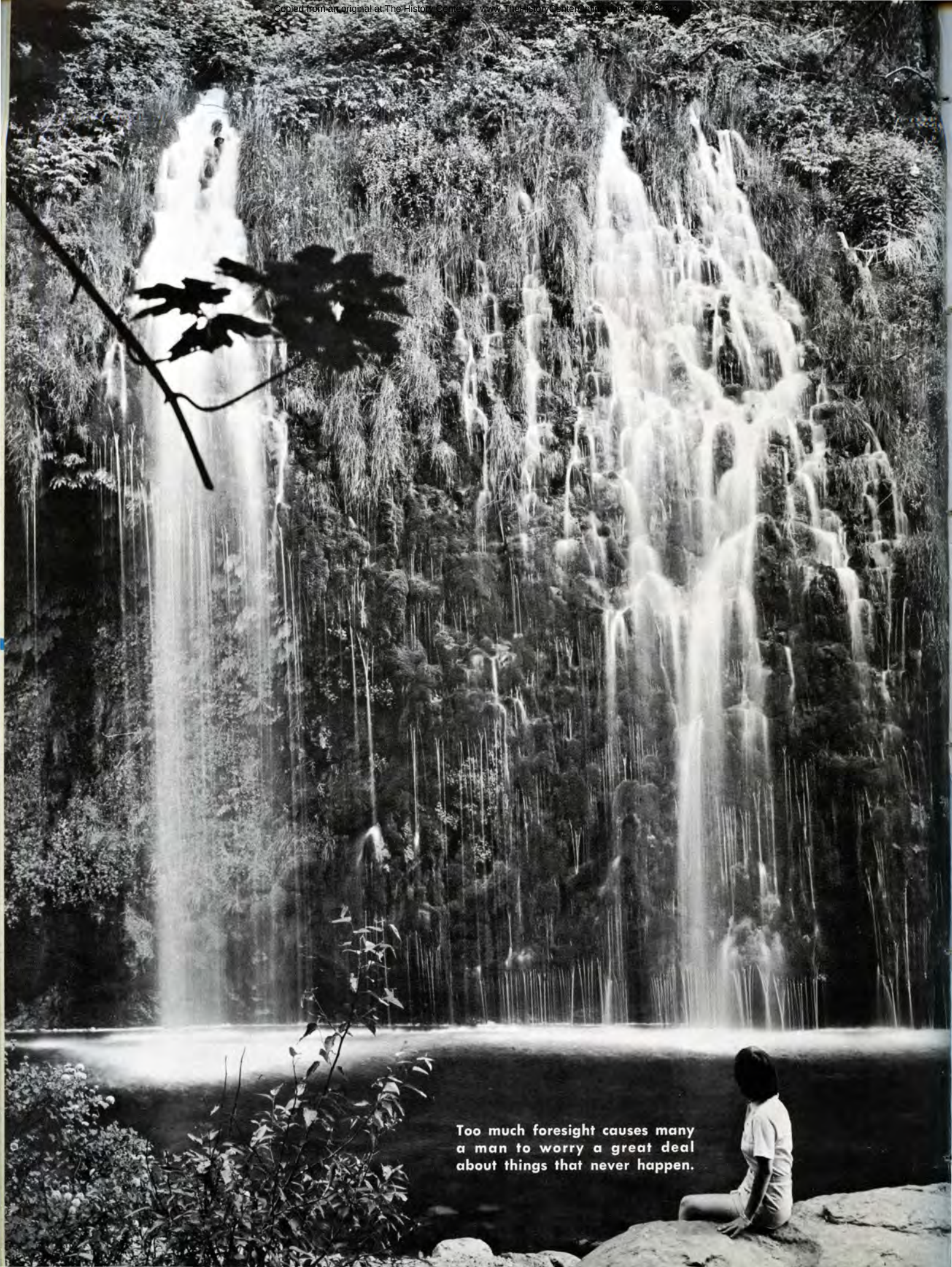




THE *Luffkin* LINE

MAY-JUNE • 1959



Too much foresight causes many
a man to worry a great deal
about things that never happen.



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OIL FIELD PUMPING UNITS

THE Lufkin LINE

GEARS FOR INDUSTRY



MAY • JUNE, 1959

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Virginia R. Allen, Editor

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LET'S LAUGH	

COVER: Lufkin's Cover Girl asks:
"Anyone for fishing?"

OPPOSITE PAGE: Moss Brae Falls originate from springs supplied by melting snows on Mount Shasta

—Mike Hayden Photo

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TRAILERS FOR EVERY HAULING NEED



500 MILES of unposted streams beckon fly fishermen who are searching for quiet, unobstructed fishing

IF YOU are looking for a fishing and hunting paradise, pack your gear and head the family car toward a spot in southwestern Colorado. Specifically, your destination is Conejos County in Colorado, which has been labeled the last frontier in the state. Many tourists are unaware of the bountiful game and fish that await the pleasure of vacationing sportsmen in the beautiful San Luis Valley.

Incongruous as it may seem, fishermen have overlooked to a great extent this Shangri-La, although some 500 miles of unposted streams teem with Lochhaven, rainbow, native and brook trout. At the same time, hunters in great numbers have by-passed this area where deer, elk, bear and mountain sheep are plentiful and small game such as pheasant, blue grouse, ducks, geese and doves are bountiful.

Natives of this area assume the blame for this hard-to-believe circumstance; they have not advertised their natural resources as have their fellow citizens in eastern Colorado, which now abounds with tourists who practically have to stake out a

claim six months in advance to get standing room beside a trout stream.

Another fact that makes it hard to believe that sportsmen have by-passed this fishing and hunting paradise lies in the history of the area. Actually, it is the birthplace of Colorado. The first permanent settlement within the present boundaries of the state was the Mexican walled colony on the Rio Culebra at the present town of San Luis. It was established in 1851, but there is some evidence that permanent and temporary habitations existed in San Luis Valley even prior to 1851.

But what excites today's fisherman and hunter is the fact that there are 500 miles of unposted rivers and streams and forests that are inhabited with bountiful game and hungry fish, and even more fascinating, it is yet undiscovered for the most part by hordes of tourists.

If this intrigues you, then mark your map with a red circle around a town called Antonito, Colorado. This quiet, unpretentious little village is the gateway to miles and miles of scenic splendor, fish-

Colorado's FISHING SHANGRI-LA

By VIRGINIA R. ALLEN

RIO Grande river flowing through northern New Mexico offers fine warm water fishing

filled streams and forest-inhabited game. All this awaits your coming.

Antonito is located on U.S. Highway 285 and State Highway 17. It is just over 100 miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and 130 miles east of Durango, Colorado. It is not too precipitous for mountain-shy drivers, but to each side of the undulating highway lie high mountain peaks that are snow-covered most of the year.

For the adventuring soul, there are numerous side roads cutting away from the highway across sparsely populated terrain that eventually lead to a river or stream where trout leap for a fly. For instance, if a fisherman decides to drive from Santa Fe to Antonito via Taos so that his family may see the colorful and ancient site of an art colony founded in 1898, he may continue on State Highway 3 just beyond Arroyo Hondo where he can

TROUT-FILLED Conejos River, only 200 feet behind Conejos Ranch, awaits the late-afternoon fisherman



FEATURING excellent cuisine, friendly, comfortable accommodations, Conejos Ranch is in heart of fly fishing country





STATIONMASTER Fred Vinson caters to tourists who pause in Antonito to see the rapidly vanishing steam engine that operates on the Denver-Rio Grande narrow gauge railroad



BESIDES the courthouse, an abstract company, beer tavern and post office are all that remain in Conejos today except crumbling adobe hovels occupied by descendants of founders

take a left turn on State road 111. This is designated as unimproved on the road maps, but it is a short cut from State Highway 3 to U.S. Highway 285 to Antonito. The road, however, though not hard surfaced, is easily driven except during extreme weather conditions and it offers an entirely new and unique vista of northern New Mexico.

Abruptly the expanse of desolate, scrubby pin-yon pine-dotted landscapes disappear as the road drops to Box Canyon on the Rio Grande. If this route is taken after May 1, when fishing season opens in New Mexico, then a pause here is in order, for in this warm-water stream game fishing for bass, crappie, catfish, perch and other species offers happy and profitable leisure hours.

To continue on this off-the-beaten-path road, the



IN the shadow of snow-capped mountains, unmolested by hordes of tourists, fishermen catch trout from creeks like this

fisherman steers his car almost perpendicularly out of the canyon, and is greeted then by additional miles of straight and level driving with the far off towering peaks as a misty backdrop. Only an occasional bird diverts his attention. He might easily think the seemingly endless monotony had hypnotized him when a sudden flutter of wings beside the road brings into focus a sea gull. Incredible though it sounds, there are sea gulls in this desert-like barrenness; they are hangovers from the vast migration of duck and geese that fly this area annually.

The next town will be Tres Piedras where State Highway 111 junctions with U.S. 285. Taking a right turn, the tourist will be about 30 miles from Antonito in the beautiful San Luis Valley.

Approaching Antonito, the fisherman will cross into Colorado and soon intersect State Highway 17. A turn to the left here will lead him to some of Colorado's most scenic grandeur as well as to countless trout-filled streams. Although it has been said that September and October are the best dry fly fishing months, there is plenty of sport fishing after May 16, when the season opens, throughout the summer.

There are many clean and beautiful campgrounds along this all-weather road, but for the family who prefers to sleep under a roof and have



WELL maintained county roads lead fishermen to off-the-beaten-path creeks where their creels are easily filled

their meals prepared for them, an excellent and reasonable place to make headquarters is Conejos Ranch operated by Jack and Marty Haberlein, and located some 15 miles west on Highway 17. This fishing and hunting lodge is modern throughout and is operated on the American plan. Among their many services to guests are the pack lunches they prepare for those who want to spend the day meandering up and down the clear, sparkling streams or driving to the various points of interest in the area.

Only some 60 yards behind the lodge flows the swift, clear Conejos River. From the quaint, rustic bridge across it, small fry fishermen can drop a hook and bring up a fish. Of particular interest to fly fishermen is the absence of brush and undergrowth along the banks, not just at Conejos Ranch but throughout the river's 50-mile swath through the canyon.

If a fisherman's fly supply is getting low, a stop-over at Jim Fulton's place will send his optimism spiraling. Jim operates a fisherman's supply store five miles west of Antonito, and he personally hand-ties each of the hundreds of flies he sells. What started out as a hobby has now mushroomed



DAILY, this narrow gauge railroad hauls oilfield pipe and casing through winding canyons and precipitous mountains

into a full-time vocation. And having fished in almost every trout stream in the United States. Jim knows how to design his flies. They are made from pheasant tails, deer hair and anything else he can get his hands on that is native to the area.

Jack Haberlein points out that a fisherman may walk for miles along the river or the banks of nu-



THIS is the crumbling ruins of the once magnificent home of Lafayette Head, early settler of San Luis Valley

merous creeks that flow into the river without seeing another fisherman, and he can come back in the late afternoon with his creel bulging.

Among the attractions of Conejos Ranch are the excellent home-cooked meals served family style in the dining room overlooking the river. Miss Ruby, who has many years of cooking experience to her credit, is the chef at the ranch. Completely unexpected in this out-of-the-way fishing and hunting haven are her savory, taste-tempting dishes. Least expected are her excellent and delicate French pastries which are her specialty. The hungry and weary tourists, after a day along the streams or in the woods, are rejuvenated by her old-fashioned, well-seasoned red beans and tender, succulent meat.

For the wife and children who do not share in Isaac Walton tendencies, there are many points of interest near the ranch which afford days of pleasurable sightseeing.

Two miles northwest of Antonito is Conejos, site of Colorado's second oldest permanent settlement. Known as the Guadalupe Colony, it was established by Spanish-Americans coming north from New Mexico in 1854. Here the descendants of these Spanish-Americans still live in adobe houses in much the same manner as their ancestors did a hundred years ago.

Still standing, though in ill repair, is the home of Major Lafayette Head who was the lone Anglo who joined in the establishing of this community and who later became the first Lieutenant Governor of Colorado.

This dusty, unhurried little town is also the site of the oldest church in Colorado, Our Lady of Guadalupe. Its Centennial was celebrated on June 10, 1958.

Another interesting side trip from Conejos Ranch, especially for children, is a visit to the reconstructed Pike's Stockade located about 22 miles northeast of Antonito. The State Historical Society erected a monument to commemorate the journey of exploration led by Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike in 1806-07.

Ten miles northeast of Antonito is Manassa, birthplace of Jack Dempsey, and 25 miles east of Alamosa is Fort Garland of which Kit Carson was once commander. Some of the buildings have been restored and high on the interest list is a museum in which life-size wax figures of Kit Carson, soldiers and Indians have been placed.

Still another rewarding side trip from Conejos Ranch is to Sand Dunes National Monument about 50 miles northeast of Antonito. Billed as the "singing sand dunes," it is a little Sahara in a lush green valley. A 30-minute nature hike featuring a specimen of each type vegetation found in this area is the apex of a visit to the Sand Dunes.

A clear, sunny day is the time to take a jaunt 35 miles up the Conejos Canyon to see Platora Reservoir, highest man-made lake of its size in the North American continent. The dam is just above the old ghost town of Platora. Fishing, boating, picnicing and other forms of recreation are here for the tourists' enjoyment.



SIGHT-SEEING sidetrips from Conejos Ranch feature drives over Cumbres Pass or through spectacular Conejos Canyon

There are dozens of creeks emptying into the Conejos River in the vicinity of Conejos Ranch and the entire area is a fisherman's dream come true. But while Dad flirts with the trout, the youngsters are equally fascinated with the one remaining narrow gauge working freight train, the Denver and Rio Grande Western. Three excursion trips are planned for narrow gauge fans during the tourist season. The first was scheduled to leave Alamosa May 28 for a three-day ride to Durango via scenic Cumbres Pass. After a night in Durango, the train was to make a round-trip jaunt to Silverton, and then the third day was to bring the riders back to Alamosa.

The second excursion is planned for the second week in June, and the third one is October 2-4, for a fantastic ride through the flaming gold of the Aspens.

These excursions are fabled rides for camera fans for the train's crew will stop almost anywhere to allow snapshot-shooting. One camera fan estimated that during last year's fall trip at least 24,000 color slide exposures were made.

Another story can be written on the big game available in this region. Or if bagging a deer or elk or bear doesn't entice you, then come for the winter sports of skiing, tobogganing, ice skating, or snow saucering. There's fun, beauty, and countless ways to spend your time in this last frontier of Colorado—and best of all, you'll be "away from the maddening crowd" in what is almost your own private vacation paradise.



LEGAL affairs are still conducted in ancient adobe court-house in Conejos, Colorado's first permanent settlement



OUR Lady of Guadalupe Catholic church stands on the site of the first church built in Colorado. Its predecessor burned



IN the forests adjacent to Conejos River a hunter may stalk elk, deer and bear during big game season in November



C. W. WILLIAMS, left, and BILL ORR,
both with Gulf Oil Corp.,
Crane, Texas



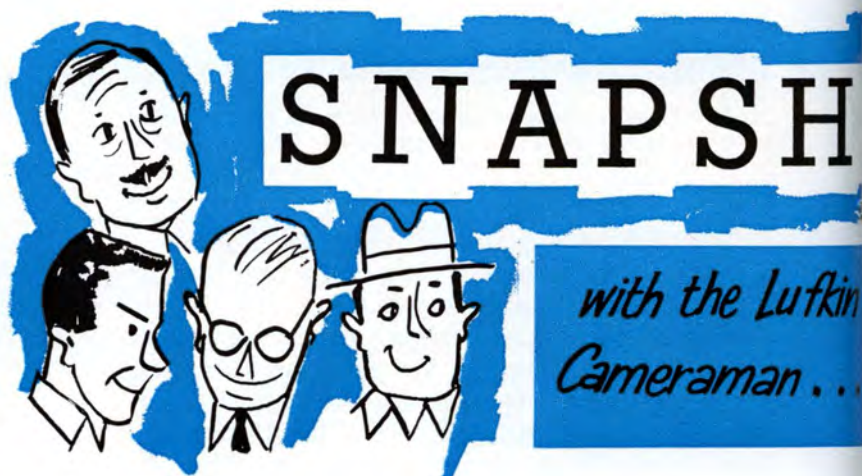
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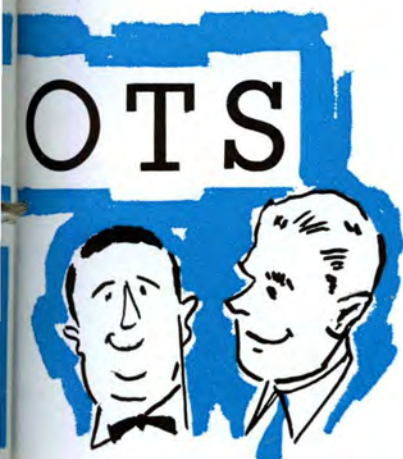
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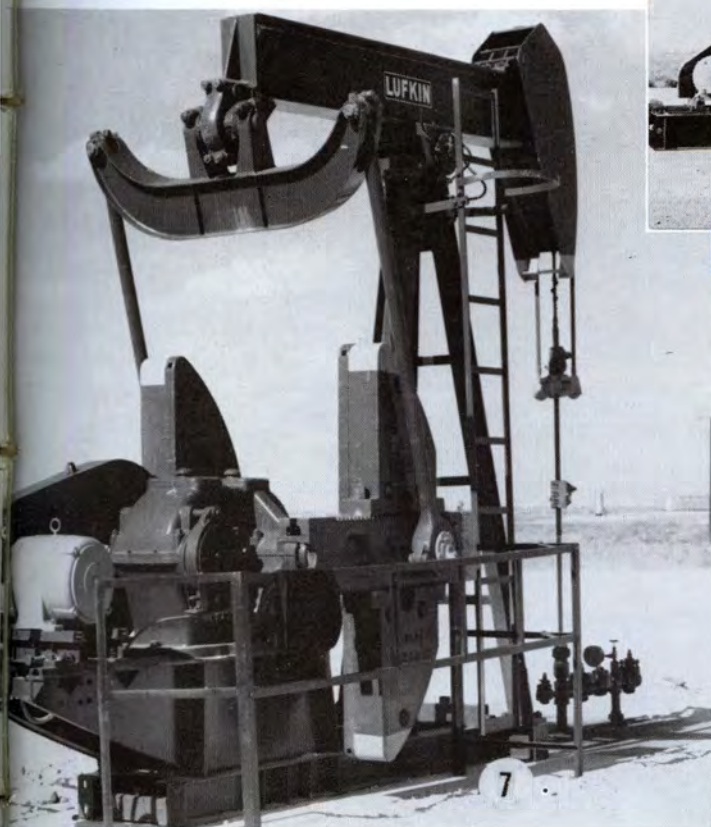
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L. A. WILLIAMS, seated; standing, left to
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Seated: JOHN HOESTENBACH, left, and B. J. JONES;
standing, left to right: R. C. JONES, DAN LIVELY, HOWARD
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CAL FARLEY, Boys Ranch founder, is giving homeless boys 'a shirttail to hang to'

BOY'S RANCH... *One man's*

By VIRGINIA R. ALLEN

SOMETIMES only a skeleton key is necessary to open a variety of locks. Contrarily, to open the lock that encases the success secret of Cal Farley's Boys Ranch, it takes a very particular and unique hand-chiseled key. But even as this special key swings open the lock, most people are dazzled by the brilliance of success and seem unable to recognize or perhaps comprehend the spirit of Boys Ranch.

It is easy to be blinded by the physical treasures of this home for "boys nobody else wants," for on this sprawling, wind-swept, scrub-bushed 1200 acres are dozens of expertly constructed buildings that answer the physical needs of 250 lonely, rejected boys. But these boys, as do all boys, need much more than a roof over their heads, food in their stomachs, and tools in their hands.

This over-need, if you please, is the soul of Boys Ranch. And Cal Farley

is the human dynamo that energizes its pulse.

"It is difficult to put into words what Boys Ranch really is," comments Sherman Harriman, one of the men who help operate the ranch. "I guess you could say it's partly a sense of humor, a wealth of love, a special brand of philosophy and psychology... it's something different from and more than what it takes to make an average home for an average boy."

This special "something" can be seen in every corner of Boys Ranch, in every activity, in every staff member, in every boy—if one has the inner eye to see.

In attempting to discern this "something" in action, we might dissect Boys Ranch and look closer at its activities, its physical properties, its school, its staff members, its friends, the boys themselves, and Cal Farley.

The rolling terrain of Boys Ranch was once the site of Old Tascosa, a

thriving cattletown until it was bypassed by the railroads and the cattle era came to an end. The ravages of time and weather finally were the victors over the adobe houses and dirt streets, and at last it came to be known as a ghost town with only the stone courthouse surrounded by giant cottonwoods and a few crumbling buildings remaining.

When Cal Farley told rancher Julian Bivins, the then owner of Old Tascosa, that he needed a home for boys at the bottom-of-the-barrel where they could get 24-hour care and attention, he was given the ghost town. Today across the desert-like hills some 40 miles away from Amarillo, Texas, there stand some two dozen buildings, the most recent of which are constructed of Colorado stone exteriors and masonry interiors. What began as a 120-acre gift from Bivins has now grown to 1200 acres inhabited by 250 boys, 40 staff members, and some several hundred as-



CONSTRUCTION of all ranch buildings is done by the boys, aided only by one adult

THE chapel, sold by the U. S. Army for \$1, was moved by truck without cost to the ranch



dedication to human salvage

sorted breeds of dogs, chickens, cows, goats, parakeets, rabbits and what-have-you.

The first buildings were abandoned CCC barracks, and this was the first instance in which members of the trucking industry came to the aid of Boys Ranch. The buildings cost Mr. Farley nothing, but getting them moved to the ranch posed a mammoth problem. Two truckers who heard about his plight volunteered to move them free of charge. After the buildings were partly dismantled and loaded, it was discovered that the load was too wide. This meant Mr. Farley must call some of his friends to get a special permit for them to be moved. This he obtained and the truckers brought the barracks to the ranch.

This type building is rapidly being replaced by the modern stone and fire-proof buildings as funds become available. At the present time, there are four ranch-style dormitories that house

36 boys each, a beautiful new dining hall with a modern-equipped kitchen, a school, and a permanent fire-proof dairy barn, all constructed of the Colorado stone.

Under construction now are two dormitories, one of which is a home-type residence for youngsters from four to eight years old. This dorm will be limited to eight boys. A staff member and his family will live with them, will be mother and dad to those eight ranchers as well as to their own children. The meals will be served in this dorm because "we think the little ones need more family life at that age," said Mr. Farley.

What might be labeled adversity usually ends up as an entry on the credit side of the ledger sheet for Boys Ranch. For instance, when the old dairy barn burned with a total loss of feed, equipment and the building, the story was carried in the newspapers, and friends of the Ranch acted imme-



STAFF members report easiest way to 'get through' to a caustic or rebellious boy is to interest him in something alive



SINCE kitchen duties pay highest wages, there is always a long waiting list of older ranchers for these jobs. Meals served are tasty, high in vitamins, excellently prepared

diately. A farmer in Wharton sent two freight cars of feed, and contributions rolled in to such an extent that a new, larger fire-proof barn was built with additional storage room for saddles, feed, a more modern milk preparation and cooling room, as well as a butchering room.

"This dairy barn has been the saving of more boys than any other one thing. We have a long waiting list of boys who want duty in this phase of ranch life," commented Sherman Hariman.

Besides the dorms, dining hall, school and dairy barn, other buildings at the ranch include a laundry, warehouse and country store, equipment maintenance

building, a chapel, the Old Tascosa courthouse, administration and staff residences, and assorted storage buildings.

Ranchers, serving as guides for visitors, enjoy pointing out the various buildings, some of which have attention-getting names. Inevitably when a guide points to one of the dormitories and says "This is Hadacol dorm," the visitor will ask how it got that name. With a sheepish grin, the kid will reply, "Well, we hadda call it something!"

The dormitories are not in reality what the name suggests. Actually, they more nearly resemble ordinary family residences. True that each houses 36 boys, but there are two sets of "par-

ents" for each dorm. The boys' bedrooms, which accommodate nine youngsters, are located between the living quarters of the dorm parents. Shaped similar to an oversized figure H, the building encloses a large living room on the front, with the boys' bedrooms directly behind. The parents' quarters are at each end of the living room, and there are no locks on any of the doors.

However, as one of the staff members succinctly stated, "All these buildings aren't worth a damn without the program of the Ranch."

There are enough activities to interest, instruct, and develop boys. An adage of Cal Farley's that "if you run the wind out of boys, they'll quit throwing rocks" has been proved time and again during the 20 years since Boys Ranch was founded.

"We don't have any rule books. We're always ready and willing to try something new. What we have now is the result of trial and error. Nobody has all the answers," the Ranch President explained.

Then he added with a sparkle in his eye, "This place is built and operated for the boys—no one else. What's good for them, we keep; what isn't, we toss out."

In addition to their school and vocational training work, the boys have a full, well-rounded life much like that of any boy . . . and much better than some boys. There is fishing, swimming, horseback riding, a hobby shop and gym for all sports, and an annual home-coming rodeo each Labor Day to occupy leisure hours. But there is more—much more. The boys are encouraged to participate in the weekly non-denominational chapel services. They offer the prayers and deliver many lay sermons, for which a special lectern has been built. If one of the little fellows is to talk, there is a sliding shelf which can be pulled out for him to stand on so that he can be seen over the top of the speaker's stand.

There are two recreational activities that are favorites with all the boys. One of these is the Saturday trips to Amarillo, where they are on their own from 10 a.m. until 9 that night. They have their own spending money, since each boy receives a monthly salary for his work at the Ranch, and the younger ones frequent the movies and skating



RANCHERS look forward to man-to-man talks with Mr. Farley who knows each boy by name and personality



RANCH boys are like all other boys when it comes to school and their pets, and teachers exhibit a wealth of understanding



SUPT. Wilson congratulates rancher who found golden egg worth \$10 at annual Easter Egg Hunt held this past spring

rink, while the older boys have dates and attend the YWCA dances.

The other favorite activity is the observance of each boy's birthday. This occasion is celebrated in the honoree's dormitory, replete with cake, drinks, presents and games. One youngster had been at the ranch only a couple of months when his birthday was celebrated. Wide-eyed throughout the festivities, he hung around after all his "brothers" had retired. Finally, he walked over to his dorm "father" and said, "This was the best birthday party I ever had." Then as he started for his bedroom, he turned and a little tearfully added, "In fact, it's the only one I've ever had."

What type individual is the staff member at Boys Ranch? Herein lies the greater part of the answer to the uniqueness of Cal Farley's home for boys nobody else wants. Most of the staff are young men with families, men from small towns, of moderate means with no college education unless it was worked for and obtained by their sweat, determination and ambition. They are men from farms who have that "special something" that Cal Farley looks for, demands of his personnel.

"There are no trained social workers here," Mr. Farley points out. "Our work can't be done at a desk with pen and paper. It is sometimes a bother to get up in the middle of the night with your own child. A person must be endowed with a certain something to raise somebody else's kids—something I don't think you can get out of books."

The love and personal attention that goes out to the boys of this ranch permeates the entire atmosphere and is recognizable to a visitor the moment his car bumps across the cattle guard at the entrance to the ranch. There are no gates, no fences (except around the corrals), no walls, no locks, no barriers. The first involuntary reaction is to say, "Gee, a boy is lucky to live in a place like this."

Staff members live with these boys 24 hours a day. Their salaries are by nature of the place not very lucrative; they are here because they believe in what Cal Farley is doing, they want to be a part of it, and best of all, they love kids. This is evidenced a hundred times a day when they do things over and beyond the call of duty.

A brother of one of the ranch boys was to be married in Amarillo. The young rancher wanted to attend the wedding. No staff member was required to take him to town, a distance of 40 miles, but he was taken, returned to the ranch, and tucked into bed that night a happy and contented lad.

Someone inadvertently failed to notify Leon Jenkins, chef at the ranch, that one of the boys was having a birthday. Mr. Jenkins had served 1400 pan cakes for breakfast that morning, mashed several batches of potatoes—130 pounds at one lick—cooked a couple hundred pounds of steak and pounds and pounds of beans for lunch, and had just supervised the cleaning of the kitchen after a big supper meal. Then it was that a dorm mother came at 6:30 p.m. to pick up the birthday



GOING in to Amarillo on Saturdays is a cherished treat, even to the happy submission of having hair combed and face scrubbed and shoes highly polished

cake for one of her boys, but since Mr. Jenkins had not been informed, there was none ready. It seemed that this youngster must have a birthday party sans cake and candles.

Yet, at 7:30 p.m. when the dorm parent came for the chocolate milk, a smiling Mr. Jenkins greeted him with a beautifully decorated cake on which was inscribed "Happy Birthday, Tommy, on your 16th Birthday."

The weary chef was not ordered to bake and decorate the cake in one hour; he did it because his abiding



RANCHERS take pride in their equipment, doing their own repairs and maintenance



RANCHERS as young as 15 operate heavy machinery with amazing skill. Such training prepares him for good paying jobs when he leaves the ranch

love for children insisted that he prevent the disappointment of a birthday party minus a cake.

The unassuming, jean-clad men who are fathers to the ranchers work right with the boys at the jobs that naturally accrue on a ranch this size. They are not afraid to get their hands dirty and their mental processes evolve around Mr. Farley's proved theory that the so-called middle class fellow thinks from the bottom up, while in most instances, a white-collar worker in the same situation would think from the top down. They act as counselors and friends of the boys while their wives sew on buttons, pop corn, make candy, rub bumps and bruises and do myriad

other intensely personal chores that all mothers perform for their children.

"If we can keep our ranch essentially in family groups of 36 children and two sets of parents, then we can do the same job we are doing now even should our population grow to 5,000" asserts the Boys Ranch founder.

The teachers in the school are essentially of the same caliber as the other staff members. The young man in charge of the special education classes, those for the boys who are slow or who have been out of school many semesters before arriving at the ranch, expressed it this way: "We're not here as school teachers, but as instructors; there's a big difference in the two. We

believe every boy, no matter what his intelligence quotient is, has a certain spot, a certain place in life, and a job he can fill. It's our job to help him reach that place."

There is very little turnover in personnel at Boys Ranch. Most new staffers are additions. There have been only four superintendents during the 20 years since the ranch was founded, and two of these resigned to accept higher-paying positions at similar institutions.

The school at Boys Ranch is fully accredited, and is a monument to a group of men who have been friends of the ranchers for many years. The United Peace Officers of America is an organization formed for the express purpose of helping Boys Ranch. Born in the mind of a sheriff who realized the success of Cal Farley's ranch would mean less youngsters he would be called to pick up, the group during the past four years has provided the funds for the modern, superbly-equipped school and for the now under construction cottage-type dormitory for the youngsters in the four to eight year age bracket.

The senior Valedictorian student at the Ranch this year won a four-year scholarship to Texas A & M College where he will study bio-physics.

Boys from all walks of life make up the population at Boys Ranch. According to Mr. Farley, an attempt is made to keep the percentage fifty-fifty: half good and half those who have been in trouble. None of the boys has served



MANY of the non-denominational church services are held by the ranchers



IRREVOCABLE rule in kitchen is to place no limit on number of times a boy fills his plate; quite a change for those who ate from garbage cans before coming here

CAL and Mimi Farley consider themselves parents of 1500 finest boys in America. Mrs. Farley corresponds with all ex-ranchers, writing dozens of letters daily



time in reformatories, but some of the first offenders have committed horrendous crimes. The "good" boys are those who have been deserted or from broken homes, or undesirable environments. They are the ones who might have ended up in prison had not Boys Ranch been their haven.

Mr. Farley's creed of "It's where you're going that counts" is manifested in the fact that a boy's "past" is sealed and forgotten when he enters the ranch premises. If anyone learns where he came from or what he has done, the boy tells it himself. Otherwise it is never mentioned.

A person who has read about Cal Farley, his athletic prowess during his youth, and his work at Boys Ranch, is usually surprised when they meet him face to face. He is of short stature, but what he lacks in height and weight, he more than overcomes in personality and character. Perhaps he is equipped for this chosen field of work because he is a victim of a broken home himself. But those who know him best say it is something more. It isn't only those 250 youngsters at Boys Ranch who love the man deeply. The staff, each of whom is personally responsible to this man of seeming unlimited energy and drive, will make the statement simply and unhesitatingly, "Cal Farley is the world's greatest living man."

At the same time, he has attracted to himself a countless host of friends from every avenue of human existence. Although he has never made a public or individual appeal for funds for the

ranch, he has but to make his needs known and the answer comes in checks ranging from \$1 to hundreds and perhaps thousands.

A vice president of one of the country's leading oil companies heard him speak before a group of men about Boys Ranch. When the meeting was over, the man approached Farley and asked simply, "What is it I can do?" At that particular time, the Ranch needed some pipe for a gas line. Another oil company had agreed to lay the pipe and sell the gas at a bare minimum rate.

Two nights after the oil company vice president had asked the question, the pipe was delivered without charge. After the oil executive had secured the pipe, a trucking concern transported it without cost to the ranch.

There are instances after instances where trucking, oil, heavy equipment, and pipe line companies have assisted Boys Ranch to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars.

And as one oil man states, "No one has ever regretted doing anything for Cal Farley and his boys. The man has never accepted one penny salary; instead he's invested some \$125,000 of his own money. He sold out a thriving tire business several years ago, and has devoted his full time to the ranch."

Mr. Farley explains, "We depend entirely upon contributions to keep the ranch going. I don't like to ask a person for a contribution because I don't want to embarrass him if he has to say no. I just state the need, and if he

wants to help, he does. If he doesn't, neither of us is embarrassed. I never worry about the physical properties or necessities for the ranch. They always come when we need them; they always will. I concentrate on the individual boy, always seeking the perfect way to help him make a good citizen."

There is an urgent need today for more Cal Farleys. Witness one of the last statements made by the ringleader of the recent Montana Prison riot before the storm was quelled and the convict was killed. As he stood in the predawn hours with a cocked shotgun in the belly of one of the hostages, he muttered a question, "I wonder where you and I would have been tonight if I'd had a family when I was a kid."

Cal Farley is answering that question every day of every year at Boys Ranch. Of the 1500 boys who have had a home at Boys Ranch, only 42 can be labeled as failures.

It's difficult to couch in words the spirit of Boys Ranch, the philosophy of Cal Farley. Perhaps his own editorial in a recent issue of Boys Ranch Roundup which is published by the boys sums it up. He wrote: "Each time we look over the growing group of structures that is the *body* of Boys Ranch . . . each time we talk with the fine men and women who constitute the *mind* of Boys Ranch . . . each time we're among the increasing number of boys who are the *heart* of Boys Ranch . . . we feel that *this is what FAITH built*; and faith is the *soul* of Boys Ranch."



The following is a youngster's essay on love: "Love is something that when mummy kisses daddy, I have to go out in the yard and play for an hour. Love is something like when the man comes to read the gas meter, he kisses the cook and I have to go out in the yard and play for two hours. Love is something like when my big brother invites his girl friend into the house to teach him some new dance steps and I have to go out in the yard and play for three hours. Love is something that is forcing me to live an outdoor life when I want to come in and play house with Ronald, the little boy next door."

"There isn't enough blondes to go around," says a writer who must be mistaken. We never knew a blonde who wouldn't go around.

There are 90,000 hairs on the average redhead's scalp and over 150,000 on blondes. So let this serve as a warning: The chances of getting a blonde hair on your coat are almost twice as many as a redhead's.

When a man is twenty and a young lady smiles at him when passing on the street, he looks himself over to see what makes him so attractive. When he is forty and a lady smiles at him, he looks around to see who is following him or looks to see what is unzipped.

Young girls, with love-making in mind, can get good advice from the words on the lid of a mayonnaise jar: "Keep cool but don't freeze."

When the taxi came to an abrupt, jarring halt, the man in the back seat yelled, "What's the matter?"

"I heard the young lady say 'stop,'" the driver answered.

"Well, she was not talking to you," snapped the male passenger.

By the time a man gets old enough to watch his step, he isn't going anywhere.

Demonstrating once again the importance of punctuation, this telegram was sent from a man to his wife: "Not getting any, better come home at once."

Pity the unfortunate shoe salesman with a lisp who was slapped when he asked a plump female to sit down while he "looked up her thize."

Jim: "How was your date last night?"

Joe: "No good! She was just a stuffed shirt."

The petroleum engineer said he didn't have any objections to frozen orange juice, but he would like to squeeze his own tomatoes.

A husband can be defined as a gay dog who is spouse-broken.

An old lady of Scotch descent was near death. She told her niece to bury her in her black silk dress but to cut the back out and make herself a dress.

"Oh, Aunt Mary," said the niece, "I don't want to do that. When you and Uncle Tom walk up the golden stairs, I don't want people to see you without any back in your dress."

The old lady replied, "They won't be looking at me. I buried your Uncle Tom without any pants."

Burlesque is where the cast pretends the audience is from Missouri.

A recent survey shows that while old folks prefer mild winters, young married couples like nice springs.

A pretty negligee is a good start toward a mink coat.

Sign in a small town fire station: "May our fire department be like the old maids in our town—always ready but never called for."

"For the first time since my marriage," said the young housewife in a testimonial for a new reducing tablet, "my tummy has been flat."

(Isn't that just like a woman? She doesn't even give her husband honorable mention.)

This generation isn't more wicked than any other age. It just fails to pull down the shades.

Man: "I want to get a brassiere for my girl friend."

Girl Clerk: "What size?"

Man: "Seven and a half."

Clerk: "Seven and a half! Why, bras come in sizes like 32, 34, 36 or A, B, and C."

Man: "The one I want is size 7½."

Clerk: "How do you know?"

Man: "I measured."

Clerk: "How did you measure?"

Man: "With my hat."

Who was it who described an exclusive California beach as the place where you could lie on the sand and look at glamorous movie stars and vice versa?

Said the ballerina concerning her status of expectancy: "I should have danced all night."

Another definition of a wolf: One conceived in liberties and dedicated to a proposition.

Overheard in a night club: "Hands off, Columbus, you've discovered enough for one night."

It was their first date; they were walking through the park and conversation was dragging. Finally, the boy got things started with:

"Some night, eh?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Some moon, eh?" he carried on.

"Yes," she answered promptly.

Finally, they sat down on the damp grass and the boy observed:

"Some dew, eh?"

"Yes," she said and wound it up with, "but I don't."

He asked the secretary how she was doing in her race for matrimony and she said: "I'm doing all right. I think I'm on the last lap now."

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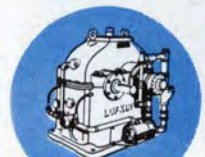
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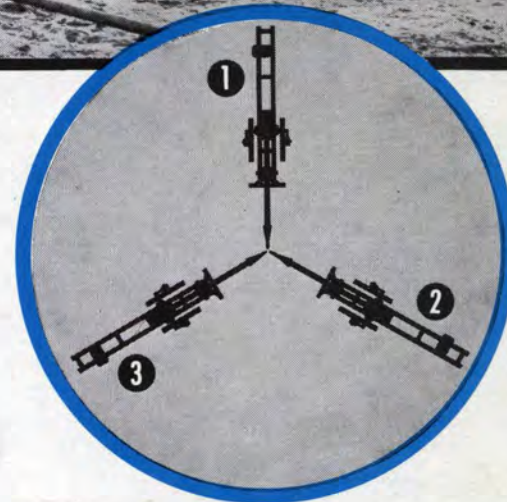
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