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BOOKS REVIEWED

Cotham, The Southern Journey of a Civil War Marine: The Illustrated Note-Book of Henry O. Gusley by Ralph A. Wooster

Parsons/Brice, Texas Ranger N.O. Reynolds, The Intrepid by Bill O'Neal

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Blackburn, Wanted: Historic County Jails of Texas by Tom Crum

Foard, Harvey Girl by Cynthia Devlin

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Kayser/King. The Texas League's Greatest Hits: Baseball in the Lone Star State by Charles C. Alexander

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Scarborough, Road, River, and Ol' Boy Politics: A Texas County's Path from Farm to Supersuburb by Donald W. Whisenhunt

Dobbs, Yellow Dogs and Republicans: Allan Shivers and Texas Two-Party Politics by Nancy Beck Young

Payne, Indomitable Sarah: The Life of Judge Sarah T. Hughes by Patrick Cox

Jackson, Indian Agent: Peter Ellis Bean in Mexican Texas by Betty Oglesbee
MAX S. LALE

By Archie P. McDonald

Much of this issue of the Journal celebrates the life and contributions – especially to the Association – of Max Sims Lale, past president of the Association (1981-1982), author of sixteen articles and twenty-four book reviews published in the Journal, and benefactor of the Georgiana and Max S. Lale Lectures presented in conjunction with the Fall Meeting for the past ten years and continuing.

No matter how extensive are such statistics, they cannot identify the enormous contribution Max made by just being among us. He was born on August 31, 1916, and left this life on April 22, 2006, which is usually presented as 1916–2006. Recently I read a poem by Linda Ellis that reminded me that the whole meaning of a life was represented by that dash. This is especially true for one’s mature years.

Max’s “dash” began in his beloved Oklahoma, expanded at his even more beloved University of Oklahoma, fleshed out during prewar military service then participation in four of five campaigns in Europe during WWII (“The Big One”), postwar career in journalism, and most of all, was fulfilled when he became Harrison County’s favorite keeper of its past.

Max lived a long, generally happy, and most of all, decent life. Shakespeare said it best in Henry V, “...this was a man.” We who shared Max’s “dash” time were blessed beyond our knowing the extent of the blessing then.

Old Soldier and dear friend, we salute you.
MAX SIMS LALE: IN MEMORIAM

By Ben Procter
Emeritus Professor of History
Texas Christian University

On Tuesday, April 25, 2006, at the Trinity Episcopal Church in Marshall, Texas, my wife Phoebe and I attended funeral services for Max Sims Lale. What occurred for the next three hours was memorable. As the church program proclaimed, and rightly so, we had assembled for “A Celebration of the Life of Max Sims Lale.” After an impressive church ceremony in which Father John Himes recounted his experiences with one of Marshall’s most prominent and revered citizens, we collected at the Colonial Gardens Cemetery for Lale’s interment with “full military honors.” Then we proceeded to the historic home of Gail and Greg Beil, who comforted us with food and drink before gathering us together for personal reminiscences about Max Lale. For more than an hour friends and admirers of Max Lale recounted humorous, at times poignant, occasions in which he contributed to their lives and well-being. It was a wonderful Irish wake.

In that spirit, let me participate. I met Max Lale through the Texas State Historical Association (TSHA). As president of that organization in 1980, I especially became aware of those members who gave their time and money in behalf of Texas history; Max was one of those rare individuals who participated in the TSHA to enhance state tradition without thought of recognition for his services. He also had shown the good judgment to marry Cissy Stewart, a “star” reporter for the Fort Worth Star Telegram who strongly promoted the TSHA with written accounts about its annual meetings as well as alerting readers across the state regarding other association activities. Hence, in 1990, I nominated Max for second vice-president of the TSHA, which placed him on track to be president in 1992 – and he was duly elected.

Because of busy schedules, the Lales and Procters sometimes found it difficult to maintain close contact. While usually arranging to meet for dinner several times a year, we used the telephone to “keep in touch.” Then at the annual TSHA meetings, during three days of association-packed gatherings – dinners, luncheons, and a business meeting – we caught up with the events that had engulfed our lives over the past year and renewed pledges to see one another more often.

While Cissy was my point of contact, Max was a unique individual whom I also came to admire. We both quickly decided to avoid discussion of two subjects – politics and the annual Texas – O.U. football game – both of which we could argue fervently without relief, but without any hope at effecting a change of positions.

But in a shared history (concerning our personal lives) we both benefited – and enjoyed. Although Max was somewhat older, we both were, so-to-speak, “depression babies” who lived through those hectic years following the stock-market crash of October 1929. Max recalled with relish events in rural-small
town Oklahoma while I added to such accounts with reminiscences about small-town Texas. We identified experiences in which our families were forced to endure depression conditions, an American way of life long past. For instance, during hot summer nights, without air conditioning, our families hauled mattresses into the backyard, hoping to attract a cool evening breeze soon after midnight. We delighted in watching hundreds of fireflies light up the darkness while exposing ourselves to numerous “chigger bites.” Inevitably we recalled the emphasis on inexpensive living, in which we valued the acquisition of a few coins of the realm. Whenever possible, we became scavengers, collecting empty bottles for which the local grocer paid a few pennies. After all, “a shave and haircut” cost ten cents, a Saturday matinee at the local theater, presenting “Westerns” with accompanying serials such as “Flash Gordon,” usually charged a dime, and the new “Baby Ruth” bars of nuts and delicious chocolate, which today cost more than a dollar, sold for a penny.

Even though I could not identify with life on a farm, which Max experienced, he enjoyed my renditions of going to the neighborhood grocery, where my mother would explain to the local butcher what types of meat (and the exact amount) that she wished to purchase for the evening meal or the Sunday lunch. Then the butcher, deftly wielding huge knives, cut out the prescribed amount of meat almost to the ounce, ever aware of the audience of an admiring young boy.

In another area of our lives Max and I also identified. We both served in World War II. But his contributions were far greater. While I was a seaman in the Navy during 1945-1946, he was an officer in the regular Army in 1940 and participated in the battles against Germany, beginning with the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944 and ending with American victories in Europe late in the spring of 1945. In other words, he was of that “Greatest Generation” that invaded France on “D-Day” – June 6, 1944 – and then, as Bill Moyers put it, was a member of an American Army that “rocked in combat” the Germans “on the road from D-Day to the Rhine.”

As a result, beginning in the mid-1990s, I penciled on my calendar a reminder to telephone Max Lale on June 6 to thank him for his invaluable contribution to the United States and the American way of life. This year, 2006, he was unable to receive my phone call. But no matter, Max. You left this world better than you found it. Your life is an example to follow and your memory one to be treasured.
TRIBUTE TO MAX S. LALE

By Randolph B. Campbell

Max S. Lale personified the word "gentleman." As an officer in the United States Army throughout World War II, newspaper reporter and publisher for many years, and community leader of his beloved East Texas hometown Marshall for even more, Max never failed to display the calm dignity of a man who understood himself and recognized his responsibilities as well as the rights and responsibilities of others. Max had a gentleman's respect for the past, admiring the courage and accomplishments of the people and the leaders of Texas and the United States without being blind to their faults or attempting to use their stories to support any contemporary agenda. Perhaps Max Lale could not claim the rank of gentleman by birth (he was, after all, a native of Oklahoma), but his life certainly earned him that honor.

Max Lale also personified the word "friend," a fact to which I can testify from nearly thirty-five years of personal experience. From the time I first met Max in November 1971, he offered encouragement and assistance that proved vital as I, a native Virginian who had joined the faculty at North Texas State University only five years earlier, attempted to build a career in nineteenth-century Texas history. I was drawn to Marshall and Harrison County by an interest in the history of slavery in Texas, a subject that more than a century after emancipation had never received a full-scale study. Harrison had the largest slave population of any county in Texas, so I decided to begin by examining slavery in that one locality and that led to a paper on the subject which I read to an audience at the old courthouse on the square in Marshall on a Saturday morning in November 1971. After the presentation, as I remember it, a smaller group drove to the Excelsior House in Jefferson for lunch, and my wife Diana and I met Max and his wife Georgiana. Every aspiring young historian (I was thirty-one at the time) should be so fortunate.

Max and I talked about the importance of slavery to antebellum Harrison County, and he pointed to the wealth of sources available for a broader study of the community. And somehow I wound up concluding that I needed to put my ambition to write on slavery in Texas on hold and turn instead to a general history of Harrison County in the era of the Civil War and Reconstruction. Within a few years I was back in Marshall, making a presentation about the project that eventually would produce a book entitled A Southern Community in Crisis, Harrison County, Texas, 1850-1880. My copy of the talk has the notation: "Ask Max in introducing me to make it very clear that this is a description of my research project, not a presentation of the results of a completed investigation." Clearly, I had a sponsor.

Research on Harrison County continued through the 1970s and involved a great many overnight stays with Max and Georgiana in Marshall. Max helped me work on research during the day and provided wonderful hospitality in the evening. Indeed, I visited so often that in a September 1979 letter describing the progress being made by workmen who were re-carpeting the
Lale home, Max mentioned that they had completed "our bedroom, 'your' bedroom, the hall, and guest bathroom Monday and Tuesday of last week." My sponsor had become my favorite host as well.

Max uncovered a journal kept by John B. Webster, one of the county's largest slaveholding planters, in 1858-1859, which remained in the hands of a descendant more than a century later. I found it an invaluable source on plantation life in *antebellum* Harrison County, and Max and I edited selections from it for publication in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in July 1980. By then Max was my sponsor, host, and research associate.

In 1981, Max became president of the East Texas Historical Association, and to no one's surprise, I am certain, the Association held its Spring Meeting in 1982 in Marshall. Max, he informed me, "suggested" to the program chairman that I would make a good speaker at the Saturday luncheon. He even had a possible topic -- the story of Theophilus and Harriet Person Perry, a Marshall couple who corresponded with great regularity when he served in the Confederate Army from 1862 until his death at the Battle of Pleasant Hill in April 1864. I had found the Perry letters in the Duke University Library, and Max had purchased copies for my use. Please add benefactor to the list of sponsor, host, and research associate.

I gave the luncheon address in Marshall but did not have time to stay overnight and accompany Max on an expedition to the restaurant at Big Pines, leading him to write the following: "The catfish at Caddo Lake will miss you, for which, I am sorry. I've been needing an excuse for myself, so now I'll have to find another reason to deplete the supply." Our time together in East Texas was not all work.

In the meantime, I submitted the manuscript on Harrison County from 1850 to 1880 to the Texas State Historical Association, and Max showed almost as much concern as I about its fate. "Probably it's too soon to have any kind of a commitment from him" (Tuffly Ellis, then director of the TSHA), Max wrote in October 1981. "In any case, my fingers are likely to remain permanently crossed as a result of the strain." Five weeks later I received another letter. "So far, so good, then, on the manuscript?" Max wrote. "Sixty years ago I waited impatiently for Christmas, but now I'm waiting even more impatiently for Tuffly's decision. I suppose, I imagine, that we are looking at 18 to 24 months for publication, at best."

As usual, Max was correct. A little less than twenty-four months later, in late 1983, *A Southern Community in Crisis* appeared. Sadly, Georgiana Lale, Max's wife who had patiently supported our Harrison County history mania for so long, died after a brief illness in the summer of 1982 and did not see the book's dedication. It read: "To Max S. Lale and The Memory of Georgiana, Marshall, Texas."

In the years that followed our collaboration on the Harrison County study, Max remained an active friend and supporter. I returned to work on slavery in Texas, eventually published on that subject, and served as president of the
Texas State Historical Association. Max continued his effective work with the East Texas Historical Association, wrote on subjects such as the career of the Harrison County soldier/adventurer Walter P. Lane, and also spent a year as president of the Texas State Historical Association. Happily, Cissy Stewart of Fort Worth became Max’s wife and enthusiastic fellow traveler on the byways of Texas history during the last decades of his life.

When Max’s health failed this past spring, he met that final crisis in a manner befitting the gentleman I had always known. There is a time for everything, he told me in our last conversation, and I accept death without complaint or fear. I tried to compliment his courage, but he changed the subject. All historians of East Texas will miss Max S. Lale, but no one can match my debt of gratitude to him and his memory.
MAX IN FORT WORTH

By Jeff Guinn

Max in Fort Worth observed more and participated somewhat less than Max in Marshall, for the obvious reason. His part time Fort Worth residence was the result of his marriage in 1983 to Cissy Stewart, who'd established herself as that city's pre-eminent journalist and a formidable social presence. Just as Max could have been justifiably labeled "Mr. Marshall," and was on more than one occasion, Cissy was "Lady Fort Worth."

This could have placed a more insecure man than Max in an untenable position. He was used to leading, and doing a fine job of it. He'd grown comfortable in the spotlight he never sought but always thrived in. When he and Cissy stayed in Marshall, nothing in his public role changed. In Fort Worth, he often stood by Cissy's side as she presided over meetings or delivered keynote addresses - and he beamed with pride as she did so.

Prior to that wedding in 1983, I believe I'd met Max twice, just for brief handshakes at some meetings or other. I had this in common with almost everyone else who became his Fort Worth friend, with exceptions like Ben Procter who was already well acquainted through historical association events. Cissy, of course, I knew very well. Along with author/Travel Editor Jerry Flemmons, she'd been my mentor at the Star-Telegram. The Stewart-Lale nuptials were headline-making stuff in Fort Worth. Who could possibly be worthy of Cissy?

Not that long afterward Cissy left the Star-Telegram, ostensibly to enjoy early retirement but clearly because she felt mass media was already careening out of control with People magazine-like tendencies. Accordingly, I saw little of her for several years and virtually nothing of Max. They would be glimpsed together at social functions. Max, it seemed to me, embodied the physical and vocal tendencies of an Old Testament prophet. He was rangy and pleasant weathered-looking, clearly someone who'd survived a lot in life and come out the better for it, and his voice had the sort of gravelly resonance that would have been perfect for proclaiming gospel in the days before microphones and sound systems.

The Stewart-Lales (as some privately called them; after all, we'd been referring to Cissy Stewart for so long it was tough to make the adjustment) settled in for some happy times. Max found his way onto the TCU Press editorial board, where his literary expertise made him immediately indispensable. Cissy began work on a book about the life of Sweetie Ladd, an artist whose original reputation had been reduced to local rumor. I heard about the project in 1999 and gave Cissy a call. I was about to become books editor of the Star-Telegram, and in that role I'd be presiding over author programs on behalf of the library. Would Cissy be the first author I ever introduced at one? It seemed so appropriate: in her own words, during the early years of my own writing career she "raised me." We agreed to make it happen, and as soon as my appointment was official I scheduled an author program, then called Cissy to
confirm she’d open the event. Other authors to speak that day would include Elmer Kelton and Larry L. King (the real writer, not the TV hack). Distinguished men of letters, both, but in Fort Worth Cissy Stewart Lale was the unquestioned headliner.

Which is why, the day before the program, I thought I knew why Max Lale called me. “It’s my understanding you intend for my wife to be the initial speaker,” Max rumbled. “I know she deserves to be headliner and speak last, Mr. Lale,” I said. “But it means a lot to me that she’s the first author I ever introduce at a public event where I’m books editor. I don’t mean any disrespect to Cissy at all.”

“That’s not my point,” Max declared. “If she’s happy with speaking first, it’s fine with me. But some of her friends are less than punctual, so if in fact she is speaking first I want to know so I can call them and make sure they arrive at the program on time.” That, I learned, was typical of Max’s regard for Cissy. Secure in himself, it didn’t bother him a bit to sometimes serve in a supporting role to his equally famous wife.

At the cocktail reception before that program, I had my first extended conversation with Max – about the changing nature of journalism, mostly, and his involvement with Bill Moyers on a TV project about World War II veterans.

“I’m actually in the process of writing my memoirs,” he told me. “It’s an interesting exercise for me, but not one that will in any way be of much interest to a wide audience.”

I’d been hanging on every word of the stories he’d just been telling me. Impulsively, I invited Max to speak at my next author event.

“You haven’t even seen the book yet,” he protested. “You may not find it suitable.”

“I’m sure I will,” I said. And, of course, I did. Max spoke at an author program including Tony Hillerman, Richard Paul Evans, Peter Straub, and Dan Jenkins, bestselling authors all. His speech was the best, combining humor and historical insights. Every copy of Max’s Memoirs on hand was sold that day. And Max and I became fast friends.

Knowing Max better, I got a more accurate sense of his accomplishments and professional standing. When I began researching Our Land Before We Die, a book about the Seminole Negro tribe, Max not only recommended distinguished historians I should contact, he called ahead to urge them to cooperate. Max was high on my list of hoped-for interviews, and he spent hours with me talking about Indian history in Oklahoma and Texas, leaning back and storytelling with remarkable detail and rhythm. But what amazed me most was that Max didn’t just tell whatever he knew. He constantly badgered me about what I’d learned from others, hoping to add to his own knowledge of the subject. That was a unique Max Lale trait. He had great confidence in his own abilities and intellect. He was fascinated by the details of his own life, but he was equally interested in everybody else’s. Self-interest does not have to mean self-
absorption or even self-obsession. Max liked to tell his stories, but he liked to hear yours, too. When Max was blurbed on the cover of *Our Land Before We Die*, he made a point of noting he'd learned new things while reading the book—high praise indeed.

Perhaps my favorite Max anecdote stems from this project. My editor at Putnam/Penguin in New York City was a young woman very much from the East, a Bennington graduate who in an unintended but still offensive way truly believed no historians from Texas probably had IQs in double digits. When I delivered the draft of my manuscript, as a matter of course she called everyone quoted to be certain they felt their remarks were transcribed accurately. Right after she spoke to Max, she called me. "Mr. Lale is amazing!" she blurted. I told her I already knew that.

"Do you know what he said to me? In this wonderful deep voice he said, 'Young woman, you of course realize that you hold in your hands a work of considerable historic import'."

"That sounds like Max," I said.

"I think when God talks, he must sound like Mr. Lale!" she said. And she just might be right.

My wife and I began socializing regularly with Max and Cissy. They complemented each other wonderfully well. Lunch or dinner was served up with stories. Max always wanted to know about my writing projects or books I'd read. He began reviewing nonfiction for me, taking lots of time because he wanted to get everything just right. When I began a series of evening author programs in 2002 at Bass Performance Hall in Fort Worth, Max attended every one, often helping me greet and entertain the featured writers backstage or at dinner. He did this with tremendous élan, exuding warmth and respect without fawning. He liked writers, and talking about writing. And from Tom Clancy to Doris Kearns Goodwin, they all liked him tremendously.

Around 2003, Max's health problems became more pronounced. He began having what he called "episodes" of heart flutters, shortness of breath and dizziness. I'm not sure he mentioned them all to Cissy. Max was a man of the old school. You bore your afflictions privately and with dignity. Sympathy from friends was not always encouraged. He certainly did not give up cigarettes and cocktails. When *Our Land Before We Die* won the 2003 Texas Book Award, Max and Cissy called from a meeting they were attending in far West Texas to congratulate me. "When we heard, Max had three drinks and got quite silly," Cissy said. "Man's allowed to celebrate an auspicious occasion," Max retorted. He appreciated everyone else's successes just as much as he enjoyed his own.

By 2005, Max's movements were increasingly restricted. He walked very slowly with the aid of a cane. He couldn't get backstage for our author programs anymore. But he came to them all because he liked them and refused to give in to infirmity. When David McCullough came to town, Max called me for tickets. He never had to ask; I always had them for him, but he was not a
man who assumed such things. I told Max I'd just spoken with Cissy, who'd informed me Max's doctor thought he should stay home and rest rather than exert himself coming to see McCullough.

"He's my doctor, not my keeper," Max declared, and that settled that. He came to see McCullough and stayed to the end.

By late 2005, Max was talking openly about dying. He didn't like feeling weak; he hated needing people to help him get up and down from chairs. He told me and other friends that he'd made all his funeral arrangements. His big challenge, he said, was the disposition of his beloved books. He was trying to make lists of who would receive which individual titles, and it sort of galled him because after his passing the books wouldn't be his anymore. Max was quite matter-of-fact about death. It didn't frighten him in the least. In life, he'd done his best. That was all a man could accomplish with the time he'd been given. He said Cissy had so many friends and her own good, full life that he knew she'd be fine without him.

On Wednesday, March 8, 2006, I took Max and Cissy out to lunch. By this point Max had to be pretty much lifted into the car. We went to a Mexican restaurant near their apartment. Max ordered enchiladas and a margarita, and he didn't touch the enchiladas. When I asked how he felt, he ignored the question and peppered me with inquiries and comments about my current writing projects. I asked what the doctor had to say during his latest checkup. Max said Cissy might have a new book in mind.

After half an hour, Max started to sag. We cut the meal short. Cissy went to get the car. I began helping Max walk slowly out to the parking lot, but he didn't last a half dozen steps. I had to pull up a chair so he could sit down. Softly, grudgingly, Max said to me, "Now you see why I'm praying God will take me out of this."

Ten days later, Max entered a hospice program. He lay back in a hospital bed in his apartment and received visitors in a near-regal way, because he was at peace with the process and, I think, relieved that it was almost over. An Episcopal priest was part of the hospice team, and he and Max had spirited debates about obscure points of theology. Out-of-town visitors arrived regularly. I'd come often, bringing books. Max never stopped reading, ever. Worn out as he was, he'd finish a book in a day and want to talk about it afterward.

Cissy called on a Saturday night. Max was gone, quite peacefully. He'd been taken to the funeral home by the time my wife and I arrived at the apartment. One of Max's nieces and her husband had been there earlier in the day for a visit, and returned after getting the news. We sat around telling Max Lale stories for hours. Three days later, Cissy told me a box of new books had arrived in the mail for Max. Terminally ill, with not long to live, he'd seen the books in a catalog, thought they seemed interesting, and ordered them on the chance he still might be around to read them when they arrived. For Max Lale, death paled beside the terrible possibility he wouldn't have a new book to read.
MY WAR: 1944-1945

By Max S. Late

The upcoming fiftieth anniversary of the "terrible winter" of 1944-1945 in Europe has resurrected a host of memories. The proximate reason for this was a decision to transcribe 213 letters I had written to my late wife, Georgiana Aspley Late, spanning my arrival on the continent in September 1944 and my departure through the port of Marseilles fourteen months later. In between, I had seen something of England, France, Belgium, and Germany and had fought in the Battle of the Bulge, at the crossing of the Roer River, at the Remagen Bridge, at the Ruhr Pocket, and in the Bavarian Pursuit.

These letters report to my wife on the climactic months of a military career which began in the ROTC unit at the University of Oklahoma in 1934. Starting with horse-drawn French 75mm guns left over from World War I, it ended as I worked for Thiokol, a firm located near Marshall, which produced missile motors for the Army's Sergeant and Pershing weapons systems, a near-incredible leap in weaponry for one lifetime. Call it ego, nostalgia, or consciousness of mortality, but I since have had the typed transcripts bound for family members.

I set myself the task of transcribing the letters after a battlefield tour in 1992 with several others who had served together as second lieutenants in 1940, one of whom had similar letters he had written. Fortunately, Georgiana had saved my own letters, some of which had become brittle and on which the ink was fading—a difficulty which was complicated by cataract surgery as I worked—but survive they had.

Armed with a reserve commission in the field artillery, I had volunteered in 1940, seventeen months before Pearl Harbor, for a one-year tour of active duty. The monthly pay of $125 was attractive, though the quarters allowance of $40 did not cover the expense of an apartment. I was assigned to the 12th Field Artillery, the general support regiment of the Second Division at Fort Sam Houston.

The 12th was a proud regiment, entitled to wear the French fourragere, as were all the division's units, for World War I service. Maxwell Taylor, later Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who commanded the 12th for a year, wrote of it that it "was a splendid representative of the Old Army at its best, manned by professional soldiers who had spent much of their service in it. There were five batteries, and each had a first sergeant with at least ten years in that grade."

This was at a time when many of the World War II leaders were fighting "the hump," the infamous lock-step promotion system dating from the end of World War I. When I reported, Dwight Eisenhower was a lieutenant colonel quartered on Staff Post, just around the parade ground from the 12th's headquarters. Walter Krueger and William H. Simpson, both destined to become field army commanders in combat, commanded the division while I was a

Max S. Late was past president of East Texas Historical Assn. and Texas State Historical Association.
member. J.C.H. Lee, also a division commander, became Communications Zone commander in Europe during World War II. Maxwell Taylor was a captain in the files when he commanded the 12th, and I was a first lieutenant on his staff as S-2, intelligence.

As an officer in Battery C of the 12th I served with several other lieutenants who achieved rank and distinction during and after World War II. Several of them appear in the letters. Among them was Herron N. Maples of Bonham, now living quietly in retirement in San Antonio, whose final duty assignment was as inspector general and auditor general of the Army, in the grade of lieutenant general.

My next stop was the battery officers course at the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, where I had attended ROTC summer camp in 1937. Our graduation party was held at the Polo Club, which later burned, the evening of Saturday, December 6. Coincidentally, the Second Division Artillery was at Sill serving temporarily as school troops for the expanding numbers of battery officers and officer candidates at the school.

Because of the congestion of students using the firing ranges during the week, the only opportunity for the 12th’s officers to hold service practice on a new range was on week ends. Such a practice was scheduled for Sunday, December 7. As a brand new graduate, I was assigned to conduct the practice on the west range that morning. Suffering the consequences of the party the night before, I was about my task when a cloud of dust approached the observation point from the south. It was the division artillery commander come to announce the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Shortly I was assigned as a gunnery instructor at the school. It was a pleasant, if arduous assignment, lasting a year. Early in 1943, with new battalions proliferation in the building army, I was ordered as S-3 (plans and training officer) to a new battalion, the 261st, to be organized on the post at Fort Sill. The 261st was organized as one of several others assigned to the new 401st Field Artillery Group, the first such organization in the Army.

We trained at Camp Swift, at Bastrop near Austin, where we received our draftee fillers, in our case from the Mormon areas of the northwest. They and our officer and NCO cadre hardly spoke the same language, being Virginians, and consequently had considerable trouble understanding each other, as did the mess sergeants who served coffee, tea, and colas in their mess halls. It was at Camp Swift that we watched heavily-guarded train loads of German prisoners descend to the cage from North Africa, still in desert combat dress.

Early in the fall, the group and its attached battalions were ordered to Fort Sill as school troops – providing the weapons and crews for service practice, conducting tactical demonstrations and participating in the so-called fire power demonstrations for all students. Demonstrating the massing of fires, the latter was a technique which the group headquarters employed with marked success in many TOT (time on target) missions against German formations.

In the spring of 1944 I was ordered to attend the advanced course at the
school. It was during this course, shortly before graduation, that I was transferred from the 261st battalion to the 401st group as executive officer, a slot in the tables which called for a lieutenant colonel. I had hardly finished the course when the group and its six battalions were moved to Camp Polk, outside Leesville, Louisiana. In the officer's latrine only the second or third day after we arrived I learned of the D-Day landings in Normandy. Three months later, the group and three of its battalions were ordered to Europe, three battalions to the Pacific. Because his battalion was bound for the latter, one of the commanders made me the gift of a down sleeping bag he had bought. I put it to good use in the terrible winter of 1944-1945.

Our port of embarkation was New York through Camp Shanks. We were delayed in sailing for three weeks while the Queen Elizabeth underwent some refitting. The delay allowed for visits in the city, during which this country boy could see his home state celebrated in the great musical "Oklahoma!" with the original cast. Once on the Atlantic, the Queen's crew delighted in the quip that if we were attacked by submarines, the sensible thing to do was to run a bathtub of water, because it was better to drown in warm water than in the cold Atlantic.

When we reached the coastal waters of Ireland, we were joined by British corvets, accompanied by dolphins, which escorted us to an anchorage down firth from Glasgow, opposite Greenoch, Scotland. Carrying our personal gear, including monstrously heavy gas-proof uniforms, we were lightered directly to the railway station at Greenoch, the first of 13,500 troops off the ship. Within hours we were on our way overnight to Southampton. Laden with our gear, we marched immediately to the harbor area and boarded a small vessel previously in the mail service to South Africa. The next morning we went over the side on scramble nets and into a landing craft captained by a young ensign. He made three attempts before he could position his awkward vessel to lower the ramp onto the sands of Omaha Beach, still protected by tethered blimps and littered with debris from the landings.

It was from an apple orchard bivouac at Valognes, near Cherbourg, that I wrote the first of the 213 letters. It was there, too, where I was promoted to lieutenant colonel. I had to borrow a pair of silver leaves until Georgiana could get me a pair from the States.

There followed two months of rain, mud, cold, and finally sleet before we could round up all the equipment we had been required to leave aboard our transport. Finally, everything in hand, we were committed east of Aachen on the boundary between the British and our own Ninth Army, the first of three American armies with which we worked during our combat. This was during the tumultuous days following the German breakthrough the middle of December, the so-called Battle of the Bulge.

Shortly we found ourselves in Belgium, on the north shoulder of the bulge and serving in First Army, firing in support of the 30th Infantry Division and serving as a fire direction center for the XVIII Airborne Corps Artillery, still in England. When the bulge eventually was collapsed, we were off to the Roer River to support a crossing and then chasing Germans toward Cologne,
on the Rhine River. The surprise capture of the Remagen Bridge led us upstream to positions from which we managed a dozen battalions, ranging from 3-inch AA guns to a battalion of 240mm giants. We crossed the river on one of the pontoon bridges thrown across before the railroad bridge collapsed. I had seen it just ten minutes before it fell in the water.

Chasing Germans again, we were in on the kill at the Ruhr Pocket, where 400,000 German troops surrendered. From there we joined the Third Army in Bavaria, commanded by George Patton, whose (personal) mission — beyond saving the Lipizzaner horses in Austria — was to prevent a retreat to the much-discussed redoubt in the Alps. The end of hostilities found us well below Munich, within striking distance of Czechoslovakia.

During 1,200 map miles traveled and 141 days of continuous combat, the battalions under 401st Field Artillery Group's control had fired 75,214 rounds of ammunition.

In reading and transcribing my letters for the first time almost half a century after they were written, I was struck by perceptions which today I hardly would credit to a 28-year-old. The rapid maturing of this person, as evidenced by the changes reflected in the letters, amazes me still. It is a stretch of memory to realize I had shared the responsibilities for as much fire power as we employed in pursuit of General Eisenhower's mission to liberate the continent of Europe.

Too, I was struck by the frequency with which I bumped into and was visited by friends, both military and civilian. One was a professor at the university (a civilian, perhaps on the OSS payroll) with whom I had dinner once at the "Willow Run" mess in London's Grosvenor House. Perhaps the most unlikely reunion occurred alongside a muddy road in Germany on a wet and cold day as I waited for traffic to thin. A voice called out to me by name from a passing command car. It was Albert Schutz, with whom I had served in the 12th FA in 1940 and 1941 but had not seen since.

It all sounds like so long ago but yet so near.

With no intention to sound chauvinistic, in the words of a soldier from the last century, I am glad I had "a finger in that pie." The following are excerpts from a few of the letters written a half-century ago.

Letter No. 1

France

3 October 1944

The trip over was fine and most uneventful. Wilson and I had one of the finest cabins on the ship (we shared it with four other majors) and neither of us was sick. Ray Broadfoot was aboard, coming over for his second trip ... A couple of my students were also aboard, as well as people from practically all the allied armies, so it was quite interesting. There were many evidences of the war already, and it is quite apparent that the French people are suffering again, as they have every so often for many centuries.
Letter No. 2
France
4 October

I have practically nothing left in my luggage – I’m wearing most of the stuff I brought along in my val-pack. I only wish now I had more of it, but of course at the time I was lugging it around I wondered why I had brought so much.

Letter No. 8
France
12 October 1944

We got a line yesterday on my bedding roll ... I should be in such a place that I can put my hands on it tomorrow... guess if I am going to fondle the solid rubber arctics and the two pairs of shoes and the double, mummy, eiderdown, 100%-wool-and-a-yard-wide sleeping bag contained therein.

Letter No. 9
France
14 October 1944

Somebody already had beaten me to my slicker and suit of pajamas I had put in the bedding roll, but the sleeping bag and arctics were still there – they made a good deal as far as I am concerned, for those were the two items I wanted most.

Letter No. 39
France
1 December 1944

I am now in the throes of investigating another set of charges for court-martial, and you guessed it: I’ll probably have to work all day Sunday on it ... I propose to buy myself a going-and-coming beaver hat with a bulldog pipe for use after the war – all I’ll have to do to qualify myself completely for a detective job is re-read all the stories about Sherlock and the Baker Street irregulars.

Letter No. 40
France
3 December 1944

The investigation I am working requires signed statements from about 10 Frenchmen in this vicinity. The easiest way, apparently, was to arrange to see them all at one central place, at the same time, so ... I made arrangements with local gendarmes Friday afternoon to assemble all these people at the mayor’s house at 1300 Saturday afternoon ... I left camp at 1300, with two stenographers, two typewriters and Gendreau for use as an interpreter. Sure enough, when we arrived at the mayor’s house, the one room was lined with Frenchmen of all ages, sexes and types, and all dressed in their Sunday best. And believe it or not, I was the representative of the liberating army come to put the wheels of progress in motion. I think they were all impressed with the battery of typewriters and the interpreter, even the mayor, who showed up in a celluloid collar and arbitrated this decision and that, cracking a joke once in a while when Gendreau would translate into French to the polite delight of the assembled citizenry. As I finished with each one I excused him, and we went
through the formality of shaking hands all around, including all the other Frenchmen, the two soldiers and myself, as well as the chaplain, who is almost one of them, although his family has been in Canada for over 300 years ... This young fellow told us he had spent two years in the French army as an infantry private and two more as a hostage prisoner in Germany, although he was back to civilian life in unoccupied country, following the armistice, when he was taken. When they took him to Germany, he told them he was a taxi driver in Paris, and the mayor, he of the celluloid collar – fixed him up with forged ration papers and whatnot, so he could elude the Germans here. The fellow told us with his own eyes great numbers of Russian men, women and children who had been evacuated to Germany from their homes in Russia, who were placed in big enclosures and left to starve to death after they had eaten all the grass available. Very gruesome.

Letter No. 46  
Belgium  
15 December 1944

We parked our trucks in the town square, between the church and the war memorial with the town well, and were immediately swarmed by children of both sexes and all ages, before we could do more than catch our breath, the children had taken all the soldiers to their homes for the night. There still were children left after all the soldiers had been taken care of, begging us to stay the night at their homes... they have been doing the same thing every night for three months. I seems that one night a column spent the night in their town. The soldiers were tired and cold (and although they didn’t say so, I’m sure it must have been raining), the result being that the townspeople decided not to let that happen again. They organized a committee, with the town druggist as the chairman, and they have been taking soldiers in ever since. And the most perfect part of it all: They refused to consider it as billeting. The druggist said “of course not. We don’t want money. We want only to make you as comfortable as possible.”

Letter No. 50  
Germany  
Christmas Eve 1944

The “peace on earth, good will toward man” which the season brings to mind is not an inalienable right, I have come to learn – rather it is a thing to be bought and held by the effort of all of us, acting to prevent its theft by the ghouls who would steal it from us ... This morning we were visited by a major-general making the rounds of his units and wishing all a Merry Christmas, strengthening his wishes by leaving us two bottles of captured German cognac as a Christmas gift.

Letter No. 54  
Belgium  
1 January 1945

We were ordered to move on slightly more than two hours’ notice. The colonel and his party immediately pulled out, leaving me to follow with the remainder of the headquarters over strange roads, in the midst of a driving snow storm and with everybody, including myself, thinking how nice it would
be to be in bed. We drove all night, arriving in the new area the middle of the morning’... We had been here only a couple of hours, but the colonel was holding a meeting nevertheless, when I looked up and saw Ray Millican standing in the open door – he had come over to see me and the colonel’... He hasn’t changed a bit – still looks like the pink-cheeked youngster he did four years ago ... Odd, too, because his outfit landed on D plus six, which means he has seen a lot of fighting.

Letter No. 57  Belgium  
6 January 1945

We still have snow on the ground, and more of it drops in on us almost every day – I can’t get over how pretty the country is around here. It’s a bit of a novelty to see snow on the ground which looks like it is a permanent fixture, instead of an intrusion, as it always looks in Oklahoma.

Letter No. 61 Belgium  
15 January 1945

Obviously I can’t tell you the whole story, but I think I can assure you that a certain percentage of the Krauts won’t fight another war, thanks to us and our battalions. The hunting is pretty good, and I’ll be able to tell you when I get home about the big battle in the West and what we did to help win it."

Letter No. 63 Belgium  
20 January 1945

After rolling into the sleeping bag at 2200 last night, I got up at 15 minutes after midnight to go back to work, and here it is 0510, of a cold winter morning in Belgium. Even with only a little more than two hours sleep, I don’t feel too groggy... The night has been pretty busy with plans for engaging Jerry to hustle back to Germany, which is always a pleasant occupation if you have to miss the sleep anyway.

Letter No. 73 Germany  
9 February 1945

Are you marveling at the international character of my travels these days? As a matter of fact, I think nothing of visiting around from country to country... I think I can tell you now, without offending the censor, about some of the places I have been recently. I took the bath, which I wrote to you about, in Spa, a lovely little town in the Belgian hills. Other spots in my itinerary, not necessarily in the order in which I made them, are Francochamps, Malmedy, Waimes, Bulligen and St. Vith, which is the last one in a line of fifteen German towns.
Letter No. 76
Germany
13 February 1945

I see in some magazine that’s floating around that Freeman’s third volume of *Lee’s Lieutenants* is off the press. Will you see if you can buy a copy to save for my return to domestic life?

Letter No. 78
Germany
16 February 1945

TJ’s visit was interesting as it could be, for a number of reasons. You may recall that the old man is inflated with his own importance, but deflates quickly and is impressed no end by “important people.” With that in mind, I introduced Tom to the colonel, slipping in the business about his being assistant G-3 of the ____ Corps. Very impressed! Even invited Tom and me and the captain with Tom to put our plates on his private desk come chow time, in order to get all the low-down. I gave Tom the wink, and we proceeded to slip in remarks about Lucas and Taylor and other people the old man knows about. After chow, the old man even told me to take Tom and the captain (a doughboy) to see some of our big guns. Naturally I didn’t argue. He says Slim is a Lt Col, which I didn’t know.10

Letter No. 79
Germany
18 February 1945

Visits from TJ are becoming quite commonplace – this afternoon I looked up and here he was, with a Captain from his office. They were on their way farther up the front, and stopped to see if I wanted to go along (they apparently thought I might be able to, not knowing the old man like I do)... It’s just like old times: TJ talks just as big, and gets a kick out of his own gags. Did I tell you in the last letter that he had seen Max Taylor? TJ attended a big meeting as a representative of his CG, and one at which he and a colonel were the only two officers below Major General (quite a meeting, as you can see). Well, Taylor was there, and, to paraphrase Tom’s story, bounded across the room and pumped him by the hand, asking “How in the hell are you?” As TJ told the story, he was almost thrown out of the meeting, until he could explain that he was the general’s personal representative, so his stock rose tremendously – this before Taylor greeted him.

Letter No. 80
Germany
20 February 1945

By the way, I meant to tell you in the last letter about my haircut – oddly enough, one of the old letters I received the day before yesterday asked about that very thing, and I meant to tell you the whole story. Last Saturday night Isenbarger,11 who had never given a haircut in his life, acceded to my demands in the matter, and agreed to experiment on me ... It turned out to be a damn fine haircut, so Kleinsmith,12 and then the colonel, decided they wanted the same... You may now visualize me as the usual Prussian-style military man,
or at least the outside of my head is about the same. Still nothing to compare to Tom Sharpe's, but a convenient length, nonetheless. Haircuts are quite a problem in combat, as the history of mine will show. I got one in Cherbourg, France, early in December; Bill Overmyer gave me one early in January at Chevroheid, Belgium; I managed to get one in Spa, Belgium, at a civilian shop late in January (the only time I have been out of the combat zone since we went in) and last Saturday night I had the latest.

Letter No. 82

Germany

25 February 1945

Only three more days in February, and the long range prediction for March looks distinctly favorable... Tonight the world is a bit noisy, what with artillery doing a lot of talking, so I really have to stretch my imagination to believe it really is the Sabbath. You have read in the papers about us, no doubt — the war has started again, and it looks like we will be quite busy for a while. I really don't object to that, though, for you don't win wars by sitting on your tail and waiting for them to end ... Another nice thing about the war getting under way again is that the old man gets all excited about being a soldier and forgets to heckle the hired help. When we get settled down for a spell, he always begins to make inspections and look up records and the like, so we always look forward to another tight. If we will just keep fighting, I think I'll make it. If this slows, though, I don't know. I'm beginning to get pretty tired, the kind of tiredness a couple of good nights sleep won't cure.

Letter No. 84

Germany

2 March 1945

The war goes on apace these days (as all good wars should) and it is not too hard to believe that there may possibly be an end to it before too long... Today has been as busy as any in a long time, now that the war has become one of movement, and the activity is reflected in the behaviour of all of us. We are all sleepy and tired, but happy to be so. I have often read that an army on the move is a happier army than one which sits, and now I can believe it ... today has been a peculiar one, when I stop to think of it. In a little patch of ground alongside a building showing only moderate evidence of the war's passing, I saw a bed of pansy blooms, colorful and delicate and altogether exotic to the landscape. It hardly seems possible I saw them, for the day has been cold and windy, and there have been snow showers off and on all afternoon. A strange world. And then tonight, just at dusk, I stood from a long distance away and watched the plumes of smoke, the flashes of flames, and listened to the long, low rumble that marked the death of one of the oldest cities in Europe.

Letter No. 85

Germany

4 March 1945

This is a strange world tonight — I am sitting here at the firing chart, warm, pleasantly sleepy and suddenly aware that the day is Sunday, and the
basement is as peaceful as if the war were ten thousand miles away. Outside it
is wet and cold (I know, for I was out in it all afternoon), and at least half of
my sense of well-being derives from knowing I am warm and dry for the time
being, no matter what the night is like outside ... Life continues to be pretty
hectic, with frequent displacements and rapid advances, and we are all losing
a lot of sleep. However, none of us is complaining, for it is a pleasurable expe-
rience after producing something with your own hands, or finishing a trying
task that has been weighing on your mind. The only trouble is that this task
seems to have no ending – I'm sure the peace will burst upon us, for all our
knowledge that it must come, like the exit to a long tunnel, bright and startling.
Then we shall all feel like taking a well-deserved rest.

Letter No. 87

Germany

9 March 1945

... we have moved once since I wrote last and are in the process of moving
again. As a matter of fact, that is probably the reason I am able to sit down in rel-
ative peace and calm to write this – the old man is forward at our new CP, and
Benze" and I are holding down the old one. We have to split the headquarters
every once in a while, which makes it swell for me and my letter-writing...
There are so many things in your letters that seem to warrant comment: Bob
Lamb being missing in action, George' being married this month. Mrs. Dunn
tipping her hand and the Colonel's about our assignment! I suddenly realize now
what division Bob belonged to, and I know it took quite a beating in the break-
through ... it's a shame so many of them have to pay the price to get this over.

Letter No. 90

Germany

14 March 1945

Tonight has been pretty nice! The old man had a BnCO meeting at 1800,
after which I had a couple of them in my bedroom for a drink of Scotch, by
way of relaxation. One of them you know – Nat Gifford,18 Killian's CO. I
introduced him to you in Cowan's Cafeteria one of the first nights we were in
Lawton after the group went there from Swift. The other is a West Pointer,
1937, and a very nice fellow from Maine named Marr. The latter has been very
nice to me – brought me a bottle of wine and a bottle of champagne tonight,
just to be neighborly.

Letter No. 93

Germany

26 March 1945

... the sad note in the whole thing is a story in Sooner Magazine, which I
shall clip and send to you soon (accommodations are none too good right now)
– Johnny Kayser19 was killed with the 95th Div near Metz several months ago,
of course you can't fight without paying the price, but I am always hurt when
good people die in this business – we must make the victory stand up to what
we are paying. By this time (you have to wait 30 days before you can say any-
thing about it) I can tell you of some other casualties which will interest you:
Lt Howard20 was critically wounded some time ago, in an accident which
killed two of our best men – the war gets terribly, terribly cruel when you look it in the eye.

Letter No. 94

Germany

28 March 1945

When I returned to the wars Saturday night after my trip to London, the outfit was outside Linz, on the east bank of the Rhine. I crossed the river on a pontoon bridge just below Remagen, site of the now famous Ludendorff Bridge, and I found the bunch deep in a pine forest. They were all dug in snug as a bug, having been given inspiration by the German artillery earlier in their stay here – as a matter of fact. I found my hole in the ground very comforting on several occasions while we were there, when the rounds started crumping into our area. However, we had no casualties, and everybody was happy. Then the big pursuit got under way, and we have been trying to catch up with the war ever since... 21 Last night we spent in the very ornate Nazi Party headquarters of a town of which more later, which the party bigwigs had evacuated so rapidly that the heat, electricity, telephones and water closets (how very British I have become) were still operating. Imagine how we loved sleeping inside, having running water and using German electricity to light our CPI. The Germans had left so recently that a lot of their boys hadn't had time to join the parade, and consequently were left at the post. We rounded up 25 or 30 of them while we were there – harmless creatures who were scared stiff that we would shoot them before they could surrender... This breakthrough and pursuit must be like the Sicily and Northern France rat races – in all honesty, I saw today groups of 10 to 15 German soldiers sitting beside the road, practically begging someone to take them in tow, with two Americans in a jeep riding herd on them. I have seen only one dead German – usually, as in the Roer River fight, when the action gets fast, you see lots of bodies lying around until someone disposes of them... the Germans are now all fine people – they smile, look delighted in general, and are only too happy to do anything you wish (there is a stock joke going the rounds that they all have cousins in Milwaukee)... the French soldiers we have liberated say they have seen Russian girls of 13 and 14 shoveling snow off the streets of Coblenz, barefooted. Fine people, these Germans! What fun the Russians will have when they occupy their share. I suppose it isn't good, but you soon develop an unlovely callousness to moving them out of their homes and playing the conqueror – I only hope they learn their lesson this time, and I am ready to do my share to teach them... I am afraid this is a most peculiar love letter, honey. The only explanation I can offer is that there is a contagion in the army these days, a taste of victory to come, and it gets into your blood, like a fever.

Letter No. 95

Germany

30 March 1945

We are still rounding up German soldiers, believe it or not, and we are having more fun running a civil government than you could shake a stick at. I
think probably the little episode the other night when we shot the one has had a salutary effect, for the Burgomeister has been rounding up guns, ammunition and soldiers for us, in order to avoid being shot, I suppose. They are all scared, and we plan to keep them that way. They are funny people – this morning a woman came in complaining that her child had no milk to drink for several days – I was sorry I didn’t know the German to ask her if the French and Dutch children had milk during the four years their countries were occupied. At any rate, we were unable to do anything for her, even if we had wanted to. None of us have any sympathy for them, for the reason, no doubt, that we all have been taught to accept the consequences of our actions – these people apparently feel they are the victims of something they had no hand in planning, and they seem to feel they are being mistreated.

I may have been a bit over-optimistic the other day in predicting the end of the war, but it still looks good. Our people are still going on and still taking prisoners, and as long as that continues the end is bound to come soon. It can’t happen too soon for me, for I am ready to go home and become a city councilman or something...

Letter No. 96
Germany
2 April 1945

It was a bit like Easter at home: the German children were out as early as curfew would allow, searching for brightly colored eggs as our own youngsters do. And, strange as it may seem, most of the families in the town gave Easter eggs to our soldiers! I haven’t decided yet if they are genuinely pleased the Americans have arrived, and the war is over for them, or if they are deceitful enough to try to use such occasion as an attempt to soften the occupation. They are a strange people.

Letter No. 97
Germany
5 April 1945

This CP is something – it even has a bathtub, plus running hot water, and I hope tonight to get a hot bath. Already I have shaved twice at a basin, with a fine mirror in which to admire my homely Countenance as I whittle the whiskers. And a bed to sleep in – my cup runneth over! By the way, I forgot to tell you that we are back at the same old stand, pumping them out at the Germans, so this business of having a comfortable home is even more impressive. A very ultra way to fight a war, no less.

Letter No. 98
Germany
7 April 1945

The war still goes on apace, although we have a lot of trouble finding out just exactly what is going on. However, I am content as long as we continue to advance and knock Krauts over – eventually it must end, and as long as that happens. It is only when things slow down to a walk that I get restless.
Spring has really arrived, even if it is a different sort of spring than I am used to. Sunday morning (another early move) I could hardly do more than admire the morning. When I got up and out, there was the sheerest wafer of ice on all the puddles, and the sliver of moon gave a ghostly appearance to the mist in the distant valleys. A heavy frost gave the whole world a downy appearance, a strange sight against the green of the grass on the slopes. But then the sun came out and the day became crystal brilliant, sparking and flashing strange lights and colors. The mountain brooks which tumble down to the valleys seemed to come alive with their glinting as they turned and cascaded along. The air warmed, and the day was suddenly like early spring at home. Even if the Germans are a twisted race, you cannot deny their homeland is beautiful.

It's a theatrical war again! Here I am, living in a country mansion, sleeping in a bed, and trying to keep my mind on fighting the Germans, and while all this is going on, the sun is shining merrily and the German householders are changing the daffodils in the vase on the hall table. It seems fantastic that I could go out two or three miles and find all the evidences of war, but I could do that very thing and have no trouble doing it.

I wrote last on 17 April... Late that day we received warning orders for a big move, and immediately started making our plans. As it finally worked out, Colonel Dunn took off the next day, the 18th, with the light vehicles of the GP and three battalions, leaving me to start on 19 April with all the tractors, guns, ammunition and assorted odds and ends of the whole outfit. The light column got away a little after noon, and I started getting organized for my march. My column started moving at 0230 on the 19th, at 15 miles per hour – what an ungodly hour of the day that is! From that time, after a minimum of sleep, we marched all day, all the next night, and until the afternoon of yesterday, for a total of nearly 300 miles. It will be hard for you to imagine, I'm sure, but that is a tremendous march to make with heavy equipment... but to make it a forced march is even worse. I finally got to bed at four 0' clock yesterday afternoon, after a quick shave and wash, and slept until 0715 this morning... The march was a bit of a mess, with equipment dropping out, Jerry planes trying to interfere, and the final insult of having our destination changed en route and our not knowing anything about it. You have heard the expression "the fog of war?" This little deal was really foggy!
Letter No. 105

Germany
26 April 1945

We had an experience today that I wouldn't have traded for anything I know about. We found two English officers, one a captain and the other a first lieutenant who had escaped from the Germans ten days ago, after having been prisoners of war for four years. Their joy was an absolute beauty to behold. For the last ten days they had been hiding in the woods, frequently wet and cold, waiting for the Americans to get close enough to be able to rescue them. We let them wash and shave, and fed them, and talked their arms off. They asked if anybody had been to England recently, and of course I was able to tell them as much as I knew about London – their anticipation of returning home was absolutely childlike. They showed us the food they had rounded up, and the map they had got together for the trip – most amazing... it's hard to believe, they were captured before maneuvers in 1941, while I was still a second lieutenant – and all that time to be a captive. However, they said they had never lost faith, although I imagine I should have after some of the things they told us the Germans did to them. It's hard to find anything in warfare that is beautiful, but if there is such, then this experience was – there is no other way to describe it.

Letter No. 106

Germany
30 April 1945

Let me explain that today is the eighth consecutive day on which we have displaced the command post, and already we see another move coming early tomorrow. We have moved so often and so fast recently that the various locations are blurred in my memory. All German place names are alike now, and we remember them individually by some little incident or person or thing that has nothing to do with the town as such. One CP we remember because it was there the turkey gobbler was so mean, and another because it was there we saw the big-busted Russian slave girl, and a third because it was there we saw a dead GI in the church yard... Everything has a feeling of perpetuity when we get to rolling fast. Day after day we roll down German roads, ever going deeper into the interior of the country. Now they are country trails, and now they are autobahns, but always they are alive with army vehicles rolling forward. You get the feeling that the army is an immense flood pouring over the countryside, tipped with violence at the crest and depositing flotsam in the backwaters. You move with the tide, and it carries you along in an almost effortless fashion – I have experienced a similar sensation in fever, when things got twisted.

Letter No. 109

Germany
7 May 1945

At long last the great day! We hear today that the surrender terms were signed early this morning, to be effective at 0001 Wednesday. By all the rules I suppose I should be writing a brilliant account of my reactions to the peace, something I should be proud to read 20 years from now. Instead of that, the best I can do is to heave a sigh of relief that it is all over, and I am one step
nearer home... Of course I am glad I didn’t get myself killed (although I never thought I would), but the end has been obvious for so long that there really is no surprise at all...I had three drinks of cognac after supper, but there is no desire for celebration.

Letter No. 110

Germany
10 May 1945

The end of the war came very quietly for us, except for an experience last night. Day before yesterday we heard Winston make the official announce­ment that hostilities had ceased. Hardly the sort of speech I had expected – I had thought he would bring forth something comparable to the “we shall fight on the beaches” speech. Even so, I felt it marked the end of a period. It came over BBC at 1500... Last night I helped the Russians celebrate the Victory, rather by accident, it is true, but what a celebration it was. There are a number of Russian officer prisoners of war near us, quartered in a barracks near ours. Yesterday afternoon they had the colonel over for a party, and the colonel took MacGregor along to speak German to German-speaking Russians. Late in the afternoon Mac came dashing in for me, saying he needed help to bring the colonel home. It seems the Russians have a quaint practice of drinking gigantic toasts at frequent intervals, and the old man had gone clear under. Well, by the time I got there, they had put the colonel to bed, and the Russians, having just begun, insisted I stay. They had an accordion and a piano going full blast, and three Russian girls to dance with, plus more wine than I ever saw. I labored sturdily, but by about eight o’clock I was clear under myself. They rolled me into bed, where I spent several thoroughly uncomfortable hours before we decided it was time to go home. By that time the old man was on his feet again – MacGregor was still going strong – so we bid the party farewell. It was one of the strangest experiences I have ever had. After a couple of drinks I got so I could carry on the most animated conversation in English while one of the PW’s talked Russian to me, both of us looking as if we understood every word. They are the most hospitable people I ever met – they insisted we drink prodigiously, they wanted to shake hands every five minutes, and they clapped us on the back and congratulated us on the end of the war every time they thought about it. Of Course I have felt all day my head was going to drop off, but it was an evening I’m glad I didn’t miss.

NOTES


2Nicknamed for the weapons manufacturing complex in Michigan and so-called because it fed 5,000 meals at each serving.

3A member of the 1940 graduating class at Texas A&M, as was General Maples, Albert had an identical twin brother who also served in the 12FA Bn at the same time. Both brothers now live in San Antonio.
Walter P. Lane. *Adventures and Recollections of General ... A San Jacinto Veteran. Containing Sketches of the Texian, Mexican and Late Wars, with Several Indian Fights Thrown In* (Marshall, Texas), 1928.

'A Catholic priest, one of two chaplains assigned to the group headquarters. A native Canadian, he grew up speaking the same French spoken in Normandy, from which his family had emigrated.

'Before attending Chaplain Gendreau's midnight mass, I had led a security patrol over ground frozen hard as a rock, illuminated by a magnificent display of northern lights.

'This march took us from Ninth Army to First Army, to reinforce fires from organic battalions on the north shoulder of the Bulge.

'Major Millican, a 1941 graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, was S-3 of one of the artillery battalions of the 30th Infantry Division. He had served with me in the 12th FA Bn at Fort Sam Houston. At the academy he was a roommate of Colonel Dunn's son, who had drowned in the Hudson River during his senior year.

'This reference is to American counterattacks during the Battle of the Bulge.

'T.J. Sharpe, then a major, was an OU ROTC graduate of 1939 who served with me in Battery C of the 12th FA Bn. He retired as a regular army colonel, having competed as a member of the U.S. pistol team at the Olympics in Helsinki. John Lucas had served as commander of the 2nd Infantry Division while we were members, and later commanded a corps. Taylor had been our commander in the 12th FA Bn. Slim was Alton Neely, a 1940 graduate of Texas A&M who also had served with us in the 12th FA Bn.

'S-3 of the 401st Field Artillery Group

'One of our captains.

'A dentist assigned to the group headquarters. He was from Muskogee, Oklahoma.

'After a delayed crossing of the Roer River, at which we supported the 82nd Airborne Division, the race was on to Cologne and a possible crossing of the Rhine River.

'Cologne.

'Bob Benze was assistant S-3. We frequently alternated at the firing chart when the command post was divided during displacement.

'George Hargrove and I had taught together at the artillery school. While an advisor with a Chinese division in the Pacific Theatre he had been wounded severely and later evacuated and separated.

'Commander of one of the attached battalions at the meeting.

'A classmate at the University of Oklahoma.

'One of our liaison officers. He was wounded and the men killed when their jeep ran over two stacked Teller mines. In violation of all orders, Major Lee Kays, the group's S-4 (supply officer), walked into the mine field to recover the bodies of the two enlisted men.

'This was on the way toward the battle which became known as the Ruhr Pocket fight, where Marshal Model committed suicide rather than surrender.

'The usual practice was hot water in a steel helmet.

'This march took us from First Army to Third Army for mopping up operations in that portion of the lines. That many of the tracked vehicles fell out of the march was because of faulty orders, which called for a rate of march of 15 mph rather than a maximum speed of 15 mph. I verified the orders by sending a liaison officer back to the corps artillery headquarters for a repeat, knowing the risk of moving a heavy column at excessive speed. At the major rivers, engineers were working on bridges under artificial light, so I knew the end was near. However, the light column was strafed the night earlier, causing casualties and exploding ammunition in some of the columns vehicles. It was a harrowing movement, from which it took days to recover.

'We listened regularly to BBC, by which we kept our watches synchronized.
LETTERS FROM MAX

By Laura Beil

The Max Lale I remember is the one who appeared in letters starting in the fall of 1982. At the time, the death of his first wife was still a fresh wound. Though he would smile and hold his place in conversation, a palpable sadness would fill the silences.

Max was generations removed from me, but I felt an odd kinship with him that summer. I had newly dislodged my parents' home, having just finished my freshman year of college. In many ways, we were both trying to orient ourselves in worlds that had undergone a seismic shift. “Can I write to you when I go back to school?” I asked one evening before my return to College Station. The question was not premeditated, and I’m still unsure where it came from.

I wrote of classes, roommates and boys. He sent chatty dispatches of his civic and historical interests, his trips to visit my horse, Renada, and the progress of his daily walks. He made me laugh with his self-deprecating accounts of the characters in my hometown and his work on the PBS documentary “Marshall, Texas; Marshall, Texas.” Max provided an emotional mooring to life outside my dorm and lecture halls. He became the first person to read my rough attempts at writing stories.

Max’s letters sat in an overstuffed drawer in my parents’ house for more than two decades. The night before his funeral, heavy with grief, I retrieved as many as I could find. I experienced the warmth and wit of those pages, and the encouragement that had helped calm the insecurities of my youth. I wept to unfold a hand-drawn valentine, sent when I had mentioned I had no suitor, which stated simply, “My [and he drew a heart] belongs to you every day.” In the company of those pages, I was nineteen again, and Max was with me.

Perhaps, with the preservation of these fragments, he can be with anyone.

September 27, 1982: “To be properly dressed to meet Renada for the first time, I attired myself in boots, western shirt and cord riding slacks. Quite a pretty sight, though I’m not sure Renada appreciated all the effort I had gone to. Nor, for that matter, that I now must remove saddle stain from the pants. Your mother kindly gave me some instructions about squirting something called Spray and Wash on the spots before I subject them to my inept laundry attempts.

Happily my feet seem to have recovered from toes overlapping each other inside the boots, and miracle of miracles, I am neither stiff nor sore this morning from 20 to 30 minutes aboard Moon, the first time I have ridden a horse in at least 40 years. I am inordinately proud of myself. I could, in fact, get my left foot in the stirrup and my right leg over the horse without difficulty. I figured the odds at eight to five I would make a fool of myself.”

October 18, 1982: “The strangest thing happened last week. You know, I think, that I drove to Shawnee last Thursday for the first-ever reunion of my
high school graduating class. Although I haven't changed, all my classmates look dreadfully old. The prettiest girl in the class is still pretty, though, and I was greatly upset when she asked me to dance with her. I'm sure she was just being charitable.

I am delighted to learn you have joined the ranks of published authors. Not only have I read the story of Sun Hillow, I even have a photocopy of it. And I understand the emotion with which you wrote the piece. Afterward, I wrote something similar about Fritz, which your mother thinks is quite good. She thinks yours is quite good, too, and I think this establishes her credentials as a critic.”

November 10, 1982: “I saw your parents for a few minutes last Sunday, so I suppose you know, they having told me they had talked to you, that a trail ride of sorts has been set up for next Saturday. Tom has found a number of Caddo Indian burials about 15 minutes away (by horse) from Renada’s barn, and the proposal is that four or five of us will mount up for an expedition to investigate them. It sounds like fun, especially inasmuch as I have been promised a rocking chair for my own mount.

Somehow the dream that life would become simpler after the ignominious end of a television career hasn’t worked out correctly. The fault lies, I think, in the fact that I can’t say no instead of yes. Last Thursday I spoke before the Rotary Club. Yesterday afternoon it was two sixth grade history classes. Tomorrow it’s the annual Veterans Day Ceremonies on the public square. I guess it’s the price of fame.”

January 24, 1983: “Yesterday I went all the way to Woodlawn to check on Renada for you. (To be absolutely truthful, I rode as navigator for your mother. She didn’t get lost once.) Renada is very round and independent. And rather shaggy, too, it must be confessed. All the other residents seemed to be in good fettle, too, so your mind should be free to concentrate on German at 8:00 each morning instead of worrying on that score. Bowing to her obsession to improve things, if not punctuality, your mother added gloss to the shining hour by planting some bluebonnets at the highway gate. I was detailed to sow some likewise seed.”

March 7, 1983: “You may recall that your mother was paid $15 for her service on the federal jury. And I was paid only $10 for each day of my service on the state grand jury, now happily at an end. Does this seem fair? It was my impression that all this sort of thing was at an end, but obviously it is not. The only recourse I can see is to attack the system and demand that men should be treated as are women. This seems to be the time-honored method, and I sure you will agree that my suit is correct and proper.”

April 13, 1983: “Back to your Mother once again. I’ll bet you don’t know that she is a preliminary winner in a recipe contest being conducted by the newspaper. This win is worth $25, and Gail is about as giddy as a sixteen-year-old. The big prize—not to be announced until next week—is $100. The Lord knows what fireworks will go off if she should not win the big one.
I am genuinely flattered that you wish me to see your literary efforts, and in all candor I think they are good, good, good. You must not stop. Even if your career plans do not encompass a typewriter or word processor, writing is the best discipline and the most satisfying hobby I know anything about."
MAX SIMS LALE AND LONGHORN ARMY AMMUNITION PLANT

By Gail K. Beil and Max S. Lale

In 1946 Max Lale reluctantly left the U.S. Army. He would have preferred to make a career of the military, he once said, but his wife Georgiana, an only child from Denison, Texas, was dead set against it and felt the need to be closer to her parents. Max, who constantly struggled to win the approval of Georgiana’s socialite mother, decided the better part of valor was to put the uniform in the closet and take up his first career, journalism.

Born in Oklahoma on August 31, 1916, Max graduated from the journalism school at the University of Oklahoma before serving in the military and joined the Marshall News Messenger as a reporter in 1946. While there he met his mistress, Texas history, particularly the history of Harrison County. That love affair survived Georgiana and lasted throughout his life. His last bit of research committed to publication — in this case in the April 29, 2006, edition of the News Messenger — was completed five days before his death. The only difference between it and all the other pieces written over the years for a number of historical journals, newspapers, and books was that its genesis was not in the clacking keys of an old Royal typewriter. Max wrote it on a legal pad, his beloved second wife, Cissy, transcribed it on her brand new computer, and I added it as a sidebar to a feature I had written on Marshall’s Temple Moses Montefiore’s unique tracker organ.

Max acquired his love for history as a byproduct of his journalism career. One of his first assignments from News Messenger publisher Millard Cope was to write a comprehensive history of Marshall and Harrison County. The piece was to be some thirty-two pages in length and include everything from agriculture to weapons of mass destruction. Unfortunately, after it had been set in linotype and was ready for production about half of the article was dumped or spilled or otherwise destroyed. There were apparently no other copies, so half of what reporter Lale wrote never saw print. This vexed him so much that he spent the next sixty years trying to recapture the lost stories. Along the way he contributed to numerous historical journals, wrote nineteen Texas Historical Marker applications, at least six nominations for the National Register, and too many book reviews to count. He also produced a book-length account of the Sims and Lale families in Shawnee and his well-received autobiography, Max’s Memoirs.

Max left Marshall briefly late in the 1950s for Greenville, Texas and a stint as publisher of the Greenville Herald. He soon returned and on August 1, 1961, took a position as public information officer for Thiokol Chemical Company, contractor at the Longhorn Army Ammunition Plant (LAAP). Longhorn occupied more than 8,000 acres on the eastern shore of Caddo Lake near Marshall — a body of water that usually has the adjective “mysterious” attached to it, divides itself between Texas and Louisiana, and is considered Texas’ only naturally formed lake.

Immediately Max began anew researching and writing local history. He
EAST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

started collecting and publishing not only Longhorn's colorful history but also that of Harrison County's first ammunition plant, the Powder Mill, built in 1861 to serve the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate States of America. When LAAP finally became eligible for official historical recognition in 1999, Max and I vowed we would collaborate on an application for its Texas Historical Marker. Other projects tore us away and we never did. So in honor and memory of Max Sims Lale, and based almost entirely on his research, here is the history of LAAP from 1941 to 1997. May it become Max's twentieth, and my thirteenth, successful historical marker application.

**Longhorn Army Ammunition Plant**

Shortly before Japanese forces attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, as war looked inevitable and plans for the manufacture of material and weapons to fight it leapt from old soldier's dreams to the drawing boards of the War Department, Monsanto Chemical Company was approached by the U.S. Army's Ordnance Department to consider the operation of a smokeless powder plant. Monsanto was willing to take on the charge, but the St. Louis-based firm answered that it would be better suited for the manufacture of TNT, "an explosive described as 'looking like maple sugar when cold and maple syrup when melted.'" From the beginning of operations at what was first called the Longhorn Ordnance Works there were two employers; the contractor, who employed the majority of the workers, and the Army, owner of the land and facility and in charge of all operations. The Army generally stationed a colonel, one or two other officers, and three dozen or more civilians at the armament works.

The new installation was a six-line special TNT plant designed by E.I. DuPont de Nemours C. Inc. and the location for the plant was announced on December 15, 1941. The site chosen consisted of 8,493 acres in the unincorporated village of Karnack in Harrison County, on the banks of Caddo Lake. At the time Lyndon Baines Johnson was a U.S. Representative from Texas and a favorite of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Johnson's wealthy, influential father-in-law, Thomas Jefferson "Cap" Taylor, whose home was located less than three miles from Caddo Lake, happened to own a great deal of the land involved and assisted in the purchase of much of the rest. Taylor's general store, "T.J. Taylor – Dealer in Everything," on U.S. 43 was a prominent landmark in Karnack, and he had made a name for himself as a political powerhouse by snaring the second state park established in Texas, Caddo Lake State Park, which consisted of 478 acres on the Cypress Bayou where it empties into the lake.

Production at Longhorn began on October 6, 1942, with the first flake of TNT produced at 12:20 p.m., October 19. At its height in the 1940s, the plant had 1,518 employees, many of whom were imported from St. Louis by Monsanto. The influx caused a housing shortage in Marshall and permission was granted to construct a large housing addition, dubbed "Yankee Stadium," normally impossible in the wartime economy, on the south edge of town. Loyal and patriotic, Longhorn workers "staunchly backed the War Bond pro-

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gram, 99 percent signing up for payroll deduction purchases averaging 10 percent of their salaries." Longhorn had produced 414,805,500 pounds of TNT when production ceased on August 15, 1945. By then it had reduced the price from the original cost of seventeen cents per pound to approximately six and a quarter cents per pound, quite a reduction from the nearly fifty cents per pound the explosive had cost during World War I.3

On April 23, 1946, the plant became what the Army called "a standby installation," with Monsanto maintaining a small workforce until June 16, 1946, when the government assumed control of the facility. At that point, the staff consisted of two Army officers and thirty-two civilians. It soon increased to three officers and eighty-five civilians when it became apparent that Monsanto had failed to clean up the plant adequately before being relieved of responsibility.4

From November 1945 to June 1950, Longhorn remained in mothballs, with the labor force fluctuating between 85 and 210—all employed by the U.S. Army—depending on the workload required to maintain the facility and keep the plant in operating order. In February 1952 it was needed again, and this time Universal Match, also based in St. Louis, was the general contractor with instructions to manufacture a propellant fuel that would be loaded, assembled, and packaged as pyrotechnic ammunition for use in Korea. Universal Match's general manager arrived in Marshall on December 7, 1951 to begin operations. On July 27, 1953 an armistice between the U.S., Korea, and China was signed, and on March 14, 1956 Universal Match's contract was cancelled. A month later the production of all pyrotechnic ammunition items ceased and Plant One was again relegated to standby status.5

Longhorn was divided into three production units, each with a unique manufacturing capability. Plant One had opened with the arrival of Monsanto and produced TNT. Monsanto also opened Plant Two to meet the need for pyrotechnics—flares and illuminating bombs. By 1956 plants one and two were idle but work had begun on a new plant, one that would be used by Thiokol Chemical Corporation to produce an altogether new product—solid fuel rocket motors. Longhorn was selected as the site to do the work following an engineering study by the chemical giant, which already had two contracts to operate facilities at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. Whether Lyndon Johnson's position on the Senate Armed Services Committee had anything to do with the ultimate decision to make rocket motors on the banks of rural Caddo Lake remains speculation.6

Plant Three cost $10 million, an expenditure that included roads, railroad tracks, and eventually fresh water treatment and wastewater treatment installations. The highly guarded, intensely classified area was, for the most part, completely self-sufficient. Ray McElvogue was named Thiokol's general manager on October 2, 1952, and remained in that position until well into the 1970s. Plant Three grew in a series of five expansions, each built by Brown and Root Construction and costing $11,503,411 by the time all were completed in 1962. Driven by the Cold War, the escalating problems in the Far East,
and a growing number of American troops committed to Vietnam by 1964, the need for intermediate-range, nuclear-tipped rockets escalated. Even though Longhorn had no role in the manufacture of nuclear weapons its employees, who numbered nearly 3,000 in those days, provided the muscular means of delivery. For that effort Longhorn had been funded with more than $141 million in 1964. Additionally, Plant Two was reopened to manufacture button bombs, illuminating flares, and other pyrotechnics needed in increasing numbers in Vietnam. A portion of those construction dollars financed the construction of three huge powder magazines in a remote area away from where TNT and solid fuel were produced.7

Dynamics other than war and threats of war began playing a part in the growth of the plant, particularly in the recruitment of employees as the need for them grew from the dozen Thiokol brought to Karnack in 1952 to the 2,663 who suited up in white in 1968 to run the production lines. What had been a white man's world as far as skilled and semi-skilled workers were concerned in 1941 now included women and minorities. Employment efforts extended from advertisements in scientific journals to recruitment forays into the Job Corps and the Neighborhood Youth Corps – both programs of Johnson's "Great Society."8

All blessings come with consequences and so it was with the influx of new employees, most of whom chose to reside eleven miles away in Marshall. The roads between the plant and the town were narrow and winding and poorly graded. The almost right-angle curves, un-maintained road shoulders, and daily traffic jams as nearly 2,000 automobiles entered and left the plant at the same time twice a day, where they often met the ten buses serving Karnack ISD students, led to much frustration and too many accidents. Moreover, despite the fact that the City of Marshall had issued permits in 1967 for 114 residences plus a few apartments, and another 224 were issued the next year, there was a critical shortage of housing, especially rentals for the more transient Army's officers and civilian personnel, who numbered about 300 of the more than 2,900 employees. By 1968, Colonel Royce P. Larned, who was commanding officer and in charge of the plant itself, and Ray McElvogue decided it was time to take matters into their own hands.9

They met with the Texas Highway Department's resident engineer, Harrison County Judge, and Precinct Two County Commissioner. The county was responsible for the purchase of highway right-of-way, which had grown increasingly expensive after World War II. Since all the roads involved were state property the state would have been responsible for actually building or improving them. Before the meeting Colonel Larned had ordered a study of the traffic problems and road conditions on the highways and farm-to-market roads that employees traveled daily. The study was conducted by the state highway department and resulted in a book-length report. On December 27, 1968, it was presented to the local officials. In addition, the Access Road Study went up the chain of command to the U. S Army Munitions Command as well as to state and federal officials. It apparently failed to make an impression. Resident Engineer Gilbert A. Youngs said that while improvements to the forty
miles of access road into the LAAP installation were on the drawing boards, "No funds are provided for its reconstruction at this time and other priorities in the county prevent our contemplating its reconstruction within the next five or six years."

This response was utterly unsatisfactory to Larned and McElvogue who decided to counter it with an aggressive public relations campaign to educate the public about the economic and strategic importance of LAAP to the community. McElvogue conducted off-the-record, one-on-one meetings with community leaders and spoke to local civic groups, beginning with the Marshall Rotarians. He served as president of the Greater Marshall Chamber of Commerce in 1968, and he and Max Lale continued to be members of the board of directors for a number of years. News conferences with Vietnam veterans and foreign visitors appeared not only in the local media but also in an in-house publication, the *Longhorn Missile*, for which Lale was responsible. Both Lale and McElvogue were also members of a semi-secret organization consisting exclusively of white males; bankers, major retailers, the *News Messenger* publisher, and heads of a couple of other Harrison County manufacturing plants. The group called itself "The Citizens Advisory Board," but members were known locally as "The Do Gooders." Among the organization's functions was to choose and fund candidates for city and county offices.

When the state refused to improve the roads between Marshall and LAAP Lale, ever the practical historian, decided to take a page from the history of Marshall city government. In decades past, when the economic engine of the town had been the Texas and Pacific Railroad, the T & P was always represented by one member of the five-man city council. Lale concluded that LAAP should enjoy the same privilege and decided to run for a seat, a decision apparently endorsed by both McElvogue and the Do Gooders. He was elected to a two-year term in April 1963, running unopposed and drawing 1,970 votes out of a total of 2,023 cast (the others were write-ins). After one two-year term he retired, at the request, he said, of his boss. For his service in this unpaid position he was presented with a box of cigars. By 1967, McElvogue himself saw the merit in having an official seat at the table and ran in 1967 against rancher Carl Swendson, whom he defeated, 678 to 456. His success was undoubtedly aided by a non-partisan "Democracy in Action" program at the plant designed to encourage employees to register to vote and to support their candidates with their funds and their efforts.

In October 1968 Thiokol executives and Army leadership decided to show off the LAAP facilities to the public and scheduled an open house at the site. More than 6,000 invitations were sent to employee families, Marshall and Harrison County opinion leaders, and area dignitaries. Lale, who had circulated a full year's printing of the *Longhorn Missile* (1968) to opinion makers, school and college personnel, banking institutions, and key business firms in the area, created a program that included paintings by well-known local artist Max Cole and the history of both Longhorn Army Ammunition and the Confederate-era Marshall Powder Mill. The open house, as well as a celebration on December 30, 1968, for LAAP's production of the 10-millionth round of artillery and mortar illuminating ammunition drew extended coverage from ABC and CBS affil-
iates in Shreveport and Tyler. Marshall Radio Station KMHT (for which Lale had once been the newscaster in addition to his duties as a News Messenger reporter) and Marshall and Longview newspapers also covered both events extensively. The year of frenetic activity led to many awards earned by the plant from manufacturing and defense-related entities. Each presentation ceremony was well covered by both the in-house and general publications.

Although the roads continued to be a headache, in other areas conditions improved.

The increasing volume of criticism over U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War reached Marshall only peripherally. No local protests were held against a government-owned plant manufacturing ammunition for an unpopular war. Indeed, concern was exactly the opposite. Local residents worried that troop withdrawals from Vietnam, Congressional debate over the further proliferation of anti-ballistic missiles, and high-profile anti-war demonstrations across the nation would have a deleterious effect on the economic status of Marshall and Harrison County. Their concern was palpable enough that McElvogue tried to reassure his employees and the community at large in a letter he called "Smoke Signals."

I am sure you have been hearing and reading a lot of references to and criticism of 'the military-industrial complex' in our country and may be concerned that the criticism, at least by reference, is against us in the Longhorn Division....Here at Longhorn we are performing a absolutely vital task in supporting American fighting men who, without our production, would be severely handicapped in a particularly difficult war. We more than most can appreciate the anguish of our men in Vietnam. We more than most do pray for a honorable end to the war. There is no "conspiracy" about our activities. We are not plotting to rob the taxpayers. We are not trying to take over the country.

Don't be bugged. We are doing important work. We are doing it with high quality, on time and at a very reasonable cost. Whatever else may be said, we have the satisfaction of knowing our friends and relatives in Vietnam recognize and respect the work we are doing.

While there were no local demonstrations against the war or the plant, the fears of McElvogue and others did come to pass. By 1973 a cease-fire in Vietnam was declared, and in 1975 the ignoble evacuation of Saigon was complete and no U.S. troops were left in South Vietnam. From a high in November 1968 of 2,986 workers and officers, LAAP employment rolls numbered fewer than 1,000 by 1975. Max Lale, who had suffered a heart attack and subsequent open-heart surgery at age 59, retired from Thiokol on October 23, 1975. There were no more comprehensive installation histories prepared under his careful hand.

Longhorn again had its place in the sun in 1988 when national leaders decided to eliminate the Pershing Missiles once manufactured there. On December 8, 1987, U.S. President Ronald Reagan and USSR General
Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev signed the Treaty of Intermediate Nuclear Forces, in which the United States and the Soviet Union consented to eliminate an entire class of nuclear missiles. The U.S. agreed to destroy the entire class of medium-range Pershing I and Pershing II weapons and the USSR an equivalent class of SS 20 Sabers. The Soviet-manufactured Saber motors were done away with at Kapustin Yar Missile Test Complex in the USSR at the same time that the majority of Pershing motors were static-fired, then crushed, at Longhorn.  

On September 8, 1988, a U.S. delegation led by Vice President George H.W. Bush and a Soviet entourage led by Chief Inspector Nikolai Shabalin, along with representatives from several NATO countries and local, state, and federal dignitaries, watched as Thiokol engineers fired the first Pershing I motor, bound into the harness at the static testing site, and it burned itself out. It was then rolled from the platform and beaten into small bits by the bucket of a bulldozer. Pieces of the spent and blackened casing were presented to many of those in attendance. The routine was repeated with a Pershing II rocket motor. They were the first two of 700 Pershing I and II rocket engines eventually static-fired at Longhorn. Covering this first destruction on American soil of a ground-launched cruise missile, as specified in the INF Treaty, were representatives from more than one hundred foreign and domestic media outlets. But the dignitaries and the press were not the only observers. High on a utility wire above the site perched two or three dozen bluebirds. When the engine roared to life the little birds vanished, but as quiet once more returned to the shores of the lake and the tall pines surrounding the ceremonial grounds, so did the flock of bluebirds, which returned to the wire. The missiles and manufacturing activities are all gone now. The bluebirds remain, harbingers of Longhorn’s future.  

Following the official ceremonies, the work of carrying out the treaty began in earnest. Every six weeks until May 1991, a team of Soviet scientists, military officers, and KGB agents arrived in Marshall, occupied a special “secure” wing of the Ramada Inn hotel, and remained for a month. When their job of witnessing the elimination of the missiles ended each day they were free to do almost anything they wished or go anywhere in the county except into private homes. Trips to Wal-Mart and automobile showrooms were a favorite, and many also accompanied their official escort, Colonel Jim Kealey, to St. Joseph’s Catholic Church in downtown Marshall. Visits to schools and colleges provided a particularly enjoyable experience for both students and Soviets. When the Marshall High School Mavericks won the state UIL football playoffs in 1990 many members of the inspection teams attended home games. Tongue in cheek, they claimed credit for bringing luck to the Mavericks with their presence. When acclaimed journalist and Marshall native Bill Moyers updated and reissued his Emmy Award-winning documentary, “Marshall, Texas/Marshall, Texas” in 1992, he included a segment showing one of the Soviet Inspection Teams playing tag football with some of the Mavericks. “M.T./ M.T.” opens with scenes from “Max Lale Day” when the town honored its official historian with festivities on the town square.
In 1990, Longhorn was listed as one of the Department of Defense facilities with known contaminants in the soil, surface, and ground water sufficiently toxic to be named to a list of federal Superfund Sites. Under the supervision of what is now known as the Texas Commission on Environmental Quality and the federal Environmental Protection Agency, five separate locations within the plant were to be restored using funds allotted by the DOD. Per chlorate, heavy metals and other armament-related debris, petroleum, and lubricants were identified in one or all. Work to clean up Longhorn began soon afterward.

Its personnel already reduced to a skeleton crew of Morton- Thiokol and Army civilian workers, Longhorn fell victim to the "peace dividend" after the Cold War ended. On June 27, 1995, officials of the U.S. Army, with Congressman Jim Chapman as a guest, held inactivation ceremonies, although cleanup work continued under the direction of the environmental protection agencies. The Army had the option of retaining the land or offering it to any other federal agency, with top priority going to the Department of the Interior, which quickly snapped it up. About 900 acres of the most-pristine land and the two-remaining cinder block-constructed facilities was leased to the private, non-profit Caddo Lake Institute in 1997. The remaining land apart from the cleanup sites was transferred to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and as each of the Superfund areas is pronounced safe it is added to the Caddo Lake National Wildlife Area. Public access is expected to begin in September 2006.

Most of the termite-ridden and contaminated buildings are gone. The three powder magazines still stand as lonely sentries on a narrow road at the south end of the old plant. When the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service took over, Williams decided to "open their doors and see what came in." What came in were several varieties of bats, and Williams and other nature enthusiasts and tourism-promotion officials envision an attraction equal to the Congress Avenue Bridge in Austin and the Waugh Drive span in Houston, where hundreds of people gather at twilight to watch the bats' departure.

Max often mused that when he joined the Army ROTC at the University of Oklahoma in the 1930s, it was equipped with horse-drawn, French-made seventy-millimeter guns. He lived to see the Army field artillery equipped with medium range missiles whose motors were manufactured at Longhorn, where he spent the last fourteen years of his working life. And he fully approved of the decision to make Longhorn a wildlife preserve.

NOTES

1Proposal to Monsanto made in the summer of 1941. Much of the material for this account, including the quotation in this paragraph, is taken from a well documented, four-volume history of Longhorn researched and prepared by Max Lale, a complete set of which can be found in the archives of the Harrison County Historical Museum Library (hereafter referred to as Installation History). According to Lale, information relating to the beginning of the plant he drew from a special section devoted to LAAP published in the Marshall News Messenger, November 4, 1945.


"Thiokol later merged with another chemical company and became Morton-Thiokol.


"Lale, Longhorn Summary, p. 28.

"Longhorn was located on U.S. 134.


"Open House; problems enumerated; Lale's First Annual Supplement, p. 28. Marshall News Messenger, various issues in 1958 including a tabloid supplement October 13, 1968, as well as issues leading to the open house.


"The letter was printed in its entirety in the Second Annual Supplement, p. 44.

"Employment figures; First Annual Supplement, p. 12; interview with Lloyd May “Cissy” Stewart Lale, June 6, 2006 and “Mr. Eskay” award to Lale with employment dates engraved on it in Mrs. Lale's possession.


"Moyers was hired by Lale at sixteen years of age to be a reporter for the MNM. He originally broadcast M.T.M.T. in 1984, as the beginning of a series called “Walk Through the Twentieth Century.”

"http://www.texascenter.org/almanac/MILITARYTOXIC.HTML

"Caddo Lake Institute is funded for the most part by Eagles musician Don Henley, who grew up in East Texas. http://www.clidata.org/diinfo.htm; interview with Caddo Lake National Wildlife Refuge manager Mark Williams, June 8, 2006.

"Williams interview, June 8, 2006.
"'Well Hickey,' said the big wise lawyer in Dallas, 'I about know what happened to you. The Federal officials have suffered from an attack of the prevailing hysteria; they threw out a dragnet and made water haul.'"

So begins the account of Thomas A. Hickey, Texas socialist and publisher of the socialist weekly newspaper, *The Rebel*, of his arrest and imprisonment by federal and state authorities in Abilene, Texas. Those officials alleged that Hickey had joined an armed anti-conscription conspiracy organized by a consumers' cooperative known as the Farmers' and Laborers' Protective Association (F.L.P.A.) shortly after the United States entered World War I. His account was published in the last edition of *The Rebel* on June 2, 1917. Less than a week later, the United States Post Office revoked the second class mailing privileges for *The Rebel*, effectively ending the mass distribution of the paper.

Hickey's experience illustrates government's efforts to stifle anti-war sentiments as the United States entered World War I. Although the federal government never indicted Hickey in the F.L.P.A. case the Post Office, under the direction of Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson, denied him second-class mailing privileges. Some historians ascribe ulterior motives to Burleson's actions, emphasizing Hickey's role in exposing fellow Texan Burleson's business practices, but little evidence exists to support this argument. More evidence, however, places the suppression of *The Rebel* firmly in the historiography of speech in crisis times.

Constitutional historians, constitutional law scholars, and judicial commentators all note that the civil liberties protections of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights weaken in times of war. Paul Murphy, in his seminal work *World War I and the Origin of Civil Liberties in the United States*, argues that before World War I, no strong federal effort existed to limit the speech of certain individuals. Other scholars support this contention, asserting that the federal government involved itself only sporadically in such matters before the crisis of World War I inflamed public opinion against "radicals" and provoked a wave of federal suppression of civil liberties. Federal infringement upon civil liberties in earlier eras – the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, suspending the writ of habeas corpus during the Civil War – was episodic and infrequent. But with the rise of Progressivism and its emphasis on governmental action to curb various activities, regulating speech seemed a logical extension of authority as the United States entered World War I. Those targeted by these new regulations, such as Thomas A. Hickey, defended themselves by invoking the principle of civil liberties, a new concept.

Thomas A. Hickey, editor of the newspaper named *The Rebel*, led a rad-

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*Steven Boyd is a professor of history at The University of Texas at San Antonio. David Smith is a graduate student at The University of Texas at San Antonio.*
ical life well before he arrived in the central Texas town of Hallettsville. Hickey was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1869, and was likely influenced by the struggles of Irish tenants against English landlords that came to a head during his childhood there. Early in the 1890s, Hickey immigrated to the United States, first settling in New York where he led a strike by the Knights of Labor. In 1903, Hickey headed west and organized lumberjacks in Washington and Oregon. Later, he moved to Arizona, working with the Western Federation of Miners and editing a newspaper, The Globe [Arizona] Miner. In 1905 Hickey migrated to Texas and started working with the Socialist Party to organize tenant farmers.4

In Texas Hickey found ample ground to ply his trade. By early in the 1900s the agricultural workforce was shifting from individual, land-owning farmers to tenant farmers. In 1910, tenants comprised 52 percent of all Texas farmers, compared to 37.6 percent in 1880. Popular wisdom had previously held that tenants would eventually work their way up to the status of landowners, but by 1910 this ideal seemed so unrealistic that even the mainstream Dallas Morning News conceded that most tenants would remain in that status indefinitely.5

The Socialist Party of Texas responded to this situation in 1911 by founding the Renters Union of America in Waco, Texas, and by establishing a statewide Socialist newspaper, The Rebel. The paper resulted from the merger of a weekly Hallettsville paper owned by E. O. Meitzzen with a west Texas paper, the Abilene-based Farmers' Journal. The Rebel became the official organ of the Texas Socialist Party. Thomas A. Hickey served as its editor, and distinguished the paper from other radical papers with his rhetorical flair.6

Hickey's style, according to historian James C. Green, largely borrowed from a Texas journalist named W.C. Brann, a "muckraker" murdered by a subject of one of his investigative articles. J.A. Wayland, publisher of the Appeal to Reason, a popular Socialist weekly printed in Kansas, also influenced Hickey. Both men promoted the unionization of industry as well as the organization of agricultural workers. Unlike the more nationally minded Appeal, however, Hickey maintained, in Green's words, an "unusually strong editorial evangelism designed to appeal to readers who still saw the world more in moral than political terms."7

This editorial approach led to a millennialist philosophy best illustrated by Hickey's speeches to numerous Socialist "encampments," or political rallies, throughout the state. In one speech to a large encampment gathering Hickey exclaimed

"Be Ye of Good cheer, ye disinherited of the earth, for the day is coming when, with the spirit of the Lord in your hearts and with your footsteps lighted with the lamp of Socialism...we will, with that old prophet Nehemiah, say to the rulers of the nation: 'Restore, I pray you, even to this day, their land, their vineyards, and their houses.' And they shall be restored."
This desire for sudden sweeping social change colored many of Hickey's writings in The Rebel.

These efforts contributed to the Socialist Party gaining considerable traction with the Texas electorate. Eugene V. Debs captured over eight percent of the Texas popular vote for president in 1912, better than his six percent national share. Two years later, Socialist gubernatorial candidate E.O. Meitzen, who worked with Hickey on The Rebel staff, received twelve percent of the vote for governor, more than the Republican challenger. Hickey himself captured five percent of the vote in a run for the U.S. Senate in 1916. Meanwhile, The Rebel grew to be the "third largest English-language Socialist weekly in the United States."9

Hickey's role, and that of The Rebel, in the debate over socio-economic issues in World War I-era Texas has been well documented by historians. But his viewpoints on world affairs, specifically World War I and the question of American involvement, have not been examined to any great degree. In The Rebel, however, Hickey let his opinions on the impending world conflict be known. This forthrightness certainly contributed to Hickey's difficulties with federal authorities as the United States declared war in 1917.

Even before the Great War, The Rebel voiced skepticism about the motives of American intervention abroad, especially in Mexico. In the twelfth issue of the paper in 1911, Hickey chastised the major daily papers in Texas for editorializing in favor of intervention in the Mexican Revolution. Such an action, Hickey argued, would only be in the interests of "Morgan and Guggenheim." Hickey continued to use this theme in the years to come. The civil conflict in Mexico again garnered Hickey's attention in 1913 when a possible "counter revolution" threatened the tenuous position of Mexican president Francisco Madero. Hickey, after noting that "many years ago the Socialists demonstrated that all wars are commercial, that it is the desire of the plutocracy to extend their dominions that causes bloodshed between the nations," argued that the United States would not come to the aid of Madero because he was not sufficiently subservient to foreign oil interests. Most Socialists probably agreed with Hickey's views; capitalists seeking foreign markets initiated wars.10

After World War I broke out in Europe in August 1914, The Rebel again discussed war in light of Marxist economics. After explaining the theory of surplus value, The Rebel argued that since workers could never buy back the capital that they produced for the "exploiters," nations necessarily sought foreign markets, and used force if necessary to procure and protect them. The paper also printed a piece by Eugene V. Debs, in which he declared "Industrial peace will prevail when industrial freedom has been achieved and industrial justice is done."11

It soon became apparent that part of the reason The Rebel commented so extensively on the war was to educate its readership in socialist economics. In an introduction to a reprinted speech given by Hickey in Houston, the editors note that the speech "deals with the method whereby the workers of the vari-
ous nations are robbed of the major portion of their products. All socialists should study the economic side of our movement as possible [sic].” *The Rebel* even found a way to relate economics directly to its primary constituency, tenant farmers. One article, entitled “Cotton, Sugar, and War,” explained the low cost of cotton compared to sugar despite the great demand for cotton during wartime. Because the sugar industry controlled all facets of production, the paper argued, it drove prices up, whereas the numerous producers of cotton, i.e. the tenant farmers, drove prices down. The article prescribed socialism as the solution to this situation.12

Soon, however, national and international events overtook purely economic or local concerns in *The Rebel*. The sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915 elicited a lengthy front-page article condemning both sides in the war, and confessing that the editors could not be too concerned with the loss of a thousand or so lives given the millions who were suffering as a direct result of the war. Bemoaning the continuing plight of workers and farmers in America, the paper held out hope that citizens “will organize to destroy the war, which can only be done by destroying the system that breeds it, capitalism.”13

After the *Lusitania* incident, preparedness came to the fore of national politics. *The Rebel* did not shy away from voicing its opinion on this issue either. In one article discussing a speech by President Wilson, the paper denounced the president as a “paid agent of the munitions trust.” Nevertheless, *The Rebel* remained hopeful, contending that Americans “have shown a firm purpose to oppose the war … by meeting with a force of flint the men who produce war by provoking them to prepare for it.” *The Rebel* continued to denounce preparedness and the war when Hickey published his comments about a speech by William Jennings Bryan in Dallas in 1915. Though approving of Bryan’s position against preparedness, Hickey chided him for not seeing the war in economic terms. Proclaiming that there would be no difference, in regards to the war, between a Roosevelt administration and Wilson’s, Hickey explained, “All peace treaties are signed, all declarations of war are made, and all political policies are shaped by the hands of the agents of plutocracy.”14

The election of 1916 generated even more anti-war and anti-Wilson rhetoric in Hickey’s paper. Shortly before Election Day Hickey attacked Wilson’s campaign slogan, “He kept us out of war.” Returning to his thoughts on the situation in Mexico, Hickey blasted Wilson for sending troops into that country to capture Pancho Villa: “Wilson did all in his power to get us into war with Mexico,” he asserted. Hickey also denounced Wilson for increasing military expenditures and for signing legislation that foreshadowed a military draft. Hickey ended the article by urging all readers to vote for Allen Benson, the Socialist candidate for president. Of course Wilson carried the day, a result that Hickey admitted he had anticipated after the results were final and relations between the United States and Germany quickly deteriorated. In April 1917 President Wilson asked for, and received, a congressional declaration of war against Germany.15
The beginning of American involvement prompted a long article under the hopeful banner headline “From War to Peace.” Hickey and his co-author, frequent Rebel contributor Covington Hall, repeated the argument that the expropriation of workers’ surplus value left the oligarchy with no choice but to declare war or face internal revolution. However, the article struck a more bellicose tone in praising those in Ireland who rose up violently against the British a year earlier, as well as those who overthrew the Czar in Russia. Hickey and Hall went on to chastise the labor movement for accepting that the rich had a right to their property, and for organizing along national rather than international lines. The authors ended the article by advocating the establishment of “Industrial Democracy” and the “Confederation of the world into free commonwealths.”

A week later, The Rebel took up the issue of conscription with equal rhetorical flair. In an article entitled “Will They Conscript?” Hickey again praised the Easter Monday, anti-conscription rebellion in Ireland as well as the Australian voters who rejected conscription. He then approvingly quoted Kansas governor Arthur Capper, who denounced conscription and “declared that young Kansans had been led to believe that to be drafted for army service was to be disgraced.” The article ended with Hickey arguing that no man should be drafted until all income in America is “conscripted.”

Thus, Hickey took a stand on a contentious national issue that had been percolating even before the spring of 1917. Conscription, or universal military training, was an issue that many Americans debated as early as 1914. Conscription appealed to many Americans who not only believed that universal military training would be an important component of national defense, but it would also “Americanize the immigrant, nurture the values of efficiency, and ‘service’, and overcome class antagonisms.” Opponents, however, thought that conscription “did not encourage democracy and individual autonomy, but taught lessons of subordination, and slavish deference to authority.” Many Texans shared the sentiments of those leery of the draft. Conscription was unpopular within the Texas Congressional delegation as well, who shared with other southerners a predisposition toward a volunteer army. Even Governor James Ferguson voiced his opposition to the draft, as did some newspapers, though eventually the governor accepted conscription. But “pockets of discontent,” existed in Texas even after the declaration of war among German residents and especially among North Texas farmers.

Indeed, the issue of military conscription flared across the North Texas prairie in the spring of 1917, ensnaring Hickey and The Rebel in its flames. On May 14, 1917, a federal grand jury convened in San Angelo to investigate rumors swirling around the Farmers’ and Laborers’ Protective Association, a group ostensibly formed as a consumers’ cooperative but now accused of organizing a violent rebellion to sabotage the draft. Arrests by federal officers began on May 16, and two days later a grand jury handed down indictments against some F.L.P.A. leaders. Hickey was arrested on the evening of May 17, 1917 outside of Brandenburg in Stonewall County. At the time, he was resid-
ing on a farm owned by his wife in the western part of Texas, far away from the coastal plains of Hallettsville. Hickey had been editing the paper from this location since the election of 1916, and was en route to the post office to mail copy for a later issue when he was taken into custody.21

The arresting officers, one of whom, according to Hickey, was a Texas Ranger named John Montgomery, also seized Hickey’s writings. Montgomery drove Hickey to Anson, Texas and then to Abilene, where the editor met with federal officials who told him could not get his writings back. Finally, on Saturday afternoon, Hickey posted a $1,000 bond and agreed to appear in court in Abilene on October 1.21

The Houston Post on May 19, and the Dallas Morning News on May 20, reported on Hickey’s arrest as well as on many other arrests in the state. The F.L.P.A. conspiracy provided many sensational stories for newspapers across the state. The Dallas Morning News printed lurid testimony of alleged F.L.P.A. members who maintained that the organization planned a violent rebellion against those who would enforce the draft law. They also insisted that any member who tried to quit the organization would be killed. The San Antonio Light reported on the death of E.H. Fulcher, an alleged F.L.P.A. member who died in a hail of bullets resisting arrest near Fort Worth, Texas.22

The F.L.P.A. arrests appeared to be part of a wider national effort to suppress resistance to conscription during the run-up to the deadline for selective service registration on June 5. Federal agents arrested others who were allegedly plotting to resist the draft through force of arms in Virginia and New York. In New York City, Secret Service agents arrested several Columbia University and Barnard College students for allegedly encouraging others to not register for conscription. The New York Times printed a stern message from the United States Attorney General to all U.S. marshals and district attorneys instructing them to “arrest all persons who by intimidation or otherwise [sic] hinder those subject to registration for the new national army on June 5.”23

Hickey spent much of the summer of 1917 believing that he would still be indicted for conspiracy and would have to appear in court on October 1. In a letter sent to supporters on September 1, 1917, Hickey asked for financial help for his upcoming trial. Ultimately, however, the F.L.P.A. case did not include Thomas Hickey. The case was tried in federal court in Abilene in the Northern District of Texas, but Hickey’s name did not appear in the record of the trial. Nor did his name appear among those indicted in San Angelo around the time that he had been arrested, nor in the criminal indictments for that court. And when a federal grand jury in Dallas indicted another fifty-four men Hickey was not among them, either. However, Hickey did not learn that he would not be a defendant in any federal case until sometime in 1918, despite the fact that the final F.L.P.A. indictment was returned on September 10, 1917, shortly before the trial began, and Hickey’s name was again excluded.24

Hickey apparently had trouble securing work because of his legal difficulties, whatever they may have been. In May of 1918, Hickey wrote to a former employer and tried to convince him that the recent legal troubles were in
the past. Also in 1918, Hickey responded to a report in a Fort Worth newspaper that claimed he "ran the gamut of eight grand juries." Hickey responded that he was arrested for belonging to the F.L.P.A., but that the grand jury investigation concluded that the F.L.P.A. had been confused with Hickey's Renter's Union, of which he was an integral member.25

But Hickey's arrest proved to be only one of the problems he experienced during World War I. More significant was the removal of The Rebel from the mail. It happened when the Postmaster of Hallettsville received a telegram the Post Office Solicitor General, William Lamar, that read, "Submit to this office future copies of The Rebel published at your place for investigation before accepting for mailing." The local postmaster then informed Hickey, telling him that he knew "nothing except that you can not now mail out ... The Rebel from this Post Office."26

Hickey angrily proclaimed in a letter to his subscribers that this action "could only be equaled by Nicholas Romanoff's bureaucracy in the heyday of its power." He concluded that his only hope would be to go before the Supreme Court to get a writ of mandamus against the Third Assistant Postmaster General. Apparently, he singled out this particular official because, according to a letter Hickey wrote four years later, it was this man who canceled The Rebel's second-class postal permit after several issues had been missed because of Lamar's order.27

The Rebel thus had the distinction of being the first publication removed from the mail after the United States declared war. Hickey tried desperately to revive his newspaper. His efforts largely consisted of contacting officials whom he believed would be sympathetic to his plight. Hickey first tried to enlist the assistance of Socialist Congressman Meyer London of New York. A letter from London's office dated June 19, 1917, reported that the solicitor general had affirmed that the June 9 issue of the paper and all subsequent issues were to be withheld. The letter further stated that this situation would stay the same "if their [the issues] character in the future is the same as in the past." The letter ended on a pessimistic note, advising Hickey that The Rebel may have to close.28

Hickey next sought the help of lawyer Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City. Walsh had chaired the Commission on Industrial Relations, an investigative body created by Congress, when it had examined the practices of Texas landlords in 1915. Hickey and Walsh arranged a meeting with Postmaster General Burleson in July 1917 but achieved little. Burleson refused to explain why the Post Office had stopped The Rebel before the Espionage Act had even taken effect, or why the paper's second-class privileges had been revoked even though Hickey was not to blame for missing issues. Hickey declared, "These high officials simply stand pat saying in effect what are you going to do about it." The answer appeared to be not much. On August 7, 1917, the Post Office formally revoked the mailing privileges of The Rebel under the auspices of the Espionage Act. One of Hickey's partners, Arnold Meitzen, solemnly declared that this act "seems to kill The Rebel for good."29
Although Hickey never received an adequate explanation as to why the federal government censored *The Rebel*, he claimed that the removal of his paper from the mail was due to a supposed expose he printed detailing the treatment of tenants on Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson's land. Burleson was a Texan who had served in Congress since 1899 and in 1912 tied his political fortunes to Woodrow Wilson. He thought that Wilson would surely win, and apparently he thought that he could benefit by securing a cabinet post. Burleson relied on his friends, future attorney general Thomas Watt Gregory and presidential advisor Edward M. House, to promote, and he was rewarded with the Postmaster General's office when Wilson assumed the presidency.16

During the war Burleson worked to enforce the Espionage Act with a zeal that surprised even his supporters. Edward House remarked in 1918 that Burleson "is in a belligerent mood, against the Germans, against labor, against the pacifists, etc. He is now the most belligerent member of the cabinet." Burleson himself remarked that he would most certainly act against any publication that claimed "that the government is controlled by Wall Street or munition manufacturers, or any other special interest," and, as demonstrated above, *The Rebel* made such assertions. Burleson also censored a publication that supported Irish republicanism, a cause dear to Hickey, and was a staunch political opponent of Governor James Ferguson, who had attempted to address the problems of tenancy in Texas. Burleson himself owned land, and this fact led to much speculation about his motives for censoring Hickey.17

Historian James R. Green, in *Grass Roots Socialism*, repeats the allegations Hickey made shortly after his arrest that the removal of his newspaper from the mails resulted from an article in *The Rebel* regarding Burleson. James Weinstein, in his work on American socialism during this same period, notes that Burleson took his actions before the Espionage Act went into effect, and agrees with Green about his motives. Neil Foley, in his study of western socialist movements, goes even further: "Burleson despised Hickey and *The Rebel* for making him front page news."18

Weinstein and Foley both base their accounts on an autobiography written by an Oklahoma socialist, Oscar Ameringer, titled *If You Don't Weaken*. In this book, Ameringer describes testimony before the "Walsh Commission," of tenants who were evicted "along with their old sick, half lame, blind, and babies out in the frosty yuletide air." There are, however, several flaws in Ameringer's account. Hickey's own charges against Burleson also deserve more scrutiny than scholars have devoted to them. While Hickey acknowledged that he had published an article in *The Rebel* accusing Burleson of being "the notorious owner of a large plantation in Bosque County, Texas, where white renters were intensely exploited and lived under miserable conditions," Burleson was not alone in attracting the wrath of the fiery socialist editor. In fact, Hickey also published attacks on one of President Wilson's Supreme Court appointees, as well as Texas Senator Morris Sheppard's brother in law, Cullen Thomas, all of whom he blamed for causing the downfall of *The Rebel*.19
Although it seems unlikely that Burleson acted conspiratorially in silencing *The Rebel*, his actions clearly fell within the restrictions of speech placed on dissenters in the United States in times of crisis. While it is certainly true that Burleson removed *The Rebel* from the mails before the Espionage Act took effect, it is clear that he had the authority to do so. The Postmaster General’s Office had the authority to revoke second-class mailing privileges for items deemed “non-mailable.” Additionally, Congress passed an amendment in 1911 that barred from the mails all “matter tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination,” and this law was applied broadly to radicals. Also, the revocation of second-class mailing permits by federal officials for publications that skipped issues was not unique to *The Rebel*. In July of 1917, Burleson had removed an issue of the radical magazine *The Masses* from the mails. Editors of *The Masses* immediately went to court and requested an injunction against the Post Office, quickly granted by District Court Judge Learned Hand. Though Circuit Court Judge C.M. Hough later stayed on the injunction, *The Masses* presented an August issue for mailing. Burleson, however, revoked the second-class privileges of the magazine because it had not appeared regularly.\textsuperscript{34}

*The Masses*‘ editors went to court immediately; Hickey only contemplated suing the federal government over his treatment by the Post Office. In a letter to Senator Robert La Follette explaining his legal situation as it existed in the fall of 1921, Hickey mentioned that he had hired a lawyer and was seeking damages in the amount of $100,000. In another letter to Frank P. Walsh, Hickey again outlined the situation and further explained that two of his *Rebel* partners also had suits pending. He told Walsh that he had been attacked by mobs and socially ostracized during the war because of his reputation. But he never actually filed suit against Burleson or any other federal official. After trying his hand at several more publications, none of which enjoyed the success of *The Rebel*, Hickey died on May 7, 1925, from throat cancer that had been diagnosed four years before.\textsuperscript{35}

In the end, the demise of *The Rebel* was never seriously challenged in the courts. He likely would have lost anyway, given the attitudes that many progressive reformers had toward civil liberties. They thought that free speech should be granted only to those who would use it in “positive” and “constructive” ways. “Blacks, Indians, Orientals, aliens – particularly those from Eastern Europe – women, or people espousing radical and destructive economic and political theories” did not qualify for the right of speech in the Progressive mind. Neither did those who challenged, even indirectly, decisions of the federal government or its officers. Certainly *The Rebel* and its editor Thomas Hickey failed to be worthy of free speech rights by all of these standards. A Socialist newspaper by definition operated outside the arena of progressive civil liberties protection. Likewise, to challenge a declared war, or to interfere even indirectly in the operation of federal selective service mandates, violated progressive notions of the rule of law. Hickey’s experience then is a classic example of the abridgement of freedom of the press during World War I, and a story that brings to light the important fact that much federal action
does not receive even a minimum amount of judicial scrutiny. Otherwise it stands firmly in the practice of diminished civil liberties during wartime, a loss not always recoverable during the ensuing peace.\textsuperscript{36}

\textbf{NOTES}

\textsuperscript{1}The Rebel (Hallettsville, Texas), June 2, 1917.


\textsuperscript{4}Foley, \textit{The White Scourge}, p. 97.

\textsuperscript{5}James R. Green, "Tenant Farmer Discontent and Socialist Protest in Texas, 1901-1917." \textit{Southwestern Historical Quarterly} 81 (October, 1977), pp. 135, 137.


\textsuperscript{7}Green, \textit{Grass-Roots Socialism}, p. 139.

\textsuperscript{8}Green, \textit{Grass-Roots Socialism}, p. 163.


\textsuperscript{10}The Rebel, September 16, 1911; February 22, 1913.

\textsuperscript{11}The Rebel, August 29, 1914.

\textsuperscript{12}The Rebel, September 19, 1914.

\textsuperscript{13}The Rebel, May 15, 1915.

\textsuperscript{14}The Rebel, October 19, 1915; November 13, 1915.

\textsuperscript{15}The Rebel, October 28, 1916; November 13, 1916.

\textsuperscript{16}The Rebel, April 14, 1917.

\textsuperscript{17}The Rebel, April 21, 1917.


\textsuperscript{19}Dallas Morning News, May 19, 1917; Brief for Defendants in Error, United States Court of Appeals Fifth Circuit, case number 3250, RG 21 case files 1891-3250, box 868. National Archives and Records Administration Southwest Region, Fort Worth, Texas (hereafter NARA).

\textsuperscript{20}The Rebel, May 26, 1917.


\textsuperscript{22}Houston Post, May 19, 1917; Dallas Morning News, May 20, 30, 1917; San Antonio Light, June 5, 1917.

\textsuperscript{23}New York Times, May 29, 30, 1917; June 1, 1917.

\textsuperscript{24}Dallas Morning News, September 11, 1917; U.S. vs. G.T. Bryant et al., Indictment, RG 21, file c-48-No 17, Box 23, NARA; Thomas Hickey to "Comrade," September 1, 1917, Thomas A.
Hickey Papers, Southwest Collection, Texas Tech University, Lubbock (hereafter SWC).

2 Thomas A. Hickey, "Texas Landlord-Banker Plutocracy Strikes at Rebel," T.A. Hickey Papers, Center For American History, University of Texas, Austin (hereafter CAH).

3 Hickey, "Texas Landlord-Banker Plutocracy," T. A. Hickey Papers, CAH; Hickey to Senator Robert La Follette, October 4, 1921, Thomas A. Hickey Papers, SWC.


7 Kennedy, Over Here, pp. 75-77; Gould, Progressives and Prohibitionists, pp. 215-216.

8 Green, Grass Roots Socialism, p. 356; Weinstein, The Decline of Socialism in America, p. 144; Foley, The White Scourge, p. 117.


*Murphy, World War I and the Origins of Civil Liberties, pp. 40-41.
WILLIAM GOYENS: BLACK LEADER IN EARLY TEXAS

By Linda Ericson Devereaux

William Goyens, a light-skinned mulatto businessman, arrived in Texas early in 1820. He was born a free man in North Carolina in 1794, probably to a mulatto named William Goings and his wife Elizabeth. William Goings fought in the Revolutionary War and received a pension for his services. North Carolina was so threatened during the war that colonial officials there offered freedom to any slave who would fight. If William Goings had not already been a free man, he may very well have gained his freedom by virtue of his service in the war.¹

William Goyens obviously lived with a family that valued learning. He may not have had any formal education, but as a young man he learned to read and excelled at scholarly pursuits. He was fascinated by philosophy, theology, and astronomy. He learned geometry, rhetoric and logic, and later in Texas he acquired a working knowledge of the law. Goyens indulged in no vices or vain pleasures. He spent his time industriously and did his best to enlighten himself so that poverty would not prevent him from being happy. He learned to read and write in two languages (Spanish and English) and he understood the Cherokee language well enough to serve as an interpreter between Cherokees and officials of Mexico and the Republic of Texas.²

When Goyens was about twelve years old he received a letter from a friend who had moved to Texas and determined that he would make the journey as well. This friend told him of the freedoms that Black men enjoyed in this Mexican state, much different from those allowed in his native North Carolina. In North Carolina, men of color were deemed incapable of being witnesses except in a case against other Blacks. Those involved in racially mixed marriages in that state were subject to fines based on a law dating from 1741. Free Black men did have the right to a writ of habeas corpus, the right to own property, and the right to bequeath estates to their heirs. But free Negroes had to wear a piece of cloth on their left shoulders that said “Free,” and social and economic opportunities were scarce. Free Negroes were believed by many to be a danger to society, not only in North Carolina but across the South. Some states forbade carrying of firearms, others prohibited buying and selling of liquor, and still others imposed stiffer penalties for crimes than the penalties for White people.³

Goyens’ trek to Texas was complicated by the War of 1812. He served as a private in Captain James B. Moore’s Company and in Captain Jacob Short’s Company of U. S. Mounted Rangers. He also served in Captain Samuel Judy’s Company of Mounted Illinois Militia, and by 1814 he was living with the Cherokees in Texas, which may very well have been natural to the young man since he had lived with Indians in North Carolina. After returning to the war and participating in the Battle of New Orleans, Goyens may have joined the pirate Jean Lafitte to avoid being forced into slavery and then jumped ship in

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Galveston and made his way to Nacogdoches, his original destination. Goyens never tried to hide his skin color. Erasmo Seguin once commented that this was a great free man who accepted a man for what he was, regardless of the color of his skin.\footnote{4}

When he applied to the Texas Congress for a league and a labor of land in 1840, Goyens claimed to have arrived in Nacogdoches in 1820. According to Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches around the time Goyens arrived there was practically deserted following Spanish retaliation for filibustering expeditions launched from the area, the Long expedition being the most recent. There were only five houses and a church standing in Nacogdoches in 1821. While Austin was there that year residents held a town meeting and only thirty-six people attended. But the scenery reminded the young Goyens of North Carolina, and since this was the first town of any size in Texas for those arriving from Louisiana, it was a good place for tradesmen and craftsmen, and Goyens chose to stay.\footnote{5}

The first record of William Goyens' presence in Nacogdoches is an account of remarks that he made in support of a candidate for alcalde in September 1824. Goyens spoke for Encarnacion Chireno, but Chireno was defeated after receiving only eight votes to an opponent's twenty. Despite backing the losing candidate in that race, Goyens' fame as a scholar grew steadily in his new home. A friend said, "In Nacogdoches there are five or six men who are acute scholars in both tongues, Spanish and English, and Goyens is one of these." Goyens' literary skill and productivity won him fame and the patronage and esteem of prominent men such as Thomas J. Rusk and Sam Houston.\footnote{6}

Every free Black man lived with the fear of enslavement by unscrupulous White men, and Goyens, despite his light skin, was no exception. In 1826 Goyens was carrying a load of freight between Nacogdoches and Natchitoches when his liberty was threatened by a man named Bele English, who claimed Goyens as his property and threatened to sell him. Goyens was forced to purchase his freedom by purchasing a slave woman for English from a Mr. Llorca for 500 pesos and signing a note for some additional property. English accepted the female slave and note as payment — ransom, essentially — but Goyens was soon in danger again. Llorca, who had sold Goyens the female slave, then himself decided to claim Goyens as his property and take him to New Orleans for sale at the slave market. While trying to get together a ransom for Llorca, William Goyens petitioned the alcalde, who intervened and cleared up the matter. This was the last time that Goyens was threatened by attempts to enslave him.\footnote{7}

Goyens began working as an interpreter to Indians in Texas by 1826. He served as intermediary between Chief Richard Fields and the alcalde of Nacogdoches. The Indians were Cherokees and associated bands of Delawares, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Quapaws, Choctaws, Biloxis, Lawanies, Alabamas, and Coushattas. All were sedentary and depended mainly on agriculture for their livelihoods. Titles to their lands were important to them, since they depended upon the land for their continued existence.\footnote{8}
On May 7, 1826 Goyens paid Pierre Mayniel seventy pesos for a lot in Nacogdoches, the same lot on which the Nacogdoches County courthouse presently stands. Goyens built a home and operated a hostelry on the lot, meeting his future wife in the process. Mary Pate Sibley and her son, Henry, boarded with Goyens beginning in 1829, and in 1832 Goyens and Mary Pate were married. The ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest, Father Deus, and witnessed by Juan Jose Sanchez. Mary was a White woman from Georgia, and she and Goyens lived together quite happily but produced no children together.

Goyens had extensive business and personal operations. He operated a blacksmith shop in which he did blacksmith and gunsmith work. He operated the hostelry, made and repaired wagons, and carried on a freight-hauling business between Natchitoches and Nacogdoches. He bought, sold, and traded land, with more than fifty transactions recorded. He was also active in the courts, being involved in more than thirty cases. He often sued his White neighbors when they failed to repay loans or when they tried to take his land. He had a good working knowledge of the law, and may have practiced as a lawyer in the alcalde court in Nacogdoches. He borrowed, loaned, and traded money and goods of all kinds. Goyens was also active in civic life and was involved in tracking down criminals, including those of his own race.

In his blacksmith shop, William Goyens employed both wage-earning white men and slaves. Goyens began purchasing slaves in 1826 to escape enslavement himself, and continued the practice later in his life. On January 3, 1829 he purchased a twenty-six-year-old male slave named Jerry from John Durst for 700 pesos. Later that same year Goyens bought a Negro woman named Salle, age thirty-five, and her six-year-old daughter, Luisa, from Susan Calier. He also lost a legal battle over another female slave and her six or seven children, who were claimed as property by both Goyens and Elijah Loyd. Loyd triumphed in court, but by 1830 Goyens owned at least three slaves, possibly more. In 1829 one of Goyens' slaves, named Jake, was punished after being implicated in the poisoning of a local family.

Local legend connects Goyens with rumors of buried treasure in Nacogdoches. Shortly before the Battle of Nacogdoches in August of 1832, Colonel Jose de las Piedras, the Mexican commander at Nacogdoches, asked Goyens to forge two large cans with lids out of two large copper pots. This the blacksmith did, and Piedras dismissed him. The next day, Piedras again summoned Goyens and instructed him to solder the lids on the cans, but not to look inside. Goyens sealed the cans, but not before determining that one can held gold and silver coins and the other jewels and church valuables. Goyens also overheard Piedras telling his men to hide the cans; both were buried on the banks of the Ysleta Creek. After the Battle of Nacogdoches, Piedras was unable to return for the cans, and according to Goyens, they were never found.

By 1832 Goyens had purchased more than 1,000 acres about four miles west of Nacogdoches on El Camino Real. He built a two-story home on the highest hill in Nacogdoches County, where he and his new wife lived the rest of their lives. Goyens operated a gristmill on Ysleta Creek, probably about a
mile south of his home, as well as a sawmill on his property. A clear spring at the base of "Goyens' Hill" was an Indian watering hole, and Goyens remained hospitable to all in his new home. But he complained in a letter to Sam Houston that he did not have time to study,

for while in pleading and hearing and deciding causes, or working in the blacksmith shop, or running the grist mill, in waiting on some men about business, and others out of respect, the greatest part of the day is spent on other men's affairs. The remainder of it must be given to my family at home so that I can reserve no part to myself, that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife and chat with my children and find something to say to my friends. For all these things I reckon a part of my business unless I were to become a stranger in my house, for with whatsoever either nature or choice or chance has engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavor to make himself as acceptable to them as he possibly can. In such occupations as these days and months and years slip away. Indeed, all the time which I can gain to myself is that which I steal from my sleep and my meals and because that is not much, I have made but a slow progress.

Goyens, who became a Roman Catholic in 1831, did not mention the long hours that he spent in prayer nor the time that he spent reading the Psalms aloud to members of his household. He made numerous pilgrimages and studied the Bible whenever he found the opportunity.¹³

Goyens had a better grasp of the differences between Mexican officials and Anglo immigrants into Texas than many of his contemporaries. Mexico suspected the United States, and Anglos looked down upon Mexicans. Any effort to enforce the laws would eventually lead to revolution. When tensions increased in the years following the confrontations at Anahuac and Nacogdoches in 1832, Goyens was so admired that his was elected to the Consultation of 1835 by the people of Nacogdoches. Goyens refused to serve, however, fearing prejudice. Goyens was not far wrong in his thinking, either. With Anglos – most of whom were natives of the American South – achieving power in Texas, Goyens faced trouble. Although he was Indian Agent during the revolution and later for Sam Houston and an interpreter for the Forbes-Houston Treaty with the Cherokees, Goyens was not appreciated by many Anglo residents of the Republic of Texas. After independence freedoms for Texans of African descent were curbed. On January 5, 1836 the Grand Council, fearful of a Negro coalition with Mexico, forbade immigration of free Negroes into Texas while granting citizenship to those already in Texas. But the Constitution of 1836 required all free Negroes to secure congressional approval to remain in the Republic. This requirement was lifted in June, 1837, but in February 1840 congress passed the Ashworth Law, which gave free persons of color two years to leave the Republic, secure congressional approval to stay, or be arrested and sold into slavery. Thomas J. Rusk drafted a petition asking congress to allow William Goyens to stay in Texas, and fifty-four other citizens of Nacogdoches signed it. Most of the leaders of the town, including Adolphus Sterne, Charles S. Taylor, Bennett Blake, L. M. Orton, H. H. Edwards, and Henry Raguet, signed in support of Goyens. Congress approved the petition on November 25, 1840, and then on December 12, 1840 passed
another law that allowed all free Negroes who were in Texas when independence was declared to remain.14

But neither of these actions ended Goyens' troubles. He had applied for a league and a labor of land as a married man in 1835. The revolution intervened, however, and he was unable to get the land surveyed and his title remained in dispute. He eventually sued the Board of Land Commissioners but without success. After Texas joined the United States, Goyens tried again. The U.S. Senate tabled his bill and it was never acted upon. He seemed to have every qualification necessary except white skin.15

Mary Pate Goyens died sometime in February 1856. From George Clevenger Goyens purchased lumber, a shovel, and spades, all of which might have been used for a burial. He also bought a bottle of brandy, a record of which was found accompanied by the notation "wife's death." That same month Goyens received a bill from P.S. Eastman for ten dollars to construct Mrs. Goyens' coffin. Goyens himself did not have long to live. He became ill in June 1856. Dr. William Tubbe attended Goyens three days and four nights and administered medications that indicated some kind of congestive fever. Goyens died on June 20, 1856, and was buried beside his wife near a large cedar tree in a Mexican cemetery on the Moral Creek, about three miles from his home.16

Goyens left an estate that suggests he had achieved a significant amount of financial success during his life in Texas. At the time of his death he owned 12,423 acres of land in Nacogdoches, Houston, Cherokee, and Angelina counties, and his estate was estimated to be worth $11,917.60 in 1856. Several claims were filed against the estate, many of which were probably spurious. Goyens had been a good businessman who would not have left his affairs in a mess; nevertheless, the estate paid claims of $2,094.38 while disallowing claims of $4,260.05. Hadley Goyens, who claimed to be a nephew of Goyens, tried to claim the entire estate. Henrietta and Martha Sibley, minor daughters of Henry Sibley (deceased) successfully claimed, through their guardian William C. Pollock, their grandmother's half of the estate.17

William Goyens had left the restrictive environment of North Carolina to seek his fortune in Texas. He was a friend to all. He was honest and conscientious in business and treated others, as he wanted to be treated. Sam Houston described Goyens as "one of the greatest persons of integrity known to Texas during the 1800s." He possessed in good measure the qualities of industry, responsibility, gentility and integrity. "He lived his life as a free man among free men."18

NOTES

1 Goyens was lighter than most mulattos because he was a quadroon. His father had a white mother, as did he. See Diane Elizabeth Prince, "William Goyens, Free Negro on the Texas Frontier," MA thesis, Stephen F. Austin State College, July 1967, p. 3; Revolutionary War Period Bible Family and Marriage Records Gleaned From Pension Applications, Vol. 14, p. 62: William Goings married Elizabeth October 1793, in Caswell County, North Carolina. He died on August 23, 1827, in Hawkins County, Tennessee. Rassie E. Wicker, Miscellaneous Ancient Records of
Moore County, North Carolina (Moore County Historical Association, 1971), p. 307. On pages 117-118 Mr. Wicker comments on the Goings family: “Racial origin of the Goings ... is as mysterious and debatable as that of the Robeson county (Lumbee) Indians. These people have much in common, in both physical appearance and social habits. Within the recollections of the writer ... they are a people apart; a clannish set who married within their own tribes, and seldom associated with either whites or Negroes. In later years, there has been extensive intermarriage with the Negro race, to the extent that some families bearing those names are as black as pot, while others would be classified as light mulatto, and still retain the distinct physiognomy of their ancestors. This is especially true of the Goingses.”

Wicker also implies that William Goyens may have been connected to a mysterious clan in rural Tennessee: “Some years ago there appeared an article in the Saturday Evening Post concerning a band of people living in the Clinch River area in north-central Tennessee in exactly the same manner as the Robeson county Indians. These people called themselves Malungins (from the French Melange, a mixture’), had their own schools and churches as did the Lumbees at that time. Two of the families listed were the Goingses and the Chavises.”

Daniel James Kubiak, Monument to a Black Man (San Antonio, 1972), pp. 9, 18-19, 26-27.


Kubiak, Monument to a Black Man, pp. 16, 31.


Prince, “William Goyens.” pp. 24-27. Goyens had been determined by a commission from San Antonio to be a free man, but this did not deter English or Llorca.


Prince, “William Goyens,” pp. 20, 22, 30-32. The Melungeons claim William Goyens as one of their own. See Melungeon Newsletter, Vol. 1, No. 4, December 1989, “William Goyens, Melungeon, Becomes Texas Millionaire”) These modern descendants of that early group in Tennessee claim that two brothers of Mary’s from Louisiana were only persuaded to allow the marriage because they learned that Goyens was not Black but that he was Melungeon. The Melungeons claim to be descended from Portuguese sailors or Portuguese soldiers left behind on exploring expeditions of the Spanish in the 1500s. They do not claim any Black blood.

Goyens signed his name as William B. P. Goines in several instances in 1837, both as witness and as grantee. See Kathryn Hooper Davis and Linda Ericson Devereaux, This I Convey - Deed Book A Nacogdoches County, Texas 1837 (Nacogdoches), pp. 258, 288, 325-326, 328, 330-332, 334, 336; Davis, Legendary Texians, pp. 114-115; Prince, “William Goyens,” pp. 21-22; Kubiak, Monument to a Black Man, p. 28.


Prince, “William Goyens,” pp. 71-72; Davis, Legendary Texians, p. 120.


UNspoken Words: James Monroe's Involvement in the Magee-Gutiérrez Filibuster

By Kevin Brady

Following the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, Americans residing in the South still coveted additional territory. Some satisfied their expansionistic desires by claiming that the Louisiana Purchase included Texas, and thus the boundary between Louisiana and Texas became a point of contention between Spain and the United States. Fearing that American settlers would migrate into East Texas, Spanish officials stationed additional soldiers at Nacogdoches and at the mouth of the Trinity River. With the Texas-Louisiana border dispute unresolved, General James Wilkinson, who commanded American forces in Natchitoches, proposed to Spanish officials that an area of Neutral Ground be established between the Sabine River and the Arroyo Hondo. The Spanish authorities' acceptance of the proposal eased tensions between the two countries, but the region became a haven for filibusters, outlaws, and smugglers. In 1812, Jose Bernardo Gutiérrez de Lara, a Mexican revolutionary, and Augustus W. Magee, a former army officer, organized a group of American rebels to invade Texas. Secretary of State James Monroe believed that he could use this filibustering activity along the Texas-Louisiana border to serve national interests. Although historians and scholars speculate on the exact nature of Monroe's involvement in the Magee-Gutiérrez filibuster, his actions during the course of the expedition demonstrated that he was involved in filibustering activities.¹

The roots of James Monroe's involvement in the Magee-Gutiérrez expedition began during the onset of the Mexican independence movement. In March 1811, Jose Bernardo Gutiérrez de Lara accepted a commission from Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, then fighting to overthrow the Royalist government in Mexico. Hidalgo authorized Gutiérrez to venture to the United States for the purpose of requesting aid for the independence movement. On August 1, Gutiérrez and a group of twelve revolutionists began their journey toward Natchitoches. The party engaged in a skirmish with Royalist forces shortly before entering the United States. Although Gutiérrez escaped the Spanish soldiers, he lost his documents and credentials from Hidalgo.²

When Gutiérrez arrived in Natchitoches, he was greeted hospitably by local officials, including John Sibley, United States Indian agent, and Governor William C. C. Claiborne of Louisiana. Their hospitality Gutiérrez stemmed from their interest in the revolutionary movement in Mexico. Prior to Gutiérrez's arrival in the United States, Claiborne had issued several orders against American filibustering activities along the Texas-Louisiana border, but he believed that Mexican independence would serve national interests if it took "a proper direction." When Claiborne and Sibley learned of Gutiérrez's plans, they furnished him with letters of introduction and funds for his journey to Washington and encouraged him in his quest to seek aid.³

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Upon his arrival in Washington in December 1811, Gutiérrez secured a meeting with Secretary of State James Monroe, and during a private conversation he pleaded for American arms, munitions, and merchandise. If Monroe agreed to aid the revolutionary cause, Gutiérrez assured him that the Mexican provinces would offer the United States silver, wool, and other products in exchange. He also maintained that these activities would foster a trading network between the two countries. Aside from these benefits, Gutiérrez asserted that providing support for Mexican independence would serve national interests because should the United States not offer assistance, the Mexican rebels would seek aid in Europe.

Gutiérrez commented on his meeting with the secretary of state in his diary. “He [Monroe] told me that it was expedient for me to go back to my country to fetch the documents necessary to undertake the purchase of arms, and to report the friendly disposition of this country to favor the Republic of Mexico.” According to Gutiérrez, Monroe also informed him that he would write to the French, English, and Danish ambassadors urging them to follow a policy that advocated independence for all of the Spanish colonies. In addition, Monroe proposed sending an American army to the Rio Grande in an effort to assist the revolutionists in the internal Mexican provinces. When Gutiérrez suggested that he would assume personal command of such an army, however, Monroe quickly decided to drop the subject.

Although Monroe broke off negotiations with Gutiérrez, he still showed interest in Mexican independence. Perhaps he believed that an independent Mexico would open Texas to larger numbers of American settlers who could help the United States validate its claim that Texas was included within the Louisiana Purchase. The secretary of state also thought that removing the Spanish government from power would allow the United States to establishing a prosperous trading monopoly in Central America. While Monroe did not want to accept Gutiérrez’s terms, he still realized the benefits of supporting the revolutionary’s cause.

On December 17, 1811, the two men met for the final time, and Monroe insisted that if the United States declared war on Great Britain, the government would place an army of 50,000 soldiers in Mexico to help the independence movement. Gutiérrez profusely thanked Monroe, and he asked the secretary of state to confirm his offer in writing. Monroe said that he would consult his superiors and submit a reply.

Following the meeting, American officials in Washington urged Gutiérrez to return to Mexico “with all possible diligence.” They feared that if Gutiérrez remained on the Texas-Louisiana border, he might encounter foreign agents and accept a proposal detrimental to the interests of the United States. On December 31, 1811, John Graham, chief clerk of the State Department, furnished Gutiérrez with two hundred dollars along with a letter of introduction to Governor W. C. C. Claiborne. In the introduction, Graham requested Claiborne to provide Gutiérrez with funds to facilitate his transportation from New Orleans to the Louisiana border. Taking his leave of Washington early in
January, Gutiérrez sailed for Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia, Gutiérrez met with Jose Alvarez de Toledo y Dubois, who had recently fled Spain because of his revolutionary views. Originally, Toledo came to the United States to enlist the support of James Monroe for a revolutionary movement to establish independent Spanish colonies in the Caribbean. During their meeting, the revolutionary informed Monroe that the Spanish parliament would acquiesce to the British seizure of Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Puerto Rico. Believing that Toledo could lead a revolutionary movement that would undermine British efforts to gain control of the Caribbean islands, Monroe furnished him with money to venture to Cuba and a letter of introduction to William Shaler, United States Special Agent, then supposedly in Cuba.

After meeting Gutiérrez, Toledo's plans changed. Instead of leaving for their respective destinations, the two remained in Philadelphia to develop plans for a revolutionary movement in the Mexican provinces. The two men agreed that Toledo would remain in the United States and protect the interests of the revolutionary cause, while Gutiérrez would travel to the Louisiana frontier and organize an invasion army for Texas. On February 19, 1812, Gutiérrez departed Philadelphia for Louisiana. When he arrived in New Orleans, Gutiérrez presented his letter of introduction to Governor Claiborne. Claiborne did not know "the degree of countenance to show him" because a corresponding letter from Monroe had not arrived in New Orleans. Even so, Claiborne decided to have Gutiérrez's return to Mexico "be expedited," and he personally introduced him to William Shaler, who had returned from Cuba and recently been appointed United States Commercial Agent to Mexico. Claiborne instructed Shaler to pay for Gutiérrez's passage to Natchitoches because without funds Gutiérrez would become "the victim of numerous foreign and domestic intriguers in New Orleans."

Gutiérrez impressed Shaler not only because had he had met with Monroe, but he also carried a letter of introduction from Graham. Unwilling to let foreign intrigues influence the Mexican revolutionary, Shaler convinced Gutiérrez to share quarters with him as they awaited a barge to take them to Natchitoches. The American agent's concerns were soon eased when he learned that Gutiérrez "will listen to no proposals whatever without my approbation."

As a commercial agent to Mexico, Shaler's commission served a dual purpose. Not only did it allow the American to obtain information about the independence movement and report it to the secretary of state, but it also permitted him to influence the direction of any war for independence. Shaler could also cooperate with and provide monetary support for Mexican revolutionaries that he encountered along his journey to Natchitoches. In addition, Shaler could help organize a provisional government after the defeat of the Royalist Spanish regime in the provinces. Although it is difficult to surmise the exact nature of Shaler's mission, the American agent provided Monroe with a full account of his activities along the Louisiana-Texas frontier for almost a
year. If Monroe disproved of Shaler’s activities, he never indicated so in writing.\textsuperscript{12}

On March 23, 1812, Shaler informed Monroe that he would accompany Gutiérrez to Natchitoches. Monroe probably expressed enthusiasm over the American agent’s efforts because he saw Shaler as an individual who could convince Gutiérrez to relinquish Texas to the United States. Should Gutiérrez decide not to adhere to Monroe’s plan at least Shaler’s mission might weaken Spanish control over the region.\textsuperscript{13}

During the spring of 1812, Gutiérrez began recruiting volunteers to participate in the liberation of Mexico and the United States prepared for war with Great Britain. With the onset of the War of 1812, some Americans believed that Spain would enter the conflict on behalf of Great Britain. Those residing in the South viewed war with Spain as an opportunity to expand American territory by invading Spanish provinces and establishing independent governments. These individuals also thought that they would receive territory and commercial wealth for their efforts to liberate Mexico. Once Gutiérrez arrived in Natchitoches, a number of frontiersmen volunteered for the expedition because they considered it a way of realizing their ambitions.\textsuperscript{14}

In April 1812, Gutiérrez renewed communications with the United States. He wrote John Graham explaining that several individuals from Texas had said that the people of northern Mexico were prepared to rise up against the Spanish government. But these rebels would not act unless they knew that American support would be forthcoming. In addition, Gutiérrez mentioned that once he arrived on the Texas-Louisiana frontier he would join the rebels in their efforts. Graham most likely sent the letter on to Monroe.\textsuperscript{15}

Little doubt exists about Monroe’s knowledge of Gutiérrez’s efforts to assemble an expeditionary force to liberate Mexico, because Shaler wrote to Monroe explaining the situation in Natchitoches. According to Shaler, Gutiérrez had prepared an expeditionary force comprised of North Americans, Mexicans, and Indians to liberate Mexico from Spanish tyranny. Shaler urged Monroe that “if such speculations were inconsistent with the views and policy of the United States, the time had come to take measures to prevent the actuality of these schemes.” Shaler’s letter reaffirms the likelihood that Monroe supported this filibustering expedition. Had he disapproved of the American agent’s activities, Monroe would have sent a condemning reply to Shaler.\textsuperscript{16}

During the summer of 1812, Gutiérrez recruited men for his expedition by offering them a salary of forty dollars a month and one league of land. To attract volunteers from the interior Spanish provinces, Gutiérrez distributed broadsides in northern Texas, which he believed would serve a twofold purpose: they would not only inform the inhabitants of Texas about the coming invasion, but they would also prompt individuals to join in the uprising. Meanwhile, Shaler continued sending reports to Monroe about the organization of the expedition.\textsuperscript{17}

One of the individuals that Gutiérrez convinced to join the revolutionary cause was Augustus Magee, an army lieutenant who had been stationed in
Natchitoches to suppress the numerous bandits and rebels engaged in illegal commerce in the Neutral Ground. Unable to receive a promotion in the army, Magee developed an interest in the events that transpired along Louisiana-Texas border. When Gutiérrez offered to place him in command of the Republican Army of the North, the lieutenant saw the value of such an opportunity, resigned his commission, and accepted the proposal.

In July 1812, Shaler informed Monroe that the expeditionary force planned to depart for the Sabine River within ten days. Shaler expressed confidence in the strength of the expedition, noting that all of the troops at Fort Claiborne could not stop the army from crossing into Texas. In addition, Shaler assured Monroe that the army would achieve success beyond the Louisiana-Texas border because rumors from the interior Spanish provinces reported that Mexican troops stationed at Bexar and Nacogdoches planned to offer no resistance to the incoming soldiers. Shaler concluded by remarking, "I have acted entirely according to my own conceptions of what may be his [President James Madison's] wishes." Here again Monroe had a chance to reprimand Shaler for his actions, but the secretary of state did not.

On August 7, 1812, the Republican Army of the North crossed into Spanish Texas and marched toward Nacogdoches. When Bernardino Montero, the commander of the Spanish troops at Nacogdoches, learned of the advancing army, he attempted to rally the local inhabitants against the invaders, but not a single citizen answered the commander's call to arms. Fearing for their lives, Montero and ten of his subordinates fled the city, seeking refuge at Bexar. When the soldiers of the Republican Army of the North marched into Nacogdoches, they encountered no opposition from the locals.

Following the capture of Nacogdoches, Governor Claiborne of Louisiana condemned those citizens who had participated in the filibustering expedition. He referred to a 1794 congressional act announcing that any individual engaged in military activities against any territory at peace with the United States would be subject to misdemeanor charges. In addition, the governor instructed civil and military officials in Natchitoches to act against any individual engaged in the expedition. Claiborne's official protest against the filibustering expedition appears to indicate that the United States did not support the Magee-Gutiérrez raid. Secretary of State Monroe, perhaps realizing that Spain might construe an invasion of Texas as an act of war, even authorized the governor to make the proclamation. But Claiborne did not wish to stop the invasion of Texas, merely to appease Spanish officials. The governor issued his decree three days after the Republican Army of the North departed from Natchitoches.

While Claiborne condemned the filibustering expedition, Shaler expressed great enthusiasm about the Republican Army's conquest of Nacogdoches. Shaler informed Monroe that he believed the army would seize the Texas capital within a month. Furthermore, he described how the expeditionary force had grown to five hundred men because of the constant arrival of individuals from Natchez and other surrounding towns. Shaler's letter gave the
impression that Spanish forces would offer no resistance to the advancing army.  

Leaving Nacogdoches secured, the Republican Army of the North seized Trinidad, and three small canons. With the addition of these artillery pieces to their odd assortment of arms, Magee ordered the men to move towards San Antonio. They marched across central Texas, encountering little opposition from the local inhabitants, but had to stop at the Brazos River because of high water. As the soldiers made arrangements to cross the river, Magee captured a Spanish spy who reported that Spanish forces planned to ambush the army as it crossed the Guadalupe River. Furthermore, the spy revealed that only a small Spanish force protected La Bahia. This information prompted Magee to move against La Bahia.  

As the Republican Army of the North continued its march across Texas, Gutiérrez sent Shaler a note explaining his desire that the United States take possession of Texas in return for sending a military force into the interior provinces of Mexico. Shaler forwarded this proposal to Monroe but did not receive any notification as to whether the government would accept these terms.  

Meanwhile, Monroe attempted to distance himself from the filibustering expedition by sending Dr. John Hamilton Robinson to Chihuahua to meet with Don Nemesio Salcedo y Salcedo, Commandant-General of the Interior Provinces. The secretary of state instructed Robinson to inform the Mexican general that the United States government had condemned the recent activities in the Neutral Grounds. Furthermore, Monroe authorized Robinson to confer with Don Nemesio in an effort to suppress the filibustering expedition. While the nature of Robinson’s mission appeared to counteract Monroe’s support of the filibuster, Robinson most likely traveled to Mexico as a way of convincing the Spanish officials that the United States still respected Spanish neutrality.  

As Monroe tried to preserve peace between Spain and the United States, Shaler continued to praise the success of the Magee-Gutiérrez expedition. He explained how “the volunteer expedition from the most insignificant beginning is growing into an irresistible torrent that will sweep the crazy remains of Spanish Government from the internal provinces.” He truly believed that the army would open Mexico “to the political influence of the United States and to the talents and enterprise of our citizens.” While Shaler thought that Spanish officials would not be able to withstand the continued onslaught of the Republican Army, he did posit that British intervention could pose a serious threat to the expeditionary force. Publicly, it appeared that Monroe disapproved of the filibustering activities along the Louisiana-Texas border, but Shaler’s letters continually reinforced Monroe’s support, even if tacit in nature, for the Mexican independence movement.  

As the Republican Army approached La Bahia during the winter, the Spanish garrison fled. The soldiers captured the city without any resistance, but they could not savor their victory. A larger Royalist Army commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Simon de Herrera quickly attacked La Bahia. The Royalist
Army outnumbered Magee's forces, but the Republican Army thwarted Herrera's attempt to take the city. Even though the Republican Army drove the Spaniards back, Herrera laid siege to the city for the next four months.

Then in early February Augustus Magee died, leaving Major Samuel Kemper to command the Republican Army. Some soldiers noted that their commander had committed suicide while others speculated that he was murdered. While Magee's death lowered the morale among the American soldiers, news of reinforcements from Nacogdoches lifted their spirits; their morale continued to rise when they learned that Herrera had lifted his siege of the city and retreated toward Bexar. On February 16, 1813, Kemper ordered the army to march toward San Antonio.

During the Republican Army's march to San Antonio, deserters from the Spanish Royalist Army, along with Lipans and Tonkawas, joined the expedition. When Kemper's forces approached the Texas capital they encountered Herrera's forces at Salado Creek on March 29. The Battle of Salado represented a devastating defeat for the Royalist Army. Following the battle, Kemper ordered the men to continue toward San Antonio. By April 1, the Republican Army had surrounded San Antonio, and the following day Governor Manuel Salcedo agreed to surrender. When Shaler learned of the Republican Army's victory, he wrote to Monroe and described how the army had captured the city. His letter implied that, with the Texas capital in the possession of an army comprised mainly of American soldiers, the United States could easily annex Texas.

Monroe probably believed that the United States could capitalize upon Kemper's capture of San Antonio, but events in Texas proved detrimental to American interests. After the occupation of San Antonio, Gutiérrez declared himself governor of the state of Texas. As one of his first acts, Gutiérrez ordered that Herrera and Salcedo be executed. The American members of his force expressed outrage. On May 14, 1812, Shaler wrote to Monroe and explained that these actions caused him to question Gutiérrez' character. Furthermore, he feared that the Mexican revolutionary would become corrupt and unmanageable if he assumed "uncontrollable power."

Meanwhile, Gutiérrez had drafted a constitution for the State of Texas that revealed he had no intention of relinquishing his claim to power. Shaler noted to Monroe in May 1813 that Article One of the constitution proclaimed that the State of Texas formed "a part of the Mexican Republic, to which it remains inviolably joined." The constitution removed any doubts as to whether Gutiérrez believed that Texas had been included in the Louisiana Purchase. Monroe may have previously believed that, under Shaler's supervision, Gutiérrez could be convinced to surrender Texas to the United States. He now doubted that such was the case.

Jose Alvarez de Toledo y Dubois, in the meantime, arrived in Natchitoches on April 4, 1813, after his plan to liberate Cuba and Santo Domingo had come to naught. Toledo had decided to join his more successful compatriot in Texas and met with Shaler to discuss his role in the movement.
Shaler suggested that he replace Gutiérrez as the commander of the Republican Army of the North, believing that placing Toledo in charge of the army would benefit American interests. Shaler wrote to Monroe, explaining his desire to have Toledo assume command of the army. The American agent concluded by asking for Monroe’s approval, but never received a reply.32

On July 20, 1813, Shaler ventured to Nacogdoches to monitor the activities in Texas. As he journeyed across the Texas frontier, he finally received a dispatch from Monroe informing him that he should “not interfere in the affairs of those provinces, or to encourage any armaments of any kind against the existing government.” Monroe maintained “the United States being at peace with Spain wished to preserve that relation with whatever government may exist.” The secretary of state ordered Shaler to return to Natchitoches until he received further instructions from the federal government. In conclusion, Monroe stated, “This is the spirit of the instructions given you at the commencement of your service, and they have never since been altered.” While Shaler had been sending the secretary of state information about events for almost eighteen months, this letter marked the first reply indicating Monroe’s disapproval.33

What changed Monroe’s mind? Did he realize that the filibuster no longer served national interests following Gutiérrez’s usurpation of power? The Texas Constitution, which demonstrated that Gutiérrez would not relinquish Texas to the United States, coupled with the possibility that Spain might join with England in the war, could have convinced Monroe to terminate his connection with the expeditionary force. If Monroe had any involvement with the Magee-Gutiérrez expedition, his letter of June 5, 1813, severed any relations once and for all.34

Although Monroe never made any official statement supporting the Magee-Gutiérrez expedition, evidence demonstrates that the secretary of state played an important role in the filibustering activities along the Louisiana-Texas border. Even before the Republican Army of the North invaded Texas, Monroe supported other filibustering activities. For example, Monroe encouraged the annexation of West Florida by the United States after eighty Americans rebels conquered Spanish Baton Rouge. Additionally, Monroe earlier encouraged George Mathews to establish an independent territory in East Florida. During the Patriot Rebellion, Mathews claimed that he had orders from Monroe that gave him the authority to seize East Florida. As Mathews’s forces prepared to launch an assault against St. Augustine, Monroe wrote Mathews explaining that he had exceeded his orders. Monroe probably reprimanded Mathews for his actions because he did not want to provoke a conflict with Spain as the United States waged war against England. Furthermore, the secretary of state defended General James Wilkinson’s conquest of Mobile in the spring of 1813. Monroe justified the capture of Mobile as a precautionary measure aimed at preventing the British from taking the region. Following the War of 1812, the United States did not relinquish Mobile to Spanish officials, but rather incorporated the area into the Mississippi Territory. Monroe never
discussed his views of the Magee-Gutiérrez expedition in writing, but his involvement in previous filibustering activities during the nineteenth century indicates that he supported the events in Texas.\textsuperscript{35}

Aside from Monroe's involvement in earlier filibustering activities, Shaler's communications with the secretary of state demonstrate that Monroe played an important role in the Magee-Gutiérrez expedition. During the course of the filibuster, Shaler constantly informed Monroe about the events that transpired in Texas. If Monroe had disproved of Shaler's activities, he would have sent him a condemning reply. Furthermore, Monroe did not reprimand the American agent until nearly eighteen months after Shaler sent his initial letter to the secretary of state. Therefore, Monroe's unspoken words served as an endorsement of the Magee-Gutiérrez filibuster in Texas.

\begin{notes}
\textsuperscript{35}Notes for a dispatch from Gutierrez to the Commander in Chief, enclosure in Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, June 12, in Dispatches from Special Agents of the Department of State, State Department Manuscripts, Microfilm Publication M-37, reel 2, National Archives, Washington D.C. (hereafter cited as Shaler Papers); West, ed., "Diary of Jose Bernardo Gutiérrez de Lara," p. 77.
\end{notes}


13Shaler to Monroe, New Orleans, March 23, 1812, Shaler Papers; Garrett, Green Flag Over Texas, pp. 105-106.

14Julius W. Pratt, Expansionists of 1812 (Gloucester, Mass., 1957), pp. 120-124.

15Gutiérrez to Graham, Natchitoches, April 28, 1812, Mexico Filibustering Expeditions; Garrett, Green Flag Over Texas, pp. 111-112.

16Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, May 2, 1812; Shaler to Monroe, May 22, 1812, Shaler Papers.


19Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, July 12, 1812, Shaler Papers.


22Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, August 18, 1812, Shaler Papers; Warren, The Sword Was Their Passport, pp. 35-36.


24Gutiérrez to Shaler, La Bahia, November 25, 1812, enclosure in Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, December 25, 1812; Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, November 29, 1812, Shaler Papers.

25Monroe to Robinson, Department of State, July 1, 1812, Mexico Filibustering Expeditions; Owsley, Jr. and Smith, Filibusters and Expansionists, pp. 46-47.

26Shaler to Monroe, Natchitoches, October 5, 1812, Shaler Papers; Gronet, "The United States and the Invasion of Texas," p. 284; Warren, The Sword Was Their Passport, p. 36.


The 2006 Fall meeting of the East Texas Historical Association set a new attendance record for the organization, as members old and new gathered in Nacogdoches on September 21, 22, and 23 to hear presentations from nearly fifty individuals. More than 220 persons registered for the meeting and enjoyed topical sessions ranging from Native Texans to Oilfield Schools to LBJ and Sam Rayburn. Thursday afternoon’s plenary session, dedicated to remembering the life and career of Texas historian Barry Crouch, drew an enthusiastic crowd and featured reminiscences from personal friends and professional colleagues alike. All in attendance agreed that Barry had been one of a kind, a dedicated and demanding scholar who upheld the highest standards of the profession. He has been, and will continue to be, missed by those he left behind.

The Lale Lecture on Thursday evening featured Jeff Guinn, former books editor and senior writer for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram and award-winning author of numerous books. Guinn delivered an address titled “Christmas in America,” which traced the evolution of the holiday mythology from its Old World origins through its American incarnations and the commercial qualities it currently possesses. The audience of approximately 600 remained enthralled by the story throughout, and many will no doubt bring a new perspective to the annual celebration most anticipated by the young and the young-at-heart each December.

On Friday, September 22, outgoing ETHA president R.G. Dean delivered his Presidential Address to a banquet audience of nearly 100 persons. Dr. Dean, a mathematician by training but an avid historian and folklorist at heart, spoke about a legend in the history of mathematics, Dr. R.L. Moore of the University of Texas at Austin. Saturday’s traditional closing luncheon featured Bill Crawford of Austin and a lively account of the preachers, peddlers, hucksters, and hillbillies who populated the airwaves of the “border blasters,” the radio stations that boomed their signals into the United States from across the Mexican border during the middle of the twentieth century. Crawford’s book, Border Radio, co-authored with Gene Fowler, was published by the University of Texas Press more than twenty years ago. It is now available in a revised edition, and remains one of the hidden jewels of Texas history scholarship.

Also at the Saturday luncheon the Association presented awards for publishing, scholarship, and teaching. The C.K. Chamberlain Award for the best article published in the East Texas Historical Journal during the previous year went to Mary L. Wilson for her article titled “Profiles in Evasion: Civil War Substitutes and the Men Who Hired Them in Walker’s Texas Division,” published in the Spring 2005 issue. The Ottis Lock award for best book published in the past year about East Texas history was awarded to Charles H. Russell for Undaunted: A Norwegian Woman in Frontier Texas, published Texas A&M University Press. Lock research awards went to Linda Hudson, Susannah
Bruce, and Kenneth Hendrickson, Jr., and Jeffrey Owens of Tyler Junior College was named the Lock Educator of the Year.

Dr. Linda Hudson, distinguished teacher and author of Texas history, was honored as a Fellow of the East Texas Historical Association at the Saturday luncheon as well. Dr. Hudson has taught at East Texas Baptist University and Panola Junior College and is the author of *Mistress of Manifest Destiny*, which won the T.R. Fehrenbach Award from the Texas Historical Commission in 2001. Dr. Hudson joins an exclusive group comprised of twenty-three other ETHA Fellows, all of whom have contributed important scholarly publications on the history of East Texas. And finally, James Wilkins of Tyler was presented with the Bob and Doris Bowman Best of East Texas Award, which recognize outstanding achievement in promoting the study of East Texas' history. Mr. Wilkins has been the driving force behind *The Chronicles of Smith County* for many years, and during that time he and the Publications Committee of the Smith County Historical Society have established the benchmark for publications of that type. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Wilkins and to all of the other recipients of ETHA awards this year.

New ETHA officers for 2006-2007 were approved by the membership on Saturday. Dan K. Utley of Austin and the THC was elected president; Beverly Rowe, professor of history at Texarkana College, was elected first vice-president; and Theodore Lawe of Dallas and Emory and the A.C. McMillan African American Museum was elected second vice-president. New members of the Association's Board of Directors are John Oglesbee of San Augustine, Kenneth Howell of Prairie View A&M University, and Caroline Castillo Crimm of Sam Houston State University.

The Center for East Texas Studies at Stephen F. Austin State University received the Mary Faye Barnes Award for Community Service from the Texas Oral History Association in a ceremony held at the East Texas Research Center in the Ralph W. Steen Library at Stephen F. Austin State University on September 21. The award was in recognition of the Center's work on the African American Heritage Project, a cooperative oral history initiative of the university and the community that documents the rich history of African Americans in Nacogdoches. The project remains vital and ongoing, and we anticipate further well-deserved accolades in the future.

Upcoming meetings and conferences dot the Spring calendar this year, as is usually the case. On January 27, 2007, the eighth annual Dallas History Conference will be held at the Hatton W. Summers Courtroom in the Old Red Courthouse on South Houston Street in Dallas. The conference theme is "Dallas Lost and Found," and presentations include "Black Dallas: The Rise and Fall of Jim Crow," by ETHA Board Member Ted Lawe. For more information or registration information, contact Michael V. Hazel at mvhazel@sbcglobal.net.

On February 15-17, 2007, the East Texas Historical Association will meet in Beaumont at the MCM Elegante Hotel and Conference Center. Program information is available at the ETHA web site at http://www.easttexashistori-
On March 8-10, 2007, the Texas State Historical Association meets in San Antonio along the historic San Antonio Riverwalk. Headquarters for the meeting will be the Crowne Plaza Hotel, and more information is available at the TSHA web site at http://www.tsha.utexas.edu.

On March 30-31, 2007, the West Texas Historical Association members will gather in Abilene on the campus of Hardin Simmons University for their eighty-fourth annual meeting and the East Texas Historical Association will furnish a session or two, as has become traditional. Information is at http://swco.ttu.edu/westtexas/

The seventh annual Battle of San Jacinto Symposium will take place on Saturday, April 14, 2007, from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., at the Hilton Hotel and Conference Center on the campus of the University of Houston. The theme of the conference for 2007 is “Contending Factions Within the Texas Revolution,” and speakers include Gary Clayton Anderson, Paula Mitchell Marks, and James E. Crisp, among others. The conference is sponsored by the Friends of the San Jacinto Battleground, whose web site at http://www.friendsofsanjacinto.org contains further information about the event.

September 2007 will find the members of the East Texas Historical Association gathered once again in Nacogdoches. Program chair and Association First Vice President Beverly Rowe is seeking papers and sessions for the event. The ETHA web site (http://www.easttexashistorical.org) contains contact information. The eleventh annual Lale Lecture, which traditionally launches the Fall meeting, will feature historian and architectural restorationist William Seale. Educated at Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, and Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, Seale has spent the past four decades involved in the restoration of historic buildings across the nation, specializing in public buildings. His projects have included buildings at Appomattox Court House, Rosedown Plantation in Louisiana, and state capitol buildings in Alabama, Michigan, and Georgia.

And finally, the East Texas Historical Association has produced the first book in a new series sponsored by Bob and Doris Bowman of Lufkin, both longtime supporters of the Association. War in East Texas: Regulators vs. Moderators, written by Bill O’Neal, tells the story of one of the bloodiest feuds in American history in a dramatic and engaging fashion. Many readers will be familiar with O’Neal’s work from his numerous publications documenting a wide array of historical events from range wars to baseball. War in East Texas is available for $25.00 per copy, hardbound, from the East Texas Historical Association at Box 6223 SFA Station, Nacogdoches, Texas, 75962.
BOOK NOTES

By Archie P. McDonald

Another section of the Journal presents book reviews signed by the scholar and specialists who prepared them. Book Notes is prepared by the editor as a way to give notice of additional to more publications than can be covered in the Review section. Notices reflect the personal opinions and reactions of the editor only.

Publicity for the William P. Clements Lecture on recent Texas politics which I presented February 22, 2006, on the campus of Texas A&M University, brought a telephone call from Jack Crichton, Republican candidate for governor of Texas in 1964. Mr. Crichton sent a copy of his account of that race, and other aspects of Texas politics titled The Republican-Democrat Political Campaigns in Texas in 1964 (Author House, 2004). Crichton took a degree in engineering from Texas A&M and became active in the University’s association of former students. He was asked to bear the Republican standard against Governor John B. Connally, who was seeking reelection. Crichton relates his activities in Dallas on the day Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated President John F. Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally. Crichton believes that Connally’s wounding and recovery made him invulnerable to any challenge. Several chapters relate Crichton’s experiences in the Republican primary, the party’s state and national conventions, and campaigning with Barry Goldwater and George H.W. Bush, Republican nominees for president and U.S. senator. All three lost, but Crichton believes that they played a pivotal role in moving Texas from a Democratic one-party state to what he calls a two-party state. Actually, Texas is once again one-party; all statewide officers and a majority of the legislative and judicial branches are Republicans.

Hellcats: The 12th Armored Division In World War II (State House Press, McMurry University Box 637, Abilene, TX 79697, $16.95), by John C. Ferguson, is just what the title promises. Ferguson begins his story with the organization and activation of the division, shifts to their primary state-side training at Camp Barkeley near Abilene, then follows it across the Atlantic aboard troop transports to holding facilities in England before they crossed the English Channel to join the struggle against Germany. The 12th joined the 7th Army in southern France. It fared poorly in its initial engagements with the German army but in the process became a battle-hardened unit that captured thousands of enemy soldiers and occupied significant portions of southern Germany in the final days of the war. Ferguson’s narrative is enlivened with scores of illustrations and sidebars. These include photos and biographical sketches of all the 12th’s commanders, but the preponderance depict GIs doing what GIs did during World War II training and deployment. The volume concludes with several appendices, including a list of 870 soldiers of the 12th who lost their lives.

We have been noting these collections for nearly two decades; the creativity of political satirists never ceases to amaze me. This edition begins with award-winning cartoons for 2005, then is spread across such topics as the Bush Administration, Iraq/Terrorism, Natural Disasters, Media/Entertainment, Congress, The Economy, Government, Health/Education, Sports, Space/Air Travel, Foreign Affairs, Politics, Society, Canada ... and Other Issues. These observations: first, one might wonder at placement with categories, since President George W. Bush and Hurricane Katrina fit so many of them; second, Bush and Katrina made the most news and thus were featured in the most editorial cartoons in 2005 third, only one cartoon was even half way positive for the president — many migrated beyond criticism all the way to disdain, even more so, if memory serves, than for our philandering president from Arkansas in 1999; and finally, even if you categorize some cartoons as Health or Society, really they all are about politics. This is a good way to see what concerned folks in 2005, so the historical value of this collection will survive long after its charm as current commentary has faded.

Before Pepsi and 7-UP, the world was divided into two groups: Coca-Cola favorers and those who preferred Dr Pepper. “Coke” was the pride of Georgia, Dr Pepper of Texas, because Sam Houston Prim’s first bottling plant for his elixir was located in the Central Texas community of Dublin. Coke is a bit older, though Dr Pepper has been available for more than a century. We were assured that Coke refreshed us but a Dr Pepper at “10, 2, and 4,” meaning 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 and 4:00 p.m., assured us of health, wealth, and regularity. It does taste like prune juice, so perhaps one of three was the surest bet. Dr Pepper began in Texas but is now global. The old plant, yet functional, now serves as a living museum, so it was inevitable that someone — in the event Karen Wright, Dublin civic leader, founder of the Dublin Citizen, and director of Old Doc’s Soda Shop and Dr Pepper Museum — would write a history of the impact of Dr Pepper upon our world. State House Press (McMurry Station, Box 637, Abilene, TX 79697-0637, $16.95) published The Road To Dr Pepper, Texas: The Story of Dublin Dr Pepper, and the Texas A&M University Press Consortium distributes it for them. The narrative is good, the pictures great, but Fort Sumter is in South Carolina, not North Carolina, though that will not matter to Dr Pepper aficionados. For them, the contents of the bottle is all that counts.

In a recent issue of the Journal we reviewed Sarah Ragland Jackson’s biography Texas Woman of Letters. Karle Wilson Baker (Texas A&M University Press, 2005). Jackson has now edited The Birds of Tanglewood, a collection of essays written by Baker and illustrated by her daughter, Charlotte Baker Montgomery, who herself became a Peabody Award winning author of juvenile literature. Texas A&M University Press, 4354 TAMU, College Station, TX 77843-4354, $16.95, also published this collection. Jackson had access to Baker’s surviving papers while researching her biography. These essays illustrate Baker’s writing ability and also provide an excellent path to understanding her understanding of and affection for the natural world that
surrounded her small-city residences, first Tanglewood and then West Windows, her homes in Nacogdoches. The Yale Review published some of the essays, but P.L. Turner and the Southwest Press republished them in a volume in 1930, so this is at least the third printing for some of this material. But the reading audience is new and the text never grows old for those who appreciate birds and birders. Jackson’s introduction and explanation of Montgomery’s illustrations are exactly what one would expect of this excellent scholar.

“Our State Fair is the Best State Fair....” begins the title song of “State Fair,” an early Broadway musical written by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Arthur Grace thinks all state fairs are wonderful, and evidence of his wonder is presented in State Fair (University of Texas Press, Box 7819, Austin, TX 78713-7819, $34.95). Grace presented 119 photographs that capture scenes at nearly a dozen such events, mostly in Colorado, Kansas, Minnesota, Indiana, and Florida. Nine come from the State Fair of Texas. If people are involved, mostly they are the wholesome, middle-America types one expects to find around midways and ag exhibition barns. Not much about Texas here.

On the other hand, Pride of Place: A Contemporary Anthology of Texas Nature Writing, edited by David Taylor (University of North Texas Press, Box 311336, Denton, TX 76203-1336, $16.95), is ALL about Texas, especially what these writers regard as the REAL Texas, the natural one. Taylor begins with Roy Bedichek’s “Still Water,” from Adventures with a Texas Naturalist, in acknowledgement of Bedichek’s grampa role of the genre. One would expect to find John Graves and Pete Gunter included, and they are — along with Carol Cullare, Barbara “Barney” Nelson, Joe Nick Patoski, Gary Clark, Marian Haddad, Wyman Meinzer, Ray Gonzales, Naomi Shihab Nye, Gerald Thurman, and Stephen Harrigan. Taylor also contributes a chapter. Only one photo for each essay this time; the words provide the pictures.

Gary B. Borders, A Hanging In Nacogdoches: Murder, Race, Politics, and Polemics in Texas’s Oldest Town, 1870-1916 (University of Texas Press, P.O. Box 7819, Austin, TX 78713, $19.95), tells its tale in the title. UT Press editors quoted this reporter on the back blurb thusly: “The contribution of A Hanging In Nacogdoches is not limited to that city, East Texas, or even the state.... The purpose of the author’s presentation is to s how how life — race relations, politics, the economy — in a typical ... Southern town that the transition from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. Borders argues, and demonstrates, that Nacogdoches was, indeed, typical for its time and place. I have not idea when superfluities the ellipses represent, but I stand by the statement. It turns out that Gary is an excellent historian as well as newspaperman.

Mary Margaret McAllen Amberson, A Brave Boy & A Good Soldier: John C.C. Hill & The Texas Expedition to Mier (Texas State Historical Association, 1 University Station D0901, The University of Texas at Austin, Austin, TX 78712-0332, $24.95), tells the story of a youngster captured along with the rest of William Fisher’s Mier Expedition command in Mexico in 1842. Because of his callow years, Hill won the affection of all Mexican offi-
cials, including Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. Hill's association with Mexico continued for the remainder of his life. My jacket blurb on this one says "John C.C. Hill went away to war in Mexico in 1842, accompanied by his father and brother on the Mier Expedition." No one could have imagined the rest of Hill's story; first a prisoner, adopted by General Pedro de Ampudia and no less a personage than President Santa Anna himself, and then Hill adopted Mexico as his new home. His story reminds us that the twists and turns of history are not only unpredictable, sometimes they are just plain hard to believe, even when true! I don't know why I used the exclamation point, but reconfirm that the story is a good one. It shows a social side to the Mexican president inheritors of the Alamo tradition struggle to comprehend.

Glenn Droomgoole, director of State House Press, likes unconventional books; unconventional as topic and physical size. Take Joe W. Specht's *The Women There Don't Treat You Mean: Abilene in Song* (State House Press, McMurry University, Box 67, Abilene, TX 79697, $14.95), for example, which is about six inches square. The topic is obvious: this is a review of every song in which the word "Abilene" is mentioned, and there are far more than I imagined, though I must confess I never heard of most of them or the artists who wrote/performed them. I do recall George Hamilton IV and Gary P. Nunn, but I've yet to make the acquaintance of the rockers and rappers and folkers and others included. Apparently most songwriters use "Abilene" in the lyrics because it rhymes so easily with other words. Most never with the city, and may have had Abilene, Kansas, in mind anyway, but, says Specht, most people think the place involved is Abilene, Texas. Good illustrations, interesting text, lotsa footnotes. This one is on the square.

*Zachary Scott: Hollywood's Sophisticated Cad,* by Ronald L. Davis (University Press of Mississippi, 3825 Ridgewood Rd, Jackson, MS 39211-6492, $30), is a biography of a Texas-born stage and movie actor who never quite reached complete stardom in an industry and a time when "movie star" represented the apex of popular culture. Zack Scott—his real name—grew up in Austin privileged, even in the Depression days. Both parents came from wealthy backgrounds and Scott's father became a prominent surgeon and tuberculosis specialist. Scott studied theatre in England and New York, toiled in bit parts and summer stock, and eventually became a headliner in Broadway productions and at least second lead in major productions in Hollywood. The role of "sophisticated cad," which he played in "Mildred Pierce" opposite Joan Crawford, stuck with him with in similar parts thereafter. I remember seeing Scott in numerous films, mostly because I remember his baritone voice. Even Scott's voice had a sneer in it.

World War II continues to attract writers as its participants dwindle. One of them, James M. Davis, contributed *In Hostile Skies: An American B-24 Pilot In World War II* (University of North Texas Press, P.O. Box 311336, Denton, TX 76203-1336, $27.95). With editor David L Snead, Davis wrote about his own experiences flying missions in Operations Cobra and Market Garden as part of the Eighth Air Force based in England, when he personally
carried the war to over twenty cities in Germany in 1944. Davis served in the Air Corps during WWII and in the Air Forces Reserves until 1961, and as of this writing continues to live in retirement in Midland.

In *The Ghosts of Iwo Jima* (Texas A&M University Press, 4354 TAMU, College Station, TX 77843-4354, $29.95), Robert S. Burrell questions the judgment of American leaders in their decision to conquer Japanese forces on Iwo Jima in February 1945. Capturing the island cost the lives of over 28,000 American service personnel, mostly U.S. Marines. Burrell claims the U.S. fighter aircraft stationed on the island were not productive or necessary for the conquest of Japan. The author does not disparage the Marines in any way, and says that Joe Rosenthal's photo of Marines raising Old Glory at Mount Suribachi produced respect, even reverence, for the Corps not previously. Rosenthal's picture, I believe, is the most recognized image from the war.

James J. Kimble's *Mobilizing The Home Front: War Bonds and Domestic Propaganda* (Texas A&M University Press, 4354 TAMU, College Station, TX 77843-4354, $35), takes a scholarly look at the government’s eight war-time bond drives that raised over $185 billion to help finance the war, encourage patriotism, keep down inflation by reducing available funds for discretionary spending, the use of popular culture personalities to encourage bond sales, and especially the “propaganda” impact of the campaigns and the bonds themselves. Let us remember that is not automatically a pejorative term. It IS what government wants you to believe, but what the government wants you to believe may be true. Well, maybe it usually isn’t, but it could be if we had better governors.

Recent politics also spawns new publications. *Three’s A Crowd: The Dynamic of Third Parties, Ross Perot, and Republican Resurgence*, by Ronald B. Rapoport and Walter J. Stone (The University of Michigan Press, 839 Greene St, Ann Arbor, MI 48104-3209, $29.95), is what its author’s call the “Perot book,” or a examination of what I would call the insurgency and its impact on the presidential election in 1992. Was it “the economy, stupid,” as touted, or likely George H.W. Bush defecting to the nasal-voiced mighty midget whose millions muscled in traditional Republican support that allowed that skirt chaser from the Ozarks to interrupt the GOP’s strangle hold on the White House? I like the narrative sections but am too old to care much for the quantitative tables. This is modern political science at its best, surely. What impresses me is the funny way third-party ideas usually end up as major-party programs, but not this time. Wonder why?

*Money, Power & Elections: How Campaign Finance Reform Subverts American Democracy*, by Rodney A. Smith (Louisiana State University Press, Box 25053, Baton Rouge, LA 70894-5053, $29.95), takes us back to Watergate, big bucks, and Deep Throat’s “follow the money” dictum. Money is the sinew of politics. The want of it drives incumbents mercilessly through terms of office because they must raise the money to attract the votes that elects them to office and the influence of the office raises money to attract the votes... So we reform, and that changes the way candidates seek the money to
attract... etc., but, somehow, the beat goes on. And on. This cycles, episodes usually provoked by scandal, and the latest reform fixes the former scandal’s causes but not those of the next one. More charts, grafts, and such, testifying to scholarship and analysis.

The Rhetorical Presidency of George H.W. Bush, edited by Martin J. Medhurst (Texas A&M University Press, 4354 TAMU, College Station, TX 77843-4354. $40), contains articles by Medhurst, Catherine L. Langford, William Forest Harlow, Rachel Martin Harlow, Roy Joseph, Holly G. McIntush, Martin Carcasson, Amy Tillton Jones, and Wynton C. Hall that analyze President Bush’s public utterances regarding policy during his administration. Most of us, they say, remember only “Read my lips: No New Taxes!”, “a kinder, gentler America,” and “a thousand points of light,” all part his acceptance of the Republican nomination at the party’s convention in the summer of 1988. What I remember is Bush beginning sentences somewhere in their middles and assuming listeners had intuited the presumption, which often was not the case. Medhurst, et. al., confirm that Bush could speak well, hold an audience’s attention, be funny in a self-deprecating way, but that he failed to utilize those skills appropriately to retain support among votes for his philosophy of governing.

Michael J. Vaughn, Cream Peas – Already Shelled: Traditional Cooking of East Texas and the Rural South (Tidewater Publishing, Box 2130, Flint, TX 75762, $19.95), was prepared for our specific region. Vaughn lives in Waco now but loves and honors our region’s culture, particularly its foods and methods of preparing them. The introduction is of great interest, its recipes excellent. Unlike most books, however, this really isn’t about the recipes so much as philosophy. It has plenty of “how to” advice, but the author’s/compiler’s views and attitudes are the real focus and interest.

Finally, Flying Circus: Pacific War, 1943, As Seen Through A Bombsight, by Jim Wright (Lyons Press, Box 480, Guilford, CT 06437, $22.95), is a highly personal reminiscence of World War II training and combat by the distinguished former speaker of the United States House of Representatives. Wright grew up in Weatherford, not exactly East Texas, but many East Texans can identify with his patriotism and shared sacrifice to achieve FDR’s “inevitable victory” over the Axis powers. The victory did not seem so inevitable when Wright and millions of other Americans volunteered or were drafted into military service at the beginning of the war, but they made it so. All of the book is enjoyable and worth reading, but I especially liked the Afterword where Wright examines the legacy of the war though such progressive legislation as the G.I. Bill, Medicare, the interstate highway system, and civil and voting rights acts. Those aren’t normally “war book” topics but Wright appropriately connects them to his generation’s hopes and goals. I believe the loss of civility in our Congress so discussed during the last decade really began with Newt Gingrich’s pounding of Speaker Wright. Time Marches On, proclaimed a WWII movie short feature, and Wright, dignity and honor intact, remains a contributing citizen I am proud to know.
Finally, Invisible Texans: Women and Minorities in Texas History (McGraw-Hill, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, $43), edited by Donald Willett and Stephen Curley, is gleaned from lectures presented by scholars of Texas history for Texas A&M University-Galveston since 1989. Humanities Texas has been involved in funding these monthly lectures in Galveston since the beginning. Essays written by Armando Alonzo, Alwyn Barr, Randolph Campbell, John L. Davis, Ronald L. Davis, Arnoldo DeLeon, Earl Elam, Dan Flores, Sylvia Grider, Arnold Krammer, Thomas Kreneck, Paul Lack, Paula Mitchell Marks, Richard Pennington, Merline Pitre, Rebecca Sharpless, Edward Simmen, and Robert Weddle are included. Each deals with a specialty of which that author is THE specialist. An introduction by T.R. Fehrenbach reminds us, "Texas is not only a state of heart and mind but of many hearts and minds...." This describes well what one finds in Invisible Texans -- an eclectic examination of the great variety of Texans written by a group as diverse as are the rest of the Texans; well, maybe these are a little better educated than the average, but they do come in a rainbow of colors and creeds. It is the sum of it that we celebrate.
BOOK REVIEWS


Through his books Battle on the Bay: The Civil War Struggle for Galveston (1998) and Sabine Pass: The Confederacy's Thermopylae (2004), Edward T. Cotham has established himself as the leading authority on Civil War events along the upper Texas Gulf Coast. With his editing of this journal of a United States Marine captured at the Battle of Sabine Pass, Cotham adds to our understanding the events of the Civil War along the entire Gulf Coast.

Henry O. Gusley, author of the journal, was a twenty-four year old native of Pennsylvania who joined the Marines in October 1861. His journal begins with the naval campaign to capture New Orleans in May 1862 and continues through service at Pensacola, the lower Mississippi River, the capture of Galveston, naval activity in the swamps in Louisiana and the blockade of Mobile, and concludes with Gusley's capture by the Texans in the Battle of Sabine Pass. Gusley's journal was found by Confederates on the captured Federal gunboat Clifton and published in installments in the Galveston Tri-Weekly News in the autumn of 1863. As Cotham points out, the Note-Book (as the author called it) contains descriptions of some of the most significant Civil War engagements along the Gulf Coast.

The published text is enhanced by 126 illustrations, many of them sketches by Dr. Daniel D.T. Nestall, acting assistant surgeon on the Clifton. As Cotham points out, "what Gusley preserved in words, Dr. Nestall preserved in his drawings" (p. 3).

In addition to the text and drawings, Cotham provides additional information about Gusley and Nestall, the United State Marine Corps in the Civil War, the United States mortar flotilla, and African Americans and the Navy. Informative footnotes complement the text.

This is an attractive and insightful volume that all students of the Civil War, especially those interested in the campaigns along the Gulf Coast, will want to own. Ed Cotham has made another significant contribution to our understanding of the nation's Civil War.

Ralph A. Wooster
Lamar University

Nelson O. Reynolds was a courageous, resourceful peace officer during the 1870s and 1880s when outlawry and feuding ravaged the Texas frontier. Reynolds enlisted in the reorganized Texas Rangers in 1874. He reached the rank of lieutenant while championing law enforcement during the Mason County War, the Horrell-Higgins Feud, and other turbulent episodes. Reynolds served as city marshal of Lampasas and sheriff of Lampasas County during the 1880s.

The first full-length biography of Reynolds has been written by Chuck Parsons, a noted researcher of nineteenth century Texas Rangers, and Donaly E. Brice, senior research assistant with the Texas State Library and Archives Commission. The book features an excellent collection of photographs, many of them previously unpublished. This thorough account of Texas Ranger N.O. Reynolds will be a handsome addition to any Texas history bookshelf.

Bill O'Neal
Carthage, Texas


Even though this is the story of a West Texas family, it provides a good overview of twentieth-century history that should be welcomed to anyone interested in Texas history in general. Erickson is best known as the author of the Hank the Cowdog series of books.

This story of his family covers the twentieth-century history of the Texas Panhandle south to the Permian Basin. Much of the story is set in the West Texas community of Seminole.

Erickson’s family provides a good example of those hardy souls who came to this forbidding territory and made a go of it. Many did not stay because life was so hard, but Erickson’s forebears were a sturdy lot. Many of the characters in the book are typical of the quiet-spoken, tough, and tenacious Westerners who once stapled Western movies and television programs.

Erickson’s book also includes some of his fascinating personal history and his encounters with famous Texas writers such as J. Evetts Haley and John Graves.

Donald W. Whisenhunt
Western Washington University
(emeritus)

This book identifies the builders, architects, contractors, and jail manufacturers of county jails constructed in the 254 Texas counties from 1840 to 1940. Blackburn visited each county and interviewed local officials or historians and consulted numerous books on local and county history. The fact the author was able to gather this information and put it in a book is certainly a testimony to his determination and a valuable contribution to the Texas historical and architectural communities.

The dust jacket describes the book as a travel guide to Texas jails. To keep the traveler's interest, the book recounts some of the historical highpoints of each county, its citizens, or namesake. To do so the author relied repeatedly on information found in the Handbook of Texas, the Texas Almanac, and Leon Metz's Roadside History of Texas. Consequently these sections of the book add little to the landscape of Texas historical knowledge. In a few instances Blackburn litters that landscape with inaccurate dates, names, and information.

For a reader who is interested primarily in the author's main purpose, that is the history of the jails themselves, the few historical errors will not be important. As a travel guide to Texas jails it is the best available and a worthy addition to a Texana library. It should be read with caution because of the few errors, as a travel guide to the counties. Whether such a travel guide warrants a $39.95 price tag is up to the person seeking guidance.

Tom Crum
Granbury, Texas


Traveling by train early in the 1900s challenged passengers in many ways. Most difficult was the procurement of edible meals that pleased the palette. Fred Harvey often traveled the Santa Fe Railway on business and he recognized the need for good food. He established the Fred Harvey Company to provide gourmet meals to travelers on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway. Harvey hired waitresses of good moral character, whom he tagged Harvey Girls. After weeks of army-style training, the Harvey Girls perfected their skills. More than 100,000 Harvey Girls served food to weary train travelers from 1876 until the mid-1950s.

Author Sheila Wood Foard chronicled a coming-of-age story about a fictional Harvey Girl, Clara Fern Massie, who escaped a verbally and physically abusive father and her hard life on a Missouri farm. Massie epitomized all
young farm girls who dreamed of faraway places with hard-to-pronounce names and where women could speak up, vote, earn money, and live independent lives. According to someone she called Granny, Massie was "born with itchy feet," (p. 26) and the only cure was travel. She ran away from home, lied about her age, and became a Harvey Girl in the great southwest. Massie transformed herself from a "hayseed" farm girl to a responsible, sophisticated young woman who reconciled with her family while assisting her ill sister. She benefited from exposure to multi-cultured travelers from all over the world and from meeting women suffragettes.

While Foard admitted taking liberties with some historical facts in her adventurous tale, she has developed an engaging story of a young woman determined to make it on her own during a time when women had little chance of exercising independence.

Cynthia Devlin
Zavalla, Texas


Art historian Cecilia Steinfeldt’s study of S. Seymour Thomas is the first definitive study of an overlooked Texas artist whose works are displayed in the San Jacinto Monument and the White House. Her beautifully illustrated volume is a tribute to Thomas’ artistic achievements and an attempt to revive interest in his distinguished career.

Seymour Thomas was born in San Augustine, Texas, on August 20, 1868. His artistic promise appeared early when, at the age of eight, his pencil sketch won a blue ribbon at the Texas State Fair. After two other sketches won awards the following year, young Thomas became known as the "Boy Artist of Texas."

Thomas began his formal study of art, after his family moved to San Antonio. A remarkable early painting depicts the Mission San José in meticulous, almost photographic detail. The painting earned its fifteen-year-old artist the attention of art connoisseurs who encouraged him to further his artistic career. No artist at the end of the nineteenth century could hope to succeed without a period of residence in Paris, the metropolis of the art world. In 1888, barely twenty years old, Thomas arrived in a city whose art establishment had been rocked twenty years earlier by the group known as the "Impressionists." The loose brushwork, vivid, unmixed colors, and open-air painting of Monet and his compatriots were the antithesis of the careful, detailed canvases of San Antonio's boy artist. Thomas turned his back on the tumult of the Paris art world and joined the traditionalists at the Académie Julian.

In 1892 Thomas produced a heroically sized and themed painting,
Victime Innocente. The pathos of this depiction of a dying nun and wounded soldier created a sensation when Thomas exhibited it at the Paris Salon. This painting’s success in Paris and at its subsequent exhibition at the Chicago Exposition earned Thomas a commission for his best-known Texas work, a larger-than-life-size equestrian portrait, General Sam Houston at San Jacinto.

Thomas’s success in Paris also enabled him to marry Helen Haskell, a fellow art student from San Francisco. Their marriage and his determination to provide his wife with the luxury she craved led Thomas down the lucrative path of portraiture. Until his death in 1956, Thomas painted prominent businessmen, socialites, and academics for the boardrooms and parlors of America.

Steinfeldt reminds her readers that although successful and internationally known in his lifetime, Thomas has been ignored since his death. Seymour Thomas demonstrated the same flair for capturing a subject’s personality as his better known contemporaries, John Singer Sargent, James McNeill Whistler, and William Merritt Chase. Yet, as a traditional academician, Thomas’ work was more controlled and more disciplined. Overall, Steinfeldt judges that Thomas lacked the “flamboyance of Sargent, the vitality of Chase, and the romantic ambiance of Whistler” (p. 1). Thomas’ importance lies more in his early works of Texana – his evocation of the romance of the old San José Mission and the heroics of Sam Houston – than in his competent portraiture.

Elizabeth Alexander
Texas Wesleyan University

The Mason County “Hoo Doo” War, 1874-1902, David Johnson (University of North Texas Press, P.O. Box 311336, Denton, TX 76203-1336) 2006. Illus. Appendices. Notes. Biblio. Index. P. 332. $27.95. Hardcover.

Historians have given scant attention to the “Hoo Doo” War although it covered a significant area of Texas and flared up and down for over a quarter of a century. Other than brief treatments by C.L. Douglas and C.L. Sonnichsen, there is little in print. David Johnson has presented a full-length study, demonstrating his ability to find a wealth of new information by digging into neglected records. He discusses the many causes of the feud, some originating during the preceding decade. All did not become peaceful following the Civil War: the German population largely had favored the Union; cattle were rustled openly; hostiles raided settlements; and outlaws and fugitives contributed to the lawlessness. Johnson treats these factors objectively. They resulted in the violence, which cost lives as well as reputations. The actions of Sheriff John E. Clark and some Texas Rangers contributed to the continuation of the feud. The animosities existed for decades.

Although aspects of the conflict presented may be controversial, this study is a model of research for those wanting to dig further into violence in Texas on the 1870s and 1880s. The uniqueness of the Mason County War is
that it continued into the twentieth century, long after the open range and gun-toting desperadoes had become anachronisms.

If Johnson intended his work to be a definitive study, he accomplished his goal admirably. Little new will be found on this Texas feud. He has proven that there are still significant contemporary and primary sources available for the historian willing to work to find them.

Chuck Parsons
Luling, Texas


Tom Kayser, president of the Texas League, and David King, who covers sports for the San Antonio Express-News, have collaborated on a book consisting of short pieces - snapshots, one might call them - from the history of one of America's most venerable baseball organizations. Originating in 1888, the Texas League has operated every year since 1902 except for a three-year hiatus during World War II, although its member cities have changed frequently in location and number. Beginning as a Class D league at the bottom of organized professional baseball, the Texas League had become a Class A circuit by the 1920s, two rungs below the major leagues. It has remained at the level - re-designated AA in 1946 - and produced hundreds of future big leaguers and invariably offers a good brand of baseball.

Kayser and King have arranged their book in fifty-eight roughly chronological chapters, none of which is more than six pages long. The chapters span the years from the founding of the league by the ubiquitous baseball promoter Jack McCloskey, to the recent movement up to AAA-level of the hugely successful Round Rock franchise, owned by Nolan Ryan and associates. As a delightful postscript, the authors reprint an account of a Galveston-San Antonio game played in 1919 by Edward Angly, then a young reporter for the Galveston Daily News and later a distinguished war correspondent. Regrettably, sportswriters don't write that way anymore.

For this reviewer, the most vivid chapters have to do with the seasons, teams, and personalities of the Texas League in its early post-World War II, immediate pre-television heyday. Growing up in China, Texas, located just west of Beaumont, I saw many league games at Stuart Stadium, home of the local Exporters/Roughnecks. Especially memorable was a night game played in 1952, when Dallas pitcher Dave Hoskins became the first African American Texas Leaguer to take the field in Beaumont. One of the best pieces in the book treats the breaking of the league's color line by Hoskins and his successors.

For more systematic narrative coverage of the league's history, readers

Charles C. Alexander
Ohio University


Be forewarned: this book that may cost you a lot more than its purchase price. Michael Corcoran has spent most of his career as music critic for Austin newspapers, an assignment that hooked him on Texas music from the night of his first visit to that city’s celebrated Continental Club. Long ago, he learned that Texas’ ethnic stew is the major explanation for the variety and excellence of its recorded sounds. Corcoran organizes the sections of his book geographically as he leads us on “a musical road trip, a waltz across Texas” (p. xiv). In emphasizing the more unheralded and obscure artists—though usual suspects such as Willie Nelson and Stevie Ray Vaughan are also profiled—Corcoran will inspire even the most informed Texas music fan to seek out and acquire the key recordings of these individuals.

Arizona Dranes and Blind Willie Johnson are prime examples. Both were black gospel singers who recorded late in the 1920s and died in near anonymity. Dranes, herself blind, whipped up Pentecostal congregations with a boogie-woogie piano style that anticipated the work of Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino. Johnson was a brilliant slide guitarist whose “otherworldly” (p. 167) sounds are lauded by guitarist such as Eric Clapton and Ry Cooder. Then there was Ella Mae Morse, from Paris, Texas who recorded “Cow Cow Boogie,” Capitol Records’ first million-seller in 1942. It was produced by Johnny Mercer. One of the great vocalists of the Big Band era, Morse always took special pride in being told she sang like a black girl. One of Corcoran’s best chapters is on the Houston “hip hop” scene, which gained national exposure in the recent past. This is largely due to DJ Screw, whose codeine cough syrup habit inspired a slowed-down, bass-heavy groove, and to “gangsta’” rappers, and the Geto Boys, who “pushed the envelope of bad taste so far it required extra postage” (p. 25). Finally, we get an update on the idiosyncratic accordionist Steve Jordan, who currently lives in a backyard house in San Antonio where he records in his living room and plays regular club dates in a band with his sons.

Corcoran closes his book with a tribute to vanished Austin nightclubs and his annotated lists of the greatest Texas songs, which makes an interesting comparison with *Texas Monthly*’s list published in April 2004, and the essen-
tial CD recordings. This is an excellent book by a gifted writer. Texas music devotees can only wait for subsequent volumes.

Stephen Davis
Kingwood College


Kenneth Untiedt and the Texas Folklore Society LXII have produced a collection of essays with appeal to folklore specialists, students of folklore, and teachers. The twenty-five essays vary greatly in topics, focus, and in their relationship to teaching. For example, the reader finds a range from highly theoretical works such as Morgan-Fleming’s *Folklore in Schools*, p. 84, to heart-warming stories like Pinkerton’s *Small-Town Texas Wisdom*, p. 154. While many of the essays are set in West Texas or have West Texas authors, some represent different sections of the state. In general the pieces seek to define and explain folklore or they focus on the lore of groups such as cowboys, cheerleaders, teachers, Boy Scouts, athletic coaches, and Aggies.

Each of the essays is well written and the collection is well organized. Each piece appears to be written to folklore specialists — as opposed to teachers. This is not a book of pedagogy, rather it is a book valuable for the student of folklore and for the folklore aficionado. Teachers, who have limited knowledge of folklore and who wish to use it in the classroom, may find the book helpful as a reference or resource book. Admirers of the late folklorist Paul Patterson will welcome four essays of tribute to him. In general, the essays provide rich definitions of folklore, various theories about folklore, and several good examples of folklore with appeal for various age groups.

I believe the reader of *Inside The Classroom (And Out); How We Learn Through Folklore* will agree that folklore transmits values, wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and a sense of family and community. Further, I believe the reader will be convinced that a teacher’s knowledge of folklore, coupled with a knowledge of how to use it appropriately, can enrich the learning experience and promote student achievement.

Patsy Johnson Hallman
Stephen F. Austin State University


So much of the lore and literature of the Lone Star State is enshrouded in
the mystique of the Texas Rangers. Few images are associated more closely with Texas in the minds of people the world over than that of the Ranger. On horseback, with six-shooter in hand, the Ranger of popular imagination endures alongside such legends as the cowboy and the martyrs of the Alamo. In sum, the story of Texas — indeed the Texan creation myth — relies as much on the hard-riding, straight-shooting Ranger as it does the rough, self-reliant cattleman of song and cinema or the fallen heroes of San Antonio, forever enshrined in the memories of Americans everywhere.

While many historians have explored the time-honored Ranger Myth, few have dared to challenge it. With a reverence that almost resembles that of religion, scholars have been reluctant to examine the Ranger legend too closely, perhaps for fear of becoming lost in its mystique, or being accused of heresy. When revisiting the fabled frontier institution, most writers have chosen simply to accept the classic account of Walter Prescott Webb as historical canon to be believed and not questioned.

Novelist Jim Sanderson holds no such reverence for icons. In Nevin's History: A Novel of Texas, Sanderson offers a rare glimpse at a seldom seen side of the Ranger tradition. Through the narrative of Andrew Nevin, reporter-turned-Ranger-turned reporter again, Sanderson tells the story of Leander McNelly’s Special Force of Rangers during the so-called “skinning wars” in the Lower Rio Grande Valley in the 1870s. He spins a believable yarn of bravery and brutality, of violence and vengeance, of robbers, rustlers, and Rangers divided by little more than a crooked river and the laws — both written and unwritten — of the Lone Star State. The author is at his best in painting three-dimensional portraits of John S. “Rip” Ford, L.H. McNelly, Captain Richard King, Juan Cortina, “Old Casuse” Sandoval, and others. Drawing heavily upon appropriate primary sources, he demonstrates a scholar’s understanding of the day and time along the Mexican border when men of both races killed for any cause, noble or otherwise, and the value of human life was reduced to an ounce of lead or ten feet of rope. Although the writer takes the kind of literary license not allowed the historian, he succeeds in a convincing way. Indeed, historical fiction is seldom so faithful to fact, and for that the author should be commended.

Sanderson’s characters are surely not shrouded in the mists of history; instead, they are rough-hewn, sometimes ruthless, ever quick to judgment, and often self-serving. While the tale leaves little doubt in the reader’s mind that the Rangers resorted to torture and worse, all in the name of the law, it also removes any illusions about the nobility of their enemies. Somewhere between the heroic Rangers on this side of the Rio Grande and the riders who crossed the border and became the feared los diablos Tejanos of Mexican lore, the truth hopefully emerges from the realm of legend. In sum, Nevin's History is a story worth retelling, and surely one worth reading.

Michael L. Collins
Midwestern State University
Using her lawyer’s skills in investigation, her historian’s quest for knowledge, and her personal interest as a woman, Jean Stuntz gives a complete view of how community property became the law in the state of Texas. While tracking the origin of these laws through history and citing court cases along the way, she keeps the scope of her work strictly to laws pertaining to Texas or what would become Texas.

To persuade Spanish women to join in the spread of Spanish civilization and conquest, laws were needed to protect and expand their rights and to show their importance as part of this expanding society. Women could make contracts; own, buy, and sell real and personal property; take care of their own rights even in widowhood; sue and be sued; and give testimony in court. These laws of Castilian society were carried to the new world.

After Mexico’s independence from Spain, the new constitution upheld women’s rights. After Texas won its independence from Mexico and until 1840, all Texas laws followed English common law, which gave women few rights. After 1840, laws concerning marital property more closely followed earlier Spanish law.

When Texas became a state the new state’s constitution continued to protect a woman’s separate and community property. With few exceptions, the wife, with her husband, would jointly own property obtained during marriage, thus saving part of the family lands and other assets from a husband’s separate creditors and providing some financial protection for the wife. Nine states now have marital property laws based on those originated in Spain.

Jean Stuntz’s book is well written and solidly researched with ample primary and secondary sources.

Mary Crum
Granbury, Texas

Bruce G. Todd’s book, *Bones Hooks: Pioneer Negro Cowboy*, is an important addition to the historical literature and helps to fill a void on the role African American cowboys played in the settling and the development of the Western frontier. Todd’s biography tells the story of Mathew “Bones” Hooks’ bronco-busting days in West Texas, the Panhandle, and the Plains. Much of the author’s information was gathered from regional historical organizations and their publications, letters, scrapbooks, newspapers, and interviews with people who knew Hooks. The book is well written and easy to read. It stays focused on the subject.
Bones Hooks was a colorful character that played many roles. He was born in Robertson County in East Texas in 1867 to former slave parents. According to the author, Bones’ first job at the age of seven was driving a meat wagon for a local butcher. In his younger years, he worked as a Teamster on the Keeland Farm and ranch hand on several prestigious ranches such as the DSD Ranch in Denton County, the JRE Ranch in the Pecos Country, and the JA Ranch in the Panhandle. He rode on many cattle drives and developed his skills as a “bronco buster.” According to Hooks, he was not an all around cowboy but a specialist at breaking horses. He lived and worked between the Panhandle and Pecos for several years until 1896 when he finally settled in the Panhandle. Bones Hooks’ most devastating experience with racial prejudice was in 1900 when he was denied participation in the World Rodeo Event in Denver, Colorado, because of his race.

Changing with the times, Bones Hooks took a job on the Santa Fe Railroad as a Pullman porter in 1909. At one of the railroad stops, Hooks accepted an invitation and challenge to ride an “outlaw” horse in Pampa, Texas, with several witnesses on hand. He was forty-two years old. From this event, several news accounts were written and stories told. The event became commonly known as “The Ride.”

As time passed, Hooks married and became a community leader, a town builder, and a church and school organizer. Through his many associations and contacts, he became a Western-styled philosopher and promoted the deep-rooted cowboy tradition. He died at the age of eighty-four in February 1951. The author refers to Bones Hooks as the “last Negro cowboy” of the Plains and argues that he should be given recognition for his bronco-busting expertise and be placed in the Cowboy Hall of Fame along with the legendary cowboy Bill Pickett.

Theodore M. Lawe
A.C. McMillan African American Museum


This fine book by Robert J. Robertson is more than the story of the desegregation of public golf courses in Beaumont, Texas. It also provides a readable, captivating window into everyday life under the Jim Crow system. Robertson’s thorough research and personal interviews conducted with principals involved in the desegregation of public recreational facilities in Beaumont, or their close associates, provides an account of how the early Civil Rights Movement operated at the grassroots level.
At the heart of *Fair Ways* are the African American golfers and lawyers who utilized the NAACP and the court system to break down the legal barriers erected in Texas' segregation system. All avid golfers, they successfully gained access to public golf courses in a federal court decision written by district judge Lamar Cecil. A Republican and recent appointee of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Cecil courageously struck down desegregation in Beaumont, following the lead of the Supreme Court in *Brown v. Board of Education*.

*Fair Ways* is not a story of "great men" or powerful national organizations. Instead, Robertson focuses on the importance of what he calls "Joe Doakeses," ordinary people at the grassroots level who put themselves on the line to gain the civil rights of themselves and others. The NAACP's famous legal crusades would not have been possible without people such as the black plaintiffs in the case to desegregate Beaumont's public golf course. *Fair Ways* should be read by anyone interested in black golfing, the Civil Rights Movement, or race relations in Jim Crow, Texas.

Kevin Butler
Texas Southern University


This carefully researched volume traces Baptists from their arrival on the Alabama frontier early in the 1800s to the present feuding between moderates and fundamentalists. An accomplished historian of southern religion who contemplated a career as a Baptist minister, Wayne Flynt sets out to explain Baptists to themselves as well as to outsiders. He succeeds in that and much more. Enhanced by the usual scholarly paraphernalia—elaborate endnotes, a thorough index, and an extensive but not exhaustive bibliography—and numerous photographs throughout the text, this is the best account to date of Alabama Baptists.

Flynt's study follows closely the usual chronological divisions of U.S. history—settlement of the frontier, the Civil War era, the New South, agrarian discontent, progressive reform, the Great Depression and WWII, and the racial turmoil of the 1960s and beyond. By doing it this way Flynt tells the story not only of Alabama Baptists but also of the broader culture in which they existed. This is a religious history that sheds considerable light on the secular landscape, and Flynt argues that Alabama Baptists, far from being mere "captives" of that landscape, were shapers as well.

There is nothing startlingly new here, but Flynt adds depth and texture too much that is already known. Examples abound, as in the erosion of Calvinism on the Alabama frontier, the practices of foot washing and church discipline, shifting attitudes on slavery and race, the expanding role of women, the debate
over biblical criticism and Darwinism, and disputes over creedalism. Particularly insightful was Flynt's discussion of the coalescence of interests since the early 1970s of religious and secular conservatives that culminated in, on one side, the Republican presidential victory of 1980, and, on the other side, the complete fundamentalist takeover of the Southern Baptist Convention by 1990.

Although not a master stylist, Flynt writes clearly, albeit wordy at times. Even so, anyone interested in southern religious history will find this work rewarding.

John W. Storey
Lamar University


It is no secret that capital punishment is an integral part of the Texas Criminal Justice System. Sorenson and Pilgrim do an impressive job of desegregating a variety of relevant statistical data, case stories, and legislative records to explore this important issue.

Here the reader will find exploration of one of the central questions about the role of capital punishment in the criminal justice process - what purpose does execution serve? Sorenson and Pilgrim offer various views of capital punishment. For example, from the perspective of deterrence, do we prevent others from committing capital offenses by using execution as a potential and ultimate form of punishment? Or, is the real purpose incapacitation - that it is the ultimate method of preventing a subsequent offense? Or does it serve as retribution - is this the way of "an eye for an eye"? Through discussions, Sorenson and Pilgrim help the reader explore his personal feelings about what end he hopes this ultimate form of punishment will serve.

The reader will be reminded of the process by which we Texans arrived at the use of lethal injection as our form of execution, and perhaps will be enlightened as to the greatest question of its use: has it been applied in an impartial, reliable, and efficient manner?

Some readers will find this work too complex with its statistics and discussions. Others will find the subject too uncomfortable for "easy-chair reading." Still others likely will miss the blood and gory details of crime stories. However, a person choosing to use this book as an opportunity to explore this important issue of national interest, which so often focuses on Texas, will find themselves engaged in a self-study of their own convictions about the use of execution as a form of punishment.

George R. Franks, Jr.
Stephen F. Austin State University
Road, River, and Ol' Boy Politics: A Texas County's Path from Farm to Supersuburb, Linda Scarbrough (Texas State Historical Association, The University of Texas-Austin, 1 University Station DO901, Austin, TX 78712) 2005. Contents. Maps. Illus. Biblio. Index. P. 404. $39.95. Hardcover.

Williamson County is known for its suburban status to Austin, the state capital. But there was a time about fifty years ago when the county was an agrarian backwater that few knew about or paid any attention. The major towns in the county were Georgetown and Taylor.

This book, written by the publisher of the Williamson County Sun in Georgetown, is the story of the metamorphosis of this county. The two driving forces in the changes were dams and interstate highways, both funded largely by the federal government.

To a large extent this is the story of the politics behind these changes, not to mention the influence of some of the people who represented this district in Congress, such as Lyndon Johnson and J.J. Pickle, at crucial times for development and obtaining federal funds.

Even if one knows little about Williamson County, this is a fascinating study for the way local and national events intertwine. Scarbrough is an excellent researcher and writer. Her work is enhanced by the fact that she is a native of the county and knows her subject intimately. This is an excellent book on Texas history and on the role of local politics in development.

Donald W. Whisenhunt
Western Washington University
(emeritus)


One of the popular trends within the larger field of political history is conservatism studies. Scholars have approached this important topic in myriad ways. In Yellow Dogs and Republicans: Allan Shivers and Texas Two-Party Politics, Ricky F. Dobbs examines the emergence of conservatism regionally. He sees Texas as a harbinger of more recent Southern trends, and his masterful treatment of Allan Shivers' political career is a welcome addition to the literature. Argues Dobbs, "Since Shivers led Texans to Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, the rapidity and scope of transition has been impressive. . . . Today's multiracial moderate Democratic Party faces a largely white, conservative Republican Party. . . . The irony is that just fifty years earlier, white Democrats were the only meaningful participants in Texas politics" (p. 6).

Shivers first displayed his political inclinations while a student at the University of Texas. Soon after completing law school, Shivers was elected to
the Texas State Senate, where he served for twelve years. After military service in World War II, he won the post of lieutenant governor. Shivers remained in that office until Governor Beauford Jester's death in 1949 when he was sworn in as governor, a post he held until 1957. Shivers wielded immense power as governor, and the primary beneficiaries were Texas business interests. By fighting popular but "meaningless" battles over issues such as the Tidelands and communism, Shivers deflected public attention from the woeful social conditions in the state. His tenure as governor was important for the reasons Dobbs recognized; most significant by Shivers helped fuel the half-century realignment of Texas politics away from Democratic party dominance toward Republican dominance. This well-researched and elegantly written book should be of interest to both scholars and students of modern Texas politics.

Nancy Beck Young
McKendree College


"Get Sarah Hughes." Waiting on Air Force One at Dallas Love Field, Vice President Lyndon Johnson anxiously awaited the arrival of Federal District Judge Sarah T. Hughes to provide the oath of office under the most difficult of circumstances. Judge Hughes will be remembered for her role as she issued the presidential oath to Johnson only hours after the assassination and death of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas on November 22, 1963. In the memorable photograph, President Johnson, flanked by Lady Bird Johnson and Jacqueline Kennedy, faces Judge Hughes. His right hand held aloft and his left hand on the Bible, the tension of the day's events is still reflected forever in the photograph.

In his biography of Judge Sarah T. Hughes, Payne provides much more than the brief snapshot in which Judge Hughes became a part of our nation's history. Judge Hughes served as a pioneer for women in politics. From 1930 until the 1980s, she served as an activist, civic leader, legislator, state district judge, and finally a federal judge. Her contributions during six decades of service gained her many admirers and critics. She championed women's rights, civil rights, economic justice, and many other social reforms that challenged the status quo in Texas, the South, and the nation. Her career covered many tumultuous and significant years from the women's suffrage movement of the 1920s through advances made in the modern Civil Rights and Women's Rights era.

In a lively account of the life of Sarah Hughes, Payne utilizes a number of primary sources. The Sarah T. Hughes Papers at the University of North Texas, interviews with many of her friends and colleagues, and articles authored by Judge Hughes provided reliable support for this study. The author also provides clarity and insight into many of the difficult and controversial
decisions that she made from the bench. For example, she overturned a felony theft conviction for a man who was judged insane. Texas officials complained that providing indigent defendants with psychiatric evaluations paid for by the state was "expensive and impractical" (p. 291). That decision was in 1964, foreshadowing years of court challenges that involved the civil rights of those accused of a crime and the criminal justice system.

Judge Hughes also participated in many memorable cases throughout her career. As a member of the three-judge panel that ruled on the famous Roe v. Wade case in 1970, she provided a legal precedent that still reverberates throughout society today. In writing a succinct opinion for the group, Judge Hughes stated that the Texas law prohibiting abortions was "unconstitutionally overbroad" and "unconstitutionally vague" (p.313). In the landmark case that appeared before the Supreme Court in 1973, the nation's highest tribunal upheld the decision authored by Judge Hughes.

"Indomitable Sarah," the moniker that came from a headline in the Dallas Morning News, stated that what made Judge Hughes admirable, in spite of her controversial decisions, was "that you always knew where she stood. She stood firm" (p. 395). Darwin Payne's readable account of this impressive woman is a solid contribution to the literature and history of women and the effort to improve civil rights in the United States.

Patrick Cox
Center for American History

**Indian Agent: Peter Ellis Bean in Mexican Texas**, Jack Jackson (Texas A&M University Press, 4354 TAMU, College Station, TX 77843-4354) 2005.

Jack Jackson was widely acknowledged as a biographer and historian of the first order. This excellent, meticulously documented volume on colorful early Texan Peter Ellis Bean continues this author's already established reputation for blending concise research with entertaining descriptive narrative. I consider this book a "must have" for those of us who enjoy a focus on East Texas regional history and always want to know more.

Born in 1783, Tennessean Peter Ellis Bean came to Texas in 1801 with mustanger Philip Nolan. When the expedition ended with Nolan's death and the capture of his men, Bean was taken to Spanish Mexico where he remained in various levels of captivity for the next ten years. The ever-resourceful Peter Ellis became Spanish-language proficient, honed his manipulative people-skills, and luckily avoided execution. Importantly, he developed close ties with rebels who became Mexico's leaders when Spanish rule ended, ties that later served him well in land affairs and as Indian agent among the tribes in Texas. For his role in Mexico's independence from Spain he received the title of colonel in the Mexican army.
Colonel Bean was settled into Texas and Mexico twenty years before the arrival of Stephen F. Austin, the "Father of Texas," and thirty years before Sam Houston, the "Hero of San Jacinto." He was involved in public affairs long before the arrival in large numbers of American settlers in the 1820s, particularly in the eastern section of Texas, and specifically in Nacogdoches and the surrounding vicinity.

Author Jackson left no stone unturned in telling the life story of Peter Ellis Bean as it related to the times in which he lived and the people who were his peers. The interactions between Bean and the large cast of familiar early Texas characters give an added dimension to the narrative. For example, the two chapters on the Fredonian Rebellion and its aftermath provide the most illuminating account of the event I have seen anywhere.

Although *Indian Agent* is painstakingly detailed and abundantly referenced, it is a "comfortable read," one to which the serious historian will return often.

Betty Oglesbee
San Augustine, Texas
Contentions Within
the Texas Revolution.

The 2007 San Jacinto Symposium promises to be a contentious affair with speakers facing off on factions within the Texas Revolution. Bones of contention include the Texan/Indian relationship, land speculation and slavery, the Texas Rangers, women and the location of a bridge both armies traversed.

Contenders include Dr. Gary Clayton Anderson (University of Oklahoma), Dr. Paula M. Markes (St. Edward’s University), historical anthropologist Dr. Fred L. McGhee, and authors Stephen L. Moore and C. David Pomeroy, Jr.

Dr. James E. Crisp returns as moderator.

The Symposium, organized by the Friends of the San Jacinto Battleground, will be on Saturday, April 14, 2007, at the Hilton Hotel & Conference Center, University of Houston.

The Symposium is approved for six hours of Certified Professional Education (CPE) credit, and the $45 registration fee covers lunch and parking.

For additional information, or to register, call (281) 496-1488 or visit the website at www.friendsofsanjacinto.org.
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