The original documents are located in Box 1, folder "1976/04/19-22 - Briefing Material for Texas Trip" of the Francis K. Pullen Papers at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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Scanned from Box 1 of the Frances K. Pullen Files at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library

Off the record -- Not to mention to Press
Private -- can tell press but no coverage

Monday
12:00 Noon -- Depart South Lawn
12:30 Depart Andrews AFB

3:00 P.M. Arrive Kelly AFB, San Antonio

Possible off-the record drop-by woman's house for coffee

4:00 P.M. Arrive St. Anthony Hotel

5:30 P.M. Private reception in honor of King Antonio (King of festivities for the week)

7:30 P.M. Mrs. Ford is introduced as Grand Marshall of Fiesta River Parade at Arneson Theatre on the San Antonio River

Note: Her participation in the parade will last about an hour.

Background attached
RON--San Antonio - St Anthony Hotel
Tuesday, April 20

10:00 A.M. Reception hosted by President Ford Committee St. Anthony Hotel

Possible off-the-record drop-by en route to airport--Quintuplets (letter & info on quintuplets attached)

11:00 A.M. Depart San Antonio International Airport
11:30 announced time
12:00 Noon Arrive Miller International Airport, McAllen, Texas, U. S. Customs area -- There will be a public reception for Mrs. Ford

12:20 Approx. Reception hosted by President Ford Committee at Sheraton Fairway Hotel

* 12:35 Approx. Depart via motorcade to Harlingen (to press -- following reception -- no time)

1:15 Approx. Arrive President Ford Committee headquarters Harlingen Texas, 1522 South Highway 77

2:00 Approx. Austin Elementary School, Harlingen

2:30 Depart Confederate Airforce Hangar area, Harlingen

3:00 Approx. Arrive Corpus Christi International Airport

Possible President Ford Committee Reception to be announced later.

7:30 announced time

8:00 P.M. To Padre Staples Mall Shopping Center

Overnight Corpus Christi -- Probably the Hilton

Wednesday, April 21

8:45 A.M. Approx Depart Corpus Christi International Airport

10:00 A.M. Approx Arrive Ellingdon Air Force Base -- Army National Guard Hangar -- Houston

Ceremony on Battle Ship Texas near Monument

11:00 A.M. Arrive San Jacinto Monument -- Houston
Mrs. Ford will participate in San Jacinto day festivities and be designated an honorary Texan.

After ceremony -- motorcade to Beaumont (about 1hr15min drive)

4:00 P.M. ~~Gladyxx&xxx~~ Arrive Gladys City
(ceremonies start at 4:00 -- 4:30 Mrs. Ford arrives at 4:30 -- for our info only)

Info attached

Possibility of unannounced drop-by

9:00 P.M. Private party hosted by President Ford Committee in a local residence

RON in Beaumont at Red Carpet Inn

T

Thursday, April 22

8:45 A.M. Approx Depart Beaumont, Jefferson County Airport

10:30 A.M. Arrive Bergstrom Air Force Base, Austin

11:00 Arrive LBJ Library for tour to be hosted by Lady Bird Johnson and Luci Nugent.

Get info from Kay and do apx paragraph

Release -- contacts on the ground will have release for people meeting her with names, etc. when arrive

Early afternoon -- Depart Bergstrom Air Force Base en route Andrews

BACKGROUND

Grand Marshall

Mrs. Ford will be Grand Marshall of the San Antonio Fiesta River Parade. The illuminated floats of the parade snake their way down the San Antonio river through the heart of the city with King Antonio leading the procession. The parade begins with a ceremony at Arneson Theatre in which King Antonio presents the Grand Marshall to the city and proclaims a week of fun for everyone to set the tone for the fiesta. The ~~San~~ Fiesta San Antonio is an annual 10-day spectacular with more than 50 events. It is dedicated to "the memory of the heroes of Texas" and to encouraging pan-American firendship, understanding, and solidarity. The dates this year are April 16 through 25. This is the 81st annual fiesta.

Gladys City

The Beaumont Bicentennial Commission has asked Mrs. Ford to accept the recreated boom-town of Gladys City as Beaumont's Bicentennial gift to the nation. A reconstructed cluster of wooden buildings, Gladys City sprang up around Spindletop oil field in the early 1900's. It is located in Beaumont about a mile north of the site of Lucas Gusher, the first well in the Spindletop field. The reconstructed city consists of clapboard buildings ~~typical of the~~ and businesses typical of the era, oil derricks, wooden storage tanks, and oil field equipment displays.

~~San~~
The San Jicento monument is located on San Jacinto battleground, a State Park of ~~45~~ 460 acres located on the Houston Ship Channel near Houston. It is the site of the famous battle between the Texas and Mexican armies which won independence for Texas on April 21st, 1836. Lead by General Sam Houston, about ~~90~~ 920 Americans routed Mexican forces numbering more than 1200 under the command of general Santa Anna. The battle lasted 18 minutes. ~~Texas~~ Texas' freedom from Mexico lead to annexation and to the Mexican War, resulting in the acquisition by the United States of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California, Utah, and parts of Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, and Oklahoma. This acquisition was nearly a million square miles of territory, almost one-third of the present size of the United States.

The San Jicento ~~Mon~~ Monument, constructed in1936 and 1939, commemorates the heroes of the battle of San Jicento and al others who helped win the indepence of Texas. It was constructed with Federal and State funds at a cost of about one million five hundred dollars. It is 570 feet high and built of

reinforced concrete faced with Texas fossilized buff limestone.

Battle Ship Texas (San Jicento Ceremony).

The site of the San Jicento Ceremony is the Battle Ship Texas. moored at the battleground since San Jicento Day, 1948. The U. S. S. Texas, is a veteran of 2 world wars and many campaigns. The State of Texas was the first to save its namesake Battleship from the scrap-heap. The States of North Carolina, Alabama, and Massachusetts have followed suit.

Text of letter (for possible drop-by)

The Hansen Family on Honeysuckle Lane
Al, Sheila, Wendy, Holly, Alison, Brooke, Claire, and Dorothy

Dear President Ford and Family,

Thank God for real people in the White House. You are the first family in years that we can identify with., and certainly a family we would really feel comfortable with at our ~~fix~~ girls' party. We realize that this may be seen by only your staff, but as the only identical quadrupulets in the U.S., we want you to know that even if your busy schedule won't allow you and your family to attend, you are most welcome and loved by our family.
A
Again, thanks for being real people.

Al, etc.
104 Honeysuckle Lane
San Antonio, Texas 78213

Attached -- quadrupluts first birthday party
October 25 of last year

Mrs. Ford wrote back -- sorry couldn't come -- sent autographed photo that said: "With warmest best wishes to all of the Hansen family from the Ford family, Sincerely, BF & GRF
(family photo)

Letter

January ~~1~~ 21, 1976

Dear President and Mrs. Ford

During your State of the Union address, my husband and I watched and listened.

I turned to my husband and said "have you ever heard or listened to a more sincere man--and he has such a pretty wife! "

I also said, "They looked like nice common down-to-earth people--someone you could invite in for coffee or tea and snacks." That husband of mine laughed in my face . He said, "I guess now you want to entertain the President and his wife." Don't you know people like that like "big-shots", not ordinary working people who live in a mobile home." -- and he was still laughing! I was furious!

If and when you and your lady ever come to San Antonio, would you let me entertain you for cake and coffee? I would like to have the last laugh first! Every woman, even Mrs. Ford,(I'm sure)likes to do things to make you laugh.

But, truly, you both are such charming people,-- and such a sense of humor you have! Just once I would like to laugh back at him! Ask Mrs. Ford--she knows how I feel.

I am not a Republican, and I really don't think I can be changed. But I would still be very honored to have you in my home--it is not the White House, but it's home.

Sincere regards and best wishes.

Mrs. Carleen J. Dunford

P.S. If my husband knew I was writing you, he would laugh again--this time harder! I am furious at him for the first laugh!

(note--the woman subsequently informed us that she had moved to 1543 Babcock road, apt. 403) mailgram in April.

letter March -
Apr 7 -

512
Monday, San Antonio -- Credentialling Dave Burnett 227-5191
Home 655-3623

Pick up Mon mng

Cut-off Friday Noon

Contact for anyone who wants to follow all the way through

512
Tuesday, McAllen Credentials Tommie Beardmore Office 687-2592
686-8196

Cutoff, Monday Noon

Good for all places on any one of these

Tuesday-Harlingen -- Dan Carter 512/423-2686
Cut-off Monday Noon

Corpus Christi- Padre Staples Mall 991-3755 (512)
Monday Noon

Wednesday-Houston
Dave Frederickson 524-3176 (713)
Home 529-5082
Closes Monday 5:00 P.M.

Gladys City(Beaumont)
Phyllis Spittler 838-0378 (713) or anyone there
or 0377
Closes Tuesday Noon

Thursday, Austin -- Barbara Lezar Office 471-4741 (512)
Home 447-3161

Questions on entire trip Pete Roussel State PFC person
Austin -- coordinating Texas press 459-4101 (512)

Advance Contacts (calls re presentations, etc.)

San Antonio-Janet Hale 227-4392

Beaumont & Houston -- Jeff Crute @ 713/838-2611

All the rest -- Peter Sorum after Sat 227-4392 in San antonio

Patti 227-4392 Rm. 974
Signal -- 512-224-0159 may change to 224- 224-0342

Background

Mrs. Lila Cockrell, Mayor of San Antonio

Mrs. Cockrell, 54, was elected Mayor in 1975. San Antonio is the Nation's 10th largest city, which makes her the only woman Mayor in the top ten cities.

Elections to city government in San Antonio are non-partisan, and Mrs. Cockrell is considered an independent, although my Texas contact said she was rumored to be a Republican. San Antonio has a council/manager form of government. The Mayor presides over the city council, which establishes policy, but a professional city manager actually runs the government. This means Mrs. Cockrell job is much more like the Speaker of the House than the kind of Mayor D.C. has.

She got her start working with the League of Women Voters, and she was president of Leagues in both San Antonio and Dallas. Before her election as Mayor, she had been a member of the City Council. She ran as the only woman in a nine person field for Mayor, and she defeated a beer distributor in the run-off.

She is married to Sid Cockrell, executive director of the local medical association. They have two daughters. Carol teaches junior high school, and Kathy is an American Airlines stewardess. Mrs. Cockrell graduated

Exa

from Southern Methodist University with A B.A. in speech. She belonged to the Waves during World War II.

-0-

Political Background

This is the first Presidential primary in Texas, and it is an open primary, meaning Democrats can crossover and vote in the Republican primary. (Apparently Reagan is hoping to pick up some votes from Wallace cross-overs.)

McAllen and Harlingen are deep in the Rio Grande Valley along the Mexican border. They are in the 15th Congressional district, represented by E (Kika) de la Graza, a Democrat first elected in 1964.

Seventy-five per cent of the residents of the district are of Mexican stock. This is the land of the fabled Texas ranches, including the King Ranch and Anne Armstrong's Ranch. Loyd Bentsen represented this district from 1946-1954.

Corpus on the Gulf Coast is in the lower corner of the 14th Congressional District. The district is described as heavy industry country and as one of the few areas were labor unions have much influence. Few blacks live this far south and west in Texas, and they make up only seven per cent of the population, compared to 12 percent statewide.

The 14th is considered one of the state's more "liberal" areas. The incumbent congressman is Rep. John Young,

a Democrat first elected in 1956. He has had only one opponent in the primary or general since 1964. Sissy Farenthold once represented Corpus in the Texas State Legislature.

Beaumont is in the 9th Congressional District, the eastern segment of the state's Gulf Coast. This is an area of big refineries, petrochemical plants and other factories. It has one of the highest concentrations of blue collar workers in Texas. Beaumont has a population of 110,000. The 9th is represented by Jack Brooks of Judiciary Committee fame. He was first elected in 1952. This is one of the few areas in Texas where McGovern came close to matching Humphrey's showing in 1968.

For immediate release
Wednesday, April 14, 1976

THE WHITE HOUSE
Office of the Press Secretary to Mrs. Ford

Mrs. Ford will be going to Texas April 19 through 22nd. Following is a partial itinerary. Further details will be forthcoming:

Monday, April 19 San Antonio, Texas	Mrs. Ford will be the Grand Marshall in the San Antonio Fiesta River Parade. She will remain overnight in San Antonio. Credentialling: Dave Burnett 512/227-5191 Closes Friday, April 16 @ Noon
Wednesday, April 21 Beaumont, Texas	Mrs. Ford will visit Gladys City at 4:00 P.M. Gladys City is a reproduction of the boom town which sprang up around the First Texas oil field in the early 1900's. It is a project of the Beaumont Bicentennial Commission. Credentialling: Phyllis Spittler, 713/838-0377 Closes Monday, April 19 @ 5:00 P.M.
Thursday, April 22 Austin, Texas	Mrs. Ford will visit the Lyndon B. Johnson Library at 11:30 A.M. She will be shown around the Library by Mrs. Johnson and Luci Nugent. Credentialling: Barbara Lezar 512/471-4741 Closes Tuesday, April 20 @ 5:00 P.M.

For further details please call Mrs. Ford's Press Office. All those wishing to travel to Texas with the First Lady, please sign up on the list posted in the Press Lobby.

# # #

MRS. FORD'S SCHEDULE

Texas, April 19-22, 1976

Monday, April 19, 1976

12:00 Noon	Depart South Lawn
12:30 P.M.	Depart Andrews AFB en route San Antonio, Texas
3:00 P.M.	Arrive Kelly AFB, San Antonio

NOTE: Possible off-the-record drop-by woman's house for coffee

4:00 P.M.	Arrive St. Anthony Hotel, San Antonio
5:30 P.M.	Private reception in honor of King Antonio (King of festivities for the week) at Hotel
7:30 P.M.	Mrs. Ford is introduced as Grand Marshal of Fiesta River Parade at Arneson Theatre on the San Antonio River (Attached backgrounder) RON San Antonio

NOTE: Her participation in the parade will last about an hour.

CREDENTIALS: Dave Burnett (o) 512/227-5191; (h) 512/655-3623
Closes Friday at Noon

NOTE: Those press wishing to pick us up in San Antonio and travel the rest of the way with us should get all their credentials from Dave Burnett.

Tuesday, April 20, 1976

10:00 A.M.	Reception hosted by President Ford Committee St. Anthony Hotel, San Antonio

NOTE: Possible off-the-record drop-by en route to airport -- quadrupulets (Attached backgrounder)

11:00 A.M.	Depart San Antonio International Airport
12:00 Noon	Arrive Miller International Airport, McAllen, Texas U. S. Customs area -- Public arrival reception for Mrs. Ford.

NOTE: For Texas people--announced time 11:30 A.M.

12:20 (Approx)	Reception hosted by President Ford Committee at Sheraton Fairway Hotel in McAllen.

CREDENTIALS: Tommie Beardmore (O) 512/687-2592 (H) 512-686-8196
Closes Monday Noon

*** 12:35 (Approx) Depart via motorcade to Harlingen, Texas

NOTE: Tell press we depart after reception, not sure what time, depending on how long reception goes.

Followed by

1:15 (Approx)	Arrive President Ford Committee Headquarters, Harlingen, Texas, 1522 South Highway 77

Followed by

2:00 (Approx)	Austin Elementary School, Harlingen

CREDENTIALS: Dan Carter 512/423-2686
Closes Monday Noon

Tuesday -- Continued

Tuesday, April 20, 1976 (Continued)

2:30 P.M. (Approx) Depart Confederate Airforce Hangar area, Harlingen
3:00 P.M. (Approx) Arrive Corpus Christi International Airport

NOTE: Possible President Ford Committee Reception to be announced later.

8:00 P.M. To Padre Staples Mall Shopping Center
NOTE: For Texas press, 7:30 announced time)

RON Corpus Christi (Probably the Hilton)

CREDENTIALS: Padre Staples Mall 512/991-3755
Closes Monday Noon

Wednesday, April 21, 1976

8:45 A.M. (Approx) Depart Corpus Christi International Airport
10:00 A.M. (Approx) Arrive Ellingdon Air Force Base, Army National Guard Hangar, Houston, Texas

11:00 A.M. Arrive San Jacinto Monument, Houston
Mrs. Ford will participate in San Jacinto Day festivities and be designated an honorary Texas Ceremony on Battle Ship Texas near monument.

CREDENTIALS: Dave Frederickson (O) 713/524-3176 (H) 529-5082

Following ceremony, motorcade to Beaumont (about 1 hr. 15 min.)

4:00 P.M. Arrive Gladys City (a reproduction of the boom town which sprang up around the first Texas oil field in early 1900's.) Attached backgrounder

NOTE: Ceremonies start at 4:00 -- Mrs. Ford arrives at 4:30 -- Announced time for Texas press 4:00.

CREDENTIALS: Phyllis Spittler 713/838-0378 or 0377
Closes Tuesday Noon

NOTE: Possible off-the-record unannounced drop-by.

9:00 P.M. Private party hosted by President Ford Committee in a local residence.

RON in Beaumont at Red Carpet Inn

Thursday, April 22, 1976

8:45 A.M. (Approx) Depart Beaumont, Jefferson County Airport en route Austin
10:30 A.M. Arrive Bergstrom Air Force Base, Austin

11:00 A.M. Arrive LBJ Library for tour to be hosted by Lady Bird Johnson and Luci Nugent (Backgrounder attached)

CREDENTIALS: Barbara Lezar (Of) 512/471-4741 (H) 447-3161

EARLY AFTERNOON Departure from Bergstrom Air Force Base en route Washington.

BACKGROUND

Harlingen, Texas Public Schools for drop-by, Austin Elementary School

Harlingen is a town of 43,000 with 11,000 students in the public schools. On March 29th during Bicentennial School Week, some 5,000 students marched in a Bicentennial parade. Most of them were in colonial costumes. In San Antonio, a scrapbook was given to the President or someone on the staff about this parade. Some of the contacts in the school system say that some 5,000 letters were written to the President and that only one third grade class received an answer. A request for the President to appear was regretted. The nature of your involvement is still uncertain, but you may present a certificate to each school commending their Bicentennial participation. The schools are:

Harlingen High School
Coakley Jr. High
Vernon Jr. High
Gay Jr. High
Austin Elementary
Bonham Elementary
Bowie Elementary
Crockett Elementary
Dishman Elementary
Houston Elementary
Jefferson Elementary
Lamar Elementary
Milam Elementary
Stuart Elementary
Travis Elementary
Wilson Elementary
Zavala Elementary

Austin is a one through six grade elementary school. The principal's name is Bill Davis. The school as 522 students.

# # #

Political Background

This is the first Presidential primary in Texas, and it is an open primary, meaning Democrats can crossover and vote in the Republican primary. (Apparently Reagan is hoping to pick up some votes from Wallace crossovers.)

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The 14th is considered one of the state's more "liberal" areas. The incumbent congressman is Rep. John Young, a democrat first elected in 1956. He has had only one opponent in the primary or general since 1964. Sissy Farenthold once represented Corpus in the Texas State Legislature.

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BACKGROUND

Drop-by at the Hansens in San Antonio

You and the President were invited to the first birthday party of the Hansen quadruplets, four identical girls, last fall. (Their birthdate is October 24, 1974.) Both of you personally inscribed a family photo in response to the invitation.

The parents are Al and Sheila Hansen. There are two older girls, Wendy and Holly. The quads are named Alison, Brooke, Claire and Darcy.

(Note: Mrs. Hansen was not on a fertility drug, but was wearing an IUD.)

Attached is a copy of their invitation and a recent news photo of the girls.

BACKGROUND

Gladys City, Beaumont, Texas---Wednesday, April 21, 1976

Gladys City is a recreated oil "boom town." It is located about 1/2 mile from the Spindletop fields where the first big gusher came in 1901. That gusher launched Beaumont as an oil center. Both Gulf and Texaco were founded there.

Gladys City is a Bicentennial project. Funds were raised by selling shares to local citizens. The town of clapboard buildings, wooden oil derricks, storage tanks and oil equipment displays was built strictly as a museum. It will be run by Lamar University, a state-supported university with about 10,000 students. Gladys City was dedicated in January of this year.

Beaumont is about 30 miles from the coast. The economy centers around the petrochemical industry. Rice farming is also important.

1/2 mile from 1Spindletop fields...lucas gusher 1st...1901...

Gladys City created to recapture boom town spirit of the

days which thurst b-mont into world prominente...reconstructed

city contains rxxxxxxxx clapboard buildings...woden oil

derricks and storage tanks...oil field equipment displays...

desinged to be lasting monument to spindletop...maintenance

and operation turned over to Lamar University---p state school...

10,000 ---project started last year...dedicated in january, 1976...

local citizens bought shares...fund xxxx raising project...

stricly a museum...horses

beaumont...petrochemicals... 30 miles from coast...rice

farming important...

so many wells...walk from derrick to derrick

gulf and texco founded in beaumont

xxxxxxx what all is going on in and for the bicenntennial

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

notes

Mrs. Lila Cockrell

1st elected mayor of san antonio in 1975 ---served on the city council for seven years...1963 to 1970---

1973 back on council...mayor elected in may, 1975...city wide election..mayor of the largest...San Antonio...

only woman...she began public life as League of Women voters....president in both dallas and san antonio...

elections are non-partisan...she is an independent...

served on one of first commission's on statius of women in texas in early 1970s...now out of existence...

ratified ERA...recission effort pushed back...Texans for ERA has over one half million members..

(Jane Wells is Texas)

married to Sid Cockrell in charge of Medical Association, Executive director, has two daugthers...one is teacher...the second Carol one Kathy is America Airlines...Southwestern Univ in Georgetwon...

Mrs. Cockrell has B.A. in speech from SMU. She is 54 years old Was in the Waves and was commissioned as an ensign...

Presbyterian...had nine opponents in race...not an easy race...

in a runoff with beer distributor...only has three of her people elected to council....council/manager government...

she is kind of like speaker of the house...

Notes

LBJ--eight floors---three public floors---presidency ...

programs and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ activities of the 1960s....

and his 40 year career...enter into reception...souxvenirs...

operated National Achives...great hall is on the first floor...

either side displays featuring the families early life...

cabinet full of gifts sent to the johnsons...the girls wedding

substantive displays on programs...bills, pix of people...

facets of bill told in photographis essays...lots of memoraphia...

like a smithsonian of the johnson presidency...~~xxx~~ funny letters...

diplomatic gifts...replicas of gifts the johnson's gave...

beautiful collection of eagles...in the center of great hall...

one wall is marable with seal of the presidency...hugh...

the facing wall atrium going up

1 and 2 are public...oval office public on the ~~xxxx~~ eighths

working library...mural depicting johnson and former democratic

presidents...

second floor wonderful exhibits of campaigns with buttons and

campaigns...caricatures and cartonns...on first floor...

oval office identical...to scale...with furniture...

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

For immediate release
Tuesday, April 20, 1976

THE WHITE HOUSE
Office of Mrs. Ford's Press Secretary

TEXT OF MRS FORD'S REMARKS AT THE PADRE STAPLES MALL SHOPPING CENTER, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1976

All my life I've heard about the warm and friendly people of Texas, and I want you to know that two days in the state have made a believer out of me. I've been lucky to have close friends from Texas, and now I can appreciate their enthusiasm for their home state.

I'm absolutely delighted to be in Corpus and to have a chance to visit with you. I've found in the past few months of traveling that malls are like courthouse squares were in the past---good places to meet people and talk a little politics.

Texas has just a fabulous political history, and I'm down here hoping to encourage you to add a new page to that history. I hope you'll vote in the Republican primary. I'll bet you can guess my favorite candidate--my husband. Primaries are an important part of our election process, and Texas is a very important primary for President Ford. You have a chance in Texas to speak out about the job my husband is doing for our country. I really hope you'll do that---by voting in the Republican primary.

Texas is a big state physically and important politically---and I hope it's going to be a big state for Gerald Ford.

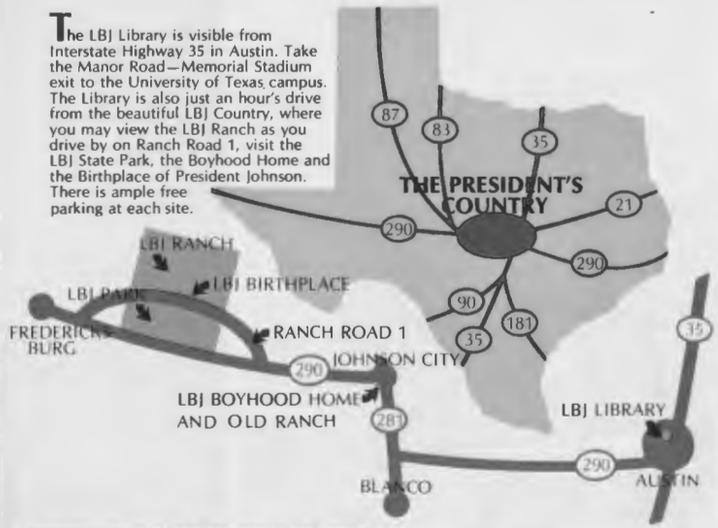
# # #

"I hope that visitors who come here will achieve a closer understanding of the office of the Presidency, which affects their own lives so greatly. I hope that those who shared in the history of this time will remember it and see it in perspective, and that the young people who come here will get a clearer comprehension of what this Nation tried to do in an eventful period of its history."

Portrait by Elizabeth Shoumatoff, 1969

36TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
1908-1973

The LBJ Library is visible from Interstate Highway 35 in Austin. Take the Manor Road—Memorial Stadium exit to the University of Texas campus. The Library is also just an hour's drive from the beautiful LBJ Country, where you may view the LBJ Ranch as you drive by on Ranch Road 1, visit the LBJ State Park, the Boyhood Home and the Birthplace of President Johnson. There is ample free parking at each site.



LBJ Birthplace

LBJ Park

LBJ Boyhood Home

LBJ Ranch House

The beautiful rolling Hill Country is the setting for the homes where LBJ was born and raised, and where he lived until his death. At the new LBJ State Park you will see animals native to the region, such as Texas Longhorns, buffalo, and deer.

Lyndon Baines Johnson Library

Austin, Texas

The architecture of the Library building has commanded wide attention. Architects for the Library and the adjacent Sid Richardson Hall, which houses the LBJ School of Public Affairs, the Texas History Collection, and the Latin American Collection, are Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill of New York City and Brooks, Barr, Graeber and White of Austin.

The LBJ Library on the University of Texas campus in Austin has proved to be one of Texas' most popular tourist attractions.

It is located just a few feet west of Interstate 35. (Take the Manor Road—Memorial Stadium exit of IH 35) Ample free parking is available near the entrance to the building.

The Library/Museum is open to the public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., seven days a week, including holidays. Summer hours 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., June, July, August. Admission is free.

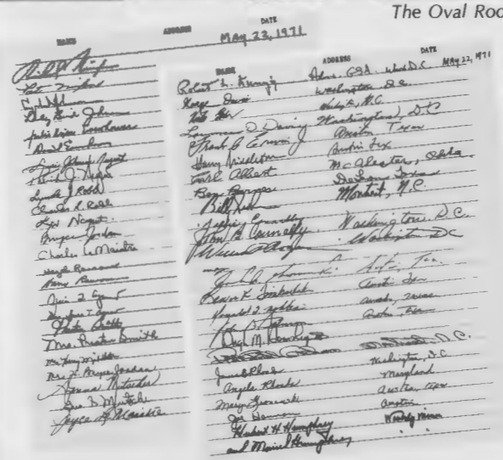
There are three public floors in the eight-story structure. Pictures in this pamphlet show some of the exhibits which portray the presidency, the programs and activities of the 1960s and some aspects of the 40-year public career era of LBJ.

Above photo. President and Mrs. Nixon were the first to sign the guest book when the Library opened. Each visitor to the Library may sign the guest book which will be kept in the archives as a permanent historical record of those who have toured the Library.

Top photo, right. President Johnson liked to chat with visitors in the Oval Office exhibit in the Library.

Bottom photo, right. The Library is located on the eastern portion of the University of Texas campus, adjacent to Memorial Stadium.

The Oval Room is a replica of the historic Presidential office in the White House.



All visitors' signatures in the guest book are added to the permanent collection of the Library. Be sure that your name is among the many famous people who have signed the register.

THE LBJ LIBRARY

Some of the exhibits which you will view inside the library include: the actual wedding dresses worn by Lynda Robb and Luci Nugent; a metal mural showing LBJ with former presidents Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Truman and Kennedy; a history of presidential campaigns which features items used in connection with all US presidents since George Washington; and various cases depicting many of the programs connected with the Presidency of Lyndon Johnson

This picture of private citizens Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson with grandchildren Lyn Nugent and Lucinda Robb, forms the background for one of the exhibits.

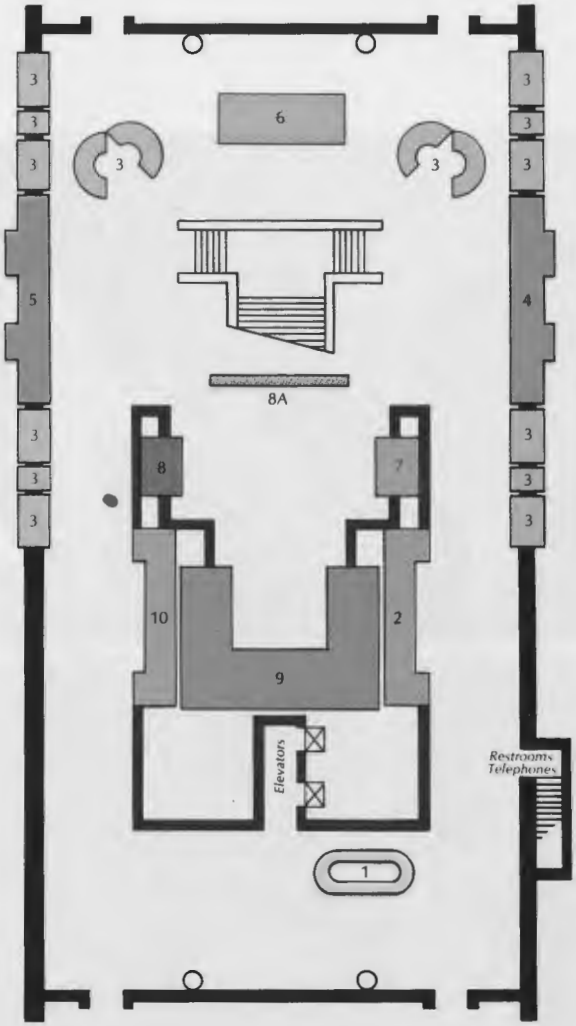
At the head of the staircase leading to the Great Hall is a granite pylon. Each of its four sides bears a quotation from one of the President's speeches.

"Until justice is blind to color, until education is unaware of race, until opportunity is unconcerned with the color of men's skins, emancipation will be a proclamation but not a fact."

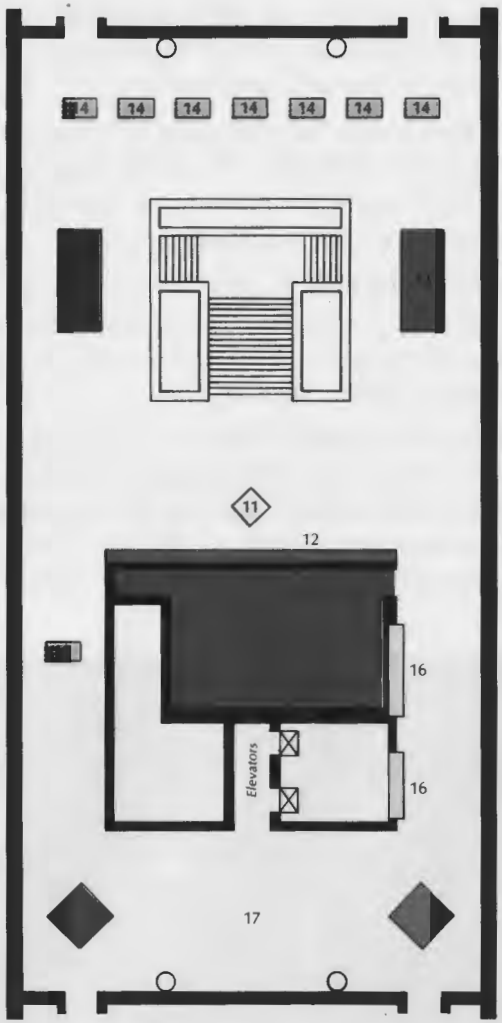
"I have followed the personal philosophy that I am a free man, an American, a public servant, and a member of my party, in that order always and only."

"A President's hardest task is not to do what is right, but to know what is right."

"The Great Society asks not how much, but how good; not only how to create wealth, but how to use it; not only how fast we are going, but where we are headed. It proposes as the first test for a nation: the quality of its people."



PLAZA LEVEL (First Floor)



GREAT HALL (Second Floor)

- 1 Information—Sales Desk
- 2 Biographical Resumé of LBJ's life and career
- 3 Gifts presented to President and Mrs. Johnson by chiefs of state, heads of government, other world leaders
- 4 Exhibit depicting the early "Big 4" programs of the Great Society—poverty, civil rights, education, and health
- 5 The "new agenda" of the Great Society—particularly consumer affairs and the environment; the exhibit also includes a panel on space (Adjacent to this exhibit, a moon rock is displayed.)
- 6 International Affairs
- 7 The wedding of Luci Baines Johnson and Patrick Nugent
- 8 The wedding of Lynda Bird Johnson and Captain Charles Robb, USMC
- 8-a Letters received by President Johnson from prominent persons
- 9 Life in the White House exhibit
- 10 Gifts sent to President Johnson by the American public
- 11 At the head of the staircase leading to the Great Hall is a granite pylon. Each of its four sides bears a quotation from one of President Johnson's speeches.
- 12 Behind the pylon is a metal mural wall, which depicts L.B.J. at various stages of his career with Presidents under whom he served. Rising four floors, visible above the mural wall, are manuscript boxes, containing the papers of President Johnson.
- 13 Short motion pictures
- 14 Changing special exhibits
- 15 Theater—see film schedule
- 16 Controversies the Nation witnessed during the years President Johnson was in office
- 17 Political campaign exhibit

Photography by Frank Wolfe, LBJ Library.

National Geographic April 1976

"Texas, actin' kind of natural"

SAN ANTONIO

By FRED KLINE
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

Photographs by DAVID HISER

In war as in peace, Mexican influence has shaped San Antonio's growth and character. Blood flowed in 1836 at the siege of the Alamo (**above**). Mexican-American heritage now blends in a city nowhere more tranquil than along the San Antonio River, where waterborne diners enjoy a mariachi serenade (**right**).

NO MATTER HOW ONE LOOKS at it, San Antonio lies deep in the heart of Texas. As writer J. Frank Dobie put it: "Every Texan has two homes, his own and San Antonio."

No doubt he had in mind the Alamo, shrine of Texas liberty and symbol of those maverick spirits who founded and still characterize the state.

The often-quoted words ascribed to Davy Crockett reflect that spirit: "You kin all go to hell, I'm a-goin' to Texas." Thus he was off to join the Texas revolution against Mexico, after losing his seat in Congress. At San Antonio's old mission church of San Antonio de Valero, better known in history as the Alamo, Crockett, Jim Bowie, William Barret Travis, and 185 other "Texians," bravely fighting a force of some 2,500 Mexican soldiers, died to the last man on March 6, 1836. Texas has not forgotten them.

As history has converged at San Antonio, so does geography. Here the hot and fertile south Texas prairie, where cattle ranches and truck farms flourish, merges into cooler, hilly sheep and goat country, rising to the northwest of the city.

A lovely green ribbon of water, the San Antonio River, flows through the heart of the city on its way to the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, 150 miles to the southeast. It is a slow stream, generally no wider than a neighborhood street and no deeper than a swimming pool, and it runs quietly below street level, hidden by trees and buildings.

Along the banks, reminders of the city's past and present are linked like charms on a bracelet. The river flows by five *(Continued on page 528)*

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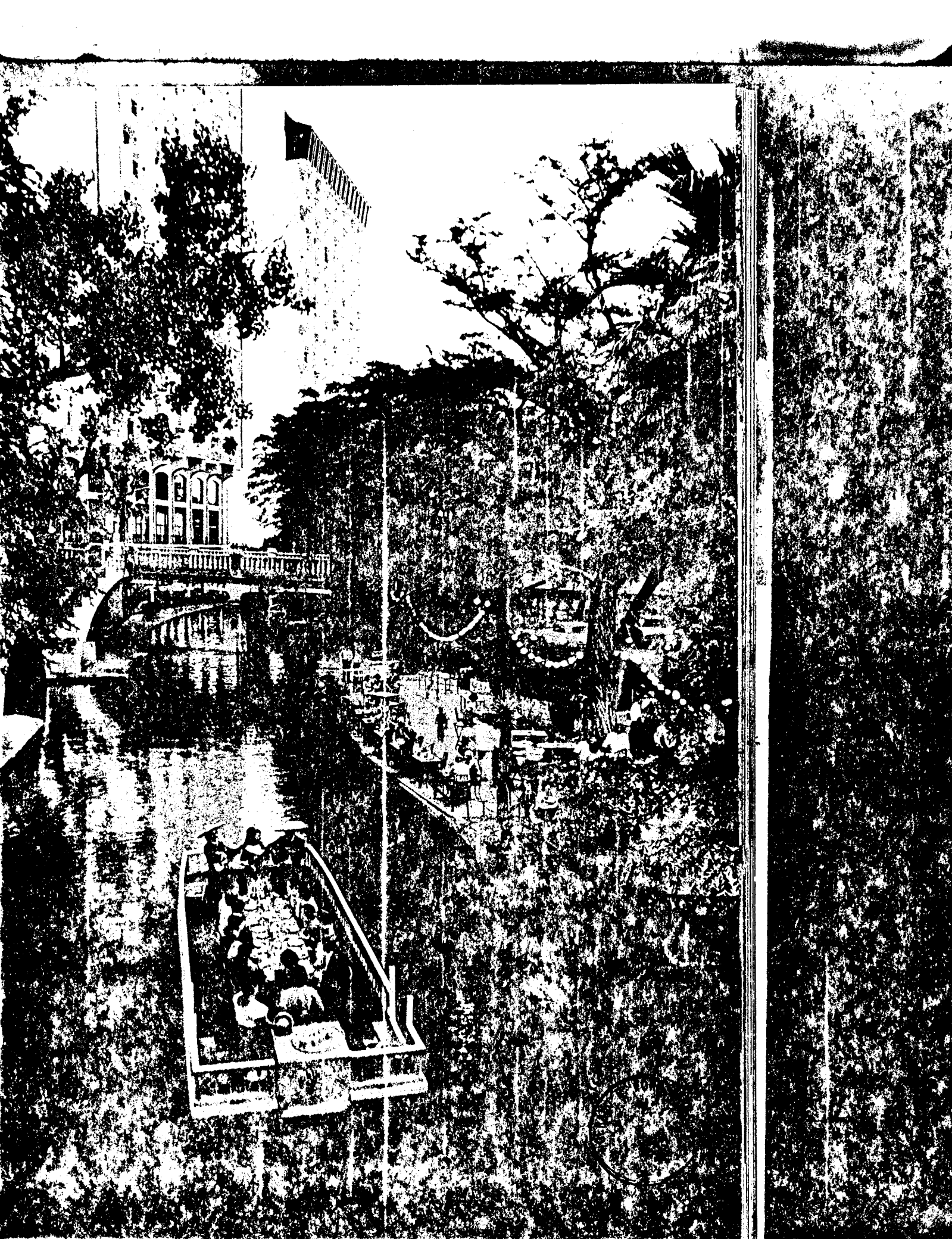

DAVID L. ARNOLD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF (ABOVE)

Magnífica! Tremendous! Right on! No matter the lingo, the ten April days of Fiesta and its scores of events yearly entertain more than a million people. A procession of floats, the riverborne parade swings to "Remember Jazz," the entry of St. Philip's College (**above**). Founded as an all-black institution, the college now accepts students of any ethnic origin, reflecting San Antonio's diversity of cultures and peoples.

Sneakering along between bands, a Texas-size sombrero (**left**) joins the Battle of Flowers street parade.

At "A Night in Old San Antonio," crowds swirl through La Villita, the rebuilt original Mexican village (**right**), to enjoy international food, games, and entertainment at booths manned by volunteers. Proceeds go to the San Antonio Conservation Society, whose staff member Conrad True says: "Surgeons drawing beer, the head of a think tank running the show at the Gay Nineties Saloon, a politician flinging pizza, a bank president counting receipts—that's a show in itself."

Politics and pasta get a chewing over when the City Council and Her Honor, Lila Cockrell (**below**), lunch on Italian food at Mike's Ice House. Mrs. Cockrell in 1975 became the first woman mayor of this, the tenth largest U. S. city. With 756,000 people, San Antonio is larger than Boston or Pittsburgh within city limits.

Emphatic as an exclamation point, the 750-foot Tower of the Americas (**right**) rose for the city's 250th anniversary. Lower-keyed in tone than Dallas or Houston, San Antonio looks to future progress by developing light industry and by expanding trade with Mexico. Problems include poverty among Mexican-Americans, aggravated by the presence of perhaps 50,000 illegal aliens.

18th-century Spanish missions, four of them still-active Roman Catholic churches, and the Tower of the Americas, symbol of San Antonio's 1968 HemisFair and 250th birthday.

Downtown the San Antonio winds beside the Paseo del Rio, a 2½-mile stretch of riverside walkways, hotels, shops, tropical plants, and outdoor cafés. Here the river passes such diverse landmarks as the King William area, an inner-city neighborhood recalling days of Victorian elegance amid the simplicity of the Old West, and La Villita, the Mexican village of old San Antonio, now a quarter of restaurants and artists' and craftsmen's shops.

"San Antonio is our sweet secret," clubwoman Dorathy Lang told me—"no smokestacks polluting the sky, a mañana-paced life-style, an oasis of sorts."

Ancient cypress, live oak, and pecan trees, towering above the riverway, have swayed in winds that once ruffled the flags of Spain, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, and the Confederacy. The people of these cultures have scattered and mixed across the city, and they too have been growing here for a long time.

Mexican-Americans constitute nearly half of the San Antonio area's million people, making it the most Mexican of the nation's big

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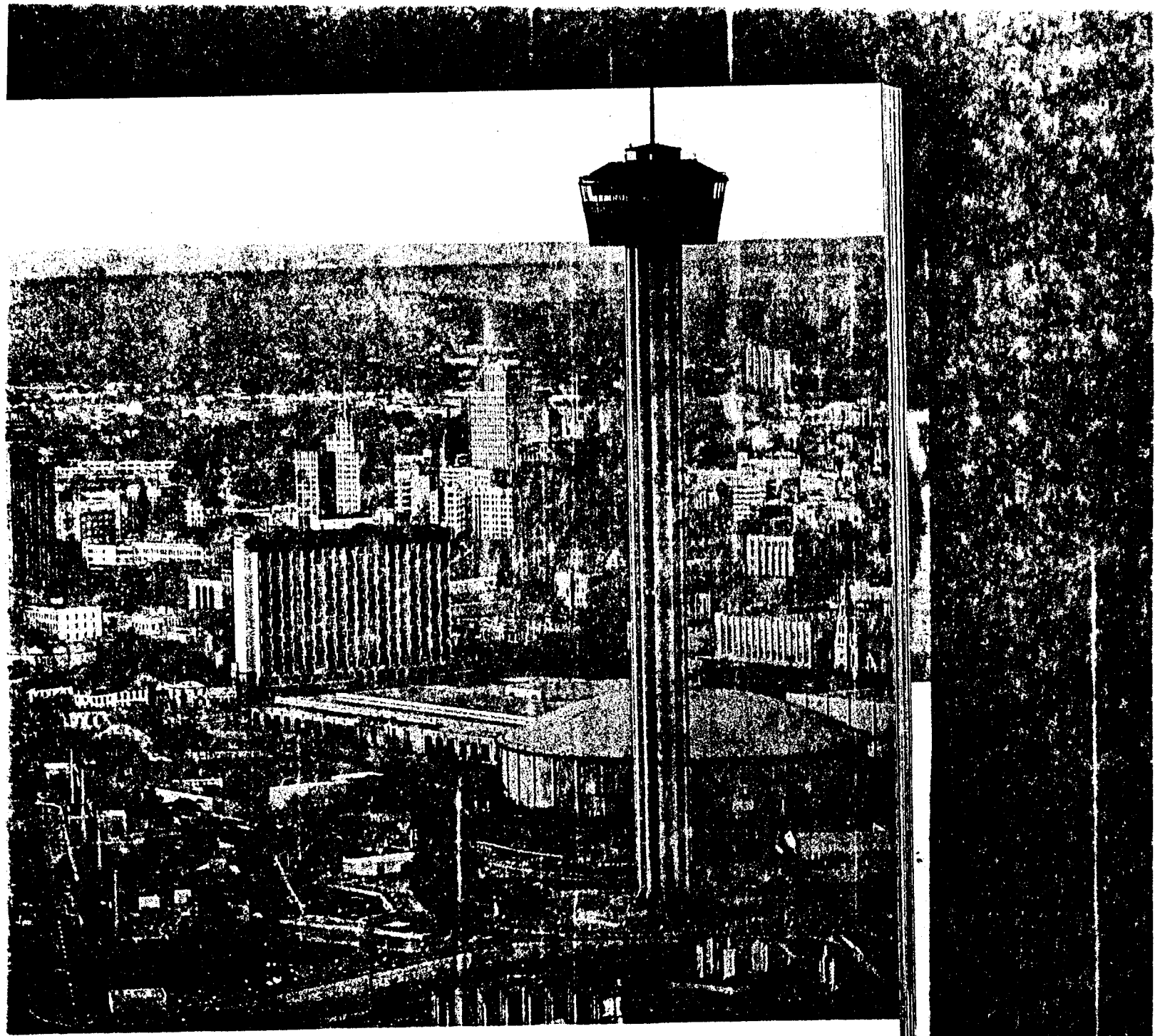

cities. Accents of Spanish soften conversation, tunes of mariachis add romance to social occasions. Fiesta, the city's ten-day-long April holiday, celebrates life in the jubilant spirit of a Mexican *carnaval.*

Smells of frijoles, chilies, and tortillas flavor the air in San Antonio homes, while the craftsmanship, designs, and materials of Mexico flavor the shapes of the city. Streets with Spanish names touch most areas: Mariposa, Zarzamora, Culebra, Flores, Dolorosa. Mexico's intimate, and often personal, interpretation of Catholic faith appears frequently in celebrations, ritual, and folkways of the city.

But the charms of San Antonio's Mexican style fade in the light of problems that beset a substantial part of the Mexican-American community, barely subsisting on an income well below the national poverty level.

Where the Cowboy Was Born

For 15 years I lived in "San Antone." I never did own a horse, but my brother and I rode lots of them while growing up here, and we often played cowboy in this city that was the birthplace of the American cowboy.

For more than a century San Antonio has been the central city of the largest call

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BLAIR PITTMAN (RIGHT)

With a six-gun stare and a Texas tattoo, a stockyard worker (**above**) might have sauntered in from the days when San Antonio reigned as *the* cattle town of Texas. Just after the Civil War, cattlemen gathered longhorns here for the long drive to railheads in Kansas.

Together with a good horse and saddle, a cowboy needs good boots. Since 1883 Lucchese Boot Company has filled that need. Whether custom formed on hand-carved lasts (**right**) or taken from stock, all are handmade to exacting specifications. Lucchese has shod Presidents, generals, cowboys—including the Hollywood variety—and tenderfeet.

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producing area in North America. Here the United States cattle industry developed during post-Civil War years, when the first enterprising south Texas cattlemen started to gather the millions of wild longhorns that had proliferated from stock left by the Spanish conquistadors.

Beginning in 1866 San Antonio changed from a sleepy army garrison to the first cow town of the Old West. Young men signed on here for the long drives to Midwestern railheads, on trails known as Shawnee, Chisholm, and Western. Here the cowboys' clothing and gear were store-bought or custom-designed to the demands of the trail. Even today, boots and saddles made by San Antonio craftsmen are judged among the finest.

The cowboy's language was also fashioned here with words borrowed from his teacher, the Mexican vaquero: mustang from *mesteño*, ranch from *rancho*, stampede from *estampida*, savvy from *saber* (to know), barbecue from *barbacoa*, lariat from *la reata*.

Manhood Comes With a Boy's First Deer

Though the trail drives have gone the way of the Old West, you still find cowboys here, city cowboys like Edd Owen, who rents a run-down, one-horse spread on the outskirts of San Antonio, about a 20-minute drive from downtown. He ekes out a living in today's world as a concrete form setter, but just looking at him—7 feet from boots to hat—and listening to him talk, no one would mistake Edd for anything but a cowboy.

"Just a Texan," he corrected me, "actin' kind of natural."

Edd is a rodeo buff, he listens to country and western music, he loves his beer and tequila, and during the late-fall season he does little else but hunt the fleet and canny white-tailed deer—probably the most sought-after animal in all Texas.

He and his two boys, Monty and Marlon, don't have to go far to hunt, since deer roam the live oak and mesquite woods on their land. They just have to remember not to shoot in the direction of neighbors or the highway. The day before I stopped by, 9-year-old Marlon had just bagged his first deer, and the head with its eight-point antlers hung from the big pecan tree in their front yard.

"That deer meat comes in handy," Edd said. "We ain't been eatin' too high on the hog lately, work been [illegible] nothin' quite like killin' your first deer, right, Marlon?" Marlon blushed and nodded as his father tousled his hair. "Now he's a deerslayer. He's come of age."

Many working cattlemen make San Antonio their "city" home and the business and supply center for their ranches. Some also move here so that their children can go to one of the city's notable private schools, like Saint Mary's Hall or Texas Military Institute.

"There are probably more ranching families in San Antonio than in any other major Texas city," San Antonio resident "B" Johnson told me. Belton Kleberg Johnson, widely known as B, is the great-grandson of Capt. Richard King and presently one of eight directors of the fabled King Ranch—the nation's largest family-owned cattle ranch, comprising some 800,000 acres. He is a far cry from the cowhand of the Old West; his wide-ranging activities include serving as a director of American Telephone and Telegraph Company and as a trustee of Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts.

But B, a youthful and robust 45, has ranching deep in his blood. With the independence of mind of a true Texan, he set out on his own Chaparrosa Ranch to improve the breeding of Santa Gertrudis cattle—the first U.S. purebred, originally developed on the King Ranch. At San Antonio's 1975 Livestock Show and Rodeo, his bulls took 11 out of 14 first-place ribbons.

"I like the challenge of testing my own theories about cattle breeding and being responsible for the results," said B. "To me, that's what being a cattleman's all about."

Trucks Now Make the Cattle Drives

At San Antonio's Union Stockyards, the oldest in Texas, 300,000 head of cattle were sold in 1974. With packing plants so close by, I asked stockyards president Carlton Hagelstein if they didn't sometime have a cattle drive up the street just for old time's sake.

"The last cattle drive into San Antonio occurred in 1930," Carlton said. "Today, if we tried, I'm sure we'd wind up paying thousands of dollars for torn-up lawns and trampled flower beds. We still drive 'em, but now we use trucks."

The legacy of the Alamo's rugged individualism took root in San Antonio, today

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still a city of mavericks—and Mavericks. The latter, now some 200 strong, are the descendants of Samuel A. Maverick, an 1835 settler who gained lasting renown because he allowed the calves of his small herd to roam unbranded.

One story goes that when he finally sold his herd, the buyer rode over the country rounding up all brandless cows on the theory that they were Maverick's. But Maverick himself wrote that the buyer found no more than 400 animals, the number in the original herd. In any event, the word entered the language for any unbranded cow, and later for an independent-minded person.

Sam Maverick, a Yale graduate and a lawyer, was chosen by his comrades-in-arms at the Alamo, soon to be besieged, to travel to Washington on the Brazos River and help draft the Texas Declaration of Independence. "My family agrees that old Sam's education did him the most good when it got him out of there," joked his great-grandson Maury Maverick, Jr., himself a lawyer (page 535).

Mavericks Are Still Pure Texan

At City Cemetery 1, where Sam Maverick and his wife, Mary, are buried, Maury talked about his family's stake in American history. "A Sam Maverick died in the Boston Massacre," he said, recalling the famous engraving by Paul Revere. "I guess you could date our civic involvement from there."

Maury, a Marine Corps veteran, has been, as he says, "a defender of lost causes"—such as his defense of Viet Nam war resisters. He is also known in law circles for his successful argument before the U. S. Supreme Court of *Stanford* v. *Texas,* a landmark case emanating from San Antonio that won the constitutional guarantee that no state official could ransack a home and seize papers under authority of a general warrant.

Chili is another native San Antonio item that Maverick is an authority on. "There's no doubt that chili con carne originated here," said Maury. "It's pure 'Tex-Mex.' "

San Antonio cuisine also features enchiladas, tamale pie, and *chiles rellenos.* Mexican restaurants, a longtime trademark of the city, seem to be on every corner.

When I returned to San Antonio, one of the first things I did, along with feasting on Mexican food, was call my old friends, artists Richard Harrell Rogers and his beautiful wife, MarJo. "Come on over," said Dick. "You're just in time. I'm showing 'Daedalus' to General Harbold."

"Daedalus" turned out to be a 10-foot-high stainless-steel sculpture commissioned by the Order of Daedalians, a fraternity of military pilots with its headquarters in San Antonio. Retired Maj. Gen. Norris B. Harbold, a past national commander of the Daedalians and a pioneer in air navigation, was checking on the piece, which will be displayed in the Smithsonian's new Air and Space Museum.

Smoking's a drag for Ringo, but he earns a reward of drinking water. At the Southwest Foundation for Research and Education, a leading area laboratory, the baboon puffs for a study on the role of inhaled tobacco smoke in hardening of the arteries.

Maverick with a big M. Maury Maverick, Jr., as a lawyer and defender of unpopular causes, carries on the tradition that made his family name part of the language. After his great-grandfather's unbranded cattle were styled "mavericks," the word came to mean anyone who broke away from herd mentality.

Visiting from her LBJ Ranch 70 miles northwest of the city, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson (**left**) lunches at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Steves. Their house, designed by San Antonio architects Ford, Powell & Carson, was built by Mexican craftsmen.

"We were looking for a symbol of man's first flight," said General Harbold, "and Rogers' unique construction of wedges really spoke to us. You know, of course, that military heavier-than-air aviation had its first base here in San Antonio."

On March 2, 1910, Lt. Benjamin D. Foulois made what he later called his four Army flying firsts: "My first takeoff, my first solo, my first landing, and my first crash on the same day."

The historic place was Fort Sam Houston —today Fifth Army Headquarters and site of the Army's Health Services Command. Fort Sam is also home for Brooke Army Medical Center, one of the Army's largest hospitals. Its allied Institute of Surgical Research, better known as the "Burn Center," is considered by many to be the world's most effective burn-care facility (page 547).

The Air Force is much in evidence in San Antonio, with some 31,000 people on active duty spread among four bases: Kelly, Brooks, Lackland, and Randolph. Kelly, site of the San Antonio Air Logistics Center, employs nearly 20,000 civilians in the repair and maintenance of aircraft. At Brooks, Headquarters Aerospace Medical Division runs the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine and Wilford Hall Medical Center at Lackland Air Force Base, the Air Force's largest medical facility.

Since 1946 Lackland has provided the rigorous grind of recruit training for most people in the Air Force. Randolph Air Force Base is headquarters for the Air Training Command, and it also processes nearly all the personnel records of the Air Force. It is home as well for the USAF Recruiting Service and the Air Force graduate school for instructor pilots.

With this panoply of installations, it is no surprise to find that a third of the city's economy is directly attributable to the military presence in San Antonio.

Soldiers Come Home to San Antone

The city's retired military and their dependents number 50,000. What draws them? "We came back to a home place, not just a familiar duty station," a retired colonel told me. "San Antonio's got beauty and charm, and it doesn't cost too much to live here."

Thousands of servicemen over the years have married sweethearts they met in San Antonio. The city's military lore is endless—and not lacking in love stories. Lt. Dwight D. Eisenhower met Mamie Doud here, and also coached local football teams. Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders drilled by day in a city park and regrouped by night in hotel bars. Charles A. Lindbergh spent a year in the city perfecting his flying at the Army's Primary Flying School at Brooks Field and at Kelly

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All the splash and splendor San Antonio can muster goes on display at the Order of the Alamo's coronation of the Queen of Fiesta. The public ceremony, held in the

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Municipal Auditorium with pageantry, music, and debutantes in many-thousand-dollar gowns, precedes a private coronation ball, the social event of the year.

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"Medic!" A soldier with a chest wound needs help at once. Four figures race out and lift the trooper onto an improvised litter as rifle fire cracks and exploding bombs sweep the field with smoke (**right**). Realistic, but not real. Battle conditions, the wound—all are simulated as part of Army medical corps training at Fort Sam Houston.

Between drill sergeant and deep-blue pit (**below**), a recruit tries to Tarzan across one obstacle in a basic-training "confidence course" at Lackland Air Force Base.

Field, two years before his solo Atlantic flight.

Today in San Antonio you continually find living links to the military's past as well as to its space-oriented future.

Many of the legendary Flying Tigers of World War II received their pilot training in San Antonio. One of them, renowned ace David Lee "Tex" Hill, married a Texas girl and is now in the oil business here. Over coffee one morning in his home, we talked about his exploits and even some movies that were based on the squadrons' adventures: *Flying Tigers,* starring John Wayne, and *God Is My Co-Pilot,* with Dennis Morgan. Actors played Tex Hill in both films.

"Our name was officially the American

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Volunteer Group," Tex said, "and we were recruited to help keep the Burma Road open. We were asked by the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, and we went because if China had collapsed the Germans and the Japanese might have linked up across India and Burma. . . . We got the tiger-shark motif from the British, who earlier used it in the desert against the Germans and Italians. . . ." I listened for several hours as Tex recounted tales and added footnotes to history.

Pioneer on the Frontier of Space

In those years Tex would never have dreamed that he would be living in the same city with Dr. Hubertus Strughold, director of Nazi Germany's Aeromedical Research Institute in Berlin before and during World War II. After the war Dr. Strughold left a university professorship at Heidelberg and moved to San Antonio to work with the U. S. Air Force at what is now its School of Aerospace Medicine. He has been here ever since, helping in many important ways to change the history of aviation.

Today Dr. Strughold is known throughout the world as the "Father of Space Medicine" and as the man who conceived the first space-cabin simulator. Typical of his unconventional imagination was his test of a hypothesis about the surface of Mars by shooting a BB gun at frozen mud pies.

GERALD R. F

ROBERT MAXHAM

Trabajo y suerte—work and luck—stand as the first two rungs on the ladder of success for San Antonio's 400,000 Mexican-Americans. The enterprising shoeshine boy (**top**) may one day own the kind of boots he now polishes.

From a shoestring start, Frank Sepulveda (**above**) built a multimillion-dollar produce business. Involved now in politics and philanthropy, his roots remain in the Mexican "West Side."

Fighting his way up, Mike Ayala (**right**) became national bantamweight champ before turning pro. The prize-fight route out of poverty attracts many more than it can reward.

National Geographic, April 1976

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

San Antonio: "Texas, Actin' Kind of Natural"

As he showed me around Brooks Air Force Base, where he still has an office, I asked Dr. Strughold about the influences of the space program in our everyday life.

"The man on the street," he said, "knows he is no longer a man on the street in the old sense; now he knows he is more or less a man on the Milky Way."

Wetbacks Keep Labor Pool Filled

But thousands of San Antonians are still very much on the street—those of the barrios, the Spanish-speaking neighborhoods. Large numbers of illegal immigrants, bred in the poverty of Mexico's rural villages, have made their way here hoping for a new life. Instead, many have created social problems in yet another place. The United States Immigration and Naturalization Service guesses that as many as 50,000 illegal aliens from Mexico may be living in the San Antonio area.

The immigrants from Mexico keep coming. Jorge Laredo, a construction worker whose wife works as a maid, told me his reasons. "I believe that there is more hope here, more money to be made, more chance for my children to survive. And there is in San Antonio a community of Mexico that makes me feel at home. We work very hard here, and we do not mind. But I pray it will get better."

Except for contractors of farm labor, it is not against the law to hire wetbacks, as the illegal aliens are called. The only person at fault, the law says, is the Mexican who illegally enters the country.

"The illegal alien and the poor Mexican-American are the same to an employer," Carlos Mata told me. "They're all in the same big pool of cheap labor that forever has been low paid, nonunion, and grateful for any job."

The needs of his people seemed more urgent to Carlos Mata than a boxing career. After a few years as a pro, he entered the field of social work for the House of Neighborly Service, a United Way agency, and the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. As chairman of the Bexar County Food Stamps Task Force and Monitoring Committee, he had success in improving distribution of food stamps in the overall San Antonio area.

"Food stamps are chipping at the tip of the iceberg," said Carlos. "Census Bureau figures show there are now about a million people in the San Antonio area. In 1970 some 166,000 existed on incomes below poverty level. If

Drumming up an audience, the company of the Teatro de los Barrios marches through a housing project. The cast performs "The Alamo," a play that looks at history from the Mexican viewpoint and debunks the motives of Anglo heroes. They were, after all, Texas newcomers, and Jim Bowie, though courageous, also traded in slaves.

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you are existing 'below poverty level,' it comes to this: not only hunger, but inferior education, no skills, discrimination, fatherless children, crime, hopelessness. All these things are eating at the poor people of the barrios, and it's a vicious cycle."

Awareness of these unsolved problems has led many to the "Chicano" social-change movement, where they have found renewed hope based on racial and cultural pride. I talked to one of San Antonio's Chicano leaders, Barrio Professor Ernesto Gomez, director of Centro del Barrio, a field unit run by the Worden School of Social Service of Our Lady of the Lake College. Ernesto earned his rank through lifelong involvement in barrio life, which included a precarious apprenticeship as a gang leader.

"Things are changing," said Ernesto. "Social institutions have responded with long overdue bicultural programs. There is a commitment among young Chicanos toward

social work and politics. We have a pride in our identity. These are things to build on."

Jesus (Jesse) Villarreal has come up the hard way and made a success in the electrical-contracting business. Recently he and some friends opened the Mission Federal Savings and Loan Association, aimed primarily at helping to secure the fairest home loans possible for some of the city's lower-middle-class Mexican-Americans.

The Villarreal family came from Mexico during the Pancho Villa era, and Jesse's father worked for the railroad. "I remember discrimination, but I never took it seriously," Jesse said. "In 1952 my big break came when an Anglo, Harry Chandler, and I went into partnership in a firm we called Jesse and Chandler; we both thought the name Villarreal might keep Anglo customers away. You have to compromise here and there.

"Anglos want the Mexican worker because he'll work for less. But once you can sell a good job, not cheapness, then those hiring realize that good work is really what they want.

"San Antonio's been real good to me and to a lot of Mexican-Americans. If a person isn't lazy and has the will to get ahead, he can make it here. There is a large middle class of second-, third-, and fourth-generation Mexican-Americans to prove it. Our problems are not cured, but they're coming around."

A River Shapes the City

In the early morning along the San Antonio River, such problems seem far away. When the dawn mist rises from the water, the marshy woodland in Brackenridge Park seems especially primordial. Here the river is born of artesian springs bubbling from the limestone caverns of the Edwards Underground Reservoir, 500 feet below the ground. This 175-mile-long aquifer provides water for San Antonio and a five-county area.

That headwater is a borning place for more than a river. It is the site of one of San Antonio's earliest known settlements, a 10,000-year-old Indian campground in the

And it was here, at San Antonio Springs, that I put into the river for a canoe trip with a group of people interested in the San Antonio River Corridor—a 15-mile swath through the city, most of which is still surprisingly unexploited. The River Corridor has been studied for extensive housing, business, and recreational development.

In its present state the river can be an irksome obstacle course, with many portages required to get from the park to downtown. Nevertheless, we pushed on past the zoo, the Witte Museum, a golf course, a brewery.

"Even Tourists Act Civilized Down Here"

Then we glided into the lovely realm of the Paseo del Rio—an inspiring example of what can be done along the river. I waved to young Arthur "Hap" Veltman, one of San Antonio's visionary businessmen along the Paseo del Rio. Hap was busy working on yet another enterprise, a restaurant and discotheque called the Royal Street Crossing, near his popular Kangaroo Court.

At one of the riverside tables of the Court, I often passed pleasant hours with New York expatriate writer-editor Margaret Cousins, Conrad True of the San Antonio Conservation Society, and other "River Rats," a group who enjoyed lively talk and the timeless ambience of the river.

"This is the finest place in the whole world," observed Maggie Cousins, who lives in a riverside apartment. "Even tourists act civilized down here."

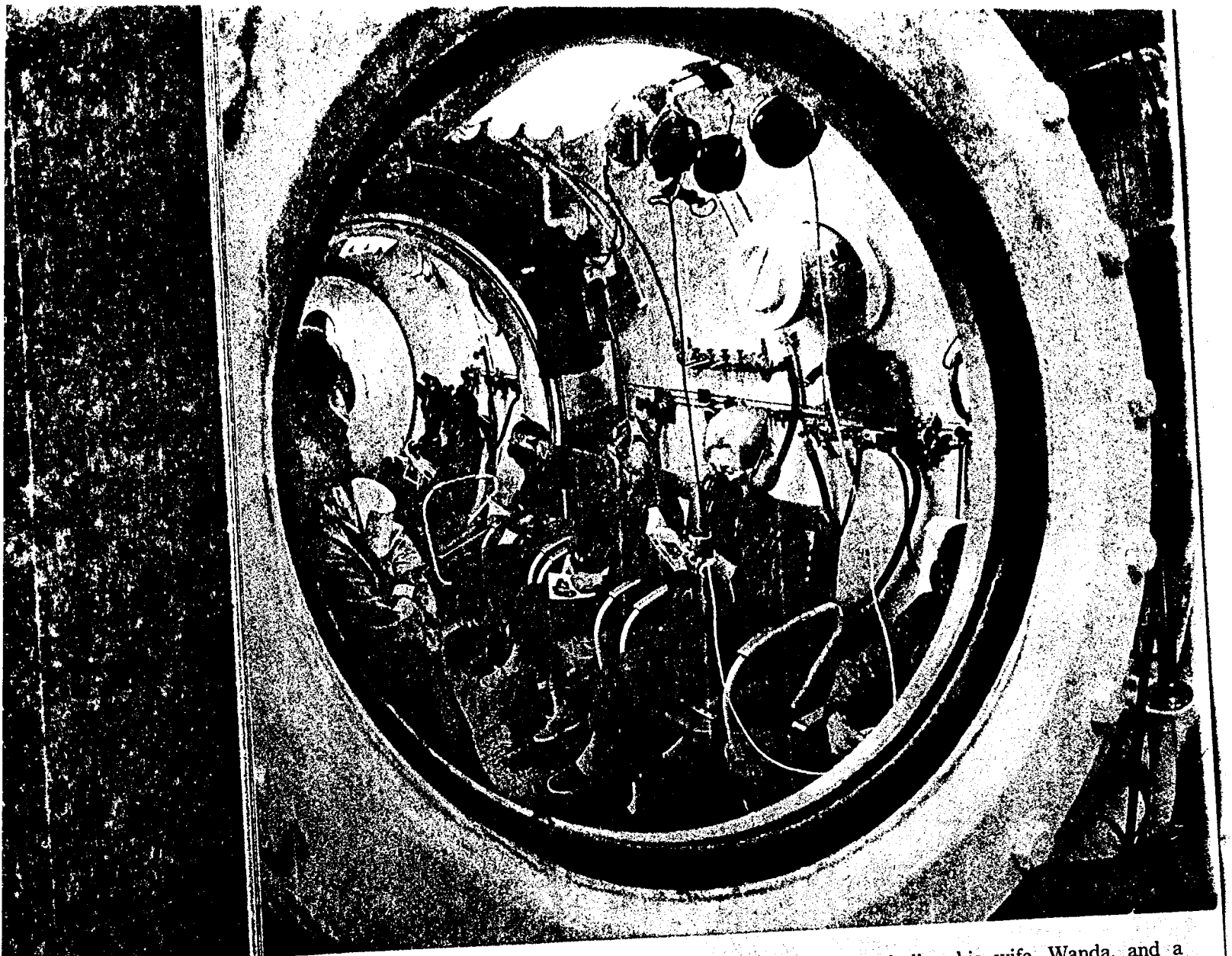
Our convoy of canoes stopped at the Paseo del Rio office of lawyer and fellow voyager Phillip Hardberger, for the seaman's traditional ration to fight the January chill.

"I look forward to the day," said Phil, "when I can walk out of my house on River Road, get into my canoe, and in a pleasant half hour dock here at my office. All we need are the pigeons and I'll think I'm in Venice."

Years had gone by since a costly study on the River Corridor was published, and I wondered when development would begin.

Fitness fans work out at Air Force Village, a private community for widows and retired officers that includes apartments for the active and a nursing home for others. What San Diego offers retired admirals, San Antonio holds for retired generals—an easy life-style at reasonable cost in the company of congenial friends.

RALD R. FORD LIBRA



"The six agencies involved just haven't raised the money," said Larry Travis, urban planner and architect. "And yet the River Corridor project could well be a catalyst to make the inner city get up and go."

Architect Melds Past and Future

The dean of San Antonio's architects is 70-year-old O'Neil Ford, a man to whom the city owes much for the preservation and creation of that special San Antonio fabric.

When I first talked to him in his King William Street office, he was quite distressed over a recent turn of events. He and many others, including his wife, Wanda, and a partner, Boone Powell, had just lost a 14-year fight against the route of the city's northbound expressway. We went out to take a look.

"Can you believe this?" he said to me as we looked over the expressway's newly bulldozed course through Olmos Basin Park. "They have to cut a beautiful live oak wood, that took hundreds of years to grow, for a concrete racetrack. Look at the land they're building on: Across a floodplain, through dedicated parkland, and splitting perhaps the most beautiful residential area in the city. This insensitivity will kill us all yet."

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

Chamber of health forces pure oxygen, under high pressure, into the blood of patients at Brooks Air Force Base (**left**). The hyperbaric chamber, once used to study the effects of altitude on military pilots, now treats such afflictions as bone disease.

At the "Burn Center" of Brooke Army Medical Center at Fort Sam Houston, the even pressure of a mask (**below**) helps soften and reduce scar tissue to minimize disfigurement of the severely burned.

Ford's creations are considered beauty spots throughout the city: The brick-and-glass campus of Trinity University, as inviting as an Italian hill town; the Tower of the Americas, San Antonio's ever-present beacon of progress; a 46-million-dollar University of Texas campus, fitting into the countryside like a natural wonder.

Mexican Village Rises Again

One of the jobs he is proudest of is the restoration of La Villita, where he worked with young Lyndon B. Johnson, then Texas head of the National Youth Administration, which directed the city-sponsored project. Ford talked about the extraordinary legacy of the Roosevelt era's Work Projects Administration in San Antonio: La Villita, the zoo, parks, and beautification of the river.

"You know, it *is* possible to do something under the sponsorship of a government project and also do work of the highest quality," said O'Neil. "I remember those kids learning how to cut limestone in La Villita. They were busy building up their own city, a city that they now had a stake in. What a needed concept today, and what a stake in the future that would give us all!"

GERALD R. FORD

Many men like Ford and Travis worry about San Antonio's downtown, suffering because shopping centers have made suburban areas self-sufficient, and because few people can live in town owing to the scarcity of middle-income houses and apartments.

Recent proposals have suggested making downtown into a residential community; turning HemisFair Plaza into a garden park, with Copenhagen's Tivoli and Paris's Tuileries as models; redeveloping Alamo Plaza into a park with a pedestrian mall and first-rate tourist attractions; remodeling the Municipal Auditorium into a new center for the performing arts.

One businessman digging in to do battle is R. Jay Casell. Casell—with the assistance of Western artist Clinton Baermann—has recently built what he calls the Alamo's artillery command post in Alamo Plaza. There an exciting five-screen film, *Remember the Alamo*, re-creates the siege 18 times a day.

"We need a few more volunteers," said Jay. "Not the world's greatest bear hunter or knife fighter to defend the Alamo, but this time businessmen with imagination who have the same kind of fight in them for Alamo Plaza and our downtown."

Foundation Strives to Create Jobs

While San Antonio is far from the nation's wealthiest city, its economy is one of the more stable. But there are long-standing problems.

"The day is past when we can sit back and naively believe that our economic health depends solely on revenues from the military, tourism, or agribusiness," said Rabbi David Jacobson, a man much honored for his humanitarian works in the city. "What we must do to realistically achieve that economic balance is attract new industries and provide more jobs, especially for those in the vital low-income and semiskilled areas."

The newly formed San Antonio Economic Development Foundation, Inc., wholly financed by the business community, is trying to do just that. "We're going after companies that fit our labor force," said retired Gen. Robert [illegible] "Light industries, insurance companies, electronics firms, and hospital-medical industries growing with South Texas Medical Center—our giant new complex of hospitals and the University of Texas Health Science Center.

"We're also advertising San Antonio's assets as a headquarters city." McDermott, as head of the 4,000-employee United Services Automobile Association, speaks from experience: USAA is opening its new hundred-million-dollar corporate headquarters here.

Permanent Fair for Mexico's Products

San Antonio has excellent truck, rail, and air links to Mexico. With Laredo, the biggest U. S. commercial gateway to Mexico, only 150 miles away, the possibility of a permanent Mexican Trade Fair—a showplace for Mexican goods—is an exciting new potential for San Antonio's economy. The short history of its yearly fair has shown phenomenal growth: Orders for Mexican goods have jumped from 1.5 million dollars in 1972 to 80 million in 1975.

The Trade Fair's guiding force is Tom C. Frost, Jr., chairman of the board of Frost National Bank, San Antonio's largest. The family-owned bank was started by his Texas Ranger great-grandfather a century ago.

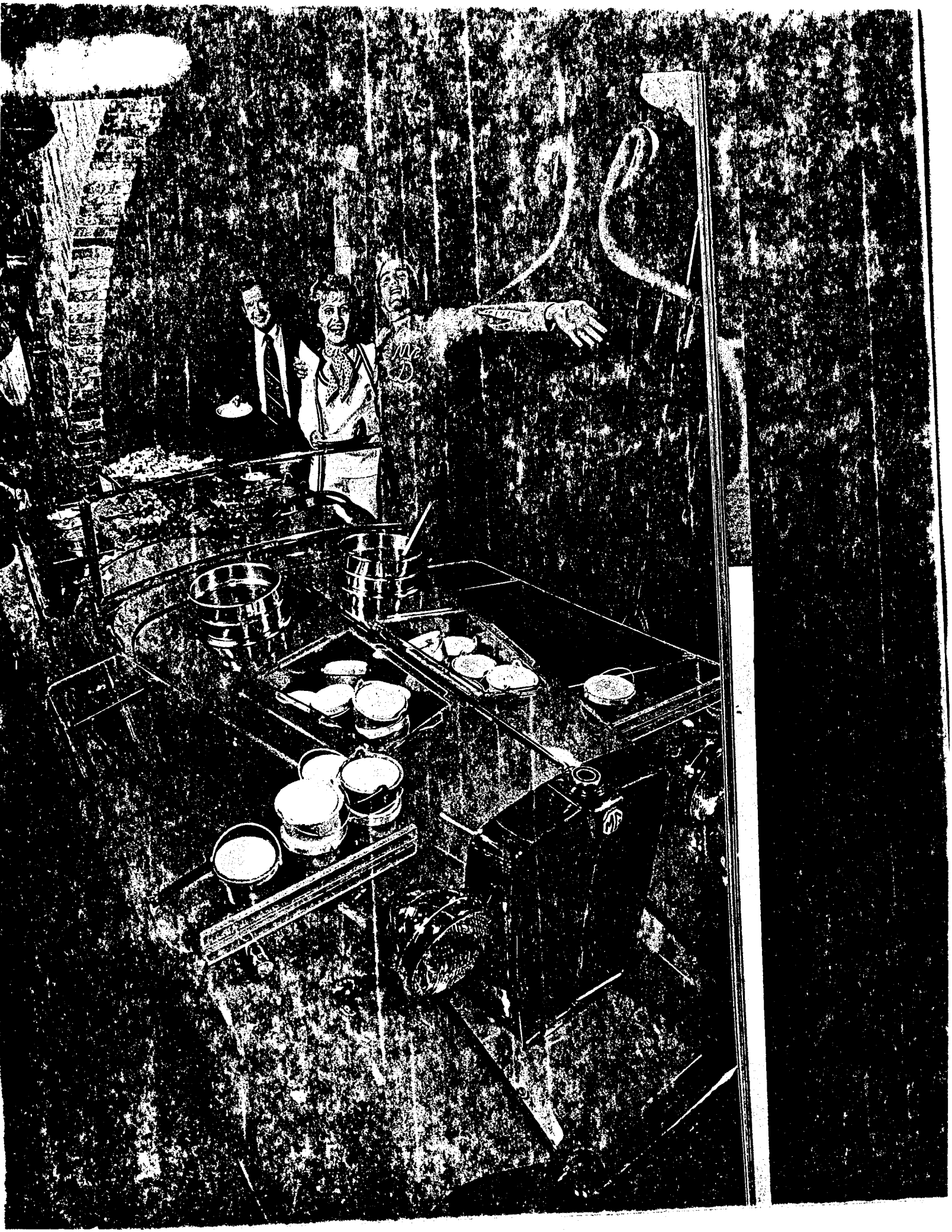
"Since HemisFair, we've been developing more and more as a hub for trade with Mexico and the rest of Latin America," Tom said. "San Antonio and Mexico are both sleeping giants, and our partnership could be an important stimulus to both of us to awake and use our potential."

Many people told me that to become a place where Mexico and Texas can evolve in a spirit of helpfulness, to make a city that goes deeper than great allure and colorful traditions, San Antonio will have to meet its challenges and problems as head on as did the defenders of the Alamo.

And in this San Antonio of sweet air and friendly people, there is enough promise and intelligence and strength to make you think that they might do it. □

MG translates into "munchable greens" at a restaurant called the Magic Time Machine, where a sports car becomes a salad bar and a waiter the devil. Though in some ways staid, the city still lives up to poet Sidney Lanier's 1872 observation: "If peculiarities were quills, San Antonio . . . would be a rare porcupine."

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY



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RECONSTRUCTING THE PAST

In recreating special events, scenes, buildings or furnishings the goal of a good museum is authenticity. Unlike a restoration, where the original likeness is reproduced from an existing structure or artifact, a reconstruction is an attempt to represent what was real with as much factual evidence as can be accumulated. Therefore, the presentation lies not in the building or artifact itself but in the history it imparts. The desire of a good museumist, then, is to draw together the new and the old so they make a true, intelligible and interesting story.

In the case of the reconstruction of Gladys City modern regulations imposed certain restrictions on construction for the safety of visitors but this has not been detrimental to the over-all plan. For example, the foundations are much better than any found at the original site, the lumber is treated and precautions are taken for its preservation far beyond what was done 75 years ago but the effect is still maintained - what an oilfield boomtown was and was like from 1901 through 1906.

We are very fortunate to be working with such chronologically recent material. We can be relatively confident of our interpretations particularly since a wealth of objects and information are still available for research. Many of our decisions as to which buildings would be represented in the bicentennial project were based on the C. B. Hice Directory published between 1903 and 1905. This small book listed the residents, their

occupations, their employers, and their addresses as well as many of the business establishments. With this and other valuable resources we have reliable guidelines from which to re-establish what was actually on "The Hill".

There were several concentrations of buildings other than Gladys City. One was called Spindle Top which, according to the investigations thus far indicate that it was somewhat larger in size than Gladys City. Others included at least power plants, dwellings and storage structures in the Gober Tract in Block 21 and in the Hogg-Swayne, Keith-Ward and the Yellow Pine Districts. So we have taken representative samples from the entire complex of what was to be referred to as the Spindle Top Oil Field.

In our attempt to make the reconstruction as realistic but at the same time as safe for the collections as possible we have encountered several problem areas. Climate control is an inherent headache for directors of outdoor museums and other than extremely patient and co-operative assistance there are few solutions. In the 1976 version of Gladys City we were desirous of leaving the street as it would have been with the mud and atmosphere it generated but with the obvious potential of creating a ruinous mess within each structure. So we went back to the early photographs and found walkways between most of the buildings and so they have been constructed and can accomodate wheelchairs and handicapped visitors.

Recent disastrous fires and thefts of substantial magnitude in some of the world's leading museums have increased awareness of the need for security even in the smaller institutions. Security is based on deterring, delaying and detecting the criminal or naturally destructive agent. Several systems are available for each problem and most appropriate are being employed in each building with a minimum amount of visual obstruction. We we have done our best to make your visit as educational and at the same time as enjoyable as possible.

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THE TOUR

In the next several columns I would like to take you on a visit through the new Gladys City. We will discuss why certain buildings were chosen for reconstruction and the donations and artifacts contributed thus far for their re-creation and what is still needed to make this bicentennial project an educational facility everyone in Southeast Texas can be proud of.

First of all, we are not attempting to create another amusement park, we are an historical, living museum and while we hope it will be fun to "participate" in our town, the primary objective is to let the visitor get a glimpse of what life was like during the mad scramble for oil and fortunes seventy-five years ago. Those who made it and those who didn't will be treated with equal respect for often it was the loyalty and dedication of the drillers and roughnecks and the pipeliners and roustabluts who made the companies what they were to become.

Everyday life was seldom recorded except in payroll books and credit ledgers but like the letters to home from young confederate and union soldiers, they reflect the true feelings of the times. As mentioned previously we relied very heavily on the Hice Directory of Spindle Top for real people and actual businesses to portray.

One of these establishments which becomes quite appropriate for an outdoor museum was an Information Bureau. Although it probably served much like an employment service during the boom

it can be utilized to great advantage today as a similar means of orientation for the visitor. The Information Bureau is the first building the public will encounter and appropriately is being finished and furnished by the Beaumont Convention and Visitors Bureau. It will be one of only two buildings which will be insulated, heated and air conditioned. This location will serve as a souvenir shop offering, according to the self-imposed rules of the museum profession, objects which relate to our preservations. We will have some fine custom jewelry and by taking advantage of a very rare opportunity we will offer a limited edition of sequentially numbered crystal plates commemorating the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Lucas Gusher. We are also preparing typical handbills of the times and are planning to offer map and photo reproductions. We will also have the results of the computer data obtained from the Hice Directory as well as some appropriate books and pamphlets for sale.

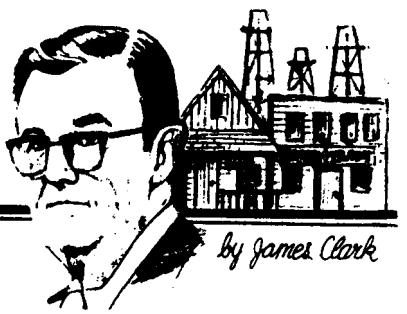
We will register guests and assign docents at this point and hopefully begin a logical pattern of flow (actually a process of explanation leading toward an insatiable curiosity).

The second structure will be the office of the Nelson and White engineering team who were among the first surveyors on the Hill. We have been very fortunate in receiving some of the original equipment and furnishings used by these two men from their families. Mrs. J. J. Van Meter, daughter of Geo. W. White, and Mr. Mangus Nelson and Mr. Bill Nelson, son and grandson respectively

of August L. Nelson. Bill Nelson is the bicentennial project coordinator representing the Southeast Texas Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and has devoted untold hours to making this an accurate representation of the original Gladys City.

In this office we will be able to orient the visitor as to where Spindle Top actually was in relation to the reconstruction and why we were unable to build on the original site because of the continuing subsidence. We will also show some of the many problems surveyors faced in trying to work on the Hill not only from a physical nature but also from a legal perspective in that many parcels of land were being sold as 1/64th of an acre (about the size of a derrick floor). As in many of the other buildings we need any material in the form of records or artifacts which would be appropriate and suitable time-wise and are receiving assistance from the Deep East Texas Chapter of the Texas Surveyors Association in collecting for this facility

GLADYS CITY



by James Clark

Jimmie Clark, Beaumonter and one of the co-authors of "Spindletop" (published by Random House but now out of print) has volunteered to write a series of columns between now and Jan. 10 as his contribution to the Gladys City campaign. The new Gladys City will open Jan. 10.

His generosity, he explains, comes from the fact that neither the Beaumont Chamber of Commerce nor The Enterprise Co. offered to pay for the series and he was afraid they would ask someone else. That, he said, would be an invasion of his territory.

It is anticipated that there will be from three to six columns weekly in this series during the next two months.

Complaints may be addressed to Clark at P.O. Box 6751, Houston, 77005.

Gladys City was, in effect, a real estate promotion by Pattillo Higgins, the prophet of Spindletop. His vision was an industrial city in the southern outskirts of Beaumont, which was a small village in a county with barely 5,000 citizens at the time.

But the dream that Higgins had was far more complex than the average real estate promotion. The basis of his sales pitch was that oil wells would be found on the mound in the middle of a prairie that would produce tens of thousands of barrels of oil daily. It might have been this tendency to "exaggerate" that dampened the enthusiasm (if any) of Beaumonters for the project.

Higgins had promoted a company to back his project and he called it the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co. His "angels" were George W. Carroll and George W. O'Brien, both distinguished leaders of the community. The company was named for Gladys Bingham, a 7-year-old member of Higgins' Sunday School class.

Higgins wanted the company to be a total Beaumont operation. He was convinced of its success, without even a hint of doubt, and he wanted it to make Beaumont the biggest city in the south.

Gladys City, the center of the promotion, was to be a complete industrial city four miles south of Beaumont's city limits.

One thing that must be constantly kept in mind about the Spindletop Oil Field (a name Higgins abhorred since it was the name of a competitive real estate development) is that this great field was the beginning of the liquid fuel age for America and the world. It has been called the first Texas oil field, which is wrong; the first oil gusher, which is wrong; or the first big field in Texas, which it was; or where oil became an industry, which it was not.

But the beginning of the liquid fuel age, far more important than all of these combined, it was. It was the field which gave the impression that it was completely inexhaustible, and caused one of the world's greatest oil wildcatters, John H. Galey of Pennsylvania, to tell Mike Welker, a Beaumont Enterprise reporter, that he considered it the birth of the liquid fuel age.

What the beginning of the liquid fuel age meant was that it was the field that changed the world. Industry would change from solid fuels, such as coal and wood, to petroleum. Oil's efficiency in burning, ease in handling, and relative simplicity in producing, gave the industrial revolution the kick it needed to project itself into the 20th century with a vigor that not even the dreamers of industrialization had anticipated.

So, it is important to remember that Spindletop was the birthplace of the liquid fuel age. Otherwise it would have been a relatively small, if temporarily spectacular, oil field and would not have been a fit subject for even a book by that name.

Yet the oil industry, the people of Texas and the nation, and even the people of Beaumont forgot that simple fact as the years passed. Beaumont forgot it so completely that they chose "Where Oil Became an Industry" as the slogan for the celebration of the old field's golden anniversary.

If anyone were going to pick a man with a vision in the late 1870s, the last person on the list would have been a rough, tough bully named Pattillo Higgins.

He wasn't the type who was likely to end up in prison because he was pure mischief without an ounce of felony. But he had what it took to keep the town boys out of his way and he built up a reputation for being a ne'er-do-well and a barroom wrangler.

Pattillo was the only son of Robert J. Higgins, named after his father's brother. He was born in Beaumont on Dec. 5, 1868, just over 33 years before the realization of a dream that would change the world.

He completed his education with the equivalent of four years schooling before he had to go to work in a shingle mill at the age of 13.

The elder Higgins was something of a character himself. He was said to have been a prisoner of war in the War Between the States, but he never confirmed that. He did speak of being one of Brave Dick Dowling's men in the famous battle of Sabine Pass.

Robert Higgins, a native of Georgia who stopped in Texas on his way to seek gold in California, became the town's gunsmith, mill mechanic, wedding ring manufacturer, and its only dentist.

Pattillo had four sisters. His mother was Sarah Catherine Anne Ray of Alabama. Robert met her on his trek west.

As a boy, Pattillo Higgins, known to his friends as "Bud," was big for his age and became a master at the art of fisticuffs. He was also a prankster whose mischief knew no bounds. As he grew into his teens he became a brawler, an habitue of barrooms, a penny ante gambler, and a tobacco chewer.

Among his pranks were such antics as setting an abandoned house afire on the outskirts of town in a driving rain so the town's volunteer firemen, composed of local society dudes, would respond by pulling their new fire engine through mud and high grass as he and his cronies roared in laughter when they passed.

On another occasion when two desperadoes were stashed in a cage-like pen, hanging by strong ropes from a large tree in front of the courthouse, Pattillo and his associates managed to cut the ropes. The cage fell and the bandits escaped. The boys also escaped to the Higgins home across Pearl Street.

But the most reprehensible of his stunts came one cold night north of town where a congregation of black Baptists was holding a revival. The boys carefully removed the steps from the front of the closed double door, took a hornets nest they had found nearby and placed it in a knothole in the floor of the church, freeing the hornets. Then they split their sides laughing under the church as the revivalists poured out headlong.

A passing deputy sheriff, attracted by the commotion, heard the boys scampering through the trees and took a shot in their direction to scare them into halting. The bullet ricocheted off a big oak and hit Pattillo in the hand. The hand became infected and the left arm had to be amputated, almost to the shoulder.

The loss of the arm slowed him down only slightly. He went into the woods to work as a logger and proved his prowess with his fists on every possible occasion. He continued his revelry whenever he came to town on the

weekends and, the natives were certain he was bound for the penitentiary before he could vote.

But one night as he passed the First Baptist Church something seemed to pull him in. A 19th century Billy Graham was conducting a rivival. His booming but mellifluous voice seemed to hypnotize the wayward youth and right then and there his life changed and he accepted conversion. In the audience was a neighbor and his boss, Geroge Washington Carroll, one of the city's leading lumbermen. He was impressed that this young Huckleberry Finn should so willingly accept Christ and decided to talk to him.

George W. Carroll was not only a distinguisned business leader of the town of Beaumont, he was a power in the Baptist church and a devoted member of the congregation. Some said he was a fanatic, but that description was too strong. He was a genuine Christian.

He could have been called slightly eccentric. He believed in eliminating the occasion for sin, so he was militantly opposed to drinking and gambling. In fact, he personally led occasional citizens' raids on barrooms and gambling parlors.

He was a man who hated sin but sincerely loved sinners. It was his philosophy that churches were made more for sinners than for the saved. He knew Pattillo Higgins was a sinner, but not one beyond redemption. And Carroll knew the boy was bright, inventive and imaginative.

As Pattillo came out the door of the church with a sort of glow on his face, George Carroll stuck out his hand to greet and congratulate him and welcome him to the congregation. Pattillo was impressed and proud. Carroll told Pattillo that if there were ever anything he could do for him to ask, and the way he said it, Pattillo knew he meant it. There were many ways young "Bud" Higgins could use help.

The question comes up as to what led Higgins into the church that night. In several interviews with him, I was never able to find out. His friends tell me they think it was a sudden inspiration instead of something he had thought about for a long time. And after going in, which he had done with his mother many times in his boyhood, why did he decide to become baptized?

But when he finally decided to become a Christian, he wasn't shy about it. He went all the way. That very night he stopped drinking, gambling, chewing tobacco and chasing wild women. His change might not have been equal to the conversions of Saul or Aurelius Augustinius, but they all had similar characteristics.

In fact, in later years many Beaumonters reasoned that the Lord simply came to "Bud" Higgins that night because he had a job for him to do for mankind. Others said Higgins knew exactly what he was doing because he wanted to get George Carroll to help him get out of the woods. These were the hypocrites and cynics talking. They had no evidence, just the usual vicious talk of their type. But even so, you have to accept the thesis that even if that were Higgins' motivation for conversion, it was God acting in his usual mysterious way.

Whatever happened that night in that little Baptist church led to an event that changed the world, possibly one of the greatest economic events in the history of mankind.

It wasn't too long before Pattillo Higgins called on George Carroll in his office and received a genuinely warm welcome. Higgins explained that he would like to get into some business on his own and get out of the logging camps

Carroll thought a few minutes and asked Higgins how he would like to get into the land and real estate business Higgins said fine, but that he didn't have much capital to start on. He said he could carry his own expenses for a few weeks.

So, that's what happened. Carroll told Higgins his company and others in the lumber business were always looking for new timberlands and frequently attempting to dispose of cutover land. Carroll said he would make some introductions and Higgins could start working when he thought he was ready. That didn't take long

Pattillo Higgins was as bright and imaginative as Carroll suspected and he was not long in making his new business a success.

In a short time he had been accepted even by most of the "society dudes" who once formed the volunteer fire department. In fact, in about 1887 he joined George W. Carroll and Dr. W.H. Smith in buying a plot of land at Pearl and Forsythe to donate as a site for a new First Baptist Church. Later when the church outgrew the building there, it transferred the property to the Tyrrell Public Library.

The great vision of Gladys City, however, was yet to come into Pattillo Higgins' sight

An almost instant success in the real estate business, it didn't take Pattillo Higgins long to become a respected citizen of Beaumont. Not only that, he made a host of friends in the surrounding area.

As he went through the country he frequently ran into his old logging friends in the timberlands. They were a rough lot and were constantly surprised at the changes brought about in "Bud," as they knew him.

He wasn't anything like he had been. Instead of looking for fights, he now went out of his way to avoid the few that presented themselves. He didn't drink, smoke or play cruel practical jokes, and he didn't even use profanity or chase loose women who seemed to try to throw themselves at him.

Of course, most remembered how he was the best fighter in the lumber camps despite the fact that he had only one arm, so he was not the butt of many jokes about his changeover, but he left his old cronies bewildered.

One day in the mid-1880s he was riding through a blinding rain in Orange County, not too far east of the Neches River, when he noticed a strange sort of reddish soil pushing its way up through the black earth.

A student of nature, he dismounted to look closer.

It covered a considerable area and his curiosity was aroused. He had never seen such a sign of nature before, so he dug down as far as he could with a small shovel he always carried and the phenomenon seemed bottomless. He put a sample in his saddle bag and proceeded to his home. There he analyzed it with chemical equipment and decided it was a rich clay of the type from which bricks were made.

This discovery gave him an idea for a brick kiln. His next step was to return to the area and buy as much of the cheap land as he considered necessary for such an operation.

He knew that in Houston and New Orleans many buildings, even houses, were being built of brick and that it couldn't be too long before the same thing might happen in Beaumont.

As his own boss he had ample time to study, research, and do the things he wanted to do on his own time. He went to several businessmen and suggested the idea for a kiln. He was a master salesman, among his many other talents, so he got the backing necessary.

He obtained literature on how to build a kiln and operate it from government publications and the library. When he was convinced he could build one, he gathered up the

necessary equipment, hired a crew, and in a few weeks had a workable kiln in operation.

The only trouble was the jerry-built plant was not very efficient. Despite this he produced a fair quality of brick and he and his investors made a small profit. It was a new business for him, but he doubted that it could succeed without considerable improvement.

Young Higgins was a remarkable man considering his limited education of less than four years in a poor elementary school. But he had inherited several talents, and he had an unquenchable interest in education. He bought books on every new subject that came across his mind.

His life in the out-of-doors gave him a consuming interest in the earth. But in addition he developed talents in such fields as chemistry, philosophy, economics, history, and more than anything else, the Bible. As a mechanic, he had few peers. He was also a cartographer, and drew the first complete map of Jefferson County. He also drew maps of the other counties and parishes where he did business.

He studied engineering, geology, and designing. He was also a good carpenter, plumber, and bricklayer. He could build a house or a boat or repair anything mechanical.

In fact, it was Higgins himself who recognized his kiln was inefficient and decided to do something about it.

The man who was to become the prophet of the liquid fuel age was a successful businessman. More than that he was a man at peace with God and the world.

His widowed mother and sisters were safe from the rigors of poverty due to Pattillo's success in business. Furthermore, he promised himself that he would not consider marriage until he could be assured they would never want for anything.

He had become a leader in the First Baptist Church and had accepted an appointment to teach Sunday school for a class of young girls.

It is said that one of the girls in his class was a bright and beautiful child named Gladys Odom. Once in a while his bachelorhood would come up in conversation and his stock answer was that he was waiting for Gladys to grow up. Unfortunately sweet Gladys died suddenly one day. The incident moved Higgins deeply.

Another Gladys later became his favorite. Her name was Gladys Bingham. Her father was one of his friends and boosters. Gladys was 7 years old and admired her teacher as much as her father did and often told him so. It was mutual.

All of the other girls loved Higgins also. Most of them were holdover members of his class of 30, the largest in the Sunday school, because they refused to be "promoted."

One of the reasons for this was his intense interest in teaching them. He told of the signs of nature. Often he took them on outings and furnished the refreshments. The most popular was a park at Spindletop springs near the edge of the Neches south of Beaumont, a short distance from the sour springs on a wide sloping mound west of the little park.

There he showed them five or six old springs of mineral waters, some for drinking, others where animals with mange and other skin ailments often bathed or were dipped. He told how slaves in the old days built the walls for the springs.

He would often punch holes in the ground and light the gas which gushed from the earth. He said it was one of nature's signs and might mean there were valuable minerals below.

He also told of old tales about ghosts that would appear at night. They were really emissions of gasses oozing upward, plus St. Elmo fires that would form, he told the girls.

Often Pattillo would go to the sour springs alone at night and study the phenomenon. He would dig into the ground and collect samples and think, often until the early hours of morning. Then he would mount his horse and ride home.

He would employ his natural artistic flair and skill to make drawings of his imagined subsurface formations of the mound which Beaumonters call the Big Hill, which had been known in the old days as Sour Springs.

He showed these drawings to his class and discussed them as part of his educational program. But most of that program was in the form of Bible stories. He talked of Christ and the disciples and what all of this meant to them and how they could live and serve their Maker and their friends.

It was amazing to those who had known this young man before that dramatic night of conversion to observe the incredible change in one who had been once regarded as evil and possessed of the devil.

But on weekdays Pattillo Higgins continued to worry about his brick kiln. He knew that if it worked right it could be an important addition to industry, put more poor people to work at the kiln and on construction. He even dreamed of other industries for his town, which he loved, and he hopes he could contribute to all of that. Beaumont was still a small, depressed little village. But it had many natural assets and good people.

He had notes from books on successful brick yard operation in the north and decided he should go there and get more ideas for rebuilding his own small plant.

Pattillo Higgins discussed his proposed trip to the north with his brick plant associates and they all agreed that he should go. Soon afterward he was on an extended trip north, providing most of the expenses himself, since he stayed longer than expected in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York state.

He was fascinated by the things he saw. He observed the fine brick buildings and streets and realized even more what a good brick operation could do to help Beaumont.

He noticed that most of the northern kilns used gas or oil for fuel. He was in the midst of the great oil regions that had been discovered in 1859 by a promoter named Drake, a railroad conductor.

Petroleum, he now realized, was the principal reason the brick kilns there prospered. Their heat was good and even and easy to control. It was, he observed, far more efficient than coal or wood and, therefore, much less expensive.

His notebooks filled with date about making bricks, he turned his attention to oil producers. He asked how they found and produced oil. Some of them talked at length and told of many of the problems of finding and producing oil and gas, as opposed to the hit and miss ways of 30 years earlier.

The two things that interested him most were the signs of nature and how geologists selected good places to drill, and how drilling rigs worked.

Oilmen, fascinated by Higgins and his charm and interest in their work, supplied him with printed information about petroleum geology. One of these, in particular, was a pamphlet from the federal geological survey on how to seek oil.

The first thing, he learned, was to closely observe the earth and identify the "signs of nature," the very things he had been telling his Sunday School class about.

On the train back home he studied and thought and dreamed. Suddenly, he realized that the signs of nature at

Big Hill were identical with many of those covered in the government pamphlet. The thought ran across his mind that maybe Beaumont could progress even faster with oil than with a good brick kiln.

When he arrived back home he was met by his partners and found himself consumed with excitement to the extent that they had to calm him down before they could get much coherence out of him.

There was no problem to improving the Orange County brick kiln, he said. He knew exactly what they had done wrong in the construction and all of that could be cured through the application of simple principles of construction in order to get more heat from the fuel they were using.

BUt, he added, they could never have a plant as efficient as those in the north because they did not have oil and gas to use the fuel. But, he said, they could do a 100 per cent better than the old kiln did with wood and coal and made a great deal more brick — as well as more profit.

Then he got strung out on oil and gas and said he believed it could be found somewhere close enough to Beaumont to use it and even increase heat efficiency much more.

His friends said forget the oil and gas, at least for now, and get on with the improvements necessary to increase the production of bricks with the fuel available. Maybe they could think about petroleum later when they had made enough money. Pattillo went to work on the new plant, brought in an expert from the north to help in the construction, and started a retraining program of his crews and another program for additional men since he knew the plant would have to work around the clock.

With the improvements completed the plant worked even better than Pattillo had expected. The production of brick mounted and soon some of Beaumont's streets were being paved with brick and new brick houses and buildings were going up.

But he couldn't forget about oil. Soon he turned the kiln operation over to the man from north and got back to real estate where he could be free enough to think about oil.

For weeks Pattillo Higgins returned to the mound south of Beaumont whenever he had the time. He walked over every inch of it and studied its surface and outcrops. He tested the gases and pungent waters for chemical content.

One night he had a strange dream. He saw a community with nice homes, schools, churches, buildings and parks. In an adjoining area he could see large manufacturing plants. Near those were derricks towering over wells producing oil and gas.

He awakened in the middle of the night, went out to the stable, saddled up his horse and rode as fast as possible to the big hill. There he recognized the area where his dream had placed the town, the plants and the wells. He knew what he must do.

The next day he went back to the hill for a better inspection in the daylight. He laid out a townsite in his mind, exactly as he had seen in his dream. He sketched out blocks 300 feet square with lots 50 by 140 feet, streets 80 feet wide and alleyways 20 feet wide. Two streets on each side of the S.&E.T. Railway, a branch of the Southern Pacific, were each 100 feet wide, and one running through the center of the plat was 150 feet wide.

He even laid out the plant sites. One of these was a glass factory about 700 by 1,000 feet. it would employ 5,000 workers. That would not only wipe out all unemployment in Beaumont and Jefferson and Orange counties, it was only the beginning. The entire dream city would be fueled by a handful of great oil wells on the mound. There would be no boomtown. His city, which he had already mentally named Gladys City, after Ike Bingham's little girl, would be a clean, busy and efficient industrial park.

He went to his brick plant associates and told them about his dream. They looked at him in puzzlement and told him they would have to pass up the opportunity. Not only had they invested heavily in the brick kiln, they were also getting ready to build a furniture plant. They invited him to join them in that venture.

So, Pattillo went to other prominent Beaumonters and attempted to arouse interest. He said his dream would make Beaumont and Port Arthur great cities with Gladys City in the center. Also, it would make all of them millionaires. Beaumonters looked at him with doubt.

He realized he needed a better approach. He found a tract of land containing 1,077 acres advertised for $6 an acre in the James A. Veatch survey. It contained more than half the mound under which he knew he would find oil. He took an option on the land for $1,000. He then engaged L.F. Daniel, a civil engineer, to survey the land and make a plat of his city.

His next step was to draw up geological maps to indicate just where he would place wells, a few, located apart from business, residential and industrial areas. These were the only lots where oil would be drilled. No mineral rights would be sold in any of the other lots in Gladys City. The few wells would produce all of the oil he would ever need from wells that would produce, if necessary, tens of thousands of barrels of oil daily.

With this organized data he went to see George Carroll. He had decided once not to impose on his benefactor, but he now felt he owed that much to the man whose help started him in business.

Carroll sat all one morning and listened to Pattillo tell about his dream, his inspection of the hill, his ideas about oil and gas, and what Gladys City might mean to Beaumont, Texas and even Louisiana.

The lumberman was fascinated. Finally, he stopped Pattillo in the middle of a sentence.

"I think your idea is magnificent," he said. "I will be honored to join you."

When George Washington Carroll told Higgins he believed in his idea, the prophet was momentarily stunned. He could hardly believe what he heard. No other man had even shown the slightest interest or asked him to come back and talk it over.

Then his enthusiasm almost overcame him. He grabbed Carroll by the shoulder and then wrapped his good right arm around the lumberman's body and embraced him. Carroll smiled as Pattillo backed off a little and said, simply, "Thank you Mr. Carroll I hope this will make you one of the richest men in the country."

Carroll gave him further encouragement when he said there was a man who might sell his land in the survey. That man was George Washington O'Brien, a distinguished attorney, who had also had some dreams of his own about the possibility of oil in the area around Beaumont.

They left the Carroll home, where they had met, and went to O'Brien's office. O'Brien met them warmly and asked what he could do for them. Carroll let Higgins make his pitch. He said he wanted to buy O'Brien's land for a new real estate development. He explained his idea for an industrial city. O'Brien stopped him only briefly several times to ask questions about points he didn't understand.

O'Brien had 1,350 acres in the Veatch survey. It abutted the Higgins acreage, and would more than double the size of the block. Most of it was within the circle Higgins had drawn to indicate the area he thought might produce oil.

When Higgins and Carroll said they were interested in

buying the O'Brien land to put into the industrial park, O'Brien brought on a temporary deflation in Higgins' enthusiasm. When he said he was not interested in such a sale.

But, he told them, he would be glad to put his acreage into a company they might form for the purpose of developing the previously worthless land. The price on the land Higgins had optioned indicated how Beaumont real estate investors valued it. There was other land to the northeast, known as Spindletop Heights, that was more favorable for development.

O'Brien said his interest in wanting to get into the company was based on his feeling that oil was somewhere in the area and that the evidence Higgins had presented made him think it might as well be beneath the hill as anywhere.

Then he told of his experience as an officer in the Confederate army on the hill, plus his meeting with other men who believed there would be oil in Beaumont a quarter of a century earlier. The idea had been in his mind for years, but Higgins was the first man who had ever made a logical argument for actual exploration.

O'Brien said he knew still another Beaumonter who might be interested in putting land into the deal because he had about 300 acres in the Veatch survey also. That man was J.F. Lanier, known to both Carroll and Higgins as a man of fine reputation in the community.

This had been easier than expected. Carroll and Higgins were delighted.

They went to see Lanier and he, too, was fascinated by Higgin's presentation as well as his enthusiasm. Even his promise to make all of them "millionaires" didn't dampen his interest, although all of them were a little worried about it. He said he would put in his 273 acres.

That left only the small tract belonging to the Cleveland heirs. With that they would have the entire survey. But the Cleveland acreage was impossible to obtain.

Its ownership was clouded by faulty titles that could take years to clear up. So, they decided that if other details were agreeable to all concerned they would go without the Cleveland land. After all, no one else could buy it either.

That was the meeting that led to the formation of the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co.

The date was Aug. 10, 1892. Beaumont was a town of about 4,000 population. Jefferson County had a few more than 6,000. The "Golden Triangle" was composed of some 11,000 citizens. It was almost 400 years after Cristobal Colon (sometimes called Christopher Columbus or even Cristoforo Colombo) discovered America.

It was the date that Pattillo Higgins, G.W. Carroll, G.W. O'Brien, and J.F. Lanier met to formalize the organization of the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co.

It is a date, next to Jan. 10, 1901, that should (and probably already has) gone down in history books as one of high significance to the economic well-being of the American economy and people in most of the civilized world.

The company was capitalized at $200,000. Carroll was its president (since he was the only man who put up any cash in the venture); O'Brien, who had put up the most land, was the vice president; Higgins, the man with the dream, the idea, and the persuasion to impress the other three, was treasurer and general manager, and Lanier, who had contributed a small parcel of land, was the secretary.

The money to start operations had been furnished by Frank Alvey, a banker, to Pattillo Higgins, on a note signed by Carroll.

It was at this meeting that Higgins suggested the name of Gladys City for both the company and the industrial complex that it hoped to develop with a handful of closely controlled wells that would produce tens of thousands of barrels of oil and abundant gas. The officers who composed the board adopted the idea readily.

Then George O'Brien said someone should work out a plat of the proposed townsite and a letterhead to be sent out to prospective investors. Higgins came forth with both. He presented a layout drawn by civil engineer Daniell which included the entire mound, considerably more acreage than in the Veatch survey. It extended into the P. Humphreys survey and even took in part of Spindletop Heights. That was acceptable without argument.

The next item, the letterhead, was also in Higgins' hands when the time came. It was an imaginative depiction of the petroleum center. There was a picture of Gladys Bingham in a costume she probably wore for a school play, and the name of the company in a banner line across the top.

It showed the capital stock, $200,000, the names of the officers, with titles, the identification of the main office as Beaumont, and the bold name, Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co. across the top. The address, below the name, was Gladys City, Tex.

This did not pass without a whimper. O'Brien, the principal stockholder and the only other man on the board besides Higgins, who had an inkling of oil knowledge, objected.

A large part of the letterhead was the reason. The center sketch showed about 25 storage tanks of varying sizes, three or four office buildings, eight double smokestacks, apparently indicating refinery operations, what appeared to be derricks in the far background, and a passenger train with five coaches in the foreground. In the corner of the picture were the words, Jefferson County.

O'Brien stated calmly that he doubted the wisdom of a company letterhead depicting a non-existent scene.

Higgins said that if that sketch could prod the imagination of others, that it would help sell stock. The others, although believing it smacked too much of flagrant promotionalism, finally let Higgins have his way.

And that's how the company and the proposed town of Gladys City were started. The dream was alive and kicking.

The meeting on Aug. 10, 1892, was followed by about six months of delay by the directors while the general manager chomped at the bit. The only thing accomplished was getting a state charter.

There wasn't a day that Higgins wasn't prodding the others. They tried to cross the street when they saw him coming. They realized that before they could give anyone a drilling contract they would have to raise or borrow money. They raised not a cent in that half year.

It wasn't because Higgins wasn't buttonholing every prospect he could find on the streets of Beaumont and the surrounding lumber and rice country. In fact, he was beginning to bug the citizens.

There were two reasons. The first was that in a metropolis of 4,000 there were not too many men who could afford to invest in such a risky undertaking. The second was the overall approach that resulted from Higgins' approach to the potential investor.

The project was getting no help, and hardly any mention in the newspapers. In the whole country there were no wells making much more than 10,000 barrels a day, much less tens of thousands. While there were some millionaires, especially in the Standard oil monopoly, in the country, no one believed Pattillo when he said he would make millionaires out of those who invested even a few hundred dollars.

Another thing Higgins wanted was more land. His associates were not inclined to invest in even that relatively safe in vestment. Land prices had jumped slightly since the company had been formed. But not much. Higgings, failing to inspire his own fellow officers, went out and took options on acreage all over the mound. It had put a heavy burden on his own financial condition and his credit line was getting shaky.

Often some of his associates admitted that they had second thoughts. None of them, except O'Brien, believed there was much chance of oil. All of them, however, had some confidence in the real estate development.

Higgins said that was impossible. Without the oil there was no hope for a development. Everyone in Beaumont had a home and no one else was moving in.

Finally, on Feb. 17, 1893, the board agreed to a contract with M.B. Looney, a sewer contractor from Dallas. Looney said he would engage a man named Walter Sharp who was a rotary rig driller in the Corsicana field. Higgins was elated.

That is, he was elated until Sharp's equipment arrived — he took one look at the light rig and told Sharp it would not work. Sharp said he had drilled wells deeper than the 1,100 feet the contract called for.

But Higgins said he knew better. Sharp, he said, had never encountered the type of formations he would encounter on the mound. When Higgins showed his drawings of the subsurface, Sharp admitted he had never heard of anything like that He added that he doubted such a formation existed anywhere in the country.

Anyway the equipment was not what Looney had been told he would need. Higgins told him he would need a heavy rig and the one Sharp had was too light.

Higgins fired Looney and Sharp, but was forced to let them go ahead when the board reminded him they would have to pay the contract cost even if the well were not even started.

So, the well started. Higgins said it would never reach 500 feet. Oil, he said, was between 1,000 and 1,100 feet.

And he was right. The well was stopped at slightly over 300 feet, even with a six-month extension of time. That meant Looney and Sharp had not fulfilled their contract.

Higgins wasn't surprised.

The year 1894 wasn't good for anyone in the country. In the previous year Grover Cleveland had become president and Adlai Stevenson was vice president. Cleveland had hardly settled in office when it was discovered that he was faced with an inexplicable currency problem. Paper money in circulation, all theoretically redeemable in gold, was five times as much as the gold in the national treasury.

That was the forerunner of the panic of 1894. Beaumont, along with the rest of the country was in dire economic straights. The lumber business, the backbone of the town's industry, was on the rocks. Any chance of raising money by selling wildcat stock in the Gladys City company was gone.

Carroll and O'Brien were able to stand the money strain, but Lanier was not. He sold his stock to Carroll. The company was depressed but Higgins, Carroll and O'Brien had not lost hope completely. Higgins, a general manager was working without a salary and looking for investors despite the diasppointment of the well and the panic.

Beaumonters thought he was off balance. He kept saying he would make them all millionaires and the townsmen said they were happy to have Higgins in their community. They could use one "millionaire."

Then one day the company received an offer to lease Gladys City to the Savage Brothers of West Virginia. They offered a relatively handsome bonus and a 10 per cent royalty on all oil produced. Carroll, far behind financially in the venture, and O'Brien, who doubted the practicality of the plans for Gladys City as an industrial possibility, still believed in Higgins' oil theory. They wanted to deal. It was something out of nothing for them.

Higgins revolted. For the first time he became vehement. Such lease, even if oil were found, would destroy for Gladys City. Of course, they may all get rich, but Beaumont might never become the leading industrial center of the south.

He told his partners these wildcatters would start a boom, if they hit oil. The oil would flow freely. Then the city would be deluged with promoters, swindlers and a ragtag army of prospectors and camp followers. When it was all over, Beaumont's oil would be gone and Gladys City would be a dirty, greasy, blighted area on the outskirts of town. He had seen ghost town after ghost town in the oil regions of the north. He didn't want that.

His partners were unable to answer that. They knew he was right. But they needed money. And Beaumont would get something out of an oil field. Landowners would profit. Workers would be needed and unemployment would be wiped out for a while, anyway. And, even if they had the money, it would be impossible to get another contractor.

They voted, and Higgins lost. The Savage Brothers were given a contract.

The wildcatters showed up with a skimpy cable tool outfit one spring day in 1895. The money panic was still raging. Higgins looked at the equipment and advised them to turn around and go home. They would, he said, probably not get as much hole as the 300 feet Sharp had gone.

None of his arguments prevailed. Higgins' partners urged him to cool down. The drilling went ahead. At about the Sharp depth, they gave up.

Higgins wasn't happy, but he felt vindicated again. He was delighted that Gladys City was still a possibility.

Panic or no panic he went out again and started trying to sell stock in his company so he could realize the dream he had seen so vividly four years earlier.

Higgins had a new lease on life after the deal on Gladys City fell through with the abandoned well. The Enterprise carried a story stating that the well was a dry hole. He went to the office and straightened out Mike Welker, the reporter. He showed him it was not dry. It was simply not completed due to equipment failure.

Walker corrected the story. That would help, Higgins thought. But he was wrong. The people said the wells were failures and that there was obviously nothing but sour mineral water on the mound.

The more Pattillo tramped the streets and talked about gushers that would flow tens of thousands of barrels of oil a day and make everyone who participated a millionaire, the more convinced even his friends became that he was slipping. The word spread.

Still a highly regarded man who had made a fine success as a realtor and a brick maker, his friends feared for his health. Others simply laughed and treated him as if he were the village idiot. Pattillo had what it took to handle a half dozen of them at a time but that was no way for a Sunday School teacher to act. Little Gladys and her sister, Cecil, still believed in him as did all of his class members.

In 1897 the Gladys City company got another offer to lease with the same royalty and a better bonus. It came from an outfit called the Texas Mineral Company. It turned out to be the Savage Brothers under a new name. They had found a small oilwell at Sour Lake and believed they were on the right track.

Higgins read the new offer and turned it down flat. His partners said it might be the last change they would ever get. Maybe these people were coming back because of confidence despite their first well's failure. And the company needed the money. They voted to make the lease.

Pattillo Higgins couldn't stand this second shock that came with leasing away his dream of a great Gladys City. He offered to sell his stock and Carroll, after pleading that he reconsider, bought it. The sale was Higgins' last act with the Gladys City Oil Company. He left with a heavy heart. The Savages came in with the same crummy equipment, drilled the same kind of well, and had the same result. The well was drilled slightly deeper but the bit could not penetrate the mysterious formations Higgins had warned about.

They quit, got out of town, and out of Beaumont. That is, until about three years later.

Pattillo returned to the real estate business. He was virtually wiped out financially and had some recouping to do. Not only was he a fine salesman. He was also one of the best timber evaluaters in the entire Gulf Coast. But he was loaded with debt and had some paying off to do.

After the second Savage failure, Carroll and O'Brien were thoroughly disgusted. They thought of dissolving the company, but reconsidered. Most of all, they were saddened by the three failures on account of Higgins. Their belief in and respect for him never wavered.

In 1898 the panic was beginning to lift. Higgins believed the money situation would soon improve, as it did, and that possibly he could still salvage his hopes for Gladys City.

He wrote a letter to E.T. Dumble, the state geologist, inviting him to come to inspect Gladys City mound, as he called it. There was no immediate reply, but several weeks later Dumble wrote and said he was sending an assistant, William Kennedy. This was good news to Higgins.

A self-trained geologist, himself, Pattillo believed he had enough evidence from the rocks he had collected from the three holes to show any trained geologist that oil was a fair possibility.

Kennedy came, seemed temporarily impressed, but finally said there was no hope for oil on the mound.

It was another blow for the prophet.

In 1898 the panic was lifting. The population of Beaumont was up about 50 per cent to 6,000 and still climbing. But Pattillo Higgins' spirits were at low ebb. Then one day the bottom seemed to drop out for him.

That was the day Higgins picked up the Enterprise and found a devastating statement about Big Hill by William Kennedy, the man State Geologist E.T. Dumble had sent to inspect the hill with Higgins. It had to have the approval of Dumble, a geologist with a sort of scientific halo in the eyes of all petroleum geologists, then and now.

The article quoted Kennedy as advising Beaumonters not to fritter away their hard-earned dollars in the futile hope that oil would be found either in Beaumont or anywhere else in the unconsolidated clays of the Gulf Coast.

He said rock was necessary for the accumulation of migrating oil and gas and that there was no rock in the substructure of the coast. He said Higgins' entire premise was without precendent and certainly without proof.

That was almost exactly what Kennedy had told Higgins himself, but Pattillo didn't expect him to make the same stupid statement to the newspapers. Higgins, of course, disagreed totally with Kennedy.

He had asked Kennedy if it were true there was no rock, what he thought it was that had prevented Sharp and Savage in three wells from penetrating the surface more than 400 feet. Kennedy hadn't answered Higgins then and he didn't mention the question in his letter to the Enterprise. The Enterprise published the letter without asking Higgins for comment.

But instead of stopping Higgins, the article fired him up again. He went to Carroll and O'Brien and asked if he could look for another man to drill on the hill. They gladly assented.

So Pattillo put an advertisement in an engineering journal of national circulation describing his hill and his theory. It paid off. The lone reply came from a man named Anthony F. Lucas. After several interchanges of correspondence between the two, Pattillo believed he had his man.

Lucas was capable of financing his own well. Higgins would receive an interest. Lucas was a naturalized American citizen from Dalmatia. He explored salt domes along the Louisiana Coast in search of sulphur. He was still interested in sulphur.

When Lucas arrived in Beaumont he was greeted warmly by Higgins who explained his theory, showed his subsurface drawings, and told about the three unsuccessful holes.

Lucas was most interested. Finally, he told Higgins that from what he had seen on the hill and in the drawings he believed the hill was a manifestation of a piercement type salt dome. Higgins listened and agreed. He knew he had found a man who understood geology. But Lucas was no geologist. He was a mining engineer who had been trained in the Austrian Naval Academy.

Before they reached Carroll and O'Brien, they were fast friends. Higgins had suggested on the way that Lucas take land on top of the hill, not the whole 2,700 acres. That's the deal he made with the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Company. He paid $50 an acre for 663 acres for $31,500, payable a third then and a third on each of the next two anniversaries of the lease.

It wasn't long before Lucas, who had the title of captain from somewhere (he had never been higher than a midshipman in the Austrian Navy), would be spudding in the fourth well in Gladys City.

Pattillo Higgins did not get what he wanted out of the deal Captain Lucas made with Carroll and O'Brien, but he felt good about it anyway.

Carroll got enough money to pay off most of his investment in the company in the first payment. Captain O'Brien had cleared a nice profit. And both would get more.

The part of Higgins' dream about the oil was certain to come true, he reasoned. Lucas had finally identified the hill as a salt dome and he knew how to drill into one because he had done so before. Of course, the development of an industrial city was only a remote possibility.

Higgins asked for 25 per cent of the production from the 663 acres. Lucas said it was worth only 10 per cent in view of the fact that he was putting up all of the money. Had Higgins been able to match his investment, he could have had half of it. He took the 10 per cent. Carroll agreed to pay him 10 per cent of the company's royalty income from the acreage also.

That was compensation enough. After all, Higgins still held acreage abutting that of the 663 acres. If Lucas hit — and he would — that land would make him a millionaire along with the others.

But Lucas was drilling for sulphur, not oil, a fact with which Higgins was not entirely familiar.

When Lucas' rig and crew arrived, Pattillo took a look at

it and said it was better equipment than the others had used but it was still not equal to the dome on Big Hill. Lucas disagreed. He had drilled 2,100 feet on salt dome structures with that same rig.

He started the well in July. By January he was having great difficulties. Pattillo told Carroll that Lucas had about reached his limit. The rig wasn't equal to the challenge.

It wasn't but a few days later that the pipe collapsed in the hole and Lucas was forced to abandon it. Lucas was ready to give up the lease but his wife insisted that he try again. First, at Higgins' suggestion, he went to local capitalists.

One thing Lucas had accomplished was to recover a flask of 17 degree heavy black oil from the shallow sand. That was why Mrs. Lucas insisted that he try one more well. He could show the potential investors something he never had, Higgins told Lucas.

Lucas tried. It was futile. Beaumonters simply were not interested in any investment that was not a sure thing, especially high risks.

Then he went to a congressman from Pennsylvania who was also an oilman and got a cold turn down. Next he went to see Henry C. Folger, a high Standard Oil executive in New York. Folger was impressed and said he would send his "expert," Calvin Payne, to Beaumont to look over the prospect.

Payne arrived with J.S. Cullinan, former Standard man and head of the Corsicana refinery which Standard had financed.

Payne looked over the whole site, with Higgins and Carroll, and then made the same pronouncement, almost down to the word, that Kennedy had made. He even mentioned the 3,000-foot well in Galveston that was drilled for water and found none. Lucas was burned to a crisp and couldn't withhold a sardonic smile which he tried to make look sweet.

Later the chief of the United States Geological Survey, C. Willard Hayes, and an assistant, E.W. Parker, arrived in Beaumont and announced their interest in Gulf Coast geology. Lucas grabbed him in his room at the Crosby Hotel.

The diagnosis was identical to that given by the other "experts." Lucas was at the end of his rope. No money, no encouragement, only a wife's faith, which was still strong.

And there was also the undaunted support of Pattillo Higgins.

Dr. William Battle Phillips, professor of geology at the University of Texas, had studied all of the assessments of Big Hill made by other geologists and "experts." He was a student of profound depth in his discipline and had especially studied the nascent salt dome theory.

One day in 1900 he went to Beaumont to call on Captain Lucas, who was one of the few other men on earth acquainted with such growing domes. After their visit Dr. Phillips told Lucas he believed oil, gas and sulphur would eventually be found on his lease.

He suggested that Lucas go to Corsicana and talk with the greatest wildcatter in history, the illustrious John H. Galey of the firm of Guffey and Galey of Pittsburgh. Galey, he said, was the kind of man who liked a new idea and a challenge.

Lucas took his jar of oil and went to Corsicana. As Phillips said, Galey was intrigued with the idea of the salt dome. He suggested that he and Lucas go to Pittsburgh and talk with his partner Guffey. In Pittsburgh he found Guffey a totally different kind of man, but interested.

Galey suggested they all go see if credit could be arranged with the Mellon brothers. The Galeys and the Mellons had come to the United States on the same boat from Ireland. Andrew Mellon said, "Galey's amazing power to scent a hidden pool of oil... transcends the power of other men with or without the benefit of a geologist's education." Anything Galey recommended, Dick and Andrew Mellon were willing to back.

The Mellon brothers decided to give Guffey and Galey a $300,000 credit for the project, to be repaid, along with a profit, out of the first oil. They anticipated this would cover the cost of a large block of leases on the hill and its environs and up to 25 wells, if necessary, to prove Galey right in his faith in Lucas and Higgins. It also included pipelines, storage and loading facilities at Sabine Pass.

Lucas was given the usual eighth, plus the tenth royalty he had given to the Gladys City Co. The $31,500 Lucas had paid or obligated himself to pay for the 663 acres in the Gladys City townsite would be returned out of oil.

Guffey, when he learned of Pattillo Higgins, told Lucas he would have to take care of Higgins out of his part of the deal. But he swore Lucas to secrecy, even from Higgins, until the leasing program was completed. It was something Lucas didn't like, but he was forced to agree. Lucas' share of the deal was much smaller than he had anticipated, unless Higgins was right and wells on the Hill produced tens of thousands of barrels of oil daily.

Higgins was left completely in the dark about the deal with Guffey and Galey. Lucas was bothered about this and Mrs. Lucas, who deeply admired Higgins, was even more disturbed. In fact, there is some evidence that Mrs. Lucas told Higgins about the deal without naming Guffey and Galey and swore him to absolute secrecy. If this is so, it was without Lucas' knowledge.

The fact is, however, that Higgins had some knowledge that Lucas had a secret deal. He started working harder to pay off his heavy indebtedness and clear his credit so he could acquire more land or even buy back his interest in the Gladys City Co.

Guffey wanted all of the hill, everything on its flanks, and as much land in the general area as Lucas could round up before the well spudded. That was quite an assignment.

The $300,000 credit the Mellon Bank provided for the drilling of the wells on Big Hill was ample evidence of the faith Galey placed in the salt dome idea advanced by Dr. Phillips and Captain Lucas.

It was to drill as many wells as necessary to find the oil that Galey was convinced was there. But to find that oil, considering the trouble in the first four tries, would take the best drillers in the country. Galey knew where to find them.

He sent Lucas to talk to Jim Hamill in Corsicana, on the same day he went to Beaumont to stake out the location for the first try.

Jim and Al Hamill constituted the firm. A third brother, Curt, had turned down the risk of a partnership but had accepted a job, first as a cable tool driller and later as a rotary driller. Jim ran the office and Al managed the field work and often worked on wells.

When they arrived in Beaumont in early October, Pattillo Higgins was among those who watched them unload their equipment. He observed that it was better than that used in any of the other tests, but that it would take good men to penetrate the sandy soil and the rock formations beneath the mound.

Chances are that had the Hamills known what they were getting into, they would have asked more than the $3.50 a foot, plus pipe, to drill the well.

They arrived in a downpour of rain. Water filled the ditches on either side of T. and N.O. railroad station. Beaumont had only one small section of Pearl street paved with brick. The other streets were dirt. There were no sideways, except a few boardwalks in the center of town.

When it rained, Beaumont was a sea of mud.

The Hamills were driven to the field by Lucas. There they found a tumbled-down shack with one room about 14 feet wide by 20 feet long. It was a nesting place for roaches, spiders and a variety of other bugs that none of the crew had seen before. Furthermore the place was infested by frogs of various sizes and colors that even inhabited the rafters. Then, there were the mosquitoes. The crew had never seen or even heard of a mosquito before. This was to be home for the duration.

The crew was led by Al Hamill and included Curt, who was the derrick man and night driller; Henry McLeod, day driller and derrick builder, and Peck Byrd, roustabout and fireman.

The first day was spend unloading and delivering the rig and other equipment. Everything had to be shipped in. There were no oilfield supplies or services available in this rank wildcat country, hundreds of miles from the nearest oil wells.

Captain Lucas knew he had the right men for the job on the day the pipe arrived. It was set out on a spur line by the railroad. A local hauler was employed to unload it. When he came out with one man, he said he would have to have another hand and it would be several days before he could get back for the job.

When Al Hamill heard this he went to the railroad car, laid two lengths of pipe from the car to the ground (about 10 or 15 feet apart) and then unloaded pipe in less than an hour by himself.

The Hamills were truly remarkable men. They were among the forerunners of a new breed of oilmen, along with Walter Sharp, Walter Fondren and others.

When the well was spudded in, the Hamills had no idea their uncomfortable adventure would have such a magnitude of results on a plot of land that Pattillo Higgins called Gladys City.

The drilling of the Lucas well was impossible, but the Hamills did it.

When Galey selected them for the job he did so because of their resourcefulness. When they went to the mound they took charge. No one helped them. They conferred occasionally with Captain Lucas, but Curt Hamill's book, "We Drilled Spindletop," leaves you with the impression the captain was so busy gathering leases that he seldom visited the drill site, although he lived only a mile or so away.

They saw Higgins more. Higgins immediately became immersed in total admiration for the little crew's hard work and savvy. Once he did see Curt Hamill and told him about his two dreams.

The well was only 40 feet down before trouble started. Everyday it was something new. The greatest block to progress was the sand. It came up the pipe and filled the mud pits. In formation it absorbed all of the water from a nearby bayou, and that presented an incredible problem. The pipe collapsed.

One time they built a back pressure valve, for which Captain Lucas later took credit. Again Curt hit on the idea of using drilling mud and that solved many problems.

The wood was soaked and boilers were difficult to fire. Material of all types were short and had to come from Corsicana. Often they were delayed for days. One day after digging sand out of the slush pit for four days in a row, Henry McLeod, the day driller, walked off the job. He said he didn't come to Beaumont to dig sand. After that Al, Curt and Peck Byrd composed the drilling crew with no help from any other quarter.

On Dec. 9, 1900, Al was drilling at 3 a.m. and noticed the pump working freely, and then he smelled gas. When Peck and Curt came on at daylight they saw a scum of oil on the mud ditch. They were down about 870 feet.

Galey was informed and he rushed to Beaumont. He knew he had an oilfield, but due to the fineness of the sand and the great problems it provided he ordered the operation wrapped up and a new test started where the sand might be better.

Mrs. Lucas, a determined woman, said "no" — she said they had a contract for 1,200 feet and that she wanted it drilled that deep before moving. The others finally agreed.

By Dec. 24 the hole had been drilled to 1,020 feet. The crew set six-inch pipe and the Hamills went to Corsicana for Christmas. Peck Byrd stayed in Beaumont to watch the rig.

On Jan. 1, 1901, all hands were back and drilling proceeded. Not much progress was made, but on the next day, a pocket of gas was hit and the well had its first blowout. It lasted only 10 minutes, and not much damage was done to the equipment.

Later a formation of yellow material, never before seen in an oil well, came up. Captain Lucas called it "floating sand." He had come to the mound for sulphur and didn't recognize it when he saw it, Curt Hamill wrote.

Finally, while getting nowhere in making the hole, they hit a hard rock — the rock the geologists said didn't exist on the Gulf Coast. They pounded for hours to no avail.

They shut down for repairs and to tighten the machinery and make another stab at getting deeper.

On the morning of Jan. 10, the rock seemed to give way to the determination of the Hamills, and the bit slipped into a crevice. They couldn't budge it. They pulled the drill pipe, sharpened the bit and went back in the hole. They had gone down about 700 feet when all hell broke loose.

The rest is history. The greatest oil gusher in all of time started blowing in. There was a six inch stream of oil shooting 100 feet above the derrick.

The dream of Pattillo Higgins had been materialized. And the world changed that very moment.

The dream had run its course. Reality was here.

". . .on January 10, 1901, the well came in — and it was like no previous well.

"The first sign was a fizzing and a whistling. Gas! As if some giant creature down below had been aroused." That is the description of the Lucas Gusher, in "Judge Mellon's Sons," a 1948 book by William Larimer Mellon.

Curt Hamill was caught in the derrick for the second time in a week. This time it was for real. He never knew how he got down until a man who had seen it told him 70 years later. The 700 feet of pipe spiraled out of the hole, knocked off the crown block, and fell to the ground in a shower of broken and twisted stell.

Captain Lucas came scurrying in from town in a buggy, fell out as he reached the site 30 minutes after the blowout, and let the oil from the great plume spray down on him.

Pattillo Higgins didn't know about it until late in the afternoon as he rode into town from his last day of trading, to pay off his debts and buy back into the Gladys City Company. But it was too late. He was not surprised at the

result. He had predicted it for nine years while the blockheads laughed and jeered at "the millionaire." He waited until the next morning to go out.

In an interview in 1951 Pattillo Higgins said his emotions were strangely mixed that day. He saw his dream of a model Gladys City drowning in the gusher of oil coming out of his hill. That was a sad moment, he said. But it was also exhilarating. There was oil flowing from that well in the tens of thousands of barrels of oil daily. In this case it was being wasted, to all burn later in a fire. But he said, he felt the little people would gain.

The well was out of control. The Hamills family used their remarkable resourcefulness to tame it. They built the first Christmas tree oilwell in history, to stop the well in ten days.

Galey was there the second day when Mike Welker of the Enterprise asked what the well meant to him, he answered without hesitation. "It means the birth of the liquid fuel age." Liquid fuel brought on a new age with automobiles, airplanes, giant ocean liners and faster trains.

Before that well Russia was the world's leading oil nation and America was a third rate power. That all changed. Seven wells like the Lucas could equal the whole world's oil production.

Beaumont's great boom was under way. The late trains from all directions were unloading visitors, including J.S. Cullinan who had kept his silence when Calvin Payne condemned the prospect. He wished he could see Payne now.

Beaumont's population was less than 10,000 when the well came in and there were less than 15,000 in Jefferson County, including Beaumont. Those figures were three time what they had been when Higgins had his dream of Gladys City. It was a rapidly growing town that could have had its own money in its own bonanza. Even so, many who stood by and watched Higgins struggle for almost a decade were destined to become millionaires from his persistence, many of whom would never recognize his contribution to their welfare.

Lucas was the hero of the hour. But he, too, had forgotten Higgins when the well blew in.

The wire services around the world had heralded the incredible story of the great oil spouter. In a few days important people were arriving from all over the nation as fast as the trains could disgorge them in Beaumont.

There was a spirit of adventure, boomtown, swindle and gamble in the air. It was exhilarating and charged with danger and opportunity.

Pattillo Higgins was the first to start organizing a new oil company. He had the 33 acres he had taken as settlement for his undivided interest in the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Company. His land was only 200 feet north of the Lucas well. He selected those he would invite to join him in the Higgins Oil and Fuel Company. They were the men who had been most sympathetic with him all along.

The Lucas well was a geyser of oil, complete out of control. No one was able to judge the amount of oil that was flowing. The highest guess was 40,000 barrels daily, four or five times as great as any well drilled previously. Later they would learn the actual flow was about 100,000 barrels daily. The problem was to stop it.

The hill took on a carnival atmosphere. The Hamills got men to hold crowds back. A spark of fire could have caused a catastrophe.

Downtown Beaumont was gaining in population by the hour. The Crosby and other hotels were filling to capacity. Residences were taking roomers. Later this would demand that people sleep around the clock in eight-hour shifts per bed. Cafes and all facilities were being taxed to the limit, and it was only the beginning. Soon all available lumber was being used to build new houses, derricks, roads and other facilities.

Within a few days a Gladys City started to appear. Jerry-built houses and stores with false fronts were going up on the north edge of the dome. The only evidence of Higgins' dream city was the streets, all bearing numbers for names, except Marian and Gilbert streets which were on either side of the proposed railroad running east and west, and LaPorte street, along side of the proposed north-south tracks. Later, when Spindletop became the name of the field, one street running generally east and west was given that name because it led to Spindletop springs.

From the first Higgins named the field the Gladys City Field. No one paid much attention to him because he was considered relatively unimportant. Even the Beaumont newspapers seemed to forget that it was Higgins who was responsible for the discovery. Later Higgins agreed that maybe the field should be called the Beaumont Oil Field, but it was too late: the magic of the name Spindletop had caught on.

The boom that followed the controlling of the wild Lucas gusher was all of the previous booms rolled into one. Great men and men to become great invaded Beaumont. There were the Hamills, the Sharps and then men such as Howard Hughes Sr., S. P. Farish, Walter W. Fondren, J. S. Cullinan, W. T. Campbell, the Heywood brothers, Gov. James Stephen Hogg, W. L. Mellon, J. Edgar Pew, the Sturm brothers and a host of others whose names became household words of prtroleum for the next quarter of a century.

William Kennedy, the state geologist who had written the letter condemning the field, became famed as a salt dome specialist. The names of Beaumonters who grew tremendously wealthy out of the oil Spindletop produced still live.

But maybe the most unfortunate man of all was J. A. Paulhamus, who was sent to Beaumont by the Forward Reduction Company to find oil in 1898, and found none but a string of dry holes south of the dome. He was steered away from Higgins by the Beaumont business leaders who had land off the mound.

Higgins' Oil and Fuel Co.'s first well was started in the Spindletop Heights subdivision and that became the name of the field.

The name Higgins Hill field had been suggested but Pattillo ruled that out himself. He had named the field the Beaumont field in honor of his town. Carroll and O'Brien were quick to pick up Higgins's first suggestion as Gladys City and they called it that for some time.

As the boom grew and one 100,000-barrel well after another came in, the flood of people continued to flow into Beaumont's limited facilities. The Heywood brothers, a group of showmen and adventurers, finally wound up with the champion of all wells in the field. Pattillo Higgins said it made 200,000 barrels of dark, heavy crude oil in each 24-hour period.

The field became a quagmire and the scene of magnificent fireworks, as wells were ignited in the haste of drilling and the carelessness of visitors.

Excursion trains were bringing potential investors to the field in hordes. Promoters were paying for the trains to bring in the people who would finance their activities. Some with only an acre or so of land were incorporating for

hundreds of thousands of dollars. The field was filling with people from the oil regions of the east, but most of the field workers were cable tool drillers, completely unfamiliar with rotary drilling operations.

The field itself was flooded with people, many of whom were aimlessly wandering around watching the great wells flow. Operators were rigging up valves in order to turn on spouters for the visitors.

Beaumonters were quick to get into the action. On the ground floor, such citizens as the McFaddins, Keiths, Wards, Perlsteins, Tyrrells, Gilberts, Heisigs and others were getting into the action early.

Downtown around the Crosby, other hotels and cafes, land and lease trading was developing at an incredible rate. Even the smaller businessmen, merchants and average citizens were in on the great bonanza.

Crockett street became the center of prostitution and gambling. The demi monde were aggressive, frequently visiting the field on horseback to fill their date books.

The banks were overburdened and new ones were being constructed.

Great names of the world of industry, politics and finance were on the streets. The Pews, the Mellons, Andrew Carnegie, William Jennings Bryan, Gov. James Stephen Hogg, the arch enemy of the Standard Oil Co. which he had prohibited from operating in Texas, were among the early arrivals.

David R. Beaty, a short, slender, energetic railroad and real estate man from Galveston, quickly organized a company and drilled the second well in the field. It was a gigantic 70,000-barrel well. It gave Beaty the honor of the first million-dollar deal in the field when he sold his well to C. D. Pullen of New York for $1,250,000. Of this amount $250,000 was his own and the $1 million went to his partners.

Beaumont was sitting on top of the world. It was the scene of the inexhaustible supply of oil that had opened the liquid fuel age.

Newspapers from coast to coast were predicting that the town would become the center of oil and the largest city in the south, if not the world.

One day after the boom was well under way, Pattillo Higgins went to the Crosby House with two giant posters and set them up in the lobby. One contained the Daniell drawing of the proposed layout for Gladys City. The other was an enlarged copy of the letterhead for the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co., with its oil wells, brick buildings and smoking stacks over factories. A friend came along and drew a cartoon showing Higgins walking along the street hawking shares in the company and yelling that he would make millionaries of all investors, no matter how small.

But out at Spindletop the Higgins dream city was nothing like Pattillo had hoped it would be. Instead of the glistening buildings, beautiful homes, spacious parks, hospitals, schools, city hall and other model city features to go along with its handful of oilwells and great factories and storage tanks, the picture was far different.

Gladys City was taking shape but it was a budding shanty town of false front buildings. There were no spacious streets. The area between the stores facing each other was simply a wide area that served as a street. Long after Houston and other cities were using nickle crude from Beaumont to cover dirt streets, Gladys City used none and was either a swirling sea of dirt on dry days and a mud puddle when it rained.

That was the "business district." There were a few small wells on the far reaches of the dome flank on the north side. To the west were assorted buildings. Some of them were other stores and warehouses, barns, pump houses, storage tanks, outhouses, tents, saloons, livery stables and a host of other small wooden structures of various descriptions.

But this was no model industrial park. It was just an assembly of typical boom town jerry-built shanties that would last until the boom petered out. But it must have been bringing in a pretty penny to the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co., which probably built everything on its land and rented them all at prices that matched the boomtown incomes.

Eventually there was a post office for Gladys City when the burden at Beaumont reached the point where mail for people at Spindletop could no longer be handled without great delay. Gladys City was not only a shanty town, it was a dangerous one. Killings were not unusual and robberies, burglaries, assaults and other crimes were hourly events. The law enforcement officials in the county did a magnificent job under the circumstances, but they could barely handle the crime wave in Beaumont, which had gotten out of hand only a few days after the Lucas gusher came in.

The day before the Lucas gusher blew in, the mayor of Beaumont, D.P. Wheat, and a committee of city leaders had been turned down when they went east to sell city bonds. Within a week after the event Beaumont could have sold bonds anywhere. The city was the center of world-wide attraction for its great bonanza.

Within months after the event new wealth in Beaumont was beyond imagination. The millionaires Higgins had predicted were multiplying.

Hyman A. Perlstein, for instance, announced the city's first skyscraper, a six-story building on Pearl Street. The new wealth of W.W. Kyle had enabled him to start the erection of one of the finest theaters in the South and one that could compare with some of the best in New York. These were samples of things to come.

Soon the city would be building other large buildings from the bricks that Pattillo Higgins had inspired Beaumont to produce.

The city was on its way to becoming the Gladys City that Higgins, Carroll and O'Brien had planned.

Pandemonium was the only word that could describe Spindletop and Beaumont in 1901. Downtown the promoters and traders set up headquarters at the Crosby hotel. The field was for the operators and workers.

Gladys City was expanding by the day. Now there was a Main street. It was near the street where the original business houses were set up.

Along the tracks the Southern Pacific built a depot. Texas Iron and Supply and others set up business. There were drug stores and a host of hotels and boarding houses. Electricity came to the field and the power company in Gladys City was on Shell Road. There were a dozen saloons. The fanciest was the two-story Log Cabin which became famous as a watering hole. Some of the rowdiest battles without Marquis of Queensbury rules were its greatest attractions after the whiskey. It was also a cigar and tobacco shop and what was upstairs and never advertised. It was also headquarters for Pabst beer. Millers was served in other saloons.

Russell and Davis established the Spindletop Iron Works, specializing in cable tools as well as blacksmith jobs, engines and pumps. It also handled rotary equipment.

It was finally decided that the post office would be named Guffey for the colorful old partner of John Galey. The

Southern Pacific depot was located in Gladys City to balance things out.

There were hundreds of companies operating in 11 districts named Yellow Pine, Gober Track, Keith-Ward, Block 22, Gladys City, Guffey, Sun Oil Company, Higgins Oil and Fuel Company, National and Heywood. The most densely populated of these were Keith-Ward and Hogg-Swayne with about 200 wells in each.

Higgins marvelled at the growth and activity. But he was equally inspired by what was happening in Beaumont. New stores, plants, hotels and dozens of saloons were in operation. The streets were being paved with wooden blocks and wooden sidewalks were built. There was no doubt that Beaumont was on the way to outstrip both Houston and New Orleans as the boom continued.

Then one day the overproduction would catch up with the boom and oil prices would tumble. One company after another would close down as oil dropped to three cents a barrel. The more financially stable companies would take over when the volume of oil was far greater than the pipelines and railroads could carry or the storage could hold.

This wouldn't stop the boom but it would slow it down. That was when the ghost town that Gladys City would eventually become started to show. Few knew it, but before the field was two years old it was destined for even worse days when the pressure would start dropping drastically from overdrilling and the young field would start to resemble the plunge of the great Pit Hole boom and bust town of Pennsylvania into oblivion. But that was some time off. Many Beaumonters would start to pull in their horns and stack their easily won dollars in the new banks.

In time, young Jesse Jones from Houston would come in and lure the biggest and best companies and oilmen to Houston.

Among those who would follow Jones would be Beaumont's greatest hero, Pattillo Higgins himself.

But these were the beginning days and all of the gloom of Spindletop was for the future.

Spindletop's virtual demise was in the future and Beaumont's losing the opportunity to become the South's largest city was still further down the road. Big things were to happen first.

The first big oil company was the Guffey Petroleum Co. owned by the three partners, Guffey, Galey and Lucas. That was soon succeeded by the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Co., financed by the Mellon bank and other large investors. The original company was purchased for $1.5 million. Of this amount Galey received $366,000 and shares of mining stocks from Guffey's holdings. This was Guffey trading. It was intended that Galey would get $750,000. Lucas got $400,000 plus 1,000 shares in the new company.

On May 16, 1901, when the charter was granted for the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Co., Guffey made his first and last trip to Beaumont for the ceremonies. The new company was capitalized for $15 million. Guffey got 70,000 shares, 30,000 went into treasury stock and 50,000 went to the Mellons and their associates.

Then the Gulf Refining Co. of Texas was formed. The refinery was to be built in Port Arthur where deep water was available. That was the company that was eventually to absorb the faltering J. M. Guffey petroleum for all practical purposes.

That was the first major oil company of any importance in the nation with the exception of the Standard Oil Co. Port Arthur was not even a city at the time. It was a small settlement about a few miles south of Spindletop.

The real founders of what was to become Texaco were J. S. Cullinan, the man who visited the mound with Standard "expert," Payne; James Stephen Hogg, one of the great Texas governors and the first native Texan to hold that position; John Warne Gates, colorful industrial promoter known internationally as Bet-A-Million-Gates; Arnold Schlaet, a German with a brilliant mind and financial power, and representative of the Lapham family which controlled the leather trust, and the illustrious Walter Sharp who failed on the first try on the mound, but who was regarded, even so, as one of the masters of the rotary drilling rig.

The company was actually started by Cullinan, but was to include the others when it was chartered by the group under the name of the Texas Co. on May 1, 1902, taking over the Texas Fuel Oil Co., which Cullinan had started as a pipeline and storage company. The company almost died aborning when a supplier of 3-cent oil reneged on Cullinan.

The savior was Sharp who, with Howard Hughes Sr., formed the Moonshine Oil Co. with a patented process for reviving dying wells with air injections to make them flow again. That company also started a refinery in Port Arthur and became the second participant in the besting of the Standard Oil Trust.

Joe Pew, a Pennsylvania farmer's son, had one of the most successful independent oil companies in the country in Philadelphia. He sent his nephew Robert C. Pew, to Beaumont when the Lucas Gusher came in. He came back with glowing reports. Robert's brother, J. Edgar Pew, who started working as a pipefitter in his uncle's small refinery, and was destined to become one of Texas' and the nation's great oilmen, went to represent Sun.

He discovered that the Lone Star and Crescent Oil Co. had gone bankrupt after only a year of operations because its wells had all suddenly stopped producing. The property, worth $1 million was put up for auction by Sheriff Ras Landry. It was Decoration Day, 1902.

Pew bid $100,000 and got the bid. He had to scramble to get a check cashed on the holiday, but managed by borrowing it from a bank secretly controlled by Standard Oil. What he bought was pipelines, loading docks, wharf facilities at Sabine Pass, six 37,500 storage tanks, pumping stations and loading facilities on the railroads.

It was enough to make Sun Oil Company a budding major and a third thorn in the monopoly's side.

And those were the beginnings of three of the giants that had their inception on the hill at Gladys City.

At least two other significant oil companies grew out of the Spindletop boom and the men it attracted and developed.

One of these was to be the Houston Oil Co., which developed from the Higgins Oil and Fuel Co. Higgins had founded the company on his large block of acreage directly offsetting the Lucas Gusher. He had taken in some outstanding citizens from Beaumont and other areas.

The Higgins Co. made tremendous profits which also made Pattillo a real millionaire on his own. Then, he decided that the company was not spreading out enough, so he sold out to his partners. This made him even richer — much richer.

It was this company which eventually became the Houston Oil Co. which a half century later would sell its assets to the Atlantic Petroleum Co.

The other company was formed by an assorted group of probably the most intelligent and farseeing men to come out of Spindletop. It was called the "Beaumont group." The result of this merger of talents eventually became the Humble Oil and Refining Co., after associating themselves with Ross Sterling's small Humble Oil Co.

The group got its start when Lee Blaffer, son of a New Orleans coal dealer, and William S. Farish, a young lawyer from Natchez, accidentally bumped into each other one day on Pearl Street.

These two became fast friends and rented rooms at a boarding house on Calder Avenue. There they ran into such men as William Wiess and his young son, Harry Wiess, who along with W.W. Fondren, an inventive driller, and L.A. Carlton later joined them and Sterling in founding Humble.

The result of this humble beginning turned out to what is now EXXON USA, the most important domestic oil company in the nation.

Soon Standard slipped into Beaumont incognito under the name of the George A. Burt Co. On Jan. 4, 1902, Burt announced in the Enterprise that he had purchased the Caswell tract on the bend of the Neches, five miles from Beaumont and three miles from Spindletop for $89,000.

The next day the Enterprise reported that the tract would be the site of the world's largest refinery to cost more than $5 million.

This overshadowed both the Gulf and Texaco refineries and meant that the ship channel Bet-A-Million Gates, which had been dug from Sabine Pass to Port Arthur would undoubtedly be extended to Beaumont.

Undoubtedly, citizens assumed, Beaumont was more than ever on its way toward becoming the south's and maybe the nation's largest city.

As a climax to the story it was that Col. Fred W. Weller, the world's outstanding refinery designer and builder, would break ground for the plant on Spindletop's anniversary, Jan. 10 at 10 a.m.

A year later Burt was out as head of the refinery. S.G. Baynes a New York banker became president, and Weller vice president. The name was changed to Security Oil Co.

But the ownership identity was virtually assured later when Weller left to become a member of Standard Oil Co.'s board of directors.

The boom in Beaumont lasted almost two years. Then the bottom dropped out.

First the great surge of oil, coming from almost 1,000 closely spaced wells on less than 300 acres, flooded the market. Oil prices around the world were depressed, but in Beaumont it was worse than that. Oil was selling for 3 cents a barrel for a while and more was being wasted or burned off than was being sold.

This condition was corrected by a far worse sign of the end. That was when the pressure started dropping and many wells started making excessive salt water, both due to the overdrilling.

That brought on the birth of the first successful secondary recovery program. Walter Sharp, Howard Hughes and Ed Prather formed the Moonshine Oil Co. based on a patented process to bring dying wells back to good production by injecting compressed air into the producing sand. The fee was half of the oil produced. J. S. Cullinan financed the venture with Texas Co. money. It worked and extended the life of Spindletop. The owners of the Moonshine Co. all got rich much faster than they expected.

That kept Spindletop alive but the boom was over.

Stock promotion came to an end and swindlers and promoters were rapidly eliminated from Beaumont's overgrown population.

One of the casualties of the termination of interest in Beaumont oil stock was the Higgins Standard Oil Co. It got started too late. His big idea, based on the best holdings offered any purchaser since the field started, was doomed. He moved to Houston at the invitation of prominent friends and started operating on his own.

Hundreds of Beaumonters had lined their pockets with the great flow of money from Spindletop. Many fortunes so won would last for many years.

Beaumont also had a great refinery, many other new industries, and the Neches had been dredged to make Beaumont an authentic port. Gladys City would becomes a ghost town, but Beaumont would never lose the jobs and prosperity that came from Pattillo Higgins' unaccepted idea. Had the idea been accepted there is little doubt the city would have been a metropolis of the Houston-Dallas type in time.

Furthermore, Spindletop was the reason for the birth of Port Arthur. Many say even now that had Spindletop not been viciously exploited that the metropolis would have covered both cities and all of the area in between. Today that seems reasonable since it is obvious that one day this area will be one great city.

From Spindletop, oilmen went to the four corners of the earth. In the Gulf Coast one salt dome after another was found. Petroleum geology came into its own and even today the great fields in the Gulf are primarily salt dome structures of the type Lucas was able to identify, and Dr. Phillips of the Univeristy of Texas had great faith in.

Spindletop was not an inexhaustible supply of oil, but it led to one.

The Hamills, Sharps, Fondrens and others came out of Spindletop as masters of rotary drilling to bring new potential for oil and gas. Hughes' remarkable inventions, in conjunction with Sharp, expanded the horizons even greater. But it all started on the little hill Higgins called Gladys City.

The world changed on Jan. 10, 1901. A new age of energy was born.

Those who have doubts about the works of God have only to consider the night that Higgins accepted Christ at a revival in a Baptist church, and the fact a man who had never known one iota about an oilwell was marked by destiny to bring about this new age of human progress.

THE UTILIZATION OF STRUCTURES

In choosing the specific firms we were to represent in the reconstruction of Gladys City a great deal of thought had to be given as to how each could be incorporated into the over-all presentation.

Edgerton was only one of several prominent photographers in the area during the boom but we did have a picture of his studio on The Hill and were able to build it exactly as it was, but more than that, he also had an office at Sour Lake when the field began there in 1905. So this gives us an opportunity to show the extremely rapid development of the various oil fields and just as importantly what life was like during this exciting era through photographs as well as how they can be used in historic interpretation. We have been aided greatly toward the completion of this building with a very generous donation by Mrs. Wesley W. Kyle through the Beaumont Heritage Society. The daughters of Frank Trost, the photographer of the famous Lucas Gusher picture, Mrs. Marian Loidold and Mrs. Theresa Hartford of Port Arthur have also been very helpful by offering several original photos by their father. Mrs. Roy Harder has given a period camera and Ms. Vivian Lydell contributed shots of the 1902 fire at Spindle Top taken by her father, C. A. Lydell. Naturally we are seeking any other appropriate photos and would be willing to borrow them just long enough for reproduction purposes if the owner wants to retain the originals and, as

FORD

with all donations, individuals will be recognized for their contributions.

The next structure demonstrates how a single building was often utilized by several concerns and was often mutually beneficial to each one. Referred to and signed as "The Trading of Exchange", it will also serve as a law office and an oil company headquarters. Among the many items donated by Mr. W. C. (Bill) Gilbert was an entire 1903 vintage office, including the furniture, record books, maps, pictures and even the spitoon which will portray a minor oil firm.

We also have the furnishings of a law office of this time period given by John and Charles Howell.

The Jefferson County Bar Association has given a substantial donation not only of money but also time and effort to make this an authentic representation.

We hope to capture the spark of the trade at this point, depicting many of the fortunes which were won and lost during a day's time.

The Rotary Club of Beaumont has set aside $1,500.00 to furnish the General Store and just this week representatives from Weingartens agreed to assist in finding suitable collections. This is one place where a museum can spend its entire budget and still not have many artifacts, as it becomes very helpful to the project for a large organization to become involved. Along with the advantage of having numerous contacts

comes the probability of getting cooperation from their suppliers.

Although a little more research will be required this "weigh and pour" store will probably have a "typical" residence on the second floor, particularly if we receive a few more donations of a personal nature. The dry goods store sold everything that was not normally weighed or poured and we have chosen A. L. Gibson as the proprietor. We know that this store was located at 275 Main Street and he was also the Duffey, Texas postmaster at 276 Main Street from December 1900 through March 1905. There was also a Spindle Top, Texas, postoffice but it only lasted a year, from 1905 to 1906! Mr. Gibson featured shoes, hats, trunks, valises, oversuits and check cashing.

I think it very appropriate that The Fair Store is finishing and furnishing this building in memory of its founder, Mr. Benjamin Greenberg and his wife, Jennie, who established one of the first retail dry goods establishments in southeast Texas.

Since a very small amount of space will be required to present the general delivery post office, the Director's office will be behind the short frontice. Mr. Bob Christ, present Postmaster of Beaumont, was extremely helpful in locating our period window (there were normally two since

money orders and stamps could not be purchased from the same window).

Diner-Dederick Construction Company is finishing and furnishing my office for which I am extremaly grateful.

THE TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE and THE POWER STRUGGLE

In continuing with our tour the visitor must cross a very distinct line at this location and for a very good reason. As mentioned previously we have taken representative samples of various facilities from all over the Hill and not just business concerns in the original Gladys City.

There was a stipulation which had to be agreed to before a proprietor erected his establishment. There would be no alcoholic beverages sold or gambling on the lands originally belonging to the Gladys City Oil Gas and Manufacturing Company. Therefore the saloons and houses of ill repute were situated on the perimeter of the property which essentially was just off the edge of the Hill. There was even a committee appointed by a Judge Pope to enforce these regulations.

So our Log Cabin Saloon, which became one of the most famous, owned and operated by a Mr. R. C. Grinnell, featured, among other things, "Pabst Beer on Draught" and a "Drillers Lunch" from 10:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m.

We have had numerous inquiries about the services we plan to offer in our reconstruction. We are working with our University Food Service and Coca Cola in trying to offer in the near future, as every good outdoor museum should, some "authentic" meals of the time. The Sabine District Wholesale Beer Distributors and Mr. George Clark have made substantial

financial contributions, and Mr. Grisby Parello donated a fine period bar. Mr. Charles Brand gave a player piano and Mr. Stanley Ledger is mounting a deer head to help make this a good rendition of the way it was. We still need many furnishings such as tables and chairs and fixtures like bottles, pictures and lights to be complete.

Abutting and actually using the exterior wall of the saloon for its inside wall, the Barber Shop was a very important part of the boom. Not only did the tonsorialists serve as the most recent (if not always the most reliable) source of information, they also rented out their chairs for "beds" for some very memorable and uncomfortable nights. The Pat and Mike Martin families have donated a barber's chair used by their mother, Mrs. Laura Mae Martin, who actually used it in Beaumont. The S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. (the area barber shop singers) and the Elite Barber and Beauty Supply are assisting in furnishing and finishing this building.

The next structure provided a great deal of consternation before we decided what we would eventually portray. Erected to represent a power plant it faced many barriers in locating the proper materials to put into either an air, steam, and water production system or an electrical generating source. So after much research a tank building company was selected. First of all it was a very important industry on Spindle Top, but more importantly from an historical standpoint this was one of the first locations where galvanized storage tanks were put into use.

Mr. Bradley McKinney has given some very appropriate tools but many more are needed.

THE NECESSITIES

When I first accepted the position of Director of Museum Services at Lamar University and assumed the responsibility of coordinating the Gladys City Project one of my desires was to show how mortuaries often evolved out of livery stables. By necessity the livery man was required to pick up the new "coffins" from the railhead, store them and since the funerals were held in the homes they also made the necessary arrangements to transport the deceased to the cemetery. So through time, often just to simplify matters, a mortuary was set up in the livery.

This situation actually occurred right here in Beaumont and I found the Broussard family very interested and most generous in helping to start this building. They have given an extremely valuable horse-drawn hearse and a surrey with Bella Construction furnishing the materials to enclose these items to help conserve their originality.

Last but not least of the structures you will have an opportunity to visit today is the Southern Carriage Works. The blacksmith was perhaps the single most important person on the Hill. His priorities rapidly changed as indicated by one advertisement, "We repair all kinds of oil well tools, boilers, pumps, engines and horseshoeing". The whole Schuldt family has pitched in and helped restore Mr. George Christian Schuldt's original shop.

This morning the wagon wheels will be replaced by petroleum-based radials, powered by gasoline drinking engines rather than hayburners and the rawhide boots replaced by the petrochemical patent leather high heels, but in this meager beginning I hope each and every one of those attending will see what we can offer Southeast Texas.

We have far exceeded the proposed goals of the Bicentennial Commission whose dream was just to have the buildings done. Through the efforts of so many it would take up the entire column to list (and maybe that is what we should have done) we now have the interior finishing approximately 80 per cent complete, and almost all of the buildings with furnishings.

We have one of the greatest potentials in Texas for development of an outstanding museum complex. Gladys City is only Phase I and we need even more support for our projected desires.

A broad, culturally-based museum presenting the history of Southeast Texas is Phase II and becomes not only feasible and practical but necessary with the union today of the Gladys City facility with a state educational institution.

To help achieve this dream of a modern and suitable monument to properly house the heritage that so desperately needs to be preserved we are organizing the Spindle Top Museum Association.

I cannot pass up this chance to give some personal thanks to some people who deserve it the most - those who have worked shoulder-to-shoulder with me in making what we have done thus far possible. My wife, without whose love, patience and understanding would not have permitted or encouraged me to do so much, and my secretary, without whose help, dedication and loyalty would not have allowed us to accomplish what we have done. Mr. John Thomas and Mr. Bill Nelson, who have put in just as many hours as I have and Mrs. Martha St. John, Chairman of our Bicentennial Project Committee who has been an invaluable service to her community again. Dr. Burt Dubose, a government professor from Lamar, who cleaned windows, shoveled slag and did all the things no one else was doing; Ethel Pickett, Lindsey Lee, Susie Cline and Annita Van Meter, who had contributed a lot of time and effort in helping us meet the deadline.

My thanks must also go to the hundreds of people who have given that two bucks to help make the re-creation of Gladys City a reality!

THE LAST BUILDING

The latest structure you see being built at the new Gladys City is the only building being entirely sponsored by an organization. The Lucas Gusher Monument Association, having kept the torch lighted for such a very long time, is just now beginning to see its efforts come to fruition.

Formed for the purpose of erecting and maintaining monuments commemorating the Lucas Gusher at Spindle Top on January 10, 1901, the group was chartered on July 21, 1940. A 58-foot high granite shaft was erected on the original well site in 1941 and served as the center of activities during the 50th Anniversary of the Lucas Gusher in 1951. Mr. Frank Betts and Mr. W. W. Leach, who were appointed by Governor Shivers to serve on the 50th observance committee, have been reappointed by Governor Briscoe to continue their service as members of the 75th celebration.

Because of the subsidence of the soil at the original site the monument was moved to its present location in 1955. However, due to lack of community interest at the new location it deteriorated until 1966 when the Rotary Club of Beaumont through its contribution of thousands of dollars revived and maintained the site as a park. Fortunately this was done in time for it to be designated as a National Historic Landmark in 1967 by the U. S. Department of Interior.

The Association, having received gifts of land with an estimated value of $25,000.00 from the McFaddin, Wiess and Kyle

families, as well as land and buildings from the Sun Oil Company with an estimated value of $500,000.00, on January 1, 1971, established the Spindle Top Museum. In 1975, desiring to perpetuate the beginning of the liquid fuel age and its significance to the world, the Lucas Gusher Monument Association gave to Lamar University the monument, the museum and the lands making it possible to reconstruct and re-create Gladys City where it is today.

The building being constructed, finished and furnished by the Association will be, appropriately, the keystone around which the history of Gladys City will be presented. With the backing of George W. Carroll, George W. O'Brien and J. T. Lanier in 1892 establishing the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Company, Pattillo Higgins was able to pursue his dream of having an industrial complex second to none based on petroleum which he knew was on the Hill. His attempts to prove this for the next five years is a story in determination which should inspire every American in this 200th year of our nation's independence.

We will now be able to present this man's personality, ingenuity and heritage thanks to the generosity of the Higgins Family, Mrs. Pattillo (Annie) Higgins of San Antonio, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Pat Higgins, and her grandson, Mr. Robert Higgins of Southerland Springs, Texas. Recognizing the need for exhibiting personal items belonging to Pattillo and his father so as to make it a "real" presentation, the family has entrusted the Museum

with all the remaining items and papers of the two men.

We have also been given many letters, records and documents from the O'Brien family along with a great deal of personal assistance from Mr. Chilton O'Brien to make the true history of the Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Company complete.

The next building in the tour will be the Gladys City Drug Company. Chosen not only for the name but also to illustrate the need of a physician to be his own pharmacist during this time period. In this case it was a Dr. G. G. Matkin. The doctor's office, although somewhat primitive by our standards, was an essential part of the boom. On the job as well as after work the hazards were great and one account of a Spindle Top practitioner relates of his retirement to West Texas because he got tired of "sewing and patching up" his patients.

The Jefferson County Medical Auxiliary and the Gulf States Pharmaceutical Association are lending invaluable assistance in locating artifacts and helping in the research.

Gladys City, cradle of the oil industry, is born again

By Stan Redding

Houston Chronicle Staff

Photos by Darrell Davidson

The Spindletop oil boom south of Beaumont was still escalating in late 1901, and Gladys City, the mushroom array of shotgun shacks that bristled among the derricks, was a hustler's mecca.

The board sidewalks and muddy streets were thronged with legitimate oil promoters, drillers, roughnecks and lease dealers, jostling elbows with drifters, grifters, con men, thugs, crooks and gamblers, all eager to cash in on the black gold bonanza.

There weren't an unusual amount of killings, but gunfire was not an uncommon sound in the town, and robberies, burglaries and thefts were around-the-clock occurrences. A man spoiling for a fight could get it any time of the day in the Log Cabin Saloon or one of the other taverns in the town.

It was not exactly the town Pattillo Higgins had in mind when he planned it.

Pattillo Higgins was the father of Spindletop. For years, beginning in 1892, Higgins, a one-armed land dealer and brick kiln operator, maintained there was oil under "Big Hill" south of Beaumont, and the oil would make millionaires of land owners and make the Beaumont area one of the most important industrial complexes in America.

Petroleum experts of the day scoffed at Higgins' views. And Higgins found few advocates to share his dream for the salt dome area known locally as Spindletop, a favorite picnic area for townsmen and their families.

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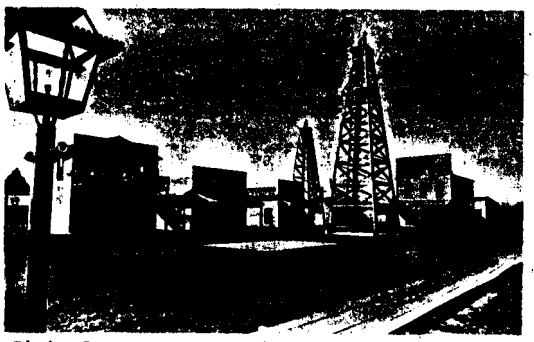
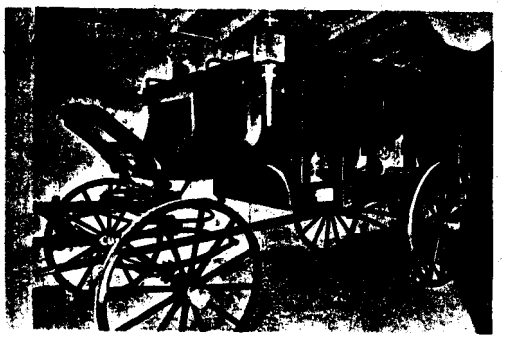
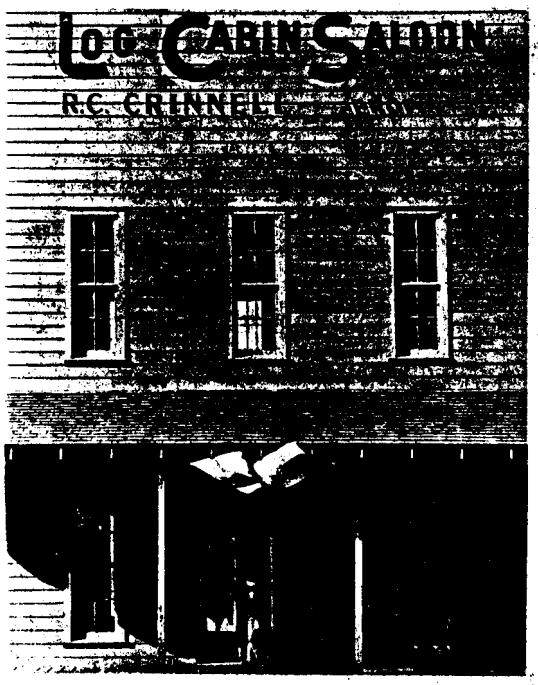


Gladys City, its re-creation shown here, earned its spot in the petroleum industry hall of fame.

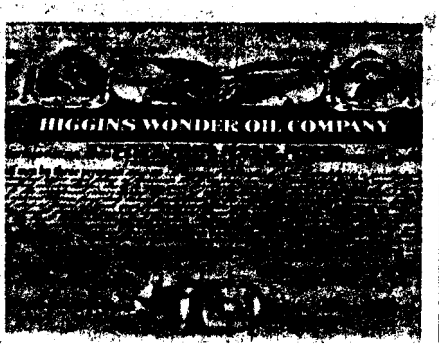


Living was dirty in the oil fields, but dying was elegant if the Broussards handled the funeral.

Maida Venza stands in front of a painting done in the wake of the boom.



A man could match a brawl any time of the day or night in the Log Cabin Saloon.



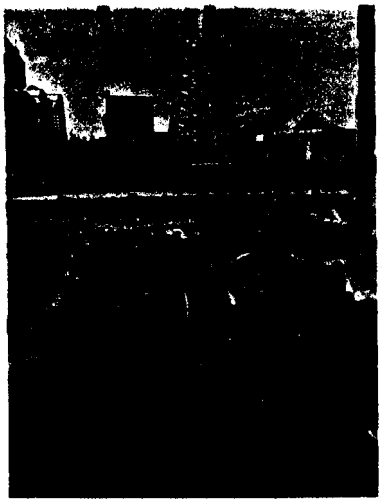
Gladys City spawned scores of stock-selling oil companies; some, like Pattillo Higgins' firm, earned investors a fortune.

Re-created blacksmith shop is equipped as a working smithy.

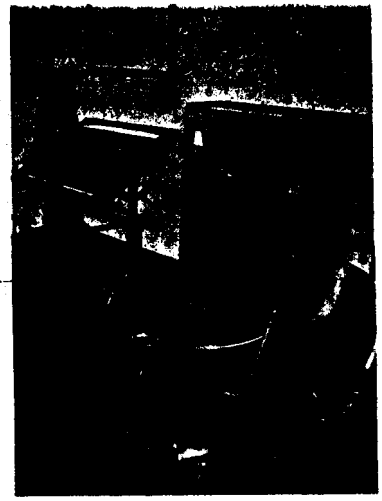
Old oil holding tank was salvaged from the original Spindletop drilling site.

The dream of founding a great city became more of a nightmare

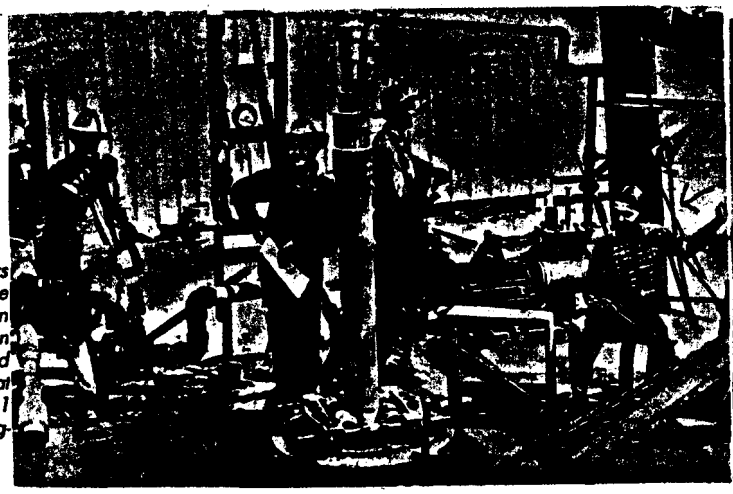
Gladys City boasted a dressmaking shop, although it is not known how successful it was.

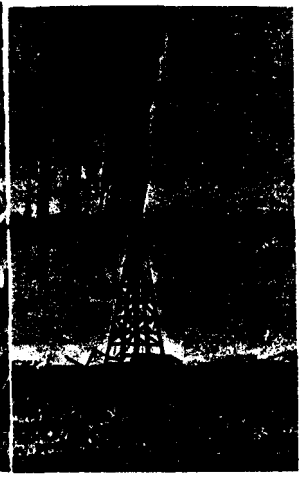


Drilling block was used in putting down one of the original wells in 1901.

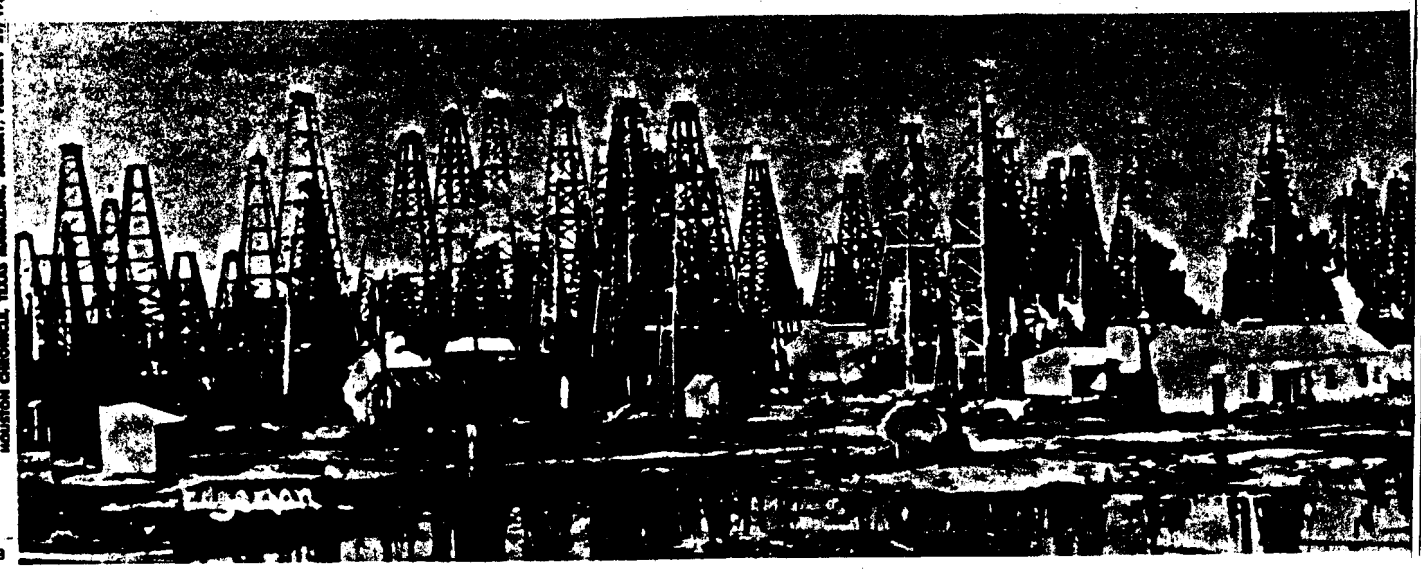


These are part of the original furnishings of Nelson & White, Engineers.





Old photograph, right, shows roughnecks on a drilling site at Spindletop, where the liquid fuel age was born. For right, an artist put Texas' most important gusher in oils. Below, Pattillo Higgins envisioned Gladys City as a "dream metropolis" that would eclipse Houston; a late 1901 photograph depicts the shattering of Higgins' dream.



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Higgins envisioned a model city sprouting on the prairie, a metropolis of fine homes, broad parks, tall buildings, hospitals, schools and wide, brick-paved streets, a city destined to become one of the largest in the south, certainly a city to eclipse Beaumont and Houston.

Higgins had already drawn the plans and come up with a name: Gladys City, in honor of a small girl in Higgins' Sunday school class, Gladys Bingham, daughter of a close friend.

When A. F. Lucas brought in the Spindletop gusher on Jan. 10, 1901, he vindicated Higgins' status as a petroleum geologist without portfolio.

But Gladys City, as it sprang up around the field, was more of a nightmare than a beautiful dream.

It was never more than what it was in the beginning, a collection of houses, hotels, businesses and city government offices made of raw lumber and meant to serve the immediate needs of those engaged in developing the oil field. There was never a hospital. Never a school. Never a paved street.

Gladys City boomed when the oil field boomed, and withered away with the wane of the field and the shift of its population to Beaumont and Port Arthur. The last of its buildings had crumbled into dust by the early 1930s.

But Gladys City had an earned niche in Texas and American history. It was the birthplace of the liquid fuel age. It was also the birthplace of some of the giants of the petroleum industry: Texaco, Exxon (then Humble Oil), Sun, Standard and Atlantic.

In its own way, Gladys City precipitated the phenomenal growth of Houston and the Beaumont-Orange-Port Arthur triangle.

It was a city that deserved to be remembered.

And it will be remembered permanently now.

Gladys City has been rebuilt, and will be operated as a museum-park by Lamar University in Beaumont.

It was dedicated earlier this year by Gov. Dolph Briscoe, who, like Pattillo Higgins, has a lot of knowledge about land and bricks himself.

It is already a popular tourist attraction and a favorite on-campus leisure retreat for Lamar students, said Maida Venza, one of the "city" employes.

Gladys City was faithfully re-created from photographs of the little boom town during its early years. The replica city is actually across the highway from the site of the original town, and only the nucleus of the actual Gladys City was reproduced, for the land donated for the facsimile did not allow construction of replicas of all the shacks and shanties that jammed the area. A photograph of Gladys City in 1902 shows the tiny town dispersed amidst a forest of derricks in a quagmire.

"They sold leases just the size of a rig," said Venza. She pointed to a photograph behind her desk.

"That was taken after the boom was over. As you see, we acquired some of the original wooden oil-holding tanks."

The 11-acre site of the re-created city was donated by Sun Oil. The replica city itself is a joint project of the City of Beaumont, the Beaumont Chamber of Commerce, the Beaumont Bicentennial Commission and dozens of private groups and individuals.

Most of the items and artifacts displayed in the buildings are authentic relics of Gladys City's heyday. Bill Nelson gave most of the furniture and instruments on view in the replica of the Nelson & White engineering firm building.

Nelson is the grandson of August L. Nelson, who with George White operated the engineering company. "The bookcase and some other items are original furnishings," said Nelson. "The other things in the office are from the same period."

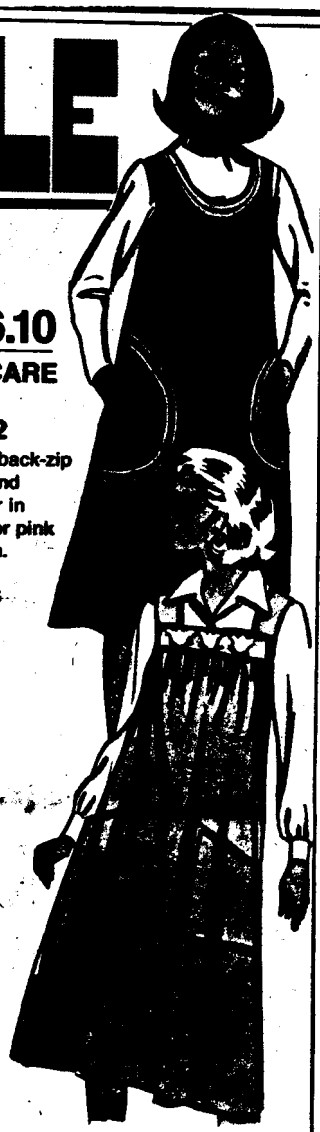
George Christian Schuldt's smithy has been duplicated so completely that "a blacksmith could go into business there today," said Frances Racki, another Gladys City employe.

Other replicas and artifacts have been donated by the heirs and families of other men who were prominent in Gladys City's affairs at the turn of the century. The gleaming hearse in A. Broussard's undertaking parlor carried the bodies of many of those who died during the boom period.

Gladys Bingham, for whom the city was named, wasn't too keen on having the city named after her, but an innate politeness prompted her to accept the honor. Pattillo Higgins gave her a few shares of stock in his Gladys City Oil, Gas and Manufacturing Co. as a token of his affection. The little girl grew up to become one of Beaumont's most beautiful and admired socialites and married James Baine Price.

She sold her handful of stock in 1926 — for $250,000.

SALE



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