



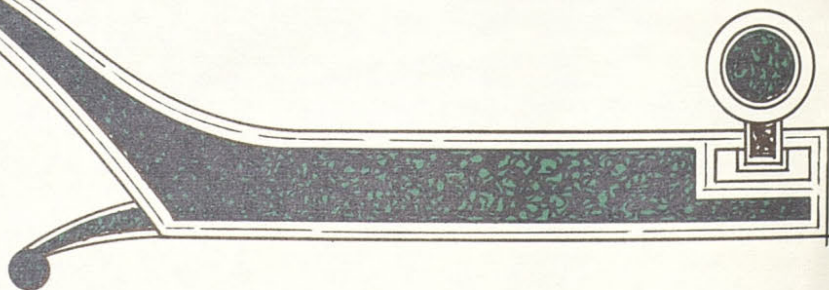
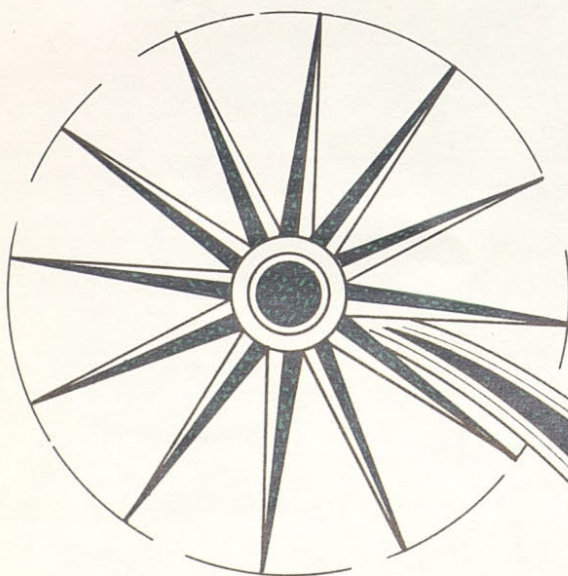
SUMMER 1963







**BOB BEVERLY**



Bob Beverly, a genial, unruffled veteran of adventure, summed up the finer qualities of those cowboy peace officers who brought law and order to the cow country — that great stretch of grasslands reaching from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan Plains. A vast and vacant land in the late sixties, it was being taken by herds during the seventies — herds that swung up the long Texas Trail and fanned out to fatten on hitherto unclaimed ranges of grass.

With the impetus of the newly built rail outlets, the dynamic recovery of the country from war and the heavy demand for beef in the East, this land, by the 1880s, was riding high on the in-rushing tide of British and Eastern capital and the naturally optimistic and ebullient spirits of those leathery men who followed the trails of cattle. Since lush times and not lean years are most inclined to cultivate the perversities of men, this "bonanza in beef" frequently found its lusty men riding rough-shod upon the law.

Men of untrammelled nature mounted on horses ranged far and fancy free in their unbridled brigandage. Naturally the logical men to curb, to chase and to bring them back were men of similar breed on horses and likewise lured by dalliance with danger. While reckless cowboys broke the law, other reckless cowboys were chosen as sheriffs to bring them to justice, and there was no more important office in every western county in its transition from a chunk of wilderness to a settled community. Bob Beverly, an outstanding cowboy of varied experience, was typical of the best of the cowboy sheriffs in this transition period.

His story is not one of gunsmoke and gore but one of understanding and gumption. He knew the ways of cattle and horses, and better still he knew the feelings and the moods, the prejudices and the passions, the strength and the failings of the men who handled them. In brief, he knew the nature of this exacting land and the psychology of its tough and resilient men. But knowledge alone in places of power is not enough — as history continually grinds out from its well-grooved record. Much more is necessary.



Beverly was a man of quiet courage and impeccable character. Rough life had firmed his nature without hardening his soul. If he did not harbor an element of sympathy for the culprits he gathered in the name of the law, he at least looked upon them with compassion and deep understanding. A quiet but keen sense of humor kept his work and his world in perspective, while his own sound sense and judgment were bolstered by a life of sometimes sober and always exacting experience.

He had grown up as an orphan waif upon the range. He was an uneducated cowboy who had never heard of a political philosopher, but who instinctively sensed that long tenure in office is dangerous, and intuitively agreed with Lord Acton's aphorism that "all power corrupts." He resolutely refused to be a victim of either.

Bob was born, May 5, 1872, at Ringgold, Georgia, on the line of Sherman's march to the sea, the son of a Confederate veteran. During Reconstruction Bob's father, the only one of five brothers to return from the war, left with the family for Texas, landing at Sandy Point on the Texas coast in 1874. The family made their way to Denton County by ox-team and the following year settled at the crossing of the Texas Cattle Trail near Waco.

There, as a child, little Bob watched the superb cowhands from South Texas swim the river with their Longhorn herds and swing over the hills to the north, their sky-borne streamers of dust firing his childish fancy and beckoning him to a like life of action and color. There, too, his mother died, and this impressionable child watched his father hammer a rough board coffin together, lay the body inside, nail on the lid, load it in his wagon, and with his children riding alongside, drive down the road to bury her "under the hill where kind neighbors had dug a grave, on a cold, bleak day in December, 1879."

His father then gathered his children and returned to their native Georgia, where, in 1884, he died of old wounds suffered in the Civil War and was buried under a cedar tree that his wife had planted as a child. Since "no one, it seemed, wanted to be bothered" with little Bob, he said, "I

just got hold of myself a pony and drifted" back to Texas. He spoke little of what happened to him in the next five years except to recall with gratitude that he was "a hobo of the rangeland," living and working "among strangers who always treated me kindly."

In 1890 as an eighteen-year-old cowboy, he was working for the 69 Ranch, helping hold a herd of cows on the range near Seymour at the time that the Wichita Valley Railroad was building into that town. He and a cowboy friend quit in the fall and after they had "taken in" and gone broke at the Dallas Fair, ran into a horseman who said he needed a hand and who regaled Bob with glowing stories of the opportunities that awaited a young cowboy in the Indian Nation.

"He took a great deal of interest in me," Bob said, "and I was his willing slave from then on, and even to this day I have a tender feeling in my heart for him, for he taught me more lessons in life than any man I ever came in contact with, and at the age I was then, it lasted me all the years."

Bob just called him "Mr. C," because, he said, "a little thing like a name in those days did not amount to much, no way, for a man in the Indian Nation that could not use up most any name he cared to use in about six months to one year was not considered a very good lookout in that country." This "horseman," a man with an inscrutable countenance, appeared anywhere from forty-five to sixty-five years of age.

"If he was with a young playful bunch, he was young looking," Bob said, "if he was with a more sober bunch, he looked older, and he had one of the best poker faces I ever gazed into . . . the kind that deals you four kings and deals himself four aces, and his face has the most disappointed look on it as he glances over his hand when he picks it up, but after you shove in all your chips, he calls you, and reaches for the pot as he lays his cards down, not even looking at you to see whether it is agreeable to you or not."

Anticipating a regular ranch job, Bob took the train to Pauls Valley, and went to work for this

# COWBOY SHERIFF

by J. EVETTS HALEY

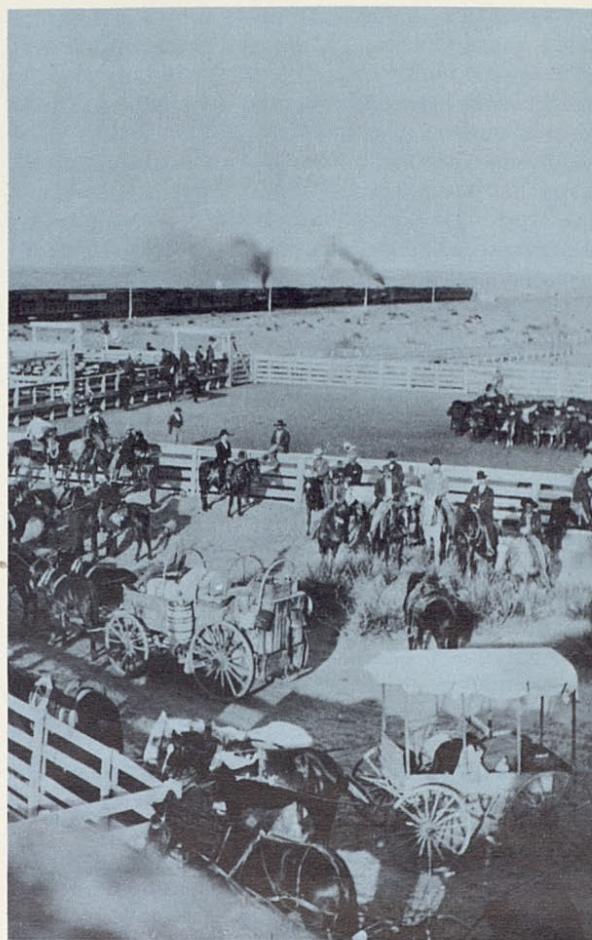


character at what turned out to be a horse-thief's and outlaw's hold-out in the Arbuckle Mountains. Broke, stranded and isolated here, he kept his eyes open and his mouth shut as he rode with "Mr. C's" compatriots, handling stolen horses for several months. At last the place was raided and burned by officers and outraged victims, and in the night Bob escaped with a friendly old darky who was the camp cook, rode south across Red River, and back into cowboy obscurity. From the Wichita ranges he drifted on until he found friendly faces among the cowboys taking in the gambling places and the saloons of the little cowtown of Midland, in West Texas.

That fall he drove with a herd back into the upper Wichita country, and, unable to find work, rode the chuck-line until spring when he joined a trail herd from the Panhandle to the Sioux Reservation. During the next two years he drove the Texas-Montana Cattle Trail, worked for the XIT Ranch, and punched cows in the Comstock country along the Rio Grande. In 1895, he was again in the Midland country, a cowboy on the noted Quien Sabe Ranch which took in a world of its own south of Midland — one of three great outfits, along with the Circle Dots and the JMs, owned by the wealthy merchant, Mayer Halff of San Antonio.

While a cowboy there he got his first lesson in politics. Barnes Tillous, the famous Quien Sabe boss, was passing Midland in 1896 with a herd on the trail, and all the cowboys rode in to vote for the re-election of Dave Allison as sheriff. Meanwhile, Midland, a promising village with strong religious undertones, fell victim to reform. Again, as a Quien Sabe herd was passing in the late 1890s, with Beverly as trail boss, he camped the wagon nearby and the cowboys rode in "to water out." They found the principal topic of talk was an impending prohibition election. When grass is good and the issues urgent, cowboys have always found ample time to tarry, and on election day, the Quien Sabe trail outfit of twelve men, including their two colored cowboys, Old Slick and Nigger Bob, rode in to voice their lusty views on liquor. And the prohibition forces were counted out by eleven votes.

The reformists considered the election an outrage and contested it in the courts, hailing the Quien Sabe hands in to testify as to their voting qualifications. Actually the drinking was not so bad, according to Bob, as "there was not any more drinking among the pros than among the antis." Even so, the virus of reform is a tenacious affliction that must run its course. Nothing fazed, the prohibitionists rallied the preachers, importing such fluent evangelists as Sam Jones to dilate upon the



*The busy cattle shipping season created lots of action at the railroad stock pens during the early days at Midland.*

evils of drink, and despite the money put up in defense by Truesdale and Gardner, owners of the Legal Tender Saloon, soon drove liquor from the open cowtown of Midland to scattered and surreptitious spots out in the tolerant mesquites.

For some unexplained reason the anticipated millennium passed Midland by. Cattle thefts and killings continued and even "the law," Dave Allison, with official troubles of his own, suddenly pulled out for the far west to become an Arizona ranger and a fighting man for Bill Greene of Cananea Copper, before returning years later as a cattle inspector, to be killed by the old outlaw Tom Ross, at Seminole. Life drifted on at Midland for a leisurely decade without conditions improving, until concerned citizens, in looking about for a likely man for a tough spot, took the measure of Bob Beverly and urged him to run for the sheriff's office.

In doing so they were unwittingly tapping a



source of wisdom and experience with wayward men. Like all real cowboys of his time, he had lived with zest, a life of discipline and danger. He agreed to take the place if elected, but only on one condition.

"Too long tenure in office, especially the sheriff's office, will ruin any man. I'll serve two terms," I says, "and then money wouldn't hire me to stay in any longer. And I done just what I said I'd do."

His record as a sheriff at Midland has never been equalled. He knew these western men like he knew his Quien Sabe cattle. Once in a while

land, traditionally generous with each other's lives, did not change their ways because Bob Beverly was sheriff, he did not have to kill them to take them, though on one occasion he did kill an adversary with his bare hands.

He was sheriff at Midland from 1908 to 1912, and then went back to work as a cowboy for the Cowdens, handling great herds of steers from their JAL Ranch. He served as a brand inspector catching cow thieves for the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, and in 1930 was drafted again as sheriff to clean up the oil boom town of



*Known as C. C. Slaughter's Speed Wagon, this eight-yoke freight team loaded out at Midland with supplies for Slaughter's Lazy S Ranch. Even in the early days of Midland, its appearance attracted a throng of curious onlookers.*

he had to ride hard and far to gather a bad one, but mainly he handled them like a top hand in a herd of cattle—quietly and with ease. Often he simply sent word to the suspect wherever he happened to be, whether he was working the Pecos range or deep in the Monahans Sand Hills, and in the course of a few days, the wanted man wrapped his reins around the courthouse hitching rack and jingled his spurs in choppy cadence across the floor of the sheriff's office. While the men of Mid-

Hobbs, New Mexico. Again his term of office was effective but brief. The reason seemed to him obvious.

In order to be a really effective sheriff, as he pointed out, a man must get much of his information from the shady if not outlaw fringe of human nature. Thus the officer, consciously or unconsciously, gradually becomes obligated to or compromised by the very element he is out to bring to justice. The only way to prevent this, Bob Bev-



erly firmly believed, was frequent rotation by good men and true in the sheriff's office, and his practice always conformed with his precept.

When I was a boy in Midland and Bob Beverly was our sheriff, he loomed as a noble and storied figure among those of us who lived with cattle and horses. And through many later years, when I came to know him intimately, nothing ever diminished the stature with which he had ridden upon the sharp horizons of my youthful fancy.

The history of the West and its men fascinated him. He soaked up their lore, reminiscences and history, and fascinated many with the telling, while the simple wisdom of his cowboy observations on law and human nature still seem worthy of remembrance.

"All in all," he said, speaking of his time with the outlaws in Oklahoma, "I have never regretted my experience in the Nation, for it taught me a lot of things that helped me all through life. I learned that no man is all bad and no man is all good, and that (sometimes) a man is bad that never had a chance to be good, and many are good because they had no chance to be bad.

"I learned a lot about law violators and how they worked, and what caused them to be what they were, that helped me after years when I tried to be an officer . . . and I have many times sat down beside some young boy who had an idea he could violate the law and not be caught, and talked to him, and many of them are good and useful men now.

"I learned that the guilty would flee a lot of times when no one was pursuing them and I learned to find a crook in a new country where you were not known was to never ask any questions; just go into the country and let it be known that you were an officer, and sit around a few days, and the biggest crook in the country would hunt you up, telling you so-and-so was cussing you and you had better look out. All you had to do then was to keep your eye on this one. You had the head crook spotted. A crook cannot stand for a new officer to show up around him and not say anything or make any move at all, for he just gets to where he has to go and try and find out if the officer knows anything on him.

"No set of crooks in any line can, anywhere in this country of ours, get along very well without the protection of officers of the law, and that goes from your constable on to your governor. Crime must be protected to get a hold in any country, and the greatest criminal we have to look out for today is Old Man Politics. No man can enforce the law once he lets a criminal get him under the criminal's control.

"I learned in the Nation that no criminal ever held out in an open country. He always ranched in either a rough broken country, or in a brushy country. A criminal is like an ostrich, he wants to hide his head, and he wants to be where no one can see him often.

"In the early days of my time I never looked out in the open, wide plains country for stolen stock and I never was an officer that asked a man one question about the outfit he was working for or his boss, because if any man that would work for an outfit, eat their chuck and ride their horses and draw their money should tell me anything about the outfit he worked for violating the law, I would not believe him at all.

"And I would never let the neighbor know by asking questions regarding what I wished to know. I would just drop in and tell him what was going on in some other place, and he nearly always would say something about what happened over on the other outfit and give a man a lead as to what was going on."

At last Bob Beverly's code was an old and simple one; his advice to youth was to "do right for right's sake, and never do right from fear of punishment. Look every man in the eye and tell him to go to hell if he even intimates he wants you to violate the laws of your country. And in the last days of your life you will be glad, and when you lay down in that long sleep you will have a better chance to awaken in a much cooler climate than if you had wasted your life trying to show how you could evade the law."

In youth and in age, truly Bob Beverly, cowboy sage and sheriff, "would do to ride the river with."

He was a man of enduring sentiment who paid tribute to the blood, the ideals, and the traditions that kept him straight and true. He always remembered that, as a twelve-year-old boy, his father had held him with his dying hand and anxious eyes, and warned him of the roving nature of the strain of Cherokee blood that ran in his veins, saying:

"Son, your father and all his people have always been for God and for Country above all things . . . I followed Lee, and Jackson, and Johnston, and Gordon on many battlefields . . . I had no fear . . . I wish you to take for your ideals of this life the things that the men of the old Southern Confederacy stood for . . . stand for that which is right, and never fear to condemn that which is wrong."

Bob Beverly lived up to the traditions of his people and land, dying April 16, 1958, with little of this world's goods, and is buried at Lubbock, Texas — an independent man of warmth, wisdom, and character clear down to the grass-roots.





## "THEY SAVED MY LIFE..."

John Gibson is a name on the junior class roll at an Amarillo high school. It could just as easily have been a name on a list of traffic casualties.

But destiny decreed differently.

Fate stepped into the life of the personable 17-year-old youth on a Saturday in March, this year. And because it did, John is able to tell his story.

As the owner of a new automobile, John drove into a Shamrock service station that was promoting seat belts and ordered a set installed. The wisdom of his action took on eminent significance just 24 hours later.

"I was going to make a turn and had nearly stopped, waiting for other cars to clear the intersection," he recalls, "when another car struck my car from the right rear.

"My car swerved sharply and both doors were thrown open on impact. I'm sure I would have been thrown out and probably run over if I hadn't been wearing my seat belts."

The car was damaged extensively, but John escaped with minor bruises.

"The police told me that I probably wouldn't be here now if I hadn't been wearing my belts," he exclaims. "They held me in and that's what saved my life. I'm sure of that."

Next day, John's parents — Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gibson — took both their cars to the station to have seat belts installed. The Gibsons believe in them.

John especially believes in them.

"I fasten them now, even if I'm just going around the block," he vows.





If fears of highway accidents are keeping you from a vacation trip this summer, forget them. You could be missing the most enjoyable moments of your life.

Sure, you hear about the 40,000 people who lost their lives in wrecks last year. That's far too many fatalities to go unnoticed. But did you hear anything about the millions who traveled nearly 400 billion miles *without* accidents?

Despite sensational headlines about traffic deaths, America's highways are safer than ever. There are three times fewer deaths per 100 million miles traveled than there were 25 years ago. And highways are twice as safe as they were 15 years ago.

Highway travel can be fun, too. Roads are excellent. Cars have become more luxurious, more comfortable — and safer. Eating and lodging facilities have sprung up like mushrooms after a spring shower, and fuel and service for cars are never more than a few miles away.

There's a lot to see in this country and nearly any scenic spot can be reached during a two-week vacation.

So whether it be for a full-fledged vacation or a leisurely weekend jaunt to the mountains or seashore, pack up the family car, forget your work-a-day worries and head for the open road. It's summertime and in the words of the popular hit

song, that's when "livin' is easy." Don't let fear spoil your fun.

#### *Autos Are Safer*

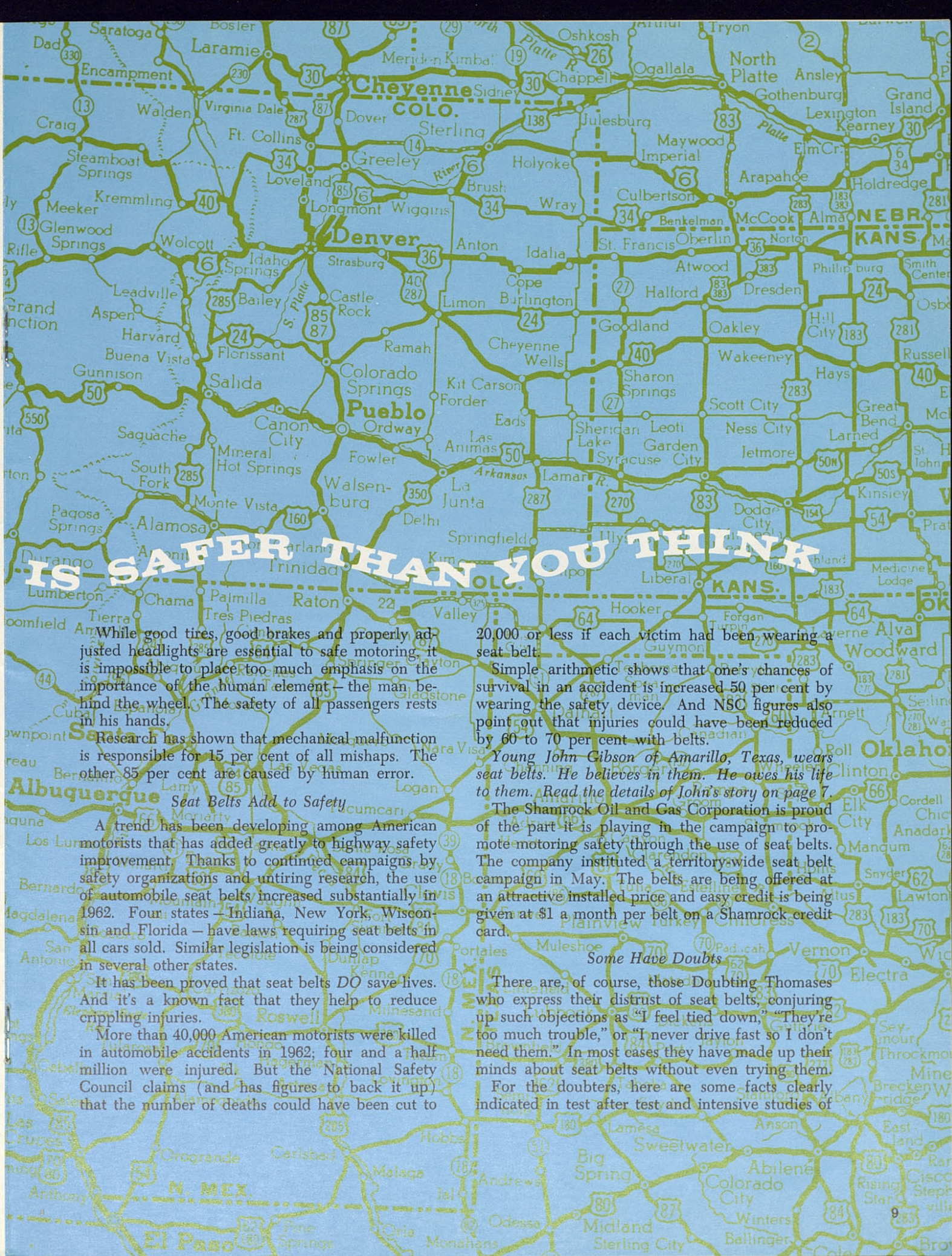
Auto accidents, of course, are not to be minimized. They are a problem of serious national concern. Yet sensational accident reports tend to obscure the fact that Americans are the world's best drivers. Their skills have improved steadily over the years and the chances are remote that a skillful driver will be involved in an accident.

New safety features in automobiles have played important roles in making driving safer. Shatter-proof glass, better brakes, padded car interiors, turn signals and tires that seldom blow out have helped to increase the odds against accidents. Stricter enforcement of traffic regulations have helped, too.

It's a wise driver who makes certain his car is in perfect operating condition before leaving on his summer vacation. No car can be safer than its tires and they can be checked without cost at any service station. A few dollars spent for replacement of worn tires is considerably cheaper than hospital or funeral expenses resulting from a blowout accident.

Good brakes are as important as good tires. They often mean the difference between arriving safely or being "DOA" — dead on arrival.





# IS SAFER THAN YOU THINK

While good tires, good brakes and properly adjusted headlights are essential to safe motoring, it is impossible to place too much emphasis on the importance of the human element—the man behind the wheel. The safety of all passengers rests in his hands.

Research has shown that mechanical malfunction is responsible for 15 per cent of all mishaps. The other 85 per cent are caused by human error.

## Seat Belts Add to Safety

A trend has been developing among American motorists that has added greatly to highway safety improvement. Thanks to continued campaigns by safety organizations and untiring research, the use of automobile seat belts increased substantially in 1962. Four states—Indiana, New York, Wisconsin and Florida—have laws requiring seat belts in all cars sold. Similar legislation is being considered in several other states.

It has been proved that seat belts DO save lives. And it's a known fact that they help to reduce crippling injuries.

More than 40,000 American motorists were killed in automobile accidents in 1962; four and a half million were injured. But the National Safety Council claims (and has figures to back it up) that the number of deaths could have been cut to

20,000 or less if each victim had been wearing a seat belt.

Simple arithmetic shows that one's chances of survival in an accident is increased 50 per cent by wearing the safety device. And NSC figures also point out that injuries could have been reduced by 60 to 70 per cent with belts.

*Young John Gibson of Amarillo, Texas, wears seat belts. He believes in them. He owes his life to them. Read the details of John's story on page 7.*

The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation is proud of the part it is playing in the campaign to promote motoring safety through the use of seat belts. The company instituted a territorywide seat belt campaign in May. The belts are being offered at an attractive installed price and easy credit is being given at \$1 a month per belt on a Shamrock credit card.

## Some Have Doubts

There are, of course, those Doubting Thomases who express their distrust of seat belts, conjuring up such objections as "I feel tied down," "They're too much trouble," or "I never drive fast so I don't need them." In most cases they have made up their minds about seat belts without even trying them.

For the doubters, here are some facts clearly indicated in test after test and intensive studies of





Old West days are called to mind in this replica of old Front Street in Dodge City, Kansas, where Wyatt Earp kept order.

actual highway accidents:

One is safer inside the car than if thrown from it. In fact, Cornell University tests have indicated one is five times safer inside. A body catapulted out of a car runs greatly increased hazards not only from being smashed directly onto the street or other object, but also from the danger of being hit by oncoming traffic. A belt holds you in place and lessens the chance of being dashed about inside the car.

Any idea that seat belts aren't needed at slow speeds is completely unfounded. Low speeds can be dangerous, too. The National Safety Council says that 75 per cent of all fatal accidents occur at speeds of less than 40 miles per hour — and within 25 miles of home.

Still another objection to seat belts is "I get in and out of the car 30 times a day and seat belts are

too much bother." Figuring five seconds to fasten a belt and another five seconds to release it, this important safety measure costs a total of three minutes a day. Opening and closing a door takes a few seconds, too, but they're still making cars with doors.

#### *See the Scenic Southwest*

Now, let's get back to that vacation trip you're going to take this summer. In the event you haven't made up your mind, let us suggest the Scenic Southwest. No area in the United States can offer a greater number or variety of attractions to travelers.

It would be impossible, of course, to list them all. But here is a brief state-by-state breakdown, touching on only a few of the spots to see in each.

Texas — From its piney woods and lakes in the



Oak Creek Canyon in central Arizona offers some of the most breath-taking scenery in the entire Southwest territory.



Pueblo Indians in their native attire are common sights in Taos, New Mexico, also the home of numerous art colonies.



east to its endless grasslands on the west, and from its sandy Gulf shores to its fertile Plains and Panhandle, the Lone Star State truly offers everything for the traveler. No visitor should miss the state's most famous landmark — the Alamo at San Antonio — or its countless other historical forts and missions. The state's metropolitan cities pose a vivid contrast to the Old World charm of its numerous border towns, the gateways to Old Mexico. Texas state parks are big and accommodating and the Big Bend National Park, nestled in the big turn of the Rio Grande, offers a mecca for the sight-seer.

**Oklahoma** — One of the chief attractions for visitors to the Sooner State is the Will Rogers Memorial at Claremore. Few states can boast of more miles of lake shore lines and her parks are outstanding in accommodations.

**New Mexico** — Probably the most famous attraction in the Land of Enchantment is the fabulous Carlsbad Caverns. But New Mexico offers countless other points of beauty and interest — dozens of Indian pueblos, breath-taking mountain splendor, the quaintness of Taos and its artist colonies, Indian ceremonials at Gallup, and trout streams galore. Los Alamos, home of the atomic age, reposes in complete contrast to neighboring Santa Fe, state capital and the oldest city in the United States.

**Arizona** — The Grand Canyon is, of course, one of the nation's top scenic attractions. But Arizona, too, offers many more — the Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, and the Navajo Indian Capitol at Window Rock. For lovers of western lore, Tombstone and its notorious Boot Hill cemetery are musts on the travel agenda.

**Colorado** — Cool and colorful, Colorado is one of the nation's top vacation states. Rugged of terrain, the state boasts a vast array of natural beauty — Pikes Peak, Royal Gorge, Rocky Mountain National Park, Garden of the Gods, and many others. Ghost towns recall earlier days of gold and glory while the Dinosaur National Monument takes visitors back millions of years to the days of the prehistoric monsters.

**Wyoming** — Few states offer finer fishing or more breath-taking beauty than the Grand Teton Mountains in Wyoming.

**Kansas** — The days of Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson live again in the memories of visitors to Dodge City. Trips to the state's numerous old forts will recall days of Indian wars and the "winning of the West."

These and thousands more spots of beauty and historical significance await summer vacationers. Why not visit some of them this summer? After all, driving is safer than you think. And it's fun.



*San Jose Mission in San Antonio, Texas, is but one of many such attractions awaiting vacation travelers to the Southwest.*



*Teapot Rock is another scenic attraction for visitors to see in beautiful Oak Creek Canyon in picturesque Arizona.*



*Maybe fishing is your favorite pastime. The Southwest abounds in beautiful mountain streams or lakes like this.*





# MIDLAND-ODESSA





Like lost pilgrims in a yellow eternity of sun and sand, the small band of cavalrymen made their way across the Llano Estacado, searching for water and a new route through Comanche country. When dusk came, they stopped on the lonely plains, built a fire, and gathered around to break the infinite quietude with rousing songs of their countrymen.

And here in this last wild home of the far-roaming buffalo, the indomitable wild mustang, the untamed turkey, and the gaunt jack rabbit, Captain Randolph B. Marcy of the United States Army, the leader of the expedition, jotted down his memoirs, unmindful that the future eventually would reap from this very land incomparable wealth — endless grasslands atop the earth and rich “black gold” below.

Since that night over a hundred years ago, twin cities have risen close to the spot where Marcy camped. With the settlement of Midland in 1885 and Odessa in 1881, the transformation of the southern staked plains has been rapid, bringing symphony from silence, distinction from desolation, luxury from loneliness, and magnificence from mirage.

Midland acquired its name from its location — mid-way between Fort Worth on the east and El Paso on the west. Odessa, which presumably took its name from Russian railroad hands laying the first tracks through Indian country, is 20 miles to the west. Both cities are in the center of the fabulous Permian Basin, one of the largest and most important oil producing areas in the Southwest.

Typical of many West Texas communities, Mid-

land and Odessa at first were tough little cow towns, supply headquarters for the huge ranches established in these prodigious prairies in the latter half of the 1800s.

Cattle continued to be the primary industry until the spring of 1923. In May of that year the destinies of the two cities were altered irrevocably.

“Well, I’ll be damned!” was all Carl “Big Swede” Cromwell could say when he looked out the front door of his home early one clear morning to find his experimental Santa Rita well spraying black gold high into the air. With this discovery, a new era began, and oil men poured into the area to open widespread exploration. Ironically, the Santa Rita was named after the “Saint of the Impossible.”

And from that time, Midland has grown “tall in the saddle,” as the natives say. The city today looms out of the flatlands, a glittering modern-day oasis. Its growth has been eruptive. Midland at the turn of the century sustained only 1,714 persons. In 1960 the census showed a population of 62,625.

Midland ranks fifth in the amount of office space among Texas cities, with 72 multi-storied buildings. The highest is 22 stories — tallest between Fort Worth and Los Angeles.

As an educational center, Midland boasts three public high schools, four junior high schools, nineteen elementary schools and one parochial school. Medical facilities, second to none in quality, are provided at the 150-bed private memorial hospital staffed by 60 doctors. There are 72 churches within the city limits. Culturally, Midlanders are proud

# A 20 MILE HAND SHAKE



of the Midland Community Theatre, which seats 400, and the Midland Symphony, renowned throughout West Texas.

Odessa has been described as the city that "is" — but never "was." It too has experienced phenomenal growth, having jumped from whistlestop to metropolis within the century.

In contrast to its sister city, Odessa sprawls "low in the saddle," with oil refineries and plants stretching onto the prairie around it like innumerable children. More than 75 plants producing rubber, carbon black, oil, styrene, butadiene, gasoline and sulphur are located within the city's wide service area that extends from McCamey to the south, to Seminole in the north; and from Hobbs, New Mex-

and Old Mexico, the awesome Big Bend National Park, Red Bluff Dam, McDonald observatory in the Davis Mountains, Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, historic old Fort Davis, Grandfalls and Devil's Lake, Castle Gap and Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos River, and famed Odessa Meteor Crater. And to the east there is Possum Kingdom Dam, Lake Thomas, Colorado City, Concho, and Nasworthy, and the colorful and mysterious Sonora Cavern. Hunting and fishing are favorite pastimes of many natives and tourists.

Midland and Odessa lie at altitudes of 2,760 feet and 2,860 feet respectively, basking in a year-round sunny climate with low average humidity and about 15 inches of rainfall a year. Such a



*Service including the latest in jet airlines is provided from this modern Air Terminal mid-way between Midland and Odessa.*

ico, to the west, to Sterling City in the east.

Odessa boasts 125 churches, representing all faiths and denominations. The Odessa Symphony Association, providing three concerts a season, draws thousands each year, as does the noted Globe Community Theatre — an authentic replica of the original Shakespearean Globe built centuries ago on the Thames River in London. To Odessa College come students from every corner of Texas and New Mexico.

The city of more than 80,000 people also is an important center for medical facilities. Medical Center Hospital has a maximum capacity of 520 beds and is staffed by 70 physicians.

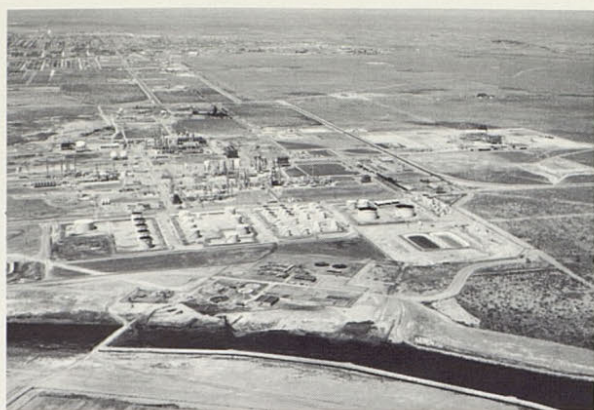
Both cities are "smack in the middle of things" recreationally. To the south and west lie El Paso

healthful environment brings many retirees to the twin cities every year, and there is no "off season."

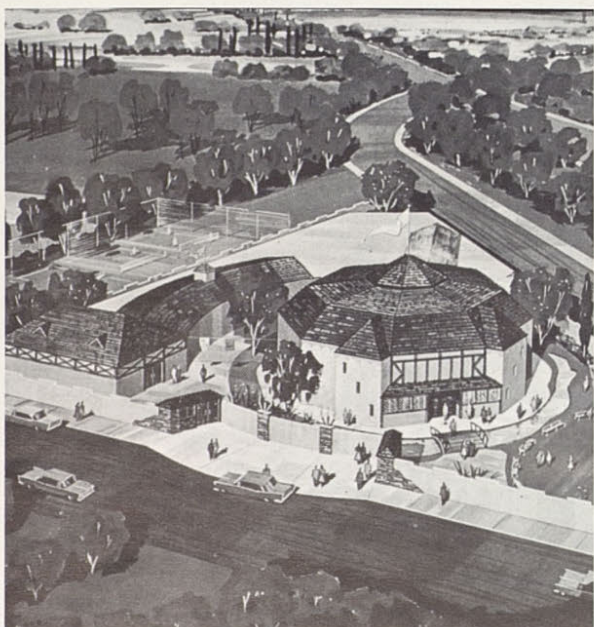
Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the two cities is the outflowing spirit of cooperation existing between them. The hostile rivalry often to be found among other twin cities in the nation simply is not a reality here. The 20 miles separating them serve not as a battleground but as an immense handshake.

For such is the open-hearted spirit of frontier times when friendliness was a necessity, when strength and cooperation were vital virtues, and when loyalty and fearlessness were companions in the heart of every man. Citadels of freedom and efflorescent enterprise, Midland and Odessa still are outposts in mankind's valley of progress.





Nearly \$200 million have been invested in five years in this petrochemical complex, one of the world's largest, at Odessa.



Odessa's Globe Community Theatre is the world's most authentic replica of the London Shakespearean Globe.



Located west of Midland, these pens of Permian Feed Lots, Inc., will handle over 12,000 head of cattle at capacity.

## COVER STORY

There's nothing like a balmy summer day to kindle the urge to get into the family car and take to the open road. It may be for that vacation you have been looking forward to, or just a Sunday excursion like this family is enjoying at Palo Duro Park south of Amarillo, Texas. The scene on our cover will be repeated thousands of times before the carefree days of summer have passed.

*By the way, can you find three horseback riders in the photograph?*



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

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Does your  have seat belts? If not, it's probably for one of two reasons. Either you haven't been offered a good price by a reliable dealer who can install them; or you don't care to pay in cash the cost of equipping the car to protect the whole family. The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation and your Shamrock Dealer think seat belts are important enough that we are making this special offer: A top quality belt for only \$5.98 installed. It is Beam's Deluxe #200, which has an instant release metal-to-metal buckle, 100% Dupont nylon webbing, immediate non-slip adjustment to any size. It has been commended by Parents' Magazine and exceeds S.A.E. and Federal specifications. You may charge them on your Shamrock Credit Card and pay for them at the rate of \$1.00 per month, per belt. This offer is made by the Shamrock Dealers displaying the special seat belt sign.

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