

CHRISTMAS 1959





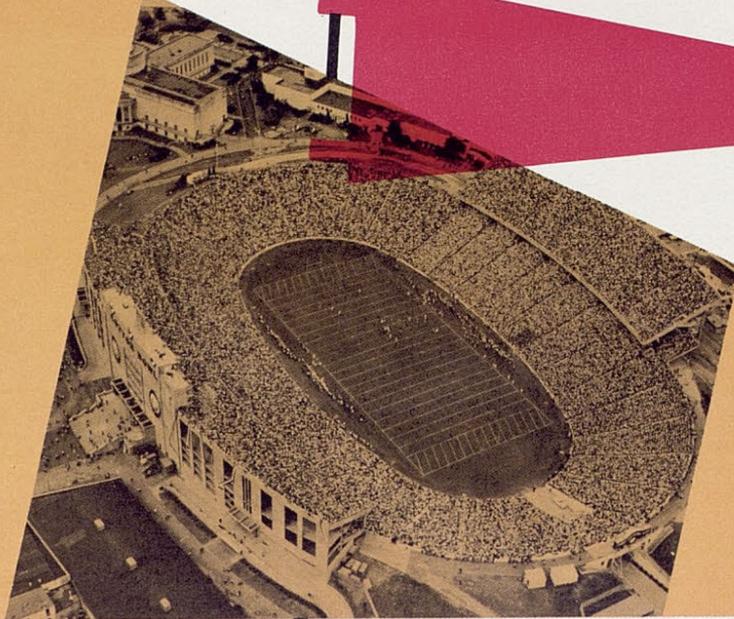
Next to a helping of black-eyed peas, about the most important thing to Texans on New Year's Day is a good football bowl game. And to Texans, there is no bowl game more important than the Cotton Bowl contest played each year in Dallas. Many even would rather do without their "black-eyes" than to miss this annual grid classic.

Texans have long been noted for their bragging and their love of football. In the Cotton Bowl game, they believe they have something which warrants a little boasting. Since 1937 when the classic was inaugurated, they have succeeded in showing the nation that they, too, can stage top grid productions.

There's more to the Cotton Bowl Festival than a football game, however. The host city of Dallas resembles a three-ring circus during the week preceding the big game. The game is played on New Year's Day except when that holiday falls on Sunday. In that event, it is played on Monday, January 2.

The list of events for Cotton Bowl Week this year contains something of interest for all visitors. The National Finals Rodeo, the first "world series of rodeo," will be staged in the new State Fair Livestock Coliseum, December 26-30. The popular

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
Texas Tech University
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79409



Broadway production, "My Fair Lady," will be presented by the national company of the show in the State Fair Music Hall all during the week.

There will be a fashion show for the ladies and the Texas sportswriters will sponsor the annual Texas Sports Hall of Fame luncheon, honoring great athletes and coaches of the past. There will also be college and high school basketball tournaments, a tennis tournament, and a bowling tournament.

The big event prior to the game will come on New Year's Eve with the annual Cotton Bowl Festival parade through downtown Dallas. Bands will play, colorful floats will be displayed and the Cotton Bowl Queen will make an official appearance, along with the many princesses representing each school in the Southwest Conference.

The Cotton Bowl game was conceived and originally promoted as a private enterprise by J. Curtis Sanford, a Dallas businessman. The first game was played on January 1, 1937, and featured Texas Christian University and Marquette University. TCU, with L. D. Meyer scoring two touchdowns, a field goal and a conversion, defeated Marquette, 16-6.

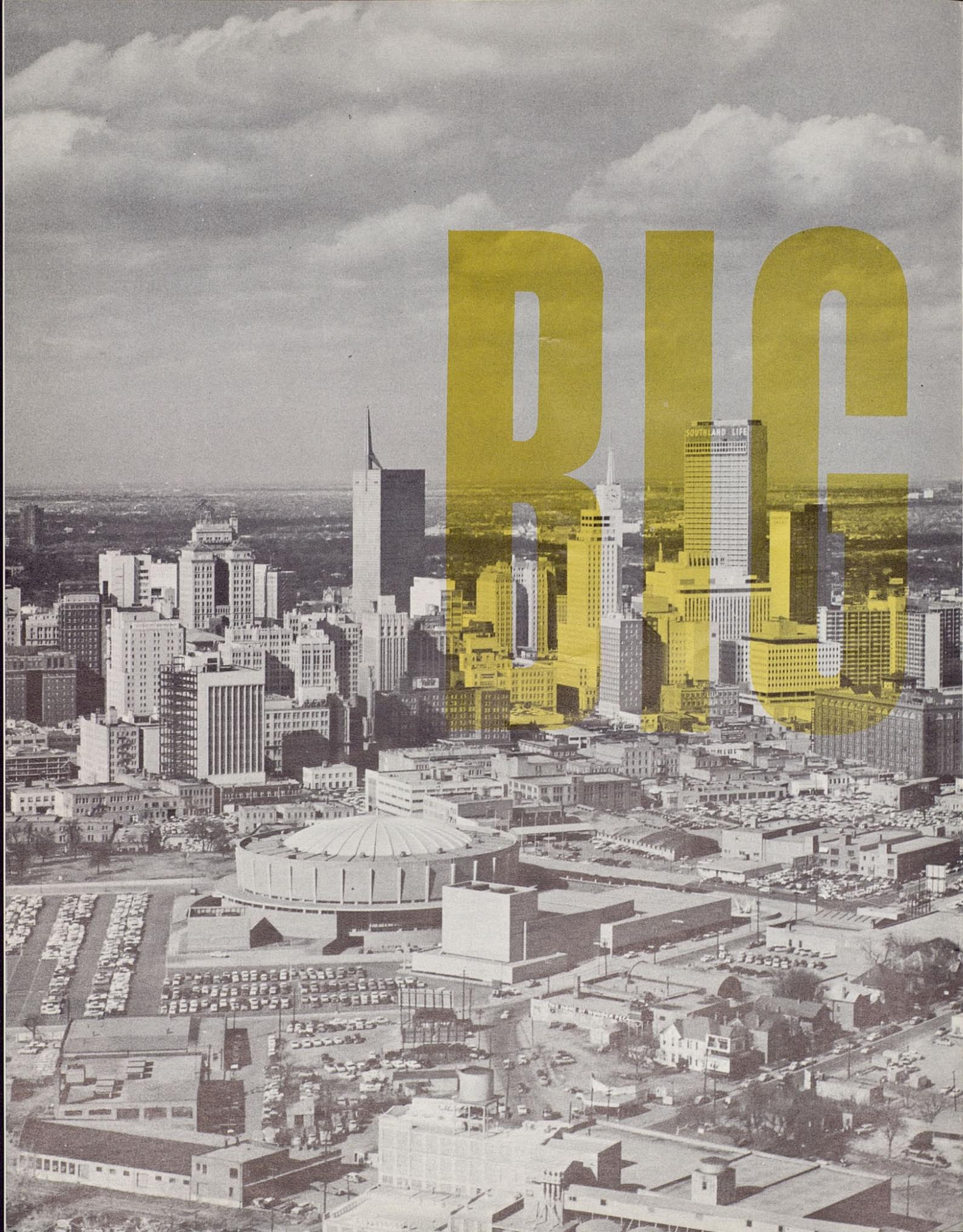
The classic eventually became a Dallas civic

enterprise, produced under the auspices of the Cotton Bowl Athletic Association. The CBAA later became an agency of the Southwest Athletic Conference. Thus the Southwest Conference sponsors and controls the event, making it unique among all post-season games. The Conference voted in 1942 to send its championship team to the Cotton Bowl game as hosts. The opposition is chosen from the top teams in the nation.

The Cotton Bowl Stadium has a seating capacity of 75,504 fans. At \$5.50 a seat, that represents close to half a million dollars in receipts. Each competing team receives 39 per cent of the gate with seven per cent earmarked to be paid toward retiring the bonded indebtedness on the Cotton Bowl Stadium. The remaining 22 per cent goes to the Cotton Bowl Athletic Association. After paying the expenses for the year, the association gives the remainder of its income to the Southwest Conference.

Thus each team in the eight-school league realizes a financial assistance from the annual classic.

A helping of black-eyed peas and a serving of Cotton Bowl football are two items most Southwesterners like on their New Year's Day menu.



BIO

SOUTHLAND LIFE

D

An extremely rich Texan, so the story goes, was in an Eastern city boasting of his wealth.

"You must be an oilman," one admirer proclaimed. "Or you must be a cattleman," another ventured.

Informed that his wealth stemmed from neither of these sources, the Texan's admirers inquired just where he did get his money.

"From just a small plot of land — about 35 acres," came the reply.

"Just 35 acres? What do you raise on it?"

"Nuthin'," the Texan retorted. "They call it Downtown Dallas."

Refuted by the evidence that no single individual owns that much real estate in the downtown area of Texas' second largest city, the story must be regarded as another tall Texas tale. The story does, however, clearly illustrate the scale by which Dallas does its thinking.

Fabled in song and story as "Big D," the city of Dallas does all within its power to live up to its



Symbolic of the Western hospitality that makes Dallas famous is Big Tex, towering 52 feet above State Fair crowds.



Dallas has become a leader in the fields of fashions and education and is home of Southern Methodist University.



reputation. Everything is big in Texas and especially in Dallas.

Bigness has been synonymous with Dallas since its birth in 1841. Big ideas for its founding and growth prompted John Neely Bryan, a native Tennessean, to build a home of cedar boughs on the banks of the Trinity River. The Commerce Street viaduct marks that spot today.

Bryan had spent most of his mature life among Indians and knew them well. He planned to use this knowledge of Indian ways to establish a trading post that would lure Indians from the vast territory of Texas. The redskins had left the area, however — pushed on by white settlers — before Bryan could set up his business.

Bryan held to his belief in the future of his settlement and made his way up the Trinity to invite several white families to help him establish his town on the lower river. Several families accepted the invitation and Dallas was born.

Though the records fail to indicate clearly, there is reason to believe the town was known as Dallas from the beginning. The records are also hazy about for whom the town was named. Bryan has been quoted as saying that "the town was named for my friend Dallas," but it has never been known who that friend might have been. Some think it might have been George Mifflin Dallas, Vice President of the United States under James K. Polk, for whom Dallas County was named.

No one there seems to care much about the origin of the name. The nearly one million who call Dallas their home seem to be interested in the present and the future. They figure they have made the present what it is, they are working diligently on the future, so who cares about the past!

The founder of Dallas made his living selling powder, lead and whiskey to the settlers. Later he helped them till the rich soil which produced bumper corn and cotton crops. Still, he found time to tend to the affairs of a growing settlement.

Even when the town burned in 1860, it was quickly rebuilt — a tribute to the spirit and determination of the settlers. As the city grew, the need for distribution facilities grew. A drive was launched to get rail service into the area and between 1872 and 1892, seven railroad systems were extended into the city.

The transportation problem solved, industry naturally came next. And with industry and agriculture firmly entrenched as bases for a sound economy, another business need arose — banking. The first bank was established in Dallas in 1858 and as early as 1885 the city had become a banking center. A Federal Reserve Bank for the Eleventh District was established there in 1914 and today Dallas boasts six national banks and 18 state banks.



When the hustle and bustle of construction in the city become too much for Dallas folks, they can often find peace and contentment at White Rock Lake, just a few miles outside the city. There they can sail, fish, or picnic.

It is only natural that a city of a cosmopolitan nature should develop into a center of cultural activities. Dallas holds that distinction today, being known as the show city of the Southwest.

Dallas is the home of Southern Methodist University, founded in 1915 and the pace setter of cultural activities in the area. Dallas is also the home of the Roman Catholic University of Dallas, the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, and Baylor University College of Dentistry. Two important church schools are also located there — the Perkins School of Theology and the Dallas Theological Seminary.

Culturally, Dallas also boasts an annual visit from the world famous Metropolitan Opera Company each April and May. During the summer months, Dallas folk can find entertainment in the State Fair Musicals lasting 12 weeks. The Dallas Symphony Orchestra has won world acclaim with its annual winter concerts in State Fair Music Hall.

Dallas is also known as a fashion center. Downtown Dallas claims the title of Texas' Largest Shopping Center and, through its alertness to fashion trends and newest developments in customer services, has won for the city an excellent and far-flung reputation.



Dallas is also one of the leading aviation centers of the country. A number of aircraft manufacturers are located there and the city's new Love Field boasts one of the most modern terminals in the nation. The city is among the leading cities of the nation in the number of air passengers, volume of air mail and air cargo.

It is often said that occasional visitors to Dallas seldom recognize the skyline at first glance. As they enter the city on a maze of super highways, by rail, or on one of many commercial airlines, they see modern skyscrapers rearing their heads into the clear blue Texas sky at a pace which rivals even New York City. In fact, Dallas boasts the two tallest buildings west of the Mississippi River. Like nearly everything else, the buildings are big in Dallas.

Big D is also a sports-minded city, especially fond of football. It is the scene of the annual New Year's Day Cotton Bowl game. The city backs the SMU Mustangs and its many high school grid teams. Once each year the city's famed Cotton Bowl Stadium is the site of the nationally-famous

grid battle between the Universities of Texas and Oklahoma!

Dallas follows the theory that bragging is permissible if one has the goods to back up its boastful claims. And Dallas people believe they can stand behind any claims made on their city, fabulous though they may sound.

Nor is Dallas hiding any of its acclaims. Seldom does a week go by that the city doesn't throw open its doors to delegates to one convention or another. It has many facilities to offer conventioners and is the reputed "Convention City of the Southwest."

Dallas has come a long way from a small trading post to the cosmopolitan status it enjoys today. It boasts a sound economy of industry, agriculture, wholesale and retail trade, finance, and communications. The growth of the city, many claim, has not been accidental; the natives of the city say it was planned that way, just as the future is being carefully plotted.

If past and present are any fair indication, big things are in store for Big D.



JUST at this season twenty-eight years ago my eager search for the makings of history carried me to the side of a sickly man in a rocking chair on the coast of Texas. Obviously age and illness were a heavy burden upon him. Except for a troop of memories – that mellow, patient and cheerful company of an old man's years – his days seemed dreary indeed.

But those memories – as vital as the men with whom he had lived upon the pioneer Plains, as vivid as the morning sunlight on the roseate escarpments of the Palo Duro – kept him company and chased away the afflictions of the flesh with the unquenchable fire of the human spirit. The hard routine of youthful years as well as the drab features of his age were dispelled by the highlights of an adventurous nature and a wildly imaginative mind where fantasy too added its delightful touch. Thus flourishes, amid its tribulations, the indomitable nature of man. Thus, too, as the wise have reminded us, security and peace – yes, and adventure as well – are of the spirit.

In such manner did J. C. Tolman, devoted Texan, live out the short span that the weary flesh at last allotted. The passionate time of his birth, a period inflamed with the deepest hatreds of all – those of civil and fratricidal war – was in retrospect a rather happy period kept bright for him through the tolerant perspective of distance. Yet the circumstances surrounding his birth seemed to portend an entirely different point of view in the time of Tolman's maturity.

His father, a handsome, curly-headed, robust man, was a regular soldier, a Union officer in the army of occupation in Texas during Reconstruction – a symbol of authority that inflamed instead of allayed the passions of a proud people who suffered but never acknowledged defeat.

The South cannot forget. But the shallow nature of animosity and violence in the abstract, of hatreds of people in the brutal mass, break down into understanding, tolerance and affection on the rock of individual relationship. Since then we sometimes suspect that the times are still "out of joint." Yet the fact that there is a certain consistency in all history, that human nature changes so little, that passionate violence may, paradoxically, have an affinity for love, all these may brighten the spiritual star of our hope a little in this age and at this season.

This brings us to the origin, in healthy blood and troublous place, of J. C. Tolman, zestful and sensitive reflector of a vigorous, yet genteel past, and to his sunny memories, as he sat facing death in a rocking chair. The story of his, perhaps supplemented a little in imaginative detail where memory faltered after seventy years, is true to the traditions of Texas.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HANCOCK HOUSE

by J. Evetts Haley



THE WAR, which is still The War in the South, had come to an end, as all wars must. The proposed peace of conciliation and tolerance had given way to one of vengeance, as they often do. Base politics decreed the humiliation of the foe. The hot-blooded men of high spirit would now be bent to the yoke of authority, as if brute force could be compatible with peace and freedom. Yet it is a recurrent illusion.

In the spring of 1866¹, therefore, the tough Sixth United States Cavalry Regiment took boat from the port of Norfolk, Virginia, for Galveston, Texas. The prospect was a welcome change. As veteran campaigners in the late conflict, they were glad to leave war-worn Virginia for the frontiers of Texas which legend and imagination, if not hard fact, high-lighted with the brushes of romance and adventure.

They pushed their unwilling wagon-mules aboard two transports, led their beloved battle chargers to

the tie-racks, stowed their scanty duffel in the cabins, and hoped for a peaceful voyage as they floated out into the calm Atlantic. As they approached Cape Hatteras "the barometer steadily went down, clouds gathered, the wind arose, and so did the waves." Most of the enlisted men fell seasick. As the storm increased in intensity, the heavy cargoes of horses and mules began to sway with the motion of the ships, so accentuating the heavy roll that the captains began to fear that the boats would turn turtle.

All able-bodied men were called to duty in an attempt to break the rhythm. They vigorously jerked on the headstalls and turned their mounts about, but the animals inevitably fell back into motion with the waves and the roll of the vessels, thus increasing the danger. In desperation the officers ordered the animals pushed overboard. One after another was dragged to the rail by the frenzied men and pushed into the sea.

For a few moments the horses bobbed up and down in the angry, boiling waters. Some turned and swam after the boat, nickering out of the storm to the friendly forms on the rail that had in the past kept close company with them in all violence and in danger. No more compelling sound can fall upon the ears of the lovers of animals, and the tears of the battle-toughened owners mingled with the bitter waters of the sea. In attempted compassion the officers ordered others shot and then skidded overboard. At last, lightened of a goodly portion of their noble cargo, the transports rode out of the storm.

They stopped for repairs at primitive Key West, relayed reports for orders off the mouth of the Mississippi, and hove to in deep water beyond the mid-flats that marked the unhealthy borders of Galveston. The pilot brought news that the water was too shallow for them to cross the bar.

Again they put to sea to sail through Paso Cavallo into Matagorda Bay and wearily touch land at Old Indianola. The horses that had survived were transported by lighter to shore, while the owners of those that were lost cursed the perverse fate that ever forces a horseman a-foot. Through heavy floods they marched into San Antonio where the officers remounted the footmen, trained their mounts, refurbished their maneuvers, and marched again.

They rode around the base of the Balcones Escarpment, across the lovely ridges, and topped the plateau above the Colorado and the Capital of Texas. They could see the white-walled buildings rising on the north bank of the river, to be



1. It is possible that Mr. Tolman's memory may have erred as to the time. The date was probably 1865, as Cullum's Register of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point shows the Sixth Cavalry was in Texas in the fall of that year.



Tom Tolman got this view of the State Capitol while looking down Austin's Congress Ave. in 1866.

lost, helter-skelter, in the dark cedar and laurel that covered the hills in the distance — hills wrapped in that familiar haze which prompted the romantic to call it “The City of the Violet Crown.”

The Sixth Cavalry forded the river and stirred the white dusts of Congress Avenue as they trotted north toward the Capitol. “The citizens stood in the doorways or on the sidewalks and watched them pass in silence. No open hostility was manifested, but there was the icy coldness of the conquered who believes himself the superior of the conqueror. This is worse than hate — it is contempt.”

Under the fierce glare of the Texans they deployed to the left and came to rest, while the Colonel in command called on Governor Throckmorton, at the Mansion. Looming among them at the head of Troop H was a curly-headed, six-footer fresh from the Academy at West Point, Lieutenant Thomas M. Tolman, a Yankee among Yankees from the far corners of the country in Maine.

After the preliminary formality paid by superior military force to legitimate authority, the troops rode across the Capitol grounds and stopped in a grove of live oaks to the north. There only little boys, both black and white, of that age which is devoid of passion and prejudice, gathered about to watch them pitch camp in a style that Confederate soldiers had never known. And there the handsome trooper from Maine came down with the deadly fever.

This sickness, common to the South in those times, had its enervating way with the strongest. As, day after day, the torrid sun of Austin's summer beat upon the canvas to compound his miseries, Lieutenant Tolman was given up as lost. But he was reckoned as a good fighting man and it was a superlative tribute that even his subordinates in the army hated to lose him. As simple men of action, therefore in their leisure they sat in the shade of the oaks and told of his commendable exploits since he was about to die. “All these,” it is recalled, “were heard by the colored ‘camp nuisances’ and retold to unbleached domestics in service in various homes in Austin.”

Among those who heard the stories was a mite of

a widow “with a name as big as her heart.” She lived in the then pretentious “Hancock House” at the corner of what was called Lavaca and Hickory — that is, before Hickory gave way to the numerical designation of “8th.” Mrs. Eva Helena Eugenia Stern Barrett, called Miss Jinnie for short, who obviously had seen better days, “was now earning a precarious existence by the only method known to southern ladies at the time — she was keeping boarders.”

She heard of the plight of the young Lieutenant from Maine in the camp that symbolized the humiliation of the South and the destruction of the gracious way of life that she had known. In spite of this, she called a former slave of the family, still as devoted as “before freedom came,” and ordered him to hitch the old gray mare to her carryall. Then with the stately air of breeding that poverty assaults in vain, she gathered the lines and drove straight to the commander of the Sixth Cavalry, creating quite a commotion.

The Colonel stepped from his tent, quickly reached for his cap, and stood bareheaded beside the aging carryall, “for he was a person of discernment” and recognized rank, either in full-dress or in hand-carded cotton. With the gallantry of the brave, and especially the truly brave in their relations with the conquered, he placed himself at her service.

“I came to get the sick officer,” she said, proceeding immediately to the point, and with the sure air of command.

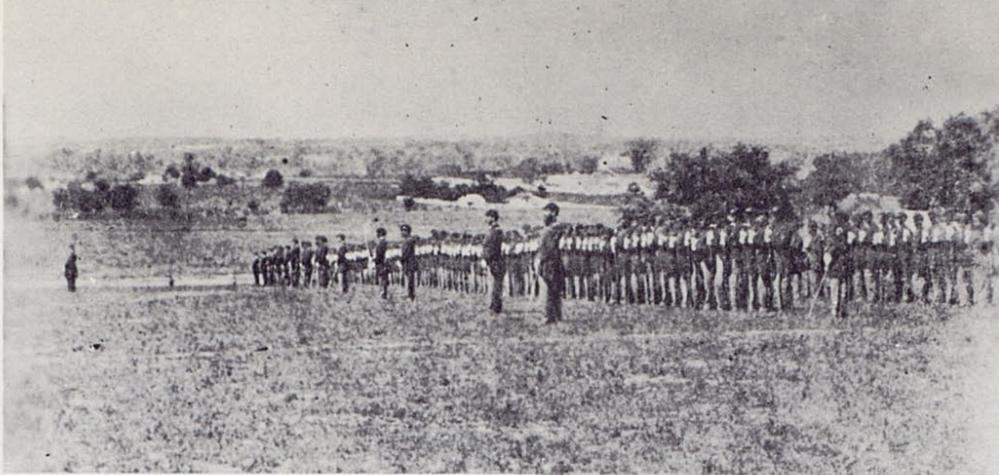
“Why, Madam . . .” the Colonel moved to demur.

“They tell me he can't live, so he's not worth much to you,” cut in the tiny figure on the driver's seat. “Anyway I'll take him and see what I can do for him. I'm a good nurse.”

“Thank you, Madam. Maybe you can save the boy but the doctor thinks he is nearly a hopeless case.”

“Drat the doctor,” interjected the spirit and soul of the South. “What does he know about a sick man? Where is the boy?”

The Colonel waved his hand toward a distant tent and was ordered to “hop in.” Inured as he was



An early-day cameraman caught this shot of Federal troops on occupation duty in Austin in 1866.

to discipline, and being a married man besides, the Colonel dutifully obeyed. Miss Jinnie drove.

While the servant held the team and the Colonel lifted the flap, she walked into the tent. It was hot, humid and buzzing with flies. The wan figure on a sagging cot turned uneasily as she placed a cool hand on his brow, and murmured through his delirium; "Mammie." And the soft benediction that fell on his ears — so foreign to the vulgarities of an army camp — was "Yes, son."

At once Miss Jinnie "ordered the Colonel to order an ambulance." Next she directed the drive to the Hancock House, where a detail of troops carried Lieutenant Tolman up a side stair to a spacious attic room. There, in a great four-poster bed draped with mosquito netting, for screens were unknown, she began the slow process of nursing him back to life and health.

Meanwhile the irreconcilable element of the Barrett household was Miss Jinnie's strictly Southern daughter, a fair young lady of proper age and proportions called Corinne. She steadfastly scoffed at her mother's philanthropy as she recalled the indignities of war and the incipient reconstruction, and vehemently hoped that "the damned Yankee would die." But Nature, in her infinite wisdom, subtly softens the extremes, even as "pride goeth before . . ." Finally Corinne yielded to her mother's insistence to help attend the sick man, and mounted the stairs to the side of the four-poster bed.

Immediately the emaciated figure beneath the mosquito bar struck her with pity, and abstract hate against these men in the mass changed to individual compassion, and haughty disdain turned to tender care. Thus too, emotional reaction, in its powerful relation to health, succeeds where drugs fail. The tonic of feminine concern, the most curative power over a sick man's bed, gradually put the trooper from Maine back on his feet, while humid summer was chased away by fall, and the Spanish oaks and the sumac miraculously splashed the dark greenery of the hills with crimson, russet and gold.

As winter in that clime gently intruded on fall, the thoughts of the threadbare natives turned from the bitterness of war to observance of the birth of

the Prince of Peace. Yet isolation, with the levies and destruction of the late conflict, still held life in Texas to the bare elementals. On the surface Christmas threatened to prove a drab season. But warmth and color, those irrepressible hand-maidens of the Southern spirit, were undismayed.

Miss Jinnie spent her spare time spinning fine little strips of cloth which she dyed with bright colors brewed from the native growth. Rejuvenated young Tom Tolman borrowed a quartermaster's wagon and a team of mules from the military camp and brought a load of laurel cuttings and a healthy cedar from the hills. At the Colonel's orders the regimental band gave a concert on the Capitol grounds, playing Yankee Doodle to a frigid audience, and then winning it over with a sudden rendition of Dixie.

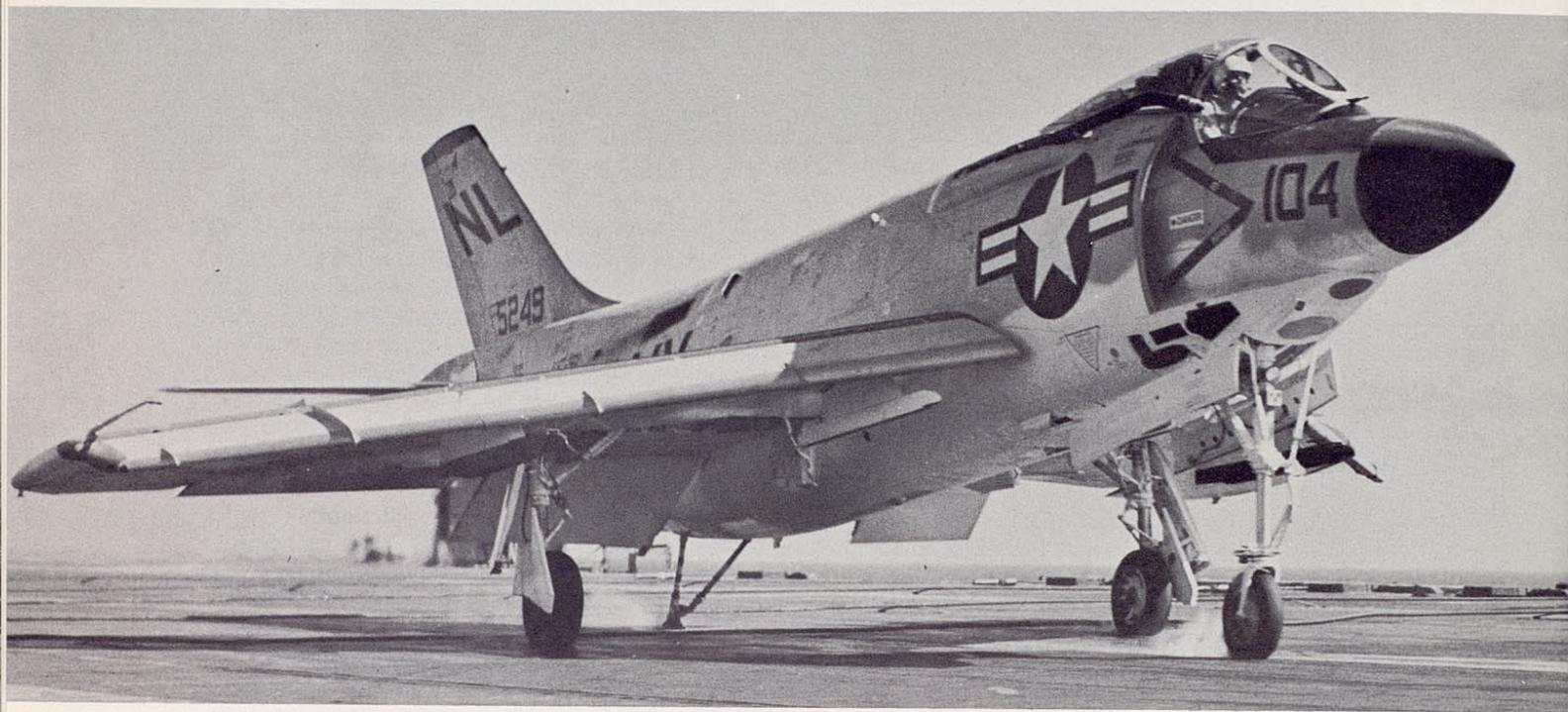
The tree in Miss Jinnie's parlor grew gay with small tallow dips, with festoons of strung popcorn, and with streaming ribbands of color in keeping with the spirit that will not be depressed — that of free men at the Christmas season.

On Christmas eve the bars along Congress Avenue were crowded with lonely soldiers moving among tattered Texans to fraternize or to fight — either as temper or lack of temperance moved them. At the Hancock House apparently everybody else gathered at the appointed hour — that is, everybody but Tom and Corinne. They at last arrived after a moonlight ride from Mount Bonnell.

As they joined the circle in the parlor, embarrassingly late, Miss Jinnie fixed them with an inquiring and authoritative eye. The robust young officer from Maine cleared his throat, ruddy cheeks flushing deeper still, slipped his arm around the waist of the Southern girl, and admitted that the Union would certainly stand.

Nature thus shatters the shafts of our pride and prejudice, while the thoroughbred blood shows up in the stretch. Miss Jinnie crossed the parlor with measured step, kissed them both with great solemnity, and turned to bless all those assembled from the fullness of her heart:

"Thank the Lord! Peace on earth, good will to all men, even to a Yankee."

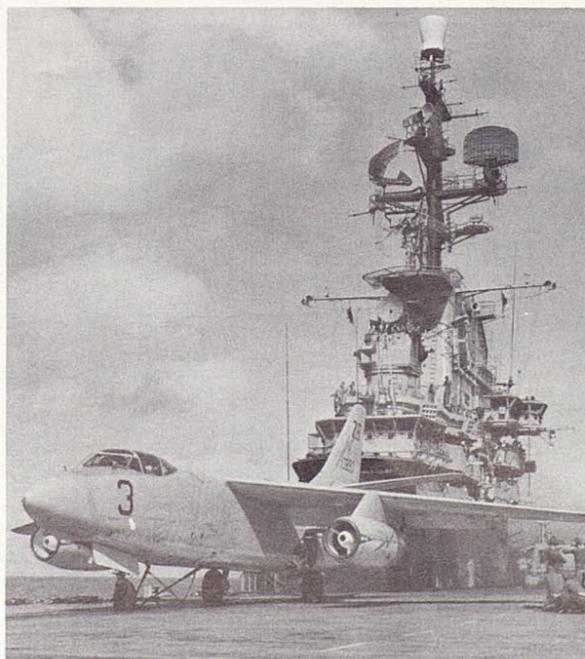


SEA POWER

The dynamic concept of the United States Navy of today and tomorrow is bringing the greatest changes in ships, weapons and tactics since the first American fleet put to sea in 1776. As a member of the National Defense team, the Navy is responsible for the vital element of "Sea Power" in world strategy.

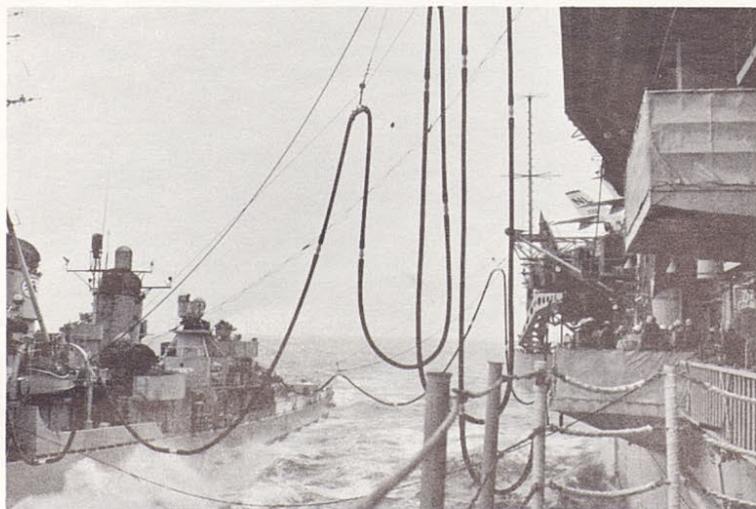
The role of today's Sea Power is clear. The U. S. Navy must control the sea routes on the oceans of the world to protect the economic and military security of the Free World. Its prime objective is to contribute to the deterrence of wars — and to fight if need be, and win. In the nuclear missile age there are requirements for two types of deterrence. First — a nuclear retaliatory force in being, capable of deterring all-out-war. Second — to have forces in being

At right, a twin-engine attack bomber, being thrust forward by a steam catapult, takes off from the carrier, USS Hancock. Left page, a 540-foot landing deck on a tossing carrier, steaming full speed into the wind, looks awfully small to men who fly the high-speed jets. This fighter made a perfect landing.





The carrier USS Hancock, her planes poised on the flight deck, steams into San Francisco Bay as a complement of her crew spells out SEA POWER — the symbol of the U. S. Naval forces. Below, a U. S. Navy destroyer pulls alongside the Hancock for refueling operations during maneuvers in the Pacific area.



able to deter, fight and win "limited" wars.

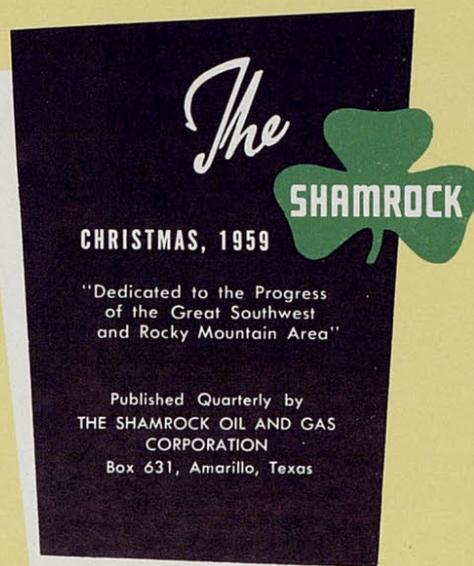
Sea Power has been through many transitions — from sails to steam, wood to steel and, now, to nuclear power, guided missiles and supersonic aircraft.

Already in operation are larger carriers with more under construction and the nuclear powered submarines which are proving their place in the modern Navy. Scheduled for the near future are aircraft carriers, missile launching submarines and cruisers, all nuclear powered. The first of these types are under construction and radical changes in support and other types of ships are on the drawing board. The main force of the Navy today is the carrier with an operational flexibility varying from a "cautioning gesture" to an atomic bomb. Through extensive conversion, the "Essex" class carriers of World War II are in operation as first-line attack carriers. Although limited in length, hangar deck space and fuel capacity, they will continue to be operational in this mission until replaced by the new carriers.

One unit of the Navy's carrier force is the "Essex" class carrier *USS Hancock* commissioned in 1944 and the third ship to be named for the statesman John Hancock. The record of her men, planes and guns in the Pacific during World War II and in the Korean conflict is outstanding. In the late '40's the *Hancock* was put in the mothball fleet and recommissioned in 1954. At that time she was modernized and equipped with the first steam catapults to be placed on an American carrier. A longer and wider flight deck and stronger arresting gear (for aircraft landings) were installed and jet aircraft operations began.

The *Hancock* has a top speed of 30 knots. Her flight deck is 898 feet in length (about 3 football fields) and is equipped with two steam catapults, an angle landing deck and mirror landing system. The crew is composed of 3,000 officers and men and most activities are organized for effective operation of the jet fighter, bomber and reconnaissance aircraft aboard and the movement of the ship. Other activities are those necessary in providing meals, fresh water, electricity, medical and dental care, and entertainment to sustain the men for extended periods of time.

Today, the *Hancock* is performing her mission as an attack carrier with well trained men, supersonic aircraft, modern tactics and weapons.



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ON THE COVER

On the sidewalks, shoppers dart to and fro. On the street, autos dash by, leaving streaks of light in their haste. Gay lights and laughing Santas swing gayly overhead, festooning the area in a holiday glow. Above all this man-made madness, stars twinkle in contrast, reflecting a serenity reminiscent of a night nineteen hundred years ago. This is what *The Shamrock* staff sees in this vivid water color of Downtown Dallas at Christmastime by Artist Bud Biggs.

Photos on pages 3 through 7 courtesy Dallas Chamber of Commerce; art on pages 8 and 9 by Harold Bugbee and courtesy George Autry of Amarillo; photos on pages 10 and 11 courtesy Texas State Historical Society; photos on pages 12, 13 and 14 official U. S. Navy Photographs.



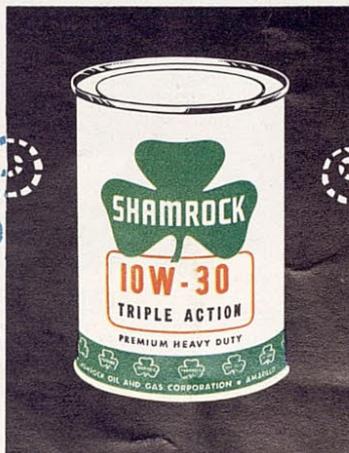
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Never
too
THICK,
Never
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THIN...



It used to be that you had to have a light, winter-weight oil to give proper, cold-engine protection. Frequently these oils thinned too much at operating temperature for sure-fire protection. Now this is not a problem. At least it's not a problem if you use Shamrock 10-W-30. It has the right consistency to flow freely and protect instantly in a cold engine but doesn't lose its protective qualities at high temperature.

For the life of your car, we suggest you accept your Shamrock dealer's recommendation to change to 10-W-30 motor oil.