Delis Negrón's Grandson

I am a paternal grandson of Delis Negron. I was just under 3 years old when he passed away in January 1956. So you can imagine that I do not have any memories of him.

That said, my father, Victor H. Negron, Sr., son of Delis, was an attorney. I followed in my father's footsteps and this will be my 40th year of practice. I have served on the State District bench twice (having been appointed by Gov. George W. Bush and Gov. Rick Perry), and my practice currently consists primarily of mediations and arbitrations. I have tried to serve people, personally and professionally, my adult life. I entered the practice of law because I wanted to help people. I truly believe that this desire to help people was rooted in large part to the desire for justice that was grandfather wore like a mantle.

It is in the course of conducting a mediation (in Spanish) in Del Rio, Texas, that I met an elderly attorney in his 90's who, when he heard my surname, asked me if I was related to Delis Negron. I told him that Delis was my grandfather, and he proceeded to direct me to a framed copy of the Del Rio newspaper (I think it was dated about early 1930's). In the page he had framed was an editorial by my grandfather. The subject of the editorial was this Del Rio attorney's representation of an alleged murderer, and the "not guilty" verdict returned by the jury. The article consisted of effusive praise because of the diligent efforts of this young, Mexican-American attorney, as he had prevented a grave injustice by his zealous representation.

I wish I could remember the Del Rio attorney's name, and I wish I had a copy of the editorial, but sadly, both are lost to posterity. I am certain that the newspaper has archives, and that one could research those to find the editorial, but that would take quite some time. I know now, as I knew then, that the Del Rio attorney had kept a copy of my grandfather's editorial as a sort of "trophy". But that framed editorial was as much a source of pride for me. The attorney had explained that his representation of this individual was extremely unpopular in Del Rio at that time (sounded a bit like the situation Atticus Finch was in) and that my grandfather's editorial had made him such a celebrity in Del Rio that his practice exploded. The rest, as they say, is history.

Such an editorial would have been quite consistent with the stories I have heard about my grandfather, who was small in stature (like David), but who was constantly battling the establishments (like Goliath) of the cities he lived in (Del Rio, Laredo, San Antonio) when he saw the fleecing of the citizens, corruption and graft.

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