The Philosophical Society of Texas

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE ANNUAL MEETING

AT DALLAS

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The Philosophical Society of Texas for the Collection and Diffusion of Knowledge *was founded December 5, 1837, in the Capitol of the Republic of Texas at Houston by* Mirabeau B. Lamar, Ashbel Smith, Thomas J. Rusk, William H. Wharton, Joseph Rowe, Angus McNeill, Augustus C. Allen, George W. Bonnell, Joseph Baker, Patrick C. Jack, W. Fairfax Gray, John A. Wharton, David S. Kaufman, James Collinsworth, Anson Jones, Littleton Fowler, A. C. Horton, I. W. Burton, Edward T. Branch, Henry Smith, Hugh McLeod, Thomas Jefferson Chambers, Sam Houston, R. A. Irion, David G. Burnet, and John Birdsall.

The Society was incorporated as a non-profit, educational institution on January 18, 1936, by George Waverly Briggs, James Quayle Dealey, Herbert Pickens Gambrell, Samuel Wood Geiser, Lucius Mirabeau Lamar III, Umphrey Lee, Charles Shirley Potts, William Alexander Rhea, Ira Kendrick Stephens, and William Embry Wrather. On December 5, 1936, formal reorganization was completed.

The office of the Society is housed with the Texas State Historical Association, P.O. Box 160144, Austin, TX 78716.

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The Philosophical Society of Texas

"Texas Writers Talk" was the theme of the 174th Anniversary meeting of the Philosophical Society. President Frances B. Vick organized the program. The speakers discussed Texas history, fiction, and organizations. The meeting was held at the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Texas. A total of 293 members, spouses, and guests attended the event.

The meeting began on Friday, February 3, 2012 with an optional morning tour of literary Dallas. Participants visited Harlan Crow's library at his estate in Highland Park and Degolyer Library at Southern Methodist University. In the afternoon, there was an optional tour of cultural Dallas. The participants went to Wyly Theater, Winspear Opera House, and Nasher Sculpture Garden. A dinner was held in the Adolphus Hotel during which President Vick welcomed the guests of the 2012 meeting. She introduced 17 new members of the Society and presented them with their certificates of membership. They are R. Gordon Appleman, John L. Beckham, Michelle K. Brock, Scott Burns, Frank W. Calhoun, Julián Castro, Ernest H. Cockrell, Fernando Costa, Walker C. Friedman, James M. Hoggard, Jane Karotkin, Richard L. Leshin, James Brian McCall, William W. Meadows, Roberta B. Ness, Stephen M. Sonnenberg, and Mary L. Volcansek. A sing-along followed dinner.

Saturday, February 4, 2012, started with opening remarks by President Vick. The morning session began with Chapter One "Survey of Texas Writers from Beginning to Present", followed by Chapter Two "Texas Writers Write Fiction". After the break, Chapter Three "Texas Writers Write History and Non-fiction" was introduced. After lunch, Lonn Taylor presented the 2012 Awards of Merit for the best books on Texas. The fiction award went to *Blue Sabine* by Gerald Duff. The best non-fiction award went to *The Trials of Eroy Brown: The Murder Case that Shook the Texas Prison System* by Michael Berryhill. The program continued with the afternoon session Chapter Four "Texas Writers Write Texas History" and Chapter Five "Texas Writers Talk about Their Organizations". After the silent auction, the event ended with dinner in the Dallas Museum of Art.

The annual business meeting was held on Sunday morning, but was preceded by Epilogue "The Future of the Book". The names of Society members who had passed were read at the business meeting. They were Thomas D. Barrow, Richard C. Bartlett, Henry E. Catto, William P. Clements, Jr., William L. Garwood, Charles O. Galvan, Joseph R. Greenhill, Edward H. Hart, Thomas N. James, and Don F. Tobin. Secretary Ann Hamilton announced that Society membership stood at 199 active members, 52 associate members, and 88 emeritus members

for a total of 339 members. Officers elected for the year 2013 are as follows: Jon H. Fleming, president; Ron Tyler, first vice-president; Kirk A. Calhoun, second vice-president; Harris L. Kempner, Jr., treasurer; Ann T. Hamilton, secretary. President Fleming adjourned the meeting until February 1-3, 2013, in College Station.

Opening Remarks

Frances B. Vick

MS. VICK: Welcome to our "Texas Writers Talk" program. I hope to give you a chance to appreciate our Texas writers if you don't already. I have spent my adult life promoting Texas writers and their writings and I saw no reason to quit now so that is why we are having this program. They have enriched my life tremendously, both as a reader and as a publisher.

We have collected many fine Texas writers who write in many genres. They use different approaches. They write of different parts of the state. Or they do not write about the state at all but on topics outside of Texas. We asked them about their challenges. We asked them what drove them to do this. Why did they choose to write in a particular genre? We asked them what they saw as the future of the genre. What passion drove them into the field and what challenges do they see in the future? They chose how they would answer these questions so we will find out.

We will start with a survey of Texas writers from the beginning to the present to give an overview of Texas writers. We will continue with Texas writers of fiction—novelists and a poet. Then we will hear from some Texas writers who write history and non-fiction. Next we will hear from our writers of Texas history—one of my favorite topics. With any luck, they will not break out into a fistfight.

I also wanted to introduce you to two organizations of Texas writers—the Texas Institute of Letters and the nationally recognized Mayborn Creative Nonfiction Conference.

We have set aside time for signings of the books written by the presenters.

We will have a reading tonight at the Dallas Museum of Art of Marshall Terry's "Angels Prostrate Fall" before dinner there.

Sunday morning we will have a panel discussing the new trends in publishing that will affect the writing and the reading world. Matter of fact, it already has. I hope we can come away with some idea of where the eBook business may be going. I hope you will find answers to some of the questions we have been talking about, how the new trends will affect us as readers and consumers.

Now I will turn this over to one of my favorite Texas novelists and a fine writer and let her introduce our first panel. Elizabeth Crook.

Chapter I: Survey of Texas Writers From Beginning To Present

Elizabeth Crook

MS. CROOK: Good morning. I am Elizabeth Crook, and to introduce Steve Davis and Mark Busby I should mention that they know each other very well and they have worked together, and in fact, Mark was Steve's professor at Texas State in San Marcos way back in 1993 when it was still called Southwest Texas State, and he also directed Steve's master's thesis.

Mark is very well known as a professor of Texas literature, and one of the things students love so much about his classes is that he doesn't teach just the literature, he teaches the history and the geography that has produced the authors who, in turn, have written the great literature. Steve says that it was Mark's class that taught him the fundamental importance of writing about places you come from, a premise that J. Frank Dobie put like this: "I have never had any idea of writing or teaching about my own section of the country merely as a patriotic duty. Without apologies, I would interpret it because I love it, because it interests me, talks to me, appeals to my imagination, warms my emotions; also because it seems to me that other people living in the Southwest will lead fuller and richer lives if they become aware of what it holds."

As well as teaching, Mark is director of the Southwest Regional Humanities Center and the Center for the Study of the Southwest. He is the Jerome H. and Catherine E. Supple Professor of Southwestern Studies at Texas State, and has written books on Larry McMurtry and Ralph Ellison, as well as two novels, *Fort Benning Blues*, and one forthcoming called *Cedar Crossing*. He has also edited and co-edited books on John Graves and Katherine Anne Porter, and on topics involving the culture and literature of the Southwest.

He has taught at a number of universities, including Texas A&M, Indiana, Purdue at Indianapolis, and the University of Colorado in Boulder, and has been president of the Texas Institute of Letters, which can be a fairly cantankerous group of people, so my hat goes off to him for that. He is also president of the South Central Modern Language Association and the American Studies Association of Texas. He is a fan of folk music, and he and his wife, Linda, are frequenters of the Kerrville Folk Festival. Their son and daughter-in-law are both faculty members at UT.

Steven Davis is the author of the biography *J. Frank Dobie: A Liberated Mind*, and also of *Texas Literary Outlaws: Six Writers in the Sixties and Beyond*. The

Austin American-Statesman describes him as "one of Texas' leading scholars of our indigenous culture." He is the editor of *Land of the Permanent Wave*, an Edwin "Bud" Shrake reader, and the co-editor of *Lone Star Sleuths: Mystery-Detective Fiction in Texas*. He's currently writing a book with Bill Minutaglio about Dallas in 1963, a look at the social and political history of Dallas in the years leading up to the Kennedy assassination.

Steve is also a curator at the Wittliff Collections, founded by Bill and Sally Wittliff at Texas State University. And for those of you who have not visited the collections, you really should go. They're on the 7th floor of the Alkek Library and have truly fascinating collections from writers like Cormac McCarthy, Larry McMurtry, John Graves, Steven Harrigan, Sam Shepard, Katherine Anne Porter, Willie Nelson, and a lot of others, as well as all the *Texas Monthly* archives.

MR. DAVIS: And Elizabeth Crook's papers.

MS. CROOK: Thank you. And they also have a stunning collection and gallery of Southwestern and Mexican photography. Steve has personally developed and curated over thirty exhibits there. He writes and reviews for the most noted Texas periodicals. He's a member of the Texas Institute of Letters, and the editor for the Southwestern Writers Collection Book Series published by UT Press. He lives in New Braunfels with his wife, Georgia Ruiz Davis, and their children.

This morning, Steve is going to talk about what he calls "eyewitness lit,"—writers who chronicled their own times, such as Elmer Kelton depicting the 1950s drought in his brilliant novel, *The Time It Never Rained*. And then Mark is going to give us a quick survey titled *A Sprint Through Texas Literature, 1541 through 2012*.

Texas Literature: The First 470 Years (Give or Take a Few Days)

Steve Davis

MR. DAVIS: I've been asked to provide you with a comprehensive survey of Texas literature from the beginning to the present, and to do it in twelve to fifteen minutes. There are those who would argue that twelve to fifteen minutes is too much time to talk about Texas literature. It was Larry McMurtry who made the argument that most Texas writing is "soft, thin and sentimental, not to mention dull, pretentious, stylistically impoverished and intellectually empty." Now, that same statement could apply to many of Mr. McMurtry's later works, but we won't go into that today. And it was J. Frank Dobie who said that Texas' bold, rich history was so awe-inspiring that it seemed to have "stifled fictional creation." And as a scholar of Texas literature, I kind of draw my inspiration from a more obscure source, the 18th century German philosopher, Novalis, who said that "Novels arise from the shortcomings of history."

And I'll get to that in a moment, but for now, I want to take you back to the very beginning, to that cold and blustery day in November 1528 when the Spanish explorer, Cabeza de Vaca, washed ashore on what is now Galveston Island. Cabeza de Vaca ended up living among the Indians for about eight years and when he returned to Spain, he wrote an account of his extraordinary adventures. His *Relación*, published in 1542, is the first written work on what is now Texas. We Texans have always had an expansive and welcoming spirit, and so, yes, we do claim Cabeza de Vaca as the first Texas writer. And as a writer, Cabeza de Vaca was no different from any other writers. He carefully observed the world around him and he recorded what he saw and what he thought, including how he had been changed by his experiences, because, as you probably know, Cabeza de Vaca became transformed from a greedy conquistador into a passionate defender of Native American human rights. But what's most significant in his case is that he was the first European to encounter this part of the world, he not only described our landforms, our flora, our fauna, he also told us a whole lot about the Indians who lived here. Of one tribe he wrote: "Of all the people in the world, they are those who most love their children and treat them best."

In all, Cabeza de Vaca ended up identifying some 23 different Indian groups, commenting on their villages, languages and customs. And of course, those Indians that Cabeza de Vaca lived with quickly disappeared after contact, and their historical record is exceedingly thin, so Cabeza de Vaca's book has become our primary account of them.

And so as a writer, what happened to Cabeza de Vaca's career is this: what he wrote, that book became more than his personal memoir, it became our history. And that's one of the ways I like to think about Texas literature because many of our great books are not just novels or memoirs, they end up becoming our history. And to move ahead, well, after Cabeza de Vaca, we can safely skip ahead about 400 years in time because, to be honest, not a whole hell of a lot

happened in Texas literature. The truth is reading and writing came rather late to Texas. And so while it's true that Texas in the 19th century wasn't exactly setting the literary world on fire, we did produce some pretty damn good stories and storytellers. Texas had a wonderful oral culture, a rich folkloric tradition that existed in the African-American, Anglo-American, and Mexican-American cultures.

And then when the 20th century came along, everything became industrialized, standardized, homogenized, and the old traditions, the old stories from the 19th century are quickly dying out. And it was about this time that a young English professor—or an instructor, at that time—at the University of Texas, named J. Frank Dobie, decided to make it his mission to go out and collect all these tales. And so what Dobie did, essentially, is he rescued our state's folkloric heritage, and without Dobie, many of those stories would have been lost forever.

Dobie was not exactly a professional folklorist, he liked to say the story belongs to whomever tells it best, and so his recording of these folk tales wasn't always strictly literal, which got him into a little trouble with the American Folklore Society, but to the surprise of everyone, his 1930 book, *Coronado's Children: Tales of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures*, which was published during the Great Depression, became a national bestseller.

And with that book, Dobie really changed the game in Texas. He became successful at a national level while writing about Texas and he showed that you can create literature from the place you live, even Texas, and he inspired generations of writers who came after him and he personally mentored several of them.

I am going to mention two of those here briefly. One was Jovita Gonzalez, a young Mexican-American graduate student at UT Austin. Dobie brought Jovita into the Texas Folklore Society in the 1920s, singlehandedly integrating the organization. By 1930, Jovita Gonzalez was president of the Texas Folklore Society, quite an accomplishment at the time for a woman and a Hispanic in Texas. She was doing great field work in Mexican-American folklore, publishing articles and working on novels, and she seemed poised to become the next great literary artist from Texas, and then disaster struck, she got married.

Her husband, E.E. Mireles, put a stop to her literary career, but eventually, after Jovita died, her papers were rescued and today she is the author of four books, published posthumously, and she is widely recognized as a groundbreaking Latina writer.

Another writer Dobie mentored was J. Mason Brewer, who Dobie brought into the Folklore Society in 1934, as that organization's first African-American member, and yes, this was about 30 years before the rest of Texas integrated.

And so when you think about Dobie as a writer and the influence he had on Texas culture, I think you can make the case that writers can often be ahead of their times, and I think that's also true when it comes to chronicling our history, so let me now return to that quote from Novalis that I mentioned earlier: "Novels arise from the shortcomings of history." And when it comes to 20th century Texas, that's where you see the greatest significance of our state's literary output because, let's face it, most Texas historians remained fixated on the iconic 19th

century events: the Alamo, the Battle of San Jacinto, the Civil War, the Indian Wars, the cattle drives.

But when it comes to the 20th century, where are the great examinations of the oil boom, the Great Depression, the New Deal, the home front during World War II, the drought of the 1950s, Texas's transformation from a rural to an urban society, the 1960s counterculture? Yes, we have seen a handful of books on each of those topics but none of those subjects gets a hundredth, or possibly a thousandth of the attention that the events of the 19th century have received.

But many of those 20th century events in Texas have been well covered, it just hasn't been by the historians, it's been the novelists. Just like Cabeza de Vaca, these writers are observant, intelligent people who are chronicling their own times, and even though Texas literature has often been criticized for its aesthetic shortcomings, I would argue that the state's best novelists have done a better job than historians in chronicling the last hundred years of our state's history, and they've produced a body of work that I like to call eyewitness literature.

I'll give you a few quick examples in the time I have left. Let's say you want to write a history of the great drought of the 1950s. Well, you'd probably go through the old newspapers, courthouse records, collect some oral histories from people who were there, and try to piece together a portrait from that. And such a book would probably be long on statistics with figures describing how many acres of farmland were lost in Culberson County, the percentage of decline in bank deposits in Abilene, number of foreclosures in Tom Green County, and that kind of work, while admirable in a narrow respect, doesn't tell us what it was really like to live at that place in time.

And for many people, the best way to learn about the drought is simply to read Elmer Kelton's novel, *The Time It Never Rained*. Elmer was a reporter for the *Livestock Weekly*, and he traveled around West Texas, observing firsthand the drought's devastating impact on the land, the animals and the people, and these were his people. Elmer was a West Texas boy, and so he understood not only what was happening on the outside, but what was happening on the inside. *The Time It Never Rained* will endure as the classic account of the West Texas drought. Elmer wrote his book as fiction but it's become our history.

Another example involves the great Texas oil boom of the 1920s. While most of the men during this time were occupied with drilling equipment and dollar bills, several women writers in Texas were paying much closer attention to the extraordinary social upheaval that was taking place. One of these writers, Winifred Sanford, happened to be a first rate writer. She was the wife of an oil and gas lawyer and she closely observed the effects of the oil boom on Texas citizens, and she captured its nuances in a series of crackling short stories that still sparkle today.

Winifred Sanford's work was championed by one of America's most influential literary figures of the time, H.L. Mencken, who published her work in his magazine, *The American Mercury*. Winifred's stories drew national praise and four of them appeared in editions of *Best American Short Stories*. She became forgotten for a long time, ignored by generations of male literary critics. Happily, however, her work has been rediscovered in recent years and now she's

being praised by new generations of readers, her stories are back in print. Clint Eastwood made a film from one of them, and today, Winifred Sanford's reputation as one of Texas' most talented early writers is well established. I'm not going to stand here and argue that her stories function as a comprehensive history of the great oil boom, but certainly when you read them, you can get a sense of what it was like, what it was really like for everyday people living in Texas during that time.

Another writer of fiction who ended up chronicling history was Américo Paredes, a Brownsville native, who in 1939 finished his novel he called *George Washington Gomez*. This was a heavily autobiographical coming-of-age story about a rebellious young Texas Mexican growing up in the Lower Rio Grande Valley at the time that Anglo-Americans were consolidating their control over the region. This kind of firebrand novel didn't really find a publisher at the time. Américo Paredes liked to say that the mail always took two days to get from Brownsville to Austin, but whenever he sent his manuscript, it was always returned the next day.

So he set his novel aside and concentrated on becoming a successful folklorist at UT Austin, and memorably, he used his first academic book to satirize the Texas Rangers. A very brave man, Paredes wrote in 1958, and here's the quote: "If all the books written about the Rangers were put one on top of the other, the resulting pile would be almost as tall as some of the tales they contain."

And then finally, in 1990, as he was winding down his career, Paredes' old manuscript was unearthed and finally published, fifty years after he'd written it, and this novel is really remarkable in many respects. It's very well written in Paredes' trademark style, ironic, lean and graceful, but it's the historical value, again, that makes the novel significant, because during the decades his manuscript sat in a box, Anglo-Americans dominated historical writing about South Texas and much of what got published was one-sided propaganda.

Paredes, meanwhile, through his novel, has given us a personal, intimate portrait of the Lower Rio Grande Valley. His book describes everything from its grassroots political machinations to informing us how intelligent, ambitious young Mexican Americans made their way through a segregated school system. The book is a jewel and it adds immeasurably to our understanding of that time and place, far more profoundly than the big stack of now discredited histories.

In the seconds I have left, I'll quickly mention another writer, Bud Shrake, who worked here in Dallas. His 1964 novel, *But Not For Love*, describes Texas shaking off the conformity of the 1950s, anticipating the coming counter-cultural upheaval, but it's Shrake's novel of Dallas in 1963, *Strange Peaches*, that really shines. Bud lived in Dallas in the early '60s, writing for *The Morning News*, hanging out with Clint Murchison, Jr., and at the same time he was dating Jada, Jack Ruby's star stripper. His resulting novel peels back the layers of Dallas and exposes the city's inner core in the days leading up to the Kennedy assassination.

And after Kennedy got killed here, a lot of people came into Dallas and tried to explain the city for us, but Shrake had been there all along and he understood it in the same way that Elmer Kelton understood West Texas, the same way Winifred Sanford understood what was happening with the great oil boom,

and the same way Américo Paredes understood the politics of the Lower Rio Grande Valley. And these four writers I've talked about are just a handful of the dozens and dozens, probably hundreds of Texas writers who have made similar accomplishments, all while their historical-minded brethren keep re-fighting the Alamo and the Civil War. And that, I think, is one of the real accomplishments of Texas literature, just as J. Frank Dobie had earlier preserved the old folk tales, Texas writers are preserving the stories of their times, they are writing our modern histories right in front of our eyes.

A Sprint Through the Major Texas Writers 1542–2012

Mark Busby

DR. BUSBY: Today I'm talking about Texas Writers 1542 to 2012. While Steve [Davis, the previous speaker] was talking, I was thinking about how I grew up in Ennis, Texas, which is 20 miles south of Dallas on I-45. After the Kennedy assassination, when people asked me where I was from, instead of saying I'm from a small town 20 miles south of Dallas, I'd say I'm from a small town 190 miles north of Houston.

History affects all of us in some ways, and I hope you have your running shoes on so that we can sprint through the major Texas writers during this history. I'm going to leave some out, and if we have any time at the end of the race, then you can mention people that I should have included.

And I want to start by talking about the difficulty in defining any region's literature. A lot of people have trouble doing it. To illustrate the difficulties, I want to talk about a song that David Allan Coe and Steve Goodman created a few years ago. Supposedly, when David Allan Coe saw Goodman's first draft, he said, "Well, it doesn't have everything in it; it's not the perfect country-western song, because it doesn't have anything about getting out of jail, mothers, trains, and pickup trucks." So Goodman wrote another verse: "Well, I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison, and I went to pick her up in the rain, but before I could get to the station in my pickup truck, she got run over by a danged old train."

Well, how do you define something and get everything in there in a very succinct way? It's not easy. Pat Conroy, the novelist, tried to do it with Southern literature, and I think he did a pretty good job: "On the night the hogs ate Willie, Mama died when she heard what Daddy did to Sister." Of course, he's responding to Faulkner, mainly. But Edgar Allen Poe was a Southerner of sorts from Baltimore, and Poe also wrote about incest, of course, in his famous story, "The Fall of the House of Usher." So it was not just Faulkner that Conroy was talking about.

I have tried to come up with something succinct about Texas literature, and let me try this out on you:

The Mexican American boy sat on his horse looking out over the buttes, mesas, and arroyos dotted with yucca, prickly pear, lechuguilla, live oak, cedar, pecan, mesquite, bluebonnets and listening to the mournful wailing of the lobos and coyotes and the plagiarized sounds of the mockingbird, when suddenly, a rattlesnake's chilling warning was drowned out by the jet's low approach to the airport bringing the weekend flood of gamblers, miners, deer hunters, high-tech millionaires, big-business felons, failed politicians, and mourning Dallas Cowboys fans.

And I count myself as one of those mourning Dallas Cowboys fans. Now let me talk very quickly, before we get the shoes on too tight, about some elements that I've found over the years that Texas literature seems to reflect often, and one is simply *journeying*, that Texas is a big place, 821 miles from one end to the other, and so journeying is a reality and a metaphor. Cabeza de Vaca's story is about a long journey from Spain to Texas but also that journey across Texas and getting out, which has been under a good deal of dispute over the years—about just what his route out was. Chambers of Commerce in Texas like to claim that Cabeza de Vaca slept here, but he probably went out primarily through northern Mexico.

Frontier mythology is one of the big elements of much Western literature, American literature in general, and it certainly dominates a good deal of Texas literature. With the end of the frontier, the famous historian, Frederick Jackson Turner, declared that the frontier was over in 1893. The U.S. Census of 1890 demonstrated that the population had spread across America from sea to shining sea, and the frontier—that defining line between the end of civilization and the beginning of wilderness, i.e., savagery—was no longer there. So what was going to happen with America's character at the end of the frontier? In fact, literature began to reflect the frontier in an even more dominant way. If the real frontier disappeared, the imaginative one in books and movies came to the fore.

Ambivalence. J. Frank Dobie tried to drag Texas literature out of the South and into the Southwest, and he did a pretty good job of it. Historians, as Steve talked about, often most of the historical world for a good deal of the 20th century, simply accepted that Texas was in the South and not really part of the Southwest, so Dobie and LBJ pulled it into the Southwest. The Southwest is, by its very nature, an ambivalent place, an ambivalent region. The two terms draw in two directions, which is, of course, what ambivalence is all about, and Texas is, of course, both *Southern* and *Western* and that very reality creates ambivalence.

Primitivism. The attraction to working out in open country as an almost religious belief has a long history growing out of the pastoral tradition in poetry, but the attraction to the outdoors has been a significant part of Texas writing. Dobie himself lamented how much time he had to spend at a typewriter when he would rather be out in open territory. And it was Thomas Jefferson who said that those who till the soil are the chosen of God. That's one of the things about the cowboy; the cowboy works outside with animals in the pastoral tradition, and there's this notion that somehow being in that outdoor world gives a greater

sense of the differences between good and bad, and that, of course, is always the subject of literature.

Of course, there are ambivalent and negative things about that history. *Primitivism, racism,* and *sexism* were three main frontier elements that historian Larry Goodwin identified years ago. He commented that cowgirls did not go up the Chisholm Trail, as he pointed to how the literature of the 19th century ignored the presence of women. By the 20th and now 21st century literature, these negative values have come under a great deal of attack, eliciting a response to what was before.

Another negative element in Texas and the Southwest is *violence*, which is not limited to Texas, but it's certainly been a significant part of Texas culture, and the writers have focused on that element as well.

And finally is the clash and cooperation that resulted from the melding of cultures. The Southwest is a place of hybridity that sometimes leads to clashes. It has also produced a variety of the cultural elements that we call "defining elements of Texas." Much relates to the frontier archetype, which is based primarily on the duality between civilization and wilderness and a good deal of other significant dualities such as tradition versus change, freedom versus restriction, and so forth.

So quickly, let's begin with a look at the history of the Native American oral tradition, much of which disappeared, of course, with the kinds of diseases that led to the end of much Indian culture. Next came the early Spanish explorers. Steve has already talked about Cabeza de Vaca. One of the interesting things about Cabeza de Vaca is that we now embrace Cabeza de Vaca as a writer who understood that the *other*, the Indian in this case, that he finally discovered that Indians were real people, that they were not less than human.

My friend, Frank de la Teja, who is here, would argue that maybe Cabeza de Vaca was presenting what the king wanted to hear since he directed his document to the king. But Cabeza de Vaca makes a strong case for recognizing the humanity of the Indians, and thus, he is now in every American literature anthology that students read in this country, which was not true 30 years ago before the emphasis on multiculturalism led to a redefinition of American literature. Back then only students in seventh grade history classes in Texas remembered the name because they got a kick out of someone named "head of a cow."

Next came the Anglo tradition represented by folk songs and tales. One of the most famous folk song collectors was John Lomax from the University of Texas, who was largely responsible for documenting the folk song tradition and who is best known for discovering Leadbelly. The Anglo tradition included folk tales, as well as utilitarian promotional and travel literature. One traveler was Frederick Law Olmstead, who journeyed across Texas and wrote a very interesting journal of his experiences and then went on to design New York's Central Park. It's a disconnect to me that Frederick Law Olmstead, who did a horseback trip across Texas then went on to design Central Park—maybe the landscape here was so appalling that a better organized one was attractive to him.

Another early book was Charles Siringo's *A Texas Cowboy* published in

1866. He was a Pinkerton detective at one time, and he focused on closing the frontier at the end of the trail drives. Siringo's work reflected another early element in Anglo tradition: early heroic and romantic literature extolling cowboy virtues, and among those who interpreted the oral tradition, as Steve just said, was J. Frank Dobie.

Another writer in this category is a Texas writer who has received a good deal more recognition in recent years. Mollie E. Moore Davis wrote *The Wire Cutters* at the end of the 19th century, and usually we point to—we, meaning literary historians—point to 1902-1903 as the beginning of the major literature about the American West with Owen Wister's *The Virginian* and Andy Adams' *The Log of a Cowboy*. Mollie Moore Davis' book, *The Wire Cutters*, was published in 1899 and may rightly deserve the honor as the beginning of the modern literary approach to the American West. It has a good deal of romance that gives some contemporary readers pause.

Another well-known writer who produced a lot of short stories about Texas before he went to jail was William Syndey Porter, who lived in Austin for a time and spent a lot of time in South Texas, and is known by his pen name, O. Henry. Andy Adams produced *The Log of a Cowboy* and had the mustache of a good cowboy too.

Much of this early literature was literature of nostalgia, which affirmed adulation of the Southwestern legend and often longed for a lost past, as do Andy Adams and John Graves, but Graves' approach to that theme of nostalgia is very tempered. "*Ubi sunt*" is the literary term for this theme and expresses a longing for something, a time period that was better, when people were real heroes in those days of yore. At about the same time, of course, there were a good many writers, many of them women, who were critiquing that myth, Dorothy Scarborough. We'll look more at Scarborough and Katherine Anne Porter shortly, and Steve has already talked about Américo Paredes, author of the famous *With His Pistol in His Hand*.

J. Frank Dobie is now memorialized in the famous Philosophers' Rock at Barton Springs in Austin, and Steve Harrigan, I know, is one of the people who were responsible for getting this sculpture made, along with others who are in this organization. (And I understand another famous Texan is about to be commemorated with a statue in Austin, Willie Nelson.)

Of course, the statue also includes Walter Prescott Webb, the historian. Webb was very influential, and he's been under attack for some of his comments in more recent years. He didn't spend a lot of time out at Barton Springs, though he's in this statue. He's got his pants rolled up, and he's holding a cigarette. Roy Bedichek, famous for his book *Adventures with a Texas Naturalist*, is the other figure in the statue, with Dobie in the middle.

Countering much of Dobie's nostalgia was Dorothy Scarborough's *The Wind,* which was made into a famous silent film with Lillian Gish. *The Wind's* thesis essentially, is that West Texas is so terrible that the wind will drive you crazy, and essentially, it drove the main character crazy.

Scarborough's critique was similar to the work of one of Texas' most famous writers, Katherine Anne Porter. Thirty years ago if you went to those antholo-

gies of American literature that began with the Puritans and did not yet have Cabeza de Vaca, you would find Katherine Anne Porter as the only Texas writer in those American anthologies. Partially it was because she made people believe she was from somewhere else. She was fond of fictionalizing in all different ways, including details of her own biography.

There is a statue of Katherine Anne Porter at Sea World, and you wonder why there's a statue of Katherine Anne Porter at Sea World. The best I've been able to discover is that she lived for a short time in San Antonio. I don't think Sea World was there at the time. The corporate ownership that owned the publishing company that printed her books at about this time also owned Sea World, so that fact makes the most sense that I can come to about why there is a statue of her at Sea World. There, of course, was a postage stamp of her and other Texas writers. *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter* presents her stories, her best work, in one collection. *Ship of Fools* was her only novel and was not particularly well received.

One interesting note concerns Katherine Anne Porter's famous coffin, which produced a story that I cannot verify, but I heard a Texas journalist tell the story that in 1965, Katherine Anne Porter was selected to get a major award from the Texas Institute of Letters. The then president of TIL, Lon Tinkle, who was the book review editor for *The Dallas Morning News*, invited Porter to come and encouraged her to do so. The meeting was held at the Adolphus Hotel. And so she came to Dallas. She was in her hotel room, and about two hours before the meeting she calls Lon Tinkle and says, "I'm sorry, I cannot make the meeting, I feel terrible, and I won't be able to perform." She considered her presence a performance. And he said, "You've come all this way; you're here; I'll come and I'll help you down. All you have do is make an appearance; you don't really have to say anything."

And so the story that I heard from this journalist was that he—this has the element of folklore—he and Lon Tinkle went to Katherine Anne Porter's room in the Adolphus, knocked on the door, and a voice said, "Come in." They walked into the room and called for her, and suddenly she rose up out of a coffin that she had in her room for some reason. The story doesn't make too much sense unless maybe she had come to get her coffin.

At any rate, Porter had had this famous, colorful Mexican coffin made for her and planned to be buried in it, but at the very end she decided to be cremated. So her coffin is in the McKeldin Library in Maryland, where she sent her literary things after a huge falling out with the University of Texas because she thought the University was going to name a library for her, but they didn't. So she sent her things to the library in Maryland, while her own remains are in Texas, so we have a perfect image of Texas literary ambivalence.

Now let me run quickly through the Texas Renaissance in the 1960s. The '60s was a huge time for Texas writing. Larry McMurtry was among the major Texas writers of the '60s and for the next many years in Texas, and he's still at it. I'll talk more about him in just a minute. Among other major Texas writers whose careers began in the 1960s were Robert Flynn, Elmer Kelton, Ben Capps, Shelby Hearon, Billy Lee Brammer, Larry L. King, John Rechy, Preston Jones,

R. G. Vliet, all of whom got started in the '60s and have influenced the landscape of Texas literature in the years since.

Additionally, Texas Mexican American writers were getting started in the '60s, as well. Tomás Rivera, who wrote a collection, *y no se lo tragó la tierra*, translated as *And the Earth Did Not Devour Him*, went on to become chancellor of the University of California Riverside and died of a heart attack at age 48, a cautionary tale about giving up literature and becoming an administrator, no doubt.

Other significant Mexican American writers include Rolando Hinojosa, who teaches at the University of Texas at Austin; Sandra Cisneros who lived in San Antonio for many years; my former colleague at Texas State, Dagoberto Gilb, who lived in El Paso for a long time. Tina Villanueva, a Southwest Texas State University graduate, wrote a wonderful epic poem about a *Scene from the Movie Giant*, the title of the book, after Villanueva watched *Giant* at a theater in San Marcos in the 1950s and later wrote this 80-page poem about that event.

Other important Mexican American writers who influenced Texas literature written before the 1960s were Jovita Gonzalez and Américo Paredes. What's the character in Paredes' novel who is a parody of Dobie, Hank?

VOICE: K. Hank Harvey.

DR. BUSBY: Paredes was not fond of J. Frank Dobie, so he created a character who was blustery in his novel.

In African American literature, a little-known Texas writer Sutton Griggs was educated at Bishop College and at the end of the 19th century published several novels that were very future-oriented. He explored the kinds of issues that African American writers have been interested in ever since.

J. Mason Brewer, a noted Black folklorist, was inducted into the Texas Institute of Letters in the 1950s at the Driskill Hotel in Austin. He had to go in the back door to be honored at that banquet because, of course, it was the 1950s.

A more recent African American writer is J. California Cooper from Marshall, Texas, real name Jane Cooper. She became J. California Cooper, I suppose, the same way that Tom Williams became Tennessee Williams. Reginald McKnight lived in Texas for a time and has written a number of stories including some good stories about Texas in a collection titled *The Kind of Light that Shines on Texas*. Sutton Griggs' most famous work is *Imperium in Imperio*. J. Mason Brewer is best known for his folklore tales; one of the more famous ones is *The Word on the Brazos*. J. California Cooper began in theater and later turned to short stories including *Homemade Love*, winner of an American Book Award.

A special element of Texas literature is nature writing. John Graves is known as the Thoreau of Texas literature, a term that he never much cared for. Stephen Harrigan, who is here, is widely known for his essays that appeared in *Texas Monthly*, and published a very fine book called *A Natural State*. David Taylor and Char Miller focus on writing about the Texas environment. It's easy enough

to extol the virtues of, say, New Mexico, a little harder sometimes to talk about the wonders of Texas, but people try.

John Graves [who died in July 2013 at age 92] was the dean of Texas literature. He was wounded during World War II, lost an eye, and then went down the Brazos River and wrote about those various experiences in *Goodbye to a River*, a book many consider the best nonfiction book ever written about Texas.

Larry McMurtry continues to be one of the most significant Texas writers. McMurtry has written a ton of books, and people kept saying, "Larry, stop writing." He said he was going to stop writing a few years ago, but he didn't do it; he couldn't do it. He went back to writing and he's continued to write.

Larry McMurtry was in the news just a few months ago for marrying Ken Kesey's widow, Faye Kesey. Kesey, author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and McMurtry were students together at Stanford in the 1960s. Kesey died in 2001, and I only assume that it was sort of like a high school reunion and somehow Larry and Faye got together. This is McMurtry's second marriage. His first produced a boy who is now a famous Austin singer-songwriter, James McMurtry.

McMurtry's novel *Horseman Pass By*, was retitled *Hud* for the movies, and starred the famous blue-eyed one, Paul Newman. It is one of Texas' most famous movies, unlike the movie that was made based on *Leaving Cheyenne*, *Lovin' Molly*, which didn't come out on video for many years.

The Last Picture Show was another famous Texas movie based on one of McMurtry's books. Among his other earlier novels were *Moving On*, *All My Friends are Going to be Strangers*, *Terms of Endearment* (another big movie), and *Somebody's Darling*. Of course, his masterpiece is *Lonesome Dove*, which he wrote to attack myths of the West, but his readers loved the mythic traits the old Rangers exhibited and ignored the anti-mythic elements. McMurtry has called *Duane's Depressed* his own favorite of his books, a book about an aging Texan. More recently he won an Oscar for co-writing the screenplay for *Brokeback Mountain*.

Other important Texas writers are Billy Lee Brammer, author of the best Texas political novel, *The Gay Place*; Bud Shrake; Robert Flynn, who has this wonderful black humor trail drive novel, *North to Yesterday*; and Carolyn Osborn, a short story writer. Other contemporary writers include the many Texas mystery writers that Steve Davis collected in an anthology titled *Lone Star Sleuths: An Anthology of Texas Crime Fiction*.

Dominant among Texas writers since the 1990s is Cormac McCarthy, even though he moved away from El Paso to Santa Fe, New Mexico. His fiction gained great following after the success of movies based on his novels, *All the Pretty Horses, No Country for Old Men,* and *The Road*.

Among important Texas playwrights are Horton Foote, winner of the Pulitzer Prize, Preston Jones from Dallas, and Larry L. King, long-time ex patriot Texan living in Washington, D.C. Jones worked at the Dallas Theater Center before his early death. And Dallas is always well represented at this meeting of the Philosophical Society, including Marsh Terry from SMU and his pal, C.W. Smith, also from SMU.

Now let's see, who did I leave out here in this 400-year sprint? There's San Antonio poet Naomi Nye, poet Walt McDonald, and my good friend, Jim Hoggard, who is a new member and you have his biography. Also here today is Austin novelist Elizabeth Crook.

Since there are maybe a couple of minutes left, you can attack me for leaving out your best friend or you can ask questions.

VOICE: How about Willie Morris?

DR. BUSBY: Willie Morris, *North Toward Home*. Of course, Morris' home area is Mississippi. He was an editor at the University of Texas and then an editor of what once was the great political newspaper, *The Texas Observer*, then became the editor of *Harper's*, very influential.

VOICE: Peter Gent.

DR. BUSBY: Peter Gent, who just recently died. Steve is, I think, the world authority on the literature of Pete Gent as a literary outlaw of the '60s. Anybody else?

VOICE: Jane Roberts Wood.

DR. BUSBY: Jane Roberts Wood, who is here as well. Yes.

VOICE: John Howard Griffin.

DR. BUSBY: John Howard Griffin, one of my favorites from near my hometown of Ennis, Midlothian. Griffin wrote *Black Like Me*, about a white man who darkened his skin chemically and traveled around the South. It was a very influential work.

VOICE: Noah Smithwick.

DR. BUSBY: Noah Smithwick from the old days, yes, and I think you can get Noah Smithwick free online. It is in the public domain and not in copyright. Well, thank you for your attention and I think it's time for the next session.

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Chapter II: Texas Writers Write Fiction

Betty Sue Flowers

DR. FLOWERS: The way I would like this panel to flow is from one writer to the other, without my popping up to reintroduce each one. I would say of the writers: we've got imagination, followed by grace, followed by love—so this is the theological panel of the morning.

"Where Do You Get Your Ideas"

Stephen Harrigan

MR. HARRIGAN: Thanks a lot, Betty Sue. Good morning, everyone. There are two questions that writers get asked most often. One is the dreaded: How is your new book doing? And the other most common question is: Where do you get your ideas? People ask this all the time, and it's not, by any means, a frivolous question. It's a very important and sort of unanswerable question in many ways, but I thought I would try to answer it this morning or by walking you through, as best I can determine, the origins of the ideas for my own books.

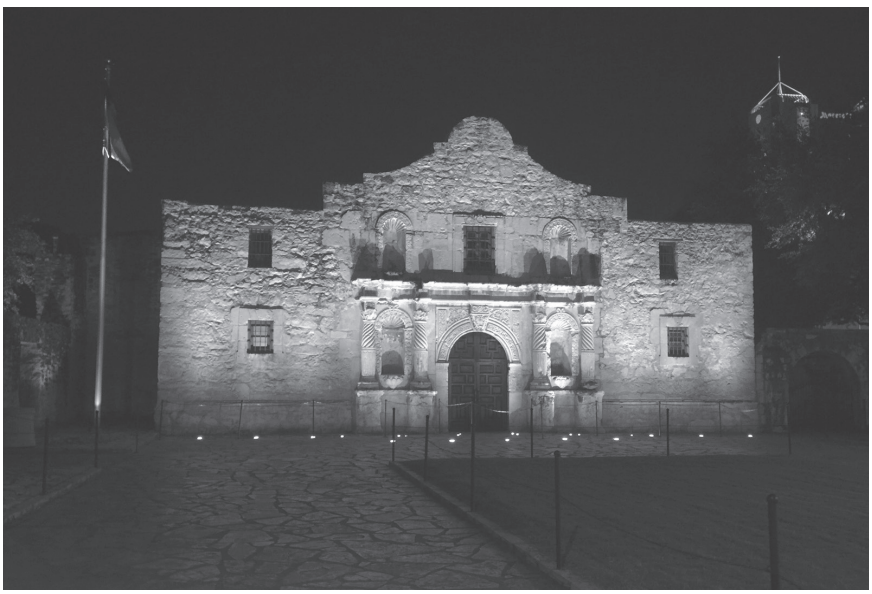
Could I have the first slide, please? This is a dolphin, obviously. I was about six years old and my family had gone down from Abilene to Port Aransas on a

family vacation. I was standing at the stern of a boat in the Port Aransas Ship Channel—this was probably 1954-55. This was before "Flipper," this was before Sea World, this was before any consciousness of these animals in the public imagination—and I was standing on the stern of this boat, just sort of dumbly looking at this murky water, and all of a sudden I saw this. I had never heard of any animal like that, and I was just astonished.

And I turned to the guy on the boat, I guess it was the captain, and said, What's that? And he said, Well, son, that's a porpoise. And I had no idea what that was. That's all I could see. I had never seen a picture of a porpoise or a dolphin, I had never had any understanding or any awareness that such a creature could exist.

What was so haunting to me, and what remained haunting to me for my entire life was the unrevealed quality of this creature. All I could see was this fin and part of its back as it rolled through the water. I had no idea what it was. And 25 years later, I wrote a novel called *Aransas* that started with this moment in my life when I saw this creature rising out of this murky water. For me, when I ask myself where do I get my ideas, it seems to me they always start with a similar sense of mystery or the idea that there is some sort of information that's been withheld from me that I'm compelled to try to understand and probe and learn. A novelist is like a baseball player who gets a turn at bat once every four or five years: you have to make this moment count and you have to focus on a subject that reaches deep enough inside you that it makes the effort worthwhile.

The next thing that truly inspired me was this. Could I have the next slide, so that we can watch this two-minute clip.



Well, what can you say? When Steve Davis was talking earlier, I thought I detected a subtle criticism of writers who don't chronicle their own time but rely

on subjects like the Alamo. But Steve, I want to say I was chronicling my own time when I wrote a novel called *The Gates of the Alamo* because the origin of that book is this movie—called *Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier* with Fess Parker which I saw when I was seven years old in 1955. At the time, *Davy Crockett* was *Harry Potter* meets *Star Wars*. It was a huge cultural phenomenon. Every kid in America had to have a coonskin cap. The raccoon population took a nosedive in the United States during that period.

I'm showing this clip, not just to remind you of the movie, which most of you are aware of, but to remind myself of the power it held over me. It's a stupid old movie, really, nothing particularly compelling to an adult audience, but when you're seven years old and it's 1955 and you're watching this and you've never seen a movie in which the hero died before, it had a startling, confusing, maddening effect. I couldn't process the fact that Fess Parker, Davy Crockett, this amiable guy I had been following for three hours, was suddenly going to die, and it haunted my dreams for most of my life.

That same year, my parents took me to San Antonio to see the real Alamo. Take a look at that building. You talk about a haunted house, that's about as close as you can get in Texas, I think. It is one of the very oldest buildings, obviously, in Texas. It looks like it just sort of grew out of the ground, it's so ancient and primeval. And again, for a seven-year-old kid with that movie in his mind, going to see that place was totally overpowering. Again, it was that sense of mystery, the mystery of what happened here. What is the past, how do I get back to the past? Writing *The Gates of the Alamo* for me was a way of building my own personal time machine to try to get back to this place, to my own primeval state, and also to a primeval place in Texas history.

Could I have the next slide, please? This is a McDonald's restaurant on NASA Road 1 in Clear Lake City, Texas, and as you can see, it's a McDonald's.

There's nothing special about it except there is a big giant fiberglass astronaut on top and in his left hand he's holding an order of fries.

After I wrote *The Gates of the Alamo*, I was looking for an idea for a novel that would get me out of 1836 because I was very tired of the 19th century, and as Steve has mentioned, one of the missions of a novelist, I think, is to chronicle his or her own time. I wanted to write about something that was going on that was fresh and new to me that didn't require a ton of historical research.

And I couldn't find what I was looking for, but one day I was in Houston in Clear Lake City, which is where a lot of my family lives now, and I was at my niece's soccer game. I was standing there on the sidelines with my sister and everybody was cheering on these young girls playing soccer, and my sister pointed to a woman down on the sidelines and said, "Do you see that woman?" I said, "Yes." It was another mom who was cheering on her daughter. And my sister said, "Well, last week she was in space."

That got my attention. The idea that one week you could be 240 miles above the Earth in the Space Shuttle, and the next week you could be on a totally normal suburban soccer field cheering on your daughter, really struck a chord in me.

Then I was driving down NASA Road 1 and I passed this McDonald's, for some reason I just pulled into that parking lot, and just stared up at this fiberglass astronaut. This McDonald's seemed to me a kind of perfect nexus between the soaring ambition that this woman had and the common day reality that astronauts also have. I was thinking of a woman astronaut, of a fictional character who has a son and a daughter and all at once the book came to me. It's about this woman who is torn between the need to explore, the need to go into space, and the responsibility of taking care of her children.

I saw this place and I thought I'm going to set a scene here, and so the first scene of the novel is about the woman astronaut picking up her son at school

because he's had an asthma attack and taking him to this McDonald's to buy him a Happy Meal. That's where the idea of my novel *Challenger Park* came from. And the last idea I'd like to talk about, if I could have the next slide, is this. This is just a snapshot I took so it's not that great a photo, but it's of a statue in the courthouse square of Ballinger, Texas.

The subject of the statue is a young man named Charles Noyes and his horse. Twenty-five years ago I was writing an article for *Texas Monthly* about a sculptor named Pompeo Coppini—who many of you have probably heard of; he did basically every statue you've seen in Texas from the statues at the Hall of State here in Dallas, to the Littlefield Fountain at UT, to the Alamo Cenotaph. Coppini wrote this 1,000-page autobiography which I am one of the few people in the world to have ever read, and there was a powerful two or three paragraph section of his book in which he talks about getting a telegram from a broken-hearted old rancher out in Menard County whose son had died in a fall from a horse, and Coppini was hired by this rancher to come out to his ranch and make a statue of his son.

I read this scene in Coppini's autobiography where he spends the night in the son's room with this grieving father, and the son's saddle is in the room and his clothes are there, and I thought it was a powerful scene. For 25 years I carried that idea around with me, thinking there's a novel in this somewhere. Coppini did create this real statue that you see today in Ballinger, Texas, and I went to see the statue of course and was very moved by it—I think it's his best work—so I decided I would write a novel, after 25 years of thinking about it, about a situation like this, about a sculptor, about a grieving father, about a dead son, and that became my latest novel, *Remember Ben Clayton*.

Every writer has his or her own way of coming up with ideas, but I just thought I would share a few of mine with you. I have a very long gestation period for a novel, typically, and I have very high standards for myself of what I will actually commit to. Because a book can sell well or it can sell poorly, it can get good reviews or bad reviews, it can be remembered for a little while or it can be forgotten, but what counts for a writer, I think, is that you choose an idea where there's something at stake for you, where there's a mystery that you need to solve that is, as Yeats said, it's at the deep heart's core. And I think if you can find that subject as a writer, none of that stuff matters about how well the book performs, because in the end you know you wrote a book that you had to write. Thank you very much.

Grace Notes in the Writing of Fiction

Jane Roberts Wood

MS. WOOD: Before I begin, I want to begin with something outside my work. When my youngest daughter went down to the University of Texas, she majored in Plan II, and she would come home and talk about this woman, this wonderful woman. I could tell from all the things she said about her that this woman meant a lot to my daughter. Susan had lost her father and so she would tell me something this woman had said. This woman, I knew that as a teacher or a director, I knew that she brought her best self to her work, her best intellectual self, and the most energy, so that she made every student in that program feel special and she let every student know she cared about them. And so the night before I left for this meeting, I called Susan. (Susan has become a veterinarian, work she loves, she's just so happy doing that.) And I called and I said, Susan, guess who's going to introduce me? And she said, Who? And I said, Betty Sue Flowers. And she said, Mother, give her a hug. So a teacher is such a life-changing force.

I would add one question that people ask us as writers and as novelists. I was signing books in a bookstore in Louisiana, it was the second part of the trilogy called *A Place Called Sweet Shrub*, and a woman came in. She had on a print dress and a red leather belt—I'll never forget her—and she picked up this book and she was kind of looking around, and she said, "What's this book about?" Now, how can any novelist tell what a book is about? We don't know what it's about. The reader has to tell us. So I said, "Well, it's a romance." I thought she might like romances. And that didn't interest her very much. And I said, "It's about taking chances." Well, again, I could tell she was not a woman who threw her bonnet over the windmill, as my grandmother used to say.

But then I thought, this will get her. I said, "It leads to the worst race riot that we've ever had in the United States." And the second part of the trilogy does that. This woman threw the book down and she said, "I wouldn't read that book if you gave it to me." And she turned to leave, and I said, "Wait, don't leave; why not, why won't you read it?" And she came back and she put her hands on my desk and she said, "Not after what happened to my mother." And I said, "What happened to your mother?" And she said, "Her maid came in and sat down at the breakfast table and poured gasoline on herself and set herself on fire." And then she left.

I have no idea who she was, I didn't know why, what led up to this, but that was such a strong image that I sat down and I wrote a short story called "My Mother Had a Maid" and that was the one that won Best Short Story from the Texas Institute of Letters. So an idea can come from a powerful image or one that's maybe not so powerful.

This book, this is my most recent novel called *Out the Summerhill Road*, and it, again, came from an act of violence. In Texarkana, Texas, where I grew up until I was 16 and went off to school, a friend of mine was murdered. This had followed three other murders, but that set the whole town on fire. If any of you

know anything about Texarkana, you may have heard of the Phantom Killer in Texarkana. There were five murders, this was the last two.

And when that happened, I knew this girl, Betty Joe Booker, and I knew the boy she was with at Spring Lake Park, and I knew the three girls who had waited for her at a slumber party, and I could never write about it, it was just so close to me, but it haunted me because a kind of innocence was lost overnight. People locked their doors, the guns sold out in town, and if your bedroom was downstairs, your parents moved you upstairs.

And so I decided to write a murder mystery. I had read murder mysteries. To go to the beach and read a murder mystery is just lots of fun, and so I thought, well, I'll just write a murder mystery.

That mystery was never solved. They never found the murderer who committed those terrible crimes, and they called in the FBI because the body might have been taken across the state line from Arkansas to Texas, and Two Gun Gonzales, one of the most colorful rangers, came to town and stayed a long time and gave a lot of interviews to the newspapers, but they never found that murderer.

And so lately I had thought what if this one boy—and there was a young man, I also knew him—who was questioned, all the high school seniors were questioned, the veterans coming back to town were questioned. And so this boy left town and it was said that his parents sent him to South America, and he never came back, he has never come back. I thought what if he came back to town, then the town would be suspicious about a murderer.

So I began the novel the way I always begin, I began with trying to make my characters strong so that I know how they think and I know their gestures and I know what they're likely to eat and I could tell you what books they read. I live with my characters until I know each one of them as well as I've ever known anybody in my life.

And so I kept writing and writing and I sent about 70 or 80 pages to my agent, Liza Dawson, in New York, and she read them and I said, "This is going to be a murder mystery." And she said, "I can't tell that. "She said, "What are you writing toward?" And I said, "Well, it's just a murder mystery." And she said, "You know, you're going to have to solve the murder." And I said, "Oh, no, I'm not going to solve the murder, this is kind of based on one, and it was never solved."

And so then I kept writing some more, and my editor said, "I don't know what this is leading to, you're going to have to solve the murder." And I said, "We all live with ambiguity, I'm not going to solve the murder." And so she said, "Well, I don't think anybody who buys a murder mystery would like it if you didn't solve the murder." And so I said, "Well, I'll just let my character solve the murder."

And that's what happened. I wrote and I wrote and I wrote, and then finally, another one of my characters was murdered, and so then they really decided that it was Jackson, this boy who came back to town because so soon after he came back, this second murder happened.

And so then I kept writing and I was reading this dead girl's diary. I had never liked writing about this character very much. She's a woman who lived a life of missed possibilities—her name is Mary Martha—and she said "no" to life, she

said "no" to everything and everybody, but she and her friends loved each other, these four women had loved each other always. And so when I wrote her diary, then I saw that she had had a secret life, she lived a life of the imagination, she had an imaginary cat. And so I can tell you what page I was on when I knew who murdered this second woman. I won't tell you because I hope that you'll read the book.

I do think that if we, as writers—it takes three or four years for me to write a novel—and the whole time I'm writing, I'm doing research and I'm listening and people tell me stories, and I know what music they hear, or I'll order newspapers that were published during that time so that I know pretty well every detail of my characters' lives when I write, and then I let my characters determine the plot.

Do you write from a plot, Stephen?

MR. HARRIGAN: Yes and no. The characters find the plot for you.

MS. WOOD: Yes, that's right, the characters find the plot for you.

But I think that the main thing that I've learned through writing this novel and other novels is something that Virginia Woolf said that I had not thought about much. She said, "Until a few years ago, no woman by herself had ever come out and said anything at all. There it was going on in the background for all those thousands of years, this curious, silent, unrepresented life. I believe we still don't know in the least how they [women] feel or how they live or what they do precisely." This was from a seminal book of hers I taught, her two essays, "A Room of One's Own."

Of course, women didn't write for thousands of years, and then when women started to write, we had believed the myth that women were not capable of the kind of friendship like the band of brothers, or one for all and all for one, the strong bonds of friendship that men have always known about and written about, but men did not realize that women had the same strong bonds of friendship. And so this novel that was to be a murder mystery turned into a novel about friendship between women.

The first movie I ever saw that showed that was in 1973 and that's not so long ago, but the name of the movie was *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, with Ellen Barkin. It was a wonderful movie, and it showed this powerful friendship of these two women whose paths had just happened to cross, and there they were sustaining each other, helping each other, giving courage to each other.

The characters in this book are like that. They know that their friends are not perfect. One of them comes to a funeral and gives a eulogy wearing a red dress, and her friend says, "Well, we'll just have to let Isabel be Isabel." They accept each other all the way through, and they're the ones that together solve this mystery.

So with that, and thanks to my knowledge now and other writers who are now writing about the bonds of sisterhood. I think we saw that recently when they turned around the Komen decision. All the women got together and turned it around overnight, almost.

Thank you.

For The Love of the Written Word: Keeping the Book Alive

Karla K. Morton

MS. MORTON: Hi. I just finished reading *The Grapes of Wrath*. I missed that in childhood. I'm so behind in all my reading; I don't know if you ever feel that way. But what struck me in *The Grapes of Wrath* was the way the technology separated the people from the earth. Do you remember the story? It's set in the Great Depression and everyone is out of work, and one tractor can take a hundred field workers out of a job, one tractor equals a hundred field workers. So everyone is in this mass exodus to California because all these advertisements were put out and there was great work in California, so everyone was going over there just to find out that there were so many people that they didn't have to pay them what they were worth. Anyway, it's just a very sad, sad story.

But after I read that book, I was struck by that feeling again, by the book itself. And I know I'm a little early, you are going to be discussing this in more detail, but I really, really worry about the state of the book. One thing that I do as Texas Poet Laureate, (and I know that both Jim Hoggard, and Alan Birkelbach, both fellow Laureates, do the same), is to reach the kids, not just on a university level but in secondary schools. And I think if we can reach our kids by the time they're in 8th grade or 9th grade and introduce them to theater and music and writing and all of those arts, then they will grow to have a love of it, and not just a love of it but support and advocacy of the arts.

I'm just back from a writer-in-residency grant in Seaside, Florida—I know, that was terrible, wasn't it, Seaside, Florida, one of the most beautiful coastlines that I've ever seen, one of the most beautiful urban developments too, it's very cool out there—but it's called the "Escape to Create Residency." And I was doing out there what I do here in Texas, reaching out to the kids and seeing civic groups and colleges and secondary. But one of the schools, and I kind of feel like I'm a thermometer out there, I'm out there as much as I can with the kids, and I went to this one school, it's a Charter school, which I was not familiar with, but it's a technology, mathematics, sciences school, they have 3rd grade through 12th grade.

So I walk in, great, excited to bring poetry and the arts, and I walk in and there's no desks. Okay, that's a new age teaching, I can get into that. No chalkboards, no dry erase boards, and the teacher told me as I entered that they're a paperless school, and they were going to assign the students to do an essay on poets laureate but the internet was down and they had to scrap that idea. And so I offered, well, why don't you just postpone it because I'm sure it's a fascinating subject and the kids will get so much out of it. It's like well, you know, okay.

Now, this is a wide range of students, I have 3rd graders in there and then I have 12th graders in there, so you kind of tap dance to appeal to all levels. They got a little restless, and so I was going to assign a little poetry workshop, "everyone pull out a piece of paper and a pencil." The teacher looked at me again

and said, "No, we're paperless." And so after the third time he said that, I said, "What do you mean you're paperless?" He said, "No paper, no books." Well, he must have noted the horror on my face because he went on to explain that everything is done with computer or Kindle, everything.

Now, I don't know, it just seemed to be one of those red flag moments in my life and a cross between, I don't know, the sky is falling and "Danger, Will Robinson, danger." I mean, no books. I mean, this was a school, so from 3rd grade up to a senior in high school these kids will never be exposed to a book in school. Can we trust the parents to do that? I don't know. But no paper means no pens, no pencils, no scissors, no glue, no colors, no map colors. I mean, what about those little compass thingies and math. I'm a liberal arts major. How do you do math with the little pencil compass thingy. Right?

This just really bothered me. No books, there's no reference books, no dictionaries, no thesaurus, there's no reading books, no Matthew Reinhart pop-up books, nothing. And they didn't have a library at all. Now, they had a gaming lounge with a little disco ball in there for their music and their games, with a little curtain, but there was no library, none. Does this bother you as much as it bothers me? It broke my heart, it really did.

And I feel like this is just yet another separation from the Earth. I mean, this is turning our backs on thousands of years of papyrus. I think what they're forgetting is that the book is the art, that it is an art form. I mean, don't get me wrong, I love technology. In fact, I think my three favorite bits of technology, well, number one has to be hot running water. Well, try taking a cold shower a couple of days, and that will be first on your list: running water, and the internet, of course, and the third thing has to be those little paper covers on the toilet. Don't we love those? I hope y'all have it, fellows, in the bathroom because it's just amazing.

But my point is we can still love technology and embrace technology without turning our backs on the books, without turning our backs to the arts. And there's enough room for everybody, there's enough room for technology. And one thing that does make me smile is that vinyl and records are coming back, which maybe there's hope for us yet. But there's a great quote from J.R. Lowell that says: "Poetry is not made out of the understanding. The question of common sense is always what is it good for, a question which would abolish the rose and triumphantly be answered by the cabbage."

Yes, here we have this book and the kids go: It's a book, it's not green, Mom. My kids try that, it's not green. Well, I mean, going green is taking the waste out, going green is not doing away with the book. It's a tactile connection. I mean, think of all those monks thousands of years ago who labored and just the beauty of it, the feel of the paper. I mean, everyone here knows the smell of an old book, don't we? I love that smell, it's history, it's paper, it's from the trees of our Earth, it's what makes us human, it's the original organic product.

I might be an alarmist here, but I really do smell a wolf lurking around our children. I think that it's dangerous. It's a red flag, as I mentioned, and I know I might be stretching it some and there are people that have told me that this can't happen, but I say when technology fails, not if—and they say oh, that can't

happen—really, really, do we really believe that, I don't know—but when technology fails where is our data, where is our history, where are our stories of our lives, where are our love letters, where is a child that can even read cursive. Remember the Dark Ages when the priests had all the power because the priests were the only one that could read and write? Do you know they don't even teach handwriting anymore in the grade school? It's not taught at all, because the kids come out like this, which is a great skill. I mean, the calligraphy part of it, the handwriting itself; we think they can still read it, but trust me, every thank you letter I got—I did get thank you letters, which high school seniors get kudos for—every single one of them was printed; there was not a single child out there that's writing in cursive.

I think that what we can do is just clamor for the book, demand the book, give it as gifts, give it to your children, give it to your grandchildren, don't let them be without. And I was in that class and I was like what are your favorite books and whatever, and they're like, well, on Kindle and on Kindle. And I said, "Has anyone read Dr. Seuss and Shel Silverstein?" "My mom has that book, my mom has that book," not, "I have that book."

So I think it's so important for our culture, and I just think that maybe the arts should have an endangered species list. Maybe we should put the book at the top of that list.

But I'm going to leave you with a couple of poems. You can't have a poet up here without us not having poems, and a couple I want to read from "Descant." It's journals like these that we can't let go either. I mean, that's so important in the literary world. But this particular poem, it's TCU Press, by the way, that publishes "Descant," and this poem is about those traditions, it's about what we pass down to our children, and it's not just the words and stories, it's the physical things. And I'm constantly amazed at fathers and sons and what's so often not spoken, and this first one is called "Passing the Gauntlet."

Passing the Gauntlet

He never learned the language of love,
having grown up in silence at the supper table;

their only interaction, the names and scores
and stats of players and teams.

It's what he knew; what his father knew…
But on Sunday afternoons, they'd take to the yard,

two well-rubbed leathers, soft and tended and creased;
that baseball, bridging glove to glove; binding

father to son. Their arms, the air, the *catch*…
saying everything they needed to say.

—karla k. morton, 2010 Texas State Poet Laureate

And one more, conscious of our time here because I know we want to have room for questions, but the second one is a nod out to another one of the greatest journals of all time, *Southwest American Literature*, and it's actually journals like these that helped me become Texas poet laureate, it really is. It's journals like these that support, are reaching out and supporting the writers, especially poets, and I can't thank them enough. And this one actually is coming up in the next *Southwest American Literature*. And you really need to get these journals because they're just fascinating, are they not, Mark?

But I'm going to read one that's coming up from the next *Southwest American Literature* and I'm going to end with this poem, but I do want to thank you for having me, and Fran for the invitation. I've been traveling, and that's what I do, reaching the kids, and I went to this school in Round Rock, Round Rock Disciplinary School—I don't know if any of y'all are familiar with that. I love the challenge of these schools, and it takes all of the disciplinary kids from, I think, north Austin, from around, and they come to this school, and I tell you, you get in there and these kids are brilliant, they are brilliant. I think a lot of them are just bored out of their minds, getting into trouble.

But I went to this school, and schools have no budget, so many times I'm like can you get me a place to stay, so many times I'm staying with teachers in the back bedroom or whatever, and I stayed with this teacher and she lived out in Bertram which is right next to Round Rock, and they had this beautiful farm home, they caught their rainwater and every morning I helped them gather the eggs and that kind of thing.

And they had this Texas limestone house and the walls inside and out were the limestone, and I was sitting in their living room and I went oh, how pretty. Up in one of the rocks above the fireplace was this etching in a rock, and I said, "Oh, look, it's a little angel playing a piccolo." And they said, "No, that's Willie Nelson smoking a doobie." Apparently, one of the members of his band had built this house originally and I looked and I was like, well, there he is, there's Willie.

But anyway, I'm going to leave you with this poem, and it's called "Love Song in Bertram."

Love Song in Bertram

This is the heaven on earth God intended -
pale, stone walls; a cold
tin roof, and a hearth that burns all winter long.
To drink from the sky;

to eat from the coop - pulling oval jewels
from warm sleeping hens.
Dogs, like Vatican guards, sentry the doorways.
And when we lie down

together, coyotes croon with the shooting
stars; scorpions dance in and out of our shoes.

—karla k. morton, 2010 Texas State Poet Laureate

Thank you so much, thank you.

Q&A

DR. FLOWERS: We have a goodly amount of time, by Texas Philosophical Society standards, which I'm really glad about. I'd like to start the discussion myself by tying the first two speakers together through introducing a third, who's currently in the audience. Jane, you said, "One of my characters got murdered" —but you actually *killed* her or him.

Is Elizabeth Crook here? She's a novelist who could rightly be on this panel. Elizabeth, would you come up here a minute? Steve, I heard a story—maybe it's true, maybe it's not—that you killed one of Elizabeth's characters. Would you and Elizabeth tell this story?

MS. CROOK: I was writing a book called *Promised Lands* and it dealt with the Texas Revolution and the Goliad massacre and the Battle of San Jacinto, and I had a character that I had really grown to love through the book and in the very beginning I had decreed that she was going to be the woman who was killed at San Jacinto. There was a woman who was killed at San Jacinto, and she's been unidentified in history, nobody really knows who she is, but there was a lot of commotion about it afterwards, because people were demanding to know, among the Texan troops, who killed the woman. And later there was a trial because somebody was blamed for it and there was a trial that it was liable that this person had not really done it.

But anyway, so my character became this woman and I had built the whole story leading up to her death, and then I just didn't want to do it, but the book was really big by that time, I mean, it was sort of a pointless book if she wasn't going to be killed. So I was telling Steve I've got this scene coming up, and he said, "Well, I'll kill her."

And so I faxed him the pages. I got her right up to the place she was going to die, she was in the marshes at San Jacinto, everything was all set up and I faxed him the pages and then I went out for a jog. And I came back, and that was when fax papers rolled off, and here was this scroll with her death scene. And I read it and I thought it's so brutal, I mean, it didn't have to be quite that brutal, but it was really, really good, it really worked.

And I felt like I had sent somebody with my dog to the vet to have the dog put to sleep, or something, the kind of thing you should do yourself and you've had somebody else do it for you, or whatever. So I had to kind of reclaim it with a little bit of my own language and tweak it and make it my own. But Steve did that for me.

DR. FLOWERS: Guilty as accused.

MR. HARRIGAN: It was easy.

DR. FLOWERS: Okay. I'm sure some of you have questions or requests or comments about the death of a character or any of a number of things. We have a good group up here.

MALE SPEAKER FROM AUDIENCE: It's a comment, and it is that if you get a chance, go to YouTube and type in Medieval Tech Support. Have any of you seen Medieval Tech Support? It is actually a hysterical take on our fear of technology, and so I won't say anything else other than when you get a moment and you can all pull out your Samsung whatever or your iPads—I don't have any of those gadgets—you can probably get on YouTube and take a look at Medieval Tech Support.

DR. FLOWERS: Please identify who you are and where you're from because these comments are transcribed.

MS. HAAS: I am Marjorie Haas from Sherman, Texas. Maybe this is in keeping with the most recent comment. The fear of the death of the book has been widely and long announced and we read it with horror, but of course, that was the same horror that the birth of the book was greeted with and literacy was going to be the end of oral culture and the end of all art and music and singing and dancing, and there was a truth to that.

So I guess particularly as an educator, my question is how do we transmit the values of creativity that are transcendent of any particular technology or medium of creativity, and I just wondered where you see that. As you talk with young people, where do you see not so much the transmission of the techniques of writing or handwriting, but where do you see the places where we are succeeding or failing in teaching the value of creativity and of artistic expression and encouraging students to explore these new technologies and use them in novel ways, new ways?

MS. MORTON: That's a great question, and I don't think it's so much our fear of technology, I think it's my fear that we'll be losing an art form. But kids are unafraid. Kids go into technology, just let me have it, let me have it, and they are incredibly creative. The things that they can do in just a short period of time with their technology, they have a way of—they still are just brilliant. I learn so much going out there and I learn so much from the kids, and they'll be just fine. And I know that reading will still continue. I just don't want some technology to replace it, I don't want it to be completely disappearing. That's my issue.

But it's alive and well, kids are alive and well. They're learning things in elementary that we probably were learning in college. That's a stretch, but seriously. I don't think it's the fear that the kids won't be getting knowledge, I think it's just my fear of losing something that's just so inherently part of our culture.

And you're absolutely right, when the alphabet first came about, especially with poetry, with Sappho, the Greek poet Sappho, poetry will never be the same,

no one is going to want to read it. And that's one problem with the Kindle that I spoke with a Barnes & Noble representative, he said that at least as far as he knew, they cannot put poetry on Kindle because they just want to format everything flush left, and there's a visual with poetry, there's the white space, there's the poem that's on the page as well. So at that point that's like a little homicide of poetry, in my view. I don't know if you have thoughts.

MS. WOOD: Well, I think that children, by their nature, are creative. I was reading something by a man named Hillman, who all his life his work is in psychology and the human mind is what he studied, and he believed that there is more to be learned about the human mind through myth and imagination than in any other way, that it beats Freudian and Jungian psychoanalysis by a long streak, and that we all have it, of course, we all have that part of our mind. And as Karla said, children have wonderful imaginations and we learn so much about ourselves and about lives.

One thing I learned from my imagination, this just recently I learned this, if you're a parent and you have children, if you're having trouble with your children, don't ask a parent with children for advice. They don't have good advice because they don't know what to do with their own children. So you find somebody without children and they'll tell you just straight down the middle what you should do with your children.

And this happened in a novel. This woman, who was murdered, unfortunately, but anyway, in her diary she knew exactly what her two friends should do with their children, and she was right on target. So they were just asking each other. One woman said to her other friend with children: You know, John moved out and now he's moved back, but he's moving out again in a week. Well, her friend didn't have any good advice because she had children. So she just said, "Well, whatever works." But the friend who didn't have children said, "Children have to be eased out of the nest, you have to ease them out of the nest and keep them out of the nest. " And that's what she did and that worked.

MR. HARRIGAN: To get back to your question a little bit, I don't have any particular fear that technology is going to destroy creativity or the ability of human children to respond to creativity. I think the tools that technology gives children to on their own explore their own imagination are stunning. I do agree with Karla in the sense that I'm nostalgic for books and I still have a kind of sentimental wistful attraction to paper and ink.

But I remember when computers started to arrive on the scene in the early '80s. For six months my writer friends and I discussed whether or not computers would kill off literature. Well, as it turns out technology totally unleashed lots of writers. I could never compose a book at the typewriter because it seemed like each word was being chiseled in marble when I was writing it, but writing fluidly on a computer just became second nature almost immediately.

I think our fears are legitimate because they're our fears and they're based on our experiences and our own childhood, but we can't even imagine a two-year-

old today, how he or she is going to incorporate this technology into a kind of dreamworld of his own.

MS. MORTON: And imagine what's going to be out there in 20 years. I mean, it's fascinating stuff, it really is.

DR. FLOWERS: You can sign up for a free Poem-a-Day at Poets.org. Every day you get a poem in your inbox.

MS. MORTON: And the *Writers Almanac*.

DR. FLOWERS: Yes, *The Writers Almanac*, with Garrison Keillor, which has introduced poetry to so many people. We have time for about one more question.

MS. FLEMING: I have a question. I'm Cheryl Fleming from North Zulch, Texas, singer, poet, songwriter. And all of you have talked about how you observe, how you listen, how you see and how you gestate, and in my writing so much of what clicks me on, I see something or I hear something and it gives me an impression and I have to go do that. So I'll be driving and I pull over to the side of the road and I start writing down a scrap of something.

I want to know if you have advice and wisdom regarding how do we deal with, in today's noisy, convoluted, chaotic world, distraction and how do you get to the moment when you can luxuriate in writing what you must write.

MR. HARRIGAN: Learn to deal with distraction is my feeling about it. I mean, it's permanent. Distraction is a condition of life. Because I have to make a living as a writer, I learned long ago that there's no such word as "luxuriate" in reference to writing, you just sit there and the phone is ringing and the email is pinging, and I think you just have to embrace that rather than try to find that perfect moment because it never arrives.

MS. MORTON: I think the secret to writing is pajamas.

DR. FLOWERS: That's a good first line for a poem, Karla. We'll be looking for that.

MS. MORTON: But it is. It's taking that time, making that time, even if it's in the night or early in the morning, you just have to carve that time out.

MS. WOOD: And it never happens to me unless I'm open for business. I never have creative things, hardly ever, in the middle of the night that I have to jump up and write it down. I go to my study, and this is a luxury that I have, but I go to my study and I don't have a phone. My husband, my dogs, even, they know I'm in there working. And I just don't pay any attention to if a phone rings or if a doorbell rings, and then I look up and I've been in there working two hours, and I schedule this.

When I'm writing, I go for a walk with my dogs, I get to my desk at 8:30, even though I don't exactly know what I'm going to do, but if I stay at my desk, I'm either doing research or revising or I'm open for business to creative ideas and I'm writing. And I think that somehow you can carve out a little time, you don't have to have hours and hours, but if you can carve out a certain time when the people that you're with know that you're writing, I think it helps. The schedule, it helps me.

MR. HARRIGAN: That's a really great point that Jane just made. You don't have to write all day long, and if you write an hour a day, you could have a book a year, if you wrote the right words.

But there's a sense that writing is such a monastic, dedicated craft that you just have to be there waiting—you're sort of a receiver for wisdom all day long. But the reality is that you just have to go in there and commit yourself to it for as long as you have.

DR. FLOWERS: Okay. So looks as if we have time for just one more question. Bill, please introduce yourself.

MR. WRIGHT: I'm Bill Wright from Abilene. I just have one word to address this: back it up.

DR. FLOWERS: On that happy note, let's thank the panel.

Chapter III: Texas Writers Write History And Nonfiction

Ellen Temple

MS. TEMPLE: We're going to get started. Welcome, everybody. We have an amazing panel of writers today, and I want you to have time to hear every single word that they have to say. Welcome to the Texas Writers Write History and Non-fiction program.

Our distinguished talented panelists today are David Oshinsky, Joyce Gibson Roach, Bryan Burrough, and Paula Mitchell Marks. Please join me in welcoming them.

These folks work hard every day to do the research and to find the right words to help us more clearly understand this crazy and wonderful world we live in. I loved reading many of their books, and so I'll start by saying thank you to our writers up here. Each of you is a star in your field and I'm honored to introduce you.

Fran posed many wonderful questions, which they'll answer in their remarks. Some of those questions address being a Texan, some of the questions focus on your genre, and some of the questions focus on what it's like to be a writer, and finally, Fran poses the intriguing question about what do you think of the future of the book.

Today I'm going to briefly introduce each speaker; I want to give them plenty of time. I mean, they're so outstanding, I hesitate just to be too brief, but in the interest of time, I think I'll introduce each one of them and try to condense my remarks just a little bit, but I want you to understand what outstanding writers we have with us today.

The first one who will speak is David Oshinsky, and he's a member of the Philosophical Society and a Pulitzer Prize winning American historian. He holds the Jack Blanton Chair in History at the University of Texas at Austin, and he's a distinguished teaching professor. He's also a distinguished scholar in residence at New York University.

David graduated from Cornell in 1965, got his Ph.D. from Brandeis in 1971 and won the Pulitzer Prize in History for his 2005 book *Polio: An American Story*. *Polio: An American Story* is an amazing book, especially for all of us who lived through that era when polio was such a big threat, and David's book was kind of a guiding force for the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, who have made the eradication of polio one of their top health goals in the world. David Oshinisky is a consultant to their project, so in this case, a history professor has really helped driving policy.

Playing by the Rules: Dumb Luck and (Mild) Deception in My Writing Career

David Oshinsky

MR. OSHINSKY: Thank you very much. I always take in front of a Texas audience the author's privilege of telling a quick story about Texas and the Pulitzer.

When the Pulitzer was announced, Bill Powers, who is a member of this organization and the president of the University, lit the tower orange, which was really a wonderful thing. And my wife Jane, who's in the audience, and I went to the tower that night and take a look, and it was emotional to see it.

And these two coeds were walking by, and my wife Jane said to the first coed, "Do you know why the tower is lit orange?" And the kid said, "I don't have a clue." And Jane turned to the second coed and said, "Do you know why?" And she had this sort of puzzled look on her face, and she turned to the first coed and said, "Was Vince drafted?" So we do have a ways to go in priority changing there, but in fact, she probably got it right.

What I'd like to do today is talk about the interview process. Some of my most valuable, interesting and weirdest moments as a historian have come interviewing various subjects, and I'll give you some examples today. In my profession there are guidelines for interviewing. For example, you're encouraged to use a recording device, to get releases from the subject, to send them copies of interviews before publication. All good things. And Mike Gillette, who is in the audience, is an expert at this.

The problem is that the best interviews often take place in the wildest places, in bars, in restaurants, bus stations where you can't pick up a recording device and where you really have to play by your own set of rules. And what I thought I'd do today is just give you three quick examples of how playing by my own set of rules, I think, actually enhanced the project that I was working on.

Now, thirty years ago I was writing a book on Senator Joe McCarthy, the great Red Hunter from the 1950s, who died in the late 1950s as a young man, so it was clear that there were going to be a lot of people around who knew him, who knew him very, very well, both in Wisconsin and in Washington. So I began reading about McCarthy, and it was clear that there was one man in Wisconsin, who is now a judge there, who had been his best friend, his campaign manager, and the like. So I called the guy up and I asked whether I could come to Wisconsin to interview him, and he was very gracious, he said, "I will set aside a whole weekend for you."

Well, I flew into Appleton, Wisconsin, in the middle of winter, it was bitterly cold, and to my astonishment, the guy was at the airport and he had been drinking. And the first thing he did was he said, "You're not going to need a car rental, just come with me." And we drove out to Joe McCarthy's grave which was on a bluff overlooking the Fox River, and the judge got down on his knees and prayed and started to weep. And the judge at that moment was involved in

a serious series of ethical problems for which the Bar Association had become deeply involved, and on his knees he began saying that if only Joe were here we'd know how to fight these SOBs and I really miss him. He was quite right, in fact.

Well, to make a long story short, I finally got him off his knees into the car, we went to dinner, and the dinner was basically a drink-a-thon, and we were going to be spending the whole weekend together, I was hoping this process might slow down a little bit. And he said to me, "Would you like to see the farm where Joe was born?" I said, "I would love to see it." I didn't realize he meant right now.

So we get into the judge's car and we start driving out into the hinterlands beyond Appleton. The roads are icy, they're dark, there's snow coming down, he's driving erratically, and finally we come to this four-way stop sign and he hits the brakes too hard and careens into this gas station and the car just stops. And I looked at him and I said, "Judge, would you mind if I drove?" And the response was the one you often get in those situations: "Yes, I do mind, this is my car, I'm doing better than you think I'm doing, and if you don't like it, there's a pay phone there, you just call the taxi to come to get you and that will be the end of it." And I realized we had come to a crossroads here. And I can actually remember thinking: "my life/my book, my life/my book." And I finally said to him: "You drive, Judge, you're doing fine."

And we somehow made it to the farmhouse. He then banged on the door, charged in, people were in bedrooms, said, "Here's where Joe was born." There were two people sleeping there; it was unbelievable. But the point is we then spent the entire weekend talking about Joe McCarthy, and I taped none of it, and he did not want me to tape it.

And through this individual I gained access to virtually all of McCarthy's other friends. This man, in fact, was a goldmine, he was the mother lode of Joe McCarthy's young life, and I realized I had to play by his rules, not my rules.

The same thing happened when I realized I had to find the linchpin to McCarthy's later career, and that linchpin, most of you are old enough to remember, was a man named Roy Cohn, and Roy Cohn was McCarthy's chief of staff. He was a young, abrasive, obnoxious, deceitful—you can help me out here. But he was the keeper of the McCarthy flame. And I call him Roy; we actually got to know each other pretty well.

My first interview, I went to Cohn's townhouse in New York City. Cohn was gay but deeply closeted so that he denied everything, and I remember when we sat down he told me we were going to play by his rules, and the first rule was he said flat out to me, he said, "If you say anything sexually disgusting about me or the senator, I will have your royalties." I'll never forget that phrase, it resonated very strongly.

Well, what Cohn did in the next series of interviews, never allowing them to be taped, was to try to make the best case for Joe McCarthy, which I, frankly, thought was what he was going to do. I did not correct him when he made mistakes, I just let him talk and go on. And we built up a kind of relationship. He

showed me documents, he introduced me to people I could never see otherwise, he was, basically, my second mother lode.

We got on so well, in fact, that when the book came out, he sent me a note saying: "This is the fairest shake I ever thought I'd get from a left-wing, pointy headed professor." You just don't get compliments like that every day.

To make a long story short, Cohn and I then went on this dog-and-pony tour where we would talk about Joe McCarthy right after the book came out. It was great for sales. I would be the anti-McCarthy, he would be the pro-McCarthy, and we would do these radio shows. Generally, he would never leave his townhouse in New York and I would be in the radio studio where they took place.

I'll give you the craziest example of our relationship. I'm in San Francisco and it's a national radio hookup, and basically it's a call-in show where people call in and talk. Well, your odds of getting through as a caller are about one in ten thousand, and you can't use your real name, you just say Fred from Phoenix or Al from Jacksonville, because they really don't know it's you when you're using the name.

The first caller, boom, Joe from San Jose. Joe gets on the line and says, "I think the professor has written the most brilliant book I have read in the last thirty years, the guy is a genius, he should win the Pulitzer and the Nobel Prize for this book." Joe from San Jose was my father pretending to be somebody else.

How he got through is beyond me. But after this one-minute push for me, he then begins going after Cohn. You're a miserable person, you've ruined thousands of lives, and then—you had to know my father—the worst insult, "you're a disgrace to the Jews."

The moderator, Owen Spann, who was sitting next to me, sent me this little sticky note which said: "Are you okay?" I couldn't answer because I was under the console.

Then Cohn begins ripping into my father: "You're a moron." And I am thinking: God, take my arm, paralyze me, just make this stop. But to Owen Spann, this was good radio, so it just went on and on. And when I left the studio there was a call from my father. He was so proud. I said, "Dad, don't ever, ever do this again."

The point is, though, that both that judge in Wisconsin and Roy Cohn—both of them, by the way, faced eventual disbarment—became my main sources, and I had to get the interviews in a very, very different way. They had to be set up differently, they weren't taped, I certainly didn't send them stuff afterwards, and I never put any of this stuff in an archive, mainly because it was just hand-scribbled notes. But I couldn't have done it without them, and it made me realize that in the interviewing process, playing by the rules is a difficult business.

I will tell one more anecdote, and perhaps the most important, and bear with me—if you're Mike or Joyce, you've probably heard this one before. In 1998, about fifteen years later, I went down to Mississippi to interview a certain individual, and the story was very simply that new information had come to light about the killing of the three civil rights workers, Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman.

And I went to *The New York Times*—I write for them and know people there—and said, "Let me go down, look at these new files, and see if there's any information," because the State of Mississippi had never prosecuted anybody for the murder of these three civil rights workers.

I brought my son Matthew down with me. He was a freshman at the University of Wisconsin, and he was on the school newspaper, and I thought it would be a great bonding experience. So we went to Jackson, Mississippi, we went through the files, and it became clear that there was one name that kept coming up again and again and again. His name was Preacher Edgar Ray Killen; he was the head of the Ku Klux Klan in Neshoba County, Mississippi, where the three civil rights workers had been killed, and it was clear he had set up the murders. He had never given an interview before.

I decided I had to call him up. And here is where when I talk in my thing about mild deception, I called him up, I got his wife on the phone, he was out in the fields. She said, "What do you want?" I said, "I'd like to talk to the preacher." She got the preacher, the preacher got on the phone, he said, "What do you want?" I said, "I'm a writer and I'm doing a story about religion in Mississippi, I hear you're a great preacher and I'd like to talk to you." It's not something reporters do. But he agreed to meet me at a little country store outside Philadelphia, Mississippi where he got his supplies, and we'd talk. So we rushed down to this little country store, my son, myself, a photographer for *The New York Times*, and there was the preacher, now in his seventies but in phenomenal physical shape, and we began to talk. A certain rapport was built up, and he invited us to have supper at his house. This was before cell phones, so to make a long story short, I agreed; I really wanted this interview.

I followed the preacher up, and as soon as we got to the top of the hill, way outside of Philadelphia, Mississippi, we got on what was called Rock Cut Road, and Rock Cut Road was the road on which the three civil rights workers had been murdered.

But there was his driveway and we pulled in, and the preacher welcomed us, we walked into his living room, which was filled with religious memorabilia and firearms, and we sat down to talk. And the preacher looked at me and his first words, his first question, he looked at me and he said, "What is your religion?" I really did not want this interview to end, and I looked him in the eye and out of my mouth rolled the word "Methodist." Have you ever had one of these experiences where you look around: Did someone say Methodist? It just happened.

And then he looked at my boy, at my nineteen-year-old son, and he said, "And what's your religion?" And in one of the greatest on-his-feet retorts I've ever heard from a 19-year-old, Matt looked at the preacher and said, "I'm with him."

Well, to make a long story short, we went in, we had the interview in his living room, he admitted to nothing. And then supper began. The preacher thought the interview had ended—I had never said it had ended—and we went into supper and at supper a new preacher emerged: a vile racist; anti-Semitic slurs, anti-African American slurs, came this close at the dinner to admitting

that he was in on the killings of these three civil rights workers, but never went all the way.

At about eleven o'clock, after three hours of this ranting, he stood up, said, "It's time to leave." We left, we rode down in the dark—and I'll wrap it up very shortly—and I will never forget this, the photographer turned to me on the way down Rock Cut Road and she said, "Turn off the engine and turn off the lights." And I did, and she got out of the car, snapped a picture and got back into the car, and she said, "This is the last thing those three boys saw in the moment before they died." I will never forget that.

Anyway, we were going to stay in Philadelphia, Mississippi, that night, but we just hightailed it to Memphis, got on the first plane. And I wrote a piece for *The New York Times* magazine in which I talked about the preacher and said that I thought the time had come to indict him for these three murders. I will say that I did very, very minor work. The heavy lifting was done by reporters in Mississippi, who really doggedly went after the preacher, but I always believed that this article in *The New York Times*, a national publication, had some impact. And five years later the preacher was indicted for the murders of these three young civil rights workers and sentenced to three consecutive twenty-year terms for manslaughter, so he's in Parchman Penitentiary now, and he will die there.

I want to read one final thing before I wrap it up, and that is that when the preacher was indicted, a writer, Jeffrey Goldberg, for *The New Yorker* magazine, went down there to try to interview the preacher, and he went up to Rock Cut Road, the preacher's land, and the preacher came out with a shotgun and said, "If you don't get off my property, I'm going to blow your head off." As the writer was leaving, he said the preacher looked up and down the road.

Goldberg wrote:

> "You don't have any TV cameras with you," he asked. Then he relaxed a bit. "It's over," he said, "the whole thing has been over a long time ago. The Preacher had been more talkative a few years earlier in an interview with David Oshinsky for *The Times* magazine. "I'm a right-winger who supports the Constitution as written by the founding fathers," Killen said. When Oshinsky asked him about the murders, he replied, "Those boys were Communists who went to a Communist training school. I'm sorry they got themselves killed but I can't show remorse for something I didn't do." Killen then explained to the writer he was wary of the press. Oshinsky, he alleged, had misinterpreted his views. "I believe he's Jewish," Killen said.

It took the guy six years, but you can't put one over on him.

The motto here, which is probably not the motto of a good oral historian, is that history is messy and finding ways to tell the story can sometimes be messier. Sometimes, try as hard as you do, it's just impossible to play by the rules.

Thank you very much.

Grassroots History: The Stories People Tell

Joyce Roach

MS. TEMPLE: Our next distinguished speaker is a member of the Philosophical Society, Joyce Gibson Roach, and she's also a member of the Texas Institute of Letters (TIL) and a fellow of the Texas State Historical Association, a two-time winner of the Spur Award from Western Writers of America. She's been an adjunct professor at Texas Christian University, and she says that the rural past is her favorite source.

Her eleven books include: *Eats: A Folk History of Texas Foods*, which won the Carr P. Collins Award from TIL; *The Cowgirls*, an award-winning, groundbreaking book about the women of the West, which landed Joyce a spot in the Cowgirl Museum in Fort Worth; and the award-winning *Wild Rose: A Folk History of Cross Timbers Settlement*.

Joyce speaks, sings, teaches and writes about the West. She has a way with words that we all love to read and to hear. Joyce Gibson Roach.

MS. ROACH: I'm a Methodist too. I was raised in the Baptist church, but I gave it up to join the fun-loving Methodists.

I've been listening to all of these voices, this variety, this great variety of people, writers, and every single one of us is different, and you will hear others the rest of the day who are different. I know that, but in listening to them, I thought, what is it that we all have in common, every single one of us? First of all, every single one of us, no matter what genre, no matter how we do it, we are storytellers. They may be serious stories, news stories, historical information, but one way or another, we have to tell a story. We must, that's part of it.

The other thing I know that we have in common and that is that we all have a voice. We have our personal voices which you have heard, but we also imprint our works with voice, characters, situations, we understand the importance of the voice of the person or the place that we're speaking of.

Now, those are my observations and I won't have to wait and get up and say that later. Has very little to do with what I'm about to say now.

I am from Jacksboro, Texas, and I have been unable to get over it. I used to say that I was not going to try to get over it, but now I can tell you that I have tried, really tried, and I've failed. I'm still who I was, with some refinement as the years rolled by, with certainly expanded notions and philosophy, and some writing skills, but essentially, I remain that person of a mysterious, complicated, inhospitable southwest environment, and nevertheless, I am at home in the world.

Now, a lot of southwestern America is ranch and rangeland, it's honest country, it doesn't deceive you with trees or bushes or shade. There's just no place to hide from the sun.

And the litany of such places is always supplication for rain and the colloquy of praise is ever for it. The earth is rocky, thorny, dry, and those who lived and

still do on that land, often have personalities to match. They, like the land, endure. They adapt as little as possible to enjoy the amenities of modern life but they remain marked by geographic determinism. That's an anthropology word.

I write about such places, life and times and people. I am the lowest on the totem pole, I am a grassroots historian, a social historian, a folklorist, an anthropologist, a folk historian, and a storyteller. I have no credentials for any of those activities in the way of degrees except a storyteller, and I don't have a degree in that.

A folk history, you need to know, allows citizens to tell their own stories according to their own understanding of events and personages, and interpret life and times filtered through those same personal understandings in accordance with their particular visions of truth. Historical facts, then, don't necessarily mean much. Historical facts are used to embellish folk history, rather than the other way around, which is the usual case. And certainly, those who write historical textbooks have learned that you better put something in the way of a sidebar to embellish those facts and that history; otherwise, the students don't learn the facts.

But such a history is always intensely personal, sometimes agreeing with the facts found in history books and sometimes not, because such accounts from the folk are centered first on the family and the family saga: who we were, where we came from and why, how we got here, got by, what we did and how we did it. The reader becomes acquainted with the variegated colors and shapes of a crazy quilt, one family touching another and then another, then connected to a settlement and a community, loosely bonded together by some common interest, purpose and need, and of course, every unit is unique, but they are, in many ways, similar.

Or to give it a slightly different slant for the writing, consider cowboys and cowgirls whose stories and lifestyles started with the family in a particular place during a particular time, and pretty soon they became noticeable, mainly, because, frankly, Wild West shows. You could pick it up, pick the myth up, pick the life up, pick the costumes up, and it became portable and pliable as you moved it somewhere else. And because of that, the characteristics of their lifestyles, their dress, their work, their manners, the conglomerate became national icons and we end up by having America's early made-in-the-USA, genuine folk heroes and heroines. A myth, and a genre of writing sprang up around such icons, both non-fiction and fiction, songs, story, film, art exhibits—well, the rest is history, truly history, as they say.

In 1978 I wrote my first book, *The Cowgirls*, and set my course in the style of grassroots historians. Such grassroots history generally connects itself to the larger history of what is going on, and citizens have no trouble in feeling that they contribute to the larger history. They are part of history, they support it, and without them, the history would not be what it is. They do it through supporting ideas, their ideas about war and peace, about electing national officials more than simply politics, by participating in world events.

They make decisions through their voting and their voices heard from their

little towns, to their state, to the nation, and they feel that they have had some part in making those decisions. This, of course, in the past we know that that's not so, and we also know that perhaps it never was so, but you can't stop the way the ordinary citizen used to feel about life.

And I think especially this is true about war. Those who supported it outnumbered those who didn't, citizens went to work and helped fight that war, finance that war and end that war, so they thought. In the past, especially during our World War I and World War II, citizens had no trouble with the majority agreeing about racial and even religious prejudices, about politics, and they also agreed about motherhood. There were mothers and others.

Without laboring the point or making a case for grassroots folk historians, or any other label you want to call them, I want to tell you about a family that lived, and some still do, in the community where I spend most of my time, not in my beloved Jacksboro, but rather in Keller, where I spend a lot of time now. I want to share with you very briefly some letters written between mother and son in 1918 and 1919, and they make the case about how the ordinary citizen not only revealed all of the important events on a national scale, on an international scale, and yet, all intensely personal.

This is about the T.B. White family. They lived in a home that was built before the Civil War by slave labor, purchased along with some acreage from another pioneer family. T.B. and Annie, his wife, had two sons, Hugh and Ray. Hugh had just married Lida Smith from the Indian Territory in Oklahoma, and he and his brother were ranchers, their father putting them in the Hereford business when it was brand new—at least it was new on the western edges of the Cross Timbers and the eastern edge of the Great Plains.

War came and Hugh joined the Army, many joined the Army, no problem at all. And this boy, at that time, from a farm, from a ranch, from a rural background, who was still riding horses and using buggies, went to France as a part of Motorcycle Company 305. Now, if moving from where he was to France and being in a motorcycle company, can you imagine what that must have meant to a young man.

His brother, Ray, finally got into the infantry at Fort Travis, but as his mother's letters reveal, he spent most of the time in detention and he never went overseas. Lida, the new wife, stayed at home and went to school, and while Hugh, her brand-new husband, was gone, she received her teaching certificate.

Annie wrote regularly to Hugh, and her letters reveal how the family were involved in the town, with the nation, all over the world. A very few quotes will illustrate.

April 11, she writes: "While you boys are fighting for us, we are Red Crossing and Liberty Loaning for you. Did you know that the Texas women were going to get to vote this year? I do not want to, but it is my duty."

June 18: "I just got through watching the sun in eclipse. It was a wonderful sight. Sometimes the clouds looked like they were beyond the sun. We had a Red Cross sale and Daddy bought a shoat for $10 and two old hens for a dollar each. You see, we were making that Red Cross drive for the $100 million that

pledged, and everyone who did not have the cash—and most did not—would give a hen, a pig, a calf, a goat, jar of fruit, butter, milk, eggs or anything they had that would sell, and we had ourselves an auction.
Ray put up his old knife, and each one who bought it would put it back and resell it until it brought over $4. A box of Cracker Jacks brought $1.10 and a mousetrap $1.05. Don't you think I was right when I told you our town is 100 percent patriotic. And there were other things that resold. A cow sold over and over and over again until it brought over $100, and there were other items like that."

June 10: "Uncle Wesley's horse, Bill, died this morning. Uncle Will White was run over by a car here in Keller about two weeks ago, but he's getting along all right. Then Daddy brought in one of your letters. He said, here is a love letter from Hugh. We both shed a few tears when we read it. They were tears of pride and joy."

June 29: "I went up this morning and registered, as I can vote. Your mother is a man now. Ha-ha. I think Lida and Mrs. Smith, Lida's mother, are both men too. The hours have slipped by like minutes today for I have been taking a tablet every hour all day. No, I'm not sick, I'm just taking medicine to keep from getting sick. Doctor says my liver was lazy."

July 9: "Went to Fort Worth today to report what our auxiliary has done for Red Cross. We made 25 pajama suits and 28 bed shirts and 19 pairs of socks and 8 sweaters last month."

July 15: "Well, yesterday was Bastille Day and it was celebrated all over America. We ate watermelons. I'm sending a few seeds. You can give them to some of your soldier friends and maybe they can take them home and raise them next year. They are called Woodrow Wilson melons."

August 4-7: "Dear Little Son, No matter if you are a soldier, you will always be my Baby Billicans. I have just finished writing to Ray. I told you in my last letter that he was at Camp Travis, and he is still in detention camp. Your mother is getting to be quite a sock knitter. I believe I could knit a sock a day by doing nothing else. What becomes of the socks when the soldiers wear them out? If there was a way to get the pieces back here, I believe we could work them over into more socks or sweaters. Every girl you see on the street here has a sweater in her hand. The girls knit sweaters and the older ladies knit socks. I made seven petticoats for the Belgians and one suit of pajamas for the soldiers last week."

Are we to infer that during that period, the Belgian ladies were going about the battlefield without their petticoats?

"We had fried chicken and cornbread for dinner, and then we had yellow-meated watermelon before supper."

January 8, 1919: "We got a letter from Dr. George W. Truett of Dallas saying that he had seen and talked with you personally."

And he did. Those of you in Dallas, and maybe beyond, know about Dr. George W. Truett, one of the great Baptist preachers and thinkers of that time, and to think he went over and visited with all that he could, and not only that, but wrote letters back.

And then she begins to report: "Hugh Blevins is back in the U.S. in a hospital. So is Joe Collins of Arlington. We heard that Lloyd Norman of Arlington was severely wounded, but we have had no further news. Johnny is near Verdun and Argonne. Virgil Knox is in Epinal. Our Brother Simms has been headnurse for the neighborhood. He has nursed five families through the flu 'that's the Spanish flu' and is now nursing Maggie McCain."

From Annie's letters, there are lists of local people in the war, names of those who had the Spanish flu, those who died from the Spanish flu, and what an impact she knew she was making at home and how proud she was of her son.

And what of Hugh's letter he did write, especially the one his daddy said was a love letter and over which they cried. Here it is in its entirety, written on American YMCA stationery.

"Dear Father, Your letter of April 25 received and its contents has been noted very carefully and with much interest. Father, I appreciate that half page in your own handwriting more than anything else you have ever given me. You know, there is a broadening, eye-opening influence about the war that makes one old. Thus, I have been changed by my association with men from almost every nation and province in the civilized and barbarian world, from a mere stripling going to college to a soldier. I do not say it boastingly, but it has made a full-fledged, unflinching soldier of me, and Dad, the more I see of this big old cold, ruthless, funny world, the greater my appreciation of you and Mother.

"My Army age has brought our ages nearer together; there is less between us. I understand you. Never until now have I been so grateful to you, as a son should be to his father, and I can unhesitatingly say that I don't know of a man that would do for his son what you proposed to do for me. In the first place, you gave me one of the finest farms in the State of Texas. Then you welcome my wife right into your home and treat her as your own daughter. Then to cap it all, you proposed to take charge of that business, organize it and run until I return, and all I have to do is step into the harness and keep pulling. Of course, there is no test by which one man can test his regard for another, but I daresay that my regard for you is far greater than that of any other son that I know has for his father.

"Now, Father, if you think it advisable, I wish you would go and try to pick me up a good registered cow; however, I intend for you to back your own judgment exclusively for I am too far away for consultation.

"With sincerest regards, I beg to remain your son, Private First Class Hugh H. White, Motorcycle Company 305."

I don't have to go into detail and point out to you the matters that I want you to see. You've heard them. And I don't have to go into saying now let's compare that with what you think about war today and our nation today, I don't have to say any of that, don't have to take sides, this is a group who can interpret for themselves, and so I don't have to do any of that.

Yes, I'm a regional writer. I know the territory, I know it past and I know it present. I'm grateful to have small regional and university presses publish my work. I believe that regional writing in non-fiction is alive and well, whether it concerns my American Southwest or anywhere in this world.

C.L. Sonnichsen, a grassroots historian of the first order, that most of you have never heard of and don't remember, who published over forty books, he gave me some advice once that I've never forgotten. He paraphrased the poet's credo when he said, Call no man historian unless he makes you feel.

Sut Lovingood, an old-timer who wrote tales told by a "nat'ral durn'd fool" said of the Widow Yardley: She were a great noticer of things that nobody else ever see'd.

I think that's who I am too, and if what my kind of history and what you've heard does not make you feel, laugh or cry, then you have a heart of stone.

The Big Rich: How the Greatest Texas Oilmen Forged the Image of Modern Texas

Bryan Burrough

MS. TEMPLE: Our next distinguished writer is Bryan Burrough, and Bryan was a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* in Dallas between 1983 and 1992, and he is a three-time winner of the Gerald Loeb Award for Excellence in Financial Journalism. He's been a special correspondent with *Vanity Fair* since 1992.

Bryan is the author of many best-selling books, including: *The Big Rich*: *The Rise and Fall of the Greatest Texas Oil Fortunes,* an endlessly fascinating book, especially for us Texans; *Barbarians at the Gate: The Fall of RJR Nabisco*; and *Dragonfly: An Epic Adventure of Survival in Outer Space*. He also wrote *Public Enemies: America's Greatest Crime* Wave *and the Birth of the FBI,* a *New York Times* bestseller which was made into a movie with Johnny Depp.

Bryan is credited as a consultant on the films "Public Enemies" in 2009 and "Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps" in 2010. And it's my pleasure and my honor to introduce to you today, Bryan Burrough.

MR. BURROUGH: I had to smile during David's talk because I've interviewed drunks, I've interviewed Roy Cohn, and I'm currently in the process of interviewing a lot of people who have murdered people. The book I've been working on for the last two and a half years—and just a quick anecdote—is about the major underground groups who went underground after the '60s and began bombing things and kidnapping Patty Hearst and shooting policemen.

And this was a book I thought originally I'd be able to get from government documents, and it turns out the documents that I had expected to be were not there, until I have spent much of the last two and a half years calling up aging radicals and saying: Hey, you don't know me, I don't know you, but could we please talk about the building that you bombed in 1972 that killed four people. So I see you your drunk and raise you two murderers.

I always love coming to the Adolphus. Writing *The Big Rich*, which came out about three years ago, was a real return to Texas for me and it's been a life-

changer for me. I've been an ex-patriate living up in New Jersey for an awful long time, and coming back to Texas brought me back, literally, to the streets of Austin and Houston and Dallas and Fort Worth and Galveston and little towns that I had not been to since I was in high school, going to football games with the Temple Wildcats. And for someone who grew up in Temple, having the occasion to come speak to a group as August as yours at a place like the Adolphus, it feels like I'm speaking at the White House. So thank you.

I started off as a kid in Temple. All I wanted to do was—my only goal in life, really, I thought it would be great to work for a newspaper. My first job at age eleven was throwing the *Temple Daily Telegram* every morning at 3:30. I moved up to being a copy boy when I was in 8th and 9th grade.

I interned at the Temple paper out of college, I interned at the Waco paper, and my goal in life, my goal in life was the best job I could foresee, was I wanted to cover city hall or the police department in Dallas because Dallas was the biggest place I'd ever been, and that was just going to be about the greatest job you could ever get.

I got lucky. I went to the University of Missouri. If any of you know much about the University of Missouri, there's only two real reasons to go there: either you are from Missouri and you can't afford anyplace better, or you want to go to the world's best journalism school—which is what I did. It's a great place.

I got very lucky. I was hired out of school to work for the *Wall Street Journal*, which taught me everything that the University of Missouri didn't. *The Wall Street Journal*, to this day, maybe not as much as it used to be, but it's still a great place to learn the craft.

And after a few years, I lucked into writing books. I realized it's what I wanted to do. I got very lucky with another young man. The first book we tried to write was a number one bestseller, which is really an awful way to start your career because it's all downhill from there. My second and third books, as a matter of fact, each sold between seventeen and thirty-four copies, most of them to my mother's book club.

At which point I had a nice life, I had gone to write for *Vanity Fair*, I've been with *Vanity Fair* since 1992, they pay the mortgage, but I was kind of on the sidelines on this whole book thing and I realized it was time to start writing books that I really wanted to write. The fact was I was good at writing about business, but my heart really wasn't in it. I didn't find it intrinsically fascinating. I wrote about business because there was a gap there, and I realized what I wanted to do was I wanted to write history. That's all I read.

So I started off with this book called *Public Enemies*, which was the most fun I've ever had and probably ever will have. And then the second book of history I wrote was *The Big Rich,* which was the product of a very lengthy thought process with myself which was: what were the greatest stories I've ever heard of in my life. Oh, H. L. Hunt and those guys. Wow, that should be a book. And of course, they had been books, but many, many years before.

And I remember the pitch to the publisher was about five minutes. It was all the greatest stories I'd ever heard about the Hunt family, the Murchison family, the Sid Richardson Bass family in Fort Worth, and the Cullen family in Hous-

ton, which many of us may not remember because Mr. Cullen gave away almost all his fortune before he died in 1957.

I knew immediately when I wrote this book that the spine of the book was going to be the stories of the families, and I knew that I did not want to take these people lightly, I wanted to accept them on their own terms. I wanted to write for Texans and I wanted to write for people outside of the state who would take these stories seriously. But more than that, I very quickly realized, within the first month of this, that these four families and these four gentlemen had had a very concrete influence on the way Texas is viewed in the world today.

There are so many things people say about us, about the state, but the dominant stereotype, I think, has always been we are loud, nouveau riche and politically conservative. I thought it had always been that way. I just thought since 1837, loud, rich and politically conservative. Not so. If you go back in the day before World War II, the stereotype about Texas was somewhat similar but sharply different. There was no wealth to speak of. The stereotype was everything is bigger in Texas and they shoot each other there. That's what you read in Texas jokes and things.

Of course, this is all about oil. The story—I will not go through it all—the story starts at Spindletop. Really, Texas wealth does not start with Spindletop. Almost all the money made at Spindletop, with the notable exception of the Hughes Oil fortune—but I don't consider Howard Hughes a Texan because he went to Los Angeles and he never bothered to live here, so screw him. All the money that was made at Spindletop was made by Yankees, let's face it. What we got, what Texans got at Spindletop was an education, and it was only after World War I, in fact in '18 and '19 and '20, that nationwide oil shortages sent hundreds, thousands of young war veterans out into the Texas oilfields, the Oklahoma oilfields, and some of them began getting seriously rich.

When you look back at the Hunt, Murchison, Richardson, Bass and Cullen fortunes, one of the first things I realized six months into five years of research was why all four of them made their big finds, the Hunts in East Texas, Sid Richardson out in Winkler County in Far West Texas, the Murchisons in East Texas, and Mr. Cullen down around Victoria, all found their elephant fields between 1930 and 1935, made absolutely no sense to me. They had no money, it was the Depression.

It turns out that all the majors essentially were scaling back their exploration budgets and it was the first time in really recorded history—certainly in the recorded history of Texas—that an awful lot of individual Texans became significantly rich, and I mean historically rich. But the amazing thing is that no one understood it. Mr. Hunt had found and taken control of the East Texas field, the largest field on the continent at the time. All four of these families, the four gentlemen who ran them, were among, let's say, easily four of the top ten richest people in the country and nobody knew it. It was the '30s. Then came the war and Hitler and Pearl Harbor, and nobody was paying attention to what we were doing down here and how rich we were getting.

And then a funny thing happened, the war was over, and suddenly journalists went out into the fields, literally and figuratively, and tried to find out what

changes the war years had wrought. And there's a very specific moment when our image changes, and that is in April 1948, the staff of *Life Magazine* had gotten onto the idea that there were some rich people in Texas, and they decided that the four richest were these four gentlemen that I've been talking about.

And they ran a photographer up to H. L. Hunt on Commerce and, I think it's Baker, and ambushed him and put him on the cover of *Time* magazine on April 5, 1948, Is this the wealthiest man in America? And the eastern press, the reaction was the what? Because the idea that the richest single person in the country, perhaps the world, would be a Texan, it just came from nowhere.

Now, our four gentlemen were smart enough, by and large, not to engage with the snoopy Yankee reporters who then came cascading into the state and did every story, every stereotype that we now believe about us. That we're loud, and nouveau riche and politically conservative all come from the period that begins in 1948, and these myths, by and large, go through the late '50s.

There are so many stories to tell about them, but I think the galvanizing event of this period that really did more to create that image for the rest of the country was another hotel, not in Dallas. This would be the Shamrock down in Houston, whose erection in 1949 by an oilman named Glenn McCarthy, was certainly the most famous building in Texas history, probably the most famous social event in Texas history, and it crystalized every stereotype that has ever lived about us.

Glenn McCarthy built the largest building between Los Angeles and New York. He invited three governors, everyone who was anybody to that party, and it's one of the great stories of Texas history because it was actually a calamitous disaster. You had hundreds of movie stars and millionaires, in diamonds and minks, their wives, and of course, it all went disastrously wrong when the PA system did not work and Dorothy Lamour decided to start the national radio broadcast on stage without the crowd, the crowd realized what was going on, and so you had essentially 5,000 thirsty, angry Texans who then surged into a ballroom such as this, overturning everything. The chaos was so bad that the national radio broadcast had to be discontinued and Dorothy Lamour lamented what these Texans were doing to this wonderful hotel, this landmark.

And this was Texas in 1950, and it was a world wrought by our discoveries during the Depression that made us really super rich for about five years there during this period. From about 1948 to 1953, it was an almost overwhelmingly flattering profile that the rest of the nation wrote about us.

And then Mr. McCarthy came along in 1953—no, we did not coordinate these talks—but unfortunately, three of my four oilmen, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Cullen and Mr. Murchison, had latched their political wagons to Mr. McCarthy's, and once Mr. McCarthy was essentially taken down by his own stupidity and the brilliance of Edward R. Murrow at CBS News, the rest of the country wanted to look around for those to blame, and they settled on Texas oilmen. You can draw a straight line from the evil portraits that began appearing of Texas oilmen in 1953, directly after McCarthy, all the way up to idiot movies like *JFK* and everything that's ever shown an evil Texas billionaire in a movie. It all really started then.

If you look all during the '50s, you started to have the first portraits of evil Texas oilmen in Broadway plays, stealing from orphans. Of course, nothing popularized this notion more than the book and the movie *Giant*, which furthered it. And then, of course, what really crystallized this whole evolution of our—or I should say the image of Texas, especially Texas oilmen—going downhill was the death of John F. Kennedy in 1963, at which point, basically, it was set. There was very little that was going to change the rest of the country and the rest of the world saw us, rightly or wrongly.

I really in the book was unable to come up with the answer of what changed afterwards, because through the end of the '60s you continued to have this sense of evil Texas oilmen and evil Texas right-wingers, and yet, somehow ten years later we get J. R. Ewing and we're all playful, fun-loving Texas oilmen again. I think something happened there in between, I think, where the rest of the world decided to demonize Exxon and Shell and everybody and they realized Texas wasn't going to hurt them anymore.

I could talk about this all day, and if you let me, I would. But let me just again say what an incredible honor it is to be here with so many of you, to see people like Mel Klein, my old mentor, George Getschow from *The Wall Street Journal*, and it's just a real pleasure and honor. Thank you very, very much.

Looking Westward—and Forward

Paula Mitchell Marks

MS. TEMPLE: Our final writer today on our panel is Paula Mitchell Marks. Paula is a major historian of the American West, whose book, *Precious Dust*, won the Western Writers of America Award for the best non-fiction book of 1994. She has a Ph.D. in American Civilization from the University of Texas, professor at St. Edwards University, and active in many writers and historical organizations. Paula's 14 books include: *And Die in the West: The Story of the OK Corral Gunfight*; *Hands to the Spindle: Texas Women and Home Textile Production*, which won the Liz Carpenter Prize for best book on Texas women's history in 1996; and the award-winning *Turn Your Eyes Toward Texas: Pioneers Sam and Mary Maverick*. Paula is currently the guest curator for a special exhibit on Texas Women's History that is scheduled to open at the Bullock Texas State History Museum in December 2012, and this will be the first major exhibit about Texas women's history since the early 1980s. So it's my honor and pleasure to introduce to you Paula Mitchell Marks.

DR. MARKS: Well, while we're mentioning stories of family involvement in writing careers, such as David and Bryan mentioned about David's father and Bryan's mother's reading group, my mother-in-law for years would go into bookstores and find my books and move them to the best seller area. She would just wholesale move them, and she's a very small but indomitable woman, so

she was very seldom challenged. So whatever sales I got, I guess I need to give credit to her.

I will be very mindful of my fifteen minutes as we draw closer to lunchtime. I've enjoyed these talks so much, and Joyce is a dear friend, and Joyce and Ellen have been wonderful people in my life. But I wanted to pick up on David and Bryan also talking about interviewing. I like to work with long-dead people who don't have anyone still alive who knew them. I stay back in the 19th century as much as possible. However, I thought I would share with you one very charming interview that I did do, and it was when I was working on my first book about Samuel and Mary Maverick of nineteenth-century San Antonio. In the '80s, I got to interview a woman who remembered Mary. This woman was in her nineties at the time of the interview. I was visiting with her about San Antonio as it had been and she started telling me about when she was nineteen years old, which I figured would have been about 1910. She said that she was out shopping one day in downtown San Antonio when she heard that a baby had been left at the Menger Hotel. And she was curious, she was very close by, and she said, "Oh, the Menger Hotel, I'll go over there and see this baby that everybody is talking about."

So she did indeed go to the Menger and she asked to see the baby. And they said, "Oh, here's the little mother now, here she is, here she is." And they handed her the baby. And she said the baby was dressed very nicely, the baby was clean and in very nice clothes, and everybody was just so happy that she had been reunited with the baby. So she left with the baby, and she contacted her fiancé and she said, "How do you feel about being a father?" When she told me this story she said, "And that's my oldest son."

I titled my talk "Looking Westward—and Forward" because so much of my genesis as a writer has been the whole idea of pioneering, the whole idea of coming into a new country. It's always excited me since I was a child, and I was the daughter of a career military officer, so much of my early life was spent moving from place to place. And that whole sense of what's new, what's unknown, what's out there to discover has been very much a part of my development as I have moved into writing about Western history and more recently really focusing on Texas history.

And of course this fits in very nicely with some of the themes of America, American mobility, American restlessness. The Gold Rush book that I did, I remember one man who had gone to California saying: "Well, how could a fellow relax when he knew there was gold 3,000 miles from his front doorstep?"

And you could say that that was greed but it really wasn't, it was just an amazing sense of adventure, seeing what's over the next horizon. It's a restlessness that has its downside, certainly, certainly among the Gold Rushers, but still there's this questing spirit to always be moving into new situations, into new places.

Probably the most memorable research experience I've had involves a young man named Alonzo Hill, I read his letters from California in 1849. And I should frame this. I was working at the Beinecke Library at Yale because, strangely

enough, that's where most of the California Gold Rush letters and journals are housed.

So I was at the library and the archivist came in with just a file, just a folder with a stack of letters in it, and he said, "This has just been donated to the library and I thought you might want to look at it because it is the letters of a Gold Rusher."

So there was no cataloguing, there was nothing to show this is when he lived, this is when he died, this is his family, et cetera. The only clues I had to this young man's life were from reading his letters and from the fact that somebody saved those letters.

So Alonzo Hill writes his first letter to his father, all the letters are to his father. The first letter says:

"Remember Father, this step is taken more for you than for me, yet I am pleased to think I am he who can cheerfully and fearlessly take it." Because apparently the father's business had failed, so Alonzo Hill was heading out to California in hopes of recouping the family fortunes.

I went through these letters and they covered a period of about five years in which Alonzo Hill was writing back to his father, increasingly bitter. He got to California debilitated by the travel experience. The streets were not paved with gold. The Gold Rushers were a very touchy lot. One thing he said, and this is reflected in other Gold Rush literature, he said, Don't you believe that other gold rusher from the same community when he says that he dug this much gold, that didn't happen. So there was this rivalry that was always going on among the people who had gone out to make good and had to report back to their families about how they were really doing.

Alonzo Hill at one point has to sleep under a bar in San Francisco just to have a place to stay. He never really manages to get on his feet—he doesn't always stay under such circumstances, but he tries various enterprises, and none of them really work out. The father tries to help, and you only can gather this through reading the letters; the father tries to help by sending him shipments of goods to San Francisco so that Alonzo Hill can perhaps sell these and make a profit. And Alonzo writes very bitterly: Well, thank you so much for sending that shipment of apples, it had spoiled by the time it got here and I had to pay the freight on it. So everything, it's just these increasingly churlish letters.

And I got to the next to last document in this folder and it was Alonzo Hill's suicide note. And I remember sitting in that library just being overwhelmed by the force of that young man's story coming right to the place I was. There was one more document in the folder. It was a letter from someone in California saying: "My Dear Sir, I regret to inform you that your son has taken his own life, and I'm writing to inquire as to where you wish his effects to be sent."

Now, the story itself is really something, but I also think about the father saving letter after letter, not happy letters, very sad letters, saving the suicide note, preserving all of that, and also whoever in the family preserved it as well and chose to give it to the Beinecke. And I just think in working in history we have such amazing opportunities to touch the stories of people whose lives are long before our own.

And most of mine has been looking Westward, therefore, part of the title of my talk. I remember reading at one point about a Spanish expedition into Texas, and there's a huge retinue, the conquistadors on their horses and there are cattle and there are Indian bearers, et cetera, and they're all crossing over this vast plain of grass, and there was a first-person account where one looks back and the grass had sprung back up. Just that sheer newness, that sheer freshness, the world anew. So I think that's what really brought me into all of this pioneering western material.

Now, as an adult I can also see that some of that is problematic. If we look at American mobility, American restlessness, if we accept these as traits in American culture, the wonderful, wonderful poet and essayist and fiction writer, Wendell Berry of Kentucky, the Farmer Poet, has written about how we really need to celebrate the stayers instead of the goers, the pioneers, that the stayers are the ones who made the greater commitment.

He has a beautiful poem called "The Wild Geese" and I'll read just a little of it. The scene he depicts is of at least two people out riding horses on a Sunday morning. One of them notes that the names of those who went west from this place "rest on graves," concluding "And we pray, not/for new earth or heaven but to be/quiet in heart and in eye/clear, what we need is here."

So that is a contrast that he continually points out as someone who is a member of generations that have worked the Kentucky land.

We also have, when we talk about pioneering and frontiers, all the revisionism of the '80s and '90s, and the way in which we view frontiers differently now. Patricia Limerick, who is a major Western historian, at one point said that "frontier" is "the F-word" and she wasn't going to use it anymore.

And the reason she said that is with the dawning recognition that one person's frontier is another person's homeland. So then we get into who gets to define. And Limerick gave up, she couldn't keep operating in the field without using the term "frontier" so it didn't last very long.

But I think that frontiers are any place in which people come into a country that is new to them and they have to make those adaptations. I remember one woman writing about going in the Klondike Gold Rush, writing about going into Alaska, and just how overwhelmed she was with the bigness of it all, just the bigness was so huge, so all-encompassing. So the land itself, I think, can present a very potent frontier.

Now, in one definition of "frontier" you must have two groups who are coming up against each other, and of course, in traditional U.S. history that's normally Native Americans and whatever immigrant group is coming in. But I do think that the definition can be and has become much broader, and I think we've also come to recognition now that any time there is a new mix of people in a particular area, it becomes a frontier in a way, even for the people who have been there for a very long time.

It's interesting, I have a cousin who lives up in southern Missouri–in the town that he lived in when he was growing up. It was very, very Anglo and now it's also in large part Hispanic, and so that transition was made, but now there are lots of Somalian refugees coming in. So into that ethnic mix, suddenly there are

a substantial number of Somalian people coming in with their own ways of doing things, and so now, of course, the Anglos and Hispanics are sort of looking askance at what's happening with this new group.

So everything changes with these dynamics changing as well, and that's something that I really, really enjoy in learning about frontiers. And actually, Frank de la Teja and Ron Tyler and I wrote a textbook called *Texas: Crossroads of North America*, simply trying to push that point of how important it is to see Texas as a real diverse series of frontiers, at least through the 19th century.

So frontier is still a useful concept, I would say, in history and in life. I would like to segue off of this to talk about going forward very briefly. It may be a little easy and cheesy to say that writers are pioneers, but I do think writers are pioneers, because anytime someone is working on a story or putting together, whether it's imaginary or whether it's research-based or whether it's both, there is this sense of stepping out into the unknown in front of that blank paper or that blank computer screen nowadays. And we all understand, I think, too that writing is generative. E. M. Forster said, "How do I know what I think until I see what I say?"

So as we write, new ideas come, and we work with those ideas and we struggle with those ideas. And as T. S. Eliot says, "[O]ne has only learnt to get the better of words/For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which/One is no longer disposed to say it." So as this happens, we have to revise what we're doing, we have to keep going into new country. There are lots of good quotes about this.

If we think about pioneering in terms of looking forward, the key question of this particular meeting—which other people, I'm sure, have addressed more eruditely than I have—is the future of the book. I think that we are reluctant pioneers right now as we see the landscape changing so completely. I always think about Margaret Mead's quote, it's my favorite quote, and unfortunately, I've been unable to find a valid source for it, but I wrote it down many years ago: "The world into which we are born is not the world in which we will live, nor is it the world in which we will die." And every generation can say that, like what Joyce read to you, as something about the world that those people lived in.

So here we are, we were born into a certain world, and now we live in a different world. And we live in a different world in regard to the book, and it is my feeling that books are going to be far less a component—physical books, at least, are going to be far less a component of our culture in the coming years as we move more toward digitalized media. I have a little fifteen-month-old great nephew; put him down in front of an iPad or an iPhone and he immediately starts scrolling across the screen with his finger.

So we are in a sea change regarding the book. I'm thankful I have lived in the era of abundant books. How wonderful has it been to have all of these books at our fingertips. And we will continue to have books, I know we will. I just think we have to accept that whatever the changes, there will always be recorded stories and studies for readers, there will always be readers. And I know Marshall McLuhan said the medium is the message, but I don't see how we can really

project about what all of this change in delivery of the stories is doing to our brains and our culture right now.

I was over in our school library two days ago with one of our librarians and we were looking through some of the books and culling books. They're building a new library and we're having to cut down. Well, first of all, like many libraries, they're getting rid of a lot of books, but then also, deciding what books are going to remain available during the year and a half that the library is under construction. And the librarian said, "The students are really freaked out about this, about not having access to a lot of books." And I said, "Oh, really?" Since most of my students do all of their research online nowadays.

And I thought about a friend of mine who was on the Austin City Council. He said that people like to have parks, they don't like to go to parks but they always want parks. I don't know how accurate that is. But I think maybe the students want the reassurance of that library full of physical books, whether they access it or not.

But one more observation and then I'll conclude. I guess one of the concerns that I have, and perhaps it's already come up and I didn't hear it, my concern is if we're not taking texts as physical wholes, then there's the fragmentation, the post-modern mixing of this bite and this bite, these little pieces. I love the Portal to Texas History, University of North Texas, and it's wonderful that you can access these nuggets of history in this way. But I notice, going into old newspapers, that you can search by word through the old newspapers, and that's really cool, but it seems to me that having a sustained work, the integrity of a work that somebody goes in and reads, as opposed to finding ways to cut in and out of it is a problem, is one of the problems that we do face.

Okay. Whatever the medium, I think what we're talking about here is words themselves and choosing good words, choosing appropriate words. So I would like to close by reading a very short passage from Leslie Marmon Silko's 1977 book, *Ceremony*, in which the young Native American, Tayo, is coming back from World War II with what would now be diagnosed as PTSD. He and the other young men coming back to the reservation, to the Pueblo, are just very, very sick, and the medicine men are trying to help them. And one of the medicine men, in talking to him, starts explaining to him about words, so I'll close with this:

"The reason for choosing each word had to be explained with a story about why it must be said that certain way. That was the responsibility that went with being human. The story behind each word must be told so there could be no mistake in the meaning of what had been said, and this demanded great patience and love."

Thank you.

Q&A

MS. TEMPLE: The eloquence of your words today is equal to the eloquence of your written words in your books, and we thank you. Thank you all once again. And now I know that you all have many questions to ask of our distinguished guests. And Mike Gillette, why don't you lead us off. Do you have a question?

MR. GILLETTE: I can't say that I do. I will say with regard to David Oshinsky's fine presentation, I had to record my interviews about Lyndon Johnson, and so many of the people couldn't wait until I turned off the recorder so they could tell me what they really wanted to say.

MS. TEMPLE: You want to go to the mic? And identify yourselves. We know Tom and we know Mike, but if you would identify yourself at the mic and then ask your question, we'll be happy to answer.

MR. PALAIMA: I'm Tom Palaima, from Austin, Texas and University of Texas at Austin, and I just wanted to pose a simple question—which might surprise some people—namely, you've all, even the first session this morning, you've all been circling around this notion of truth, that is, what does a story communicate. And this is something I work with in looking at classical mythology and so on, and there's some surprising aspects to it. But with the oral historians, with the people doing essentially journalistic investigation, what is your ultimate sort of belief or feeling or instinct about the nature of what you're communicating? That is, what does truth mean?

The ancient Greeks, I thought, had a much better word to refer to truth than our own word. Our own word "truth" is actually related to an Indo-European root meaning firm or stable or steady, sort of unchanging. The Greeks called truth "aletheia" which means something that cannot escape notice or something that cannot be forgotten. And so it leaves aside this whole issue of whether something is factual or not.

And Tim O'Brien, another great Texas writer, in writing in *The Things They Carried*, explores the whole notion of fact and fiction. In fact, he says fiction is the only truth when you're trying to communicate something that goes on in war.

So I just wanted to know what you four think, and maybe some of the earlier speakers, think about what you're doing in terms of getting at what is true.

MS. ROACH: I don't know that I'm answering your question exactly, but what flashed into my mind was something that an old completely unknown writer now by the name of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, a New Mexico cowboy, who wrote, and his opinion was that it takes at least three fenceposts before you can call it a fence, and it takes at least three facts, regardless of whether they match or not, it takes at least three facts before you can say that it's truth. I don't need to elaborate on that, it's perfectly obvious, and I don't know that it's a very deep

answer or a very satisfying one, but that was the first name that jumped to my mind.

MR. OSHINSKY: Let me just try to answer you, Tom, not as well as I can, but giving you just some anecdote, particularly relating to oral history, and it was given to me as a story of warning. There was a very, very well-known historian and man of literature named Paul Fussell, and he wrote a great book on memory and World War I, and when he knew I was working on Joe McCarthy and I was doing a lot of oral interviewing, he told me this story.

Paul was in World War II and he was actually on one of the ships that was going to attack Japan, had not the atomic bomb been dropped. And Paul said that he used to go to reunions every five years of his buddies and that one of the guys was sort of the historian of the unit and he had taken every shred, every order, everything that was uttered and he had it in a box and he was going to write the history of this regiment.

And Paul saw him at the 25th anniversary and said, "Where is this history?" And the guy said, I couldn't write it. He said, I went back to this book and I looked at all of these facts and all of these orders and that's not the way it happened, it just isn't right. And what you realize is that twenty years later, what may have been the truth in 1942 was no longer the truth in 1962. People simply have a way of internalizing material and facts that were facts and are no longer fact.

So what I would say in writing a book, and particularly using oral history, is that you do the best you can. When someone tells you something, you try to corroborate it, you use as much material as possible, but in the end, that book is really your view of a man, a woman, a series of events, and it can easily be, you can take the same material and give it to another person and you will have an entirely different book.

DR. MARKS: I'll briefly say I wrote a book about the Gunfight at the OK Corral which is a very contentious area to enter into—I did not know it at the time—and it tends to be the people who think that the Earps were heroes and the people who think the Earps were villains. And I really was concerned in writing the book, because I couldn't take either view, although I've been taken to task by both sides for favoring the other side. In fact, one old rancher in Colorado wrote me that he was using the book in his outhouse, he was so offended.

But I was pleased at some of the affirmative responses because I really couldn't say this is the truth one way or the other. Many, many people happened to be on the street when that gunfight occurred, yet a friend of mine who is a lawyer reminded me it's normal for accounts to vary significantly in testimony. So I would just say that we keep searching for the truth, we keep trying to refine our understanding, and then when we do, we're going to have to refine it again.

MR. BURROUGH: I don't give a heck of a lot of thought to truth, I give a lot of thought to facts, what I can prove, and then what I believe. So I guess I'm agree-

ing with you, David, it comes down to basically: given the same pile of data, you would write a different chapter than I would given the same pile of data.

What concerns me most is that the facts are right. I misspelled the name of a certain Texas town in the first version of *The Big Rich*, and though I swiftly changed it in the second fact, it has all but ruined my ability to enjoy things like this because I misspelled Burkburnett, and it just bugs me to no end. Well, I've never been there.

So much of truth and fact is about how much data you have. In *Barbarians at the Gate*, we wrote it almost seamlessly with no attribution because we had every single person in every single meeting. There were eight people in the room with Henry Kravis, and some of these people, I had all eight of them. If they disagreed, I would go back to them and say: That's not what so-and-so is saying, you didn't really say that. But so often you can't do that, you're in OK Corral territory. Where I am now writing about crimes that happened in the 1970s, and what I end up doing—it's just common sense, y'all, what you end up doing is get your facts right and then allow the people to speak for themselves, to the extent that you can, so that even if you cannot say exactly what order they fired their bullets at the OK Corral, if you give equal voice to everyone, at the very least you want readers to come out of it with a sense that they understand the motivations of all the characters. I feel like that's always my fallback if I can't say exactly what happened.

Great questions.

MS. TEMPLE: Do we have any more questions? Let's give our speakers another good hand.

Chapter IV: Texas Writers Write Texas History

Jane Monday

MS. MONDAY: We want to get started because we have some outstanding panelists. We want to have time to hear them and have questions.

Good afternoon. My name is Jane Monday, and it's a pleasure to welcome y'all to our fourth chapter in our book *Texas Writers Talk*. This chapter is entitled "Texas Writers Write Texas History."

We are very glad to have five award-winning authors and outstanding history professors with us today. Collectively, they represent Texas's best in the field. They have won state, national, and international awards on their works on Texas. I will refer you to the biographies in the program for further details. After they've all completed their presentations, we'll be glad to entertain questions.

Over on my right is Dr. Mike Campbell—Mike, if you'll raise your hand—and he'll be talking about "Gone to Texas." Next to him is Light Cummins, and his presentation will be "Writing History Is Not a Thing of the Past." Following that is Dr. James Crisp who will speak about "Lies, Damned Lies, and Texas History." Over here we have Dr. Andrés Tijerina talking about "Texas History and Good Writing."

Please welcome our panelists today.

"Gone To Texas": As a Historian

Randolph B. "Mike" Campbell

DR. CAMPBELL: Thanks, Jane. When I learned that I was going to speak first, I felt honored, and then somebody explained to me that they had arranged the speakers in terms of age, with the oldest first, apparently with the idea that if they didn't do it that way, the oldest might not be around till the end of the session.

Anyhow, it's an honor of a sort and I'll take any kind, so I am happy to speak first. Allow me to begin with a confession. I'm not a native Texan. If I were to lay claim to that honor, I expect my central Virginia accent would give me away, so I'll just be honest up front. However, I am a Texan in the way that probably

most Texans have become residents over the years; that is, I came here from somewhere else. Now, my birthplace is Charlottesville, Virginia, home of the University of Virginia, where I earned a Ph.D. in 1966. Two months later, my wife and I wrote "Gone to Texas" on our door, at least figuratively, and headed to Denton and a teaching position at what was then North Texas State University; it's now the University of North Texas.

Now, I didn't come to Texas or to Denton with the idea of becoming a Texas historian. I don't want to shock any of you now, but the University of Virginia didn't offer work in Texas history. Virginia history, yes, not Texas history. Can you imagine such parochialism?

However, to my good fortune, as my good fortune would have it, several things soon led me to study Texas. First, the focus of my graduate work at the University of Virginia was the United States during the years from 1789 to 1865. I wrote a dissertation on Henry Clay and the emerging nations of Spanish America. So my research interest at least fell in the time period when Texas became, as you very well know, in turn an Anglo province of Mexico, an independent republic, one of the United States, and finally, a part of the Confederate States of America.

A second thing that led me to Texas history is that I'm a Southerner. Now, I realize that we Southerners have a good many ugly things in our past, but I prefer to try to deal with the past rather than deny it, so I'm a Southerner, I don't want to be anything else, I couldn't be anything else if I wanted to. So this meant that I had no trouble at all, at least not in my mind, in understanding Texas and wanting to study its past.

I'll tell you this story. Once, after I'd spent quite a bit of time on research in East Texas, one of my more sophisticated colleagues asked me something along the lines of how I could stand being in such a backwards place, and my answer was: Hell, I was home.

The third thing that led me to Texas history was a very practical consideration. I could get to the sources without lengthy and expensive trips. Back then I had a young family. I had sons who were born in 1966 and 1969, so they are native Texans, and even with the huge salary that North Texas paid me in 1966, I made $8,500 that first year, I just couldn't afford a lot of research trips back East, so I had to study nearby history.

Now, when I began to work on Texas history during the '60s, late '60s, I didn't have any clear plan as to what I would do. At the time I liked political history, I had an interest in the Whig Party, so I decided to look into the Whigs in Texas. I found a great quotation from Sam Houston, he said that only six Texans belonged to the Whig party: a horse thief, a crooked gambler, a land grabber, and three other men who were willing to do anything for a glass of grog. Now, as usual, Sam exaggerated a little, and I wrote an article on the Texas Whigs and the presidential elections of 1848 and 1852. It appeared in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in 1969, and it encouraged me to continue in the field.

Another encouragement came from meeting a man named Tuffly Ellis, who was then the managing editor of the *Quarterly*. Later on he served as director

of the Texas State Historical Association. Tuffly supported my interest in Texas studies in many, many ways, and I appreciate that to this day.

My research on Texas Whigs led me to the recognition, also, that sources for studying the Lone Star State's past were tremendously rich. I saw the materials in the Barker Texas History Center, at UT Austin, the Texas State Archives, and hundreds of county courthouses across the state could keep scores of historians occupied probably for a very long time.

Now, studying the Whigs, and more precisely, trying to learn more about the backgrounds and the status of the party's leaders in Texas, led me to another research resource, the United States Census. Now, for some reason, my graduate professors didn't introduce me to the census, so when I began to use the returns for 1850, that's the first U.S. Census taken in Texas—the array of demographic, economic and social information surprised me, and led me to consider the possibilities for broader research in Texas history.

Now, as it happened, right at that time there was a new approach to studying the past being emphasized, it was called quantitative history—that is, using numerical data from the census and computers to manipulate those data to investigate issues such as the profitability of slavery. Quantitative history was attracting attention from a good many historians.

Now, I'm probably close to the last person in the world to jump on what I call hot and choice things, but even I had to think about collecting data from the census and employing the computer to answer long-standing questions about the economic and social structure of the Antebellum South. For example, did planters or plain folk dominate during the 1850s. Well, the *Journal of Southern History* published an article of mine in 1974 that dealt with planters and plain folk in Harrison County, Texas, and then with that encouragement, my colleague, Richard Lowe, and I formed a research partnership and published a study called *Wealth and Power in Antebellum Texas* in 1977.

Now, the study was based on a sample of 10,000 families from the census of 1850 and 1860, but it wasn't exactly an engrossing narrative. One of my graduate students still loves to tell about how the UNT library copy of *Wealth and Power* went missing one time, and it was finally located in the cold dead fingers of a history student who passed away from sheer boredom while trying to read it.

Now, that's kind of worthy of Sam Houston. That may be a bit of an exaggeration, but the point is valid. Quantitative history is analytical rather than narrative, and no, it's generally not very readable. Instead, the value of a book such as *Wealth and Power* lies in the way it shows, I would say, proves the domination of the slave-owning planter class in Antebellum Texas. Traditional narrative historians that tend to rely on less evidence, I think, don't have the same level of proof.

Now, my first years of work in Texas history strengthened the belief that I had before coming to Texas—that the state is essentially Southern in heritage, and of course, that belief leads to a question: What, beyond simple geographical location, made a state Southern in the 19th century? Well, the answer, I think, is the presence of what Southerners called their peculiar institution: African

slavery. Slavery, of course, was a critical moral issue dividing the North and the South, it eventually led to secession and a horrible Civil War. So being Southern meant being identified with slavery and war and defeat.

Now, this was a past that most of us would like to avoid, if possible, and I found that Texas historians had pretty much tried to do that. There was no book on slavery in Texas when I came here. Even the original *Handbook of Texas,* which was published in 1952, had no entry on the subject, it just didn't exist. And so in my never-ending quest to make myself popular by writing history that the public obviously wants to hear about, I decided I'd work on slavery in Texas. I thought that I wasn't really ready to take on a subject of that magnitude, so I began with research on Harrison County, a county over in East Texas. It had the largest slave population in Texas in 1860, more than 8,000 slaves in that one county alone.

The result of this was a book entitled *A Southern Community in Crisis: Harrison County 1850–1880*. The book dealt with all aspects of life in the county rather than just focusing on slavery alone, but writing it, I'd like to think, helped mature my thinking about a general history of slavery.

I think I spent approximately five years working on a project that became a book entitled *An Empire for Slavery: The Peculiar Institution in Texas 1821-1865*, which was published in 1989. This book remains the only full-scale study of slavery in Texas, and I'm proud of it to this day.

Now, slavery, as you know, led to the Civil War, and after that came Reconstruction. Following that progression, my attention then turned to what happened in Texas after the war ended. First, when I was president of the Texas State Historical Association in 1994, I delivered a presidential address on the myth of carpetbagger rule during Reconstruction in Texas. It was fun, although its effectiveness is debatable in terms of destroying that myth. My ever-respectful graduate students laughed at my epitaph that's going to say "Tried to dispel the myth of carpetbagger rule and failed."

And I'm afraid they may be right. Anyhow, for better or for worse, the book-length study that I wrote on the subject entitled *Grassroots Reconstruction in Texas 1865–1880* came out in 1988.

Then Oxford University Press gave me an opportunity to pull together what I thought I had learned about Texas in a general history, intended to serve as both a trade book for the general reader and a textbook for students. The resulting study entitled *Gone to Texas: A History of the Lone Star State* was published in 2003. Now, how well it served its dual purpose, trade book and textbook is still a matter of opinion, I suppose. Recently I saw it described by an anonymous critic on a website as "White man's history at its worst." Now, that comment left me still trying to decide whether I should feel more ashamed of being a white man or a historian, or a compound of both of those awful things. However, Oxford is publishing a second edition of *Gone to Texas* this year. That helps thicken my skin a little bit against such barbs.

In conclusion, when my wife and I wrote "Gone to Texas" on our door in Virginia in 1966, I had no idea what a fortunate step that would be for me as a historian. I cannot imagine having taken a better one.

Writing History is Not a History of the Past

Light T. Cummins

DR. CUMMINS: I must admit that I do not consider myself to be a writer per se. I am first and foremost an academic historian and a college teacher. My writing is only a component part of that endeavor. My teaching and my working with Austin College students have informed everything that I have written. They have been for thirty-three years my colleagues in learning, and indeed, my primary academic and reading audience comes from those that read professional academic history, especially in the Texas and Southern history communities.

That is so because what I write follows definite rules of historical evidence and exists as part of an established matrix of historical interpretation. I move forward in what I write across time, behind those scholars who have preceded me, sometimes adding to or changing their interpretations based on the evidence I have come to see, and in doing that, I'm also mindful that scholars yet to be born will be following me and changing what I have written by adding to or deviating from the interpretations that I have made in my academic historical writing. Writing for academic historians is merely the vehicle that we employ to move along in that formation. It's what we call historiography.

Now, I must admit that being a historian was not my life's work as an aspiration when I was young person and a college student. My long and extended family background in San Antonio placed me firmly in the traditions of business and the professions. Nonetheless, from my earliest childhood my delight was reading Texas history, and I simply devoured it. A highlight of my adolescence was having known Dr. Walter P. Webb, because his wife, Terrell Maverick of San Antonio, was a friend of my family, especially my grandmother.

Although I was an undergraduate history major, it never once occurred to me that I could make a living reading and writing Texas history. Instead, it was my aspiration to be an attorney. That's something I followed consistently in college and through the years I was in military service after I received my bachelor's degree. All of that changed for me on a September day in the early 1970s that I have since considered to have been very serendipitous.

This was my situation that day. I had just been mustered out of the United States Air Force and returned to civilian life. I had applied to law school months earlier, but unfortunately for me, a last minute change in my release date from active duty delayed my return home. I thus missed the matriculation date for law school by about a week. On the September day of which I speak, I therefore drove to Austin from my home in San Antonio to see about claiming my place in the entering law school class at the University of Texas. That resulted in my being ushered into the office of Dean Page Keeton, who politely explained to me that someone else had been brought up from the waiting list and my place was gone. There would be, he said, though, a place for me the next time first law students entered.

So there I was, walking down Park Place towards where I had parked my car, and at that point, shortly before I got to the spot where my car was, I encountered standing on the sidewalk, directly in front of me, Mrs. J. Frank Dobie, whose husband had only been gone from us some six years at that point.

She was there because, as many of you know, the Dobie home was located down the hill and directly across the street from the law school at 703 Park Place, a street now named for Dean Keeton. Mrs. Dobie was watering her flowers and tending the impressive garden that used to grace the front lawn of that home.

I knew who she was, but of course, I was only to her one of the hundreds and thousands of students that had walked down that sidewalk in the almost fifty years that she lived there. I felt compelled to introduce myself and speak to her. I told her how much I admired her husband's many books. Although I do not recall what she said to me in return, I do remember that she was very charming, gracious and courteous.

On the drive back to San Antonio, I did a lot of thinking about where my life would be going. Much of that thought obviously focused on Page Keeton and J. Frank Dobie, who were on my mind. I also thought about my love of reading Texas history and my encounters with Dr. Webb while I was a high school boy. By the time I reached the small town of Kyle, my mindset was that the life course represented to me by Webb and Dobie seemed more appealing than the life course embodied by Page Keeton.

At San Marcos, I made a decision. I turned off the interregional, which we used to call Interstate 35, and made for my undergraduate alma mater, Southwest Texas, now known as Texas State University. The view from the hill was always, for me, clear and clarifying. I visited with a former history professor, who was then the chairman of the department. He encouraged my ideas about graduate study and he accepted me in this program on the spot. I found myself, only a few hours after leaving Austin, sitting as a student in an evening graduate seminar already underway a week or so and taught by Professor Emmie Craddock, who had been a Ph.D. student of Dr. Walter Prescott Webb. I teach and write history because of what happened to me that day.

When I got home and reported to my father, an oral surgeon, that I had decided to forgo law school for a career in history, he exclaimed: What future for you is there in that? He said, "Don't we already know everything important that's already happened?" It took me a long time to formulate the answer, but here it is. My answer is that academic historians do not care about everything that happened in the past, nor do we care to know all about it. That is so because writing history is not a thing of the past, it is firmly rooted in the present. The job of the historian is not to find out everything that happened or even to attempt to reconstruct it; instead, we attempt to explain and understand the world we live in now by looking at the past. This means that every generation of historians, at the least, rewrites history to confirm its own values, current concerns and their own unique social and cultural issues, and as the generations change, so, too, changes what is written about the past. We revise and rewrite

what our predecessors have written when we find that their conclusions no longer permit us to understand the present day world in which we're living.

Let me give you an example from my own writing, in this case, a newspaper op-ed piece that I wrote on a recent San Jacinto Day at the request of a friend, Diane Powell, who is here with us today. She was then the president of the Texas State Historical Association, and I was honored to say yes in accepting this assignment.

This piece that I wrote about San Jacinto Day appeared in the *Austin American-Statesman* and migrated to other newspapers around the state. I also included what I wrote in it in several speeches that I gave around that time, and this is what I wrote, and I'll read it to you.

"Fighting that day alongside Houston and Sherman could be found men with names such as Juan Seguin, Martín Flores, Antonio Treviño, Jose Molina, Jose Palonia Leviña, and others of Tejano heritage. And what of the Mexican troops commanded by Santa Ana, did they not have their battle-charged moments of deep human emotion, as did the advancing Texas Army? Did they not also have, in their pockets and stored away in their camp sacks, letters, lockets and trinkets from loved ones back home? Earlier generations of historians did not much notice that the Battle of San Jacinto was a two-sided historical drama that speaks to us today with a much louder and more vigorous multicultural voice than we were previously used to hearing when the emphasis fell only on the Anglo-Texian side."

Few, if any, Texas historians would have written such a thing for the public about San Jacinto Day over 40 years ago when I took my undergraduate Texas History course from William C. Pool, an individual to whom I owe much. What I wrote in that piece recently, though, does reflect the commonly held historical viewpoints for present day scholars. For us, in our time, the Tejano story of Texas is vital and important, acknowledged now not only by sound scholarship but in a variety of other significant ways across the state, including the upcoming dedication of the wonderful and splendid new Tejano monument on the grounds of the Capitol Building in Austin, a sculpture that has resulted, in large part, due to the hard work of Professor Andrés Tijerina who is on the dais today.

Writing history is something of the present, as well, for an additional very important reason, namely, the availability of historical sources and a historian's access to them. Research is a matter of the present and not the past. We are today, as we all know in this room, in a momentous transition for historical researchers. The digitization of historical research is changing the way that historians do their research and writing.

Historians once traveled long distances to sit in brick and mortar archives, hour after hour, day after day, taking paper note cards. No longer does that happen, at least for me. I take notes in brick and mortar archives quickly and efficiently with a digital camera whenever possible and also download from online databases or internet sources. The digital notes go into my personal computers in my office and are hypertext searchable.

My wife, Victoria Cummins, who is also a historian and a scholar on the Austin College faculty, and I have recently completed a project that would have

been impossible without the internet and digitized sources. We have researched and written about the life of a relatively obscure Texas woman named Frances Battle Fisk, an Abilene club woman who was of considerable statewide importance in the 1920s and 1930s as an advocate of the fine arts in Texas. She wrote one of the very first books on Texas artists and sculptors.

Frances Battle Fisk left no papers. We were, however, able to locate previously obscure, almost unknown and very widely scattered, disparate sources in order to understand the relevance of her life by using digitized resources and archival finding aids. These included, among other things, the *Abilene Reporter News*, a large number of public records and the masterful West Texas Digital Archives in Abilene which contain the Miss A.M. Carpenter scrapbooks that deal with the history of art in that city.

This research, without digitization and the internet, would have been, for us, an enterprise that would have involved many years of travel that would have included months and months in sitting in a progression of physical archives while we turned pages and pages and pages of paper, while we only occasionally found a document of use. We accomplished our work in only about one academic year and summer with focused efficiency. We did much of our research online from our offices, combined with concentrated visits to physical archives for which we were very well prepared because we used online finding aids to consult before our arrival.

I suggest, for each of you, the next time you're sitting at a computer, go to a website which was already mentioned once today, the Portal to Texas History. You will be looking at the future of historical research in Texas, especially for undergraduates.

Will books always be with us in this new information environment? That depends on how you define them. Books, yes and always, but not all the time in paper, however. Paper and ink are only a delivery mechanism. It's a good one and it's not going away, but so, too, is digitization something of great use.

For example, there are no assigned books in my Texas history classes at Austin College. All of the assigned class readings, including the textbooks, are online and can be read by students from computers or smartphones. My history classes take place in a room outfitted with computers and projection equipment for Power Points and online access to a regular progression of websites every day. Student tests and papers come to me by means of digitized drop boxes on internet servers, and I return them the same way, with my marked-up comments. Neither the students in my Texas History class at Austin College or I ever touch paper as part of the assignments in that course.

I am old enough to remember a Texas without television. I recall WOAI-TV coming on the air. There was much talk in those days that television would send radio the same place vaudeville had gone, and to an extent, that was true. We could no longer tune in Jack Benny on our radio dial. But radio is bigger and better today than it ever has been, and in fact, it is also very different from what we heard in my childhood, sitting around that Motorola mahogany cabinet. By the way, if you want to hear Jack Benny, you can still get him on the internet.

So books and other information written on paper will be with us, but they

will not be what they are today. I do believe that the future holds wondrous possibilities, still unimaginable to us. We will someday live in a world with books, digitization and information at our fingertips on the computer. We don't know what form this will take, nor do we know the revenue streams that will support it, but it will eventually come. One thing, however, will not change in this new environment, and that is the historians' fundamental stock and trade as we employ the written word as our form of expression, no matter what the method of delivery.

For scholars to come, academic historians will write about us in the future as part of their past. We can be assured that they will do so from the viewpoint and the values of their own time. Whatever else happens, history will always be, for generations to come, what it is for us today: a thing of the present and not the past.

Lies, Damned Lies, and Texas History

James E. Crisp

DR. CRISP: I did some driving this past week through the part of Texas that Dan Jenkins called "Baja Oklahoma"—that nondescript land that I grew up in that stretches from here in Dallas out toward Lubbock, with an arc up through Vernon and Wichita Falls.[1]

I was thinking as I drove that the talk I'm about to give today may sound to you a bit hard on my home country, but as you'll see, though I was willing to shake the dust of Clay County from my feet in 1964 when I headed down to the green humidity of Houston, and again when I left my Texan domicile for good in 1968 for the East Coast, I have never been able to get the dust of Texas and Clay County out of my blood.

As I went back to Henrietta this time, school was in session. Usually when I've been back home, it was either summer vacation or classes had been dismissed for the annual Clay County Pioneer Reunion and Rodeo, when most of our class reunions are scheduled. But this time, with school open, I thought I'd take some books to donate to the high school's library, and if invited, say a few words to some of the students.

Well, Henrietta High School has eight periods during the day. They gave me fifth period off for a lunch break with the teachers; the other seven periods I talked to the students, one group after another. Some of the students who were herded into the same auditorium where I had performed in the Senior play in 1964 had to listen to me three separate times, so I had to improvise seven different lectures on the same theme: what it means to leave home, and yet to never really leave home.

I got the impression from my former teachers and classmates who also attended my little lectures that at least some of them still love me, and I certainly still love them, no matter what I might have to say about our common history, and no matter why I felt I had to leave.

Those of you who may have read the shamelessly autobiographical preface to my little book, *Sleuthing the Alamo*, already know that the main reason I turned to the reading and writing of history is that I was seeking a cure—a cure for galloping cognitive dissonance.[2] Or to put it in more blunt terms, I wanted to know why so many people were lying to me.

Even in the quiescence of Clay County of the late '50s and early '60s, far from the epicenters of the burgeoning Civil Rights movement, it was plain to me that much of what I was being told about the United States, past and present, was simply not true—perhaps especially that part of the Pledge of Allegiance about there being liberty and justice for all. Yet very few of my peers seemed to share my skepticism.

As I struggled to understand the contradictions that surrounded me, it was, more than anything else, the puzzles of race and racism that commanded my curiosity. Few people around me seemed to be at all disturbed by the disconnect between the rhetoric of equality in our history and civics classes and the realities of our rigidly segregated society, a society in which every black child in grades 1 through 8 in my hometown of Henrietta was crammed into a single one-room schoolhouse, and anyone with an African ancestor who wanted to go on to high school had to be bused to the next county.

My first foray into historical research and writing was the much dreaded senior theme, without which I was not going to graduate from high school. I doubt that my English teacher, Ms. Nutter, realized that the chief reason for my choosing the 1948 presidential election as my topic was morbid fascination—a morbid fascination with the minds and motivations of such blatant racists as Strom Thurmond and his Dixiecrats.

Ms. Nutter did make it clear to me that year, however, that she was not at all happy to see on my desk a paperback copy of John Howard Griffin's *Black Like Me*, an account of a white Texan who artificially colored his skin—darkened his skin so that he might experience firsthand what it was like for a black man to work and travel among whites in the Deep South.[3]

What Griffin experienced on that dark trek made the racism displayed by the political protagonists of my senior theme look tame by comparison. But I believe that what led me to read *Black Like Me* was the same compulsion that led me to read the speeches of Strom Thurmond. I think I was looking for the crux of what was being called the Negro Problem in the attitudes of my fellow whites. What I found in both of these disparate sources made me sick and ashamed, but no less puzzled still.

There were more direct lessons about race to be learned closer to home. One fine day during my high school years, Ms. Nutter's elderly brother knocked a black man to the ground for having the effrontery to be walking on a sidewalk in Henrietta. I knew that had the roles been reversed, had the "Negro" assaulted Henry Nutter on that sidewalk in broad daylight, the legal consequences for him would have demonstrated that liberty and justice in Clay County were by no means color blind and that justice for one was not likely to be the same as justice for the other.

I naturally kept my mouth shut in Ms. Nutter's class about this telling little

incident, but I did inadvertently upset her with a comment that I made upon my return from a trip to see our basketball team play in the state finals in Austin. Between the semifinal and the championship games, my family had made a side trip to Houston to visit Rice University, the only school besides Texas Tech to which I had applied. Most of my travels in Texas up to that time had been limited to the western realms of Baja Oklahoma, with Dallas thrown in for special occasions; something about the milieu of Austin and Houston in the spring of 1964 convinced me that there might be more to Texas than I had suspected. I mentioned to Ms. Nutter that perhaps we were just a bit out of the loop up there in Clay County.

She was actually quite offended by this remark, so I didn't tell her at all about the surprisingly similar sensation that I had felt when reading one of our recent assignments, Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard." It may not have been Chill Penury that froze the genial current of my soul that day, but when I found Gray musing in that rural cemetery that "full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," it hit home.[4] I suddenly knew I was ready to get out of Henrietta and out of the familiar territory that stretched between me and Lubbock and away from the attitudes about politics and religion that I was finding increasingly sterile and repressive.

The letter admitting me to Rice University arrived in April, and it turned out to be my invitation to a new kind of life, focused on reading, writing, meeting new people and new ideas, and trying to solve with research and new thinking some of the conundrums of the past and the present that had so perplexed me. Amidst all that I was learning, there were two writers who most influenced my undergraduate years, and they were certainly an odd pair: Larry McMurtry and C. Vann Woodward.

I bought *The Last Picture Show* the moment that it hit the campus bookstore, and stayed up half the night finishing it.[5] I saw in McMurtry's mix of bitterness and sentimentalism about the country he had left behind for greener pastures that his feelings largely matched my own as he exposed the hypocrisies beneath the surface of small town life. McMurtry's home country was mine as well—I used to sell his dad windmill parts from my dad's Buick dealership, which also carried baling wire; it was that kind of place. But despite the presence of Larry on the Rice campus as a teacher of creative writing when I was there, I couldn't see myself following in his literary footsteps.

Instead, I found my role model in another country boy who, like McMurtry, had flourished as a writer in university settings. But this writer was a historian, whose quest to find answers for the present in the dark mysteries of the past resonated with my own fledgling ambitions. I gained some understanding of the wellsprings of hatred from C. Vann Woodward's magnificent biography of populist hero Tom Watson, in which an idealistic young politician leading a biracial Southern coalition for economic justice turns, in his later years, into a bitter, twisted bigot.[6]

The Origins of the New South, Woodward's magnum opus, revealed to me, in the farmers' revolt against the status quo, a side of Texas history I hardly knew had existed, but it was his slimmer volume, *The Strange Career of Jim*

Crow, that really changed my life.[7] Here was a book which argued that racial segregation in the South was neither foreordained nor natural, but rather a regime painstakingly constructed by those who would profit from its consequences. Woodward convinced me that my world was not the only possible world, and that the rigid racial rules under which I had lived were neither as ancient nor as respectable as claimed by their ardent devotees. And so I went to Yale, because that's where Woodward was.

My graduate education took an unexpected turn when my first major paper, a study of slavery's fate in early Texas for Professor Howard Lamar's seminar on the American West, led me to one of Texas's most important writers, Stephen F. Austin.[8] The voluminous letters and essays of that wily impresario, the middleman between the Anglo settlers and their Mexican rulers, led me to believe that most of what I had been taught about the Texas Revolution—in school, in films, and by our beloved *Texas History Movies*—was, like so many other stories I grew up with, simply not true.[9]

I began to suspect that the conflict with Mexico was not the racial and cultural cleavage between Anglos and Hispanics as it had been so often portrayed, but instead a political and economic conflict that actually did not clearly split Texians and Tejanos along ethnic lines. Mexicans—*MEXICANS!*—had been important contributors to the Texan revolt against Mexico's Centralist government, and many of them became valued citizens of Sam Houston's Texas Republic. And yet that quaint little republic, as it began in the 1840s to experience economic stagnation and increasing border warfare, became a cauldron in which powerful racial antagonisms were brewed.

As I expanded upon these themes the following semester in a paper for Woodward's seminar in American race relations, I was sowing the seeds of my Yale dissertation, and indeed, of my own strange career of writing Texas history for the rest of my life.[10] I came to realize soon enough that I was pushing against the grain of accepted academic historiography in Texas, and even more so against the cherished beliefs of popular culture in the Lone Star State. I was, as it were, messin' with Texas.

As I labored to construct a new understanding, one might say a new paradigm, of the causes and consequences of the Texas Revolution, the two writers from whom I drew the most inspiration were George M. Fredrickson and Thomas S. Kuhn. The former should be no surprise. Fredrickson's keen analytical mind made him one of the world's greatest historians of comparative race relations.[11] But it was Kuhn's seminal work, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, that taught me the importance of small, seemingly inconsequential factual anomalies in overturning flawed theories and developing new explanatory paradigms.[12]

Kuhn's philosophical muse, Francis Bacon, became mine as well, as I absorbed his aphorism that truth arises more readily from error than from confusion.[13] My writing career has been fueled primarily by discoveries of small, seemingly insignificant errors that have led to the unraveling of some basic assumptions, both academic and popular, about early Texas history. Significantly, many of these errors of documentary misinterpretation concerning the Revolution show

that theory, in the form of a ruling paradigm, especially a theory so universally accepted as to be assumed almost unconsciously by researchers and writers, can ride roughshod over what should have been stubbornly resistant facts.

For example, a virulently racist anti-Mexican speech, allegedly given by Sam Houston at a key moment in the Texas Revolution, turns out, after a bit of skeptical detective work, to have been composed in Europe, and in the German language, many years after the fact.[14] In another case, a letter supposedly describing an outcry by Hispanic residents of San Antonio that Anglo settlers were polluting the soil of Texas with their presence, is revealed instead, upon closer examination, to be a complaint aimed by the *bexareños* at the soldiers of the Mexican Centralist Army who were occupying their city.[15]

Both of these signal errors of documentary analysis were made by very good, even prize-winning historians who had committed the methodological sin of finding what they were looking for. A good research historian, I like to tell my students, doesn't know what the hell he's looking for because it very likely hasn't been found yet. When these historians thought they had found what they were looking for, they uncritically accepted or even misread the evidence before them, as all of us are prone to do, because they thought they knew what it was going to tell them. To put the matter more precisely, they were trying to verify their assumptions about racial and ethnic division as the essence of the Texas Revolution rather than to rigorously test this hypothesis, even to the point of trying to falsify it.

This kind of rigor is good historical method, just as it is good scientific method. When such pains aren't taken, the results can take the form of neatly footnoted claims that are refuted by the very documents that are supposed to prove them. As Mark Twain supposedly (but unverifiably) said, "What gets us into trouble is not what we don't know. It's what we know for sure that just ain't so!"[16]

Finally, I should note the very great influence on my work of one more writer, the Haitian-born anthropologist and historian, Michel-Rolph Trouillot, whose brilliant book, *Silencing the Past: Power and the Production of History*, provided much of the theoretical framework for my own *Sleuthing the Alamo*.[17] I've come to believe, with Trouillot, that one of the most important tasks of the historian is to unearth the silenced voices of the past, especially those voices of the powerless or persecuted souls whose valuable perspectives could well be lost without our efforts to reclaim them, and to save these voices, when they *are* heard, from tendentious distortion by those with the power to produce our most popular histories.

I'll close with an example of such distortion which many of you have perhaps seen without realizing it: a quotation attributed to José Antonio Navarro that's carved in stone near the entrance to the Bullock Texas History Museum in Austin. These are words that I will not recite here because they were actually written, not in Spanish by Navarro in 1842, as is alleged by the limestone panel, but in English in 1967 by a well-meaning but historically challenged South Texas football coach, who didn't hesitate to make up a good quotation when he needed one.[18]

The quotation was too good to be true, but because the equally well-meaning creators of our Texas History Museum were desperate to find a dramatic quotation by an acceptable Tejano hero, the bogus quotation, which was neither verified nor falsified by adequate research, was just too good not to use. It became one of those things that we think we know, but that just ain't so.

NOTES

1. Dan Jenkins, *Baja Oklahoma* (New York: Atheneum, 1981).

2. James E. Crisp, *Sleuthing the Alamo: Davy Crockett's Last Stand and Other Mysteries of the Texas Revolution* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2004).

3. John Howard Griffin, *Black Like Me* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1961).

4. "Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard," in *The Works of Thomas Gray*, *Vol. I: Poems*, edited by the Rev. John Mitford (London: William Pickering, 1836), 101.

5. Larry McMurtry, *The Last Picture Show* (New York: Dial Press, 1966).

6. C. Vann Woodward, *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1938).

7. C. Vann Woodward, *Origins of the New South, 1877-1913* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1951); C. Vann Woodward, *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* [Second revised edition] (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966).

8. *The Austin Papers* were published almost a century ago in three volumes, all edited by Eugene C. Barker. Volume I, in two parts, was published as Volume II of the *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1919* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1924): Volume II was published as the *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1922* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1928); Volume III was published by the University of Texas Press in Austin in 1927.

The two essential biographies of Stephen F. Austin are: Eugene C. Barker, *The Life of Stephen F. Austin: Founder of Texas, 1793-1836* (orig. pub. Nashville, TN: Cokesbury Press, 1926; Texas History Paperback Edition, Austin: University of Texas Press, 1969); and Gregg Cantrell, *Stephen F. Austin: Empresario of Texas* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1999).

9. Jack Patton and John Rosenfield, *Texas History Movies* [Collectors Limited Edition] (Dallas: PJM Publishing, 1985).

10. James E. Crisp, "Anglo-Texan Attitudes Toward the Mexican, 1821-1846," (Ph.D. diss., Yale University, 1976).

11. George M. Fredrickson authored and edited a host of important books, most of which dealt implicitly or explicitly with the subject of race relations in comparative perspective. As I began my own work on Anglo-Texan attitudes toward the Mexican, Professor Woodward called to my attention Fredrickson's then forthcoming work, *The Black Image in the White Mind: The Debate on Afro-American Character and Destiny, 1817-1914* (New York: Harper & Row, 1971), which proved enormously helpful in clarifying my own thoughts and sharpening my analysis.

Fredrickson's most important other interpretive works are: *White Supremacy: A Comparative Study in American and South African History* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1981); *The Arrogance of Race: Historical Perspectives on Slavery, Racism, and Social Inequality* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1988); and *The Comparative Imagination: On the History of Racism, Nationalism, and Social Movements* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997).

12. Thomas S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* [Second edition, enlarged] (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970).

13. The dictum that "truth emerges more readily from error than from confusion" is from Bacon's *Novum Organum*, and may be found most readily in Kuhn, *Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, 18.

14. The "Houston" speech is found only in the Texas Revolution memoir of Herman Ehrenberg, a young member of the New Orleans Grays who survived the mass execution of Texas

prisoners at Goliad and escaped twice from his Mexican captors. See James E. Crisp, "Sam Houston's Speechwriters: The Grad Student, the Teenager, the Editors, and the Historians," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* 97 (Oct., 1993), 202-237. For more on the elusive German, see James E. Crisp, "In Pursuit of Herman Ehrenberg: A Research Adventure," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* 102 (Apr., 1999), 422-439.

15. The complaint of the San Antonio *tejanos* is described in John J. Linn to James Kerr, July 30, 1835, in John H. Jenkins, ed., *The Papers of the Texas Revolution, 1835-1836,* 10 vols. (Austin: Presidial Press, 1973), I:288-289. Historian David J. Weber cited this letter in asserting that the *tejanos* believed the recently arrived Anglo aliens to be "a worse than Savage set." See Weber, *The Mexican Frontier, 1821-46: The American Southwest under Mexico* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), 254. After reviewing my critique of his reading of the document, Professor Weber graciously acknowledged his probable error in interpreting this letter. See James E. Crisp, "Race, Revolution, and the Texas Republic: Toward A Reinterpretation," in *The Texas Military Experience: From the Texas Revolution through World War II*, Joseph G. Dawson III, ed. (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1995), 32-48, 200-210. See especially pages 207-208, note 41.

16. According to William Safire, the actual author of this oft-quoted "Twain" aphorism was "Josh Billings," the *nom de plume* of Twain's friend and contemporary, Henry Wheeler Shaw. William Safire, "Introduction: On the Need To Know," in *The New York Times Guide to Essential Knowledge* (New York: The New York Times Company, 2007). See also *Mark Twain's Letters: Volume 3, 1869*, edited by Victor Fischer and Michael B. Frank (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1992), 406, 409-410.

17. Michel-Rolph Trouillot, *Silencing the Past: Power and the Production of History* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1995). My most explicit use of Trouillot's notion of the respective "moments" of historical silencing may be found in *Sleuthing the Alamo*, 179-188. I should mention that Trouillot's seminal work was first pointed out to me by the late David J. Weber.

18. The full story of the "Navarro" quotation is told in James E. Crisp, "*¡Mucho Cuidado!* Silencing, Selectivity, and Sensibility in the Utilization of Tejano Voices by Texas Historians," in *Recovering the Hispanic History of Texas*, edited by Monica Perales and Raúl A. Ramos (Houston: Arte Público Press, 2010), 111-135. See also James E. Crisp, "José Antonio Navarro: The Problem of Tejano Powerlessness," in *Tejano Leadership in Mexican and Revolutionary Texas*, edited by Jesús F. de la Teja (College Station, Texas A&M University Press, 2010), 164, n. 45.

19. Daniel James Kubiak, *Ten Tall Texans* (San Antonio: The Naylor Company, 1967), 53.

20. José Antonio Navarro to Don Antonio López de Santa Anna, 19 September 1843, in "Jose Antonio Navarro and Santa Fe Expedition, 1841-1845," [E. C.] Barker transcripts from the Archivo General de México, [Dept. of] Guerra y Marina, 338:14-17 (quotation, 16), Dolph Briscoe Center for American History, University of Texas, Austin (my translation).

21. Joseph Martin Dawson, *Jose Antonio Navarro: Co-Creator of Texas* (Waco: Baylor University Press, 1969), 73.

22. Jacob De Cordova, *Texas: Her Resources and Her Public Men*, Second Edition (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1858; reprint, Waco: Texian Press, 1969), 152.

23. See above, note 16.

24. David McDonald, *José Antonio Navarro: In Search of the American Dream in Nineteenth-Century Texas* (Denton: Texas State Historical Association, 2010). My review of this book appears in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* 115, no. 2 (October 2011): 219-220.

Texas History And Good Writing

Andrés Tijerina

DR. TIJERINA: What a pleasure it is to follow Jim Crisp. How should he take that, he asks. You'll find out.

Jim and I have been on a long journey together. I read his dissertation and I felt like it was part of my heart that someone had read, and when I met him I realized that he felt that way about my dissertation, and we were like little brothers who had discovered each other, and we've been that way ever since. He was talking about doing guest lectures. He's guest lectured my classes when I was teaching at UTSA.

But it's really a journey that I've been through that I'd like to share with you. I've been asked to speak to a group about philosophy. We are talking about philosophy today, we're exploring philosophy and we're probing the truth—the word has come up already—and at the same time, I want to share with you how I think that history is inextricable to that search for philosophy. We're not up here as doctors of history, we're up here as doctors of philosophy.

And it's because we do probe philosophy and it is because we're all looking for the truth that I'd like to just share with you a journey that I've been through, a journey in my own life in trying to reconcile and to rationalize myself as a Texan, myself as a historian, that I ask you to join me in this journey and just follow along with me as we probe what is the role, also, of history in philosophy and what is the role of history in literature. The people in this room all know philosophy, they're looking for it, but they all know good literature as well, and I'd like to just ask you to join along with me.

My journey began, I guess I first became aware of myself and my role in the world and in Texas, when I was about five years old, living in a cotton field, and I say living in a cotton field because we were not allowed to live in town when I was five years old. I'm talking right around 1950.

I'm 68 years old, I was born in West Texas in the hills of Ozona in the Hill Country, but I didn't live in Ozona, I lived in cotton fields for a few years, until I was about thirteen. And as you all know, at that time a person like me with my name was not allowed, nor my family or relatives, allowed in restaurants, barbershops, swimming pools, and even many public schools.

And for me to go to one school for nine months was really unusual. To even live in a house in town, I used to look up at the Mexican-Americans in the barrio, and I'd say, "Look at the rich people." They had one home and they stayed in it all year round. But I was able to get through school, I always say, notwithstanding my teachers' best efforts. I almost thumbed my nose at them when I graduated from high school because they so wanted me to be a credit to my race as a printer or a plumber, and instead I got a high school diploma.

But I went to Texas A&M. That's right, I are an Aggie. And the way Gregg and I calculate it, both of us being Aggies, we've got you outnumbered.

But as an Aggie, my brother Albert and I—he was two years older than I, he was a senior and I was a sophomore at A&M, and it was the middle of the Viet-

nam War, and it's when I first became aware of my role in this country and as a Texan, when I told him that I didn't think that because we were in the Corps, we were both commanders in the Corps at A&M, he was the head drum major of the Aggie Band, he was in the Ross Volunteers, a distinguished student for eight semesters— but we were both going into Vietnam because we were both pilots, and he was graduating.

And I told him: "Albert, I don't think that we ought to go and fight for these white people, they've done nothing but mistreat us all our lives, they've always called us Mexicans, and I just can't imagine, you're getting ready to go right now in the Air Force and I'll be following. We're going to get killed for a bunch of white people that hate our guts."

And Albert thought and then he answered finally, and he says, "You're right, we're not going to fight for a bunch of white people." And I said, "Right." He said, "We're going to go fight for a bunch of Americans who did help us get through high school; we're going to go fight for people who did teach us that we're Americans, let us go to a great American university, commission us in the United States Air Force."

And he said, "We're not going to go fight their war; it's our war. It's not their country; it's our country, and when George Washington defended the principles of the Constitution, he didn't defend a political war, it was his nation and it was his Constitution."

And he said, "This is our nation and it's our Constitution, and you and I have a responsibility to help those people who helped us because they need our help. We're going to come back, he said, and we're going to help those people; you're going to be a historian and you're going to write books." And I said, "I am?" He said, "Yes, and I'm going to be a lawyer."

Well, as it turned out, he was killed. We were both pilots, we both got the Distinguished Flying Cross, but he was killed. And I've never forgotten that.

And I know that when I go through this journey to come before you, I didn't come here alone, I do have good people. Fran Vick and I share a lot in common. She had an Aggie brother, she and I have visited at the TIL. My colleague here on the right, at the same time I was at A&M, he was at Rice, he went on to Yale, and we've both come back and we're both at the same place, Jim. It's been a long journey, but we're here. That's how I reconcile that I'm a Texan, that's how I reconcile that I'm a historian. And I want to ask you to visit with me, come along with me as I rationalize now how I became a historian.

History, I found, is what gives us legitimacy in our identity and in our own being. History can not only give us legitimacy, history can deny us. As Jim says, one of his heroes is Michel-Rolph Trouillot, who tells us: History not only produces, history also silences. And I also saw what it's like to have my history, my heritage, my culture denied and silenced. History can de-legitimize, just as it can legitimize. I saw that role. History plays a significant function as narrative.

All along, ever since the 1500s, Cabeza de Vaca, we all know, in 1536 wrote the first history in his *Relación*, his history of his journey through Texas, probably the first history of Texas, but it was not just a journey, it was not a journal, it was a history and it was a compelling history. He, along with other Spaniards,

Juan Agustín Morfi, a Franciscan friar, who wrote the first legitimate *Historia de Tejas* in the 1770s, Morfi wrote a history of Texas and it was a legitimate history of Texas, but he described the flora, the fauna, he described the *pobladoras*, the first pioneers of Texas. He described what it was like to establish the government of La Provincia de Tejas, the first province of Texas under New Spain. It was compelling history but it was compelling literature as well.

These people were then followed by other Mexicans, Spaniards and other Anglo-Americans then, like Henderson Yoakum, who came from a totally different direction and wrote a history of Texas. It was a history of Texas but it was compelling literature and it stimulated people not only to read, it stimulated people to immigrate, and more than anything else, it was a narrative that gave them identity.

And it's in that formation that I saw not only does it play the function of giving identity, it gives us the formal narrative of what it is to be Texan and what Texas was. But I saw also how it began to become literature, I saw that, and I'm going to give you some phrases of writers like Walter Prescott Webb, who was one of those people who could write good history, legitimate history, but at the same time, he was writing good literature. I'm going to read you a couple of passages from his book on the Great Plains, ostensibly a geography, but we all know that it was a history of Texas and it was a narrative in which he was telling, from his own value base to an almost esoteric audience, what it's like to be a Texan.

He was very prosaic. He personified nature because he was creating this land of Texas. Texas was exceptional to him, it was more than just a geography, it was a special place, it was a place of opportunity. He said, in describing it, giving life to nature, he said about the cattle kingdom that "south of San Antonio the plain swings to the southeast, causing the timberline to meet with the coast."

And with a phrase that compelled the Anglo-American reader, Webb wrote: "On the northeast side of the cattle diamond, then, stood the future cowboys, on the southwest line were the Mexican cattle, and on the southeast the Gulf gave protection, but the empire of grass lay above."

And then he created his narrative of Texas, saying: "In the long run, the Texans had the best of it and the Mexicans found the land north of the Rio Grande untenable, they abandoned their ranches and retired from the scene." This is Texas history, but it's more, it's brilliant literature, it's compelling, it captures the reader, and it creates a sense of identity and a whole sense of history, personal history, not just state's history. This man could, I think, equally and fairly be compared to Thomas Babington Macauley in his own play with the forces of life, the peoples of England in Macauley's great history of England, and I do not doubt at all that Macauley's history of England was a model for the whole cohort that Webb was part of.

But I also saw a counter-narrative that I want to share with you of Américo Paredes. Webb is called the dean of Texas historians. Paredes became the dean of Mexican-American historians because Paredes produced, for the first time, for the rest of us in Texas who did not relate to Webb's history, the counter-narrative.

Paredes wrote about: "To the memory of my father," he said, "who rode a raid or two with Catarino Garza, and to all those old men who sat around on summer nights in the days when there was a chaparral, smoking their corn husk cigarettes, and talking in low, gentle voices about violent things, while I listened."

This was the Tejano narrative. This is the man who answered Webb's stalwart Texas Ranger, personified now and really memorialized, either in books or in bronze, over at Love Field, as a stalwart Anglo-Saxon, one ranger, one riot. Paredes said, when he wrote about Catarino Garza and about his Mexican-American heroes: "So many Texas Rangers mounted just to catch one Mexican." That was the counter-narrative that gave us a hero. He was a precursor in the development of Tejano history.

And so I was able to see that really history was becoming literature. I could see that history, scholarly history, gave us objectivity, it gave us credibility, and it expanded history through the 20th century as we could see greater histories, even Tejano histories coming out, by being scholarly, by being objective. History was able to expand the readership by force of logic, but also by showing that history can be, by being truthful, even more dramatic than myth. History, by being documented, can bring a wider readership. History, by being scholarly, is every bit as artistic, every bit as philosophical as just downright good literature. Thank you.

Q&A

MS. MONDAY: Well, we knew it was going to be good, and it was. Each one of them did a marvelous job. Let's give them another round of applause. Our time is short. I think we can take maybe two quick questions. Does anyone have a question that they'd like to ask?

VOICE: I need to hear the quote, James. What's the quote by Navarro?

DR. CRISP: I can give it to you in a moment, but first a bit of background. I've been into the internal files of the Bob Bullock Texas State History Museum and I must say that the planners were very careful about how deeply the letters were to be inscribed into the limestone and how large those letters ought to be, but they never bothered to confirm the provenance of the quotation.

Navarro's quote on the wall is a part of a larger quote that Dan Kubiak wrote for his little book, *Ten Tall Texans,* for junior-high students back in the 1960s. The full quotation is: "I have sworn to be a good Texan, and that I will not forswear. I will die for that which I firmly believe, for I know it is just and right. One life is a small price for a cause so great. As I fought, so shall I be willing to die. I will never forsake Texas and her cause. I am her son."[19] The last two sentences are the words that are carved on the wall, along with a notation stating falsely that the quote was a translation from a statement made in Spanish in 1842 (when Navarro, by the way, was being held captive in prison in Mexico for his role in the abortive Santa Fe Expedition).

Look, Navarro was every bit the Texan hero that that quote implies, but he actually said in 1842, as he wrote Santa Ana from prison, was: "*Soy siempre Mexicano*,"[20] (I'm always [going to be] Mexican), and that he regretted that there had to be a revolution against Mexico. As we were saying last night in another conversation, Navarro, like Robert E. Lee, when Lee was offered the command of the Union armies by President Lincoln, had to choose between his nation (Mexico) and his home state (Texas), and like Lee, he chose his home.

What happened is that the totally bogus quotation, invented by Dan Kubiak, was repeated in the only would-be scholarly biography of Navarro written in the entire 20th century.[21] This fact alone shows you the depth of the blindness and the silencing that had gone on in Texas history. The only twentieth-century biography of this very important man was written by a 95-year-old former preacher at the First Baptist Church of Waco, and the reason he wrote the book is because he was from Corsicana, the county seat of Navarro County (Corsicana being named after Navarro's father, who was Corsican).

The quote was repeated in this Navarro biography, with Kubiak's book duly footnoted, and when the Bullock Museum had about 120 different nominations for what should go on those four limestone panels, that today include words from Sam Houston, Tom Lea and my former neighbor Larry McMurtry, they really wanted to keep that one Tejano as one of the finalists. And I don't know if that led them not to look too closely at the provenance, but I think what happened is that the contractors were on their way and the schedule was such that they had to build that big museum, and they said, oh, hell, just put it up.

VOICE: What is the quote: *Soy siempre Méxicano*?

DR. CRISP: No. *Soy siempre Méxicano* is not on the Texas History Museum's walls. That's what he wrote from prison to Santa Anna. The alleged Navarro quotation that probably inspired Kubiak was written in the 1850s by a friend of Navarro's, Jacob de Cordova. It goes something like this: "I have sworn to be a free Texan. I shall never foreswear."[22] This quote is not to be found, however, in any of Navarro's own writings.

This is the quotation, attributed to Navarro, that probably inspired Dan Kubiak's invented words, but we can't be sure because Dan flew without footnotes. He was a well-intentioned guy, who became for 30 years, off and on, a Texas state legislator. He was unquestionably well-meaning. It's very unusual for an Anglo Texas historian in 1967 to make three or four of his *Ten Tall Texans* Hispanics. He also had a chapter on Juan Seguin, and maybe one on Madame Candalaria (he could have left her out). There were undoubtedly good intentions all the way around. But there was a construction deadline looming, they had a quotation that was just too good to be discarded—and unfortunately it was also too good to be true.

Let me make a shameless plug. Arte Público Press in Houston has put out a volume called *Recovering the Hispanic History of Texas*, and what I argued in my chapter in that book is that a lot of nineteenth-century Tejano voices got distorted and silenced and twisted by twentieth-century Anglo historians,

sometimes accidentally, sometimes through innocent mistranslations, but often through tendentious mistranslations, and as we've just seen, by just this sort of well-meaning blindness to real evidence.[23] All of which means we need to get back to the documents and do our work as historians.

Finally, I want to second what Lonn Taylor said earlier today. I recently reviewed David McDonald's new biography of José Antonio Navarro, and it is a superb work, thirty years in the making.[24] There's a ton of information there. David McDonald found three mistakes that I had made in the earlier chapter-length biography of Navarro that I wrote for Frank de la Teja in his book on Tejano leadership. I want to thank McDonald for his corrections, because truth arises more readily from error than from confusion.

MS. MONDAY: We're going to take the last question over here.

VOICE: Very quickly, first of all, thank all of you for a wonderful presentation and sharing so many of your experiences. But I have a question for both Jim and Andrés, given the demographics of our state and the country and the tremendous, I think, responsibility that we have to really engage the hearts and minds of young people in the richness of this history and the opportunities that they have for learning and for really how it can affect their lives in the near term and certainly in the future, what are we doing to try to bring the same kind of attention to the importance of history as we have with math and science and some of the other things that this society has addressed, and certainly the Academy of Medicine, Engineering, Science and Technology that has really pushed the other agendas forward, but this is so rich and so important, and so I ask that question.

DR. TIJERINA: Well, I tried to say that I think it's already happening. This generation of historians that you see before you was trained by scholars who really did teach us to discipline ourselves to a scholarly objectivity in our interpretations. I think it's already being done.

What can be done, you're asking. I think to continue with what we have now, universities that sponsor the scholarly research of history because that's what's going to give us a much more true history, true to not only the documented fact that Jim is talking about, but true to the demography. That will happen by itself in our search for truth, in our search for documentation and for scholarship. That's what's going to give us a Texan who sees in her own heritage, his own heritage the future and their own place in the future of Texas.

DR. CRISP: I'd just add that we need to do a lot of missionary work. On my way down from Clay County to Dallas, I stopped in Decatur for a couple of hours and taught a 75-minute AP Texas History class in a junior high school there and gave a 20-minute talk to other students at their lunch period. I can't remember how many seventh-grade and fourth-grade classes I've done in Texas; kids in these grades are great, especially the fourth graders—the hormones haven't quite kicked in yet and they're kind of easier to get to than seventh

graders. They're also just beginning to see themselves as individuals who can think for themselves.

A fourth grader who is the son of the librarian at Henrietta High School came by as I was there to donate some books at the end of the day. He began asking for titles on the Texas Republic; I think a seed of real interest had been planted.

And so I would encourage all of my colleagues never to turn down an opportunity to speak to a junior high or elementary school class in Texas history if they want to bring this appreciation of history. And I didn't pull any punches with my high school students on Wednesday. I was even more blunt with them than I have been with you. I don't want to get thrown out of this organization.

MS. MONDAY: Mike, did you want to say something?

DR. CAMPBELL: Since we are in the business of shameless self-promotion, I'm associated with the Texas State Historical Association. We have a very, very active education program, I think of the sort that you're asking about, that tries to go out and work with students at all levels. I would urge you to go to the TSHA's website and read about our educational programs, and if by any chance you don't belong to the Texas State Historical Association, I would really urge you to join because we are in the business of doing exactly what the original question asked.

DR. CUMMINS: I just want to add as I finish a two-year term as the official state historian, I've traveled tens and tens of thousands of miles, spoke to thousands of people and hundreds of groups and venues, black, white and brown, and I can assure you that out there, from El Paso to Sabine Pass, from Dalhart to Brownsville, there is intense and burning interest in Texas history from all quarters. I'm very optimistic, we have a lot to work with, and not every state can say that.

MR. GULLEDGE: John Gulledge, Abilene. When I travel outside of Texas, I get a lot of feedback about the selection of textbooks for the teaching of history in Texas. I wonder if the panel would comment on that.

MS. MONDAY: It will have to be very quickly. We're getting over our time.

DR. CRISP: I talked about this with the high school students. In a ten-minute interview two years ago with Chris Matthews, Tom Delay mentioned five times the special relationship that Texas has with the federal government due to the treaty by which Texas came into the Union. There is no such treaty.

But my real target with this criticism is not Tom Delay. I found out from a former head of a university history department that his publisher (a nationally famous one), when they were preparing his diplomatic history of the United States, told him to put in the story about the treaty between the United States and Texas, and he said what I just said, there wasn't a treaty—there was one

signed, but it was roundly defeated in the United States Senate and thus never ratified. The publisher said: yes, but the Texas schoolbook people really want there to be a treaty—it makes them feel good.

And so the political pressures that you're seeing in the last few years are not new, they've been there for a long time. History, as I told those students, is not something that ought to make you just feel good. It ought to be based on some kind of evidence. And when you've got a system that puts a school book commission in charge of putting baloney into school textbooks, you've got a political problem. You guys are the movers and shakers in Texas, and you ought to do something about it.

MS. MONDAY: Andrés is going to end this. This is our last comment.

DR. TIJERINA: It's the other half of what Jim said. I was at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Chicago just a couple of weeks ago, and you don't hear—get this, you do not hear the word "Texas" spoken there, it's the big schools of the United States that are members of the AHA, you just don't hear the name Texas, you don't see it in the sessions, you don't hear people talking about Texas, very rarely do you even hear the word "Texas" at the entire four-day conference.

But they did have this year one whole session dedicated to Texas, and the subject and the title of the session was something like the danger of the Texas social and political imperative in the social studies. And the discussion led by eminent historians is that there is a danger, that the Texas experiment in putting these political and social imperatives into the textbooks could threaten academia across the nation.

They were even discussing—and they did write a formal letter to the attorney general of Texas, the AHA did—they were discussing the possibility of removing accreditation from the Texas high schools if they insist on doing this. You want to go to Harvard? Well, you just may not be accredited as a high school graduate if the Texas Board of Education insists on doing this.

MS. MONDAY: Thank y'all for coming.

Chapter V: Texas Writers Talk About Their Organizations

Lee Jackson

MR. JACKSON: We have one more panel on our program today. We had no idea that we were going to relive the Texas Revolution, the Civil War, Reconstruction, all right before our panel. It has turned this sedate gathering of literati into a raging political convention, which I guess is one successful outcome of a gathering of scholars and amateurs and interested Texans and observers of Texas. I thought that was a great panel, and I hope you won't view our discussion of the narrative form anticlimactic.

I'm Lee Jackson, the chancellor of the University of North Texas System, and when Fran asked me to lead a panel on Texas writers and their institutions, I took the most charitable interpretation of her request and so I assumed that she did not want me to dwell on the ample history of writers who have been institutionalized. I thought she must have in mind a panel, after we had covered Texas history and the broader scope of Texas literature, a panel on which distinguished Texas writers would reflect on the positive impact their university has had on their career. Dr. Cummins and Dr. Crisp, both did a little of that today in talking about the role of their university, but I envisioned perhaps finding some articles and some talks on topics with titles such as: Scintillating discussions at our faculty senate meetings; the profound wisdom of my president at my university; how, without my university and my colleagues, I would have been a mediocre hack; or my favorite, my inspiring system chancellor.

However, in spite of the long experience that several of these panelists have had with our university, the University of North Texas, none has written anything remotely like those subjects that I've been able to find. So I looked at my small library of Texana and found you can look at many great books about Texas and find little or no reference to literary communities, literary institutions, or sadly, universities.

Frederick Law Olmsted wrote a book about his 1854 saddleback ride across Texas in which there was no mention of universities because, of course, there weren't really many and so he didn't talk about it much.

Larry McMurtry, who had some connection to UNT, wrote *In a Narrow Grave*, you've all read that, again, not much about universities, his own or any others, except this one comment about Austin. He talks a lot about Texas cities, and he says of Austin: "There are indeed a fair number of first-rate people on

the faculty of the university, but for the most part, these are all people whose accomplishment guarantees them the freedom to leave Austin frequently, a freedom most of them take full advantage of." And then he changed the subject; that was Larry McMurtry's last comment on universities.

Dan Rather wrote a 1977 autobiography and he gave glowing tribute to Sam Houston State's Journalism Department, a powerful story about what a teacher can do and what a university can do to support unsophisticated young students.

Finally, in a 2003 anthology, *D Magazine* published the Thirty Greatest Stories from our First Thirty Years, and I looked through the index and there it was, the story I was looking for that this audience would be fascinated by: "The Professor and the Love Slave." Yes, it was a college professor, it was a fascinating story, however, I found out it was a UNT professor, so I didn't want to feature that story. It was not Mike Campbell, by the way, I want the record to reflect.

So that's our background of how we came to this panel with three authors talking about their very respected institutions and associations, and they're all in some way associated with universities and literary affiliations. I'll introduce them all three now and then they'll appear each without further introduction.

Darwin Payne has lived in Dallas a long time, thirty years on the faculty at SMU. He's written histories of not only the City of Dallas, the Dallas Citizens Council, the founding of DFW Airport, our own little regional revolution based on real estate and institutional and popular jealousies, and now an institutional history of SMU. But he is a member of the Texas Institute of Letters, and he will, perhaps—since I don't know what these three gentlemen are going to talk about—he will, perhaps, talk about the Texas Institute of Letters.

Darwin, I will not bring up what Larry McMurtry said about his attendance at those gatherings.

C.W. Smith, also affiliated with SMU, a widely published author of many books, magazine articles. He does have an excerpt in our esteemed Fran Vick's anthology. C.W. Smith's excerpt is about education but it's at a lower level, at the high school level, again not about colleges. But he may choose to comment about either PEN or his experience in the Dobie-Paisano Retreat Program.

And then lastly, George Getschow, who, for sixteen years wrote for and edited at the *Wall Street Journal*, received the Robert Kennedy Award, a finalist for a Pulitzer Prize, also a member of the Texas Institute of Letters, but I suspect he's on the panel because he has not quite singlehandedly, but almost so, created a unique residential literary program affiliated with UNT's Mayborn School of Journalism in which we hold a summer institute in Archer City for aspiring writers. You talk about a sense of place, not everyone would have said that June, July and August would be the time you would go to create this sense of place in Archer City, but George and our faculty have made it an extraordinary and successful program. And in July in Grapevine, sort of the opposite sense of place, we have a weekend conference and bring the leading non-fiction narrative writers in the country in non-fiction journalism to be part of the Mayborn Literary Conference, so he's also created a literary association.

So Darwin, you're first.

Texas Institute of Letters

Darwin Payne

DR. PAYNE: Thanks very much, Lee, and thanks to all of you for inviting me here. It's really a thrill to be here. We Texans in 1936 were in a celebratory mood and for good cause: we were observing 100 years of independence. Here in Dallas, the great Centennial and Exposition was providing a bright interlude to the dreary Depression days. All things Texas were being celebrated. Yes, even literature. Governor Jimmy Allred declared the week of November 9 as Texas Literature Week, commending the "stirring prose and poetry representative of the thoughts and feelings of Texas people throughout her romantic history."

Now, that week in 1936, seventeen outstanding Texas writers came to Dallas and created the Texas Institute of Letters. Their goals, the same that we have today, were to stimulate interest in Texas letters, to recognize distinctive achievement in the field, and to promote fellowship. The writers who came, fiction, non-fiction, poets, met in the lecture room at Fair Park's Hall of State Building.

Perhaps the best known of them, J. Frank Dobie, at first questioned the value of such an organization, but he soon developed some enthusiasm and said there was a chance it could do some good for the culture of Texas. He gave the new organization's inaugural address. He served as president for the first four years and for the first twenty-five years he was the dominant figure in the Texas Institute of Letters. He insisted that the institute should be a group of genuine, intelligent writers, not pink tea poets or sentimental scribblers.

The seventeen writers present at that organizational meeting included people such as Dobie, the historians Walter Prescott Webb, Eugene C. Barker, folklorist John Lomax, poet Karla Wilson Baker, the rancher-writer J. Evetts Haley, and SMU English professors Henry Nash Smith and John A. McGinnis.

Now, these people felt a need to enlarge their membership and so to create the first charter members, they first established a list of twenty-five writers, including themselves, of course, whom they considered eminently qualified for membership. That group of twenty-five then nominated other worthy candidates and fifty writers were chosen to be charter members of the Texas Institute of Letters.

So how were they to recognize outstanding achievements? The practice of giving awards began in 1939 with the selection of the Best Texas Book of the Year. The committee faced a dilemma: there were two outstanding works, Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*, and Katherine Anne Porter's *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*. The choice finally was Dobie's *Apache Gold*, a choice that greatly disappointed and irritated Porter, and I believe she harbored some ill feelings for some years after that.

Since then, some of the award winners have included such familiar authors and titles as George Sessions Perry's *Hold Autumn in Your Hands*, John Lomax's *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter*, Tom Lea's *The Brave Bulls*, Walter Prescott Webb's *The Great Frontier*, Paul Horgan's *Great River*, John Spratt's *The Road*

to Spindletop, Lon Tinkle's *Thirteen Days to Glory*, John Graves' *Goodbye to a River*, Larry McMurtry's *Horseman Pass By*, and also *Lonesome Dove*, Katherine Anne Porter's—yes, she finally made it—*Ship of Fools*, William A. Owens' *This Stubborn Soil*, Willie Morris's *North Toward Home*, Robert Caro's *The Path to Power*, and Cormac McCarthy's *All the Pretty Horses*.

There was no monetary award for the winners in the early years, but in the organization's tenth year in 1946, the Dallas businessman Carr P. Collins began giving a $1,000 prize for the Best Texas Book of the Year. When Dobie won his award in 1952 for *The Mustangs*—another award, I should say—he was presented with what was then the $1,000 reward provided by Mr. Collins, well known, by the way, as a teetotaler and fundamentalist Baptist. Dobie accepted his award, and from the podium promised Mr. Collins, who was sitting in the audience, that he too knew something about using his money wisely. And he said, "Do you know what I'm going to do with this check, Mr. Collins? I'm going to spend half of it laying in a supply of Jack Daniels Bourbon and the other half on scotch." He said he wanted Mr. Collins to come and visit him at his ranch. Together they would build a great fire, prop up their feet on the mantle and drink toasts to everyone they could think of.

Dobie suddenly paused because all eyes seemed to be focused on Mr. Collins. He sensed something amiss. He said, "I don't know, Mr. Collins, whether you prefer bourbon or scotch, maybe your choice is rye or brandy; whatever it is, I'll lay in a supply. By the way, what is your favorite drink, Mr. Collins?" Mr. Collins rose, smiling, and said he would let Dobie drink all that whiskey by himself. "My favorite drink, Mr. Dobie, is Dr. Pepper."

He took no offense for he later endowed the Carr P. Collins Award, which permits us now to give a $5,000 award for the best non-fiction book of the year.

Now, when the great Tom Lea won the award in 1949 for *The Brave Bulls*, he was terrified to hear that he was expected to make a few comments. He confided to a few that he had never spoken in public in his life and he simply didn't know if he could do it. SMU's history professor and a member of TIL, Herbert Gambrell, told him: "Just write down whatever you want to say and just read it." So Lee wrote out his words on a card, and when the dreaded moment came, holding that three-by-five card in trembling hands, he carefully read his response: "Well, I certainly do appreciate this." And then he quickly took his seat.

Last April at our 75th meeting in Dallas, the Texas Institute of Letters awarded $21,000 for winning works in ten separate categories, with the top prize being $6,000 for the best work of fiction, and that's from a fund endowed by the Jesse H. Jones Foundation.

Our categories now include: Best First Novel, Best Scholarly Book, Best Volume of Poetry, Best First Volume of Poetry, Best Short Story, Best Children's Book, Best Young Adult Book, and Best Design of a Book, as well as the Best Fiction Book. A few of these awards are endowed, a few are sponsored for a specified period of years, three or five, usually, and the rest we finance from our membership dues. So we're always on the lookout for outside funds to secure permanent financing for these awards.

Presently, we have about 250 members in TIL, and I'm pleased to say that you've heard from a good number of them today. Each member pays $50 a year in dues. We have no paid staff. Our members, especially our officers and council members and active past presidents—Fran Vick, by the way, is a past president, and others are present as well—these people do the work. Winners of our annual contests are chosen by committees for each category and our awards are presented at each annual meeting. This year we'll meet at the Menger Hotel, April 13-14 in San Antonio.

Potential TIL members never know that they're being considered for membership. They're nominated by TIL members, seconded by another, and they must be approved by a four-fifths vote of the council before being submitted to the entire membership for a vote. A few weeks ago at our council meeting, we considered twenty-nine nominations and approved sixteen of them, possibly a record number. I think our numbers proportionately are about the same now, according to the population of Texas, as they were in 1936.

One of our important annual awards is given in honor of Lon Tinkle, the mainstay of TIL for many years, and this comes for outstanding contributions over a lifetime. You'll recognize a lot of the winners of this award: Tom Lea, John Graves, William A. Owens, Larry McMurtry, Elmer Keltin, Horton Foote, Américo Paredes, Cormac McCarthy, William H. Goetzman, Bud Shrake, T.R. Fehrenbach, Bill Wittliff, Marshall Terry, Larry King, and someone you'll hear from in a few minutes, C.W. Smith.

One of our most significant activities, perhaps our most significant one, is our Dobie-Paisano Fellowship Program, done in partnership with the graduate school at the University of Texas at Austin. This is one of the premier writer retreat programs in the nation. Each year we select two outstanding young writers for a half-year stay at J. Frank Dobie's ranch, Paisano, outside of Austin. They live here in solitude in Dobie's old ranch house in a very lovely setting. They're given a generous stipend so that they can concentrate on whatever writing project they choose, and they have there the isolation required for extended creative efforts.

There's intense competition for these awards, and an elaborate screening process has been devised in selecting them. An idea of some of those who have been chosen as Paisano fellows may be seen in such names as: Bill Porterfield, the very first one chosen; A.C. Greene; Gary Cartwright; Jan Reid; Sandra Cisneros; Dagoberto Gilb; Oscar Casares; Sarah Bird; and C.W. Smith again.

Over the years these fellows have produced more than 200 books and numerous films, plays and television specials. They're funded by two separate endowments that provide those generous monthly stipends: the Ralph A. Johnston Memorial Fellowship which carries a stipend of $5,000 a month for September 1 through December 31, and the Jesse H. Jones Writing Fellowship, February 1 through July 31 with a smaller stipend, $3,000 a month.

Ralph A. Johnston, by the way, was the Houston oilman and a friend of Dobie's who purchased Paisano from the Dobie estate and gave the property to the University of Texas for this purpose.

The ranch house, a small frame one that is quite quaint, is constantly in need

of repairs and we're always seeking funds to help with that major project.

And now I'm going to give another introduction for the person you'll hear from now, one of our former Paisano Fellowship winners, C.W. Smith, who has spent creative time at the ranch. He recently retired as the Dedman Family Distinguished Professor at SMU, is the author of nine novels, a collection of short stories and memoir. Aside from his tenure as a Dobie-Paisano Fellow, he's twice been awarded creative writing fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Texas Institute of Letters has honored him through numerous awards, Jesse Jones Award for Best Novel in 1973, in 1998 the Stanley Walker Award for Journalism, Kay Cattarulla Award for Best Short Story, and the Lon Tinkle Award for Sustained Excellence in a Career.

So now we'll hear from C.W. "Charlie" Smith about his days at Paisano.

Texas Is the Place, But Not the Purpose

C.W. Smith

PROFESSOR SMITH: Thank you, Darwin. I hope you don't mind if I wrote my remarks because I understood they were going to go into the minutes, and if I was just allowed to stand here and yak, we would get quack-quack-quack in the transcript and yadda-yadda. So to stick to my time and because I promised Fran Vick—because she made me promise—that I would read a little bit of something I'd written that was sort of related to the topic, I've got my text here.

I'm pleased to speak today as a poster boy for the Dobie-Paisano Fellowships. Mine came at a crucial time. I had two small children, and though Farrar Straus and Giroux had just published my second novel, *Country Music*—by the way, Lee, that book is set in Denton—my wife and I had been living on part-time jobs in Missouri. The stipends allowed me to write for a year without worrying about that next dollar.

The fellowship put me on 267 acres west of Austin in a house a long stone's throw from Barton Creek, where I was alone for part of my stay. I had no television, cell phone or internet service. I had a typewriter, a stack of books, a radio, and a land line with an unlisted number. I can't stress how important it was to have large blocks of quiet time to mull, to stew, to ponder and wonder. I could write without worrying when I might have to stop, I could consider an idea, upturn it to see its underside and set it on a shelf for later. The process that produces my best work involves being a nester and a loner.

And almost everything about writing books, whether it's novels or biographies or histories, runs against the grain of our culture. Americans prize noise and communal thinking and we're hurried along at a frenetic pace until we're hooked on the speed itself. Sitting alone and building a book word by word is to communication what traveling by Conestoga Wagon is to transportation, and it's easy to get very distracted by the whirlwind that's running around your head all the time. With everything in our lives discouraging quiet reflection, to offer

a place these days to a writer who needs it makes the ranch and its stipend an even greater luxury and an even greater service.

At Paisano, I immersed myself in the state's natural treasures and its rich literary culture. I confess that when I came to the old Dobie ranch, I had never read J. Frank Dobie, nor had I read the seminal works of his pals, the eminent historian, Walter Prescott Webb—whose name I've heard mentioned about three dozen times today—and the naturalist, Roy Bedichek. The bookshelf at the ranch was an eclectic grab bag of books left behind and a dozen books by Dobie. Webb's famous tome on the conquest of Mexico and Peru entered into my mulling and stewing and pondering. And Bedichek's *Adventures with a Texas Naturalist*, I used as a reference source for my explorations atop the limestone bluffs and along the creek and in the pastures that surrounded the old house.

I learned where the biggest rattlers were along the old crumbling stone fences, where the water moccasins sunned themselves on gray boulders at the creek, put up with a nearby rancher's bull that persisted in grazing on UT grass, chased armadillo and deer out of my garden, startled a raccoon that broke into my kitchen, learned the names of rainbow lace cacti and chinaberry trees, sumac and red oak, canyon wrens and barn swallows, learned what lantana and coreopsis were, what karst means to limestone, how to tell a harmless kingsnake from its deadly look-alike, the coral snake, how to survive when a rising creek cuts off your access to civilization for days.

Once I was crawling on my belly along an old goat path, halfway up the bluffs from the creek, and I came nose-to-nose with a coiled rattler, I learned that if you freeze then back slowly away, it will lower its head and stop shaking its tail. What I thought was, though, that if I got struck on the face, I was a goner since it would have taken me an hour to get back to the house.

At that time the ranch was a twenty-minute trek to Austin, and while in residence I met dozens of writers, editors, artists and artisans, many of whom I've stayed in contact with. Prior to my residency, I was the only published author I knew personally and my editor and agent in New York were my only professional connections. Living at Paisano brought me into the Texas Institute of Letters when I won the best novel award that year, and through the TIL, I drew strength and support for a career.

As a result of the fellowship, I eventually came back to Texas to be a reporter for the *Dallas Times Herald*, and then later, a member of the English faculty here at SMU. The return has made a tremendous mark on my books, for better or worse, but I've labeled my talk here "Texas is the Place, But not the Purpose" to draw a distinction between writing about a place and writing about people who live in a place. We novelists write about people who have problems, conflicts, missions and goals, obstacles, yearnings and desires, disappointments and dreams. It matters little where they live, but since they live among us, they wind up with Texas drivers licenses.

Though they live in Texas cities, not one of my characters has ever roped a calf or worn a Stetson, few of them have seen a rattlesnake and wouldn't expect to, none of my characters has any interest financially or otherwise in the

production of cattle or oil, none of them wears cowboy boots. The people I'm interested in writing about aren't aware of themselves as Texans, though they do know where they live, they understand, for instance, why you might need a wool sweater more in July than in February.

Of the eleven books I've published, all but two are set in Texas. My fourth novel, *Buffalo Nickel*, was published by Simon & Schuster after I devoted ten years of researching the lives of some select Kiowas and Comanches from the last quarter of the 19th century on up through the 1920s. The sequel to that book, *Hunter's Trap*, was set in El Paso in 1929. My collection of short stories, *Letters from the Horse Latitudes*, contains stories set in Texas.

The novel, *Understanding Women*, features a young narrator who leaves his Dallas home in the summer of 1956 to work in the oilfields and returns to find this city embroiled in a censorship controversy over artworks displayed in the Dallas Museum of Art. My novel, *Gabriel's Eye*, focuses on a scandal generated by an art teacher at a high school that looks a good deal like the Booker T. Washington High School for the Visual and Performing Arts here in Dallas. That's the book that was referred to in the literary Dallas comment that Lee made.

For decades, I've been interested in life on the home front during World War II. Beaumont busted its own seams during the war when the Pennsylvania Shipyard and other defense facilities began cranking out war material. A riot occurred in July of 1943, provoked by a false rumor that a black man had assaulted the wife of a sailor overseas, a riot that claimed several lives and resulted in the acting governor sending in the state militia to maintain order.

This event became the backdrop for my novel, *Purple Hearts*. I wanted to tell about how immense and sweeping social changes occurring in a short time could produce tremendous upheavals in the human psyche. I used a simple boardinghouse situation to refashion the plot of a movie popular at the time called *Since You Went Away*.

The riot in Beaumont was an indigenous example of a countrywide phenomenon. That same year, riots broke out in other American cities for much the same reasons, the most famous one being, of course, the Zoot Suit riots in L.A.

With my most recent book, *Steplings*, I aim to depict what you might call an anti J.R. Ewing sort of world. Much of the book is set in that decidedly blue collar suburb of Dallas called Mesquite. To my knowledge, this is the only serious novel to ever locate its characters there.

My protagonist is an eighteen-year-old high school dropout whose reformed alcoholic father works for the City of Mesquite. His wife, the boy's mother, died of ovarian cancer two years before the story starts. The widowed father, Burl, meets a divorcee, Lilly, in AA and they marry. She brings an eleven-year-old daughter to the marriage and a newly fabricated family situation rubs both children wrong.

Jason, the son, longs to make his mark on 6th Street in Austin as a singer-songwriter and to coax his one true love to come back to him, and his new stepsister yearns to live with her father who is on the physics faculty at UT. The trouble starts when the kids run away together, provoking an Amber alert.

I'd like to close by reading a brief passage, it's actually an out-take of this new novel. In this scene the two children have their first exchange alone together as step-siblings on the day of their parents' wedding:

On a Saturday afternoon in August 2003, Burl and Lilly were wed in Burl's backyard and then they and their sweltering guests, mostly AA friends and co-workers, caravanned to the Cracker Barrel on Galloway for dinner. Lilly had bought matching Hawaiian shirts, red with yellow flowers, for Burl and Jason, but Jason emerged from the house seconds before the ceremony wearing cargo shorts, flip-flops and a T-shirt that claimed he was a medical marijuana patient. At the restaurant he ordered a hamburger and fries but left the table without finishing. Lilly noted his absence and whispered to her daughter, Emily, to go tell him there would be wedding cake as soon as everyone had eaten.

On the porch, Jason was smoking Marlboro Lights one after the other and eyeing the big white rocking chairs with disdain. The restaurant's old feed store thing got on his last nerve—vittles. He counted Buicks and Lincolns in the lot. The Buicks were all beige and the Lincolns white. You could either do that or go crazy standing under the ceiling speakers while they rained down Kenny Rogers' cheesy old ditty about a gambler. Out here it was so hot he couldn't feel the difference between the smoke he exhaled and the air he inhaled, and the diesel plumes and the reflecting billboard flanks of semis thundering by on LBJ somehow made it hotter.

Emily first went into the restroom where she dawdled at the sink. She grimaced to inspect whether turnip greens had stuck in her braces. She took her glasses off and rubbed the lenses with liquid soap, greasy between her thumb and forefinger, and wiped them with a brown paper towel rough as canvas. Although Lilly had untied Emily's pigtails and brushed out her hair, it looked oily and stringy from sweat, and she thought, with a tinge of pride, that she was the ugliest girl in the world. She was also the only person at their table of twelve who could work that stupid golf tee puzzle.

As she passed through the retail shop, fatties were lumbering from one overloaded twirly stand to another, agog in the fairyland profusion of peanut butter chews, chocolate covered cherries and pecans, saltwater taffy, caramels, twists, mints. Their big swaying butts put small children at risk, she thought, and she darted around two rhinos careening on walkers and beat them to the swinging doors.

Jason stood in the shade at the far end of the porch. He saw her coming and made a show of lighting a fresh cigarette off the one plucked from his lips, and then he flicked the old one into the parking lot.

"That's littering." Emily flung herself into a big rocker next to him, clenched the arms and pitched to and fro as if testing for its tipping point. Jason planted his left foot on a runner to burden it.

"Why do you smoke? Don't you know it's bad for you?"

"Is it really? Dang. Thanks for telling me."

"That's sarcasm. Nitrogen oxide, carbon monoxide and cyanide, for instance. You ever hear of cyanide? They executed people with cyanide gas. My father says smokers are killing themselves very slowly."

"Maybe I want to die young and handsome."

Emily pushed up from the rocker and fidgeted her bodice into comfort. Her dress sported giant polka dots big as the balloons at a kid's birthday party.

"They want you to come and hear the toasts and have cake. They've got virgin champagne. I think they call it that because a virgin is a girl who isn't married and now Mom is married again."

"Oh, that's not what a virgin is."

"Yes, it is."

"A virgin is--oh, never mind. Virgin champagne means no alcohol in it. Google it if you don't believe me."

"My father says alcohol isn't good for you. It's against his religion too. He's Hindu but Mom is not."

"You're going to have to buy me a notebook and a pen."

"Why?"

"To keep track of your daddy's wise sayings."

"Well, that's sarcasm too. You're a sarcastic person. I'll bet you ten dollars that he's a lot smarter than your father."

"Well, that might be. Yours was smart enough to dump your mom and mine was dumb enough to pick her up."

If he had thought twice, he wouldn't have uttered that, and he was instantly sorry when her chin quivered into a big prune and her brown eyes, huge behind those lenses, puddled up.

"It's all their fault. If it wasn't for her and him, I could live in Austin."

She didn't bolt after delivering this but stood glaring, radiating her intensity like a brandished chainsaw, her angry little form silently repeating what she said and would keep on, he guessed, until he responded. She had grit, anyway. Of the many tricks God had played on him in the past two years, having this twirp descend out of the blue made the top ten.

"Guess what, son, you're going to have a stepsister."

Instantly, he dreamed it might be a girl his age, somebody cool to hang with, somebody who could explain Lisa to him and maybe act as a go-between, but no.

Thank you.

Mayborn Creative Nonfiction Conference

George Getschow

MR. GETSCHOW: Okay. How many of you have been to the Mayborn Conference? Well, I'm standing here today to convince you to join our tribe of storytellers.

Ira Glass, the rock star of National Public Radio, had grave reservations about coming to the Mayborn Conference a few years ago. He had been to a writers conference on the East Coast, and he told a *Dallas Morning News* reporter that he had an awful time and wasn't sure he wanted to come to the

Mayborn conference. He said he found the East Coast conference pious and pretentious. And he questioned he'd find the Mayborn Conference any better. In his mind, the term "literary nonfiction conference" conjures up images of schoolroom boredom, he said.

Glass, as many of you know, hosts "This American Life," an hour-long radio version of classic narrative storytelling traditionally confined to print. Glass edited an anthology called *The Kings of Nonfiction*, a collection of long-form narratives pulled from a tall stack of "best of" he kept behind his desk for years. He used these print stories as role models for telling stories on the radio. I read Glass's anthology—all gems from the golden era of long-form storytelling– and concluded that he had the right stuff to become one of the Mayborn's most memorable speakers of all time.

Then I read his pre-conference interview in *The Dallas Morning News*, and began having nightmares that Glass might step off the podium following his presentation Saturday night at our "Literary Lights" dinner and announce to the assembled press that he considered the Mayborn Conference a big dud. I didn't know what to expect. So imagine my relief when, during a noisy reception following his presentation, Ira took a step toward me and whispered in my ear. "Hey, George, I'm so glad you talked me into coming to your great conference."

Am I convincing all of you to come to this year's conference? We have great storytellers lined up—from writers like Mary Karr and Susan Orlean to Gay Talese and Mark Bowden, to top-flight Texas storytellers like Steve Harrigan and Bryan Burrough.

People ask me all the time to describe the Mayborn Conference. I usually say it's more like a literary rock concert than a somber gathering of serious-minded writers. Jake Silverstein, the editor in chief of *Texas Monthly*, came to the conference last year and sent me a one-sentence note afterward giving his take on the conference. "The Mayborn Conference is Comic-Con for non-fiction nerds."

That's a weird way of putting it. And it's entirely accurate.

Our conference features everything from mariachi bands and ballet dancers to bawdy ballads by storytellers who tell off-key renditions of their stories by music. In every way our gathering is more playful than pious; it's more suited to Ira's quirky, playful personality than to Shakespeare's.

Our emphasis on merrymaking isn't serendipitous. From our inception, we felt having fun and promoting good storytelling were not mutually exclusive. Turns out, Ira shared our philosophy. "At any kind of serious venue where thoughtful people talk about how to make their work better and how to make work that will have some kind of importance, one of the things that gets left out is the thought of how important it is that you amuse yourself while you're doing it. We're in a pretty serious business and we slog away long and hard hours, often in seclusions."

Alma Guillermoprieto, a Mexican-born journalist and author who writes extensively for the American and British press, is also a dancer. To demonstrate how difficult great storytelling is, she literally pulled a ballet dancer across the

stage of our conference a few years ago, yanking her by the arm, putting her through these grueling steps. "We don't do pretty," she told our crowd of writers. "We do tough and we do true. Alma was showcasing, in a physical sort of way, what it takes to grind out a story. Her point was it takes grit to be a storyteller.

My colleague Bryan Burrough, who addressed the Philosophical Society earlier today, offered some valuable lessons in storytelling when he spoke at the Mayborn Conference a few years ago. But, for me, it was a personal essay he wrote for *Mayborn Magazine*, that remains seared in my consciousness.

The piece was about how after the phenomenal success of *Barbarians at the Gate*, he encountered through this long, dark period in his writing career where he faced literary failure after literary failure. Then, late one evening when he was channel surfing, he came across a grainy documentary of John Dillinger and the Chicago area gangsters. The documentary triggered a memory of his grandfather telling a story over Thanksgiving dinner how, as an Arkansas sheriff, he used to man roadblocks across escape routes used by Dillinger and a horde of other Chicago area gangsters.

The memory of his grandfather's dragnets against Chicagoland gangsters inspired Bryan to write *Public Enemies*, a best-seller, which also became a major motion picture in which Bryan actually played a part he knows well, a newspaper reporter.

So *Public Enemies* ended Bryan's dark days in the literary world and taught him a valuable lesson: write stories in which you have a personal stake, stories in which you have a deep-seated emotional connection to your subject, stories that you care deeply about. These are the kind of stories that can sustain us during our dark days, days all of us face if we take up the writing life.

We might write in different genres—novels, biography, memoir, history, documentary, poetry—but we're all storytellers. And as storytellers, we play important roles in society. Whether we're writing a work of fiction or nonfiction, our mission is to tell stories that illuminate, instruct, provoke, make us think, make us feel, and help us understand the human condition.

At the Mayborn, Ira Glass said the best stories touch us at the core of our being. Stories are a backdoor to a very deep place in us, he told our audience, a place where argument and reason don't really hold sway. And that's why at a time when we're told long-form storytelling—whether in books, magazines, newspapers, documentaries—are facing extinction, the Mayborn Conference has risen up to say hogwash to that.

At the Mayborn we're helping create a new crop of literary nonfiction writers each year. We conduct a national book writing contest, which has seen once-obscure writers from around the country win major book publishing contracts each year.

Writers like Susannah Charleson, whose memoirs, *Scent of the Missing*, was published by Houghton Mifflin and is being made right now into a television series for HBO.

Writers like Donna Johnson from Austin, whose memoir *Holy Ghost Girl*, about growing up evangelical, was recently published by Gotham Books.

Writers like Tony Schwamm, who is a retired lieutenant colonel with the U.S. Special Forces, who had never been published by anyone anywhere. He submitted his essay to the Mayborn Conference, it won the first-place prize and a $3,000 cash award. Jim Hornfisher, a literary agent, read Tony's account and thought, *My goodness, what a story.* He asked Tony if he wanted to work with him on a book contract, and Tony said, "Yes, I'd love to work on a book contract with you." Simon & Schuster is about to publish his book, *Trek*.

At lunch this afternoon, Lonn Taylor told us that *Walton*, Isabel Davis's book, was one of the books considered for the 2012 Award of Merit for the Best Book in Texas. That's a story that the Davises submitted to the Mayborn Conference for five years, it was in our workshops for five years before it was ready for publication and before it was ready to receive the accolades it has at this conference. Such success stories happen all the time at the Mayborn Conference.

And word of the Mayborn's literary success has gotten around. The Mayborn writing competitions are now attracting nonfiction storytellers from around the country who are all in search of new literary plateaus. Maybe some of you have been published, literary journals, college presses, maybe you're looking to achieve a new plateau. Coming to the Mayborn Conference is a good place to launch your literary assent—submitting your work, meeting authors, networking with them. We're kind of a literary nexus for narrative nonfiction writers, agents and publishers.

Many once-obscure writers have gotten published in our literary anthology called *Ten Spurs*. And that's a big thing because literary agents and New York publishers are reading *Ten Spurs* in search of the next Tony Schwalm, the next novice writer who has the chops to make it into book publishing.

Ten Spurs was recently selected by Robert Antoine as a notable special issue for the 2011 Best American Essays. That essays and books submitted to Mayborn Conference are getting published and getting noticed by the New York publishing community is a big deal.

The Mayborn Conference also runs a Writers Workshop in Archer City. It's an intensive ten-day course in literary nonfiction. Before coming to the workshop, students study the work of Larry McMurtry, arguably America's greatest western writer, who hails from Archer City. Larry talks to the students about writing life. And some of the student writers who have attended the Archer City Writers Workshop have published newspaper articles, magazine features and books that have come out of their Archer City experience.

Larry seems pleased with our workshop. How do I know? Because he wrote in his latest memoir that even though his effort to transform Archer City into a nationally acclaimed Book Town never materialized, he said it has turned into a kind of "seminar town" for would-be writers like the students who attend my Archer City Writers Workshop each summer just before the conference.

But even if you're not interested in our writing workshops and our writing competitions, you'll learn more about storytelling from attending the Mayborn's weekend lectures and panel discussions than you would attending a four-year

creative writing program. Consider this year's galaxy of distinguished writers who are speaking at the Mayborn.

Writers such as Luis Alberto Urrea, a member of the Latino Literature Hall of Fame and a Pulitzer finalist for *The Devil's Highway.* Richard Rhodes, the author of twenty-six works of fiction and nonfiction, a history and memoir including *The Making of the Atomic Bomb*. He's coming at a good time with the concerns about nuclear annihilation in the news. His book, *Hedy's Folly*, which is about a Hollywood actress and inventor, is fabulous. Isabel Wilkerson will be there. She's the author of *The Warmth of Other Suns*, a Pulitzer Prize winner, a fantastic writer. Another literary luminary speaking at this year's conference is Debby Applegate, the author of *The Most Famous Man in America*. She is the winner of the 2007 Pulitzer Prize for biography. I could go on and on. We'll have about twenty writers, authors, literary agents, and publishers at the conference.

Speaking of biographies, we also run a national biography writing contest to create a new generation of top-flight biographers like Debby Applegate from the ranks of high school and community college students. This is a big-league project. Fortunately, we have some big-league partners helping us conduct this contest, including Biographers International and the George Bush Presidential Library and Museum. Students submit their biographies about someone in their community—a civil rights leader, a teacher, a fireman—anyone who is making a difference. Their submissions are juried by a group of well known writers and authors. Out of all the submissions, ten students receive a scholarship to attend the Mayborn Conference, where they participate in an all-day workshop and meet the nation's literary lights. The 10 students are also treated to something extraordinary: their stories are published in *The Dallas Morning News*.

We're also offering, for the first time, a Mayborn Fellowship for adults interested in writing deeply researched and well-crafted works of biography. The winner of our Mayborn Fellowship contest will attend a two-week residency in Santa Fe under the tutelage of Jamie McGrath Morris, one of the nation's leading biographers.

Now you know what the Mayborn Conference is all about. We're all about supporting and encouraging and nurturing storytellers of all ages. I should warn you, though, that the conference often causes dramatic changes in the ambitions of our Tribe of Storytellers. Most attendees depart at the end of our three-day weekend resolved to do whatever it takes to tell stories that matter, stories that speak to the human condition in ways that will surprise, even shock, our readers. For those who have the gumption and the courage to seek to climb that summit, the Mayborn Conference is tailor made for you!

End it.

Q&A

MR. JACKSON: Well, these were three accomplished, very modestly presented presentations, I thought, belying the Texas archetype. They both sold their programs but also maybe didn't give us a clear picture of what Texas needs.

So we've spent the whole day talking about trends in Texas history, we might close and ask if you have any questions about what these writers see as the needs of Texas. They sort of got close to it, and C.W. talked that Paisano needs repairs, Darwin talked about scholarship awards that are not completely funded, and George talked about all the things that the Mayborn program is building that could use support. But the real question is how are we doing in Texas, how are Texas writers doing, are the institutions and organizations there to provide the support, and do the universities have the right priorities.

So if you have any questions, go to one of these side mics. We have time for a question or two. I just wanted to leave on an encouraging, optimistic note. C.W., I wanted to report when you said that your book was set in Denton, I immediately went on Amazon sitting over here to see if there were copies. There were several copies.

PROFESSOR SMITH: They're cheap, too.

MR. JACKSON: No. Actually, here's an encouraging sign. There is a used paperback version of your book *Country Music* being sold for $79.98, a used paperback. Man, that's lightly used, that's either lightly used or you autographed it. But anyway, fortunately, there was a 29-cent hardback and a $9.50 collector's edition, which I have ordered and it's already being shipped to my house.

PROFESSOR SMITH: I'll be glad to sign it, Lee.

MR. JACKSON: I'll bring it for you to sign. I wanted to note two other authors. Talking about the power of the narrative, which is always George Getschow's theme, that no matter what the technology, there will be a narrative, all of our panelists have talked about the importance of Texas having a narrative, I want to recognize my colleague, Brian McCall. Not only is he a university chancellor, but his Ph.D. dissertation was good enough that it was turned into a published book, a real book, a hardcover book, not a vanity press, a real book, and that's because it's a good narrative.

And sitting right in front of Brian, I see Scott Burns, a new member of this organization, and I want you to know, Scott, I've read your columns for years, and the reason is that he can take annuities and turn them into a narrative, he can take anything and turn it into a narrative.

And so I read it from start to finish every time he writes a column, because it's a story that I can understand. Sometimes there's a person, this person is stranded in Florida, they just bought this condominium, it's under water, they're deciding what the options are, and he writes a narrative. Texas needs more great narrative writers.

No questions? Does anybody have questions for our authors? Well, Fran, I think what's next is the silent auction is about to finish, then we're going to have some book signings out there. In the Century Room, all the authors with books will be there.

Thank you all for being with us today.

Epilogue: the Future of Books

The Handbook of Texas and the Future of the Book

J. Kent Calder

MR. CALDER: The Future of the Book is such a large and loaded topic that it is hard to know where to begin. The landscape for the future of publishing changes daily, and one can get dizzy trying to keep up with it.

It wasn't that long ago that that "modem" was a phrase for how we got rid of dandelions, and "digital" had more to do with what you did with your fingers than with books. Only a few years ago, Barnes and Noble was the evil giant out to destroy the independent bookstores, as reflected in the 1998 movie "You've Got Mail," and now, according to a recent *New York Times* article, it is playing David to Jeff Bezos's Amazon Goliath, the last defense against a future in which bookstores and printed books no longer exist. The future of books is certainly a glass that can be perceived as both half empty and half full, and there is plenty to be alarmed about for those of us who love traditional publishing.

In fact, the original title that I proposed for this session was something lugubrious like, "The Death of the Monograph and the Crisis in Scholarly Publishing," or some such. When Fran Vick heard about that, she "gently" persuaded me, as only Fran can do, that such a topic was not what she had in mind, so I changed direction quicker than Texas weather in March.

And Fran was, of course, right. The story I want to tell you about the future of the book is an uplifting one. It's about carrying the dreams of the past into the future and the risks and challenges that are involved in doing so. And it's about the Texas State Historical Association, so in order to talk about the future, I, of course, am going to have to begin by talking about the past.

My story begins with this man: Walter Prescott Webb. Among the many organizational aspirations and accomplishments of the Texas State Historical Association that it is my honor and responsibility to do my part to preserve, protect, and further, is a project that was the "impossible dream" of Professor Walter Prescott Webb: *The Handbook of Texas*.

I am sure just about everyone in this room knows who Walter P. Webb was, and many know a lot more about him than I do. But for those of you who may need a refresher, I'll say simply that he was an extraordinary person. He was a member of the Philosophical Society of Texas for one thing. He was a scholar who wrote for a broad audience and became well known for such books as *The Great Plains* (1931), *The Texas Rangers* (1935), *Divided We Stand* (1937),

Walter Prescott Webb

and *The Great Frontier* (1952). In 1918 he first joined the history faculty at the University of Texas, and he remained a part of the department, despite brief sojourns elsewhere, until his death in 1963 from an automobile accident at the age of 74.

He also was director of the Texas State Historical Association from 1939 to 1946. According to Richard B. McCaslin's history of TSHA's first hundred years, *At the Heart of Texas,* published in 2007 and winner of the Philosophical Society Award of Merit, the germ of the idea for the *Handbook of Texas* began with Webb's TSHA predecessor, Eugene C. Barker, who had proposed a biographical dictionary project in 1932. In 1937, McCaslin relates, Barker said "that if TSHA had a million dollars, the publication of this work would be one of the things he would pursue."

Once Webb became director of the Association, he enhanced Barker's idea to encompass "a combination dictionary, biography and encyclopedia," a concept based on the Frederick Hodge's *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* (1907-10, 2 vols.). According to Webb, it would "be a reference to practically any topic on Texas history and . . . the most useful book that has ever been published in Texas."[1]

At the Association's Annual Meeting in Houston in 1939, Webb put forth an

ambitious "Program for Texas History, " and, by far, the most ambitious of the projects he mentioned in his address was a *Handbook of Texas History*.

"First in point of actual need is a *Handbook of Texas History*.... Such a work as this would be cooperative; it would require the assistance of every scholar in practically every field of study in Texas.... It would be indispensable to every editor, reporter, library, scholar, and teacher in Texas. It would be necessary for every library in the world that made any claim to being a working library. It would set the standard for spelling and pronunciation, and furnish the starting point of every investigation of things pertaining to Texas history."[2]

"Cooperative," "collaborative," "indispensable," "necessary," "set the standard," and "starting point of every investigation of things pertaining to Texas" were the terms he used to describe the *Handbook of Texas History*.

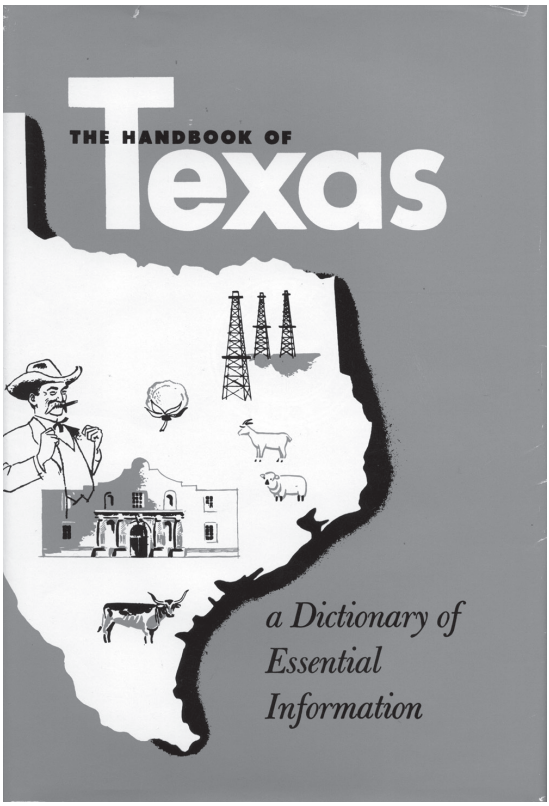
"Some may be appalled at the magnitude of such an undertaking," he continued. "I readily admit the task is great, but I do not consider it impossible. I think the task is in keeping with the magnitude of Texas, and I dare to believe that the people of Texas are more likely to be interested in a big job that is worth while than in a number of insignificant and inconsequential ones. It is the sort of job that will confer prestige on the Texas State Historical Association."

Webb announced the project publicly in the *Dallas Morning News* on November 17, 1940, as follows: "It would be the function of the *Handbook of Texas* to bring the essential part of this material out of the dark places, liberate it, put it between the covers of two great volumes, and send it forth into the world."[3]

Working closely with H. Bailey Carroll, who would follow Webb as TSHA director, and the members of what was then known as the Executive Council,

H. Bailey Carroll

Webb created the *Handbook*'s first editorial board, which included Eugene Barker, Herbert Gambrell, Evetts Haley, and Webb, among others. While World War II slowed the Handbook's progress, by the end of Webb's tenure as director in 1946, hundreds of authors, amateur and professional, had been recruited to write for the *Handbook*. Carroll became director of the Association in 1946 and would serve in that capacity for twenty years.



The first edition of the *Handbook of Texas* appeared in 1952 during Carroll's tenure as director. It was a two-volume set that contained approximately 16,000 articles and 2,000 pages and a print run of 3,000 copies. Within three months the first run was almost gone, and another 3,000 were printed. This edition of the Handbook sold for many years. In 1970, Walter M. Whitehill wrote in a *Times Literary Supplement* article on local history in the U.S. that it was the "best systematic work of reference on any of the fifty United States."

Joe B. Frantz (director 1966-1977) and Tuffly Ellis (director 1977-1985) were the next TSHA directors in line to further Webb's ambitious program. According to McCaslin, "Frantz and Ellis brought professionals and nonprofessionals together in a successful expansion of TSHA. [They] shared Webb's view that history should have a broad focus and should be accessible to a wide public."

This view accommodated changes taking place in Texas: women and ethnic minorities becoming active in the workplace and politics and wanting their stories told. Also, the economy was rapidly moving from agriculture to industry, and urbanization and immigration issues began to surface. To accommodate such changes, a third volume supplement, edited by Eldon S. Branda, was begun early in Frantz's tenure but didn't appear until 1977.

In his foreword to the supplement, Frantz wrote: "The first two volumes required twelve years of work. This third volume, a supplement rather than a revision, has taken another dozen years, in large part because of Branda's passion for perfection." 10,000 copies of the supplement were bound.

Not long after the publication of Branda's supplement, Tuffly Ellis brought to the Executive Council an even more ambitious idea, a new completely revised edition. The Council approved the proposal at the annual meeting in El Paso in

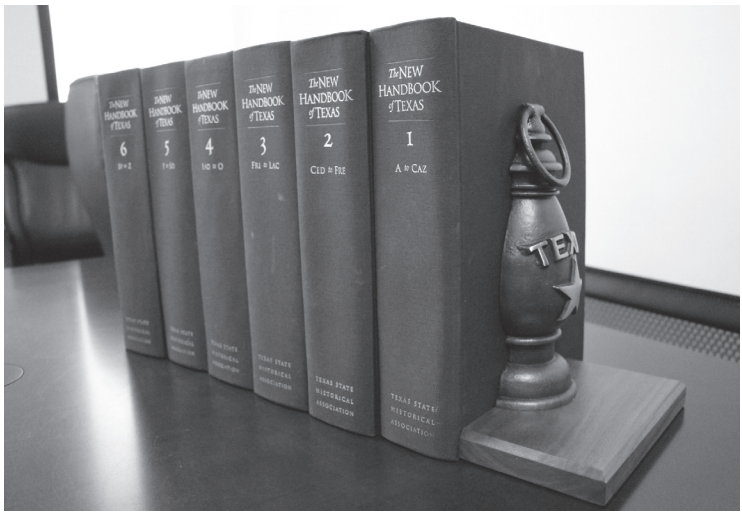
Handbook and Supplement

1981. The project became know as the *New Handbook of Texas*. By 1985, Ellis had nearly thirty staff members working on the *Handbook* at the TSHA offices, and many more collaborators at universities and colleges around the state.

Ellis envisioned a network of cosponsors through which the intellectual and financial resources of academic institutions around the state could be brought to bear on the task at hand. Twenty-eight colleges, universities, research centers, and historical associations agreed to participate in the project as co-sponsors. These institutions assisted with revision of the *Handbook* by contributing financial support, assigning staff members to work on the project, facilitating access to scholarly collections, and providing office space and logistical support.

More than 3,000 authors and readers researched and wrote more than 23,000 articles in the six-volume print edition. Between 1982 and 1996, when the six volume *New Handbook* appeared, more than 100 people served in one capacity or another on the *Handbook* staff.

New Handbook of Texas




Ron Tyler

In the July 1996 issue of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, then-director Ron Tyler wrote: "The *New Handbook of Texas* is finished. Pre-publication orders for approximately 4,200 sets left the printer in early June. The new edition includes 23,640 topics ranging across 6,945 pages in six volumes. Accompanying the articles are seventy-six color illustrations, 611 black-and-white illustrations, and 13,093 bibliographic citations. The final work represents a fourteen-year collaborative effort incorporating the work of more than 3,000 authors, editors, and readers that has been funded by twenty-eight institutions, sixty-one foundations, and hundreds of individuals." [4]

Less than three years later, in a bold move, the Association officially released *The Handbook of Texas Online* on February 15, 1999.

The Association, working with University of Texas General Libraries, created a test site so that programming and servers could be tested before a public announcement. The test site received more than 60,000 hits, including queries from sixty foreign countries during the first month, before it was announced.

Before the public announcement, an advisory committee weighed the pros and cons of charging to access the site or offering it for free. Some on the committee advocated that only TSHA members have access to the site; others argued that, "while the TSHA did have significant investment in the *Handbook,* volunteer authors who freely contributed their time and talent had written much if not most of it. In this same spirit, they urged that we share it freely with anyone who had access to the internet." [5] Thus the Handbook served as a fairly early model for "open access" publishing in the 1990s.

By June 2000, when William Ferris (co-editor of the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*) served as chair of the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Endowment was using the *Handbook* as a model for other states interested in encyclopedia projects to emulate.

Since it was first launched in 1999, the massive site has suffered some disruptions. It has been moved twice, but has now found a good home at the University of North Texas. Today, despite a limited staff, the Handbook continues to grow in terms of both content and usage. It has more than 27,000 articles currently. Under the guidance of Chief Historian Mike Campbell, we have recently added 400 hundred new articles through the *Handbook of Civil War Texas*

feature, and another 400 new articles will be added this year from the *Handbook of Texas Music*, second edition.

The *Handbook* is also still offered free to the public, and through tools such as Google Alerts, we can easily see where it is being used in websites, blogs, and newspapers, when it is cited. And it is used a lot.

Today the Association works closely with the Digital Projects Unit at the University of North Texas, which is one of the most advanced digitization operations in the state. Since 2008, we have worked with the UNT Libraries to redesign our site. And, as part of our 20-year contract with UNT to add content to the Portal to Texas History, we have digitized and made available the archive of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* and the *Texas Almanac*, which the Association acquired in 2008.

More than 60,000 cross reference links were added in 2009, which makes it easy for researchers to chart their own path through the *Handbook* according to their interests and inclinations. Also, we continue to collaborate with various groups to add content and support to the *Handbook* through such projects as an African American feature and a Houston feature. Such collaborations and joint fundraising provide one strategy for building the Handbook of Texas Online in the future.

Another strategy that we are adopting is currently being called a "freemium" business model, where basic services are given away for free, with other advanced features and services offered for a fee. Freemium is a synthesis of free and premium, the latter being a pay for use model. It involves the continued expansion of usage of the site in order to provide the largest possible audience for our products and programs. An important component of this strategy is to continue to build the number of unique visitors and that involves expanding the amount and value of our free content.

Revenues will come from new products sold in an enhanced online store, digital products developed from a wide range of digitized content, including ebooks, print on demand books and journals from the digital archive, customized content delivered digitally or by print on demand, sponsorships, grant support, and collaborative projects.

To understand the current reach and usage of *The Handbook of Texas Online*, I'd like to quickly walk you through some information derived from Google Analytics. Google Analytics is a very powerful tool for measuring a wide range of factors involving numbers of visitors, where they are coming from in terms of search engines or links from other sites, what kind of browsers they are using, what they are looking at, how long they are staying, whether they are repeat or new visitors, and a great deal more. What I will show you is just the tip of the iceberg of the kind of analysis that Google Analytics is capable of, but this information will give you a sense of how we can measure the reach and effectiveness of the *Handbook*.

In the course of the year around 3 million individuals came to our site for a total of around 4 million visits. Those visitors generated 10 million page views in the course of the year. Other interesting things to note include the following:

- October 3, 2010—new site launched and immediately crashed.
- February 2, 2011—ice storm, site crashed
- August 13, 2011—planned server maintenance outage

Daily usage peaks during the middle of the week and falls off on the weekends. Usage is also highest during the school year and less during school breaks because of its use by students at all levels.

A significant finding is how much usage for last fall is greater than the fall before. While some of that can be accounted for by the launching of the new site in the fall of 2010, you can see that last fall we are significantly outperforming not only the previous fall but also the previous two springs. For example, in October 2011, the site received more than 900,000 pageviews, a 33 percent increase over the almost 700,000 pageviews received during the previous October. What do you think accounts for that increase? One of the significant factors that accounts for it is the phenomenal rise in the use of mobile devices, which include both smart phones and tablets, and which we can track in Google Analytics.

Nine percent of total visits in 2011 were from mobile devices, as opposed to 3 percent of total visits during the previous year. In November 2011 alone visits from mobile devices were four times what they were the previous year. In December 2011 visits from mobile devices were 14 percent of total visits compared to 5 percent of total visits a year ago. The incredible proliferation of smart phones, tablets, and e-readers is changing the landscape for publishing almost faster than we can track it. According to a *Publisher's Weekly* article by Calvin Reid that appeared on January 24, 2012, and is based on analysis by Forrester Research: 25 million people in the U.S. own an e-reader, 34 million own tablets, and eight million homes have at least two tablets. Publishers of all kinds are gearing up to accommodate this rapidly changing landscape.

Visitors are coming predominantly from the U.S., but we receive visitors from almost every corner of the world. There seem to be just a few places near the Arctic and in Central Africa where there are no people at all reading the *Handbook of Texas*.

More than 70 percent of the traffic to our site gets there from a search engine. Only around 8 percent of visitors per year are coming directly to the site through a bookmark or some other means. This means that the *Handbook* shows up very highly in searches that have anything to do with Texas, and even some that don't.

Today, there are many digital regional and state encyclopedias. A recent study by the Internet Digital Encyclopedia Alliance (IDEA), a group affiliated with the American Association for State and Local History, listed twenty-three such projects that it surveyed for its report, *Toward a Community of Practice: Initial Findings on Best Practices for Digital Encyclopedias,* published last year. While these projects differ greatly in terms of technology, resources, and content—some being adapted from print projects like the *Handbook* and some being "born digital"—none have been around as long as the *Handbook* or have anywhere near the amount of content or usage. The *Handbook* has been involved with the IDEA group since it was created in 2006.

Walter Prescott Webb described the original *Handbook* as "the product of the collective literary genius of the people of Texas." And I believe he and H. Bailey Carroll would be gratified if they were around today to see that this "product" has been sent "forth into the world," as Webb told the *Dallas Morning News* in 1940, far beyond either of their wildest dreams.

Since the time of Webb and Carroll, the digital revolution has wrought a seismic shift upon the modern information landscape that has done nothing less

than remake our world. With stunning speed, advances in technology and digitization continue to transform and reshape nearly every aspect of how people access, experience, and understand the world around them.

The central challenge before the TSHA, then, is to seize the unprecedented opportunities of the digital age in order to reshape how history will be accessed, understood, preserved, and disseminated in the twenty-first century. The *Handbook of Texas* has led the way in the past, and, building on its traditions of strategic collaboration, volunteerism, wise leadership, and a wide variety of funding sources, it will continue to do so.

The TSHA in the coming years will embark on a bold initiative, similar to the one that Webb announced in 1939, led by members of the Board of Directors and a Digital Projects Task Force, and working with UNT Libraries, to digitize all of the intellectual property that the Association has developed over the last century and to leverage it in ways that will further its mission to foster discovery of Texas's remarkable past through cutting-edge research and teaching. In so doing we will capitalize on the momentous new opportunities of the digital age to expand the scope and depth of our work in ways never before possible.

NOTES

1. Richard B. McCaslin, *At the Heart of Texas* (Austin, TX: TSHA Press, 2007), 99.
2. Walter Prescott Webb, "A Program for Texas History," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly,* 1 (1939), 102.
3. Richard B. McCaslin, *At the Heart of Texas* (Austin, TX: TSHA Press, 2007), 99.
4. Ron Tyler, "Southwestern Collection," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, 100 (July 1996), 90.
5. *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, 105 (July 2001), 136-37.

The Future of Publishing: from Hardcover to Digital Ebooks and Beyond

Ron Chrisman

MR. CHRISMAN: Publishing has been in a state of transition in the last decade. It used to be that an author would write a book manuscript, find a publisher (or a literary agent to pitch the book to a publisher), sign a book contract, and receive a bound hardcover volume from the publisher. The publisher would place the book in retail bookstores and publicize the author and book by sending free review copies to newspaper editors, arranging booksigning events, mailing out press releases and direct mail pieces, and trying to land the author on Oprah or similar breakout media venue.

That sums up the traditional publishing experience. The difference now is that while publishers still do all these duties, the format of the book has morphed and the electronic "ebook" is beginning to dominate attention. Reaching customers has shifted from brick-and-mortar bookshops to online retailers, and publicizing the book to those customers is now done electronically as well through blogs, Facebook, and Twitter. Authors also self-publish far more than in the past, with the result that multitudes of books now flood the marketplace from both traditional publishers and self-publishers. Too many books are competing for the attention of fewer and fewer readers, especially the younger generations who do not read as much as prior generations.

What is a book publisher to make of all these changes? I have been in publishing for nearly twenty-five years at three different university presses, and have seen the transition from printed books to ebooks. We still perform our original mission as an academic publisher, which is to teach, to support scholarly research, and to reach out to the community. We do that by publishing both academic and popular interest books useful to the student and general reader alike. To ensure the highest quality publications, everything we publish is peer reviewed and approved by a faculty Editorial Board. Our authors range from professors to educated laypeople to first-time literary writers.

When I first started in publishing in the late 1980s, the biggest change to affect the industry had already passed, and that was the prominence of the

cheaper paperback edition and mass-market paperback. Academic publishing still concentrated on first edition hardcovers, though more and more of our titles were releasing in paperback once the hardcover sold out, or even premiering as a paperback-only title.

The next major change to affect publishing came in the late 1990s, with the advent of digital short run or on-demand paperback printing to supplement traditional offset printing. Now books that could not be reprinted conventionally—because of a low sales pattern—could be printed one at a time using digital technology. Books would never go out of print. The flip side of this new technology was that authors could afford to self-publish and bypass the traditional publisher if they wanted to. From our perspective, the publisher still acted as an important gatekeeper, choosing to publish only those works with quality writing about an important topic, for a given audience of book buyers. Books that were self-published did not meet our criteria but could still reach the audience the author desired.

Then ebooks arrived in the last decade. Initially publishers created ebooks from the same digital PDF file used to manufacture the book, and vendors like netLibrary and Ebrary sold the ebooks to educational institutions for library patrons to use. The Kindle from Amazon.com changed all that, now consumers can buy and read ebooks on personal electronic devices. Kobo, Google, Apple iStore, and others soon followed to sell ebooks directly to readers. Today ebooks can be read on numerous digital devices as large as a computer screen to as small as your personal cellphone.

With the rise of ebooks came the expectation that the price of the book must be $9.99 or less, the model Amazon chose to corner the market with its Kindle device. Most consumers do not realize that Amazon sells ebooks at a loss at this price and makes up for it only in volume and Kindle device sales. Publishers everywhere were shaken by this new super-low price for book content, a price that could not sustain publishing operations if every consumer switched to buying ebooks, instead of hardcovers and paperbacks. Consumers reasoned that ebooks should cost less because manufacturing was no longer an issue, but we publishers know that only a few dollars goes into printing the book, and the rest of the book's cost must cover the discount to the bookstore reseller, the author's royalty, and the publisher's editorial and design costs.

But the damage was done. Publishers fear that readers will no longer be willing to pay for books priced more than a paperback, whether ebook or in print. And fewer readers exist today among our latest generation of students because of the rise of electronic and other media entertainment, and a general unwillingness to read beyond the school years.

The final issue we wrestle with is the call for open access, to put our reading material online for free. This movement began in scientific journal publishing, but is trickling down to affect the humanities and social sciences. It is difficult for book publishers to deal with open access because we depend on sales of our books for cost recovery, to stay in business. But as a nonprofit university press, our mission *is* to disseminate scholarship far and wide. The main issue is shifting costs: open access is NOT free, someone still has to pay for it and for the work

of the publisher to bring forth the book. If we are to release book content online for free, we must be subsidized, and in my opinion *not* by the author or else we would be no different than a vanity press.

Today publishers straddle the traditional hardcover and paperback program with simultaneous ebook release. We think now of publishing a literary product that can take many different forms of consumption by a reader: printed book, ebook, chapter snippets, audiobook, you name it. We must think in terms of what the reader wants and how they want to read our material, and evolve and adapt to meet those needs. Publishers who stick their heads in the sand and refuse to innovate will perish.

What is the future of publishing? I believe some years from now we will be publishing the "processed" or "networked" book. For a book with an academic publisher, this would be a digital text set up for searching and querying as ebooks are set up now, but also embedded with links to check references instantly in the internet or digital cloud. The book would automatically be linked to a blog for readers to comment and interact with the author. It would also be linked in an online cloud to social networks of users and networks of other texts, so that you could interact with readers of similar books, find commentary on your book, and find similar scholarship that deepens your understanding of what you are reading now. Theoretically you could touch a key sentence on your reading screen and it would link out to all these sites for more analysis, fact checking, comparison, and discussion.

We're still a long way off from this gold standard of scholarly publishing. And printed books will never go away, at least for the foreseeable future, for as with every electronic revolution there will be bumps and setbacks, not to mention resistance from those who never desired to take part in the revolution in the first place. The printed book will always have a place on the shelf of those who love to read. I'll close with a quote from the former director of the University of Michigan Press, Phil Pochoda, in defense of print versus electronic: there's still much to be said for "solitary, unmediated, intensive engagement with a physical book that is identifiably authored, bounded, and stable."

Memorials

Thomas Davies Barrow
1924–2011

Thomas Davies Barrow, age 86, passed away on the 27th of January 2011. He was born on the 27th of December 1924 in San Antonio, Texas to Leonidas Theodore and Laura Thomson Barrow. Tom attended The Kinkaid School and graduated from Lamar High School in Houston. After a postgraduate year at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusets he attended The University of Texas, where he was a member of Alpha Tau Omega, and where he earned his B.S. in petroleum engineering in 1945 and an M.A. in geology in 1948. In 1953 he received his Ph.D. in geology from Stanford University. He served on active duty with the U.S. Navy from 1943-46 and in the Naval Reserve from 1946–61.

In 1951, he joined Humble Oil and Refining Company as a geologist in California. In 1970 he became its president and in 1972 was named senior vice president of Exxon Corporation and elected a member of its board of directors, responsible for Exxon's worldwide exploration and production activities. Dr. Barrow retired from Exxon in 1978 and joined Kennecott Copper Company as chairman and chief executive officer. After negotiating the sale of Kennecott to Standard Oil Company (Ohio) he served as vice chairman of Sohio until his retirement in 1985. He served as a director/trustee of over a dozen other public companies and industry associations.

Dr. Barrow was a member of the National Academy of Engineering and served on the Commission of Natural Resources and the Commission of Physical Sciences, Mathematics and Resources of the National Academy of Sciences. He was a member of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, American Geophysical Union and Society of Mining Engineers. He was elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Geologic Society of America and the New York Academy of Sciences.

The University of Texas awarded Dr. Barrow the Distinguished Graduate in Engineering in 1970, the Distinguished Graduate in Geology in 1982, the Distinguished Alumnus in 1985 and Distinguished Graduate from the College of Natural Sciences in 1991. He was a life member and former chairman of the Geology Foundation Advisory Council of the Jackson School of Geosciences, a Life Member of the Ex-Students Association, a member of the Chancellor's Council, U.T. Commission of 125 and the Centennial Commission.

Dr. Barrow was awarded the Distinguished Achievement Award from the Offshore Technology Conference in 1973; in 1974, the National Ocean Industries Association gave him the same honor. He was named Chief Executive of

the Year for the Metals and Mining Industry in 1979. He was named an Industry Pioneer by the Offshore Energy Center in 1998. The American Association of Petroleum Geologists honored Dr. Barrow with their Pioneer Award in 2010. He was named one of Houston's Men of Distinction in 2010.

His strong belief in giving back to the community led him to service on the boards of Baylor College of Medicine, Texas Medical Center, and Houston Grand Opera. He was a past president of The Petroleum Club and a member of Houston Country Club, River Oaks Country Club and several other Houston organizations. He was a former trustee of Stanford University, New York Philharmonic Society, American Museum of Natural History, Geological Society of America Foundation and Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, past president of the American Society for Oceanography and the National Oceanography Association, and co-founder of the National Ocean Industries Association.

Tom loved to travel. As a boy he traveled through pre-war Europe with his mother and grandmother, and had vivid memories of scenes which presaged that conflict. His business travels included early commercial openings to Russia, China and the Far East. He and his wife Janice took many wonderful trips together, including those with their grown children and grandchildren. They eventually visited all seven continents, achieving Tom's dream to visit Antarctica in 2009 at the age of 84.

He traveled the world but he loved Texas, its history, geography, wildlife and people. He was a gentleman rancher, a bird watcher and a bird hunter. Tom shared a love of music with his wife and they made many wonderful friends in the opera and symphony families. He was a lifelong supporter of his beloved Longhorns, through both sports and academic affairs. He loved God and His church, serving as Senior Warden of Christ Church Cathedral and St. Martin's Episcopal Church of Houston. He was a wise counselor to his church, his family and his community.

Frances B. Vick

Richard C. (Dick) Bartlett
1935–2011

Dick Bartlett was a nationally recognized figure in the direct sales industry, having worked his way up through the ranks at Mary Kay Cosmetics to ultimately being named vice chairman of the company. Bartlett guided the marketing strategies of the company beginning in 1973, including its 350,000-person sales organization.

Bartlett served as chairman of the U.S. Direct Selling Education Foundation and was named Outstanding Marketer of the Year in 1991 by the Southwestern Marketing Association. His guide to direct sales, *The Direct Option,* is considered to be the definitive work in the field.

A passionate conservationist, Dick Bartlett instilled in the corporate culture at Mary Kay a conservation ethic and a commitment to environmentally sound practices. As a result, in 1990, the company was given the first annual Earth

Friendly Award for Environmental Excellence and, in 1992, was presented the Regional Environmental Excellence Award by the Environmental Protection Agency. Additional awards and honors received under Bartlett's leadership were the Keep Texas Beautiful Award in 1993, The United Nations Environmental Programme's Fashion and the Environment Award, the Financial Times Television Award for Corporate Environmental Action, and the Governor's Award for Environmental Excellence.

Dick Bartlett was a consummate outdoorsman who enjoyed hunting, fishing, bird- watching, and more. An accomplished author, he co-authored *The Sportsman's Guide to Texas* and *Saving the Best of Texas,* a plea for the preservation of Texas' most significant natural areas and a prescription for collaboration to accomplish that goal. He was a life member of many conservation organizations, including Ducks Unlimited and The Coastal Conservation Association.

He is perhaps best known in the conservation world as a former Chairman of The Nature Conservancy of Texas, an organization that embodies the principles of the businessman, environmentalist, landowner, and sportsman. He was also an early champion of environmental education, serving as a member of the EPA's National Environmental Education Advisory Council and as chairman of the National Environmental Education Foundation, where an annual environmental education grant was established in his name.

In his private life, Bartlett owned and managed wildlands in the Hill Country of Texas, at Caddo Lake, and in the Davis Mountains. He was a member of the Texas Land Stewards Society and served on the boards of the Dallas Museum of History and Bat Conservation International. He was named an Alumnus of Distinction of the University of Florida in 2008.

In 2009, supported by their non-profit, the Thinking Like a Mountain Foundation, Dick and his wife, Joanne, launched a "Thinker/Writer in Residency" program whose purpose was to advance "The conservation ethic articulated by Aldo Leopold." Believing that a place for applicants to think and write for an extended period of time might provide the opportunity for someone to write "the next *Silent Spring,*" Dick hosted a number of writers at the beautiful library and retreat he built above his home in the Davis Mountains. Though it existed for just two years or so, the residency program resulted in a remarkable record of accomplishment, nurturing a substantial output of influential books by outstanding authors from around the United States.

Andrew Sansom

Henry E. Catto, Jr.
1930–2011

If you ever met Henry Catto you likely never forgot him. And odds are he never forgot you. For someone who lived amidst the pinnacles of the diplomatic, social and business worlds, he was consummately curious about everyone he encountered in his charmed and charming life. He was also my father-in-law, and I miss him terribly.

Henry never could have predicted his path. He graduated from the Texas

Military Institute, then Williams College, before starting out at Catto and Catto, the San Antonio-based insurance company started by his father and uncle. He would wind up serving four Republican presidents—Nixon, Ford, Reagan and George H.W. Bush—as an ambassador (to El Salvador, the Organization of American States, the United Nations in Geneva and Great Britain), as assistant secretary of defense and as White House chief of protocol. He ran the U.S. Information Agency.

Henry's own political ambition was short-lived, but it set him up for the rest of his professional life and gave him one of his favorite stories to tell. In 1960 he ran for a state house seat as a Republican in a Texas then dominated by Democrats and lost to the notorious San Antonio gambling impresario—and two-time murder indictee—Virgil "Red" Berry. He lost again the following year. Badly. But in the process he made a lifelong friend and champion in a rare fellow Republican, George H.W. Bush.

Outside of government, he chaired the Atlantic Council of the United States, co-chaired the Aspen Institute for many years and held numerous board positions at both corporations and nonprofits, including National Public Radio. He taught diplomacy at the University of Texas, San Antonio, and wrote a memoir, *Ambassadors at Sea: The High and Low Adventures of a Diplomat*. But he loved to say that his proudest moment was being named an honorary sheriff's deputy in Woody Creek, CO, where he and his beloved Jessica had a ranch and where my wife Isa and I now live, by our legendary former sheriff, Bob Braudis.

I would argue that Henry's overarching accomplishment was his 52-year marriage to Jessica, especially since she was a lifelong Democrat, a fierce conservationist and the daughter of one of Texas' most storied Democrats, Gov. William P. Hobby. They made it work, and he stuck to his philosophical guns despite their raising four left-leaning children and inheriting similarly inclined sons and daughters-in-law. (That said, he hated where politics was heading and voted for Barack Obama in 2008—the first time in his life he'd voted for a Democrat.)

From work to exercise to correspondence, Henry brought an unwavering personal discipline to everything he undertook, and he lived by a deeply rooted moral compass. But he projected a warm, easygoing nature that drew people in and made them feel seen. From Queen Elizabeth II to the Woody Creek postmistress, he treated everyone with the same respect. And he was as chivalrous as they come. I still run into folks around here—shop owners, waiters—who say how much they loved Henry and how much they miss him.

He also reveled in humor and had an infectious laugh that he deployed regularly—often at his own expense. This came in handy as the spokesman for the Defense Department, where he had to deal with a controversy over overcharging by military contractors, including $640 for a toilet seat. "This operation is so vast, it's like pinching an elephant," he told reporters. "It takes a while for the pain to be felt." It also informed a homespun set of 10 commandments to live by that included: "Pee whenever you get the chance;" "Always put the cap back on things;" and "Ask people questions—you're not as interesting as you think

you are." And as a Texan who hated horses but loved his Stetson, he mocked himself for being "all hat and no cattle."

Henry's dashing looks and courtliness belied some wonderful eccentricities. He read the dictionary for fun. He was obsessed with Yiddish and had complete command of it. And he spoke flawless, beautiful Spanish.

Henry made history—he once saved the life of the president of El Salvador during a coup attempt, and the first President Bush and Margaret Thacher decided to launch the Gulf War at a summit at Henry and Jessica's Woody Creek ranch. But more importantly, he made people feel good. When my mother and Jessica died within two weeks of each other in 2009, Henry kept my father from spiraling into utter despair and giving up on life by bringing him on an Aspen Institute trip to the Galapagos Islands.

Henry and I once undertook a book project together—a history of National Public Radio—which we scrapped when someone beat us to the punch. I regret not writing the book, but much more than that I regret that we didn't get to spend more time together traveling this land he loved so much, interviewing folks and laughing our tails off at every opportunity.

Daniel Shaw

William P. Clements, Jr.
1917–2011

"Above all, Clements believed in the greatness of Texas and the boundless opportunities inherent in our state and its people."
George Bayoud, Jr. and James Huffines
June 2011

William Perry Clements, Jr. was a Texas trailblazer—in business, government, public policy and in his personal philanthropy. Bill Clements' work, whether at the Texas Capitol (Governor, 1979–1983 and 1987–1991), the Pentagon (Deputy Secretary of Defense, 1973–1977) or from his office in downtown Dallas, made a lasting impact on our state and its people.

His public legacy is one that foundationally was formed by his upbringing in Dallas and on the oil fields of Texas and beyond.

A native Texan, Bill Clements' commitment to public service and community preceded his time in office. An Eagle Scout and an outstanding student, Clements was class president at Highland Park High School and its first all-state football player.

After graduating high school, he worked as an oil-field roughneck and driller, and in 1947, he founded SEDCO, Inc. He went on to grow SEDCO into one of the world's largest offshore drilling companies. SEDCO was later acquired by Schlumberger Limited.

In 1973, Clements was selected by President Richard Nixon to serve as Deputy Secretary of Defense. His service, which spanned two presidential

administrations, earned him the Department of Defense Medal for Distinguished Public Service and the Bronze Palm.

It was Texas voters who delivered his historic win in November 1978, giving Texas its first Republican governor since Reconstruction. In his first term as governor, he increased funding for public education and for teacher pay raises that were the highest in years, worked for tough anti-crime measures, and made strides in bolstering Texas' relations with Mexico. Using private funds, he and Mrs. Rita Clements led a restoration of the historic Texas Governor's Mansion. By the end of his first term, he left the state's government with a $1 billion surplus.

Voters again returned Bill Clements to Austin, electing him governor in 1987, where he continued his work to bring sound fiscal policy and a business-friendly climate to the state, even during the most challenging of economic times.

Governor Clements' transformative leadership helped usher in a stronger and more diversified Texas economy. He believed it was paramount that government operate within its means, and be restrained from strangling business and industry with onerous regulations—to create opportunity "by letting the Texas entrepreneurial spirit soar," he would say. A champion of local control and accountability, his education reforms and other policy initiatives shape Texas to this day.

In the final four years of his tenure as governor, more than a half million new Texas jobs were created, personal income jumped 23.5 percent, and Texas exports increased by 52.3 percent. He led the state in reforming its troubled workers' compensation system and civil litigation laws.

He also successfully advocated for a series of far-reaching budget reforms and Texas' "Rainy Day Fund." His support for the "Rainy Day Fund," which was later approved by Texas voters and continues to benefit the state, was founded in his belief that surpluses, caused by surges in oil prices or other unexpected growth, should be saved for future budget shortfalls. During his final term in office, Texas' finances went from red to black.

After leaving the Governor's Office in 1991, Governor and Mrs. Clements returned home to Dallas. Never out of the public eye and with a continued passion to contribute to Texas and the community, the Governor and Mrs. Clements supported numerous programs and organizations, including a $100 million contribution to UT Southwestern Medical Center. Among his contributions to Southern Methodist University, he underscored his lifelong interest in the study of Texas and the Southwest.

As his biographer, Carolyn Barta, wrote, "Clements wanted to share his passion for Texas and Southwestern history and in 1994 donated $10 million to establish the William P. Clements Center for Southwest Studies at Southern Methodist University. The funds provided for a new Ph.D. program, encouraged scholars of Southwestern history and culture and enabled many to publish their works. Among books published are those by Clements fellows and others for course use that resulted from symposia. Clements wanted to see educators trained who would pass along the unique history of the region to young people and future leaders."

Governor Clements said his family was his proudest accomplishment. And it is his love of family and of Texas that perhaps best define him. So, it is fitting that his philanthropic contributions will continue to impact Texans for generations to come—and that the Clements Foundation, managed by his granddaughter, Pauline Neuhoff, carries on his legacy.

In a May 29, 2011 editorial, The Dallas Morning News noted that Governor Clements said in 2003 that "he'd like to be remembered for providing good leadership and an administration with 'no folderol.'" "Bill Clements," the Morning News editorialized, "was a man without folderol who left big footprints."

James Huffines

Charles O'Neill Galvin
1919–2011

Charles O'Neill Galvin was born in Wilmington, North Carolina on September 29, 1919 to George and Marie Galvin. His family moved to Dallas in 1921, where Charley graduated from Highland Park High School, received his B.S. in commerce from Southern Methodist University (SMU), an MBA and Juris Doctor from Northwestern University, Doctor of the Science of Law from Harvard, and honorary Doctor of Laws degrees from Capital University and SMU. Dr. Galvin served four years in the United States Navy in the Pacific Theatre during World War II and was honorably discharged as a Lieutenant Commander. He married Margaret "Peggy" Edna Gillespie of Brooklyn, New York at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

From 1947 to 1952, Charles practiced law with the Dallas firm of Leachman, Matthews, and Gardere. He was professor of law at SMU from 1952-1983 and dean of the Law School from 1963–1978. Dr. Galvin was also the Centennial Professor of Law, Vanderbilt University from 1983–1990, and thereafter Centennial Professor Emeritus. He also served as Executive in Residence, Vanderbilt, 1990–1994. Dr. Galvin taught at the law schools of Michigan, Harvard, Duke, Pepperdine, Kansas, and Texas as well as the business schools of Northwestern University and SMU. He was a Distinguished Professor of Law, Emeritus, SMU Law School and most recently was of counsel to the Dallas law firm, Haynes and Boone, LLP. Dr. Galvin had been a member of Beta Gamma Sigma, Order of the Coif, and the Phi Delta Theta Social Fraternity. Further honors include: Intellectual Leadership award from the National Council of Catholic Men; the Equal Justice Award of Legal services of North Texas; the John Rogers award from the Southwestern Legal Foundation; and the Outstanding Tax Lawyer of the Year 2010 Award from the State Bar of Texas. Also, in 2004, Dr. Galvin was one of five lawyers honored by the Texas Bar Foundation for 50 years of practice.

Charley and his wife received the McGill Award from the Catholic Foundation of Dallas, an organization he helped establish, and the Catholic Charities Award for their service to the church and community. Dr. Galvin was a member of various professional organizations, including: the State Bar of Texas; Texas

Bar Foundation; Texas Supreme Court Historical Society; Dallas Bar Association; Dallas Bar Foundation; American Bar Association; American Bar Foundation; American Law Institute; American Judicature Society; United States Supreme Court Historical Society; American Tax Policy Institute; Southwestern Legal Foundation; Section of Taxation of the American Bar Association; and Texas Society of CPAs and the Dallas Chapter of CPA's. Dr. Galvin served on the President's Commission on Drug Abuse, the Executive Committee of the Association of American Law Schools, ABA Council of the Section of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar, and the Investment Oversight Group, Law School Admission Services. He chaired the War on Poverty Program for Dallas County and the Magnet School Committee of DISD. Dr. Galvin testified before the US House Ways and Means Committee and was twice appointed to the Advisory Group of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and acted as consultant to the United States Treasury Department. He was co-editor, *Texas Will Manual*; tax editor, *Oil & Gas Reporter*; author, *Estate Planning Manual*; author of numerous professional articles and a frequent lecturer on taxation and tax policy. He was formerly on the boards of Lomas & Nettleton Mortgage Investors, North Park National Bank, State Farm Insurance, and was trustee and president of Holy Trinity Seminary.

Charles was a member of St. Rita Catholic Church, the Serra Club of Dallas, the Knights of Columbus and was a Knight Grand Commander of the Holy Sepulchre. He was a former president of the Catholic Foundation, and a trustee of Catholic Charities Endowment Trust.

Charley was a legal scholar and tax policy expert. But more important was that he was a brilliant, kind, generous gentleman of the highest order with an exceptional sense of humor who will be sorely missed.

Frances B. Vick

William L. Garwood
1931–2011

In the wonder and splendor of life, humility and brilliance are a "rare-as-hen's teeth" combination in men and women of high accomplishment. As the old song goes, "it's hard to be humble when you're perfect in every way." Yet, our late colleague, renowned jurist Will Garwood, embodied both those enviable gifts and qualities—his natural first-in-his-class brilliance was moderated by his winsome and gracious humility. He proved to be the perfect judge, fair, diligent, open-minded, seeking to mete out equal justice for all, in a caring, thoughtful way.

Houston-born and raised, renowned lawyer Will Garwood, came calling one day at the judicial chambers of the iconic Texas Supreme Court and Fifth Circuit Judge, Tom Reavely. The eminently successful Austin lawyer was yearning for something more in professional life. Seeking advice and counsel in Judge Reavely's chambers, greatness met greatness. The still-youthful judge of the future inquired whether the great judge of that day thought this aspiring jurist had the potential to become a good judge.

The surpassingly wise Judge Reavely later recalled that transformational conversation: "All of us know how right I was to encourage that novice. He was a model judge and colleague for all."

Judging came easy for Will Garwood. But becoming a judge didn't. Appointed by the curmudgeonly Governor, Bill Clements, to a coveted seat on the Supreme Court of Texas, now-Justice Will Garwood found his calling. But not for long.

In a serious lapse of judgment, the good people of Texas retired Justice Garwood at the very next election cycle. Only a swiftly passing year had gone by, but the Texas electorate gave Will Garwood the voting-booth boot. The landslide election of Ronald Reagan had counted for little, as this young Republican judge was awarded early retirement. He had done nothing wrong on the high court bench. Quite the contrary. His fatal political flaw was membership in the party of Mr. Lincoln. Characteristically self-effacing, and without a trace of bitterness, the now-unseated Justice remarked: "I was returned to private practice one year later by popular mandate."

But as one door closed, another opened. Only a year later, in a masterstroke of poetic justice, the recently-rejected Texas Justice became President Ronald Reagan's very first appointee to the federal appellate bench. Justice Garwood would don his judicial robe once again, but this time with the enviable protection of life tenure. Once-Justice Garwood became as we all knew him for decades: Judge Garwood of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit.

Will Garwood liked people, but he would no longer have to beseech them for their vote every six years. Rather, from then on he would enjoy independence from the shifting winds of politics, as ordained at the Founding and proclaimed by Colonel Hamilton during the ratification debates as the most enduring feature of constitutional government—a truly independent judiciary, freed from the toil and strife of partisan politics, vindicating the rule of law.

A judge for all seasons, for all fair-minded men and women, in the cascading tributes following his retirement from the bench, Judge Garwood's successor, now-Chief Judge Priscilla Owen said this: "He had a keen intellect melded with common sense that was evident in his careful, thorough and beautifully written opinions for the court."

Beautifully written indeed. This brilliant, scholarly judge showed his extraordinary promise early on. Excelling at Princeton, the future jurist was an energetic leader on the staff of the *Princeton Tiger*. He had a way with words, written and spoken. He joined the Whip-Cliosophic Society, the oldest debate union in the United States. His activities at the Ivy League institution (which had declined to admit the aforementioned Alexander Hamilton as a student) included the venerable Colonial Club, which boasted such members as Pete Conrad, the third man to walk on the moon, and Eric Schmidt, executive chairman of Alphabet Inc.

But as with other young Texans who follow William O. Douglas's advice—"Go east, young man"—Will Garwood knew after graduation from Princeton that he would be "Gone to Texas." The call of home ran deep. Taking to his

legal studies like a duck to water, the future judge vaulted to the very top of his class at the University of Texas Law School. Giving voice to the promise he had displayed from his most tender years, Will Garwood amassed a towering academic record that did great credit to his renowned and accomplished family back in Houston. After graduation came a coveted clerkship with one of the Fifth Circuit's most renowned judges, Houston's own Chief Judge John Brown.

True to the old adage, "A" students in law school become judges, whereas "B" students become successful lawyers, Will Garwood was destined for the bench.

Garwood's renown as a federal appellate judge is illustrated by his opinion for the Court of Appeals that reminded America of first principles—that the federal government is, under our Constitution, a government of limited powers. Guided by principles of local responsibility and rejecting the vision of an ever-expanding federal government, Judge Garwood concluded for a unanimous panel of the Fifth Circuit that in passing a highly-controversial gun-regulation statute, Congress had exceeded its powers enumerated in the Constitution.

This was no ideological, gun-brandishing fit of pique—although Judge Garwood was an avid hunter. To the contrary, Judge Garwood's scholarly opinion, eventually upheld by the Supreme Court itself in a landmark decision vindicating the enduring values of federalism, was joined by his adviser and counselor from yesteryear, Judge Reavely. The circle was complete. His mentor and encourager was now his judicial colleague, joining in his mentee's pathbreaking opinion.

Will Garwood will long be remembered as one of the nation's most distinguished and erudite judges. Yet, for his vast array of professional accomplishments, he remained grounded in what one of his fellow appellate judges, Learned Hand, described as "the spirit of liberty:"

> The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weights their interest alongside its own without bias.

As with Dr. King's sanguine vision that the arc of the universe bends toward justice, so did Will Garwood's heart and soul seek "equal justice for all." Little surprise came when the Texas Center for Legal Ethics awarded him the Chief Justice Jack Pope Professionalism Award, nor when the Chief Justice of the United States appointed him as chair of the Advisory Committee on Appellate Rules of the Judicial Conference of the United States.

He moved in national circles, but his heart always turned toward home. He and his wife, Merle, were married for fifty-five years, and were blessed with two children, William, Jr., and Mary, who in turn were fruitful and multiplied the family ranks with six adorable grandchildren.

Family, church and community were surpassingly important to Will Garwood the person. In the tumultuous 1960s, he headed Austin's Committee for Fair Housing. He served as president of Child and Family Services of Austin, and as trustee and president of St. Andrew's Episcopal School. Recognizing his heart for service, the Salvation Army presented him its Lifetime Achievement

Award. As befitted his deep faith, Will Garwood the person always cared for the less fortunate and the young. Late in life, when asked what he wanted on his epitaph, Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart responded: "Very simple. 'He was a good judge.'"

William Garwood was far more. In the spirit of the book from yesteryear, Judge Garwood was not simply "good." During his distinguished career, he went "from good to great." Renowned in his chosen vocation, Judge Garwood was clearly born to be a judge. But in his great heart was the soul and spirit of a great Texan, a man who cared deeply for humanity and for what T.S. Eliot memorably called "the permanent things" in life.

Will Garwood lived a great life, in the law, and together in both family and community.

Kenneth W. Starr

Joe R. Greenhill
1910–2011

We should contemplate and praise the truly remarkable life of Chief Justice Joe Greenhill. His biography is a story of service and achievement: Phi Beta Kappa; editor of the *Cactus* and *Texas Law Review*; Naval officer with sea duty during the war; practitioner in leading law firms; senior warden in his church; member of the Texas Supreme Court for twenty-five years—ten years as Chief Justice; president of the board of directors of the National Center for State Courts and president of the Conference of Chief Justices; multiple honors from the Warren Burger Society, American Judicature Society and Freedom's Foundation, from the Texas Bar, the University of Texas and Southern Methodist University. He became a member of the Philosophical Society in 1958 and was president in 1985. He always excelled. He was a star. But none of this ever changed him.

He seemed unaware of his prominence. I happened to go into his office one day immediately after he had received word from Southern Methodist University informing him that he was to be awarded an honorary degree and inviting him to give the commencement speech. He was happy, but surprised. He said that he could not figure out why that University had selected him.

He was a delightful companion without airs or pretense, always true while always a star. It must be recognized that Joe Greenhill was not a star by himself, not after that June day 73 years ago when the lovely and loving Martha Shuford became his bride and partner.

If I were allowed to turn back the calendar to an earlier period of my life, it would be to the time of my years on that court under the leadership of Chief Justice Greenhill, sitting at conference by my guide Justice Jack Pope—later Chief Justice. We enjoyed our work, and we enjoyed each other. We worked together, as a court, without any divisions except for occasional disagreements—for good reason—on controversial cases. But disagreement was only for the case at hand and was laid to rest before the next case.

Anyone would enjoy working with Joe Greenhill. I began my time there sit-

ting at the end of the conference table when he sat in the middle on the side of the conference table to my left before he took the chair as Chief Justice. He was a remarkable leader. He got results with a gentle hand. He always understood the case under consideration, and he contributed an informed legal opinion to every issue. He understood the rule of law and applied it faithfully.

Let me be specific. The rule of law is so often praised and then abused. The Greenhill court said in 1975: "Those who depend upon the law require continuity and predictability." Which means that a court should decide a case as a fully informed person would expect, regardless of whom the judge is and what he or she might prefer. The Greenhill court also explained that the Supreme Court should follow the common law tradition by modifying or changing a court-made rule where it is no longer "consistent with the prevailing customs and precepts of the legal profession and of the community, giving particular attention to that portion of the community most concerned and affected by the rule." Davis v. Davis, 521 S.W.2d 603, 608 (1975).

Chief Justice Joe Greenhill, my friend Joe, model for us all—always true, always faithful, always charming and sincere, a friend of everyone he met and a judge for the ages. Let us praise him and his Maker.

T.M.R.

Edward H. Harte
1922–2011

Edward H. Harte, a prominent Texas newspaper executive and an ardent conservationist who played an important role in preserving vast tracts of open space and stretches of seashore in his state, died on May 18, 2011 at a retirement home in Scarborough, Maine. He was 88 and also lived in Corpus Christi, Texas. He died of natural causes, according to his son, Christopher.

Edward Holmead Harte was born in Pilot Grove, Missouri, on Dec. 5, 1922, one of two sons of Houston Harte and Isabel McCutcheon Harte, and grew up in San Angelo.

Mr. Harte's father, Houston Harte, was a co-founder, with Bernard Hanks, of Harte-Hanks Newspapers, which for many years was a significant player in the Texas newspaper market. The chain, which was started in 1920, eventually owned more than 30 dailies and dozens of weeklies around the country. Among its major papers were *The San Antonio Express-News*, *The Abilene Reporter-News*, *The San Angelo Standard-Times* and *The Corpus Christi Caller-Times*. By 1997, the chain had sold all of its newspapers to many companies, including the News Corporation and the E. W. Scripps Company. Edward Harte was vice chairman of Harte-Hanks and publisher of *The Corpus Christi Caller-Times* from 1962 until he retired in 1987. He was president of *The San Angelo Standard-Times* from 1952 to 1956.

After serving in the Army during World War II, Mr. Harte completed a bachelor's degree at Dartmouth and was soon working as a reporter at *The Claremont Eagle* in Claremont, New Hampshire. He later became a reporter at *The Kansas City Star*. Then he, his brother and Bernard Hanks's son-in-law,

Stormy Shelton, bought *The Scurry County Times,* a weekly newspaper in Snyder, Texas, and converted it into *The Snyder Daily News*. It became part of the Harte-Hanks chain.

During his tenure as publisher of *The Caller-Times*, the newspaper's editorial board became a strong voice for land preservation and environmental protection—an unusual stance for a Texas newspaper at the time.

Soon after his family moved to Corpus Christi from San Angelo, Mr. Harte became enthralled by the annual winter return of about two dozen whooping cranes to the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, which lies on a barrier island near the city. At the refuge he befriended several other visitors—members of the board of the National Audubon Society. Mr. Harte soon joined the society and served on its board, which he led from 1974 to 1979.

Mr. Harte helped lead a successful campaign in 1962 to declare 67 miles of Padre Island a national seashore, thereby protecting the longest stretch of undeveloped barrier island in the world. A decade later, he played a similar role in the declaration of Mustang Island, a 3,954-acre barrier island south of Port Aransas, Texas, as a state park.

In 1985, Mr. Harte and his brother, Houston H. Harte, donated their 66,000-acre ranch bordering the Big Bend National Park, about 200 miles east of El Paso, to the Nature Conservancy, leading to its addition to the national park four years later. And in 2000, Mr. Harte donated $46 million to establish the Harte Research Institute for Gulf of Mexico Studies at Texas A&M University in Corpus Christi. In 2002, the Audubon Society awarded him its highest honor, the Audubon Medal.

Besides his son Christopher and his brother, Mr. Harte is survived by another son, William; two daughters, Elizabeth Owens and Julia Widdowson; nine grandchildren; and a great-grandson. His wife of 52 years, the former Janet Frey, died in 1999.

Anna Harte Widdowson

Elizabeth Erskine Hollamon
1930–2007

Elizabeth Erskine (Budgie) Hollamon, renowned educator, author and school consultant died at her home in Seguin, Texas on March 6, 2007 after an extended illness. Born in Seguin on August 9, 1930, she was a descendant of six pioneer Guadalupe County families (Hollamon, Erskine, Humphreys, Meriwether, Maney, and Gordon) having maintained the family residence constructed in 1850.

Budgie completed public schools in Seguin and continued her education at The Hockaday School in Dallas. After graduation from The University of Texas at Austin, she received a master's degree from Florida State University and a doctorate in education from Kennedy Western University. Between these milestones she attended summer sessions at universities in Europe and America.

Following teaching assignments in Seguin, Houston and Germany, Budgie

focused her professional career on the organization and operation of private schools, serving as headmistress of Trinity Episcopal School in Galveston for twenty five years and as interim head of TMI—The Episcopal School of Texas, in San Antonio, where she was the only headmistress in its 111 year history.

She was a co-founder of the Southwestern Association of Episcopal Schools (SAES) comprised of 190 schools in six states. She was its president, lifetime board member and interim director. In 1985, she drafted the Standards for Accreditation for Episcopal Schools in Texas, a document that remains one of the 16 forms accepted by the National Association of Independent Schools. She also created the first standards committee of SAES, was chair of accreditations, and a member of its executive committee. Budgie spent many years as a member of the executive board of The National Association of Episcopal Schools.

Budgie was a life-long member of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Seguin, fulfilling duties as lay reader, vestryman, council delegate and chair of both the Diocesan Council in 2003 and its Sesquicentennial Celebration. She served on the West Texas Diocesan Executive Committee and was a Trustee of the Episcopal Church Corporation at the time of her death. She was also a member of The Board of Trustees of TMI and Sewanee, The University of the South.

Among other interests Budgie enjoyed writing and traveling. She spent twelve summers as tour director for college students traveling Europe and several more summers touring other continents as co-owner of B & B Travel Associates. For many years she wrote a column for the *Texas Churchman* magazine known as *The Hickory Stick*, and in 1995 published a book entitled *Splinters From The Hickory Stick*. She wrote a history of St. Andrew's church entitled *God's Grace on the Guadalupe* and co-authored with Dr. Russell Barnett the manual, *So You Want To Start A School*.

Upon her return to Seguin in 1994, Budgie became involved with many civic and charitable causes. She was a board member of The Public Library Foundation, The Heritage Museum, The Affiliation on Federated Clubs, The Sebastopol Support Group, co-chair of the Texas Theatre Restoration Committee of The Seguin Conservation Society, and a member of The Seguin Shakespeare Club.

She was also a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, The Daughters of the Republic of Texas, The Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Colonial Dames of America.

William Grogan Lord
2014–2007

William Grogan Lord passed away January 13, 2007. He was born October 21, 1914 in Hearne, Texas. He was reared in San Antonio, Texas, spending summers at the famous Dobie Ranch near Cotulla, Texas, and graduated from Downey High School in Downey, California.

Mr. Lord began his business career in San Antonio, Texas representing Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. He moved to Georgetown in 1940 when he was named by this firm to supervise sales in Central Texas. He liked to say he

felt like he should send them a check every month for the excellent training he received there. In Georgetown, he acquired interests in automobile sales franchises. He was sole owner of such a franchise in 1942, when he entered World War II military service as a private. He left the service in 1945 with the rank of First Lieutenant, having won a battlefield commission. He served as pilot of an artillery observation airplane, and was awarded the Air Medal with clusters and the Purple Heart.

Upon leaving the service, he expanded his business interests to include automobile financing, insurance, banking, a savings and loan association, and a small business investment company. The latter company, Texas Capital Corporation, was founded by him in 1959. It subsequently became TeleCom Corporation. A financier with extensive interests, Mr. Lord was senior chairman of the board of First Texas Bancorp, Inc., a multi-bank holding company. He was an advisory director of the Citizens State Bank of Georgetown, a director of State Trust Company of Georgetown and a director of Georgetown Savings and Loan Association.

Mr. Lord was chairman of the board of Red Ball Motor Freight, a director of Mercantile Texas Corporation and a director of Frozen Food Express Industries, Inc., all of Dallas. Long active in civic and service affairs, he became a member of the State Securities Board of Texas on May 10, 1971, and was appointed its chairman on August 20, 1975. He served until his retirement on April 12, 1983, the longest tenure in State Securities Board history.

Mr. Lord was a member of the Texas Research League, and a trustee, executive committee member and vice chairman of the board of trustees of Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, where he was member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. He served as chairman of the board of stewards of the First United Methodist Church in Georgetown.

In 1967, Mr. Lord received the honorary degree, Doctor of Humane Letters, from Southwestern University, which also has the Grogan Lord Chair in Computer Science. In 1964, he was named "Most Worthy Citizen" by the Georgetown Chamber of Commerce. He was a member of the Ramada Club of Houston, the Headliners Club and the Austin Club of Austin, the River Oaks Country Club of Houston, Berry Creek Country Club of Georgetown, The Garden of the Gods in Colorado and the St. Anthony Club, San Antonio.

Don Freeman Tobin
1915–2011

Don Freeman Tobin passed away at the age of 95 on June 28, 2011 surrounded by children and grandchildren at his ranch in Bandera County. The son of an Irish immigrant and pioneer ranching family, he was born in 1915 in Casper, Wyoming near his family's ranch. As a youth, he spent his summers working at the family ranch and for a year after college, lived in an old sheepherder's covered wagon working the ranch from horseback.

He graduated from the University of Colorado, earning a degree in geology,

and entered the oil business. He met his wife, Peggy Portwood, the daughter of the Superintendent of San Antonio public schools and they were married at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in San Antonio shortly after the beginning of World War II. Tobin served in the U.S. Army Air Corps, training pilots in meteorology and navigation. After the war, he graduated from St. Mary's Law School, attending classes on nights and weekends in the building that is now the La Mansion Hotel in downtown San Antonio. Tobin was a leader among the independent oil men of Texas, making numerous discoveries in Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma. He was elected President of the internationally prestigious American Association of Petroleum Geologists and travelled around the world promoting scientific research and the advancement of the science of geology.

Tobin served as President of the San Antonio Charro Association, and was instrumental in establishing the present day Charro Ranch near Mission San Jose. He was a long-time Board member of the Southwest Research Institute and served as the President of the former San Antonio Children's Home, which later developed into the Clarity Child Guidance Center. Tobin was a faithful and life-long member of the Rotary Club of San Antonio, living out its motto of Service Above Self and serving as one of three generations of Presidents, including his father-in-law Tom Portwood before him, and his son Patrick after him. His heart was always at his Bandera ranch where since the 1940s the Tobin family has raised cattle, sheep, horses and grown blue ribbon quality hay. His happiest days were spent at the ranch in the company of his big and loving family.

He was survived by his wife of 69 years Peggy, their eight children, Don, Tim, Martha Bersch, Phillip, Mark, Patrick, Kathleen Krueger, and Ann Hevenor, and nineteen grandchildren, eight great grandchildren. A graveside service was held at the Tobin Ranch in Bandera on Saturday, July 2, 2011.

Robert C. Krueger

Officers of the Society

For the Year 2012

President
Frances Brannen Vick

First Vice-President
Jon H. Fleming

Second Vice-President
Ron Tyler

Secretary
Ann Hamilton

Treasurer
J. Chrys Dougherty III

Directors

Frances Brannen Vick
John H. Fleming
Ron Tyler
J. Mark McLaughlin
Michael L. Gillette
Boone Powell
Harris L. Kempner, Jr.
J. Sam Moore. Jr.
Ellen C. Temple
A. Baker Duncan
William P. Wright
Patricia Hayes

Past Presidents

* Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar	1837–59
* Ira Kendrick Stephens	1936
* Charles Shirley Potts	1937
* Edgar Odell Lovett	1938
* George Bannerman Dealey	1939
* George Waverley Briggs	1940
* William James	1941
* George Alfred Hill Jr.	1942
* Edward Henry Cary	1943
* Edward Randall	1944
* Umphrey Lee	1944
* Eugene Perry Locke	1945
* Louis Herman Hubbard	1946
* Pat Ireland Nixon	1947
* Ima Hogg	1948
* Albert Perley Brogan	1949
* William Lockhart Clayton	1950
* A. Frank Smith	1951
* Ernest Lynn Kurth	1952
* Dudley Kezer Woodward Jr.	1953
* Burke Baker	1954
* Jesse Andrews	1955
* James Pinckney Hart	1956
* Robert Gerald Storey	1957
* Lewis Randolph Bryan Jr.	1958
* W. St. John Garwood	1959
* George Crews McGhee	1960
* Harry Hunt Ransom	1961
* Eugene Benjamin Germany	1962
* Rupert Norval Richardson	1963
* Mrs. George Alfred Hill Jr.	1964
* Edward Randall Jr.	1965
* McGruder Ellis Sadler	1966
* William Alexander Kirkland	1967
* Richard Tudor Fleming	1968
* Herbert Pickens Gambrell	1969
* Harris Leon Kempner	1970
* Carey Croneis	1971

* Willis McDonald Tate	1972
* Dillon Anderson	1973
* Logan Wilson	1974
* Edward Clark	1975
* Thomas Hart Law	1976
* Truman G. Blocker Jr.	1977
* Frank E. Vandiver	1978
* Price Daniel	1979
* Durwood Fleming	1980
Charles A. LeMaistre	1981
* Abner V. McCall	1982
* Leon Jaworski	1983
Wayne H. Holtzman	1983
* Jenkins Garrett	1984
* Joe R. Greenhill	1985
William Pettus Hobby	1986
* Elspeth Rostow	1987
John Clifton Caldwell	1988
J. Chrys Dougherty	1989
* Frank McReynolds Wozencraft	1990
William C. Levin	1991
* William D. Seybold	1992
Robert Krueger	1993
Steven Weinberg	1994
* William H. Crook	1995
* Charles C. Sprague	1996
Jack S. Blanton	1997
William P. Wright Jr.	1998
Patricia Hayes	1999
A. Baker Duncan	2000
Ellen C. Temple	2001
George C. Wright	2002
J. Sam Moore Jr.	2003
Alfred H. Hurley	2004
Harris L. Kempner Jr.	2005
Roger Horchow	2006
Isabel B. Wilson	2007
Boone Powell	2008
Michael L Gillette	2009
J. Mark McLaughlin	2010
Frances Brannen Vick	2011–12

* Deceased

Meetings

of The Philosophical Society of Texas

1837—Founded at Houston, December 5
1840—Austin, January 29
1936—Chartered, January 18
1936—Reorganizational meeting—Dallas, December 5
1937—Meeting and inaugural banquet—Dallas, January 29
1937—Liendo and Houston, December 4
1938—Dallas
1939—Dallas
1940—San Antonio
1941—Austin
1942—Dallas
1943—Dallas
1944—Dallas
1945—Dallas
1946—Dallas
1947—San Antonio
1948—Houston
1949—Austin
1950—Houston
1951—Lufkin
1952—College Station
1953—Dallas
1954—Austin
1955—Nacogdoches
1956—Austin
1957—Dallas
1958—Austin
1959—San Antonio
1960—Fort Clark
1961—Salado
1962—Salado
1963—Nacogdoches
1964—Austin
1965—Salado
1966—Salado
1967—Arlington
1968—San Antonio
1969—Salado
1970—Salado
1971—Nacogdoches
1972—Dallas
1973—Austin (Lakeway Inn)
1974—Austin
1975—Fort Worth
1976—San Antonio
1977—Galveston
1978—Houston
1979—Austin
1980—San Antonio
1981—Dallas
1982—Galveston
1983—Fort Worth
1984—Houston
1985—College Station
1986—Austin
1987—Kerrville
1988—Dallas
1989—San Antonio
1990—Houston
1991—Galveston
1992—Dallas
1993—Laredo
1994—Austin
1995—Corpus Christi
1996—Dallas
1997—Houston
1998—Abilene
1999—Austin
2000—San Antonio
2001—Austin
2002—Fort Worth
2003—El Paso
2004—Denton
2005—Galveston
2006—Dallas
2007—Houston
2008—San Antonio
2009—Austin
2010—San Angelo
2012—Dallas

Preamble

We the undersigned form ourselves into a society for the collection and diffusion of knowledge—subscribing fully to the opinion of Lord Chancellor Bacon, that "knowledge is power"; we need not here dilate on its importance. The field of our researches is as boundless in its extent and as various in its character as the subjects of knowledge are numberless and diversified. But our object more especially at the present time is to concentrate the efforts of the enlightened and patriotic citizens of Texas, of our distinguished military commanders and travelers,—of our scholars and men of science, of our learned members of the different professions, in the collection and diffusion of correct information regarding the moral and social condition of our country; its finances, statistics and political and military history; its climate, soil and productions; the animals which roam over our broad prairies or swim in our noble streams; the customs, language and history of the aboriginal tribes who hunt or plunder on our borders; the natural curiosities of the country; our mines of untold wealth, and the thousand other topics of interest which our new and rising republic unfolds to the philosopher, the scholar and the man of the world. Texas having fought the battles of liberty, and triumphantly achieved a separate political existence, now thrown upon her internal resources for the permanence of her institutions, moral and political, calls upon all persons to use all their efforts for the increase and diffusion of useful knowledge and sound information; to take measures that she be rightly appreciated abroad, and acquire promptly and fully sustain the high standing to which she is destined among the civilized nations of the world. She calls on her intelligent and patriotic citizens to furnish to the rising generation the means of instruction within our own borders, where our children—to whose charge after all the vestal flame of Texian liberty must be committed—may be indoctrinated in sound principles and imbibe with their education respect for their country's laws, love of her soil and veneration for her institutions. We have endeavored to respond to this call by the formation of this society, with the hope that if not to us, to our sons and successors it may be given to make the star, the single star of the West, as resplendent for all the acts that adorn civilized life as it is now glorious in military renown. Texas has her captains, let her have her wise men.

Members of the Society

For the Years 2011–2012
(Name of Spouse appears in parentheses)

ABOUSSIE, MARILYN (JOHN HAY), chief justice retired, Texas third court of Appeals, *Austin* and *San Angelo*

ADAMS, PHIL, board of regents, Texas A&M University; director, American Momentum Bank; Texas Public Policy Foundation Board, *Bryan*

AGATHER, NEILS (ELAINE), executive director, Burnett Foundation, *Fort Worth*

ALLBRITTON, JOE LEWIS (BARBARA), lawyer; investor; chairman, Perpetual Corporation, *Houston*

ALLISON, SHARON WILSON (SAM), former president of board of International Planned Parenthood Federation/Western Hemisphere Region, member of Governing Council of International Planned Parenthood Federation; board member of Guttmacher Institute, Americans for UNFPA, board of visitors for Johns Hopkins School of Public Health and Pathfinder International; member College of Liberal Arts Advisory Council at The University of Texas at Austin, *Waco*

APPLEMAN, R. GORDON (LOUISE), attorney, Thompson & Knight L.L.P., *Fort Worth*

ARNOLD, DANIEL C. (BEVERLY), private investor, *Houston*

ASHBY, LYNNE COX (DOROTHY), former editor, editorial page, Houston Post; member, Houston Philosophical Society; author; columnist, *Houston*

ATLAS, MORRIS (RITA), lawyer; senior partner, Atlas and Hall, *McAllen*

BABCOCK, CHARLES L. (NANCY HAMILTON), partner, Jackson, Walker, L.L.P.; general counsel, Texas Association of Broadcasters; chairman, Texas Supreme Court Advisory Board Committee, *Houston*

BARNES, SUSAN J., THE REVEREND, rector, St. John's Episcopal Church, *Minneapolis, MN*

BARNETT, LYNN (RANDY), director, Abilene cultural Affairs council, *Abilene*

BARNHILL, JOHN W. (JANE), former executive vice president and general sales manager, current board member, Blue Bell Creameries; chairman, Bank of Brenham; former member, The University of Texas System Board of Regents; past president, Texas Exes; past chair, the University of Texas System Chancellor's Council Executive Committee, *Brenham*

BASH, FRANK (SUSAN), retired director, McDonald Observatory, The University of Texas at Austin, *Austin*

BASS, JAMES (HONG), president, Ojai Goliad, L.L.C.; board member, The Trinity Trust, St. Mark's School of Texas, and The Hockaday School, *Dallas*

BASS, RICHARD "DICK" D. (ALICE), co-author, *Seven Summits*; first person to climb highest mountain on each continent; former director, American Himalayan Foundation; member, Bohemian Club, American Alpine Club; Lifetime Achievement Award, National Ski Areas Association; developer-operator, Snowbird Ski & Summer Resort, *Dallas*

BEAUMONT, PENNY (ROGER), retired associate director, formerly Texas Transportation Institute, Texas A&M System; president, Foundation for Women's Resources, *Bryan*

BECKHAM, JOHN L. (CAROLYN), rancher, attorney, Beckham, Rector, & Eagle, *Abilene*

BELL, PAUL GERVAIS (SUE), retired general contractor, *Houston*

BIGGS, EDWARD GLENN (ANN), former chairman, Baylor University Board of Regents and First National Bank; former director, Valero Energy Central & Southwest Corp., Kansas Gas & Electric, and Bolivian Power, *San Antonio*

BLANTON, JACK S., JR. (LESLIE), chairman, Nicklos Drilling Company; former chairman and CEO, Adcor-Nicklos Drilling Company; chairman and CEO, JEM group, *Houston*

BLANTON, JACK S., SR. (GINGER), former chairman, current board member, Houston Endowment Inc., *Houston*

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DOUGHERTY, J. CHRYS, III, retired attorney; former honorary French Consul in Austin; former president, State Bar of Texas; former trustee, St. Stephen's Episcopal School, Austin; former trustee, The University of Texas Law School Foundation; trustee, Texas Supreme Court Historical Society, the Austin Project; administrative vice-chair, Texas Appleseed, *Austin*

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FRAZIER, DONALD (SUSAN), professor of history, McMurry University; fellow and executive director, Grady McWhiney Research Foundation, *Abilene*

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FROST, PAT (KELLEY), president, Frost National Bank; serves on over ten nonprofit boards in San Antonio, *San Antonio*

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GLICKMAN, JULIUS (SUZAN), past chair, Chancellor's Council, The University of Texas System; past chair, Development Board, The University of Texas; board of directors, Jack S. Blanton Museum of Art; chair, Texas Humanities Council; advisory board of directors, The University of Texas Health Science Center; recipient of Pro Bene Meritus, College of Liberal Arts, The University of Texas; Liberal Arts Council, The University of Texas; recipient of Leon Jaworski Award for Public Service from the Houston Bar Auxiliary; past chairman of the board and president, Houston Public Television; past director, executive committee, Houston Symphony; past director, Greater Houston YMCA, *Houston*

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HARRIGAN, STEPHEN MICHAEL (SUE ELLEN), author; contributing editor, *Texas Monthly*, *Austin*

HARTE, CHRISTOPHER M. (KATHERINE STODDARD POPE), investments, *Portland, ME*

HAY, JESS, retired chairman and CEO, Lomas Financial Group; chairman, Texas Foundation for Higher Education; former member, board of regents, The University of Texas System, *Dallas*

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HECHT, NATHAN LINCOLN, justice, Supreme Court of Texas, *Austin*

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HO, JAMES C. (ALLYSON), solicitor general of Texas; of counsel, Gibson, Dunn, & Crutcher, L.L.P., Dallas; law clerk, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas; chief counsel, U.S. Senator John Cornyn, *Dallas*

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HOBBY, WILLIAM PETTUS (DIANA), lieutenant governor of Texas, 1973–1991; Radoslav A. Tsanoff Professor, Rice University, 1989–present; Sid Richardson Professor, Lyndon Baines Johnson School of Public Affairs, The University of Texas at Austin, 1991–1997; chancellor, University of Houston System, *Houston*

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MARTIN, ROBERT S. (BARBARA), former director, Institute for Museum and Library Services; former director, Texas State Library, *Dallas*

MARTINEZ, PHILIP, United States district judge, Western District of Texas; former judge of the 327th District Court; member, American Law Institute; former director, El Paso Legal Assistance Society, El Paso Holocaust Museum, El Paso Cancer Treatment Center, and Hispanic Leadership Institute, *El Paso*

MARTINEZ, VIDAL G. (DEBORAH), partner, Franklin, Cardwell, & Jones; chairman, Texas Public Education Reform Foundation, *Houston*

MATTHEWS, JULIA JONES, president, Dodge Jones Foundation, *Abilene*

MATTHEWS, KATHLEEN SHIVE, Stewart Memorial Professor, biochemistry and cell biology, Wiess School of Natural Sciences, Rice University; elected to American Association for the Advancement of Science, *Houston*

MCCALL, JAMES BRIAN, chancellor, Texas State University System; founder, The Empowerment Project, Inc.; former member, Texas House of Representatives, *Austin*

MCCOMBS, B. J. "RED" (CHARLINE), owner, McCombs Enterprises, *San Antonio*

MCCORQUODALE, ROBIN HUNT, novelist, *Houston*

MCCOWN, F. SCOTT (MAURA POWERS), executive director, Center for Public Policy Priorities; retired judge, 345th district court, Travis County, Texas; named by *Texas Monthly* as one of "the 25 most powerful people in Texas politics," *Austin*

MCDERMOTT, MARGARET (EUGENE), The University of Texas at Austin Distinguished Alumna; patron of the arts, education, and medicine in various community involvements; member, International Council of Museum of Modern Art in New York and The Dallas Shakespeare Club; honorary alumnus, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, *Dallas*

MCFADDEN, JOSEPH M., president emeritus, professor of history, University of St. Thomas, *Houston*

MCHUGH, M. COLLEEN, member, board of regents, The University of Texas System, *Corpus Christi*

MCKNIGHT, JOSEPH WEBB (MIMI), professor, Southern Methodist School of Law; legal historian; law reformer, *Dallas*

MCLAUGHLIN, JOHN MARK, manager, Double M Ranch, Ltd.; lawyer; chairman, Texas State Bank, San Angelo, *San Angelo*

MCNEILL, LARRY, past president, Texas State Historical Association; president, Texas Supreme Court Historical Society; president, Clark, Thomas & Winters, P.C., *Austin*

MCREYNOLDS, JIM (JUDY), member, Texas House of Representatives; former faculty member, Stephen F. Austin State University; owner, Chaparral Energy, Inc., *Lufkin*

MEADOWS, WILLIAM W. (PATI), executive vice president, secretary, and treasurer, Wm. Rigg Co.; president, endowment fund for the Fort Worth Nature

Center; board member, Fort Worth Country Day School; member, board of directors, Museum of Science and History, *Fort Worth*

MENDELSOHN, JOHN (ANNE), president, The University of Texas M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston since 1996; board member, Greater Houston Partnership, Houston Technology Center, Biohouston, and Houston Forum, *Houston*

MIDDLETON, HARRY J. (MIRIAM), director emeritus, Lyndon B. Johnson Presidential Library and Museum; executive director, Lyndon B. Johnson Foundation, *Austin*

MILLER, CHARLES (BETH), *Houston*

MONDAY, JANE CLEMENTS (CHARLES), author; former regent, Texas State University System; former mayor, City of Huntsville, *Huntsville*

MOORE, J. SAM, JR. (GRETA), retired lawyer; former chairman, Texas Committee for the Humanities; former member, Texas Law Review Association, *El Paso*

MOSLE, PAULA MEREDITH, life trustee, former chairman, Hockaday School; former dean of women, Rice University; former governor, current trustee advisor, Rice University; trustee, the St. Michael Foundation, *Dallas*

MULLINS, CHARLES B. (STELLA), executive vice chancellor for health affairs emeritus; Ashbel Smith Professor Emeritus; consultant, Southwestern Medical Center, *Dallas*

MURDOCK, STEVE H. (MARY ZEY), professor, department of sociology, Rice University; presidential appointee to head United States Census Bureau; Allyn and Gladys Cline Chair in Sociology, Rice University; state demographer of Texas, *San Antonio*

MURPHY, EWELL E., JR., lawyer, retired partner, Baker Botts L.L.P.; distinguished lecturer, University of Houston Law Center, *Houston*

NATALICIO, DIANA S., president, The University of Texas at El Paso; member, Texas Women's Hall of fame; author, *El Paso*

NESS, ROBERTA B. (DAVID), author; dean, The University of Texas School of Public Health; M. David Low Chair in public health, The University of Texas School of Public Health; vice president for innovation, University of Texas-Houston, *Houston*

NEWTON, W. FRANK (NANCY JO), president of the Beaumont Foundation of America, a national resource for education in the field of technology; past president, State Bar of Texas; former dean and professor of law, Texas Tech Law School, *Beaumont*

NICKLAUS, HELEN CAROL (TED), The University of Texas Liberal Arts Foundation Advisory Council; recipient of the Jim Veninga Award for Excellence in Humanities, Texas Council for the Humanities, *Amarillo*

NYE, ERLE A. (ALICE), chairman emeritus, TXU Corp; former chairman, current regent, Texas A&M University System, *Dallas*

O'CONNOR, MACONDA B., philanthropist, scholar, and public activist, *Houston*

OLSON, LYNDON L., JR. (KAY), former U.S. Ambassador to Sweden, *Waco*

OSHINSKY, DAVID M. (JANE), Jack S. Blanton Chair in History at The University of Texas at Austin; Pulitzer Prize winner for history 2006 for *Polio: An American Story*; specialist in 20th century U.S. political and cultural history; frequent contributor to *New York Times* and other national publications, *Austin*

O'TOOLE, THOMAS F. (JANE), managing partner, Glenhest, Ltd.; director, National Alliance for Mental Illness, *Dallas*

OXFORD, PATRICK CUNNINGHAM (KATE), chairman, Bracewell & Giuliani L.L.P.; board of regents, The University of Texas Systems; board member, M.D. Anderson Outreach, Inc. and Texas Medical Center, *Houston*

PALAIMA, THOMAS G., professor of classics, The University of Texas at Austin; commentary writer and book reviewer, *Austin*

PAREDES, RAYMUND A., commissioner of higher education, Texas Higher Education Coordinating Board; board of directors, Texas Cultural Trust; board of trustees, Mercy College, New York, *Austin*

PATTERSON, PATRICIA M., president, Patterson Investments, Inc; board of directors, Hockaday School, *Dallas*

PFEIFFER, FRED N. (ANN MARIA), professional engineer; attorney; former general manager, San Antonio River Authority, *San Antonio*

PHILLIPS, JEANNE JOHNSON (DAVID), senior vice president, corporate affairs and international relations, Hunt Consolidated, Inc., Hunt Oil Company, Inc., *Dallas*

PHILLIPS, THOMAS R. (LYN), attorney, Baker Botts, L.L.P.: former chief justice, Supreme Court of Texas, *Austin*

POPE, JACK (ALLENE), former chief justice, Supreme Court of Texas, *Austin*

PORTER-SCOTT, JENNY LIND (LAWRENCE E.), poet and educator, former Poet Laureate of Texas, *Austin*

POWELL, BOONE (DIANNE), president, Ford, Powell, & Carson, Architects; College of Fellows, American Institute of Architects; former president, Texas Society of Architects; peer professional, U.S. General Services Administration, *San Antonio*

POWERS, WILLIAM C. (KIM HEIBRUN), president, The University of Texas at Austin, Hines H. Baker and Thelma Kelly Baker Chair, University Distinguished Teaching Professor, *Austin*

PRADO, EDWARD C. (MARIA), U.S. circuit judge, U.S. Court of Appeals; former U.S. district court judge, Western District of Texas; former U.S. Attorney, Western District of Texas, *San Antonio*

PRESSLER, H. PAUL, III (NANCY), justice (retired), Court of Appeals of Texas, Fourteenth Supreme Judicial District, *Houston*

PROTHRO, CAREN H. (C. VINCENT), board member, Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas Center for the Performing Arts Foundation, and Southwestern Medical Foundation, *Dallas*

RAMEY, TOM B., JR. (JILL), lawyer; chief justice, Twelfth Court of Appeals, *Tyler*

RAMIREZ, MARIO E., (SARAH), physician; past member, board of regents, University of Texas System, vice-president for South Texas/Border Initiatives, The University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio, *McAllen*

RANDALL, EDWARD, III (ELLEN), private investor, *Houston*

RANDALL, RISHER (FAIRFAX), former senior vice president and director, American General Investment Corporation; manager, family trusts, investments, and real estate, *Houston*

REASONER, HARRY MAX (MACEY), lawyer; senior partner, Vinson & Elkins, *Houston*

READ, WAYNE A., attorney and philanthropist; member of The University of Texas System Chancellor's Council, *Beaumont*

REAVLEY, THOMAS M. (CAROLYN DINEEN KING), judge, U.S. Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, *Austin*

RHODES, CHARLOTTE W. (ALEC), patron, Shakespeare at Winedale; Chancellor's Council, The University of Texas at Austin; Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center advisory council, The University of Texas at Austin, *Dripping Springs*

RITTER, GRETCHEN, vice provost and professor of government at The University of Texas at Austin; former director of the Center for Women and Gender Studies and former co-chair of the Gender Equity Task Force, The University of Texas at Austin; member, program committee for the Founda-

tion of the Ann Richards School and the Intercollegiate Women's Athletics Committee for Y sports, *Austin*

ROACH, JOYCE G., retired professor, Texas Christian University; author; folklorist; grassroots historian; rancher; naturalist; lifetime member and fellow, Texas State Historical Association and Texas Folklore Society; member, Texas Institute of Letters; lifetime member, West Texas Historical Association; member and past president, Horned Lizard Conservation Society; honoree, National Cowgirl Hall of Fame and Museum, *Keller*

ROBINSON, MARY LOU, U.S. district judge; former state appellate and trial judge, *Amarillo*

RODRIGUEZ, EDUARDO R. (PAULA), attorney, Rodriguez, Colvin, Chaney & Saenz, LLP, *Brownsville*

ROGERS, ELIZABETH, assistant federal public defender, Western District of Texas since 1984; board of directors, State Bar of Texas 2005–2008, *Alpine*

ROGERS, JESSE W. (KAREN), president, Midwestern State University; commissioner, Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, *Wichita Falls*

ROMO, RICARDO (HARRIETT), president, The University of Texas at San Antonio, *San Antonio*

ROVE, KARL C., Fox News contributor, columnist for the *Wall Street Journal* and *Newsweek*, *Washington, D.C.*

RUTFORD, ROBERT HOXIE (MARJORIE ANN), Excellence in Education Foundation Chair in Geoscience, The University of Texas at Dallas; former president, The University of Texas at Dallas; former director, Division of Polar Programs, National Science Foundation; president, Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research, *Richardson*

SANSOM, ANDREW (NONA), executive director, River Systems Institute and research professor of geography at Texas State University San Marcos; former executive director, Texas Parks & Wildlife Department; executive director, Texas Nature Conservancy; founder, the Parks and Wildlife Foundation of Texas, *San Marcos*

SCHRUM, JAKE B. (JANE), president, Southwestern University, *Georgetown*

SCHWITTERS, ROY F. (KAREN), S. W. Richardson Regents Chair in Physics, The University of Texas at Austin; former director, Super Conducting Super Collider, *Austin*

SELDIN, DONALD W., William Buchanan and The University of Texas System Professor of Internal Medicine, The University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, *Dallas*

SHERMAN, MAX RAY (GENE ALICE), professor and dean emeritus, Lyndon Baines Johnson School of Public Affairs, The University of Texas at Austin; former president, West Texas State University, Austin

SHILLING, ROY B., JR. (MARGARET), president emeritus, Southwestern University, *Austin*

SHINE, KENNETH I. (CAROLYN), Executive Vice Chancellor for Health Affairs at The University of Texas System Administration, *Austin*

SHIPLEY, GEORGE (DONNA), president and chief executive officer, Shipley & Associates, Inc., *Austin*

SHIVERS, ALLAN "BUD," JR., chairman, Shivers Group, Inc.; chairman, Seton Fund, *Austin*

SMITH, BEA ANN, Texas Court of Appeals in Austin; adjunct professor, The University of Texas School of Law, *Austin*

SMITH, CULLEN, attorney, former president of the State Bar of Texas; of counsel, Naman, Howell, Smith & Lee, LLP, *Waco*

SMITH, EVAN (JULIA), member, board of directors, Austin Film Society; board of directors, Jack S. Blanton Museum of Art, Headliners Club, Trinity Episcopal School, and Matinee Media, *Austin*

SMITH, FRANK C., JR. (KATHERINE), electrical engineer; specialist in data processing and geosciences, *Houston*

SMITH, STEPHEN ESCAR, director and C. Clifford Wendler Professor, Cushing Memorial Library and Archives; Associate Dean for Advancement, Texas A&M University Libraries, *College Station*

SONNENBERG, STEPHEN M. (DALE), psychiatrist; psychoanalyst; member of faculty, Baylor College of Medicine; Fellow-in-Residence, Humanities Institute, The University of Texas at Austin, *Austin*

SPECK, LAWRENCE W., W. l. Moody Centennial Professor in the School of Architecture at The University of Texas at Austin; dean, School of Architecture, 1992-2001; principal in Page Southerland Page; American Institute of Architects fellow, *Austin*

SPECTOR, ROSE (MORRIS), former Texas Supreme Court justice, trial judge, and district judge, *San Antonio*

SPIVEY, BROADUS A. (RUTH ANN), past president, state bar of texas, shareholder, spivey & Ainsworth p.c., Austin

STALEY, THOMAS (CAROLYN), director, Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center; Harry Ransom Chair of Liberal Arts; professor of English, The University of Texas at Austin, *Austin*

STARK, LOIS F. (GEORGE), author and film producer; trustee, Alley Theatre, Texas Children's Hospital, St. John's School, Sarah Lawrence College, Texas Humanities, Texas Commission on the Arts, and the Harry Ransom Center; fellow of American Leadership Forum, *Houston*

STARR, KENNETH W. (ALICE), president, Baylor University; former dean, School of Law, Pepperdine University; former U.S. solicitor general; former judge, U.S. Court of Appeals, District of Columbia, *Waco*

STEINER, FREDERICK (ANNA), dean, School of Architecture, The University of Texas at Austin; Henry M. Rockwell Chair in Architecture, *Austin*

STEPHENS, F. L. "STEVE" (POLLYANNA), former chairman, CEO, and co-founder, Town & Country Food Stores, Inc., *San Angelo*

STEVES, EDWARD GALT (NANCY), CEO, Steves & Cons, Inc., *San Antonio*

STEVES, MARSHALL T. (JANE), president and CEO, Crest Doors, Inc.; member, McDonald Observatory board of visitors; past managing partner, Mathews and Branscomb; past clerk, Federal Judge John H. Woods, *San Antonio*

STOBO, JOHN D. (MARY ANN), senior vice president for health sciences and services for The University of California, *Oakland, CA*

STOREY, CHARLES PORTER, JR. (GAIL), physician; author; executive vice-president, American Academy of Hospice and Palliative Medicine; palliative care consultant, Colorado Permanente Medical Group, *Boulder, CO*

STREAM, KATHRYN SHEAFFER (RICHARD), former senior vice-president and director of the National Center for Human Performance, Texas Medical Center Houston; advisor to the National Center for Human Performance and the Women's Health Network; Kathryn S. Stream Leadership Award; board of the Schull Institute Foundation, *Denton*

STRONG, LOUISE CONNALLY (BEEMAN), professor of medical genetics; Sue and Radcliffe Killam Chair, The University of Texas System Cancer Center; Phi Beta Kappa, Houston

STUART, ANN, chancellor and president, Texas Woman's University; past president, Rensselaer at Hartford, Connecticut, *Denton*

STUART, CLAUDIA D. (HAROLD), professor of sociology and criminal justice at West Texas A&M University; author and poet, *Amarillo*

SULLIVAN, TERESA A. (DOUGLAS LAYCOCK), president, University of Virginia, *Charlottesville, VA*

SUTTON, JOHN F. (NANCY), A. W. Walker Centennial Chair in Law Emeritus, The University of Texas at Austin; former dean, The University of Texas Law School; former practicing attorney, San Antonio and San Angelo, *Austin and San Angelo*

TATUM, STEPHEN L. (NENETTA), attorney, *Fort Worth*

TAYLOR, LONN (DEDIE), board member, Texas State Historical Association; former historian, National Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution, *Fort Davis*

TEMPLE, ELLEN C. (ARTHUR "BUDDY" III), former member and vice-chair, board of regents, The University of Texas System; publisher, Ellen C. Temple Publishing, Inc., *Lufkin*

TEMPLE, LARRY E. (LOUANN), lawyer; former chairman, Texas Higher Education Coordinating Board, *Austin*

THOMAS, GAIL GRIFFEN (ROBERT), president, the Trinity Trust Foundation, Dallas; founder, CEO, Cities Alive, *Dallas*

THOMASSON, CHARLES W. (WILLA), lawyer, *Corpus Christi*

TOTTEN, HERMAN LAVON, dean, School of Library & Information Sciences, University of North Texas; member, National Commission on Libraries and Information Science; former president, Texas Library Association, *Denton*

TRAUTH, DENISE (JOHN HUFFMAN), president, Texas State University; writer, *San Marcos*

TROTTER, BILLY BOB (PEGGY), pathologist; emeritus director, Laboratories of Hendrick Medical Center, *Abilene*

TYLER, RON C. (PAULA), director, Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth; former director, Texas State Historical Association and the Center for Studies in Texas History; former professor of history, The University of Texas at Austin, *Fort Worth*

UNTERMEYER, CHASE (DIANA), U.S. vice chairman of Strategic Real Estate Advisors; former United States Ambassador to Qatar; former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; served as director of presidential personnel under George H. W. Bush; former vice president for government affairs and professor of public policy at the The University of Texas Health Science Center, *Houston*

VENINGA, JAMES F. (CATHERINE WILLIAMS), associate professor and chair, Wisconsin Institute for Public Policy and Service, *Wausau, WI*

VENNEMA, DIANE STANLEY (PETER), author and illustrator, *Houston*

VICK, FRANCES BRANNEN, former director and co-founder, University of North Texas Press; past president, Texas Institute of Letters and Texas State Historical Association, *Dallas*

VOLCANSEK, MARY, professor of political science, Texas Christian University; executive director, Center for Texas Studies, TCU; board chair, Humanities Texas; board member, Texas Map Society; board member, TCU Press, *Fort Worth*

VON ESCHENBACH, ANDREW C. (MADELYN), former commissioner, U.S. Food and Drug Administration; former director, National Cancer Institute; former executive vice president and chief academic officer, The University of Texas M.D. Anderson Cancer Center; Roy M. and Phyllis Gough Huffington Clinical Research Distinguished Chair in Urologic Oncology, UT M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston; instructor, urology, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine; lieutenant commander (ret.), U.S. Navy, *Montgomery*

WAINERDI, RICHARD E. (ANGELA), president and CEO, Texas Medical Center, *Houston*

WARNER, DAVID C. (PHYLLIS), professor, Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs, The University of Texas at Austin, *Austin*

WEDDINGTON, SARAH RAGLE, lawyer; adjunct professor, The University of Texas at Austin; former member, Texas House of Representatives; former assistant to the president of the United States; former general counsel, U.S. Department of Agriculture; author, *Austin*

WEINBERG, LOUISE (STEVEN), holder of the William B. Bates Chair for the Administration of Justice, professor of law, The University of Texas at Austin, *Austin*

WEINBERG, STEVEN (LOUISE), Josey-Welch Foundation Chair in Science and Regental Professor, The University of Texas at Austin; Nobel laureate in physics; research and publications in physics and astronomy, *Austin*

WHITE, L. MICHAEL, Ronald Nelson Smith Endowed Chair in Classics, founder of religious studies program, professor of religious studies, The University of Texas at Austin, *Austin*

WHITMORE, JON S. (JENNIFER), president, San Jose State University, *San Jose, CA*

WHITTENBURG, GEORGE (ANN), lawyer; member, Council of the American Law Institute; life fellow, American Bar Foundation, *Amarillo*

WILDENTHAL, C. KERN (MARGARET), president, Southwestern Medical Foundation, *Dallas*

WILHELM, MARILYN, founder-director, Wilhelm Schole International; author, *Houston*

WILSON, ISABEL BROWN (WALLACE S.), board of trustees, The Brown Foundation and Houston and Smith College, Northampton, MA; chairman, Museum of Fine Arts Houston; board of visitors, The University of Texas M.D. Anderson Cancer Center; advisory board, J.P. Morgan Chase Bank, Texas, *Houston*

WILSON, ROSINE MCFADDIN, historian and author; former president, Texas Historical Foundation; vice-chairman, Texas Historical Commission; president of the Mcfaddin-Ward House Museum; trustee, Mcfaddin-Ward Foundation and San Jacinto Museum of History, *Beaumont*

WINTERS, J. SAM (DOROTHY), attorney, *Austin*

WITTLIFF, WILLIAM DALE (SALLY), typographer and publisher; president, Encino Press; movie scriptwriter and film producer; councilor, Texas Institute of Letters, *Austin*

WOOD, JANE ROBERTS (JUDSON W.), novelist; English professor, Dallas County Community College District; fiction writing, Southern Methodist University; fellow, National Endowment for the Arts, National Endowment for the Humanities; recipient, Texas Institute of Letters Short Story Award, *Argyle*

WOODRUFF, PAUL B. (LUCIA), professor of philosophy, The University of Texas at Austin; author, *Austin*

WRIGHT, GEORGE CARLTON (VALERIE), president, Prairie View A&M University, *Prairie View*

WRIGHT, JAMES S. (MARY), architect; senior partner, Page Southerland Page, *Dallas*

WRIGHT, LAWRENCE GEORGE (ROBERTA), author; staff writer, *The New Yorker*; screenwriter, *Austin*

WRIGHT, WILLIAM P. "BILL", JR. (ALICE), investments; author; photographer; former chairman, Western Marketing, Inc.; former member, National Council on the Humanities; former chairman, Texas Council for the Humanities; board of managers, School of American Research, Santa Fe; director, National Trust for the Humanities; The University of Texas Press Advisory Council; commissioner, Texas Commission on the Arts, *Abilene*

WYNN, WILLIAM PATRICK, former Mayor of Austin; president, Civitas Investments; member, Urban Land Institute; chair, energy committee, U.S. Conference of Mayors; Energy Executive of the Year, Association of Energy Engineers; Local Public Official of the Year, National Association of Social Workers, *Austin*

YEAGER, ELIZABETH, director, secretary, Perkins-Prothro Foundation; chairperson, Harry Ransom Center Advisory Council; member, foundation and system board, Cook Children's Healthcare System, *Wichita Falls*

YEAGER, KATHLEEN "KAY" (FRANK), former mayor, Wichita Falls, *Wichita Falls*

YOUNG, BARNEY T. (SALLY), founding partner, Rain, Harrell, Emery, Young, and Duke; of counsel, Locke, Liddell & Sapp, *Dallas*

YOUNG, JAY T. (LAURIE), director, business development, Perot Systems Corp.; lieutenant commander, U.S. Naval Reserve; board of directors, Admiral Nimitz Foundation; book reviewer, *Dallas Morning News*, *Plano*

ZAFFIRINI, JUDITH (CARLOS), senator for the twenty-first district of Texas; owner, Zaffirini Communications, *Laredo*

*life Member

** honorary Member

In Memoriam

(Date indicates year of Proceedings in which memorial is published.)

SAMUEL HANNA ACHESON (1971)
NATHAN ADAMS (1966)
CLAUDE CARROLL ALBRITTON JR. (1997)
JAMES PATTERSON ALEXANDER (1948)
AUGUSTUS C. ALLEN
WINNIE ALLEN (1985)
DILLON ANDERSON (1973)
ROBERT BERNERD ANDERSON (1990)
ANNE LEGENDRE ARMSTRONG (2008)
THOMAS D. ANDERSON (2007)
JESSE ANDREWS (1961)
MARK EDWIN ANDREWS (1992)
THOMAS REEVES ARMSTRONG
JAMES WILLIAM ASTON
WILLIAM HAWLEY ATWELL (1961)
KENNETH HAZEN AYNESWORTH (1944)
BURKE BAKER (1964)
HINES HOLT BAKER
JAMES ADDISON BAKER (1941)
JOSEPH BAKER
KARLE WILSON BAKER (1960)
WALTER BROWNE BAKER (1968)
CLINTON STANLEY BANKS (1991)
EDWARD CHRISTIAN HENRY BANTEL (1964)
REX GAVIN BAKER JR. (2004)
EUGENE CAMPBELL BARKER (1956)
MAGGIE WILKINS HILL BARRY (1945)
THOMAS DAVIES BARROW (2012)
RICHARD C. BARTLETT (2012)
DEREK H. R. BARTON (1998)
WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW BATES (1974)
WILLIAM JAMES BATTLE (1955)
WILLIAM BENNETT BEAN (1989)
HENRY M. BELL JR. (1999)
WARREN SYLVANUS BELLOWS (1966)
HARRY YANDELL BENEDICT (1937)
JOHN MIRZA BENNETT JR. (1993)
LLOYD M. BENTSEN (2006)
GEORGE JOHN BETO (1991)
JOHN HAMILTON BICKETT JR. (1947)
WILLIAM CAMPBELL BINKLEY (1970)
JOHN BIRDSALL
CHARLES MCTYEIRE BISHOP (1949)
WILLIAM BENNETT BIZZELL (1944)
JAMES HARVEY BLACK (1958)
ROBERT LEE BLAFFER (1942)
TRUMAN G. BLOCKER JR. (1984)
ROBERT LEE BOBBITT
MEYER BODANSKY (1941)
HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON (1953)
CHARLES PAUL BONER (1979)
CHARLES M. BONJEAN (2008)
GEORGE W. BONNELL
JOHN GUTZON DE LA MOTHE BORGLUM (1941)
HOWARD TANEY BOYD (1991)
PAUL LEWIS BOYNTON (1958)
EDWARD T. BRANCH
EDWARD N. BRANDT (2007)
LEO BREWSTER (1980)
GEORGE WAVERLEY BRIGGS (1957)
ALBERT PERLEY BROGAN (1983)
GEORGE RUFUS BROWN (1983)
JOHN R. BROWN (1994)
ANDREW DAVIS BRUCE (1968)
JAMES PERRY BRYAN (1975)
LEWIS RANDOLPH BRYAN JR. (1959)
BOB BULLOCK
JOHN W. BUNTON
RICHARD FENNER BURGES (1945)
WILLIAM HENRY BURGES (1946)
EMMA KYLE BURLESON (1941)
JOHN HILL BURLESON (1959)
DAVID G. BURNET
CHESTER R. BURNS (2006)
I. W. BURTON
GEORGE A. BUTLER (1992)
JACK L. BUTLER (1990)
CHARLES PEARRE CABELL (1970)
CLIFTON M. CALDWELL
GEORGE CARMACK (2002)
JOHN WILLIAM CARPENTER
MARY ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND CARPENTER (2010)
EVELYN M. CARRINGTON (1985)
PAUL CARRINGTON (1989)

H. BAILEY CARROLL (1966)
MARY JO CARROLL (1994)
EDWARD HENRY CARY (1954)
ALBERT V. CASEY (2004)
CARLOS EDUARDO CASTAÑEDA (1958)
HENRY E. CATTO JR. (2012)
THOMAS JEFFERSON CHAMBERS
ASA CRAWFORD CHANDLER (1958)
MARION NELSON CHRESTMAN (1948)
EDWARD A. CLARK (1992)
JOSEPH LYNN CLARK (1969)
RANDOLPH LEE CLARK (1993)
TOM C. CLARK
WILLIAM LOCKHART CLAYTON (1965)
WILLIAM P. CLEMENTS JR. (2012)
THOMAS STONE CLYCE (1946)
CLAUDE CARR CODY JR. (1960)
HENRY COHEN (1952)
HENRY CORNICK COKE JR. (1982)
MARVIN KEY COLLIE (1990)
JAMES COLLINSWORTH
ROGER N. CONGER (1996)
JOHN BOWDEN CONNALLY JR. (1994)
TOM CONNALLY (1963)
ARTHUR BENJAMIN CONNOR
C.W.W. "TEX" COOK (2003)
JOHN H. COOPER (1993)
MILLARD COPE (1963)
CLARENCE COTTAM (1974)
MARGARET COUSINS (1996)
MARTIN MCNULTY CRANE (1943)
CAREY CRONEIS (1971)
WILLIAM H. CROOK (1997)
JOSEPH STEPHEN CULLINAN (1937)
NINA CULLINAN
ROBERT B. CULLOM
MINNIE FISHER CUNNINGHAM
THOMAS WHITE CURRIE (1943)
JEAN HOUSTON BALDWIN DANIEL (2003)
PRICE DANIEL (1992)
WILLIAM E. DARDEN (1998)
HARBERT DAVENPORT
MORGAN JONES DAVIS (1980)
GEORGE BANNERMAN DEALEY (1946)
JAMES QUAYLE DEALEY
MICHAEL ELLIS DEBAKEY (2008)
EVERETT LEE DEGOLYER (1957)
GILBERT DENMAN (2004)
EDGAR A. DEWITT (1975)
ROSCOE PLIMPTON DEWITT
ADINA DEZAVALA (1955)
FAGAN DICKSON
CHARLES SANFORD DIEHL (1946)
FRANK CLIFFORD DILLARD (1939)
J. FRANK DOBIE (1964)
EZRA WILLIAM DOTY (1994)
GERRY DOYLE (1999)
HENRY PATRICK DROUGHT (1958)
FREDERICA GROSS DUDLEY
KATHARYN DUFF (1995)
J. CONRAD DUNAGAN (1994)
CLYDE EAGLETON (1958)
DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER
JAMES A. ELKINS (2006)
EDWIN A. ELLIOTT
ALEXANDER CASWELL ELLIS (1948)
JOE EWING ESTES (1991)
HYMAN JOSEPH ETTLINGER (1986)
LUTHER HARRIS EVANS
WILLIAM MAURICE EWING (1973)
WILLIAM STAMPS FARISH (1942)
SARAH ROACH FARNSWORTH
RALPH D. FEIGIN (2008)
CHARLES W. FERGUSON
WILLIAM CARRINGTON FINCH (2007)
JOE J. FISHER (2000)
STERLING WESLEY FISHER
LAMAR FLEMING JR. (1964)
LAWRENCE DURWOOD FLEMING (2007)
RICHARD TUDOR FLEMING (1973)
FRED FARRELL FLORENCE (1960)
JAMES LAWRENCE FLY
PAUL JOSEPH FOIK (1941)
LITTLETON FOWLER
CHARLES INGE FRANCIS (1969)
JOE B. FRANTZ (1993)
LLERENA BEAUFORT FRIEND (1998)
JESSE NEWMAN GALLAGHER (1943)
CHARLES O'NEILL GALVIN (2012)
HERBERT PICKENS GAMBRELL (1983)
VIRGINIA LEDDY GAMBRELL (1978)
JESS JENKINS GARRETT (2010)
WILLIAM L. GARWOOD (2012)
WILMER ST. JOHN GARWOOD (1989)
MARY EDNA GEARING (1946)
SAMUEL WOOD GEISER (1983)
EUGENE BENJAMIN GERMANY (1970)
ROBERT RANDLE GILBERT (1971)
GIBB GILCHRIST (1972)
WILLIAM H. GOETZMANN (2010)
WILLIAM E. GORDON (2010)
JOHN WILLIAM GORMLEY (1949)
MALCOLM KINTNER GRAHAM (1941)
HOWARD DWAYNE GRAVES (2003)
IRELAND GRAVES (1969)
MARVIN LEE GRAVES (1953)
WILLIAM FAIRFAX GRAY
LEON A. GREEN (1979)
JOE R. GREENHILL (2012)
NEWTON GRESHAM (1996)
DAVID WENDELL GUION (1981)
NORMAN HACKERMAN (2007)
CHARLES WILSON HACKETT (1951)
WALTER GARNER HALL (2000)

GEORGE F. HAMM (2010)
JOHN HENRY HANNAH JR. (2003)
RALPH HANNA
HARRY CLAY HANSZEN (1950)
FRANKLIN ISRAEL HARBACH (1998)
THORNTON HARDIE (1969)
HELEN HARGRAVE (1984)
JAMES M. HARGROVE (2004)
HENRY WINSTON HARPER (1943)
MARION THOMAS HARRINGTON
GUY BRYAN HARRISON JR. (1988)
TINSLEY RANDOLPH HARRISON
JAMES PINCKNEY HART (1987)
EDWARD H. HARTE (2012)
HOUSTON HARTE (1971)
WILLIAM C. HARVIN III (2007)
RUTH HARTGRAVES (1995)
FRANK LEE HAWKINS (1954)
WILLIAM WOMACK HEATH (1973)
ERWIN HEINEN (1997)
JACOB W. HERSHEY (2000)
J. CARL HERTZOG (1988)
JOHN EDWARD HICKMAN (1962)
GEORGE ALFRED HILL JR. (1949)
GEORGE ALFRED HILL III (1974)
GEORGE W. HILL (1985)
JOHN L. HILL JR. (2007)
JOSEPH M. HILL (1999)
MARY VAN DEN BERGE HILL (1965)
ROBERT THOMAS HILL (1941)
JOHN E. HINES (1998)
OVETA CULP HOBBY (1995)
WILLIAM PETTUS HOBBY (1964)
ELA HOCKADAY (1956)
PHILIP G. HOFFMAN (2008)
WILLIAM RANSOM HOGAN (1971)
IMA HOGG (1975)
THOMAS STEELE HOLDEN (1958)
ELIZABETH ERSKIN HOLLAMON (2012)
EUGENE HOLMAN (1962)
JAMES LEMUEL HOLLOWAY JR.
PAUL HORGAN (1997)
A. C. HORTON
EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE (1939)
ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON (1941)
SAM HOUSTON
WILLIAM VERMILLION HOUSTON (1969)
WILLIAM EAGER HOWARD (1948)
LOUIS HERMAN HUBBARD (1972)
JOHN AUGUSTUS HULEN (1957)
WILMER BRADY HUNT (1982)
FRANK GRANGER HUNTRESS (1955)
PETER HURD
HOBART HUSON
JOSEPH CHAPPELL HUTCHESON JR.
JUNE HYER (1980)
JULIA BEDFORD IDESON (1945)
FRANK N. IKARD SR. (1990)
R. A. IRION
WATROUS HENRY IRONS (1969)
PATRICK C. JACK
HERMAN GERLACH JAMES (1966)
THOMAS N. JAMES (2010)
LEON JAWORSKI (1982)
JOHN LEROY JEFFERS (1979)
JOHN HOLMES JENKINS III (1991)
HERBERT SPENCER JENNINGS (1966)
CLAUDIA T. JOHNSON (2007)
LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON (1973)
WILLIAM PARKS JOHNSON (1970)
MARGUERITE JOHNSTON (2005)
ANSON JONES
CLIFFORD BARTLETT JONES (1973)
ERIN BAIN JONES (1974)
EVERETT HOLLAND JONES (1996)
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
JESSE HOLMAN JONES (1956)
JOHN TILFORD JONES JR. (1993)
MARVIN JONES (1977)
MRS. PERCY JONES (1978)
JOHN ERIK JONSSON (1996)
JACK S. JOSEY (2004)
WILLIAM WAYNE JUSTICE (2009)
DAVID S. KAUFMAN
PAGE KEETON
HERBERT ANTHONY KELLAR (1955)
ROBERT MARVIN KELLY (1958)
ELMER STEPHEN KELTON (2009)
LOUIS WILTZ KEMP (1956)
HARRIS LEON KEMPNER SR. (1987)
RUTH LEVY KEMPNER (2008)
THOMAS MARTIN KENNERLY (1966)
DANIEL E. KILGORE (1995)
WILLIAM JACKSON KILGORE (1993)
EDWARD KILMAN (1969)
FRANK HAVILAND KING
WILLIAM ALEXANDER KIRKLAND (1988)
ROBERT JUSTUS KLEBERG JR. (1974)
DOROTHY W. KNEPPER (1998)
JOHN FRANCIS KNOTT
GEORGE KOZMETSKY (2003)
LAURA LETTIE SMITH KREY (1985)
ERNEST LYNN KURTH (1960)
POLYKARP KUSCH (1993)
LUCIUS MIRABEAU LAMAR III (1978)
MIRABEAU B. LAMAR
FRANCIS MARION LAW (1970)
THOMAS H. LAW (2006)
F. LEE LAWRENCE (1996)
CHAUNCEY DEPEW LEAKE (1978)
LOWELL H. LEBERMANN (2009)
AMY FREEMAN LEE (2004)
UMPHREY LEE (1958)
DAVID LEFKOWITZ (1956)

MARK LEMMON (1975)
J. HUGH LIEDTKE (2003)
JEWEL PRESTON LIGHTFOOT (1950)
DENTON RAY LINDLEY (1986)
EUGENE PERRY LOCKE (1946)
JOHN AVERY LOMAX (1948)
WALTER EWING LONG (1973)
JOHN TIPTON LONSDALE (1960)
BEN F. LOVE (2006)
WILLIAM GROGAN LORD (2012)
EDGAR ODELL LOVETT (1957)
H. MALCOLM LOVETT
ROBERT EMMET LUCEY (1977)
WILLIAM WRIGHT LYNCH
ABNER VERNON MCCALL (1995)
JOHN LAWTON MCCARTY
JAMES WOOTEN MCCLENDON (1972)
L. F. MCCOLLUM (1996)
CHARLES TILFORD MCCORMICK (1964)
IRELINE DEWITT MCCORMICK
MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE JR. (1990)
JOHN W. MCCULLOUGH (1987)
TOM LEE MCCULLOUGH (1966)
EUGENE MCDERMOTT
GEORGE CREWS MCGHEE (2005)
JOHN HATHAWAY MCGINNIS (1960)
ROBERT C. MCGINNIS (1994)
GEORGE LESCHER MACGREGOR (2001)
STUART MALOLM MCGREGOR
ALAN DUGALD MCKILLOP (1974)
BUKNER ABERNATHY MCKINNEY (1966)
HUGH MCLEOD
LEWIS WINSLOW MACNAUGHTON (1969)
AYLMER GREEN MCNEESE JR. (1992)
ANGUS MCNEILL
JOHN OLIVER MCREYNOLDS (1942)
JACK R. MAGUIRE (2001)
HENRY NEIL MALLON
GERALD C. MANN (1989)
STANLEY MARCUS (2001)
JOHN L. MARGRAVE (2005)
PETER CORT MARZIO (2010)
FRANK BURR MARSH (1940)
HARRIS MASTERSON III (1997)
WATT R. MATTHEWS (1997)
MAURY MAVERICK (1954)
ROY M. MERSKY (2008)
BALLINGER MILLS JR. (1992)
BALLINGER MILLS SR. (1947)
MERTON MELROSE MINTER (1978)
PETER MOLYNEAUX
JAMES TALIAFERRO MONTGOMERY (1939)
DAN MOODY (1966)
DAN MOODY JR. (2000)
BERNICE MILBURN MOORE (1993)
FRED HOLMSLEY MOORE (1985)
MAURICE THOMPSON MOORE
TEMPLE HOUSTON MORROW
JOHN D. MOSELEY (2009)
JAMES M. MOUDY (2004)
WILLIAM OWEN MURRAY (1973)
FRED MERRIAM NELSON
CHESTER WILLIAM NIMITZ (1965)
PAT IRELAND NIXON (1965)
MARY MOODY NORTHEN (1991)
JAMES RANKIN NORVELL (1969)
CHILTON O'BRIEN (1983)
DENNIS O'CONNOR (1997)
CHARLES FRANCIS O'DONNELL (1948)
JOSEPH GRUNDY O'DONOHOE (1956)
LEVI ARTHUR OLAN (1984)
TRUEMAN EDGAR O'QUINN (1989)
JOHN ELZY OWENS (1951)
WILLIAM A. OWENS (1991)
LOUIS C. PAGE (1982)
GLORIA HILL PAPE (2002)
JUBAL RICHARD PARTEN (1993)
ADLAI MCMILLAN PATE JR. (1988)
ANNA J. HARDWICK PENNYBACKER (1939)
HALLY BRYAN PERRY (1966)
NELSON PHILLIPS (1966)
GEORGE WASHINGTON PIERCE (1966)
EDMUND LLOYD PINCOFFS (1991)
BENJAMIN FLOYD PITTINGER
KENNETH S. PITZER
GEORGE FRED POOL (1984)
CHARLES SHIRLEY POTTS (1963)
HERMAN PAUL PRESSLER JR. (1996)
CHARLES NELSON PROTHRO (2000)
HARRY MAYO PROVENCE (1996)
MAURICE EUGENE PURNELL
CHARLES PURYEAR (1940)
CLINTON SIMON QUIN (1956)
COOPER KIRBY RAGAN
HOMER PRICE RAINEY (1985)
CHARLES WILLIAM RAMSDELL (1942)
EDWARD RANDALL (1944)
EDWARD RANDALL JR. (1970)
KATHARINE RISHER RANDALL (1991)
LAURA BALLINGER RANDALL (1955)
JO STEWART RANDEL (2002)
HARRY HUNTT RANSOM (1976)
EMIL C. RASSMAN
FANNIE ELIZABETH RATCHFORD
SAM RAYBURN (1961)
JOHN SAYRES REDDITT (1972)
HERBERT H. REYNOLDS (2007)
LAWRENCE JOSEPH RHEA (1946)
WILLIAM ALEXANDER RHEA (1941)

JAMES OTTO RICHARDSON
RUPERT NORVAL RICHARDSON (1987)
JAMES FRED RIPPY
A.W. "DUB" RITER (2003)
SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS (1969)
FRENCH MARTEL ROBERTSON (1976)
CURTICE ROSSER
JOHN ELIJAH ROSSER (1960)
ELSPETH DAVIS ROSTOW (2007)
JOSEPH ROWE
JAMES EARL RUDDER (1969)
THOMAS J. RUSK
MCGRUDER ELLIS SADLER (1966)
JEFFERSON DAVIS SANDEFER (1940)
MARLIN ELIJAH SANDLIN
HYMAN JUDAH SCHACHTEL (1991)
EDWARD MUEGGE "BUCK" SCHIWETZ (1985)
VICTOR HUMBERT SCHOFFELMAYER (1966)
ARTHUR CARROLL SCOTT (1940)
ELMER SCOTT (1954)
JOHN THADDEUS SCOTT (1955)
WOODROW BRADLEY SEALS (1991)
TOM SEALY (1992)
GEORGE DUBOSE SEARS (1974)
WILLIAM G. SEARS (1997)
ELIAS HOWARD SELLARDS (1960)
WILLIAM DEMPSEY SEYBOLD (2004)
DUDLEY CRAWFORD SHARP
ESTELLE BOUGHTON SHARP (1965)
JAMES LEFTWICH SHEPHERD JR. (1964)
MORRIS SHEPPARD (1941)
JOHN BEN SHEPPERD (1989)
STUART SHERAR (1969)
PRESTON SHIRLEY (1991)
ALLAN SHIVERS (1985)
RALPH HENDERSON SHUFFLER (1975)
RALPH HENDERSON SHUFFLER II (2002)
D.J. SIBLEY (2005)
JOHN DAVID SIMPSON JR.
ALBERT OLIN SINGLETON (1947)
JOSEPH ROYALL SMILEY (1991)
A. FRANK SMITH JR. (1993)
A. FRANK SMITH SR. (1962)
ASHBEL SMITH
FRANK CHESLEY SMITH SR. (1970)
HARLAN J. SMITH (1991)
HENRY SMITH
HENRY NASH SMITH
THOMAS VERNON SMITH (1964)
HARRIET WINGFIELD SMITHER (1955)
ROBERT S. SPARKMAN (1997)
RALPH SPENCE (1994)
JOHN WILLIAM SPIES
TOM DOUGLAS SPIES (1960)
CHARLES C. SPRAGUE (2005)
STEPHEN H. SPURR (1990)
ROBERT WELDON STAYTON (1963)
ZOLLIE C. STEAKLEY (1991)
RALPH WRIGHT STEEN (1980)
EVELYN G. STEHLING (2010)
IRA KENDRICK STEPHENS (1956)
MARSHALL T. STEVES (2001)
CHARLES PORTER STOREY (2008)
ROBERT GERALD STOREY (1981)
GEORGE WILFORD STUMBERG
HATTON WILLIAM SUMNERS (1962)
JEROME SUPPLE (2004)
ROBERT LEE SUTHERLAND (1976)
HENRY GARDINER SYMONDS (1971)
MARGARET CLOVER SYMONDS (2001)
WILLIS M. TATE (1989)
JAMES U. TEAGUE (1996)
ROBERT EWING THOMASON (1974)
J. CLEO THOMPSON (1974)
BASCOM N. TIMMONS (1987)
LON TINKLE (1980)
CHARLES RUDOLPH TIPS (1976)
DON FREEMAN TOBIN (2012)
MARGARET LYNN BATTS TOBIN (1994)
VIRGIL W. TOPAZIO (1999)
JOHN G. TOWER (1991)
HENRY TRANTHAM (1961)
FRANK EDWARD TRITICO SR. (1993)
ROBERT S. TROTTI (2005)
GEORGE WASHINGTON TRUETT (1944)
RADOSLAV ANDREA TSANOFF (1976)
EDWARD BLOUNT TUCKER (1972)
WILLIAM BUCKHOUT TUTTLE (1954)
FRANK E. VANDIVER (2005)
THOMAS WAYLAND VAUGHAN (1952)
ROBERT ERNEST VINSON (1945)
LESLIE WAGGENER (1951)
AGESILAUS WILSON WALKER JR. (1988)
EVERETT DONALD WALKER (1991)
RUEL C. WALKER
THOMAS OTTO WALTON
FRANK H. WARDLAW (1989)
ALONZO WASSON (1952)
WILLIAM WARD WATKIN (1952)
ROYALL RICHARD WATKINS (1954)
WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB (1963)
HARRY BOYER WEISER (1950)
PETER BOYD WELLS JR. (1991)
ELIZABETH HOWARD WEST (1948)
CLARENCE RAY WHARTON (1941)
JOHN A. WHARTON
WILLIAM H. WHARTON
JOHN ARCHIBALD WHEELER (2008)
WILLIAM MORTON WHEELER (1937)
GAIL WHITCOMB (1994)
JAMES LEE WHITCOMB
FRED N. WHITE (2006)
WILLIAM RICHARDSON WHITE (1977)

C.G. WHITTEN (2001)
WILLIAM MARVIN WHYBURN (1972)
HARRY CAROTHERS WIESS (1948)
DOSSIE MARION WIGGINS (1978)
PLATT K. WIGGINS
DAN C. WILLIAMS (2001)
JACK KENNY WILLIAMS (1982)
ROGER JOHN WILLIAMS (1987)
LOGAN WILSON (1992)
DORMAN H. WINFREY (2009)
JAMES BUCHANAN WINN JR. (1980)
STUART WOLF (2005)
JAMES RALPH WOOD (1973)
DUDLEY KEZER WOODWARD JR. (1967)
WILLIS RAYMOND WOOLRICH (1977)
BENJAMIN HARRISON WOOTEN (1971)
SAM PAUL WORDEN (1988)
JOS. IRION WORSHAM (2008)
GUS SESSIONS WORTHAM (1976)
LYNDALL FINLEY WORTHAM
FRANK MCREYNOLDS WOZENCRAFT (1993)
FRANK WILSON WOZENCRAFT (1967)
WILLIAM EMBRY WRATHER (1963)
ANDREW JACKSON WRAY (1981)
CHARLES ALLEN WRIGHT (2000)
RALPH WEBSTER YARBOROUGH
RAMSEY YELVINGTON (1972)
HUGH HAMPTON YOUNG (1945)
SAMUEL DOAK YOUNG
STARK YOUNG
HENRY B. ZACHRY (1984)
PAULINE BUTTE ZACHRY (1998)