

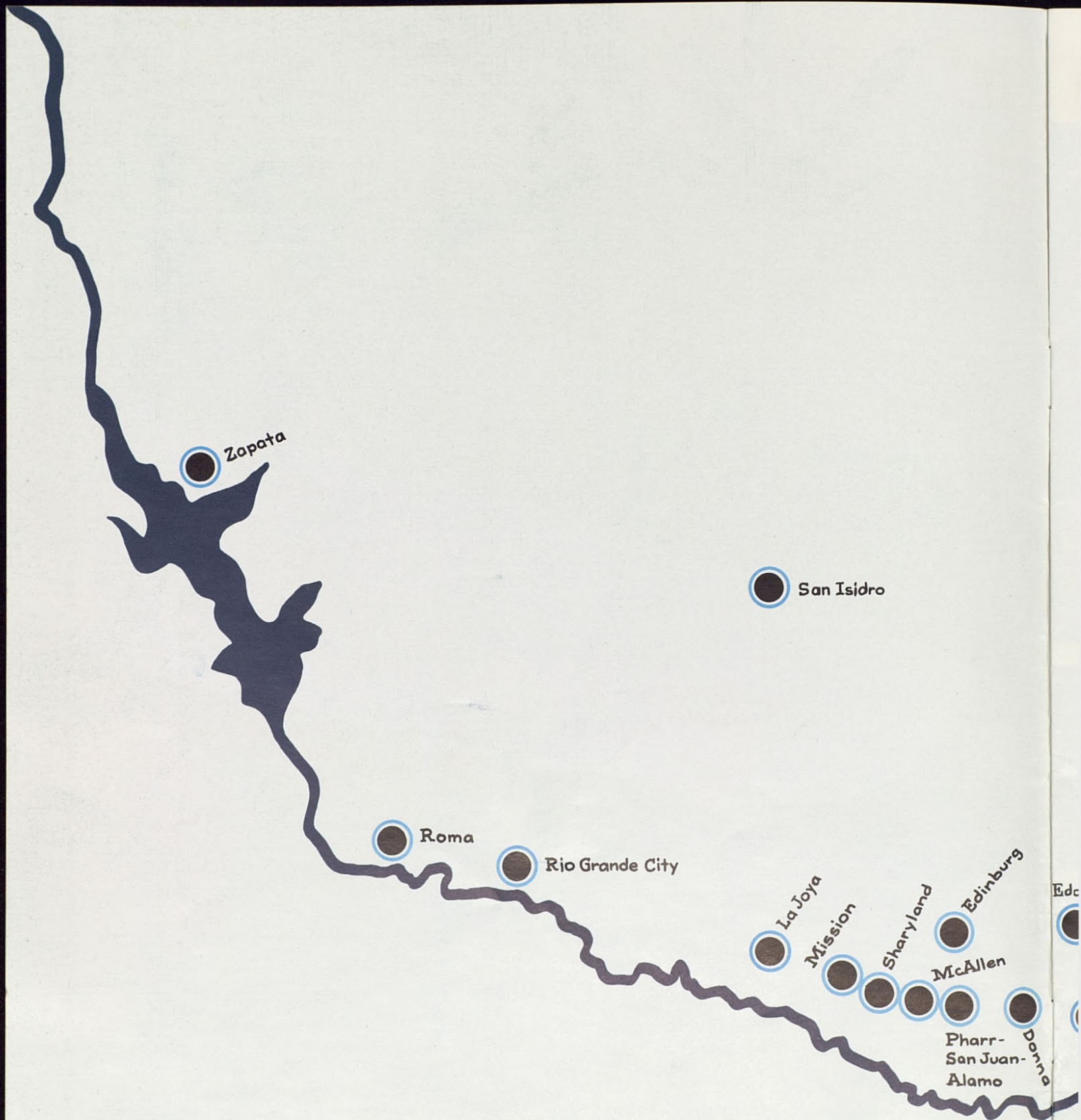


Fall-1964

SOUTHWEST  
COLLECTION









After chartering a cantankerous course through some 2,000 miles of parched desert and phantom mountains and chiseling into earth and rock one of the most magnificent canyons in the world, the Rio Grande suddenly decks itself with the perfume of a thousand blossoms before leaping off in a wild dance into the blue water of the waiting Gulf of Mexico.

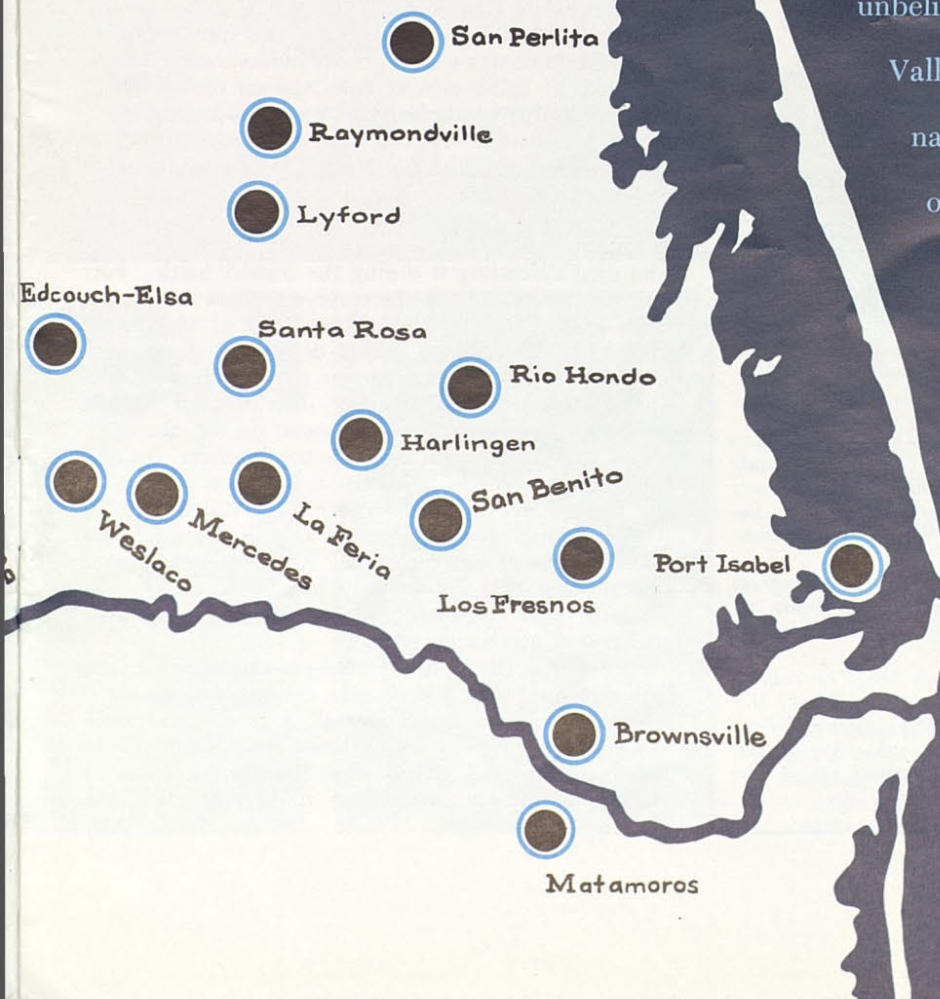
No river ever worked harder to complete its course. Yet none ever found more beauty at journey's end than this place where the no-doubt weary river winds onto the unbelievably green plains called The Valley. Texans know it by no other name. To them there can be only one Valley, just as there can be only one Texas. And this is it.

*continued on page 4*

THE  
POT OF GOLD  
AT  
THE

# River's End

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION  
Texas Tech University  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79409





A tourist making his way across the Texas Great Plains, down through the central part of the state and, finally, reaching The Valley is overwhelmed by its beauty and its peculiar difference from every other region of Texas. Its climate is unique in Texas with palms, papayas, bougainvillea, poinciana and citrus evidencing a climate more tropical than temperate.

The visitor may see tall, healthy fruit trees, barren because there is seldom enough frost to tell them the season. Residents of this strange land often embarrass more normal Texans by voting Republican, shopping in Mexico rather than at Neiman-Marcus, and having a mild aversion to such things as cows and horses.

Experts cannot agree whether The Valley is really a valley or a delta — a distinction too subtle for Texans to worry about. But whatever its designation, it is that portion of Texas lying in the lower Rio Grande basin, roughly from Roma to the Gulf, and extending about as far north as the King Ranch.

The region is dotted with pleasant towns, most with an antiquity dating from around the turn of the century, and located in the four southern-most counties in Texas: Cameron, Hidalgo, Starr and Willacy.

The largest city is Brownsville, the seat of Cameron County, with a population of around 50,000. This bilingual city tries hard to look like any other Valley town — peaceful and serene — but it has had a colorful and explosive past.

It had no existence until the beginning of the Mexican War when Gen. Zachary Taylor (Old Rough and Ready) established a base there and proceeded to battle the Mexicans with a greatly outnumbered American force of 2,288 men at Palo Alto on the eighth of May and at Resaca de la Palma on the following afternoon. A defeated Mexican army was sent reeling in panic south across the Rio Grande where scores were drowned.

The general changed the name of the post from Fort Taylor to Fort Brown in honor of Major Jacob Brown, who died defending it during the second battle. Fort Brown gave its name to the embryo civilian settlement.

In 1846 a forward-looking merchant of Matamoras named Charles Stillman built a dependable ferry service from Matamoras across the river to Brownsville. Angry Mexicans had naturally discriminated against American merchants at Matamoras during the war. When the Rio Grande became the boundary of the United States, Americans were at last in a position to axe their competitors. To control the distribution of goods arriving on the American side of the river was to control the Matamoras trade. And Brownsville, that new place within the friendly jurisdiction of the dependable United States government, sat astride the vital flow of goods from Mexico.

Add to this the United States' possession of the best harbor in the Lower Rio Grande, control of steam navigation of the river, and above all, a great discrepancy in tariff rates together with relative ease of smuggling, and one can readily see why Brownsville replaced Matamoras as the *entrepot* of trade with Northern Mexico.



#### COVER STORY . . .

*It is natural that when one thinks of the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas, he also envisions groves of luscious citrus fruits and endless acres of vegetable crops. These products have become more or less synonymous with The Valley as it is commonly known.*

*But there is more . . . much more. Mingled with the fragrant aroma of orange blossoms is the undeniable odor of crude oil. Hard hats of petroleum workers are taking their place behind the sombreros of field hands.*

*From one of the nation's busiest ports, ships haul The Valley's produce to all parts of the world. Through Brownsville and McAllen and into their sister Mexican cities of Matamoras and Reynosa pour countless tourists enroute to fiestas South of the Border.*

*All these activities are important to the economic life of The Valley, a place in Texas that truly "has everything."*





Stillman immediately saw the advantages of keeping goods for the Mexican market on the American side of the river until they could be removed to the interior of Mexico. He built a large brick warehouse at the head of his ferry service to store his goods in Brownsville. He bought title (which was later to be in litigation for decades) to those *ejidos* of Matamoros surrounding Fort Brown, hired a surveyor to lay out the townsite, organized a company to sell the lots and, with his son James, incorporated the city of Brownsville.

Business was good, and in 1848, at the close of the war, he bought the little steamboats used by Taylor's transport corps and established a regular passenger and freight service to the head of navigation which was sometimes Rio Grande City and sometimes Roma. Whether Stillman was a man of vision or just possessed of Texas luck, one doesn't inquire, but a steamboat line on the Rio Grande under normal conditions might have been looked on as a dubious asset—except that just about the time this one got into operation, gold was discovered in California.

Old Fort Brown began to burgeon. Would-be miners came tumbling off the ships at Point Isabel (now Port Isabel) and rolled into the city by the thousands to buy supplies at local trading posts and await transportation on Stillman's boats. The boom echoed for something like ten years, and when the dust had cleared, Fort Brown had become a town and was on its way to becoming an international commercial center. Charles Stillman and his son had built up a fortune that was to be the basis of one of the biggest banking houses in the country.

Even after the California rush had slowed to a walk, Brownsville continued to prosper. By now a lot of the Valley dwellers were getting into the cattle business, including Mifflin Kenedy and Richard King, two of four partners of the Stillman-financed steamboat firm, M. Kenedy & Co. Thousands of fat longhorns were brought to the fertile Valley to stuff themselves with grass such as could be found nowhere else in Texas.

The Civil War almost made Brownsville a metropolis before its time. As the outlet to world markets for the cotton production of the South and for the importation of war materials from Europe, Brownsville immediately became one of the most important seaports of the Confederacy. Out into the Gulf paddled the little boats of M. Kenedy & Co., hauling cotton, wool and hides to European ships anchored just beyond the three-mile limit. Back they came with medical supplies and arms and ammunition. Prices were dear and money easy... one recalls, for instance, the King Ranch and the Stillman fortunes.

Palmito Hill, just to the Southeast of Brownsville,

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*The Valley is a land of many facets. Its products run the gamut from pretty girls and citrus, through modernistic buildings such as McAllen's beautiful new civic center and to crops such as King Cotton and truck produce like the cantaloupe being crated for shipment.*



was the scene of the final battle of the Civil War. Fought some 30 days after Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, the skirmish between Confederate and Union troops actually was the result of inadequate communication. Word of the surrender had not yet reached the troops.

The longhorns are gone now, and in their place is a Texas style re-creation of the Garden of Eden. But it wasn't easily accomplished. It took years and thousands of dollars to find out what might best be grown in the rich soil of the Rio Grande delta. It was proved, rather expensively, that The Valley wasn't a rice region. Sugar cane didn't do so well, either. And a lot of people found out that when you raise cabbage, you'd better have a place to sell it.

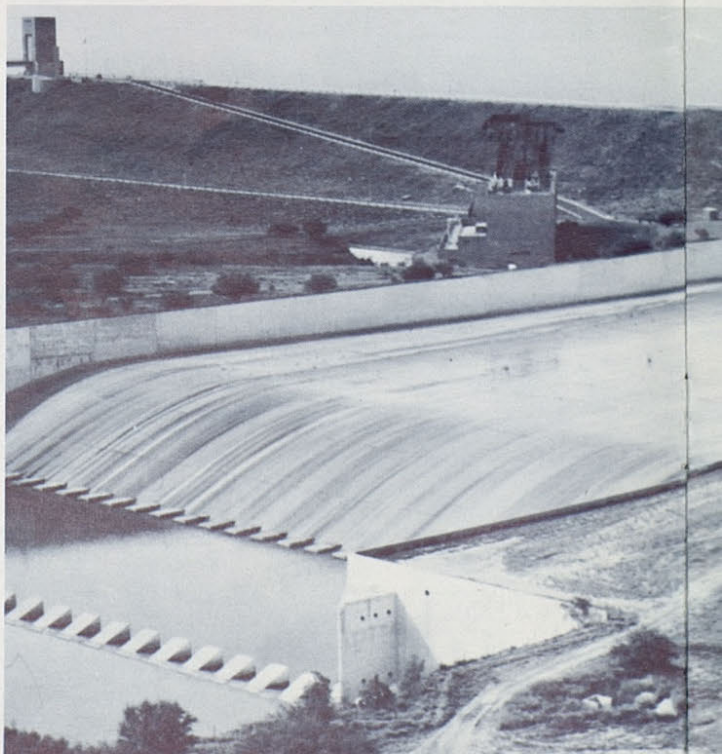
Finally, just before the First World War, the growing of citrus fruits got under way. After the Armistice, little people with big hopes and a few dollars started a hegira to the promised land only to be met with droughts, labor shortages, floods and all the things an untamed Texas and an untamed river had to offer. Some of the little people stayed on courageously — a lot left because they couldn't afford to stay.

But the bad times seem to be over. After a futile attempt to raise \$10,000,000 with a local bond issue to control the river, the Federal Government took over the work of taming the river with an investment of \$40,000,000 in new dams and reservoirs. Through cooperation with the Mexican Government another 250,000 acres of land were available for irrigation. There aren't likely to be any more floods or droughts and, now, Valley folks make enough to pay their bills and taxes and still be rich.

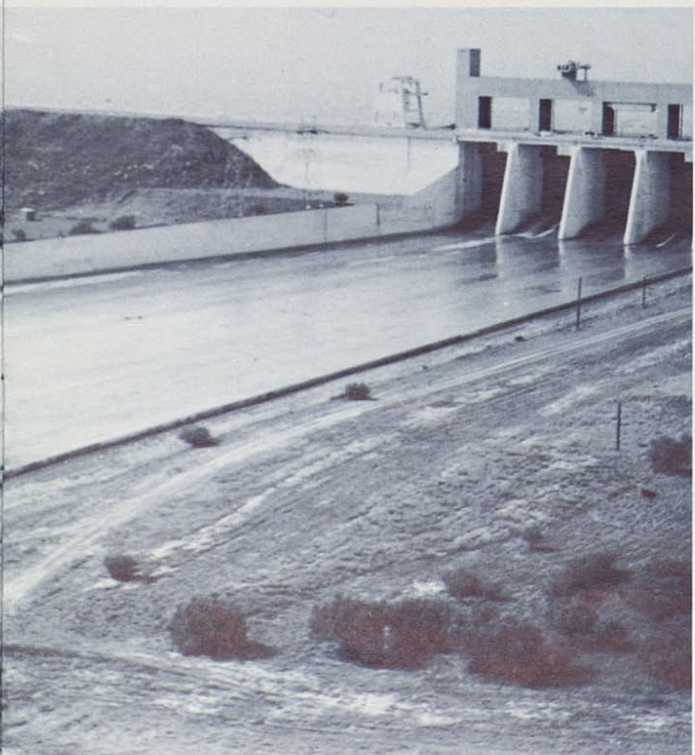
According to the last available figures, the population of The Valley is about 350,000. Irrigated land under cultivation is roughly 500,000 acres with a third planted in citrus fruits — oranges, limes, lemons and grapefruit — with the emphasis on grapefruit. The remaining two thirds of the watered acreage produces some crop every month of the year. The principal money crops, besides citrus, are cotton, potatoes and winter and spring vegetables. Considerable attention is being paid to feed crops and daily products. Poultry raising and egg production is a recent development.

Low transportation rates by water traffic have gone a long way in solving the problem of marketing while a steadily growing canning industry is solving the problem of surpluses. A large quick-freezing plant has been established at Brownsville, processing vegetables, Valley fruits, poultry and seafoods as well as fruits imported by water from Mexico. Wide development is expected in this new phase of furnishing outlets for Valley products.

It is readily discernable that The Valley isn't standing still. Yet, in spite of everything, it hasn't quite decided what it's going to be. Mingled with the scent of orange blossoms is the fishy perfume of crude oil. Frozen and canned goods and cotton fill the ships leaving the ports. Tourists stop to play on their way to Mexico — surprised to find such a lush land in Texas. And with Pan American College in Edinburg — a fully-accredited four-year senior college due to become a part of the state system in 1965 — and Texas Southmost College at Brownsville,







The Valley no longer has to send its young people upstate to "get educated."

Valley dwellers have developed a rather casual attitude toward change. When half the population went barefoot and nobody could cross a street without stopping to gossip with a friend about the state of business or agriculture, life was easy and pleasant. And with the advent of railroads and telephones and slick salesmen, and of army camps and IBM machines and grapefruit — well, all that may have been a bit of a nuisance, but The Valley took it in stride. When the government put the Rio Grande in its place and guaranteed some regularity of crops, The Valley went to work building a paradise.

Prosperity is here now, but it did not bring with it the earmarks of bustle and boom. One has only to ride through the smart, clean-looking communities on Highway 83 from Brownsville west to view a barometer of the people. Continuous stretches of greenery, broken only by warehouses, railroad sidings and busy loading platforms catch the eye. Beyond, occasionally, a neat, green lawn stretches almost to infinity. Women in summery dresses go about with infinite grace, doing nothing. If it's Sunday, one might glimpse a successful farmer lolling in a deck chair on a broad veranda, sipping a cool drink and contemplating a wonderful world.

Though most people in The Valley wear shoes now, they still find time to visit about whatever pleases them when they meet a friend in the street. Young people go down to the beaches in cars with the tops down to tan in the summer sun while older folks more sensibly sit in the shade and recall how the old seaport of the Confederacy hasn't quit yet.

Valley folks, now well housed, well dressed and most certainly well fed, seem to have thrived on change. Contented, yes! Complacent, no!

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*Water plays an important part in the life of The Valley. The port of Brownsville, above left, is a vital cog in the transportation life-line for Valley produce. Water lends a pleasant setting for Jacob Brown Civic Center in Brownsville, above right, and the Arroya Colorado, center right, furnishes recreation facilities. Falcon Dam, left, controls the Rio Grande and provides water for Valley irrigation.*



# REBELS



# WITH



# A



*Corsair, Mustang and Bearcat in flight.*

*Sign directs*

# CAUSE

Every man, by nature, finds a cause. And in the village of Texas, a group of hard-flying, firmly believe that the preservation to them is just cause for the existence of the country's most unusual organization: the Confederate Air Force.

The mission of the CAF is serious. The men who make up its membership are bankers, lawyers, merchants and work hard at their regular jobs and hard when they're off the job.

They're especially serious when

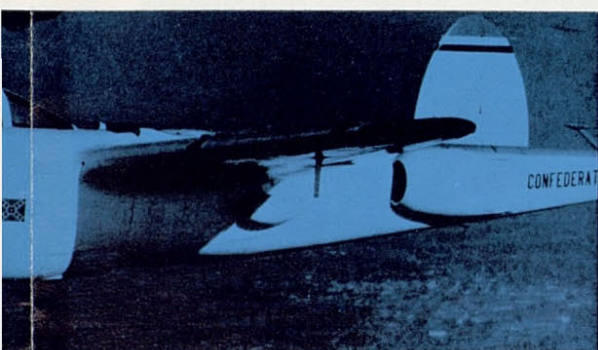




CAF planes lined up on flight line.



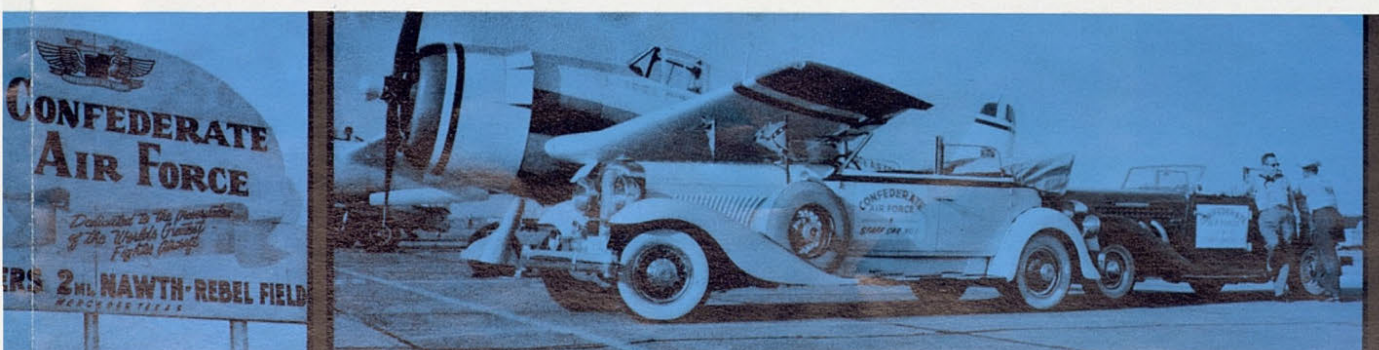
P-51 poises ready for flight.



P-38 Lightning, photo reconnaissance version.



More CAF planes on flight line.



directs visitors to Rebel Field.

CAF staff cars — 1936 Deussen and 1934 Auburn.

, is a rebel when he  
e village of Mercedes,  
lying, fun-loving men  
ervation of things dear  
he existence of one of  
al organizations — the

' is serious. So are the  
membership — farmers,  
ts and doctors. They  
jobs and play just as  
job.  
is when it comes to the

perpetuation of two things in life they love best —  
Southern customs and World War II fighter  
planes. Through the Confederate Air Force,  
they're dedicated to the preservation of both.

Few areas in the world can boast of a richer  
heritage in custom and tradition than the Land of  
the Magnolia Blossom. Epicurean delights of fried  
chicken and sugar-cured ham and black-eyed peas  
and turnip greens are as legendary in the Deep  
South as its pleasures of leisurely drinkin', cat  
fishin', rockin' chair rockin', and plain old shade  
tree settin'. Any suggestion that these pleasurable  
ways of life might become passe poses a thought

most Southerners find as enchanting as Boston  
baked beans, New England boiled dinners or  
Philadelphia cream cheese. The CAF is fighting  
to keep them.

The preservation of Deep South traditions  
constitutes only part of the group's cause, how-  
ever. The other portion — and actually the moti-  
vating force behind the organization of the CAF  
— emanates from experiences they gained during  
World War II and what they considered "Yankee  
high handedness" following the conclusion of the  
conflict.

Thousands of hours at the controls of the





world's finest fighter planes had instilled in these men an affection not unlike their feelings for their native Southland. The men loved flying and they loved the planes they flew. When they learned that their beloved ships were being consigned to total destruction in fiery smelter graves, it seemed almost inevitable that those born into custom and tradition should act to assure the continuation of all those things they held dear. They decided they must do something to preserve that segment of Americana that had become a part of their heritage.

The men reasoned that if they were to rebel for a cause, the revival of the Confederacy posed the only answer. They created the Confederate Air Force.

The idea caught on quicker than a Southerner can mix a mint julep. Regulations were drawn up with a two-fold objective—to preserve, in flying condition, a collection of all types of World War II

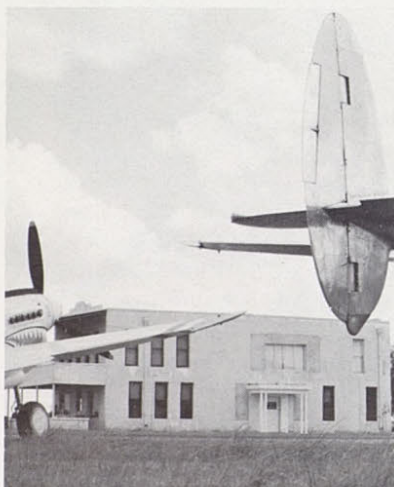
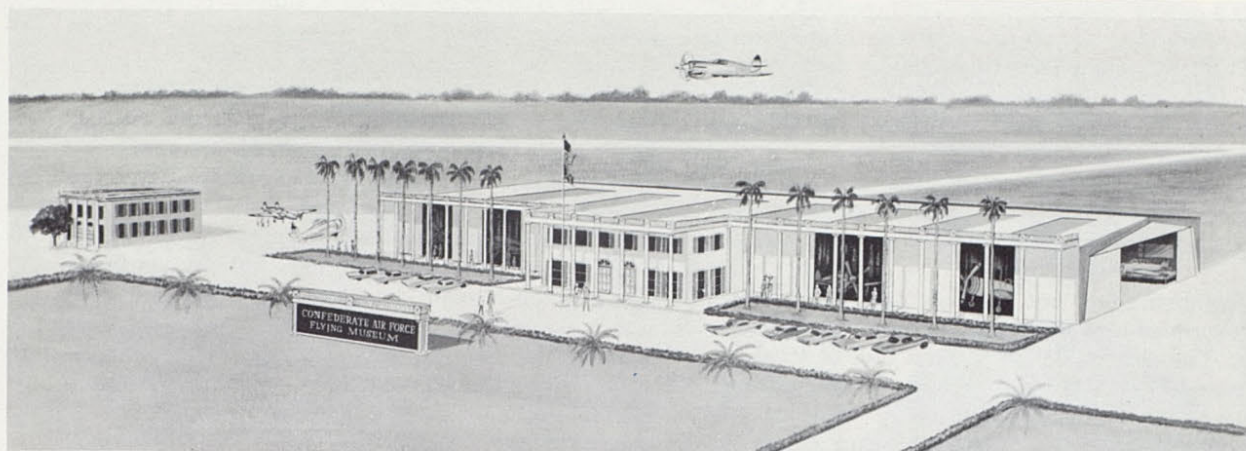
fighter planes, and to perpetuate Southern customs.

As adjutant, the group chose Col. Jethro E. Culpepper, a mythical character who "spends all his time in Washington attempting to have the Capitol turned to face the South." All other officers of the CAF are colonels "so there can be no rank-pulling." Membership is limited to those displaying keen interest in the project and willing to take an active part, whether or not they are pilots.

Actually, the Confederate Air Force can trace its beginning to Lloyd Nolen who operates a spray operation in the vast agricultural realm of the Rio Grande Valley. Nolen had served as a flight instructor during the war and letters from former students praising the merits of the fighter planes they were

*Planning maneuvers for an air show by the CAF are, seated left to right, Colonels A. M. Harradence, R. L. Kenny, Royce Norman, Joe E. Jones, L. P. Nolen (CAF founder) and Herb Olsen. Standing are Colonels Henry Gardner, Richard Disney, Marvin Gardner and George Waters.*





flying served only to whet his desire to be at the controls of one of the sleek ships.

That opportunity didn't come until after the war when he purchased a P-40N, last of the famous Curtiss Hawks that had been employed so effectively against the Japanese in the early stages of the conflict. The P-40 provided many hours of pleasant flying for Nolen before he accepted an offer to sell the ship for twice the amount he had paid.

The plane was gone, but the itching urge to fly such a craft lingered on.

Nolen's misery knew considerable company, however, and in 1957, several other pilots in the Valley purchased a surplus North American P-51 Mustang. The plane possessed little or no commercial value, a matter of small concern to its new owners. They had purchased it for the sheer pleasure of flying, and in a P-51 they had one of the finest flying machines ever assembled.

But what good was a single airplane? One couldn't race or fly formation solo. And it was certain the men couldn't dogfight by themselves. Two years later, they purchased a Grumman F8F Bearcat.

With a Mustang and a Bearcat, it became a matter of time before a long-standing argument should erupt between old Navy and Air Corps pilots over the performance abilities of the planes. A photo finish between the two served only to further whet the enthusiasm of other pilots in the area and in reality sow the seed for the formation of the Confederate Air Force.

More planes were needed to make their organization a force and that's where the group ran into

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*At top is an artist's conception of a \$200,000 CAF Flying Museum to be built soon at Rebel Field. The nose of a P-40 and the tail of a P-38 frame the CAF club house, bottom left, while the sign at bottom right greets visitors.*

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the stall-out of governmental red tape. The few planes of the type that had written air history during World War II were rapidly being reduced to aluminum ingots. Washington had ordered that no more of the craft would be sold for private use and the CAF came under that heading.

This demonstrated complete disregard and lack of respect for such gallant ships, the men reasoned. Planes that had served so nobly deserved a better fate.

If the men could not purchase the planes from the government, they would acquire them elsewhere. The search began, but the task of locating the desired models turned out to be a difficult one. Some were found in good condition while others required complete overhauls before they could be ferried to the CAF's Rebel Field just north of Mercedes, Texas.

An FG1-D Corsair was located in Arizona and Nolen's old P-40 was traced to its new owner in Florida. Still in excellent condition 10 years after Nolen had sold it, the plane was purchased by Col. Joe Jones of Rio Hondo. A P-38 Lightning and an F6F Hellcat were located in California.

The men of the CAF consider themselves extremely fortunate to have their P-47 Thunderbolt. More than 15,000 of the rugged fighters were built during the war, but not a single plane could be located in the United States. The men had nearly given up when they learned that one was being mustered out of the Nicaraguan Air Force in 1963. It was delivered, fully armed, to Rebel Field at Mercedes.

So far as the Rebel pilots can ascertain, theirs is the only P-47 flying today!

It has taken the CAF more than six years to collect three AT-6 trainer planes and nine fighters — a P-51 Mustang, P-47 Thunderbolt, P-40 Warhawk, P-38 Lightning, FG1-D Corsair, FM2 Wildcat, F8F Bearcat, F6F Hellcat and a P-63 Kingcobra. A P-39 Cobra has been purchased, but is not yet in flying condition.

The CAF isn't through, either. A British Spitfire has been purchased and will soon join the collection. Negotiations are underway for a German Messerschmitt and the group would like to obtain a Japanese Zero although their chances appear slim.

Imagine, though, the fun the Rebels will have when they get their Messerschmitt!

"We'll dress it up in its old war paint and insignia," Nolen said. "Then at shows we can chase it with another plane and shoot it down. The pilot

can pull a stall-out and spin, maybe release some smoke and have a sky diver bail out. It'll be terrific."

The "shows" Nolen referred to are the many airshows the CAF stages around the country, putting their planes through such tortuous maneuvers as Beauregard Flips, Whifferdills and Do-wa-ditties — Confederate lingo for barrel rolls, Immelmans, loops, Cuban 8s, spins and converted passes.

Performing for fuel costs and traveling expenses, the CAF has found itself in great demand. Upwards of 150,000 spectators turned out for their show in Houston in 1963 and at their first performance before the homefolks in Mercedes, automobiles lined Highway 83 to create the biggest traffic jam in the area's history, extending into neighboring towns.

Requests for CAF air shows continually pour in to Rebel Field. The men would like to accept all invitations, but because they are unable to be away from their jobs for any extended period, most requests must be turned down.

With its course set, the Confederate Air Force has received its charter as a non-profit Texas Corporation. Its stock for the future soared to new heights with a recent Internal Revenue Service ruling that all contributions to the CAF are 100 percent tax deductible.

News of the IRS ruling signaled a shift to "high blower" by the group's finance and building committee on a project to construct a new \$200,000 permanent home for the old fighters. A 225 by 120 foot museum is already on the drawing board with work to begin as soon as funds can be raised.

Men of the CAF are hoping that the IRS ruling — along with a steadily mounting interest in the planes they are preserving — will result in increased contributions toward the building fund.

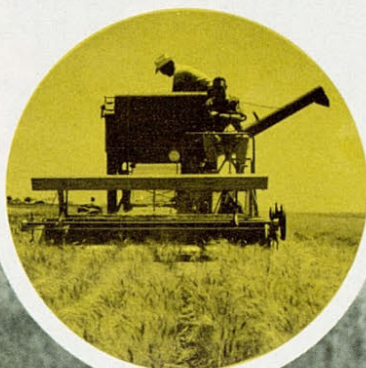
"We certainly will welcome all contributions, large or small," one of the colonels announced. "The planes must be placed under cover and our proposed museum will protect them well."

The building will house 14 fighter aircraft with each having adequate space in its own display area attractively decorated. An indoor two-story museum area with 3,300 square feet of floor space will occupy the center of the structure. When completed, it will be the largest area under one roof in South Texas.

But that's the way they do things in Texas. And the CAF colonels are experts in maintaining tradition.







## PUTTING FARMING TO THE **TEST**

In an era when individual initiative often has succumbed to a growing sense of dependence on governmental assistance, a group of High Plains farmers have emphatically demonstrated that "they can do it themselves." Through their creation and operation of the High Plains Research Foundation at Halfway, Texas, they have given new meaning to the "do-it-yourself" movement.

*continued on page 14*



They call it "Self Help — Texas Style." And in pursuing this basic philosophy, they have, in only seven years, carved a monumental niche in the area's agricultural landscape.

This unique organization was born in late 1956, the brainchild of a nucleus of farmers who desired more information on crops, soil and water conservation, fertilizers, and cultural practices. To them, a chance to do it on their own without governmental aid or control was the only answer.

The group visited the Texas Research Foundation at Renner and liked what they saw in the way of free enterprise research accomplishments. They could see no reason why the same practices wouldn't pay off on the High Plains.

But ideas, like crops, must have fertile soil for germination and growth. Such favorable conditions were encountered and in July, 1956, a small station was organized at Halfway as a branch of the TRF. By October the organization was complete with 60 representatives from 26 area counties. A 310-acre farm was purchased after careful selection and agricultural research on the High Plains was ready to begin.

In 1959, the station became independent of the Texas Research Foundation and all properties were transferred to the present High Plains Research Foundation. It has known nothing but growth and advancement since.

The Foundation's staff, five strong in 1957, now numbers 22 members working on 75 research projects. The Board of Trustees also has grown and now totals 98 men — area farmers, ranchers and businessmen — who guide the organization's activities. A 15-man executive committee holds power to act for the entire membership, however, as an aid to facilitating operations and expediting decision making.

The Foundation's philosophy? Simple. Its only goal is to improve the agricultural economy of the High Plains and improve the living standards of the area's farmers and agri-businessmen.

"Basically," says Dr. Earl Collister, Foundation director, "our practical research has as its aim to help farmers farm more economically — to produce more, cheaper. In short, it is designed to help put dollars in their pockets."

In a more formal vein, however, the Foundation lists four specific purposes:

- To increase the efficiency of production of existing crops through variety and strain testing, fertilizer usage, and cultural practices.
- To evaluate and develop new crops that can be used to strengthen the agricultural and

industrial economy of the High Plains and West Texas.

- To conserve soil and water through the recharging of surface water and development of sound conservation practices.
- To determine more efficient methods of soil and water management.

The Foundation's accomplishments toward the realization of these goals are extensive. Research goes on unendingly, testing dozens of farm crops, flame cultivation practices, artificial recharge of irrigation wells from playa lakes, proper farm methods that include bench level contouring, and insect control.

So extensive has been the crop research at the Foundation that more than 800 varieties of soy beans (believed by many area farmers to be the coming crop in the High Plains) have been tested. In 1964, more than 6,000 individual experimental plots of various crops were closely observed on the farm.

Other extensive tests are being conducted on flame cultivation, the farmer's apparent answer to high-priced hoeing and conventional cultivation. Research on the control of grain sorghum midge, a pesky gnatlike insect that infests and severely damages sorghum crops, has made tremendous progress. Research engineers at the Foundation anticipate they will be able to release specific instructions for midge control sometime in the fall of 1964.

Nearly all the Foundation's physical facilities are located at Halfway, named for its location between Plainview and Olton, Texas. Offices are housed in Killgore Memorial Building, a beautiful structure provided as a gift of the Killgore Foundation. The Jim Hill Greenhouse, a contribution of the Jim Hill Estate of Hereford, adjoins the office building and plays an important part in research of plant life.

It is not without significance that the Foundation's newest addition — 504 acres 10 miles south of Halfway — has already played a historic role in High Plains agriculture. The farm was purchased from J. Frank Triplett of Amarillo who reveals that his father, L. H. Triplett, grew the first crop of grain sorghum in Texas on the farm in the early 1890s and cut the first crop of wheat on the High Plains there in 1898.

The High Plains Research Foundation will take possession of the farm on Jan. 1, 1965. And with the multitude of tests to be conducted there, chances are good the farm will be the scene of other historic agricultural firsts.



## MEXICO TRAVEL HINTS

Thinking about a winter vacation trip to the Land of Mañana? Here are some hints that might prove helpful in planning your journey into the interior of Mexico.

Citizens of the United States will need proof of their citizenship, a tourist card and a smallpox vaccination certificate. The proof of citizenship may be in the form of a birth certificate, voter's registration card or affidavit. Naturalized citizens must carry naturalization papers or a U. S. passport. Aliens — including Canadians — will need visaed passport, tourist card and smallpox vaccination certificate.

All persons 15 years of age or over are required to obtain a tourist card before traveling to the interior. The permit costs \$3 in U. S. currency and is valid for 180 days.

The smallpox vaccination certificate is a requirement for re-entering the United States. The vaccination must have been within the past three years.

If you plan to take your car into Mexico, permits must be obtained from the Mexican customs office at the port of entry. The permits, also good for 180 days, are issued free of charge.

Proof of ownership of the car is an absolute necessity. Title or a notarized bill of sale is required. If the title has lien, it will be necessary to secure a notarized statement from the lienholder granting permission to remove the car from the U. S. for a specified period.

It is strongly urged that full insurance coverage be secured, including property damage and liability, with a reliable insurance firm. Most importantly, one should be sure to secure insurance from a firm that has adjusting facilities *throughout* Mexico.

### WHAT YOU MAY BRING BACK

If you remain in Mexico less than 12 full days, you may bring back — duty free — articles not to exceed \$100 in value. This exemption is allowed once in a 30-day period.

If your stay South of the Border exceeds 12 full days (not including day of departure or return), you will be entitled to an additional \$100 exemption of tax free goods. The additional exemption is entirely separate from the original \$100 exemption that may be used every 30 days. It is effective only if you have not received such an exemption within the previous six months.

VAYA CON DIOS!



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

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SOUTHWEST COLLECTION  
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Here we stop  
on the long way  
to feel the solid earth,  
the night wind,  
the helping hand.  
I know these men  
by their hospitality.  
And they know me.....

