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The **SHAMROCK** Christmas 1958  
"Santa's Rocky Mountain Home"



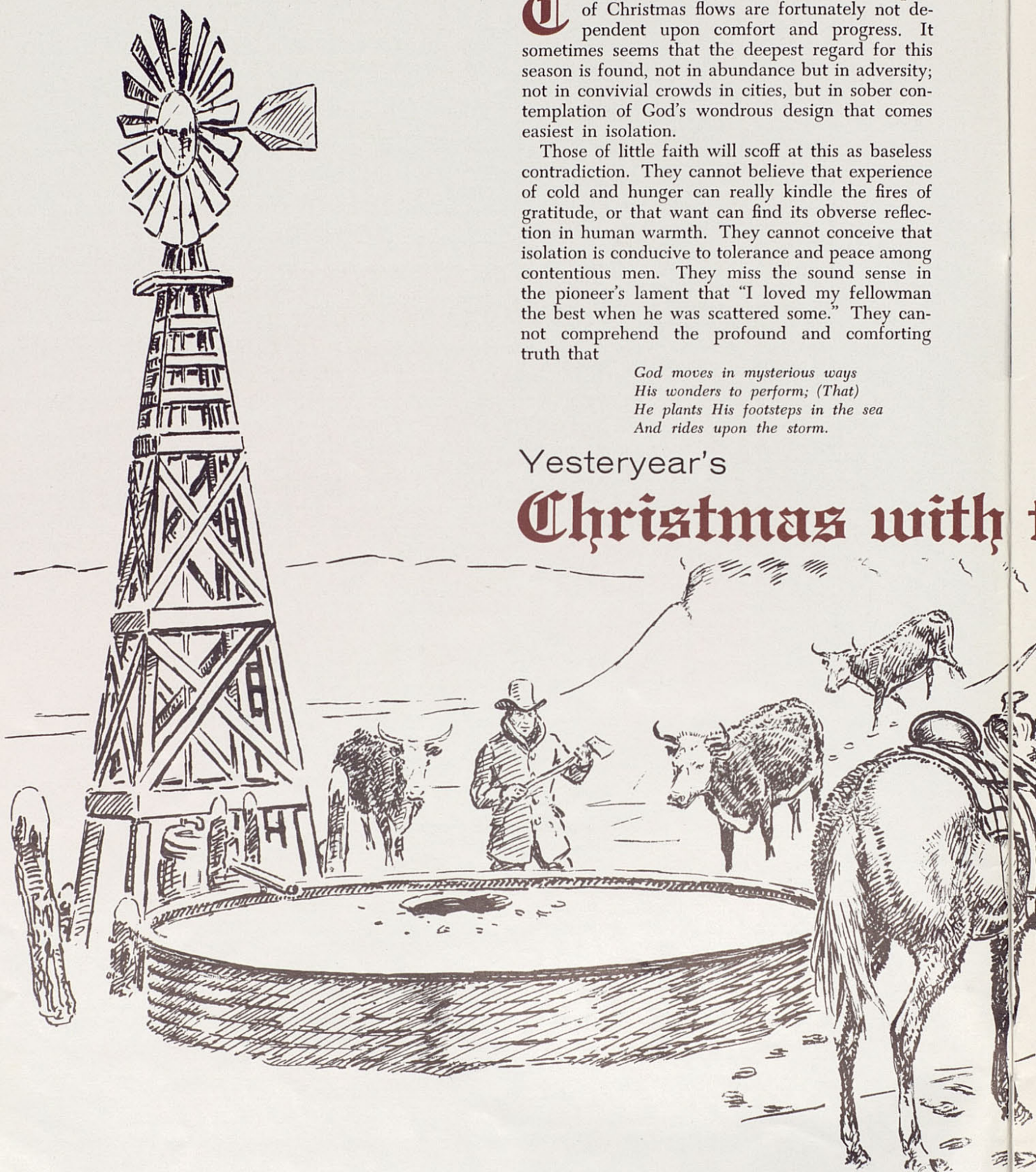
**T**HE WELLS of sentiment from which the spirit of Christmas flows are fortunately not dependent upon comfort and progress. It sometimes seems that the deepest regard for this season is found, not in abundance but in adversity; not in convivial crowds in cities, but in sober contemplation of God's wondrous design that comes easiest in isolation.

Those of little faith will scoff at this as baseless contradiction. They cannot believe that experience of cold and hunger can really kindle the fires of gratitude, or that want can find its obverse reflection in human warmth. They cannot conceive that isolation is conducive to tolerance and peace among contentious men. They miss the sound sense in the pioneer's lament that "I loved my fellowman the best when he was scattered some." They cannot comprehend the profound and comforting truth that

*God moves in mysterious ways  
His wonders to perform; (That)  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.*

Yesteryear's

**Christmas with**





But the sailor on the stormy deck and the blizzard-buffed cowboy in the saddle – God's simple but straight-thinking souls know better. For they have personally felt and hence revere Omnipotent power speaking to them in elemental force.

Naturally, too, sentiment seeks expression, even as reverence is nurtured by a ceremonial. Upon the early western range the cowboy supplied his own, simply by trailing an evergreen through the snow to lift the hearts of those of unshakeable faith, who firmly believed in Santa Claus!

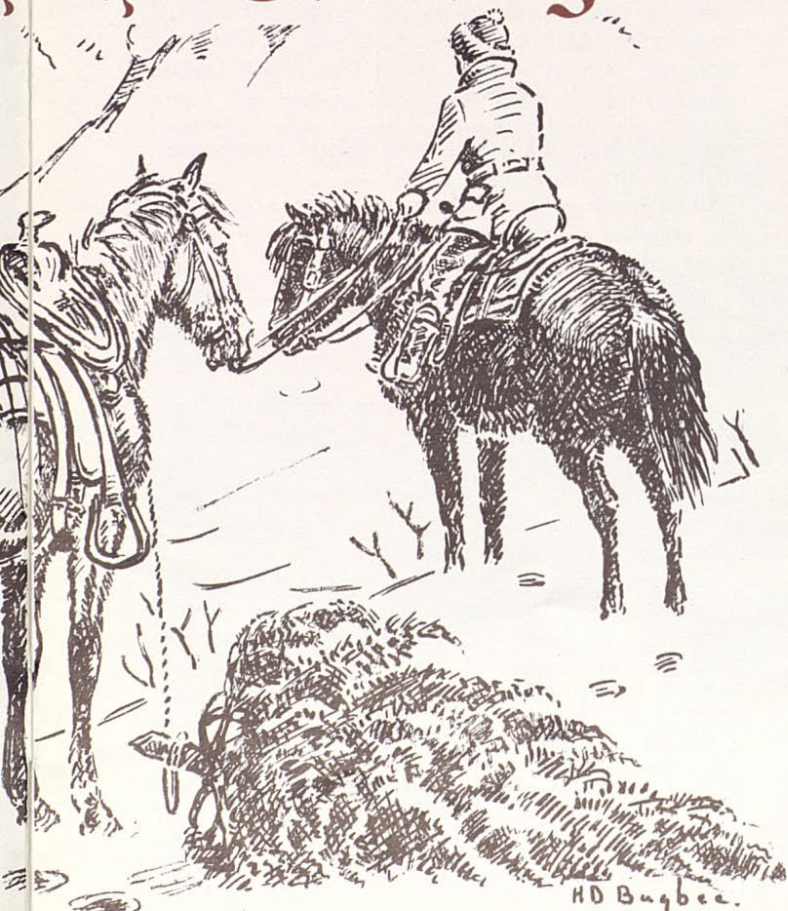
Christmas in the cow country was an unforgettable ceremonial different from that anywhere else in the world. All hands were hard put to make up in imagination and ingenuity what that early day and its vast distances forced isolated ranchmen to do without.

The scattered children, from the headquarters to the farthest camps, may have had hazy ideas about a railroad, but they knew exactly what Santa's sled and reindeer looked like. For fantasy took

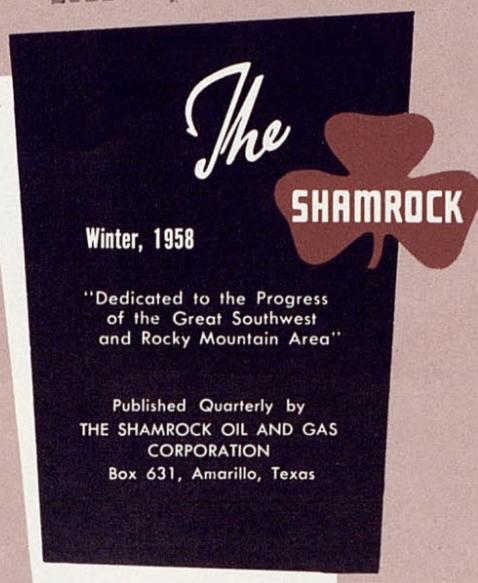
*Continued on Page 4*

Written by J. Evetts Haley

## the Cowboys



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## CREDITS

### ON THE COVER . . .

North Pole, Colorado, is the home of Santa's Workshop. Santa and his helpers have been busy all year making toys for good girls and boys (Story on Page 5). Cover Photo by Shamrock staff.

Photo Page 12, Don Hutcheson, *Abilene Reporter-News*.

Our thanks to George Autry, Amarillo, and his help with "Christmas on the Plains."

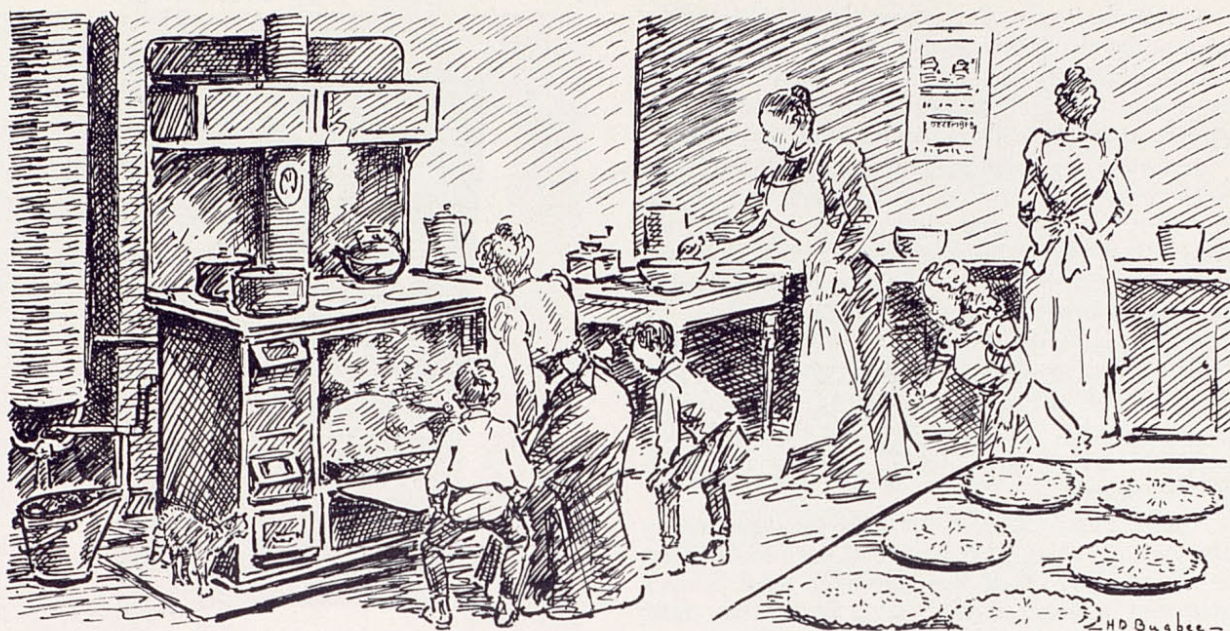
## CONTENTS

Christmas with the Cowboys . . .	2-3-4
Santa's Rocky Mountain Home . . .	5
Greater Yields with Smooth Seed . . .	6-7
Christmas on the Plains . . . . .	8-11
Abilene . . . . .	12-15

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*Christmas in the Frontier Kitchen*

## Christmas with the Cowboys

over to supply what their physical world denied them. Not the stark reality of their surroundings but their dreams alone were real, and in their imaginative land all things were possible.

No matter then if the drifts along the trail to the distant town were piled six feet deep, the blue blizzard still howling in fury, and the freighters marooned in Freeze-Out Hollow with no hope of getting through until spring! These youngsters were positive that on Christmas eve a ruddy-faced man with flowing white whiskers would sweep in behind his reindeer, strung out in their merrily

jingling harness like the ranch freight teams, and arrive in time to reward them.

Since "faith is the substance of things hoped for; the conviction of things not seen," Santa could never afford to fail them. When freight wagons cannot untrack, riders take to the ridges, and, unknown to these eager, expectant little fellows, cowboys on close-coupled broncs were having trouble with packages along the way.

At the same time other hands were riding the ranges with kindlier eyes for the animals under their care, glowing with an inner warmth as their cows drifted out of the sheltered canyons with expectant pace as the cowboys chopped the ice upon the waterings so that they could drink.

At the ranch the "wimmen folks" were busy with a feast that would have lured the Gods from Mount Olympus — and one even calculated to satisfy the "worst old maid" among the punchers. Deft and artful hands were busy about the kitchen range, while the coffeepot and the teakettle sang their merry tunes and the eager eyes of little children glowed brighter than Christmas candles, and brought their special benediction.

When Santa Claus came to the ranch — that was a time to remember!





*Mother Hubbard's Cupboard  
and many other buildings with  
a fairyland atmosphere occupy  
the mountainside at . . .*



## Santa's Rocky Mountain Home

Santa and his helpers have had a busy year at the North Pole.

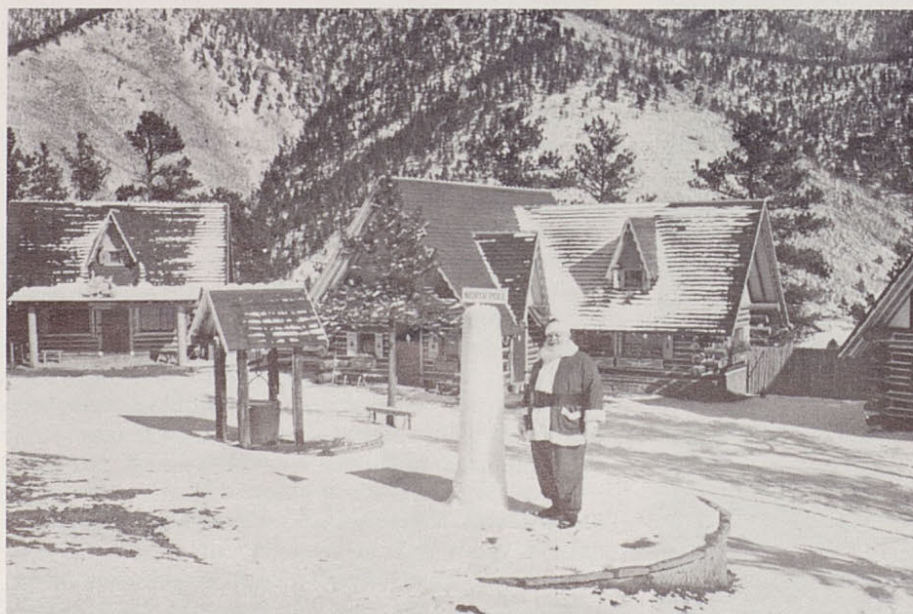
Following Labor Day, Santa and his troupe started the wheels of toy production rolling at the workshop in North Pole, Colorado, at the base of Pikes Peak Road.

The winding road up Ute Pass lies only a few miles from Colorado Springs. Each year since Santa's Workshop opened in the summer of 1956, hundreds of thousands, young and old alike, have visited this quaint village which is open all summer. The colorful fairyland, high in the Rockies, is circled with steep-sloped log buildings which house a post office, blacksmith shop, a craft shop, and toy and novelty shops.

An organ grinder is on hand and pet deer, goats and other animals roam the grounds.

Coins dropped in the can held by the organ grinder's monkey and coins dropped in the wishing well are donated to the Toy Lift and used to buy Christmas toys for underprivileged children.

A story called "Christmas All Summer" appeared in the Christmas 1956 issue of THE SHAMROCK. This story gives more detail about Santa's Workshop which we understand is as popular as ever. A few copies of the issue are still available for anyone who would like to read more about Santa's North Pole home in Colorado. Just write the Advertising Department, The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation, Box 631, Amarillo, Texas.



*It's Christmas  
all summer here  
in North Pole. Here  
Santa stands beside  
the pole which is  
refrigerated all year,  
while the organ grinder  
plays a happy tune inside.*

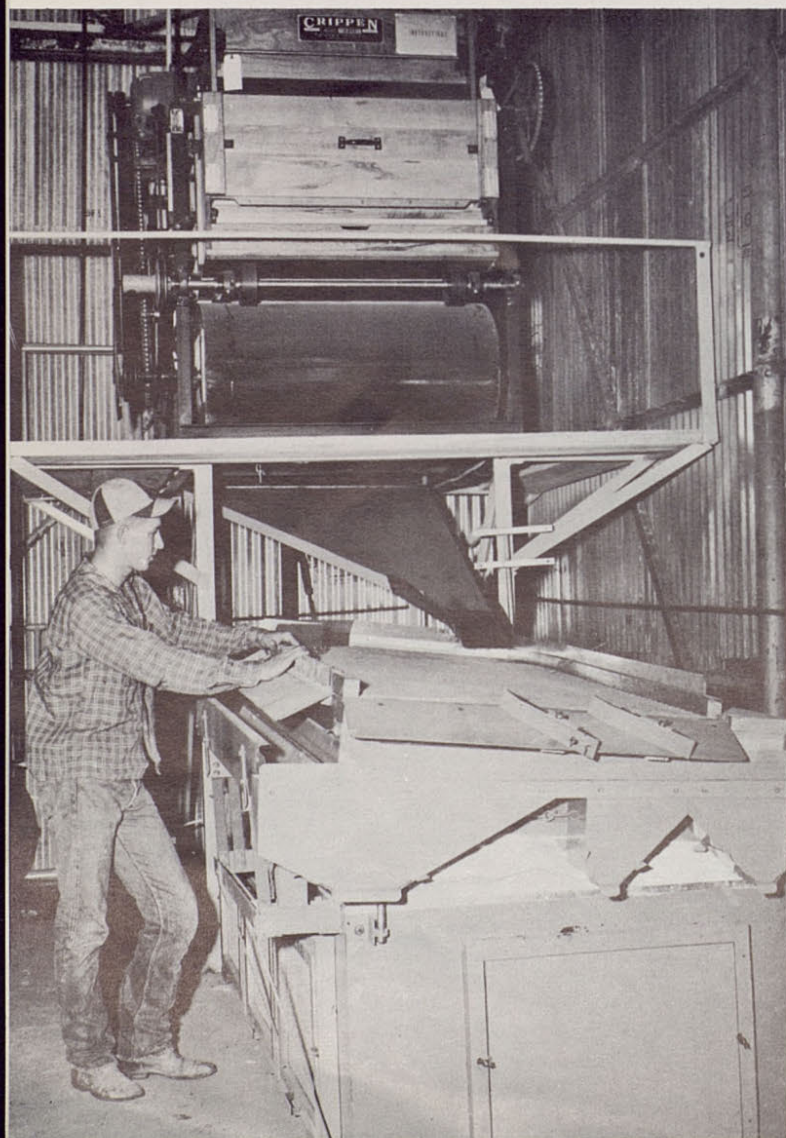


*South Plains Cotton Growers Get*

## Greater Yields With



*Don Thrash, Manager, Brownfield Acid Delinting Plant, stands beside the Grading Machine, which separates seeds of uniform size.*



**A**N OLD axiom has it that "men once measured the progress of civilization by the amount of sulphuric acid consumed."

The theory would appear to hold true even today judging from both the amount of sulphuric acid consumed and the strides of progress in our civilization during this generation alone. At any rate, it is certain that sulphuric acid is an ever increasing substance in our daily lives. It is used in some form or fashion in countless manufacturing processes and other multi-purpose functions to serve mankind daily.

It is commonly assumed that the existence of sulphuric acid was known as far back as the 9th Century. And the preparation was described as early as the 15th Century, but the exact composition was not discovered until the late 1700s by a Frenchman.

The miraculous chemical compound is employed in just about every type of industry imaginable. It is used as a petroleum catalyst for refining aviation gasoline. It is used in food testing, iron and steel pickling, textile finishing, water treating, the paper industry, plastics, paint and dyes, and one-third of all sulphuric acid production today is used in the fertilizer industry.

Sulphuric acid is a clear to light gray or brown liquid depending on its concentration. The peculiar characteristics of the acid require that it be handled with extreme care. The evolution of heat can cause explosive scattering when the compound is mixed with water and contact with the skin can cause severe burns. (The skin should be flushed with water for at least 15 minutes immediately after contact.)

Sulphuric acid is manufactured in the petroleum industry by a refining process that removes the sulphur from natural gas and crude oil. This sulphur is in the form of hydrogen sulphide which is burned to yield sulphur dioxide which is converted to sulphuric acid by the contact process.

Take the case of sulphuric acid and its use in helping cotton growers of the South Plains secure greater yields with better seeds for planting.

Sulphuric acid is used in washing the lint from cotton seed. This relatively new process is called



# "Smooth Seed"

*Cleaned with Sulphuric Acid*

Acid Delinting. It was invented by the late J. M. Etheridge, El Paso, Texas. Patent rights are now owned by a son, Baker Etheridge, of Fabens, Texas.

Removing the lint and treating the seed before planting permits a greater number of young plants to escape infection by disease, and more acres can be planted faster with less seed and labor, using smooth-surfaced seed. The delinting process separates irregular sizes of seeds, thereby permitting precision planting, reducing the costs of "thinning" once the cotton is up and growing.

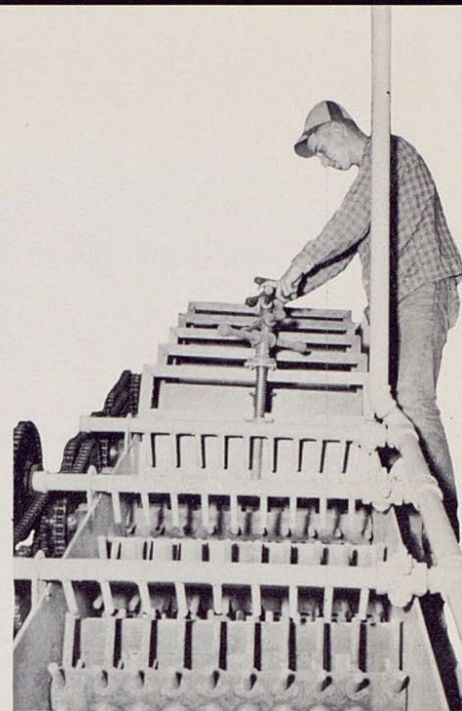
The new process involves running the cotton seed through a machine which sprays the seed with acid which, in turn, removes the lint. In the same machine all acid and dissolved lint is washed from the seed. A warm-air drying machine removes all excess moisture. From the drier, seeds move to a cleaner and then to an ingenious grading machine which sorts irregular shapes from the more uniform seeds. Finally the seeds pass through a treater where they are chemically treated and disinfected against disease before planting.

Cotton farmers would probably be hard-pressed to supply today's gigantic demand for the miracle fiber if such technological advances had not been made during the past 25 years . . . to say nothing of the growth of irrigation providing a guaranteed source of moisture.

Many new discoveries in production methods have increased yields on greatly reduced acreages.

The age of "wash and wear" is truly here. New materials hit the market daily featuring various miracle fibers, and cotton is oftentimes the principal ingredient. Cotton has survived 5,000 years of changing times, emerging as a continuing great contributor to America's economy. Today, America is still the largest producer and consumer of cotton . . . a product whose use was recorded in India some 3,000 years B.C. Other methods of delinting still popular on the South Plains cotton belt include the "Saw" method which picks the lint from the seed and the "Dry Gas" method which is a combination of sulphuric acid and other chemicals used in burning the lint from the seed.

The newer method of delinting with sulphuric acid is often referred to as the "wet process" be-



*When the cotton seed are completely processed, they come out looking very smooth and look much like the seeds above. The machine (above) performs the first process in delinting. It washes the seed.*

cause liquid acid is actually used in washing the lint from the cotton seed. The new process is probably most popular on the South Plains of Texas, one of the nation's top cotton producing centers.

Sulphuric acid is shipped chiefly by tank car, tank truck, barge and even by pipeline.

The peculiar characteristics of sulphuric acid are shown in the extreme variations of its freezing points and corrosive qualities.

For example, 93 per cent pure acid freezes at 25 degrees *below zero*, while 85 per cent pure acid freezes at 46 degrees *above zero*. And if the acid is 75 per cent pure it will freeze at 20 degrees *below zero*, but the temperature must reach 97 degrees *below* to freeze 38 per cent pure acid.

Sulphuric acid's corrosive nature works similarly. Acid can be stored safely in steel containers when the concentration is above 77 per cent. Little "eating" of the metal will occur when purity reaches the 77 per cent level or above. Below 77 per cent, however, highly corrosive action begins.

It's an unusual product to say the least and more important it is playing a part in a multitude of manufacturing plants that help to enrich the lives of all with more and better products.

*(The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation is one of the principal producers and marketers of sulphuric acid in the northern portion of the Tri-state area of Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma.)*



# John Bouldin's First Christmas on

Written by J. Evetts Haley and illustrated



Dedicated to Santa Claus  
and all old men  
with whiskers



**I**N SPITE of what you may have heard, the Great Plains generally is a severe land that seems to scowl upon the softer outside world with obvious disdain. Its infrequent gentle moods — sometimes the prelude to its violent tantrums — are rarely evident in winter. For then this land, always subject to the relentless exposure of sun, wind and storm, seems to brood to itself as it stoically faces the worst that old man winter can offer. And the worst is bad enough for any man.

Yet the Plainsman loves it. With eyes eternally looking far away, with a view that rests on nothing, but reaches on the Infinite, and with little bounty here but with boundless faith for tomorrow, he feels, in his rough and inarticulate way, a sort of righthand partnership with a tolerant and gentle God. Thus the spiritual nature of man provides its compensations, and out of the thirst and yearnings of human souls in desert lands have come the great religions of the world.

But in the early days it was tough, at times, to keep the faith and provide the cheer that warms the hearts of the Christian world at Christmas. The deprivations of frontier life were sometimes mean, while the extreme isolation of distance, accentuated by storms and snow, was even worse. Thus the bold men and gentle women who came from gracious backgrounds to test their mettle on the hard realities of life here, often found their utmost ingenuity tried in making merry at Christmas. And yet, in a way they usually did, for the mature human heart lusts for little when it is really free.

Once in awhile during many years spent in search of old-timers, my meandering trail crossed that of a veteran plainsman, John R. Bouldin. He was a warm-hearted soul whose ancestral roots ran

deep into the soil of Virginia; a zestful, cheerful man, weathered and bowlegged from many years in the saddle. It was good to drop in on him at the lower end of the Sulphur Springs Valley, at Douglas, just about Christmas — as the biting wind from the crags of the Chiricahuas swept the smelter smoke across into Mexico — and hear John's voice boom in hearty greeting.

As the sun cast the cool shadow of the ornate Gadsden far to the east, it was an unforgettable experience to walk into the dingy bar, dense with lusty men, just across the street, and hear his marvelous laugh reverberate against the rafters as we warmed our talk with a hot Tom and Jerry. For then sunshine and laughter were vital parts of our world, and John Bouldin was made of both. As his memory responded to the apparently forgotten arts of conviviality and conversation, John would talk about his pioneer days upon the Plains.

Sometimes he would talk of Old Tascosa and his brother-in-law, Jim East — the spot where they had lived so long and the splendid man whom he had loved so well. Again his stories would center around Charlie Russell, superb Western artist, with whom he had worked in Montana when times were rough, wild and really good. And then again he would dwell upon a tender childhood memory, when time and place tested the courage of rugged men to keep the faith of little children in a Santa Claus they had never seen.

Many years have passed, and so has John, but I can still hear his resonant voice booming against the ceiling.

I WAS BORN, but wasn't raised, in Old Virginia. My grandfather was the owner of close to a hundred slaves, with a big plantation on the James River, not far from Richmond. His specialty



# the Plains

ustrated by Harold Bugbee

*When People Had Time to Sit in Rocking Chairs  
and time to visit, laugh and talk*

was tobacco, along with the fine saddle horses that the South prided herself in. We were strong on the side of the Confederacy. My grandfather was in the army. I had an uncle on General Lee's staff, and my father was a captain in General Pickett's command.

Grandfather furnished my father four horses that were all killed under him in battle. Then Grandfather gave him another named Pickett, after his beloved commander. He was a brown horse, weighing about 1200 pounds, noted for his great kindness, intelligence and strength. Father was riding Pickett when they made the charge at Gettysburg. They were met with a deadly fire, many thousands were left on the field, and Father was wounded. But the gallant horse rode it through without a scratch.

Father was home for months, recovering, but went back to General Lee's army and stayed until the end at Appomattox. He saw General Lee and General Grant meet, and how one brave man received his brave and defeated foe. Father came back on Pickett. At the same time Grandfather had a splendid saddler, black as night, called Jubal, after General Jubal A. Early.

At the beginning of the Reconstruction period, Grandfather at once set out for that part of the west that the government had opened for settlement in Kansas. Forty miles from Fort Riley he

took up land on Chapman Creek, in a beautiful valley, about a mile wide, bordering living water. There, about three hundred yards from the creek, he built three dugouts by digging into a hill along the side of the valley. He dug them five feet down into the ground, and walled them up above with logs, chinked with mud. He left several holes, which were chinked with mud, but which could be punched out with guns in case of an Indian raid. A monster log was placed across the top in the center, and then came the small logs or poles placed from it to the outer edge, covered over with brush and finished with mud and dirt.

A large fireplace was built in the end of one of the dugouts, with a rock chimney extending above the roof. The dugouts were built thirty feet apart. The one in the center was built around a seep spring, which after being dug to a five-foot depth, proved to be a standing basin of pure, clear water, never varying for years to come. This basin was walled around with rock and covered, and this dugout was used as a storage and emergency room.

The Indians started raiding the settlements, and Grandfather conceived the idea of connecting the three dugouts with a tunnel, which he covered with logs and dirt, and drove back and forth over it until all trace was obliterated. Thus he was in shape to stand a siege.

Then Grandfather wrote my father, who was still on the old plantation, to put everything in the hands of a lawyer for disposal, and to come out and join him. Father was to bring five teams of choice mules, five brood mares and a splendid, thoroughbred stallion and the two much beloved saddle horses, Jubal and Pickett, and what furniture they could use in the dugouts. But he was under strict orders not to bring the family — my mother, my six-year-old sister, and me, then four — until the following year.

After Father had everything loaded, Mother appeared on the scene with sister and me and not only demanded to come with him, but she did come. By the time they got settled in the dugouts we had neighbors four miles up the creek and some others six miles down. The thorough-

*I remember Christmas Morning  
when Father rode away . . . . .  
He was riding Old Pickett*





*"But times have changed" said John Bouldin, at last, with a laugh on his lips and a tear in his eye, as he lifted his cup of Christmas cheer, "since my first Christmas in a prairie dugout, a mighty long time ago, and awful far away."*



bred stallion produced good saddle horses that could always find a market among the officers at Fort Riley, and the mules were used to break out farm land and, during slack times, to haul freight between Junction City and Abilene.

About this time the Texas cowmen found a market at Abilene and trail herds grazed on the prairie in the country around us. Grandfather became homesick that fall and, leaving things in Father's hands started back to Virginia on a last visit. On arriving at Kansas City he met some old Virginia friends who had settled there, stopped and spent the holidays with them, and never did go back, though he lived to be ninety-five.

There was lots of game in the country — deer, turkey, prairie chicken, quail and an occasional buffalo. And the buffalo wolves, or loboos, were bad. There were panthers, bob cats and bears, too, and Father brought along our four big Cuban bloodhounds that were kind to children and the homefolks, but vicious toward strangers and animals, so they were sometimes chained at a little house that had been built for them near the dugout.

Life moved briskly day by day in our new western homestead, and Christmas was coming — the greatest day in the old-time South. Mother and Father invited the two near neighbors in to have Christmas dinner with us. There were to be three kinds of meat — turkey, elk and buffalo — all wild. Other things had been brought from the Old Dominion — preserved fruits, honey, brandy, whiskey, wine. Sister and I had heard them talking about it, and about a good old man named Santa Claus who brought presents to good little children.

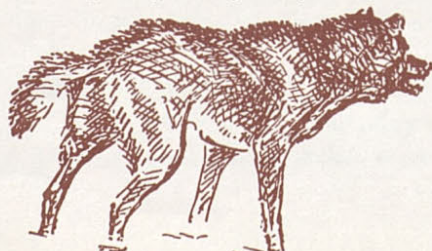
I remember the morning Father got ready to go to the post office and store, twenty miles away. Having no light rig, he saddled old brown Pickett, who was then getting along in years, but was

still a good strong horse. I remember him standing there in front of the dugout, his reins dragging, waiting for Father to get ready. I remember Father standing in the door with his long overcoat, cavalry boots and spurs . . . a slender, active man with smiling brown eyes as he kissed us two children and hugged Mother goodbye, mounted Old Pickett, and started off at that tireless, running walk. The old Southern saddle stock was bred for the gait.

The morning was bright and clear with quite a chill in the air. Father was supposed to return about dark, as Old Pickett could make that twenty miles in three hours and never move the man in the saddle. I can now look back and see Old Pickett saddling away at Christmas, and Father with pistol and rifle on his saddle, which were supposed to be common protection against the Indians, but, as I later learned, just as much for white renegades as Indians.

About the middle of the afternoon the sky became overcast, the wind blew in from the northeast and snow began falling, thick and fast. Soon a Western blizzard was in full force. Mother rolled a big backlog on the fireplace and at dark put us to bed without undressing us. Kneeling by our beds, we said our prayers with her and were soon fast asleep. The two hired men who had gone hunting for our wild meat for Christmas dinner still had not returned.

The heavy oak door at the entrance to the dugout was barred from the inside, by a bar dropped in a slot in the wall. To the right was a shelf with a loaded pistol and a hunting knife, and leaning against the wall was a buffalo gun of heavy caliber. Mother was a little, black-haired, blue-eyed woman, brave as a lion but very excitable. By ten o'clock the storm had spent itself. The wind had gone down. In the distance Mother heard the hoarse, gurgling barks of a pack of loafer wolves, and then several shots. Mother waked us. We were frightened and began to cry. She got us quiet but we could not sleep. At last I dozed off again. I was awakened by the horrible barks and growls of the dogs chained by the dugout and by





shot after shot, which, for a moment, seemed to die down, and then a blood-curdling scream from some animal.

Mother flung the door open and as she did, Old Pickett rushed up, screaming like a human. The firelight, flashing out across the snow, showed that he was surrounded by wolves. He was striking, fighting and kicking for his life, but no Father on him. For a moment Mother stood still as a rock. Then she came to life. Reaching for the old pistol, she fired two shots. But the wolves only backed away from the horse. Grabbing the hunting knife, she rushed outside to the hounds and began cutting the collars of each at a stroke. When these maddened dogs sprang among them, aided with two more shots from Mother's pistol, the wolves took flight.

Then, through the open dugout door, I remember seeing Mother start off in the direction the horse had come, with Pickett following close behind her. By then we were really crying, but I remember her screaming out in the darkness:

"Oh, ho, Papa! Where are you?" Then we heard a distant answer: "I am all right."

Between the dugout and the creek the road crossed a deep ravine that came out of the hills. The wolves had surrounded Father and Pickett at that point, and while the horse was fighting and kicking at them, and Father shooting at them, they had crowded Pickett off into the ravine. Father was thrown into a snowbank. The horse

was hot and sweaty and when he jumped up and headed for the dugout, the wolves took after him. Father was following them in.

Then I remember Father came in carrying Mother in his arms. It was the only time I ever heard him pray — we children kneeling between him and Mother — as he thanked God for his safe deliverance. Old Pickett whinnied from the doorway to give us to understand that he had a share in it.

Father began untying things from the saddle; there must have been a hundred pounds in all. And then we took care of Pickett. He had more than twenty gashes and cuts that the wolves had made in his hips and shoulders. Father told us that he had seen the good old man with the snowy whiskers and if we would hang our stockings over the fireplace — since the storm had quieted down and the wolves were gone — he might come down the chimney before morning. And sure enough, in the morning our stockings were full and running over, with everything possible lying around them. Our hunters arrived in time, loaded down with wild meat and Christmas dinner with our neighbors went off in the usual Southern way.

Old Pickett suffered no bad effect, a-tall. But we never gave him any more hard rides; just kept him like it was Christmas from then on. And the old brown horse who had carried Father through the fires at Gettysburg and snows of the Plains, died of old age right there on the ranch.

*Mother flung the door open, and as she did, Old Pickett rushed up screaming like a human*







**M**ANY A TOWN in the early-day West was built, either directly or indirectly, as a result of railroad construction.

Abilene, Texas, county seat of Taylor County in the heart of West Texas, has not only a railroad, but also a bitter dispute over land ownership to thank for its existence today.

Without these two history-molding factors, the city of Abilene might never have known conception and in its stead a community known in those days as Buffalo Gap might now be the area's center of government, commerce and culture.

Abilene came into being as a direct result of the building of a railroad. It was in January of 1881 that the Texas and Pacific Railway completed track to the townsite of Abilene. An auction sale of town lots was held in March of that year and the town began to grow. Growth has been steady but never booming since that time until today Abilene boasts more than 70,000 persons and is known as the "Key City of West Texas" and as the commercial, educational, medical and livestock center of the entire 22-county region.

There's much more behind the birth and growth of Abilene than that, however. The story really began back in 1852 when Fort Phantom Hill was

established a few miles northwest of the present location of the city. Just as in so many other cases, the post was erected to protect the white settlements from Indians. It was an overnight stop on the Overland mail route which followed the Butterfield Trail.

Settlers were few in that area at the time, but heartened by the assurance of protection from troops, more and more people were finding a home in the fertile West Texas territory.

In 1858 a county was carved out of Bexar and Travis counties and named Taylor in honor of Edward Taylor, an early settler in the region.

By 1877, several families had found their way to the area; also, about a dozen families had settled in the southern part of the county in a cut or gap in the Callahan Divide. The small community was known as Buffalo Gap. A post office and regular mail service had been established and a general store was opened that same year.

With the dozen families firmly settled in the area and many others following as the railroad gave strong impetus to settlement in West Texas, the population of Taylor County had increased to about 400 by 1878. On July 3 of that year, the county was officially organized. Buffalo Gap, with



*Agriculture is one of the mainstays of Abilene's economy. Here trucks line up at one of the several cottonseed mills.*



its post office, store, etc., was named the county seat.

It was at this point that the land dispute entered the picture to play such an influential role in the future of Abilene.

The railroad was considering at the time two possible routes through Central West Texas. One was to be by way of Buffalo Gap and an alternate route was chosen by way of Fort Phantom Hill.

It was eventually decided that the former route was the more logical and it appeared almost certain the road would be built through Buffalo Gap. Land values in and around the new county seat immediately soared, driven upward by speculators. A dispute over land ownership resulted in litigation.

One of the leading ranchers of the territory — Col. C. W. Merchant — and some associates attempted to buy out the litigants, but without success.

Two years passed and still the litigants would not yield. An historic meeting then ensued at the Hash Knife Ranch, located on the present site of Abilene Christian College, in 1880. It was at this meeting that Abilene actually came into being.

Col. Merchant and his twin brother, J. D. Merchant, were present at the meeting, along with John Simpson, the owner of the ranch; H. C. Withers, the Texas and Pacific Railway town and track locator; S. L. Chalk, a surveyor; and J. T. Barry, another rancher. This group appeared more interested in bringing the railroad to West Texas than in fostering the inception of a new town.

Their actions at that meeting, however, had more far-reaching consequences than they had anticipated.

In order to speed the process of bringing the railroad to the area, the group found it necessary to select a townsite in the vicinity and to induce the railroad to route its track through or near the site. Shortly after the meeting, the receiver of the Texas and Pacific Railway joined with Col. Merchant and his associates and this group purchased land in the area destined to bear the name of Abilene.

Col. Merchant and John Simpson named the town after the famous Kansas cattle shipping center of the same name. The railroad reached the new city in 1881 and the following year the city



*Golf has become a popular pastime in Abilene and the city boasts two excellent 18-hole courses. Here a foursome tees off at the handsome Abilene Country Club layout.*



*Abilene High School has one of the better football teams in the state and also one of the finest physical plants.*



was incorporated. On October 30, 1883, the county seat was moved to Abilene from Buffalo Gap as the result of a bitterly-fought election.

Today, Abilene boasts more than 70,000 population; Buffalo Gap isn't even on the map.

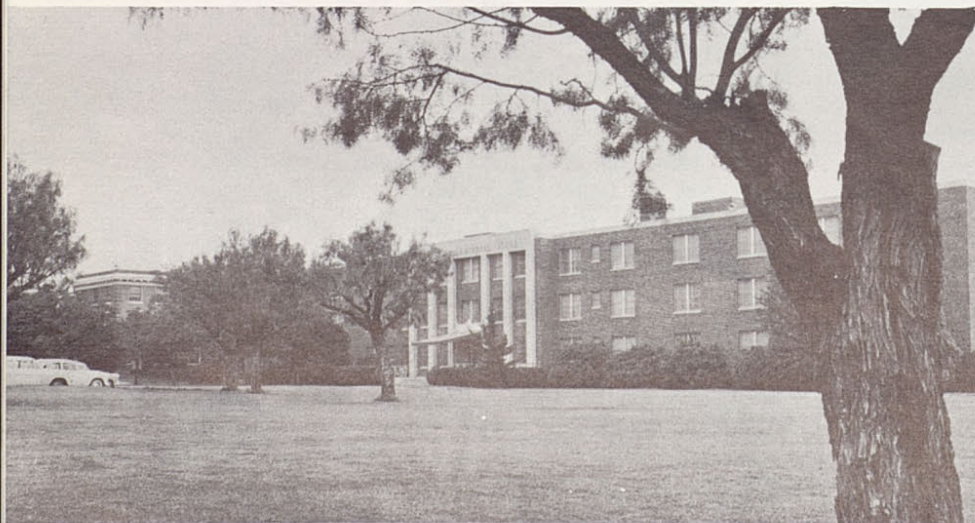
More than three-quarters of a century have passed since the railroad entered the new city. But in addition to the original Texas and Pacific line, the city is now served by the Abilene and Southern and the Fort Worth and Denver routes. Abilene has kept pace with other mediums of transportation, too, and now boasts service by Continental Airlines with 14 flights daily, six bus lines and six motor freight lines.

These outstanding transportation facilities, plus the central location of the city in the heart of a rich agricultural and livestock producing region have spelled prosperity for Abilene. Oil and manu-

facturing are also playing an increasingly important role in supplementing the city's income.

Water—that all-important ingredient in the success of any West Texas community—has played a vital role in Abilene's growth. Three lakes with an aggregate capacity of 92,000 acre-feet of water have furnished not only an adequate municipal water supply, but have also provided a paradise for water sports enthusiasts throughout Central West Texas. Lake Abilene was constructed in 1921, Lake Kirby in 1928 and Lake Fort Phantom Hill (the largest of the three) in 1940.

Abilene is often referred to as the "City of Colleges." Nearly 5,000 students are enrolled in the three institutions of higher learning—Hardin-Simmons University, established in 1891; Abilene Christian College, established in 1906; and McMurry College, founded in 1923. In addition, the city



*The home of three institutions of higher learning, Abilene has become known as the West Texas Center of Culture. Memorial Hall on the Hardin-Simmons University campus is typical of buildings at McMurry College and Abilene Christian College.*





*The Citizens National Bank Building at left is one of Abilene's most imposing structures. Below is a view of the First National Bank Parking Building, erected in 1956 at a cost of \$289,000. Two elevators can park up to 208 cars in the 7-story structure used by 90 regular monthly parkers.*

has two business colleges, a nursing school and two schools of beauty culture.

Abilene also offers a varied program of recreation for all ages. The city has two excellent golf courses; a 90,000-acre game preserve for deer, turkey, quail and dove; a modern park system with playground facilities; several large swimming pools; and professional baseball.

The city has 74 churches representing 19 denominations, a symphony orchestra, a Community Theatre, a Civic Music Association, and a \$70,000 public library.

The economy of the city is greatly enhanced by Dyess Air Force Base, a \$70 million permanent installation which houses two wings of B-47 SAC bombers. Monthly payroll amounts to nearly \$2 million, a sizeable boon to the income of most any city.

Visitors to the Abilene area find a remnant of the Old West at the ruins of Fort Phantom Hill, one of the most popular attractions in the vicinity. Just as Dyess Air Force Base stands as a sentinel against a possible attack from present-day aggressors, so stands the ruins of the old fort, a weather-beaten reminder of attacks in the past.

There isn't much left of the old fort. Like an old soldier, it has refused to die, despite its abandonment and partial burning 70 years ago. Only naked rock chimneys and the stone magazine building stand as mute evidence of the passing of time.

But while only a ghost of its glorious past remains, old Fort Phantom Hill stands today as a shrine to the settlement of Central West Texas.

Nearby is Abilene, rich in glories of the past, wealthy in the prosperity of the present, and looking to the future with the assurance of even greater things to come.





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