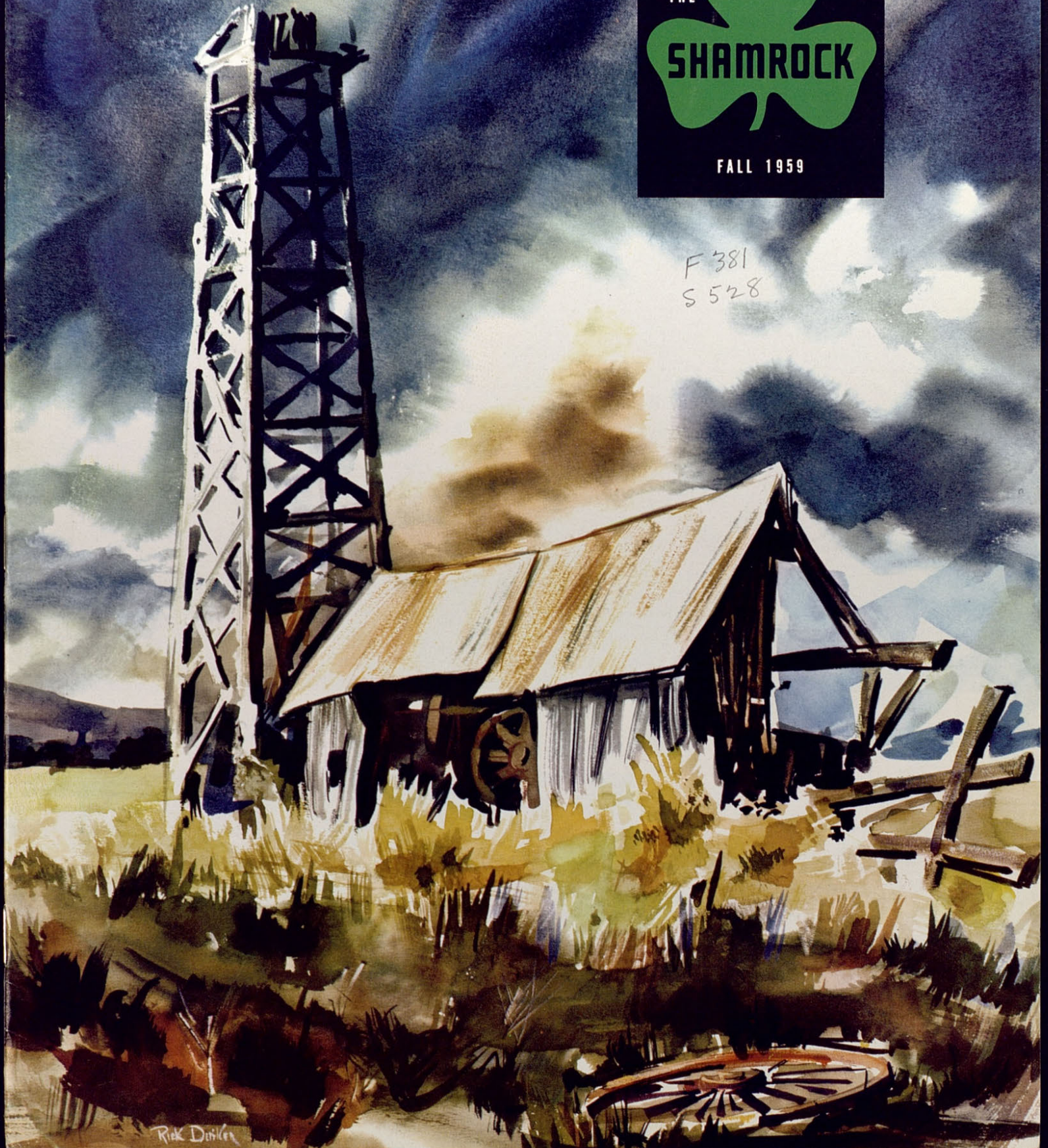


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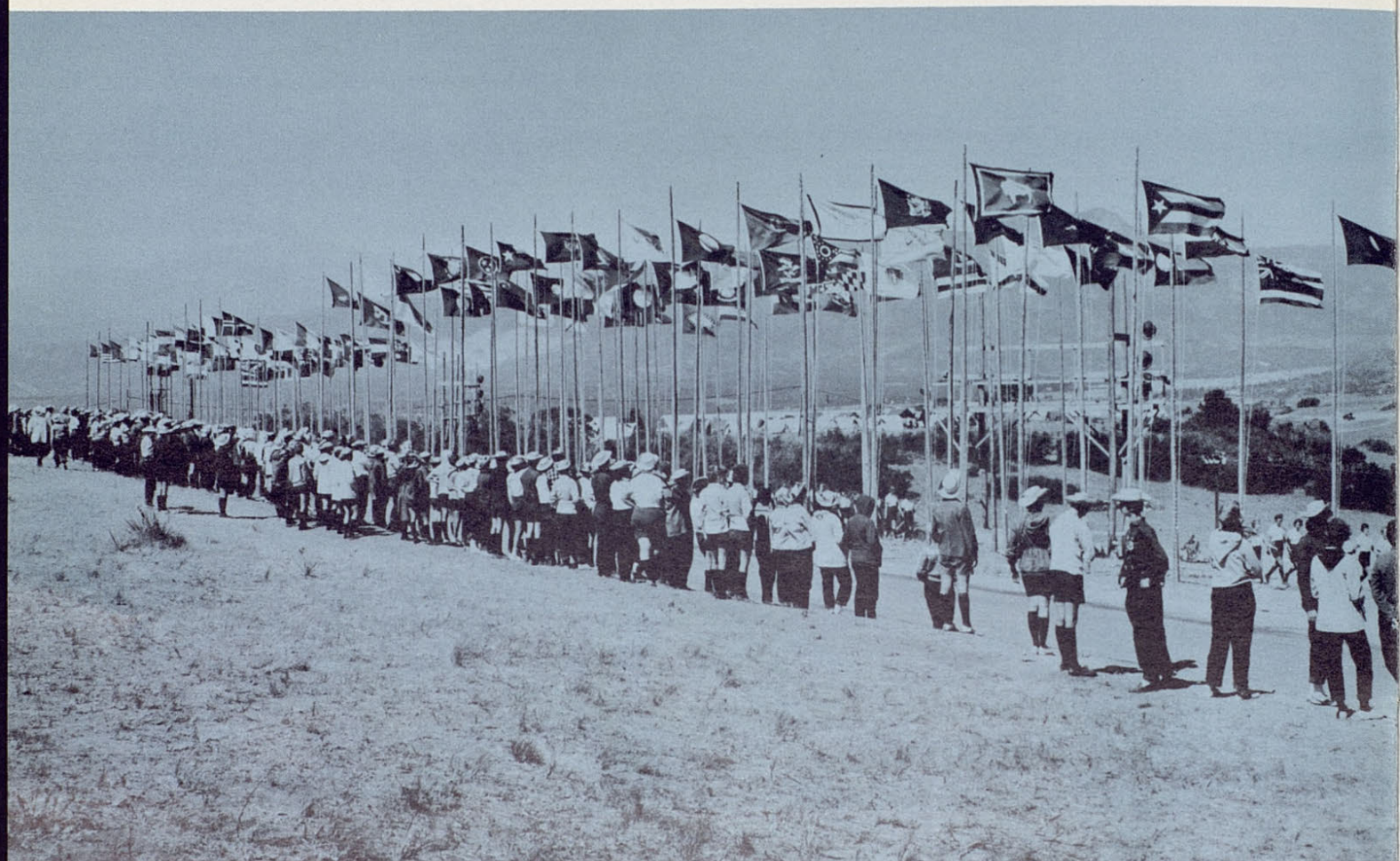


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# A ROUNDUP OF HIGH ADVENTURE

At 7:00 a.m. on a day in July a bugle blast shattered the stillness of the countryside north of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Sleepily, 8,500 teen-age girls crawled from 6,000 tents.

The first day of the 1959 Senior Girl Scout International Roundup had begun—the first of 10 glorious days in which girls from each of the 50 states and 27 foreign nations would share a spirit of high adventure at the base of Pikes Peak.

From July 3 to 12, the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A. sponsored the largest encampment of teen-age girls ever assembled in the Western world. Girls 14 to 17 years of age, along with 1,500 adult leaders made up the camp. Few, if any, left without a deep realization that the avowed goal of the Roundup had been fulfilled—to provide each camper with an opportunity to know girls from different parts of the world, their thinking, and their aspirations.

With the splendor of the Rockies as a backdrop and a vast divergence of individual backgrounds present, the girls lived their slogan—"A Mile High—A World Wide!"

At the time of full encampment, Roundup City was the tenth largest city in Colorado in population. So vast was the project of erecting such a city that the services of a professional architect were secured.

Converting rolling ranch land into a townsite meant building roads and establishing electric and communication facilities. It meant constructing bridges and laying thousands of feet of water pipe, setting aside a parking area for 4,000 cars, and establishing a traffic system, and a fire fighting system. It also called for setting up food commissaries, a cafeteria, snack bars, a hospital and first aid stations.

Army engineers from Ft. Carson, Colorado, built a bridge and ford over Kettle Creek which runs through the camp. Signal Corps units of the Fifth Army set up communications systems, including 50 pay telephone booths which were kept humming during each camping day.

Personnel of the 323rd Reserve Hospital Corps from Detroit, Mich., set up and manned a complete field hospital capable of handling 150 patients



*Mail call was always popular. Kathy Holland, Amarillo, was especially gleeful when she received a letter from home.*





*International friendships were formed at the Roundup. Here a scout from India is greeted by two others from Amarillo.*

daily. The staff was composed of 112 physicians, nurses and medical technicians. They also maintained 50 first aid stations strategically located in camp.

A complete water system was installed capable of supplying 250,000 gallons a day. Electricity to run the food commissaries and to light the area was provided through more than 30,000 feet of wiring. Police protection was provided by state, local and U. S. Army police forces.

With the physical facilities of the "city" set up, everything was in readiness for the arrival of the residents. And they arrived by nearly every mode of transportation.

Some came by plane. Two Danish Guides flew over the North Pole to reach the Roundup. Others came by ship. Still others came by train and car. One group from neighboring Pueblo — accompanied by two girls from Greece — arrived by horse-drawn covered wagon.

From nearly all parts of the free world the girls came. Europe was represented by scouts from Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, West Ger-

many, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Luxembourg, and Greece. From Asia came representatives of Israel, Lebanon, India, Japan and Korea.

Central America was represented by girls from Guatemala, Panama and Colombia. South America sent girls from Brazil and The Argentine. Still others came from New Zealand, Australia, The Philippines, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Mexico. Alaska and Hawaii were also represented.

As is usually the case in an assemblage of teenagers, there was nary a dull moment during the 10 days in camp. The blast of the morning bugle was the signal which started each busy day. Taps at 10:30 p. m. summoned the girls to their sleeping bags, tired but assured that they were having "the time of their lives."

There was always plenty to do. After preparing their breakfast over charcoal fires and tidying their camps, the girls were ready for a busy day. They visited new friends, went on guided tours, wrote letters home and "swapped a token with a word well spoken" from their native part of the world.

Two areas — centrally located and aptly named





*A group of Amarillo scouts took to the mountains after visiting at the Roundup. Below, a scene of Colorado early history unfolds in a Rush to the Rockies pageant.*



Small Arena and Large Arena — were the scenes of activity during the periods between meals. Girls from New Orleans demonstrated Gumbo cooking. Scouts from Liverpool, Ohio, showed how to make sassafras tea. Houston, Texas, girls demonstrated lariat twirling. Missouri lasses showed the uninitiated how to bale cotton and Amarillo, Texas, girls demonstrated branding techniques.

Hundreds of other demonstrations depicting occupations, customs or traditions of their home communities were staged daily by the girls.

The expanse of the nearby Rockies provided the girls with opportunities for snapshots. Special tours to the Garden of the Gods and the Flying W Ranch provided background for literally thousands of photographs, and a tour of the Air Force Academy — just across the highway — proved one of the highlights of the week.

There were also other attractions to keep the campers occupied. Skywatching for amateur astronomers and satellite-trackers was made possible by the Colorado Springs Astronomy Club. A series of youth forums was conducted for girls who, in

a few years, will be making major decisions regarding their jobs, their education, or marriage.

This busy schedule, combined with usual traits of mountain air, created gargantuan appetites among the campers. To soothe this hunger, a mountain of food was required, the size of which would rival Pikes Peak itself.

The food for the Roundup was selected by the administrative staff and much was donated by 30 nationally-known companies. A breakdown of some of the food statistics indicated the immensity of the feeding operations. For example, 57,000 pounds of meat, fish and fowl were consumed during the encampment. Other menu items included 34,300 loaves of bread and more than 65,000 rolls, 228,000 servings of jams and jellies, and 3½ tons of butter.

The milkman was kept busy delivering enough milk for at least a quart per day per person, totalling 339,000 glasses. He also delivered 32,000 quarts daily for cooking purposes and an additional 37,000 servings of chocolate milk.

About 70,000 eggs were consumed during the 10 days, as well as 15 tons of fruit, three tons of sugar and 1½ tons of salt, ¼ ton of catsup and ¼ ton of pickle relish. The girls also used half a million paper napkins.

Midway through the week, the group paused to observe the 100th anniversary of the Rush to the Rockies which marked the discovery of gold in Colorado. As the evening sun sank over Pikes Peak, 10,000 campers marched en masse to the Large Arena. Thousands of visitors lined the sides of the natural amphitheater and listened intently as the girls joined in group singing. Piercing spotlights then turned the Colorado night into scenes of early-day recollections as a pageant of the Gold Rush unfolded.

One of the highlights of the evening came when a Pony Express rider from out of the past rode into the arena, bearing an actual letter of welcome from President Eisenhower and addressed to Mrs. Charles U. Culmer, National President of the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

Thousands sat enthralled as the Koshare Indians, a group of Explorer Scouts from La Junta, Colorado, performed their authentic Indian dances for their sister scouts. The thump, thump of their giant ceremonial drum and the eerie chant of their war dance song lent realism to the Centennial Celebration program.

The finale of the 10-day Roundup came on the night of July 13. After a colorful ceremony featuring the flags of each nation represented, the girls gathered around a gigantic international campfire.

As the youthful voices resounded over the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, the fire slowly faded into embers. But for 8,500 teen-age girls, the memories of 10 wonderful days will doubtlessly burn forever.





Ray C. Johnson  
*Gentleman and Lawyer*

by J. Evetts Haley

In that transition from the sometimes boisterous and free-wheeling frontier to settled and genuinely civilized lands, people come to insist that moral and decorous canons of behavior be written into law. Next to religion, perhaps, common law has been civilized man's main stabilizing force. In its purest form, it is not only the essence of character, but of common sense.

Thus the dispensation of justice under a rule of law has properly been pursued with something akin to religious purpose; with dignity and ceremony; with almost reverential concern. Fundamentally, the law is far more than "the rules of play." It is the codification of the moral and spiritual philosophy of the people, which, perverted from its

meaning and purpose, inevitably dislocates personal relationships, disrupts enterprise, creates moral chaos, and sets nations adrift on dangerous waters.

Therefore it is not strange that practice of this great profession has, traditionally, produced a predominant share of the outstanding citizens and statesmen of America. With its high regard for tradition, its concern for proper precedent, its stern requirements of study and contemplation, and its compulsions of trust, confidence and honor, the law has, through its inescapable disciplines upon men of breeding, aptitude and talent, amplified their natures to great and genteel proportions.

The cowtown of Amarillo, Texas, was changing from frontier to more or less settled estate when a



young man of a long line of Southern breeding decided that this direct, open, friendly community was the place for him to practice law. In the years to follow, he was to become a vital part of the legal profession in that community, and he was to become a guiding force in the birth, struggle and development of the company he now loves and serves — The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation. His name was Ray C. Johnson, and he was fresh from the rolling, verdant hills of Tennessee to the flat, fresh but not so verdant Plains of Texas.

When Ray Johnson reached Amarillo, it was a bustling town of some ten thousand people, most of whom, in their spirited, self-assured way, felt they were favored freeholders in the choicest part of the promised land. That infectious virus seemed to fill the air, and laid its deadly hold, not upon the weakest, but upon the ablest, healthiest people who became exposed to it. From the casual visit with an old friend, Ray Johnson decided to stay and test his talents in this eager atmosphere.

He associated himself with the firm of Judge R. E. Underwood, who was then rising to prominence in the Panhandle field. Since it was not a period of narrow specialization, he broadened his understanding of human nature with some experience in criminal law, and served a stint in the Potter County Courthouse where such noted frontier barristers as Houston, Willis, Browning, Turner and Reeder were still either dominant personalities or freshly verdant memories.

It was a warm-natured, friendly land in which he found himself given to strong convictions, uncompromising principles, violent disagreements and frequent and spirited litigation. Its people were direct and open, having little patience with circumlocution and subterfuge. Judge Johnson, polished character in harmony with these frontier attitudes, became known for his genuinely judicious nature, for the clarity of his thinking and his contracts, and for his devotion to the position of trust implicit in the proper relationship between client and counsellor at law.

Thus one day, after years of practice on the Plains, during which time the transition from a frontier of cows to one of hydro-carbons was underway, he came to receive a long and astonishing wire from a total stranger, asking him to draft a contract consolidating some half-dozen hopefully struggling companies in the booming Panhandle oil fields, at a consideration of \$1,200,000, and to draw on an account in Pittsburgh for a total of \$400,000 in escrow money.

Diligent inquiry by wire and phone established the identity of Humphrey Morris, the signer of the wire, as an attorney of the Fownes family — veteran in steel at Pittsburgh.

Judge Johnson learned that these sage and sophisticated industrialists and financiers had fallen

under the infectious spell of two of his most colorful clients. These were the imaginative Irishman, John J. Sheerin, and his optimistic partner, James Baldrige — driving, ambitious young men completely inoculated with the old Plains virus now energized to particularly deadly proportions by the discovery of gas and oil. They had audaciously moved into this citadel of conservatism, and, at a time when the economy of the nation trembled on the precipice, and oil and gas could hardly be given away, had sold these cautious men with the strange conviction that the Plains of Texas, were, of a fact, right next to the promised land.

During the first week of August, 1929, therefore, Judge Johnson drew the contract, the money was put up, The Shamrock Oil and Gas Company was formed, and, two months to a day later, the economy of the nation collapsed in what many thought were irretrievable ruins.

But Sheerin's expansive plans, contrived of faith and prophetic insight into the fantastic possibilities of natural gas, backed by the solid character and sound finance of stubborn men in Pittsburgh who knew the business score, and built on Judge Johnson's legal framework, became a reality far beyond their fondest dreams.

Thus Judge Johnson legally launched what was to become, after a period of rigorous tests and trying struggles that ran right down to the granite, The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation. Soon the affairs of the company were demanding all his time, and he has been vitally associated with Shamrock for the past thirty years. His clear cut counsel in matters of policy and in legal detail, always noted for its lack of ambiguity and its fundamental soundness, has had that deeply stabilizing influence properly associated with the great tradition of the law.

In honorable and exalted profession, in rugged business competition under oppressive government regulation, and in social life where he ever moves with that decorum and dignity that is based on taste and proper convention, Judge Johnson personifies the respect and feeling that civilized society must associate with the practice of "the law." For a distinguished career it is a fitting aura, and one that, somehow, must be brought to bear again in highest places.

Today, some 48-odd years after he first set foot on the Plains of Texas, Judge Ray C. Johnson remains a vital figure in his community and company, bringing his forceful, but quiet and unassuming, influence to bear on matters of significance. In the past thirty years, he has served his company in the capacities of Secretary, Treasurer, and Vice President and General Counsel. Now in his 17th year as a director of Shamrock, he provides the same wise counsel that has become his trade mark and that has served him and his community well.



## Harry Wheeldon

# A MAN DEVOTED TO DUTY

*This issue of The Shamrock was nearing its final stages of preparation for publication when Harry Wheeldon, Shamrock's Vice President in Charge of Operations and a member of the Board of Directors, died suddenly on August 14 at his home in Amarillo.*

*The following is a tribute to the man who for 16 years was a steeling influence on the growth and development of the operations of The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation.*

The success of a business depends largely upon the temper of the times and the temper of the steel in the men who direct its operations.

Sometimes prevailing conditions test the temper of this steel and weed out those who have not been properly annealed. Shamrock has been fortunate in its thirty years of existence to have men of outstanding ability. The company's rise from its birth at the beginning of the darkest period of the nation's economic history to its present position as a well established and successful independent petroleum firm has not been by accident. Behind each step of achievement and advancement by Shamrock, a man or a group of men has been the guiding force.

Such a man was William Harry Wheeldon. Through his unswerving devotion to duty and his keen insight into the potentialities of Shamrock, he guided operations through its transition from little more than a natural gas company to a fully integrated petroleum company.

Shamrock had not yet reached half its present age in October, 1943, when Wheeldon, a native son of Big Spring and a 1921 graduate of Texas A & M College accepted the position of Operating Manager of the company's small but growing McKee Plant in the Texas Panhandle. It was in keep-

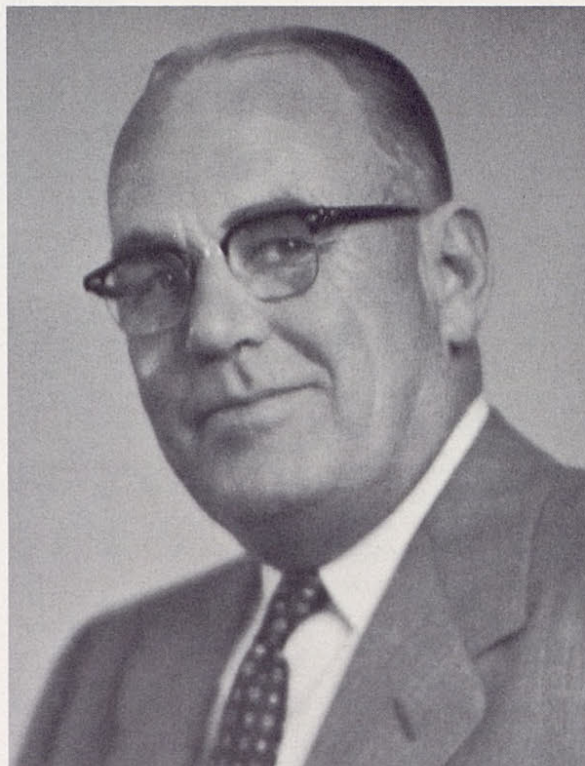
ing with the company's policy of hiring "men who could do the job" that Wheeldon came from Lone Star Gas Company where he had served since his graduation, and had achieved the position of director of that company's plant operations.

After serving slightly more than a year at McKee, Wheeldon moved to Amarillo to accept the new position of Vice President in Charge of Operations in December, 1944. It was about this time that Shamrock began to accelerate its program dealing with exploration, production, processing and distribution. And in Harry Wheeldon, Shamrock was fortunate in having a man at the head of its operations who was fully capable of directing such an expansion program.

Shamrock, while showing definite signs of throwing off the shackles of financial insecurity, was considered still an infant in the petroleum industry. The company boasted physical assets of more than \$11 million, but had limited facilities for refining crude oil. The crude throughput in the early 1940's was less than 3,000 barrels per day and refining facilities consisted chiefly of a thermal cracking unit.

Wheeldon began immediately to plan and direct the expansion of refining facilities and company operations. By 1948 the addition of a Top-





ping Plant had increased the crude throughput to 5,295 barrels per day. The company was making progress, but Wheeldon had just begun.

A Cycloversion Plant and a Polymerization Plant were built in 1950 under his direction and the throughput jumped to nearly 8,000 barrels. A Catalytic Cracking unit was constructed in 1951 and the throughput reached almost 10,000 barrels per day.

With an untiring dedication to the job to be done, Wheeldon continued to direct the expansion. An Alkylation Plant and a Propane Deasphalt Plant were built in 1953. Wheeldon directed the construction of a Platinum Reformer and a Unifiner Unit in 1956 and the following year an addition was built to the Topping Plant. An Isomerization Plant and Sulphuric Acid Plant demanded much of Wheeldon's attention in 1957 and early 1958.

In addition to the expansion program at McKee, Wheeldon also directed the construction of products pipelines and seven terminals in Shamrock's retail trade territory. The first was in La Junta, Colorado, built in 1947. Next came an extension of the pipeline and a subsequent terminal outlet in Denver in 1950. Pipelines to other retail market areas followed with terminals being built in

Amarillo in 1954 and in Abernathy, Texas, the following year.

A former crude oil pipeline was converted to a products pipeline running from McKee to Turpin, Oklahoma, in 1957. In 1958, a products pipeline was completed from Amarillo to Albuquerque, New Mexico with terminals there and in Tucumcari, New Mexico.

From a small refining operation with a nominal throughput of 3,000 barrels of crude oil daily, Wheeldon saw McKee grow to its present capacity of more than 21,000 barrels per day. He also saw Shamrock's overall operations grow and its retail markets expand into parts of eight states.

The sixteen years he served represented more than half of the company's existence to the time of his death. Those years have been the big half as far as growth and development of the company's facilities have been concerned.

Now as Shamrock observes its 30th birthday, a second Catalytic Cracking unit is taking shape, reaching upward to once again alter the skyline of the McKee Plant. Here also no man had a greater hand in the plans for this latest development than Harry Wheeldon. Through steadfast devotion to the work he loved, he proved throughout his service to Shamrock his steel was tempered well.



## THE SAGA OF A SUCCESSFUL ENDEAVOR

A Texas hat lay on a chair beneath the 1929 calendar. The paneled office was high in a Pittsburgh building. A big man, tanned and strong, spoke with a curious mixture of Irish and Texas accents. A smaller man nodded to add emphasis to the big man's glowing, promising words.

Three other heads in the room did not nod. They listened and tried to weigh the optimistic words of the two Texans. The three were Pittsburgh lawyers and financiers, dedicated to the cautious preservation of a fortune amassed by Henry C. Fownes.





Henry C. Fownes II and John Bruce Orr, partners in the firm of Fownes and Orr, and Robert T. Wilson, a young associate in the firm, and brother of former Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, listened with rapt concern at the verbal picture painted by their guests — John J. Sheerin and J. M. Baldrige from the Texas Panhandle.

Sheerin, an affable Irishman, and Baldrige had been partners in the oil business since the early 1920's. A lawyer, Sheerin had forgotten his pursuit of the profession in 1922 and with Baldrige, began a career in oil. Good fortune had smiled on the pair as they created the Shamrock Oil Company in 1925, the Shamrock Petroleum Company a year later, and, after considerable success with discoveries in a new field west of booming Borger, The Shamrock Company, Inc., in 1927.

A little more than a year later — on December 13, 1928 — the third company to bear the name of the symbol of Ireland had brought in its first well on the Clayton Lease southeast of Pampa, opening a vast new field and "gushing" the prestige of the new company "over the crown-block."

But Sheerin and his partners needed cash on which to operate. A trip to Wall Street resulted in a suggestion they try their luck in Pittsburgh.

The next day a Western Union boy opened the door to the young attorney's office in Amarillo, Texas, and handed him a two-page telegram. A look of amazement came over the face of Ray C. Johnson.

The wire was an authorization for Johnson to write a contract in the name of Wilson for the purchase of certain Panhandle oil properties belonging to the Cockrell-McIlroy interests, partners with the old Shamrock Company, Inc. He was to draft such an agreement and draw on Fownes and Orr for \$200,000 to be placed in escrow.

Nine days later — on August 9, 1929 — a certificate of incorporation for The Shamrock Oil and Gas Company was filed with the Secretary of State in Delaware. Fownes and Orr, as counsellors and brokers, were putting up the money by selling the bonds of the new company.

Sheerin's undying belief in the symbol of the shamrock had given a name to the new company, his fourth to bear the name. A firm was born which was eventually to become one of the larger corporations in the Southwest.

While heat waves hung over Pittsburgh and Amarillo, dark and ominous clouds of doom were appearing over the concrete canyons of Wall Street. These clouds were to reach their saturation point two months to the day after the charter of incorporation for The Shamrock Oil and Gas Company was filed. They loosed their deluge of business destruction on October 9, 1929.

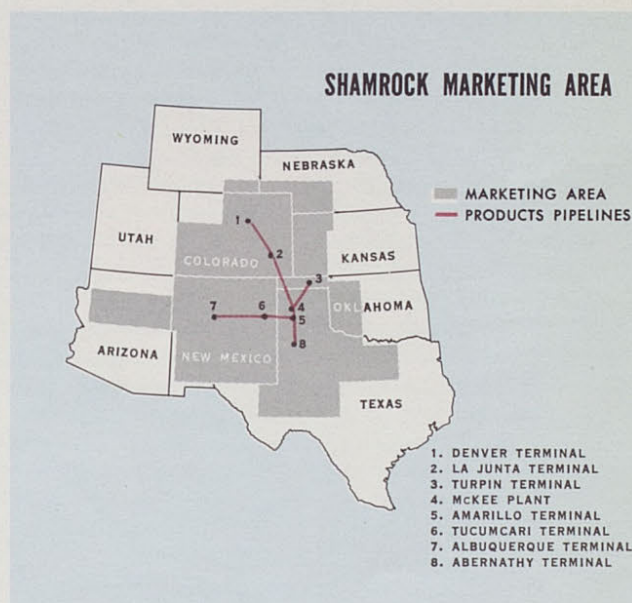
Business throughout the nation was left in shambles. Fate had dealt a cruel and stunning blow to an infant corporation, but time was to reveal that the men who had conceived it would prove of worthy mettle.

The period immediately following the collapse of the stock market was an extremely trying one even for an established business. It was a desperate one for a new concern.

In the first few years of Shamrock's existence, oil was bringing 18 to 20 cents a barrel and natural gas was worth 1½ cents per 1,000 cubic feet — *IF* a market could be found for them. Legislation was constantly being changed in an effort to regulate and stabilize the tottering industry.

Through the expert juggling of finances by the experienced hands of men in Pittsburgh and New York, the company managed to survive.

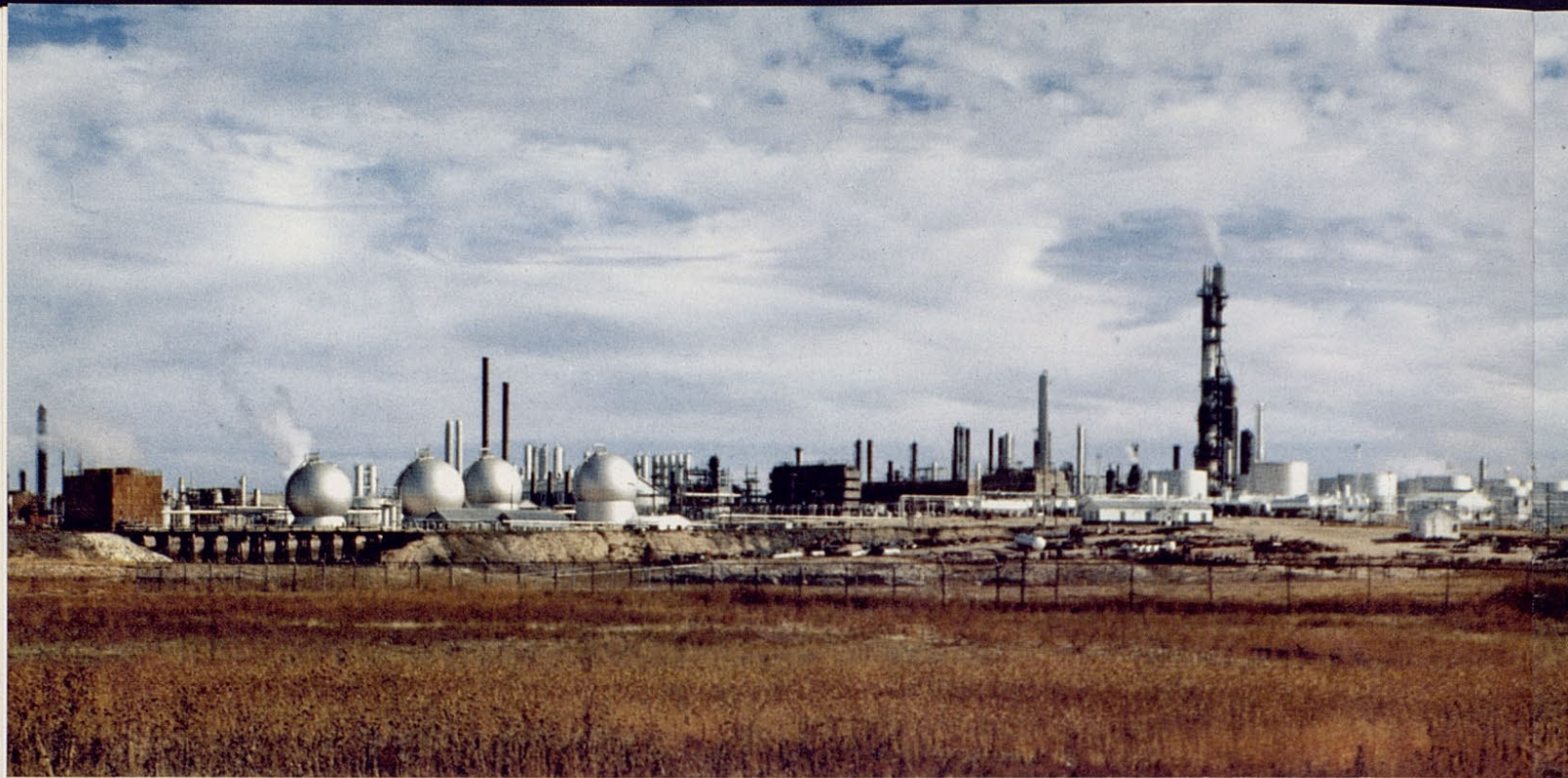
Three years after the company was created, it found itself in need of an outlet for its unexploited



discoveries in Moore County, Texas. The Apache Refinery near Sunray was purchased, and the first "filling" station was opened in that town. The refinery was shut down much of the summer and fall of 1932, but was renovated in December and reopened in January, 1933.

The construction of the McKee Plant near Dumas and a refinery in Gray County followed.





*Begun in 1933, McKee Plant near Sunray has since grown into this vast expanse of manufacturing and refining facilities.*

McKee was rushed to completion and began stripping gas of its gasoline content in mid-August of 1933. The Mel Davis Refinery was completed in October of the same year.

Despite these accomplishments, Shamrock was still not financially sound.

The directors of The Shamrock Oil and Gas Company authorized a reorganization early in June, 1935. The new firm — chartered July 5, 1935 and known as The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation — acquired the old Shamrock assets and issued stock in exchange for the First Mortgage Bonds held by the Fownes family.

Production continued to mount and through carbon black, the company found an outlet for its natural gas. The McKee Plant, virtually destroyed by fire, had been rebuilt and significant improvements had been made.

W. E. Motheral, trusted agent of the Fownes family, had ruled briefly as the first president of The Shamrock Oil and Gas Company. He was succeeded by Sheerin who served until 1938 when he was succeeded in turn by Wilson.

This was the picture of 1938 when J. Harold Dunn — a man destined to guide the floundering firm to stability in the years ahead — entered the scene. Engaged as General Manager of the corporation, he later ascended to the presidency, the position he presently holds.

The first few years of his tenure saw Dunn tussling with an over-supply of natural gas and natural gasoline, varying prices for both products

and a limited market for refined products.

Once the company had to dispose of 4,000,000 gallons of gasoline for less than a cent a gallon.

Distribution for refined products became the focal point of Dunn's attention, and more retail outlets were established. Soon markets for liquid products were operating smoothly, and disposing of gas became the great concern. The company was bound by injurious contracts to carbon black companies — the chief outlets for its dry gas. The carbon black firms were engaged in a price war, and waste of the Shamrock gas was rife.

Dunn knew that Shamrock's success depended on a mutually beneficial solution to the carbon black problem. He and "Judge" Johnson reviewed the carbon black contracts for a way to get more efficient production from the gas Shamrock sold to the carbon black producers.

Shamrock was being paid only for the carbon black produced from its gas. It was only reasonable to expect the carbon companies to operate with efficiency. Dunn and his staff worked out improved methods of production. But the carbon producers were hard to convince and it took World War II to save the day for Shamrock. Increased wartime demands for natural gas supplied additional markets and demands for carbon black for use in synthetic rubber. Thus the company had a basis for renegotiation of its contracts with the carbon black firms.

In November, 1944, Shamrock stock was listed on the big board of the New York Stock Exchange.





The year before, the company had paid its first dividend — 14 years after it was founded. Another big event for Shamrock came in 1944. The Board of Directors approved the sale of 25 sweet gas wells on 15,000 acres of developed leases and 21,000 acres of undeveloped leases. Phillips Petroleum Company was the purchaser and Shamrock was finally out of debt.

The trying period for Shamrock had ended. A new decade brought progress and growth. Refinery facilities were enlarged and improved manufacturing processes gave the company a strong marketing foothold.

In 1954, The Shamrock Pipe Line Corporation, a wholly-owned subsidiary was formed. A pipeline from the McKee Plant to Meade County, Kansas had been completed and another was begun to Abernathy, Texas. The previous year a terminal and pipeline set-up to Amarillo was begun.

The last two years have seen growth continue unabated. Products pipelines to Albuquerque and Tucumcari in New Mexico have been completed and terminals added in those cities.

Two months ago the company contracted for a giant second catalytic cracking unit at its McKee Plants. Other improvements and advances are on the drawing boards.

Now firmly rooted financially and with an aggressive marketing and reserve-seeking program, The Shamrock Oil and Gas Corporation can pause after 30 years to assay its growth and plan for its future.

## OIL TURNS THE WHEELS

Since Adam, man has strived to improve the conditions under which he has lived. At times he seemed to make progress; at other times he seemed to stand still.

History fails to reveal the exact date of its invention, but the wheel proved the key man needed to unlock the door to progress. The wheel more than anything else is credited with making today's mechanized civilization possible.

But the invention of the wheel brought more problems to man. No sooner had it been invented than man was seeking a way to put it in motion.

Beasts of burden were harnessed and hitched to the wheel. But this had limitations. They were slow and tired easily. They were also subject to death, leaving the wheel without power.

So man continued his search. He tried steam and found it more satisfactory than animal power. But it, too, had limitations.

Man finally found the answer in petroleum and the products it yielded. This year the nation is observing the 100th anniversary of the discovery of petroleum. Col. Edwin L. Drake is credited with drilling the first commercial oil well near Titusville, Pa., on August 27, 1859.

The past 100 years have been but a fleeting moment compared to the millions of years since creation of the world. Yet no period in history has recorded greater progress than the past century in raising man's standard of living.

Since Drake's discovery, the wheels of progress have been powered by petroleum. Kerosine was one of the first petroleum products used, but in 1879 George Selden applied for a patent on an automobile driven by an internal combustion engine. A need for gasoline had arisen.

The Wright brothers made the first airplane flight in 1905 and the need for a higher powered gasoline was born.

Other developments brought about the need for still different petroleum products. The nation's first diesel locomotive began operating in 1925 and as aviation came into prominence, more and more gasoline was needed.

The period following World War II saw jet aircraft come into use, creating a market for yet another petroleum product. Automobiles became more powerful, demanding gasoline with higher octane ratings.

Today petroleum supplies more than two-thirds of the nation's energy needs. Without oil, today's civilization would die.

Oilmen have supplied the fuel for the nation's progress under the free enterprise system. They are proud of the story they have to tell — the story of an industry "born in freedom and working for progress."



# What's PerCENTAGE DEpletion?



From the bottom to the top  
it takes a lot to bring a drop  
of oil.

It took the life of a dinosaur  
to make the gooey sticky tar  
that's oil.

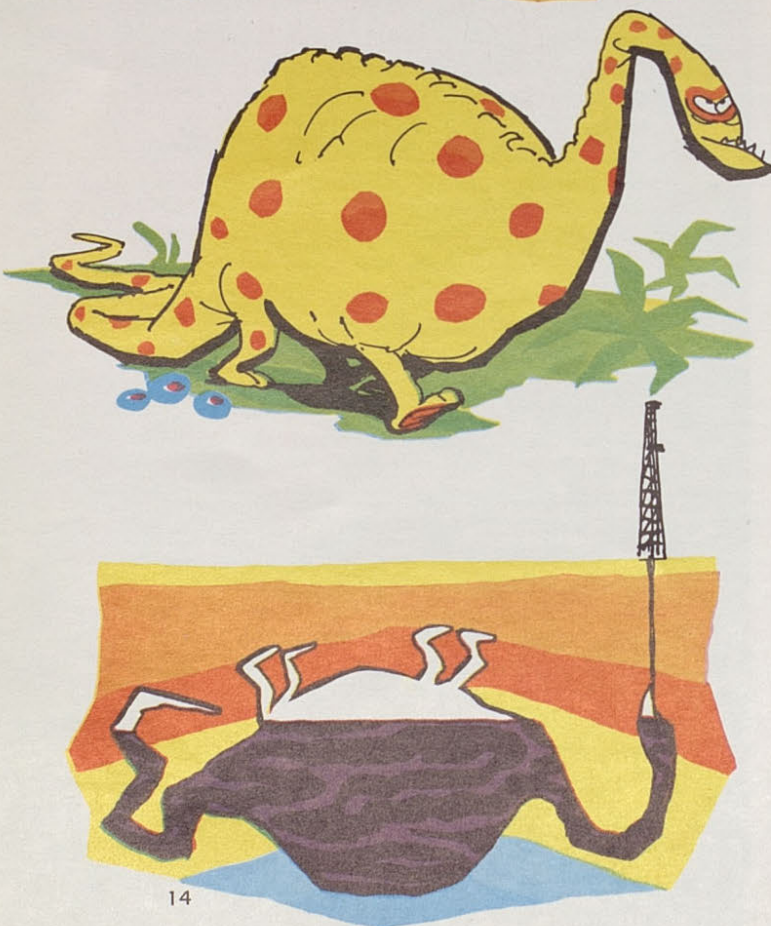
Years compressed the trees and flowers  
and when combined with dinosaurs  
made oil.

All this took place in eons past  
And all these things have turned at  
last  
into oil.

The monument to their remains  
Lies buried 'neath the desert plains  
as oil.

Since petroleum fields one cannot see  
It takes a lot of nerve to be  
an oilman.

But we might have to walk like ants  
If someone didn't take a chance  
on oil.





The need is great the cost is high  
To heed a nation's growing cry  
for oil.

Known pools beneath the ground can't  
last--  
We're pumping it up awfully fast  
for oil.

And to an oilman there's this woe:  
Unlike a tree, one just can't grow  
more oil.

We need to search for other fields  
That can produce greater yields  
of oil.

The odds are higher than we like--  
They're 8 to 1 against a strike  
of oil.

Most business properties only  
depreciate,  
But oil fields run dry..so there's  
a depletion tax rate  
for oil.

Congress allows this per cent.....  
Of gross income for money spent  
finding oil.

For oilmen this money serves  
To help replace depleted reserves  
of oil.

It's for the risks our oilmen face  
And for the stuff we can't replace.



27<sup>10</sup>/<sub>2</sub>%

That's  
PerCENTAGE  
DEpletion





Gold built it, but  
Victorian self-respect  
was its foundation.

# ALL THAT GLITTERS

Man, in his never-ending search for riches, has often found the fulfillment of his dreams in the earth. Fortunes have been removed from the earth, many times in the form of gold – be it the glittering yellow variety or the black flowing kind.

Both have brought riches, maddening moments of frenzy, mass movements of population. And both have brought frustrations for many.

As the nation is observing the 100th anniversary of the discovery of “black gold,” Colorado is observing the 100th anniversary of its discovery of the glittering kind of gold in her rugged hills.

And where could one find a more proper setting for this observance than Central City, Colorado? That’s where it all started!

It was in May, 1859, just three months before Col. Edwin Drake brought in his historic oil well in Pennsylvania, that John Gregory “struck it rich” 2,000 miles to the West. Both discoveries were to have a lasting and profound effect, not only on their immediate area, but on the nation as a whole.

Gregory, a penniless Georgian, had been hunting gold for years. A late spring snowstorm failed to dim his determination to find treasure and on the morning of May 6, 1859, he kicked away some snow from a spot that was to produce four dollars worth of pay dirt.

He had at last made his strike – a discovery that was to ignite the flames of passion among thousands to whom the cry of “gold” spelled the



fruition of their dreams. It also was to mark the birth of a new Colorado town, destined, it seemed, to be different from most mining settlements.

Despite limited communications, the word spread like prairie fire through the territory. Prodded by their lusts for quick fortunes, "boomers" moved in. By the last of May, the population of Central City had jumped to 400; by the last of June it had reached an unbelievable count of 10,000 persons.

By July that figure had become 20,000. Other nearby communities were also springing up — Blackhawk, Mountain City and Nevadaville. Soon their outlines had merged into one continuous settlement.

Central City prospered through the summer of 1859, but by winter much of the "blossom rock" exposed through erosion had been taken. It was

becoming more and more difficult to extract the gold. With winter coming on, many elected to move out of their hastily-fashioned shacks and tents and retreat to the East.

A second rush occurred the following year in a much more orderly manner. Workers settled their families in more permanent quarters of log cabins and frame buildings. One of the first buildings they constructed was a theater.

Placer mining soon played out and a new method of extraction was needed. The answer to the dilemma was supplied by Nathaniel P. Hill who, with Otto Beeger, a noted German metallurgist, introduced techniques which required miners skilled in hard-rock mining.

Men meeting these requirements came — from Cornwall and Wales, Germany, Ireland and the Tyrol — bringing with them a deep-seated love of music, drama and literature. To these people goes



*Mute evidence of the mining activity around Central City can be found in the tailing piles which pock mark the mountain sides.*







*Interested visitors, standing on the edge of yawning Glory Hole, hear a guide relate the method of mining used in extracting ore from the world's largest open pit gold mine near Central City.*



*Occupying a place of interest between the Teller House and the Opera House is this arrastra, used to crush gold ore in the early days of mining activity at Central City.*



*Once the heart of Nevadaville near Central City, these two buildings are among the few left standing. At left is the steel-lined, one-cell city jail.*



most of the credit for the culture and civic pride which was to set Central City aside as something more than "just another mining settlement."

The culture which built the town has been much in evidence throughout the life of the community. It is still prevalent today, bringing serious drama and noted stage productions to a town which, had it depended upon continued mining operations, would surely have faded into ghost town status.

Central City suffered two disastrous fires which all but wiped it from existence. The first occurred in 1873, starting at the east end of what is now known as Eureka Street and consuming everything in its path except two stone and brick buildings.

The second fire was in 1874 and burned the entire center of town and every building on both sides of Main Street. The flames were deterred when they reached the stone bulwark of the Teller House, a hotel built in 1872 and still one of the city's chief attractions.

It was then that the city's deep civic pride took over and the businessmen began to rebuild. Stone and brick were used, giving the city a permanence which lasts even today, three-fourths of a century later.

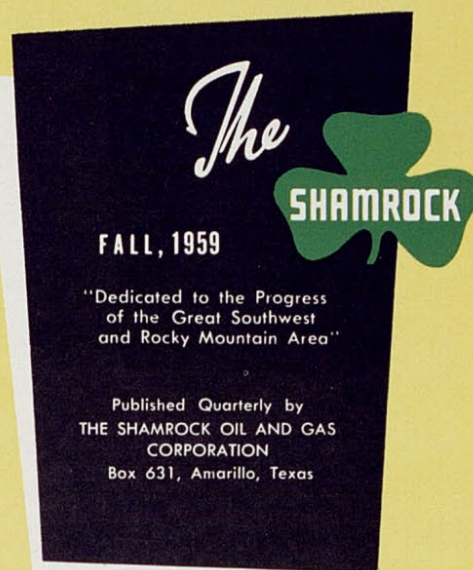
The fire also left the residents of the town without a theater and prompted the move to build the present Opera House. Built by popular subscription, the edifice stands today as a symbol of the pride and determination of a culture-loving people.

The approach of the twentieth century found mining on the decline. Central City, while managing to remain alive, had practically become a ghost town. Cultural aspects of living had waned, but yearning for entertainment had not died.

The Opera House had deteriorated to a state of poor repair. Then, early in the 1930's, the late Anne Evans and her friend, Ida Cruse McFarlane, set about in a dedicated effort to restore the building to its place of prominence. In 1932, "Camille" was presented for one week, starring Lillian Gish and Raymond Hackett.

Today, Central City features an annual Summer Opera and Play Festival, lasting from June through August. As its gold once drew fortune seekers from all over the country, Central City's summer drama program draws visitors from all parts of the world.

Where she once weighed her gold, Central City now assays her memories.



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## CREDITS

### ON THE COVER

Little, if anything, has had such a profound influence on progress in the past 100 years as petroleum. And just as oil has speeded the wheels of progress, the methods of recovering it have given way to the same progress. Wooden derricks and the traditional bull wheel have been replaced by more modern and effective drilling equipment. Yet the memory of these pieces of standard early-day oilfield equipment have been preserved in the memories of the pioneers in the industry — and in the brush of artist Rick Duiker.



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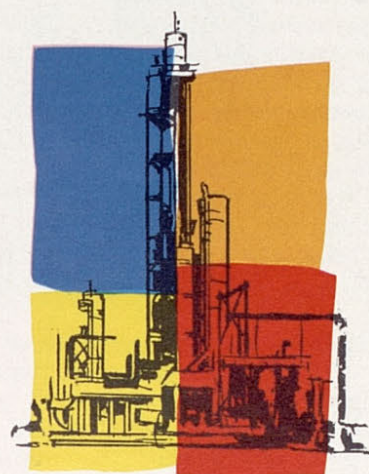


On our 30th birthday and the centennial year of America's oil industry, we, at SHAMROCK, look back in grateful retrospect.

SHAMROCK has become a leader in this dynamic industry through better products, hard-working people and constant progress. We are grateful to them all and to our millions of customers who have supported our growth.

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