Book Reviews

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This well-researched business biography of Joseph Cullinan provides an interesting and informative account of the development of the early oil industry in the Gulf Southwest. The author, John O. King of the University of Houston, had access to the archives of the Texaco Company as well as the Cullinan Papers and those of many of Cullinan’s early associates. In addition, King has interviewed a considerable number of early oil officials, members of the Cullinan family, and other authorities on the petroleum industry. Cullinan emerges as perhaps the first Texas professional oil man who was on the scene and ready to cope with the problems of bonanza production that followed the Spindletop discovery in 1901.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1860, Joe Cullinan went to work in the oil fields at fourteen. He was employed by various affiliates of the Standard Oil Company and rose through a series of jobs until he became a division superintendent of the Southwest Pennsylvania Pipe Line Company in 1893. By this time he was an experienced oil man having worked in all phases of the industry and had been marked for advancement by the parent company. Two years later (in 1895) he severed his relations with Standard Oil and soon afterward came to Texas, eager to try his hand as an independent manager at Corsicana.

The Corsicana field had begun with the accidental discovery of oil in 1894, but three years of petroleum development had convinced the local managers that more capital was needed than they commanded and an experienced manager was necessary if the field was to achieve its potential production. Cullinan agreed to move to Texas and soon stabilized the chaotic field, built pipe lines and storage facilities, and constructed the first significant oil refinery in the state. He also demonstrated the practical use of petroleum for locomotive fuel and played a role in the passage of the first Texas oil conservation law in 1899.

The dramatic discovery of oil at Spindletop in January, 1901 brought Cullinan, as well as thousands of others, to the scene at Beaumont. With New Yorker Arnold Schlaet, financier John W. Gates, and the Texas-controlled Hogg-Swayne syndicate, Cullinan formed the Texas Fuel Company in 1901. From this beginning grew the Texas Company which progressed from a fuel oil marketing enterprise to a fully integrated major oil company with a national and international market. King traces the development of Texaco during the years (1901-1913) of Cullinan’s presidency and gives attention to the problems of personal leadership and the constant quest for funds to finance the ever-expanding goals of the company. He concludes, as have others, that once an enterprise has committed itself to a fully integrated operation and a national market, there is no turning back. There is a never-ending search for new fields as the early discoveries play out; the continued laying of pipeline to collecting stations, and more lines to the refineries; the acquisition of transportation facilities, more pipelines, tankers, cars to send the product to market, and the constantly growing demand for larger and more sophisticated refining facilities.
The operations grew too great even for Joe Cullinan and he resigned, leaving Texaco in 1913. His later ventures were also successful and he died, at 77, a multi-millionaire still actively engaged in the petroleum business. He left as his monument the Texas Company which he managed through its early difficult speculative days. Today it is one of the great petroleum enterprises with world-wide operations.

In this study King concentrates on Cullinan’s business career and the problems of management and decision-making facing an oil executive. Little emerges on Cullinan’s personal activities, his philosophy of life, or his hobbies and avocations. Though there is a brief account of his civic and political contributions in the concluding chapter, this reader would like to know more about Cullinan’s family life, his friends and associates outside the Texas Company, and his role as a citizen at Houston throughout his later years. These, however, are minor criticisms and are largely directed to the book that Professor King chose not to write. As a business biography, this is an excellent study. It adds much to our knowledge of the early oil industry in Texas and the men who led it during its formative years.

Robert S. Maxwell
Stephen F. Austin State University


The author of Horse Tradin’ and Wild Cow Tales has quickly established himself as a storyteller and writer of national significance, and those who read his every word are pleased to note that he continues to pour forth his tales.

A native of Hopkins County, in northeast Texas, Ben K. Green has spent most of his life as cowboy and veterinarian west of Fort Worth, but on occasion he has been known to admit that he is originally from Cumby, where he resides today. Unlike most of his stories, including the recent book, Village Horse Doctor, which is set in Fort Stockton, The Last Trail Drive Through Downtown Dallas takes place largely in East Texas. Autobiographical in nature, the plot is simple: a teenage boy moves a herd of a hundred or so head of livestock from Paint Rock, Texas, to Bossier City, Louisiana. He is aided along the way by two helpers, a Choctaw cowboy and a Mexican cook. There’s not much to tell so far as the first leg of the trip is concerned—the animals were bought cheap in Paint Rock, and without undue adventure the herd was moved eastward where they increased in value as they went.

Not until they moved through Fort Worth and approached Dallas did the fun begin. They moved down Camp Bowie Boulevard, through Arlington and Grand Prairie, east on Davis Street and north on Zangs Boulevard. Before they knew it, and without really thinking ahead, Ben and his sidekicks faced the Oak Cliff Viaduct, “about a mile long . . . crossing the Trinity River bottom ahookin’ Oak Cliff and points west across to Main Dallas and all points
Crossing that bridge was indeed an adventure to write about. Up Houston and out Gaston Avenues they went, finally bedding down that night in the little town of Garland. During the next few days they passed through Rockwall, Caddo Mills, Greenville (right down Lee Street), Emory, Quitman, Crow, Big Sandy, Hallsville, and Marshall before crossing into Louisiana. As Green points out, "the further east we moved these horses, the more commotion they caused and the bigger the herd got in the minds of the people that saw them." Young Ben employed some of his horse tradin' skill, for which he is so famous, as he pased along, but not until reaching Bossier City did he unload the bulk of his herd. If there is any question as to whether Green made a profit or a loss, there's no choice here but to read the book and see.

Not written as history (Green would not waste his time on such!), this "true and humorous account" nevertheless provides a well drawn glimpse of life in rural East Texas during the not too distant past. The style is easy and conversational—even loose—with neither spelling nor grammar being permitted to get in the way of a good sentence. In his own special way, Green has again contributed something of value to the world of literature and history. With luck, one of the 1750 autographed copies can stiH be found and purchased.

Frank H. Smyrl
East Texas State University


Three centuries ago the Kiowa Indians started an arduous trek from the headwaters of the Yellowstone River in what is western Montana to their present home in Oklahoma. En route they experienced both a cultural and psychological revolution. A divided and oppressed people when they began, the Kiowas ended their odyssey with honor and glory. They had acquired horses, freeing themselves "of the ground," and absorbed the general knowledge of how to live in the vast expanses of the Southern Plains. They had learned the bold, hard disposition of warriors. As a result, for a hundred years prior to the mid-nineteenth century, they stood as lords of the land—a society of sun priests, fighters, hunters, and thieves.

Perhaps the Kiowas' most significant acquisition during the course of their long journey, however, was Tai-me. The sacred Sun Dance doll, Tai-me became at once their most powerful medicine and the symbol of their spiritual welfare.

The journey, with its cultural and psychological alteration of Kiowa life, is recalled by N. Scott Momaday in The Way to Rainy Mountain. But his account becomes more than the story of Tai-me and Tai-me's people: it emerges as a personal journey for Momaday himself. A Kiowa Indian, who teaches English at the University of California at Santa Barbara, Momaday weaves his poetic narrative around his own pilgrimage to the grave of his grandmother.
His route is that traversed by his forebears, and it brings the writer into confrontation with his Kiowa heritage. The result is an evocation of a landscape notably picturesque, a time that is gone forever, and the human spirit that endures.

As important as the subject and indeed integral with it is the method of presentation that Momaday employs. He has arranged his materials in such a way that, in the three main parts of the book, each set of facing pages contains three paragraphs, representing three separate narrative threads. The first paragraph of a given set tells a Kiowa legend, usually timeless in origin. The second paragraph presents an account of some verifiable or historical event, ordinarily taken from the nineteenth century period of Kiowa life. The third paragraph provides the author’s impression or comment that derives from his having heard the legend and read the history, as well as from his having actually traveled the same route taken by his ancestors centuries earlier. To more clearly denote the separate narrative threads of each grouping, the publisher has used three different type faces, one for each paragraph.

At the end of the work, the “Epilogue” consolidates the three parts so that the three “voices” become one. This is Momaday’s way of saying that legend, history, and contemporary experience converge, as they should, into a personal reality.

Stylistically the work is a combination of poetry and prose. Actual poems, “Headwaters” and “Rainy Mountain Cemetery,” respectively, introduce and conclude the book. The dominantly prose style of the interior, however, frequently shades into the poetic.

Lending further distinction to the book are the illustrations by the author’s father, Al Momaday, a distinguished contemporary artist.

*The Way to Rainy Mountain* enhances the growing reputation of N. Scott Momaday in part by stressing the versatility of his work. Momaday’s prior publications include an edition of *The Complete Poems of Frederick Goddard Tuckman* and the novel *House Made of Dawn*. All three works place Momaday in the front ranks of a growing number of American Indian writers who include Vine Deloria, Jr., author of the recent pointed satire called *Custer Died for Your Sins*.

Edwin W. Gaston, Jr.
Stephen F. Austin State University

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Fortunately for society there appear, at intervals, writers with a facility for helping a people to see itself with uncommon clarity. If this is accomplished with literary flair, so much the better. Willie Morris is a writer of this sort.

Texas and Willie Morris have had a great influence on each other. It was
as an undergraduate at the University of Texas that he had his intellectual awakening. He won renown as the courageous editor of the University Daily Texan in the mid '50's, did a stint as the editor of the Texas Observer, and went on to become the chief editor of Harper's Magazine at the age of 33. It is a measure of his apparent controversial bent that he recently left that position amid heavy criticism and extravagant praise.

Morris' first work, North Toward Home, treats Texas with a curious mixture of admiration and despair. His add passim descriptions of his journeys through East Texas are almost lyrical in quality. Still his congenital, almost mystic, ties to his native Mississippi are the dominant theme of that book.

Thus it is not surprising that Morris' second work, Yazoo, constitutes a sort of love-hate expression from a sensitive, liberal expatriate of the Deep South. The book deals with the period of time in 1969 and 1970 when the first genuine thorough-going school integration was set in motion in the author's hometown.

The exceptional "sense of place" which Morris recognizes in himself comes to the fore here as he gives his impressions of the agony and exhilaration of change experienced by the citizens, white and black, of a Delta town, in a period of genuine social and historical significance. Throughout, the author is uncompromising in his pro-integrationist viewpoint. Still his insights are always tempered with a sympathy for every actor in his real-life drama. Yazoo is not so much a chronicle of events as an impressionistic assessment of a social climate, the mood of a people.

Morris writes with dignity, with perception, with grace, and, above all, with empathy. His is an emotional work. Within the context of time and place it could not be otherwise.

The author of North Toward Home and Yazoo styles himself a polemicist. If this is so, he is a social gadfly with an extraordinary measure of conscience and compassion. His purview is nationwide, but his ineradicable Southernness lends character and distinctiveness to his writing. His latest work constitutes at the same time a literary creation of consummate skill and a personal report on social revolution in one place which has relevance to the situation of all Americans of conscience.

Stephen N. Smith
Stephen F. Austin State University


Ramsey Clark in his recent book, Crime in America, is neither offensive nor "pushy," but he does ringingly arraign our society (in clear, concise, compelling terms) for creating, coddling, and continuing conditions which breed, promote, and enhance the many-faceted crime problem that faces the America we claim to love and want to preserve.
Perhaps beyond all else the author is really saying to us, just as do the protesters of today that many things are awry in the United States. As he shows, this nation has failed in numerous ways to erect a social structure that is fair, equitable, productive (of good), and motivative (aright) for people of good-will of all races, creeds, colors, and stations in life. Moreover, he underscores the fact that if we would preserve our nation, we must change it; we must come to grips with, and solve our present day problems, somehow.

At the outset it ought to be pointed out that Ramsey Clark is a person in whom a great many Texans take pride. A lean, lanky, drawling, six-foot son of the Lone Star state, in looks and voice he reveals his Dallas-born heritage. And, his liberal stance speaks well of his home, his school, or his experiences, mayhap all three. Anyway, as of now, he is in the front rank of those who understand Crime in America and who offer a solution to the dilemma it creates.

While we cannot "buy" the extra-superlative personage Tom Wicker makes Ramsey Clark out to be in the book's introduction, we do agree that Clark's is probably "the most revolutionary voice in America today . . ." Wicker thinks Clark has shown us how to master our problems and our destiny. First off, we need to change our attitudes, if we would resolve our "crime riddles."

The reader of this volume cannot help but be impressed with statistics that completely demolish a faulty argument—even J. Edgar's pompous, vain, slanted mouthings, designed not so much to control or wipe out crime as to promote the reputation of Hoover and his F.B.I. As Clark argues, crime may not even be increasing as Hoover and so many reactionary "law enforcers" would have us believe—federal prisons have fewer inmates today than ten years ago, we have faster, more accurate reporting methods, and better records now exist than ever before.

Who would want to argue with this book's claim that about two-thirds of the arrests in America's larger cities occur among a little less than two percent of the people? Does this not indict our society? Clark says so, and this reviewer agrees. Ghettos are hotbeds of lawlessness, filth, disease, and despair in just about every city. Eliminating them is an absolute necessity if we truly want to eradicate most crime.

It is not "stretching the truth" to say that Clark has taken the pulse of our society and found a fever of anti-social activity that must be stamped out. Even so, all is not gloom and doom. We can "overcome," we can alleviate or cure the malady, by eliminating such things as wire-tapping, by doing away with the out-moded death penalty, by educating and up-grading our peace-officer forces, by stringent gun controls, by banishment (absolute) of government information (computerized) pools, by wiping out even the tendency to set up a police state's machinery of individual dossiers by which rumor, innuendo, and even falsifications invade personal privacy, by doing away with brutal whippings, etc., so often practiced by police, and by making our prisons, not "factories of crime," but places of enlightened penal practices, rehabilitation, and reform.

The author writes with disarming impersonality—which we like. We even like it when he gets "mad as hell." The average reader, if truly interested, will feel that same way, too, at least if he is as passionately concerned with all these
things as is Clark. Surely *Crime in America* underlines the futility of name-calling, and merely petty politics like the Nixon-Agnew fanning of the flames of race hatred. Clark says ever so many things that needed desperately to be said, and he does it well. Additionally, he supports statements with a wealth of facts and figures, which lend authority and authenticity to the book. Finally, it might be said that his closing is most appropos (and we paraphrase it here): To solve our pressing "Crime in America" problems today we must be "guided by reason," for to solve our dilemma and straighten out our values, we must possess and utilize a "passion for justice," not empty words, mind you, but a deep and abiding passion for the right that will impel us to do whatever is necessary to right the wrongs in this society—particularly *Crime in America*.

Read the book and ponder upon its message. It is meaningful, important and worthy of serious consideration by almost everybody in the United States this year. Remember, as the book's title says: "These are] "observations on its [crime] nature, causes, prevention and control."

E. W. Rice  
Tarrant County Junior College

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As the author tells us in the Foreword, the purpose of this book about the siege of Vicksburg during the Civil War is to "... recount /it/ in the words and thoughts of the participants ... especially of those civilian victims of war." In several instances the "civilians" turned out to be citizen soldiers whose thoughts, at least to Hoehling, seemed to be more akin to civilians than to professional soldiers. Whatever his criteria for judging and selecting his sources, he drew upon the recollections of some thirty-six different individuals. Some of the sources were official reports of Army and Navy officers on both sides, some were contemporary newspaper accounts, some were diaries and letters (very few), and some were memoirs published long after the events.

The author utilized his material to put together what amounts to a diary of the siege. Each chapter of the book tells the happening of a single day. This rather different treatment gives the reader a sense of actuality and contributes greatly to the development of an understanding of the mounting tension of a city under nearly continual bombardment.

The book presents a record of life in a besieged city—the lack of news from the outside world; the continual psychological pressure due to the incessant sound and fury of a barrage of shells, mortars and small-arms fire; the lack of food; and the difficulties of establishing a life in the hastily-dug caves of the city.

True to his desire to portray civilian life during the siege, Hoehling succeeds in giving the effect to the reader that Vicksburg was an isolated island in an ocean of war. Although he used such sources as General John C. Pemberton,
commander of the Confederate Forces, and Admiral David D. Porter of the Union Fleet, the author failed to place the campaign in the mainstream of military history. However, this may not be his fault but may be due to the local interests of the civilians who provided Hoehling with their recollections.

The author did a remarkable job of piecing together the original accounts so that a definite continuity appeared out of what might easily have been chaos. Unfortunately, the documents themselves were all too often memoirs or recollections in published form, some of which did not appear in print until 1912—nearly fifty years later. It would be interesting to know how the writer chose his material, and what criteria he used to discard some accounts and keep others; but he did not choose to tell us. He did attach a short bibliography as well as a glossary of military terms. Most effective was the album of illustrations—seventy pages of them—ranging from sketches to actual photographs. A detailed map of the city of Vicksburg showing the location of the various sites mentioned by the diarists would have added greatly to the usefulness of the book.

Taken altogether, the book is a very readable, popularly-written account of one of the major battles of the Civil War, told primarily from a civilian point of view.

Robert H. Selby
LeTourneau College


Martha Emmons, in her thirteenth year as a member of the Baylor University's English department faculty, and from which school she received her B.A. degree, has taught previously in Calvert, Taylor, and Nacogdoches. She took her M.A. degree at the University of Texas and has done further study there and at Columbia. She has had numerous poems and articles published and has authored and co-authored almost a dozen social-studies textbooks. Now she has put a collection of first-hand stories of her Negro friends into an appealing book, Deep Like the Rivers.

Folklore may cut across many professional fields and historically speaking, Miss Emmon's book is a distillation and a preservation of the beauty and picturesqueness of a culture which is passing—that of the old-fashioned Southern Negro. The author has captured much of the loveliness of the natural language of this untutored folk. She chose the title from a poem by the Negro poet, Langston Hughes, "The Negro Speaks of Rivers." She chose it because it expresses her own feelings about the richness and depth of the Negro's character.

There are nine chapters in Deep Like the Rivers, and each one includes choice stories accrued by the author in such a natural way by the many informal
visits she paid to her older Negro friends, matching them story for story in old-fashioned talk. But the older generation is dwindling and with it the Negro dialect that Texas has produced.

J. Frank Dobie took his title of "Tone the Bell Easy" (1932) from a song in an article contributed by Miss Emmons to the Texas Folklore Society and Mr. Dobie said of her, "certain critical readers with a right to an opinion regard Martha Emmons as the foremost master of Negro dialect that Texas has produced." Because of the difficulty in presenting dialect in written form, the author has made limited use of it in her book. If I ventured a criticism, it would be that a sound recording made by Martha Emmons of these stories told mainly by East Texas Negroes might be even more appealing than her book.

Miss Emmons feels keenly the importance of preserving the old-fashioned East Texas Negro and the humor and pathos of his life, not only for the Negro race but for all Americans, and the last chapter in her book, "All Are Crossing Over," is a tender, sad farewell to her Negro friends who have "passed over."

Elizabeth B. Davis
Stephen F. Austin State University


"There is many a boy here who looks on war as all glory," William Tecumseh Sherman told an audience in 1880; "but, boys, it is all hell. You can bear this warning voice to generations yet to come." Those generations, as the ones previous, if they heard such warning voices, failed to heed them. War has followed war with such a persistent and bloody regularity that western civilization cannot be properly understood without inquiring into the nature and causes of military conflict. Fighting Men, as its subtitle suggests, is the story of warfare in the western world.

This work is divided into twelve chapters which range in scope from a few years to several centuries. The editors offer one chapter each, while the rest are prepared by other specialists in particular areas. Some of the essays emphasize military strategy and technology, and others tend towards narrative accounts of military conflict. The book's coverage of western military history begins with the Greeks, whose notable contribution to warfare was the phalanx, and the Romans, who developed the famed manipular legion. The Middle Ages and Renaissance are represented by an essay on "Knights, Castles and Crusades." There is a full treatment of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries' developments in strategy, tactics and armaments, and in the relationship between the military and civil government in the emerging nation-states of modern Europe. American military history, which begins to receive attention with the Great Wars for Empire, is carried through to the period just after the Mexican War, while the developments in Europe are traced up to the eve of World War I.
The book, state the editors, is intended "to introduce freshman and sophomore college students to the military history of the western world." Not only is it entirely adequate for that purpose, but it will also serve well either as a text or as supplementary reading in ROTC and upper division military history courses. Moreover, its use need not be restricted to the classroom, for there is much in the book to appeal to the general reader.

Texans will be particularly interested to find here a well-written essay on the Texan struggle for independence from Mexico. Students in any state, however, will find this work an interesting and instructive supplement to an American or European history survey text; the particularly clear and cogent treatments of General Edward Braddock's campaign against the French and Indians, of the military contributions of Gustavus Adolphus, and of the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte are only a few of the many accounts in this volume which go far deeper than those found in the average textbook. The editors express their intention to bring the coverage, through "eventual revisions," up to the war in Indochina, an addition which would be welcomed by readers as a correction of the book's only major weakness.

"We expect [this book]," the editors write, "to help the student appreciate the role of the military in society and help him understand war. We pray it will not make him love it." Their expectation no doubt will be fulfilled; may their prayer be realized as fully.

James T. King
Wisconsin State University