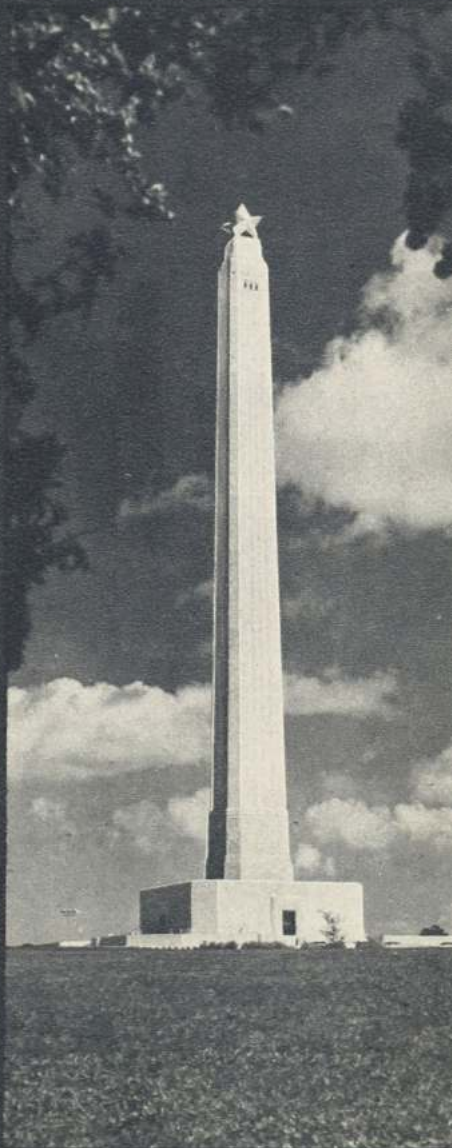
he hid away for a rainy day can sympathize with Frank James, one of the notorious James boys, who galloped up and down the Missouri trail leading to Dodge City, Kan., wearing out six horses, looking for the two million dollars he and his brothers had "tucked away" for hard times.

In this last case, Frank James gave up—but the goldbugs who followed him refuse to say die. The James treasure is merely one of many that they continue to hunt, from state to state, hoping that each new vacation or each trip will turn up a bonanza.



One-Picture Story

MEMORIAL TO INDEPENDENCE: The glistening shaft of the San Jacinto Monument represents more to Texans than any monument erected for the nation's Independence Day on July 4. If Texans had not won the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, the state would have gone Spanish. The Memorial to Texas' independence, which towers 570 feet above the famous battlefield, is the world's tallest stone monument. General Sam Houston and a band of 900 Texas patriots defeated Santa Anna's entire Mexican Army in 18 minutes, just 22 miles east of what is now Houston. Every year Texans hold a fiesta in memory of the patriots who conquered over a million square miles of land, or nearly one third of what is the United States.





NORTHWARD THE BLUES

by John L. Rose

SLOAN, IA.—Along the Missouri River bottomlands of north-west Iowa the stage is set for the annual presentation of one of the world's most spectacular wildlife shows—the north bound flight of the Blue Geese.

Early in March, hundreds of

thousands of the Blues, accompanied by their less numerous but very conspicuous cousins, the Lesser Snows, will fill the sky over these rich farmlands, swooping down for three weeks of loafing and banqueting in the fields of winter wheat and last year's stand

of corn. This will be the longest pause in their northward flight from the Gulf Coast salt marshes to the Arctic tundra. Practically the entire Blue and Lesser Snow population on the continent will gather in an area roughly 25 miles long and 15 miles wide in southwestern Woodbury and north-western Monona counties during blustery March days.

Their habits, and the co-operation of federal and state game

officers, enable the Blues and Snows to maintain top billing year after year as the greatest waterfowl exhibition. Front row seats for this show were nearly impossible until the advent of the automobile and the subsequent demand for good roads. Years ago, farmers and railroad men were the only ones to see these geese on their feeding grounds. Now the area is honeycombed with graveled roads. The best

Photo by George Newman

view, however, will be obtained by pulling on hipboots and walking along the banks of drainage ditches, a short but muddy hike from an all-weather road.

The sound made by the thousands constantly arriving and leaving is unbelievably like the rumble of a distant freight train. Besides the Blues and the Snows, thousands of other waterfowl frequent this area at the same time, including pintails, mallards and many kinds of ducks. Then there are the white-fronted geese, which with the Blues and Snows, are called "brants" locally.

The big birds put on a display of fancy flying as they arrive. They come in at an altitude of 400 feet and in a maneuver which outclasses the airman's "falling leaf" and drop almost straight down to the fields. They turn over on their sides until their wings are vertical, sideslipping downward 20 to 30 feet. Then they gracefully level off to slow the fall, turn over the other way and repeat the sideslips. Thus they lose altitude rapidly without gaining forward speed and when just above the ground, pull up sharply, put their tails down, beat their wings to a stall and make a perfect landing.

When the large flights arrive at night in rain or fog, towns in this area turn out their street lights. Waterfowl have often mistaken the glitter of the lights on wet streets for water, resulting in many deaths in crash landings.

Before the early 1930's, little

attention was given the Blues by conservationists. Poaching was making great inroads on the flights, and restaurants in river towns boldly included wild geese on their menus. Fearing that the beautiful birds faced extinction, the Iowa Conservation Commission assigned a force of from 25 to 30 guardsmen to protect these and other waterfowl. The federal service joined forces with the Iowa men and soon other states in the Mississippi-Missouri valley followed suit. Since 1936, a treaty with Mexico has afforded the same protection through the entire flyway.

Spring shooting now is held to a minimum, but there is no letup in the vigilance of the army which guards the royal birds. Much of the traveling is done over muddy roads in the lowlands where so much "gumbo" is rolled up and packed between wheels and fenders that progress is stopped. Most of the Iowa officers and many regional U. S. Game Management officers use Fords to force their way over these back roads to sloughs and fields. These guardsmen work 14 and 16 hours a day and then sleep with their charges.

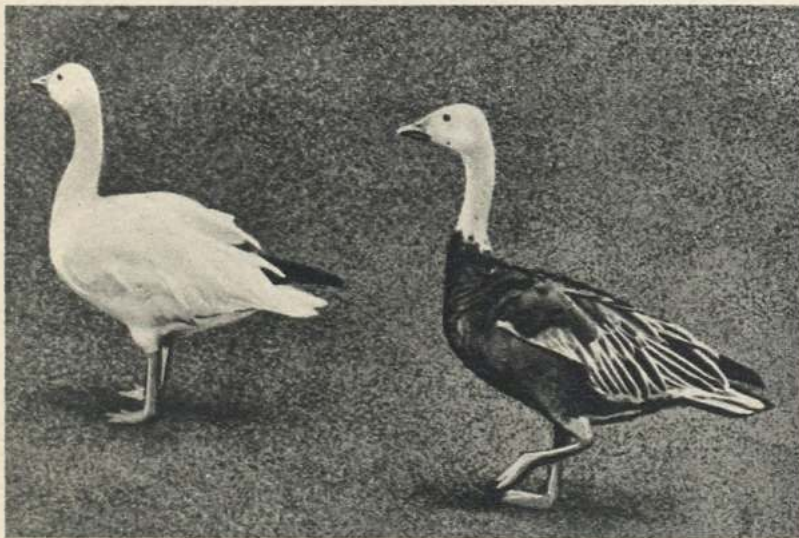
Seven years ago, a walkie-talkie radio was developed for the Iowa Commission to speed up communications between men in the field. The protecting army now has its Navy and Airforce. For many years, officers have used motor boats and recently a plane has proved useful in spotting poachers.

One March day last year, the plane directed game men in a Ford to a farmer and his son who were spotted on a side road with a car and trailer. When the officers arrived the men were innocently repairing a fence. Their surprise was complete when the car radio suddenly blared out:

"You'll find the geese in the weeds along the fence row and the gun is covered with mud under the trailer."

penalty to prevent second offenses.

Unusual characteristics of their southward flight also protect the Blue and Snow geese. Although they are legal prey in the autumn, they fly south in September when most hunters are just thinking about fall scattergun shooting. What's more, the great flights are non-stop from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf Coast. These geese fly from 50 to 60 miles an hour and up to a mile above the earth. They



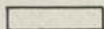
Conservation officers say that spotting violators is easy when flying in a slow plane close to the ground. In Iowa, the minimum fine is \$10 and the maximum \$100 per bird, plus confiscation of hunting equipment. And judges have no qualms about giving the consistent violator the maximum

cross Lake Huron and Lake Erie, then turn southwestward to western Tennessee and continue down the Mississippi valley.

They winter in salt marshes and mud flats along the Louisiana, Texas and Mexico coasts. Game officers guard them during the winter and large scale poach-



Bowman Bay, summer nesting grounds



Southward route, autumn



Gulf Coast, winter feeding grounds



Northward route, spring

ing is discouraged by the inaccessibility of their favorite haunts. In February, the Blues and Snows start a leisurely jaunt northward. It takes about 12 weeks to complete the trip, but it's on a schedule as accurate as a railroad timetable. Their first major stop is the

Squaw Creek refuge of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service near Mound City, Mo. After a couple of weeks they move north and west up the Missouri valley, with another long rest near the Iowa-Missouri line.

Then their next and greatest

concentration point is in this vicinity. From year to year, the times of arrival and departure have varied only a day or two. W. W. Trusell, Iowa Conservation Commission officer, has been keeping a diary on the Blues since 1932 and in that time the first flights have arrived not earlier than March 4 nor later than March 11, while the stragglers have pulled out between March 22 and 28. Old timers have seen these flights as long as they can remember and there are newspaper accounts as old as the 1860's. Official records were started nearly 40 years ago by Dr. T. C. Stevens, biologist at Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa.

Presence of the geese now called the Lesser Snows has been noted only in recent years. Longtime residents say that there were none in the "old days." These white geese are the same size as the Blues, weighing from five and a quarter to six and a half pounds. They have the same voice, pitched higher than the big Canada geese. At first they were thought to be mutations but biologists believe they are a true species. The Blues and Snows do not fly in a tight V-formation but sprawl out raggedly behind their leader or form long ragged bows across the sky.

When they leave here the flights turn up the Big Sioux valley and their next stop of importance is near Watertown, South Dakota. Then they go to the Red River Valley where U. S. officials turn

them over to the custody of Canada game men. The big birds head eastward to the tip of James Bay and then northward again.

In the early eighteenth century, Hudson's Bay Company men reported that the Blues vanished mysteriously into the Arctic. Their nesting place remained unknown to white men until 1929 when J. Dewey Soper, chief migratory bird officer for the Prairie Provinces of Canada, was taken to Baffin Land by a Cape Dorset Eskimo called Kavivau. The native remembered that in 1896 his father took him on a caribou hunt to Baffin Land. One day the youngster was idly casting stones when he flushed a Blue goose. His father told him its name was "Kungavik." Biologists believe that almost all of the Blues nest in an area 10 miles wide and 80 miles long near Bowman Bay on the west coast of the island, a windswept waste where summer temperatures often fall below freezing.

For most of the year the Blues and the Snows are the best of friends but as they approach Baffin Land another unexplained phenomenon occurs. The flights split, the Blues going to the west side and the Snows to the east. They raise their families among their own kind and have no association until the autumn flights.

Partners again, they split the continent in the southward leg of their dramatic round-trip migration which men, none too soon, have learned to admire and guard.

One-Picture Story



FISH OF ALL KINDS: Crystal-clear Lake Texoma, four miles north of Denison, Texas lures fishermen of all kinds—from the rod-and-reel angler to the fossil hunter. Texoma, a blending of the state names of Texas and Oklahoma not only has revealed traces of prehistoric man but has produced an unusual number of well-preserved and rare shellfish of past ages. Serving as fertile ground for sportsmen who may turn amateur fossil hunters, the Lake Texoma area is an exceptionally promising field for study and research by geologists and paleontologists.



DILBERT & QUEEN of the MAY

by R. Osborn & G. Foster

FREIND CLOVIS:

It is not even the spring of the year yet and your old pal Dilbert has been a fool about a woman. Altho this happens all the time to the most sophisticate of people you would think old Dil, who has been around and knows the score, would not trust a mere girl. But it is all tied up with my career as the political boss here at college and has taught me not to mix up love and politics especially now that spring is almost here.

In two plump words, Clovis, this is the story: Vernal Estrop is Queen of the May and I am now living in a trailer instead of my nice warm room in the house of Mr Gerald Sterch, the Truckers Trucker. Here is how.

I am stretch out in class here at Claw Memorial College along with the other vetrans and their wives and offspring as going to college these days is the same as signing up for some nursery school because the vetran couples take their infants everywhere with them and even park the baby buggies in the class rooms while partaking of the spring of knowledge.

Well, pal, I am dozing a little as I know the lesson cold and the prof is just handing out a lot of second hand stuff that was child's play when I put on my first long pants. I did not see this co-ed come in or would have been on the Alert.



She is sitting there smiling at the prof and every now and then writing like crazy in her little red note book like the prof had said something she does not wish to forget as long as she lives. I cannot help myself but let out a howl like a mad dog and the girl looks up from her note book kind of surprise. Then she smiles at me but the noise I make wakes up one of the infants which starts to howl also and this breaks up the class as the prof quits cold. Before I know it I am sitting



beside this new co-ed who says her name is Vernal Estrop.

"Are you not Dilbert the political boss," she said. So I have to confess I am and make a date with her that night to go for a ride in the California special as there does not seem to be any reason to waste time.

That night I put on my new three way weave suit, dig out my hand painted tie and make a very complete toilet, even spraying on a little Burly, the Perfume for Men that smells like old leather as I wish to make a quick impression on this girl. All this takes time and I run downstairs from my room



in the Sterch house as I am late but have the bad fortune to run smack into Mr Sterch who is always grappling hold of me when I am trying to sleep or even study to tell me what a good truck jockey he is and do I not wish to take some lessons in how to drive.

"Just a minute, Dilbert," said Mr Sterch, "what is that smell."

"Mr. Sterch," I said, "I do not have time to banty words with you as I have a heavy date and am in a great hurry so kindly step out of the way."

"Hold on, son," said Mr Sterch, "you are in a fine state of mind for a accident. Rushing off to a date with what there is of your mind on a girl and not on your driving you will forget to turn on your lights or signal for a turn or maybe even roar down the Main St like a bat out of hell and cream somebody. Take it easy."



He tells me to take it easy when I am practicly standing up this girl. How about it Clovis.

"What is more, Dilbert," said this Sterch, "why do you not just walk to your date instead of lurching around in your car in the dark as a menace to people that really have some place to go in their vehicles. Who is this girl anyway. I thought you went steady with that nice Ruthie James, a girl with some sense in her head except for going out with you."

"Her name is Vernal Estrop," I said, "if it is any of your concern and I am not married to Ruthie yet."

"Wait a minute," said Mr Sterch, "did you say her name was Estrop." But I pay no attention to him and breeze on by altho as later events show I ought to have but did not.

Well, Clovis, I roar up to the girls dorm in the old California special and collect Vernal but instead of me taking her for a ride she takes me for one altho I do not know it at this time. She is a tiny type girl and acts very helpless when she gets into the car having to have her arm held and all. She gives out with "O Dilbert, you are so manly not like these other drips around here" and "You look so strong, Dilbert" until I am in her power completely altho most of what she says is true. We wind



up at some night club in the neighborhood and she pretends she does not know her way around in one altho I am astonished when she puts away enough for the check to come to \$11.75 plus tax. She keeps asking me to talk about myself and my career at Claw as she hears I am a real political power on the campus.

"I bet you can get anybody elected anything," she said.

Well, it is such a pleasant evening I decide then and there to do something for this girl.

"It is spring coming on," I said, "and time for the student body here at Claw Memorial to elect the May Queen and baby, you are it if you say the word."



"O I am not that attractive," said Vernal.

"Baby," I said, "It is not always the prettiest girl that is elected but the one we politicians select in some smoke fill room at the fraternity house." I tell her how I have just elected Effie Harvey editor of the campus newspaper and she can barely write her own name but will swing the press behind this new campaign as of course I will write the stories and you know what a power with the pen I am.

"O it will be wonderful to be the Queen of the May," said Vernal and that is enough for me.

Clovis, it is a whirlwind campaign. I paint up the special with signs of my own composition which I do not mind saying are real attention getters like "The School Journal says VOTE VERNAL," and "Vernal Vernal Boy What a External" and like that. Vernal accompanies me around the campus clad in a fur coat and a little fur trim hat, sitting up



on the back of the seat and waving her little hand. She is a knockout I am forced to confess. Of course I have to make a few deals with the boys but politics is politics. Magee of Zoot Zete has a particular maid of honor in mind who honestly has a face that would stop a clock even one of these self winding jobs. But she is his sister's best friend and has to be taken care of so I promise to swing ten votes her way if Magee lines up the Zetes for Vernal and it is a deal. Then Trixie Sterch says she will deliver the votes of the Sisters of Swoon if I allow their all girl quintet to sing out on May Day and I agree, figuring I can sidetrack them later as they undoubtedly have fixt up some corny jive that will not suit the occasion in the slightest.

But the big sensation is how I drive Vernal about in the California special which creates such a uproar the Dean calls me in to ask what is the big idea disrupting the campus in this fashion and I have to laugh.

"Dean," I said, "you do not seem to realize that it is not what you get out of books that counts in college but the preparation you make for later life and I am getting ready now."



"Dilbert," said the dean, "I respect your ideals but I can not have you place the entire student body in peril so you must not use that car of your in the campaign anymore. Indeed I wish I could stop all the flaming youths like you from wild driving now that spring is nearing." He is a funny old duck,



Clovis, to mention spring as what can it mean to him.

Well, I let it pass as the campaign is over. We get out the vote all right and Vernal, the peoples choice, is Queen of the May. So I pour on the Burly with a lavish hand, drag out the three way weave and the hand painted tie as naturally I expect a little gratitude from Vernal. I roar up to the dorm as usual with a very nice little screech of the tires and find her waiting for me.

"Greetings, bird brain," said Vernal and I figure she is having her little joke. It does not exactly lay me in the aisles but I laugh easy.

"Hi Queen," I said.

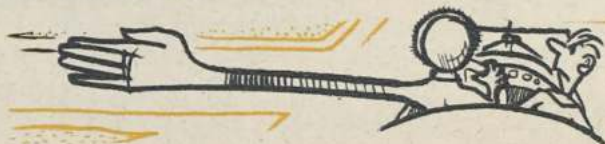
"Shove, bub," said the May Queen, "as I will take the wheel. Also keep leaning over the side so I will not have to smell anymore of that stuff either."

Clovis, I can not figure out the angle. Not once does she say "O Dilbert" but plenty of other things that remind me of none other than Gerald Sterch, the Truckers Trucker himself.

"For one entire week," said Vernal, "I have suffered the tortures of the damn in order to be Queen of the May."

"I do not get it," I said.

"Watch me," said Vernal as we approach a intersection. "I am now about to make a turn." So she sticks out her hand and makes a turn.



"What about it," I said.

"This about it," said Vernal. "I have taken a quick peep into the rear vision mirror to see if anybody follows me too close. Then I have stuck out my hand straight and level to show the direction in which I am to turn as I slow down. Also I am in the proper lane. Consequently everybody understands what I am about to do."

"I do not get it," I said.

"For one solid week we almost get it—but good. Tearing around this little town at a excessive speed just to attract attention when if we would go slow people would see me well enough to know how to vote and just because you wish to demonstrate what a hot shot you are at the wheel of a car."

"This is abzurd," I said. "I know this town like a book and can drive it blindfold."

"That is the way you have been doing it," said Vernal, "and if I had not thought you such a sweet boy and had political influense I could not have stood it. But I do not care to risk my life with you any longer. The hospitals is crowded with kids that think because they are in the home territory all



the rules are off. Why, I bet you do not even know what the local speed limit is."

"It is down to a crawl at this point," I said, trying to get a laugh out of her but no dice. However I am surprise to find her stop the car at the Sterch house where I live but with no style whatever as she does not even screech the brakes.

"Sterchie," yelled Vernal and then I find out what the score is at last.

"Stone Dome," yelled Mr Sterch running out of the house and grabbing the Queen of the May. Then out comes Mrs Sterch and you would think they are going to tear each other apart they are so happy to see each other.

"I thought I heard Dilbert mention your name," said Mr Sterch.

"Well," said Vernal, "considering my reputation and all in the past I did not wish to call on you until I had won local fame which I have. You are now looking at the Queen of the May of Claw Memorial College."

Mr Sterch said, "Haw haw. Stone Dome Estrop is Queen of the May, haw haw."

"Stone Dome," I said. "I do not get it."

Then Mr Sterch tells me I have been dating the most famous woman exhibition driver in the country, that is all, and Vernal use to appear at county fairs and drive old cars over barrels or thru fire and like that. The reason she is called



Stone Dome is of a trick she use to do of spreading out on the hood of a car that would buck up against a brick wall and Vernal would take the full force of the blow on her head except for a mere football helmet.

"Why did you quit," I said kind of sarcastic, "did your head get soft."

"Not in the slightest," said Vernal, "but during the war we could not get any old wrecks of cars with which to do our tricks as they were all on the road and most of them still are including that jalopy of yours that you call the California special. That is why I had to come to college."

"Heavens," said Mrs Sterch, "has a nice careful girl like you been driving with Dilbert."

"Yes," said Vernal, "for I did not know he was practiclly engaged to a sweet girl named Ruthie James and I wanted to be Queen of the May and did not know I would be elected without his support anyway. Nobody else was running."

"You poor kid," said Mr Sterch, "have a cigar." She took it and what is more she lit it right there on the street. How do you like that, Clovis, the Queen of the May smoking a cigar.



"Did he make right hand turns from the left hand lane," said Mr Sterch.

"All the time," said Vernal.

"Did he make left hand turns from the right hand lane," said Mrs Sterch.

"Yes," said Vernal.

"And did he act like a flaming youth and run his car around like crazy instead of respecting the rights of others that had somewhere to go and wished to get there in one piece."

"That is my boy," said Vernal.

"Heavens," said Mrs Sterch.

"I have not been able to teach him a thing," said Mr Sterch.

"Well," I said, "if I am such a bad driver as all that maybe I can get a job with the outfit Stone Dome here use to be with and drive a car thru fire or over a barrel."

But Stone Dome hands me the crusher. "Do not be silly, bird brain," she said, "as you are not a good enough bad driver to do that." Clovis, this is too much for me.

"Mr Sterch," I said, "I am force to move out of your house as I have had enough of these insulting remarks." The trouble is he takes me up on it to give my room to Stone Dome and that is why I am now a inmate of this home made second hand trailer in which I have made a investment.

I must say it is hardly a de lux job as there is only one window and sometimes I have trouble with the door. Also it is not very high inside so that I am always bumping my head against the roof if I forget to stoop and you would think I am the Hunchback of Noter Dame to see me. It is kind of rough early in the cold mornings when I have to rush over to the dormitory in my bath robe to brush my teeth but they tell me spring is here and soon will warm things up. I hope they are right.

Your pal,

DILBERT.





DOPE ON THE HEART OF TEXAS

by Nancy Kennedy

THE SAGE REASONING behind the old saying, "Whiskey is whiskey no matter how you mix it; and Texas is Texas no matter how you fix it," is apparent to a visitor just three and a half seconds after he meets his first native Texan.

Brashly as a small boy challenging "my dad's bigger than yours" Texans, right off the bat and without a blush, will tell you that "Texas occupies all of the continent of North America except a small part set aside for the United States, Canada and Mexico. It is bounded on the north by 30 or 40 states; on the east by all the oceans except the Pacific; on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and South America; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean and rest of the world."

In short order you will learn that whatever you might claim for your home state, Texas has the same only bigger, better and much more of it. Even a seemingly innocent conversation about rabbits can get a Texan started. Because you see, stranger, "Texas jack-rabbits, with ears as big as sails, can stomp their hind feet so loud the echo bounces back from three counties off—and they can jump two mountains without even taking a running start."



Texas is probably the only state that could prevail upon the staid U. S. Treasury Department to put up signs in California urging Texans to "Buy Bonds and Help Texas Win the War"; or that would plaster itself with posters telling Texans to "Win the War and Get the Damyankees Out of Texas." And nearly everyone has heard of the battalion on Okinawa that wanted to fight under the flag of the Lone Star State.

Even city rivalries are bigger in the Lone Star State. The most notable feud exists between Fort Worth, a bustling "howdy stranger" town, and Dallas, set amidst cotton fields 30 miles away and working to be the cultural center of the state. In 1936 Dallas was host for the Texas Centennial. So Fort Worth hired Billy Rose to put on a competing show and plastered Dallas with signs, "Forty-five Minutes West for Whoopee!" and "Dallas for Education, Fort Worth for Entertainment!"

Then there is the classic story of the airport the two cities were going to build jointly. To be constructed midway between the rivals, the project got off to a fine start, until some hawk-eyed Dallas citizen noticed that the administration building was on the Fort Worth side. The fur flew, but Fort Worth wouldn't hear of having the building moved. Dallas refused to contribute its share of the expense unless it was. So the airport was abandoned, and now

each city maintains its own.

On a plain flat as a billiard table, Amarillo is part of the barren Panhandle land about which Captain R. B. Marcy said in 1849, "This country is, and must remain, uninhabited forever." But the Captain didn't reckon with Texas spunk. Against great odds



the treeless expanse was built up and Amarillo, more recently, originated Mother-in-Law Day. Here, it is an annual event including parades and prizes for the youngest, oldest and the "most" mother-in-law.

Texas life still revolves around the state capitol of Austin, a city of commercial and educational importance spread over a sequence of hills and divided by the Colorado river. Back in 1840 it was the town where Indians would "occasionally knock over a poor fellow and take his hair." And, for this reason, you were pretty sure of finding a congressman in his boarding house after sundown.

Today, however, as you drive through the tree-lined streets at dusk you need fear no scalping. The worst menace you will meet are the thousands of University of Texas students hitch-hiking homeward.

That the same pioneer spirit still exists among Texas legislators is proved by the member from Dallas who recently introduced a bill to the Texas legislature to abolish hanging at the various county seats and to centralize capital punishment. No debate was expected when the law-maker sat down, until a deep-voiced member from South Texas gained the floor.

"Gentlemen," he began "one of the few attractions now left in the country is for the people to gather together at their own county seat and witness an occasional hanging, and now you want to take even that away from them. Mr. Speaker, I don't know what you think about it, but as for me, hanging was good enough for my fathers and it's good enough for me."

From the back of the auditorium a Cooke County member boomed out, "Amen, the Lord grant it; we all think so."

Down at the southernmost tip of the state is Texas' newest seaport, the winter resort town of Brownsville, which has a warm Gulf breeze all year long. Its nearness to Mexico gives it frequent occasions for fiestas which it celebrates with Texas thoroughness. Throughout the Charro Days (the week before Lent) all of the residents of the city must wear Mexico-Texas border costumes and every man has to grow a beard, which can be side-burn, goatee, moustache or full beard.

Non-conformists are displayed in a special downtown fiesta jail and prizes go to Mr. Full Beard and Mr. Little Fuzz.

Founded in 1839 as Kinney's Trading Post and described as "the most murderous, thieving God-forsaken hole in the Lone Star or out of it," Corpus Christi overlooks Corpus Christi Bay and is sheltered from the Gulf of Mexico by Mustang Island. A maritime resort and shipping center



visited by the trade fleets of the world, this city has shrugged off wars and hurricanes with Texas nonchalance. Old timers like to tell about the time during the Civil War when Federal ships bombarded the city. According to the story some of the men under Federal Captain Kittredge had swiped some of his best Bourbon and hidden it by emptying charges from some of the ship's shells and substituting the bottles. Then the battle was upon them—with no chance to separate the ammuni-

tion. So the besieged city was bombarded with whiskey laden shells much to the delight of the citizens.

Rich in Texas lore is El Paso which stands on the site of a city founded nearly four centuries ago when the Conquistadores first came through "the Pass." Touching both Mexico and New Mexico the town has an international flavor evidenced by the bi-lingual natives and the English and Spanish street signs. In fact before the completion of the Rio Grande Rectification Project the river (and the boundary line) had a tendency to change its course at will and people who were residents of Texas one week would find themselves residents of Mexico the next when the river had finished meandering. But no one seemed to mind too much and it made life in the rich and flourishing vineyard valley more exciting. Today when visiting dignitaries get off the train El Paso gives them a frontier welcome with yelling cowboys packing six-shooters who conduct the somewhat surprised visitor to an old stagecoach. Two greeter organizations, the Rancheros and the Sheriff's Posse, ride in noisy escort to the stranger's hotel.

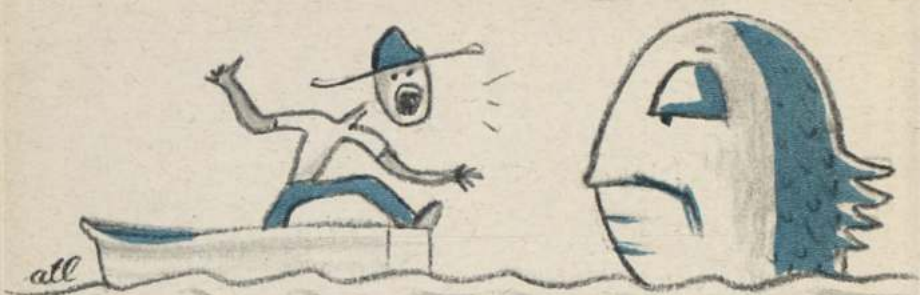
A Texan, unlike his California neighbor, will brag about bad conditions as well as good ones. He'll convince you that West Texas desert country is "so poor that crows have to carry their own rations when they fly over it."

This is particularly true of the peculiar Texas storms of "northers." In San Antonio, one of the oldest and most colorful Texas cities, where tourists walk along the flower-covered banks of the bisecting San Antonio river and visit the famous Alamo, they tell of a norther to end all northers which produced a hot-to-cold temperature change in record time. So swift was the change that



the tail and haunches of one citizen's horse were frozen as the animal entered the stable with its chest still at fever heat from racing ahead of the storm.

The center of tall fishing tales is Port Aransas, a small fishing center on treeless, sandy Mustang Island. Here fishermen clutter docks, piers and jetties once a year to cast their lines for the largest fish to be pulled from Gulf at the Tarpon Rodeo and Deep Sea Roundup which is held every held every year sometime during July. Trophies and awards await the champion inland water ang-



lers as well as the champion offshore fishermen. There are bonfire dances and shrimp boils and anyone who doesn't win a prize can fall back on a good old Texas whopper as an excuse.

He can tell of the whiffle pooffle that got away. These wary fish have a keen sense of humor and are lured to the boat by a funny story. As you talk, you edge the boat toward shore. Getting closer you pour grease on the water so the whiffle pooffle will slide right up on the sand. The only difficulty is that the whiffle pooffle is easily bored and often swims off in search of a more amusing angler.

The towns of Texas also reflect the extreme sensitivity of Texans. Back in 1904 Theodore Roosevelt did not include Temple, a city about 30 miles from Waco noted for its mild weather and hospitals, in the itinerary of a tour he was planning. The citizenry passed an ordinance requiring all U. S. Presidential trains to stop for five minutes in their town.

No matter how small the town there is always a good story as to how it got its name. Take Plainview, a small uncrowded Panhandle prairie city founded as a dugout in the 1880's. A young buck started out for a ride with the light-of-his life and told her he was going to kiss her when they got out of sight of her mother and father sitting on the porch. They drove for miles, but the land was so flat mother and father could still see them.

Finally in desperation, the young swain wound his reins around the whipstock and took the girl in his arms. "We are in plain view but I am going to kiss you anyway," he said. They married and founded the town of Plainview on the spot.

Galveston, Texas' upper Gulf coast seaport, has an appearance that suggests New Orleans, and a climate that has made tourist trade its principal industry. It is one of the few American cities built on an island, a large, low

mass of land that more than once has taken severe lashings from Gulf storms. But Galveston now rests safely behind a tremendous seawall built along the exposed side. The other side of the island has one of the finest beaches in America—30 miles of white, pavement-smooth sand. Galveston people like to confound visitors by casually asking if they would like to see a “bit of England.” The visitor, expecting a gag, is taken down to the dock section and shown long low mounds of sandy soil. It turns out the mounds really are little hunks of England, made up of earth dug up in England during the war as ballast for her empty merchantmen coming to Galveston for supplies.

As for Houston, the largest city of Texas and newest of the nation's major shipping centers, its growth is due to typical Texas determina-

tion. Twenty-five years ago it was an inland city, 50 miles from the Gulf, but it wanted to be a seaport. Most other cities would have been discouraged but not Houston. Its citizens dredged the Buffalo Bayou which sauntered through the city to the Gulf, made a ship channel of it and built a port on the edge of the city. In a matter of years the city became the third largest seaport in the country, outranked only by the Yankee trade centers of New York and Philadelphia.

Houston's action has put the bee in the bonnet of Dallas, 270 miles farther inland. Now it wants to dredge the little Trinity River, which runs through it, so that it, too, can have seaborne commerce. Knowing Texas this is probably just the beginning of a movement to make every major town a seaport—if they have to dredge every stream in Texas to do it.





TEXAS TRAVEL TECH

By Morris Horton

DALLAS, TEXAS—In Crozier Tech, special driving classes anyone who pulls a bad boner is a “dilbert”. As any Ex-Navy man—or any FORD TIMES reader who has been following Dilbert’s bumbling civilian doings—can imagine there is no greater insult to the ’teen-ager eagerly learning the right way to drive a car.

Having already attracted the attention of educators all over the

country by taking driving instruction out of the theory stage, the classes are spear-heading the concerted drive being staged by the State Department of Public Safety to put Texas ahead of any other state in driver education. Department officials say Texas, because of its thousands of miles of lonely highways, would need more men than the Belgian army to patrol all the roads. The only solution,



connected to colored lights which indicate if students are driving properly.

To give the classroom an illusion of motion, Tysor sets up a motion picture projector and on a screen before the class, shows a film of a car in action. The students "drive" the car shown on the screen. They hear the sound of a motor starting and at the proper time shift into second, then into high as the car goes down the street.

The instructor watches a control panel which indicates the students' reactions as they drive

through crowded streets, stop for traffic lights, make right and left turns with proper hand signals and learn what to do at railroad crossings and boulevard stops.

"Jim, you didn't hit the brakes fast enough on that red light. You would have been half way across the intersection before you stopped," the instructor tells the students as he checks his control panel. "Bill, you're still making wrong signals for left turns. Do it the way I told you."

The films are repeated until students improve. When they can drive the dummy cars without



making mistakes they are graduated to the third section of the class, to the range to drive a new Ford sedan.

Crozier Tech has a private driving range which is marked off into one way streets, two-lane highways or typical intersections with regular traffic lights. It is here that the students have an opportunity to put to practice the training that they have had.

Two officers of the Department of Public Safety attend all classes

and friendly. They should not try to cut in ahead of others. In football and other athletic contests, schools have developed good sportsmanship to a marked degree. It can be developed in driving.

"2. Teach to react quickly to all mechanical adjustments on automobiles.

"3. Teach pupils to keep their cars in good mechanical condition.

"4. Teach pupils traffic laws and regulations designed for public



on the range. These are friendly, patient men who point out faults again and again.

Nor do the pupils learn only the handling of a car. Under the direction of J. F. Alexander they learn to get out and get under—and see what makes an automobile run. E. B. Comstock, assistant superintendent in charge of Dallas High Schools, who is Tysor's supervisor, believes it is the business of public schools to:

"1. Teach pupils sportsmanship in driving, to be courteous

safety.

"5. Teach that 85% of all traffic accidents are avoidable and how to avoid them.

"6. Teach the facts about automobile insurance."

Since Crozier Tech classes, public opinion in Dallas now demands that driving be taught in all the public schools. Some months ago the mayor of Dallas appointed a committee to study the driving problem. The group is composed of a large cross-section of Dallas citizens with genial Joe Murray as

Chairman of the Citizens' Traffic Committee.

Murray points out that a great part of the juvenile delinquency problem in Dallas has been associated with automobiles. Instructor Tysor bears this out. Before the training program started, Tysor assembled 60 Crozier Tech seniors, and asked how many drove cars. Every boy raised his hand. But, when Tysor asked how many were licensed drivers, not a single hand went up.

Under Murray's leadership, Dallas has established a special Juvenile Traffic Court for young offenders. They are subject to the

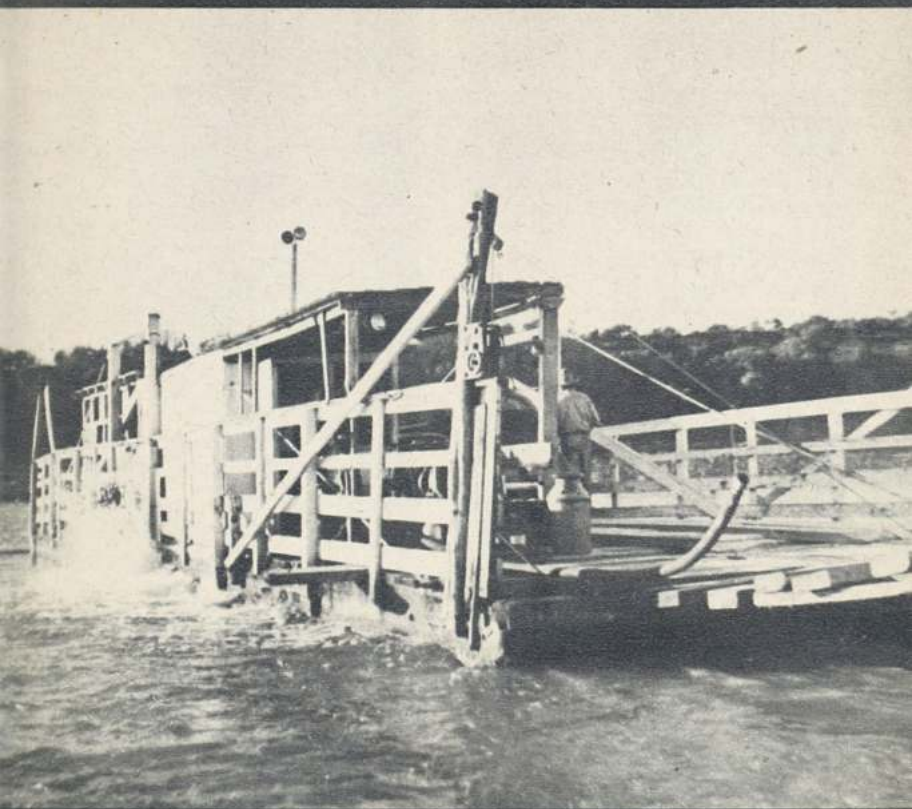
same penalties as their elders, in theory, but actually, first offenders usually are sentenced to nothing more unpleasant than the Crozier Tech driving classes.

The Dallas experiment, a splendid example of school, city and state cooperation, is succeeding so well that officer D. O. Wilkerson of the Department of Public Safety is making a tour of the state to sell the same type of driving class to more than 300 Texas high schools. It also is being closely watched throughout the country as a sensible approach to the as yet unsolved problem of highway safety.



"Hey, Sarge! Ya got a refresher course on left turns?"

One-Picture Story



TEXAS FERRY: The shuttling picturesque ferry that crosses the Perdenales River near Austin, Texas, with three automobiles on its back, is powered only by a 60 horsepower V8 engine from a 1937 Ford. The city operates free of charge the 60 x 20 foot ferry for an average of 40 round trips daily. The engine has never failed in the five years that it has been shuttling to and fro. There is an ingenious hook-up with a sprocket at the end of the axle which drives a chain to a shaft the full width of the ferry to attached paddlewheels (made of Fordson tractor wheels to which paddles are welded).

WESLACO, TEXAS—If you like informality, the Valley of the Lower Rio Grande is the place for you. The business suit is practically unknown, its place taken by surplus army suntans, which are worn by banker and street-sweeper alike. Any local tycoon you call on expects you to appear as he is—in shirtsleeves—and if you don't you're likely to be branded as stuck-up. Everybody encourages this *deshabillé*. In fact a prominent Valley hotel, one of a large Texas chain, has as its slogan "Come as you are!" Valley people stay clad just that way.

The Valley is the southernmost tip of Texas, small as agricultural sections go. It is less than 100 miles long and less than 50 wide. This fabulous place is known to its 300,000-odd inhabitants as "The Magic Valley" because in less than 30 years it has, as if by magic, been transformed from a mesquite-covered waste. What it lacks in size it makes up in super-fertility and a climate that has given the Valley one of its slogans: "Something growing every month."

No better example of its fertility could be found than the case of the Hidalgo county farmer who produced 14 bales of cotton from four acres: an unbelievable average of 3.5 bales per acre. Interviewed by the local paper about his feat, the



VITAMIN VALLEY

farmer said he had taken no special measures to bring about the heavy yield.

Ten million citrus trees are on the 150,000 Valley acres devoted to that fruit, and underneath the groves and vegetable fields are oil deposits which last year produced 15,000,000 barrels.

Some have called it Vitamin Valley because it grows much of the carrots, peas, beans, broccoli,



By Melvin Beck

and spinach consumed by the rest of America in the wintertime. To get this flood of vegetables to the dinner table, growers and marketing firms have placed farming on an assembly line basis, in which scores of V8 and Model A engines play important roles, from the point of irrigation until the time the produce is placed in the box-car. Since water must be placed on Valley soil, many V8's are

coupled to pumps, forcing water at high pressure through sprinkler heads.

Marketers have found that vegetables arrive in better condition if ice is piled directly on them in the refrigerator car. To do this a Texas manufacturer has built an ice blower, powered with a V8 engine. The blower grinds a 300-pound block of ice into snow and blows it into the car.

Not long after you enter the Valley you're bound to hear the term "wetback," as growers are dependent on them for labor in the fields. A wetback is a Mexican who has made an illegal entry into the country by swimming, wading, or walking across the Rio Grande. The fact that the Rio Grande is bone dry most of the year hasn't altered the expression.

When the river is deep, wetbacks build crude rafts of willow framework covered with canvas for the crossing and keep the Border Patrol busy nabbing whole boatloads. Through November in 1946, the Patrol in one district arrested 76,838.

Housing is no problem for the wetbacks because they don't seem to care in the slightest where they live. Large families thrive in cane pole shacks with mud floors. Recently Border Patrol agents flushed a large group of wetbacks living in caves dug into the bank of an irrigation canal.

Nearness to Old Mexico makes the Valley a bi-lingual section. Young and old have a conversa-



fruit and oil...

tional command of Spanish, some children learning it before they do English. The 30 mph speed limit signs found in Valley towns have companion signs in Spanish, translating the information into the Mexican equivalent of 48 kph (kilometers per hour).

Already a continental center for grapefruit, cotton, and truck garden items, the Valley has added still another distinction. It has become the bubble gum center of the country. With American production limited to four or five eastern factories, a smart Valley operator decided to capitalize on the nearness of the Valley to Mexico, where the raw gum is produced. He contracted for the entire output of four large Mexican factories, bringing a flood of the small fry confection into the States. The paradoxical result is Mexican shopkeepers along the border rushing across to Texas to buy up bubble gum whenever a shipment arrives.

The Valley is ready to start the development of one of Nature's most remarkable ready-made playgrounds: Padre Island. It is a long, "slim jim" of an island, 150 miles long, but averaging only two or three miles in width, and composed of some of the finest sandy beaches to be found anywhere. It lies just offshore and parallel to the South Texas coast between Port Isabel and Corpus Christi. The plan is to build a causeway which will permit cars



cotton...

to drive across. In addition to the bathing possibilities, the island is an excellent fishing ground.

The most intriguing aspect of Padre Island is the old legend that it contains buried treasure. It is said that old Caribbean pirates who had plunder to dispose of chose the island as a burial place. The island is a natural for recrea-

tion, and a family with plenty of children digging sand might turn up a sizable treasure.

Not far away, fishermen clutter docks, piers and jetties at Port Aransas once a year to cast their lines for the largest fish to be pulled from the Gulf, at the Tarpon Rodeo and Deep Sea Round-up. Trophies and awards await the champion inland water as well as the champion offshore fishermen. Men and women take time out from measuring the inches of their catch for bonfire dances, shrimp boils and crab boils. The rodeo-roundup, originated in 1932, was discontinued during the war. Renewed last season, it will continue this year, running from July 16 to 18.

As the Valley is small and densely populated, it follows that towns are unusually close together. Because of this the Valley claims that Highway 83, running for 75 or 80 miles between Harlingen and Mission, is "the longest Main Street in the world."

vegetables...



and fish.

It is a well known fact that the Confederacy gave up at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, but most people are surprised to learn that the last shot wasn't fired until May 13th of that year at Palmito Hill, 14 miles from Brownsville. The reason for the delay was that news of the surrender just hadn't got around and the Texas elements of the Confederacy were carrying on business as usual.

Valleyites admit to visitors that the thermometer climbs high in the summer but claim that it is a pleasant heat. And they will undoubtedly point out that there never has been a case of sunstroke in the Valley.



"I'm afraid I've been a naughty girl!"

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns



Del Camino, Texas

Jam Cake

- 1 c. sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sweet milk
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 c. flour
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 c. jam, any kind
- 2 glasses jelly (standard sized glasses)
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. ginger

Cream sugar and butter. Add milk alternately with flour, which has been sifted with soda. Add all other ingredients and combine, being careful not to break jam and jelly into too small pieces. Bake in 9-inch layers and fill with Pecan Whip, combining:

- 2 c. sugar
- 1 c. whipping cream
- 1 lump butter the size of a walnut

Melt another cup of sugar in a warm skillet, until brown, but do not burn. When sugar is melted add the other mixture and cook until heavy. Remove from fire and beat until creamy. Add one and a half cups Texas pecans and put cake together. A delicious man-sized dessert to top off the steak!

In the far west of Texas, deep in the cow-country, El Paso's Del Camino Coffee Shop boasts a national rating for its steaks. The coffee shop is operated in conjunction with one of the largest motor courts in that area.



Triple XXX, Texas

Barbequed Spareribs

To serve about 20 persons, you will need 10 pounds of spareribs. First prepare a dry base with:

- 5 tblsp. celery salt
- 2 tblsp. red pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ comino seeds (ground)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. black pepper

Mix these ingredients together. Before applying to the spareribs, rub the meat on all sides with vinegar. When the meat is sufficiently moist the powdered mixture should be rubbed in carefully. Cook the spareribs over an open fire, preferably with hickory wood

used as logs. The barbequing process will take from two to three hours, depending upon the intensity of the fire. Ribs, prepared this way, will remind your friends of one of their favorite Texas spots.

Just five minutes from the business district of Waco, Bill Wood's Triple XXX presents the true atmosphere of a Texas ranch-house. There are two attractive, air-conditioned dining rooms, as well as a counter coffee shop, all serving a menu that includes fried chicken, and Mexican delicacies.



Tarpon Inn, Texas

Cocktail Sauce for Shrimp

Down where the gourmets gather to appreciate the catch of the Gulf coast, the Tarpon Inn's boiled pompano, deviled crabs and various other seafood dishes are considered great delicacies. But nothing is more highly favored than the fresh Gulf shrimp, covered completely with cocktail sauce. For six servings, mix one cup tomato catsup, 2 tablespoons vinegar, a few drops tabasco sauce, one tablespoon horseradish, one-half cup mayonnaise, one teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon Lea and Perrin sauce. When well-blended, the sauce

may be chilled before serving. For variation, the tabasco sauce, vinegar and mayonnaise may be omitted.

In Port Aransas, Texas, known as the tarpon-fishing capital of the world, Tarpon Inn has the reputation of being the unofficial White House. The Inn is situated on the waterfront, at the northern tip of Mustang Island. With Corpus Christi more than 20 miles away, this fisherman's paradise is connected with the mainland only by a combination ferry and causeway.



Original Mexican Restaurant, Texas

Beef Taco

Boil two pounds of ground round steak in water. When cooked, add one teaspoon cooking oil, one tablespoon chopped onion, a dash of garlic, one-half teaspoon ground comino seeds, one-half teaspoon orinos, one-half teaspoon hot green chili pepper, a dash of black pepper, one-third teaspoon salt and one and a half cups of tomato sauce. This mixture is used as stuffing for fried tortillas. (The tortilla is prepared as follows: 2 cups sifted cornmeal, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon lard mixed, with enough water added to make the dough thin. Roll out to an eighth

of an inch thickness and cut about the size of a saucer.) For frying tortillas, use sufficient oil or fat to float them in the pan. Double them over once during frying and cook until crisp. Stuff each tortilla with several table-spoonsful of the meat mixture and top with shredded lettuce.

Founded in 1900, the Original Mexican Restaurant attracts thousands to 117 Losoya Street in mid-town San Antonio. With wall decorations taken from the conventionalized bird designs of the Aztec and Hopi Indians and Mexican scenes.

GAME SECTION

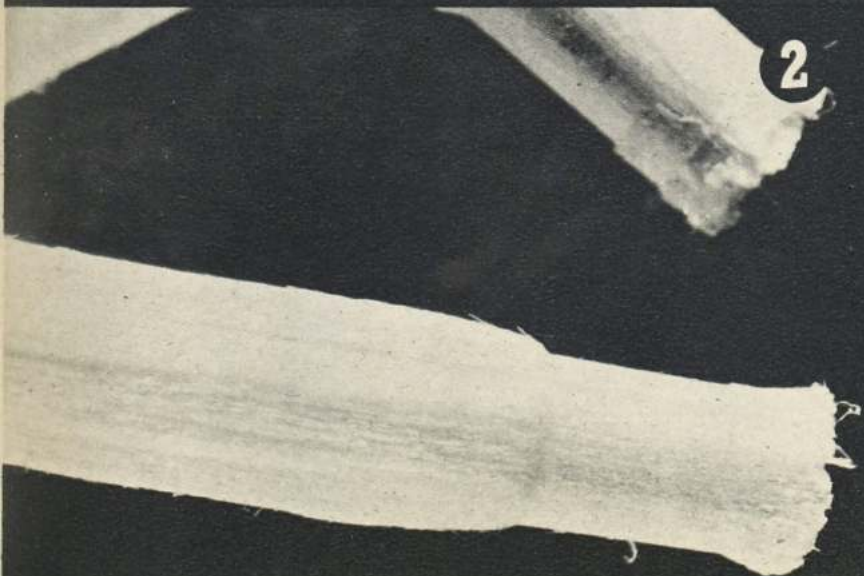
What Is It?

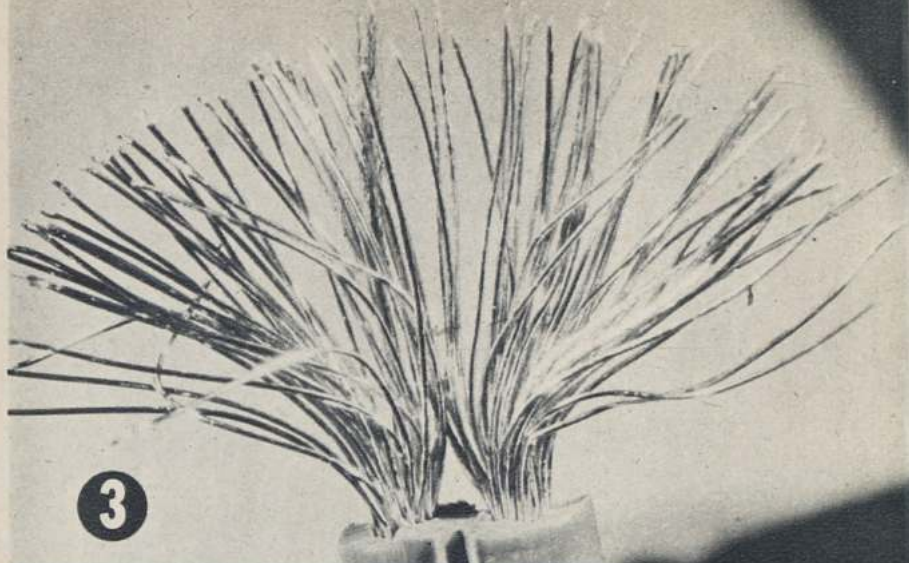
Six familiar objects have been distorted by the camera to confuse you. See how many you can call correctly. Answers on page 61.

Photos by Stewart Love

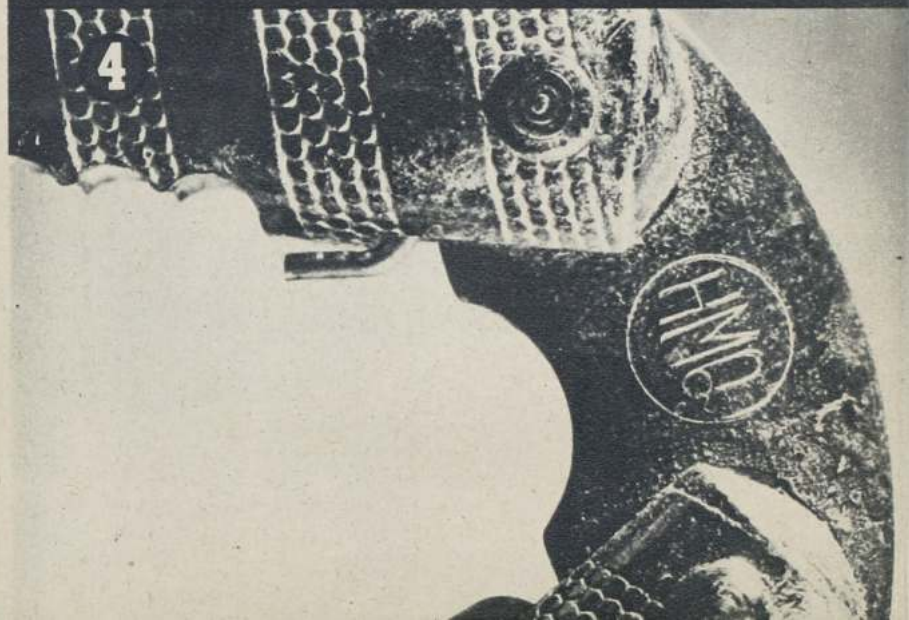


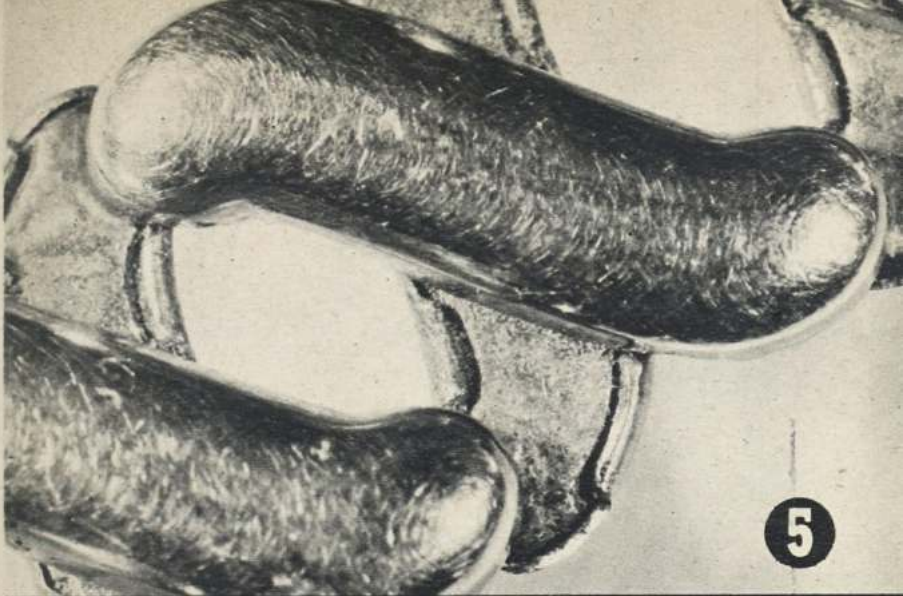
Neither new moons nor billysticks . . .





... not plant shoots nor a garden tool ...





5

... not a tire chain nor a radiator grill!



6

Name the waters

Photos by Three Lions





1. Hudson River
Ohio River
San Francisco Bay
2. Erie River
Niagara River
Lackawanna River
3. Yellowstone River
Colorado River
Columbia River
4. Gulf of Mexico
Pacific Ocean
Florida Bay



Answers on page 61.

Where Is It?

Below are listed six U.S. cities and you should be able to guess their names from reading the hints given. Six right and you are a whiz; four is pretty good; but only two and it is the open road for you! Answers on following page.



1. Home of Baylor U.

A sunny city lying in the Brazos River Valley and surrounded by the low hills of the Balcones Escarpment, it is named for a sub-tribe of the Tawakoni Indians. Cotton is the greatest source of wealth in this city which is also the home of the 30-acre campus of Baylor University, the state's oldest college. U.S. 77 will take you to this city, founded in 1849.



2. Mississippi City

Third largest city in Iowa, it stretches along the Mississippi for nearly five miles. You can see Rock Island and Moline, Ill., from the bluffs of this city. Events leading to the Civil War touched the town through Dred Scott, the Negro slave, who based his famous fight for freedom upon his residence in this city with his master,

Dr. Emerson. The name of this city on U.S. 61 is that of an important piece of living room furniture.



3. Longfellow was Born Here

One of the leading ports in the northernmost New England State, this city also leads the state in the fishing industry. During the summer tourist season, the town is the hub of activity for vacationists coming from all over the United States to Cumberland County. Both Indians and the British demolished this city on U.S. 1 during its early days. It is the birthplace of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and John Paine.



4. Glacial Water Supply

This is the seat of the University of Colorado lying in a protected

green valley within a stone's throw of the "Flatirons", a rock formation on the face of foothills. In these foothills are the city's 6,000 acres of mountain parks. Above them are glimpses of the snowy Continental Divide, on the breast of which is the largest glacier in the Rockies which supplies water to this city. Near U.S. 87, this city is only about 25 miles from the Rocky Mountain National Park.



5. Border Town

On U.S. 83, this city is at the southernmost tip of the U. S. A winter resort with an average temperature of 73 degrees, it attracts many visitors who go salt-water fishing in the nearby Gulf of Mexico. Spanish is spoken by as many of the residents as speak English. Many of the bitter battles of the Mexican War were fought on the site of this town. Its name was derived from Fort Brown, the oldest Federal garrison in the Rio Grande.



6. By the Rio Grande

Traveling on U.S. 85, you will be sure to go through this city in the fertile valley of the Rio

Grande. On the streets here you will see a variety of people; health seekers, retired industrialists from all over the country, vacationists, cowboys with ten-gallon hats and Indians selling gaudy blankets or turquoise and silver jewelry. Although inhabited for generations by the Indians, the Rio Grande valley at the site of this town was first seen by white men when Coronado explored it in 1540.

ANSWERS

What is it?

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. Eggs | 4. Nutcracker |
| 2. Kitchen matches | 5. Watch band |
| 3. Electrical wire | 6. Fork tines |

Name the Waters

1. SAN FRANCISCO BAY. That's the Golden Gate Bridge linking San Francisco and the communities along the Redwood Highway.
2. NIAGARA RIVER. The river flows from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario and forms two falls around Goat Island, near Buffalo, N. Y. The American Falls are a popular resort for honeymooners.
3. COLORADO RIVER. Boulder Dam has made a blue lake of the muddy Colorado river. Water has been diverted to supply Los Angeles and 10 nearby cities as well as Arizona and southern California.
4. GULF OF MEXICO. The Mississippi river runs into the Gulf of Mexico and builds at its mouth a delta of great size. This delta is steadily advancing into the Gulf at the rate of one mile every 16 years.

Where Is It?

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Waco, Tex. | 4. Boulder, Col. |
| 2. Davenport, Ia. | 5. Brownsville, Tex. |
| 3. Portland, Me. | 6. Albuquerque, N. M. |



FOOTNOTES ON TEXAS

The phrase "wide open spaces" is about as far as you can go in describing vacancy, yet when applied to Texas it seems inadequate. You can see more of Texas from an automobile window than you can of most states from an airplane.

Its size is difficult for most folks to comprehend. If a hinge could be placed at the top of the Panhandle (and Texans would do it if they could) so that the state could be flapped over northward, Brownsville would be 120 miles over the Canadian border. Put the hinges on the east boundary and fold; El Paso would be 40 miles out in the Atlantic. Fold it westward and Orange would jut 215 miles out into the Pacific. Flap it over southward and you wouldn't have any Gulf of Mexico.

Texans tell the following story to convey some idea of the size of their republic. A traveling man from Chicago while in El Paso received a wire from his boss asking him, as long as he was down in Texas, to drop over to Texarkana to see a customer. The salesman's reply: "Go yourself, you're closer than I am."



Underneath all of this space is an untold wealth of practically every mineral contained in any other state. The world receives nearly half a billion barrels of oil each year from this reservoir.

Chances are that anything in Texas is the "world's largest." As for oil, they have the world's deepest producing well—more than 13,000 feet deep. They end all discussion of the subject by pointing out that Texas also has the world's deepest non-producing well. Over in Pecos county one came in bone dry at 15,279 feet, and it bears the additional title of the deepest hole ever dug by man.



Perhaps the most amazing thing in Texas is the Texan, properly described as a man totally under the influence of the Lone Star State.

The Texas influence is a state of mind to which natives are born, and which gradually envelops anyone who moves there. It is a blind mother worship following the general theme: "There is nothing but Texas." The adopted son falls under it anywhere from one to six months after his residence begins, the unmistakable symptom being his appearance in a pearl gray Stetson that will be his headgear for life.

The transition is completed on the day he buys his first cowboy boots and goes through the agony of breaking them in with an "I'm doin' it for Texas" spirit. Thereafter he doesn't love, see, or



speak of anything but Texas. Stephen F. Austin and not George Washington becomes the father of his country.

The Texan becomes increasingly rougher and readier the farther he is removed from the metropolitan centers. A visit to a remote Texas town gives you an uncanny feeling of being an extra in a western movie. A visitor's presence is immediately sensed by the whole community. He is eyed in a calm and not unfriendly manner by lanky booted and Stetsoned Texans, with an implied admonition, "you better be here for a good reason, podnuh."

★ ★ ★

The Texan is surprisingly sensitive to the weather. A slight drop in temperature brings on a greater burst of conversation than a state election.

★ ★ ★

The Texan has a formula for drinking tequila, the fiery Mexican liquor made from cacti. He doubles his left fist with the thumb up and pours in salt until it mounds in the center of his hand. He has a half lemon or lime nearby. He gulps the tequila, drops the shot glass, and grabs the lemon. He then dumps the salt in his left hand into his mouth and chomps on the lemon. The instructions continue: "do not breathe around flame for at least 10 minutes."

★ ★ ★

The average Texan is as slow and deliberate in his driving as he is in his speech. Twenty-five to 30 mph. is the general highway speed, even over the vast stretches of flat straightaway. When the terrain becomes hilly matters are complicated. In Texas it is frequently as unwise to go fast over a hill as to pass a car on one, what with the slow driver who is certain to be on the opposite side.

When large groups of Texas drivers get on the same highway, they drive slowly along as if in convoy. When a passing driver has to make way for an oncoming car, getting into one of the small gaps between cars presents some of the same difficulties as parking at a curb.

★ ★ ★

Roaming livestock is one of the first and worst hazards the motorists meets. The cows show a preference for the highway, although what they can find to eat there is a mystery. They move onto the road without warning, and a big hunk of hereford steak at 60 mph. is as bad as a concrete culvert.

The following formula has proved useful on a recent trip and is offered as one possibility of avoiding the bovine danger. Cows eating parallel to the road can be discounted, because all things being equal, the cow can be expected to eat along without getting into the road.

The dangerous beast is the cow eating at right angles to the road. She will eventually eat up to the concrete and then mosey across the highway in search of more grass. Other angles between parallel and perpendicular can be judged accordingly.

★ ★ ★

A staggering amount of wildlife is killed by automobiles on Texas' thousands on thousands of miles of highways. Sometimes it's almost at the rate of a carcass for every concrete square. But



Nature's system of balances has moved forward admirably to take care of this situation. Swarms of buzzards and carrion crows are along every highway keeping the roads cleared.

Early in your Texas visit you'll notice people waving at you and speaking to you, but don't rack your brain with . . . "now where did I meet him?" You haven't met him. Texans speak to everybody and wave at everybody. Total strangers passing in cars on the highway will wave at each other nine times out of ten.



For a totally new sensation take a ride with a San Antonio taxi driver. He can make an extra lane for himself without scratching a fender, and can get you there faster than any other driver, the while scrupulously observing the speed laws. And, as he darts through the city's exceedingly heavy traffic, don't be alarmed if you find him studying his pocket street directory or making entries on his operating chart. He could drive that car blindfolded.

A Mercury dealer in San Antonio reports a run on spare steering wheels by young fellows who remove their two plastic spoke panels and replace them with clear lucite inserts. A young Texan cuts his name on one insert and his girl's name on the other—a throw-back, perhaps, to the art of saddle decoration.



Even Texas animals seem to come under the fabulous Texas influence. Only in Texas would you find that one-in-a-million mare mule which is fertile and capable of producing a colt. A horse born of that mule is still alive at Texas A. & M. College.

Eastland still talks about its horned toad (actually a lizard) which lived for 30 years sealed in a cornerstone.

After the Civil War 72 camels were imported from Libya as the ideal beasts of burden for the rocky sandy wastes of the west-of-the-Pecos country. The camels performed better than any other animals except for one drawback that eventually ruled out their use: West Texas hurt their feet.

West Texas sand fleas are conceded to be the most active and intelligent in the world and for that reason are in great demand by flea circuses.



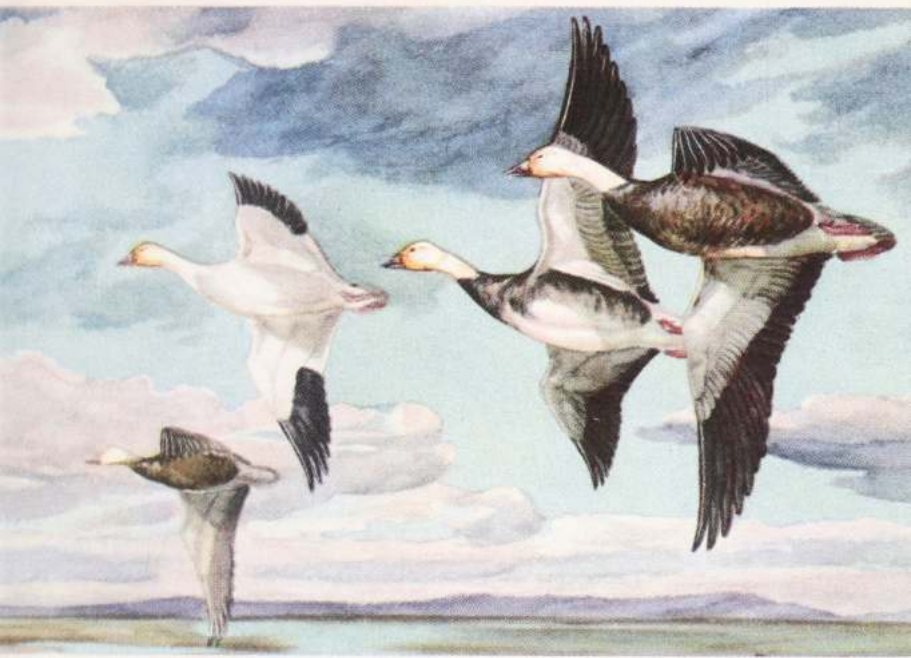
Texas, undergoing the greatest boom a state ever had to contend with, is having a struggle to handle the travel business coming its way. Even in small towns hotels and tourist cabins must be reserved two weeks in advance and there is a standing delay of 30 minutes on practically every long distance call. Bustling activity is even more in evidence in the large cities. Houston is one of the very few cities in the country today where you can see a skyscraper being built.



People outside Texas are agreed that the state is growing faster commercially and industrially than any state in the South and Southwest. Already Texas' metropolis, Houston, has become the metropolis of the entire lower half of the United States. However, it's hard to find a Texan who isn't confident that, in from five to ten years, Houston will pass New York City.



collins



Painted especially for the Ford Times by Maynard Reese,
Staff Artist, Iowa State Department of History and Archives

Honkers on the Central Flyway

Above are pictured the Blue and Lesser Snow geese on their flight from the Gulf of Mexico to Arctic tundra. From lower left to upper right are: immature Blue; adult Snow; hybrid, and adult Blue. These and millions of other waterfowl follow the great Central Flyway of the Mississippi-Missouri river valley during their migrations. The scene here shows the lowlands on the Iowa side of the Missouri river along the route of the Blues and Snows (See "Northward the Blues").

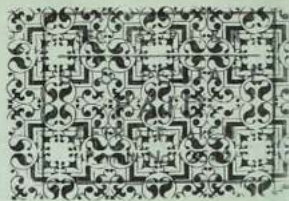


Photo by Bernhard Summer