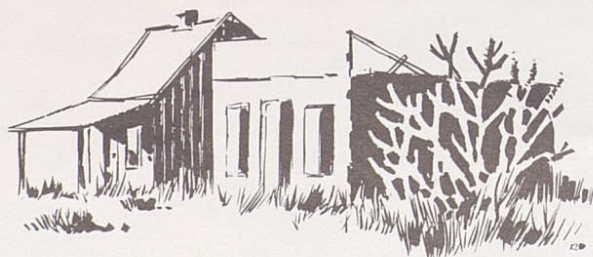


The **SHAMROCK**
Spring 1962

GHOSTS OF PANHANDLE TOWNS

Communities, in which hopes, dreams, loves and friendships abide, are much like human beings. Whether towns or cities, hamlets or villages, they live, and they die.

Some are smiled upon by fate, and prosper interminably; others are doomed from the beginning, lost in the timeless wilderness spawned by change and passage of time.



When America's Last Frontier began to disappear with the advent of the railroads, many communities found themselves isolated without a lifeline to civilization. They were like children abandoned in an hour of need.

The Panhandle of Texas knew such tragedy. Many were forced to pull up roots and move where they could maintain a livelihood — though today there exists very little tangible evidence of the once proud hamlets.

Panhandle ghost towns, in the literal sense, have not survived the years. There are no tired old

buildings hunched against the prairie winds. There are no decaying boardwalks, no hitching posts, no hanging trees — only ghosts of towns that used to be.

Still, some evidence of ghost towns does exist. One such a place is Tascosa. Now called Old Tascosa, the townsite is a home for homeless boys known as Boy's Ranch. The only structure remaining from the original town — the courthouse — has been transformed into Boy's Ranch headquarters.

During the late 1800's, Tascosa was the boomiest, rough-and-rowdiest town in the Panhandle, and the notorious Billy the Kid made history there by sending a couple of men to the town's Boot Hill cemetery. Cowboys, horse traders and buffalo hunters nightly jammed its Equity Saloon and Frenchy's Hotel.

First occupants of Tascosa were Henry Kimball, a government blacksmith who married a Mexican



girl, and Casamiro Romera, a sheep rancher. The two men set up camp at the banks of the Canadian River in 1876. A general store was built. Then the huge ranches developed — LX, LE, LIT, and XIT. In off hours, cowhands rode thundering into the main street. Violence was commonplace, resulting in more than a dozen more men going to unmarked graves in Boot Hill. These men died nameless and "with their boots on."

Narrowly bypassed by the railroads despite a few hopeful weeks, many people of Tascosa gave up and moved to another young hopeful, Amarillo. The Oldham County seat at Tascosa was moved south to Vega, and Tascosa was temporarily forgotten. A few old-timers clung tenaciously to the hope that the Rock Island would arrive. But the Rock Island never came.

In Wheeler County, Texas, the United States government on June 5, 1875, established Fort Elliot on Sweetwater Creek, just after the close of the Indian campaigns of '74 and '75. About 500 troops were sent to prevent Indians escaping from the neighboring Oklahoma lands and to protect Texas cattle as they trudged northward to market.

Nearby, civilians made camp and called their new home Hidetown. Later, Billy Dixon, famed Indian scout, engineered the change of the name to Mobeetie, which, translated, means sweetwater.

Mobeetie could boast three saloons, a dance hall, Chinese laundry, restaurant, barber shop and general store. A 19-year-old poker player destined to become famous at Dodge City, Kansas, was seen often. He was Bat Masterson.

At present, that town is affectionately referred to as Old Mobeetie, and another Mobeetie, farther to the south on a rail spur, has taken its place in posterity.

The early day town of Clarendon was fortunate, for it enjoyed eleven years of existence. Old Clar-



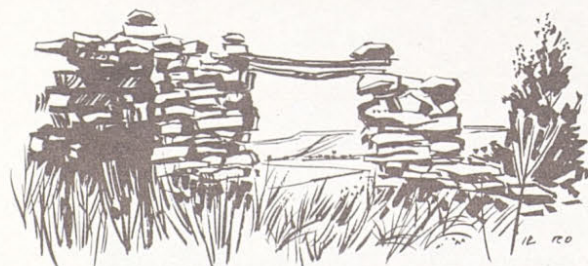
endon was situated in the breaks of the Salt Fork of the Red River, having been founded in early 1878, north of the present city of Clarendon.

Cowpokes ripping it up in Tascosa and Mobeetie spoke of Clarendon in those days as "Saints' Roost" because so many ministers settled there.

"Saints' Roost," too, passed away after the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad moved into the Eastern Panhandle in 1881 and laid tracks four miles to the south.

One cold night citizens of tiny Benonine, located on Highway 66 just across the state line from Texola, Oklahoma, awoke to find both sides of their main street in flames. Frantic efforts failed to save the booming young community. It was eventually proved the great fire was the work of an arsonist. The damage he did was irreparable and Benonine joined the ranks of the ghosts.

An aged cottonwood tree, its branches weary, and a rutted wagon trail are all that is left of the first town in Motley County. Early settlers chose Tee Pee City for a name. Under the cottonwood there stood a lively saloon and a "sporting house." Tee Pee City could boast about 15 permanent families whose business was selling supplies to the



hunters who made the town their headquarters. In its heyday Tee Pee City was the only West Texas settlement south of Fort Elliot and a far-flung oasis for travelers in a desert of grass.

Tee Pee City, like so many other early Panhandle towns, lost its residents and business when the railroads typically snubbed it. And the winds of fortune inspired and built its successor, Paducah, across the line in Cottle County.

A "most beautifully situated town . . . the pride of the Panhandle," was the advertised slogan for Timms City, Texas, in the late 1880's. Timms City was in Lipscomb County, four miles west of the present hamlet of Darrouzett.

A few years later all of the advertising in the world could not have saved Timms City from doom. The great Oklahoma land rush in 1889 offered free land in the Guthrie area — and Timms City men crossed over the line to get it. Those who stayed behind saw the Santa Fe Railroad miss Timms City about five miles. Eventually they packed their gear and went away, carrying their lumber with them, leaving nothing.

The demise of Timms City illustrates why no buildings remained at Panhandle ghost townsites. In those days lumber was precious and had to be freighted overland from Liberal, Kansas. When

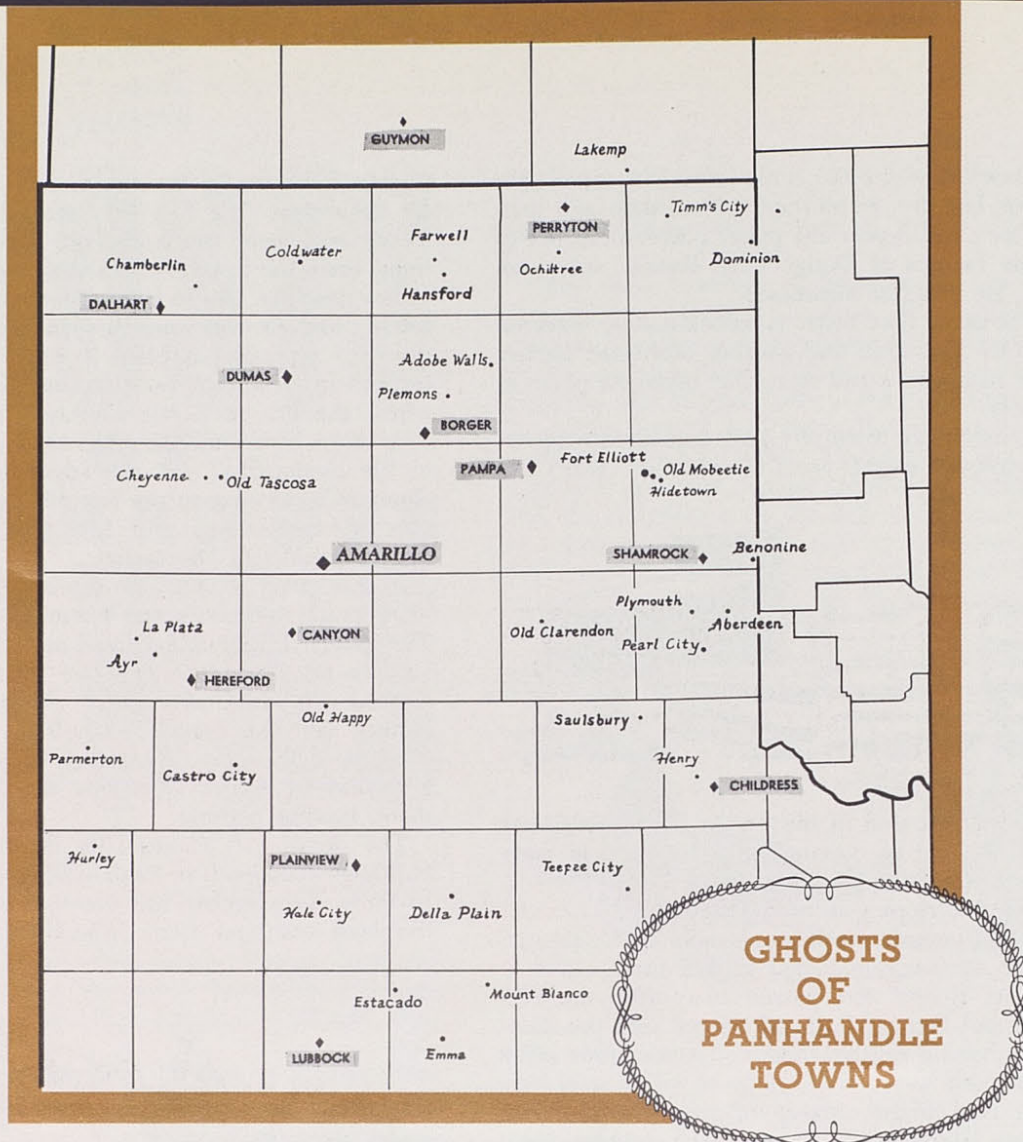


people left a town they took it with them, sometimes moving their buildings intact.

Timms City is now a pasture, pure and simple, dotted here and there by a few solemn graves, all unmarked.

The tide of immigration rolled into the Texas Panhandle in 1887 on the rails of the venerable Fort Worth and Denver Railroad. A host of communities disappeared forever. Among them were Parnell, the first county seat of Roberts County; Ramsdell, in Wheeler County; Lucerne and Old Hansford in Hansford County; Cheyenne, rival of Tascosa along the Canadian; Hurley, a forerunner of Muleshoe; Blue Water, forerunner of Hereford; Ochiltree, predecessor of Perryton; and Henry, a forerunner of Childress.

There are many others about which little is known or written like Saulsbury, Dominion, Farwell, Chamberlin, Ayr, Parmerton, Castro City,



Old Happy, Della Plain, Emma, Mount Blanco, Plemmons, Estacado, and Coldwater.

Although they have been lost to sight, all of these ghosts linger in the memories of a few who knew them, and in the imaginations of youngsters who read history books — or watch television.

Only the ghosts remain of what once were thriving communities in the Texas Panhandle. Railroads and urbanization have left only those shown in shaded print in the map above.

The Equity Bar at Old Tascosa was a favorite hangout for cowhands in the heyday of the Panhandle town. Billy the Kid and Bat Masterson often frequented the place.



CHARLIE COWBOY CHRONICLER SIRINGO

by J. Evetts Haley

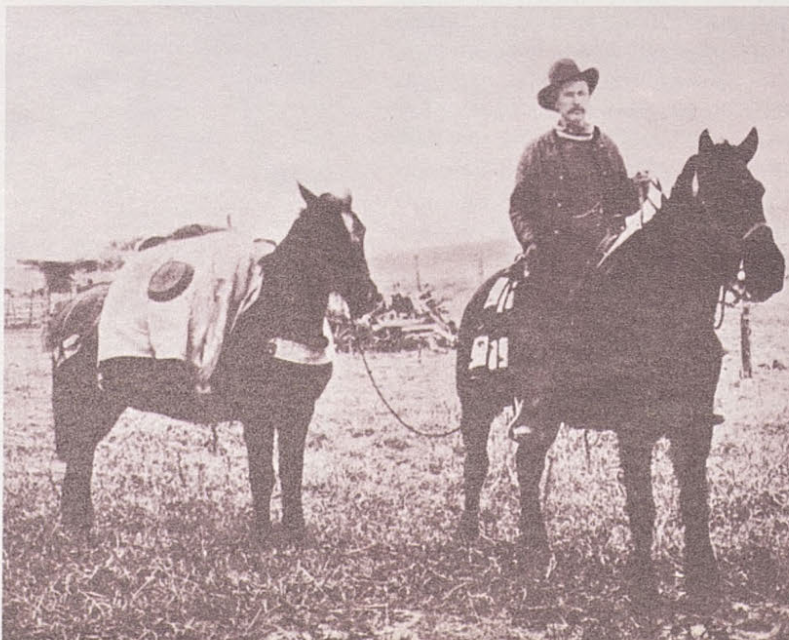
The work of no single writer typifies the progress of cowboy literature from the dime-novel phase to a plane of character and distinction like that of Charles A. Siringo. Many have essayed to set down in print the technique, the psychology, the traditions, and the lore of the ranges of grass. Though Emerson Hough and Owen Wister wrote their novels and made their livings from a life and land of which each lacked the intimate understanding of Siringo; and though Andy Adams wrote himself into fame as the classic chronicler of the cow country; plain old Charlie Siringo still occupies a unique place.

Beginning in 1885, when cowboy literature was thought of in terms of lurid, paper-back novels, Siringo wrote his first book. Even if it never achieved the notice of "respectable dealers," it sold to nearly a million copies, and is now a rare and expensive item cherished by the finest libraries of Western books.

But Siringo's work was honest and true, and Old Charlie lived to see the best of his stories on cowboys and bad men issued in dignified format by a major national publisher under the title, *Riata and Spurs*. It, too, is now a collector's item worth many times the original price. In between was zest for life; and there were lean years and other books.

Little is known of the Siringo family except that they settled in the Matagorda Bay country where the lush grasses brushed the flies off the briskets of the tallest longhorn steers as they freely ranged the broad Coastal Plains of Texas. Charlie was born among them, February 7, 1855, and for some reason was going to school at the age of four. At twelve he rode out to work, proud in the dress and gear of a mounted man of the cattle range.

The traditional heritage of the land that cradled the open range industry of the West fostered in Charlie that love of cattle and horses that is essen-



tial to the making of a good cowboy. He never forgot the lure of the grasslands of the balmy coast ranges where he earned his first spurs and began rounding up memories that turned into books.

He was a full-fledged cowhand by the spring of 1871, when he began working for that dominant, colorful, leather-lunged cowman, "Shanghai" Pierce. He drove the Chisholm Trail while the driving was at its peak, and years later retraced that trail, from end to end, horseback.

In the spring of 1877 Siringo scouted into the Panhandle with the first LX herd, and helped to establish one of the largest ranches of the entire cow country. Settlement of the Panhandle had just begun and Siringo made the acquaintance of many of the early settlers — among them men of intelligence, force, and power.

In the Palo Duro, to the southeast of the LX's, was the pioneer Charles Goodnight. Down the Canadian to the east was Tom Bugbee, the second great cowman of the Panhandle, and Hank Cresswell, a Canadian out of the old rock. Up the river came George W. Littlefield's outfit, and farther still the boisterous little town of Tascosa was in its throes of birth.

A hundred miles to the east was Old Sweetwater — later Mobeetie. Nearly two hundred miles to the north was the cowboy capital of Dodge City. Farther still to the south was infant San Angelo, growing up with Fort Concho and the buffalo trade.

It was a broad world into which the LX's came, a world filled with the high-humped buffalo, herds of antelope, and spirited mustangs flaunting their long manes and flowing tails in the western winds. It was an open land of grass, fresh and clean. It was free for the strong men who could pay the price in isolation, sweat, and denial; for those who could come and take it. Siringo was fortunate to be riding with the leaders.

At this time two other young men came to Tascosa who became his warm friends. One was a doctor by the name of Henry F. Hoyt; the other a cowboy called Jim East. As there were infinitely more cattle than sickness, the doctor turned to a cowboy. Jim East became the famous Tascosa sheriff. Each worked as a cowpuncher on the LX ranch, each became acquainted with Billy the Kid, and each enjoyed the wide-open life of Old Tascosa.

In time each left the Plains to follow his fortunes far afield, until finally, many years later, mutual interests and memories brought them close together again. Siringo told his own history, together with the lore that he gathered along the way. Hoyt wrote his autobiography in a splendid book called *A Frontier Doctor*. Jim East, though gifted in oral narrative, refrained from leaving his written reminiscences. These two friends ride through various

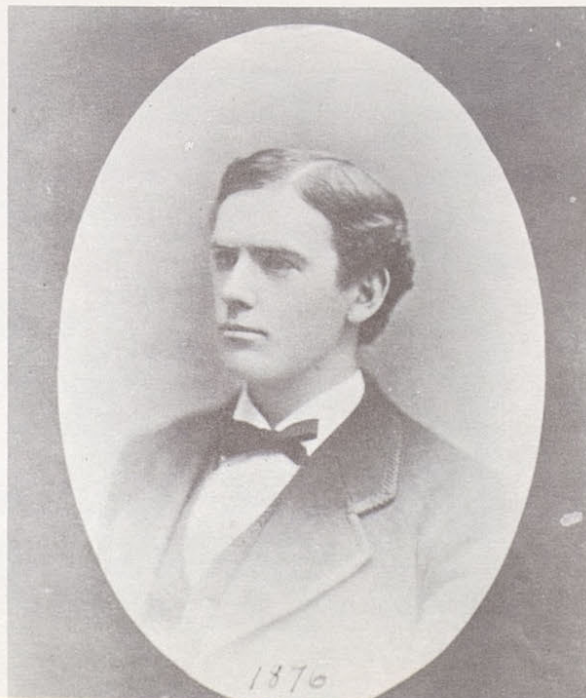
stories that Siringo tells, and his books could not be quite the same without them.

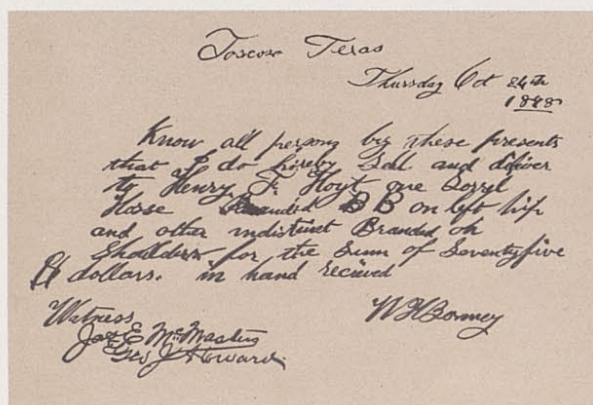
In 1885, "being in need of money," and he was always in need, Siringo wrote his first book. It was a racy little volume called *A Texas Cowboy, or Fifteen Years on the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony*. Bound in paper and peddled by "butcher boys" upon the western trains, its sale ran on for years. In 1886, Siringo left store-keeping in a southern Kansas cowtown to join the Pinkerton Detective Agency in Chicago, in order "to study the world," he said, and to record his "experiences in book form." After twenty-two years he had collected the necessary copy — "a long time," he admitted, "in which to gather material . . . still, it was interesting work."

This second book, *A Cowboy Detective*, was the stirring account of his connection with the Agency. It raised an awful ruckus among the Pinkertons and legal barriers to its publication by his former employers. So the text was modified, the Pinkertons fictitiously alluded to, and in 1912 the volume appeared — an account of the suppression of hay-market riots, strikes, express banditry, cattle rustling, and anarchic outbreaks. This work was later reissued in two volumes; the first volume bearing the same title, and the second, *Further Adventures of a Cowboy Detective*, to be sold at twenty-five cents each.

Evidently the opposition of the Pinkertons rankled in Siringo's heart, for, three years after the first edition, he, as author and publisher, issued a homely little pamphlet in a glowing paper cover called *Two Evil Isms: Pinkertonism and Anarchism*. This little book merely outlined the story told in *A Cowboy Detective*, but bore down upon what he first wanted to tell about his late employers, and a good deal he had thought of since.

With his first book long out of print, in 1919 he published *A Lone Star Cowboy* to take its place.





The LX Ranch in Oldham County, at the top, was one of the big spreads in the Panhandle when Charles Siringo was writing his cowboy literature. The bill of sale, above, was signed by Billy the Kid after he had delivered a horse to Henry Hoyt, below left, early-day Panhandle doctor and close friend of Siringo. Another close friend of the Cowboy Chronicler was Jim East, below, Panhandle cowboy and famous sheriff at Tascosa.



At the same time he issued *A Song Companion of a Lone Star Cowboy*, a little pamphlet of old range songs. The next year he compiled his recollections, supplemented with those of many others, upon the life of the most noted of all southwestern outlaws, and called the little paper-back volume the *History of "Billy the Kid."*

Except for those distributed by himself, most of these books were sold by those traditional peddlers of shoddy literature, the news butchers on the western trains. But during Charlie's lifetime cowboy literature was achieving notice and respectability. At last, in 1927, he saw the best of his stories upon cowboys and detectives assembled into a dignified and attractive volume by Houghton Mifflin. But again the Pinkertons, disdaining Siringo's stories about themselves, raised a legal barrier to his *Riata and Spurs*, and its sale was stopped.

When I hunted up Siringo's over-heated den on a canal in Venice, California, one night in the winter of 1928, Old Charlie told me that the Pinkertons objected not to what he had said about them but merely to the revelation of their methods of detective work. At any rate, the book was so radically revised that eleven of the original twenty chapters were replaced with fresh material. These fresh chapters were taken from the finished manuscript of what was to have been Siringo's last book — to have been called *Bad Men of the West*. Hence due to the famous old detective concern, the *Bad Men* did not appear.

In my historical files of cowboy material are reminiscent letters by Jim East, Henry F. Hoyt, and Charlie Siringo, the three LX cowboys of the Panhandle of Texas who ventured in wild and strange lands. These men typified the best of that vigorous breed whose legs were bowed against the curling sweat leathers of a stock saddle — East the cowboy enforcer of the law, Hoyt the cowboy doctor, and Siringo the tried and true chronicler of cowboys.

continued on page 15



take the scenic route

"There ought to be a law against anybody going to Europe," proclaimed Will Rogers, "until they had seen all the things we have in this country." ● The famous sage of the Osage could just as easily — and truthfully — have said "until they had seen all the things we have in the Great Southwest." ● Few areas of the United States can boast a wider variety of scenic and historic attractions than the Southwest. A confluence of cultures common to no other area is found there. Indian, Spanish and Anglo traditions, customs and mores blend to create an atmosphere of friendliness, equalled only by the scenic beauty of the terrain. ● Traversing this vast expanse of nature's phenomena is a highway made famous through song and prose — U. S. Highway 66. The concrete and asphalt strip stretches from Chicago to Los Angeles, passing through or near some of the world's most beautiful scenic wonders. ● There are some who claim "The West" really begins at Oklahoma City, the only state government seat with oil wells springing from its capitol grounds. Pages of history are turned back to the 1800s at Frontier City, U. S. A., an authentically recreated community of the Old West, located at the northeast edge of the Sooner state capitol city. ● Booming Oklahoma City with nearly half a million people also boasts the Cowboy Hall of Fame as one of its newest tourists attractions. ● Moving westward from Oklahoma City, Route 66 passes through Bethany, the home of Bethany Nazarene College, past the towering flour mills of Yukon, and over the rolling grasslands through El Reno to Weatherford



and Southwestern State College. The red hills of the Sooner state fade into the muddy waters of the Washita River, spanned by Route 66 at Clinton, a cattle, farming and shipping center. ● Elk City, home of a unique co-operative community hospital, and Sayre and Erick are smaller communities touched by the highway before Route 66 travelers leave Oklahoma. ● Shamrock, noted for its St. Patrick's Day celebration, is the first Texas city touched by Route 66. Travelers pass through McLean and move up the caprock to the Llano Estacados, the Great Staked Plains, near Groom before coming to Amarillo, principal city of the Texas Panhandle. ● Visitors to Amarillo find a modern western city with an economy based on cattle, irrigated farming, oil, natural gas and helium. A side trip of about 20 miles to the south takes them to one of the scenic wonders of the otherwise flat Panhandle, beautiful Palo Duro Canyon, eroded by nature into a spectacle equal in beauty if not in size to Arizona's Grand Canyon. A few scant miles west of the canyon's mouth is Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum where an outstanding collection of early Southwest relics can be viewed. ● Followers of western television shows will want to leave Route 66 at Amarillo long enough to drive 35 miles northwest to Old Tascosa, once a rip-roaring frontier settlement and now the site of nationally famous Boys' Ranch. More than 250 "homeless" boys now live where the likes of Billy the Kid and Bat Masterson once rode. ● Route 66 leaves the Great Plains soon after passing through Vega and Adrian, small West Texas towns, and enters New Mexico — the "Land of Enchantment" —

SCENES ALONG ROUTE 66: A few of the scenic attractions found along the famous highway are shown on pages 8 and 9. From the left are Grand Canyon; a view of the cemetery entrance at Acoma, the "Indian Sky City"; a Civil War cannon in Albuquerque's Old Town Plaza; John Garcia, 77-year-old Acoma resident; and Oak Creek Canyon, south of Flagstaff. At right is a general wheat harvest scene near Amarillo. Below is Arizona's famed Painted Desert. Oklahoma City's Frontier City, USA, is shown left above on opposite page. At lower left on opposite page is a view of the Petrified Forest in Arizona and at extreme right is Oklahoma's state capitol building showing an oil well on the capitol grounds.



at Glenrio. Rolling red sandy hills mark the terrain to San Jon where the Spanish influence is first felt and the "j's" start sounding like "h's." ● A jutting rock formation to the south of the highway informs the westbound traveler he is about to come to Tucumcari. The mountain bearing the same name stands as a sentinel over the city, a trading center for a 45,000-acre irrigated area watered by Conchas Lake to the northwest. ● Small New Mexican villages, many with native Spanish names such as Montoya and Cuervo, mark Route 66 in its westward progress through rolling, grassy ranch land. The highway crosses the fabled Pecos River at Santa Rosa and continues to gain elevation as it moves toward the great Rocky Mountains. Cline's Corner provides northern passage to Santa Fe, New Mexico state capitol with its Old World charm and countless scenic and historic attractions. ● Tijeras Canyon opens the way for passage through the rugged Sandia Mountain range to the state's largest metropolis — Albuquerque. The Duke City and its surrounding area abound in historic lore and scenic beauty. Visitors will want to follow what the city has termed its "Turquoise Trail," a mapped route that will take them through Old Town with its quaint Spanish setting, through the new part of the city and out of town to the Sandias with its ski area and on to numerous Indian pueblos. ● One side trip off Route 66 that is a must will take the traveler to Acoma, the "Indian Sky City" about 60 miles west of Albuquerque. On a rocky pinnacle rising 357 feet above the surrounding plains is the oldest continuously inhabited town in the United States. Its true age is not known, but eleven families still occupy the primitive pueblo. ● Back on Route 66, one continues through Grants with its uranium deposits,



through the most recent lava flows in the U. S. (believed to be 500 years old), and into Gallup, the self-titled Indian Capitol of the U. S. Here, as in few other cities in the nation, one can see Indians in the same colorful dress they have known for centuries. The city is the site for an annual Intertribal Indian Ceremonial in which most Southwest Indian tribes participate.● A short distance to the northwest of Gallup is Window Rock, Arizona where the Navajos are, to an increasing extent, governing themselves.● Arizona, with its vast range of contrast in terrain, climate and customs, offers much to the tourist traveling Route 66. Hundreds of attractions beckon from a close proximity of the highway, including such well-known spots as the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, and Meteor Crater. From the east side of the state, Route 66 passes through the larger towns of Holbrook and Winslow before coming to Flagstaff.● From this city beneath the towering heights of the San Francisco peaks, the tourist can visit such beauty spots as Oak Creek Canyon, Walnut Canyon National Monument, Sunset Crater, Northern Arizona Museum, and Lowell Observatory. The city is also the gateway to the eastern edge of Grand Canyon, the granddaddy of all the state's attractions.● Through pine-covered mountains, the tourist travels west to Williams, still another gateway to Grand Canyon. Smaller towns of Ash Fork, Seligman, Peach Springs and Valentine lie to the west. Kingman and its neighboring ghost gold-mining towns welcome the traveler on the extreme western side of the state.● From Oklahoma City to Kingman is slightly more than 1,000 miles—about a two-day drive. But few areas can offer more attractions, especially along one highway.



"the people's"

History has revealed that land given American Indians by those who took it from them in the first place was seldom, if ever, choice real estate. Most any land, it seemed, was good enough for the uncivilized red man when his warring practices were finally curtailed.

Thus it is ironic that the barren wasteland set aside as a reservation for the Navajo Indians should ultimately yield the ingredients for an economic revolution among the tribe.

Hidden resources from their seemingly worthless land have poured millions of dollars into the tribe's coffer in the past few years. The sudden wealth has brought the Navajos, once a loose association of families, a new awareness as a tribe. It has given them a new perspective on life.

Today the Navajos, functioning as a tribe, are rapidly shedding the shackles of poverty and ignorance imposed upon them through centuries of inopportunity. Through the Navajo Tribal Council, they have set up their own government, police force, courts, industry, and educational programs. None are individually wealthy, but as a group they find they can afford to seek the opportunities they have long been denied.

Contrary to Navajo mythology that claims The People (as they call themselves) have always lived in the Southwest, ethnologists believe they migrated from the North and settled about the sixteenth century in what is now northwestern New Mexico. Progressive and adaptable, they eventually forsook their predatoristic behaviors and settled

into the more gentle agrarian ways of the Pueblo Indians.

It is believed they acquired their first sheep in raids against the Spanish about 1680, action that eventually transformed them into a pastoral people.

The Navajos lived for the next 200 years in their quiet canyons and valleys, leaving them only for occasional raids on Indian pueblos. Then came the white man in his push westward. With him came the Indian Wars and eventual defeat and poverty for the Navajo.

The conclusion of the Indian Wars brought about a treaty between the United States government and the Navajos, signed at Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, in 1868. According to the treaty, the Navajos were to return to 3½ million acres of the Canyon de Chelly area. In return for keeping peace with other Indian tribes, the Navajos received 30,000 head of sheep and goats from the U. S. government.

The Navajo reservation was eventually increased to 16,000,000 acres by presidential orders in ensuing years. Yet with increasing livestock herds and dwindling grass supplies, the Navajos barely eked out an existence until World War II changed the picture.

A call for manpower to operate railroads and war industries was answered by more than 15,000 Navajos. Another 3,500 joined the armed forces and served their country gallantly. Through the use of their Athabascan language, a group of

Navajo Marines in the South Pacific developed a code the Japanese never solved.

A combination of fortunate circumstances occurred soon after the war to help the Navajos span the standstill of centuries in only a decade. Those returning from the hostilities had seen too much to go back to the life they had once known. What could have become a serious problem was thwarted when oil was discovered on the reservation. Millions of dollars were paid into the tribe's treasury for leases, bonuses, and royalties.

About the same time the U. S. government set up the Indian Claims Commission to settle all American Indian claims and told the Navajos to prepare their case. Congress, when informed of the plight of the Navajos, voted \$88 million in 1950 for tribal rehabilitation.

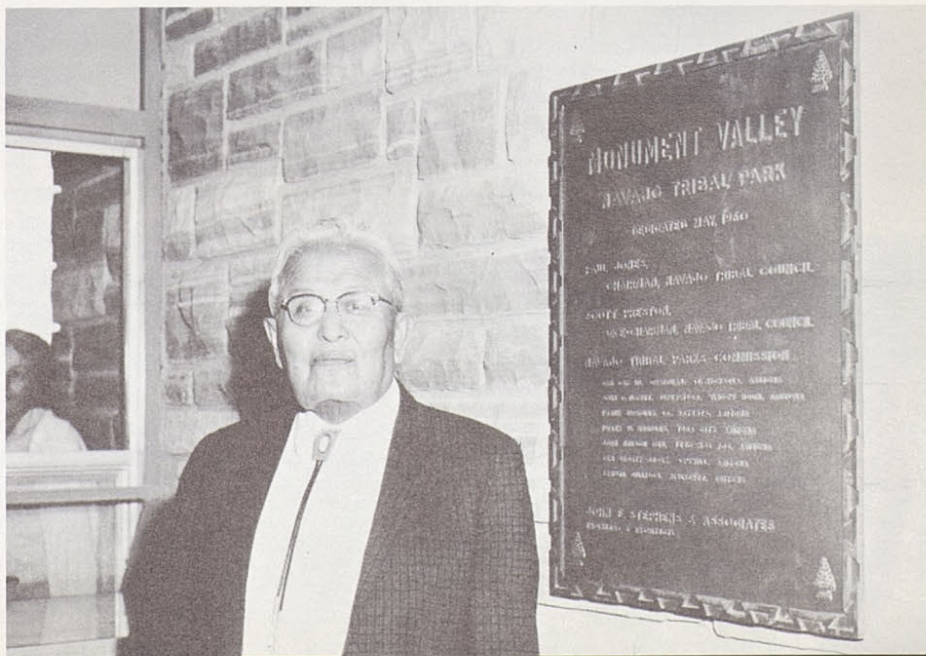
This combination of oil, legal rights, and federal funds was the spark to set off The People's economic revolution. It opened the door to the establishment of the Navajo Tribal Council, the governing body of the tribe today.

The Navajo-Hopi Long Range Rehabilitation Act passed by Congress in 1950 provided for the development of educational, health, and economic opportunities. It authorized appropriation of money for the construction of schools and hospitals, for improvement of communications and agricultural resources on the reservation, and for the development of job opportunities outside the reservation.

revolution

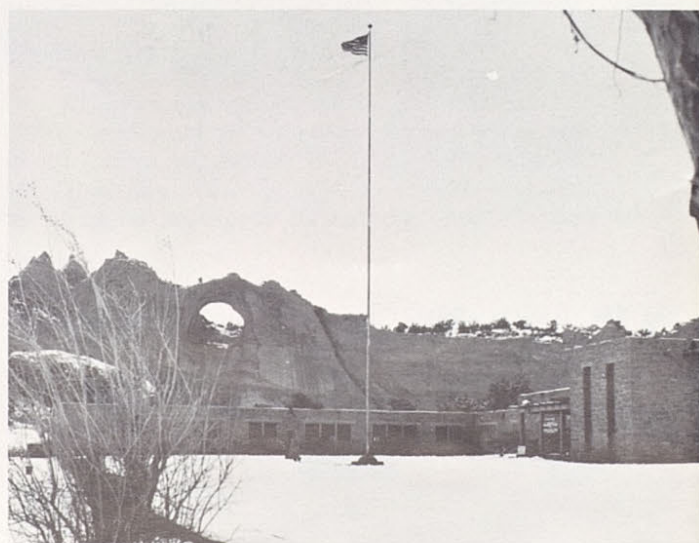
While her papoose rests in its cradle-board nearby, a Navajo woman and her daughter, above left, quietly work at weaving, an art for which the Navajos are famous.

Paul Jones, right, chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council poses before a plaque at Monument Valley. He is in his second four-year term as head of the governing agency.





SCENES IN NAVAJOLAND: Sheep, above, are a common sight on Reservation highways. At left is a typical scene at Gallup's annual summer barbecue. Below is headquarters for the Navajo Tribal Council, located at Window Rock, Arizona, and named for the rock in the background.



Although in the treaty of 1868 the U. S. committed itself to supply a school and teacher for every 30 Navajo children, the Navajos largely resisted schooling opportunities. An education explosion was destined to occur, however. As late as 1950, only 12,000 Navajo children were enrolled in school. Now, practically all the 30,000 children of the tribe are attending the 150 schools on the reservation or its periphery.

The Tribal Council has also made provisions for higher educational pursuits. A \$10 million trust fund has been established for college scholarships, available to any Navajo youngster qualified to enter college.

The health of the Navajos has improved im-

mensely in the past decade. Tuberculosis, the leading killer among Navajos 10 years ago, now has been reduced to sixth place. Heart disease, influenza and pneumonia are other leading causes of death in the tribe, but they too are being reduced by the construction of hospitals on the reservation.

Industrially, the Navajos are looking to the future with great plans. The tribe is planning the growth of some 40 communities on the reservation, taking into consideration the population trend, community economic opportunities, utility requirements, water supply, sewers, streets and shopping centers.

Where isolated hogans once sufficed, the Navajos

now envision towns springing up like magic to take care of the increase in their number.

The need for industrial development on the reservation is paramount. Because of the population explosion (the tribe is increasing about 1,000 a year) the delicate balance of the reservation economy has been disturbed. It has been determined that only about half the 90,000 Navajos can live off the land at a decent standard. The other half must find other means of livelihood.

The answer? Make jobs for The People.

Giant strides have been made toward this goal. In 1940, livestock and agriculture contributed 58 per cent of the total Navajo income. In 1958 it comprised a little more than 10 per cent of the total. On an agricultural basis, the per capita income for Navajos in 1940 was \$81.89 a year. By 1958 the economy was more industrial and the per capita income had risen to \$467.

Much of the industrialization of the Navajo reservation has come through the recovery of its natural resources. In addition to oil and gas, uranium has contributed much toward the tribe's economy.

The Navajo tribe has been fortunate to discover the natural wealth of the land they were placed upon. It has been fortunate, too, to have leaders with vision of foresight to put the money in a tribal fund. Other Indian tribes, upon gaining a windfall of fortune, have doled out the cash income on a per capita basis, resulting in little, if any, benefit to the tribe as a whole. The Navajos were aware of the folly of such a plan and established the tribal fund.

The Navajo Tribal Council is an elective body of 74 delegates chosen by the Navajo people every four years from the 18 land management districts of the tribe. A chairman and a vice chairman are elected every four years. Paul Jones, a 67-year-old native of Tohatchi, New Mexico, is serving his second 4-year term as chairman.

The habits and customs of the Navajos may seem strange to some. But the Navajos are a proud people who have strived diligently to maintain their individuality, their heritage, and their dignity.

Judging from the way they conduct their affairs on the Navajo reservation, their pride is understandable — and justifiable.



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

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For many years Siringo lived in his beloved New Mexico, principally at Santa Fe. Eventually he moved to California and settled at Venice. All his books are now hard to find and in every dealer's market command heavy premiums. It is an irony of fate that Old Charlie could not have profited from them when he needed money so badly. He died at Venice, California, still in need, October 19, 1928.

Siringo did not leave especially fluent narratives nor polished works. But he left honest chronicles of real cowboys and forthright men, written in a simple, easy style. He had seen and been a part of a free and uninhibited frontier. His stories were never sordid; his language was never coarse, but always chaste and clean.

Did this wide-open land perchance exercise some powerful psychological force, some unseen salutary effort, upon the minds and the souls of vigorous men who lived, not without sin, but somehow moved with mirth, dignity and taste in spite of sin? Those philosophers interested in the subtle effect of environment upon human nature might find here a subject meriting profound investigation.

COVER STORY

- Window Rock, a phenomenon of nature, is important to Navajo Indian ceremonialism and rite-myths. Known as Tseghahodzani—the Perforated Rock—it is one of the four places the tribal medicine men went to get water for the Tohee or Water Way Ceremony, their prayer for abundant rain. In 1936, the location was selected as the site for the Navajo Tribal Council headquarters. Here, just west of the New Mexico-Arizona line, Navajo tribal representatives meet to legislate on tribal affairs. Visitors are welcome to the area, another of the many scenic wonders of the Great Southwest.

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