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LOS ADAES AND THE BORDERLANDS ORIGINS OF EAST TEXAS

by James L. McCorkle, Jr.

The Spanish East Texas outpost of Los Adaes, through the impact of the Texas-Louisiana borderland frontier on its inhabitants, significantly influenced the origins of permanent settlement in East Texas in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The outlines of the settlement, abandonment, and subsequent re-settlement of this region are familiar. In the early eighteenth century, in order to block French intrusion into its territory northeast of the Rio Grande, Spain established several outposts in the region between the Neches and Red rivers. The Los Adaes settlement, comprising the presidio of Nuestra Senora del Pilar and the mission of San Miguel, was the most important of these. It directly confronted the French post of Natchitoches some fifteen miles to the east on the Red River. Protection for this outpost at the time of its founding in 1721 was originally furnished by a garrison of one hundred cavalry troops, and then, after 1729, this duty was entrusted to a reduced complement of sixty. Recognition by the Spanish authorities of the presidio's strategic value led to its designation as the capital of the Province of Texas from 1729 until 1773, when this function was transferred to San Antonio. With the closure of the presidio of Los Dolores de los Texas on the Angelina River in 1729, Los Adaes remained the only presidio in East Texas.

Abandonment in 1773 occurred as a result of two circumstances. Spain's acquisition of Louisiana from France in 1762 caused Spanish Texas to lose its borderland importance. But, whereas the French menace was removed, an Indian threat remained. Concern with hostile Indian tribes along New Spain's northern frontier led to the establishment of a protective cordon of presidios extending from the Gulf of California to the Gulf of Mexico. This line of posts did not include the East Texas settlements. These developments drastically altered the status of Los Adaes and the neighboring missions of Los Ais and Guadalupe. As a consequence, the inhabitants of this affected region were ordered removed to San Antonio, which was retained as a part of the defensive line. This course of events launched this small band of people, the bulk of whom were from Los Adaes, on a six-year odyssey which ended with a permanent settlement at Nacogdoches.

Herbert E. Bolton, in a study which appeared in 1905 in The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association, provided a thorough account of the abandonment of East Texas and the subsequent re-occupation. The following is a distillation of the story of these formative events.

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events described by the pioneer borderlands historian. During the summer, 1773, the people of Los Adaes grudgingly left their homes and began their trek to San Antonio. From the very outset, after their arrival, it was manifestly evident that the Adaesans had no intention of settling down at the prescribed location. Leadership for their subsequent departure from San Antonio and return to East Texas was provided by Antonio Gil Ybarbo, a native of Los Adaes and the proprietor of a large ranch, El Lobanillo, situated near the mission of Los Ais between the Sabine and Neches rivers. While this undertaking was in direct contravention of royal policy there was a mixed reaction from the authorities most directly concerned with affairs in Texas who allowed the move from San Antonio to occur. Aid and assistance was provided by the sympathetic provincial governor, the Baron de Ripperda, while opposition came from the military commander of the frontier, Don Hugo Oconor. Moreover, the viceroy was neither energetic nor decisive in the matter of keeping East Texas free of settlement. The Adaesans' first return settlement was Nuestra Senora del Pilar de Bucareli on the Trinity River where they resided from the late summer of 1774 until 1779. Prompted by Comanche raids, fire, and flood they made a final move during January and February 1779, to Nacogdoches at the site of the former mission of Guadalupe. Here permanent settlement took place. While the transfer to Bucareli was undertaken with the approval of the governor, the change of location to Nacogdoches received no official sanction until after it was a fait accompli. This chain of events acquired for Los Adaes an added importance, that of cradle of East Texas. This assertion is borne out by the fact that even after a span of thirteen years, in 1792, over a quarter of the population of Nacogdoches continued to be listed as natives of Los Adaes.

The most remarkable element in this episode was the assertiveness exhibited by the Adaesans in the face of Spanish policy under the leadership of Gil Ybarbo. Bolton suggested the exceptional nature of their accomplishment when he characterizes it as "a complete victory over the home government." He attributes the failure of the government’s removal policy to three causes:

That this plan failed was due primarily to the attachment of some of the settlers of the district to their homes; to the desire of the provincial authorities to maintain an influence over the Indian tribes of East Texas, as a makeweight against the hostile Apache and Commanche Indians and against Spain's new neighbors, the English; and to the temporizing and double policy of the viceroy.

However, there was a fourth element acting in conjunction with these three delineated by Bolton. This was the frontier experience at Los
Adaes which nurtured an independent spirit evident in the refusal of the settlers to submit passively to the dictates of Spanish policy. Three factors in combination constituted this formative stimulus. They were remoteness from administrative and supply centers in New Spain, friendly relations with surrounding Indians, and close proximity to the neighboring French settlement at Natchitoches. None of these alone could have fostered the impulse which underlay the course of action followed by Gil Ybarbo and his neighbors. But interacting together they formed the catalyst which enabled an independent spirit to evolve on the East Texas frontier.

Los Adaes and the nearby missions constituted a pocket of isolated settlements connected with New Spain only by a slender cord of overland communication. Fortunately the inhabitants of this region enjoyed the friendship of the local Indians among whom they settled. Throughout its half-century of existence Los Adaes was free from the burden of Indian defense. In Texas the tribe which troubled the Spanish the most during the middle eighteenth century was the Lipan Apache. While this group was a constant source of danger to the establishments on the San Antonio River, their depredations never threatened Los Adaes and the other East Texas outposts. The friendly Adaes Indians among whom the Spanish at Los Adaes lived were, along with the neighboring Natchitoches Indians to the east, members of the Caddoan group. The remaining missions in East Texas were set among tribes of the related Hasinai group, who were also friendly toward the Spanish. These groups of allied Indians were enemies of the Apache. Thus, the inhabitants in this remote enclave enjoyed a security, furnished by a protective cordon of surrounding tribes, not enjoyed elsewhere on the exposed edges of the Spanish borderlands.

While the inhabitants of Los Adaes were free from the threat of Apache attack, their remote location caused their connection with New Spain to remain tenuous. Saltillo, a major source of supply for Los Adaes, was 800 miles away. The distance to San Antonio was over 300 miles and required six to seven days of travel. Moreover, the major trail between Los Adaes and San Antonio, the El Camino Real, was nothing more than a rough path. Both rivers and Indians interfered with its use. Numerous streams, all of which required fording, were repetitious and troublesome obstacles to travel. Heavy rains often made them impassable. A graphic illustration of the difficulties posed by flooding was furnished by a traveler in 1767 who observed that the Sabine River overflowed its banks to a distance of eight miles during the rainy season. Delays caused by high water were often excessive. In 1723 a convoy of cattle and flour from San Juan Bautista on the Rio Grande, destined for Los Adaes, was detained for seven months by heavy rains and flooding. Such extended delays had unfortunate
effects on the cargoes. Cattle were lost through drowning and shipments of flour spoiled."

West of the friendly Hasinai territory travelers struggling with the irregular features of the El Camino Real suffered the added discomfort of exposure to attack from hostile natives. Indeed, the threat posed by the Apache caused a re-routing of the trail between San Antonio and Los Adaes from a direct upper route to a roundabout lower one. The constant menace of Indian attack encouraged the utilization of an overland convoy system. Protection for conveyes, which could include as many as one hundred persons in addition to supplies, was provided by military escort. For reasons of safety it was considered advisable for single travelers to join a convoy before proceeding on their journey. Small groups, however, sometimes set out on their own without benefit of the protection furnished by a convoy and its escort. In one case, in 1768, a priest was obligated because of urgent necessity to attach himself to an unescorted group including a few muleteers and a handful of other travelers. He acknowledged the imprudence of such an action: "To set out without a convoy was rash, I admit, but necessity and what I was suffering obliged me to do so.""

The Adaesan themselves, in their life at the settlement, experienced varying degrees of difficulty. The worst time for the outpost came in the mid-1730s. A number of circumstances, all aggravated by the remoteness of the mission and presidio from Spanish centers, combined to create a desperate state of affairs. Shortages of beans and corn, staples in the diet of the Adaesan, occurred in the winter of 1734-1735 as a result of short crops. There was also a scarcity of meat, which game hunting attempts failed to relieve. Moreover, the trade connection with the French at nearby Natchitoches, a development which will be explained later, failed to furnish assistance. The French, themselves, lost a portion of their food supplies through spoilage as a consequence of abnormally heavy rains. Although there was crop relief in 1736, the food situation continued to remain unsatisfactory for some time. Not only was food scarce, but other necessities were also lacking as well. The clothing situation among the inhabitants was pitiable. Their attire for the most part consisted of rags, blankets, and buffalo skins. Supply conveyes, because of the delays and losses encountered on the trail to Los Adaes, could not be relied upon as adequate means of supply, especially during a period of acute shortages such as that experienced in the 1730s. Those conveyes which arrived were infrequent and the provisions which they brought were inadequate to alleviate either the food or clothing shortages. A supply convey which reached the settlement in the fall of 1735 did little to ease the suffering. Indeed, the cargo of flour which it brought was so spoiled that only half of it was usable. Weather conditions provided an added
source of misery. In addition to the heavy rains which plagued the area, a severe storm, probably a tornado, struck Los Adaes in late January 1735, destroying many structures. Although the Adaesans would not experience such acute deprivations again, life at the post would continue to be hard and demanding.  

The acquisition of sufficient provisions from Spanish sources remained beyond the capability of this frontier community to achieve. In addition to the inadequacies of overland supply, local efforts also fell short. Although holdings in cattle appear to have been satisfactory, except for the period of the mid-1730s, there was a perpetual deficiency in agricultural production. The hilly country in which Los Adaes was situated was only marginally productive, a fact borne out by the inability of the presidial farm, even in a good year, to provide enough food to meet local demands. This condition was alluded to by a governor serving at the presidio in the early 1740s, Tomas Felipe Winthuisen. He noted that:

> The earth is fertile, although hilly and only fertile in strips. There are some prairies on which one makes a harvest or crop of corn and this at times. There is no place where one can . . . [grow] wheat because only a few springs of water are sufficient enough for the people of the presidio and its neighbors.

The capriciousness of the weather also hampered the successful cultivation of crops. Often the amount of rainfall was either too great or too small. Moreover, on at least one occasion, the soldiers who provided the labor supply for the presidial farm, perhaps venting their resentment at presidial authority, refused to perform their agricultural duties. Failure to achieve the necessary level of food production at Los Adaes prompted the viceroy in Mexico City to consider moving the outpost to a more suitable location for raising crops. The governor, Juan Bustillo Zevallos, who was charged with carrying out this design, reported after a reconnaissance in the summer of 1731 that there was no better site within the surrounding region than Los Adaes. Consequently agricultural self-sufficiency remained an unfulfilled goal.

Out of dire necessity the Spanish at Los Adaes turned to the French at Natchitoches for assistance. It is ironic, but revealing, that Los Adaes, which was established to protect East Texas from French encroachment, relied extensively for its survival upon the very outpost which it had been established to confront. The French, for their part, welcomed the opportunity for commercial penetration into Spanish Texas afforded to them by the needs of their neighbors to the west. Thus, it was through the development of trade with the nearby French that the continual problem of food supply was alleviated. Corn, beans, and wheat were obtained from the French in significant quantities in
exchange for Spanish silver. That the vital nature of this commerce was recognized by Spanish authorities is evident from the fact that Spanish trade restrictions were modified to permit the acquisition of foreign foodstuffs. The trade which evolved between Los Adaes and Natchitoches was not, however, limited to food. Commerce in less essential goods took place despite the refusal of Spanish authorities to countenance trade in other than vital provisions. A very active illicit traffic developed across the frontier which neither regulations nor repeated investigations could halt. Los Adaes was simply too close to Natchitoches and too far away from the centers of authority and supply in New Spain. Among the items included in the forbidden commerce were wine, brandy, horses, and Indian trade goods. At least two governors, Angel Martos y Navarette and Jacinto de Barrios y Jaurequi, participated in a brisk and profitable traffic with the French. Official efforts to restrict commercial activity between the two settlements following the transfer of Louisiana to Spain also failed.

French goods were essential elements in the Indian trade carried on by the Spanish at Los Adaes. This was clearly illustrated by the activities of one of the provincial governors, Barrios, who, in the 1750s, was involved in an illicit commerce with the Bidai and Orcoquiza Indians near the Trinity River. Barrios, who apparently enjoyed a monopoly, utilized soldiers from the Los Adaes garrison in his enterprise. He obtained the necessary articles for exchange from Natchitoches. These included French knives, scissors, tobacco, combs, beads, and firearms. The governor furnished these items to the Indians in exchange for corn, buckskins, buffalo hides, and horses. He then sold the corn and horses at Los Adaes and traded the skins and hides at Natchitoches for new supplies.

The commercial intercourse between Natchitoches and Los Adaes, in its turn, exerted a significant influence on the French. Although the exclusiveness of the Spanish trade policies prevented a flourishing exchange beyond East Texas, there was nevertheless enough commerce to warrant the development of Natchitoches as a frontier trade center. The one-sided nature of the trade, in favor of the French, was suggested by the frequent extension of credit to Spanish customers. This practice created problems. In 1770, for example, the settlers at Los Adaes temporarily lost their credit with the merchants and traders at Natchitoches because of their failure, for a period of five years, to make payment on a large aggregate debt which had accumulated. Despite such difficulties, however, as long as the Spanish post endured, trade across the frontier continued. The importance of this relationship was demonstrated when Natchitoches experienced an economic decline following the removal of Los Adaes in 1773.
There were inevitable frictions which placed strains on the relationship between these borderland neighbors. Competition for dominance over the surrounding Indians as well as boundary differences contributed to local tensions. Although the East Texas natives were friendly, as has been noted, the Spanish failed to gain sway over them. French influence based on their energetic and successful Indian trade practices was a major determinant. At least one Spanish official maintained that French superiority among the borderland tribes was so prevalent that it posed a serious threat to the security of the Spanish settlements. Governor Barrios, in a report to his superiors written in the spring of 1753, warned with some exaggeration that "any time a break might occur between the two crowns, France and Spain, your excellency may be assured that we will be sacrificed by the Indians at only a word from the French." Moreover, the relocation by the French of their fort at Natchitoches to the west bank of the Red River in 1735 caused a local tempest. This maneuver evoked an indignant response from the Texas authorities who claimed the west bank of the stream as Spanish territory. Their protestations proved of little effect, however, and the French fortification remained undisturbed at its new location. A later investigation carried out by order of the viceroy revealed the traditional boundary not to be the river but, instead, La Grande Montana and the Arroyo Hondo, natural features situated to the west of the Red River and midway between the two posts. This affair, in which the local Spanish chose to disregard the time-honored limits, revealed in the Adaesans' character a pronounced territorial sensitivity.

Despite frictions, relations between the Spanish at Los Adaes and the French at Natchitoches were, on the whole, amicable. As has already been noted, there was considerable commercial intercourse between the two settlements. In addition family ties and associations were established. One marital episode in 1736 involved the daughter of the acting-commander of the presidio, Joseph Gonzalez. In this minor drama fifteen year old Victoria Gonzalez, to the dismay and consternation of her father, ran away to marry one of the young French soldiers at Natchitoches. This event suggests the degree to which even barriers of nationality succumbed to the potency of frontier romance. Moreover, Adaesans frequently served as godparents of the children of French friends. Common religious needs also provided a bond. The Franciscan fathers who served at Los Adaes also served at Natchitoches, which for long periods was without resident priests. Indeed, most of the marriages and baptisms of the children and grandchildren of the French commander, Louis Juchereau de St. Denis, were performed by Spanish priests. An illustration of the potential for cooperation which existed between the two groups was provided by the assistance which the Spanish governor, Bustillo, furnished to the French in 1731, when
Natchez Indians attacked Natchitoches. The Spaniard sent eleven of the presidio's sixty troops to aid the French, one of whom was killed during the campaign.\footnote{The site of Los Adaes is located in the west central region of Louisiana near the town of Robeline and is eighty-five miles east of Nacogdoches, Texas. Research for this study was funded by a grant from the Louisiana State Parks Department.} The frontier life which was shared on this borderland, depicted by the foregoing occasions, was of far greater significance as a determinant of local attitudes on both sides of the Arroyo Hondo than patriotic sentiment.

The effort to depict a subtle nuance of the spirit is, at best, difficult. Nevertheless, the historical juxtaposition of the frontier conditions experienced at Los Adaes and the return of the Adaesans to East Texas strongly suggests the presence of a significant independent spirit. The half-century of borderland life at Los Adaes loosened the ties with New Spain and created a localism nurtured by the insular nature of this isolated pocket of settlement. This development was best characterized by the intimate sharing of a common frontier with French neighbors at Natchitoches, despite Spanish restrictions, despite local frictions, and despite national differences. From this localism emerged the independent spirit manifest in the assertiveness demonstrated by the Adaesans in their refusal to be bound by the dictates of royal policy. The gestation of a permanently established East Texas was thus dependent upon the unique combination of frontier conditions present at this far away, and often forgotten, borderland outpost.

**NOTES**


EAST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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During recent years students in my history classes at Panola Junior College have interviewed forty-four former moonshiners and/or bootleggers and three law enforcement officers who had dealings with the illicit liquor trade. Most of the people interviewed operated in northeast Texas, a hotbed of moonshine activity, during the 1930s and 1940s, and a few of these individuals are still active today. The collected information preserves facts and anecdotes about a fading underground industry highly characteristic of East Texas.

Quite a variety of recipes and processes for moonshine whiskey was learned. The consensus seemed to be to mix fifty pounds of sugar with fifty pounds of steel-cut corn chops (or fifty pounds of rye, depending upon whether you wish to make corn whiskey or rye whiskey). Add about thirty-five gallons of water and let it "rot" or ferment for four to seven days. The mixture bubbles for a few days. When the bubbling ends and the "sour mash" is sky blue it is ready to be "cooked off." The sour mash is contained in a fifty-five-gallon copper-lined drum or wooden barrel called the "setting drum" or "mash barrel."

The mash is transferred from the setting drum to the "cooking drum," which is attached by half-inch copper tubing to the nearby "cooling drum." There may be from fifteen to thirty-two feet of tubing, most of which is coiled inside the cooling drum, which is filled with cold water. The tubing is coiled by wrapping it around a small tree stump.

A low fire is built beneath the cooking drum. Since alcohol is lighter than water, the fire causes the alcohol to evaporate through the copper tube in the cooling drum. The steam condenses in the cooling drum and drips through the tubing and out a spigot into a Mason jar, jug, pop bottle, or other container.

To age the whiskey, it should be placed in a charred white-oak keg. The keg, with its bunghole open, should be placed in a barrel of cold water. The water in the barrel is heated to the boiling point, but care must be taken not to boil the whiskey. When the whiskey gets hot, the keg is removed from the water barrel, re-sealed, and left to cool. After about twenty-four hours the whiskey will taste as if it has been aged for five years. One shiner would put his shine in a crock and let it stay under cool creek water for several weeks.

The same mash may be used for four or five runs, although a little extra sugar, grain, and water must be added for each additional run. Some find the first run too weak, and add it back to the setting
drum for the second run. A still can produce forty-five to sixty gallons per week. The mash must be discarded after a month, but it can be fed to hogs and it makes them drunk.

There are a number of ways to improve the shine or to accelerate the process. For example, ice bags attached around the copper tubing will hasten condensation. One moonshiner set a "thump keg" between the cooking drum and the cooling drum; thus thump keg would catch the undrinkable "puke." In cold weather moonshiners would add a cake or two of yeast for the proper result.

"Charter moonshine" is considered the best. The usual process is employed, but the whiskey is then set in charcoal oak barrels for several days, thus absorbing the charcoal color. If coloring or flavor alterations are desired, a variety of ingredients may be added: red oak chips, peaches, apples, caramel, moss syrup, raisins, rock candy, or spoiled potatoes, which "ferment nice and quick, but make an awful smell." Another way to speed up fermentation is to add lye to the mash, but this is inadvisable since it causes the customer's lips to swell greatly.

Some shiners preferred soft water to hard water in making whiskey, and never used city water because of the chlorine. Spring water was considered best, but at least one shiner would use river water in a pinch: "the customers never knew the difference," he rationalized.

In another pinch, a moonshiner used shorts in his mash. The shorts clogged his tubing, causing an explosion which nearly killed him. He did not use shorts any more. To swell the corn, the chops could be soaked in a creek or pond for three or four days. Another short cut consisted of pouring the mix into an automobile radiator and adding battery acid. This can be cooked off in one day, rather than the usual three or more. But the lead contents from the acid may cause "Jake Leg," or lead poisoning.

Jake Leg often resulted in paralysis of the legs. One bootlegger began sampling what turned out to be a bad batch as he was driving in Shelby County. Suddenly he developed an agonizing head and stomach ache, his feet began to burn, and he passed out. A Timpson constable found him and took him to a hospital where he spent ten days recovering from blood poisoning. When he returned home, his wife skulled him with a cast-iron pot, sending him back to the hospital for thirty-one stitches. A moonshiner called "Buckwheat" was notorious for his bad batches. Jake Leg from his whiskey reportedly caused a number of deaths. Sour mash whiskey can be tested by flame: if it burns a green or yellowish color it is considered to be lethal "green" whiskey; if it burns a blue flame it is considered ready and safe.

To make homebrew, or malt liquor beer, mix six pounds of sugar,
a three-pound-can of Blue Ribbon malt, two yeast cakes, and a pinch of salt in a five-gallon crock of water. Cover the crock with a cloth (to keep out the bugs) and leave it in a warm place to ferment for three to seven days, depending on the weather and the preference of the manufacturer. Then add one spoonful of sugar and bottle it. A bottle of homebrew is as strong as three bottles of purchased beer, and a number of retired moonshiners still make it for their personal use.

Prices charged for moonshine and homebrew varied greatly. One doctor prescribed moonshine whiskey, which he provided at fifty cents per half-pint. Indeed, more than one moonshiner ladled their product into their children at the first sign of illness. Prices were as low as thirty-five cents per pint to two dollars, while a quart might sell for fifty cents and a gallon for two to four dollars. Homebrew was priced at ten cents to twenty-five cents per bottle. Sales were especially good at Christmas and other holidays. Business also was good during the summers because of church revivals. As one old bootlegger pointed out, "When the preachin' ends, the drinkin' begins!"

How did it taste? One manufacturer claimed that his homebrew tasted more like champagne than beer. Another admitted that his brew did not taste very good, but his customers did not know what fine beer tasted like anyway. Another moonshiner liked to pack a gallon jug of whiskey in mud just above the water level of a creek. Within two weeks it would "become cold, sour, and thick—and it will knock you out." One shiner pointed out that if you drink pure rye whiskey until you become drunk, you will never suffer from a hangover. Another moonshiner boasted that one pint of his whiskey would get two persons drunk.

What motivated East Texans to become moonshiners and/or bootleggers? A large number of the men and women who were interviewed testified simply that they needed the money. One woman, with no education, not even a high school diploma, said that otherwise she would have had to engage in manual labor at minimum wage. One debt-ridden farmer who had eleven children regularly moonshined during the winter months, when his farm income was low. Several others testified that they did it to provide for their families. One man stated, "During the Depression I had a good income when other people did not," while an active bootlegger pointed out, "The best thing about this is that I don't pay taxes."

In several families the trade was handed down from father to son or uncle to nephew, and one woman was taught by her mother. One moonshiner was urged into the business by his enthusiastic wife, who wanted to learn how herself. Moonshiners and bootleggers often started young. One bootlegger was first apprehended by the law when he was thirteen and another began at fourteen.
At the age of nineteen one man lost his left hand and part of his side to a buzz saw in a mill, forcing him out of standard labor into "the job of the hills—moonshining." Similarly, a twenty-year-old was paralyzed from the waist down when a tree fell on him. Since he could no longer dance or go to clubs, he began a bootlegging operation at his own place to meet people: he feels "loved when they drink and socialize with me." A pulpwood cutter who was a bootlegger on the side was killed in an accident, causing his widow to carry on the illicit liquor trade as her family's sole source of income. During the Depression a millowner paid $175 to provide one of his employees with a new copper still with the stipulation that he receive a free and constant supply of shine.

How did moonshiners and bootleggers make contact with their customers? Some shine and homebrew was sold forthrightly—and boldly—over the counter. One group of five shiners used a cafe as their main point of distribution, but they had to pay the cafe owner forty percent of their income while dividing the other sixty percent among themselves. Other shiners permitted customers to come to their houses. Moonshine whiskey also could be picked up at the still by casual passersby. One student interviewed his grandparents, who lived in Shelby County during the Depression. When her grandfather went squirrel hunting in the woods, he passed three or four moonshine rigs, and he would take a sample at each one. Upon hearing this his wife exclaimed, "No wonder you never brought home any squirrels!"

A surprising number of moonshiners and bootleggers who were interviewed were never apprehended by the law, despite careers of long duration. How did they elude capture?

"I was damn careful about who I told that I made it," explained one shiner who was captured just once and then spent only forty minutes in jail. Another man who was never caught refused to sell to anyone he did not know. New customers had to be vouched for by old reliables.

A veteran moonshiner cautioned that during the Depression one had to be extremely careful about buying copper pipe since such purchases aroused suspicion. Other shiners would rig string all around their stills. If the string were broken, they would send their wives to "pick berries"—and to see if lawmen were lurking nearby. Other shiners had a network of relatives and friends who kept a watch for law officers. One man kept a V-shaped plow point hanging in a tree in his back yard; if someone suspicious arrived his family would bang on the plow point with a hammer.

More than one moonshiner worked at night so that the smoke
could not be seen. One preferred nights when the moon was out because he regarded the use of lanterns as dangerous. Several veterans buried their supply of shine when lawmen were in the area, and there was one well-known cache in Shelby County known as the "Big Ditch." One woman, who was arrested twice, when under surveillance would put her liquor in a nearby ditch or in a friend's house.

Shiners sometimes located their stills in bottomland where their cows grazed. They would take towsacks of grain into the bottom, ostensibly to feed the cows, but actually to make their mash. One moonshiner built an enormous brush pile to conceal his still. If lawmen ever had discovered the location he planned to start a fire and run. He felt that the resulting explosion would melt the copper and destroy other evidence, but this theory was never put to the test. Stills often were moved from time to time as a precaution. One man hid his still in an underground gourd cellar of an abandoned farmhouse behind his shack, while another shiner operated in a secret room beneath his roof.

After World War II one young man opened a still in Carthage in a vacant two-story house behind a motor company. A camouflaged door near the fireplace opened onto a ladder which led to a concealed room in the attic where the still was built. It took three years for the Panola County sheriff to discover and destroy the still. The shiner resourcefully moved to the country, set up a three-hundred-gallon still, and employed eleven Mexicans to help him cook and transport 1,000 gallons per week, mostly to Oklahoma. A pickup load of barrels of whiskey was disguised with fence posts on top. This arrangement was discovered by the law after seven years, and then he set up a smaller still in another part of the county. He was caught after four years and decided to quit.

One East Texas bootlegger could always tell when someone was hauling a load of brew because the car would set down so low, a tell-tale trait for law officers. Another revealing tip was a path leading from a backwoods house to a still, which is why many moonshiners would locate their stills far from home. One moonshiner testified that the roads were better leading to their stills than to their houses.

One group of bootleggers carried a hammer or wrench to break the jugs and destroy the evidence, should the law approach. A couple, who needed to replenish their supplies, drove to Marshall with a few small bottles of shine to sell to raise the necessary money. The Harrison County sheriff saw them and chased them. The wife drove and the husband gulped down all of the evidence. They turned a bend and he discarded the bottles. The sheriff finally stopped them but there was no evidence, although the man was quite drunk. The sheriff, a spoil-sport, gave the woman a speeding ticket.
Another man claimed that he could conceal a quart jar of shine in the top of his boot, while a woman would clamp a pint of bootleg whiskey between her legs under her dress. A Harrison County woman could perform this same feat when officers searched her house—and she had mastered the art of walking around with the whiskey clamped between her thighs. When the sheriff of Shelby County came to the door of a woman bootlegger with a search warrant, she delayed him while emptying all of her shine and homebrew into her bathtub. She added half a bottle of Ivory dishwashing soap, then admitted the sheriff to her house. She explained that he had gotten her out of a bubble bath, and he never thought to check the bubbly contents of the tub during his search.

During the Depression a Shelby County farmer regularly loaded his shine onto a wagon beneath his cotton when he went to Center to the gin. Then he would sell it while he was in town. One bootlegger was an insurance salesman and Sunday School teacher who was hardly the type the law would suspect. Once a week he would put his insurance papers in the front seat of his 1941 Dodge and drive to Longview. He would haul eight cases of white lightning in his trunk, twelve pints to the case. A current bootlegger runs a game center, which provides a front for his liquor sales. He stated that the success of such an operation depends upon one’s friendship with the sheriff.

The sheriff of San Augustine County during the Depression was tolerant of moonshiners because he felt it was the only way for them to make money. One Harrison County moonshiner of the Depression era named two sheriffs and two deputies who would give a warning before launching a raid. But when there was a change of county government this same man was arrested and fined $1,000. A San Augustine moonshiner claimed that during the Depression the Shelby County sheriff would drive over, load up with whiskey, and take it home to sell. At one point during the 1940s the Shelby County sheriff evidently was greatly underpaid, because bootlegger payoffs reportedly provided a major source of his income—as well as a safety measure for bootleggers. Indeed, new bootleggers were arrested by the cooperative sheriff, thus eliminating interlopers. Moonshiners felt that some officers would “shoot up” or “ax up” a still if they were not cut in on the proceeds. In any event law enforcement of liquor laws was made difficult by the fact that there were only two federal agents to cover East Texas, and their office was in Tyler. Officers could find stills most readily from airplanes when such resources were available.

One winter morning before dawn Panola County lawmen staked out at a still and apprehended the moonshiner sampling his wares from a quart bottle. The shiner sprinted toward his house with the officers
in pursuit. The shiner dashed into his kitchen and threw the quart of whiskey into the stove and it exploded instantly. The back wall collapsed and part of the stove flew through the roof. The shiner was knocked down and immediately handcuffed. His three small children darted out of the house, screaming in fright. They all jumped into a barrel, which tipped over and rolled down a hill. The barrel hit a tree, spilling the children and completing the Keystone Kops scenario.

Because of pressure from law officers, or because of a declining market for their product, most moonshiners and bootleggers dropped out of the trade. But a retired moonshiner, when asked if he thought he could still make a good batch, snapped, “Hell, yeah, I know I can.” And a diehard female bootlegger announced, “I’m not going to stop unless God says otherwise.” And here and there in the brushy bottomlands of East Texas a venerable industry is carried on by individualistic practitioners whose customers prefer “tea” and “white lightnin’” to anything that can be purchased over a counter.
INTERVIEWS

A number of moonshiners and bootleggers, especially those who are still active or who have ceased operations in recent years, were understandably reluctant to reveal their names. Eight insisted upon anonymity, while several others chose to give their professional sobriquets—as one moonshiner put it, his "pen name."

Joe Adams (7-26-81), by Nick Conner
Corbett Akins (8-11-81), by Dedie Patterson
Anonymous (4-2-81), by Lisa Cato
Anonymous (4-13-81), by Lisa Cato
Anonymous (8-11-81), by Darla Hopkins
Anonymous (4-2-81), by Tamara Kennedy
Anonymous (11-12-80), by Annette Pearson
Anonymous (4-7-81), by David Pittard
Anonymous (4-13-81), by David Pittard
Anonymous (8-2-81), by Brad Williams
Race Brown (7-2-81), by Dedie Patterson
Lou Calaway (8-17-81), by Susan Bramblett
Tom Dickerson (4-6-81), by Robin LeGrone
Jane Doe (6-1-81), by Leola Williams
John Doe (6-1-81), by Leola Williams
Clarence Fountain (11-30-80), by Joey Bushiey
Edna Mae Golden (8-11-81), by Dedie Patterson
A. H. Grayson (8-11-81), by Mark Odom
William Edward Griffin (8-3-80), by Rhonda Griffin
Jack Hordorn (5-1-80), by Denita Cooks
Arty Johnson (11-12-80), by Len Moore
Booker Johnson (8-10-81), by Andrea Reynolds
Mrs. Ray Kimbro (4-28-77), by Tommie Greer
Bernice Lawless (10-25-80), by Barbara Golden
Jane Lister (10-10-80), by Sharon Lister
Perry Martindale (8-1-80), by Kirk Wiebold
B. P. McClelland (11-22-80), by Kinnie Adams
Monk (8-2-81), by Gene Lawhorn
Mr. Blackjack (5-3-81), by Ronald Watkins
Mr. Sam (5-2-81), by Ronald Watkins
Robert Nero (6-12-81), by Greg Cherry
George Tiller (7-2-81), by Dedie Patterson
Elzie Pilot (4-10-80), by David Fairchild
Jerry Rhode (4-16-81), by Mark Collins
Wayne Ritter (8-4-80), by Karen Edge
Ellis Sholar (8-6-80), by Judy Norris
Johnnie Spradley (4-24-81), by Glenn Hays
Levi Wagstaff (8-10-81), by Liz Perrett
Hoyet Walker (8-10-81), by David Duncan
Asa Watts (10-8-80), by Ben Fiedler
Donnie White and Amos Polley (3-25-81), by Sherri Polley
C. D. Williams (11-3-80), by Len Moore
John Williams (8-11-80), by Belinda Woolfolk
Cleo Alton Wise (11-9-80), by Michael McCulley
ANSON JONES, DEAR ANSON JONES

by Buck A. Young

In every young man's life, he is influenced by several institutions. Usually, first is the home, then school, and finally church. Certainly, I was more affected by my family, especially my mother and father, than anyone or anything else as I went through my early, formative years. My future was shaped by the practical lessons of life taught by those wonderful people.

The next most influential entity, though, was my elementary school with its old-maid teachers and bald-headed principal. Baytown's Anson Jones Elementary School, named after the fifth and last president of the Republic of Texas, does not exist anymore, at least not as an active school. The old, pinkish-brown brick building is still there on Stimpson Street behind Horace Mann Junior High, but it is now used by the school district as a media center. The name and the students have been transferred and combined with the former black school into Carver-Jones Elementary.

On the September morning in 1938 when my fifteen-year-old sister Bernice took me by the hand and led me to Miss Yeverton's first grade class, the twenty-three-room school was already an established institution in the Tri-Cities. It was the first permanent school building built by the Goose Creek School District. On its cornerstone is engraved "Goose Creek Ward School, 1922, J. E. Crawford, Superintendent." It is a U-shaped building with the center portion two stories high and each wing one story. From the back of the U extends a two-story auditorium. Also in the back is a covered walkway leading to a stucco cafeteria that was shared with Horace Mann. Beside the stucco cafeteria was a steam plant that provided heat to both schools. Its black smoke stack was then the tallest structure in the Tri-Cities outside the refinery. The front of Anson Jones resembled the Alamo, its entrance framed by two channeled columns that supported a rounded arch of circles. This architectural style was repeated on the other elementary schools built in the early days of the town.

Almost from the first day of school, the person who exerted a great influence on my life was Mr. L. P. Hodge, the tall, thunderous, bald-headed principal of Anson Jones. An orator and an accomplished storyteller, Mr. Hodge could gain and hold the attention of the most fidgety child as he weaved tall tales of Texas history during the weekly school assemblies. He could be counted on to give his stirring account of the Battle of San Jacinto at least three or four times a year. The

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Buck A. Young lives in Baytown, Texas. His poignant reminiscence of school reminds us all of those earlier days.
nearness of the historic battlefield to Baytown certainly reinforced my interest in the significance of the story, but it is Mr. Hodge's wild account of the battle that I remember so vividly, not any textbook version later forced upon me.

Mr. Hodge always began his presentation with a brief summary of the events leading up to the battle, including the Alamo and Goliad massacres, then he set up General Houston's plan of attack on Santa Anna's sleeping army. "As old Sam knew he would," Mr. Hodge said, "Santa Anna finally got his tail in a crack. He placed his scattered forces in a position where retreat was impossible. Swamps were on three sides and an open field in front. On the afternoon of April 21, after having retreated for six weeks, old Sam formed a line of infantry that extended 1000 yards, placed a cannon at each end, and sixty horsemen under Mirabeau B. Lamar on the extreme right to prevent the Mexicans from breaking away to the prairie."

"It was really amazing," Mr. Hodge continued, "that an experienced army like Santa Anna's could be taken by surprise by a much smaller force advancing for a mile across a bald prairie in the middle of a warm April afternoon. But, it happened."

As he described the decisive 18-minute fight, Mr. Hodge walked around the stage, his voice rising in pitch and intensity, his gestures becoming exaggerated. "As they approached the Mexican barricade, a few bursts of musketry came from behind the Mexican breastworks. Several Texans raised their rifles and replied. Hold your fire, old Sam shouted. Damn you, hold your fire."

"Then, twenty paces from the barricade old Sam gave the signal. A round from his cannon flattened the breastwork. The line of infantry let go a volley and ran forward with their hunting knives drawn, yelling, 'Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!' They had their battle cry and before the afternoon was over, their revenge."

At the point in the story where the Mexicans are driven into the swamps and the tall Tennesseans stand over them with their long rifles cocked over their heads, Mr. Hodge really swung into action. "Me no Alamo, me no Goliad," Mr. Hodge mimicked the Mexican soldiers as he held up his hands in a gesture of surrender. "The HELL you didn't," Mr. Hodge's rich Tennessee voice boomed as he swung down his imaginary rifle on the head of an imaginary hapless soldier.

"The carnage that day was terrible," Mr. Hodge concluded. "Over 600 Mexican soldiers were killed, 200 more wounded and 700 taken prisoner. Few escaped, even Santa Anna was captured trying to sneak away in a private's uniform. His own men gave him away by yelling 'Hail, El Presidente' when he was brought back into camp."
In my six years at Anson Jones, I must have heard the story a dozen or more times, but it never failed to move me. In my boyhood imagination, I could easily place myself at General Houston's side as we slaughtered Santa Anna's dragoons.

At our weekly school assemblies we always started the program with a prayer, the pledge of allegiance, and the school song. Most people remember their high school song, perhaps a few remember their junior high song, but who remembers their grade school song? I can. It went: "Anson Jones, dear Anson Jones. To thee we praises sing. You have taught us to be true, firm, and faithful in all we do. The standards you have set, we will all uphold. We'll be true to the Blue and Gold, and your honor we will hold. To thee we praises sing. Anson Jones, dear Anson Jones."

When my brother Dick sang it, the school name came out "Anson Jones."

When Mr. Hodge wasn't fighting the Battle of San Jacinto, we had syndicated programs that traveled throughout the Texas public school system. We had musicians of all kinds, jugglers, glass blowers, artists, and once a woman born without arms who could paint, play a guitar, write letters, and even comb her long hair, all with her feet.

And, of course, we had special holiday programs and class plays during the school year. My first grade class presented a program about Holland which necessitated a Dutch boy costume from Mama's sewing machine. Miss Yeverton furnished the wooden shoes and the cardboard windmills and tulips. At Christmas, my class joined the second graders in dressing in white sheets and tinsel halos and parading through the darkened auditorium with lighted candles as we sung "O Come All You Faithful."

For Halloween, we drew pictures of pumpkins, witches, and black cats. We had an annual school carnival where we dunked for apples, fished in an imitation pond for prizes, walked the cake-walk, and entered the spook house where older kids moaned and groaned, dangled paper mache gobblins in front of us, and placed our hands in bowls of warm spaghetti and told us they were human brains.

All the holidays were observed at school, mostly through the use of reams of construction paper and stacks of poster board. There were paper turkeys and Pilgrims at Thanksgiving, decorated evergreens, plump Santas and miniature nativity scenes at Christmas, Honest Abe silhouettes and heartshaped valentines in February, and chocolate bunnies and white lilies at Easter. And, so the year went.

There was even time for reading, writing, and arithmetic. Starting with simple ovals and push-pulls, I was soon copying crude letters in
my Big Chief tablet. I already knew my ABC's, thanks to my older siblings, and was soon reading my first Dick and Jane book. Simple addition and subtraction were no problems as long as I visualized pennies instead of sterile numbers. Consequently, I brought home good reports during my first year of school.

My first year at Anson Jones made a mark on me physically as well as intellectually. One winter's day at recess I walked behind a swing occupied by a little girl named Betty King. I intended to give her a push with my hands, but missed the wooden seat. Its corner struck my left cheek just to the side of my eye, cutting a deep gash and knocking me to the ground. I cannot recall how long I laid on the school yard, though at the time, it must have seemed ages until my brother A. L. pushed his way through the circle of children surrounding me, picked me up in his arms, and carried me to the school nurse. She cleaned the blood off my face and clothes, bandaged the cut, and called for Mr. Hodge to take me home.

That day my mother was preparing to come to school to attend a P.T.A. meeting. She had never been to one, but had succumbed to my pleading and had arranged for Bernice to stay at home from high school to watch my baby brother, Kenneth. Mama didn't go to the P.T.A. meeting that day, or any other day. Instead, she waited at home while Bernice went with Mr. Hodge and me to Dr. Marshall's office in old Baytown where my cut was sutured and dressed. The jagged scar remains a constant reminder of my days at Anson Jones and of Betty King.

Next to the accident, which certainly would not be the last in my twelve years of public schooling, the most memorable event during that first year of school was meeting Miss Spence. Every grade school seems to have a mean, cranky old-maid teacher who all the children fear and hope they never have as a teacher. Such a person was Miss Spence, or so the story was told to me my first day of school. "Watch yourself around Miss Spence, she has eyes in the back of her head."

I heeded the advice and stayed clear of the rigid, unsmiling old-maid. That is, until the day at recess when I rounded the corner of the building in haste as I ran to the swings. I bumped into an adult. My initial surprise turned into panic when I looked up and saw the adult was Miss Spence.

"Why, hello," said Miss Spence, without breathing the expected fire and brimstone. "What's your name?"

"B-B-Buck," I stuttered, an act I had never done before. Within a few minutes, however, she had settled me down with more questions about my age, my teacher's name, my parents' names and the like. I
soon lost all fear of her and from that day until I left Anson Jones six years later, I was her “pet.” Naturally, I took some ribbing from the other students for being a “teacher’s pet,” but they all feared Miss Spence too much to give me a hard time, and, I suspect, there was a little envy mixed in.

Later, I tried to speculate why Miss Spence had “adopted” me. Perhaps I had sparked some lost maternal instinct in her. I was quite small, just over three feet in height and some thirty-six pounds in weight. My uncombed white hair topped a head much too large for the body it sat upon. It took me years to grow into my head. Then, there was my birthmark. It ran diagonally downward from the corner of my right eye, about an inch and a half in length. I was already sensitive to the stares and blunt questions from strangers about the hairy mole. During play, I was extremely sensitive to any nicks or cuts on or near it. Even anyone touching it caused me to react all out of proportion to the pressure exerted on it. I lived with that mole and its psychological effects until I joined the Air Force at age nineteen. Finally, at an air base in northern California, I had a surgeon remove it from my face and life. It is permanently preserved in a small vial in the San Francisco Medical Center. Perhaps it was that physical flaw that touched the old-maid’s psyche and enabled her to show feelings of tenderness towards me. At the time, however, it was only important to me that it was happening and thus enabled me to adjust well to school life.

Each year school started the day after Labor Day and I wore my new clothes and new shoes on the first day to show them off. This was the annual ritual we went through. In late August, three sets of play clothes—khaki pants and colorful print shirts—were bought, along with the Big Chief pencil tablets, box of number two pencils, and 24-color sets of Crayolas. A new pair of shoes was bought if the child’s foot size had changed sufficiently to require it, and if a serviceable used pair could not be passed down the family chain. The winter coat was a lined zippered jacket, bought a size too large since it had to last several seasons. A pair or two of blue overalls for work projects, and a Sunday church outfit consisting of dark blue dress pants and a long-sleeved white dress shirt completed our wardrobe. Even though J. C. Penney’s was selling dress shirts for 88 cents, there was little spare cash in our working class family.

Within a few days, the newness of the school year wore off, and the shoes were kicked off and worn clothes from the previous spring appeared again. In Southeast Texas, elementary-age boys seldom wore shoes except to church and on special occasions. Only during the cold weather months of November, December, January, and February did
we wear shoes to school, and even then, on those frequent summer-like days we came home with our shoes tied together by the laces and slung over our shoulders. Occasionally, in stopping to play while enroute from school to home, we left our shoes behind and had to run back for them. Early one fall Dick forgot his shoes when he stopped along the Interurban tracks to play sandlot football. When he went back after them, they were gone, probably we all guessed, to a shack in Oak Addition. Somehow Dad adjusted his budget for the three or four dollars for a new pair. It was the only time one of us had two pair of shoes in the same year.

Most of the time we boys went barefoot, and in so doing caused the soles of our feet to become tough as leather, thereby protecting us from the grass burs and sharp stones. There were other hazards, as I soon discovered, like broken glass. By the time I was ten, my soles were a criss-cross pattern of scars.

Our school lunches, carried in brown paper sacks, matched our plain attire. Some of the more affluent children brought black, refinery-type metal lunch pails with a matching thermos for their milk. The closest thing to a lunch pail that Dick and I had were two empty stainless steel quart honey buckets. They proved too bulky and too working class, judging from the taunts of our schoolmates, so we conveniently lost them in the high weeds of an open field and returned to carrying the plain brown bags. The daily fare seldom changed—a sandwich of potted meat with lettuce and mayonnaise, a sack of fritos, a fried pie, lemon or cherry, and a banana. I was not too impressed with the food our mother prepared for us until the day my lunch was stolen and replaced with a sack containing just two sour pickle sandwiches. That was the first realization I had that there were those less fortunate than us. The boy who took my lunch came from a very poor family and his father was dying from TB. I did not have the heart to turn him in to the teacher.

Occasionally, Dick and I were permitted to buy a hot lunch at the stucco cafeteria. For fifteen cents we could buy a complete meal; for ten cents, with the nickle pocketed for a later treat, we got a large bowl of pinto beans, a handful of crackers, and a half-pint of milk.

Most of the youngsters in my neighborhood rode a yellow school bus to Anson Jones every school morning, but walked home in the afternoon. One reason we walked was that the afternoon bus had to wait thirty minutes for the junior high kids to get out of classes and we elementary kids were much too impatient to wait that long. The real reason, though, was that we enjoyed the walking and the exploring opportunities it offered. We would vary our route from time to time, thereby keeping up with the latest remodeling projects such as the new
Central Assembly of God Church at Pruett and Nazro Streets where stacks of lumber and bundles of ceramic tiles invited boyish play.

The usual route home was to go down Massey Street to the Interurban tracks, then down the tracks to Pruett. Once south of the Interurban tracks, the route home led between houses, across open fields and down alleys. We seldom used the streets, except as linkage. Soon, I had a mental map of my town, and more important, knew where every fruit tree was located. This information would soon be invaluable for nighttime raids in the autumn when the fruit was ripe for the picking.

Mrs. Earhardt's fifth grade class at Anson Jones Elementary School for the 1942-1943 school year. I'm standing in the third row next to the teacher. My girlfriend for so many years, Erma Lee, is on the first row, third from the left.

My elementary years thus passed with more pleasant memories than bad. The plays, assemblies, and carnivals I enjoyed with my classmates, and I was also called out of class occasionally to accompany Miss Spence's sixth grade class to special movies and events. Unfortunately, some unpleasant times did occur; in fact, I suffered not one, but two instances of disgrace in Mrs. Kennedy's second grade room. The first concerned grades. I had completed the first grade with the expected As and Bs, experiencing little trouble with the school work. The first nine weeks of the second year, however, I spent too much time at play
and not enough at my homework and received a red D in arithmetic. Naturally, I was mortified about the failing grade and took a good ribbing from my brothers and sisters plus a mild rebuke from my parents. To prove to them, but mostly to myself, that I was capable of making better grades, I worked extremely hard the next term and brought the arithmetic grade up to an A. I also promised myself I would never fail again and kept that pledge through college.

The second incident involved my standing in front of a hissing radiator while the front of my overalls dried. As youngsters are prone to do at least once during their early school years, I ignored nature's call too long, and before I could raise my hand to be excused to go to the bathroom, I wet my pants. Now, Mrs. Kennedy was a no-nonsense type teacher whose method of discipline was to publicly shame the student. When a little girl was bad in class, she was marched to the front of the room, bent over the teacher's desk, her dress lifted, and the ruler was applied to her exposed, white-cotton-covered posterior. A child discovered having wet himself was stood before a radiator to dry. This proved uncomfortable to all around the shamed child for the area soon grew rank from the smell of heated urine, and the child was shunned for the rest of the day.

It was in the second grade that I really experienced the concept of death. What memories I had of my maternal grandmother's death and funeral in 1937 were faint and unreal just as was my grandmother. She was only a picture on the wall. But, Patrick had been a classmate and a friend, and was now dead from a ricocheting bullet fired by an older boy shooting at cans at the earthern tanks off Nazro Street. Why didn't he get up and start playing again? Why did he look so pale and ashen? Our class went as a group to the Paul U. Lee Funeral Home and sat and wept as the minister tried, unsuccessfully, to answer those questions. As I sat there, trying to picture Patrick playing in Heaven, which the minister assured us he was doing now, I felt a quiet sadness that slowly worked its way deep into my soul. The feeling remained and has been reinforced by every death I have since experienced. I now realize it is God's way of easing lingering grief.

With such preparation of the first two years of school behind me, I entered the age of enlightenment in Miss Locke's third grade room. It suddenly occurred to me that there was a world outside the borders of my neighborhood and hometown. I began to wonder about such things as people from other places, from other countries. What did these people look like? What did they do everyday? How were they dressed? What language did they speak? What did they think about? The deep feeling of an unnamed wanting filled my soul. During the quiet moments at night when everyone else was sleeping, or as I sat
alone in my secret hide-a-way, these thoughts would come to me and this feeling would almost overpower me. Somehow I knew my life would be different from that of my brothers and sisters. I did not know why I felt this way, only that I did.

It was also the time I started transferring some of the great knowledge I was accumulating at Anson Jones to practical use. My geography book described ancient Persia and the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, so I renamed two converging gulleys in my neighborhood. I saw pictures of great bridges scanning mighty rivers, so I built a wooden structure across "Thunder River" that washed away with the first heavy rain of the spring. Scattered chunks of oilfield concrete foundations became the ruins of Ur and I rode flashing chariots across imaginary deserts. I relived all my reincarnated lives.

I was a soldier with Alexander the Great and fought in Egypt and Persia. I rode an elephant with Hannibal across the frozen Alps. I was at Carthage when the Romans destroyed that city-state. I manned a long bow for Richard the Lionhearted at Jerusalem during the Crusades. I stood on the Plains of Montreal during the French and Indian War with the eagle feather of an Iroquois warrior in my hair. I felt the disgrace at Waterloo with Napoleon and fell at Little Round Top at Gettysburg with the last gasps of the Confederacy bleating in my ear. I made the charge up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt and lay in the mud at Verdun, France while a million men died around me. I was, and am, War Incarnate, the sum of all battles fought throughout man's bloody history.

In the next instant, I was a traveling companion to Marco Polo in Cathay. I circumnavigated the world with Magellan and survived that first harsh winter in Plymouth Colony. I followed the crudely marked path taken by Daniel Boone and carved a state out of the wilderness. I sat in Independence Hall in Philadelphia and heard the thirteen colonies declared free states, then repeated the process at Washington-on-the-Brazos when a band of rag-tag Texans declared themselves free of Mexican tyranny. I traveled with John C. Fremont over the California Trail and mapped a route tens of thousands would follow. I was an Irish railroader and saw the golden spike driven at Promontory Point, and then was a starving Norwegian on the bleak Dakota prairie scratching out a meager living raising wheat. I panned for gold on the Yukon River and watched the Aurora Borealis arc across the northern sky, and then ate dust on the Cimarron Strip as I staked out a claim on a piece of oily-smelling worthless land. I was, and am, Discovery Incarnate, the search for all that is new and different.

But mostly, I was Superman in a home-made cape, leaping tall buildings in a single leap. I was a half-naked Tarzan swinging through
trees on crumbling poison oak vines. I turned my toy pistols backwards and became “Wild Bill” Elliott, a peaceable man unless riled, then pre-disposed to clean out a whole nest of outlaws. I was a gallant RAF pilot in my lone Spitfire, engaging the entire German Luftwaffe for mastery of the skies over England. I was every Indian chief who ever fought against the white man, but since I knew no Cherokee names, even though I’m one-eighth that blood, I became the greatest of the Sioux warriors, Crazy Horse, and single-handedly wiped out Custer’s command. I was, and am, Boy Incarnate, a rag-tag, barefoot dreamer of dreams.

In the fourth grade, I moved upstairs to Mrs. Knox’s room. I also moved up to notebook paper and a fountain pen, always filled with Script Sheaffer’s washable blue ink. America’s entry into World War II on December 7, 1941 overshadowed practically everything that happened that school year, in fact, about the only other memorable event occurred the day Pauline Massey, who sat in front of me, wet herself.

Mrs. Earhardt was my teacher for both the fifth and sixth grades and so I did not have the opportunity to be in Miss Spence’s room. She was our reading teacher in the fifth and I sat upon her lap as she read Texas history to us. Thus my 1,000 days at Anson Jones came to an end.

I started in Anson Jones with about two dozen kids and most of them stayed with me for all 12 years of public school and even into junior college. Billy Richards, Mona Baker, George Burnett, Charliene King, Lillian Monroe, Murphy McNulty, Doralyn Mallory, Jerome Morse, Betty Washburn, and Barbara Williams are names that come to me over the span of many years, but I can still put a face with each of those names. I can see them on the playground, in class reciting a lesson, or walking across the auditorium stage to receive an award for high grades or perfect attendance. In late spring of 1944, as the tide of war was at last turning in the Allies’ favor, we twenty-four students walked out of that pinkish-brown brick building on Stimpson Street for the final time and moved over to stucco-covered Horace Mann Junior High. Our childhood innocence remained at Anson Jones.
When oil was discovered in Corsicana in 1894, that community gave birth to the industry that has become synonymous with Texas. Since that discovery Corsicana has continued to play a leading role in the development and expansion of the petroleum industry. A major contributor to that growth was The American Well and Prospecting Company. Beginning as a small company specializing in drilling water wells, American Well and Prospecting expanded into a massive operation manufacturing oil field equipment which has been used in every major oil field in the world.

Founded in 1848, Corsicana, like dozens of other Northcentral Texas communities in the fertile blacklands, relied almost exclusively on cotton for its economic livelihood. Railroads came to Corsicana in the 1870s and brought transportation for both goods and people and attracted professional and mercantile groups to the community. The future looked bright for Corsicana throughout the 1880s as prosperity began to return following the Civil War and Reconstruction era. A shattering depression rocked the nation in the 1890s, however, and agriculture was especially hit hard. In 1894, cotton prices plunged to 4½ cents on the Dallas Exchange, sending panic throughout the area.

Corsicana's civic and business leaders determined that something must be done to attack the problem of a single-staple economy. The Corsicana Commercial Club, a forerunner of the Chamber of Commerce, was formed in 1894 for the purpose of attracting new industry to Corsicana. While the community had such assets as railroads and a favorable climate to attract new industry, there was one glaring liability—the town's water supply was hopelessly inadequate to support industrial development. This obstacle must be overcome if new businesses were to be attracted.

Several community leaders chartered the Corsicana Water Development Company in the hope of finding new water supplies. That company negotiated a contract with the American Well and Prospecting Company to drill three artesian wells within the city limits of Corsicana. James Autry, president of both the Water Development Company and the Commercial Club, confidently predicted that the three wells would have a total daily flow of 750,000 gallons when completed. No pumping installations would be necessary since there was sufficient natural pressure to fill standpipes and storage tanks.

The American Well and Prospecting Company had been organized

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in 1890 as a co-partnership by H. G. Johnston and Charles Rittersbacher, two men of different backgrounds who had met in Kansas. They first came to Texas in 1891 to drill a water well in the Marlin area. Little did they realize what tremendous opportunities lay ahead for them.

Horace Greeley Johnston was born in 1851 near Canton, Ohio. In addition to attending Canton Public Schools, Johnston studied surveying and civil engineering at Greensburg Seminary in the Canton area. Prior to becoming involved in drilling, H. G., as he was called by his friends, worked as a surveyor and in railroad construction. His first experience in drilling wells began in the Kansas salt fields using cable tools. Near Salina, Kansas, Johnston met Charles Rittersbacher and they formed the American Well and Prospecting Company.

Charles Rittersbacher was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1857. While still a boy he moved by covered wagon with his family to Salina, Kansas. He helped with the family farm before becoming involved in the drilling operations with Johnston. Rittersbacher moved his wife and children to Corsicana where he and Johnston had contracted to drill a water well for the Corsicana State Children’s Home, which was located west of town. There the company added a third partner, Emil Aiken, a friend of Johnston’s from “back East.” Little is known about Aiken, who sold his interests in the company to the two original partners only a short time later.

After completing the State Home well, American Well and Prospecting then contracted with the city of Corsicana and the Corsicana Water Development Company to drill three wells within the city limits to increase the community’s water resources. Work began on the first well in the spring of 1894. The drilling site was on South Twelfth Street, near Corsicana’s business district. On June 9 drilling had reached a depth of 1,035 feet when crewmen noticed crude oil filling the shaft and rising to the surface. Efforts to seal off the crude failed and it saturated the ground around the drilling site. Workmen constructed a ditch to drain the oil seepage to an earthen tank nearby. An estimated 150 gallons of crude flowed daily into the tank as drilling continued on the water well. The water well was eventually completed at a depth of 2,470 feet.

Initial reaction to the discovery of oil ranged from apathy to irritation. Few among the local citizenry comprehended the significance of the discovery, and the workmen were upset because of the delay which the oil caused in completing the water well. The drilling company indicated that they had no plans for utilizing the oil. After all, their business was to drill water wells.
Ralph Beaton and H. G. Damon, neither of them associated with the Water Development Company, secured samples of the crude and sent them to Pennsylvania. Tests indicated that Corsicana's crude had commercial value for fuel and for refining purposes. Beaton and Damon formed the Corsicana Oil Development Company to "push development and the work of boring as many wells as possible as fast as the work could be done." Lacking capital, Beaton and Damon engaged in a frantic leasing operation to reserve drilling rights on town lots in the vicinity of the water well. The noted team of wildcat drillers, John H. Galey and James M. Guffy, arrived in Corsicana to lend their expertise to the development of the Corsicana field. Work began on a new well just south of the original water well, but this time oil, not water, was the objective. On October 15, 1895, this well was completed at a depth of 1,040 feet, marking the beginning of the first Texas oil field. A second well drilled only 700 feet from the water well proved to be a duster, but a third well at Fourth and Collins Streets produced twenty-two barrels of crude per day. Two more wells completed on July 1 and August 5 of 1896, each yielded twenty to twenty-five barrels per day.13

By the end of 1897 Corsicana had fifty-seven wells yielding 66,000 barrels of oil annually. A year later the number of wells had increased to 342 and production totalled 544,000 barrels. By the end of 1900 the field expanded eastward, soaring production to 836,000 barrels.14

Joseph S. Cullinan came to Corsicana at the invitation of town fathers to aid in the development of the Corsicana field. A native of Pennsylvania, Cullinan had been involved in virtually every aspect of the oil industry as an executive of Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company. He had founded his own company to manufacture storage tanks. Thus, he brought a wide range of experience to Corsicana. Cullinan introduced marketing and production techniques and secured needed capital. The capstone of his contributions was the construction of a refinery south of town which began operations January 1, 1898. It was the first refinery west of the Mississippi River.15

The role of American Well and Prospecting changed with the expansion of the Corsicana field. Although the company was involved in some drilling operations, they devoted more time to repairing drilling equipment in a small machine shop they opened on 7th Street, just east of the city's business district. They had opened the shop primarily to repair their own equipment, but demand from other drilling contractors became so great they began to devote almost all their time to this phase of the business.16

The company entered into yet another phase around 1900. Two brothers, M. C. and C. E. Baker, itinerant water well drillers, were
attracted to Corsicana because of the oil development. They brought with them some rotary-drilling equipment which they had utilized for the previous sixteen years in Louisiana, Texas, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. In 1882 they had added the use of hydraulic principles which speeded up the drilling process. A stream of water was funneled down the outside of the drill pipe. Loose dirt and rock then were washed through the hollow pipe to the surface. The Bakers later began funneling water down the drill pipe and through the bit. This proved even more effective in washing loosened materials to the surface. Pumps were used to provide sufficient pressure to flush water through the drilling pipes. Lacking steam or internal combustion engines, the Bakers erected windmills to power their crude but effective hydraulic system." The method proved both faster and less expensive than the more conventional cable tool method.

About 1900 the American Well and Prospecting Company purchased patent rights from the Baker brothers to manufacture and distribute the rotary equipment. This marked the beginning of the role for which American Well and Prospecting was most noted—the manufacture and distribution of drilling equipment."

Because of his interest and background in civil engineering, Johnston assumed a leading role in the improvement of the Baker equipment as well as the development of new equipment. Eventually the plant manufactured all the equipment for the rotary drilling unit—the rotary table, draw works, traveling block, crown block, and mud pumps. Johnston dubbed his equipment "Gumbo Buster" because of the speed with which it drilled through the gumbo-type soil of the Corsicana field."

American Well and Prospecting equipment found its way to every major oil field in the world. It was a Corsicana rig operated by the Hamill brothers of Corsicana that drilled the Lucas gusher at Spindletop in 1901, ushering in the age of oil to the Texas Gulf Coast region."

In 1903 oil was discovered in Oklahoma and Charles Rittersbacher moved his family to Bartlesville. He distributed American Well and Prospecting equipment throughout that area. In 1909 he moved his family once again, this time to Los Angeles, California. Again his purpose was to distribute American Well and Prospecting equipment in the newly-discovered California fields. He organized the American Contract and Drilling Company in Los Angeles, and through that company he developed the holdings of the Mocal Oil Company. Eventually Rittersbacher bought complete interests in Mocal, including those owned by Johnston, making it a family-owned venture."

Charles Rittersbacher died in Los Angeles in 1919, and his son
Elmer (1891-1974) returned to Corsicana to become actively involved in the management of American Well and Prospecting. The company's stock was divided equally between the Johnston and Rittersbacher families, and both families were enthusiastically involved in the plant's operations.11

"H. G. Johnston served as president of the company until his death in 1930. In addition to his association with American Well and Prospecting he had extensive real estate holdings in Corsicana and was a director and vice-president of the old Corsicana National Bank."22

American Well and Prospecting continued to expand and prosper. New discoveries such as the Mexia field in 1921, the Powell field in 1923, and the giant East Texas field in 1930 greatly increased the demand for equipment manufactured by the American Well and Prospecting Company.

American Well and Prospecting employed from 100 to 350 persons, the number varying according to conditions in the petroleum industry. With this many persons on their payroll, American Well and Prospecting became a vital part of Navarro County's economy. Not only did the company have a local impact but its importance was felt throughout the world. Gumbo Buster equipment was shipped to new fields throughout the United States, Latin America, Europe, and the Middle East.23

The United States was plunged into World War II when the Japanese attacked the American naval base at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Despite strong indications of eventual United States involvement in the war, preparations were woefully lacking. When war did come, the United States economy was rapidly converted to wartime manufacturing. Federal authorities sought out those industries that could be utilized for the production of much-needed war materials and awarded contracts to those companies for the manufacture of specified items. American Well and Prospecting was among the hundreds of United States businesses that contributed greatly to the war effort as the nation dedicated itself to the war effort.

The plant's operations were converted exclusively to the production of munitions and other war related items. An around-the-clock schedule was implemented and the number of employees increased to more than one thousand.24 In May 1942, the company received a contract from the government to manufacture a 1000-pound semi-armor-piercing bomb. Although American Well and Prospecting was the fifth company in the nation to contract for production of the 1000-pound bomb, it was the first actually to produce them.24

In December 1942, the company received another contract, this
one to manufacture 240 millimeter shells, and eight months later yet
another contract for the manufacture of ships' anchors for the Navy.
Because of the valuable contributions made to the war effort, American
Well and Prospecting was awarded the "E Flag" in June 1943. A star
was added to the company's flag six months later."

The year 1944 brought a major change for American Well and
Prospecting. A transaction was completed June 30 providing for the
sale of all outstanding stock of the company to Bethlehem Steel Com­
pany of Pennsylvania. Expenditures in the purchase, which included
all inventories, properties, and assets, totalled $894,929."

Although owned by Bethlehem, the company retained its name
and all persons employed by American Well and Prospecting at the
time of the sale were also retained. G. A. Tompson of Tulsa, Okla­
homa, vice-president of the Bethlehem Supply Company, was named
vice-president and general manager of the Corsicana plant. Elmer
Rittersbacher, who had served as company president since the death
of H. G. Johnston in 1930, was named plant manager, and Lowell R.
Estes was appointed assistant plant manager. S. D. Goins was general
plant manager, and Eliot Johnston was in charge of personnel. C. M.
Anderson was chief engineer, William Maxwell foundry foreman, and
P. A. Simpson manager of the pattern shop.""

Edgar Rittersbacher, who had been American Well and Prospect­ing
vice-president, was transferred to the Bethlehem Supply Company
as special district sales representative. He continued to reside in
Corsicana, however." Lee Fagg, the assistant chief engineer with
American Well and Prospecting, was transferred to Tulsa where he
assumed duties as rotary machine engineer for the Bethlehem Supply
Company.""

When the company changed hands in 1944 the new owners
planned an expansion program with a greatly increased payroll. How­
ever, competition in the area of manufacture of oil field equipment
increased dramatically, and hard times in general rocked the petroleum
industry. Because of these financial difficulties, Bethlehem closed the
Corsicana plant in 1959, bringing an end to the American Well and
Prospecting Company. Today the property is occupied by Faraway
Places Garden Center. Owners Ed Erwin and Kent Dusing refurbished
the facility, making it attractive without destroying the original appear­
ance of the buildings.

The history of the petroleum industry cannot be written without
including the contributions of the American Well and Prospecting
Company. By drilling the first oil well in the Mid-Continent field,
American Well and Prospecting raised the curtain on the Texas oil
drama. The world-wide distribution of Gumbo Buster equipment made American Well and Prospecting an operation of international importance. Through the manufacture of munitions and other war related materials, the company played a vital role in the American victory in World War II. By employing literally thousands of persons the company was a major contributor to the economic stability of Navarro County for more than half a century. The community of Corsicana, the United States, and the world are indebted to H. G. Johnston, Charles Rittersbacher, Emil Aiken, and the thousands of persons who contributed to the growth and development of the petroleum industry through the American Well and Prospecting Company.

NOTES

1Dallas Morning News, December 8, 1894.
2Records of Corsicana Chamber of Commerce.
3Minutes, Corsicana City Council, March 6, 1894. On file in office of City Clerk.
4Morrison and Fourmy's General Directory of the City of Corsicana, 1894-95. (Galveston, 1894), 7. Other officers in the Water Development Company were Charles Allyn, Secretary, and James Garrity, Treasurer.
5Family records of Charles Rittersbacher provided by his daughter, Miss Egga Rittersbacher.
7Rittersbacher Family Records.
8Eliot Johnston Interview.
10Dallas Morning News, June 15, 1894.
11Dallas Morning News, October 18, 1897.
12Charles Warner, Texas Oil and Gas Since 1543. (Houston, 1939), 26-27.
15Eliot Johnston Interview.

Elliot Johnston Interview.

Alva Taylor, *Navarro County History*, (Corsicana, 1962), 177. One of the Baker's rotary drilling rigs is on display at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

Rittersbacher Family Records.

Rittersbacher Family Records.

Johnston Family Records.

Elliot Johnston Interview. Johnston served as plant personnel manager.

Interview with Lowell Estes, May 23, 1981. He joined the company in 1924 and remained until the plant closed in 1959.

_Corsicana Daily Sun_, June 30, 1944.

Personal interview with Lowell Estes, May 23, 1981. Mr. Estes was responsible for government contracts during the war.

_Corsicana Daily Sun_, June 30, 1944.

Bethlehem Steel Company Archives, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The Republic Supply Company had been the exclusive distributor of Gumbo Buster equipment since the early 1920's. In October, 1939, Bethlehem Supply Company became distributor for the complete line of Gumbo Buster Equipment.

_Corsicana Daily Sun_, June 30, 1944.

Edgar Rittersbacher (b. 1899) spent several years with Mocal, the family owned oil operations in California. He had a degree from the University of California at Berkeley. He came to Corsicana shortly after Johnston's death to assist his brother in the management of American Well and Prospecting. After retiring from Bethlehem, Rittersbacher served as postmaster in Corsicana for several years. He passed away February 29, 1972, and is buried at Oakwood Cemetery in Corsicana. Elmer Rittersbacher returned to California following his retirement from Bethlehem, spending his last years with his sister Etta at the family home in Hollywood. He passed away December 29, 1974.

_Corsicana Daily Sun_, June 30, 1944.
EAST TEXAS COLLOQUI

The Association gathered for the Spring meeting in Galveston on February 24 and 25. Our host, Galveston College, and our Program Chairman and Local Arrangements Chairman, Maury Darst, provided us with gracious hospitality and a good program. Albert Machel of Nacogdoches presented an entertaining program on patent medicine at the Friday evening session before we adjourned to Ashton Villa for a reception. Saturday sessions included papers by Gwin Morris on Reading Photographs, by Don Graham on The Displacement of East Texas in Movies about Texas, by Jim Jones on Restoring Old Photographs, by Fred Tarpley on Galveston and Jefferson, and by Bob Jones on The Open Days of Galveston. President Bob Bowman presided at the luncheon, and Fred Tarpley presented the Ralph W. Steen Award to Mrs. Lucille Terry of Jefferson, Dr. Robert S. Maxwell of Nacogdoches, and Max S. Lale of Marshall and Fort Worth.

The Fall Meeting of the Association will be in Nacogdoches on the campus of Stephen F. Austin State University on September 28 and 29.

The East Texas Historical Association mourns the passing of its long-time member and friend, George Traylor Russell of Mount Pleasant, who died on December 1, 1983.

Mr. Russell was born on April 12, 1906 in Titus County to Clay and Ethel Russell. He is survived by his wife, Arlene, and two sons, one daughter, and several grandchildren, brothers, and sisters.

Mr. Russell's profession lay in the practice of law, and he was active in many civic and professional organizations, including the First Baptist Church of Mount Pleasant, Temple Lodge No. 70 A.F.&A.M., the Scottish Rite and Shrine, the Texas Bar Association, Northeast Texas Bar Association, Titus County Bar Association, and he was a founding member of the Mount Pleasant Rotary Club. He chaired the Committee on History and Tradition of the Texas Bar Association which published the *Centennial History of the Texas Bar*, 1881-1982.

Mr. Russell studied law in the office of Judge Seb Caldwell and was admitted to the Bar in 1934. Prior to that he studied mathematics at East Texas State University at Commerce and taught in rural schools in East Texas. He was one of the better known regional historians of East Texas, and his publications include a two-volume *History of Titus County*, *The Diamond Bessie Murder and the Rothschild Trials*, *Carpetbaggers, Scalawags, and Others, Census of Titus County 1850-1860*, and *Pioneers and Heroes of Titus County*. He assisted in the establishment of a local historical museum at the Mount Pleasant City Library. Mr. Russell was a charter member of the East Texas Historical Association and remained a loyal supporter.
The White House Historical Association announces the publication of a new journal, *White House History*. It is the first publication devoted entirely to the history of the White House. It is edited by William Seale, known to many in East Texas for his work on river people and river history. *White House History* will be published occasionally and is of high quality. It may be ordered from the White House Historical Association, 740 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506, for $6.00.

The February 1984 issue of *American History Illustrated* contains an article of interest to East Texans. Ralph Walker discusses the filibustering activities of James Long, who prematurely proclaimed Texas free from Mexico in 1819, in an article entitled “Long’s Lone Star Republic.” Long did this at the Old Stone Fort in Nacogdoches, had to retreat to Mississippi, and tried again at Bolivar on the Texas coast. Later he was killed in Mexico, and his wife, Jane Long, survived a difficult winter on Point Bolivar before returning to the United States. Later she came back to Texas and is known as the Mother of Texas.

Lincoln King’s students at Gary High School continue their fine work with *Loblolly*, and recently they were honored to have their title used by Thad Sitton in his book by the Texas Monthly Press, *The Loblolly Book*. Sitton, who is from Lufkin, is associated with the Texas Sesquicentennial Commission. In this book he writes about the Loblolly-style projects going on in Texas. All trace their origin to the *Foxfire* project begun in Georgia two decades ago.

The Daughters of the Republic of Texas announce the forthcoming publication of *Founders and Patriots of The Republic of Texas, The Lineages of the Members of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas*. For details contact Mrs. Floyd Williams, Box 97, Anahuac, Texas 77514.

Joe Malcom continues to edit the *Civil War Press Corps*, a potpourri of information about the Civil War, activities of Civil War Round Tables, restoration and preservation projects, and reviews of pertinent books. It may be ordered at 264 Hancock, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 66027. Each issue features The Gray Line and The Blue Line, articles which continue the struggle in a good natured way.

The Central Texas Genealogical Society announces the publication of *McLennan County, Texas Marriage Records*, Volume II (January 1871-July 1892). It may be ordered for $15.95 from the Society, Waco-McLennan County Library, 1717 Austin Avenue, Waco, TX 76701.
The Texas State Historical Association will hold its annual meeting in Fort Worth on March 1-3, 1985. Details may be obtained from the Texas State Historical Association, 2/306 Sid Richardson Hall, Austin, Texas 78712.

BOOKS, BOOKS, AND MORE BOOKS

We started this section one issue back to provide coverage and some commentary for the large number of books appearing on our state and region, particularly for those publications which are not reviewed in full for one reason or another. It seemed to work before, so we will try it again.

John H. Jenkins, Basic Texas Books (Jenkins Publishing Company, Box 2085, Austin, TX 78768) is the most ambitious project of its kind in some time. This is a guide to the 224 books which Jenkins considers essential for any Texas research library. They were selected from over 100,000 books about Texas that have been published since 1542. Each entry provides full biographical details, quotations about the book from scholars, a detailed description of contents, an analysis of merits and inaccuracies, if any, and other information. An annotated guide to 217 Texas bibliographies is included along with a complete index and sixty-six illustrations. It seems a fundamental acquisition for libraries and collectors.

Two books in the Greenwood Press's series of bio-bibliographies are Richard Boyd Hauch, Crockett: A Bio-Bibliography, and Jon Tuska, Billy the Kid: A Bio-Bibliography (Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881), which provide just what the titles imply. Tuska's volume contains a 100-plus page biography, a section entitled "Billy and the Historians," a bibliography of sources, sections on Billy the Kid in fiction and film, a section of miscellany, and a chronology. Hauch's Crockett also has a biography entitled "The Facts" and sections on fiction, the Crockett idiom, and a chronology. Both are indexed.

Manuscript Sources in the Rosenburg Library: A Selective Guide, edited by Jan A. Kenamore and Michael E. Wilson (Texas A&M Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843), might save the researcher a good deal of time. The Rosenburg Library is a key depository of many manuscript collections pertaining to early Texas. The Papers of Samuel May Williams and Gail Borden are among its most important holdings, but they also have many valuable sources. Recent years has brought increased use of these collections so the library has provided this guide for researchers before they arrive. The introduction contains a history of the library itself. A list of donors acknowledges those who have contributed to the collection, and the remainder of the volume is a listing and description of manuscript sources plus an index.
Tom Munnerlyn, *Texas Local History: A Source Book for Available Town and County Histories, Local Memoirs and Genealogical Records*, 1983 Edition (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 23066, Austin, TX 78735), brings together in one volume a listing of all materials on Texas local history currently for sale. The majority are locally and privately printed. It will be useful especially for genealogists.

Some interesting guides and monographs have come our way. *Texas Good Eats: Houston-Gulf Coast Guide to Unique Cafes & Restaurants* by Pat Pugh (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 23066, Austin, TX 78735), concentrates mostly on Houston but features reviews and ratings of over one hundred restaurants from chuck wagon grub to haute cuisine. *Texas Museums: A Guidebook* (University of Texas Press, Box 7819, Austin, TX 78712) by Paula Eyrich and Ron Tyler, does the same for the state’s various museums. It is arranged by location. Each entry lists the name and address of the museum and provides a description of its holdings. It is well-illustrated, and contains an interesting and informative introduction on the state of museums in Texas.


We have also received James A. Wilson, *Hide & Horn In Texas: The Spread of Cattle Ranching 1836-1900* and James G. Dickson, *The Politics of the Texas Sheriff: From Frontier to Bureaucracy* (American Press, 520 Commonwealth Ave., #416, Boston, Mass 02215), and Linda Ericson Devereaux, *The Texas Navy* (Ericson Books, 1614 Redbud, Nacogdoches, TX 75961). The latter is an essay with tables and charts about the Navy and its personnel.

*Texas Lore, Volume One*, by Patrick M. Reynolds, is a cartoon approach to Texas history reminiscent of the old Texas Movies series from the 1930s. Published by The Red Rose Studio (Willow Street, Penna. 17584), it is intended for juvenile but old folks will find it of interest. Gilbert Jordan’s *Faces of Texas* (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 23066,
Austin, TX 78735) is a book of poetry on Texas subjects. Interesting photos illustrate each poem. *Clem Maverick, The Life and Death of a Country Music Singer* by R. G. Vliet, with woodcuts by Barbara Whitehead (Shearer Publishing, 3208 Turtle Grove, Bryan, TX 77801) is another book of poetry. A disclaimer says that it is fictional even if it features quotes from contemporary country musicians.

*The Encyclopedia of Historic Places*, two volumes, by Courtlandt Canby (Facts of File, Inc., 460 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016) lists places of importance throughout the world. It provides detailed coverage on all geographic locations of historical significance, including towns, cities, countries, provinces, regions, empires, deserts, forts, battle sites, lakes, mountains, rivers, shrines, and archaeological sites. Each entry contains the name, country where the place is located, and history. It is cross-referenced.

*The River of the West* (Mountain Press Publishing Co., 1600 North Avenue West, P.O. Box 2399, Missoula, Montana 59806) is the first volume in a series called Classics of the Fur Trade. It is a result of the unique collaboration between Joe Meek, a mountain man, and Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, the author. First published in 1870, it has been largely unavailable until this edition.

*Hollywood As Historian: American Film in a Cultural Context*, edited by Peter C. Rollins (University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, KY 40506) with foreward by Ray B. Browne, is a collection of thirteen essays dealing with historical treatment in films ranging from The Birth of A Nation to Apocalypse Now. The essays also deal with the way film has made history as well as interpreted it, and it is recommended to those who teach history courses as a unique way to approach their subject. Similarly, *The South and Film*, edited by Warren French (University Press of Mississippi, 3825 Ridgewood Rd., Jackson, MS 39211) provides twenty-one essays on the way film has treated the American South. It contains a bibliography, a film index, and a general index. It is well-illustrated with stills from movies on the South, and should be useful for teachers of the history of this section. Subjects covered include the early classics (Birth of a Nation, Jezebel, Gone With The Wind), the Civil War, directors, women, William Faulkner and film, and regionalism.

My favorite in this line is Don Graham's *Cowboys and Cadillacs: How Hollywood Looks at Texas* (Texas Monthly Press, P. O. Box 1569, Austin, TX 78767). Graham says that the international concept of Texas as a land of boot-wearing, gun-toting cowboys, vast empty spaces, oil derricks, and loud, ill-mannered men comes from the movies, the dream palaces where we all absorb cinematic lessons in Texas history. "More than any other popular cultural medium, movies have shaped the world's vision of Texas and Texans. As a result, Texans have two
pasts—the one made in Texas and the other one made in Hollywood.” Graham’s interest began when he accepted a teaching position in Pennsylvania and learned that people there thought he ought to be a cowboy, which he was not. “Why did strangers expect me to be the proud possessor of an oil well, a ranch, and a box at Texas Stadium...?” *Cowboys and Cadillacs* is his answer. The book is well-illustrated with movie stills and contains a log of all Texas films since 1909.

*Houston: A Chronicle of the Supercity on Buffalo Bayou,* by Stanley E. Siegel (Windsor Publications, P.O. Box 1500, Woodland Hills, CA 91365) is a handsome history of Houston. It is amply illustrated and contains a section called Partners in Progress which details the history of businesses associated with Houston. The narrative by Siegel is a good introduction for those who want to know the history of one of the nation’s fastest growing cities.

Larry McMurtry’s *In a Narrow Grave, Essays on Texas* (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131) brings back memories of Larry more than anything else. I am not as familiar with his section of the state, the western part, and if I have one lament about the re-issuance of one of his earlier books, and his only real deviation from fiction, it would be that he slighted our piney woods. He confesses his own ignorance of us, so better that he did concentrate on the cowboys and films of his own time and place. But as I said, it brings back memories of Larry. We attended Rice Institute together in the late 1950s and I remember him as a quiet boy who hardly ever talked. Little did I know that the words were there, struggling to get out. He found a way. He remains one of the state’s best-known contemporary writers, and I like the way he writes. If you have not read these essays, it is a good way to get to know Larry.

Finally, Robert Sidney Martin and James C. Martin, *Contours of Discovery, Printed Maps Delineating the Texas and Southwestern Chapters in the Cartographic History of North America 1513-1930, A User’s Guide,* (Texas State Historical Association in cooperation with the Center for Studies in Texas History, 2/306 Sid Richardson Hall, Austin, TX 78712) is for those who love maps. Old maps have a remarkable appeal, claim the authors, and they are correct. They may be viewed as artifacts, art, and valuable historical documents. The Martins have assembled a handsome portfolio of maps of Texas ranging from early efforts of the Spanish to chart their northern provinces to maps prepared in this century. You have to see the color to appreciate their beauty. A valuable introductory book accompanying the portfolio explains the way to appreciate the maps as art and use them as historical documents. It also contains a reference for further reading and a glossary. Collectors of such exquisite publications will need to add this to their holdings.
BOOK REVIEWS


This is the first comprehensive story of logging, lumbering, and forest conservation in East Texas. It begins in the earliest days of the Republic by describing an enormous forest punctuated by a few isolated sawmills serving local needs. Succeeding chapters document the irresistible encroachment of civilization and commerce, the unregulated exploitation and eventual deforestation of most of the region. The book culminates with the conservation and reforestation efforts that began in the 1930s and produced the Piney Woods of East Texas as they are known in 1984.

The wealth of information presented makes the book an excellent reference on forestry in East Texas. The profiles of those individuals who dominated history are excellent. A listing of people described would contain the names of the giants of the industry. It would also show the extensive care that has been taken to document and clarify every aspect of this excellent piece of historical scholarship.

But there is more. Over two hundred photographs and illustrations provide visual support to an excellent and highly readable text. The illustrations alone are worth the price of the book. One can only imagine the time spent reviewing thousands of illustrations to select that one best illustration for inclusion at that particular point in the book.

Sawdust Empire is a big book both in detail, scope, and physical size. It's full-page (8½ by 11) format allows for large illustrations and readable type. So, by any measure—scholarship reference, illustrations, or by the pound—the book is a bargain and is highly recommended to all interested in East Texas Forestry.

Kent T. Adair
Stephen F. Austin State University


If further proof be needed, here is convincing evidence that the writing of local history has at last achieved a respectability long denied it.

Campbell calls this volume a “biography” of a county—actually a thirty-year segment in the long history of Harrison County—demon-
strating how research into the records of a small geographic unit can reflect new light on the larger picture.

The work validates in every respect the North Texas State University history professor's contention that "... the biography of a community can be as solidly based as any type of historical investigation." That Campbell succeeded is confirmed by two respected authorities. The Texas State Historical Association chose it for publication, and James Michener, who read galley proofs while researching for his sesquicentennial novel about the state, has called it the best such of which he is aware.

Actually, the book is light years away from the image connoted by "county history." It is a scholarly work buttressed by more than a decade of intensive investigation into manuscript census returns, local deed and probate files, plantation records, letter files in the Austin archives, and family records available only in Marshall and Harrison County.

During a part of the period covered, Harrison had the largest population of any county in the state. It had 145 planters owning as many as twenty slaves each. It was the home of three Texas governors and two U. S. Senators. Its bar was outstanding, and it had one of the most respected newspapers in the state.

In addition, during the Civil War it was not only the capital of the Missouri government-in-exile but was also the most important subheadquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department, which became an almost autonomous province of the Confederacy under Edmond Kirby Smith.

Up to a half of its eligible males served in various military units, foremost of which was Company E, 1st Texas Infantry, Hood's Texas Brigade, which surrendered eight men when the end came in 1865.

This is not a military history, however. Campbell deals with the secession crisis, the war, emancipation, and two versions of Reconstruction as focused on one county.

His research dispels a popular myth of monolithic support for secession in the years before the war, based largely on the county's military involvement and its referendum vote of 866 to 44 favoring withdrawal from the Union.

The truth of the matter is, however, that during the decade from 1850 to 1860 opposition sentiment (whether Whig, Know-Nothing or Unionist) made up a fraction of the political feeling approaching one-half. This large fraction was not necessarily opposed to slavery as the touchstone of sectional allegiance—most of its members were slave owners, in fact—but rather was motivated by a desire to preserve the Union.
Opposition thus was "conflict within consensus," in the author's view, a phrase evocative of the give-and-take involved in the democratic process for deciding large political issues. With a few notable exceptions, the county's population, whether pro- or anti-secession, joined forces to fight the issue to its conclusion.

Many county residents who had reservations about separating from the Union paid for this unenthusiastic allegiance with their wealth and their lives, as in the case of Theophilus Perry, who suffered a fatal wound at the Battle of Mansfield, just across the state line. His story, based on family letters discovered at Duke University, is one of the best chapters in the book.

The volume is one to be added to the shelves of all Texas history buffs, lay or professional.

Max S. Lale
Marshall, Texas


These five essays published as the 1981 Walter Prescott Webb Memorial Lectures are a significant contribution to the continually growing body of literature on pre-Civil War American politics. Each of the authors has already established himself as a careful student of American political history and their work reflects careful, serious historical research and investigation. One of the authors, Thomas B. Alexander of the University of Missouri, is the best known practitioner of the "new political history" which emphasizes a quantitative approach to understanding our nation's past.

Interestingly, Professor Alexander's essay "The Dimensions of Voter Partisan Constancy in Presidential Elections from 1840 to 1860," emphasizes voter continuity during the pre-war decades, a finding that disputes Alexander's own conclusions in his earlier *Sectional Stress and Party Strength* (1967). In that volume, analyzing congressional roll call voting, Alexander stressed the realignment of political organizations along sectional lines as the Civil War approached. In the present essay Alexander shows there was little shifting of votes in pre-war presidential elections. "Political leaders," he writes, "were dealing with largely intractable masses of voters, who were not likely to accept a conscious change of party" (p. 113).

William E. Gienapp, author of the first essay in the volume, "Politics Seem To Enter Into Everything: Political Culture in the North, 1840-1860," on the other hand, finds a major realignment of
voters largely along sectional lines in the 1850s. This was not, he believes, an easy matter because party loyalties in the age of mass politics were strong. "Only in periods of realignment, such as the mid-1850s" he writes, "did many voters form new identities, and such eras are rare" (p. 59). This shift Gienapp notes was easier for young voters. Older voters found a repudiation of past affiliation much more difficult.

The essay by Stephen E. Maizlish, "The Meaning of Nativism and the Crises of the Union: The Know-Nothing Movement in the Antebellum North," traces one such realignment of ideas and attitudes in the 1850s. The author skillfully points out the relationship between opposition to immigration and opposition to the extension of slavery in the national territories. Northern supporters of the Know-Nothing movement had to choose between the two when Southern Know-Nothings gained control of the party convention in 1856. As a consequence, most northern members withdrew and joined the Republican party.

In his essay "Winding Roads to Recovery: The Whig Party from 1844 to 1848," Michael F. Holt describes the efforts of Whig Party leaders to revive that major political party in the mid-1840s. While he argues that the party was "more robust and its issues more vital" (p. 124) than traditional interpreters give credit, he concedes that Whigs turned in desperation to a non-issue military hero Zachary Taylor to bring victory in 1848.

The last essay, "The Surge of Republican Power: Partisan Antipathy, American Social Conflict, and the Coming of the Civil War," by Joel H. Sibley, is an excellent synthesis for the volume. In this thoughtful and highly readable essay, Professor Sibley relates ethnocultural factors to the secession movement. He notes that the coming of great numbers of immigrants in the 1840s and 1850s "strongly revived rarely quiescent Puritanism and gave it new vigor, direction, and expectations" (p. 216). This extreme Puritanism was institutionalized into the sectional Republican Party. Democrats, particularly those in the South, were convinced that the principle of the Republican Party was to meddle into everything—society, home, family. The Republicans "intended to destroy by every means possible the value, institutions, and behavior hostile to their conception of right, from Sunday carousing to tripping in taverns and in private to the holding of slaves" (p. 224). Southerners concluded that secession was the only answer to the Republican use of power by the Federal government to control their lives and their fortunes.

The essays in this volume provide many valuable insights for those who would understand the complexities of antebellum politics. While there will be some disagreements with the interpretations of the indi-
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individual authors, the volume cannot be ignored by scholars of nineteenth century politics. One note of caution: the work is not for the casual reader.

Ralph A. Wooster
Lamar University

_Eating, Drinking, and Visiting in the South; An Informal History._

For decades historians have been proclaiming the disappearance of the South as a distinct American region. Joe Gray Taylor stops short of echoing the premature reports of demise. However, if there is truth to the theory that we are what we eat, let the wake begin!

_Eating, Drinking, and Visiting in the South_ is a catalogue of virtually every gastronomic peculiarity which has graced Southern tables, from bear to Big Mac and everything in between. Many of the menus described by Taylor are less than inspiring conglomerations of unhealthful and poorly prepared foodstuffs. Although much of the negative reporting about the Southern diet might be attributed to the unfamiliarity of Yankees and other foreigners with Southern cuisine, there is strong evidence (and Taylor uses it well) that the Southern palate historically has been unsophisticated. Southerners, from frontier times to the modern era, have cared more for quantity than for quality in their food and drink.

Lusty appetites and simple tastes do not equate to the bland white diet of fatback, flour gravy, and biscuits. That dietary curse came from the post-Civil War technology of the Midwest. Until grinding poverty and its accompanying diseases sapped the energy of many Southerners, variety was the main characteristic of Southern food and drink. Whatever was available in the woods, streams, gardens, and coastal waters, some Southerner somewhere found a means to capture, cook, and consume. Eel, oysters, bear, bison, wild and tame fowl graced Southern tables, occasionally all at the same meal. Fruits, nuts, and every part of every vegetable were common to high and low alike. Just because everything was boiled or fried is no reason to assume that it was bad.

There is much more to Taylor's tale. He treats drinking habits and Southern hospitality in the process refuting a myth or two. Nevertheless, the most significant element of the work is food, Southern style.

J. Herschel Barnhill
Oklahoma State Archives

This is the first full length biography published on the redoubtable Sul Ross, one of Texas’ most impressive historical figures. It has long been needed, and now, eighty-five years after his death, Judith Benner has brought one forth that should satisfy most readers. The book is the product of considerable research, and its contents are presented in a clear, readable style.

For those unfamiliar with Lawrence Sullivan Ross, he was, quite simply, a great man. Had he lived in the Jacobean period he might well have been the composite model for the Bard when he wrote, “... some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” Ross enjoyed all three. When only a youth of nineteen, he showed daring, bravery, and resourcefulness when he commanded a body of armed men—volunteers, Indians, and regular army troops—in a successful campaign against the Comanches. Then, this transplanted Iowan achieved and had greatness thrust upon him by becoming a Texas Ranger, a Confederate general, a legislator, and a governor. In his post-gubernatorial years he also became the able and popular president of Texas A&M. All of these accomplishments, any one of them a merit of a lifetime in the efforts of ordinary men, were won in the scant space of fifty-nine years. Withal, he appeared as a modest and quiet man, and he was almost universally admired by his superiors, peers, and subordinates. He drew the favorable notice of such diverse personalities as Sam Houston, Winfield Scott, and Earl Van Dorn.

Ross also had his enemies, and his judgments were not always correct. These matters are not ignored by the author. Even when Ross faced adversity, however, his prime characteristics remained his doggedness and his calm. Benner captures his spirit, and this biography will please most readers of Texas history.

James W. Pohl
Southwest Texas State University


Here is yet another contribution to Civil War history, this one being one of the more controversial of recent publications. The themes of this book are two-fold: that the Confederacy exhausted itself by practicing the philosophy of the offensive-defense; and that the reason
for this self-destruction is found in the predominantly Celtic games of Southerners.

Most Civil War historians have long known that the Confederacy waged an aggressive tactical offense in the majority of Civil War battles, especially in the use of the flank attack. Frequently, these offensives were costly even if the results were often victorious. Confederate leaders believed, as military leaders have tended to agree, that wars and battles are won through offensive operations. Civil War generals who were graduates of West Point were familiar with the Napoleonic maxim that attacking forces needed a three-to-one numerical advantage over defenders to assure success.

The point made by the authors is that the Confederacy could ill-afford the human cost of exercising this tactical policy. A point better made is that at some time during the war Confederate leaders might have re-assessed their tactical options in view of their dwindling manpower.

Having made a fair case for the obvious the authors then fell victims to their own generalizations. They go to great lengths to convince the reader that Southerners were by nature very aggressive folk because of their predominant Scot-Irish origins. They then selected the proper historical instances to show where the Scots and Irish and their tribal antecedents just naturally preferred wild-eyed, screaming headlong rushes at their enemies. This, they point out, were later Confederate characteristics, including the Rebel Yell.

The authors then explain that Yankee soldiers, on the other hand, were predominantly descended from English stock, a people who were just naturally more systematic, organized, and methodical. Thus they were victorious through stoically awaiting their foes on the points of their bayonets while in defensive postures. The fault of these, and for that matter, all generalizations, is in the omission of the varied and numerous exceptions. For example, it is highly questionable that the ethnic and national origins of the make-up of the Federal armies was nearly as Anglicized as the authors make it. Further, there are too many examples where Confederates defended well and Federals ran (in one direction or the other) in wild-eyed enthusiasm.

But to point out all the exceptions to the authors' generalities is needless. It is quite possible that the main contribution of this book lies in its controversy. Certainly the authors' viewpoints should stimulate many an interesting discussion among Civil War buffs for years to come.

Robert W. Glover
Tyler Junior College

For many years, the lives of the great captains of the Civil War have been covered and re-covered, analyzed and revised, in many published works. And that is as it should be.

But it is also proper that the lives of the many, many "ensigns" of the War be told, that "little histories" be written to cover every area of the United States as it existed in the 1860s which had its own heroes who made valiant contributions to the War effort. All too often, their stories have not been told.

John James Alexander Alfred Mouton of Louisiana was such a man, and William Arceneaux's telling of his life is a welcome addition to any Civil War shelf. This second edition of a work, first issued a decade ago, focuses on the life and Civil War career of General Mouton, a West Point graduate who placed his allegiance to his native state first as did so many other Southerners.

Mouton's native state of Louisiana had strong ties to the North, stronger, perhaps, than most of the Southern, secessionist states. The strength of those ties made the rending of them the more painful for Mouton and many like him.

Arceneaux's book begins, as he puts it, "nearly a century and a half prior to the birth of Alfred Mouton," for he deemed it important to trace the background of the French Acadians who migrated to Louisiana after France ceded her North American colonies to England following the War of Spanish Succession (Queen Anne's War), which ended in 1713.

From that time, the history of the state of Louisiana has been laced and seasoned with the contributions of these French-speaking settlers, known today as Cajuns. John James Alexander Alfred Mouton was an Acadian and proud of it, and Arceneaux does an interesting job of exploring that facet of Mouton's background.

After graduation in 1850 from West Point, where he was highly thought of by his fellows, Mouton married, got his own plantation, joined the state militia, and entered politics. The ensuing decade, Arceneaux says, was probably the happiest of his life.

Commissioned a captain in the Confederate army at the beginning of the War, Mouton served with valor. Arceneaux refers to the Civil War as "the darkest era in the history of the Acadians" with the possible exception of their forced migration from Canada. But in the early days of the War, Acadians, like other Southerners, were excited, confident, and only a little apprehensive of the conflict's eventual outcome.

Arceneaux traces the War's early reception in Louisiana, painting
a broad picture of the reactions of the citizenry, white and black.

The author describes the battle of Shiloh, in which Mouton was seriously wounded, and defends Beauregard's decision to halt the attack at nightfall following Johnston's death. What is unarguable is his judgment that Shiloh was a disaster for the Southern cause.

Mouton recuperated from his painful facial wound in New Orleans, learning just two weeks after Shiloh that he had been promoted to brigadier general, making him at thirty-three years of age, one of the youngest general officers in the War. The rest of his service was in his native state, and the author traces the scope of Confederate and Civil War activity in Louisiana, a theater for the most part ignored in most Civil War histories. Herein lies the main value of this book—its illumination of the long and tedious decline of Southern fortunes as Union forces swept up and down the Mississippi valley, capturing New Orleans, then Vicksburg, and isolating Louisiana from the eastern theater of the War.

Mouton, hale and hearty despite a rumor that he had died in a brawl involving Texas and Louisiana troops, figured prominently in this activity under the command of Major General Richard Taylor, a fellow Louisianan. Bayou Lafourche, the Teche, Bisland, Irish Bend, the Red River Campaign—these names hold a hallowed place in Louisiana Civil War history. And a most improbable ally joined Mouton during this period: Camille-Armand-Jules-Marie de Polignac, a French nobleman and soldier of fortune who had joined the Confederate cause. The Count had been commissioned a brigadier general and had served briefly with the Army of Tennessee before being assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department and Mouton's division.

The Frenchman's excessive drinking and carousing, strongly disapproved of by Mouton, caused friction between the two despite their common heritage. Still, each respected the other's military ability.

Mansfield, Louisiana, was perhaps the high point and certainly the end of Mouton's career. During what Arceneaux refers to as "the largest and most decisive battle of the Civil War in the West," Alfred Mouton died leading his men in a charge described later by General Taylor as "magnificent." The charge turned the tide of battle as Mouton's grief-stricken men, now under the command of the De Polignac, broke the Federal line. Another major engagement the next day at Pleasant Hill ended in Federal defeat, and the Union Army "was retreating in panic and disorder, not stopping until they reached the Mississippi River." "... the courage of Mouton ..." was a key factor "in crushing the Union drive," Arceneaux says. But the cost was high. One-third of the Confederate strength was lost, about 1,000 men—700 from Mouton's Second Division. Every officer in the 18th Louisiana Regiment was killed, wounded, or captured. "Above all," Taylor later
wrote, "the death of gallant Mouton affected me. . . . Modest, unselfish, and patriotic, he showed best in action, always leading his men."

General Mouton was buried where he fell, on the battlefield at Mansfield, with the fallen Colonel Leopold Armant, the only other man to command the 18th Louisiana Regiment, buried at his side. After the War, the body was re-interred in Vermilion, Louisiana, his home.

Arceneaux sums up Mouton's military career: "He was a good soldier." And this is a good book about that good soldier and about an area of Civil War military history usually given short shrift in the history books. It is through the authors of these "little histories" that the complete scope of the War is becoming known, and much remains to be covered in all parts of the nation.

Jerry L. Russell, Chairman
Civil War Round Table Associates
Little Rock, Arkansas


It is refreshing to read and review a book that helps to deepen an understanding of the people who helped to continue and preserve some of the cultural bases for nearly fifty-five percent of the people who now live in San Antonio, Texas, and Bexar County.

Arnoldo De Leon's book, The Tejano Community, 1836-1900, is a contribution to Texas history that will open vistas of the Texas past which have been ignored for many years. The contributions to politics, labor, religion, folklore, and other cultural aspects by Tejanos has been significant; and they are not forgotten, thanks to this monograph.

The book brings out a significant point. Despite the overpowering influence, and sometimes oppressive influence, of the dominant culture, the Tejano in the nineteenth century maintained his own identity and at the same time adapted to and used the dominant culture to his own benefit.

This book particularly helps a person to understand the complexities of acculturation, adaptation, assimilation, and resistance Tejanos of the present day have toward the dominant culture.

This is a very brief review of a book that stands on its own merits: good information, prolific research, and good presentation. It should be on the bookshelf of anyone interested in Texas history; but, even more so, on the shelves of clergymen, politicians, statesmen—both Tejano and Gringo—who seriously wish to work toward a just and honorable society in Texas.

Barnabas Diekemper, OFM, Ph.D.
Oblate School of Theology
Boss Rule In South Texas. By Evan Anders. (University of Texas Press, P.O. Box 7819, Austin, TX 78712), 1982. Notes, References, Index. P. 319. $19.95.

Though four major political bosses in South Texas during the Progressive Era are purportedly the subject of this book, closest attention is given to James B. Wells. This is necessary since Wells towered over the others—which included Manuel Guerra, Archie Parr, and John Nance Garner—and in fact his support launched the career of each of these politicians. Also, Wells’ machine in Cameron County served as a model for other aspiring bosses to copy.

Evan Anders’ purpose is to interpret the rule of these four men—Wells in particular—according to recent models developed by revisionist social scientists. As this school of thought explains it, political bosses of the Gilded Age provided basic benefits to citizens which the rapidly changing urban communities of the period could not deliver. During the Progressive Era, however, this type of government came under attack by reformers. For Jim Wells, who had held power in South Texas since the mid-1880s and provided services to ranchers, the merchant class, and the Mexican American inhabitants of the Valley, the reformist thrust of the Progressive meant continued battles to preserve traditional rule. The same difficulty faced other bosses who ascended to power in counties of South Texas in the early 1900s and subscribed to Wells’ philosophy.

The author’s attempt to describe the conflict between the machine politicians and reformers entails extensive coverage of the intrigue and cunning used by the bosses, their strategem during each election, the campaign rhetoric they used, and, alternatively, the techniques utilized by the insurgent Progressives. Also analyzed is Wells’ connections to state and national politics and how his influence rose and waned according to the successes or failures of the issues or candidates he supported. Rich details explain how Wells and his fellow politicos had to grapple with the changes wrought by an economic revolution that lured a constituency to the Valley that was not dependent on boss rule for services. The scenario throughout is one of “bosses under seige” as Progressivism represented a movement more in tune with the times.

The book reflects the growing trend in Texas history to embrace perspectives employed in other disciplines. It is far ahead of the studies done by Edgar G. Shelton (Political Conditions Among Texas Mexicans Along the Rio Grande, 1946) and Ozzie G. Simmons (Anglo Americans and Mexican Americans in South Texas, 1952) on the politics of the Valley. Also, Anders sees the events under study as multi-dimensional, as history usually is. Both the bosses and the Progressive challengers have their virtues and vices; politics are not one of Hispanics versus Anglos; and the causes for the rise and decline of boss rule extend far
beyond the vicinity of South Texas and the character of each boss. Moreover, the study is a refreshing departure from the fascination an earlier generation of Texas historians had with the story of the Alamo and other "patriotic" themes in Texas history.

On the negative side, a couple of points bear mentioning. It is unfortunate that economics necessitated omitting the documentation. For historians trained to be footnote readers, this is excruciatingly frustrating. Also, Anders' portrayal of Hispanic voters is one of passive personalities manipulated by bosses. Must Mexicanos always be objects in the historical process? In Anders' defense, however, the book deals with the bosses and the techniques used to resist the onslaught of the reformers, not with Hispanic political behavior.

All in all, this is a book worth reading. It will henceforth shape any writing of the Texas story.

Arnoldo De Leon
Angelo State University


Thirteen social scientists in ten monographs provided statistical records and analysis to predict that in San Antonio's future a new political consensus "for the first time, will distribute power among competing groups, so that progress will not come, as it has too often in the past, at the expense of the community." Focus throughout the volume is on the domination of the minority by the elites, divided in recent years between old families (merchant/banking) and nouveau riche (land developers). The demise of the elitist Good Government League, a retold story in essay after essay, occurred concurrently with increased political activity in the Mexican-American community. Unequal educational opportunities and sub-standard public services in poorer sections of the city have given rise to Communities Organized for Public Service (COPS), which allied itself with middle-class environmentalists to oppose real estate developers who sought to build over the Edwards Aquifer, San Antonio's source of water supply. Such development would not only bring about the possibility of water pollution, but would extend urban development northward to the detriment of the inner city. No longer does a single group control public policy in San Antonio, where there is more democracy in the city than in the past.

Donald E. Everett
Trinity University
Jessie Evans: *Lincoln County Badman*. By Grady E. McCright and James H. Powell. (Early West Series, Box 9292, College Station, TX 77840), 1983. Photos, Illustrations, Maps. P. 240. $15.95 Cloth; $8.95 Paper.

Jessie Evans was a mysterious badman who drifted into New Mexico Territory in 1872 having already learned counterfeiting at his parents' knees. In New Mexico he worked for the legendary John Chisum, headed a gang of livestock thieves, and consorted with Billy the Kid and most of the other gunmen who fought in the Lincoln County War. Expanding his illegal activities into Texas, Evans landed in the state penitentiary in 1880. He escaped a year and a half later, and although various rumors purportedly identified him as various old men during the twentieth century, Jessie Evans disappeared from history after a decade of notoriety in the Southwest.

In their first book, authors Grady E. McCright and James H. Powell have enthusiastically pursued their subject and uncovered several nuggets of new information, particularly when mining the Frank Warner Angel report on the Lincoln County War. At times, however, there is too great a reliance on secondary sources: one quote from W. P. Webb (p. 21) is cited from Leon Metz, *John Selman*, and is not even directly related to Evans.

Four appendices are useful, especially a listing of the supporters of the warring factions in Lincoln County. The greatest asset of the book is a superb collection of photographs, including a new likeness of Billy the Kid, recently discovered by the publishers. Western buffs exhibit an insatiable appetite for material about the Lincoln County War, and *Jessie Evans: Lincoln County Badman* will provide an interesting addition to libraries centered around the bloodiest range war of the *Old West*.

Bill O'Neal
Panola Junior College

*Westering Man. The Life of Joseph Walker, Master of the Frontier.*


"Captain Walker does not follow trails. He makes them."

Joseph R. Walker was more than a mountain man, as admiring contemporaries such as New Mexico tavernkeeper Jim Gray readily acknowledged. Walker was a far-ranging trailblazer of enormous abilities; he was a resourceful guide for emigrants, military units, surveying parties, and railroad builders; by turns he was a trapper, sheriff, farmer, rancher, trail herder, prospector, an inquisitive aceological explorer, and, when necessary, a courageous Indian fighter. An intelligent,
courteous individual with a commanding physique and unshakeable integrity, Walker embodied the finest qualities displayed by Americans during the epic westward movement.

Born in 1798 in Tennessee into a family of notable pioneers, Walker began roaming at an early age and journeyed across the West for half a century. During the course of his varied career he achieved widespread fame, reluctantly retiring from the field in 1867 because of failing eyesight. He spent the last nine years of his life in comfortable circumstances on a California ranch. Bil Gilbert, who wrote about Walker a decade ago in the Time-Life book, The Trailblazers, was surprised that no suitable biography existed about this prominent frontiersman. He has corrected a number of long-standing errors (Walker's given name, for example, was Joseph Rutherford rather than the commonly-accepted Joseph Reddeford), and he has written with passion and talent about Walker and the American frontier during its most exciting century. The text is rich in anecdotes and Gilbert's analytical insights always prove interesting.

The only illustrations in this book are maps, which are crudely drawn and lettered. At least two painted likenesses of Walker exist, and while one adorns the dust jacket, the lack of any other photographs or paintings is a drawback.

The bibliography lumps primary sources, secondary sources, books, and articles into one section. This list is dominated by secondary works, and a careful perusal of the text and notes suggests that research for the book also was dominated by secondary sources. Although a more thorough study of the man may be possible, a more readable version seems unlikely because Gilbert's gifts as a writer are formidable and he has portrayed the story of Joe Walker and America's pioneering experience with excitement and color.

Bill O'Neal
Panola Junior College


"Four men in five seconds" proclaims a bronze plaque at a downtown intersection in El Paso. One of the West's deadliest gunfights erupted at this site on April 14, 1881. The most noted principal was city marshal Dallas Stoudenmire, but El Paso Lawman explores the role of another principal, former marshal George W. Campbell. This little book by Fred Egloff presents the scant information available on Campbell's early life, details the famous shootout, and discusses the aftermath of events.
Campbell was a native of Kentucky who wandered to Texas as a young man during the 1870s. He served as a deputy sheriff in Clay County, drifted into New Mexico, then turned up in turbulent, violence-prone El Paso, where six months later he earned a minor claim to frontier fame by becoming one of four men to be fatally wounded during a few seconds of blazing action.

Egloff became interested in El Paso history while he was stationed at Fort Bliss. As sheriff of the Chicago Corral of the Westerners, he presented a paper on Campbell, based on family letters, photographs, and other unpublished primary resources. Further research in contemporary newspapers, official records, and secondary works resulted in the expanded manuscript which has been added to the growing list of the Early West Series of the Creative Publishing Company.

In recent years Jim and Theresa Earle, publishers of the Early West Series, have made a significant contribution to gunfighter lore by providing an outlet for authors who have researched lesser-known chapters of frontier history. Their volumes always are richly illustrated, and Egloff has collected rare photographs of his subject characters, as well as numerous views and diagrams of El Paso.

A significant asset of the book is an introductory essay by C. L. Sonnichsen, foremost historian of the Southwest, who discusses the role of "the good guys and the bad guys of the mythical West ..." (p. 10). George Campbell was part good guy, part bad guy, and El Paso Lawman relates his brief but dramatic story.

Bill O'Neal
Panola Junior College


Abilene had its beginning with a town lot sale by the Texas and Pacific Railway Company on March 15, 1881. It celebrated its centennial in many ways, ranging from a number of cultural events to the publication of three books about the city. Abilene: An American Centennial is the result of an effort to preserve the heritage of and to record contemporary Abilene by means of photographs. The source for the historical section is the Abilene Historic Collection at Hardin-Simmons University. Contemporary Abilene was photographed during 1981 by five local photographers. Fane Downs, Professor of History at McMurry College, contributed a four-page "Introduction to Abilene," an analytical portrait, and Roy Flukinger, Curator of Photography at the University of Texas at Austin, in a five-page essay traced the historical development of photography, the purpose of the photographers, and an analysis of the photographs.
Abilene was incorporated and became the seat of Taylor County in 1883. It grew, according to Downs, because of its aggressive leadership, good system of transportation, and diversified economy. The leaders won the contests for the county seat, the epileptic school, Camp Barkeley, Dyess Air Force Base, the headquarters for independent oil operators, and three church colleges that have provided a unique religious climate and stimulated the cultural environment of the city. In 1981 Abilene with a population of 100,000 (of whom only about sixteen percent are black and Hispanic) had not lost its pioneer heritage.

Among the fifty-six historical photographs, eleven made during or prior to 1900, several are rather dim, possibly because of pioneer photography, aging, and the publisher's presentation in an artistic format. Unfortunately, there is no photograph of the epileptic home, the courthouse, of either of the two major hotels, or of any college building.

Contemporary Abilene is recorded in fifty-two black and white photographs. John Best concentrated on subject events; James Clark and Mary Jane Phillips in different styles focused on everyday life; Larry Smith chose as his religion subject; and Bill Wright filmed people and their environments. Together, these photographs provide an in-depth presentation, but conscientious historians, in the opinion of this reviewer, prefer more sharply and clearly defined subjects that leave less latitude for imaginative interpretation.

Overall, the book is both disappointing and highly laudable. Its value would be greatly enhanced if additional information accompanied a majority of the captions. Nevertheless, as a pioneer venture in historiography, it is a beautiful work and a significant contribution that should be in every public library and emulated by every town and city.

Ernest Wallace
Texas Tech University

Remington and Russell. By Brian W. Dippie. (University of Texas Press, P.O. Box 7819, Austin, TX 78712), 1982. Bibliography. P. 188. $29.95.

No two artists of the American West have received more public attention and accolades than Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell. Although contemporaries, and both financially successful, the two men reflected widely divergent personalities and backgrounds. Remington received his academic training at the Yale School of Fine Arts and by the 1880s had found a lucrative trade in providing sketches for national magazines such as Harper's Weekly. Born in Canton, New York, he sought the adventure of western America at the very opportune time that it was becoming the nostalgia of easterners. He was dubbed the "soldier's artist" because of his campaigning with cavalry units in
the Southwest and with many of those same men in the Spanish-American War. Their glories, both real and imagined, became the subjects of Remington's finest sketches, paintings, and sculptures.

Charles Russell was born in St. Louis, but upon his sixteenth birthday was sent to work on a Montana sheep ranch. He soon converted to a ranch hand and found his niche in life. Without formal artistic training he developed a crowd-pleasing style with both sculpture and painting, and by 1920 finally achieved some financial security for the first time in his life. Like Remington, he suffered criticism and neglect from members of the art critic elite, but this never seemed to sidetrack him from painting for the pleasure of himself and his friends.

Despite the ready availability of many "coffee table books" containing the works of Remington and Russell, Brian Dippie's addition is well conceived. He has drawn upon nineteen Remington paintings and fifty-one Russell paintings which have been permanently lodged with the new Sid Richardson Collection in Fort Worth, Texas. Having written a previous book on Russell and having graduated from the University of Texas with a Ph.D. in American Studies, Dippie comes to the task with a sharp eye for art, history, and American culture. He provides a good biographical sketch of both artists, as well as a profile of Sid Richardson, the Texas oilman and philanthropist who assembled the collection. Dippie's main contribution, however, rests with his detailed comments on each painting, its background, and its artistic strengths and weaknesses. This descriptive format is likewise extended to eleven additional works by artists such as Charles Schreyvogel, William Robinson Leigh, and Frank Tenney Johnson which are also found in the Richardson collection.

The technical reproduction of these paintings is almost as good as Dippie's text, but some of the darker shaded paintings do not copy well under the lens of the camera and a few lighter ones are a bit washed out. Only a direct viewing of the originals can do full justice to the color schemes employed by these two revered artists.

Michael L. Tate
University of Nebraska at Omaha

The Impeachment of Jim Ferguson. By Bruce Rutherford. (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 23066, Austin, TX 78735), 1983. Photographs, Bibliography, Index. P. 155. $11.95.

This slim, attractively bound volume is a well-written treatment of the issues and debates that led to the impeachment of Governor Jim Ferguson. While documentation is limited, with heavy reliance on news articles in the Temple Daily Telegram, the complexity of the impeachment process is presented in a clear and understandable manner.
What is lacking from this work is a significant treatment of the Ferguson era in Texas politics and how the impeachment of Farmer Jim fits into that period. The story of Ferguson's impeachment would best fit into a much broader treatment of Fergusonism than is offered here. Ferguson's fight with the University of Texas, for example, is only superficially explained in terms of questionable use of mileage books by professors, controversial budgeting practices by the university, opposition to Ferguson by some of the professors and students, and Ferguson's dislike of fraternities. However, no in-depth explanation of the Ferguson-University tensions is offered. Additionally, there are some irritating factual errors in the work. Speaker of the House of Representatives Sam Rayburn, for example, is referred to as a Texas senator.

In a comparison of the Ferguson impeachment with the Nixon impeachment effort, Rutherford argues that Nixon could have possibly weathered the impeachment storm if he had not fired Archibald Cox. Yet Nixon did weather the firing of Cox; his fundamental problem was the discovery of his complicity in the Watergate cover-up and it was that, rather than the firing of Cox, that would have led to his impeachment had he not resigned.

Rutherford's last two chapters leave much to be desired. In one, he draws parallels between the Nixon impeachment effort and the Ferguson impeachment. The precedential value of the Ferguson impeachment for the Nixon impeachment is, however, never made certain. Nor are the parallels between the Nixon and Ferguson careers terribly convincing. The final chapter tries to show Ferguson's influence on Lyndon Johnson. Yet evidence of that influence is weak. LBJ's father was a strong Ferguson man, LBJ as a boy was on the Ferguson campaign trail with his father, LBJ frequently visited Farmer Jim when Jim was dying, they both may have been populists, but that hardly shows Jim Ferguson as a political role model for LBJ. Though Rutherford writes of evidence that Johnson thought Farmer Jim a role model and writes that that evidence has been ignored by Johnson's many biographers, such evidence is not provided.

In short, the book is a good, well-written, descriptive treatment of the Ferguson impeachment process, but it is inadequate for those desiring an understanding of the Ferguson era.

Anthony Champagne
The University of Texas at Dallas


William L. McDonald's lavish photo-history of Dallas' commercial
and residential development in the nineteenth century's last three
decades and this century's first two and a half is a splendid piece of
work. Actually, "development" is a misnomer as applied to what hap­
pened to Dallas in that period. Unwilling to follow the lead of other
American cities in adopting an overall urban plan, Dallas' business
leaders were perfectly happy to see their city sprawl over the prairie,
this way and that, guided only by the prospect of profits to be gained
from the rapid, if relatively short-lived, inflation of land values. Indeed,
as A. C. Greene points out in his helpful introductory essay, real estate
promotion became a way of life in a place whose lack of a navigable
waterway and port facilities held back the location of large-scale indus­
try and necessitated a concentration on merchandising and finance.

_Dallas Rediscovered_ tracks that speculative urge through 263 well-
produced photographs, all substantially captioned; several schematic
and detailed street maps showing different areas of expansion for differ­
ent periods; and an informed, clearly written accompanying text. The
photographs, especially of numerous grand residences that long ago
ceased to exist, leave the reader with a profound sense of regret for the
devastation the city's rampant boosterism and presentism have visited
on its richly varied Victorian architectural heritage. Again and again
McDonald's captions end by noting that a particular structure was later
demolished to make way for an apartment complex, a glass-box office
building, or, in many instances, nothing nobler than a parking lot.
Comparing the miraculously surviving sixth Dallas County Courthouse
(1895) and the sterile new city hall designed by I. M. Pei helps us
understand both how far Dallas has come and how much it has lost.

Charles C. Alexander
Ohio University

_Texas Woollybacks: The Range Sheep and Goat Industry_. By Paul H.
Carlson. (Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Sta-
tion, TX 77843), 1982. Appendix, Bibliography, Index. P. 236.

For many years a pressing need has existed for a general study
of the range sheep and goat industry in Texas, and while the present
work is not definitive, it is a welcome addition to Texana. Beginning
with Spanish occupation in the sixteenth century, it covers the develop­
ment of the open range system and carries the industry up to the
enclosed pasture of the present. Previously, a number of fine diaries,
biographies, memoirs, and regional studies of Texas have been pub­
ished, but this is the first broadly based coverage. Of special interest
to many should be the inclusion of goat husbandry, a long-neglected
subject.

The format is basically chronological, but within that framework
are chapters on various aspects of the industry, regions, and leaders: e.g., Spanish Period, Rio Grande Plain, George W. Kendall, etc.

A strong point is Carlson's inclusion of a wealth of biographical material on leading figures such as Charles A. Schreiner, Thomas C. Frost, George W. Kendall, and William L. Black, the latter two given separate chapters. Chapters of particular interest are "The Rio Grande Plain," "The Edwards Plateau," and "The Sheep Wars." This reviewer found the chapter devoted to William L. Black particularly interesting and rewarding. Black, long ignored by historians, was a major figure in the sheep and goat industry. Also, it was refreshing to read that the sheep wars were kept in their proper perspective. It was pointed out they were limited in time and place and there never was a natural antipathy between cattle and sheep raisers. They co-existed in Texas from the beginning.

There are several drawbacks. Repetitious material and a lack of cohesion between some of the chapters are detractions. At times the author is carried away with flowery-descriptive prose; at other times his writing is unnecessarily clipped and brief. Too many sources, and even quotations and statistics, are taken from secondary works. The author, however, does draw heavily from such contemporary sources as the papers and publications of the sheep and goat associations. As usual, Texas A&M University has published a useful and attractive book.

Victor H. Treat
Texas A&M University


What do British preservationists have to say to preservationists in Dallas or Houston, Nacogdoches, or San Antonio? Based on a 1979 London Symposium, Our Past Before Us raises some provocative issues. Too frequently, those involved in conserving historic resources are so busy dealing with crises that they have little time for reflection. There is as yet no history of the preservation movement, and, despite its rising popularity, little critical analysis. This book offers a beginning at both.

In Britain the tremendous popularity of monuments and the countryside is in itself contributing to their destruction. Thus, the questions are raised, not only what will be preserved and why, but who will have access to it and on what terms?
This volume offers a unique opportunity to thoughtful American preservationists to compare theirs with the British experience.

Susanne Starling
Eastfield College

*Road to Tara: The Life of Margaret Mitchell.* By Ann Edwards.

The South remains striking because it is so familiar yet foreign. Authoring one of the most famous novels of all time, Margaret Mitchell created some of fiction's more enduring figures in *Gone With the Wind.* Her childhood South was couched in pre-war values and post-war memories. Her favorite nursery rhymes concerned Atlanta history. By the age of nine she was a writer. Constructing her novel, she immersed herself in referent experiences of Georgia folk communities: landscapes, cultural burdens, and details of making a living. Perhaps journalism is finest when holding a mirror to the world, showing a way of life we may never experience ourselves. In this, she succeeded admirably. Anne Edwards is equally competent as Mitchell's biographer.

Margaret Mitchell was born on the day William McKinley was re-elected. When she died Harry Truman offered personal condolences. Throughout these turbulent decades she noted which characteristics molded people. As the daughter of an old and prominent family, it seemed she knew everyone in the city she loved. Her decision to become a journalist was the most significant of her life. She was a gifted interviewer of her generation and its predecessors. Fully engaged with life, she reported it in exemplary wit. She had a unique capacity to set strangers at ease. This served her well all of her days.

Margaret's narrative power produced hundreds of incidents and characters in a meticulously researched historical novel. She described impediments strewn into lives and how people dispelled them. In clear prose, she conveyed cumulative ideas, images, and impressions of her native region. Margaret always thought her novel inferior to ones from contemporary writers. At no time in her life did she understand its world-wide acclaim. Fueled with praise rarely received in her Atlanta Journal days, she marveled at such excitement.

Obviously *Gone With the Wind* was therapeutic for major blows in Margaret's life. Like her heroine Scarlett, she had a sharp tongue. She was demure or rebellious, as the occasion required. "In truth, she cared very much about what other people thought of her, especially those people whose love and admiration she so desperately needed" (p 72). This astute sentence applied to both women. Like Scarlett, Margaret flaunted propriety and called attention to herself. She never forgot a slight. Setbacks and disappointments spurred both women to
greater tenacity. Both were strong feminists, yet dependent upon the men in their lives (Rhett and John). This spawned a feeling of “what ifs” that haunted them.

Much of *Gone With the Wind* is autobiographical (if veiled). Like Scarlett O'Hara, the life of Margaret Mitchell was influenced heavily by Irish and Huguenot ancestors, strong mothers, and devoted black servants. Grim horseback accidents affected both families. There are striking similarities of Mitchell and O'Hara friends or family members. Both women often suffered from insomnia. Both had marginal interest in politics. Both knew people like Ashley Wilkes who never emotionally recovered from a war.

Yet there were differences. Scarlett enjoyed a life of good health; Margaret was accident-prone. Scarlett received strength from her beloved Tara; Margaret was an urban person. Scarlett had far more self-confidence. Margaret masked insecurities in endless pranks and unconventional mischief. She enjoyed personal challenges. Her heroine did not. Both worked in war efforts, yet Scarlett was less sincere. Few women in America could so combine charm and speaking skill as Margaret did to sell $65 million in war bonds in six weeks. Like Scarlett, the war pushed her to unknown strengths.

Newspaper years were the happiest of Margaret’s life. Those following her novel’s publication were maddening. Millions of readers wondered whether Rhett would return. Margaret wished Scarlett would just leave. For years, shy people surrounding the colorful Margaret had lived through her—just as people lived through her vivacious Scarlett. She enjoyed this attention immensely. Once an overnight celebrity, she had to avoid outsiders. Her fondness of new and different people remained, but in changed form. She never had been much of a letter writer. After the book was published, she wrote 20,000 letters in just four years. This is even more interesting when compared with our modern absence of letters vs. frequent phone calls.

Anne Edwards has provided, like her subject, a remarkable volume. Transition lapses are rare. Occasional sentences are overly long. The most disturbing tendency is the consistent use of “girl” when “woman” is correct. Yet the biography offers fresh interpretations of a saga, fascinating quotes, and documentation heretofore unseen—especially on the first half of Margaret’s life.

In 1936 the *New York Times* reviewer of *Gone With the Wind* praised it as “surpassed by nothing in American fiction.” He noted that Margaret’s characters lived, aged, and changed before the reader’s eyes. Anne Edwards’ subject does the same. This superb biography of Margaret Mitchell is unlikely to be surpassed.

Staley Hitchcock
Union Theological Seminary

Walter Prescott Webb maintained in his Great Frontier thesis that the entire New World discoveries served as a frontier for Europeans after the fifteenth century and precipitated an economic boom for the European Metropolis. He expressed the hope that his introductory study would “open up a broad front of investigation.” This publication of Essays on Frontiers in World History is evidence that Webb’s hope is being fulfilled.

The essay authors—Philip Wayne Powell, W. J. Eccles, Warren Dean, Leonard Thompson, and Robin W. Winks—originally presented their theses at the fourteenth annual Webb Memorial Lectures (University of Texas at Arlington, 1979). Their topics, “spanning four continents and a time frame of some four hundred years,” offer an expanded perspective of the frontier. North America’s First Frontier in Mexico, New France in Canada, Sao Paulo in Brazil, Southern Africa, and Australia, are covered. The authors assess the effects of European trade and settlement on both the environment and the natives, the role of racial attitudes, the development of the economy, the growth of frontier institutions, and the relation of the frontier region to the European Metropolis. Excellent maps make it possible for the reader to be where much history is taking place, so often in isolated, faraway places.

A firm salute goes to C. B. Smith, Sr., of Austin, whose support makes the Webb Lectures and other Webb programs possible. As a student of Dr. Webb, Smith harvested inspiration and knowledge from a remarkable man. In return, he has dedicated himself to disseminating that knowledge to us all—and he is a remarkable man for it.

Dorman H. Winfrey
Texas State Library


The popular Foxfire Project that arose in the foothills of Georgia has prompted many school teachers to include oral history in their classroom curriculums. Now a book takes the Foxfire concept and provides a step-by-step instructional handbook on using oral history in the classroom.

The three authors, all experienced educators and practitioners of oral history, cover the familiar bases of a typical oral history manual: recording equipment and procedures, interview outlines, preliminary
research, note-taking in the field, transcription and storage of tapes, legal forms, and interviewing techniques and strategies. Useful appendices contains bibliography, goals and guidelines for interviewers and interviewees, criteria for evaluating classroom oral history interviews, and sample release form and data sheet. In addition, there is an excellent section on the starting of a *Foxfire* magazine.

A thorough reading of these sections permits the classroom teacher, student, or interested individual to master at least some of the terminology and techniques to conduct a successful oral history interview and an oral history project.

What the book does best is to explain the ways that oral history can be used in the classroom. The authors discuss nine detailed case descriptions of successful oral history projects, examples that illustrate the wide range of possibilities in classroom oral history. They consider end products of oral history such as Foxfire-type books and magazines, media productions, researching current community problems, and various types of curriculum materials. Unlike most other oral history manuals and handbooks, this one addresses the theoretical aspects underlying oral history.

In all, the book is logically organized and well researched and written. It is hoped that the book stimulates increased use of solid oral history practices in the classroom and elsewhere.

Jim Conrad
East Texas State University

By Gilberto R. Cruz and James A. Irby. (Eakin Press, P.O. Box 23066, Austin, TX 78735), 1983. Photographs, Appendices, Author's Index. P. xii, 337.

On first glance, the reader will undoubtedly assume that Professors Cruz and Irby have set themselves an impossible task. There is no way that a bibliography of Texas history can be included within the covers of one book. Furthermore, several earlier bibliographies (some multi-volume) have done excellent jobs in what they attempted.

Why then, one may ask, should a new bibliography be published, and what value can it have to us? This volume has several important benefits. For one thing, it is current. Included are recent publications and doctoral dissertations. For another, it is a handy one-volume reference that can serve as a guide to the casual reader or as a beginning for the serious researcher.

The book does have flaws. Some readers may quibble about the subject headings, but that is a minor point. A more serious problem inherent in the structure of the book is the loss of valuable space when
the same publication is listed in more than one place under different subject headings. One might also wonder how the compilers chose the entries.

These criticisms are minor. *Texas Bibliography* is a welcome new addition to the shelves of amateurs and professionals alike. As long as the user does not fall into the trap of assuming that this book is the last word on published sources on a given subject, it can be quite valuable as an aid to reading and research.

Donald W. Whistenhunt
Wayne State College

*Correspondence of James K. Polk, Volume VI, 1842-1843.* By Wayne Cutler, Editor, Carese M. Parker, Associate Editor. (Vanderbilt University Press, Nashville, TN 37203), 1983. Index. P. 726. $30.00.

This volume of the Polk correspondence covers his years in a sort of political wilderness. The Whigs occupied the President's House in Washington and Polk himself had been defeated in his bid for re-election to the Tennessee governorship in 1841. These were extremely partisan times, as Wayne Cutler's introduction indicates, and Polk seemed unable to do much that might restore his political fortunes and those of the Democrats.

In 1843 Polk again ran for governor, hoping to carry the state and thus demonstrate that he deserved a place on the national ticket in 1844 as Martin Van Buren's vice-presidential running mate. The strategy failed, for Polk not only lost the contest for governor but the Democrats lost control of both houses of the legislature. Despite this, he continued to try to position himself as the choice for second spot on the 1844 Democratic ticket.

The correspondence in this massive volume covers these eventful but discouraging years for James K. Polk. The contents indicate his wide range of acquaintances and political friends. Readers will gain an excellent sense of the nature of Tennessee politics in the early 1840s and how prominent figures sought to use state politics to position themselves for national office.

Volume VI maintains the high standards of the previous ones. Letters are footnoted to explain references in the letters as well as other aspects, such as whether they were marked "private" or "confidential."

A very important inclusion in this volume is the "Calendar" which lists all Polk correspondence from 1816 through 1843. Letters italicized in the Calendar have been published or briefed. For those seeking a ready reference to information on Polk and his many activities, the Calendar should be useful and make the research task simpler. The
262 pages that the Calendar occupies indicates how massive the Polk correspondence was.

All major academic and research libraries should have this series and many will want Volume VI because of the Calendar of Polk's correspondence.

William L. Taylor
Plymouth State College


As technology and marketing make video systems increasingly accessible, educational agencies throughout the United States have considered, or are considering, its utilization. Videotaping Local History is the American Association for State and Local History's "consumer's guide" for historical organizations. It is a practical book that covers, but does not exhaust, the major aspects of the subject. Author Jolly explains how video works, evaluates products currently available, describes equipment operation, discusses applications, and notes considerations for tape storage. He also covers such subjects as whether projects should be done in-house or contracted to professionals and what support is available from local television stations.

In researching this subject, Jolly queried users throughout the country to determine what they did and why. Remarkably, it seems that more utilize it for presenting information than for preserving history. Many institutions use it to interpret exhibits, train personnel, and reach television viewers. Occasionally, oral historians tape interviews but only as an adjunct to their conventional programs. It seems that no one accession tapes of significant events from local television stations. Jolly did not poll such stations or the networks to determine if they preserve such footage.

Jolly warns his readers that video is not for everyone and that great thought must precede any commitment. Those considering video would do well to study this book as their first step.

Paul R. Scott
Regional Historical Resource Depositories and Local Records Division, Texas State Library

Thomas J. Schlereth's Material Culture Studies in America is a satisfying anthology of articles dealing with many different facets of the study of artifacts in North America. Designed to serve, in part, as a resource for the classroom teacher, the volume should be on the shelf of any individual interested in the analysis of artifacts as historical documents. Schlereth also provides the reader with a careful discussion of the historiography of material culture studies, placing the field within the broader context of American history as a discipline.

The variety of material available in the text is a testament to the author's discriminating vision. He divided the selected articles into three major groups, moving from theory to methodology to practice. While those in the field may well find a favorite article left out, the selection is catholic and one does not envy the editor's task of cutting out material. Among the authors whose works were sampled by Schlereth were Wilcomb Washburn, Charles Montgomery, E. McClung Fleming, James Deetz, Kenneth Ames, Henry Glassie, and John Schlebecker. Any teacher looking for material to be used as course readings in this area should be pleased to have such a selection.

More important is Schlereth's own essay on the literature of material culture as it evolved in the years between 1876 and 1976. While noting the existence of some who were concerned with the history of objects before 1876, he contends that the major interest develops in relation to the Centennial celebrations. By dividing the century into three major eras, the Age of Collecting (1876-1948), the Age of Description (1948-1965) and the Age of Analysis (1965-1976), he provides a useful framework for the understanding of the literature of material culture. In the discussion the author notes specific trends and discusses the relationship between this literature and such fields as the Annales school, structuralism, art history, and cultural geography.

If the book has a flaw, it is in the absence of illustrations. Many of the articles were originally illustrated and a volume dealing with material culture should, ideally, show the artifacts which are being examined in the text. This may, however, be a decision based on the economics of publishing.

In all, the volume will be a standard reference for the study of material culture. By combining an excellent survey of the periodical literature with a well-constructed bibliography and historiographical essay, Schlereth has produced a volume which will be a resource for students, teachers, and material culture specialists alike.

Patrick H. Butler III
Harris County Heritage Society
A History of Rice University: The Institute Years, 1907-1963.
By Fredericka Meiners. (Rice University Studies. P.O. Box 1892, Houston, TX 77251), 1982. Photographs, Notes, Bibliography, Index. P. 249. $29.50.

An author who writes an institutional history published by that very institution enters perilous territory, but Fredericka Meiners seems to have avoided most of the pitfalls and traps that often ensnare the unwary. This history of Rice Institute (now University) from its beginnings in the early years of this century to 1963 presents a detailed chronicle of its growth and maturing under three presidents.

Unlike most institutions of higher learning, Rice had the advantage of a large endowment from the beginning. Because of this it was able to develop an attractive physical plant and not charge tuition until the 1960s. The original benefactor, William Marsh Rice, left a sizeable estate to a group of trustees charged with founding an institution for the advancement of literature, science, and art. From this beginning emerged the Rice Institute which formally opened its halls to students in 1912 under the leadership of Edgar Odell Lovett.

For me the most fascinating section of the book was the effort of Lovett, the trustees, and others to define the mission and goals of the institution—no simple task given its location. As Meiners observes, in the early years of the century Houston was hardly the dynamic, bustling city it has become in the 1980s. Attracting and retaining quality faculty proved a difficult task, but Lovett and others persevered and ultimately were successful.

What makes this history of interest to those other than Rice alumni is Meiners’ effort to place Rice in the broader context of developing its place and role in the City of Houston and how an academic institution accommodated itself to events such as the two world wars. The relationship between Rice and Houston is detailed better in the first part of the book than later. Some greater consideration of city-campus relations after 1945 would have strengthened the work.

Meiners shows us how an institution such as Rice had to adjust to changing circumstances and how difficult this often was. She is willing to criticize when it seems appropriate and praise at other times. Rice alumni will enjoy the large number of photographs and illustrations throughout the book—and some will recognize themselves at their "youthful best."

I have a couple of minor complaints about the work in terms of layout. The three-column per page format made the reading too much like reading a newspaper; two columns per page would seem more appropriate. For the alumni as well as others, maps of the campus indicating changes would have greatly enhanced its value. Given the lavish use of illustrations, this is a surprising omission.
Yet overall Meiners has written a work that will explain much about the workings of Rice that no doubt escaped the notice of those who were students and will, for alumni and outsiders alike, indicate the ways in which an obscure academic institution on the Texas prairie developed into a first-rate university.

William L. Taylor
Plymouth State College

Credits. P. 277. $18.50.

Regional intellectual chauvinism is nothing new in this country. Before the mid-point of the last century, Midwest intellectuals declared themselves independent of their Eastern cousins. Southerners, too, awakened to their own regionalism, spawned a cultural community that extolled the traits and characteristics which were peculiarly theirs. Now, in its season, subject matter about which writers have written for over one hundred years, is identified as being regional, and creates a fabric that Ronald B. Querry in Growing Old At Willie Nelson's Picnic, proudly says is uniquely Southwestern.

The Southwest, indeed, has had its season, and without doubt the literary and fine arts will be its lasting fruit. A dress code prescribed by the urban cowboy syndrome, the avaricious-high rolling-tough-acting-rancher-oil magnate stereotype portrayed on the electronic tube, and the momentary acceptance of country and western music and dance, gained amazing popularity nationwide. But these were just another craze, tried by a fickle public, enjoyed, and abandoned for some other flash on the popular cultural calendar. Of lasting quality will be the work of artists, red or white, who chose the Southwest's land and people as subjects, whether they worked in oils or watercolors, clay or marble, poetry or prose.

Querry's edited work contains twenty previously published selections which range from biographical sketches to first-hand observations, and from reminiscences to folk tales. Reluctantly, he includes all of Texas and Oklahoma, along with Arizona and New Mexico in his Southwest. And the common denominator (theme) which holds his region and his selections together is "the sense of place." His "sense of place" is composed of four ingredients: the land; the uncrowding of space; the people/land relationship; and, transcending all, the blend of the three dominant cultures, Indian, Spanish, and Anglo. It is the blending of cultures, the perception of cultural self and of others, which, according to Querry, gives "today's Southwest a unique tricultural personality."
Certainly Querry's choice of authors is impressive: N. Scott Momaday, Larry L. King, Larry McMurtry, William C. Martin, whose article gave the book its title, and, Arrell Morgan Gibson, to name only a few. Of the twenty works reprinted, several leap out, become immediate favorites, making the reader pause and reflect upon past personal experiences. King's emotional reminiscence of his father in "The Old Man," is the strongest piece. The picture drawn of the relationship which grew between King and his father, is not only warming but underscores the strengths and character which one generation can pass to another. McMurtry's "The Old Soldier's Joy" poignantly details his observations of people at a fiddling contest, and laments that most of the vigor of East Texas rural life has fled to the suburbs and become urbanized. And, in "Growing Old At Willie Nelson's Picnic," Martin, who spent three days at a raceway south of College Station, Texas, to listen and watch "redneck rock," refuses to decry missing the sexual revolution but allows himself contentment to be in his own time and space.

Each selection, prefaced by a short introduction about its author, its author's works, and the selection itself, fits into one of six categories which explores the editor's "sense of place." "Legacies" examines the depth of a people, both red and white; interpretations of the meaning of the international border to those on either side is presented in "Borderlines;" "Livestock" is of cows, cowboys, and cow places; out-of-the-ordinary religious rites, traditionally a part of the region, as in "The Penitentes of New Mexico," are described in "Ceremonies;" folk and country music, football, rodeo, and a "redneck" concert are the subjects of "Diversions;" in "Art," the lasting qualities of the Southwest are spoken to; and, in "Tales," stories of people, Indian and Anglo, living out lives on the land, are told. Twenty-five photographs are appropriately scattered throughout the book and add to the interpretations presented in words.

All the stories are well written and a fine balance is achieved: pathos with humor; narrative stories with eyewitness accounts, folk tales with modern sketches. The book is like a well-planned concert, similar to the one Martin wrote about in "Growing Old At Willie Nelson's Picnic." There is a little of something for everyone.

Thomas H. Smith
Dallas County Heritage Society
In 1967, teacher Eliot Wigginton of Rabun Gap, Georgia, suggested to his students that they begin publishing a magazine of community oral history, folklore, and folklife. The magazine emanating from Wigginton's challenge, *Foxfire*, touched off a historical preservation flame that still burns brightly today.

An anthology of student articles from *Foxfire* was published by Doubleday in 1972 as *The Foxfire Book*, and additional volumes have hit the booksellers' shelves almost every year since.

Hundreds of teachers throughout the nation have reacted to Wigginton's success: "If they can do it, so can we."

In Texas, student folk history journals have sprouted up in Gary, Albany, Douglass, Lockhard, and Carthage, to name a few, and others are being planned.

*The Loblolly Book* (the name is taken from Gary High School's journal, *Loblolly*, the earliest of the Texas folk journals) offers a unique medley of social history and folklore. Its articles are taken from the five Texas student journals, each devoted to recording and preserving the folk culture of their particular communities.

The book is skillfully edited by Thad Sitton, editor of the "Texas Sesquicentennial Newsletter" and the author of *Bringing History Home* (Texas Sesquicentennial Commission) and *Oral History: A Guide for Teachers and Others*.

Published by Texas Monthly Press, *The Loblolly Book* gives readers an opportunity to learn about home remedies older Texans used to treat common ailments. Examples: For a burn, "burn sweetgum balls, get the juice and mix it with Vaseline, and put it on the burn." For someone with chicken pox, "kill a black hen and scald it; then get the water and bathe the person."

To develop the articles, students in the five schools went into their communities and visited old-timers, urging them to recall times "when household soap was made in big black pots in the yard, when underwear was often crafted from feed sacks, when bacon was pursued in the river bottoms at considerable risk to life and limb, and when getting married was a good deal more hazardous than at present."

*The Loblolly Book* is a marvelous piece of Texana and should be enjoyed by anyone who has a love and respect for the state's early customs.

Bob Bowman
Delta Drilling Co., Tyler, Texas
**This Favored Place, the Texas Hill Country.** By Elroy Bode, with photography by Frederick Baldwin and Wendy Watriss. (Shearer Publishing, 3208 Turtle Grove, Bryan, TX 77801), 1983. Photographs. P. 136. $13.95.

It is both providential and unfortunate that I review Bode's *This Favored Place*. It is providential that another son of the hill country evaluate the book, but it is unfortunate for I can see the better see what failings there are.

The book is a series of nostalgic vignettes of life in the Kerrville area thirty to forty years ago. It looks back to a simpler day and avoids discussing the modern commercialization of Kerrville and the dude ranches except to talk to them obliquely in kindly and distant fashion.

Bode can write well, sometimes in a precise picturing of the favored place, sometimes in a poetic vein that is more romantic than precise, and sometimes in a bit too precious a tone.

Many will find the book entrancing, others will be much less enamored. It is too nostalgic to give much useful information about the life pictured, but it catches quite well the meaning and feel of that life for a boy who knew both town and ranch existence.

The illustrations are in keeping with the thrust of the book.

Ernest B. Speck
Sul Ross State University

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**This Here's a Good'un.** By Bill Brett. (Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843), 1983. Illustrations by Frank Abshier. P. 120. $9.95.

These here are all good'uns. In this collection of stories Bill Brett achieves an authentic voice appropriate for their Southeast Texas settings. The reader is always aware that he is hearing the story told. Grammar and vocabulary are calculated to maintain a salty regional tone without getting in the way of the reader's understanding.

Brett invents a variety of personae as first person narrators, but the recurrent voice is that of an older man recalling experiences of his youth that are important to his maturity. In "Learning What a Man Should Do" a boy who is becoming a man gets a lesson in sharing from an Indian family. In "Growing Up in 1918" a sixteen-year-old faces the duty of shooting his injured horse. The title piece, "This Here's a Good'un," is a rambunctious tale of a kid who attempts to manage a runaway steer on his own and winds up with it charging into the Felicia saloon.

Reflecting a way of life that is pre-World War II, these good'uns
emphasize the interrelationships of men and boys as they hunt, work cattle, roughneck, and try their hands at rodeoing. The womenfolk are mainly on the sidelines.

Brett's writing is earthy but it is neither vulgar nor crude. There is an air of wholesomeness to it, and it generates chuckles, belly-laughs, and an occasional tear. Despite their casual tone, these stories give evidence of hard-won wisdom and considerable literary skill. If you can't hear Bill tell 'em in person, these here's the next best thing.

Melvin R. Mason
Sam Houston State University


The brave pioneer mothers, the drudges, and the soiled doves all existed in the American West, writes Sandra Myres in her interesting study of westering women, concluding that these were stereotypes, not myths. Through documents drawn from over 400 collections of primary materials, Myres has succeeded in replacing these stereotypes with a fascinating collection of real people, transmitting them to us through their own words. She has examined the complexities that exist beyond these stereotypes, and in most cases she has done that very well. Impressions of the frontier and the Anglo-Indian relationship are discussed extensively. Prejudice against Spaniards, Mexicans, Negroes, Pikers, and Mormons was also quite strong, but often tempered by good experiences for clear-eyed observers.

Life on the trail and in their new homes was also examined, as were the adjustments women made in their lives and in their communities as the population grew out of play-parties and into Mozart. The suffrage struggle that began in the West is examined in detail. In her survey of economic prospects, Myres states that "the reality of women's lives changed dramatically as a result of adaptation to frontier conditions while the public image remained relatively static." Myres has done well in bringing us the realities of those lives, not the stereotypes.

This book is important for those interested in western and women's history. The notes and sources constitute an amazing bibliography. I ardently wish those notes were on the relevant pages instead of gathered at the back; fortunately, they are worth the inconvenience.

Jo Ann Stiles
Lamar University

This book offers the perspectives of several scholars describing the implications of the new social history on various fields of historical study. This new social history approach offers a multi-disciplinary perspective and a concern for historical processes and group analyses which will reveal the lives of common people rather than the lives of the few and famous. Through use of demographic data, diaries, artifacts, and many other sources which help to speak for the "inarticulate" (those concerned more with making a living than with leaving a historical record), social historians can reveal a more accurate picture of life. Each of the articles on such subjects as cultural pluralism, women's history, urban history, agriculture and rural life, families, workers, politics, and artifacts presents the historical development of that area of study and uses examples of current studies to demonstrate the new way of looking at the lives of ordinary people. Suggested readings at the end of each selection make this work a valuable reference.

Unfortunately, one of the most intimidating aspects of the new social history has been its tendency to obscure extremely insightful new findings behind a cloud of methodological jargon. While knowledge of the research method is helpful, one gets the feeling that many of the major points which would be useful to the professional and to the general public will only be heard by a handful of other "new social historians." Historians have been preaching to the converted for too long. It seems ironic that much of the writing about ordinary people cannot be read or understood by ordinary people. The new and exciting results of such research should be made understandable and usable in increasing the public's knowledge of ordinary people and everyday life. It will be the task of teachers, museum professionals, and other stewards of our cultural resources to distill the information from such studies and incorporate these exciting new perspectives into their interpretation of our history. General readers should be aware that this book is not a description of everyday life in the past, but a collection of essays about how to research and interpret it. In that role, it is a tremendous contribution to the study of our heritage.

Michael W. Everman
University of Missouri—Columbia
"Plants and animals determine the quality of the land. But quality, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. To a farmer, high quality is more corn and less crabgrass; to a rancher it may be steers, not deer. A child, concerned with the frenzy of anthills and the mystery of cocoons, is unimpressed with cornfields and registered beef. There is only one thing invariably true: for each person quality means a different sum of things, and each will choose, from those things that are available, different ones of them to appreciate."

—From Land of Bears and Honey

East Texas once was a land rich in woods and wildlife, a haven of animals and plants and birds to sustain the early settlers. But those days of unspoiled wilderness are now gone. In this book of national importance, the authors eloquently examine the changes that have occurred in East Texas over the last 150 years and the consequences to future generations. $12.95 hardcover

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