



Fall '67







*"Dedicated to the Progress  
of the Great Southwest  
and Rocky Mountain Area."*

#### COVER STORY

Like a jewel in a sea of grass, Lake Meredith near Amarillo, Texas, reflects the beauty of a harvest moon . . . and a golden glow from hundreds of colored lights at Fortress Cove Marina. This newest of recreational outlets in the Texas Panhandle offers the utmost in service to enthusiasts of boating, fishing and other water activities. For further details, see page 12.

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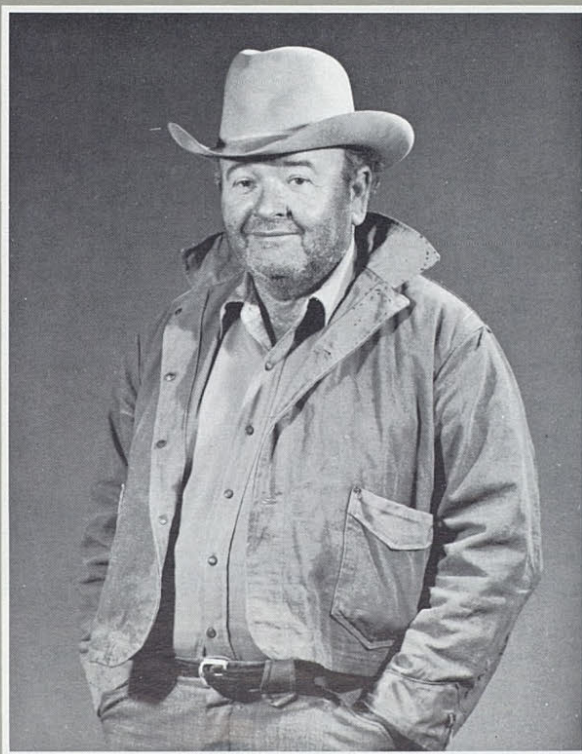
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# *A lifetime a'horseback...*



*"My life has been rougher than hell in places . . . but it's never been dull."*

With those words of self-analysis, a native of Cumby, Texas, describes some 50-odd years of pursuing a livelihood that has, in his own words, "made me a freak in my own time."

Ben K. Green recalls that he "was 'foaled' in Cumby, rode away when only 12, stayed gone 36 years, and have been back five." During those 53 years he has managed to squeeze in more living than many men realize in considerably longer lifetimes, buying, selling or trading for more horses, mules and cattle probably than any living man. He has traveled extensively in pursuit of his chosen trade, and managed in the interim to take a degree

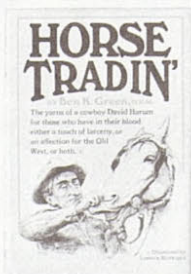




in veterinary medicine and practice that profession for a number of years.

Doc Green has now retired from the practice of veterinary medicine, but by no stretch of the imagination has he retired from the active pursuits of other facets of a busy life. He has returned to Cumby, planted a 4,000-tree fruit orchard, and authored a book entitled "Horse Tradin'." But a lifetime of close association with horses has made it impossible for him to get completely away from the critters; he still spends much of his time inspecting horses for the International Quarterhorse Jockey Club Registry, an organization he helped to bring into existence.

In "Horse Tradin'," Green relates twenty authentic tales stemming from his career as a breeder and trader of horseflesh. Published by Alfred A. Knopf in New



York and illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund, the book is proclaimed on the jacket as "... hilariously funny and prickly as chaparral brush, a true account of the author's experiences around the corals, livery stables and wagonyards of the cattlemen's West. They are dusty as a cow trail, and they are filled with the drawls and humor of the old horse traders themselves.

"... As a breeder and trader in horse flesh, he brings to his tales the pure flavor of a cowboy David Harum who has, as he says, 'with these blood-shot eyes and gnarled hands measured in my time more than 70,000 horses.' The yarns range all the way from tales about arsenic-fed horses (an old trick used on aged horses to make them feed, fill out, and look better than they are) to accounts of how old-timers made a dapple-gray mule with a bucket of paint and a hen's egg.

"... Indeed, few readers whether tinctured with a touch of larceny in their veins or not, will be





able to resist the knavery, skill, salesmanship, and pure unadulterated 'con' of Dr. Green's true tales of trading horses."

Ben Green rode off from home in Cumby at the tender age of a dozen years—horseback of course—and embarked on his career of buying, selling and trading horses for a living.

"I have been in the horse business all my life," Green says, "and I'll be in it when it's over. You know, few men have stuck to this business . . . and I consider it quite an accomplishment to have been able to have made a living from it during the advent of the machine age."

All those years astride a horse, sleeping and living in the out-of-doors, and associating with other horse traders have left Green with a wealth of tales not included in his "Horse Tradin'" book. Though born in Cumby, he moved with his family to Greenville when in the third grade. There, he

delivered the *Greenville Banner* . . . horseback, of course.

"My family saw early that I wasn't going to be any credit to their name so I struck out on my own," he recalls. At age 12, he saddled one of the four horses he owned at the time and started on a three-day trip to Weatherford, Texas, to join his father.

Young Green attended school at Weatherford, but "never on 'First Monday'." That was Country Trades Day in the small Texas town.

"That was when the farmers brought in something they didn't want to trade to somebody else for something they didn't want, both of them with the full intention of cheating the other," Green recalls.

From this early introduction to the business transactions of the times, Green learned many of the ropes that were to help him successfully conduct his career as a horse trader.



His dogged determination to attend each of these Trades Day sessions often left him in not-too-good standing with the local school authorities. Regulations required an excuse slip to explain any absence from class and Green was faced on each Tuesday after the "First Monday" with the necessity of submitting such a slip.

"I guess that I could have concocted some sort of an excuse, but I wasn't going to lie to anybody. I'd just write 'First Monday' across the slip and turn it in to the principal," Green relates. "They came to accept that excuse and knew that I wasn't going to be in class on 'First Monday.'"

Green recalls that his family had an indirect part in naming the city of Greenville where he spent some years of his childhood.

"There were three families of Greens settled where the town is located today. My people came there in 1834, two years before the Republic of Texas was formed. My great-grandfather traded with the Caddo Indians and operated a freight line from Jefferson to Fort Worth.

"There was a fellow named Arkansas who worked for the family . . . that's all the name we knew. One day Arkansas brought in a load of freight, and in those days that was the signal for everyone to come in and pick up their supplies. So while everyone was in town, it seemed as good a time as any to hold a meeting. The meeting was in a grove of trees, about where the courthouse is now.

"Old Arkansas was drunk, but he got to his feet and grabbed a low limb to steady himself, and made a motion to name the town for the most people there by the same name. So they named the town GreenSville. Later, the legislature took out the 'S' and called it Greenville.

"And that's the true story on how the town got its name, despite the claims of those who say it was named for a General Green," the good doctor proclaimed.

In pursuing his studies of veterinary medicine, Ben Green conducted research over vast areas of the world, including Australia, South America and Africa in addition to much of the North American continent. On one such research jaunt involving a botanical toxicology of African plant life, Green realized a narrow escape from death.

"We were traveling up the continent, camping every 100 miles or so, and moving any way we could . . . trucks as far as they would go and then

by pack animals," Green recalls. "We had a staff of eight and as many natives as we needed.

"We contacted some type of fever and four of the men died. I got awful damn sick, but never had to come home."

Green helped to finance his veterinary studies by working as an auctioneer in horse sales throughout the country. One such sale provided Green with one of his favorite experiences.

"It was in Gillette, Wyoming, back in the days of the Depression," he recalls. "We had horses penned everywhere and started selling in carload lots. By the end of the day we had sold 10,008 head of horses . . . and that's one hell of a lot of horses. There is no hill big enough to hold them, nor is the human eye big enough to see that many horses at one time.

"And the hell of it was, they sold for an average of \$21 a head."

This occasion was recalled by Green several years later when, in Lexington, Ky., he watched as George Swinebroad, renowned horse auctioneer, established a new record high for total receipts in a horse sale. The per-horse average for 100 head amounted to something over \$27,000.

"I told George he wasn't so damn smart," Green exclaimed. "I said 'Hell, you have sold the least number of horses for the most money. I have sold the most horses for the least money.'"

Life spent in the out-of-doors affords little opportunity to record many events on paper. Consequently, Green, over the years, has developed a keen sense of memory and learned to store most pertinent facts in his head, a trait that has helped immeasurably in recalling details in his "Horse Tradin'" yarns.

This same trait, carried over into his days of practicing the veterinary profession, also provides the basis for another of his favorite stories.

"It was during the war (World War II) and I was living in Fort Stockton. On that particular day I had gone to Midland on some business and decided to spend the night. I stopped at a motel with a service station next door . . . thought I'd get filled up with gas and let the boys grease and service my car while I got some sleep and rest away from the phone.

"Now, I never was one to keep many books and most of the time when I would make a call, I'd just take my pencil and make a notation on the fender or the trunk or anywhere on the car. I'd put down



the man's initials or his brand along with the fee I was charging him.

"Since I was the only vet in about 400 square miles and a lot of traveling was involved, most calls were usually of an emergency nature. But while I was there, the ranchers would usually have me do quite a bit of doctoring and often the bill would be a lot. I'd mark it down somewhere on my car and maybe forget about it until we met in town sometime later after the rancher had sold some lambs, wool or calves . . . or maybe an oil lease. I just never sent out any bills.

"But while I was sleeping in Midland that night, the boys at the station decided they would do me a big favor. As I had stopped there fairly often, they decided I was a pretty good sort of feller and would just give me a free wash job.

"Now, I appreciate their generosity, but hell, they washed away all my books."

The nature of Green's life work has afforded him considerable opportunity to observe the behavior of the human animal as well as that of the four-legged varieties. His philosophy seems to be that horses are better than people — and if he had a choice, he would rather be with the former.

"People buy horses today for social prestige," he proclaims. "But when the stock market goes bad, that horse is the first thing they can do without. People today just don't know anything about horses. Mothers can rewind a motor, but fathers can't saddle a horse."

As to today's breed of cowboy — especially those shown in Western television productions — Green has this observance:

"Damn few cowboys today are horsemen — they are athletes. They ridicule polo riders, but a man who can ride a flat saddle can ride anything."

Much of Green's time now is being taken up by his orchard and vineyard. A good many of the 4,000 trees will begin production in 1968, bringing on a need for full-time employees and even greater demands on Green's time. In the meantime, he works in the orchard and travels the country inspecting horses for the International Quarterhorse Jockey Club Registry.

Despite a normal degree of attraction to the fairer sex, Green somehow through the years has managed to escape the confinement of "double yoking." In "Horse Tradin'," he relates his youthful infatuation for a beautiful Southern Belle and his narrow escape from the amorous advances of a

husband-hunting school marm. But neither managed to get a halter over his head or a ring on his finger.

"I always had a 'booger' for that double harness," he exclaims.

It requires but a few minutes of talking to Ben Green to reach the conclusion that his real love is horses. Even more apparent is his fondness for one particular horse — Old Beauty, mentioned frequently in his book of yarns.

One story he likes to tell is how Old Beauty would get him home late at night while he slept.

"I was 'bout 14 or 15 and used to go to a lot of movies," he recalls. "Old Beauty would head for home and I'd go to sleep in the saddle. She would walk on the side of the road where the gravel was loose and where she wouldn't make so much noise as she would by walking on the hard-packed center. Of course, she walked on the side of the road to keep out of what little traffic we had then, and when she would come to low-hanging limbs on trees, she would skirt out around them to keep from brushing me off. That mare could always tell when I was asleep and I never had to worry about a thing.

"If a man has two good horses in a lifetime, he is fortunate," Green added. "And Old Beauty was one of those horses."

A twinkle seemed to appear in Green's sparkling blue eyes when he mentioned that particular horse. But then, there's nearly always a twinkle there when he recalls his many experiences with his four-legged friends.



*Doc Green is caught in a pensive mood as he spins one of his many yarns during an interview with the editor of THE SHAMROCK.*



The inspiration of a few men, when backed by the pride and adventuresome nature of their compatriots, often can become the catalytic agent that turns dreams into realities for a community. Often the infectious enthusiasm of these men produces community spirit of epidemic proportions.

Such has been the case in San Angelo, Texas, in the establishment of Rio Concho Manor, a beautiful 10-story apartment building designed especially for senior citizens. In creating the organization and physical properties that make up Rio Concho Manor, the community has exhibited a spirit of cooperation that has carried over into many other phases of its normal activities.

Though no single individual can claim the credit for making Rio Concho Manor a possibility, special accolades must be reserved for a group of retired military officers who actually started the ball rolling nearly 10 years ago. Col. R. H. Augustinus, with nearly 30 years of military service behind him, assumed command of Goodfellow Air Force Base in San Angelo in 1958. It was shortly after his arrival that he fell into conversation concerning future years with other officers who had retired from the service, or were nearing their dates of retirement.

"About 100 of us met in the back yard of the commander's quarters for pie and coffee and formed a retired officers association," he recalls. "We decided to meet monthly for dinner at the officers' club, but after awhile our attendance began to dwindle. Our meetings were dull . . . we were without a goal."

As the group cast about in search of a goal for their efforts, one of its members brought to a meeting some information concerning the Willamette Manor in Willamette, Oregon. There, with the assistance of the community, a group similar to the one in San Angelo had constructed apartment facilities for retired officers. A study of these facilities gave the San Angelo retired officers association a purpose. Why, they reasoned, couldn't a similar project be undertaken in their city?

With their new goal in mind, the group set about to make the project a reality. Available land was located, options to purchase it were secured, and promotions were begun.

When it became apparent that architectural plans drawn up by the group were too elaborate to be considered, the group went to the Chamber of Commerce and Board of City Development seeking assistance and sponsorship.

Their request met immediate acceptance.

A non-profit corporation was established and a

# MANOR O

*Rio Concho Manor, a beautifully-landscaped, 10-story apartment*





# OF LIVING

partment house, is "home" for senior citizens in San Angelo, Texas.



board of directors appointed to work out final plans, secure funds and develop the thought to completion.

Option had been secured to purchase a plot of undeveloped land abutting the Concho River, but no immediate funds were available for this purpose. Under the guidance of the CC-BCD, local businessmen were contacted and asked to invest upwards of \$10,000 each. Many invested lesser amounts, but in a short period of time the goal of \$225,000 was obtained and the land was purchased.

"The businessmen of the city felt the need for such facilities and were willing to gamble their own money to get them," Augustinus said. "Through their participation, it soon became a community project."

One of the first steps of the new corporation was to work out a "deal" with the city. Under the arrangements proposed, the city would be given a portion of the land for a park along the river in exchange for their promise to build a bridge and street into the area, and generally beautify the area along the one-half mile river frontage. The city accepted the offer.

As not all the land was needed for the construction of the apartment building, plots were sold to help pay off the indebtedness to the businessmen who invested in the project. One such plot was sold for the construction of a Holiday Inn motel and plans are being formulated now for the creation of a city convention complex on another plot.

With the land secured and the community dedicated to the construction of a high-rise apartment building, the chief problem facing the people was the money for actual construction. This turned out to be relatively easy and \$1,800,000 in funds were obtained from the Federal Housing Agency. Construction was begun and the finishing touches applied in April, 1966.

Six months prior to completion, Augustinus was engaged as manager and started wheels turning to grind out promotional and publicity materials.

"We had to let the people know what we had to offer so they would want to come and live with us," he said.

Rio Concho Manor is not, Augustinus stresses, a nursing home nor a home exclusively for retired military officers.

"Our tenants must be at least 62 years of age and must be able to take care of themselves," he said. "If one mate is sick, the other mate must be able to take care of him or her."

Each of the 153 apartment units is equipped with kitchenettes, wall-to-wall carpeting and Vene-





*Residents of Rio Concho Manor gather around a color TV set in the main lobby, top photo. Another resident, second photo from the top, chooses a salad from the regular noon buffet, while Mrs. C. H. Tupper, second from bottom, stands beside some of her paintings displayed in her living room. At the bottom is a typically-furnished living room of another Manor resident.*

tian blinds. Some are one-room efficiency type units and others have one bedroom with separate living room facilities.

The Manor is a home for senior citizens, but it is not a home for the aged. Some of the tenants seem to have found their second childhood in the company of their contemporaries, and actively participate in the organized programs of recreation established for their pleasure.

Tuesday usually features coffees for the tenants and their guests. Wednesday nights are usually Bingo nights, preceded by light dinner, and Thursday is organized game day, featuring bridge, canasta, shuffleboard, 42, dominoes, etc.

The huge dining room of the Manor — normally open to the public — is open only to tenants on Sunday nights when the manager usually serves as cook, serving up such dishes as barbecue or hot cakes.

Once each month is birthday night at the Manor, an occasion calling for a big cake bearing the words "Happy 39th Birthday." All tenants who have celebrated birthdays during the month are special guests that night.

"It's a dress-up affair and we have entertainment such as music by local performers, square dances, and the like," Augustinus said.

One night each month is also set aside as travel night. Tenants bring their slides or movie films of some of their travels and show them to other tenants.

Though each apartment unit is equipped with kitchen facilities, the Candlelight Dining Room is one of the most popular aspects of Manor living. A great many of the tenants prefer to dine here, especially at the noon buffet when for \$1.25 they are offered their choice of seven to 12 salads, three meats, two vegetables and eight desserts.

Augustinus predicts the 153-unit apartment building will be 80 to 90 percent occupied by the end of the current year.

"It usually takes about six months for a tenant to get ready to move in once he makes the decision," Augustinus said. "There are the tasks of selling the family home, getting rid of much of the furniture, and hundreds of other little details to clear up."

San Angelo's excellent year-round climate is instrumental in attracting retired persons to Rio Concho Manor, but the apartment complex is by no means exclusive to residents of the city or the state of Texas; tenants claim several other states as their homes.

"Regardless of where they are from," says Augustinus, "they soon get into the swing of things around here. Actually, we're one big family."



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# In San Angelo, there's PRIDE IN ACCOMPLISHMENT

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A century of time — give or take a few years — can bring vast changes to a community. How much change it will bring depends wholly on people, climate, physical location, and natural resources . . . as well as an intangible property known as pride.

Fortunately for its posterity, the community that now is known as San Angelo, Texas, possessed an abundance of each of these assets. From a small military post, the community has prospered and grown into an outstanding oil center, cattle market of no small proportions, and one of the world's largest producers of wool.

Early history of San Angelo records all the brutality of Indian raids and the hazardous sojourns of the proverbial wild West. In fact, the early days of the community were so wrought with dangers that the settlers, attracted by the fertile land and mild climate, asked protection from the perils of frontier living. Fort Concho was founded at the confluence of the Concho Rivers and shortly more than a decade later the final Indian attack occurred, in 1881.

Ben Ficklin, a stage stop for the Butterfield Lines, had been established much earlier at a point about four miles south of present San Angelo. But a disastrous flood in 1882 wiped out the founding town — then serving as the seat of Tom Green County — and the emphasis on settlement turned to the new town of St. Angela. That name was changed at the request of the Post Office and San Angelo began to grow up as a typical Western town — a wide-open, two-gun town with saloons and gambling houses.

San Angelo became well acquainted with the covered wagon in its infant days, that conveyance being used extensively for the shipment of wool prior to the arrival of the Santa Fe Railroad from Ballinger in 1888. With the arrival of the railroad, the city quickly became one of the primary wool markets in the United States as more than a million pounds of fleece were handled the first year.

The era of 1903 to 1923 saw San Angelo prosper greatly. The area to the south and west of the city developed into the most important section in the nation for raising cattle, sheep, wool and mohair.

San Angelo is proud of its designation as wool center and each year stages a nationally-televized "Miss Wool of America" pageant. The city also is

proud of its million dollar Coliseum in which the pageant is presented.

While the area south and west of the city is ideally situated for raising cattle and sheep, the area to the north and east are more adaptable to cultivation, producing bumper crops of cotton, oats, wheat and grain sorghums and adding immeasurably to the city's reputation as "Trading Post of the Southwest."

San Angelo lists many other attractions that understandably swell her pride. Angelo State College has become a four-year institution, San Angelo Stadium is one of the finest and most modern high school football emporiums in the state, and its campus-style Central High School, though nearly 10 years old, still reposes as one of the outstanding bits of architectural and functional beauty in the Southwest.

Fort Concho, now restored to better reflect the fascination of the Old West, is yet another source of pride for the city as is Rio Concho Manor, a high-rise apartment project recently completed for senior citizens. Residents of San Angelo are particularly proud of this project since so many have invested heavily of their money and confidence of its success.

San Angelo, with 70,000 people, is not a large city by some standards. But few cities can display more pride in their accomplishments.



*San Angelo is particularly proud of her city parks, many of which are situated along the usually placid Concho.*



# SEAPORT

*in the Texas Panhandle*





Outside, a cold north wind sweeps across the choppy waters. A few flakes of snow swirl ominously about.

Inside, the waters are placid and smooth. A large group of men sit in warm comfort and with mixed emotions. Their gravest problem at the moment is whether to watch the fishing lines they hold . . . or the professional football game being aired in living color on the nearby television set.

Sound ridiculous . . . like something out of one's fondest pipe dream?

Such a setting may be a dream now, but come winter and it will be much a part of the scene at Lake Meredith's Fortress Cove Marina. Facilities are now being constructed for the enclosed and heated fishing arena that will help to make it one of the most popular spots at the Texas Panhandle's newest recreational area, 35 miles northeast of Amarillo.

The proposal for an enclosed fishing arena is but one of many facilities that attribute to the popularity of Fortress Cove Marina. Nestled snugly between Sanford Dam and high bluffs that overlook some 10,000 acres of blue-green water, the marina takes on the image of an inland seaport, strikingly incongruous with the surrounding expanse of grass-and-mesquite-covered prairie. Several service and recreational facilities are to be added soon.

Since early July, thousands of visitors have walked the gangplank leading to the main two-

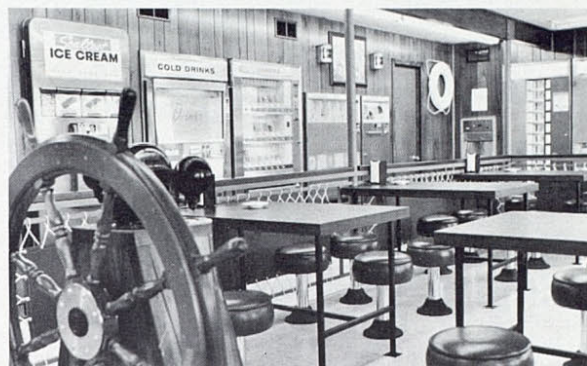


*This two-story structure houses a nautamat dispensing food and drink, a bait and tackle shop, and upper-deck dining area.*

story structure of the marina. Fishermen, water skiers, pleasure boating enthusiasts, and the gen-

erally curious (that much water poses something of a phenomenon in the arid Panhandle and creates more than the usual amount of curiosity) have flocked to the new flotilla.

There in a colorfully painted structure that bears considerable resemblance to a huge boathouse, visitors are afforded a wide range in choice of machine-dispensed foods, soft drinks, coffee and



*Complete with the ship's wheel to accentuate the nautical theme, this nautamat is a popular spot with visitors.*

hot chocolate. A well-stocked tackle shop also handles a variety of fishing baits, including minnows dispensed from constant-temperature tanks. Boats and motors are available for rental.

The top deck of the marina, equipped with tables and chairs and air conditioned by the breezes blowing across the lake surface, affords an excellent view of the armada of more than 250 boats



*Another service provided by the marina is the rental of these fishing boats for fishermen who prefer not to bring their own.*





*Open air dining and an excellent view of the harbor are afforded the visitor from the upper deck of the marina.*

ranging in size from small fishing craft to luxury cabin cruisers tied up at floating boat slips. More than 500 feet of tie-up docking space for smaller boats plus 32 cable ties for fishing boats have also been installed.

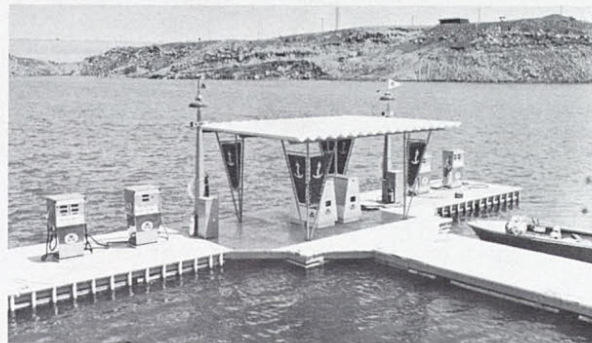
Sail boats shun it, of course, but one of the busiest spots in the entire marina complex is the fuel dock. Actually a floating service station, the



*A feature of the bait and tackle shop at the marina is this series of constant-temperature tanks for minnows.*

dock features four pumps that dispense special marine fuel bearing the Shamrock brand and produced less than 40 miles away at the McKee Refinery, near Dumas. Specially blended marine fuel and other gasolines and Shamrock motorboat motor oil and lubricants have served the fuel requirements of power boat owners and are available at the fuel dock.

The two-story marina structure, boat storage slips, and fuel dock facilities represent only a small portion of the proposed finished complex. Still to be constructed are the fishing arena, rest room and locker facilities, and a floating dry dock to be unlike any other such structure in the nation. When completed, it will accommodate boats up to eight tons, lifting them from the water for repairs or hull cleaning below the water line.



*Special Shamrock marine fuels are dispensed to boats at this attractive fuel dock at new Lake Meredith marina.*

Meredith is a relatively new lake, having been created by Sanford Dam which was completed in 1966. Heavy rains of the past summer have expanded the surface at a rate much higher than originally anticipated, and as a result, residents of the Panhandle, unaccustomed to so much water so close to home, have found a new mecca.

Folks in the Panhandle eagerly anticipate the completion of the new fishing arena—and it's a safe bet they'll use it often. But until the shelter is finished and the dream has become a reality, it's also a good bet the folks in these parts will keep right on using those facilities that are available. Even when the snow begins to fall.

The marina may look to some like an inland seaport. But to Lake Meredith visitors, it looks like the answer to their recreational dreams.









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