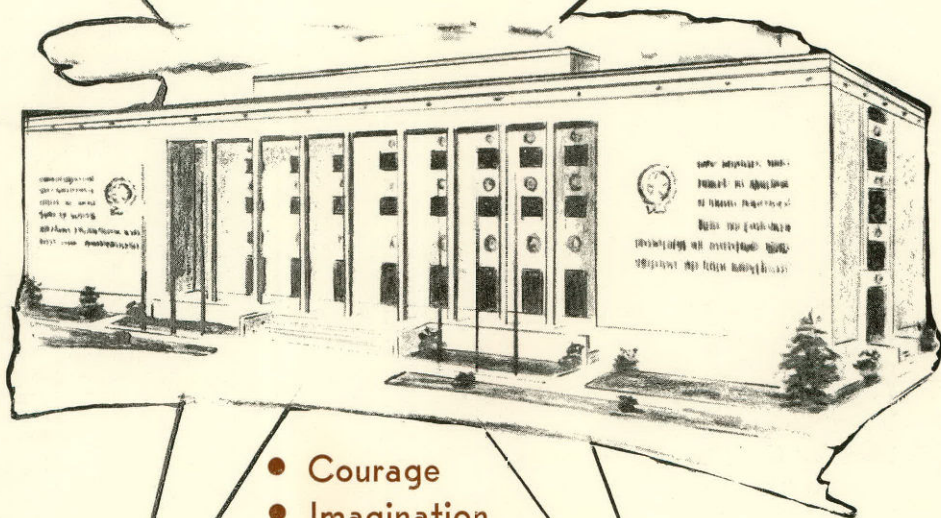


TEXAS LIBRARIES

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB
1888 - 1963



- Courage
- Imagination
- And a
- Dare-to-do

TEXAS
STATE
LIBRARY

Fall, 1963

Volume 25 Number 3

To the Chief Librarians of Texas' Public Libraries

Dear Librarians:

The Texas Library Association needs up-to-date information about your library. Members of half-a-dozen TLA committees are hard at work on plans for the improvement of libraries in Texas, and one of the first things each committee wants is up-to-date information about Texas libraries. I am appealing to each of you to make available to the Association current information about your own library.

The first week of the new year, a copy of the annual Texas Library Report form will be sent to you. I am urging each of you to complete this form and return it promptly to the State Library in Austin. The information you send to the State Library will be made available to the Association, and to all libraries in the State through the tables published in the spring issue of *Texas Libraries*.

Year after year, the statistics of Texas libraries have been published in *Texas Libraries* and year after year only partial information has been included about some of the libraries because the report forms returned from these libraries were not completely filled out; year after year out-dated statistics have been printed for other libraries because report forms with up-to-date information were not returned, so information for an earlier year was repeated; year after year some public libraries have not been represented in the tables at all because no reports have been received from them for several years. The staff of the State Library has not been to blame for the incompleteness, or for the inaccuracy, of these tables of statistics; we librarians ourselves have been responsible.

Now, we librarians ourselves are in need of current information. If we are in earnest about wanting to improve libraries in the State, in other counties as well as in our own, let's start by giving the State Library accurate and complete information about our own libraries. First, be sure you send the information which is sought. The forms used by the State Library are simpler and less detailed than the ones used in many other states but if you are not sure what information is wanted under some heading on the form, please send a postal card of inquiry to Dr. Dorman H. Winfrey, Texas State Library in Austin, and ask for a detailed explanation; or write to me at Our Lady of the Lake College in San Antonio. Second, don't skip any question because you think your library may sound less well heeled than some others if you answer it. We are all in this together, so tell the whole truth as well as nothing but the truth. Third, if you do not receive a report form, and you are the librarian of a public library no matter how small or new, please send a postal card to Dr. Winfrey and ask for one.

The Texas Library Association is asking for your help; please give it.

Sister Jane Marie, C.D.P.
President, Texas Library Association

Texas Libraries

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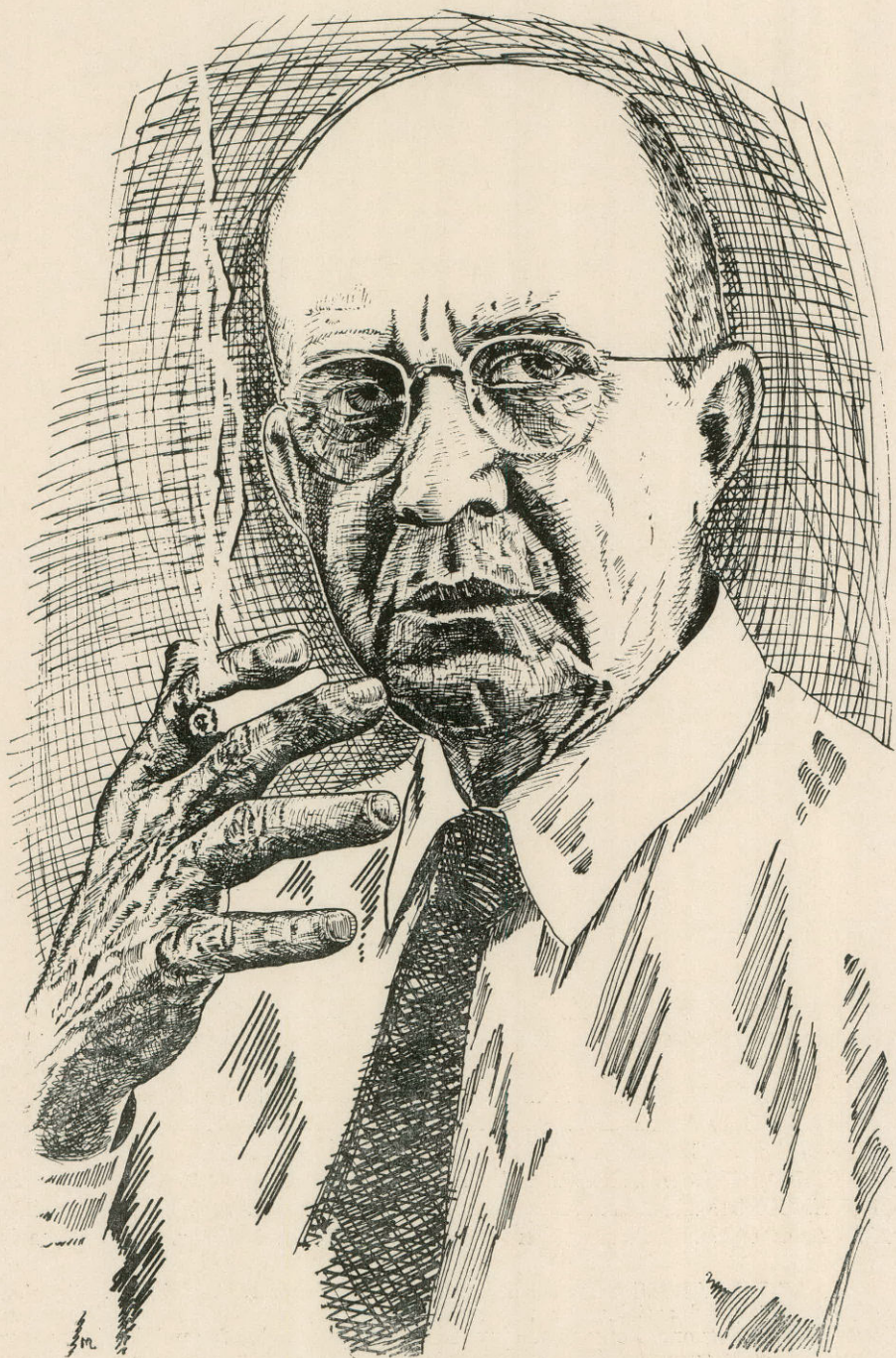
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WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

Sketched by Maury Lloyd, Austin

Official Memorandum

By

JOHN CONNALLY

Governor of Texas

AUSTIN, TEXAS

GREETINGS:

Dr. Walter Prescott Webb was a native of East Texas who grew up in West Texas to become the foremost interpreter of the State of Texas to the nation and to the world. Through his writings he made the world conscious of the Texan's fight to triumph over water scarcity, of the meaning of courage as exemplified by the Texas Rangers, and of the struggle of Texas to stand tall and proud.

As student and professor, he served the University of Texas for more than half a century, and helped bring it international acclaim. As director of the Texas State Historical Association, he helped others understand their heritage; as father of the Junior Historical Movement, he helped the youth of Texas to appreciate that heritage; and as originator of the "Handbook of Texas," he helped people everywhere to know accurately the facts behind the Texas story.

More than a scholar-writer, Dr. Webb tended cattle, drank coffee from a can with the Rangers as he went on their man-hunts, shot the rapids of Santa Elena Canyon to focus national attention on the natural wonders of Texas, and was forever at the call of the State for honest, unselfish advice in solving its problems. Friend of the mighty and friend of the friendless in Texas, he was a 24-hour-a-day worker for its greatness in all fields.

By example and teaching he made so many Texans conscious of the potentials in Texas. He embodied the best characteristics of a Texan in his personal qualities, and he devoted a lifetime to helping the remainder of the world understand the uniqueness of Texas.

THEREFORE, I, as Governor of Texas, am pleased to grant permission for the interment of this outstanding Texan in the State Cemetery in Austin.

In official recognition whereof, I hereby affix my signature this 11th day of March, 19 63.



John Connally
Governor of Texas

Fall, 1963

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AN INTRODUCTION

by Dorman H. Winfrey

Texas State Library recognizes the late Dr. Walter Prescott Webb as one of the great historians of the United States. His love for books, his love for his State, and his respect for his fellow man will become brands symbolical of the man.

Dr. Webb played an important role in bringing world-wide attention to the literary works being produced by Texans. He was instrumental in promoting the books publication program in the Texas State Historical Association, and was one of the first at the University of Texas who gave strong support for a University Press.

Dr. Webb was library-minded, and he felt that the whole world of books was important. His own reading interests were not provincial in any sense of the word, and his range of reading was as wide as that of his writings. Dr. Webb could appreciate a rare item of local history, but what he felt was most important was to make this item, and all books, for that matter, available in the widest circulation possible.

Mrs. Terrell Webb, his wife of some 15 months before his tragic death on the evening of March 8, 1963 in an automobile accident south of Austin, remarked, "Webb was a great man without preparing for it. He worked like a man of 57—not 75. He was not tied down by a set of rules, because he believed most rules needed to be broken down."

An insight to the genius of the man is sketched by one of Dr. Webb's closest friends, Dr. Joe B. Frantz, chairman of The University of Texas Department of History. The article, *Walter Prescott Webb: The Life of a Texan*, is entirely free of the varnish of glib phrases and smacks of the dare-to-do writings of Dr. Webb himself.

The last two writings of Dr. Webb, "The Confession of a Texas Bookmaker" and Address to the San Antonio Retired Teachers' Association, are published for the first time. "The Confessions of a Texas Bookmaker" was given by Dr. Webb as a speech to the Friends of the Kerrville Public Library the day before his death. Both papers stand as the climax to the man who said, "I have been so busy that I have not had time to think about what I will do in retirement."

It is with a keen sense of esteem for a great Texas man of letters that this issue is dedicated to Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, a man described by Governor John Connally as the "friend of the mighty and friend of the friendless in Texas, he was a 24-hour-a-day worker for its (Texas') greatness in all fields."

Dr. Winfrey is Director and Librarian of Texas State Library.

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB: THE LIFE OF A TEXAN

by Joe B. Frantz

The mortal mirror of excellence which Walter Prescott Webb had fashioned for the University of Texas and its Department of History was shattered this past March 8, 1963, when Professor Webb's half-century of association and devotion was terminated by an automobile accident a dozen miles south of Austin. If death is ever fitting, Webb's death was proper, for he departed this world at full speed, returning from a short whirlwind speaking and autograph tour in connection with his latest literary effort.

To detail Webb's activities about the University campus and in his profession, to delineate his character, or to define his contributions as a man, a writer, a professor, and a thinker would require a short pamphlet. He attended the University as an over-age undergraduate, received all his regular degrees here and taught on its faculty from 1918 to 1963. In that protracted period he held most important positions in his profession, served on most of the University's elective committees, advised as well as resisted administrations, operated widely in several slices of Texas life, and made his influence felt in circles seldom touched by most academics.

Briefly, the essential facts of Webb's life are these. Born in Panola County, Texas, on April 3, 1888, he moved with his family when he was three years old to Stephens County in West Texas, where he learned from living the lessons of a semi-arid, lightly-treed, and frequently forbidding agrarian environment. When sixty years later a traditional graduate student intent on a traditional answer would ask him when he started gathering material for his book, *The Great Plains*, Webb would answer him with characteristic bluntness, "When I was three."

The son of a sometime country schoolteacher who farmed for a living, thought and argued for pleasure, and taught for supplementation, Webb had little formal pre-collegiate schooling, perhaps four years altogether. Determined to escape the soil, he early decided to be a writer or editor, but turned to teaching as a profession to underwrite his literary efforts. He never turned away, and although one month shy of 74 years old when he died, he was exploring teaching by television, having already videotaped two of his courses and having deeply involved himself in an American civilization course whose conception was little short of magnificent. He, of course, was the person in this instance who had conceived.

Through a boyish letter to a Southern literary magazine, *The Sunny South*, Webb, the largely untaught country boy, was contacted by a Brooklyn toy dealer, William E. Hinds, who encouraged the youth, with

Dr. Joe B. Frantz is chairman of the Department of History, University of Texas.

so little to recommend him, to go to college and to prepare himself to be a writer. "Remember," Hinds wrote Webb in his first letter, "in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." For the next three decades Webb would often need to recall that quotation.

Part of Hinds' encouragement to Webb was tangible, and beginning in 1909 Webb worked on his college degree at the University of Texas, partially with funds he saved while intermittently teaching in public schools at all levels and of all sizes and partially on loans from William E. Hinds, whom Webb never met. Meanwhile Webb progressed up the pedagogical ladder, teaching in one-room schools in Stephens and Eastland counties, at Beeville, at Cuero, where he was a principal, and at Main High School in San Antonio. He introduced the first school yells Beeville had ever heard, and he also coached the tennis team to the state title. In San Antonio he flirted with the idea of becoming an optometrist, a flirtation triggered by a dispute over policy at Main High School. His argument was principally with one man, and as Webb said later in life, "One of us had to go, and he was the superintendent."

Whether Webb could have left teaching and writing is not arguable, for before he quit he had accepted a speaking assignment at the annual meeting of the Texas State Teachers Association on the teaching of history in high school. Frederic Duncalf, then a younger member of the University's Department of History, liked what Webb had to say, and returned to Austin recommending strongly that Webb be brought in to instruct future public school teachers of history. Thus Webb, at 30 years old, just three years removed from his bachelor's degree, joined a Department he was to serve with increasing distinction for 45 years. Except for visiting stints he would never leave the University. He did teach at Stephen F. Austin, Duke, Northwestern, Harvard, Wyoming, Houston, Rice, and Alaska, in addition to London and Oxford, and spent one brief period as consultant to the National Park Service.

Hardly a major university failed to invite him as a lecturer on its campus, and he was equally responsive to invitations from small colleges and high school teachers' groups, because he felt a function of a professor was to give as wide service as possible.

At Texas he supervised approximately seventy M. A. theses and thirty-two Ph.D. dissertations. Meanwhile he moved from instructor to assistant professor in 1920, to associate professor in 1925, and to professor in 1933.

In later years he liked to twit his colleagues all the way to the President's chair with the remark, "I came along at the only time I could have made good here. You fellows would never have hired me; and if you had hired me you wouldn't have kept me; and if you had kept me, you wouldn't have promoted me!" And he likewise transferred some of his own early hard experience to struggling students, especially at the graduate level.

"I've never sat on a doctoral examination which I could have passed myself," he would say as he voted to pass students which the remainder of a committee was unanimous in rejecting. No great grade-maker himself, he tended to grade high, though he was no easy mark for a pass. Webb liked to read, widely and indiscriminately; any student who would evince similar likes would pass, regardless of whether he had read what was assigned, but he had to read.

Webb likewise was a bit of a soft mark for the offbeat student. When one girl, instead of turning in a traditional term paper, handed him a parcel of homemade cartoons illustrating a point, Webb was entranced. "It makes more sense than nine-tenths of the papers I get," he said half-truculently to a colleague who suggested that this sort of approach shouldn't be encouraged. The girl received an "A".

What did Webb do? Specifically, he wrote *The Great Plains* in 1931. It won the Loubat Prize, given by Columbia once every five years to the book making the greatest contribution to the social sciences. A decade later it was honored by having a national conclave examine it as one of the most significant books on the American scene; and two decades later in a poll of the profession it was voted the most significant book of the past quarter-century by a living historian.

Webb wrote the definitive history of the most famous of Western law-enforcement agencies, *The Texas Rangers*. Webb's estimate of it was that the book was definitive but "surprisingly dull." His *Divided We Stand* stirred considerable controversy in historical, economic, and political circles, not all of which has died. In 1952 he brought out *The Great Frontier*, a book which again provoked controversy and led to Webb's latest thesis being the topic for analysis by the Second International Congress of Historians of Mexico and the United States, a title which doesn't include the South American, Australian, British, Canadian, French, and Spanish historians who participated. A volume of his shorter pieces, *An Honest Preface*, appeared in 1959.

At the time of his death Webb had just brought out *Washington Wife*, a diary which he and Mrs. Terrell Webb had edited and which in two weeks after its appearance had hit the national best-seller lists. Between times Webb had written several public school textbooks, a small piece of promotional propaganda called *More Water for Texas*, a limited edition of *Flat Top Ranch*, numerous articles for national magazines, especially *Harper's*, several of which had again stirred the sensitive.

In the professional journals Webb was hardly known. In the two leading historical journals he had a lifetime total of seven reviews, four in one and three in the other. The only two articles which appeared in the major journals were his presidential address for the Mississippi Valley Historical Association (1955) and the American Historical Association (1958). Of the latter association he was, incidentally, the

only president ever elected while teaching in a Southern university or while teaching west of the Mississippi.

Honors came to Webb, despite the fact that he was in his mid-forties before he obtained his Ph.D. In 1958 the University of Chicago, which had once rejected him for a Ph.D., awarded him an honorary doctor of laws; earlier he had received a similar degree from Southern Methodist University. He was Harkness Lecturer in American History at the University of London, and Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford, from which latter institution he held an honorary M. A. Oxon.

At the University of Texas Webb rose to the rank of Distinguished Professor, was chairman of the University of Texas Advisory Board, a long-time member of the Committee on Academic Freedom and Responsibility (the latter noun being his addition to the committee's title), several selections committees for University administrators, and so on. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and at the time of his death was one of its national lecturers. He was a Fellow of the Texas State Historical Association, was director of the Association for about eight years, a Fellow of the Texas Institute of Letters, a member of the Texas Philosophical Society, and a regular attendant at a Thursday night poker club. In the mid-1930's he shot the rapids of Santa Elena Canyon in an attempt to dramatize the necessity of making a national park out of the Big Bend.

While with the Texas State Historical Association he promoted the idea of a Junior Historian movement, forming five public school chapters in 1940. By 1959 the number had reached 171 chapters. Many believe, with J. Frank Dobie, that "the far-reachingness . . . of this Junior Historian movement can't be determined at all" and may well be the greatest contribution to history which Webb has made.

Others would argue that the two-volume *Handbook of Texas*, which Webb conceived and originally promoted, may be even a greater contribution to the state. Like the Junior Historian idea the *Handbook*, with its 16,000 articles contributed by 1,000 historians, was unique, though both have since been widely admired and copied in other states.

And so the list continues. A \$10,000 gift from the American Council of Learned Societies for a lifetime of distinguished scholarship; invitations to talk to physicists and architects and psychologists; a highly successful boys' camp at his Friday Mountain Ranch; the launching (with Charles E. Green) of the Headliners Club, Austin's first downtown social club; the rebels' table (with Dobie and Roy Bedichek) at Town and Gown; an adviser on the staff of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson; an adviser to founders of new magazines (*True West* and *Frontier Times* are only two examples); a severe critic of Coca Cola on the Texas campus; one of the first four Distinguished Alumnus

Award winners from the Texas Ex-Students' Association; the list seems interminable, and almost incredibly varied.

To talk of the intangibles, of Webb the teacher, Webb the man, and Webb the colleague, leads to the same sort of ineffability encountered when most of us try to describe a sunset, or explain jazz, or why we like our friends. He was not a smooth lecturer, but his voice, dry and flat and western as the plains he came from, carried compulsion. As he grew older and his life richer with recognition, he developed a feeling of quiet power which he could communicate to his auditors. But mainly he was a suggestive teacher who threw out ideas, many of them barely formed, that sent dissenting students to the library or to Scholz's to study and to argue and particularly to think. Like a good cowman he often parabolized, instructing his students in word pictures drawn from the earth to which he always remained close. He probably thought of himself as an artist who worked not with brushes or strings but with words. But on the other hand he could be distressingly straightforward and succinct, cutting through torrents of argument to deliver directions that were blunt and even brutal, as both faculty and students learned on painful occasions. Logan Wilson likened him to a cactus; Harry Ransom observed that whereas most of us work by "making salads, compotes, mosaics," Webb "starts by scratching his own mind." Every man who knew him felt he owned a special piece of him; not all felt any affection or warmth, but each knew a memorable moment when Webb either opened a curtain to illuminate a thitherto obtuse outlook, or else delivered a generalization that was as unforgettable as it was unacceptable.

In his last Annual Report to the University's Administration Webb gave an insight into the state of his intellectual affairs just before his death. As usual, it shows something of the man also. Under the question regarding "continuing research," he wrote:

"There may be some question as to whether what I am doing can be classed as 'research'. I am, I think, gathering up the loose ends of a long, exciting, and disorderly life by doing essays on the American West, The Emerging South, and the implications of The Great Frontier thesis." Then he goes on to describe almost offhandedly his work on *Washington Wife* and his Ford Foundation project in American Civilization.

Webb married twice. His first wife was the former Jane Oliphant of Austin, whom he married in 1916 and who preceded him in death in 1960. Surviving is one daughter, Miss Mildred Webb, currently a Humanities Research Assistant II at the University. In 1961 Webb married Mrs. Terrell Maverick, widow of the late Congressman and San Antonio mayor, Maury Maverick. She was seriously injured in the accident which took Webb's life, but has since recovered markedly.

Perhaps Governor John Connally, in proclaiming that Walter Pres-

cott Webb should be one of the two non-office holding civilians to be buried in the State Cemetery, summed up Webb's career as pithily as anyone when he said:

"More than a scholar-writer, Dr. Webb tended cattle, drank coffee from a can with the Rangers as he went on their manhunts, shot the rapids of Santa Elena Canyon to focus national attention on the natural wonders of Texas, and was forever at the call of the State for honest, unselfish advice in solving its problems. Friend of the mighty and friend of the friendless in Texas, he was a 24-hour-a-day worker for its greatness in all fields."

* * *

The list which follows is only partial. Webb had little use for records-keeping, except as he might need to defend himself later. Many of his articles and reviews were not listed in his annual reports to the University, and he not infrequently would merely write in the activities and publication columns, "Nothing of particular significance." By and large he disdained carbon copies, and often lost copies of older articles, fiction (he sold at least three short stories), and reviews. Possibly this list will lead readers to remember other bibliographical items. Please submit them to the author in order that the list may be made more nearly complete.



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be unrewarding, but others are worth recording. In the list that follows no reviews, portraits, or general biographical sketches have been included. Readers interested in prose portraits should see *The Texas Observer* issues of July 26, 1963, and August 9, 1963, as well as the introduction to his *An Honest Preface and Other Essays*.)

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A TEXAS BOOKMAKER

by Walter Prescott Webb

The title of this address might lead some to assume that I have been a gambler, or a broker for gamblers who were interested in the performance of the ponies.

The assumption would not be far wrong because I have been a gambler—in books.

They have been to me an obsession fully as absorbing to me as horse racing is to a compulsory horse player. This obsession with books goes back to the time when I could extract meaning from a printed page.

I do not recall when I learned to read, but I do remember the thrill of a red-backed third reader that had marvelous stories in it. There was one story in that reader called "Abou the Arab." I, of course, called it "Abou the A-rab," as any boy would. And now we come back to horses because Abou got into a war and he and his horse were captured and taken into the enemy camp. The horse was hitched to a post, but Abou was bound hand and foot and left on the bare ground, and there was a picture of him in the book to prove it. This horse chewed and broke his tether, and the first thing Abou knew the horse was nuzzling him as only an affectionate horse can. The horse found Abou's belt, seized it in his teeth and dashed off in a dead run to the home camp. He ran all the way, dropped Abou at the campfire of his own people, and then fell dead from his exertions.

I read the story over and over and every time it made me cry, the first time I ever cried over a book. I loved to read that book and cry, and I still love books that make me cry. The only thing I like more is to write something that makes others cry, which I have done a few times.

It is necessary for me to tell you a little about my childhood in order to make clear my relation to books. When I was four years old my father and mother moved to West Texas, to Stephens County, some hundred miles west of Fort Worth. That was frontier country then, much of it unfenced, and it was a dry, hard country. My father was a country school teacher, and he had books around the house, mainly textbooks. My mother was a devout Baptist, and took the *Baptist Standard*. In this I read my first serial entitled "Witch Crow and Barny

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TEXAS BOOKMAKER was given by Dr. Webb as a speech to the Friends of the Kerrville Public Library the day before his tragic death on March 8, 1963.

Bylow." It seems that Witch Crow was a sort of magician that could gratify any desire that Barny Bylow had, and there were some strange results. I could hardly wait for the next *Baptist Standard* to come.

At this time I had never owned a book other than texts, never had a book that was really mine. We used Arbuckle's Four X coffee. It came in one-pound paper bags, and had Mr. Arbuckle's signature on the side. Incidentally, it sold ten pounds for a dollar, so you can see how long ago this was. You could send in signatures and Mr. Arbuckle would send you a premium. I talked my mother out of enough signatures to get a book of my own, entitled *Jack the Giant Killer*.

Not only was *Jack the Giant Killer* my first book, but it was the first thing that ever came to me through the U. S. mail. On Saturday I rode Old Charley three miles to the Lacasa post office, a stage station surrounded by three houses. When I asked for the mail, there was a roll addressed to W. P. Webb. The book had about 12 or 16 pages. The paper was hard-surfaced and very white; the print was large and very black. The giant was the most ferocious and savage creature imaginable, and he was armed with fangs, a knotty club, and he was in hot pursuit of Jack, a trim boy headed for a big morning glory vine that reached to the sky. I mounted Old Charley and rode home, reading this thrilling story of adventure over and over.

My taste for reading outgrew our home and I began to forage among the neighbors for files of *Youth's Companion* and anything else that was readable. Then a nameless peddler came through, selling pots and pans, needles, thread and calico, and camped near our house. He had a treasure trove in a great stack of *Tip Top Weekly*, a nickel thriller telling about the exploits of Frank Merriwell at Yale. These stories inflamed my mind so that I lived in another world, heard for the first time about college life and decided I would like to have some of it. I have never shared the old heads' impatience with youngsters for reading "trash"—as they call it. I think most any reading is good reading for readers.

By the time I was fifteen I had come to live in the world of books. I liked to think that I might some day have a room where they would, on all four walls, reach from the floor to the ceiling. The authors of these books seemed so great that I thought surely they must all be long dead. Then it occurred to me that I, too, would like to be a writer, to be counted among these great people, but I knew that it was not possible—for me. Still, the desire was there, and I took the first step towards my desire.

The first paragraph I ever had in print has had more influence on my life than any other writing I have done. I told this story some years ago in Dallas when I was awarded the Carr P. Collins' prize, and I wrote it in more detail for *Harper's* in July 1961. It was picked up by *The Reader's Digest* for August 1961. The title of the story was "The

Search for William E. Hinds" and some of you may have read it. That story has brought in more than 900 letters from all over the world, and they are still coming. If I can believe the letters, it made men in many nations cry, but I am getting ahead of my tale. Back to my first published writing. It was a letter to the "Gossip" column of *The Sunny South*. A man named William E. Hinds, who lived in New York, read that I wanted an education and wanted to be a writer. He wrote me a letter of encouragement, urging me to keep my mind on higher things, saying "For in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." He sent me books and magazines, the best in the land. I went one year to a so-called high school, got a second grade certificate, and began to teach. I went to school a second year, got a first grade certificate, and was teaching another school. Then Mr. Hinds wrote, suggesting that I go to college, and said he would lend me the money I needed. I never saw this man, for he died at the end of my sophomore year, but he had set me on a course, and his spirit has hovered over me—this man who had believed in me. I could not betray him.

I have the letter that was published in *The Sunny South*, and I have read it many times in search of a clue as to why it appealed to this man. I think the answer lies in its simplicity, its directness, and its honesty.

Don't think for a moment that I became a successful writer quickly. My record in college was not too good because I had skipped too many grades—about four—in getting there. I was late in getting there, late in getting out. I have been late all my life. My efforts to write brought little approval from those who taught writing, and no checks from publishers.

By chance I chose as a dissertation subject the history of the Texas Rangers, using that subject for both the M.A. and the Ph.D. I read all the books available, I ran the newspaper files for a century, then I went to the capitol and lost myself in the reports the Rangers had written for almost a century of their service. For the first time I did real research, and that research transformed me. I wrote an article about the Rangers and it was accepted by the *Dallas News* and I received the first check for my writing. The reason I succeeded where I had failed so many times before is that I now knew something, had something to say.

This subject, the Texas Rangers, took me to the frontier, opened up a field in which I could work for a lifetime, a field that was to become my own. Here I learned something very important for a writer, extremely important to me. Up to that time I had, in my efforts to write, been going against my own grain, going against my own background—the frontier. I did not like the environment I grew up in, and I worked hard to get away from it, to get into that other world that I had found in the books where people wore good clothes, spoke cleverly

and spent money freely. But you do not escape your background. A perceptive friend, a poet, said to me one day: "Webb, you are a frontiersman," and he implied that I could never be anything else. This came as something of a shock, but I thought about it a great deal, and finally I said to myself: "All right, O.K., if that is what I am, then, by God, that is what I will be!" I decided to go with the tide of my nature rather than against it, to row with the current rather than against it.

Henry Adams once explained that America was hopeless so far as art and culture were concerned. There was no chance here, he said, because we had, and I quote:

"No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, no manors, nor old country houses, no parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor leveled ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great universities, no public schools . . .; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class . . ."

I suppose these are the things I wanted to write about before I woke up to the fact that I had no basis for understanding these things and decided to write about what I did understand, such things as Texas Rangers, Comanche Indians, six-shooters, barbed wire, windmills, droughts and dry farming, fence cutters, range wars, outlaws, feuds, prairie fires, jackrabbits, grasshoppers, prairie dogs, cowboys and coyotes. I would write about how a hundred thousand people, moving in prairie schooners and on horseback came into contact with all these harsh things, and to some extent solved the problems they presented to the pioneer.

I am reminded here of a story told on Frank Dobie. He went to the head of the English Department at the University of Texas and said he would like to teach a course on the Life and Literature of the Southwest. The old gentleman was a sort of Henry Adams, self-exiled to Texas rather than to England, said to Dobie, "No, I cannot approve of such a course."

"Why?" asked Dobie.

"Because there is no literature in the Southwest."

"Well, maybe not. There may not be what you call 'literature', but by God, there's life!" And so there was for me on the frontier.

There was life for Fred Gipson in the Hill Country, for Frank Dobie in legends, for Tom Lea in the deserts of El Paso and Mexico, for Buck Schiwetz in the courthouses and other buildings, for John Graves in the Valley of the Brazos. Where there is so much life, there may

eventually be literature (provided you Friends of the Library keep buying, and reading books).

But let me get back to my confessions. My first book, published in 1931, when I was forty-three years old—still late—was not the *Texas Rangers*, but a byproduct of that study, *The Great Plains*. Of all my books it is by far the best known, and it may outrank anything I have done or will do. It was published by a textbook company. It has never been a big seller, but it has been a steady seller, and the sales last year were the greatest in its history. It is, in a sense, autobiographical because in it I explained the life and the society that surrounded me as a child growing up in the edge of that vast and mysterious country. I had come back through the world of books to my own front yard, to give meaning to the things I knew.

Four years later, in 1935, I published *The Texas Rangers*, which I had laid aside for *The Great Plains*, to me a more important book. *The Texas Rangers* is heavy with facts, straight history based on the best documentary evidence, studded with footnotes. It is rather heavy reading, but there are some interesting sections in it. I decided to shun the romance and present the facts about this body of men because there was already a surplus of romance about the Texas Rangers. There was need for the truth, and that is what I aimed at.

I worked hard toward the end to get the book out before the Texas Centennial Celebration of 1936. I wanted it to appear in 1935, the hundredth anniversary of the legal organization of the Texas Rangers. I am told it was the first \$5.00 book to appear in print after the Depression. As far as I know it was the only Texas book to appear that year, and thereby hangs a tale.

Because of the Centennial, Hollywood decided it would be a good year to bring out a Texas picture. Since *The Texas Rangers* was the only new book on Texas, and certainly the biggest, Paramount bought it and made the Texas Centennial picture. I shall never forget the day the news came, a very dark day it had been for me. I had planned to buy a new suit and go to the Christmas meeting of the American Historical Association to receive the plaudits of my friends and competitors on my new book. On this particular day I got my bank statement, found that I was broke, almost overdrawn, and decided to forego the suit and the trip to Washington. To make matters worse, I had two afternoon classes, and I have always hated afternoon work, preferring to sleep. As I approached my office, I saw a boy in a blue Mackay Telegraph uniform, and he handed me a telegram from the publisher saying that Paramount had bought the picture rights, and mentioning a sum that made me positively dizzy—not a great sum by present standards, but enormous in the Depression. In twenty seconds I was jerked from the depths to the heights.

Paramount did very well by me. They spared the book, using

hardly anything but the title, but they made a good Western. They did not invite me to Hollywood as an expert. They held the premier in Dallas at the Centennial, and invited all the important people in Texas, from the governor down, to be their guests, but nobody invited me. I knew then what Omar Khayyam meant when he said:

“Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.”

I asked a Paramount official why they paid so much for so little—the title.

“Protection,” he answered.

My next book, published in 1937, bears the title *Divided We Stand*. In it I showed the distribution of wealth in this nation among the three historical sections, the North, the South, and the West. The figures revealed the desperate plight of the South, and led Mr. Roosevelt to call a conference with a representative from each Southern state. Mr. Roosevelt declared the South the Economic Problem No. 1 of the nation, and said we were going to do something about it. I suppose this book is a political tract, and certainly it has had more political influence than anything else I have done. In treating Northern monopoly, I told the story of the Hartford Empire Glass Company's destruction of a little milk bottle factory at Santa Anna, Texas. It seems that my publisher was connected with the Hartford Empire monopoly. They refused to print the story of the Santa Anna factory, and discontinued the book as soon as possible on the ground that it did not sell. In the meantime the Hartford Empire Company's monopoly had been investigated and all the records made public. I reissued the book myself, and sold more than 10,000 copies.

My next book, published in 1952, is *The Great Frontier*, Houghton Mifflin. In time it may rank with, or even above *The Great Plains*. You see, I have stuck to the frontier, and what happened there happens in any field of study. My subject started in my own back yard and the pastures around me. It expanded to a section, the *Great Plains*, then to the nation and its three sections in *Divided We Stand* and now to the entire western world, and of course *The Texas Rangers* was all frontier. *The Great Frontier* is an interpretation of western civilization since 1500. It will take twenty-five more years to determine whether this interpretation is accepted.

In 1954 the University Press published a small book, *More Water For Texas*. This was a rewrite for a ponderous study made by the U. S. Reclamation Bureau, done at the suggestion of Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, in an effort to find a solution for the water problem of Texas.

In 1959 Houghton Mifflin published a book entitled *An Honest Preface*, made up of essays I had written from time to time, such addresses as I am making here now. In my opinion, the best essay is the one entitled “How the Republican Party Lost Its Future.”

I have made a brief survey of my career as a bookmaker. I have told you how I got started and I have summarized the books of which I am the sole author. But there are ways to get your name on a book without writing it, and I will now give you two examples.

While in London in 1938, where I thought a great deal about Texas, and how foolish I was to get out of it, I conceived the idea for a general reference book on Texas. As Director of the Texas State Historical Association, I launched this project in 1939, immediately upon my return. The results you will find in the two-volume *Handbook of Texas*. This book cost at least \$100,000. It is the most used reference book on Texas, with the possible exception of the *Texas Almanac*. It is an encyclopedia of the state, the only one of its kind in the country. It has something like 13,000 entries, and is the place to go first in your search for information about the people, places and things in your own county and community. The book will soon be out of print. It probably will not be reissued, and if you don't have a set, you would do well to get one soon. The price is \$30, but once out of print a set will cost \$100. No individual has any financial interest in this book and never has had. The book has hundreds of authors. I did not write it, but I designed it, and drove it through to completion. It may come to be considered my best service to the state. My name is on the book as Editor-in-Chief.

Another way to get your name on a book without writing it is to inherit it, just as it is the easiest way to acquire a fortune. I never inherited a fortune. I never inherited a book either, but I found a woman who had inherited a book, and I married her and thereby got my name on the most exciting literary venture I have yet had anything to do with. I refer to the book just published by Harper & Row, entitled *Washington Wife. The Journal of Ellen Maury Slayden*. The woman who inherited the book was Mrs. Maury Maverick, now Mrs. Walter Prescott Webb. But in San Antonio where she lived for so long, she is Mrs. Maverick, and there I am known, not as Walter Prescott Webb, but as the husband of Mrs. Maury Maverick. We are now trying to locate the line of demarcation. We think it may be in the vicinity of New Braunfels, and I suspect Kerrville is well within the Maverick camp. Now writing a book is hard work, as anyone who has done it knows. Some unthinking people might say that it is easier to marry a book, as I did, than to write one. Well, you can say that if you want to, but I can't, and I wouldn't say it even if it were true. I wouldn't dare. But I will tell you that if you can bring it off, it is more fun.

Washington Wife was written by Mrs. Slayden between 1919 and 1925. The manuscript of this book was complete, but by 1925 Mrs. Slayden was ill. She died the following year, and left all her literary effects, including the completed manuscript, to her favorite nephew, Maury Maverick, the son of Mrs. Slayden's sister Jane. Maury Maverick was just getting started in his exciting career as a lawyer, lawmaker

and reformer. He did not find a publisher, and the manuscript became buried in his vast collection of letters and historical documents. It lay unnoticed there for thirty-five years, like the manuscript of *Gone With The Wind*.

Ellen Maury Slayden went to Washington with her husband, James L. Slayden, when he was elected to Congress from the San Antonio district in 1897. The Slaydens remained in Washington through the Spanish-American War and through World War I, returning to San Antonio in 1919. Ellen Maury belonged to the famous Maury family of Virginia and grew up at Piedmont on the edge of the campus of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. As a girl she started keeping notebooks on what interested her, and this habit grew as she matured. In Washington she knew and entertained the great and the near great, domestic and foreign. She had more than a fair share of beauty, great intelligence, and keen perception. She constantly wrote down in her notebooks what went on around her, and she seemed to be aware that she was observing people and events of importance. When she returned to San Antonio in 1919 she brought a stack of notebooks along with the many letters she had received and copies of speeches she had made. From these notebooks she wrote a chapter for each of the twenty-two years she had spent in Washington. The book began with her husband's election; it ended when they were on the train coming home, March 4, 1919.

Before Mrs. Maverick and I were married, I expressed my regret that she would leave her valuable collection of documents in a non-fire-proof building at her home on Maverick Hill in San Antonio. She decided to transfer them to the University of Texas for safekeeping, and in the transfer this remarkable manuscript turned up. I read a few pages and was fascinated. I took it to Austin, had it copied because there was only one copy, sent it to Jack Fischer of *Harper's*, and it was accepted just a few days before we were married. Terrell edited it, I wrote the historical introduction, and it was released by Harper and Row on February 27. Parts of it had appeared previously in *Harper's Magazine* and in *The Southwest Review*. I don't think I am being immodest when I say that it was an instant success. It has not had unfavorable reviews. It has been serialized in *The Washington Post*, and has been picked up on the Today Show and by Leon Pearson for review on national broadcasting systems.

In conclusion, I would like to say something about the place I think Ellen Maury Slayden will hold in history and in literature. I think she may well become known as one of the great women of Texas, ranking alongside Elisabet Ney as an artist. I think her book may rank among the best of its kind written in the last half of the nineteenth century, and the first quarter of the twentieth. I know of no other woman in that period that is comparable to her. Throughout all American history she will be among the first three or four, such as Abigail Adams and

Mary Chestnut, She has written the best contemporaneous account extant of the period.

This ends my confessions as a Texas bookmaker. I have written some, edited some, and perhaps I married the best one of the entire lot.



DR. WEBB'S LAST WRITING

"This address represents Dr. Webb's last writing. It was given before the San Antonio Retired Teachers' Association on Friday, March 8, at a noon luncheon meeting, which Mrs. Webb attended.

"A check for \$78, made out to the Hinds-Webb Memorial Fund, from the San Antonio Retired Teachers' Association was in Dr. Webb's wallet when he was killed in a tragic automobile accident Friday evening."—Mrs. Eileen Guarino, secretary to Dr. Webb.



San Antonio Teachers

When Miss Olga Richter invited me to speak to the Retired Teachers Association of San Antonio, I accepted partly in the hope that I might renew my acquaintance with some with whom I worked here forty-six years ago, when I was a teacher at Old Main Avenue. That was in the fall of 1916. I taught in Main Avenue two years before moving on to the University of Texas. I came to San Antonio on the invitation of a new superintendent, Charles S. Meek, and you might say I left Main Avenue at the suggestion of the same man. Mr. Meek

Editor's note: It is important that this "last writing" be included in this tribute to Dr. Webb, for here one finds his philosophy on teaching, on life and just a pinch of early-day reminiscence. One will recognize similar sentences in this address and the preceding *CONFESSIONS OF A TEXAS BOOKMAKER*; however, the audiences which heard Dr. Webb were in separate localities. The repetition also points up his great love for Terrell Webb.

came to San Antonio with great fanfare and a lot of advanced if not revolutionary ideas derived from a misunderstanding of John Dewey as interpreted by C. S. Peirce and William James of Columbia University.

He didn't think the old San Antonio school system was very good and he proposed to remake it.

In order to remake it, he had to have the co-operation of his teachers and this he did not always get. The schools were pretty well staffed with local people of political and social influence, mainly very able women, the daughters and sisters of influential people in the city. To offset this local influence, Mr. Meek raided South Texas and brought in experienced teachers who had no local connections. He picked me up in Cuero where I was principal of the high school, on the point of being fired because I did not know how to be a principal in a German community.

The philosophy Mr. Meek followed, and wanted us to follow, was to pass everybody in everything, graduate them on schedule regardless of industry or brains. To make this possible, he introduced a vast number of electives, reducing the required courses, as I recall, to English only.

Fortunately Mr. Meek had by inheritance if not by acquisition a fine staff of teachers. The principal, a tall handsome Irishman named Harry H. Ryan, who was promptly dubbed by the Latin teacher, Miss Symington, as "Handsome Harry," was imported from Columbia by Mr. Meek, but he was ably assisted by Marshall Johnson and Jack Howard, very wise men who had long been in the system. Brackenridge High School was under construction, and at the end of the first year Ryan departed, and Marshall Johnson became principal of Main Avenue and Jack Howard went to Brackenridge as their principal.

I wish to mention a few of the teachers, those I knew best. Miss Elizabeth Morey was head of the history department where I labored along with Miss Ora Johnson, who became head of the department at Brackenridge and who at that time was launching Camp Waldemar to make a fortune. I recall also Mrs. Suggs and Miss Lucy Newton and Miss Onderdonk, and Miss Ida May Murray. Miss Gutzeit was probably the most popular teacher with her windblown candy-colored hair and her vivacious ways. Miss Ellen Schultz, later Mrs. Quillen, an authority on flowers and founder of the Witte Museum. Among the men, L. W. Fox, for whom old Main Avenue has been renamed, was my best friend; and my mentor was N. S. Hunsden, who taught manual training.

Then there was Mr. Cory, who taught math, I believe, Mr. Hofstetter, and Mr. Frederick Abbott, who was so distinguished by the shock of crinkley gray hair and the face of a musician. He taught public speaking. Finally, there was the only man in the system who

had a Ph.D., Dr. Pessels, with his vandyke. Among us outsiders was W. D. Moore, who taught French and undertook to organize a teachers' union with the result that he was promptly fired.

Apparently the mistake Mr. Meek made in bringing us outsiders in was that he paid us above the scale. At that time teachers received an advance of \$3 a month for each year of experience, but at the end of the first year we outsiders did not get the advance. Two of us, a science teacher named Davis and I went down to the head office to call Mr. Meek's attention to what we pretended to think was an oversight.

It was a rough interview and Mr. Meek won every round.

He told us he had brought us in above scale, that he had heard a good deal about it, that he was not going to raise us, and that he was ready to accept our resignations right there. I told him I was not prepared to resign, but I left the office with a sense of outrage that I have rarely known and resolved to quit the profession. In the spring I walked the streets of the business section seeking a job. At the San Antonio Express I saw Roy Bedichek and Mr. Grant, both of whom advised me to shun the newspaper game. I got a job as bookkeeper for Mr. H. C. Rees, Rees Optical Company at 407 Houston Street, and in September turned in my resignation.

Though I have always loved books, I was so disgusted, and so determined to quit the profession that I sold all my books except two, burning my bridges. With Mr. Rees' encouragement, I set out to study optometry. Those five months I spent with Mr. Rees were the most valuable because I learned a little practical economics from one of the wisest men I have known.

It was at this stage of my career that I went to see Madam Sckerles, the famous fortune teller of San Antonio. I kept hearing of this woman and her ability to fortell, and I certainly was in great need of some fortelling. I had quit my profession and undertaken a new and strange one. I was hardly making a living and a baby was coming. My father was threatening to sell his land which was in the midst of the Ranger oil boom, and I was trying to persuade him not to do it, giving him the advantage of all my superior wisdom. The future seemed very uncertain, and so I phoned Madam Sckerles for an appointment.

"You come at 4 o'clock," she said, naming a date two weeks in advance.

"Do you want my name?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I don't need your name. I will know you."

I went to her small cottage on the south side, was admitted by a colored girl into a hall such as old-fashioned cottages used to have, with rooms on either side. A group of three people were in the back of the

hall, waiting. Then a door on the left opened, and a bird-like little woman with gray hair appeared. She looked at these people and said, "I do not have an appointment with you." They tried to argue, but she would have none of it. She glanced at me and said, "I have an appointment with you."

We entered the first room on the left where I expected to see tiger skins and crystal balls, the common trappings of fortune tellers, but no room could be plainer. She sat behind a small table, and I sat in front in a straight chair. She pressed my hand, closed her eyes and began to tell me about my family, my mother's name, the number of children. She could not possibly have known me because I was one of the most obscure people in the city.

I said, "Madam Sckerles, I did not come here to test your power. I have heard of you and I am here because of what I heard."

She told me the baby would be a girl, and it was.

She said my father would sell his land, and that there was no oil on it. He sold it to speculators within a month, and they drilled only dry holes.

As to my future, I probably wanted her to say that I would be a successful business man, and make a fortune as Mr. Rees had done fitting and selling glasses.

"I see you around books," she said. Remember I had sold all my books. I came back to the subject again, but all she would say is "I see you around books." Some two or three months later Professor Duncalf called me from Austin, saying I had been elected to teach history at The University of Texas. At that time I had no hope and no expectation of a college job, not to mention a place in a university. I have been around books from that day to this and I have had a grand life.

Madame Sckerles interested me so much that I began to ask her questions, how she got started in this business. She said it happened when she was a girl in Germany, and that she began telling her girl friends what would happen to them, and in this way discovered her power. There is no doubt that she could have amassed a fortune because it was generally stated here and in Austin that she was consulted by the best business men in San Antonio, and that some of them would not make a move without consulting her. Why she didn't make a fortune is illustrated by what she did that day.

"How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"One dollar," she said.

I laid a dollar bill on the table. She picked it up, opened a drawer and laid it in a box. Then she took out half a dollar, laid it on the table in front of her, put her index finger on it, and slid it across the table to me. "That is for the baby," she said.

You teachers may be so well educated that you refuse to believe anything you cannot understand, and I would share this view with regard to most so-called fortune tellers, but I do not hold it with regard to this once famous little lady. I am glad of this opportunity to pay tribute to her, and if I lived in San Antonio I would undertake to get the record of her foretelling from the many people who consulted her, and perpetuate her memory in a small and beautiful book.

Since I had only a B.A. degree, you may wonder why I was called to the University in 1918. I think it is because I worked hard at teaching history, and wrote one or two articles on teaching history which attracted some attention in Austin. After my interview with Mr. Meek in September, I taught that school year, and though I seethed with hatred for him, I did my best in the Main Avenue class room right down to the wire.

At the University of Texas I was indeed surrounded by books. In those early years I certainly did not set the academic underbrush on fire, but I did work at what I liked.

It was in San Antonio that I hit upon a subject for an advanced degree thesis and dissertation that I think determined my career. It occurred to me that it would be a good thing to write the history of the Texas Rangers, and I went to the Carnegie Library to see if the job had been done. It had not, and I preempted the subject. In the research on the Texas Rangers I stumbled on an original idea, and developed it in my first book, *Great Plains*. This book may be the best and certainly the best known one that I have written, was published in 1931, followed by *The Texas Rangers* in 1935. I had been at work on it for at least seventeen years.

This slow development meant that I had dropped completely out of sight, if I had ever been much in sight. These were glorious years when I was never interrupted. After the two books appeared and began to attract attention, I was in San Antonio and happened to meet one of my Main Avenue colleagues, prominent and powerful then and more so later.

She remarked rather dryly but with great truth, "You seem to have developed after you left San Antonio." My other books followed, *Divided We Stand*, which had political influence, in 1937, and *The Great Frontier* in 1952. Though my books have never been sellers, the *Texas Rangers* was the only one making the best seller list for a short period. My books have, I think, influenced American thought, and in one instance political action. In 1939 I launched *The Handbook of Texas*, a two-volume encyclopedia of the state, the only thing of its kind in the nation. It was published in 1952, and will soon be out of print. When it is, it will sell at \$100 a set and more. To produce it cost more than \$100,000—of state money, I might add.

Before I tell you about the last book, I may say some things about teaching as a career. I went into teaching on purpose, but I did not feel that I had either the talent or the industry to make a living at writing. So I took teaching as a vocation and writing as an avocation. I usually did my best in the class room because I felt a real obligation to my students whose parents were paying me.

I considered it a profession, no more honorable and no less than any other honest way of making a living.

It always outraged me to have some man, who was making money, harp at me on what a noble profession I was in. I never considered it any more noble than any other profession and I refused to be patronized.

In a lifetime of teaching many students pass through your classes, and it is easy for the teacher to become sentimental and imagine that he has had a great deal to do with making the successful ones a success.

I understand that candidates for office always pay tribute to their teachers, but that they dread to see them coming after they are elected.

As I watched the procession pass by me into the world I found that some achieved high places and some a low place, in the penitentiary for example, and I decided that if I took credit for the successors I would also have to take credit for the criminals. I have made it a rule to take little credit for either.

I never undertook to break the barrier that rises across the desk to separate the teacher from those who sit below. You can't break that barrier, and if you try too hard you subject yourself to the wiles and tricks of intelligent and designing young people, making them into hypocrites. I always confined my teaching to the school house and never invited students to my home simply because they were students. I had no more desire to associate with these young people after hours than a dentist has to gather a bunch of kids whose teeth he has pulled and take them on a picnic where only soup and soda pop are served.

I never wanted disciples because I never wanted to be one. I wanted to be independent, think for myself, and I want my students to do the same.

I always treated the students as I wanted to be treated, and never consciously took advantage of one because I had a little authority. I have helped them when I could, always in the direction of their real or suspected talents. Many of them have become my friends, but they did it as individuals and not as students. I make no claim that my philosophy is the best one, but it is the one that I have followed, the one I would follow if I had it all to do over again.

Since you are retired teachers, and since I have passed retirement age, you may be curious as to my views on the retired estate. I reached the compulsory retirement age, which is pretty high at the University,

and I refused to be patronized. In a lifetime of teaching many students pass through your classes, and it is easy for the teacher to become sentimental and imagine that he ^{had} had a great deal to do with making the successful ones a success. I understand that candidates for office always pay tribute to their teachers, but that they dread to see them coming after they are elected. As I watched the procession pass by me into the world I found that some achieved high place and some a low place, in the penitentiary for example, and I decided that if I took credit for the successes I would also have to take credit for the criminals. I have made it a rule to take lit'le credit for either. I never undertook to break the barrier that rises across the desk to separate ^{the teacher} him from those who sit below. ~~You can't break that barrier, and if you try to hard you subject yourself to subject yourself to the wiles and tricks of intelligent and designing young people, making them into hypocrites. I always confined my teaching to the school house and never invited students to my home simply because they were students. I never wanted disciples because I never wanted to be one. I wanted to be independent, think for myself, and I want my students to do the same. I always treated the students as I wanted to be treated, and never consciously took advantage of one because of my position. I have helped them when I could, always in the direction of their real or suspected talents. Many of them have become my friends, but they did 't as individuals and not as students. I make no claim that my philosophy is the best one, but it is the one that I have followed, the one I would follow if I had it all to do over again.~~

I had a little authority, x

*It is more than a dentist has to gather a bunch of
rich white teeth he has picked and take them
on a home where only such and such are served*

A page of Webb's original manuscript

in 1958. The first year I taught as guest professor at Rice University, the second at the University of Houston, and last summer I taught at the University of Alaska. The third year I made a tape recording of one course I created at the University; and the next year I did the same for another at the University; and the next year I did the same for another course. As a result of this experience I am now directing the tape recording of a course in American civilization as told by the twenty leading living historians of the United States. We have brought to Austin the Pulitzer prize winners in history and many former presidents of the American Historical Association. Among the lecturers so far are Arnold Toynbee, Samuel E. Morison, Samuel F. Bemis, Allan Nevins, Tom Clark of Kentucky, Dexter Perkins and Boyd Shafer. I have been so busy that I have not had time to think about what I will do in retirement.

A few moments ago I spoke of the books I have written, and I promised to tell you about my latest and most unusual adventure in publishing. I refer to the new book, just off the press of Harper and Row, entitled *Washington Wife: The Journal of Ellen Maury Slayden*.

Since I set out to be reasonably honest in this address, I will continue to be.

I didn't write this book—I married it.

About twenty months ago I launched a strenuous campaign to persuade a San Antonio woman whom most of you know to change her name from Mrs. Maury Maverick to Mrs. Walter Prescott Webb.

It was a tough campaign, but I finally won it, for that reason only a woman knows.

In preparation for this change of name and residence I learned that Mrs. Maverick had in her possession out on Maverick Hill, where she lived in a street car, some extremely valuable papers of great historical significance. I told her I hated for her to go away and leave this valuable collection to the hazards of fire and theft.

The result was that we arranged to transfer this collection to a fire-proof building at the University of Texas. In the packing for this move, Mrs. Maverick turned up the manuscript which is now a published book.

And here I must tell you about another remarkable San Antonio woman; the author, Ellen Maury grew up on the edge of the campus of the University of Virginia, a member of the famous Maury family and the sister of Jane Maury who married Albert Maverick of San Antonio, the mother of Maury Maverick, Sr. Ellen Maury married James L. Slayden and moved to San Antonio. In 1897 James L. Slayden was elected as a representative to Congress and remained there until 1919. The Slaydens had no children, and so Ellen was free to devote her time to her husband to social affairs. She was a petite person, five feet tall, weighing perhaps 110 pounds.



MRS. WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB
“... she agreed eventually to my proposal ...”

She had more than her share of beauty and an extraordinary amount of highly feminine brains. Above all, she had what I would call social acceptance, not in moderation but with plenty to spare, and she was perhaps a little snobbish. She knew correct usage, according to late Victorian standards, and she had a scorn for those who did not know it too.

Early in her life she began keeping notebooks. As a girl she put in the notebooks literary and sentimental passages that appealed to her, and also confided to them (the notebooks) of her opinion of the young swains of Charlotte, Virginia, who paid her court, but those she burned.

By the time she got to Washington in 1897, she was a mature woman, fully aware of the world around her, the intellectual and the social world, and she seems to have realized quite early that she was a witness to things of national and world interest. Her home became a social center to which came the great and the near great. She spent hours in the galleries of the House and the Senate, attended White House receptions, and then she went home and wrote down her impressions in her notebooks. By the time she left Washington in 1919 she had a stack of these notebooks crammed with source material on personalities and events, in Washington, in Texas, in Virginia, and in the Western world.

In the seven years that intervened before her death in 1926, she wrote *Washington Wife*, one chapter for each of the twenty-three years she had spent in the capitol. My guess is that she completed the book in 1925, because she was ill for a year or two before she died. She did not find a publisher. Before she died, she gave her notebooks and the finished manuscript to her nephew, Maury Maverick.

Maury did not find a publisher either. He was just getting started in his tempestuous career in law and in San Antonio politics and so the manuscript was filed away in his voluminous collection where it lay for some thirty-five years. Maury died in 1954, leaving his collection of papers and documents to his wife, Terrell.

Prior to my marriage to Terrell late in 1961, I was disturbed by the fact that she was moving to Austin and leaving this marvelous collection of books and manuscripts in her streetcar home on Maverick Hill just off Hillcrest Drive. I suggested that these historic papers should be moved to a fireproof building and arrangements were made to transfer them to The University of Texas for safekeeping.

In the process of moving them, the manuscript of *Washington Wife* turned up. I read a few pages and asked to take the manuscript to Austin. I spent three days reading it, so absorbed I could do nothing else. I telephoned Mrs. Maverick for permission to copy it, and I sent a copy to John Fischer, editor of Harper & Row Bros. It was accepted immediately, and stirred the greatest enthusiasm in the New York



WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

“ . . . I am known in San Antonio now, not as an author and University professor, but as the husband of Mrs. Maury Maverick.”

office. The announcement that Harper had accepted it came as a wedding present two days before we were married.

Our marriage stirred considerable comment in both Austin and San Antonio among our friends and acquaintances. When news of this book came out, people began to hunt for a relationship between the book and our marriage. Some of them, knowing my devotion to books, are circulating the story that I married Mrs. Maverick in order to get my hands on the Ellen Maury Slayden story. The only reason I had for marrying Mrs. Maverick is that she agreed eventually to my proposal. I will say that the book has made our venture terribly exciting, and my guess is that the excitement is not over.

In conclusion, I am going to give you my opinion of this remarkable book, and then read a few pages so that you can see what I am talking about.

I know that *Washington Wife* is a good book, and time may prove that it is a great book. It is without doubt the best contemporaneous history of events and people between 1897 and 1919 that has been written. It ranks with such great books as *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, Ike Hoover's *42 Years in the White House* and *The Letters of Archibald Butt*. It is unique among these classics in that it is the only book of that stature done by a woman.

Not only does it rank high for that period, but it ranks high among books of historical significance written by women throughout the long period of American history. It is comparable to the writings of Abigail Adams in the colonial and early national period, and it is better executed than Mary Chestnut's classic of the Civil War, *My Diary from Dixie*. It will, in my opinion, be read as a source for fifty or a hundred years. It is a book that women can read with pleasure and understanding because it presents the feminine point of view as only a woman can.

What I am going to say now may surprise you. Terrell being a diplomatic person advised me not to say it, but I am saying it anyway. Ellen Maury Slayden may well come to be regarded as one of the most famous women that San Antonio has yet produced, one of the most famous that Texas has produced. If James L. Slayden is remembered at all, it will be because he was the husband of Ellen.

I have some sympathy with him because I am known in San Antonio now, not as an author and university professor, but as the husband of Mrs. Maury Maverick. Ellen may also cause my name to live a little longer than it ordinarily would because I retrieved her manuscript from its thirty-five year rest, and wrote the historical introduction to her book.

Now I will read a few passages from *Washington Wife*.

**MEMORIAL
WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB**

Members of the Texas Legislature paid tribute to Dr. Webb when the 58th Legislature-Regular Session adopted the following concurring resolution (H.C.R. No. 45).

WHEREAS, Walter Prescott Webb today, and forever, has become a part of that history of the West which he wrote and loved; and

WHEREAS, He will have his place along with Lewis and Clark, Sam Houston, Mirabeau B. Lamar and others whose fame he heightened by his chronicles of the founding and development of the great plains of the American West; and

WHEREAS, Though Plutarch wrote that leaders of the ages achieved fame only after they lived and worked in the currents of the great market places of the world, Dr. Webb's career and life belied this conclusion. He grew up in Texas, struggled against the lack of money to put himself through schools and the university and he remained at The University of Texas throughout his life, except for temporary distinguished lectureships before the most renowned colleges of America and England. Yet his work made him internationally known. He was recognized by scholars and in the great academies of the world as one of the foremost historians of his day; and

WHEREAS, He changed the emphasis and the writing of history. Never did he extol nor glorify, but as did the geniuses of literature he let the events and times express the heroism and accomplishment of man; and

WHEREAS, In his deep concern for human welfare, he used the past and he thought of the past as a guide to the future; and

WHEREAS, This Legislature is deeply humble before the magnitude of his accomplishment. Our founding fathers charged us with creating a university of the first class, but this one man probably has done more than we can do to achieve this ideal; and

WHEREAS Other histories and records will contains the lengthy list of his books, his personal history, his contributions and the honors he received from learned societies and universities. As Texas officials we should recount for future historians the special services he rendered this State:

Walter Prescott Webb, as a Texan more than historian, was one of the early promoters of the Big Bend area. In 1935 he floated on a raft through the dangerous canyons of the Santa Elena, Mariscal, and Boquillas, a fete accomplished by few white man before that time.

He was for many years director of the Texas State Historical Association and he founded and was the guiding genius of the Junior Historical Association which interested young people in research and also brought to scholarly attention many family letters and records which influenced the collation of Texas history.

He was editor in chief of the Handbook of Texas, a two-volume work produced by the Texas State Historical Association and which provides significant information about a multitude of subjects. The work has since served as a guide for similar reference works for historical associations of other states in the Union; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That Walter Prescott Webb be accorded the profound gratitude of the State of Texas. We bow in sorrow at his passing; and, be it further

RESOLVED, That when the Legislature adjourns this day it do so in memory of this great man. Unanimously adopted by a rising vote of the House, March 14, 1963; unanimously adopted by a rising vote of the Senate, March 18, 1963.

Approved March 20, 1963.

Filed in the office of the Secretary of State, March 21, 1963.

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF TEXAS

by Stephen B. Oates

"Books," the late Walter Prescott Webb once remarked, "are themselves only keys which admit us into the various rooms of the mansion of real living. They are not unlike a microscope, through which we are enabled to see things too small to be seen unaided, or the telescope, which opens up visions of distance beyond our ken."

A guide to literature, or a bibliography, is yet another step removed from "the mansion of real living." It is another microscope through which we may focus on the books—the basic microscopes—that provide a view of life itself. In this sense, a listing of books, however bare or however dull, is immeasurably helpful, for it points to the cream of books, to those that best record or otherwise illuminate real life in all its diversity, in all its nuance. The present guide, with Texas and her people as its focus, looks at a number of volumes (certainly not all those dealing with Texas, for to do so would require a book itself) that are not only informative, but are also good reading. Some of them are artistic and beautiful.

The guide does not seek to nourish what one Southwestern writer called "provincial inbreeding." It seeks instead to encourage Texans (and anyone else for that matter) to learn about themselves, their land, and their past through books that, even if they are regional in scope, still transcend provincialism to provide, collectively, a record of human experience in its universal aspects: a people busily settling a vast and hazardous frontier, taking their civilization ever further into the unknown; a people trying at once to exploit the land and to live in harmony with it, which caused them to develop new institutions and ways of commerce; a people revolting, only to fight again and again, first to build and then to sustain a nation, a state, another nation in which they could have the freedom to live out their individual lives in pursuit of profit, or love, or comradeship, or honor, or fame, or the high plain of idea and creation, or all of these—the freedom to go and do, to believe whether right or wrong, as they pleased.

The books themselves, when read, will open up vistas of knowledge "beyond our ken." They will tell you about your country. They are, I believe, the best books we have about it. And I list them with no credentials other than as one who has, in his way, read most of them, who has authored two himself, and who has taught from them in history classes at The University of Texas.

MR. OATES, a former member of the Texas State Library staff, is the editor of a recent book published by the University of Texas Press, *RIP FORD'S TEXAS BY JOHN SALMON FORD (1815-1897)*. Oates, a U.T. history graduate, is now working toward a doctorate at Rice University, Houston.

Inevitably, some will say, "he didn't include this book" or that one. Nor will everyone agree that the books I have listed are the best available. Yet, most anyone can, if they care to, find at least one item here that will stimulate, dazzle, inform, or entertain. But I have said enough. Here are the books. The annotations in most cases describe their content and scope. Those without annotation usually have titles that are self explanatory. Before sitting down to read them all, from Adams to Yelvington, one might do well to remember what a Bishop in his wisdom once told a student who kept boasting about the scores upon scores of books he read. "My son," the old Bishop said, "when do you get time to think?"

GENERAL SURVEYS

- Gambrell, Herbert and Virginia. **A Pictorial History of Texas.** Dutton, 1960. Gracefully written, with scores of portraits, maps, and illustrations.
- Hollon, W. Eugene. **Southwest Old and New.** Knopf, 1961. A social, political, and cultural history of the Southwest from the ancient people to modern Houston, Phoenix, and Santa Fe, with many illustrations.
- Richardson, Rupert N. **Texas, the Lone Star State.** Revised ed. Prentice-Hall, 1958. Comprehensive yet readable, with helpful biographical essays following each chapter.
- Tolbert, Frank X. **An Informal History of Texas.** Harper, 1961. Delightful anecdotes in more or less chronological arrangement.
- Wellman, Paul I. **Glory, God and Gold: A Narrative History of the Southwest.** Doubleday, 1954. A history that recounts the Southwest's past as a story of living people rather than as a sequence of dry, unpalatable facts.
- Wooten, Dudley G. (ed.) **A Comprehensive History of Texas.** 2 vols. Scarff, 1898. Over sixty years after its publication, this is still informative, reliable, and at times splendid reading. It is less a straight history than an anthology of articles covering almost every aspect of the Texas past and written by prominent historians and public and military men who made the history they chronicled.

TOPICAL STUDIES THAT SPAN LONG CHRONOLOGICAL PERIODS

- Allen, Allyn. **The Texas Rangers.** Doubleday, 1952.
- Allen, Ruth A. **East Texas Lumber Workers: An Economic and Social Picture, 1870-1950.** University of Texas, 1961. Objective and scholarly, this has already become the standard monograph in its field.
- Davis, Norris G. **The Press and the Law of Texas.** University of Texas, 1956. A "practical guide" to the duties and rights of journalists, with some historical background.
- Dobkins, Bette E. **The Spanish Element in Texas Water Law.** University of Texas, 1959. Rather difficult reading because its topic is difficult and complex. It will tell you, though, what you want to know about Spanish water rights which remain in the laws that govern our most critical natural resource.
- Eby, Frederick. **The Development of Education in Texas.** Macmillan, 1925. An excellent survey, but not as up-to-date as Evans below.
- Evans, C. E. **The Story of Texas Schools.** Steck, 1955. Informative.
- Gallegly, Joseph. **Footlights on the Border.** Mouton, 1962. A most original study of theater activity in Texas which won a Texas Institute of Letters award for significant contribution to knowledge.

- Horgan, Paul. **Great River: the Rio Grande in North American History.** 2 vols. Also available 2 vols. in 1. Rinehart, 1954, 1960. Winner of Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes in history, this is the complete story of a region whose distinguishing and sustaining force is its Great River, told in terms of the people who lived along it: the ancient cliff dwellers, the Spaniards, the Mexicans, and finally the Anglo-Americans. One could probably read this long, human record and nothing else and still have a thorough understanding of the Texas past, of the character and passion of her historic peoples. Again, the characters are marvelously alive, the descriptions of the country, the River, the mountains, are poetic and beautiful, and the story itself is a memorable one told with wisdom and with a remarkable understanding of human beings.
- Kelly, Eric P. **On the Staked Plain.** Macmillan, 1940. A lucid and informative study of West Texas, its development and its settlers.
- King, Dick. **Ghost Towns of Texas.** Naylor, 1953. This is a good reference item for anyone who wants to know about old Texas settlements no longer populated.
- Lea, Tom. **The King Ranch.** 2 vols. Little, Brown, 1957. A well-written narrative about those two business wizards, Richard King and Mifflin Kenedy, who built a ranch in South Texas that was, in its day, the largest in the world.
- Loomis, Noel M. **The Texan-Santa Fe Pioneers.** University of Oklahoma, 1958.
- Madison, Virginia. **The Big Bend Country of Texas.** University of New Mexico, 1955. A historical and partly contemporary account of that raw, barren region and its pioneers both old and new.
- Newcomb, W. W. **The Indians of Texas, From Prehistoric to Modern Times.** University of Texas, 1961. Impeccable in fact and in presentation, this is the definitive study of Texas Indians, by a man who has spent most of his life studying them.
- Nixon, Pat Ireland. **A History of the Texas Medical Association, 1853-1953.** University of Texas, 1953. Because Mr. Nixon is knowledgeable and curious and his style of writing clear, his book is beneficial reading for anyone.
- Peyton, Green (Wertenbaker, G. P.). **San Antonio, City in the Sun.** McGraw-Hill, 1946.
- Ramsdell, Charles. **San Antonio: A Historical and Pictorial Guide.** University of Texas, 1959. Descriptions of the Alamo City today, interwoven with a narrative of its historic past; abundantly illustrated; highly recommended.
- Sheffy, L. F. **The Francklyn Land & Cattle Company: A Panhandle Enterprise, 1882-1957.** University of Texas, 1963. Mr. Sheffy has lived most of his life on the High Plains, studying the land, its people, and its horses and cattle, and so he has a genuine feeling for his subject.
- Smythe, H. **Historical Sketch of Parker County, Texas.** L. C. Lavat (St. Louis), 1877. Excellent depiction of life in an old Texas county.
- Soonnichsen, C. L. **Ten Texas Feuds.** University of New Mexico, 1957.
- Sowell, A. J. **Rangers and Pioneers of Texas.** Shepard Bros. (San Antonio), 1884. A master chronicler describes old Texan pioneers who loved peace but who would fight anyone trying to take their land and honor. See also Sowell's later book, **Early Settlers and Indian Fighters of Southwest Texas.** B. C. Jones (Austin), 1900.
- Thorp, Raymond W. **The Bowie Knife.** University of New Mexico, 1948. An entertaining story of that legendary knife whose awesome appearance "would have made a Malay's blood run cold."
- Webb, Walter Prescott. **THE STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.** Grosset & Dunlap, 1957. An informal account distilled from his classic book about the Rangers, listed below.
- Webb, Walter Prescott. **THE TEXAS RANGERS: A CENTURY OF FRONTIER DEFENSE.** Houghton Mifflin, 1935. As J. Frank Dobie says, Webb's book is "the beginning, middle, and end of the subject."
- Winfrey, Dorman. **A History of Rusk County, Texas.** Texian Press (Waco), 1961. A thoroughly documented record, including biographical sketches and a description of the geography, from the Spanish explorations, through county organization and Civil War and Reconstruction, down to the oil boom and the rise of cities.

THE HISPANIC SOUTHWEST

- Bishop, Morris. *The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca*. Appleton, 1933. Rich in vivid detail.
- Bolton, H. E. (ed.). *Spanish Explorations in the Southwest, 1542-1706*. Barnes & Noble, 1959. Contemporary accounts of those dazzling expeditions, many of them by the conquistadores themselves. Its companion volume is F. W. Hodge and T. H. Lewis, *Spanish Explorers*, listed below.
- Hammond, George P. *Coronado's Seven Cities*. United States Coronado Exposition (Albuquerque), 1940. Short and delightfully written.
- Hodge, F. W., and Lewis, T. H. (eds.). *Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1543*. Barnes & Noble, 1959.
- Horgan, Paul. *Conquistadores in North American History*. Farrar, Straus, 1963. Horgan's many books are among the finest written on the Southwest, and his latest is no exception. It conveys the fire and sword of those Spanish conquests, beginning with Columbus and ending with Vargas, that lasted for two centuries.

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

- Binkley, William C. *The Expansionist Movement in Texas*. University of California, 1925. This is a bit tedious to read, but it has, nevertheless, all the information one would want about the settlement, revolt, and annexation of Texas.
- Binkley, William C. *The Texas Revolution*. Louisiana State University, 1952. A collection of interpretative essays on the military, political, and social developments in Texas in 1836.
- Lord, Walter. *A Time to Stand*. Harper, 1961. Here at last is an account of the Alamo that is authentic and free of legend, by a New Yorker who eschewed chauvinism to tell the truth.
- Tinkle, Lon. *Thirteen Days to Glory*. McGraw-Hill, 1958. Another well-written book about the Alamo that is thrilling drama, but does mix some legend with fact with fact.
- Tolbert, Frank X. *The Day of San Jacinto*. McGraw-Hill, 1959. To read this narrative is to feel yourself marching behind Sam Houston, the town of Gonzales behind you on the distant horizon, marching on through light and darkness, mud and rain, to a victory over Santa Anna on a scarcely known meadow called San Jacinto.
- Yoakum, Henderson. *History of Texas*. 2 vols. in 1, unabridged reprint of 1855 ed. Steck, 1935. The basic history from the beginning through the war and republic periods.

THE TEXAS REPUBLIC

- Carroll, H. Bailey. *The Texan Santa Fe Trail*. Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1951. The author, no armchair historian, took to his horse to log and illuminate the route the Santa Fe expedition took in 1841.
- Connor, Seymour V. *The Peters Colony of Texas: A History and Biographical Sketches of the Early Settlers*. Texas State Historical Association, 1959.
- Hogan, William Ransom. *The Texas Republic: A Social and Economic History*. University of Oklahoma, 1946. This book, together with Stanley Siegel's below, provides a graphic and comprehensive view of those hard years when Texas was a nation.
- McCaleb, Walter F. *The Mier Expedition*. Naylor, 1962. A short account of the last Texas raid into Mexico, which ended in disaster as the Texans surrendered and then had to draw beans for life, or for death.
- Muir, Andrew Forrest (ed.). *Texas in 1837: An Anonymous Contemporary Narrative*. University of Texas, 1958. The author, whoever he was, wrote about life in the fledgling Republic with a perceptive and always dry eye.
- Nance, Joseph Milton. *After San Jacinto: the Texas-Mexican Frontier, 1836-1841*. University of Texas, 1963. The controversy over the Texas-Mexico boundary and the passion and fury that led both sides to fling predatory expeditions against one another.

Siegel, Stanley. **A Political History of the Texas Republic, 1836-1845.** University of Texas, 1956. The first overall view of politics and politicians in the Republic, Siegel's book tells about the feuds and animosities, particularly those of Houston and Burnet, that rocked the young nation and offers numerous character sketches that breathe life into the facts.

EARLY STATEHOOD

Harris, Benjamin Butler. **The Gila Trail: the Texas Argonauts and the California Gold Rush.** Ed. by Richard H. Dillon. University of Oklahoma, 1960. Recounts the hazards that beset those adventurers who searched for wealth and well-being in California gold.

Jackson, W. Turrentine. **Wagon Roads West: A Study of Federal Road Surveys and Construction in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1846-1869.** University of California, 1952.

De Shields, James T. **Border Wars of Texas.** Herald Co. (Tioga, Tex.), 1912. A chronicle of the long struggle between the Comanches and frontiersmen for control of the Texas frontier.

Singletary, Otis A. **The Mexican War.** University of Chicago, 1960. Brief and thoughtful, this is especially good on the part the Texas Rangers played in the battles of Monterrey and Buena Vista and in Winfield Scott's overland march to Mexico City.

Stephenson, Nathaniel Wright. **Texas and the Mexican War.** Yale University, 1921. All the facts are here.

TEXAS IN CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Anderson, John Q. **A Texas Surgeon in the C.S.A.** Confederate Publishing Co. (Tuscaloosa, Ala.), 1957. Less a biography than a sketch of life in the Confederate Army in the Trans-Mississippi theater.

Ashcraft, Allan C. **Texas in the Civil War: A Resume History.** Texas Civil War Centennial Commission, 1962. An excellent summary and reference guide, with suggestions for further reading and a chronology of events.

Fornell, Earl. **The Galveston Era: the Texas Crescent on the Eve of Secession.** University of Texas, 1961. A thorough analysis of the secession movement, with passing comments on life and culture in that historic Gulf city.

Hall, Martin Hardwick. **Sibley's New Mexico Campaign.** University of Texas, 1960. A scholarly retelling of that "romantic gamble" in which a motley crowd of Texas Confederates marched to defeat and death out on the New Mexico desert.

Johnson, Ludwell H. **Red River Campaign: Politics and Cotton in the Civil War.** Johns Hopkins University, 1958. In a moving prose style Johnson tells how a ragged Confederate army, including a thousand Texans armed with shotguns and Bowie knives, stopped a Federal campaign designed to capture Texas and perhaps all of the Trans-Mississippi. Highly recommended.

Henderson, Harry McCord. **Texas in the Confederacy.** Naylor, 1955. Mostly a collection of regimental histories.

Nunn, W. C. **Texas Under the Carpetbaggers.** University of Texas, 1962. Though he views Reconstruction traditionally as little more than "a black and bloody drama," "a blackout of honest government," the author has written a most acceptable survey of this critical period of the Texas past.

Oates, Stephen B. **Confederate Cavalry West of the River.** University of Texas, 1961. Confederate riders in the Trans-Mississippi were mostly Texans who could fire a revolver at a gallop and who cared little about military discipline. This volume tells the story of their organization, their battles, raiding expeditions, and ultimate defeat.

Polley, Joseph B. **Hood's Texas Brigade.** Neale, 1910. A man who marched in the famous Texas Brigade, C.S.A., gives an intimate account of those fighting Texan infantry who earned a reputation for fierceness and utter disregard for death.

Roberts, O. M. "Texas," in vol. XI of **Confederate Military History.** Ed. by Clement A. Evans. 12 vols. Confederate Publishing Co., 1899. All in all, still the most comprehensive survey of Texas in the war years.

TEXAS AND THE WINNING OF THE WEST

- Adams, Ramond F. **The Best in the American Cowboy.** University of Oklahoma, 1957. An anthology of prose and lyrics on cowboy life and cowboy ways.
- Bleeker, Sonia. **The Apache Indians.** Morrow, 1950. A thoughtful study and concisely written.
- Brown, Dee. **Trail Driving Days.** Scribner, 1952. Fully illustrated.
- Dale, Edward Everett. **Frontier Ways: Sketches of Life in the Old West.** University of Texas, 1962. Superb in its realistic detail.
- Dale, Edward Everett. **The Range Cattle Industry.** 2nd ed. University of Oklahoma, 1960. This definitive study of the industry's economic aspects has become a classic.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **The Longhorns.** Little, Brown, 1941. Excellent literature. Dobie, a master of moods and concise writing, shows the blend made by man, beast, and range in telling about the Longhorn breed and its history, the psychology of the stampede, the stories of outlaws, individual lead steers, mavericks and maverickers.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **The Mustangs.** Little, Brown, 1952. The history of the mustang, stories and legends about individual horses and about the cowboys who broke and rode them—all are here, in the richest volume on range horses ever published.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **Up the Trail from Texas.** Random House, 1955. Stories of cowboys and cattle trails.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **A Vaquero of the Brush Country.** Reprint of 1929 ed. Little, Brown, 1943. Recounts the border struggles over cattle and the so-called "skinning war." Mainly, though, it is a biography of a vaquero—John Young of Alpine—against a range background.
- Duke, Cordia, and Frantz, Joe B. **Six Thousand Miles of Fence: Life on the XIT Ranch of Texas.** University of Texas, 1961. Memoirs, episodic and anecdotal, about the everyday life of the men who built and maintained the largest ranch on the High Plains.
- Durham, George. **Taming the Nueces Strip: the Story of McNelly's Rangers.** University of Texas, 1961. We ride after the border bandits with a company of hard-boiled Texas Rangers.
- Frantz, Joe B., and Choate, Julian Ernest. **The American Cowboy: the Myth and the Reality.** University of Oklahoma, 1955. The cowboy "looked at solemnly and reflectively in relation to his role in frontier history" and "as he appears in literature."
- Gard, Wayne. **The Chisholm Trail.** University of Oklahoma, 1954. According to critics and fellow writers, Gard has "said all that need ever be said about the Chisholm Trail."
- Gard, Wayne. **Frontier Justice.** University of Oklahoma, 1949. History of frontier vigilance committees—here quasi-legal groups, there rapacious bands more kill crazy than the Younger brothers—in a region where one's life depended on how well one could shoot, or could ride.
- Gard, Wayne. **The Great Buffalo Hunt.** Knopf, 1959. The whole, broad canvass of buffalo hunting on the plains, streaked with wholesale slaughters, pillaging, and feuds among the buckskinned hunters themselves.
- Haley, J. Evetts. **The XIT Ranch of Texas, and the Early Days of the Llano Estacado.** New ed. University of Oklahoma, 1953. Factual and informative.
- Haley, J. Evetts. **Fort Concho and the Texas Frontier.** San Angelo Standard-Times, 1952. History of military campaigns, based from Fort Concho, against West Texas Comanches.
- Knight, Oliver. **Fort Worth, Outpost on the Trinity.** University of Oklahoma, 1953.
- Kupper, Winifred. **The Golden Hoof: the Story of the Sheep of the Southwest.** Knopf, 1945. Well-written, with memorable descriptive chapters on the range war between sheepmen and cattlemen.
- McCarty, John L. **Maverick Town: the Story of Old Tascosa.** University of Oklahoma, 1946. A colorful sketch of a historic Panhandle outpost.
- Nordyke, Lewis. **Cattle Empire: the Fabulous Story of the 3,000,000 Acre XIT.** Morrow, 1949. Another graphic account of that famous Panhandle ranch.

- Nordyke, Lewis. **Great Roundup: the Story of Texas and Southwestern Cowmen.** Morrow, 1945. A history of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association that moves in succinct and vivid detail.
- Richardson, Rupert N. **The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement.** Arthur H. Clark, 1933.
- Rister, Carl Coke. **The Southwestern Frontier.** Arthur H. Clark, 1928.
- Rister, Carl Coke. **Fort Griffin on the Texas Frontier.** University of Oklahoma, 1956. A well-organized account of life on an army post, located near present day Albany, from the 1850's to the 1880's.
- Smith, Erwin E., and Haley, J. Evetts. **Life on the Texas Range.** University of Texas, 1952. Fully illustrated.
- Wallace, Ernest, and Hoebel, E. A. **Comanches, Lords of the South Plains.** University of Oklahoma Press, 1952. An informative study of a powerful and nomadic people.
- Webb, Walter Prescott. **THE GREAT PLAINS.** Ginn, 1931. Also available University Library, 1957. A classic in historical interpretation of the West. It analyzes the meaning of the land, the weather, barbed wire, the horse and revolver, dry farming, wells and windmills, native animal life, and related things.

TEXAS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

- Alexander, Charles C. **Crusade for Conformity: the Ku Klux Klan in Texas, 1920-1930.** Texas Gulf Coast Historical Association, 1962. Alexander argues that the Klan was little more than a crusade in moral militancy.
- Bainbridge, John. **The Super-Americans.** Doubleday, 1961. An all too revealing portrait of mid-century Texas, by an Easterner.
- Bartley, Ernest R. **The Tidelands Oil Controversy.** University of Texas, 1953. Not only about who should get the oil but also about the division of powers between state and nation.
- Bedichek, Roy. **Karankaway Country.** Doubleday, 1950. Wildlife on the Texas Coast.
- Clark, James R., and Halbouty, Michel T. **Spindletop.** Random House, 1952. The story of the first oil gusher in Texas and the men who brought it in.
- Forbes, Gerald. **Flush Production: the Epic of Oil in the Gulf Southwest.** University of Oklahoma, 1942.
- Fuermann, George. **Houston: Land of the Big Rich.** Doubleday, 1951. Fuermann has done an oil painting of Cadillacs and sprawling homes, set against a background glittering with gold, green, silver—and red.
- James, Marquis. **The Texaco Story.** New York, n. pub., 1953. Here is the same masterful writing that made literary classics of **Andrew Jackson** and **The Raven**. The latter is listed below under biography.
- Goodwyn, Frank. **Lone-Star Land.** Knopf, 1955. A description of life in modern Texas, its prevailing moods and new developments in its geology, economics, politics, culture, and religion.
- Larson, Henrietta M., and Porter, Kenneth Wiggins. **History of Humble Oil and Refining Company: A Study in Industrial Growth.** Harper, 1961. Chronicles the birth of the oil industry in Texas at Corsicana, the roar and spray of gushers, the Panhandle boom, and wildcatting for Humble off the Gulf coast, then discusses the company's present-day operations.
- Rister, Carl C. **Oil! Titan of the Southwest.** University of Oklahoma, 1949. A well-organized narrative about those who searched for oil and who developed the oil resources in the Southwest.
- Rogers, John Williams. **The Lusty Texans of Dallas.** Dutton, 1951. Dallas is a mosaic of Eastern culture and finery and granite-like Western individualism.
- Schiwetz, Buck. **Buck Schiwetz' Texas.** University of Texas, 1960. Superlative drawings of historic homes, towns, and scenes in Texas, with a moving introduction by another well-known Texas artist, the late Walter Prescott Webb.
- Waugh, Julia Nott. **The Silver Cradle.** University of Texas, 1955. Sketches of the Mexican people in San Antonio, including a dazzling description of fiestas.

Webb, Walter Prescott. **MORE WATER FOR TEXAS.** University of Texas, 1954. Water, not oil or gas, is our most critical natural resource, and we don't conserve it.

BIOGRAPHIES

- Acheson, Sam H. **Joe Bailey, the Last Democrat.** Macmillan, 1932. A careful study of a controversial senator from Texas (1901-1913).
- Barker, Eugene C. **The Life of Stephen F. Austin, Founder of Texas, 1793-1836.** Reprint of 1925 ed. Texas State Historical Association, 1949. A scholarly and long biography that may never be dated.
- Beals, Carleton. **Stephen F. Austin, Father of Texas.** McGraw-Hill, 1953. Superb reading.
- Bishop, Curtis. **The First Texas Ranger.** Messner, 1959. A short and breezy tale about John C. "Jack" Hays.
- Coolidge, Dane. **Fighting Men of the West.** Dutton, 1932. Contains an excellent sketch of Charles Goodnight, Panhandle pioneer.
- Cotner, Robert C. **James Stephen Hogg, A Biography.** University of Texas, 1959. The book is a long one, but the writing is well sustained; it leaves little else to be said about the rotund nineteenth governor of Texas (1891-1895).
- Day, James M. **Jacob de Cordova: Land Merchant of Texas.** Texian Press, 1962. A solid biography of the "Publicity Agent for an Empire" who, after two forays into the newspaper business, promoted immigration to Texas through the sale of land script and through maps, books, and guides about her resources and public men.
- De Shields, James T. **Cynthia Ann Parker.** Reprint of 1886 ed. Naylor, 1934. Narrative of a well-known woman captive who lived among the Comanches for twenty-five years.
- De Shields, James T. **They Sat in High Place.** Naylor, 1940. Biographical portraits of the presidents and governors of Texas, 1835-1939.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **The Flavor of Texas.** Southwest Press, 1936. Poignant biographical chapters on Judge Roy "Law West of the Pecos" Bean, John C. Duval (the first Texas man of letters), George W. Kendall, and, as the author himself states, "other representatives of the fighting Texans."
- Douglas, C. L. **James Bowie: the Life of a Brave.** Banks Upshaw, 1944.
- Duval, John C. **The Adventures of Big Foot Wallace.** Reprint of 1871 ed. Steck, 1935. Duval served with Wallace in the Rangers and on the Mier Expedition. His narrative of what Wallace did "is the rollickiest and the most flavorful that any American frontiersman has yet inspired."—J. Frank Dobie.
- Dyer, John Percy. **The Gallant Hood.** Bobbs-Merrill, 1950. An excellent all-around biography of the ranking Texan in the Confederate Army who led the Army of Tennessee toward the end of the war. Unfortunately for the Confederates, he almost led that army to destruction at Nashville in October, 1864. This earned him a song (to the tune of "The Yellow Rose of Texas"): "You may talk about your Beauregard, And sing of General Lee, But the gallant Hood of Texas played hell in Tennessee."
- Frantz, Joe B. **Gail Borden: Dairyman to a Nation.** University of Oklahoma, 1951. Borden was a wheeler and dealer whose rise to riches was essentially "a log cabin to mansion story." He engaged in a variety of business enterprises, but what made his fortune was a giant dairy outfit that became a pioneer in milk sanitation. This biography of him won a Texas Institute of Letters award for the best of the year in non-fiction.
- Gard, Wayne. **Sam Bass.** Houghton Mifflin, 1936. A folksy story of the famous "Texas Robin Hood," who died violently in a Round Rock gun battle in 1878.
- Friend, Llerena. **Sam Houston: the Great Designer.** University of Texas, 1954. Dr. Friend, director of the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center at the University of Texas, has done a tremendous job of research. Her book is really less a biography than a history of Texas during Houston's lifetime.
- Gambrell, Herbert P. **Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar.** Southwest Press, 1934.

- Gambrell, Herbert P. **Anson Jones, the Last President of Texas**. Doubleday, 1948; University of Texas Press edition, new and revised with notes, 1963. Anson Jones comes alive in these well-written pages.
- Greer, James K. **Colonel Jack Hoys: Texas Frontier Leader and California Builder**. Dutton, 1952. This book about the reticent little Texas Ranger is an exhilarating reading experience.
- Haley, J. Evettes. **Charles Goodnight, Cowman and Plainsman**. New ed. University of Oklahoma, 1949. Haley paints this extraordinary frontiersman against a sweeping background: against blowing wind and dust and the awesome flatness of the High Plains.
- Holbrook, Stewart H. **Davy Crockett**. Random House, 1955. Among the few objective books about Crockett, this one separates fact from fiction.
- James, Marquis. **The Raven, A Biography of Sam Houston**. New ed. Bobbs-Merrill, 1953. The life of that hard, powerful Texan told with such art and such feeling that proper annotation is impossible.
- Lay, Bennett. **The Lives of Ellis P. Bean**. University of Texas, 1960. A bristling account of Bean's escapes from death, including his long imprisonment in Perote Castle after the Mier surrender, which the author describes in terms of the filthy blackness: the hives and rats, the centipedes orange and ugly, the huge spiders, and the cries, the haunting echoes of dying men . . .
- Lee, Rebecca Smith. **Mary Austin Holley, A Biography**. University of Texas, 1962. Mary Holley, who lived in the United States in the 1820's, then came to Texas, knew everyone ("she had an intuition for important people")—Noah Webster, John Quincy Adams, President and Mrs. Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston, and many others. This biography of her, which won a Texas Institute of Letters award, is flawless in style and in fact.
- McCaleb, Walter. **William Barret Travis**. Naylor, 1962.
- Nordyke, Lewis. **John Wesley Hardin, Texas Gunman**. Morrow, 1957. Literally a roaring biography of an infamous killer who had gunned down seven men before he was seventeen.
- Oates, Stephen B. **Rip Ford's Texas**. University of Texas, 1963. The introduction is the only published biography of John Salmon "Rip" Ford, Texas Ranger captain, Confederate Cavalry colonel, editor-journalist, doctor, lawyer, senator, revolutionist, and historian. His memoirs—the book proper—reveal what an active and observant man saw in an exciting spa of Texas history from 1836 to 1897.
- Procter, Ben H. **Not Without Honor: the Life of John H. Reagan**. University of Texas, 1962. Winner of the 1963 Summerfield G. Roberts award, this is an ebullient biography of a Texan who distinguished himself as a U. S. Congressman, as Postmaster General of the Confederacy, and as chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission.
- Raymond, Dora Neill. **Captain Lee Hall of Texas**. University of Oklahoma, 1940. Received the Texas Institute of Letters award for biography. It is a splendid story of a Texas Ranger who learned the art of fighting under Captain McNelly.
- Rister, Carl Coke. **Robert E. Lee in Texas**. University of Oklahoma, 1946. The colonel's raw, lonely days at Camp Cooper, where rattlesnakes and wolves abounded, and in the Cortina trouble along the Rio Grande before the Civil War.
- Sonnichsen, Charles L. **Roy Bean: Law West of the Pecos**. Macmillan, 1943. This book captures the flavor of that formidable Justice of the Peace.
- Spell, Lota M. **Pioneer Printer: Samuel Bangs in Mexico and Texas**. University of Texas, 1963.
- Wells, Tom Henderson. **Commodore Moore and the Texas Navy**. University of Texas, 1961. One can almost hear the clang of cutlasses and roar of broadsides in this extraordinary biography of a resourceful if most stubborn sailor, who made the mistake of feuding with Sam Houston.

MEMOIRS OF LASTING MERIT

- Bollaert, William. **William Bollaert's Texas**. Ed. by W. Eugene Hollon and Ruth Lapham Butler. University of Oklahoma, 1956. An English traveller who visited Texas from 1842 to 1844 and whose notes about her people are rich and revealing.

- Barry, James Buck. **A Texas Ranger and Frontiersman: the Days of Buck Barry in Texas, 1845-1906.** Ed. by James K. Greer. Southwest Press, 1932. The collected writings of a man who rode in volunteer outfits along the Republic's frontier and that of the state; he served in the Mexican War and the Civil War and remained a Texas Ranger off and on until his death.
- Bedichek, Roy. **Adventures with a Texas Naturalist.** Doubleday, 1947. University of Texas Press edition, 1962. Philosophy and nature study, personal memoir, and personal adventure, by a man whose mind was powerful, whose love for nature was genuine.
- Bosworth, Allan R. **New Country.** Harper, 1962. Memoirs of an American family as it travelled into and across Texas.
- Carpenter, Will Tom. **Lucky 7: A Cowman's Autobiography.** University of Texas, 1957.
- Davis, Nicholas A. **Chaplain Davis and Hood's Texas Brigade.** Ed. by Donald E. Everett. Principia Press of Trinity University, 1962. A new and revised edition, with footnotes, of a rare source book.
- Duval, John C. **Early Times in Texas.** Reprint of 1892 ed. Steck, 1935. Often called "the Robinson Crusoe of Texas," this is Duval's eyewitness account of the Goliad Massacre and how he escaped from it.
- Fremantle, Arthur James Lyon. **The Fremantle Diary.** Ed. by Walter Lord. Little, Brown, 1954. Fremantle toured Texas from April 1, 1863, to May 8, 1863. His daily observations provide a raw look at Texans, their mood and character, during the Civil War.
- Giles, Val C. **Rags and Hope: the Recollections of Val C. Giles, Four Years with Hood's Texas Brigade, Fourth Texas Infantry, 1861-1865.** Ed. by Mary Laswell. Coward-McCann, 1961.
- Gipson, Fred. **Cowhand: the Story of a Working Cowboy.** Harper, 1953. A folksy, earthy recounting of the life of Cowboy Ed (Fat) Alford, as he told it.
- Graves, John. **Goodbye to a River.** Knopf, 1960. This remarkable book is a combination of history, legend, folklore, of adventure, character and nature description, and personal philosophy—all arranged around the narrative of a three-week canoe trip Graves took down the Brazos River with his dog.
- Green, Thomas Jefferson. **Journal of the Texan Expedition Against Mier.** Reprint of 1845 ed. Steck, 1936. One of the leaders of that ill-fated expedition who "lived in wrath and wrote with fire."
- Jackson, Ralph Semmes. **Home on the Double Bayou: Memoirs of an East Texas Ranch.** University of Texas, 1961.
- Jenkins, John Holland. **Recollections of Early Texas.** Ed. by John Holmes Jenkins, III. University of Texas, 1958. A Texas soldier and pioneer records what he did and what he saw in the years of the Revolution and the Republic.
- Kendall, George W. **Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition.** 2 vols. Reprint of 1844 ed. Steck, 1936. A New Orleans journalist who accompanied the expedition "in search of copy" tells with supreme horror what he saw and felt as a prisoner in the death march from Santa Fe to Mexico.
- Langford, J. O., and Gipson, Fred. **Big Bend: A Homesteader's Story.** University of Texas, 1955. History, lore, and memories of life in a beautiful and barren land. Gipson apparently wrote the story as it was told to him.
- North, Thomas. **Five Years in Texas; or, What You Did Not Hear During the War from January 1861 to January 1866.** Elm Street Printing Co. (Cincinnati), 1871. A rare collection of anecdotes and character sketches of Sam Houston who was "given to blowing his nose with his thumb" and Texas war leaders like Oran Roberts, Francis R. Lubbock, "Prince John" Bankhead Magruder, and many others.
- Olmstead, Frederick Law. **Journey through Texas, 1853-1854: A Saddle Trip on the Southwest Frontier.** Ed. by James Howard. Von Boeckmann-Jones, 1962. A new edition of Olmstead's classic travel account, originally published in 1857, with editor's notes and introduction.
- Roemer, Ferdinand. **Texas: with Particular Reference to German Immigration and the Physical Appearance of the Country.** Translated from the German by

- Oswald Mueller. Standard Printing Co. (San Antonio), 1935. A geologist takes you through Texas in the 1840's studying and observing her people, her land, and her plants and animals.
- Simmons, Lee. **Assignment Huntsville: Memoirs of a Texas Prison Official.** University of Texas, 1957. "If you stay with me I promise you blood and thunder," Simmons writes, and then proceeds to recount his harrowing experiences with prison breaks, cell riots, gunfights with outlaws, only to end with a chilling discussion of contemporary crime and penology.
- Smithwick, Noah. **The Evolution of a State.** Reprint of 1900 ed. Steck, 1935. "Best of all books dealing with life in early Texas."—J. Frank Dobie.
- Timmons, William. **Twilight on the Range: Recollections of a Latterday Cowboy.** University of Texas, 1962. Timmons began cowboying with Charles Goodnight in 1892, then with other Texans went to work cattle in North Dakota. His memoirs are personable, unpretentious, and kind.

TEXAS GOVERNMENT AND TEXAS GEOGRAPHY

- Benton, Wilbourn E. **Texas: Its Government and Politics.** Prentice Hall, 1961. For once a well-written textbook, whose account of James Ferguson's impeachment is as dramatic as one can find. Chiefly, though, it is for those who want to study Texas government.
- Gantt, Fred, Jr. **The Chief Executive of Texas: A Study in Gubernatorial Leadership.** University of Texas, 1963.
- Simonds, Frederick W. **The Geography of Texas, Physical and Political.** Revised ed. Ginn, 1914. Badly dated, but still about the best available on resources, on geophysical and geopolitical factors.
- Weeks, O. Douglas. **Texas in the 1960 Presidential Election.** University of Texas Institute of Public Affairs, 1953. A thorough analysis of the voting returns, and a speculation on trends and political nuance, by a University of Texas government professor. His earlier study is just as informative, **Texas Presidential Politics in 1952.** University of Texas Institute of Public Affairs, 1953.

LEGEND AND LORE

- Fulcher, Walter. **The Way I Heard It: Tales of the Big Bend.** Ed. by Elton Miles. University of Texas, 1959. A most entertaining collection.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver.** Little, Brown, 1939. We look for lost mines and treasures in Old and New Mexico.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **The Ben Lilly Legend.** Little, Brown, 1950. A part mythical, part factual account of the great bear hunter.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **Coronado's Children.** Grosset & Dunlap, 1930. Legendary tales of the Southwest, many of them drawn from Mexican sources.
- Dobie, J. Frank. **I'll Tell You a Tale.** Little, Brown, 1960. In many ways this is Dobie's best book. Announcing himself as "a citizen of the world who lives in Texas" he goes on to tell a number of tales about horses and steers, about people and the land, and finishes with a grim little number he calls "Ironies."
- Hyer, Julien. **The Land of Beginning Again.** Tupper & Love (Atlanta), 1952. Folk, legend and lore in the Brazos River country.
- Lomax, John A. **Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads.** Macmillan, 1948.
- Plenn, J. H. **Saddle in the Sky: the Lone Star State.** Bobbs-Merrill, 1940. The pertinent facts are here, laced with legend and legendary characters like Angel Applesseed, Wild Bill Pecos, Belle Starke (the woman outlaw), and many delightful others.
- Stratton, Florence. **When the Storm God Rides.** Scribners, 1936. A mystical, intriguing chronicle of Tejas Indian legends.

TEXAS LITERATURE: A SELECT LISTING OF FICTION, DRAMA, VERSE, COLLECTED ESSAYS, AND ANTHOLOGIES

- Adams, Andy. **The Log of a Cowboy.** Houghton Mifflin, 1903. An authentic record, told in fiction form, of a trail drive from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line, by a working cowboy.

- Adams, Andy. **Why the Chisholm Trail Forks; and Other Tales of the Cattle Country.** Ed. by Wilson M. Hudson. University of Texas, 1956. A marvelous collection of cowboy fiction.
- Becker, May L. (ed.). **Golden Tales of the Southwest.** Dodd, Mead, 1939. Short stories by writers like Mary Austin, Charles M. Russell, O. Henry, J. Frank Dobie, and John Steinbeck.
- Brammer, Bill. **The Gay Place.** Houghton Mifflin, 1961. An extremely realistic and frank—perhaps too frank—recording of modern politics in Texas.
- Casey, Bill. **Shroud for a Journey.** Houghton Mifflin, 1960. A son in his forties combs rural Texas in search of clues to the vicious, criminal nature of his father whom he never understood. Only to discover that an accidental death in the family, some years back, was in reality a murder. This arresting story won a Texas Institute of Letters award.
- Cooper, Madison. **Sironia, Texas.** 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin, 1952. Winner of its publisher's literary fellowship award, *Sironia* is an almost interminable story of a Texas community during the first twenty-five years of this century. Yet it moves, is never boring, never tiring, as it reveals the interplay between Negro and white, new families and old families, people of means on the hill and those of trash on the other side of the tracks. It breathes vitality, and honesty.
- Erdman, Loula Grace. **The Edge of Time.** Dodd, Mead, 1950. This and her other two historical novels—all about Texas Panhandle pioneers—are informative as well as good fiction: **The Wind Blows Free** (1952) and **Wide Horizon** (1956), both published by Dodd, Mead.
- Gipson, Fred. **Savage Sam.** Harper, 1962. Gipson is close to Mark Twain in the simple, folk style of his writing and his choice of character and situation. His novels all have Texas settings, and they comprise together a rich and beautiful reproduction of homestead life in the Southwest backwoods. **Hound Dog Man** (1949), **The Home Place** (1950), and **Old Yeller** (1956), all published by Harper.
- Horgan, Paul. **A Distant Trumpet.** Farrar, Straus, 1960. A highly-regarded historical novel about United States cavalymen, their search for love and honor and their struggle with Apache raiders. The setting is in the Southwest, sometime in the 1880's.
- Lea, Tom. **Brave Bulls.** Little, Brown, 1949. This novel about bull fighters takes place in Old Mexico, in all the dazzling splendor of fiesta time. Beautifully illustrated by the author himself, the story is an eminently successful demonstration of emotional and physical courage. Lea's later novels, despite what many critics say, have been just as successful: **The Wonderful Country** (1952), about a young Texan who escapes maturity in Mexico then returns to find himself as a Texas Ranger, and **Prymal Yoke** (1961), about tragedy in the Wyoming mountains.
- McMurtry, Larry. **Horsemen, Pass By.** Harper, 1961. A young man (Larry McMurtry) grows up on a ranch in mid-century Texas, where he is inextricably caught between the passing of the old way of life and the coming of the new.
- Majo, Mable, and Pearce, T. M. (eds.). **Signature of the Sun: Southwest Verse 1900-1950.** University of New Mexico, 1950. The best verse of the best Southwest poets.
- Meine, Franklin J. **Tall Tales of the Southwest: An Anthology of Southern and Southwestern Humor, 1830-1860.** Knopf, 1930. "It is," says J. Frank Dobie, "the best anthology of any kind that I know of."
- Pearce, T. M., and Thomason, A. P. (eds.). **Southwesterners Write.** University of New Mexico, 1946.
- Peery, William (ed.). **21 Texas Short Stories.** University of Texas, 1954.
- Perry, George Sessions. **Hold Autumn in Your Hand.** Viking, 1941. A beautifully conceived and executed story about a poor Texas farmer, tilling 68 acres of San Pedro bottom, who would not give up his hope, or his dignity. Mr. Perry's earlier novel, **Walls Rise Up**, Doubleday, 1939, tells about three hoboes from California who found new lives for themselves as farmers along the Brazos River.
- Thomason, John W. **Lone Star Preacher.** Scribners, 1941. This historical novel about the Civil War is, in Frank Dobie's opinion, "The cream, the essence, the spirit and the body of the noble fighting tradition of Texas."

Webb, Walter Prescott. **AN HONEST PREFACE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.** With an appreciative introduction by Joe B. Frantz. Houghton Mifflin, 1959. The essays on such diverse topics as Coca Cola and culture, for whom the historian tolls, Walter Webb's adventure in history, books and what it means to be educated are all brilliant and are admirably written. Webb had the scholar's objective curiosity, the novelist's flair for mood and style, but above all he had his own simple care and respect for human dignity. The introduction is a warm and often touching little biography of a great, honest man, whose recent death left us all with such a sadness, and hurt.

Yelvington, Ramsey. **A Cloud of Witnesses: the Drama of the Alamo.** University of Texas, 1959.

GENERAL AIDES

Carroll, H. Bailey. **Texas County Histories.** Texas State Historical Association, 1943. If you want to know what has been published about your county, here is your source.

Dobie, J. Frank. **Guide to Life and Literature of the Southwest.** Revised ed. S.M.U., 1952. What Dobie has to say is as honest and illuminating as the books he suggests that we read. Complete with discussions of people and life in the Southwest's past, with annotations, and with passing comments on contemporary Texas, **Guide** has to be indispensable for readers of all ages.

Gaston, Edwin W., Jr. **The Early Novel of the Southwest.** University of New Mexico, 1961.

Mabel, Major, and others. **Southwest Heritage.** University of New Mexico, 1948.

Sonnichsen, C. L. (ed.). **The Southwest in Life & Literature.** Devin, 1962.

Webb, Walter Prescott, and Carroll, H. Bailey. **HANDBOOK OF TEXAS.** 2 vols. Texas State Historical Association, 1950. Another indispensable guide which is in the form of a comprehensive encyclopedia of people and events in Texas history.

IN MEMORIAM

Adele Mitchell 1898 - 1963

Friends of Miss Adele Mitchell were saddened to learn of her death in New Orleans, Louisiana, on August 21. Miss Mitchell, aware of her rapidly failing health, had gone there a few weeks earlier to be with her sister, Mrs. H. Gordon Hayes.

Miss Mitchell was for many years Loan and General Reference Librarian in the Texas State Library, having been in that position from 1929 through 1961, when she retired on account of ill health. Her retirement was regretted by the public whom she served locally and throughout the State. During the time Miss Mitchell was connected with the Library, her contacts were far reaching. In the years before Rural Library Service was established in the State Library she gave service to individuals, families and small groups all over the State. Most of these had no other library contacts. Miss Mitchell had a keen mind and read widely. Her familiarity with books, both old and new, was most extraordinary and she gave freely of this knowledge to those who sought help. She did reference work for State officials and the the general public and was highly respected.

Before the Division for the Blind was established in the Texas State Library, Miss Mitchell was in charge of lending books in Braille and the Talking Book Records. She is still remembered by blind persons who appreciated her personal interest in selecting books to suit the individual borrower. Mr. Lon F. Alsup, Executive Secretary-Director for the State Commission for the Blind, said on hearing of Miss Mitchell's death, "She was one of the finest workers for the blind in the State and she cooperated with us to the fullest extent."

Miss Mitchell was a native of Waco, Texas, a graduate of The University of Texas and also received her library training there. She taught in the Hempstead High School for one year. After that she was assistant at the then Southwest Texas State Teachers College, San Marcos, coming from there to the Texas State Library. Her faithfulness and loyalty to her work were characteristics of her attitude toward life.

—Fannie M. Wilcox
State Librarian 1927-1945

TEXAS LIBRARY AND HISTORICAL COMMISSION

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TEXAS STATE BOARD OF LIBRARY EXAMINERS

The Board issues temporary and three grades of certificates to County Librarians. It meets at the call of the Chairman, usually during December. Meetings are held in the Texas Archives and Library Building, Austin.

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**DATES
TO
REMEMBER**

Texas Library Association Annual Meetings:

1964—Abilene, April 9-10-11, Windsor Hotel

1965—Corpus Christi, March 31-April 3, Driscoll
Hotel

1966—Austin, March 23-26, Commodore Perry
Hotel

Mid-Winter Meeting of ALA, Chicago
January 27-February 1, 1964

National Library Week
April 12-18, 1964

Western States Library Conference
April 20-21, 1964, Commodore Perry Hotel,
Austin

Society of American Archivists
October 7, 8, 9, 1964, Austin

Southwestern Library Association Meeting
October 21-24, 1964, Little Rock



A NOTE TO LIBRARIANS . . .

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AND AFTER AN ERA OF DARKNESS
NEW FACES BUILD OTHERS
BUT IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS ARE VOLUMES
THAT HAVE SEEN THIS HAPPEN
AGAIN AND AGAIN
AND YET LIVE ON STILL YOUNG
STILL AS FRESH AS THE DAY THEY WERE WRITTEN
STILL TELLING MEN'S HEARTS
OF THE HEARTS OF MEN CENTURIES DEAD
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