

## How much financial does a financial disclosure disclose?

Not much.

Austin

One of the biggest shell games in the state lives on the sixth floor of the Sam Houston Building in the capitol complex. There employees of the Secretary of State's office keep the financial disclosure statements of candidates for public office. More arcane than the Delphic oracles, more recondite than the Gnostic sects, able to cover up millions in a single bound. It's fun reading.

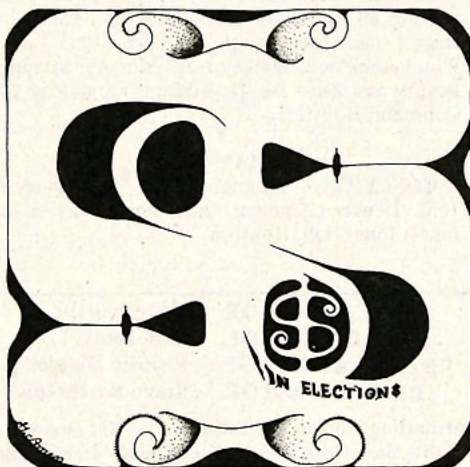
There are a number of philosophical questions raised by the process of financial "disclosure" in this state. One mystery is why, given the fact that most of us spend a lot of our time trying to get rich, those who are want to keep mum about it. They've got it, but they won't flaunt it. If, like Ben Barnes, you've gotten rich on a salary of \$4,800 a year, your wealth might conceivably raise some questions about your integrity. On the other hand, if you came by it legitimately, why cover it up? It proves you're smart. Voters don't mind rich candidates, witness the Rockefeller, *et al.* Being born in a log cabin (or on a peanut farm) may still be a political plus, but staying there isn't.

**A**NOTHER ISSUE is that of privacy. How much a candidate spends every month on booze is nobody else's business. How much he has, how he got it, who he owes, how much and why is of legitimate interest to every voter. If he's a lawyer, who his clients are; if he's in business, who his partners are — the public *should* have a right to know such things.

Many in this year's crop of candidates have demonstrated great ingenuity in avoiding answering legitimate questions about their wealth. But some exercised no finesse at all.

Income tax returns provide a solid basis

of the necessary information, but are not sufficient by themselves. Of the major Democratic candidates, only Joe Christie and Sissy Farenthold filed them. David Reagan on the Republican side put in his.



Both the Democrats are lawyers, and a major hole in their statements was their failure to list their clients. Christie did say in a cover letter that his major client is Hortex, Inc., "a family-owned clothing manufacturing business in El Paso." Whose family? Who are his other clients? Does he represent them before any state agencies? Only a small portion of Farenthold's income (a little more than \$3,000) is attributed to legal fees, but she leaves herself open to the same questions. Her return and statement, which included her husband's income as well as her own, did answer one question no other statement did, to wit, who valued the property listed. George Farenthold did. No other statement gave any indication who decided what property was worth. Another problem with I.R.S. returns is that they concern only

income, not net worth. The Farentholds, for example, reporting an adjusted gross income of \$28,149, estimate their net worth is between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

The best statement in the whole bunch, in fact, the very model of modern financial statement, is that of Land Commissioner Bob Armstrong. His list of assets includes personal assets (cars, motorcycle, etc.), the location and exact amounts of his land (although not what is on it — but in his case, nothing is on it). Armstrong has not only listed how much he owes, but whom he owes it to, what he borrowed it for and how he secured the loan.

In addition, Armstrong has included a synopsis of his financial transactions for the year; what he bought, sold, borrowed and paid back and why and how. He explains that he was able to pay off his consolidated campaign debts through funds raised at the Bob Armstrong Good Time Gathering. He then goes on to refer the reader to the list of contributors to that gathering. He explains an inheritance from the estate of a deceased uncle and what he plans to do with it. And, o lone, brave, revelation, he lists his 2.65 percent interest, worth \$17,000, in the S/C Management Co. and then, on another sheet, gives the names and addresses of even the *hidden* partners in that company. Armstrong further states that he has asked for an extension on his income tax this year but that he will file his I.R.S. returns when they are ready. Armstrong's assets total \$421,166 and his liabilities \$127,939.

**N**OW CONTRAST that to Ben Barnes listing, in his assets column, "Texas Communications, Inc., Abilene, part owner." When Barnes went into that deal a

(Continued on Page 3)



# The coming fortnight...

By Suzanne Shelton

## MAY GRAB BAG

**JJ LITHOGRAPHS** - Jasper Johns, print-maker par excellence, presents a decade of his works from 1960-70 including "Target," "Ale. Cans," "Flags"; May 16 through June 25, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston.

**BLACK ARTS** - Nineteen canvases and watercolors by Joe Overstreet in geometric shapes and vibrant colors, plus exhibition catalogue by poet David Henderson, author of "De Mayor of Harlem," in showing sponsored by Houston's Black Arts Center of Hope Development and the Menil Foundation; opens May 20, DeLuxe Theatre, Houston.

**LAGUNA GLORIA** - Nineteenth annual art fiesta produced by Women's Art Guild of Laguna Gloria, always a three-ring delight with some good buys; May 20-21, Laguna Gloria museum grounds, Austin.

**PHOTO SHOW** - Jury Award Photographic Exhibit offers you a chance to gape at photos by amateurs around the state; opens May 17, Jewish Community Center, Houston.

## MAY 12

**MEDIEVAL FAIR** - Music, food, arts & crafts, games, dancing, jousting, you-name-it, at Medieval Fair on museum grounds; through May 14, Witte Museum, San Antonio.

**SAME OLD TOWN** - Remember your senior class play? It's back again: "Our Town," Thornton Wilder's look at small town life in New England, performed by Dallas Theater Center; through May 20, Kalita Humphreys Theater, Theater Center, Dallas.

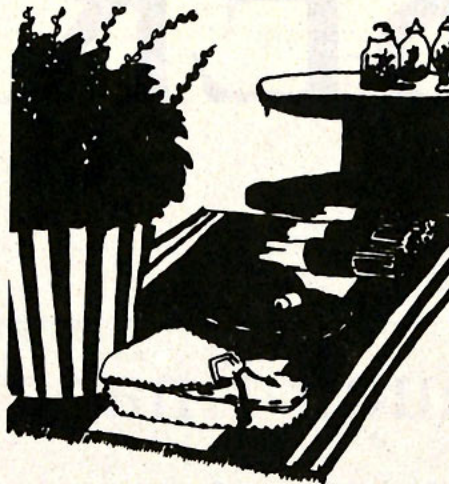


Illustration by Bob Gerardy

**MISER** - The 17th century comedy that never grows old, Moliere's "The Miser," performed by St. Ed's drama students in their brand new theater; through May 14, 8:30 p.m., Mary Moody Northern Theater, Saint Edward's University, Austin.

**DISNEY DELIGHTS** - Bet you've been waiting all spring for this: Disney on Parade, a stage spectacular with all the old faves: Winnie-the-Pooh, Mickey (sans Minnie), Sleeping Beauty and Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah; through May 14, Coliseum, Houston.

## MAY 13

**CONCERT** - Former Texas Tech student John Denver, composer and singer, shares his tunes; Jones Hall, Houston.

## MAY 14

**STUDIO TOUR** - See the artists where they starve! Step over canvases and paints in the process of becoming Works of Art: Austin studios open for inspection in tour originating with Ney Museum; 2 to 6 p.m., reservations available, Ney Museum, Austin.

**STRING CONCERT** - Violinist Nancy Todd, in concert; Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas.

## MAY 16

**HOT COMEDY** - "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" steams up the stage at circuit dinner theatre; through June 25, Country Dinner Playhouse, Austin.

## MAY 19

**IMPOSSIBLE DREAM MACHINE** - "Man of La Mancha," last of the flamboyant Broadway hits, fills Theatre Unlimited bill in Don Q-gone-mod musical; 6:45 p.m. (dinner), 8:30 p.m., (show), Theatre Unlimited, Austin.

## MAY 21

**SUNDAY CONCERT** - Spend a Sunday with soft music, featuring Ilana Bernstein on the recorder and Barbara Marquart, harpsichordist; Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas.

## MAY 26

**A REAL DILLY** - Bet you never thought you'd see Phyllis Diller in concert - does she just stand there and show her newly lifted face? Or crack jokes and mug? Rumor has it, she plays the piano; Jones Hall, Houston.

They want to be beautiful. I want the truth. I pretend that they are beautiful. They pretend to tell me the truth.

-Anon.

## THE TEXAS OBSERVER

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Ronnie Dugger, Publisher

A window to the South  
A journal of free voices

Vol. LXIV, No. 9 May 12, 1972

Incorporating the State Observer and the East Texas Democrat, which in turn incorporated the Austin Forum-Advocate.

Editorial and Business Offices: The Texas Observer, 600 W. 7th St., Austin, Texas 78701. Telephone 477-0746.

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The Observer is published by Texas Observer Publishing Co., biweekly from Austin, Texas. Entered as second-class matter April 26, 1937, at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Single copy, 25c. One year, \$7.00; two years, \$13.00; three years, \$18.00; plus, for Texas addresses, 5% sales tax. Foreign, except APO/FPO, 50c additional per year. Airmail, bulk orders, and group rates on request. Microfilmed by Microfilming Corporation of America, 21 Harristown Road, Glen Rock, N.J. 07452.

Change of Address: Please give old and new address, including zip codes, and allow two weeks.

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Texas Observer, 600 W. 7th St., Austin, Texas 78701.



# How much...

(Continued from page 1)

few years ago, he told the *Observer* he had put up no capital to get cut in on it. Further, his partners in that deal are of some interest. For example, one is Walter Mischer, the Houston developer of some notoriety. In his liabilities column, Barnes lists "Bank notes payable." But not which banks, what the loans were for or how he swung them.

Barnes calls it \$267,721 in assets and \$184,100 in liabilities for a net worth of \$83,621.

Robert Spellings, Barnes' executive assistant, patiently explains the mysterious ways of high finance to the nim-nims in the press corps. There is, he says, good reason for a man like Herman Bennett, who is the chief of Barnes' many business partner-benefactors, not to want his financial dealings made public. Some nim-nims still don't understand why an honest man would object to such disclosure and think, at the very least, that politicians have no business being in business with men who need to keep their dealings a dark secret. Now dry-cleaning, for instance, would seem like a nice, above-board business for a politician to be in.

Spellings finally got somewhat exasperated with an *Observer* editor who was casting aspersions on Barnes' financial statement. "That was prepared by a professional accountant!" he said proudly.

Barnes has been dumping on Dolph Briscoe lately because Briscoe is hiding his wealth. That might strike one as a case of the pot calling the kettle black, until you see Briscoe's statement. Barnes suddenly looks like Mr. Open Bank Book. Briscoe is definitely top winner in the shrinking violet contest. There is not a number in the entire statement, except for five recorded loans from banks. No amount of land, no net worth, no nothing. He lists his sources of income as ranching operations and oil and gas royalties. He does list his stocks.

Briscoe is weird about his money. He's been saying lately that his net worth is around \$2.5 million. But the *Observer* has seen a 1964 financial statement by Briscoe in which he said his net worth was twice that much. Perhaps the old boy has lost half his money in the meantime. On a Dallas television station, Briscoe was asked how much land he owned. He wouldn't say. He finally said he owns 15,000 acres in Dimmit County and the rest is owned jointly with members of this family who haven't given him permission to reveal the acreage. He told another reporter that he didn't know how many acres he owned, because he counts his land in units. He also doesn't know how many units he owns. He said the units are different sizes. According to Jimmy Banks' book, Briscoe owns a million acres.

Briscoe said during the great KERA

"debate" that his total income last year was \$79,000. As Barnes acidly pointed out the next day, since Briscoe got \$52,544 in federal crop subsidies last year, it is "highly unlikely" that the income of one of the largest landowners in the state was a mere \$27,000.

Another interesting financial statement was that filed by Bill Hobby. It begins by listing what is not included in the statement. For example, personal assets such as household furnishings. If Mr. Hobby owns a \$3 million Rembrandt, who are we to know about it? Nor does his statement include his interests in *The Houston Post* Pension Plan and a trust fund. His listed total assets look pretty piddly for a fellow who is going to fall heir to a giant newspaper and a radio station and a television station.

Hobby says it comes out to \$4,069,680 in assets and \$3,211,858 in liabilities with a net worth of \$857,822. Phooey. Not even a millionaire.

Now John Hill, on the other hand, who owns neither newspapers nor radio nor television stations, weighs in at almost \$2.5 million. One Austin attorney went so far as to say that Hill had probably made it all in the courtroom (N.B. law students: plaintiffs attorney specializing in personal injury cases). Anyway, Hill now has a potfull of real estate, oil and gas interests and stocks, all of which he lists in his statement.

Preston Smith apparently just sat down and listed everything he owns and everything he owes, but gave no clues as to how he got it or why he borrowed it or who his partners are ('cept for Elmer).

The guy says his assets are worth \$1,128,201; liabilities \$120,495 and net worth \$1,007,706.

Ralph Hall, "Mr. Ethics," did a fair job on his long statement. He's worth almost \$2 million and he tells where it all is.

The bad statements are massively uninformative, whereas the detailed ones are full of lovely tidbits. For example, the Farentholds made \$23 on a caliche pit last year and took a 14 percent depletion allowance of \$3. Bad year for caliche. M.I.

May 12, 1972

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# Notes on the apocalypse

Austin

There's Armageddon to the right of us, the apocalypse to the left of us, and it's hard to find a place to hide from the thunder.

Take, for example, the full industrial production concept versus the zero net economic growth theory. The hardcore ecology people believe that Americans are going to have to cut back, drastically back, on their habits of consumption. Treasury Secretary John Connally believes, however, that the zero growth idea is "misguided," according to a report in the February *Environmental Action*. "Connally spoke before the White House Conference on the Industrial World Ahead, which Sen. Fred Harris (D-Okla.) called 'the annual fraternity dance for America's corporate elite,'" the magazine said. Connally is quoted as saying, "Never has growth been more important. You can never feed the poor or ease the lives of the wage-earning families, ameliorate the problems of race or solve the problem of pollution without real growth."

**T**WO MONTHS later both Connally and Admiral H. M. Rickover testified before the House Interior Committee, which was probing the energy problem. Rickover maintained that it's time for the government to restrict the use of air conditioners and large cars and time to limit family growth. "We're exhausting our natural fuels at a terrifying rate," the admiral said.

Rickover's concern for American's gobbling of energy was echoed in a recent article by Thomas O'Toole of the *L.A. Times-Washington Post News Service* (*Houston Chronicle*, April 23). According to O'Toole, the United States consumed

5.6 billion barrels of oil and 22.1 trillion cubic feet of natural gas last year. The country's 109 million cars used 90 billion gallons of gasoline. Its 2,000 jetliners used more than a billion gallons of jet fuel and 3,400 power plants ate up a billion barrels of oil, four billion cubic feet of gas and 300 million tons of coal.

George Oprea, vice president of Houston Lighting and Power, quoted some equally startling statistics at a Southern Interstate Nuclear Board meeting recently at UT-Austin. He pointed out that while the U.S. has only 6 percent of the world's population, it uses 35 percent of the world's energy. Oprea said he expects the energy demand in this country to double by 1985. By then, he said, electric utility companies will be using nuclear power about 55 percent of the time — a thought that will send many ecology freaks out for shock therapy.

But wait. At the same meeting in Austin, Dr. William Drummond, director of UT's Center for Plasma Physics and Thermonuclear Research, said that controlled nuclear fusion has the advantage of a "limitless amount of fuel supply" and that it is "extremely inexpensive, virtually pollution free, 80 to 90 percent efficient and free from the fear of nuclear accidents." So stated a man in the nuclear

physics game. "It's simply got everything," he said. "The only problem is we don't know how to do it."

Which brings one back to oil and gas and the alleged energy crisis. At the House hearing, Connally insisted that the country has vast resources of hydrocarbons. "In addition to huge, untapped oil and gas reserves on our outer continental shelf on all our coastlines, we have great potential for oil and gas in Alaska," Connally said.

It also is probable that before too long oil will be drilled from the ocean floor. And many energy experts believe that it is technologically feasible to mine shale oil in the Western United States today, at a profit. One theory goes that the big oil companies are sitting on the shale oil process for the same reason the big auto companies have held back on such improvements as life-long car batteries. Planned obsolescence is profitable.

**T**HIS ENERGY crisis thing is tricky. Says John A. Carver, Jr., a member of the Federal Power Commission: "I think our energy shortage is not only endemic, it's incurable. We're going to live with it the rest of our lives." But then, the oil and gas industry has been claiming for the last 40 years that the country only had 25 years of fossil fuel left. The energy crisis invariably becomes critical whenever the majors go before the federal regulatory commissions to ask for a rate increase. Fuel "shortages" have been so cynically manipulated by the fuel industrialists for their greater profit that they may have worked themselves into the position of the boy who cried, "Wolf!" too often.

Still, even John Connally concedes that America's energy consumption eventually will have to be curbed, probably by government action. "I think there are certain things we can do, without going so far as to penalize the number of children above three," Connally told the Associated Press (*Austin American*, April 19). "And I don't see anything magical about having everything electrical from toothbrushes to shoebrushes."

People like Admiral Rickover think we will have to give up more than electric toothbrushes. "Life in America was very



## A push for a superport

Austin

Economists predict that by 1985 the United States will have to import more than half of its oil and gas. This makes the o & g folks extremely anxious to get on with the building of American superports capable of offloading energy products from the Middle East. At present, not a single U.S. port can handle deep draft (90 feet or more) supertankers.

The Texas House Interim Committee on Coastal and Marine Resources held a hearing in April to listen to views on a superport for Texas. U.S. Rep. Bob Eckhardt of Houston maintained that the Army Corps of Engineers should

concentrate its planning on an offshore deepwater port. Rep. Jack Brooks of Galveston said he also wants such a port in Texas but that an onshore port would be more advantageous for shippers.

Mason Guest, a Galveston spokesman for the Sierra Club, said his conservation organization recognizes that there's an energy crisis, but that "the economic impact of disasters at sea involving these poorly maneuverable giant tankers must be weighed against the cost of transportation."

For a lengthy discussion of the superport question, see the *Observer* of Aug. 13, 1971.



pleasant before we had automobiles, jet planes and electrified homes," he assured the House committee. Power company officials like Mr. Oprea simply cannot grok Rickover's point of view. "It is inconceivable that the staunch ecology supporters really want to revert back to the horse and buggy days of a candlelight society," Oprea told his fellow power barons.

The HL&P vice president complained, "This past year groups claiming to be concerned with the environment have cost delays in construction and commercial

operation of generating plant facilities to utilities throughout the U.S. to the tune of \$4-6 billion.

"With continued delays and intervention by what appears to be special interest groups, there are some very strong possibilities that ... within the next five years we will all begin to see significant changes in our life style. There will be additional legislation to control the usage of all types of energy - which will affect how each of us will continue to use items that today we feel are everyday essentials ... items like the automobile, the

magnitude of usage of air conditioning and small appliances, and the duplication of such items as radios and television sets."

It may come to that - and more. And maybe the admiral is right about how nice it was back in the horse and buggy days. Meanwhile, John Bowden Connally, the secretary of the treasury of the United States of America, says, "I don't think the American people realize how much electricity they can save just by turning out the lights."

K.N.

## Guess who came to dinner?

- President Richard Nixon helicoptered out to John Connally's Picoso Ranch on April 30 and stepped into a field of bullshit.

Life, imitating bad art, then produced a scene out of *Giant*. The hills rolled, the breezes swept, the cattle stood, there were 15 jets on the private airstrip and a couple cowboys on horseback silhouetted themselves artistically against the sunset.

There was a sense of *deja vu* in another respect: the President flew into the ranch to give us all the domino theory over barbecue. He said peace in Europe and the Middle East depended on our holding firm in Vietnam. He asked us what the world would be like if there were no longer any respect for the office of the Presidency in the world.

The Prez, it was reported, is lousy at chitchat. He looks like Ed Sullivan, is shy, and prone to comment on the weather. He answered questions from the guests for about an hour.

- Nixon surveyed the 200 guests at the barbecue, who represented many, many megabucks, and gave them a lecture on the virtues of the work ethic. He deplored the "increasing tendency in this country to turn down jobs just because they are so-called menial jobs. I say that any job that puts bread on a man's table to feed his family is not menial." The many megabucks applauded the worth of menial labor.

- Several of the Eastern journalists there present commented on the Texas *joie de vivre*. "I wish I could get the people at one of those uptight Georgetown cocktail parties to see this," said one fellow, surveying the reveling throng. One felt an absurd flash of Texas pride: by God, our rich folks at least know how to have a good time.

- Lyndon Johnson once got Hubert Humphrey to sit on a horse. John Connally got Richard Nixon to go into a pasture and have his picture taken with a few of them. Nixon didn't seem to enjoy it.



Drawing by Gerry Doyle

- Nixon used to live on Santa Gertrudis Street in Whittier. His flaks described that morsel of information as one of the President's "quips." Everyone toasted the President's courage with Moët Chandon champagne. "I hope we don't run out of champagne," quipped the President.

### Worms neglected

- As far as the *Observer* knows, Dolph Briscoe did not capitalize on his reputation as the scourge of the screwworm during the primary campaign, but it might have helped.

As a legislator in the fifties, he originated a successful eradication program which yearly saves millions of dollars worth of cattle from the pest. Just before the election, officials of the state's Screwworm Eradication Program revealed

that in just two weeks screwworm cases increased 50 fold over 1971. If Briscoe had any pizzazz, he would have pulled on his legendary hip boots and waded into the feedlots to clean up the worm situation as well as the mess in Austin.

### No Preston, no show

- The educational television station in Gov. Preston Smith's hometown, Lubbock, refused to run KERA-TV's question and answer session with gubernatorial candidates. Smith was the only Democrat who failed to appear on the show.

S. M. Kennedy, vice-president for academic affairs at Texas Tech, told the *Lubbock Avalanche-Journal*, "We must answer to both the FCC and to the state, whose funds support the station. To telecast such a show would violate the state law forbidding the university to spend state funds to influence any election or to support the passage or defeat of any legislation. When any candidate speaks, be it in a panel, press conference or debate, we think he is seeking votes. Such a show as this one would therefore be an attempt to influence voters."

KTXT in Lubbock does run Winston Bode's "Capitol Eye" program on which reporters interview politicians and political candidates almost weekly.

- Both the Houston and Austin-San Antonio ETV stations broadcast the Dallas show live. Texas' fifth educational station, KAMU in College Station, was off the air at the time, moving into a new building.

- With all of the brouhaha about nepotism in state government, somebody had to go, and it turned out to be Sen. David Ratliff of Stamford, who hired his children and then personally may have endorsed and cashed their paychecks. He issued a brief release announcing his



resignation "with a heavy heart and sincere and genuine regret."

Ratliff is a 21-year veteran of the Legislature. He will be remembered as the senator who never uttered a word but who served, nonetheless, as a litmus test of the corporate climate. Members of the press could accurately gauge the business lobby's position on any particular bill by watching which way Ratliff voted.

- The sales tax "is not as regressive as people would have you believe," Wayne Connally kept insisting during his campaign for the lieutenant governorship. He may be taking lessons from Brother John, who insists in Washington that the value-added (read sales) tax is still alive as a proposed substitute for local property taxes.

## Listing a little

- Don't-say-we-didn't-tell-you-so Department: On April 18 a U.S. Coast Guard official declared that "there is absolutely no cause for concern about the stability" of the *Texas Clipper*, the laboratory ship and dormitory of the state-funded Texas Maritime Academy. Allegations concerning the seaworthiness of both the ship and its officers recently have surfaced in the *Observer* (April 14) and other Texas periodicals.

On April 21, while the *Clipper* was docked in shallow water near Galveston, a hole about three inches in diameter developed in a low pressure cold water pipe in the engine room. Water started gushing into the room at about 580 gallons per minute, and three to four feet of water flooded the engine room up to the floor plate. It was not a drastic mechanical failure, and the water was pumped out within a matter of hours.

Dean W. H. Clayton, suspecting sabotage, called in the FBI and even sent two aides in hot pursuit of one student who had been sighted leaving the dock on his motorcycle shortly after the leak was discovered. Ship engineers, however, believe the pipe just burst from old age.

At last report, the *Texas Clipper* had settled into the mud and was listing at a 5 degree angle against its dock on Pelican Island.

- Concerning effort to preserve part of what's left of the Big Thicket as a national park, U.S. Rep. Bob Eckhardt of Houston says, "I think now we're sort of over the hump." The Texas Congressional

delegation has agreed to support a park of 100,000 acres. (Conservationists have been asking for at least 191,000 acres.) Eckhardt says a subcommittee of the House Interior Committee tentatively has scheduled a field hearing on the Thicket June 8 to 11.

- *Life* magazine finally came out with its article on a search in the Thicket for the possibly extinct ivory-billed woodpecker April 7. Last year in the *Observer* (Oct. 22), Pete Gunter, president of the Big Thicket Association, speculated that the article might never see print because of a conflict between "Time Inc.'s editorial non-conscience and its corporate self-interest."

The lengthy piece devotes one paragraph to the fate of the Big Thicket. Author Don Moser writes, "Once the Big Thicket was a sprawl of maybe three and a half million acres of woodland and swamp — dark, wild, a tangle of vine and shrub. . . . But for a hundred years now the Thicket has been logged over, drilled over, grazed over and hunted over. Most of the uplands are now pine plantations, and the ranks of young pulpwood trees march steadily toward the river bottoms."

In a footnote to the paragraph, a *Life* editor explains, "Eastex Incorporated, a pulp and paper subsidiary of [Life's publisher] Time, Inc., is a major landholder in the Thicket area. Since 1957 Eastex has been actively engaged in a long-term program of reforestation." The reforestation, of course, as the *Life* article points out, consists of rows and rows of slash pine where hardwoods—oaks, magnolias, beech trees and hickories—used to flourish.

## Perot close to AG

- In response to the *Observer's* Ross Perot article (April 14), Norman Pearlstine of the *Wall Street Journal* writes that Perot not only is close to Richard Nixon but also to Attorney General John Mitchell. The Dallas computer magnate and the attorney general worked together on Nixon's 1968 campaign. According to Pearlstine (*Journal*, Dec. 31, 1969), 10 to 15 management employees of Perot's Electronic Data Systems Corp. worked on the Nixon campaign while still on the EDS payroll.

Perot has used Nixon's and Mitchell's former law firm in New York for personal legal matters.

- Gordon McLendon is selling two California radio stations to William F. Buckley, Jr., and the liberals on the Federal Communications Commission are none to happy about the transaction.

Starr KALB, Inc., (which owns Houston black station KYOK) is buying KABL of Oakland and KABL-FM of San Francisco from McLendon's Pacific Corp. for \$10.7 million.

FCC Commissioners Robert T. Bartley and Nicholas Johnson issued the following joint statement: "I cannot find that the public interest will be served by assignment of these stations to a multiple owner [Buckley's Starr] which operates nine broadcast stations spread over Kansas, South Dakota, Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas."

- Roberto Vela Ortiz, a 17-year-old Weslaco High School student, went to class March 10 wearing an American flag, embroidered with a "peace" symbol, on the back of his overalls.

Now his under a Hidalgo County Grand Jury indictment for having unlawfully defiled, defied, trampled upon and cast contempt upon a Yewnited States flag upon which was "drawn or painted" a symbol "alleged to represent peace, against the peace and dignity of the state."

Attorney David Hall of the Rio Grande Valley Civil Liberties Union says he is not sure how one represents peace against the peace of the state, but he is checking on it.

Ortiz could do 2 to 30.

## New holding company

- The First National Bank in Dallas and the Houston Citizens Bank and Trust Co. have agreed to join forces and become a bank holding company. If the deal is approved by the directors and shareholders of each institution and by regulatory authorities, the new company will become one of the largest holding companies in the Southwest. Plans were announced to seek a listing on the New York Stock Exchange.

- Members of the Texas Good Roads Association, the highway lobby, recently visited Washington to urge Texas congressmen to vote against Transportation Secretary Volpe's proposal to divert a billion dollars from the highway trust fund next year to help metropolitan areas finance urban mass transit projects.

Texas now has 68,000 miles of highways and 178,000 miles of county roads and city streets.

- Three Texas corporations, Tenneco, General Dynamics and Ling Temco Vought, are among the top ten firms receiving more than \$10.3 billion in defense contracts during 1971.

Tenneco was merely 27th in defense contracts in 1970, but it moved up to number six last year, mainly because of its acquisition of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. in Virginia, where two nuclear-powered aircraft carriers are being built.

"In the case of heroin, it's the drug that ruins a person's life. In the case of marijuana, it's the law, not the drug, that does the ruining." — *Houston Post* Executive Editor Bill Hobby.

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# Stomp out whackers

Austin

The *Observer* has been remiss. One of our stated functions is to provide coverage of Texas politics, but it was not until the night of April 26 that we realized we had entirely overlooked the most remarkable of all the gubernatorial candidates. His name is Looney.

Looney was the star of the show when the candidates gathered at KERA television in Dallas for a "debate" (actually sequential questioning by a panel of newsmen.) The only major candidate who failed to show was Gov. Preston Smith.

Most Texans are by now familiar with Ben Barnes, Dolph Briscoe and Sissy Farenthold. They were doubtlessly startled, when the camera panned the assembled Democratic candidates, to find those worthies stuck up behind two new faces. Seated up front, and clearly dominating the "debate," were William Posey and Robert Looney. Posey is a Houston funeral director (*syn. n. archaic* mortician) and Looney is an Austin attorney who says he used to have a drinking problem.

**P**OSEY IS hipped on the subject of insurance. Looney is a man of multiple talents. He is an author. His most recent works are, "What's All the Fuss, Gus?" and "Sorry About That, Ben." The books have been advertised in the *Observer*. Looney is also a poet. His latest works are in rhymed verse. A sample:

*Hip, hip hooray!*

*Hip, hip hooray!*

*For the attorney general of the U.S.A.,  
The Honorable big John (Martha's husband) Mitchell*

*Hip, hip hooray*

*And twitchell, twitchell.*

Looney indisputably spoke more than any other candidate during the hour and a half the Democrats were on the air and he probably made the most forceful impression on the viewers.

His strongest statement came in response to a question about whether Texas needs utilities regulation. Looney called for strong regulation of utilities. "The fact that the light companies always have a monopoly and the water companies always have a monopoly and send out what a lot of people call the whackers and without any notice whatsoever the whackers come and whack the lights and whack the gas and whack whatever else. The whackers, they whack it off and they bar no defense whatsoever and there is no process of law involved and the citizens of this state should have the right to have due process of law and that the whackers don't come and whack their lights, whack their gas, whack their telephone and that the utilities companies

are invincible and giants that they are."

By noon the next day, there were anti-whackers buttons in the works. Politicians all over the state were asked to go on record about the whacker issue. Dallas bookstores were calling KERA in confusion, asking where they could get copies of the Looney books for eager customers.

Looney not only touted his books while on the air, he was in the very act of fishing out his album, a recording of Looney reading his masterworks, to show the folks, when Jim Leher of KERA intervened.

**L**OONEY TURNED out to be far more than a single issue candidate. Having finessed the field on the whacker issue, he went on to other matters.

On marijuana: "Right now, if that is an addictive drug, whatever it is, you're talking about possession. If it is an addictive drug, it's got someone that's sick that has it in their possession. Now if they're a pusher, I'd put 'em underneath the jail, right underneath it and keep 'em there. But if a person, a youngster or a person of any age that has it in their possession needs treatment perhaps of a medical nature like someone that is on any other drug like alcohol or any other drug."

On more colleges: "The, any educational facility as a status symbol should of course never exist, the, further, the educational degrees that are popped out like popcorn and worth about as much as popcorn now days to the individual that has them. That the direction of education should be to areas of education where people should be able to learn how to do something they can find a job doing."

On nepotism: "Well, it's a very simple thing to solve and it should be solved. The Internal Revenue Service uses a computer system. And when one of these returns comes in there and its got something a little bit wrong with it, it starts ringin' bells, bad bells. Now they could have a nepotism computer and although that sounds like a strange title, that's exactly what they should have."

Looney is a veteran campaigner. He ran for attorney general in 1958. He carried a cardboard mock-up of the state capitol with him during that campaign and would tell voters that they need to know what was going on under the rotunda. With that, he would pull off the top of the cardboard rotunda and pull out a toy skunk.

After the great debate, Looney tried to sell his record to the members of the press panel and his fellow candidates.

M.I.

May 12, 1972

7

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**THURSDAY DISCUSSION GROUP** meets at noon weekly at the YMCA, 605 North Ervay in Dallas. No dues. Everyone welcome.

**NOTICE** - Please take notice that the law partnership of MULLINAX, WELLS, MAUZY & BAAB has now become a professional corporation under Texas law and the name is MULLINAX, WELLS, MAUZY & BAAB, INC., with address and registered agent, Oscar Mauzy at 1601 National Bankers Life Building, Dallas, Texas 75201.

**CENTRAL TEXAS ACLU** luncheon meeting. The Renaissance, 801 Rio Grande. 2nd Monday of each month. From noon. All welcome.

**McGOVERN** photo button: \$1. Mobile: \$2. Proceeds to campaign. McGovern Committee, P.O. Box 472, Vermillion, SD 57069.

**RAZA UNIDA PARTY:** People's Coalition seeking social justice needs your donations. Posters, decals, ribbons, buttons for sale. Box 271, Crystal City, Texas 78839.

**CHICANO PSYCHOLOGISTS** have lamented the dearth of substantive research dealing with Mexican Americans. A recent survey of citations in "Psychological Abstracts" (January-June, 1970) revealed that out of over 9,400 citations, only six studies dealt, in any way, with the Mexican Americans! To further implement its goals, the Association of Psychologists for La Raza is seeking additional members. For further information, please contact: Edward J. Casavantes, President, Association of Psychologists for La Raza, 11912 Reynolds Ave., Potomac, Md. 20854.



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# Dear Reader . . .

Austin

When the *Observer* put together a readership survey last winter, its primary purpose was to get statistics about subscribers for possible use in selling advertising. We were fairly confident we could improve our financial condition considerably if we hired a good ad salesman. (We've never had anyone methodically selling advertising. Among his other multitudinous duties, Cliff Olofson, the business manager, tries to get ads pertaining to political or social issues and organizations, books and periodicals. Many of the *Observer's* ads are tradeouts.)

We experimented with a parttime salesman, a congenial fellow, but a high pressure salesman, nonetheless. He was good at his work, but none of us liked to hear him trying to sell the *Observer* to a potential client.

IT WAS CLIFF who felt the most uncomfortable with this commercial innovation. (Ronnie Dugger, our publisher, is fairly well-known for his scruples, but I'll match Cliff's dark nights of the soul to Ronnie's any dark night.) Molly Ivins and I didn't think we'd be unduly influenced by an advertising department: there was something more subtle involved, a certain crudeness that crept into our otherwise congenial environment. We didn't want to plunge the *Observer* into the conventional commercial inferno, and we didn't want to sell you, our subscribers, to commercial interests unless it came down to a question of the *Observer's* very survival. So the *Observer* quixotically offered the experimental advertising department after about four weeks. This means, at least for now, we will continue to operate as we have in the past, making it mainly on subscriptions, with some advertising and the bookstore helping to make ends meet.

Since 1966, our subscriptions and income have doubled. Income was \$84,000 last year, and we needed every bit of it. We did manage to reduce our deficit in 1971 by \$3,000. On Jan. 1 of this year, we owed only \$1,500 more than we had on hand. A year earlier the figure had been \$4,500. This year we figure the *Observer* will need an income of \$96,000 — \$12,000 more than last year. Right now, it looks like we'll make that goal.

One thing we learned from the survey was that despite Cliff's enterprising mailings and our 90 news racks around the state, almost 50 percent of our new subscribers were introduced to the *Observer* by a friend. You are still our best and most reliable sales people. To keep us pure and innocent of crude world of advertising, please keep up the good work. If a friend expresses interest in your *Observer*, give it to him and we'll send you

a replacement. Or send us the names and addresses of persons who might want to subscribe and we'll send a sample copy in your name. Or if there is an issue you think might be of particular interest to a group you meet with, let us know how many *Observers* you could use and we'll send them free, along with a supply of subscription order forms.

If you'd like more details on the *Observer's* finances, write to Cliff Olofson and he'll send you a report.

TO GET ON to the specifics of the reader survey, the total circulation of the Nov. 19, 1971, issue was 12,044. Seventeen percent of the persons receiving that issue returned the questionnaire and 90 of those were answered by more than one individual. Some 854 surveys were returned in the enclosed postage-paid envelopes, costing us \$84.50. But another 1,100 readers used their own stamps and 63 enclosed donations amounting to \$140. Included in forty-two surveys were subscription or book orders. So the undertaking turned out to be profitable for us.

Your ages:	
19 or under	2 percent
20-25	21 percent
26-35	37 percent
36-45	20 percent
46-55	12 percent
over 65	2 percent
no answer	1 percent
A lot of you are pretty well off. Most of the under \$5,000's seem to be students.	
Annual incomes:	
under \$5,000	18 percent
\$5,000-6,999	7 percent
\$7,000-9,999	13 percent

\$10,000-14,999	24 percent
\$15,000-19,999	13 percent
\$20,000 or more	23 percent
no answer	3 percent

You're a well-educated bunch. Twenty-two percent are in school now or are attending school on and off; so they haven't yet reached their highest degree level. Formal education completed:

some high school	½ percent
high school grad	2 percent
some college	16 percent
college degree	33 percent
postgraduate degree	48 percent
no answer	½ percent

Only 5 percent of the *Observer* readers answering the questionnaire belong to a labor union. Eight percent have held elective office; 9 percent have held appointive office; and 29 percent regard themselves as political or social organizers, in either a paid or unpaid capacity.

As to occupation, 24 percent of you are teachers; 20 percent are students; 10 percent are attorneys. The rest of you run the gamut from dishwashers to oil producers. Lumping you into various categories, we came up with these figures:

Media people (writers, photographers, reporters, editors, directors, etc.)	5 percent
Clergy, social workers and counsellors	5 percent
General office workers	3 percent
Business "executives" and "administrators" (your terms)	3 percent
People in politics and government bureaucracies and social science researchers	3 percent

May 12, 1972

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Physicians, dentists  
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We also received replies from one or more of the following: horseshoer, U.S. treasury agent, geologist, geophysicist, bibliographer, book publisher, absurdist, rancher, computer technician, bartender, homemaker, one "federal watchdog," one federal revenue and a commercial jet pilot.

**H**ERE'S HOW YOU evaluate  
yourselves politically:

ultra conservative	1 percent
conservative	5 percent
moderate	36 percent
liberal	59 percent
radical	16 percent
republican	7 percent
democrat	34 percent
socialist	13 percent
anarchist	7 percent
communist	2 percent
populist	19 percent
queer minded	10 percent
social misfit	

This adds up to considerably more than 100 percent, but that is because readers were asked to mark as many labels as they felt necessary. Queer minded social misfit, by the way, is a term the *Observer* first heard from former state Sen. Grady Hazlewood. He was referring to student protesters, but it seems like a handy phrase to describe the way many people feel from time to time.

Eighty-eight percent of you always vote, but a little over 50 percent of you have at least partially negative feelings about electoral politics. That's just part of being a left-leader in Texas, we suppose. Ten percent vote sometimes; 1 percent rarely vote; 1 percent didn't answer the question.

How do you feel about electoral politics?

strong faith	6 percent
generally optimistic	34 percent
borderline	19 percent
indifferent	1 percent
in despair	20 percent
ha ha	11 percent

Our list of presidential possibles included some outrageous people. "You're inviting jokes here; your poll will be useless except as a joke," complained one university professor. Obviously some of the names were put in for comic relief, and also because we wanted to get a sounding as to how many readers put whimsy above politics a year before the general election. After all, presidential elections are pretty outrageous. At any rate, the poll was never intended for academic purposes.

Simply by oversight, we neglected to include Shirley Chisholm in the list of candidates. She did quite well on her own, however, with 64 write-ins, most spelling her name correctly. We didn't know Patsy Mink was going to run when we put her on the list. She only got eight votes. Spiro Agnew, Ben Barnes and Herbert Hoover got zero first choice votes. Howard Hughes

got five votes (that was before the biography business). Frank Sharp received two votes; George Wallace, 6; Peter Fonda, 11.

**I**F A READER checked more than one candidate but indicated a first choice, only the first choice was counted. Otherwise all choices were counted.

George McGovern	23 percent
Ramsey Clark	16 percent
Edmund Muskie	14 percent
Ralph Nader	13 percent
Frisolous, despairing or no answer	11 percent
Fred Harris	7 percent
John Lindsay	7 percent
Eugene McCarthy	7 percent
Richard Nixon	7 percent
Ted Kennedy	6 percent
Harold Hughes	5 percent
John Connally	5 percent
Henry Jackson	4 percent
Shirley Chisholm (write in)	3 percent
Hubert Humphrey	2 percent
Angela Davis	1 percent

Write-ins other than Shirley Chisholm received 8 percent of the total vote. They included Sen. Charles Percy, Julian Bond, John Gardner, Lady Bird Johnson, Bella Abzug, Ralph Yarborough, Frances Farenthold, Barry Goldwater, Page Keeton, Benjamin Spock, John Kenneth Galbraith, John Kerry and about 140 others.

The answers that specifically were for advertising purposes were not compiled. Still, one of the most enjoyable aspects of reading the surveys was to find out what was consumed "in sufficiently obscene quantity to impress an advertiser." The answers included guitar picks, ice cream, sex, Dr Pepper and baby food, motorcycles, BC pills, books, cheese, fishing equipment, gasoline, pornography, golf balls, Kitty Litter and natural foods. One liberal-radical housewife answered plaintively, "I just read and sleep a lot."

We also discovered that many, many of you drink, more than a few of you dope and a whole lot of you ought to stop smoking.

In a future issue, we'll go into your comments concerning the *Observer*. K.N.

### THIS ISSUE...

was printed almost a week before the primary election, but it will reach most subscribers after the May 6 showdown. The *Observer's* post-primary coverage comes in a fortnight.

The American military once had a different style in acknowledging strategic setbacks. The Pentagon has been engaging in its now-customary obfuscation in the face of the latest North Vietnamese attacks. But in 1942, after the Japanese had taken over most of Burma, Gen. Joseph W. (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell, American adviser to the Chinese government, analyzed the situation as follows: "I claim we took a hell of a beating."



WHO was Bascom Giles and why was he in prison?  
 WHAT did Ben Jack Cage do before he fled to Brazil?  
 WHEN did Billie Sol sell all that fertilizer?  
 WHERE was the "stolen" Democratic Convention of '56?  
 WHY did the farm workers strike?

HOW CAN I FIND OUT?

# NOW AN INDEX

To All This and More!

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- ◆ The index is an author and subject record of the articles from its beginning in 1954.
- ◆ The index was compiled by Susan Reid, A.B., M.S. and Frances Cushing, A.B., M.L.S., professional librarians.
- ◆ The index uses subject headings as established by the Library of Congress.
- ◆ *THE TEXAS OBSERVER* is available on microfilm from the Microfilming Corporation of America. Bound volumes and individual issues or photocopies of articles may be obtained from The Texas Observer.

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# IN REVIEW



## A way of knowing

A Way of Knowing, Nolan Porterfield, Harper's Magazine Press, 312 pages, \$7.50.

This is about the most above average book I've ever read. It's interesting. It manages to keep you interested for 300 pages. There's not a lot of ugly clumsy shit in the book; there're not any cheap gifts to the wounded middle-class psyche. That's considerable in a world with Mario Puzo, Paul Simon and *Time* magazine.

The jacket says it's "serio-comic." Does that mean something? It didn't seem (I confess) serio-comic to me. What else does the jacket say? Let me see. Says "a heart-stopping drama of the forces of light versus the forces of darkness." False. "A profound depiction of the joys and terrors of a soul in transition." Pass. "A masterful rendering of a time and a place." That's probably true. What else? Someone has a "zany talent for galloping rhetoric." So did John Brown, where did

it get him? Have you noticed "zany" making a comeback? Especially as a noun, "a zany." Ink eradicator. Another marginal note (has nothing to do with the jacket copy): "snafu," a *Playboy* favorite, making its way into *Newsweek* on a regular basis. Cancel my subscription to the resurrection. Noble Nolan Porterfield despises zany, detests snafu; he writes well. I liked his book. Change tone.

**T**HE STORY runs like this. Grady Haker is a hunchbacked, transient, quote spilling printer, who comes to work with Elliott Randall on Elliott's father's small cotton farm in West Texas.

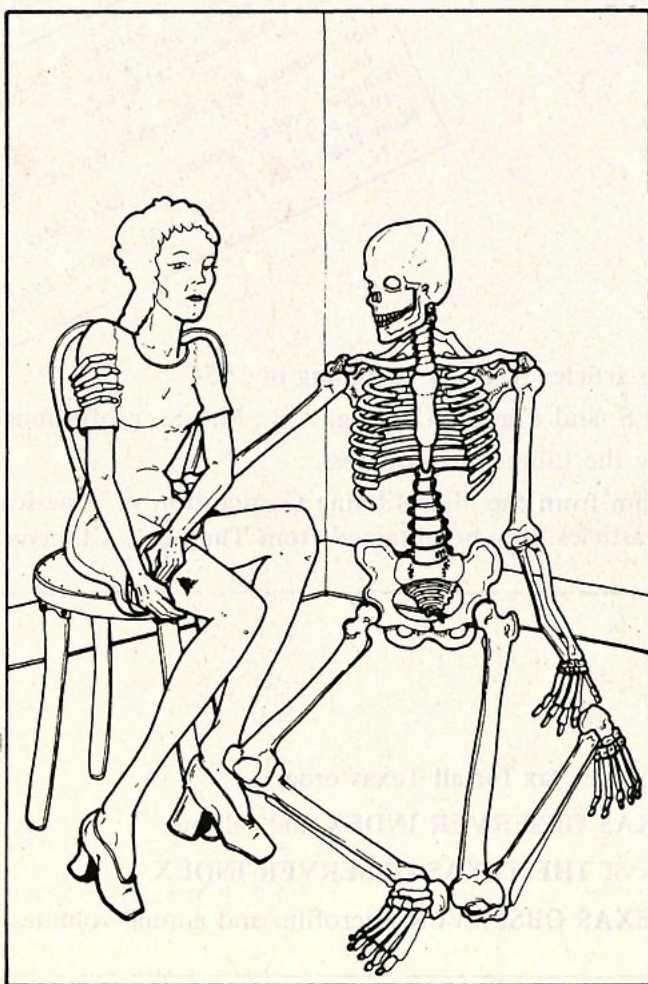
Elliott is a country boy recently back from World War II, a veteran of North Africa and Italy.

He is unhappy, dissatisfied, bored and frustrated with the small time cotton farming life in the desolate West Texas country where he and his parents live. He longs to do big things, go places and see things. This is only part of his problem, though, because more than anything else, Elliott is confused, and wishes for some sort of solution to the ambiguity and emptiness of his life.

Grady enters Elliott's life as a weird kind of man of the world. We're given the impression that Grady's past life has been full of fun, travel and adventure. He talks fast and loose, in a sort of intellectual jive which he himself doesn't always claim to understand. Often, it really doesn't make much sense. Grady is calm and accepting, few things bother him, and few things move him. He talks freely and often obliquely. He's portrayed as wise.

The two men work together and gradually become close friends, although there is always a certain distance from Grady's side.

**E**VENTUALLY they get involved with T. J. Teed, a local boy on the make, who is starting a string band. Grady, who plays guitar, is a sometime member of the group, and although T.J. doesn't like him, he tolerates Grady because of his usefulness. T.J. is big, stupid and cruel, and doesn't know his limitations because



Drawing by Mayo Thompson



he hasn't been out of the general area of Lamar, Tex., in all his life, except to go to war.

T.J. especially doesn't like Elliott, we're not sure exactly why, except perhaps that Elliott has taken on some of Grady's ways, mostly that of "talkin' fancy." Where it's tolerable in Grady because he's an outsider and hunch-backed and weird, it's intolerable in Elliott because he and T.J. are so similar in origins.

Grady and Elliott spend a lot of time talking. Later, after an argument, Grady quits the Randall farm and moves into town. The string band advances minorly, playing some honky-tonks and getting a weekly show on the new radio station in Lamar. Sometimes Grady plays with them and sometimes he doesn't. Meanwhile Elliott stays home and mopes around. One day Elliott, still worried about his "What am I doing here?" problem, heads into town to talk to Grady, meets him, and they go up to his room. Before Elliott gets to ask him about what he wants to know, T.J.'s brother comes to get them to help him get T.J. out of a club in the black section where he's, predictably, making himself obnoxious.

They get T.J. out of the club and into his car, roaring drunk, and head back for their own car. T.J. is driving around madly by this time, roars by them and circles back. On his second pass, intending to hit Elliott, he hits Grady instead, and kills him. T.J. gets off on a DWI, and Grady's death is certified as an "unavoidable accident." Elliott goes back to the farm, unable to deal with it all, and T.J. continues on his rocket to fame.

At this point is a long final section in which Elliott buys a lot of books and brings them home and locks himself away. There are a lot of jumbled quotes and notes from the books, gathered together with flashes of Elliott's thoughts and Grady's remembered conversation. An apparent solution to Elliott's problem comes in after all this heavy thought in the form of

All I know is that I do not know what may be contained in the next second of time and point of space. The past is all there is.

and

... they knew there is within them a force and strength that is its own answer, because it has to be.

Then, after a lot of elaborate preparations, Elliott goes to town, and in a very ritualistic manner, kills T.J. End of story.

**T**HAT DOESN'T sound like a novel I'd like to read either, but surprisingly enough, it's good. Porterfield writes well, and he's a great deal better than a lot of the competition. He uses the language effectively and carefully, and his

effects, while not always wildly difficult, usually work very well — he's paced himself well. In the sections where there is a lot of stream of consciousness, this doesn't always hold true, there being something of a tacked-on quality to the elaborate metaphysical search which Elliott is involved in — in these sections you sometimes get the feeling, Here are a lot of words. This is because, I think, the search itself does not hold its proper position in the book — instead of being either only a minor irritation to the character or a devastating series of questions without answers, it is a little of both, sometimes it's the driving force, sometimes it's not; sometimes it looks as if it might be about to be made clear, sometimes it's just so much garbled prose. Perhaps it is only because Elliott's "problem" is never very clearly represented — not only does he not understand his trouble, we don't either. Granted, ambiguity is part of the problem but it's supposed to be Elliott's problem, not the author's. So that, reading the novel you find yourself wondering, Just what is bothering Elliott? He's obviously screwed up; what's the trouble? What does he want?

The other problem in the novel concerns Grady. He is a little bit of a cliché as a character — the ugly but lovable crazy who is ironically the voice of sanity and wisdom in the world of the book. He is so obviously a character the author intended you to like, that you begin to hate him instead. This little obstacle can be overcome by an act of will, though, and Grady does have all sorts of admirable qualities to help you, not the least of which is an awesome serenity. Porterfield wisely uses Elliott as the central character, so that Grady doesn't have to compete with other madmen in recent fiction who hold down books of their own (like Sebastian Dangerfield in *The Ginger Man* or Gnospos Pappadopoulos in *Been Down So Long*).

*A Way of Knowing* is a hard book to review because it is so much better than a lot of the work that is published and raved up on around and about, that you don't want to criticize it at all. The prose is smooth, quick and easily competent, and the scenes are emotionally effective. Porterfield's novel is remarkable simply for the quality of the writing — he writes extremely well. Death to his enemies. S.B.

## Reading and your health

By Michael Anderson

SPACE CITY!  
MOCKINGBIRD  
PACIFICA RADIO GUIDE

Houston

There I am driving down the street. In my Cadillac. At Montrose I am sold SPACE CITY! At Shepherd, another. At West Alabama, Taft, Sul Ross, Yoakum,



Kirby Drive. At Morgan and Fairview, Richmond and Dunlavy; at Town & Country Shopping Village. At week's end: 36 identical issues. Hawked into submission — an easy laid-back countercultural experience.

At home I remind myself: "Now don't expect too much. Don't go imposin' a lot of criteria—"

SPACE CITY! The issue of March 9-15: On the cover is a phallus, the Westbury water tower. Revolutionary markings in the picture: "SHOOT NARKS NOT DOPE." An impulsive beginning. The phallus, incidentally, needs its head examined. It looks swollen.

The inside cover: Victoria Smith takes out her Irony Stick. Bam! Right away I'm deeply involved. Bill Elliot is scandalously elongating San Felipe Road. Forty thousand dollars are involved. Other strangenesses too: free dirt, straight bayous, bridges over untroubled ground. Graft is involved. Victoria waves her stick. Wham! It's styrofoam.

Louie Welch is implicated next page. Again. I've seen this movie — he's seen this movie. I'm asking my errant self: Is this news? What was expected — of Elliot? of Welch? Why do we need to constantly remind ourselves of the criminals in government? Are we in danger of forgetting?

More follows. Donna Staley for Pacifica Radio thrown from a passing convention at which Preston Smith was to speak. Preston has it in for Donna.

Ed Goodman, withholder of the Tombs tapes — martyr of the month.

Ripoff a version of the ITT story. They bought their way out, you know. Here it is digested. Who is the greater fool: they



for being cheaters, liars, thieves and bad guys; or we for imagining it otherwise?

Page six sports a section headed: *News*. Twenty line trifles. A new bullet, bombing, army spies. No *News* is news. Still . . . all small favors. A moment's rest.

Facing page. The restaurant is called "Hobbit Hole." A full page of natural propaganda. Intense pressure is being brought to bear upon us ordinary folks to Eat Right! A psychic pistol barrel repeatedly whapping the backs of the necks of meat-eaters. Eat what you want, please. And don't want what you want because you're supposed to want it. At levels of consequence all things (read: foods), are equally natural. Apples as natural as killing.

Jamie Yeager writes intelligently and with reasonable grace. On page eight he throws gently down on Peter Weiss's play, *Discourse/Vietnam*. My perhaps immoderate interest falters when the

History of the Theatre is rolled — nay, trundled — out. *D/V* is, Yeager concludes, not to be dismissed. A good play for the actors to rehearse. Not a bad play. Okay, if you like plays.

A pullout! Isn't that a modern and effective gesture. The center of this newspaper is printed sideways and backwards. Short reviews of music, theater, movies. Things that are



apparently going on. This page for the sedate, intelligent, perceptive, individual highrider of the counterculture who just happens to be, in his or her off moments, a regular old thrill-crazed consumer. Of course we have here on this page only dynamite countercultural thrills—

Platter Chatter. Give a guy a break.

Alex Stern writes this amusing sentence: "[Lisa] Minnelli may be no expert, but she is flawless." A student of the paradox. He also writes a good bitch: "Elizabeth Taylor has become an almost impossible slut, and her acting technique is no firmer than it ever was." You missed a bet there, Alex, tits. He goes on: "Still, she's dynamite — coarse and vulgar and ludicrous, really, but powerful."

In a dynamite swash of method writing, the young Mr. Stern tears away at the sham and confusion of modern cinema in a flawless explication of the infirm Elizabeth Taylor. His powerful technique is sluttish — coarse and vulgar and ludicrous, really, but effective — although he may be no expert.

More culture . . . really. *The Last Picture Show*, a charming little movie, is puffed wildly. Another theater review. Culture culture culture. A column of heavy thunder about some knocked-off art. Even a page of "unclassified" ads — get it?

I'm finished. No rush, no quiet feeling of pride. The back cover is covered with groovy mod comix — give a guy another break.

\* \* \*

Out in the street. A *SPACE CITY!* splinter organization has pushed out *MOCKINGBIRD*. A newspaper. Not unlike its parent. A page on yeast infections in the private parts of women seems good. Many countercultural women no longer scratch. In another issue a survey of Pill types and contents by name of brand seems good. Many countercultural women learn to avoid

unwanted hair. Side effects. Corrective medication. The paper leans at technical information of the Whole Earth sort. How to get by. This tack may be less adventurous, but its failure is less offensive. Accordingly, *MOCKINGBIRD* viewed by this eye as more successful on account of how it's less pretentious, overbearing, pressurized and evil. The soul, however, gets drunk with disinterest.

\* \* \*

*Radio Guide* is published by Pacifica Radio. To tell us what it is doing. But the *Guide* goes only to subscribers. The politics of exclusion. The Playboy Club. Last time out they sent two copies to each subscriber so that each could "turn a friend on." That's called a "marketing concept." Next they'll need a jingle: "A Country Club of the Mind."

In neon. April is the month of my *Radio Guide*. The cover is gray, a brilliant choice. Mirrors the fare. We begin the book with pleas and excuses. Fuckups everywhere. A report on the party (the third birthday), and the guests. Clublove. Turn the page — surprise! — Ed Goodman. Liberty Hall takes a full page ad for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Back patting. Crossword puzzle. More ads: Deep Purple, Honest Threads. Free Radio. Benjamin Teague Overwhelmed Interestingly. A list of records. Two entirely gratuitous pages of graphic organza, of wavy lines from the pen of — *Lyn Butler!* Ads. Pacifica T-shirts. J. C. Penney radio. Highlights of the programming by a graduate of the Famous Writer's Scrawl. En route to the Columbia School of Broadcasting.

Chicks and dudes, chicks and dudes.

Funny old photographs.

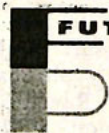
The programming itself: Mandy in the Morning. Mandy in the Afternoon. All the Tired Minds. Life of Riley. On Earf. Black Token. Classical Whimsy. The American Woman in History (invented the elephant). Host Judy Chicago was formerly a little bit of a late and colorful minimalist sculptor named Judy Gerowitz out of L.A. and very hostile I understand. Can a lady Really Be Raped? Can a woman? One Thousand Very Cute Titles. The station is apparently a bore. *Radio Guide* is 90 percent pad. A consumer's item so that the subscriber will feel sure he is different from "them." Programmed peculiarity. A wad of hype.

\* \* \*

News is all around us; we live it. These named publications, like most, are uninteresting because they select out of the news we live, the news which reinforces their predilection. In this case, self-pity. Or self-righteousness. Propaganda. All that we can do is keep our eyes open, buy *The New York Times*, read it, and weep.

14 *The Texas Observer*

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# McGovern's youth

By James Ridgeway

Washington

When George McGovern came home from Europe as a decorated bomber pilot, he turned to radical politics. McGovern was strongly opposed to the cold war doctrines. He supported Henry Wallace in 1948 and actually attended the Progressive Party convention that year as a delegate.

At the time he wrote in a letter to the *Mitchell* (South Dakota) *Daily Republic*, "I take off my hat to this much smeared man who has had the fortitude to take his stand against the powerful forces of fear, militarism, nationalism and greed." He added, "I'm tired of listening to the thoughtless jeers and charges of 'crackpot' and 'Communist' being thrown his way. If someone doesn't come to my rescue soon, I'm going to be forced to vote for the 'crackpot' come next November."

In the end McGovern was disappointed by the manipulations of the Progressive Party convention, by both Communists and non-Communists and he didn't vote at all in the election.

**A**FTER ATTENDING graduate school at Northwestern University, McGovern returned to his home state to teach at Dakota Wesleyan. He was tolerated there, but as a radical. In the summer of 1951 he was arguing for a cease fire in Korea and negotiation of the "Asian crisis." In a letter to the *Mitchell Republic*, he said, "The non-recognition of China and continued warfare against her is driving the Chinese into the arms of Moscow. We have weaned the Communist government of Yugoslavia away from the Soviet orbit by patient and peaceful means, including an aid program. I believe that the same possibility is open in the case of China. Our present policy leaves the Chinese with only one place to turn — Moscow."

The most passionate part of McGovern's early politics is contained in a Ph.D. thesis he wrote at Northwestern in 1953 on the great Colorado coal strikes on 1913-1914. This thesis is now released as a book, *The Coal Field War*. While it represents an obvious political maneuver on the senator's part, it is nonetheless an excellent history from a radical point of view and it provides some clues as to McGovern's own political inclinations.

With the growth of the railroads, Colorado became an important coal mining state, and by 1892 it was ranked eighth in terms of production. While there were three major coal companies, Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. was the largest producing 32 percent of all the coal and employing 5,000 men. The firm originally was formed by John Osgood, who wanted

## Hard Times

to mine coal for use in the manufacture of iron rails for railroads. To stave off a take-over threat from Chicago financiers in 1901, he sought the assistance of George Gould, a New Yorker, and Gould in turn got in the Rockefellers.

Osgood could not stomach these Easterners, and he quit the company altogether. Rockefeller eventually controlled 40 percent of the company's securities and invested \$25 million in the corporation. New Yorkers, either direct Rockefeller business partners or indirectly controlled by the family, dominated the board of directors, 7-6. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was placed in charge of the business, although he never went to Colorado and never inspected the company operations.

**L**IKE MOST other western mining companies CF&I ran an horrid operation. Miners lived in company towns where they paid \$2 a month per room in squalid houses. They bought at company stores, daring not purchase goods elsewhere lest the store manager tell the mine superintendent who would fire the miners. (In the case of CF&I the company store returned a 20 percent profit.)

Wages were not paid in cash but in script which could only be used at the company store. The Colorado legislature banned the use of script, but the companies ignored the law.

The houses in which the miners lived were pigstys. A doctor reported that out of 46 dwellings only eight were habitable. Typhoid fever was rampant throughout the Rockefeller company coal camps. Cess pools overflowed in front of the company stores and poured down the streets.

The coal mines in Colorado were more dangerous than elsewhere in the country. The interiors were not sprinkled with water to keep down the flammable dust. Roofs collapsed routinely. The men could not understand one another for only 30 percent spoke English. Most were immigrants and 27 different languages were spoken in the mines.

The state had mining laws but they were not enforced. Twice as many men died in Colorado mines as in mines in other parts of the country. There was no workmen's compensation, and no lawyer would dare bring a civil damage suit in

behalf of crippled miners or survivors of dead miners for fear of incurring the company's wrath and being placed on the blacklist. The same was true of the judges who refused to send damage suits to juries.

McGovern writes, "The specific grievances of the Colorado miners pertaining to living and working conditions, were, therefore, varied. Taken separately, no one of them was important enough to produce a major strike. Collectively, however, they provided the unrest and the desire for unionism that led to the long and bitter labor war of 1913-1914. The Congressional investigating committee concluded that the miners of Colorado 'worked under conditions that were in existence in scarcely any state except Colorado.' Here was a field of exploitation for mining barons whose law of life was an unchecked, competitive capitalism. In some instances, they acted from benevolent or paternalistic consideration, but, benevolent or otherwise, they were actual rulers of the Rocky Mountain mining kingdom. Maintaining a complete mastery over the social and economic life of the area, they assumed that politicians would be amenable to their wishes. The unholy marriage of mining and politics was the result. It completed the structure of industrial and political despotism that led to the virtual civil war of 1913-1914."

**C**OLORADO became the center of intense class warfare, focused primarily on the battle between the coal operators and the aggressive Western Federation of Miners. The first strikes actually began in the 1880s, and they led to virtual military occupations, with the militia taking over for periods of up to two years. Some union men were deported from the area, others interred in bull pens.

In 1907 the UMW opened a headquarters and increased its activities. By the summer of 1913, Mother Jones had arrived in Trinidad, center of union activity. "I hope there is no war in Trinidad," she declared, "for it will cause suffering, but if the war has to be made that the boys in the mines have their rights — let it come on!"

The skirmishes began in September, 1913, with the UMW's decision to strike. The company brought in armed guards, handed out rifles and ammunition, strung barbed wire barricades. They brought in machine guns and installed them in armored cars called Death Specials. Sporadic fighting broke out between miners and strike breakers. In the first five weeks of the strike there were 18 deaths and 38 skirmishes between strikers and guards.



THE ROCKEFELLERS refused to negotiate with the UMW. The state militia was called out, and, as tension mounted, it became an instrument of the coal operators. On April 20, 1914, troops, yelling war cries, charged the Ludlow tent colony, shooting children, women, burning tents, looting.

This massacre was too much for the union men to take. They rose in great rebellion, organizing into armed bands throughout Colorado, bringing the state to a stage of virtual civil war and open revolution. Still the Rockefellers would not bend. President Wilson sought to persuade them to agree to arbitration, but they refused. Federal troops were sent to Colorado. Wilson proposed a truce plan, which the UMW accepted, but the Rockefellers and other coal operators disdained. In the end the strike was broken. The mines continued to produce at full capacity with scab labor; the union was out of money; its leaders were tried and temporarily jailed; membership declined with failure.

It must not be easy for the presidential candidate to issue this thesis as a book. For it is no simple dry history. It is told with great passion. In a way, by publishing the book at this time, he is admitting his own failures, exposing his own vulnerabilities. Now he is a member of Congress, and he must know that the conditions he so passionately portrayed in Colorado in 1913 still exist throughout every part of Appalachia, where men, women and children die every day at places with names like Farmington, and Buffalo Creek, where the coal barons in Houston and New York refuse to pay the money to build the simplest of school systems, and all from the failure of government to govern. □

# Farenthold's mistake

Like the vast majority of Texas' College Students, I firmly believe Sissy Farenthold to be the best candidate in the Democratic race for governor, and I intend to vote for her. Yet, judging from what I have seen of the Farenthold campaign in San Antonio, I think the campaign is destined to fail because it is run according to the wrong premise.

In the Farenthold office on N. St. Mary's Street in San Antonio, they have a map of the county with the precincts colored in that were carried by Ralph Yarborough in 1970. This in itself is ridiculous: Sissy FARENTHOLD IS NOT A CARBON COPY OF RALPH YARBOROUGH, and, theoretically, would have a totally different base of support.

Lloyd Bentsen, who opposed Yarborough, is certainly a different kind of opponent than Smith and Barnes: As one S.A. Farenthold worker put it, "There is a corruption factor in this year's Governor's race." Many persons believe Yarborough to be just as corrupt as Smith and Barnes. And by searching for votes almost totally from Yarborough's people, Farenthold workers are throwing many into the arms of Uvalde rancher Dolph Briscoe.

By working almost totally in the Yarborough precincts, they discount the more affluent, more conservative Democrats who are fed up with Smith and Barnes. This campaign is not one of liberal versus conservative, but of whom can Texans trust.

If Farenthold people are content that Northside San Antonians, and others not in the traditional "liberal" bloc, fall to Briscoe, it's downright ridiculous! By not publicizing greatly the story of Briscoe's Maverick County School District incident (as told in the *Plainview Reporter-News*, 3/2/72) they are saying they could care less if good people vote for a man who may be as corrupt as Smith and Barnes.

If the runoff is between Barnes and Briscoe, and not between Sissy Farenthold and one of them, this premise of the Farenthold campaign will be to blame. . . .

Nick Shuler, 5214 Keystone, San Antonio, Tex. 78229.

## Dialogue

acquiesce to constructive criticism. They just cannot stand the strain. Example: I wrote a letter to my friend and your friend, Dick West, at the *Dallas Morning News*, and said: "If you and the editor of the *Times Herald*, were to break down and tell the truth in your editorials, you both would be borrowing money to operate your papers within 24 months. Nary a word did he utter.

You see what I am alluding to is that, in all of our concerted efforts to do things for the little fellow, it all pales into nonexistence, when it is not in favor of the establishment. . . .

Now, I am breaking down and sending you a few simoleons to pacify your mumbling creditors, for the express purpose of affording me the pleasure of reading all the tripe you publish in your splendidly conglomerated newspaper. I just love your political attitude. I and my wife are Farenthold addicts, knee-deep to a giraffe.

Rugen Franklin Spivey, 1004 North "A" St., Midland, Tex. 79701.

## Illegal endorsement

I am writing in reference to the letter of Mr. Jay Vogelsson in support of candidate [Barefoot] Sanders. Mr. Vogelsson's act of identifying himself as president of the Dallas Legal Services Foundation in that endorsing letter is in direct violation of the OEO Act - see 42 USCA 2943(b) - and could result in the loss of DLS's grant.

As a DLS staff attorney, I can assure you that Vogelsson's actions do not reflect the opinions of the staff of DLS. And, now that the subject has been broached, such actions certainly do not reflect upon the opinions of the staff as regards Sanders.

Vogelsson's letter is an insult.

For obvious reasons I choose to remain anonymous.

## Kudos & simoleons

For 53 years I have fought singlehanded the corruption in government, in business, in politics. All I have to show for my efforts is a reputation for being *against* something or other.

I have longed for some worthy brother in the fourth-estate, to publish a paper in the Capitol City of our beloved Texas. It was, and is, foolish to expect the newspapers of the establishment, to

## Slimmer pickin's

The facts of the no-fault case are as the *Observer* (March 17) and many other investigators have reported: it will cut down on insurance expenses. And the proof lies in the howls of those who will be hurt, our lawyers who will lose all those easy pickings!

Ray Heinrich, Box 3498, Baytown, Tex. 77520.