

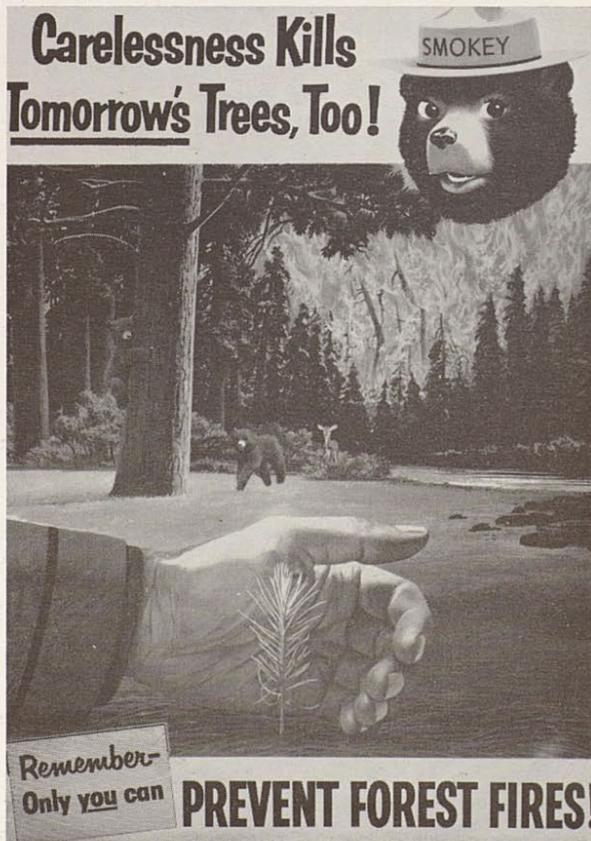
Winter 1956



Merry Christmas
 and a happy
 New Year to all

ON THE COVER

The two decorated Christmas trees on the cover are located on the Kellogg Overpass in Wichita, Kansas. Trees for this annual civic project come from the Arapaho National Forest, near Idaho Springs, Colorado.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Ken Scholz, representing the Forestry Service, helps out in the selection of the Wichita Christmas trees making sure that they are not cut from prohibitive grounds. But that's no problem because trees are plentiful . . . the Rangers and Forestry officials strive to maintain this condition. Not only is the Forestry Service constantly perfecting conservation practices in our national forests, but men like Ken Scholz keep a sharp eye out for fire hazards which, incidentally, chiefly concern man's carelessness. According to official statistics, nine out of ten forest fires are caused by man's carelessness.

Much progress has been made with safety campaigns directed toward the prevention of forest fires but just last year alone 177,000 (an average of some 500 per day) forest fires burned a total area of nearly 10 million acres—larger than the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. As expressed by current campaigns against forest fires, it's a shocking thought that an average of 500 forest fires a day were recorded in 1955—and more shocking—nine out of ten of these were caused by man's carelessness.

We have made progress—but we still have a long way to go.

the World's **TALLEST** Christmas Tree

A tall Christmas tree for Wichita is located.



SOME of the civic fathers in Wichita, Kansas, got together three years ago and decided an outstanding attraction was needed for the city during the Yuletide.

Since then, two towering Christmas trees have been erected early in December on Kellogg Overpass, a busy traffic artery, for all to enjoy through the holidays. The gayly decorated trees with the 6-foot star suspended between them sets the mood for the year's happiest season.

Where to find Christmas trees measuring more than 75 feet in height posed the first problem. Trees like these just aren't found on the Kansas Plains. But, the Wichita citizenry did the natural thing and turned to their neighbors to the west . . . Colorado.

In no time at all desirable trees were found . . . thousands of them. Locating such trees solved only half their problem, however. There were other questions such as—how to get the trees down without breaking the limbs and how to get the trees to Wichita in good condition. From the outset it was recognized as a difficult, complex job.

Even these problems didn't look too serious to Tommy Frye when he was approached on the idea. He owns the Warren Lumber Company high in the Arapaho National Forest above Idaho Springs. The unpretentious lumber company consists of a small sawmill operation, a workshop and two small one-room pine-paneled cabins, built from scratch by Tommy, for his family of six, including an Uncle.

Tommy cuts and sells conventional size Christmas trees for home use but the Wichita trees project is extracurricular. He tackled this job when it first began in 1954 and recently completed the cutting for the 1956 trees.

The Soderburg Construction Company from Wichita brought in a winch truck. Mr. Soderburg and his son, Duane, helped Frye with the engineering angles involved in lowering and loading the trees. The winch cables were looped around

A cable from the winch truck is looped around the tree about half way up. Other cables are anchored from other directions around tree.

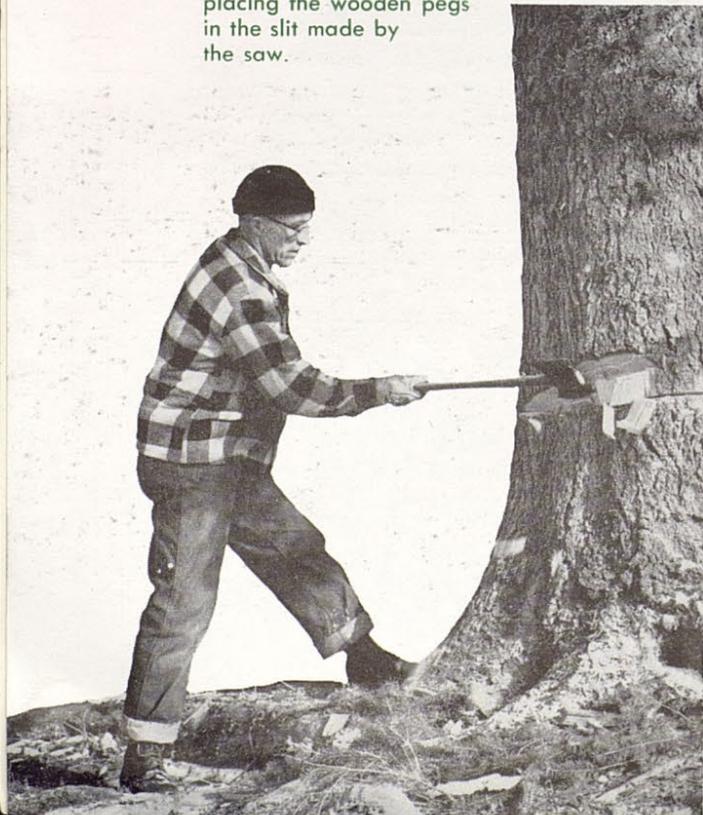


the tree and other guy wires were placed for lowering the tree slowly to the ground.

As Frye sawed through the tree, "Uncle Tom" Eggleston (Frye's right hand man) drove pegs into the tree as the slit widened. Frye's big power hand saw with razor-sharp teeth had the tree ready to fall in less than five minutes. At this point the slack was pulled from the cables and the leaning tree was lowered steadily to the ground.

At least, that's the way it works when everything goes smoothly. Sometimes, however, a tree may fall prematurely for one reason or another,

An old hand with an axe, "Uncle Tom" chops into the big tree before placing the wooden pegs in the slit made by the saw.



but it doesn't necessarily mean the tree is ruined. The trees are always patched to perfection before they are decorated and if a tree is not too badly broken up after a fall, it is fairly simple to repair.

After the tree was cut, its limbs were bound with 100-foot lengths of rope to prevent further breaking in loading and hauling. A couple of days before the cutting got underway, Tommy and his men cut branches which were tied together and placed on the truck to absorb some of the shock of the two-ton tree. Also, heavy logs about 16 inches in diameter were cut for anchors securing the trunk of the tree to the truck for hauling.

The trees when loaded extend several feet over the end of the semi-trailer truck beds. Colorado State Patrolmen escort the troupe to the Kansas line where they are met by Kansas highway officials for the trek to Wichita.

More than two weeks are required from the time the cutting starts until the trees are erected and decorated. Money to pay for this work comes from a civic subscription program, a cooperative project sponsored by Wichita businessmen.

The work of the Forestry Service and the Rangers entails another complete story and so does Tommy Frye, a 38-year old lumberman who looks more like 28. Briefly, his personality and activity might be described as a cross between a lumberjack, an oil field roughneck, a Hollywood actor and a business executive (if he suddenly donned a tuxedo or blue serge suit).

A colorful figure, but neither famous nor wealthy, Tommy is an outdoorsman with Elvis Presley sideburns. His blue jeans with matching western jacket, western shirt and logger boots distinguish him as appropriately dressed for his work. Yet, the colored turtle-neck undershirts are also a trademark and though they relieve the sting of the cold mountain air, they betray a first impression of his rugged western attire.

After two years of college, he worked with



Tommy Frye cuts through the tree after the cables are in place. The Christmas tree is ready to be lowered to the ground in five minutes.

the Forestry Service. Then the army beckoned and after a five-year hitch, Tommy went into the lumber business with a loan of \$1,500 and three one-dollar bills as working capital. He and Uncle Tom cut timber . . . lots of timber . . . during the peak summer season. Compensation from this work carries the Frye family through the slack seasons of the year.

They are far from idle, however, even during the slack seasons of the timber business. During slack periods the small work shop becomes a beehive of activity as Tommy and Uncle Tom turn out fancy woodwork including gun racks which are shipped to various parts of the country. Tommy's spare-time plans for the future include a six-room home for his family to be located at the present site of the lumber company.

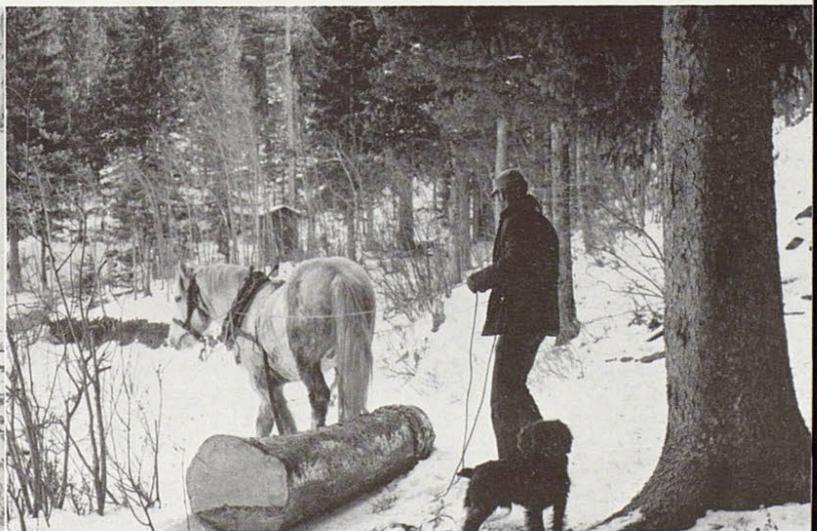
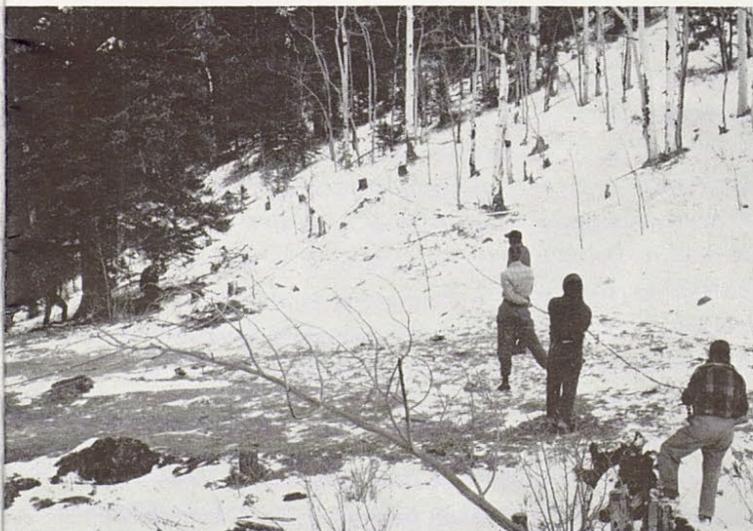
It's an adventurous and rugged outdoor life, where men are unlikely to encounter trouble with ulcers, and it's the kind of country where you would expect to find the tallest Christmas trees in the world.

For the group of citizens who launched the Christmas tree idea and the Wichita businessmen who were brave enough to support a job of such magnitude . . . the trees reflect sincere pride in Kansas' largest city.

The contributors spend their money for the job which may be replaced, at best, by that same amount of goodwill which they may or may not realize. At any rate, they consider it money well spent. It's difficult to reason any other way with the objective and theme of Wichita's Christmas Tree Project being, "Keep Christ in Christmas."

Men prepare to hold a tight line on the cable which is looped around the Christmas tree and then around the trunk of an aspen on the snow-covered mountain slope.

A horse comes in mighty handy in the rugged terrain. Old "Dobbin" pulls a log through a wooded area. A mobile vehicle couldn't travel where this horse has been.





Men and the winch truck hold a tight line on the cables as the tall tree leans on its way to the ground.



The big log is sawed in half. These logs are used for anchors on the semi-trailer trucks when the trees are loaded for their trip to Wichita. Highway patrols of Colorado and Kansas serve as escorts.

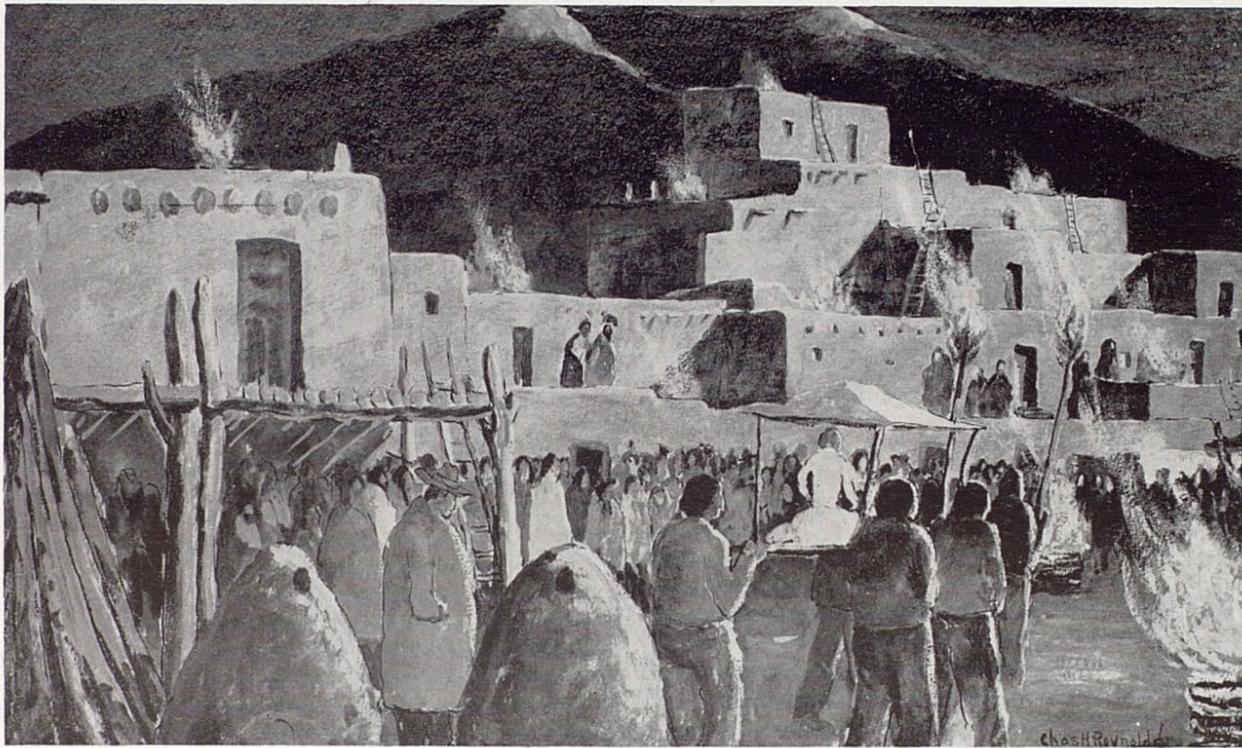


During slack seasons, Tommy can usually be found in his workshop where he makes window frames, fancy wood paneling and exclusive wood gun racks. (Below) The Wichita tree is dragged to the road.



Christmas

with a Southwestern flavor



Gaily-clad Indians bearing torches follow in procession behind a statue of the Holy Mother at Taos Pueblo.

Christmas in New Mexico blends three distinct world cultures into one monstrous celebration.

From mid-December until January 6, the robust pagan rites of the native Indians with their unique and picturesque dancing; the processions, ceremonies and pastoral plays of the Spanish-Americans and the conventional Yuletide activities of the Anglos which are distinctively Southwestern in flavor, create a spirit of fiesta in the Land of Enchantment.

On December 16, villagers in Old Mesilla, far down the Rio Grande, begin nightly parades in scenes depicting the lives of Mary and Joseph in Jerusalem. The spirit of fiesta extends into the new year when on January 6, "Old Christmas" climaxes the holiday with the installation of the

governors at pueblos and the presentation of "Los Magos" — the Three Kings — at many Spanish villages.

Between these opening and concluding events are countless nights of pageantry as native villages, nestled in the snow-covered Sangre de Cristo mountains, observe the holiday season.

The Indian influence is felt in the Christmas Eve celebration at the Taos Pueblo. Following sunset Vespers in the Pueblo Church, the statue of the Holy Mother is borne around the plaza, followed by long lines of gaily-clad Indians. A sharp staccato of exploding rifles fills the air and hundreds of cedar and pine torches light the paths to ward off evil spirits as the "Procession of the Torches" wends its way down the moun-

tain in the wake of the statue.

A short distance south, in the Spanish villages of Truchas, Cordova and Chimayo, old plays based on antiquity are in progress. There is the simple native play of *El Anguelo*, which is about the old bogeyman, punisher of children for their acts of the past year. Troubadors troop from house to house and the ancient Aztec play *Los Matachines* and the miracle pageant of *Los Pastores* are given.

At Las Vegas and Santa Fe, groups of boys ask for gifts from house to house. *Los Comanche* is performed at *Canon de Juan Tafoya* west of Albuquerque. Here, dancing and chanting occur in the ritual which features *Santo Nino*, the Christ Child, who is lost and must be found.

Perhaps most fanciful of all is the pageantry occurring around Reserve in western New Mexico. Here boys and young men assume costumes and disguises of amazing variety, ranging from paper sacks as masks to shaggy pelts of wolves and bears.

Raton presents its illuminated "City of Bethlehem" on the rim of Climax Canyon as its contribution to the holiday festivities.

But the Anglo influence is also apparent. Municipal Yule trees have long been the custom throughout the land and red-coated Santas with their prancing reindeer can be seen on many rooftops. Hurrying throngs, cheery greetings of "Merry Christmas," and miles of colored lights add a new world touch to the pageantry of the old.

Here's proof that New Mexico has not only breath-taking scenery and fine ski runs, but Christmas trees, too.





Scenes of The Nativity can be found most anywhere in New Mexico during the Yule Season when Indians, Spanish-Americans and Anglos celebrate Christmas.

Luminarios, consisting of burning candles glowing through brown paper sacks, outline this hotel building in Santa Fe. They are the chief decoration used by the Spanish-Americans.





Christmas All Summer

The organ grinder chats with congenial partner.



Yes, there is a Santa Claus and he does live at the North Pole.

For kiddies in the western part of America, Santa is closer than ever before because now he has a new home in North Pole, Colorado.

Santa lives here all summer and through Christmas, too.

Letters addressed to Santa in North Pole, Colorado, reach the kind old roly-poly gentleman in no time at all from anywhere in the Southwest or Rocky Mountain region. Not many days pass before answers to requests are in the mail bearing the postmark, Santa Claus, "North Pole," Colorado. It is an official United States Post Office in Santa's workshop at North Pole, located high in the Rockies at the base of Pikes Peak road—up Ute Pass just a few miles from Colorado Springs.

Patterned after Santa's workshop, North Pole, New York, the gay colors of the steeply-peaked fairyland buildings in the village leave a breathtaking impression of what you would expect to see in the legendary character's home town. Nothing has been left to chance in Santa's authenti-



The circle of fairyland buildings surrounded by timbered mountain is home for goats, deer, and other animals.

ABOVE LEFT: Santa and his helpers visit with a group of enthusiastic children at North Pole, Colorado. People were comfortably dressed in their shirt sleeves on this warm day during the summer. Santa's Workshop is located at the base of Pike's Peak. It's an official U. S. Post Office and is open even in the summer.

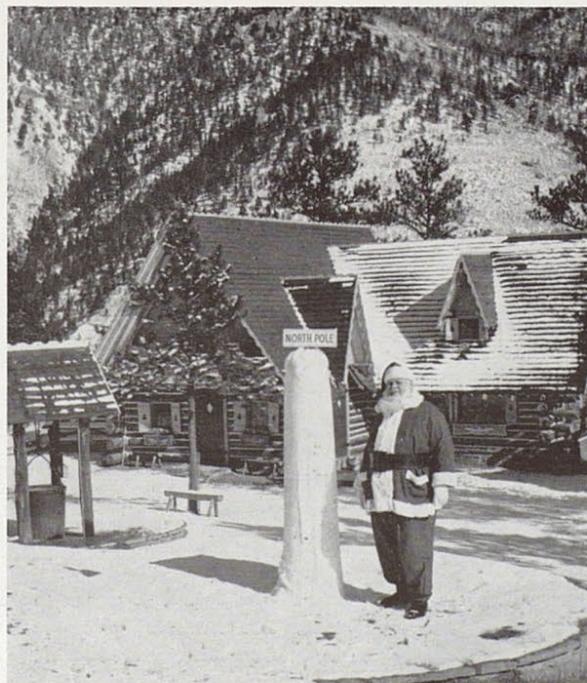
Though very busy answering requests from children all over the Southwest and Rocky Mountain Region, Santa takes time to pose for a picture beside the north pole.

cally-portrayed Rocky Mountain home, and it couldn't be more appropriately located.

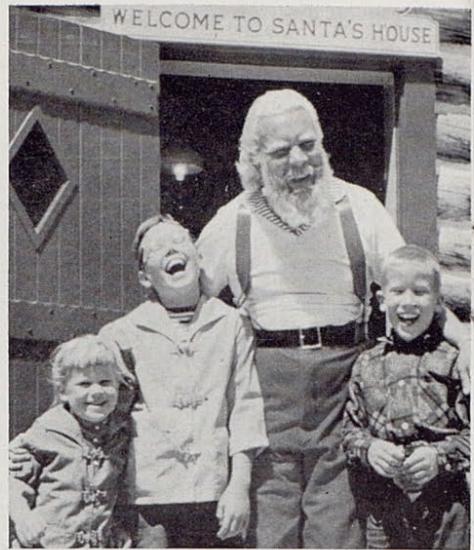
Santa's house, where he greets all his visitors and writes all his letters, is a legend fulfilled for thousands of kiddies that Santa has greeted since the workshop opened last summer. In one day last summer 8,000 visitors were recorded.

Beginning early in November, Santa was answering 25 to 50 letters daily, for his first Christmas at North Pole, Colorado. He doesn't commit himself, naturally, but writes, "nice things will be forthcoming if you are good boys and girls." His experiences, of course, are typical of the cartoons . . . one showing kids in line waiting to speak to Santa. One boy turns to another in line and says, "I wish he would stop that 'ho, ho, ho'-stuff and get down to business," and the other showing a boy on Santa's lap asking, "What about last year's stuff?"

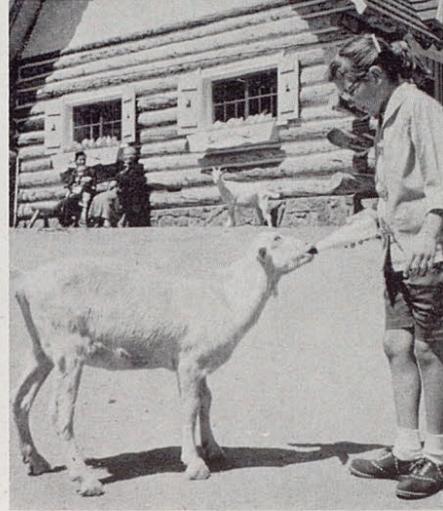
An endless variety of toys on display throughout the different shops can be wrapped and mailed bearing the same "North Pole" postmark. Then there is Mother Hubbard's cupboard where



Kiddies take advantage of an opportunity to visit Santa during the summer and make early requests.



BELOW: (Left) Anticipating a visit from Santa later, kiddies pay him a personal visit. (Center) Blacksmith at work with forging iron. (Right) Colorado Springs girl feeds a goat, one of many animals including deer and ducks which frequent the workshop grounds.



food and drink are served to those who have succumbed to the whetted appetites after a walk around the village circle.

A visit to the blacksmith shop finds the shop man busy working with the forging iron, turning out fancy iron work in anticipation of the Christmas rush. Corners of other shops, lined with all sorts of toys and novelty items, find skilled hands at work on colorful pottery, plastics and other craft items. During the summer college boys in Santa's employ busy themselves with other hand-made trinkets and toys.

Santa receives visitors all day everyday from June 16 through Labor Day. After Labor Day Santa's shop opens on weekends only, as Santa and his helpers speed the production line prior to Christmas. For a full half year, Santa, with a genuine beard and his jolly, over-fed mid-section, is on hand to greet all comers.

As if the colorful village with Santa were not enough, other attractions have been incorporated to delight the visitors.

For example, there's the organ grinder and the monkey who browse the village. The coins that are dropped in the monkey's can are used

in the Toy Lift; likewise, the coins dropped into the quaint wishing well are used for the same purpose. The Toy Lift is a cooperative effort whereby toys are furnished by Santa's workshop and voluntary contributions of business concerns and distributed to underprivileged children. The idea, originating at North Pole, New York, has been expanded to include the Rocky Mountain area. An airplane in the past has been donated by Santa's business friends. Flights were made to various towns eight days before Christmas last year with a plane donated by Riss Trucking Company. Organizations representing underprivileged children in several cities were on hand at the airport, including hundreds of spectators, to watch Santa, his gnomes, elves and other colorfully dressed characters unload the toys.

Santa's workshop is the "Disneyland of the Rocky Mountains"—truly a fantasy and adventureland at Yuletide.

But, whether it's the middle of July, mid-Autumn or at Christmastime with a blanket of snow on the mountainside, the scenic setting is a dream come true for young and old alike. Here, where a refrigerated pole is iced all summer, it's Christmas all year.

Focus on the Frontier

Sixth in a Series

Photos by Erwin Smith (Part III)

the ways of...

Work and Play on the Range

By J. Evetts Haley

It seems an ironic quirk of fate that some men gain immortality simply in preparation for a job that they fail to accomplish. The late Texas cowboy, sensitive and dedicated student, and leisurely and philosophical lover of the Western range and all its ways, Erwin E. Smith, proves this quixotic turn of nature.

Smith's consuming ambition, youthfully conceived and ardently pursued, was to be a sculptor of the cow country. His studies in photography, to be used as material for modelling, lasted a lifetime. Preparation for his great work consumed his years, efforts and interests.

His cultivated taste, his sense of perspective and proportion, his fidelity to the life he planned to put in bronze, and his profound understanding and appreciation of its meaning, combined to produce the greatest collection of cowboy pictures ever made. While failing to achieve renown in his chosen artistic field, he unobtrusively and unconsciously became the greatest in another.

Erwin was born of pioneer Texans, on the edge of the cow country in the closing days of its most expansive period. His early taste of life on

the open range convinced him that its most colorful ways were passing, and burned into his soul the precocious purpose of preserving them.

He was still in his 'teens when he left Texas for study at Chicago under the noted American sculptor, Lorado Taft. He found Taft an admirable teacher, and for two years took training and inspiration from him. But the training was "formal only," Erwin recalled, "and I felt like I wanted to work on the subjects I knew best."

He wished to turn his hands, sensitive to the lightest touch of bridle reins, to the modelling of horses and cattle and the men who handled them. He decided that he should do further study at Boston.

As he pondered this move his precocious maturity of approaching twenty presented another problem. Did he really know the life of the cattle range—that fascinating study from which no man ever graduates—did he know it well enough? He knew that the old-time range was changing, and realizing that this particular "school was almost out," he headed back to the broad grasslands of the Staked Plains of Texas.

Fast and dangerous and hence exciting cow-work that is high art and part play in the cowboy's life.





Cow-country sport—getting guns and gear ready for a hunt from a dugout located on the Matador Ranch.

(Below right) There's no juvenile delinquency here! A happy waif on the cattle range immortalized in the famous cowboy ballad, "Little Joe the Wrangler . . ."

He loved their zest and freedom. He admired the exacting standards that converted their exciting "cow work" into an art in itself. He brought to that work the impeccable integrity of a real man and a genuine artist. No tenderer passion was to consume his lifelong bachelor days. He had but one love. His interest in the life he had chosen to portray became a consuming passion. He dedicated his rare talent and his imaginative genius toward preserving every facet of this fascinating life in unstaged and unexcelled photography. Obviously his sculpture could wait.

He was a serious student. There was nothing of the modernist in his makeup. Natural, inbred aptitude and talent were essential. Technique ad training, measured by rigid standards, must be superimposed upon them to make the craftsman. But in the final analysis that profound knowledge that produces sympathetic understanding — as essential in the art of sculpture as in the art of handling a herd—could be acquired only through long and hard work.

Therefore Erwin put off Boston as long as he could, preferring the curriculum set by the laws of nature as applied to honest reaction of cows. It still entrances men with its courses and involves them beyond retreat—a fascinating school that wears its participants out in high, hard and adventurous endeavor but never grants a degree. Nor with its changes is it "modern." The critical nature that it cultivates in its individualistic men as necessity of survival, seems strangely out of place in a pseudo age of air-conditioned climate, cubist art and intellectual conformity.

Coupled, therefore, with Erwin's talent and his training was the early development of an in-

(Below) A working hand with wind in his face takes a long look for cattle across Canadian breaks.



tensely critical point of view. But criticism, if more than captious, must be based on criteria or standards of excellence and this lean and wind-swept land of little rain and short grass made them tough.

In fact on the frontiers of the West generally, only that was acceptable which met the ruthless test of the God-given elements—only that which would survive. And only that would live which was strong, real and true. Fidelity to land and sky was the cardinal consideration.

Erwin Smith, like any cowboy, knew that the art of cooking sourdough is proven by the bread. Any other standard of excellence is an insult to healthy and honest taste. Here the false and spurious has no place. Nature, in stubborn honesty, discredits and discards it. Boastful riders meet their measure in better horses. Pretense in profession is deadly obvious on the roundup grounds. Easy living and false economy is swept away by dust and drouth. Only that survives which is unpretentious, simple and chaste, tasteful and true.

That Erwin applied these standards rigorously to his own work is proven by his great collection of prints. From the first he seemed to know just what he wanted to record. He wanted

the ways of work. He wanted the life of the range itself, as simple, direct and honest as hard labor can make it; yet always changing and at time as colorful and dramatic as reckless living, danger and death can provide. At the same time his reaction to its misrepresentation by others early took on positive form.

As a youngster, he got in touch with Emerson Hough in defense of the real cowboy. Hough, then rising to prominence as a historian and a novelist, responded with humor about his experiences as an old-time cowboy on the Block Ranch in New Mexico, where at the time, "we assumed that we were just human beings," he wrote. "But I can see now that we were exceedingly wild and picturesque."

Erwin early appraised Frederic Remington as "a paragon of accuracy" compared to most painters, but found serious fault with his bronze, the "Broncho Buster," cast especially for presentation to Theodore Roosevelt by the Rough Riders.

Apart from his own work, the real measure of his seasoned judgment and critical knowledge of the cow-country at twenty-one years was proven

by his confident assertion that Charles Russell was the only artist whose work "faithfully portrays the cowboy life and conveys the spirit of the country." One of the principal reasons, he continued, is that Russell "has the exact knowledge necessary to the work. He has caught the atmosphere of the great cattle country—indeed he is a part of it."

This observation by Smith suggests a contemporary estimate of his own work written by George Pattullo forty-nine years ago. Pattullo pointed out that Erwin's marvelous sense of composition showed in every picture. But more than composition and action were revealed in these unusual prints, Pattullo declared. "It is because he knows the life so thoroughly; it is because he has caught and felt the nameless, indefinable spirit of the vast cattle country that he feels it and the men and the things that go to make it up."

Genuine understanding, that basis of appreciation, thus broadened with his knowledge—in keeping with the observation of the prophet—and his collection of significant pictures of the cowboy at work and in chance diversion grew

Working men with marvelous cow horses; pulling an LS cow out of a bog under a boulder.



*Authentic Diversions
From the Lens of
Erwin Smith*

Erwin Smith at a cowboy's grave:
in spite of the plaintive senti-
ment of the cowboy song, "they
buried him there on the lone
pr-a-i-r-i-ee . . .



great with the years. Meanwhile delay dogged the progress of sculpture.

There was always something fresh to experience, learn and record with his plates and lens on the ranges of grass. At the same time, there was the false and lurid trend to fight. As a sensitive man with enormous pride in his land and people, Erwin Smith became a sort of defensive historian in their behalf.

Yet obviously he was a man of imaginative talent in the studio. Eventually he resumed his studies in Boston under another famous sculptor, Bela Lyon Pratt, with whom he collaborated in the design of the Indian profile for what came to be known as the "buffalo nickel." His photographic art was widely acclaimed in the press of the period, and his advice on the West was sought by many. These varied from Dustin Farnum, an old star of the silent films, who wanted detail for his picture, "The Ranger," to Gutzon Borglum, whom he helped model what was to have been an epic bronze for the old trail drivers of Texas.

At length he modelled two striking figures of Indian and cow-country character studies. But there were personal problems, and the lotus in growing grass that irresistably beckons those who have tasted it drew him back to Texas. Instead of staying with the world of art, he settled on his native heath near Bonham and established Bermuda Ranch.

Still the years were full of plans. He conceived the grand design of going to South America to record the life of the gauchos, the Argentine cowboys, there, as he had already done for those of the Southwest. But he never got off. When the Revolution broke in Mexico, he and the doughty Pattullo made immediate plans to cover the progress and bloodshed there. Again something intervened.

When urged to index and record the his-

torical background of his own prints, he suggested instead that "there are two great collections of pictures that we've got to find and save—that by L. A. Huffman, of Montana, and the other by M. C. Ragsdale, of San Angelo." Thus he provided the suggestion that resulted, twenty years later, in this series of articles. Yet he never got around to cataloguing his own.

There was always ample time for the fruition of his dreams. In between his dreams and before his artistic plans, he labored with the elements in the production of beef as the years passed by. Art can be deferred, but the elemental disciplines of storm, drouth, and depression must be met; they cannot be avoided or ignored. The variegated problems of the active cowman are constantly and vitally pressing, and in his grim struggle for life, cultivated living usually has to wait while life itself lopes on.

Erwin E. Smith died, September 4, 1947, at sixty-one years of age, and was buried in his native village of Honey Grove. His cherished pictures and plates—the lifetime preparation for the art that he intended to do—came to rest in the cavernous depths of the Library of Congress, far from the fresh air of his beloved ranges of grass.

Dedicated purpose, talent, training, learning and the earthly wisdom of the won country filled his heart and head without flowing into anticipated art through his long and sensitive fingers. Not a model was ever cast in lasting bronze.

It is futile to conjecture on what might have been; presumptuous to wish it otherwise; and arrogant to suggest that it ought to have been better. Neither art nor liberty can be cut to man-made plans. With men as with the elements, "God moves in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform," and Erwin Smith's seat in the celestial saddle is secure.



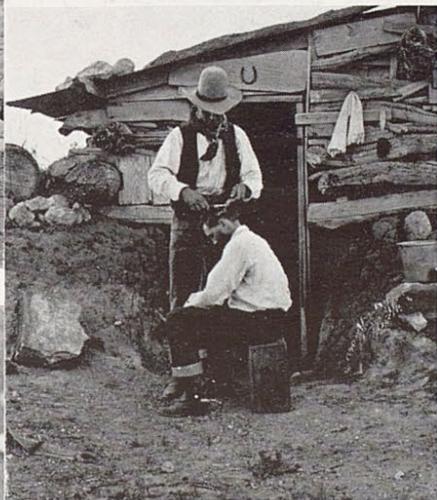
Posting the mail at a saddle gait in passing.



And sitting on their heels to read the news as they head back to camp later in the day.



Two industrious cowboys making a cinch while the cultured gentleman in camp hangs his hat on a lantern and reads a paper-pulp in the shade.



The bright lights beckon: Getting slicked up with a cow-country haircut before heading for town.



(Left) Three seasoned cowboys on a bed roll all set to clean the tenderfoot—marked and branded with a white shirt and rolled-up sleeves—in a game of craps.

for a **Winter**



Holiday

New Mexico has often been called the Playground of the Southwest. Particularly is that true in the winter.

Winter fun resorts are easily accessible from anywhere in the Great Southwest. Two of the most popular are located in Taos and Santa Fe in New Mexico. Both offer comfortable accommodations, including lodging, equipment rental facilities and even lessons in the use of the hickory slats.

The Santa Fe Basin is fast becoming a popular resort area for Texans, particularly those from the Panhandle. Clubs throughout the Panhandle which have been inactive for a number of years have lately experienced a revival among the adults of the area. Even youth groups are forming ski clubs, chief among them being the Amarillo High School Ski Club, one of the largest such organizations in the country.

More than 300 AHS students met with officials from the Santa Fe Basin early this winter to discuss plans for skiing expeditions during the season. An "Amarillo Day" is planned sometime during the winter.

Further to the north, the Taos Ski Valley offers first rate accommodations for all from beginners to professional skiers. One of the chief

(Right) Group of Amarillo ski-club students enjoy a day of skiing in the Santa Fe Basin. (Below) A new ski lodge located in the Taos Ski Valley.

attractions of the resort is beautiful Hondo Lodge, owned partially by Southern Methodist University and All-America Football Star, Doak Walker. The rustic-appearing yet well-equipped lodge provides a setting which transposes the Pueblo country mountains into vistas of Tyrolean grandeur.

New Mexico is never more enchanting than when viewed from a snow-covered mountain slope. Truly, this Winter Wonderland is the setting for an ideal winter vacation, or an unforgettable weekend.

Amarillo Ski Club students get ready for big day.





New Credit Cards Issued

There's a new look in Shamrock Credit Cards.

Since early in the fall, Shamrock Credit Card holders have been issued a new type plastic card which has replaced the old style metal plate-type cards. Comments from Shamrock customers indicate the new system is meeting with growing popularity.

The change to the new style of cards was simultaneous with another change in accounting methods employed at Shamrock. With more and more credit cards in use, a new system which would permit the re-numbering of accounts and minimize the manual handling of invoices became necessary.

New high speed electronic accounting machines were employed which not only increased the speed with which the accounts could be handled, but also decreased the chances for human error. Just as the new type of credit card has provided a convenience to the customer, the new accounting system has provided complete accuracy.

The new cards have also proved much more popular to those customers who carry their cards in their billfolds. Whereas the old type cards were bulky and especially adept at wearing holes in pockets and billfolds, the new pliable plastic cards easily fit into most any pocket or purse. They are also non-breakable and wrinkle-proof.

Why not use that new credit card and drive over to New Mexico for one of those week-end skiing jaunts described on these pages—or to Santa's Workshop and Christmas Tree Land in Colorado.



Winter, 1956

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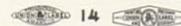
Pages 7, 18 and 19, TAOS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. Pages 8 and 9, NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU. Pages 13 through 17, by ERWIN E. SMITH.



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