The Texas Observer

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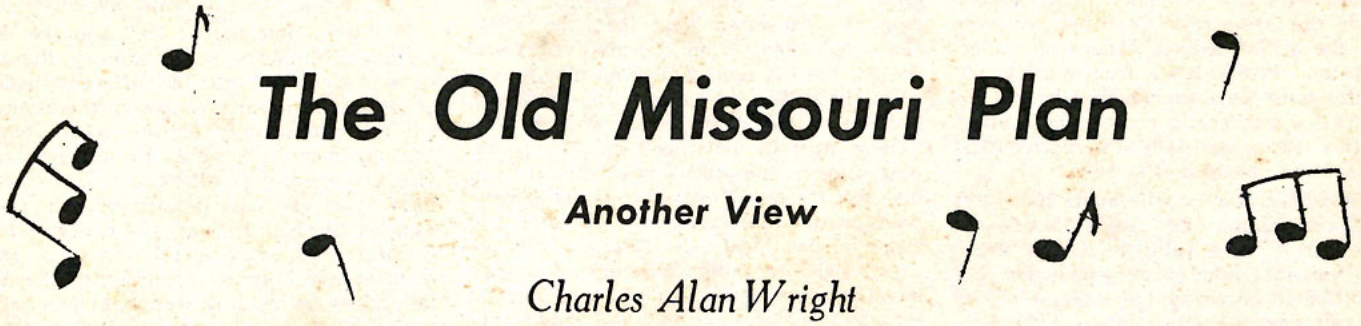
A Journal of Free Voices — A Window to The South — 25c



The Old Missouri Plan

Another View

Charles Alan Wright

Austin

In the Observer for December 27th, there are lengthy and learned comments by Chief Justice Robert W. Calvert, former Justice W. St. John Garwood, and the editor, with regard to current proposals that some form of the "Missouri Plan" be adopted for some Texas judges. The question is an important one, which justifies the Observer's interest. Unfortunately both the friends and foes of the Missouri Plan have failed to distinguish, in their discussion so far, the two very different elements of that plan. The Missouri Plan is concerned with both the selection and the tenure of judges. In essence it provides that judges be chosen by the governor from a short list of names approved by a special commission. The judge so chosen would not stand for re-election against an opponent, but the issue, each time his term expires, would be: "Should Judge X be retained in office?"

THERE IS MUCH TO BE SAID for the Missouri Plan's provisions as to tenure of judges. If elections are to play any part in a judge's career, he should at least be able to stand on his record, rather than be caught up in an expensive and irrelevant contest of names and personalities. There can be little doubt but that men who would make excellent judges are deterred from accepting judicial office because of the disagreeableness, and the risks, of the present Texas elective system, or that good judges have on occasion lost out to those less able. The popular election of judges was one of the by-products of Jacksonian democracy which has not stood the test of time.

There would still be dangers under the Missouri Plan. An excellent judge, running on his record alone, might be defeated because, conforming to the law of the land, he had made a locally unpopular decision. In the view of one attorney experienced in criminal cases, judges throughout Texas have become tougher on criminal defendants because of the lesson they read into the defeat of Judge Lloyd Davidson when he ran for re-election to the Court of Criminal Appeals. Such results could happen under the Missouri Plan.

There is much force still to the observation of Alexander Hamilton, in the 78th Federalist Paper, that "the best expedient which can be devised in any government, to secure a steady, upright, and impartial administration of the laws," is life tenure for judges, subject only to impeachment on stated grounds. Only a judge so protected can decide every case in accordance with the law, untroubled by fears of what may happen at the next election. But life tenure, through highly successful in the federal courts, is visionary in Texas, and the provisions of the Missouri Plan with regard to tenure would be a distinct improvement on the present situation.

THE MISSOURI PLAN'S PROVISIONS with regard to selection of judges are a very different matter. Limiting the power of the governor to choose judges to those approved by a special commission of lawyers and non-lawyers might well give better assurance of high legal competence. It would take politics partially out of the process of judicial selection. But, as one of the greatest judges ever to sit on the federal bench, the late Charles E. Clark, wrote a few years ago: "it has also a very obvious danger—even though all too generally overlooked—that of overstressing professionalism, of looking to the head exclusively, and not the heart. * * * Since in our economy the rewards of professional competence are, quite naturally and properly, the confidence of and employment by all the settled institutions of our society—the banks, the insurance companies, the mammoth business combines, and so on—the imbalance toward mere preservation of the status quo and notably its aristocratic elements is a potential danger for the courts. Thus if an executive can make his judicial choice only from a limited roster supplied him by a commission composed of the successful and conservative members of the community, then it is obvious that no one who deviates from the professional norm—labor lawyers, for example—need apply."

This was essentially the point made by Orville Freeman when he was first elected governor of Minnesota. It had become customary, under the long line of Republican administrations which preceded his election, for a governor, when a judicial vacancy was created, to wait until the bar association had taken a referendum of its members, and then choose one of the first five in the bar poll. When the first such vacancy occurred during the Freeman administration, he made an appointment the following day. In response to the anguished screams of bar leaders, Freeman said that he had been elected by the Democratic-Farmer-Labor voters of Minnesota, and that it would be unfair to them to permit a group of Republican lawyers to tell him what judges he should appoint. The point was made more wittily by a New York judge, James Garrett Wallace, who sang to a banquet of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York a song which contained more than a modicum of social sense.

"Oh, the Old Missouri Plan,
Oh, the Old Missouri Plan,
When Wall Street lawyers all judicial candidates will scan
If you're not from Fair Old Harvard,
*They will toss you in the can * * *.*

"Oh, the Old Missouri Plan,
Oh, the Old Missouri Plan,
It won't be served with sauerkraut nor sauce Italian.
There'll be no corned beef and cabbage,
And spaghetti they will ban;
There'll be no such dish
As gefilte fish
On the Old Missouri Plan."

The aristocratic elements in Texas life may prefer University of Texas Law School graduates to those from fair old Harvard, and it will be the big firms in Dallas and Houston, rather than Wall Street, which will have the effective voice, but it can be expected that there will be no hot tamales on a Texas version of the Old Missouri Plan. □

Observations

Albert Fuentes announced for lieutenant governor without taking counsel, as far as I know, with any, or many, of his associates in the Democratic Coalition, nor even with the acknowledged leaders of his organization, PASO. It's a free country, but Fuentes must have known that he put his political co-workers in a difficult position. For this reason especially, the matter must be discussed openly and at once.

A sensitive man can be made too bitter by discriminations he has suffered—not too bitter to be a valuable person, much more valuable than most people are, but too bitter to be ready for leadership. Yet who can gauge another man's bitterness, or distinguish clearly between intense idealism and harshness of spirit? I cannot. Yet now that he has announced, Fuentes must be weighed as to whether he does not—in some way he may not be to blame for, but cannot be appreciated for, either—dislike the "blue eyes" just because their eyes are blue.

Fuentes has a close, continuing tie with the Teamsters in San Antonio. Neither this paper nor I has participated in condemnations of the Teamsters as a group, yet I am not convinced that Fuentes cared enough about the liberal movement, on this score, when he announced for lieutenant governor.

He ran for county treasurer in Bexar County in 1962 and lost, 34,000 to 23,000. Despite his liberalism on civil rights, he did not attract the support of enough of the liberals, including liberals among the minorities, to win. Last June he did not face a straight-out election for his office in PASO and held on to his post by an indirect stratagem. Yet now he asks to be elected to the most powerful office in state government.

Fuentes is a sensitive man; it is this very sensitiveness that has caused him to be so deeply, personally hurt by discrimination. Yet now he has offered for high public office, and he must stand to be gauged in public. Decisions on the public good cannot be made on the basis of a desire to avoid personal embarassment. This is the committing time, and while I am open to being convinced I'm wrong, and would be glad to be so convinced, for Fuentes is an energetic and ambitious man and works for liberal causes, I do not think he is qualified to be lieutenant governor, and I think it as well to say so now.

Houston

The Cullen Center stands at one of the feet of the parkways that join River Oaks (and its multivarious and outclassed environs) to the downtown. The Hotel America, which opened last May, stands on one side of the city street that bisects, and passes under the promenade of, the Cullen Center. One can stand at one's hermetic, metal-framed picture window on the tenth floor in the Hotel America and watch, at five o'clock, as the bellboy runs down, from the three adjacent flagpoles below, first the American flag, then the Texas flag, and then, from its place of equal height, the CC flag, yellow on blue.

As the bellboy ran down this third one, I asked on the house phone what it was. "The Cullen Center flag," said the feminine voice on the other end of the zero you dial for the hotel operator. Other fingerholes on the dial are for long distance, and room service, local calls (dial 9), and one says "IRS," I think, although this may have been one of Dr. Freud's associational errors of seeing; I cannot but doubt that the revenuers maintain a direct hotel line, even into the Hotel America.

The Hotel America itself is a place of luxury where the well-to-do do dine and sport. It is a hotel of blacks and whites and massed marble surfaces and right angles, a triumphant flower of technology. I do not mean just that the materials in the thing, (if one may use so casual a word for such a monument to our system's accomplishments,) are machined materials, although they do so seem—the vast draperies, the lamps that seem to grow from the tabletops, impeccable carpets whose patterns one must suspect have been mechanically mixed, everything impersonnally posh. I mean less than this.

Let us suppose you do as I did. You enter the elevator from the lobby and either by chance, or because of the idle way a person's fingers play, you press, not only "10," but also "8" (and plip! the numbers are suddenly lit up, and you are lifted entirely alone up through the vitals of this place which does not feel you). It is interesting to gaze at the figure "8" on a black button illumined all around. It is an eight on a ball, and the shape of infinity, required, for a time, to stand on end.

The first time up, at "8," you see the room sign numbers in the hallway, the arrows to right and left, the different shades of brown in the same shapes on the carpet; but this, the second time up, when somehow again both "8" and "10" are pressed, (for you are not as efficient as this elevator,) after you have paused without purpose on the eighth floor, the doors of the elevator shut on a metal doorknob, and then, at ten, open on precisely, to the detail, the same metal doorknob, at precisely, to the millimeter, the same position to your eyes.

It does not seem possible, as you sink onto the tenth floor hallway, that fumbling men have accomplished this miraculous uniformity that lies disguised behind the varied placements of signs and arrows and mirrors. The Hotel America was machined by the technology local for the enjoyment and comfort of very calm and self-possessed Americans who comport themselves as I conjecture the imperials did when they were being watched at Versailles.

As for Oswald, his associates and motives, I should assure our readers that I am continuing to inquire and that you may expect some more information in our next issue; perhaps, and I hope, quite more. R.D.

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We will serve no group or party but will hew hard to the truth as we find it and the right as we see it. We are dedicated to the whole truth, to human values above all interests, to the rights of man as the foundation of democracy; we will take orders from none but our own conscience, and never will we overlook or misrepresent the truth to serve the interests of the powerful or cater to the ignoble in the human spirit.

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That Ol' Bloc Magic

Shreveport, La.

In 1959, when I was covering Louisiana politics for a Shreveport daily, New Orleans Mayor deLesseps S. (Chep) Morrison was the true-blue, honest-to-God Democrat seeking residence in the governor's mansion in Baton Rouge, an edifice then occupied by the Hon. Earl Kemp Long. Debonair and balding Morrison faced rightwing segregationist Willie Rainach, former singing Gov. Jimmie ("You Are My Sunshine") Davis, and a ticket fielded by the formidable Uncle Earl hisself.

Back then Morrison used to say, when he was told he vaguely resembled Adlai Stevenson, "I don't know whether that's a compliment or not." He stepped gingerly in North Louisiana, that part of the state where segregation was invented, according to a friend of mine.

Morrison had too many strikes against him in the Bible Belt top of the state north of Alexandria. Not only was he a Catholic, he was from the big city of New Orleans, tantamount to sin itself to many of the Protestant upcountry folk. No New Orleans candidate has been elected since 1920, and the last Roman Catholic to win was Samuel D. McEnery in 1884. Although Morrison reached the runoff in 1959, he lost in January 1960.

Generally, what happened to Morrison in 1960 happened again this month when State Public Service Commissioner John J. McKeithen defeated him in the Democratic runoff, 492,437 to 451,499. Again, as in 1960, Morrison was "out-segged," to use the term of an Alabama also-ran; but segregation wasn't the only factor. Morrison had carefully tailored his program even more to the political sensitivities of the northern rednecks, but still suffered his third straight loss for governor.

Country lawyer McKeithen was unknown to more than 60% of the voters 13 months ago, according to a statewide poll, but his wide-open TV and newspaper ad attack swiftly enabled him to overcome Morrison's two-to-one first primary plurality. McKeithen, once considered a moderate, had sought AFL-CIO backing, but he wasted no time in making racial "bloc voting" the major emotional issue.

NAACP chief Roy Wilkins, McKeithen charged, had delivered the Negro vote in a bloc for Morrison. An ad in the Shreveport Times, for instance, emphasized: "Morrison must be defeated; if elected we feel he would be obligated to the NAACP-CORE-MARTIN LUTHER KING-controlled Negro bloc vote for his election." Morrison people replied with an ad showing that McKeithen had similarly received lop-sided Negro support in his race for public service commissioner, but the damage was done.

James Presley

Despite the bloc voting claims, registration of Negro voters in Louisiana is relatively low. Out of 1,176,825 registered Democrats, only 160,002 are Negroes—including the 15 in Tensas Parish. But the mere idea of black polling power was sufficient for many northern Louisiana whites. In the last weeks of the bitter campaign, Morrison forces released a tape recording of McKeithen's plea before the AFL-CIO in which he had boasted of having been the runaway favorite in Negro districts. McKeithen claimed the tape was "distorted," but labor officials said it wasn't.

IRONICALLY, some of the ultra-conservatives in the first primary had stated there were three "Kennedy candidates," Morrison, McKeithen, and Congressman Gillis Long, a cousin to Sen. Russell Long. Two weeks after the murder of the President, Morrison, McKeithen, and Long finished first, second, and third. Falling behind were two staunch conservative-segregationists, ex-Gov. Robert F. Kennon and Supt. of Education Shelby Jackson. In the fourth congressional district which includes Shreveport, however, Kennon was way ahead.

If one had listened to the speeches he wouldn't have known the three were "Kennedy candidates," though. Gillis Long tended to skip over civil rights, but did get around to saying: "I don't owe the Kennedys a thing. I will oppose a civil rights bill every way I can."

McKeithen, once a trusted legislative lieutenant of the late Earl Long, was more definite. One large newspaper ad heralded: "Help McKeithen 'KO' Kennedy!" A muscled-up arm smashed a boxing glove over a paragraph which read: "All of us recognize that today's number one threat to our way of life is a continuation of the dictator-like administration of the political power-hungry Kennedys. Our state and our country can not stand another four years of Jack, Bobby, and other members of the Kennedy clan." The way to remedy this, the ad suggested, was to elect McKeithen governor of this sovereign state.

Then came the Dallas murder, and McKeithen said he was so upset by the tragedy, "I can hardly speak about it." One candidate, he said (in an apparent reference to Kennon), had lost his issue with Kennedy's death. McKeithen also managed to get it said that "Congressman [Otto] Passman, campaigning in behalf of [Kennon], had been going all over the state calling me all kinds of names because I publicly admitted that I had voted for and supported our late President. Now, since this tragedy, hatchet men like Congressman Passman will go back to Washington and crawl into a hole."

It is one of the vagaries of Louisiana politics, though, that Congressman Passman did not crawl into a hole; he endorsed McKeithen.

McKeithen also picked up the backing of the prince of Plaquemines Parish, aging Leander Perez, who has built a medieval hell for any possible integrators. McKeithen's burning issues in the runoff became "the bloc vote" and "federal intervention," by which he meant the same things Allan Shivers meant back in the 1950's in Texas.

WITHOUT A DOUBT Kennedy's murder knocked the props out from under several other campaigners and Morrison then was able to proceed more steadily, yet Morrison, in the first primary, had been as anxious to shed the label of a "Kennedy candidate" as anyone. He probably had been as close as anyone to Kennedy, for he had served a formal apprenticeship on the New Frontier as ambassador to the Organization of American States. He emphasized to Louisianians, however, that the post "was in the field of foreign policy," which was supposed to get him off the hook.

In the area of domestic policy, there was perceptible change between the Morrison of 1959 and of 1963.

In 1959 Morrison told the overalls-clad citizens of the little northern towns that segregation was the tradition of Louisiana and that as governor he would maintain it, just as he had done while mayor of New Orleans. Segregation, he said, is "the tested and proven system of separate but equal facilities for all."

Morrison's promises on civil rights were implicit, if they can be said to have been made at all. The state needs a rule of reason, he said. "We must oppose violence of all kinds." But the proposed civil rights legislation is "unjust, unreasonable, and unworkable—I am unalterably opposed to it." Again: "I pledge every effort to defeat this bill."

Morrison reinforced his stand with his running mate, Claude Duval, a former president of the Louisiana Chambers of Commerce and a former state commander of the American Legion, a sound conservative lure for the folk JFK had stirred up. And, of course, Duval is a Protestant. The Morrison-Duval ticket was "for states' rights and against the growth of federal power."

In the polyglot circumlocutions of politics, though, Morrison is a "Louisiana liberal." As in 1959, he concentrated on eco-

nomic, fiscal, and administrative planks—liberal or reform-minded—but the racial situation was still powerful enough to cause him to devote ten minutes of one 30-minute telecast to his views on segregation. Any Negro voting for him must have done so under the delusion, so peculiar to Southern politics, that he didn't really mean what he so plainly said.

As if that wasn't enough, Morrison had also proposed a presidential preference primary for this spring, so the voters can decide whom they want in the White House. Let the people decide, he said: "If you say your choice is Mr. John Doe, then I'd respect that choice and vote for him." This appeal came as a windup with such a rousing rendition of "Dixie!" that if you harkened closely, you could hear Jefferson Davis singing it. This is the way a Louisiana liberal shapes his image.

McKEITHEN is apt to ride the racial issue for a couple of more months, until the March general election is over. He faces a wealthy Republican oilman from Shreveport, and his new foe, a Barry Goldwater fan, isn't likely to forget that McKeithen himself benefited from "bloc voting" previously. McKeithen, as he recently proved, is an agile and flexible politician, though, and he's likely to make his opponent's wealth as much a target as he did Morrison's "bloc votes" and, at another point, Morrison's "toupee" (a charge apparently disproved by the dapper diplomat's undisguised baldness).

McKeithen has already indicated he will line up the Louisiana congressional delegation. "I want to see what their thoughts are, get their opinions, on how best we can fight this [civil rights] legislation which is so repugnant to the overwhelming majority of the people of Louisiana," he said after the election. On the other hand, he has promised "no grandstand plays" to prevent desegregation. In some quarters this is interpreted as an expression of moderation and an attempt to lure that terrible black bloc back into the McKeithen column. □

A Rededication to Goldwater

Houston

It is no secret that leading Texas Republicans hope Don Yarborough runs for governor, if only to mix up the Democrats some this year. If he does, there is very little doubt that the Republicans will conduct a straw vote on GOP presidential possibilities in their May primary. The state GOP executive committee voted to "seriously consider" the step and decide on it March 9, and state Republican chairman Peter O'Donnell said that if the straw vote is taken, Republicans expect 300,000 voters in their primary, compared to their previous Texas high of 116,000.

A lively three-way contest for the Republicans' senatorial nomination is assured, with George Bush, the Houston oilman, cruising the inside track, Dr. Robert Morris of Dallas rounding up the far-out votes at the rail, and Dr. Milton Davis, the Dallas surgeon, running between them.

Not only are the leaders of the Texas Republicans staunchly for Goldwater and determined to have a delegation to the national convention pledged to him, despite his candidacy's weakening nationally; they assert that "Johnson will be easier to beat than Kennedy" and do not even concede Johnson Texas.

This was the undaunted scene last weekend as the State Republican Executive Committee met in the Hotel America in Houston.

In an interview, Sen. John Tower, the Texas Republican senator, divulged that late last November, an agent of the Goldwater cause traveled through the South to assess the changed situation. Then, in mid-December, about ten Goldwater strategists from various parts of the country met in Washington and estimated that the effect of the assassination on Goldwater's chances in the South would be a net loss of 15 electoral votes from the eleven states of the Confederacy.

They had been counting on about 100 such votes. Tower said Goldwater has now "an irreducible minimum of about 450 convention delegates" toward the 655 needed to win the nomination. The Goldwater people are figuring that Johnson will fight for Kennedy's civil rights legislation and drive the South away again.

Nevertheless and withal, the top echelon Texas Republicans showed signs, at the Houston meeting, of begrudged second thoughts. The Houston Chronicle polled the 50 or so members who were present on presidential preferences, and all 32 who voted gave their first-place votes to Goldwater. Thirteen of them did not bother to rank the other five candidates who were specified. But Nixon received eleven of the 19 second-place votes that were cast, and Scranton made the third-best showing, with four second-place votes.

Rockefeller received only five votes—all of them as a last choice—and some of the Republicans assembled laughed and applauded when their state chairman, O'Donnell, said, "Nelson Rockefeller is the only man in American political history who's made a liability out of motherhood."

The GOP high command voted, in the Chronicle poll, almost solidly for the straw vote next May and a pledged delegation. Tower and all the other top Texas Republicans—O'Donnell, national committeeman Albert Fay—now favor taking the straw vote in the belief that it will give Goldwater's candidacy, as Tower says, "a substantial boost."

Granting that "perhaps our chances are somewhat reduced for carrying Texas," Tower thought Johnson a "less formidable candidate" than Kennedy nationally. Johnson "is not indestructible in a political sense," the senator said, adding, however, that he knew that some people had abandoned the Goldwater ship "because for business reasons they fear the man in the White House."

Republican oratory at the Hotel America showed no anemic after-effects from the 30-day moratorium. Mrs. Kathryn McDaniel of Borger, Texas Republican vice-chairman, said she knows of Panhandle farmers who "are already making plans to eradicate Johnson grass from their fields." Mrs. Irene Cox of San Antonio, president of the Texas Federation of Republican Women, said Republican women can "knock some of the eggs out of Lady Bird's basket." The president of the Texas Y.R.s, George Darby of Amarillo, said Johnson is "a perfect symbol of the Democratic Party—and you all know what the symbol of the Democratic Party is."

O'Donnell delivered one slam-bang passage that summarized the day's criticisms of Johnson:

"Johnson will be easier to beat than Kennedy. The popular part about Mr. Kennedy was his style and his family. His program was unpopular. Mr. Johnson has announced his intention to pursue this unpopular program, but he lacks Mr. Kennedy's appeal to youth and to women. This is an important political factor!

"ADA liberals and labor leaders so important to a Democratic victory are lukewarm to Johnson because they are not sure they can trust him. He doesn't have appeals for conservatives because they know he is a liberal. It will be difficult for him to enthuse his volunteer workers with the cry, 'Let's compromise!' "

The Observer discovered one Rockefeller Republican at the meeting, to this extent—that Craig Peper, whose line is research and development with an oil company, says "I think he [Rockefeller] is the candidate that we'll have." Otherwise the meeting was all Goldwater.

THE FOUR MAJOR Republican candidates this year, the three running for the U.S. Senate and State Rep. Horace Houston of Dallas, a candidate for lieutenant governor, all made brief speeches.

First Dr. Davis urged Republicans to get out their voters. "What we need is men who will give us money and girls who will get out and ring doorbells," he said. Dr. Davis' main tack was that he has lived in Texas longer than the other two GOP contenders.

Bush said Sen. Yarborough votes "right down the line with the New Frontier," yet has been "overlooked by his own party. . . . They don't appoint him on his committees when his seniority comes up."

Dr. Morris, former president of the University of Dallas, warned of atheism in the schools, subversion from abroad and within, and the United States' "beating a constant, inexorable retreat all around the world." Dr. Morris interested Bush when he said he was in the race "expressing a point of view that I feel must be imparted."

There has been speculation that Morris' candidacy will attract, into the Republican primary, the larger portion of the partisans of Gen. Edwin Walker (138,000 votes in 1960) who might otherwise have voted Democrat next May. Speaking of the communists, Dr. Morris declares, "These people are winning." His speeches mainly concern foreign policy: whether Mexico will recognize Red China this year, "putting the military under U.N. command," and "the danger of disarmament." His campaign manager is Admiral Harry Sanders, retired, of Dallas.

Jack Cox, the former Democrat who was the Republicans' strong candidate for governor in 1962, told a closed-door session here during the weekend that he will not run for any office this year. Earlier a booster of his, who had been trying to get up petitions to draft Cox, conceded that he could not prevail on him to run. □

Don Juan or Don Quixote?

Austin

In tone and manner Don Yarborough, the Houston lawyer, indicated he would run for governor when he breezed into the Capitol press room last week. All he said was that he was seriously considering doing so and wanted to hear from his friends. The question, he said, is not whether the labor leaders can wait two years, and not whether his own friends can wait, but "can the poverty-stricken people of Texas wait, can the little children who are robbed of opportunity wait." He said substantially the same thing in a speech before the Democratic Coalition in Austin last weekend.

Gov. John Connally had announced for re-election quite off-hand at a conference at the Mansion. Moving quickly but casually after the word got around Yarborough might run, Connally said, why sure, he'd run, and didn't want to go to Washington—"I've been there." This obviated any hope Yarborough may have had that President Johnson would be calling Connally to Washington in time to leave Yarborough a clear shot at governor.

Yarborough may have chosen to hold a build-up press conference because he realized many of his supporters seriously doubt whether he can win. (He said he'd make his announcement one way or another in "a few days," at another conference, and might have done so by the time you read this.) He said he has been urged strenuously to run, and not to run. He might also have had the poll tax situation in mind. Reports on the number of people paying it were "disappointing," he said.

If Connally was worried, he didn't show it. He predicted Texas will go for Johnson about three to two. He said not to include him in any of the speculation about Johnson's visit to Ralph Yarborough's house, that he did not intend to interfere in anyone else's business. He said he would call a special session if he had to in order to avoid having candidates for Congress run statewide, but not otherwise.

He joked about the sling he was wearing—a formal dress one, that he couldn't wait to be invited out to wear. He has full movement of his fingers and doubts he'll need another operation on his wrist. The question turns on how much wrist action his injury will permit; if he has 70 to 80% use of the wrist, he will not have another operation. (Congressman Jake Pickle said in Washington that he had learned, while talking to the governor and others during a visit to the hospital a week after the Nov. 22 shooting, that Connally would have died from loss of blood had it taken just five minutes longer to get him to the hospital.)

Yarborough, at ease and talking too rapidly for reporters to follow him closely, said he would not consider any race but governor. (There had been much speculation to the contrary.) If he did run, the burden would fall on his friends "in every respect," and he wanted to get their advice, he said. ("I think it's a good idea to find out what kind of ground you're plowing before you hitch up Old Red," he quipped.)

"It is my feeling that President Johnson can only put through his program if leadership will get behind that program," Yarborough said. "There has never been a better opportunity for the Kennedy-Johnson Democrats of this state to assert their leadership . . . when we have a President from Texas who asserts the same beliefs that we do."

Roy Evans, state labor secretary-treasurer, has been quoted that because Connally is "sort of a hero and martyr . . . we would not encourage Yarborough to run," and Hank Brown, the state labor president, that labor does not want a candidate "that would oppose a friend of President Johnson's." In the San Antonio Express, a labor spokesman, not named, was quoted saying that Don Yarborough apparently was listening to independent liberals who "hate Johnson and Connally," and the Houston Post quoted a labor spokesman, not named, that Don Yarborough running would hurt the Democratic Coalition and was "silly."

"No labor leader in the state has attempted to pressure me not to run, despite rumors to the contrary," Don Yarborough told the press. "And furthermore, I will not be subject to any pressure in making this decision."

Alluding to Brown's remark that Connally is a friend of President Johnson, Yarborough said, "It can be known throughout the state that I consider myself a friend, and am going to fight for the principles and ideals that are enunciated in his program—so that makes me doubly a friend."

The question of impact on Sen. Ralph Yarborough's renomination came up. There had been speculation that if Don Yarborough runs, Ralph Yarborough will get a stiff opponent. What about this? "I think it's purely speculation," Don Yarborough said. "My only consideration is based on what I told you, whether the poor or the indigent, those that have been passed by—whether or not they can stand delay."

There was a full-dress discussion whether Don Yarborough should run at last weekend's well-attended Coalition meeting. The Observer is told that Brown and H. A. Moon, a Fort Worth labor figure, opposed his running; the drift of the other talk favored his running. He was outside during the meeting, was invited in to speak, and went in and did so.

Gov. Connally appointed Michael Myers, 27, of Olney, who worked in the Pickle campaign for Congress, an administrative assistant to handle correspondence, do research, and help in legal matters. The governor appointed Sherman Birdwell, Jr., an Austin funeral home operator, the employer representative on the Texas Employment Cmsn. to replace Pickle. Connally will address the AP Managing Editors Assn. in Austin Feb. 2-3 and will be honored at the Washington Birthday Celebration in Laredo Feb. 21-23. □

Yarborough on Houston

Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas passed some interesting remarks about Sam Houston in a speech in Houston on the first day of the sale of the Sam Houston commemorative stamp. He said in part:

"Sam Houston is one of the giants of American history. . . .

"He was no mere politician, bending with the winds of change. He fought a bitter, lonely, losing unpopular fight for justice for the American Indians.

"He fought a bitter, lonely, unpopular losing fight against the Kansas-Nebraska bill and the extension of slavery.

"He fought a bitter, lonely, unpopular fight in Texas against secession and disunion. And when he lost, they stoned and jeered him in the streets of the city of Austin.

"In all of these fights, he was a true statesman, his positions were just . . . he was shunned because he was right, because he believed in the Union and in justice for all men of whatever race." Senator Yarborough said. □

A Letter to My Daughter

Margaret Carter

Mrs. Margaret Carter, the worklady of the loyal Democrats in Fort Worth, having been invited to explain Texas Democratic politics to her daughter, (who was studying political science in an out-of-state college,) wrote her a long, informal letter on the subject as Mrs. Carter has herself, year by year, understood it. Some friends read the letter and made the Observer aware of its existence, and Mrs. Carter has now consented to its publication, with some revisions with the publication in mind. The result, we think, is an intriguing, personal, historically illuminating political memoir, which is especially relevant now for perspective on the era that began when Lyndon Johnson became President.

We are presenting the memoir in three parts, the first herewith, and the others in succeeding issues.—Ed.

I

Until quite recent years the voters of Texas, like the late Will Rogers, have never belonged to any organized political party: we have all been Democrats. Since the Reconstruction the Democratic tent has been kept stretched over 95% of all Texas partisan political activity without any observable organizational underpinnings. The developments that have retarded political organization in Texas are complex and elusive, but they can be understood.

Ever since lobbyists for the Texas and Pacific Railroad played a significant part in the maneuvering that brought Hayes to the presidency, Texas politics has been dominated by some special interest, or combination of interests, that could command a source of great economic power, usually related to exploiting some valuable natural resource.

The cotton fortunes destroyed in the Civil War were followed in succession by lumber fortunes, ranching fortunes, oil and gas fortunes, and sulphur fortunes (though little of the fabulous profit from sulphur, on which Texas enjoys almost a world monopoly, has enriched residents of Texas). Banks, insurance companies, and utilities have successfully protected their activities from undue interference by state regulation. All these powerful groups have exerted enough influence on state government to protect the interests of the national and international business combinations of which their Texas operations are a profitable part, at the expense of organized political development among residents of the state.

An essentially feudal power pattern has been preserved by appeals to Texans' resentment of the long, crude Reconstruction ordeal and by appeals to Texas chauvinism, but it has been necessary to exploit these appeals within the framework of the Democratic Party. The hated carpetbaggers of the nineteenth century were Republicans, and no Republican has been elected governor of Texas since the defeat of Edmund J. Davis for reelection in 1874. The twentieth-century carpetbaggers are the inconspicuous, personable agents of out-of-state corporations, who vote Republican if they are transferred to the home offices of their companies, but find it expedient to be Southern Democrats in Texas.

Occasional groundswells of popular indignation or desperation have had limited effects on Texas politics. The Populist movement, sustained largely by farmers' resentment of arbitrary and extortionate policies followed by the railroads, became strong enough by 1890 to force the nomination of James Stephen Hogg as the Democratic candidate for governor. After Hogg's election, he established the Texas Railroad Commission, the first such regulatory body to be created, not only in Texas, but in the United States. It served as a model for many similar agencies of both state and national government.

When the Populist-inspired policies adopted by Democratic Governor Hogg split the Democratic Party, and control returned to its conservative wing, the Populists ran their own candidates for governor. Against the Democratic nominee for governor, Charles A. Culberson, the Populists polled 42.4% of the total vote in 1894 and 44.4% in 1896.

This rapid growth of the minority party, plus Texas' fervent support of William Jennings Bryan for president in 1896 and 1900, led to the adoption, in 1902, of the statute making payment of the poll tax a prerequisite for voting. The subsequent sharp and permanent shrinkage in the proportion of the adult population taking part in elections reduced the probability of a minority party's again approaching majority status and thus facilitated the return of the leadership within the Democratic Party to the elite who had had it firmly in control before Hogg.

After 1906, when the direct primary was adopted for choosing Democratic nominees, the attention of Texas voters was focused almost exclusively on choices made largely on a personal basis between candidates for Democratic nominations for elective office. Popular unrest has occasionally found expression in primary victories for colorful characters from some no longer dominant elite. Country banker Jim Ferguson was elected governor in 1914, reelected in 1916, and impeached in 1917. It is difficult to say whether his impeachment was caused more by the irregularities or by the accomplishments of his first administration. Debt-ridden tenant farmers, with their education-hungry children, cherished the memory of "Farmer Jim's" administration and elected his wife to two terms as governor in 1924 and 1932.

Ferguson was the last authentic agrarian primitive to win the governorship. The last phony agrarian primitive to win the office was flour salesman Wilbert Lee O'Daniel, who became governor in 1939 and United States senator in 1941 on a platform of opposition to "politicians" and support for God, Home, Mother, the Bible, the flag, and old age pensions.

O'Daniel neglected to join the church from which he patronized the Almighty until after he became governor, and the year he was elected to the highest office in the state government he was not a qualified voter in the election, but these things the voters did not know or did not care about. His Washington career was distinguished by the fervor with which he advocated an impractical "right-to-work" bill and the enthusiasm with which he damned the Office of Price Administration, while he callously went about evicting numerous residents of war-crowded Washington to provide living space for his numerous family. It cannot be said, how-

ever, that O'Daniel left no imprint on Texas politics: he added the family group, the hillbilly band, and the bumper sticker to the standard equipment of Texas candidates.

His successor, Coke Stevenson, was the last authentic ranchman to serve as governor. Bill Blakley, the insurance company president who campaigned for the United States Senate as an ersatz ranchman in 1958, came to grief when he was photographed in ranchman's garb with cufflinks protruding beneath the sleeves of his cowman's jacket. The sobriquet "French cuffs cowboy" became his deadly public relations handicap.

Until 1960, Republican candidates for governor received substantial minority support only during the period from 1924 through 1932, when the principal issue among Democrats was "Fergusonism," compounded by sharp differences within the dominant party over prohibition and the Ku Klux Klan.

EIGHTY-SIX YEARS of one-party possession of the machinery of state government is a long time. All contemporary native Texans have grown up in the existing one-party system and have no practical personal knowledge of the functioning of two-party government. Until 1952, the leaders of the national minority party had a saying that the Texas Republican Party should be no larger than the number of Texas postmasters the president can appoint.

This preoccupation of Republican leaders with national patronage simplified the problems of Democratic leaders as they worked out their operations in the national government and the national councils of their party. Texas leaders in the national Congress have followed, in Texas, a policy of discouraging discussion of national issues and generally keeping the yokels quiet, while the writers of four-figure checks are cultivated for the financial support they can give Democratic candidates in doubtful states.

Since Texas congressmen have cultivated their constituents on a personal basis, they have been free to produce better voting records than public opinion in their districts might sustain—or worse ones. Their constituents, unaccustomed to making choices in terms of public issues, have succumbed to the campaigning of operators like "Pass-the-Biscuits Pappy."

After the adoption of the direct primary for choosing party nominees in 1906, state party conventions made few influential decisions until the turbulent conventions of 1944. The biennial convention on state issues, held in the fall, became, after 1918, the "governor's" convention. It canvassed the primary vote, wrote the platform on which Democratic nominees would "oppose" the nominees of powerless minority parties, and elected the party's state committee. In practice it was a victory celebration of the influential personal supporters of the governor-nominate. It adopted his primary campaign platform, if any, as the platform of the state party and elected his primary campaign managers from the several state senatorial districts to membership on the State Democratic Executive Committee. It was quite permissible for the incoming governor to prepare the entire list of persons he wanted named to "his" state committee; it was considered tasteless and destructive of party "harmony" to advocate for election to the state committee anyone who was "personally obnoxious" to the governor.

In the quadrennial, or "president's" conventions, held in the spring to prepare for the national convention, little of much moment was decided. If in other states politics had become, as Oscar Ameringer averred, "the art of extracting money from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretense that you are protecting them from one another," in Texas national politics became the process of extracting money from the rich in exchange for nearly meaningless convention honors, with highly selective influence over patronage. The other half of the double-barrelled operation involved extracting votes from the poor on the underlying basis of a healthy respect for the local banker and an unhealthy fear of the power of a hypothetical bloc of Negro voters, should non-Negro voters ever divide over any important issue. From 1920 on, to this latter fear was added the fear of a struggling labor bloc, whose political potential, both quantitative and qualitative, was greatly exaggerated.

"President's" convention honors, including the state's two seats on the Democratic National Committee and posts as presidential elector, were customarily distributed to large contributors and personal friends of the officials most active in organizing the convention. When the newly rich and newly active convention delegates perceived that the inside track in patronage matters was firmly occupied by earlier comers, many yielded to bitterness and congregated in an ultraconservative, but generally respectable faction within the state party. A few with a background of experience in two-party states began to build great personal influence by shuttling between the two factions within the conservative leadership.

The ultraconservatives' "states' rights" did not indicate primarily a growing concern about concentration of political power farther and farther from the grass roots. The behavior of the states' righters was effectively accelerating that trend: they had been zealous in movements to hamstring local and state agencies. Rather, the slogan meant simply that, having achieved the status which had conferred political influence in an earlier day, they wanted passionately to exercise the prerogatives of political power. They wanted to repeal the indirect post-New Deal developments which had given them great prestige and their fellow citizens greater independence. Their principal weapon was agitation, not organization, but the slogans they used produced self-defeating anxiety in themselves and others.

BUT THE NEW DEAL altered many political arrangements, the more surely because its more important effects on political patterns were gradual and indirect. Though every major New Deal measure operated to rescue and enrich an elite who had come perilously close to the loss of all their privileges, and though the channels through which patronage flowed were the usual ones, the established elite who were rescued became increasingly hostile to their rescuers, and a newly enriched element became increasingly resentful of the inflexibility of established patronage patterns.

The chief lines of communication for patronage by-passed the almost impotent state government and traveled from a congressional leader—in later years Speaker Sam Rayburn—to the local big shot, in large towns as in small. In Houston the man to see was the late Jesse H. Jones, one-time head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; in Fort Worth, it was the late Amon G. Carter, publisher of the leading local newspaper; in Dallas, a group of bankers, insurance and utility executives and merchants appeared to serve instead of one man.

The system in San Antonio, the oldest and most cosmopolitan of Texas cities, defied such simple description. With its large, impoverished Latin-American and Negro population, it benefited most from New Deal measures that raised the general standard of survival and comfort. The aristocratic spokesman for the underprivileged there was Maury Maverick, whose status as mayor and congressman—alternating between extreme popularity for distinguished service to local and national causes and the danger of imprisonment for alleged election fraud—reflected the violence with which local power shifted to and fro between the underprivileged and the grim, exclusive Anglo-American elite, reinforced by a substantial number of conservative ranching families of German ancestry and Republican leanings.

Four principal effects of the New Deal tended to undercut political feudalism in Texas: (1) Alternate sources of credit and business opportunities were made available to some small businessmen: the power of the local banker over credit was no longer tyrannical. (2) A floor was put under personal misery and destitution: fewer families needed economic aid, and those who did could get it without exclusive dependence on local dispensers of charity and jobs. (3) The number of industrial workers increased, and many were organized (magic word!) into unions. (4) The population shift from rural to urban, having been slowed during the 'thirties, accelerated sharply during the 'forties and continued, though at a reduced rate, during the 'fifties. Whereas in 1920—the year when the Great Depression began for farmers—67.6% of Texas people lived in the country, by 1950, 62.7% of Texas people lived in towns and cities.

(To be continued)

Political Intelligence

The Poll Tax

✔ "A trap, it's a trap"—so goes inside talk among leading liberals on the poll tax situation.

Poll tax payments are disappointing to the liberal Democrats so far. As usual, the GOP is conducting systematic sign-'em-up campaigns in upper income areas where more voters register than in the middle-income and poor areas, and more of the registered voters actually vote. President Kennedy's death seems to have weakened some of the incentive to pay the poll tax among liberal Democrats. Lyman Jones of the state labor organization also observes that last fall the liberal-labor coalition extended itself educating people *against* the poll tax, and now, in a vague sense that has real meaning at the grass roots, have to switch course and educate them *for* it (*i.e.*, to pay it). The repeal of the federal tax is also weakening the drive for poll tax purchases.

An expensive, "in depth" public opinion poll in Harris County has been taken by some sources to be a tip-off that someone of Allan Shivers' political strength is preparing to take on Sen. Yarborough. It stands to reason that if this is the case, the challenger would not announce until late this month or Monday, Feb. 3, because otherwise the announcement would jar liberals and members of minority groups into paying their poll taxes in droves.

At the same time, part of the cause of the "trap" talk may be the desire of persons supporting Don Yarborough that Yarborough folks pay their poll taxes, whether Ralph Yarborough is going to be opposed or not.

✔ Keith Shelton advanced an interesting analysis on Dallas voting patterns in the Dallas Times Herald, for which he is the political writer. The heavily conservative north and east Dallas areas pay their poll taxes more and vote more than the poorer districts—that was his theme. In North Dallas, Park Cities, and Richardson, 42% paid their poll taxes in 1960; in South Dallas and South Oak Cliff (poorer areas), only 15%. In North Dallas, 75% of those qualified did actually vote; in South Dallas, only 55% did.

Congressional Races

✔ Kennedy-type liberal Democrats are taking on conservative Texas congressmen from East Texas to El Paso.

✔ Benton Musselwhite is running again against Rep. John Dowdy, Athens, on the slogan, "41 more in '64" (Dowdy won by 41 out of 63,000 votes in 1962).

✔ Rep. George Cook, Odessa, and Mrs. Robert H. Dooley, State Democratic committeewoman from Odessa, announced for the Democratic nomination for Congress against Republican incumbent Sd Foreman of Odessa; however, Richard White, liberal Democratic attorney, and Rep. Malcolm MacGregor, El Paso, (whose announcement was delayed slightly by a snafu on releases,) probably will be main contenders in the Democratic primary, since they come from Democratic El Paso.

✔ Rep. Max Carriker, Roby, a Farmers' Union leader, is expected to run against Cong. Omar Burleson, Anson.

✔ Rep. Lindsey Rodriguez, the liberal from the Rio Grande Valley, is threatening to take on Con. Joe Kilgore, McAllen, by the Austin reports. The Hoiles papers have already taken out after Rodriguez, printing a report they admitted frankly was "hearsay" that Rodriguez had been offered a $25,000 campaign chest by labor if he'd run.

✔ Several are jockeying for position against Cong.-at-large Joe Pool, who is regarded as a rather large target in the Democratic primary. James Turman, the former Speaker (recently passed over as president of Southwest Texas State at San Marcos), and Barefoot Sanders, U. S. district attorney in Dallas, are among possible contenders. So is ex-Sen. Bob Baker, Houston, who lost to Preston Smith for lieutenant governor in 1962.

✔ Though they've thought the same thing before, critics of Republican Cong. Bruce Alger of Dallas think this is the year they can bring him down. Dallas Mayor Earle Cabell has announced he will seek the Democratic congressional nomination.

✔ Bryan's mayor pro-tem, Jerome (Jack) Zubik, a tailor and investor, has announced against Cong. Olin Teague, College Station. Zubik received the highest total of votes in the 1963 city commission election in Bryan. Teague overwhelmingly defeated Sen. Bill Moore, Bryan, in 1960, in Teague's last serious contest.

✔ L. E. Page, a conservative Democrat from Carthage, has announced against Cong. Lindley Beckworth, Gladewater.

✔ Jack Ritter, who ran a good third in the tight contest for 10th district congressman, was musing whether to run against J. J. (Jake) Pickle, who won that contest late last year. Ritter is leaving the door open; he has Pickle's early voting record and friendship with the President to consider now.

State Offices

✔ Lt. Gov. Preston Smith told the UPI he is running for re-election, and associates of Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr said he is, too. Railroad Cmsr. James Langdon and Treasurer Jesse James are running.

✔ Albert Fuentes, PASO official who announced for lieutenant governor, made a campaign speech to Houston PASO, and the AP said he was "loudly applauded" by the 225 persons attending. In general, Fuentes said that love and harmony are fine, "But I haven't heard anyone say they love us," the Latin-Americans; that the issues remain the same, despite the events of Nov. 22 and after.

✔ The Dallas News' Dawson Duncan said that "Liberals within the Democratic Coalition . . . have been active in seeking a slate" and the filing by Fuentes "was a step in that direction." That was news to the leaders of the Democratic Coalition, to whom, as previously reported, Fuentes' announcement came as a surprise.

✔ Agriculture Cmsr. John White has an opponent who may be formidable: Millard Shivers, for the last eight years organization director of the Texas Farm Bureau, a conservative Democrat, and a distant relative of ex-Gov. Allan Shivers (their great-grandfathers were brothers, Millard Shivers said). White was blasted as a "hide-and-seek" commissioner in Millard Shivers' announcement.

✔ The Jacksonville Daily Press became the first daily to endorse Connally formally for renomination.

✔ The Houston Press slammed Connally hard for "one terrible blot" on his record, his failure to stop his new Parks and Wildlife Cmsn. from permitting "dangerous and almost unrestricted oyster-shell dredging" that is "chewing the heart out of our bays, by killing protective reefs nature took 10,000 years to build."

✔ Net proceeds from the Nov. 22 Austin dinner for John Kennedy—a dinner never held—were $270,000 and have been split 50-50 between the Democratic National Committee and the state party, Eugene Locke, state Democratic chairman, announced. Locke said again the money would be "devoted to the election of Democrats and the defeat of Republicans in 1964." Only three of the 3,000 people who bought tickets asked for their money back, he said.

The Legislature

✔ *The Texas Senate.* Sen. George Moffett, Chillicothe, who has announced his retirement, was one of the most powerful members of the old Ben Ramsey team that ran the Senate like a conservative club. Moffett served 34 years in the legislature, 26 of them in the Senate. "Partially unfavorable" results of a physical examination were one reason for the 68-year-old Senator's retirement. Ex-Rep. Jack Hightower, Vernon, vice-chairman of the regents of Midwestern University, announced for Moffett's seat the same day he said he was quitting. Hightower was a member of the 53rd legislature (1953). The Texas Manufacturers' Assn. said he voted right 29 times and wrong 10; the Texas CIO said he voted right 10 times, wrong 16.

Rep. Don Gladden, Fort Worth, announced against that city's senator, Don Kennard. Gladden indicated that four labor leaders had urged him not to take the step. . . . Sen. Bruce Reagan, Corpus, an-

nounced for re-election; Rep. Ronald Bridges, Corpus, declared he'll oppose him. . . . Ex-Rep. Louis (Andy) Anderson, Midland, has announced for the seat held by Sen. Frank Owen, El Paso. . . . Sen. Charles Herring, Austin, who could have had the 10th district's congressional seat for the asking, announced he'll run for re-election.

✔ *The Texas House.* Ex-Rep. Dewitt Hale, who lost out by 175 votes in a seven-man, high-man-wins race last April to Republican Charles Scoggins, has announced for the Democratic nomination for the place Scoggins holds. Scoggins is worried and with reason. . . . Speaker Byron Tunnell, Tyler, filed for re-election, and so also did Reps. Banfield, Hinson, Jamison, Parker, Hollowell, Canales, Armstrong, Atwell. . . . Ex-Rep. B. H. Dewey, Jr., Bryan, who lost to David Haines in 1962, announced against Haines again. . . . Rep. Donald Shipley, Houston, is quitting, and the head of a moving and storage firm, R. B. Cummings, has announced for his place. . . . Rep. Menton Murray, Harlingen, has drawn a PASO opponent, Filemon Vela, 28, chairman of the Cameron County PASO unit. Wayne Connally, the governor's brother, will seek a House seat from Floresville.

On Sen. Yarborough

✔ The Observer can report that there was more to Lloyd Bentsen's statement that he wouldn't run against Sen. Yarborough because of a change in his business situation than met the casual eye.

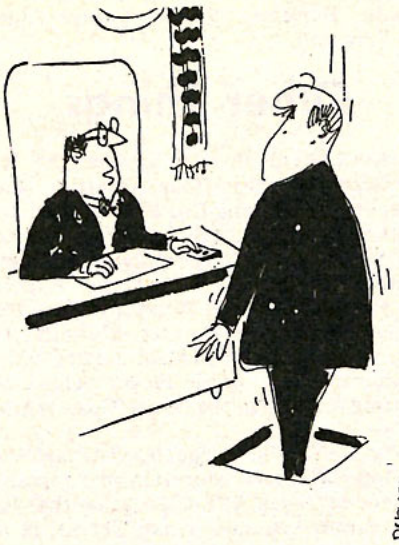
Another factor in Bentsen's reversal of his apparent plans to run against Yarborough is now reported to be a poll taken in Bentsen's city of residence, Houston, that showed Yarborough beating him there, as of the time of the poll, 70-30.

Margaret Mayer reported in the Dallas Times Herald that before deciding to withdraw, Bentsen talked to Jack Valenti, President Johnson's aide, but that Bentsen would not say what was discussed other than that Valenti told him he should carefully weigh all the factors involved.

✔ At our press time Cong. Jim Wright, Fort Worth, had not yet said what he will do. A long AP story from Fort Worth quoted him saying that the assassination awakened a distaste for "the bitterness and hostility that pervaded certain types of political campaigning." He was also quoted as glad that Johnson and Yarborough were having amicable relations. The reporter of this interview said on his own responsibility that two prime questions face Wright—where he can raise "up to $500,000 to finance the campaign," and whether he's well enough known statewide.

The Fort Worth Star-Telegram said that a survey conducted by a Dallas firm, Louis, Bowles, and Grace, showed Yarborough favored 45% over 32% for Wright in Fort Worth, with 23% undecided; while Shivers got just 30% against 52% for Yarborough (apparently, from the report, also in Fort Worth). The poll was taken Dec. 11-12.

'Oops! You Said the Secret Words . . . Bobby Baker!'



The Washington Post

✔ John Van Cronkhite, running against Yarborough for the nomination, said Yarborough has had "little accomplishment," doubted he could make friends with Johnson "overnight." The Dallas News quoted Van Cronkhite saying, "I intend to be taken seriously." . . . Cong. Joe Kilgore, McAllen, and State Sen. Frank Owen, El Paso, sent up last-chance trial balloons as possible candidates against Sen. Yarborough.

The Baker Case

✔ The reopening of the Baker scandal hearings in Washington is causing some nervous twitches here and there.

Life Magazine dated last Nov. 22 developed Baker's sponsorship by Lyndon Johnson, calling Baker Johnson's "legman, mouthpiece, and satrap of power," and went into Baker's connections with Texans Clint Murchison, Jr., and Bedford S. Wynne.

Prior to that, the Baker scandal had begun to work in favor of Senate liberals as the national press publicized their accusations that Baker blocked them from key committees and gave conservatives more campaign money than liberals. Baker's role in preventing Sen. Yarborough from getting on the judiciary committee came up, Baker reportedly having said that Yarborough having the seat would put him in a position to prevent Johnson from controlling Texas' judicial patronage.

Last month Abe Fortas, Johnson's friend and adviser, withdrew as counsel for Baker because of what Fortas described as a "conflict of interest," namely, Fortas' being drawn into the service of the Johnson administration.

The Washington Post reported cryptically this month that Don B. Reynolds, a former insurance partner of Baker's (who had told investigators that Baker helped him negotiate a $200,000 life insurance policy for Johnson when Baker was Senate majority secretary,) "further presented checks to investigators for payment of advertising time he bought on the Johnson family-owned station in Austin, Tex.," namely, KTBC.

✔ This week a stereo-phonograph rebate from Reynolds to the Johnson interests came to light in connection with the life insurance policy.

Liberals and LBJ

✔ Sen. Yarborough has been invited to serve on three subcommittees of the Senate's special committee on aging, a choice committee to which he was assigned in December in what was taken as an early sign that Johnson and he were warming toward each other. Yarborough greeted Johnson's State of the Union message by saying: "We may now enlist together in an all-out battle against poverty, disease, and despair." Pickle, the new congressman, and an old-time foe of Yarborough's, (for instance, as an Allan Shivers lieutenant,) told reporters he and Yarborough are working together on one project and added, "I believe we will work together fine." Other Texas congressmen's reactions to Johnson's historic Jan. 8 speech varied with their own political colorations, from "the greatest" (John Young) to "deeply disappointed" that Johnson didn't discuss "the blessings of capitalism" (Bruce Alger).

✔ The Texas Democratic Women's State Committee said, "We pledge our support, total and complete, to President Lyndon Johnson's efforts to give final reality to the legislative and humanitarian vision of the late President Kennedy." In its resolution Jan. 12, the Harris County Democrats "express our hope that the Democratic Party will lead the nation in nominating and electing Lyndon Baines Johnson the next President" and reelecting Ralph Yarborough. The resolution also said, "President Johnson is the one man who can lead the Democratic Party—and the world—to salvation, to peace with humility, for all people." Johnson sent the Harris County Democrats' Jan. 8 caucus a wire urging poll tax payments. Sen. Yarborough, addressing the caucus, handled the subject of harmony by saying, "How is Democratic harmony? Why, it's everywhere—we're swimming in it."

✔ A substantively relevant reaction to the State of the Union address was issued by Jose Vazquez, president of the Webb County (Laredo) Central Labor Union, congratulating Johnson on his emphasis on poverty, noting Mrs. Johnson's visit to one poverty-stricken area, and adding:

". . . we hope that our area, indeed, the whole Mexican border area, can be similarly visited, so that the attention of the nation can be focused here, where hundreds of thousands of citizens are barely able to earn food for their children. We hope also that proposals to the Congress for remedial legislation will include some wage floor provisions applicable to areas of chronic poverty such as ours."

Patman Thunder

✔ Cong. Wright Patman, Texarkana, dean of the Texas delegation, let go with a major policy discharge against interest-free government accounts deposited with private banks that then lend them to the public for profit. Patman said the Treasury kept an average of $5.3 billion in 11,700 of the nation's 13,500 commercial banks during fiscal 1963. (Examples of federal tax and loan account funds: $12,800,000 in the First National Bank, Dallas; $12,600,000 in the Republic National Bank, Dallas.) These funds draw no interest; neither do state, city, and other governmental units' demand accounts, because of a federal prohibition Patman wants repealed. He says interest-free accounts amount to governmental subsidies. As chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, he speaks thunderously.

✔ Politicians don't like to have their voting records simplified, but it happens anyway. Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), the liberal organization, has ranked Texas congressmen from 100% good to 0% for the year 1963. The ratings: Gonzalez, 100%; Brooks, 92; Thomas, 91; Thornberry, 83; Yarborough, 76; Patman, Beckworth, and Thompson, 73; Wright, 67; Purcell, 55; Rogers, Teague, and Poage, 42; Roberts, 33; Casey, 20; Burleson, Dowdy, and Kilgore, 17; Alger and Pool, 8; Tower, Foreman, and Fisher, 0.

✔ On the public accommodations proposal of the civil rights bill, Tower, Foreman, Fisher, Teague, Mahon, Patman, Burleson, Dowdy, Thompson, and Casey have announced their opposition. Yarborough and Brooks are for it. Wright says it "seems an invasion of private property rights." Pool and the new Austin congressman, J. J. Pickle, have announced they will sign the petition to discharge the civil rights bill from committee, but oppose the public accommodations provision in the bill. Thomas, Gonzalez, Thornberry, Wright, Young, and Purcell are other Texas representatives committeed to support the discharge petition.

✔ Claude C. Wild, Jr., of the governmental relations department of Gulf Oil gave a reception for Pickle at the Carlton Club in Washington Jan. 14.

LBJ Demonstrates

President Johnson conducted his own civil rights demonstration over the holidays. He attended a party at the segregated 40 Acres Club near the University of Texas accompanied by his three secretaries, including Geraldine Whittington, a Negro. The management of the 40 Acres Club decided against refusing to admit the President's party and subsequently announced a policy of admitting Negroes for private parties or if they are official guests of the University of Texas.

✔ Pickle's first official act of importance was to vote for the foreign aid bill with 15 other Texas Democrats in the House. Voting no on final passage were Dowdy, Burleson, Fisher, Casey, Alger, and Foreman.

Other Things

✔ Workers at three plants in the Rio Grande Valley—Texas Plastics, Inc., Elsa; Owens Packing Co., Brownsville; and Wallace Fruit Co., Edinburg—have voted that they want unions, while unions have recently lost elections at Alamo Express Co., San Antonio, and Holsum Baking Co., Corpus Christi, the Houston Chronicle reports. Franklin Garcia, meat cutters' union organizer, is one prime mover behind organizing activity in the South Texas region.

✔ H. G. Tate of Corpus Christi and Victoria, the new education and research director of Texas AFL-CIO (a job that has been vacant two and a half years), is an electrical worker, has been a union member since 1942, served as business representative of locals, attended Corpus Christi public schools, was a Seabee, and has a farm at Devine.

✔ The number of delegates to the Democrats' 1964 national convention Aug. 24 in Atlantic City having been increased, Texas will be allowed a total delegation of 219 persons and 99 convention votes (compared to 182 persons, and 61 votes, in 1960).

✔ Sen. George Parkhouse, Dallas, let go lustily against Cong. Bruce Alger, his city's Republican congressman, which indicated something or other, surely. Parkhouse wondered who paid for Alger's mailouts that are not mailed at government expense; he said Alger shouldn't have his own daughter on his payroll; and most of all, the curmudgeon Parkhouse took offense that Alger had called the Democrats the liberal party.

". . . when the congressman sees fit to come back to Dallas and accuse me of being a liberal, to accuse men like Allan Shivers, Ben Ramsey, Preston Smith, and Ben Atwell of being liberals, when our records in the legislature down through the years have been among the most conservative in the state, then I think it's time to call this conceited fellow's hand," Parkhouse said, slapping his cards down on the table.

✔ Another symptom of President Johnson's apparent impartiality among Texas liberal and tory Democrats (contrasted to his pre-presidential partiality for tories): He sent a wedding present to the Bill Kilgarlins. Harris County Democratic Chairman Kilgarlin broke with Gov. Connally over the governor's blast at a Houston court on redistricting, was quoted last week that Don Yarborough running would make for a "livelier primary."—Kilgarlin and the former Miss Margaret Rose Krupa were married in Houston Dec. 28, with the area's top liberals and many politicians in attendance.

The Los Angeles Times

"All right already—now, how about passing Kennedy's civil rights bill!"

✔ Dave Shapiro, former Ralph Yarborough aide who became assistant to the city manager in Crystal City, declines to give any further reason on the record why he quit that job and returned to Austin, from where he has resumed his political activities. He got homesick, he told some reporters.

✔ Stuart Long, in his Austin Report, has made it clear he thinks it unwise for Don Yarborough to run for governor. He said that after having received discouragement from everybody, Don appeared to have been presuaded to run. . . . Archer Fullingim, in his Kountze News, said that he did not want to encourage him to run or to discourage him. Fullingim said most Texans now believe that President Johnson wants both Ralph Yarborough and John Connally re-elected.

✔ It seems to be tactitly understood that the Democratic Coalition will not endorse candidates, but there will be a dope session on the subject in Austin the weekend after the Feb. 3 filing deadline, after which the respective groups will retire to their own deliberations.

✔ Labor makes its decisions Feb. 12-13 at Arlington's Inn of the Six Flags, when its two-state Committee on Political Education convenes. Roy Reuther is to be one of the speakers.

✔ Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr officially contends that the price of gas should be 21 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, not 9 to 14 cents as the Federal Power Commission desires. Carr argues that the state will lose revenues unless the price is set higher. . . . Carr has ruled that state agencies billed by Southwestern Bell for about $20,000 for termination charges upon the installation of the Centrex switchboard for the Capitol grounds state offices don't have to pay it, because it wasn't a valid termination of contract. □

A Blessing Way Sing

Betty Meador

Happily, may I walk.
Happily, with abundant showers,
may I walk.
Happily, with abundant plants,
may I walk.
Happily, on the trail of pollen,
may I walk.
Happily may I walk.
May it be beautiful before me.
May it be beautiful behind me.
May it be beautiful below me.
May it be beautiful above me.
May it be beautiful all around me.
In beauty it is finished.

—From "The Night Chant"
(Washington Matthews' translation)

Tempe, Ariz.

If you go by way of Holdbrook, you enter the Navajo reservation off of Highway 66, a long trail West crowded with moving vans and displaced persons who think they'll find Life and a piece of the golden pot in California. The land is flat and grassy with every once in a while a grey brushy hill or a mesa eroding dirty orange. Every couple of miles there's a hogan off in the distance with smoke rising out of the center hole. They are built of logs and mud or sometimes plaster or even cinder block, but always facing east so that when you walk out early in the morning the glaring Arizona sun hits you right in the face.

We were traveling to Round Rock, a small community consisting of a trading post, a Bureau of Indian Affairs school, a water tower, and hogans scattered for miles around. Four of us were in the cab of a pick-up with a camper swaying like an elephant behind us: myself, my Navajo friend Ruth Roessel, her white man, and their son, whom his father tenderly called "Little Indian Leader." He's three. Ruth was to be the patient in a Blessing Way sing.

It's a long drive from Phoenix to Round Rock, long even after you get on the reservation, which is the size of West Virginia. Near Round Rock, after climbing the "Big Red Hill," we picked out the six or eight hogans from the other grey lumps of the landscape, which make up Ruth's home-place, the homes of her sisters and their families and her mother and father. We pulled up beside her parents' hogan. Children and dogs scattered, both barking the news loudly.

I saw the swish of her mother's long skirt as she ducked inside the hogan. She had seen us, but according to custom waited inside. We dawdled around the truck awhile; then walked in. The close relatives embraced, mummering tenderly in Navajo. As they separated, we noted the changes in the interior of the hogan, exclaiming mildly in our adopted Navajo fashion. They had covered the dirt floor with cement and the walls with white beaver board. I guessed this had been done for the occasion. For the same reason, sheets covered the clothes hanging from hooks on the walls, and some of the pots and pans, a mattress, a trunk, and several sheepskins had been taken outside underneath a ramada along with a bright yeibichai rug Ruth's mother was weaving. She is well known as an excellent weaver.

As it grew dark outside, we put our blanket on the hogan floor and spread out a cold supper. One by one Ruth's sisters and brothers came in, the ladies in long skirts and velvet blouses, the men in Western shirts and pants. Ruth had gifts for each of them, which they accepted with surprise and opened enthusiastically. They sat near the wall opposite us. Their several children crawled over the stretched-out legs of the men and through conversations of women on their haunches, evoking mild rebuffs. There was much gentle laughter.

RUTH'S FATHER signaled the beginning of the ceremony by raising himself up off the sheepskin where he'd been lying. A noted medicine man, he would perform the ceremony. He began taking objects out of his medicine man's pouch and placed them carefully on a square of white cloth on the floor near the wall opposite the door. Ruth was sitting on one side of these ceremonial objects and her father on the other. She had dressed in a white satin tiered skirt with a turquoise velvet overblouse and wore her prettiest turquoise and coral jewelry. She sat on a mattress covered with a large buffalo rug. Her father also had put on thick turquoise bracelets and a necklace and had tied a handkerchief around his forehead through his thick, shoulder length hair. The rest of us settled ourselves comfortably on blankets and sheepskins on one side of the hogan.

The Blessing Way is a two night sing and, says the late Father Berard Maile, "governs the entire chantway system," which consists of 35 major ceremonials. Blessing Way is addressed to the universe, and it invokes the powers of the universe that give happiness, well-being, and harmony to restore the patient and, secondarily, the other participants in the sing. This first night the medicine man seeks to drive away all the evil that may be in the hogan and all the evil that has caused disharmony in the patient. The patient's trouble is always determined beforehand by a diagnostician, and the ceremony prescribed is related to the illness. In this case Ruth simply "didn't feel so good." Her father, some weeks before, had acted as diagnostician and prescribed Blessing Way.

A coal oil lamp stood in its place in the center of the floor. Maiisani, Ruth's mother, enclosed its flue with a torn paper sack, and the light from it barely enabled us to see.

In Navajo the medicine man began to sing the harsh song prayers. He stood and placed corn pollen on ceremonially prescribed parts of Ruth's body and passed the pollen pouch, made of unwounded deer skin, to Ruth's mother, who administered pollen to herself. We all did this then, each of us finishing by scattering a pinch of pollen from about chin-level, moving the hand upward and out. This symbolizes the exit of evil.

This first night's ceremony took, I'd guess, a couple of hours. The patient and the medicine man moved from one side of the hogan to the other, and during most of the rest of the ceremony Ruth very rapidly repeated prayers that her father first said. She seemed to echo him, so quickly did she follow him. The ceremony ended with more songs.

We sighed pleasurably when we stood and stretched, and we said goodnight softly to those who were leaving. We who were staying unfolded our bedrolls and with a minimum of conversation made ready for bed. We slept soundly the night on the hogan floor with our feet toward the squatty black wood stove in the center.

I LAY IN MY SLEEPING BAG a while after waking, contemplating the difficulty of extricating myself from this cocoon, and enjoying the quiet drama on the other side of the room illuminated by the coal oil lamp. Maiisani was preparing breakfast, stoking the fire, putting the coffee on, spreading a square of oil cloth on the floor near the stove on which she lay cups and eating utensils. Ashinhi (grandfather) raised himself out of his bed of sheepskin, from which he had seemed to be gently commanding the situation like a sultan. The family gathered around the food now waiting on the oil cloth, drank their thick, steaming coffee, and dipped hunks of bread into a pot of pork and beans. Two of the grandchildren had slept here, and both sat as close to Ashinhi as they could, the younger accepting bites of bread from his grandfather's fingers.

This morning Ruth was to take the ceremonial bath, and after breakfast her father went out alone to find a proper

The writer, a native of Wichita Falls and graduate of the University of Texas, teaches school and lives in Tempe, Arizona, with her family.

yucca root that sudses like soap, while her mother prepared a small Navajo basket by pouring boiling water over it until its strands swelled water-tight.

Maiisani, who had assisted her husband the night before, now signaled the beginning of this portion of the ceremony by rubbing corn pollen near the roof at the four cardinal points of the hogan. The door was open, and the sun managed to get around and under an army blanket nailed over the opening that told passers-by that a ceremony was going on inside. Ruth had taken down her hair out of the butterfly knot Navajos wear and had taken off her blouse in the old Navajo way. A young girl stifled a snicker.

Maiisani crossed the water-filled basket with corn pollen. It lay a few feet from the other ceremonial objects. Ashinhi began to sing. At the appointed time Ruth washed her hair with the yucca suds, using the water in the basket. Several of the ladies held up blankets to shield Ruth as she completed her bath amid giggles and exclamations about the coldness of the water. Ashinhi sang more prayer-songs after the bath, and the ceremony concluded.

The rest of the morning each of us who were participating knelt before the water basket and washed our hair, sudsing in our palms the fraying yucca root. The families casually took turns, the women heating more water, their long hair falling over their shoulders down to their waists, the children reluctantly yielding to the mother's coaxing, bending over the small basket: we all washed ourselves.

Ruth was not to do any sort of work during the ceremony and set the tone for the rest of us. We spent the afternoon lazily wandering, or half-heartedly doing the chores which had to be done, or contemplating the surrounding mountains and buttes. The Lukachuki Mountains and Sleeping Lady, who lies on top of them, stretch across the eastern horizon. Jutting out from the mountains are great red cliffs; against the deep blue mountains they are like docks against a harbor. To the Navajo these mountains are sacred, and like all things sacred to him, they have a 'real' name unknown to most outsiders. This name identifies the 'soul' of the mountain, or that mystery the Navajo experiences in his relationship with the mountains. Persons who come to know each other in a deep closeness are said to know each other's real name, or in an experience of the mystery or awesomeness of a part of nature a Navajo learns its real name. I am reminded of once hearing W. H. Auden say that in a poem the poet tries to give the real name to a sacred (awe-inspiring) experience.

Two of the sisters had killed a sheep in the afternoon, and we had lamb stew and cabrito for supper, along with a delicious dried, then soaked corn bread. The night's ceremony was to last until dawn; we all went to sleep about nine.

ONE BY ONE we followed Ashinhi's slow waking movements around one o'clock. Maiisani spread a blanket in front of her daughter and husband, and we all placed on it objects to be blessed. Most of us according to tradition put forward only our shoes, but others piled on top of them baskets, jewelry, purses, a harness, clothes. Maiisani sprinkled corn pollen on each object to begin the ceremony.

We sat in a semi-circle, with Ruth and her father at the top of the arch we made. Most of the children were awake and sat staring big-eyed into the paper-covered lamp. Those who knew them began to sing joyously the hogan songs. They are strong courageous songs of blessing and assurance. Ashinhi shifted himself at the end of the song group, spat into a tin can, and lit a cigarette. The others of us relaxed and talked quietly.

The second group of songs began, and so, on until dawn, we followed this pattern of songs and pause, intermittently passing the buckskin bag of pollen around the semi-circle, careful not to miss anyone and sprinkling pollen on those who had dropped off to sleep. Toward dawn the singers seemed to challenge the first rays, knowing they would soon appear, voicing a confidence and joy as strong as any sun that ever shone.

The patient was now an empty vessel. In anxious silence the medicine man made a trail of pollen from his seat to the door. The patient rose and walked on the path out the door into a grey-silver world. There, alone, she would breathe in new life from the sun. The ceremony was over.

DRIVING HOME I was conscious of my blessed shoes: now I would walk in beauty. I wondered how much of the Navajo's renewal of life and harmony from these ceremonies grows out of a superstition that god-like forces acted upon him; or how much of it comes from a consciousness that he could, and indeed must if it can to be found, himself choose the way of beauty, of which the ceremony is a symbolic structured vessel. Or how many combinations of such possibilities there were. Or if it really makes any difference when new courage and joy are the result.

I viewed the signs of "civilization" with a certain sadness. Such an unwieldy way of life we lead. Where is our healing in this neon maze?

Some weeks later, at a conference for Indian leaders, I overheard Bob and Ruth Roessel talking to Karl Menninger, who has been closely associated with various Indian groups for 30 years. Ashinhi was to be the patient in a ceremony which Dr. and Mrs. Menninger would attend.

"You see," said Bob, "a medicine man uses all of his resources in healing. He becomes depleted. He has to have a sing in order to be restored." The famous Dr. Menninger bent from the waist in an attitude of humility. "Oh I know. I know," he said. "That's why I'm out here." □

CRIDER'S

Elroy Bode

Probably no one in the hill country—certainly not old man Crider—thought you could take a slab of cement, add some benches and a wire fence, and end up with a gold mine. Yet he did exactly that. And it turned out to be the best kind of gold mine, actually, not dependent on limited veins of ore but on unlimited human beings—on the twenty-five cents they will pay for a can of beer and the dollar bill admission they will dig up for Saturday night. So far, there is no indication that people or their money will ever play out, and Crider's seems destined to remain as solvent as any hill country bank.

There seem to be at least two Crider's—the one you go to, say, on a Saturday night and the one you might see the following day. A tourist, going for a Sunday drive along the river road west of Kerrville and suddenly coming upon Crider's at three o'clock in the afternoon, will most probably pull his Oldsmobile off the pavement and ask his wife, incredulously, "You mean this is where we went to last night?" For daytime Crider's, minus the acres of parked cars, the blaring music, the sight and sense of people dancing and drinking and milling around, is wholly unprepossessing. Its essentials stand out sharply in all their bare country homeliness: the empty field of smooth cement, the small covered bandstand down at one end, the green tables and benches and big drooping oaks leading at the opposite end into the two room cafe-kitchen. In the glare of a hot three o'clock Crider's looks quite deserted and forlorn—the kind of place to buy a coke in maybe or a package of cigarettes and then move on past.

But as the day softens—as the sun fades behind the cedar-covered hills and the nearby river greenery darkens into a long, lush stage backdrop—Crider's gradually reveals its virtues like a brilliant night flower starting to bloom. It becomes a fine place to rest from the day's labors. You can get yourself a cold can of beer from the cafe and come outside under the oak trees and sit down at one of the tables and everything—the hill country, the river, the coming to an end of another summer afternoon—seems very right and pleasant. And if it happens to be a Saturday you can look out past the dance-floor and see that already a couple of cars with horse trailers are parked down at the large, bleachered corral, unloading for the Crider's rodeo.

It's entirely pleasing at dusk—but just let night fall and the whole visual world lie dead and buried beneath the central Texas blackness. Let eight o'clock, eight-thirty, nine o'clock come. Let the summer camp bugles finally sound taps up and down the river and the off-duty counselors start for their cars; and the tourists from Houston and Dallas and Port Arthur begin to get bored with the quietness of their summer lodges; and high school kids from Kerrville get tired of driving back and forth along the same familiar streets; and the cedar choppers from Hunt and Ingram start rattling down country roads toward the main highways and home. Let darkness cover the land and people begin to feel the need for a place of light, a place to gather and drink a beer or two or more, a place to be private within yourself if you want it or be unrestrainedly lively but nevertheless a place to be in the midst of others. Let these conditions exist and Crider's becomes a thing beyond the sum of its benches, trees, and strings of colored lights. It becomes The Good Place Up The River, the yellow-bulbed oasis in a vast black desert of night.

SATURDAY NIGHT is always the big night, of course. There is a string band—sometimes a local, inexperienced group from Kerrville or Fredericksburg, usually a more professional outfit from Austin or San Antonio—and extra counters set up for beer and cold drinks and the customary dollar admission charge. There are always several members of the Crider family working at the gate—one collecting the dollar bills in a cigar box and the other stamping a black circular receipt on the back of each customer's hand: "Crider's, Since 1925."

Crider's has no specialized clientele. Indeed, the whole charm of it lies in the unselfconscious mingling of people who would ordinarily never rub shoulders except in a movie script—rustic and sophisticate, oil man and grounds keeper, college drama instructor and high school majorette. Where else would an aging Houston dowager hold tightly to the muscular arm of a young six-foot-six horse wrangler from a summer girls' camp as they make their way to the dance floor to try a German *schottische*? Where could the son of a Leakey truck driver order a Bireley's orange for the daughter of a Dallas banker? Where would the female lead of "Finian's Rainbow"—the summer stock "Finian" showing nightly downriver at the Arts Foundation—slap her delectable thigh in such unrestrained laughter at the tales of a Rocksprings bachelor who raises Poland China hogs? Where, also, could a balding little man climb on a table-top and do a prolonged, Yogi-like headstand to the cheers and handclappings of the on-lookers—or chin himself half a dozen times from an overhanging limb—and then, his nightly ritual over, grab the arm of some pretty woman forty years his junior and go strutting off to the dance floor to put-his-little-foot?

The peak time of Saturday night is from ten o'clock until one. The rodeo at the corral is generally over by ten, and the crowd and performers from it begin to drift in along with late-comers who first went to a show in town or a private party. Since the few tables under the oaks are always taken early, the overflow has to distribute itself about in little standing groups or on the narrow wooden benches scattered along the fence. The phalanx of young stags that rather loosely blocks one end of the dance floor early in the evening begins to edge solidly forward—like a school of curious fish intent on observing more closely a band of deep sea divers. And in the anonymity of the flowing, shifting crowd a highly-reserved doctor from Kerrville may find himself throwing aloofness to the winds and dancing a very loose-legged polka with his eleven-year-old daughter; or a hard-swallowing young camp counselor may finally approach the table of a tanned, beautiful woman twice his age—the mother of one of his "boys"—and ask her to dance and have her smile up at him with a very definite and pleased yes. It never seems to matter particularly who does what; it's just accepted that you come to Crider's to let your hair down.

But even if most people come to Crider's to be in the big middle of things—the dancing, the jostling back and forth to reach tables or the beer counter, the laughing, the flirting—there are some who are content just to remain outside and watch. They sit on the fenders of their cars, holding babies, smoking, chewing on matches. Primarily they are family folks who can't afford a dollar for themselves and their kids so they come early and park along the fence and look. Now and then a few of the men will saunter down the line of cars to the outside beer counter and hunker outside the rim of bright lights. They exchange handshakes—the single, brief little respectful jerk of country and ranch people—and then join in with the gazing toward the noise and music and lights. Perhaps before long a barefooted boy will slide out of the darkness and stand next to his father—not saying anything at first, just watching and listening to the quiet steady talk of the men, then finally speaking down to his father: Mama wants you. The man nods and reaches a slow arm around the boy's legs. He says, All right, run along; I'll be there in a minute—and after a while he rises and nods toward the group and moves on back toward his car.

AS THE HOURS slip on by toward one o'clock and the cars begin to circle out of the big dusty parking area, one of the hill country's unsolved puzzles reoccurs. By all logic, the high-geared, drink-laden drivers of so many fast-moving cars along such a narrow, twisting, up-and-down river road should provide accident headlines each Sunday morning. Yet despite curves, beer, and one-arm-around-the-girl driving, the road in from Crider's has remained incredibly accident-free. It's

The writer's work has appeared in various magazines, most recently The Texas Quarterly.

as though some kind of special, pilot-light shrewdness remains lit even in the most bleary-eyed of drivers, saying, "Look, just keep your wits about you and you can make it—you got to be up here again next week, you know." And like a flock of tipsy homing pigeons they all go racing back through the darkness into town. □

Dialogue

Just Swell

I think it is a swell idea for Don Yarborough to run for governor. Of course, as you "conjecture," he doesn't have a chance, but, after all, we liberals characteristically have scads of money and time for lost causes, and, besides, as you point out, we must fervently maintain our "relevance to the future of life."

Actually, why don't we get Don to run for President of the United States? He has as good a chance to win that as he does the governorship, and think how relevant it would be to the future of life to have such a man of "mettle" in the White House.

Thomas Black, Box 1073, Austin, Tex.

Up and About

Liberals in Texas do indeed need to be up and about their normal political activity. . . . Perhaps Gov. Connally cannot be defeated this year. . . . Still, the strongest opposition possible should be raised against Connally to limit the "mandate" he would receive to continue to obstruct progressive legislation. I hope Don Yarborough will find it possible to lead the opposition.—Don W. Allford, 1505 Cloverleaf, Austin, Tex.

A Commitment of Heart

In many issues of the Observer, you have reported the game played by the conservative daily newspapers in the state, i.e., how to define the liberal so his own mother would spit on his grave. We have been called "liberal," "labor," "CIO," "COPE," "pinko," "un-American," "socialist," "communist," and finally, but prior to Nov. 22, 1963, "Kennedy Democrats." We finally agreed. The identification as a Kennedy Democrat, however, was meant to be the most vile thing that they could say about any man. Why was this man so despised by the conservatives? The answer may rest on a phrase John F. Kennedy often used in his speeches—"a commitment of heart." Kennedy had made this commitment. We knew it; that's why we supported him. They knew it; that's why they hated him.

After talking with many Kennedy Democrats in this state, I fear that the commitment is dying because too many of us are staggering too slowly out of an ether of moderation brought on by the shock of the assassination. If there is any doubt among the Kennedy Democrats as to whether President Johnson has made such a commitment, this doubt has been resolved in his favor, with many supporting him wholeheartedly for the first time. This conclusion, however, is logical, since President Johnson did support Kennedy in his programs and policies without equivocation. What is surprising is how many Kennedy Democrats are willing to support those elected officials who did not support Kennedy on the gut issues, such as civil rights and redistricting, and have only a commitment to their personal aggrandizement.

It has been my experience that our government operation works because we have different points of view that are articulated, communicated, and resolved by people devoted, for whatever reasons, to their point of view. Unless we articulate, communicate, and fight for the Kennedy Democrat point of view, the system will not work. For example, Maury Maverick, Jr., introduced the first lobby control bill; Bill Kugle and Don Kennard introduced the first loan shark bill; Charley Hughes the first industrial safety bill; Malcolm MacGregor made the first break-through in appropriations for higher education, and Franklin Spears was the first to dare to try to strike all of the segregation laws from the statutes of the state of Texas. All of these men are Kennedy Democrats who made the commitment of heart, and without whom our government would not work.

Now the torch is passed to a new generation of Americans who have the responsibility to make the government move down the road of progress. We Kennedy Democrats have this responsibility in Texas.

Let us now tell all that we are Kennedy Democrats and that we have a commitment of heart.

Tony Korioth, 4807 Kirby Dr., Houston.

(The writer was a member of the House of Representatives from Sherman during the years 1957-1961.—Ed.)

The Unenforceable Obligation

The other day I was talking to a fellow worker about the U.S. and the U.N. . . . He said the U.S. should have more than one vote in the U.N. . . . the new African nations should not even have a vote because they do not even know how to run their own countries. He went on to say that China of course should be kept out. . . .

Our country certainly needs and has to be protected, but the intensity with which he said this seemed to point to something else. . . . Where is the genuine concern for underdeveloped nations, suppressed and denied people?

Self-security appears to be a strong motive behind conservatism of this sort.

This is manifested by a prime concern about material possessions, and how one's private affairs might be affected by the liberation of those whom he preys upon. . . .

Where is the unenforceable obligation noble men take as their own?

Warren M. Conerly, 2416 Branard A., Houston 6, Tex.

Keep It a Texas Paper

Your copy of the Observer with the eye witness account of President Kennedy's last ride is the best writing I have ever read. You told so many small personal details that the other correspondents did not report. . . . If we only had such articles preserved from other historical events, think how much clearer and easier history would be today. . . . Please send me one more of the black bordered numbers.

Your paper is best in the nation, and please do not include the entire South, let's keep it a Texas paper. We need to know everything you print about conditions in Texas. You will lose a lot of your Texas subscribers if you include other states.

Mrs. Roberta Farris, Voss, Tex.

Should Have Seen Him

Anent the Dec. 27 issue's "Questions on Oswald's Civil Liberties," may I say that perhaps the Dallas Civil Liberties Union, affected as was the rest of the public by the one-sided TV trial, was not alert to its foundation principle, that the "Assassin" was innocent until tried and found guilty by a fair trial.

An A.C.L.U. lawyer, keen to protect a lowly (as well as a wealthy) suspect backed to the wall by the police and the TV-washed public, should insist on speaking directly to the incarcerated prisoner, not only to ask if he desired a lawyer, but to stress the importance of having legal counsel until such time as he could have contact with a lawyer of his choice.

One could not expect Oswald's mother, or brother, as laymen, to understand the urgency of having immediate legal protection in an emotional and violent situation, such as that of the assassination of a popular president; nor the wife, psychologically unaware of the rights of an arrested person under our American, as contrasted to the Russian system.

Samuel Robbins, attorney, 117 Liberty St., New York 7, N.Y.

P.S. Your journal is one of the best, if not the best.

Extremism Is Good

One of the regrettable results of the assassination has been a widespread criticism of extremism. Extremism is necessary and good.

Granted that some extremists are wrong, who can say that others are not right? The blanket condemnation of extremism has not differentiated between good extremism and bad extremism. It has defamed extremism per se.

I can't believe that we are really accepting the idea that deviation from the norm is inherently evil. A list of such deviationists would have to include most admired men throughout recorded time.

If each of us selected the three persons we consider the greatest men who lived, and then judged them by the norm of their respective backgrounds, perhaps extremism would be vindicated.

The massive criticism of hatred has seemed a much sounder reaction to me. Hatred has no merit. If I am an extremist, my extremism is against hate.

Even so, I am unalterably opposed to any laws which would restrain the free functioning of those wretched groups which not only practice hate but attempt to sell it to the people. Their product will not be purchased by an American public free to choose. . . .

Robert E. Cogswell, 4418½ Stanford, Houston, Tex.

On Black Snobs

I should like to commend you for printing Saul Friedman's "Houston, A Backwater of the Revolt" [Obs. Nov. 15]. The article is extraordinarily perceptive, fair, factual, and sober. . . .

We as Negroes must be able to distinguish the white image of success from the solid substance behind it, and by substance I do not mean merely material affluence. Self-respect does not supinely submit to oppression, no matter whether it lives in a split-leveled home or motors in a Lincoln Continental. One of the greatest crimes our segregated society has perpetrated against the Negro has been to rob him of his self-esteem. The black bourgeoisie delude themselves into believing they have status because they have the symbols of status, notwithstanding they lack the substance of status—human dignity and self-respect. This delusion bristles me most when I see well-to-do Negroes subscribe to ideologies and practices as reactionary as those of the most arch conservative.

Although many Negroes have just cause for being impatient and disenchanted with white liberals, I believe we are very misguided if we think we will get better results by joining the ranks of conservative whites. It is hard for me to imagine a more grotesque and ridiculous sight than a Negro talking about "conserving" and not disturbing too much the status quo. I am not suggesting that the American ideals be changed, only the practices that belie those ideals. An individual Negro may personally gain much for himself by being an accomplice of conservative whites, but he can hardly expect many gains to accrue to the Negro masses from such a course of action.

Many a well-to-do Negro would like to sever his kinship with the impoverished Negro masses. A black snob is the most monstrous and ridiculous snob I know. Nevertheless, most Negro snobs depend upon their livelihood from the underprivileged black masses. This dependence breeds contempt, not compassion. . . .

The same forces and accidents operate in the white class structure, and the well-to-do whites are guilty of the same sins. The major difference between the white poor and the Negro poor is that the latter have their problem compounded by their color. This should cause the well-to-do Negro to be more sympathetic. But how sympathetic an animal is *homo sapiens?*

Of course, as Steinbeck has pointed out somewhere, Americans expect Negroes to act more nobly and selflessly than whites. I hate to say it, but only a little of the good in the American Negro has been inspired by the whites and much of the bad has been caused by the whites. . . .

The values that transcend a particular person's well-being go beyond the race question. They comprise social and job security, a minimum standard of living, and medical care for all needy human beings—white and black. A dedicated and vibrantly militant Negro must be concerned about more than the welfare of himself or even the Negro. He must be concerned about the welfare of all the underprivileged. The Negro problem cannot be solved isolated from the problem of automation and perennial unemployment.

Yet, the self-satisfied Negro, like many of his affluent white brothers, self-righteously feels that his Negro brothers should go out and be lucky enough to improve their lots, maybe even inherit a store.

Kenneth S. Tollett, 3822 Palm, Houston, Tex.

Willfully Into Darkness

Thanks for printing the transcript of Editor Dugger's UT debate with Wild Bill Buckley. I'd say R.D. did quite well, considering he had to batter against Buckley's massive shield of anti-humanity with mere intelligence and feeling; however I'm afraid that little good comes of such effort. A man who thinks he must tell Castro (a Cuban) to get out of Cuba, a man who cannot see that racial violence is caused not by a Negro demanding his rights but by the racist responding with firehoses and dogs, a man who assumes that World War II could never have been won without the complete obliteration of Dresden, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki, is hopelessly lost in darkness, plunging ever willfully away from the light. . . .

Harris Green, 331 West 87th St., New York 24, N.Y.

The Radical Choice of Death

I enjoyed reading the debate between you and Mr. Buckley. You both did a good job of presenting and defending your respective convictions.

It seems to me, however, that Mr. Buckley pressed his arguments about weapons and war on the assumed basis of the ear-catching phrase, "better dead than red," as if no other choice was possible. What happened to democracy along the way? Is it eliminated because communism is in the world? Aren't there really many choices besides these?

One can choose to be red (a term applied by a few to all who are slightly to the left of anarchy); one can choose to be democratic, cautious, free, and alive (with a concern for all humanity); or one can choose to be bellicose (which possibly could cause him to soon be dead along with a few hundred million others).

Honestly, Mr. Buckley, most of us had rather be democratic and alive than either dead or red! If we are to be democratic we must explore every possibility for an honorable and safe peace. We can always fall back to the radical last-ditch choice of death when all else has failed.

And about that apple. . . . (It must have been a taffy apple since it was stuck in the debate so often!) We liberals have never advocated taking the apple away from anybody who has it and wants to eat it himself, but if a person puts his apple up for sale—at a specific price or the highest bid—why let him have the freedom to discriminate against the first customer who has the price? When the private apple is offered for sale, the purchase of the apple becomes a *public privilege.* Let the apple peddler who does not want to serve the public take his sign down and keep his apple for private and personal use!

Howell Watkins, Box 507, Fluvanna, Tex.

A 'Nosy' Clergyman

I have long held that American funeral practices were not Christian, nor in the tradition of our people, nor anything else but expensive, in poor taste, and about as beautiful as dime store gee-gaws.

Miss [Jessica] Mitford is quite correct in her observations concerning the pressures applied by undertakers to the survivors at a time when they are in no shape to resist. I have been concerned with funerals in five different towns, ranging from small to very large. The pressure is there, from the well arranged display rooms to cramming unwanted services down the throats of the survivors.

Until things change drastically, it is going to take something more than an invitation for coffee to keep this "nosy" clergyman out of the coffin selection room. If you think Miss Mitford was exaggerating about the cheap merchandise being kept in the garage, stay calm. I was there when they tried to sell a widow, who had been making the living for herself and invalid husband by baby-sitting, one of the most expensive funerals possible.

Grave-robbing has just assumed a different form . . .

Rev. Paul T. Chapman, the Methodist Church, Water Valley, Tex.

A Simple Solution

With all the talk about the high cost of funerals, it should be of interest that the Southwestern Medical School is willing to accept bodies for student study, and the expense of burial or cremation of the remains later is borne by the school. This is open for persons within 200 miles of Dallas.

I know of a couple who prefer a simple memorial service to a formal funeral with the corpse present and with flowers. They also prefer cremation. (Their family situation is such that their wishes will be carried out.) They have donated their eyes to the Dallas Eye Bank and their bodies to the Southwestern School. There will be no expense to their estate. They have simply signed will blanks sent by the school and returned them. They each carry a card stating where the body should be sent in case of sudden death. It's that simple.

Persons interested in this idea should write Dept. of Anatomy, Southwestern Medical School, 5323 Harry Hines Blvd., Dallas, Tex.

Carl Brannin, 5614 Ridgedale, Dallas 6, Tex.