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## Interview no. 721

David C. Newton

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

INSTITUTE OF ORAL HISTORY

INTERVIEWEE: David C. Newton (1947- )  
INTERVIEWER: Oscar J. Martínez and Virgilio H. Sánchez  
PROJECT: \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: October 9, 1978  
TERMS OF USE: unrestricted  
TAPE NO.: 721  
TRANSCRIPT NO.: 721

BIOGRAPHICAL SYNOPSIS OF INTERVIEWEE:

Resident of Mission, Texas and member of a long-established ranching family in South Texas.

SUMMARY OF INTERVIEW:

Growing up on a ranch in the Peñitas-EdCouch area, ethnic relations, raids by Border Patrol, a discussion of terms "wetback" and "Chicano", smuggling activities along the Río Grande.

Length of interview: 1 hr., 15 minutes      Length of transcript: 34 pages

David C. Newton

by Oscar J. Martínez and Virgilio H. Sánchez

October 9, 1978

M: David, would you tell us where and when you were born, please?

N: I was born in McAllen, Texas in 1947 on April the 12th.

M: Could you give us a little background on your parents?

N: Okay, it's very complicated and it'll take years to explain, but I come from a all Southern background, Virginia and Tennessee--Virginia on my father's side and Tennessee on my mother's side. We went a roundabout route to get here, but I had a great grandfather that came here after the war between the states and finally drew his daughter and son-in-law to the valley. He arrived here in the 1870s, made residence in the 1880s, and then my grandfather on the father's side came down in 1916 with this Christian woman who's father had already come through here. My mother came down here in the 1920s from Tennessee, from Estel Springs, Tennessee, very rural. Very rural, from a very rural background. All Southern. Is that good enough?

M: Yes. What did your father do, what was his main occupation?

N: Well, all the Anglos will tell you that their grandfathers were rich, okay. And my grandfather was rich 'cause he liquidated many assets when he came down from North Dakota, sold several sections of land and came down to farm. And my father, we have the pictures of him with all the toys and all the accoutrements, and they had the first two-story house out in Ed Couch Elsa area. They knew Ed and Elsa Couch, the two people after whom Ed Couch and Elsa were named. And he was a farmer. They had like 1200 acres there in the Ed Couch Elsa area that they farmed cotton and melons and the common crops of the day. They fell for the old land scheme, the 50-pound cabbage and so forth.

My father grew up in this environment of a very straightlaced, libertine but yet aristocratic mother of Virginia background, and an old gunfighter of a father who had made a fortune wheeling and dealing and horsetrading

during his later days, and as a gunfighter in his earlier days out of the South and then moving after the war. And they waxed wealthy during the '20s in the valley. It was a high production period and did well. My grandfather died. You have to understand that my grandfather and my grandmother met and married when my grandfather was 50 and my grandmother was 40. And my father was product of a late marriage. So when my father was very young my grandfather died. I never knew the man; he died in '33, I was born in '47. And my grandmother followed him very shortly in 1935. And my father was left with no land, no money, no idea that he ever had to work for a living, and immediately went to join the army. That was during the Depression. And he went to Fort Sam Houston and enlisted in the United States Army in the cavalry. And since he could speak Spanish they turned around and shipped him right back down where he came from, where he was assigned to Fort Brown to do border patrol and river patrol between Fort Brown and Fort Rinkle.

M: When was this?

N: In the early '30s, the 1933, '34, '35 period. Mid and early '30s.

M: Did he ever tell you about some of his experiences doing that?

N: We have the pictures and he would discuss about riding into Peñitas and all the Mexicans would come down with... I say Mexican, I understand Mexican as a legal, as a political term. All right. But when I say Mexicans in this case, I'm talking about Texans who are of Mexican descent. Peñitas is one of these areas that was totally dominated by an Hispanic or a Mexican group of people. And it seemed as though the cavalry soldiers and the Mexicans that lived in Peñitas looked forward to each other. I married later into a family that comes from Peñitas and the stories jive. My father said that the soldiers would get together jars of oysters and cans of hams to trade to the Mexicanos there for home cooked meals, especially

tamales, the standard run Mexican fare. And the children would come down and black boots and polish brass for the soldiers for a dime or a nickel. And the mamas would come down with the older daughters, sometimes an older woman like a grandmother. They [were] always heavily armed with chaperonas 'cause they were dealing with strange men, to pass out tamales for a penny a piece or a dozen for a dime, or to trade for ham, canned hams, that the army had that nobody else had.

And there's always a festive period, that the children were told that if they did not act well, Santa Claus wouldn't come or something like this; it was that they would not get to visit the cavalry when the cavalry come through. The cavalry made frequent passages once a month or once every 40 days, or twice a week sometimes, depending on what the staging was or the training schedule was. Many of the boys didn't know how to ride a horse. They went through a little bit of basic training in Sam Houston up in San Antonio. They were yankees and lived in big cities, and they didn't know a mare from sic'em about a horse. So they went through training down here also.

S: Are there any incidents that your father might've had concerning immigration?

N: My father didn't have much trouble with immigration. In those days people came and went across the river pretty much at will in those areas that he was patrolling. According to him, there was no concern about that at all. He was involved in one or two shooting scrapes. One time there was a Model A that they were laying in wait for out of Los Ebanos (where the ferry is now), which was supposedly involved in the smuggling of counterfeit currency and coins. Some Mexicans were down in Mexico making almost solid silver Walking Liberty half dollars. And they loaded this Model A up, and they had some intelligence that they were coming. And they came across the ferry and up the grade. There's a grade there 'cause you're going into

the valley of the river and there's a grade. And there was a troop of cavalry chased 'em down and exchanged shots, and one of the cavalry soldiers was wounded. But the stupid driver in the Model A couldn't, didn't shift into second gear, and as they went up with the heavy load, overloaded, the thing gradually lost power until it stalled out. They surrounded the vehicle and took the men and carried them off. A little before that you had the liquor being smuggled in, but not after 1932 or '33. Of course, there was liquor everywhere. But the counterfeit coins. There was a little bit of gun traffic going to Mexico, because even at that time there was people styling themselves as revolutionaries looking for firearms and ammunition and so forth.

But mainly it was, I'm afraid it was, speaking frankly, it was an employment program, the cavalry at that time. It was mainly an employment program. Although there was always the hint, the suggestion that there was bandits that would be still coming over. In those days it would still be possible to picture a band of horse-mounted Mexican bandits who would come over. The last bandit attack we had here of any significance was 1928 and that was up in Cerrita, Armstrong County, so there was that specter looming over there. And the patrol, the cavalry, they were numerous, /and that/ perhaps retarded such a thing happening, I don't know. I think that the way the Mexican bandits operated, they didn't have to fear being caught by the cavalry anyway because they could always work around them. The cavalry always reacted. They never did anticipate, they always reacted. And if they wished, they could've come in in the '30s, but they just didn't do it. A little bit of banditry, now, a little bit of petty thievery, and tractors were stolen all across the river and the army worked on that.

Cattle were stolen. My father worked on rustling problems in those days, especially around Salineño. That's just below now the Falcón Dam area. They worked on a fairly massive rustling operation and made some arrests, federal arrests on that. And those men were prosecuted and convicted. But there was no Indians and shooting and riding over the hill and that kind of stuff. It was mainly investigation, patrol; investigation, patrol. And he was trying to make up points so he could join the border patrol, get a civil service advantage to join the border patrol, which he did not do.

M: Did you ever hear some good stories from people who were doing this kind of work during the '20s in connection with smuggling of liquor during prohibition?

N: Yeah, there was thousands of stories.

M: Could you tell us a couple of the good ones that you know about?

N: Just off the top of my mind, there was a group there near Peñitas. This is 1922, as I recall. This was told by the great-aunt of my wife. It's like Keystone Cops. There was a bunch of federal agents that had heard that there was going to be an attempted act of smuggling in broad daylight. And they came down to Peñitas, and there was a harebrained Mexican fisherman on the other side--and we're talking about a Mexican national--on the other side who was running a trout line. And the stupid police, in those days, you see, we brought policemen down from all over, and the Texas Rangers had this problem. These Texas Rangers didn't know the difference between a Mexican bandit and a Mexican goat herder. They didn't know. And the federal officers about the same--thought the Mexican in a boat was a smuggler just because that's what he looked like. And they say that while they diverted their attention to this guy, this character with the trout line, the man was going about his business like he always had,

attending to this, I think he was taking fish off of the trout line. They didn't know what he was doing even, they didn't understand what this process was. They were not outdoorsmen at all. And there was nine or 10 of these agents and they went down and took a position where this man was obviously coming across very slowly attending this trout line.

While this was going on, downstream about 600 yards there was a group of Mexicans loading up a boat with scotch whiskey. It was highly prized. The observers, the people that sat and watched the thing, said that it was so interesting to watch the American police watching this fisherman while in full view the smugglers were bringing the stuff over. They found out. They saw it happen. Finally when the guys got just to the edge, and they commenced to try to arrest them, they all ran down there on foot, a long distance going through the, you know, there's arroyos that come in the river and the topographic deviation that is considerable.

They ran down there shooting their guns off in the air and so forth.

The man attending his trout line was frightened and fell into the water, and the boat went off, it went downstream, and he was hanging on to his trout line. It turned out the Mexican didn't know how to swim. His whole business was fishing; he was a commercial fisherman, but he did not know how to swim. The ruckus frightened some of the...there was three guys on the smuggling boat, two of them were just mules, just helpers, and they dove into the water and swam back to the Mexican side. And the last guy who was left there began to break up the bottles so that there'd be no evidence, it would just be broken bottles in the boat, and nobody could say that he was trying to smuggle anything. And he as he got through he slipped, fell on the broken bottles in his own boat, and almost bled to death before they got him to medical help. And that's...if you film that



and call it a movie, nobody'd believe you. And this is a wild story that happened in Peñitas in 1922.

S: Where's Peñitas located?

N: Peñitas is, say, 10 miles west of Mission. It's the oldest...I shouldn't say it's the oldest, but it's a very old settlement of ranching-farming Mexican families there in that area. It was self-sustaining. The political officials that were elected there in those days were all Spanish surnamed, even into the 1880s and 1890s. The incredible thing is that we had writings from like Diana's great grandfather who came there in 1842. He knew how to read and write, and all of his children knew how to read and write. Which in those days was something impressive, because most of the Anglos didn't know how to read and write. But the people in Peñitas, almost all of them have been literate, very conservative people. Even there's a saying now among the people that live here that the difference between Abram and Peñitas is that Peñitas is Mexican and Abram is greasers. Because if you go to Abram you see the big purple cadillacs and so forth and the smuggling activity that goes on there. You go to Peñitas and it's very modest. The people are austere and they work for a living. But you can see just that much difference. But there was no Abram until about 1920. It's a new settlement. Shiftless people came in there and smugglers. Any smuggling that has gone on in the Peñitas area has been controlled by Abram for years and years and years. To this day I can take you over there and show you at every third house is somebody that's been arrested and convicted of marijuana or heroin smuggling in Abram. Abram is just a little bit further to the downriver side of Peñitas. This is what the conservative Mexicans and Anglos'll tell you here about the difference between the two towns. And it my be true, I think.

M: Can you think of another story like that one of smuggling?

N: I've had my own experiences with smugglers on the river.

M: Can you tell us about that?

N: Well, there's a hundred stories, you know. My favorite place for fishing in this area is in Salineño, and Salineño is the oldest white settlement in the Valley, the four-county Valley area. I think that I substantiated the first...the first entry for permanent residency there was in 1762 as a spin-off from Mier, as one of the porciones that was administered from the jurisdiction of Mier. And was owned by a cleric, the porción was owned by a cleric, and I believe his name was Salinas, and from that Salineño, of course. And it's been continuously inhabited. Now none of these communities I'm talking about are incorporated. Not even Peñitas. Abram, and Salineño, they're not incorporated, but they are organized communities.

We'd go up there in high school. My father told me, and /I thought/, "The old fool, what does he know about anything?" He said, "When you go up there, Salineño, you have to be careful, 'cause there's good people up there but there's also bad people. And that's all they've got." He was the one that used to tell me that Mexicans only come in two categories: worthless and perfect. And up there in those days you have the old, it's the old school. You know the very, very, very conservative people, very timid but generous and gracious and so forth. I guess they'd been screwed around so much that you get to where you retire from the outside world, and they were retired. You know that /Highway/ 83 goes north of them and you have to turn off the road and go down. You have to be going to Salineño to get there, you don't happen into the place. The river there is beautiful, cypress trees and river willows and clear water and good fish. Every time you go up there you hit an eight or nine pound bass, 10 or 12 pound catfish. And it's always been good fishing. Like I say,

my father told me that there was an industry up there that didn't permit the people poking their noses around too much.

It was 1963 that we were camped there, and we were in high school, like, we were juniors, senior in high school. And we got up in the morning, I got up, I guess brushed my teeth or something like two o'clock in the morning. And I found out then that the movies aren't right. Because when somebody shoots at you, the bullet gets there a long time before the sound does. And the bullet hit a tree right next to where I was standing. We heard this massive, big boom of a rifle, and you know, we deduced very quickly that somebody was on the other side shooting at us. It's easier in the movies 'cause you see everything that's happening. 'Cause you don't realize it when it first starts real high, especially in the dark. We went and took cover and shot a few rounds back at them [and] waited till they stopped. They knew that we weren't gonna move.

M: You had weapons with you? Were you hunting?

N: No, this is Texas. You come from Texas, too so you have to understand that we'd always go with a... I had a 303 British Infield rifle, and you always had to worry about the Cuban invasion, so we'd carry 50 or 60 rounds of 215 grain bullets with us. And I had a 22 Magnum revolver that I carried with a couple a hundred rounds of ammunition for snakes, you know. In case you found a snake that was hard to kill, you could hit him with a couple of hundred rounds. And the other two guys they also had similar armaments. I'll say this, we never used them. This is one of the few times we did, but we never even target shot out there. There is a little bit of danger with rabid animals and there was some trouble at that time with rabid animals, so the main concern was a javelina, say, that would come into the camp and we needed something we could knock him down with. Or say a big rattlesnake; a 22 pistol's good for a rattlesnakes if you know

what you're doing with it. This is what we carried it for. And when you're 16 or 17 years old, you look at the hairy chested men's magazines and you see the guys with the bandoliers of cartridges and so forth, you associate the guns with being in the outdoors. And you never can tell when the Cubans might invade. So we carried the guns up there. It sounds crazy now, I guess it made a lot of sense then. Anyway you want to know the truth so I'll tell you the truth. We almost never used the firearms. It was somebody else's land anyway, and we did not want to... if you shot it up, the old Mexican rancher back in Salineño would hear or hear of it, and the next thing you know there'd be a lock on the gate.

You see, Salineño continues even to this day. If you have no mean purpose you can cross the gate but just leave the gate like you found it. If it's down, leave it down. If it's up, put it back up when you go through. So we didn't want to abuse. We went on litter details, you know. We'd get there and the fishing was bad we'd go pick up litter around the place and bury it or burn it so that the Mexican rancher would know that we were good guys. And to this day I can still get on that property. I've even told impressionable yankees that it was my property and I'd take 'em down and go fishing on my ranch. And the rancher'd be there and I'd wave at him and I'd say, "Oh, I'm gonna go over and talk to the guy see how things are going." And for all practical purposes the poor yankee thought that the rancher that owned the place was my foreman, okay? It's a Texas lie, but you know how we are. Very accommodating people, very accommodating. As long as you don't mistreat his property. And I don't want anybody mistreating my property, I'm not gonna mistreat his. But we did carry the guns down there in those days for that purpose, and smugglers.

M: Did you find out who was shooting at you?

N: Well, we went up to the dam later and talked to the IBWC people and the immigration people, and we talked to the border patrol, and they told us that it wasn't any of their concern. Almost all of them to the man told us the same thing--that they had a wife and kids and they weren't worried about it and that stuff's been going on down there for years and so on and so forth. We later deduced, a Texas Ranger told us that it was probably marijuana smugglers or heroin smugglers or something like that. But in '63, you know, five pounds of marijuana was a big deal. In four or five years everything changed. But I can get you a newspaper from 1961 where a guy get caught with a couple of joints and they send him to prison for five years. But that was always, it's always been a smuggling point. It turns out that near Salineño access there's several forks there, and it's for smugglers.

S: You never got to see who actually was shooting at you?

N: No, it was at night.

M: Could we get back to your father? Could you tell us how he got into agriculture?

N: Well, in those days and still to this day in the Valley, in those days it was mainly agriculture and commerce--Mexican commerce, stuff going over to Mexico, stuff coming out; and agriculture here, winter tomatoes and summer cotton, autumn corn, spring lettuce and so forth. Everybody farmed. And when he got out he determined, after looking at the border patrolmen that were around, that he did not want to join the ranks of those people. 'Cause his mother apparently had told him that he was the brown part of the bread, you know, the crust of the bread, and everybody else was common. And after he saw the border patrolmen he believed it, so he did not volunteer for the border patrol. I don't want to offend anybody, but this is the way it happened. So he became a day laborer, making a dollar a day.

M: Your father?

N: Yeah.

M: Doing what?

N: Digging ditches in Ed Couch and Edinburg and that area. But he had a high school diploma and he had a little bit of college. He went to Edinburg Junior College, I think he had a year of college. And he was an industrious sort and once again one of these horsetraders, come from a long line of horsetraders and Southerners that like to trade horses, look mules in the mouth, you know.

So he decided quickly that the best thing to do was to take care of somebody else's farm, don't have a farm of your own. 'Cause you might make it two years, but the third year'll get you. And you'll always be working for the bank. It's the one thing he always told me, don't ever borrow any money from the bank 'cause the bank will own your operation and you won't work for yourself, you'll work for the bank. But he did make one loan and that was to buy a tractor and a few implements. 'Cause he was a good boy, ol' Norman Newton's son and so forth, and he parlayed a social position into a financial position. He had an honorable discharge and all that other stuff. And he had another advantage that he could speak Spanish so he could recruit. I've never had any trouble in Mexico at all, nothing. I think it's so surprising that even people of malintent, if you speak a little Spanish in Mexico, the guy'll bend over backwards to make you happy, to do the right thing. If you make the guy angry by saying the wrong thing, you'll find out just exactly how heavy that Mexican hand can be. I think my father parlayed the same thing. He spoke Spanish and he could recruit people to work for him. They were almost all Mexicans, almost all of them. The Anglos made good entrepreneurs, but you couldn't get them to work. The

Mexicans didn't make very good entrepreneurs unless it was in their heritage already, unless they were shopkeepers, lawyers or whatever it was, but they made damn good workers. They could do anything once trained like I said before, without being supervised. And my father, according to my brother, was the one that tried to convince the other farmers that you could do more by leaving the Mexican out there unattended, just have faith. If you trained them, go back home take care of the next thing, okay.

Well, this worked for him so before long the big war came. And he was taking care of groves so he had an agricultural deferment, because he had this big crew and so forth and they were producing citrus. And of course citrus, especially during war time, is not a luxury; it's a mandatory something that you have to have. And he had the crew built up and so forth and several men working for him taking care of lots of groves. Had more tractors and so forth. In 1942 he finally bought some land over there north of McAllen--which is now well within the city limits of McAllen--bought 20 acres and maintained his grove care operation there based almost entirely on wetback labor. Almost all what we now nicely call...a lot of people don't like to say the word Mexican because they think it's dirty. I don't agree with that. And a lot of people we don't say wetback anymore because there's something wrong with being a wetback. But I grew up in a period when a wetback was a good thing to be. People honored them because they had come so far to work. They were good people. And many people, a lot of people worried about their best interests; a lot of people didn't. But it was not a negative term at all in those days. And still, since I grew up that way I still don't, I will never be able to say undocumented alien and think that that's somehow better than being, having been a wetback. It was a very noble person, and they weren't slaves.

S: All over Mexico they use the term espaldas mojadas.

N: Right. And when I was a child the word Chicano meant like a white trash Mexican, okay? And now of course it's a popular term to identify Hispanic people, but it repulses me personally. Because the wetbacks refer to bad Mexicans as chicaneros or Chicanos and so forth. And if it wasn't Mexican vernacular, you know, like you say espaldas mojadas, it's their own term. And I refuse to associate it with anything negative.

S: Espaldas mojadas or mojado for short.

N: Mojados, right. We refuse...my mother couldn't think of any other term. And there's a difference, there's all kinds of categories of Hispanic people, you know. And one's a wetback, other one's a legal, and that's still a Mexican national that is legal, legally here, had his papers and so forth. We helped naturalize hundreds of 'em. Not to vote or anything like that, but people that are better Americans than people that were born in Idaho or born in New York 'cause they studied and know North America. They know the United States of America. They chose to be American citizens. They came here legally and became citizens. I know legal aliens who have contributed more to this community than Lloyd Bentsen ever thought about contributing, okay? And now we have the problem of legal and illegal aliens that are coming over to advantage themselves of a more comprehensive welfare program. But people hate the Mexicans because they're coming over and abusing the welfare, getting on food stamps and so forth. My comment has always been that if we didn't have the welfare system here they wouldn't come, they'd still come just to work, like they did then. We didn't have any welfare abuse back in the early '50s. There was none. There was Mexicans that came to work...legally or illegally. And there was the Mexican Americans who, you know, they worked.

M: Did your father get involved in recruiting people on the other side?



N: Never.

M: How did his recruitment system work?

N: Since he was a young man...this isn't Pollyanna stuff, but my father told me, my brother also told me, that if a Mexican gives you his word, follow it. If he gives you the answer yes, don't follow it. If he gives you a conditional statement, don't follow it. If he says he'll try his best or that he'll look into it or something like this, forget about it. He's not going to. If you say, "Is the bridge up here three miles?", and he says, "Yes," forget about it. The bridge is 12 miles or some mile he doesn't know. But if a Mexican comes and says, "I have a brother and he's as good as I am. He's an excellent worker. And he has a family; he needs to work; and I'll have him here Tuesday. I give you my word." Just forget about it 'cause the guy'll be there. The Mexican commits himself for all intents and purposes, the sun'll come up in the West if he doesn't deliver that word.

So he recruited honorable people by word of mouth. And by the time he was ready to set up his big grove care operation, he already had a cadre of very dependable people. Fidencio, Agustin of course from Mier. Agustin was an American citizen. He was born in Mier but both of his parents were born in the United States, and he lived in...in those days, my God, you couldn't tell. He probably voted in both places, Agustin did. And was an incredible character. But I remember especially Fidencio, and Rosendo, Rosendo especially, 'cause he only had one hand, He was born with one hand. And he could do more work than anybody. In fact he was a mechanic. He trained himself as a mechanic. My father was a good mechanic but these Mexicans very often would teach themselves more mechanics than they could learn in the TSTI today, just by being given the opportunity and sit there. The thing about Mexicans is that you have to plug them in. You have to plug them in to get them started to work. They don't have the, how do you say...there's a job to do, you

have to identify the job to them. Once you've plugged them in and tell 'em, "Go work now," it'll be done. But they'll very often let the period of time lapse that the job should be started. That's another thing my father always told me, was that Mexicans have to be plugged in.

M: You said previously that your father felt that there were two kinds of Mexicans, perfect ones and worthless ones. What did he mean, where did he get the idea?

N: The thing that made him the maddest was like, you have a Greek Mexican. There's all kinds of Mexicans, too, in that direction--horizontally, vertically and so forth. And I'll call names since you're interested in that, a lot of people won't want to use names. But you have a guy up here named Leo \_\_\_\_\_. He is the padrino de La Joya, Hidalgo County. He's a politician. His favorite game was...and the worst enemy of any or all Mexicans is another Mexican. It's incredible. The very worst enemy. And he'd round up these unwashed, tired and lonely, scared mojados coming across the river, and he'd arrange labor contracts with the farmers, and then you would pay him to deliver this labor. Well, this worked okay for the Teutonic and Slavic mentality 'cause you had a contract service. I may be splitting hairs here and there's violations to the general rule, but I think the general rule stands up. The Anglo-Saxon wanted to deal directly with whom he was dealing. All right? Because it's not as efficient, it's nowhere near as efficient to deal directly with 112 men or 106 men or whatever, but it's better to deal directly with them.

We used Leo \_\_\_\_\_ once, and it turned out that four of these wetbacks came back and cussed my father to hell 'cause he hadn't paid them. And we got the story, said "The organizer told us that you didn't give him any money." And my father says, "Well what the hell do you think this is, you stupid Mexicans?" He says, "A cancelled check." "Do you know what this

is?" And he said, "Well, I guess I do. You paid the man?" He said, "Yeah, I paid the man. This is proof of it right here." And it dawns on you that the son of a bitch didn't give the laborers their money, okay? This happened and still does happen even to this day frequently. It happens even to non-illegal or non-wetbacks. But this thing infuriated... You know, the idea of this is a worthless Mexican.

We had the people that came through who couldn't practice deferred gratification. It didn't ever happen to us, but we saw it happening. Honorable people told us the stories about it did happen and the evidence of it, about how the Mexicans would come through and they would instead of working for wages and accruing wages and so forth, they would steal and then move on to the next place--you know, heading north on foot or heading back to Mexico on foot, steal some things of value. And you couldn't break them stealing in a hundred years. Whereas on the other hand you had other Mexicans that would lay around in a environment with lots of valuables, watches and antiques, and you could have money laying on the counter, cash money, and they wouldn't touch it in a hundred years 'cause it wasn't theirs.

But I think when you say that there's only that there's two kinds of Mexicans, you can say that about any group of people, absolutely any group of people. But what my father was trying to impress upon me was exactly that--that don't ever say that "all Mexicans are" because you'll be wrong, even if you say Catholic. Even if you say Democrat, even if you say black hair and brown eyes, you know, you'll be wrong. We talked at length about this stuff, this kind of stuff, that "all Mexicans are," and that's a false statement, the next thing that comes out is a false statement. Because about the time you say they're all Democrats, you'll find that even in spite of what happened in 1976, 14 percent of them voted for

Gerald Ford, which is a small number but it's significant. And they're very individualistic. And it's true. As I've gone through life I've found out that you have the, you know, the German that'll go through and steal anything that's not tied down, the other German that wouldn't know how.

M: You just have all shades and varieties among all groups.

S: I've noticed that you make a difference between Slavic and Saxon and Anglo-Saxon. Can you expound that a little bit?

N: Absolutely. This is more Pollyanna stuff, but see, I'm a Texas secessionist. And I'm not the first one that said it. General Teran was the guy that observed it the first. He wrote and said, "You Texans will not long endure in that Union. You were fools to join the United States because Washington and Texas have nothing in common, and you will not long endure." And you know, he was right. It lasted 15 years, 16 years, Texas had the vote of Ordinance of Secession. And that was not very long tenure. And we're at that point again. But the South was populated by, primarily, white settlement. Of course Black settlement came from all over, but white settlement was principally from England, Scotland and Northern Ireland. You hear the term Scotch-Irish and people think that it's a guy that's half Irish and half Scottish, but it's not. It's a particular breed of man who is associated with Northern Ireland. That's why the trouble is going on up there. It's a Celtic variety of people, the Celtic strain that runs through northern Spain and western France and southern Scotland, northern England and Northern Ireland. And when it comes over here, it gets lumped into the the Anglo-Saxon group. And they are very productive people, very industrious in their own way. They're very organized in their own way but, they deal in terms of the essence of life and the nobility and they're very conservative people. Try to be, anyway. And they have a certain way of

approaching life. They're not very efficient people. The Englishman is not an efficient person; he gives more to tradition, and he's the kind of guy that would rather have a good life than to be rich. I'm overgeneralizing once again.

My brother, who's a cultural geographer and one of your compadres, he's a Ph.D., has been troubled by this in finding this trend. And why would the South go to war with the North and the North go to war with the South? You know, we're told that because Lincoln freed the slaves and they wanted to abolish slavery. But my God, we know that there's a thousand little issues involved even to the point where the South had five foot gauge railroads and the north had four [foot] eight. And if that continued and the South building railroads faster than the North was, finally that the North would have to reconvert to the Southern standards. And ad infinitum. You know there'd be nobody to feed the North if the South broke off. And certainly the North has not set up any model of race relations that the South could follow. If it was truly an act of liberation, then things would've come out much differently. But it's because of basic antagonism between an Anglo-Saxon group of people and a Teutonic group of people. It's Germany and England all over again. The Germans and the English just love to fight each other, I don't know why. I think warfare's probably the stupidest human pursuit that we've ever run across.

But the German soldiers I talked with, I've talked to several soldiers that served for the German Army in World War II, and by God to the man you expect them to sit back and say, "Well, we were most afraid of the Americans." They will tell you that they were most afraid of the English because, "we've been fighting you years and years and years. And besides that, we're cousins more so than the Latinate French." The French are more Latin. There's a cousinship between the Anglo-Saxons and the Teutonics. That's there. And

only family members know how to kill each other the best and hate each other the most. In fact, you're more apt to be killed by your own brother than you are of some stranger coming in off the street, or a relative of some kind. So while there is a similarity between these English, two great English speaking groups of people, there are Anglo-Saxons in the North and there are Germanic people in the South, generally speaking one is Slavic or Teutonic. I can tell you, I can get my roster out from the people that come down here to visit and go to Mexico when I make out their visas, I'll show you the names of the people that come from the North. And there're not a whole lot of Smiths and Browns and Newtons, you know. They're Wyzinski and Gaborski and this, that and the other names--not Anglo-Saxon. And they're very orderly people, very orderly people.

S: How do these groups deal with the Mexican laborers? Both of these groups you're mentioning, both the Teutonic and the Anglo-Saxon.

M: Locally? Any differences?

N: McAllen is interesting because it's...you notice McAllen looks like a middle western city. It's on a gridiron and so forth. The people, the non-Spanish surnamed people that came here right after the turn of the century were not Anglo-Saxon; they were Slavic and Teutonic. And yet there's also a large Anglo-Saxon group that came here at other times before and after, so you have a pretty good mixture. And we, my father, we grew with this prejudice in our household. And my brother's been studying some way to support it all his life by saying that the crummy Germans mistreated the Mexicans.

There's a German family down there, and I'll tell you, the poor old man's dead and he can't defend himself. But Schraeler could never keep a crew, just flat could not keep it. So he would come down to us to borrow our labor from us to take care of his farm. He was a farmer. He needed

weeding or he needed planting or tractor driving or something like that, he'd come down to us to get our men. But the Mexicans would not work for him. He was always afraid they were gonna do something to him or they were gonna steal something. He wouldn't let them be in the barn by themselves. This creates a very bad emotional atmosphere. It wasn't just Schraeler, but it was several of them, several of these guys that came down here in the '20s. Could never adapt to that. [They asked,] "Why don't they speak English when they come down here? I had to speak English. And I was born speaking German." I said, "Well, they just got here, he's only been here two weeks." He said, "Yeah, but I had to speak English." "How you gonna teach a wetback English, and what difference does it make if he speaks English or not? Why don't you learn Spanish, 'cause there's one of you to change to Spanish and there's 600 of them to change to English. So why don't you just learn Spanish?" But he wouldn't even use kitchen Spanish, 'cause it was un-American to use even Tex-Mex or kitchen Spanish, anything to get the concept over. If the stupid Mexican couldn't understand it, he didn't want him walking around here 'cause he's not a good man.

We ran across this with old man Neiss, old man Knopps; all these characters just couldn't adapt. There were a few that could. The Germans from the old country seemed to get along all right if they came directly over.

M: Earlier you were telling us about Border Patrol coming into your house and you remember several incidents that happened when you were a kid. Could you tell us about that again?

N: Nobody believes this because I was very young, you see. But as long as you'll indulge me. I have very good recall back to infancy and I'll tell you about when I was four and five years old. And of course I have an 11 year older brother and six year older brother, five year older brother, and

we slept in the same room. We had a large old 17 room farmhouse that was a nice old home, sat on about a four acre yard. And we had three driveways that depending on where you wanted to go in the compound you use one of the driveways. And it was a matter of some frequency, like twice a year, that we always went to sleep with this knowledge that as long as the men were there that we would have to expect what we called the night visit. And we always reminded the Mexicans to, you know, be on your toes, post a guard. We had quarters for the Mexicans in the back. There was three good houses and then they made some portales for themselves. And the three good houses would accomodate about 20 men. And as you ranked you got to move into the good house. And that was for our more permanent guys. But they always posted one or two guards themselves. And we [had] generally two guards. One of them was supposed to notify us if they saw any light coming down the gravel road at that time of the night. Especially two or three lights or if an airplane flew over looking for the wetbacks' campfires. And they're very scared of single engine, fixed-wing aircraft. The wetbacks assumed that any airplane they saw was the Border Patrol.

And I remember one particular night, it was summer, hotter than hell. It was the particular type of summer night that we have here. The temperature just barely does get below 80 , okay, and there's no wind and the humidity's 90 percent, and everything's dripping. And we were laying around acting like horse's asses, like children do, in our room. Not really asleep, but the lights were out. And we heard motor noises. You hear engines; we didn't hear the jeeps coming down the gravel road. They had been traveling very slowly, probably idling the first gear. And suddenly the whole farmhouse compound is lit up and there's jeeps at the closure of every driveway to our house. And you have to envision, see, the lights are on bright, the headlights



of the vehicles are on bright, and there's men running around everywhere. I had just seen "Gone With the Wind," okay, and my father always referred to the Border Patrol as the damn yankee Border Patrol. And he told me also, I asked him one time what happened because I was the same as the Mexicans, I stayed with them all the time. You hear the old Archie Bunker in his house saying, "Well, I lived with them niggers and I've eaten on their table." Well, I'm sorry, I did--I slept with them, I ate with them, they took care of me. My parents go on trips, I stayed in the back house, I went out there with Fidencio or Armando, one of these guys. And that was the way it was. And if I did something wrong and they'd beat me, they'd tell my father and my father'd beat me again. The Mexicans were... I didn't know there was any such thing as Mexicans, really, till I was older. That's all there was. My parents spoke Spanish in the house out of habit.

These guys would come in and take the Mexicans off. I understand. So I asked my father what would happen if they got me. And he'd say, "Say this, you say, 'Get your cotton picking hands off me you damn yankee border patrolman!'" And the one time in my life a border patrolman picked me up to, you know in a friendly act, and I told him, "Get your cotton picking hands off me, you goddamn border patrolman." And he puts me down and says, "Where'd he learn that? Accusing my father of training me, which he did. But we were all petrified.

Well, anyway, I was petrified at this time that I thought that they were gonna come and take us all, everybody, take everybody off, 'cause this is what I understood happened. It would astound a five-year-old to be told that, "What happened to old man Cheever's Mexican?" Say, "Well, the border patrol came and got him." Well, that's like splitting up a household, you know, 'cause Cheever's Mexican lived there. He ate in the same kitchen; they were friends; they drove around in the same pick-up. One might drive

and the next time the other one might drive--like brothers. But the border patrol could come and take this Mexican and haul him off to somewhere. Where do they go? North Pole? So here's this panic of a five-year-old child. And the border patrol's here. And I know this happened a couple of other times while I was young. I was tiny then; my mother would grab me and hold me. And as long as I was close to my mother, or Milton would pick me up and hold me. And there's nothing you could do. You wanted to shoot or you wanted to fight them, but you were outnumbered. So Norman's job was immediately to run out and tell the Mexicans that the border patrol was here and to haul it, run south, or get into the tree. To this day if a Mexican commits an offense somewhere and they're looking for him, my first advice is to look in a tree, especially at night. The stupid border patrolmen'll never look in a tree.

But this time, a ranking officer came in with this group, came through the house. Norman was gone, and Milton and I went to the big house, and there they were in their uniforms and so forth with a little Smokey Bear hat in my parents bedroom with flashlights. And shining the flashlights in my mother's eyes and my father's eyes telling them, "Get up. We're gonna go out and find where your Mexicans are." And my father wore pajamas, we didn't; and my mother wore a nightgown. And without any shoes on they stalked us out there across our...we had some monte, had jungle, and we'd walk out there, and stickers, mesquite thorns and so forth. Pushing, physically pushing my mother in the back, pushing my father in the back and demanding where the wetbacks are. And saying, "You have an old Mexican squaw that works for you." And I didn't know what a Mexican squaw was, but it was Lupe, my comadre, who was the maid from Puebla. They were looking for her in particular. For some reason or other they were cracking down

on maids. And they went up to her room and she was big, mujer robusta, and she rolled down to the second floor. She rolled down into the roof of the garage and ran off to the southeast and was gone. And they got back there, and they made so much noise after they arrived interrogating us and pushing us around that all the Mexicans were gone. Instead of going backwards, you know, coming in and hitting the Mexicans first then coming to the patron and saying, "Well, here's these here, see how you handle your groves now. We have your 53 Mexicans here." And they never did think that way. They wanted to punish. They had the idea that they were in charge of punishing the farmer or the rancher.

/ PAUSE /

M: Norman is your brother?

N: Yeah. See, Milton was born in '36, Norman in '42, I was born in '47, so we're spread out. Gringos de sangre fria, verdad? Tres hijos nada mas, pero asi salio la cosa. But Norman stood in the driveway one day with a 410 shotgun loaded at the age of about 12, and leveled it at the border patrol one time because he was told in class that the Bill of Rights said that we were protected from undue search and seizure, the Fourth Amendment, and you had to have a search warrant specifying probable cause. And we never understood what the probable cause was because the damn Mexican was a human being and had every right to be there, and we understood this was part of Mexico at one time and it just didn't make any sense. They were the friends of the damn family. And my father never did get down to specifics of why they were illegal. He didn't think they should be illegal either. He said that you can't categorize people that way. So we just we didn't allow it; we didn't like it. And my brother held a shotgun on their entry one time and they backed off. I understand that some other stories were that they roughed up the kids that defended the wetbacks and so forth, but they didn't do

anything that day. I think it scared them a little bit.

M: You mentioned you remember having border patrol agents come into your own room and waking you up and shining a flashlight in your eyes.

N: Throw the covers off. This before that one incident where they pushed my parents around in the monte, it was more like jungle. But we had about three acres that was turned over just to primitive, mesquite, just pruned a little bit, like a bird sanctuary. They pushed them through that thing. But it was common. It happened once or twice a year. They'd come into your room, throw off the sheets and they'd look under the beds. Sometimes they wouldn't talk to you. They'd just be shining the flashlight around. And I'd say, "Put on the light." Or Milton would say, "Turn the light on." They're slamming the flashlights around and it didn't make any sense to me.

They came in one time while Lupe was waxing the floor on her hands and knees. We had this Mexican tile, beautiful orange tile, and Lupe always used Johnson's paste wax. Well, this time by God she was legal. We had all her papers, and they came and took her. And my father exercised a lot more of his vocabulary and remembered words he hadn't used since the Army. We went down to the detention facility. And they didn't give her a chance to go up to the room and get her papers. And I never heard of a Mexican squaw. You know the Mexican squaws? I thought that was Indians, right? This is what they call them. All Mexicans are Indians, really, this is their attitude. But me, by the time I was that old I knew that all Mexicans were... once again, put the period there [because] you just can't say, 'cause there's some Mexicans that are a 100 percent red and some Mexicans are 100 percent white, and there's lots that are in between. But you can't say that all Mexicans are, but any Mexican woman was a squaw to these guys. And they treated them very roughly. You know, they threw them around and pushed them around.

M: So you got Lupe back?

N: We got her back the same day. Bastards. It's just not right. And I don't believe in the labor union baloney about how these people are taking away jobs from Americans, still. I didn't believe it then and I don't believe it now. When I become emperor of Texas, okay, we're going to have, I'm going to make a treaty with the Mexicans in Mexico City and say, "You will allow the Texans to invest freely wherever they want without restraint, subject only to the tax laws that are common to the Mexicans. And any Mexican can come over here and practice neurosurgery or garbage collecting or any other thing that he wants to do, as long as he has that credential. Your credentials are the same as ours. If he has the neurosurgery credential in Mexico, it's valid here." But it's a false boundary and it's a good land for both peoples, Texas is. I'm not speaking for Arizona or New Mexico. I don't intend to be qualified to comment about that. But it's always seemed to me to be a false relationship to slam a boundary up there and say that the gringos can't invest in Mexico unless they go through all these kinds of hoops, and the Mexicans can't work over here unless they go through all these kinds of hoops. Or the Mexicans can't invest over here or the American can't work over there. It's just not, it just doesn't make any sense, because we have so much to give to each other. It's a preposterous relationship. Neighbors should be borrowing each other's lawn mowers all the time.

M: In high school was there much interaction between Anglos and Mexicans? Did you go to school where there were a lot of Mexicans?

N: Yeah. I was the first pitcher to throw a ball off the new mound there at the new McAllen High School. Went two years to the old one where the new bank building is. They tore it down, they shouldn't /have/ done that.

And I was [in] the first graduating class out of the new high school, 64. And there was...I remember holding the door open for a little sawed-off Mexican kid. I was a senior and he was a freshman. They had put the freshmen in over there. And Ted Graham said, "Damn, why did you hold the door open for that pepper belly?" And it didn't dawn on me, but Ted Graham...let me tell you the secret. The people that hate the Mexicans the worst, that are not Mexicans, are people who are say of upper-lower socio-economic origin. Scared to death of 'em. Scared to death of the Mexicans. They're the ones that apparently think they're going to be displaced. And the other ones, the next group that doesn't like the Mexicans, is half of the extreme upper sector of the socio-economic community that is not Mexican. The other half, tell you the secret, is either diluted Mexicanized or pro-Mexican, or they have somebody in the family that is Mexican, whatever Mexican is once again. And there's been a latent combat for years and years and years and years here. Any improvement in ethnic relations here is not on a continuing basis. There's been highs and lows all the time, advocates of good ethnic relations all the way back to the 1850s down here.

See, the Anglo-Saxon, when they first came in here, they married all these good looking Mexicans girls. The Davises and the Smiths, the Clausners and the Rutledges, these were all Mexican American families. The McAllens, half of the whole McAllen family is Mexican, and the Anglo part of the McAllen family is one fourth Mexican. The first Anglo-Saxons that came through here intermarried and did business with the Mexicans just like they were people. But the new people come in, like Cleo Dawson, for instance, writes a book called She Came to the Valley, and how Pancho Villa

held on her on his knee, and how her mother came in in a covered wagon in 19 whatever it is--well, it's just unmitigated baloney, it's just not true. This place was already civilized by the time she got here. And if she got here in a covered wagon, like my father said, "She must've been a gypsy." (Chuckles) These people came down and thought that they'd found the edge of civilization. But the late arrivals are always the ones that cause trouble. The first group in here of non-Mexicans or non-Hispanic people were Anglo-Saxon, and they had no trouble whatsoever. In fact, like I say, they snapped up the good looking Mexican broads--especially if they had some money, but even if they didn't. 'Cause there's something that a Mexican woman has that you don't find in other places. When she bats her big eyes at you, and she's conservative, she's efficient, she'll run the household, and these guys fell for it. And you can go through the telephone book and find literally hundreds of English surnamed Mexican American families. But they're English, they're Anglo-Saxon.

S: Yeah, you were mentioning something about opening the door for this Mexican American kid.

N: Yeah. I can see you're all ready to take this out of context.

[ PAUSE ]

N: It's a complicated issue. The Cleo Dawson people would like you to think that thank God we've kept the races apart and there was no interaction at all, thank God. And the Brown Berets would like for you to think the same thing. But actually it's very complex.

S: Actually what I wanted to ask you is, what was the difference between you and your friend? When you opened the door, what was the difference in attitude?

N: Simply on that is that I never gave it any thought. I never considered that

there was any difference at all. I'm not saying this because I'm a good and saintly person, but this is just one segment of the Valley's Anglo-Saxons. I'm representative of those people; I'm an example of them. And there's another whole group that were not similar to that. And you can go out and find a whole bunch of them and maybe you have found them, and that felt this way. But there was a limited interaction when I was a boy because the Mexican girls couldn't go out on dates back in those days. See, a lot of the Mexican girls were exempted from PE because they couldn't wear the bloomers, couldn't wear the abbreviated outfits.

M: Conservatism.

N: Very, very conservative. And I remember Tommy Traiter asked Tere Contreras out for a date one time. And it was...you'd think they were gonna get married, 'cause Mr. Contreras comes over to the Traiter's house and say, "What is your boy's intentions with our daughter?" and all this other stuff. They weren't prepared for that; the girls just weren't available. So because of that and because of latent bigotry, there was no interaction. There's two reasons. There was still quite a bit...my brother ran around with Irene Garza, Milton. That was back in the early '50s. And that was a big deal. Of course, she was a drum majorette and so forth with the band and very popular. But it all depended. Now the Mexicans that spoke English well and who lived in the right part of town and who had money were just like Anglos, as they say. They may have been a hundred percent Mexican, but they came to the parties and so forth, nobody thought a thing about it. The fact that they were represented there a one-fifth factor when actually they constituted half the school, nobody ever thought about that. And yet on the other hand, there didn't seem to be much desire to interact between the two sexes, between a Mexican male or female



and a positive Anglo male or female. It was much easier for an Anglo male, though, to date a Mexican girl than vice versa, much easier. I've never known why; I don't know why to this day. And that's the way they seem to marry out also. Here when you have cross-cultural marriages it almost always seems to be an Anglo male and a Mexican female, almost-always. But the conservatism with the girls is one of the problems, and the other problem was that a lot of the guys that you know, they never met a Mexican girl that wasn't a whore.

M: And that was a standard attitude?

N: Not standard, not standard at all, but a lot of the guys said that. They'd go over to Boys Town. And strangely enough they'd all...you'd see nothing but prostitutes, you know, and that was their only level of interaction with them. A lot of us knew, though, that it was a whole different ball game, because we had some experience with the people. There was, we had the half breeds, you know--Beverly Jenkins and Shirley Evans and these girls, and they'd switch hit pretty well; they went wherever they wanted to go. There was not the rejection by both sides that people talk about. Although you make me a barrel and put a label on it, and I could fill the barrel up. Whether it was Anglo and accepting, Mexican and accepting, Mexican and rejecting--just any barrel, I can fill it up in those days with some large group of people. But it was not all a cut and dried, black and white issue. There was lots of interaction. On the baseball team we showered together, we bunked together, and so on and so forth. We had a coach, though, when we went up to Corpus Christi tournament he segregated the Mexican boys from the gringo boys. And we couldn't figure out why. We wound up changing off to our friends anyway. Joe Morales was in Saunder's and my clique, and Gilberto Salinas was in some other guy's clique, and we bunked by cliques. And the cliques were almost always part Mexican and part gringo, in groups.

M: But on the trips this coach wanted to split up the groups?

N: Yeah. He finally became principal of the high school. He's the immediate past principal of the high school over here. He said that it would be several years before the Mexicans' brains evolved to the point where they can be as smart as regular people.

M: You heard him say that?

N: Yeah. He was the principal of the high school. His daughter can't, to this day, she can't take 9.13 percent of 1384. She says it's an impossible mathematical process. And she wouldn't stoop so low as to...they didn't have any interaction at all themselves with Mexicans. This is their attitude. But of course McAllen's always had some kind of problem like that, and it evokes overreaction, always evoked overreaction. And I don't blame people too much. You understand, I'm talking to you just like you were a person, all right, we're sitting at a barber shop talking. So I don't want you to take this stuff off and use it for some kind of a Brown Beret dogma pamphlet or something.

M: No. Well, you're telling us about situations that you know that we know about, and you're doing it in a sense that you're relating these experiences that have happened. And it's very understandable.

N: There was no segregation of baseball teams, football teams, things like that, absolutely none. And the first time anybody said anything, "You stupid Mexican," "Pinche gringo," or anything like that, then it was punishment time. Both antagonists, the protagonist and the antagonist both, they were taken off and punished. There were people very sensitive about that, and most of the coaches, most of the teachers were up on it. You know, they knew what the middle was; they knew what the proper route was. And you could beat a guy up because he was a son of a bitch, but not because he was a Mexican son of a bitch. You could have a fight about that or you could

beat him up because he was a son of a bitch, but not because he was a pinche gringo son of a bitch. That wasn't permissible when I was in school. And my father says pretty much the same thing when he was in school back in the dark ages, when back then you had so very few Mexicans in the high school, you know, like 12, 15 percent, even though maybe half the population at that time was Spanish surnamed.

But there was...very complicated. The churches were almost all segregated by tradition. You see, there's no Mexican American Episcopalians because it's an Anglican Catholic church or English Catholic church. And all the Anglo Roman Catholics went to St. Paul, Our Lady of Sorrows, and all Mexican American Roman Catholics went to Sacred Heart. And there was that kind of segregation on a linguistic basis. But interaction, we could go into Trigo's Pool Hall on Mexican Main street if you wanted to, and nobody'd blink an eye. And any Mexican properly attired, you know, if he came in with huaraches on and a tied down blouse and pair of trousers, you know, he wasn't welcome in some places. But even bigots would shut up and the non-bigots would say, you know, "Come on in," whatever the function might be.

The last little restaurant in Mission, can't remember the name of it, there was one that did not permit Mexicans in. And the Crystal Water Swimming Pool, we were astounded. And Vicky Perez told us one time, she's the daughter of an hacendado, very rich old-time family, she told us one time that they were not permitted to swim at Crystal Waters. Never known about this. We'd go swimming out there, we thought that there must've been somebody's quinceañera, and there was no Mexicans there. But it never dawned on us that it was a segregated swimming pool. It really was, that was back in the '50s. But the war changed a lot, plus the fact that there

[has] always been a foundation here of interaction, positive interaction. There's too many people that intermarried, too many. And it's easy to oversimplify and say all Mexicans hate all gringos and so forth, and some people like to think that, but it's just not true, it never did happen here. It's always been groups operating against that. And so in high school, like I say, the sum total of it is that, you give me any number of barrels and categories and I'll be able to fill it up with individuals that fit that category.

(END OF INTERVIEW)