

'Another Crystal City'?

Mathis Liberals Try Anew

Mathis, Tex.

A local revolution by ballot box has occurred in Mathis that may provide the example of grassroots reform in behalf of South Texas' Latin-Americans that Crystal City of 1963 fell short of.

Although Latin-Americans outnumber others in many towns in South Texas, traditionally they have had virtually no voice in some of the local governments. A slate of Latin-American candidates swept into office in Crystal City two years ago by the simple expedient of poll tax and get-out-the-vote campaigns. There then happened a series of accusations, coups, counter-coups, shows of force by Rangers and police, threats, firings, and other foul-ups. According to some of the partisans of the take-over, the comic opera obscured real improvements the Latin-American councilmen made for the poor people of Crystal City, but they were defeated this year and replaced by a mixed Latin and Anglo slate associated with the old regime.

Mathis is a town of 6,000 people 35 miles northwest of Corpus Christi. About three-fourths of the population of the town is Latin-American. Last April the "Action Party," made up of a large part of the town's Latin population and a handful of sympathetic Anglos, came into power, winning the city council elections and ousting a regime whose antecedents have ruled virtually uncontested since Mathis' earliest days.

The Action Party had its beginning prior to city elections in 1963. Ismael Alfaro, who operates a used auto parts lot, began talking to friends about the grievances of many against the city fathers. The talk developed a movement, which then sponsored the candidacy of three for the council that year. The vote was close. Both Bott and Chavez say they opposed the Action Party's slate in 1963, believing its candidates were unqualified, but the lessons of that year—and reports from Crystal City—were not forgotten as 1965 began.

Persons who support the cause of the ousted group have threatened a boycott in paying city taxes this fall and have

The writer, Greg Olds, was editor of the weekly Richardson Echo and president of the Dallas chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. He is now news editor of the Robstown Record.

Greg Olds

hounded officials and their families with abuse by telephone and in person. Outgoing officials nearly depleted the city's general fund in the week left to them after they lost the elections, and they hastily appointed three people to the five-member city public housing authority when no vacancies existed.

Mistakes that insurgent Latins are said to have made in Crystal City are very much in the minds of Mathis people—the new order and the old. Even before the elections early this spring, charges of "another Crystal City" were in the air. After the election outgoing Mayor Milton F. Boatwright, a councilman the last 12 years, said the situation was "a repetition of Crystal City."

The promise of the Action Party rests on several factors. Two members of the new three-man city council have college degrees. The newly hired city secretary, the town's ranking full-time employee, is college-trained and experienced as a professional accountant. The three party leaders—the councilmen—all apparently have job security; two are self-employed and the third is a skilled professional man, a pharmacist at a local drug store. The head of the new government is an Anglo, reflecting the Action Party's attitude that it welcomes all, regardless of race, who support its principles.

MAYOR WINSTON BOTT has the respect of the Latin community; it is believed by some observers here that he is a cautious, prudent man who would not be part of a vengeful movement and who is dedicated to the Latins' aspirations for social and economic justice. An Ohio-born, 45-year-old civil engineer, he came to Texas in 1948. In 1956 he moved to Mathis to help with the engineering of nearby Lake Mathis, which provides some of the Corpus Christi water supply. He deplors, in his quiet-spoken way, the abuses Latins have for generations suffered. "Some people think," he says, "that because they pay most of the taxes they should be able to run the government and not let the little people have any vote in the government because they pay little or no taxes."

Bott concedes that an "extremist element" exists among members and sup-

porters of his Action Party—those who believe that "heads should roll"—but he and other Action Party leaders have maintained restraint so far despite what they regard as galling provocations from the deposed regime.

Bott serves on the city council with Manuel Chavez, 46-year-old native of Mexico, a pharmacist who graduated from the University of Texas, and Joe Ramirez, 45, a native of Mathis and a graduate of its high school who operates an upholstery shop at his home. The former council was made up of a rural mail carrier who owns property and is main stockholder of the country club; the manager of a large farm and ranch, and a partner in a family grocery.

"There's nothing in this town—nothing—that's not dependent on agriculture in some way," says Councilman Chavez. "This is a captive town in that the only source of income for most of the people is work on farms. The larger landowners are determined to maintain a 'labor pool' here. There is a definite, purposeful intent to keep Mathis isolated and keep things the way they've been for years—with a plentiful supply of those dependent on farm labor for a living. There's no future for Mathis until we break this isolation farmers have imposed, this 'wall of hay.'"

This theme is echoed by Mayor Bott. A former president of the local chamber of commerce, he says that one of the first acts of the chamber when it was founded in 1913 was to take the gates down that protected the town, "but in 1965 the gates are still there, in a way."

WE DECIDED before we got into all this," Bott says, "that abuse would have to be withstood." He recounts four qualifications that were established for the mayoral candidate by Action Party leaders early this year, before he was chosen as nominee:

- An income and livelihood immune from local pressure;
- Competence to do the job;
- Complete lack of racial bias; and
- Stamina to face the pressure that would be sure to come.

In March, some three weeks before the city council election, a proposed home rule charter was submitted to voters by the former administration. Home rule is

(Continued on Page 3)

Observations

The Big Ifs

Penn Jones, Jr., editor of the *Midlothian Mirror*, is recovering in good spirits from a nearly fatal accident. He and his son were clearing out logs from the creekbed at Mexican Joe's, their farm. They'd fix a chain around a log and then drag it up a ten-foot embankment with a tractor. Penn had a .22 pistol with him to shoot snakes they'd seen around. He shot a rat and went to shoot it again to be sure it was dead, but decided it would shuffle off this mortal coil without further assistance from him and put the pistol, loaded to fire, on the seat beside him in the boat. Then he laid across the seat in the boat and reached into the water to put the chain on a log, the boat tilted, the gun slipped off the seat and fell underneath him, and he was shot through the midsection. Another inch: his heart. He walks around the block slowly now, and is regaining his strength to go to England Sept. 30 to make a long lecture on the assassination. I would have given him a short lecture on gun safety except for two details: he is a general in the reserves, and it happened that while I was up there with him my boy Gary and I went in the country to shoot it out with a few doves and a cranky 12 gauge did not do just like I thought it should in a way that's difficult for me to explain without inviting hooraws. Penn's boy Penn III says he can't see why only the liberals have all the gun accidents—maybe, he says, it's because the conservatives practice all the time.

Well, this is a roundabout way of leading up to an editorial of Penn's that is good evidence that some of the clearest and sanest thinking on foreign policy appears in small weekly newspapers wherein free men think straight and say what they think. This editorial, from the *Midlothian Mirror*, is called "Time to try again" and says:

This planet must have time to work on its problems. Peace only can grant us that time. This editor is not one to cry for peace at any price, but the necessity of risking all-out war for Vietnam, which is ten thousand miles away, seems pretty silly. Most of our leaders admit the Vietnamese would vote against our being there. They would have so voted ten years ago too.

An election might be the answer—to save face for America. Let our soldiers conduct an election and if the Vietnamese do vote against what America has been giving them, then we come home.

This nation needs to win friends. We need to convince the world that our democracy is the best form of government. That battle concerns convincing citizens, not military organizations.

The Vietnamese natives have been mis-

treated and robbed for the past thousand years. The various military organizations have carried out the instructions for whoever was ruler at the time. That naturally makes the native distrust any uniform.

It is difficult for a man in the bottom of a deep well to tell which of two men peeping into the well is the good and which is the bad guy. Apparently we have not done enough to convince the native that we will be on his side once the fighting is over.

This democracy must win friends in order to be able to continue to combat communism. We must make other nations bloom to insure the victory we need. We must spend a hundred times more than we are spending now. We must send fifty times as many Peace Corps volunteers. We must show the world that we are sincere in our fight for a better way of life for all people, but rifles and napalm are not the best method.

We have already lost in Vietnam as did the French. We still have time to save much of the world, if we work and waste precious few minutes.

We might win a land war in Asia, but the ifs are big, numerous, and dangerous.

If we are willing to pay with two million of our sons and daughters.

If we are willing to give up all civilian control of our government to the military for the duration.

If we are willing to triple our present national debt.

If we understand that we are going to fight, for the first time, largely alone.

If we are willing to do all this for the next twenty years, we might hold Red China in check at her present boundaries.

In the meantime we will have lost all of India, Africa, and South America, for the pressing problems in those areas cannot wait for our promised solutions.

A Constitutional Convention

A conference is being held over the weekend in Michigan by the inventors of the teach-in on Vietnam, who have created a group they call "Alternative Perspectives on Vietnam." I quote from this distinguished group's statement of assumptions:

"The analytic perspective that is typically brought to bear on the issue [of Vietnam] is rooted in the assumptions of the Cold War; the evaluative perspective is provided by considerations of national interest and national power. These perspectives govern the approach not only of the United States, but also of the Soviet Union and of China; not only toward Vietnam, but also toward the Dominican Republic and other foreign policy issues. . . .

"These perspectives have led us into a dead end on the issue of Vietnam. The problems of Vietnam have proven incapable of any acceptable resolution within the terms of the Cold War and of power politics. . . .

We need to bring radically new analytic and evaluative perspectives to bear on the issue."

Sitting in a hotel room on Corpus Christi Bay this morning, a few days before this conference, in which its sponsors hope to agree on things to do as well as things to believe, I have written *Alternative Perspectives on Vietnam*, and have just mailed this letter (I'm giving the typesetter the carbon copy):

September 11, 1965

Gentlemen:

I offer these observations vis-a-vis your forthcoming conference.

Because of nuclear weapons, as well as other innovations that relate us more closely to each other, nations are now only geographical units in the one world society. World politics lags far behind this new reality. In my judgment the time is very ripe for the calling of the third world constitutional convention; in this one, for purposes to be agreed upon, but necessarily encompassing nuclear resources and technology, the nations must yield sovereignty to the general welfare, represented by the central world government, just as the states had to in the American experiment in federation. This argument derives its validity's urgency from the phenomenon of nuclear proliferation, as described in Mr. Kennedy's speech in June. This argument derives its political validity from the need that proposals for transcending the analytical and evaluative frameworks of the nation-state system (of which the Cold War is one consequence) are not sufficient merely in being intelligent and appropriate; because of the power of mass thinking and impulse on leaders, such proposals must also be simple and dramatic: this is, communicable to masses of people.

There is no insuperable reason why internal economic and political systems and nation-state cultures could not be reserved sovereignties of the nations, just as the states reserved their internal powers and identities in the American experiment.

The League of Nations and the United Nations exist in relation to this proposal as the confederated states did to the American constitutional convention that produced the federal American union.

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Air Mail

As I stepped down the hotel hall and dropped this letter in the mailchute that runs down the elevator shaft, I reflected how commonplacely this is one world, when in a hotel room on the Gulf of Mexico one is twenty steps from Michigan; from anywhere.

A Drive in Texas

I enjoyed and learned from Larry McMurry's piece on a drive he took through some of Texas. It's in the September Holiday and I suggest you get it. Sixty-one cents, counting your subsidy of the oil and gas companies (as Jim Presley and his friends have taken to saying every time they pay the sales tax). R.D.

(Continued from Page 1)

favored by the Action Party, but not all the provisions of the proposed charter were, and the charter election became a prelude to the decisive council election.

Just before the voting on the charter, several interesting advertisements were run in the local paper by the old guard. One read: "Thanks to the city administration . . . for not doing everything possible and [not] disregarding how costly or how impractical it might be. Yes, the town could have sidewalks all over town, public swimming pools, public parks, and playgrounds, community centers, fancy libraries, etc. But the cost would make our taxes impractically high. What has been done in the past has been done at a reasonable cost . . . [maintaining] a low tax rate in Mathis below the average for a city the size of Mathis."

Among the disputed provisions of the proposed charter was one that would have permitted the incumbents to remain in office until 1966 without facing the voters. The Action Party had mounted an intensive poll tax campaign in January and had an estimated 750 voters ready—a fact of which the old council surely was aware when it presented the proposed charter. The incumbents acknowledged that by-passing the 1965 elections by approving the new charter was part of their strategy to prevent the Action Party's taking over.

Another ad in the local paper was devoted largely to a story from the Caller-Times of that week relating Crystal City's

problems since the election upheaval in 1963. Across the bottom of the ad was the warning: "This could happen in Mathis! Your vote for the proposed home rule charter will prevent this—Keep our city out of the hands of politicians—Vote 'for' the proposed charter."

Another ad in the same paper: "Fighters of the city charter as presented have said that over one-half of the population of Mathis can't read and write* and if they have to vote by places and not by slates, they are robbed of their right to vote.

"May it be said for the good of Mathis that they have had and may have every opportunity in Mathis to learn to read and write and that they can vote for the persons qualified to hold a city office without having to vote for a political machine or a self-serving group that instructs them how to vote.

"Let people be people and not be controlled and herded like animals. . . .

"The city charter as being presented to the voters of Mathis is designed to allow experienced men to remain on for one more year while three new and inexperienced men are to be elected.

"Thereafter, one-half of the city council is up for election so that at all times a completely inexperienced group will not be elected at one election. . . ."

The proposed home rule charter was defeated. About three days before the voting on the city council, the San Patricio County commissioner for the Mathis area stopped distribution of surplus food com-

*In the 1960 census it is reported that men 25 and older with a Latin-American surname had an average of 2.1 years of school in Mathis.

modities in the district. Bott charges this was done "to starve out some of the Action Party voters, driving them away, and set an example for the rest."

The Monday before election day, local produce warehousemen told their truckers to be ready to work at 6 a.m. the next day and have their Latins out in the fields for picking. This was about two weeks earlier than the onion harvest is supposed to begin. "The truckers can pull 2,000 people out of this town in one hour," one city official explains. Bott says the move might have worked, but it drizzled all day Tuesday, preventing any work in the fields.

In the 1961 city election, only 280 people voted in the mayor's race, 275 of them for Boatwright. With Latins registering and voting in 1963, Boatwright had been re-elected, 533-452. In 1965, with the total vote again increasing substantially, Bott beat the old group's candidate, Adolph Bomer, 700-626; the two Latins on the Bott ticket won by slightly better margins.

AFTER THEIR DEFEAT the outgoing councilmen still had seven days in office. They met two times in special meetings, one just a few hours before turning over power at the regular monthly meeting.

At one of the sessions the city's general fund was reduced to a perilously low level, near \$3,000. Balances were paid off on several pieces of street and road maintenance equipment that were being bought on time payments. The total paid out was \$8,711.21.

September 17, 1965

3

'You Should See Their Eyes Light Up,' Says Mrs. Bott

Mathis

The new mayor's wife, Mrs. Winston Bott, had just returned home Tuesday night from a meeting of the elementary school P-TA, of which she is president this year. "Usually only 20 to 30 attend. There were 71 there!" she exclaimed. "You have no idea what a difference it makes to them—feeling they're really wanted.

"I've been getting a lot of pressure, having them into my home. They're my equals! I've just gotten a little more opportunity and education than they have.

She told the Observer, "They're getting a little bit of hope and a lot of equality—the little people who have never hoped before and have never participated before. Of course they've got a lot to learn.

"On the streets—just being spoken to—you should see their eyes light up, just being recognized," Mrs. Bott said.

Mrs. Bott said that, while "the old guard" will never come around to the new situation, some citizens who voted against her husband and the two Latin councilmen have told them that they have come around since then. They had thought it would be like Crystal City—"and that was all they heard"—but now, Mrs. Bott said, they are planning to vote next time with the new group. □

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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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Bott later learned that \$366.16 too much had been paid for a street sweeper and got the overpayment refunded. The new council was advised by its attorney that the sweeper had been bought illegally in that no competitive bids had been received. Several pieces of heavy equipment were shipped off for repair by the lame duck council in its last week, but this was prevented in the main when Bott called to cancel the work. The net result of all this was more than \$4,500 of expense that hadn't been budgeted for the current fiscal year—this for a town whose financial resources usually require it to borrow money each summer to make ends meet until tax revenues start coming in during November. At present more than \$4,000 has been borrowed by the new council to pay city bills.

Explains deposed Mayor Boatwright: the outstanding debts were paid off by his administration "fearing the new council would repudiate the debts."

Another problem vexing the new council is a rash of resignations from city government committees, among them several people who had accepted appointments only a day or two before they quit. But more serious is a budding boycott in paying city

ad valorem taxes. Whether it will materialize won't be known until November, when taxes become payable. Bott indicates he has enough proof to go to court if a boycott is carried through.

Boatwright says he's "heard the rumor to withhold paying taxes. There are those who are going to want to know how their taxes will be spent," the ex-mayor says.

SINCE THE NEW REGIME took office the city secretary of the last ten years, his assistant (also of ten years), and the chief of police, city attorney, and auditor have all been replaced. The new police chief is Joseph C. Garcia, succeeding Raymond Hoskins, who in May was demoted to patrolman and immediately resigned. Garcia is described by Bott as a veteran peace officer and well-qualified. He was on the Corpus force five years. The former city secretary, Clifton Berry, was asked for his resignation in July, refused, and was fired. Replacing him is Fred Pfeifer, 31, at that time a copyreader on the Corpus Christi Caller-Times and a few weeks before that news editor of the Robstown Record. At Robstown, which also has a Latin population of some 75%, Pfeifer became known in his four months

with the local weekly as a man devoted to the Latin cause. He moved to Texas from his native Illinois expressly because of a fondness for the Latin people and culture, both in Mexico and South Texas.

Pfeifer and Manuel Chavez are living at the same place, giving rise to talk of their being concerned about self-protection. A local Anglo lady stopped Pfeifer on the street one day inquiring if he'd found another place to live, meaning a place where he wouldn't be staying with a Latin. "This is South Texas," she reminded him with sweet concern.

Action Party officials, looking back, believe the old regime was guilty of unsound government. Bott says, "We hired a new auditor who says he found a glaring lacking in the city's accounting system. For instance, they never recognized depreciation as a cost of operation in our water and sewage department budgets. We're told by our auditor that two percent of the capital investment in the systems should be set aside each year for replacement."

Another fault he cites: the city water supply is not state approved. Bott says he understands the problem involves building fences around municipal wells and the treatment plant—something his administration is looking into. "We may face a tax increase or an increase in water rates to correct some of these situations," he says.

A review of the local tax base is planned to see that no inequities exist and that all potential sources are being tapped. "This will reduce the burden to all taxpayers," Bott says, "especially the largest."*

This last phrase indicates an aspect of Bott's and the Action Party's expressed hope that cooperation with the old order may be achieved. A similar note was sounded in the party platform: "to promote the existing ranching and farming interests which have been the foundation and backbone of this community."

However, the signs are not congenial. The new councilmen and their families are having to sustain considerable abuse. The "telephone brigade," several women given to intertemperate phone calls at odd hours, is at work. During a recent council meeting Bott played a tape recording of what he described as telephone calls abusing him and his family. Among the quotes: "We think [Bott] is going to be rotten-egged out of town." "That stinking mayor . . . is going to be hung before dark." Bott rejoins: "President Truman once said 'If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen.' I don't intend to leave the kitchen."

Other forms of retaliation have been threatened. Bott reports people coming to his home to talk to his wife. He is worried that unpleasantness may be directed at his child in school.

Similar treatment of a family reportedly forced one of the town's two physicians to move away this summer. The doctor, a resident here some four or five years, came to Texas from the Midwest, and

*The city commission raised city taxes 20% this month. On Sept. 7, taxpayers of record in the county voted down creation of a hospital district. 327-253.

THE HERO

I.

Tonight one bright white star
In showing through some half-clasped
Filigree of phantom summer's wrap
Reveals an occult, waiting world
Of sight and sound above, below,
All ground with snowlike sheen,
All-knowing, living, other world than ours.

II.

And now, enchanted, never two
But single lone adventurers in this,
Their land of sustenance and seeking,
Tell farewell unconsciously, a temporal farewell
Of passions rived—one wishing that far star land,
One sensing, still, its feet upon this earth it knows
Like lovers' touches in the night of love.

These passions, singing deeply through the wind-sung firmament,
Unseen, unheard, but known by him who stands
And feels this love song of his kind, this adoration
Of the single accidental star-world on the rim
Of what he can and cannot be, forgetting what
He lives within and for, nocturnal searcher
That he is, unceasingly, he reaches out to grasp
That which he cannot grasp.

III.

His sigh, made myriad by night's cool void
Of living darkness, all befits him now;
The wonder's loss, through shifting filigree,
Evasive magic from a rolling cloud's wide sweep,
Has mattered less, far less, than worlds
He cannot reach within his own.
Those men who caught and held a star-song,
Trembling, human-near, were never quite
So confident, possessing, loving,
As he, earth's lone adventurer, in his defeat.

LOU ANN SIMS

San Angelo

Bott says he was "sympathetic to the Latin cause."

Councilman Chavez reports that a man told him he had been offered \$700 to give Chavez a beating. "I told the man to ask for \$1,500 and I'd let him," Chavez said.

THE AGENDA of the new administration includes these items:

◆ A master plan is to be drawn up by a qualified municipal planning consultant firm.

◆ Water and sewer systems are to be improved to state standards and to serve Latins as efficiently and generally as Anglos now are served.

◆ A social worker is to be hired

("somehow") to study the local situation and recommend possible solutions.

◆ The War on Poverty, not being actively waged here, will be a keystone of the new government.

◆ Attempts will be made to acquire and improve parksites. Virtually no park space exists in town. What there is has no equipment.

◆ An effort will be made to build a city swimming pool. There are now just a couple of private pools in town, those for Anglos only.

◆ The new federal housing bill that provides grants to improve existing housing will be studied for local application—as

will all federal and state programs. The city heretofore has been loath to consider outside revenue ("too many strings attached").

◆ A home rule charter will be submitted to voters.

Before applications could be filed for urban renewal, city building, electric, plumbing, and fire codes would have to be developed.

Bott right now has hope for a city beautification drive as a program that all elements of the community can unite on as a start at cooperation in this political climate. He's sent letters to local civic and service clubs soliciting their cooperation in the work. □

Focusing on a Congressman

Jim Wright's Strategy and Record

Washington, D.C.

In his younger days Jim Wright was an amateur boxer. He wasn't particularly big but he was smart. He'd put a glove in his opponent's face, jab, dance away, and generally keep the other Yellow off balance. "I'd out-point him," Wright recalled recently. "If I played the game by his rules—slugging it out—I would have lost."

Boxing and the 1966 Democratic senatorial primary are not completely unrelated, Wright observed.

"If I play the game by their rules, I'm dead," he said seriously.

They are the members of the Democratic conservative establishment, and their rules would isolate Wright on the political left while the conservative candidate triumphantly claimed both the right and the decisive center, Wright explained. If they cut him off from the center entirely, it's all over, he believes.

Wright walked around to the other side of his desk and started scribbling on a memo pad. He drew a straight horizontal line, cut by a vertical line near the left end and another vertical line near the right end, but somewhat closer to the center than the one on the left.

The Texas electorate is about 20% liberal, about 30% conservative, and the rest lies somewhere in the middle, he said. He drew a big circle around the 50% in the middle. The way to get these votes, he said

Martin Frost of Fort Worth holds bachelor of journalism and bachelor of arts degrees from the University of Missouri, where he was editor of the student newspaper. He was a reporter for the Fort Worth Press and the Wilmington, Del., News-Journal and is now a staff writer in Washington for Congressional Quarterly, which compiles and publishes all congressional roll-calls and publishes other objective reports on Congress. Sending this study of Jim Wright, Frost said, "Texas liberals may not necessarily be able to press Wright's record to their bosoms and call it their own, but they should at least study it closely and try to understand it."

Martin Frost

slowly, is to make sense.

The only way the opposition can cut him off from this vital center, Wright believes, is to paint him as dangerous. One of the things Wright will emphasize to this center is his ability to get things done for the state.

Who is Jim Wright? What has he stood for during his eleven years in Congress, and how has his stance issue by issue changed during that time?

First of all, Wright is the most liberal of the serious present contenders for the Democratic senatorial nomination in 1966. This is a relative statement. Wright, who says he dislikes labels, would not like to be called a liberal. Neither would he like to be called a conservative, or for that matter a moderate (which is the way he's most often tagged).

While he is no Henry Gonzalez, Congressman Wright most certainly is one of the more progressive members of the Texas House delegation. This is a very relative statement.

A former mayor of Weatherford and member of the Texas legislature, Jim Wright has done little to help those who would like to categorize him. This year he voted in favor of medicare, in favor of the repeal of section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, and in favor of the voting rights bill. The same man voted against the 1964 civil rights bill, against creation of an urban affairs department, and, before 1963, three times against federal aid to education.

Does this mean he's an opportunist? A Texas newsman who's followed Wright's career closely in the last few years thinks not. Wright is one of the few congressmen who has an open mind on almost any question, this newsman said to me as we stood next to the Capitol soaking up the late summer sun that had driven almost everyone else inside. Also, he continued, Wright's done a pretty fair job of representing the sentiment in his district on most issues. This does not mean that he

hasn't known since 1961 that he'd try for the Senate in 1966, and he's probably altered his position some accordingly, but his votes have been largely from conviction, the newsman said.

Wright's commitment to progressive legislation has become somewhat more intense in the last few years than it was before. On several occasions during his early years in Congress his affirmative votes came only after such legislation had been watered down some (examples: the 1955 housing bill and the 1957 civil rights bill).

Wright feels his present position is in the mainstream of the Democratic Party nationally. He stoutly maintains that he did not effect the recent liberalization of his voting record by design—he did not "sit down and calculate" that any particular vote would make him "more liberal." "Politics is the art of the possible," he said; "it takes some time to sow the seed-bed of public opinion."

Later in the interview, while we were talking about something else, he spoke harshly about "professional northerners" and "professional southerners" . . . the congressman "who makes a career out of being for or against every civil rights measure." "There are in Congress some one-issue members who perpetuate their local popularity by being civil rights advocates," he said.

Enough of the generalities. Let's take a look at Wright's record since he entered Congress in 1955 and see how he has voted on specific issues, when there have been shifts in his position, and his explanations why.

CIVIL RIGHTS: 1957 civil rights bill—yes; 1960 civil rights bill—yes; 1962 anti-poll tax amendment—no; 1964 civil rights bill—no; 1965 voting rights bill—yes.

Wright explains his position thusly: He has favored legislation which would guar-

antee Negroes the right to vote such as the 1957, 1960, and 1965 bills. He opposed the 1964 civil rights measure because of the public accommodations section, and he opposed the constitutional amendment which outlawed the poll tax in federal elections because it "would result in mass confusion."

Wright is quick to point out that he is not anti-civil rights. "I was one of only three members of the Texas [House] delegation who refused to sign any of the Southern manifestoes denouncing the Supreme Court's 1954 ruling on integration. When I was a member of the state legislature, the Sweatt case was decided by the courts that the University of Texas must admit Negroes. I supported that publicly.

"As mayor of Weatherford, I provided a school bus for Negro students and for the first time extended paving and sanitary sewer lines into a Negro section."

He also noted that he had just recently signed the discharge petition to allow a bill granting home rule to the District of Columbia to come to the floor. The bill has been opposed by Southerners because of the likelihood that the District's Negro majority would elect a Negro mayor for the nation's capital.

In connection with the 1964 vote, he referred me to a statement he made shortly after the bill was introduced. It read in part, "The right to vote is a basic, fundamental, sacred thing . . . The convenience of attending a certain theatre or eating in a certain cafe, while understandably important to people, is legally another matter." (The courts have since held, in effect, that it is not.) He had stressed "voluntary" compliance. His statement read, "Surely it must be more satisfying to anyone to know that he enters another person's property, not because some law commands his admission, but because he is welcome."

As for his vote on the anti-poll tax amendment, he said, "I supported attempts in Texas to abolish the poll tax in Texas." He opposed the constitutional ban, which extended only to federal elections, because, he said, "I felt it would be infinitely better to have one list of qualified voters rather than two and one printed ballot rather than two." He said his fears of mass confusion were borne out in Texas during the 1964 election when "so few people knew how to qualify for voting in the exclusively federal elections."

LABOR: 1955 minimum wage bill—yes; 1959 Landrum-Griffin bill—yes; 1960 minimum wage bill—yes; 1961 minimum wage bill—yes; 1965 repeal of section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act—yes.

Here again is an inconsistency in an issue . . . Landrum-Griffin was roundly opposed by organized labor; the repeal of 14(b) was pushed hard by labor. Why the contradiction?

"The explanation is," Wright said intently, "that I'm independent of influences by either management or labor." He pressed on. "Landrum-Griffin was aimed at curbing certain notorious abuses committed by an admittedly small minority of labor. The membership was entitled to public announcement of elections of officers, entitled to guarantee of secret ballot, regular reporting of expenditures of dues money. I did not consider the vote to repeal 14(b) as being anti-business." During the floor debate on repeal of 14(b) earlier this summer Wright had said that Texas, which has a right to work law, did "not need such selfish enticements as a crutch to attract industry." Section 14(b) allows states to pass "right to work" laws.

Wright does not want to be considered a labor man. "I expressly have not, do not and will not turn over to any segment of society the right to vote me," he said.

MEDICARE: 1960 Kerr-Mills—yes; 1965 medicare bill—yes.

Of the two bills, with different approaches, he said, "I thought Kerr-Mills was a very good step in the right direction. I think under Kerr-Mills Texas has made some appreciable strides, but it became evident to me that this did not provide a completely satisfactory answer." He said he felt Congress this year "molded together in one package the best suggestions arising from the Administration, spokesmen for the aged, medical profession, and the private insurance industry."

HOUSING: Major housing legislation in 1955, 1956, 1958, 1961, 1964, and 1965—yes; Creation of a Department of Urban Affairs in 1962, 1963, and 1965—no.

Here Wright has been entirely consistent in his approach. This leaves the question: Congressman, how can you be for urban renewal, for public housing, and against a housing department?

"I thought it was an unnecessary encrustation. Existing agencies could do the job. I don't believe that government is served by a proliferation of new departments and agencies . . . instead it tends to become more cumbersome and less efficient."

EDUCATION: bills in 1956, 1957, and 1960 authorizing funds for elementary and secondary school construction—no; 1958 National Defense Education Act—yes; bills in 1963 and 1964 authorizing funds for aid to higher education—yes; 1965 omnibus education bill—yes.

Why the "no" on secondary and elementary aid in early years and the "yes" in 1965?

"Basically the question of local control of the schools was one I felt important and still do. I speak now of freedom of dominance in matters of curriculum, textbook selection, and faculty tenure. I consider [control] bad and by definition illiberal if exercised by either state or federal authority."

He continued, "I was not satisfied that either of the early bills [in 1956 and 1957] relating to secondary education contained sufficiently adequate guarantees against possible control. I was satisfied in that regard this year."

Wright said he opposed the 1960 bill because he was not satisfied on the church-state issue.

FOREIGN AID: Consistent support.

"I think foreign aid is essential to the struggle against Communism," he said. He has taken special interest in foreign affairs; especially in matters having to do with Latin America.

He points with pride to a bill he sponsored which makes available long-term loans to small businesses under the Alliance for Progress. Wright has expressed continuing concern about the Alliance and has become a member of the annual U.S.-Mexico Interparliamentary Conference.

Every congressman attempts to become an expert in some area of legislation. Wright has chosen water supply and conservation. He has authored legislation on water supply, is currently writing a book on the subject, and has been a prime mover behind the Trinity River navigation project, which is heading toward a show-down in the House.

This is the public record of Jim Wright. □

Patterns

Statistical studies compiled by Congressional Quarterly in two different categories—support for a larger or smaller federal role and support or opposition of the positions of the conservative coalition in Congress (Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans)—indicate the subtle shift in Jim Wright's over-all position in the last six years.

The studies were based upon a selected group of roll-call votes where the issue in question was clearly definable.

WRIGHT ON THE SIZE OF THE FEDERAL ROLE

	Larger	Smaller
86th Congress (1959-'60) . . .	50%	50%
87th Congress (1961-'62) . . .	56%	11%
88th Congress (1963-'64) . . .	78%	17%

WRIGHT ON THE POSITIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVE COALITION

	Opposition	Support
86th Congress	33%	57%
87th Congress	38%	41%
88th Congress	37%	37%

(Where the percentages total less than 100%, Wright was absent on some of the votes.) □

Other Matters

Jim Wright has supported American foreign policy as it has evolved. His response to the Vietnam situation may be taken as characteristic. When President Johnson ordered the sinking of small boats reportedly attacking U.S. vessels in the Gulf of Tonkin, Wright said "it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect response" in that it was firm but not excessive.¹ When, in the middle of last year, Congress approved an additional \$125 million for the war, Wright said it showed "that the American people are sick and tired of the indecisive stalemate in Southeast Asia. Wars are for winning." He said it is a "cruel irony" that when the U.S. has nuclear weapons that "could wipe out the Soviet Union several times over and still have adequate military power to demolish the war-making potential of Communist China," guerrillas in a jungle are frustrating our military power. "You can't use a 50-megaton bomb to root out a band of faceless subversives hiding among people friendly to us," he explained. He hoped limited advisers and aid would avoid "the full-scale commitment of U.S. troops to battle" in Vietnam.² At present his stance is one of continued support of the President's policies in Vietnam.

Wright's assessment of the situation in the Dominican Republic contained elements of disagreement with Johnson's positions — disagreement somewhat quietly suggested. Wright said in July that the rebellion was "the logical result" of a military junta's previous seizure of power and "was not, in its inception, Communist-inspired." Johnson had stated U.S. troops went in to protect Americans and prevent a communist take-over. Wright said Johnson's "swift and decisive intervention . . . was necessary to save American lives and to restore some semblance of order." He also said "The Organization of American States backed us even though we probably violated its charter by our unilateral intervention."³

He advocates paying off the federal debt. He is opposed to the government charging users' fees at the national parks. He has introduced a plan to make the electoral college vote conform literally to the popular vote. He wants parents given a \$300 tax credit for every child in college.

He ran for the U.S. Senate in a field of six in 1961 and finished a strong third behind Senator Tower and Bill Blakley. Two other candidates on the side of the national Democrats, Maury Maverick and Cong. Henry Gonzalez, both more liberal than Wright, were in the race, also.

In 1964 Wright did not discourage widespread speculation in the daily press that he might oppose Sen. Ralph Yarborough in the spring primary, and persons represented as close to him were frequently quoted slamming Yarborough. Wright announced

for re-election to the U.S. House, however, saying the reason he wasn't opposing Sen. Yarborough basically was that he favored harmony in the Democratic Party in Texas. According to the Fort Worth Star Telegram, "Wright told reporters that he regretted seeing Don Yarborough announce that he would run for governor [against John Connally]. 'It's been my personal hope that we achieve a maximum degree of harmony in the Democratic Party,' he said."⁵

Wright is now gunning for Tower, and has been for some time. As early as 1963 he was quoted, "I have yet to accept a payment for a speech and I've made between 600 and 700 of them. But the junior senator regularly takes gratuities—sometimes as high as \$1,000."⁶ In February this year

A Book Review

Piety vs. Power

Corpus Christi

Much of Jim Wright's political prose is too puffy to be of interest. He worries an issue back and forth, back and forth; he camouflages plain ideas in sentences designed to promote deep breathing; he expatiates on the increasing interdependence of labor and capital, the evil of school drop-outs, the folly of hating the government; and his praises of President Johnson vary only as you might imagine a range from the rococo to the baroque. Sermonizing, he talks down, giving the people too long a talk to on too obvious a moral, his language lofty as though his spiel was philosophy. But he's more a preacher than a huckster—that's something, and it would even be a comfort, as he prepares to run for the Senate, if only his humbug didn't exceed his lucidity. His book,* which he declared solemnly in public that he himself wrote, (a sign of the times,) embodies his faults, but it's better in parts than most of his stuff, if you skim the chaff. This may be so because, (he having written it, and one assuming he does not write his own newsletters and speeches,) a bureaucrat trying to sound like a preacher is bound to be duller than a preacher trying to sound like a statesman.

It's maddening to be told what everybody either knows or would just as soon he didn't, and to be told this as though it was worth one's time to hear. "The Congress is the mirror of the people," for instance; "The average congressman today is 52.7

**You and Your Congressman*, by Jim Wright, Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1965, \$4.95.

Wright issued a release in which he rebuked Tower for "spreading misinformation" on the poverty program and other federal legislation.⁷ Stories have been planted by persons close to Tower recently that the senator thinks Wright would be easy pickin's, and Wright has hit back that (in effect) obviously Tower is trying to prevent him from being nominated by the Democrats in fear that Wright would beat him.

According to the Dallas News, Wright is having trouble financing his prospective race for the Senate, getting turndowns from businessmen in Dallas, Houston, and Fort Worth, apparently because he voted for repeal of 14-B of Taft-Hartley, whereas "Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr, Wright's potential opponent in the Democratic primary, is in a position to run a well-financed race for the Senate."⁸

¹Wright's Newsletter, Aug. 10, 1964. ²Newsletter, June 1, 1964. ³Newsletter, July 5, 1965. ⁴Congressional Record, Feb. 4, 1964, p. 1847. ⁵Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Feb. 2, 1964. ⁶Dallas News, Nov. 17, 1963. ⁷Wright news release, Feb. 24, 1965. ⁸Carl Freund in the Dallas News, Sept. 8, 1965. R.D.

years old," and Cong. Lloyd Bentsen of McAllen "once listed his occupation simply as 'Capitalist.'" This congressman over here is "highly respected," that one is "a fair-minded man," and those two over there are *both* "highly respected." Furthermore, "There really are some days when it would be better if one just stayed in bed," even though "The best that a good congressman can reasonably hope for is to leave a decent footprint on the sands of progress." (As for leaving an *indecent* footprint on the sands of progress . . .) It might have been better if Wright had let people think the book was ghost-written, but a cook is not held responsible for the plumbing, nor a politician for prose; if one perseveres, and has a straightforward curiosity, one can learn some things.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, the American congressman has become an errand-boy for hordes of beseeching, garrulous, imperious, favor-seeking constituents. They hound him and he fails them at his own risk. Wright also gets 160 letters a day and once made 114 speeches in ten weeks. He confesses resentment (in his characteristically oblique and leaden way: "It is natural, I suppose, for a congressman on occasion secretly to resent the disproportionate share of his time and energies which must be consumed with these individual requests"), but in the end good old Fourth of July comes through: The congressmen "work for Sam Smith, by gosh, and he is entitled to their ear. As a matter of plain justice, he truly is. And

so are you." Sam Smith is not entitled to "their ear" at all. Congressmen are not supposed to be what most of them have become, the democracy's flacks. They are supposed before all else to study issues and have ideas and speak and vote wisely.

In the second place, they are errand-boys of the dominant economic interests of their districts. Wright puts this so piously it sounds like democracy in heaven: "One major facet of a congressman's duties is that of producing desirable results for his own district, in the case of a senator for his own state. . . . [N]o member of Congress can ignore the needs, the dreams and aspirations of his own area. For a senator from a state, whose economy is deeply dependent upon oil production, as an example . . ." there are oil imports to be resisted and there's the 27.5% depletion allowance. "Occasionally such a member may find the interests of this area in conflict with those of a colleague who represents essentially a consumer constituency . . ." Yet later, when Wright discusses a Harris poll showing that "a full 50%" of the people questioned believe that congressmen tend to represent special interests, he seems surprised at the people.

In the third place, congressmen are kept *in line* by these interests with campaign money. Wright argues in one place, "While lobbyists occasionally do make some campaign contributions directly to congressmen and senators, there is a vast difference between \$2,000 contributed to a campaign kitty and \$50,000 found under one's coffee can." He means here that campaign contributions are not bribes. Seventy pages later, proposing three excellent ideas—a lid on campaign costs, strict accounting of all campaign gifts and spending, and tax deductions up to \$25 per person for campaign contributions—the congressman is considerably more realistic:

"The widespread practice" [he writes] "is to set up 'voluntary' campaign committees on the patently absurd theory that the candidate is blissfully unaware of their activities in his behalf and, like Pontius Pilate, can wash his hands of the whole sordid mess. It becomes a thoroughly cynical business in which congressional and senatorial candidates in complying with the letter of the law are literally forced to evade the spirit of the law.

"While outright bribery as once existed is almost altogether unknown today, it is in this twilight area of necessary campaign contributions that the most subtle and most serious opportunities for unseen and potentially unwholesome influence lie. . . . In states like New York, California, Illinois and Texas, few successful Senate campaigns have been conducted in recent years on much less than a million dollars. It is not at all uncommon in the big cities for the tab of electing a man to a two-year

House term to exceed his annual salary by three or four times. Obviously, the money must come from somewhere."

Wright is much concerned to defend the Congress against its maligners, especially against "the tendency of some newspapers to crucify a man's character while telling only part of the truth,"** but his own words, carefully considered, do not relieve us common folks of our doubts about the integrity of American politics. Good citizens, he says, should contribute to campaigns to help see that candidates aren't financed by special interests. That's very nice, but in the same paragraph he admits, "Normally, only a few citizens with somewhat selfish pecuniary interests in legislation are in the habit of volunteering campaign contributions." *Normally* is what counts. Apparently Wright is finding out now that a lot of Texas businessmen won't shell out even when they're asked if you've just voted for the repeal of 14-B of Taft-Hartley. These lessons are tough and do not go down well; sanctimony does not tenderize them.

Wright's best chapter is his fourth, wherein he impressively appreciates the courage of Jeanette Rankin, (who voted against both world wars.) Senator Kefauver, Senator Taft, Congressman Weltner of Atlanta, who voted for the 1964 civil rights bill. This is all very good. But the chapter is spoiled by his attempt to prove that Lyndon Johnson "blazed the trail" for

**Perhaps he has in mind a controversy he had himself in 1963 with the Baltimore Sun. That paper reported that Mrs. Wright was one of three principals in a Fort Worth construction company that the paper said stood to profit \$200,000 from a construction contract to build an urban renewal project in Fort Worth which the FHA was investigating. The Sun said the project had been disapproved by the Fort Worth FHA office but approved, for reasons not extractable, by the FHA in Washington. Wright declared that Mrs. Wright had invested \$5,000 in the construction firm; that it had been building low-cost homes for private owners; that he had performed no favors of any kind for the company; that when the company got the housing project contract, he advised his wife to get out of the company, and she did, retroactive, as far as profit-sharing was concerned, to before the housing project contract was awarded the company; that she had received no profits from the project; and that her total profit from participating in the company was less than \$10,000. The next month Wright introduced a bill to require congressmen to file sworn statements of their financial transactions, including all income, gifts of more than \$25 in value, fees and honoraria, stocks and bonds owned, and business or real property owned, a proposal which he repeats in the book under discussion. For sources on this matter see: Baltimore Sun, Jan. 15 and 16, 1963; Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Jan. 17, 1963; Dallas News, Jan. 17, 1963.

civil rights in Texas in his 1956 fight with Allan Shivers—an absurd contention, sycophantic in style and intent.

THIS FOURTH CHAPTER also contains Wright's discussion of the question of integrity.

What, he asks, does a congressman do when his beliefs oppose the overwhelming wishes of his constituents? "What . . . is his duty? To serve his district, or his nation? His constituents, or his conscience?" Wright answers, first, by quoting Shaw that the purist, the moral dandy, should risk his soul occasionally, too, so that he can go on being the friend of the poor in Parliament, and that is true enough. There is something wrong about Wright's conception of the other side of the argument, to wit: "But the occasional public figure who consistently fails to show any courage or character on matters of principle is either ignored or held in contempt by those who take the matter of statesmanship seriously." Worrying the subject some more, Wright continues: "What if he [the congressman] realizes that the periodicals generally read in his district and from which local opinions necessarily are formed have emphasized only one side of the issue? And what if he regards public sentiment [to be so unyielding] that it will mean his own defeat if he follows the dictates of his mind and conscience? It is at this point that the mettle of his intellectual honesty is tested." It's true, as Wright then contends, that a public man's integrity is a question of his whole record, "a whole series of deeds and decisions . . . taken in context," but is this also to say that a man cannot cast away his integrity by a single vote under some circumstances?

Once Sam Rayburn told Jim Wright, "any congressman worth his salt can lead his district," about which Wright says, "Rayburn in truth could, and did. Others are less fortunate."

These are the words of a man who is going into his second bid for a U.S. Senate seat shortly after he has offended both the militant civil rights supporters and the militant business conservatives. One hardly knows what to say. R.D.

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The Schizophrenia of Texas Liberals

Houston

Louis Galambos

A Texas liberal who wants to keep a firm grip on reality must cultivate a special type of intellectual schizophrenia. He splits his intellectual concerns and related political activities between two, separate movements, both of which are called "liberal." One of them is liberal, Texas brand; the other is liberal in the national style.

On the state level a Texas liberal finds himself in a rather comfortable ideological position. Confronted by political problems such as the need for conservation, better regulation of business practices, more equitable policies toward labor unions, tax reform, and measures designed to unseat the "interests," he has at his fingertips a ready-made and thoroughly tested ideology. All he has to do is apply to the local scene the ideas and programs that were popular in Washington, D.C., around 1937. It is really unnecessary for him to work out a new intellectual framework. He can just dust off the old slogans and then get busy with the kind of organizational and political gut-fighting that is needed to put these ideas into practice.

This is true because the Texas liberals are for the most part dealing with questions which were answered in a liberal fashion many years ago in the nation as a whole and in most of the states. Robert Welch notwithstanding, the majority of the issues which draw the Observer's attention would seldom be discussed in a liberal journal published in Wisconsin or Connecticut. Long ago these states confronted similar problems as a result of rapid urbanization and industrialization. In response, a liberal ideology was worked out and a variety of liberal programs accepted.

If you traced out the roots of this liberal philosophy, you would be carried back past the New Deal, past Woodrow Wilson's administration, into the nineteenth century. Here you would find the beginnings of an intellectual process which turned out a pragmatic (and thus uniquely American) creed which guided liberals for the first half of the twentieth century. This creed focused almost entirely upon domestic issues. It pointed the way to political programs which attempted—sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully—to solve the problems spawned by the new giants of industry and by the sprawling cities. Little wonder that the Texas liberal

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can feel intellectually secure when he applies this same, tested ideology to the problems facing his state.

But what happens when this Texan shifts his attention to national affairs? What happens when he tries to participate



Galambos

in the new critique which holds the attention of liberals scattered along the Boston - to - Washington axis? Suddenly the Texas liberal finds his major concerns out-of-date. His ideology is old hat. Entirely new questions are being asked; a variety of new answers are being offered.

On the national level the traditional liberal ideology has been suffocated by success. Social security is here to stay, as even Barry Goldwater discovered. America's elaborate structure of commissions and laws to regulate business behavior is not going to be dismantled. Even the presence of organized labor, Hoffa or no Hoffa, is simply a fact of life that one accepts; it is no longer a meaningful political question.

After all, our form of mixed capitalism—a combination of private enterprise, welfare measures, and governmental controls—has been given an official and final stamp of political approval: it was accepted by Dwight D. Eisenhower. During eight years of moderate Republican leadership, no significant attempt was made to destroy the existing welfare and regulatory systems. What better proof could there be that the liberal accomplishments are here to stay?

Instead of worrying about this, liberals on the national front are pushing ahead in search of a new ideology, one that will be meaningful in terms of the problems facing the nation in the 1960's and the decades ahead. During the past ten years, it has become fairly clear that the traditional creed had to be revamped. The civil rights movement jarred many liberals into re-examining their ideas. Why, they had to ask, had the traditional philosophy addressed itself essentially to the economic difficulties, but not the civil rights problems, of minority groups? Foreign policy presented an even more serious dilemma. It was difficult for liberals to take a strong position on America's diplomatic and military policies because liberal philosophy was primarily concerned with domestic matters. And each year, foreign affairs seemed to become more important. From

the vantage point of 1965, it seems clear that in the years ahead the nation's major problems will continue to be associated with foreign, not domestic, policy. The hydrogen bomb virtually assures this.

Unfortunately, liberals have not yet shown that they are very well equipped to guide America's behavior in world affairs. They seem to have about as much trouble coping with these situations as most other Americans do. In the recent past, liberal positions have frequently struck me as being absurdly utopian, their slogans rather embarrassing. Historically this has not been true insofar as domestic problems were concerned. In this field liberals have matched pragmatic policies with idealistic goals to achieve a truly effective political ideology.

Whatever one's evaluation of liberal intellectual trends in the nation at large, it should be apparent that the central questions are not those which engage the Texas liberal's attention at home. Only when dealing with the Birch brand of idiocy does he find the questions of yesterday and the questions of today smeared together; but alas, in confronting these people, rational discussion is usually impossible.

So the Texas liberal develops a split personality. On the state level he continues to repeat the old themes and, if he wants to achieve anything, to express them with the same fervor that has always distinguished successful liberal movements. On the national level he participates in a growing and intense debate over entirely different questions.

Frequently this dichotomy creates problems for the Texas liberal. How, for example, is he to appraise Lyndon B. Johnson's performance as President? If the Texas liberal applies his state-oriented concepts to Johnson's record, then the President already fits in a niche previously reserved for Franklin D. Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. If, however, he measures Johnson against the new liberal ideology which is beginning to evolve in the nation, the President's domestic programs will be merely acknowledged with some polite handclapping; Johnson's foreign policy will be given center stage and then roundly condemned.

For the present, the moral seems clear. The Texas liberal has to acknowledge a paradox and go right ahead dividing his intellectual commitment between these two forms of liberalism. In Austin he can act like a Progressive and talk like a New Dealer. But in the evening when he reads the New Leader, he has to forget F.D.R. and formulate some ideas about foreign policy. In short, to be effective he has to cultivate a special Texas brand of intellectual schizophrenia. □

Political Intelligence

The Senate Yields

✓ In the aftermath of the Sept. 7 election the 39-member Senate proposition, killed by big-city voters who whacked it with wide margins that can be summed up as angry, can be seen as vulnerable not only to pro-urban and to liberal objections, but also to conservative hostility toward authorizing and paying for some more politicians. Some of the heaviest opposition came from big-city silk-stocking precincts. Republican spokesmen in the big cities sang out "Vote No" with gusto matched only by big-city liberals. Sen. Walter Richter, Gonzalez, wrote letters to editors and disputed a columnist in the Austin daily before the election, but to no avail. The Houston dailies and the San Antonio Express opposed 39; both Dallas dailies, the Star-Telegram in Fort Worth, and the Corpus Christi Caller-Times all wound up supporting expansion. Interestingly the Edinburg Daily Review said Vote No, arguing in part: "And finally there is the question of upkeep on the new state senators. Senators are expensive pretties, at best. Nine out of ten aren't worth their keep. Why add eight to get one-half a senator [for the Valley]? . . . We have too many now." (The James Mathises, publishers of the Edinburg daily, have just bought the Weslaco and Donna weeklies.) In the retrospect Sen. Culp Krueger, El Campo, looks pretty smart: he said he'd bet his last dollar the proposition would lose and joined Senators Bates, Hightower, Kazen, Schwartz, and Spears in opposing its submission. Schwartz slammed it just before the vote at a large meeting of the Harris County Democrats. Sen. George Parkhouse in Dallas publicly debated for it (against Rep. James Stroud), and this can't have helped Parkhouse much politically in Dallas, where the proposition lost heavily. Gov. John Connally said the Friday before the vote in Plano that he favored a 39-member Senate, he did not take the stump for it.

The 48,000 majority against 39 came mostly from the big counties: Bexar was 7-1 against, Harris 4-1, Dallas 3-1.

The consequences of the outcome will not be apparent until 1966, but the Texas Senate will never be the same. Already such liberals as Barbara Jordan in Houston and Oscar Mauzy in Dallas are arousing conservatives' anxieties.

Ralph and John

✓ In Washington, the final decision of House-Senate conferees to confirm the Senate's deletion of the governors' veto over three major federal anti-poverty programs (see last issue) was a victory for Sen. Ralph Yarborough over Gov. Connally. Yarborough hailed it: "Now the

people of a community can go ahead and develop their own Neighborhood Youth Corps and community action programs free from the harassment which they have received from governors in so many cases."

Connally had no public comment, but the next day Sen. John Tower, the Texas Republican, received a wire from Connally urging Tower to support more civil defense funds. Tower of course released the wire and said he would do just that. Apparently Connally meant to convey the idea that he will work with Tower, not Yarborough, hereafter. Then, in Terrell, Connally said Texas is cooperating with Washington in programs to improve education.

✓ Tower said he plans to go to Viet Nam in his capacity as a member of the armed services committee. Texas GOP chairman Peter O'Donnell said in a Valley speech that Goldwater's defeat was not

Goldwater's fault, but the fault of Republicans who defected and the exploitation of the test ban treaty and social security issues.

✓ In Austin Yarborough, at a labor day picnic, scored the Austin American-Statesman for the Sam Wood story based on a letter sent by an aide of Yarborough's. Yarborough declares that copies of the article, which he says is a plot to smear him, not a report of a plot to smear Connally, have been mailed out with the address-plates of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and this charge has not been denied.

✓ The guessing game continued on Connally's plans which he was to reveal on Sept. 18 in Amarillo at the S.D.E.C. meeting. Margaret Mayer said in the Dallas Times-Herald that his "intention" not to run had changed; the Fort Worth Star-Telegram's Harley Pershing quoted "a source close to the first family" that Mrs. Connally told Connally if he wants to run for governor again she won't object and will help; the Star-Telegram urged Connally to run again in an editorial three wide columns wide. But from Washington Les Carpenter said Connally, and

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Bernard Rapoport, President

"independent conservative," may quit politics rather than get in Lyndon Johnson's way any more.

✓ Tower and Yarborough voted aye as the Senate passed 79-3 a \$4.7 billion college aid bill providing federal scholarships and direct grants for colleges. This bill also establishes the national teacher corps to serve in poverty-stricken areas. President Johnson signed the bill authorizing a national monument at the Alibates flint quarries near Amarillo (cost: up to \$265,000). Johnson appointed Bill Crook of San Marcos, unsuccessful candidate against Cong. John Dowdy, Athens, and now president of the San Marcos Academy, to head the Southwest regional Office of Economic Opportunity in Austin. Crook has been the man reported "in" for this job for months.

✓ Presidential pressure switched a number of votes on the petition forcing the home rule measure out of committee and to the House floor. At first only Cong. Henry Gonzalez had signed. Then Cong. Wright and Pickle joined in. Finally ten Texans had signed up, the others being Cabell, Young, Patman, de la Garza, White, Purcell, and Thompson. An AP report said Cong. Jack Brooks of Beaumont refused despite requests from 15 people that he sign. . . . Gonzalez had to defend his 19-year-old son holding a summer post office job in San Antonio.

✓ B. T. Bonner, now a staffer for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, charges that when he went limp in

Huntsville, Texas, police dragged him a block to the jail, hurting his back, and that he was "stomped" by a Texas Ranger in the jail. There have been other arrests in Huntsville as demonstrators seek to get Negroes hired at specific places of business. One of the 26 whites charged in Huntsville, Mark Klein, the Cornell student, paid a fine of \$100 and went back to Cornell. The other whites charged are scheduled for trial this month.

Candidates Manuever

✓ The Texas (Belden) Poll showed, in mid-September, those polled favoring Connally running for governor (48%), for senator (19), for nothing (22); Connally over Sen. Yarborough for governor (66-21); Connally over Sen. Tower for senator (65-27); Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr beating Yarborough for governor (44-39), Yarborough beating Lt. Gov. Smith (43-33), Carr beating Smith (43-21); and for senator among Democrats, Connally 41%, Carr 20, Jim Wright 14, Smith 7, and Carr beating Wright, 57-21.

✓ William Gardner, the Houston Post's political editor, had details on a Belden Poll showing Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr leading Lt. Gov. Preston Smith in a statewide race, 2-to-1. Gardner printed fuller details on Belden's Poll than Belden usually does. Gardner of course did not reveal his source, but it's likely to have been the Carr camp. In any case Belden, whose polls (when not sold to politicians or other

clients) are published in Texas newspapers, conducted a poll for Carr that was then leaked to the press.

✓ Carr, assured now that the U.S. government has only the poll tax in its sights in its suit to abolish the Texas poll tax, continues pressing for the rejection in the courts of the federal petition and for the validation by the courts of the legislature's congressional redistricting. . . . In an opinion Sept. 8, Carr as attorney general ruled that the presence of the county sheriff in a grand jury room during the interrogation of witnesses does not create any legal error that would invalidate indictments the grand jury returns.

✓ Speaker Ben Barnes says he will not take the short-cut course to a law degree authorized for certain legislators and ex-legislators by the legislature this year. Barnes spoke at a labor day rally in Dallas, continuing to build fences for his statewide bid expected about 1970. . . . Dallas D.A. Henry Wade is reported in the Dallas News thinking about running for attorney general if he is not appointed to a federal judgeship. . . . Tarrant County Democratic chairman Wm. S. Potts has been named federal jury commissioner, and Mrs. Margaret Carter of Fort Worth has inquired who the new county chairman is? She cites a provision of the Texas Election Code barring from party office anyone who "holds any office of profit or trust" under the U.S.

✓ Albert Fuentes, Jr., president of state PASO, and New Braunfels PASO people have filed a complaint against a New Braunfels place of business under the civil rights act. Fuentes contends the proprietor promised to hire a Latin-American truck driver next time he had an opening and didn't. □

September 17, 1965

11

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Franklin Jones in Russia -- II

This is the second installment of selections from the dispatches of Franklin Jones, Sr., of Marshall, the East Texas lawyer and our contributing editor, from Russia and satellite countries, where he and his wife Huldah vacationed this summer.—Ed.

Hotel Pekin, Moscow

The Soviet citizens go in for heaviness. Heavy rough clothes, heavier rough boots, heavy women, and heavy food. The real secret weapon of the communists, if they ever overcome us and may dictate to us, will be the Irish potato. It turns up on the entire menu, from *hors d'oeuvres* to dessert. Order crabmeat salad, there are cold slugs of potato under or in it. Order any kind of special salad, it has a base of potatoes. I admit the soups are free from them, but every other dish contains them in some form. The only other vegetable around is the English pea, giant size. As for leafy vegetables, they may throw a sprinkling of cabbage in the Moscow Borsch, but to find any vegetable standing up on its own—niet!

One thing the Soviets do understand, the value of a drink. I have seen them go for Vodka, beer, wine, and cognac, all at one sitting. Now of course some of us wild Americans have been doing this same thing in the confines of our homes, and perhaps in private clubs, but these people over here on most occasions do not seem to do it in a studied effort to get drunk, but just because they want to drink the mixtures.

Our hotel here, the Pekin, is plenty dingy, lobby, restaurant, and rooms. There are two decrepit lifts for some thirteen floors, and only one of these lifts is run at a time. Mussolini may have made the trains run on time in Italy, but I wager that he could not make our lift pass more often than every 15 or 20 minutes. If one has a mere three or four floors to go he never uses the lift. In fact, yesterday morning I saw a lady from Troy, N.Y., walking down the steps from the eleventh floor, the only way she could get down for breakfast in time to start her tour.

The way bungling is accepted in the finer or more delicate relations of life here is remarkable. Take the lift. The lady runs it up, stopping at every other floor to allow those having rooms on the next floor up to get their keys. The vehicle waits for them to procure their keys and return to the lift, after which the upward journey is continued. Apparently no one has suggested that if key desks cannot be put on each floor, then accumulate all of them in the downstairs lobby and speed up the lift. Waiting and waiting is tolerated without question.

We are in a suite here, and praise allah, have a shower. It is a delicate thin swannecked little thing that gracefully ascends

and curves over to a level with my chin, but it sprays water, something we haven't had before. True, it divides the flow between the tub and the bathroom floor, since there are no curtains, but, again, it sprays water.

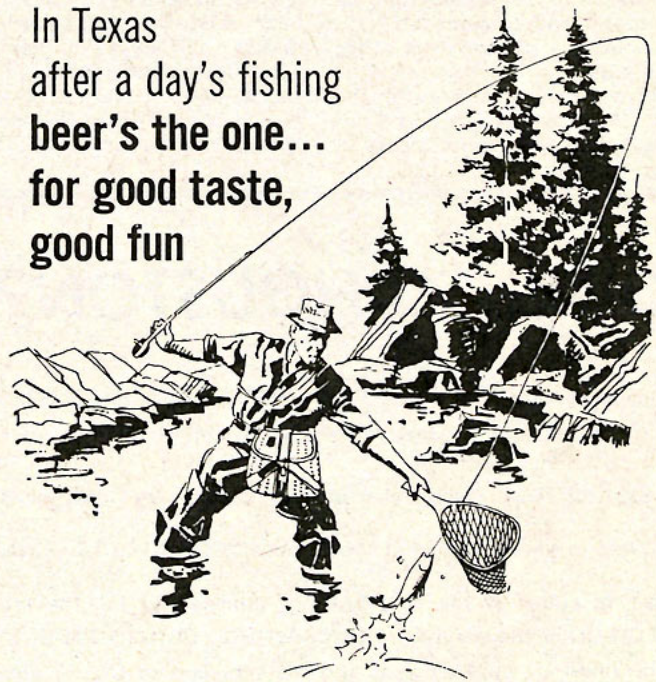
The night of our arrival in Moscow we hastened to the restaurant and were ushered to a table occupied by a Japanese gentleman and a pretty young Russian girl. We were near the orchestra and could hear little but it. When a Russian talks over the telephone he becomes excited and adds emphasis by shouting and talking as fast as possible. The orchestras we have heard so far operate on the same principle.

The restaurant was bursting at the seams with Soviets, and they were working as hard at being gay as they possibly could. I am not being snooty in saying that their clothes were of rougher cut and

material than ours, but am simply passing a fact. There are some well-dressed people here, but they are in the distinct minority. The average man is clad in a mudcolored sacklike suit without necktie. The women's clothes in the main are drab dress and sweater. But their dress did not prevent the people with us in the restaurant from drinking it up and laughing, singing, talking, and dancing. I always thought the Russians taught bears to dance, but now I think it's the other way around. The male grasps the female by claspings two pawlike hands at a point roughly corresponding to her shoulder blades and hugs on for dear life. They shuffle about with steps corresponding to Bruin's, but perhaps a little heavier.

We learned that our table mate lived somewhere in Japan. He is here for some three months with an industrial exhibit.

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According to him, the Japanese have quite a colony here, briskly trading with the Soviet, and no doubt profiting immensely in the process.

×

Yesterday morning we met our new guide, Angella, who teaches languages. She started us off with a most interesting tour of the city. Among other things, we learned that Moscow has an area of 220,000 acres, and a population of 6,400,000; that the Soviet Union embraces 100 separate nationalities, and that 82 languages are spoken by its people.

The seven year plan from 1958 to 1965 has just ended. In Leningrad Igor said the plan as to housing had been fulfilled and that it had called for the building of 8,000,000 square meters of apartments or structures; 26,000 flats had been completed. In Moscow I have seen numerous apartment buildings that are obviously not too old, and others going up. Both Igor and Angella say that the new apartments are let out according to the need of the new tenants, those living under the worst conditions getting first opportunities. Then pensioners, aged and war veterans are preferred, and Angella today threw in the newly married as preferential candidates.

We motored to Lenin Hill, location of the University of Moscow. On the way we passed a relatively small installation of yellow buildings and were told that here the humanities were taught. In comparison with the technological complex we were later to see, it was a neglected stepdaughter, cuffed about the fireplace and relegated to kitchen drudgery. Here whatever legal learning that is available is acquired. Here the classics, the arts, the unending field of philosophy finds cramped and grudging recognition.

To me, hereby hangs a tale. Until our Soviet friends learn to emphasize the broader intellectual scope that has made man endure man and life, and cease making a god out of materialistic and technological learning, their people will not dream the proper dreams nor seek the proper goal. They may preach peace as fervently as they please, and I for one think they are sincere in this, but they cannot understand or conceive it if they de-emphasize culture and philosophy. Let me be the first to say, though, that there are giant cranes and other evidence of proposed construction on vacant lands opposite the entrance to the University where a future home for the humanities is to be built.

Facing the University across a plaza and approach, one is impressed by the spread of the installation. Considering there are 42,000 students here, this is not surprising. The curriculum, as I have suggested, is confined to technical subjects, engineering, chemistry, electricity, and so on.

The students have quarters to accommodate two, for which they pay three roubles a month. They are given a stipend of 35 to 50 roubles a month if they are undergraduates, 80 to 90 if they are graduate students. They come to the university after completing eight years of compulsory education and two more years of special or vocational school. They are required to pass the entrance exams, of course.

Today at a Soviet exhibit (about which more later), we saw a propaganda film that suggested that life at old M.U. is hunky dory. There were beautiful girls and gallant young men on display, the life of which I have seldom seen on the streets. Knowledge was pursued there constantly under the best of academicians, and this I don't doubt; but every facet of the story emphasized the pursuit of technical knowledge. The only cultural life suggested was the gathering of the students after classes to compare notes and experiments, and a sort of sing-in by a pretty girl and a background choir. Shucks, these students ain't gettin' no college education. They could learn more about God's ways with man in three hours at Scholz' Beer Garten in Austin than they will in ten years by looking through microscopes and peering at flasks over bunsen burners.

Angella is intensely proud of the advances in education in the Soviet. She made the to me questionable statement that there is no illiteracy in the Soviet and was astonished when I told her there was a goodly percentage of it in Texas. I do not doubt her accompanying remark that at the time of the revolution Russia was 96% illiterate, and that there were only 15 "high schools" in the country.

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A thing I would not believe had I not seen it is the Moscow municipal swimming pool. It is circular in construction and 400 feet in diameter, a football field and one hundred feet over. It will take care of

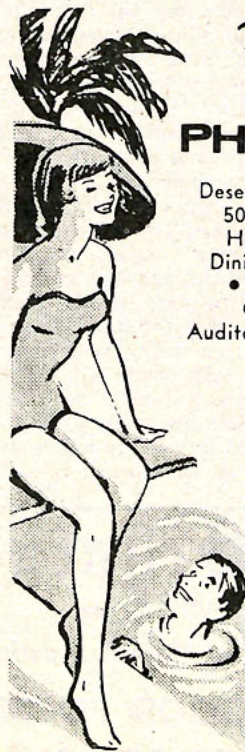
2,000 bathers at once, and one may stay in an hour for 50 kopeks. The perimeter is shallow for the children to wade in, and the inner portions are laid off for diving, Olympic size swimming lanes, etc. There are bath houses around it from which the bather may enter the water without exposing himself to the wind. They *heat* this small ocean the year around! Angella says that in winter the temperature in Moscow drops to 25° C. below zero, and a dense mist or fog arises from the pool.

With all this, there is no hot water in the hotel this morning, and Huldah and I will go bathless until it returns. Well, they say to acclimate yourself to the country of your travels, so we may as well smell a little ripe like our Soviet brothers and sisters. Somehow the pool and no hot water here spell out a message: that personal creature comforts have no place in the scale of values of the Soviet.

On Thursday afternoon we decided to do the Metro. For five kopeks you can ride all you wish, and I wonder if that isn't what a good many of the people were doing. Alice could not have been more startled as she fell down the rabbit hole than we were when we boarded the downward escalator. You might as well have said "Whee!" and grabbed your hat. The thing is a roller coaster on steps. Your feet seem to be preceding you all the way. These stocky hardy people will compare with the best when it comes to hustle,

September 17, 1965

13



Resort Setting

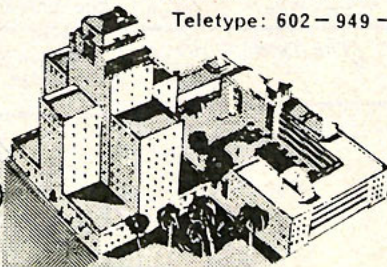
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bustle, and seat snatching. You can get pushed around just as hard here as in New York. There is the same dogtrot, devil take the hindmost rush of seething humanity.

The physical attributes of the Moscow Metro are all they are said to be. As we innocent Alices dropped to the bottom of the rabbit hole, we saw marble, luxurious chandeliers, and Soviet art. As you are elbowed along with the surging mass you get fleeting glimpses of ceiling frescoes, wall mosaics, and heroic figures in bronze—not all in the same station mind you, but when you ride the tide of the crush it is difficult to separate station from station, and your memories are a whirl of dropping escalators, rising escalators, speeding trains, and art. The equipment and premises are kept spotlessly clean, as are the streets and all public premises. This is a source of great pride with the Soviets. You will see hardbitten women, mostly past middle age, sweeping the streets with stick brooms. As fast as a paper or other debris is dropped, it is swept up or into a manhole. This was also true in Leningrad. We were told that the Metro ceases operation at 1:00 a.m., and for five hours special crews with special equipment clean every single part of the system, stations, cars, and all. This must be so.

After two station changes, and as many near nervous breakdowns, we made the journey from Mayakovskya station to the one near the Kremlin Square. Here we alighted and entered Gums (pronounced Gooms), the largest of state-operated department stores. By now the sometimes latent claustrophobia Huldah and I have was throughly aroused, and we were wee timorous shivering creatures, in the mould of Bobbie Burns' field mouse, but we entered and traversed an arcade or so of the establishment. It struck me as a gigantic market place, turned inward on itself with stalls giving off of glass covered arcades. We saw no dearth of consumer goods. Shoddy they may have been, but plentiful they were also. As always, we passed through the food and fish market, again plentifully supplied, and saw the booths for bottle supplies with Soviets and others gravely drinking Russian champagne from bottles with plastic caps. Apparently it was sold by the drink. Remembering that Angella was to take us to an American money bottle shop "some day," we cour-

ageously passed them by, an action I yet regret.

×

Friday we dedicated to being brain-washed: we went to the agricultural and industrial exhibition. We chose to see the mechanical pavillion, that of education, and that of space conquest.

The Soviets are entitled to a great pride in their industrial advance. Of course, it is absurd to measure it by that of the U.S.A. They are at least a hundred years late with their industrial revolution, and what has been accomplished here in one generation is breathtaking. From a czarist feudalism they have advanced to the nation that first penetrated space. Their industrial complex may not function smoothly, but like the dog that walks on his hind legs, it is not that they do it well that is remarkable, but that they do it at all.

After the exhibit we had lunch, and by the way our meals are a little more varied as we step out a little into the unknown. We get a very good breakfast of apple juice, two "fried" eggs which are really baked in a small metal pan, toast and butter and tea and coffee. They serve a tender beefsteak, plain, with an egg on top or with onions, all of which are good. There is a Chinese dish called roast sirloin with some kind of roots. It approaches beef chop suey and is very good.

In the afternoon we visited the Tretyakov Gallery, where Russian art is displayed. Like almost everything here, the periods are dated as before and after 1917. All paintings and art of every nature created after the revolution had to carry a social message, the unhappiness of the serfs (called sorfs) under Tsarist Russia and their beaming *joie de vivre* under the dictatorship of the proletariat. This motif is even read into the older works; Angella carefully pointed out how "onhappy" the "sorfs" were.

There were works that I enjoyed, particularly those of a man who accompanied the Russian armies as an official military artist. His theme was the horror of war, and he painted powerfully of it. He was killed in battle; Angella could not tell us the name of the war that was being fought, but from the date of his death, 1904, I surmised it was the Russo-Japanese.

Yesterday morning we made our visit to the Lenin mausoleum. As we approached the entrance we could see the queue of visitors extending some three blocks. We were moved forward to where we only had to queue up at a point a little off the

square. We slowly drew near to the shrine, and eventually entered it two abreast. It is an astonishing experience to march somberly past the reclining figure of Lenin. We were with non-Soviets, and there was not the worshipful and reverent air that is found among the Soviet citizen visitors. Nonetheless, one cannot traverse the course set out through the mausoleum without awe.

I began to think of what Frank Scott or some of our funeral experts may have said, and it came out about like this: "They shore did lay him out nice." If this is actually the body of Lenin and not a replica, some amazing process of preservation has been achieved. The features are not shrunk-en and there is no discoloration. He is just lying there as if in the first pallor of death.

My thoughts on Lenin's worship by the Soviets take me willy-nilly to the recollection of the philosophers in Gore Vidal's *Julian* who decried Christianity as a sect that worships a dead Jew. If anyone doubts the spiritual side of Christianity he should go through the experience I have had, shrinking from the thought of worshipping a mortal corpse, and then going to a Baptist church service in Moscow the next day.

We were determined to see the church. Angella would have none of it, so we went alone in a taxi. We were met and escorted into the church by a friendly young man, and from the little English he knew I learned the church had 5,000 members. His was the first serene face I have seen here, and his warm welcome the first that seemed to flow naturally toward us.


The church building is an old converted three-story with a gallery formed on the second floor extending in the shape of a horseshoe above floor level. The pulpit is at the open end of the horseshoe. There are no stained windows or customary church decor; the interior is gaily painted in pink, blue, and yellow pastels.

The church was crowded to capacity with people standing in the galleries. There were whiskered patriarchs, old hard used faces of ladies with headrags, and the important thing, a good sprinkling of middleaged and young people. All were devout; even to be there showed devotion.

In the pulpit was a stocky baldheaded man preaching in Baptist Russian. I did not comprehend anything he said except his reference to Christ, but I could tell from his emphasis and exhortations that he was preaching pure Baptistese.

On leaving the church I asked about a contribution and was permitted to go into

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a small office on the ground floor and deposit \$5 in a polished wooden alms box. We went outside and made polaroid shots of our friend and two other church officials, completely winning them over for life when we presented the pictures to them. From inside the church we could hear the hymns, and they were the familiar hymnal tunes that we hear at home.

As we left the young men brought out the best sounding English I have heard since leaving home, a warm "God bless you," given with a handshake. We fervently replied in kind.

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We have just returned from the ballet and are overwhelmed with the experience of sitting in the Kremlin palace and the majesty of the performance. We were on the first row, but the majesty of the orchestra pit put us some distance back. The theme was laid in St. Petersburg of the time of Peter I. The opening choruses were sheer delight to me. The dancers didn't wear tights and lamp shades, but the dress of the time. I have never seen such stage and lighting effects as we saw tonight, and the dancing was superb. In one scene the hero danced himself into a shipwreck. Blue material on the stage floor moved as ocean waves; parts of a shipwreck floated across the stage as the orchestra thundered, and the hero was tossed about in the stage sea. He gained a seat in a boat being rowed across stage and turned it back toward the battle. . . .

We had gotten our first sight of the Kremlin from across the Moscow River. It is an imposing complex, with a brick wall and periodic towers surrounding it. The bulbous turrets or domes of the various cathedrals are for the most part gilded; one of them is made of zinc.

As for the Kremlin hall itself tonight, bear in mind that it seats six thousand. It is an impressive and beautiful hall, marble, glass, and wood. The Central Soviet Congress meets here, and the seats all have little tables that may be pulled out from their enclosed position in the seat arms and revolved so as to make a chair arm surface. True, the surface is only large enough to allow the writing of the word "dab," but that is all that is needed.

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This morning we leave for Budapest, God willing and the "Service" bureau does not foul us up completely, but before we leave the Soviet I should tie up some loose ends.

Last Saturday we saw the Chamber of Armament within the Kremlin walls. Why they named this museum the Chamber of Armament is a puzzling question. There is one room devoted to the history of arms from the chain mail and armor-suit period to that of early firearms, but the rest of the spacious building is devoted to the time of Czarist Russia and is replete with precious handicraft, thrones, crowns, carriages, and the like. Even with the people starving, the Czars thought nothing of presenting fifteen different noblemen silver and gold table services of thousands of pieces. There was one heavy golden plate that Angella said Ivan the Terrible had made for his wife. We saw large smocklike

coats of the period, embroidered with precious stones, emeralds, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. The nobility would spend a fortune on baubles. A thing that surprised me were the trappings that were made up merely to adorn the horses. These breast straps, forehead pieces, saddles, and stirrups were covered with gold and silver and studded with costly gems—I don't mean rhinestones, but the genuine articles. Huldah remarked that it would be hard for the horses to carry a rider atop all this metal finery. Angella replied that no one rode the horses when they were so fitted out; that they were simply led in the line of parade or exhibited in the ceremony at hand. Talk about a vulgar display of wealth, the Grand Dukes knew the game.

Each emperor apparently had a special throne designed for his coronation. Ivan had one of delicately carved ivory; other rulers fancied gold and silver ones, again studded with jewels. There were glass cases upon glass cases filled with objects of art the royal families had ordered. Porcelain and enamel eggs that open to disclose a tiny golden ship, complete in every detail. A spray of porcelain flowers, the petals of which open upon the pressing of a button to show the miniatures of the owner's family. All of the skill of minutiae were evident here, as well as exquisite filigree work on metal crowns and caps.

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In a Sunday afternoon chat with Angella, she asked me if our people agreed with the policies of President Johnson. I told her they did as to his domestic policies, but that some of our largest newspapers, such as the New York Times and St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and some intellectuals, do not agree with his foreign policies. I told her that I thought we had no business being in Vietnam, that our country was likely responsible for the violation of the Geneva Agreement that called for elections there in 1954. I knew better than to try and explain to her that the suggestion that the South Vietnamese government invited us in was like saying Charlie McCarthy invited Edgar Bergen to dinner, she would have known nothing of either. But I did tell her that President Johnson found the situation there when he took office, and that from my knowledge of him that he was certainly sincere in seeking an honorable compromise.

The difficulty, of course, is in the definition of honorable, as remarked upon in an editorial in the New York Times of the dim distant past when I was in Helsinki (the last newspaper I have seen excepting a bobtailed edition of about the same date, gotten at our embassy in Moscow). With great elaboration and repetition, I told her the Uncle Remus story of Brer Rabbit and the tar baby, casting President Johnson in the role of a Brer Rabbit who had not struck the first blow, but found himself trying to get a loose. From her, no comment.

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Let me leave the Soviet by saying that if the burying of capitalism should be left up to the "Service" bureaus of Intourist we need never fear. If it was already a corpse, they couldn't direct the funeral so

as to insure interment. The gravediggers would be misdirected by "Service" and turn up as a part of the chorus in a rendition of Swan Lake at the Boishoi Theatre, and the mortician would be directed to an observatory instead of the funeral parlors. The hearse would be misdirected to the Kremlin Palace to pick up tourists who had attended the ballet there.

For all that, we did run into a capitalist or so in Moscow. One was the urchin who approached me on Angella's blind side with a handful of emblems or little porcelain button pieces, saying "Spend? Spend?" Oh, if I had only known his language well enough to say, "Look fellow, I have a trunk full of Yarborough buttons at home now."

The other capitalist, and a far superior one, was a waiter in the Pekin. When I was settling my check, he spied an American dollar bill in my money clip. Pointing to it, he said, "I collect." To myself, I thought, well, I know a lot of others who do. But, I deposited the dollar on the table, and he gave me a rouble. I made a quick mental calculation, and repeated the exchange.

Now, here is what was happening: The official rate of exchange is artificially fixed as \$1.10 for one rouble. On the free market, or black if you like, the dollar would easily bring four roubles. What my honest broker was doing was paying me ten cents to tip him three roubles. Not a bad trade for either of us, if Big Brother isn't watching. It would not take this lad long to own a bank, if he was turned a loose in the U.S.A.

On the subject of tipping in the Soviet, save for the guides and others attached to Intourist, it is welcomed, if not expected. My broker would get us in and out of the restaurant twice as fast after I started helping his collection than he did before. At breakfast I gave a tall pleasant waitress 50 kopeks the first morning, and thereafter we needed only to enter the buffet where it was served, and our regular order was prepared and brought out. Don't ever think that on the cab driver-porter-waiter level, it is not realized in the Soviet, in the words of a song of Ramona in the thirties, "Finer things are for the finer folk."

(Next issue Jones, writing from satellites, concludes his reports on his Russian journey and tells what happened to him and Huldah in the satellites.)

September 17, 1965

15

MEETINGS

THE THURSDAY CLUB of Dallas meets each Thursday noon for lunch (cafeteria style) at the Downtown YMCA, 605 No. Ervay St., Dallas. Good discussion. You're welcome. Informal, no dues.

MONDAY LUNCHEON CLUB meets on 3rd floor, McFarlin Auditorium, S.M.U., Dallas, each Monday at 12:00 noon. Join us if you are in town.

WORK PARTIES every Sunday afternoon in Austin, 2:00 p.m., Texas Society to Abolish Capital Punishment, 3014 Washington Square.

ITEMS for this feature cost, for the first entry, 7c a word, and for each subsequent entry, 5c a word. We must receive them one week before the date of the issue in which they are to be published.

Dr. King Eyes Texas

Treasure Island, Fla.

"We do not want to make the same mistake as the labor movement, which is caught on a reef of mash potatoes and gravy," C. T. Vivian, top aide to Martin Luther King, told the 1965 Unitarian-Universalist churches' conference at Blueridge, North Carolina. His charge was that the labor movement has lost its dynamism because it has "grown away from the people" and become sidetracked with organizational problems and economic security.

Rev. Vivian said that the next geographical target for Rev. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference is Texas, with the Latin-American population as much within S.C.L.C.'s sights as the Negroes. He said that in addition to S.C.L.C.'s participation in the recent demonstrations in Huntsville, Texas ["'Hey-You' in Huntsville," *Obs.* Aug. 6], S.C.L.C. has directed some civil rights activity in Ft. Worth, has had requests for assistance from Houston, and will be working elsewhere in East Texas as situations arise. S.C.L.C. has no definite connections with any Latin-American group as yet; they will be seeking relationships with organized labor, Vivian said.

The conference was as sympathetic an audience as Vivian might find anywhere in the white South, an encampment of religious liberals, many of them also inclined toward political and social liberalism. The hall for six to eight hundred people was filled, and some stood outside the windows in the cool mountain night.

The writer, a Texan, is free-lancing and writing poetry now in St. Petersburg, Fla.

16

The Texas Observer

Vivian rejected the material goals of middle class society. "Although the Negro is suffering from the disease of need-more, I'm not concerned with being equal with a society that drops bombs on Viet Nam, that must feel superior to another man," he said. He made a plea for a movement more universal than civil rights: a human rights movement. "We can no longer move on the basis of our negroidness. The problem really is that a goodly section of America is deprived of a decent education and not fitted to an automated age."

Before his speech he sat with a small group of us and read the script of a program of American Negro poetry. In his speech he quoted inexhaustibly from memory the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson, Waren Cuney, Le Roi Jones. I was struck by the truth of Dunbar's fifty-year old poem, "We Wear the Mask," for the Negro of the recent past, and the shock it must be for whites to see the mask removed: the Negro revealing his real desire for all he had pretended not to care about.

Vivian explained that until the march from Selma, Negroes had been putting on their moral armor; now the political fortifications are being built. "We had to move where people would move," in accommodations and eating establishments, where daily Negroes received direct blows to their dignity. The more basic issues of jobs, votes, and school are the focus of the struggle now.

Vivian gave special emphasis to the

crisis of Negro unemployment. He claimed that 18% of Negro employables are without jobs as against the national unemployment of between 5 and 6%. "For the Negro the depression never ended. Thirty billion dollars is robbed from Negroes and Puerto Ricans every year," he accused. "Aaron Henry in Mississippi tells about the white man, disturbed by Negro agitation, who asked a Negro: 'What do you want anyway?' The Negro answered, 'What've ya got?'"

He was explicit: "This is a radical movement—the non-violent movement, make no mistake about it. It is not simply refraining from hitting back, but is involved in making certain positive moves. Our weapons are more radical than violence." The goals of the movement, he said, are a society less materialistic, more humane, educated, and concerned; and the great threat to that kind of society is the "conscienceless gentility" without moral fiber for the struggle for civil rights, who consign the minorities to the breadline.

However, the latent liberal is the hope for tomorrow, Vivian believes. "I'll not be satisfied until I see even the poor whites moving with us. All along they have been manipulated by the same power structure." He said white liberals are needed in the movement now to help arouse other whites in the South and Southwest. "It takes guts to confront other whites," he said.

"The only end we really seek is not integration, but a community of love where men can dwell together in true peace," Vivian said. "We have come to understand that without suffering, we will not gain justice, but that out of redemptive suffering can come a new society."

NAN HUNT

Dialogue

Diane Ravitch's Error

Judging by the number of people who expressed themselves to me about Diane Ravitch's description of Houston's Jewish community [*Obs.* Aug. 20], I had expected to see several replies in your next issue, because *not one single person* agreed with her.

In trying to analyze Mrs. Ravitch's negative impressions, I have concluded that it was the shock of contrast. After living in New York, almost any person finds a return to a smaller city a difficult experience. Culture is so concentrated in Manhattan that other places pale by comparison. In addition, since those who would make their living at culture find the greatest market for their talents in New York, there is a migration from all smaller communities. And for those of Jewish faith, the contrast seems even greater because of the concentration of Jewish people in New York—there they constitute about twenty percent of the population, in Houston less than two percent.

I think I know Houston's Jewish community fairly well, after 30 years. I do not think its cultural character needs any apology. A mere glance at the boards of directors, membership lists, or subscription lists of musical, theatrical, and artistic organizations, a mere glance at the faculties of our universities, or the customers of our book stores, or the cultural program of our Jewish Community Center and synagogues would be enough to correct the exaggerations in Mrs. Ravitch's report. It is a shame that when she visited Houston, she got in with the wrong crowd.

Rabbi Robert I. Kahn, Temple Emanu-El, 1500 Sunset Blvd., Houston, Tex.

Undistorted Baldwin

Commendations for printing the letter of Jim Presley on "The Fire Next Time" [*Obs.* Sept. 3] to give us who had read James Baldwin's book a renewed, undistorted, realistic appraisal of it. . . . Your phrase, "messing with the Black Muslims," was prejudicial. . . . Sidney Craft, 4418 Buena Vista, Dallas 5, Tex.