

OBSERVER

*A Journal of Free Voices
A Window to the South
July 25, 1975*

50¢

A salute to The Dallas Morning News

Austin

In the past, when the *Observer* has chosen to award one of its Joe Pulitzer Salutes to a worthy Texas newspaper, the salutation has been touched off by a particular, outstandingly awful issue of the paper in question. This Joe Pulitzer Salute is offered in a different spirit. It is the result of five years of reading *The Dallas Morning News*. Every single day, folks.

Five years of close association with any institution, unless it is something like Hitler's SS, will give one a proprietary feeling about it. It's rather like making an ill-advised marriage with an antipathetic spouse: you can always get a divorce, but you've still got five years of your life invested in the relationship. Willy-nilly, you come to develop an affection for the thing — not because you like it, but simply because you know it so well.

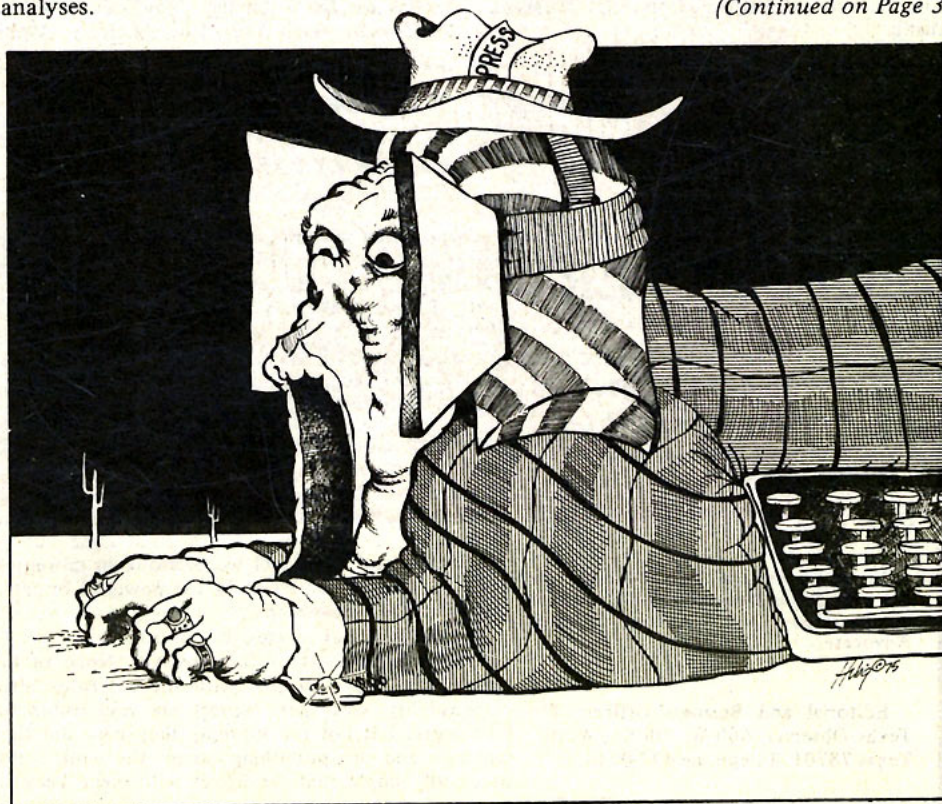
We have come to take an almost maternal pride in the *News*' slivers of excellence. We positively beam upon Earl Golz, a fine investigative reporter. We rejoice when Dave McNeely comes up with a hard-ass, putting-it-all-together piece on a situation we've all been aware of for some time, but have only seen covered in bits and pieces. We think Carolyn Barta has Dallas politics taped. Sam Kinch, Jr., and Stewart Davis not infrequently come out as the toughest mother-lovers covering the state capitol. And, as the *News*' own house ads would remind us, the paper does carry "Funky Winkerbeam" on its comics page.

But, folks, that's the DMN a journalism review would describe to you, noting here a good reporter, there a fine series, an inch of progress, a pinch of change, and drumming up a lot of unfounded hope that creature will come to resemble *The New York Times* in about six months.

OUR DMN is the old DMN. A DMN uninfected by transitory gleams of journalistic excellence. She's a cantankerous, unapologetic, un-reformed, gen-yew-wine retrograde, reactionary, shove-it-up-your-hmm-hmm newspaper, she is, indeed. If she has a tragic aspect, it's that her own best reporters don't appreciate her properly. They tend to think of her as bound by mere boosterism, crippled by small-mindedness, and such like run-of-the-mill, tiddly-wink, diddly-squat, middle-class considerations. Pouf, we say. A pox upon such shallow analyses.

The Dallas Morning News STANDS for something. That what she stands for hasn't a tittle nor a jottle's worth of redeeming social value is beside the point. There she stands. Like Hyman Rickover, Strom Thurmond, Richard J. Daley — bad, in every sense of the word. Not just wrong — wrong, a mere piffle — but stubbornly, proudly, defiantly wrong. Wrong with class.

She combines this splendid wrongness with — if you can imagine such a thing — splendid mediocrity. Some of the most mediocre mediocrity you could ever envision. The most meat-headed, shallow,
(Continued on Page 3)



The coming fortnight

By Suzanne Shelton

JULY GRAB BAG

CULTURAL EXCHANGE - Fort Worth Art Museum's ongoing exhibition features artists from Dallas-Fort Worth and San Francisco-Oakland areas, painting, performing filmmaking, and musicmaking; continuing with panel of artists illustrating and discussing their work, 8:30 p.m., July 27; free new dance performance by Christina Patosky, who's studied with avant-gardist Robert Wilson and poses in arabesque wearing her cowgirl boots, 9 p.m., July 30; golf performance by San Francisco artist Howard Fried with simultaneous videotape of same, Aug. 3; "Night Spot" concert by Robert Ashley, co-director of Center of Contemporary Music at Mills College, Oakland, 8 p.m. Aug. 6; Art Museum, Fort Worth.

TOP-DRAWER DESIGNERS - Texas Designer-Craftsmen Award show for 1975 features pottery, fibre, and jewelry by such artists as Dorothy Croninger of Dallas, Jean Lama of San Marcos, Jan Harrell from Houston, Frances Taylor of Denton, and James Watral from Commerce; Laguna Gloria Art Museum, Austin.



Dick Frank

KING RANCH - Photographic documentary of South Texas King Ranch during 1930s and 1940s; through Sept. 7, Star of the Republic Museum, Washington-on-the-Brazos.

CINEMADNESS - Alley Theatre continues its super film series, with week of "Stage and Cinema" including Bette Davis at her bitchy best in "The Little Foxes," July 26-27; week of "Art Deco and the Cinema," with Carole Lombard in '30s screwball comedy, "Twentieth Century," July 29-30; Garbo lounging in an Art Deco apartment in "Ninotchka," July 30-Aug. 1; Bertolucci's "The Conformist," Aug. 2-3; week of "Love and the Cinema" with Houston premiere of Michael Drach's highly-touted "Les Violins du Bal," starring Cannes award-winner Marie-Josée Nat, Aug. 5-6; Academy Award

winning Czech film, "Closely Watched Trains," Aug. 7-8; Rita Hayworth slithering and putting-the-blame-on-Mame in "Gilda," Aug. 9-10; and don't miss the schlock series of Friday films, "Schlock" monster satire, July 25; Gypsy Rose Lee-inspired "Lady of Burlesque," Aug. 1; and Carl Dreyer's "Vampyr," Aug. 8; Alley Theatre, Houston.

GALLIC GRAPHICS - "Three Centuries of French Posters" exhibition features works by Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, others, in historical survey compiled by French Cultural Service; through Aug. 15, Institute for the Arts, Rice University, Houston.

MAKE MINE MODERN - One of your humdrum exhibits, but not bad for seeing likes of Duchamp, Matisse, Piet Mondrian, Rauschenberg, Rothko, in "Modern Paintings 1900 to the Present," through Sept. 14; Museum of Fine Arts, Houston.

JULY 24

GREAT GUITAR - Jose Feliciano visits Hall in Houston, 8:30 p.m., also at Arm World Headquarters in Austin, July 25.

JULY 27

THEATRE, AL FRESCO - A week of musical theatre under the stars, with, you get it, "1776" featuring a local cast (pass the spray); through Aug. 3, Zilker Park Hall Theatre, Austin.

JULY 29

SOUNDS ODD - That All-American two Tony Randall and Jack Klugman, star in "Odd Couple" with Dallas Summer Musical through Aug. 3, Music Hall, Fair Park, Dallas.

JULY 30

COOL DUDE - Jazzman Lionel Hampton visits La Bastille, 716 Franklin, Houston, through Aug. 2.

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THE TEXAS OBSERVER

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Ronnie Dugger, Publisher
A window to the South
A journal of free voices

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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 humankind 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.

The editor has exclusive control over the editorial policies and contents of the Observer. None of the other people who are associated with the enterprise shares this responsibility with her. Writers are responsible for their own work, but not for anything they have not themselves written, and in publishing them the editor does not necessarily imply that she agrees with them, because this is a journal of free voices.

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The News . . .

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unctuous, sanctimonious, vapid, ludicrous, knee-jerk prose ever printed in all seriousness by a major metropolitan daily.

We are trying to tell you that *The Dallas Morning News* is OUTSTANDING. Honestly, people, there is a dimension of magnificence in the badness of this newspaper.

We would have given this Pulitzer salute years ago but for one vexatious problem: we could not decide who our favorite DMN writer is. It developed into a match-race early on. Robert E. Baskin (Senior Political Analyst) v. Jeanne Prejean (Society Editor). What a contest. Racing one another stride for peerless stride, sentence for sentence to set ever-new records for sheer insanity in their respective fields. No sooner had we given the palm to Baskin for his immortal defense of imperialism than Prejean snatched it away again with her deathless analysis of the last debutante season. Neck and neck, down to the wire, after five years of breathless reading, we declare it a DEAD HEAT!

You think we're exaggerating, don't you? We suspect that part of Prejean's problem is her subject — Dallas Society — which she has the misfortune to take seriously. Larry McMurry once observed of Dallas, "Its upper class has never been able to decide whether it should imitate Parisians or New Yorkers, and this indecision has resulted in a mixture of styles that makes rich Dallasites about the most awkward and socially laughable of all the often-laughable American rich."

Here's a Prejean story from 1973:

It started with the arrival of a small, burlap sack. Inside the sack were typical, farmy type things. Hay. Bits of alfalfa. And an invitation.

If you're quick on clues, you've guessed it was an invitation for a country dinner dance honoring Debby Hay. The hoedown took place Friday night at Brook Hollow [Golf Club]. A pretty glamorous farmyard!

The attire was informal. No blue jeans. Hostess skirts and a couple of blue denims with sequins. The guests did have to do some work though. Instead of having one simple buffet line to plough through, they had three choices.

In one room, "Beef'n'Biscuits," black-eyed peas and slices of roast beef in biscuits were being served.

In the second room, "Fish'n'Chicks," it was fishy treats and chicken delights. In a third room, "The Goody Cupboard," were the marvels of desserts. . . .

After chow time, the dancing began. The foot-stompingest tune played was "Delta Dawn."

So what else do you expect to find at a

country dinner dance? Pigs, cows, and a chick-chick here, a chick-chick there.

The pigs couldn't make it. Prior engagements. The cows couldn't get away from the dairy. But there were a lot of cute chicks and roosters around the Hay barnyard. . . .

Among the "roosters" listed by Prejean on that occasion was Jess Hay, Democratic national committeeman, host of the Brook Hollow barn dance, and close friend of Dolph Briscoe's. Prejean noted that Hay "sure can boogie."

Here's one from February, 1974:

There were a thousand people in the audience — and about that many on stage. That was the Junior League's "Stars'n'Bars" Friday and Saturday night at the Fairmont. It was the most patriotic thing seen since the Declaration of Independence!

Old Glory was there too. She (on loan from the Republic Bank) covered one of the walls. Once inside, guests squeezed between tables . . . to find the Fourth of July, makings of Betsy Ross and the whole patriotic scene from the huge red, white, and blue balls hanging from the ceiling to the Uncle Sam top hats filled with white mums on red, white, and blue tablecloths.

But you ain't heard nothing yet!

Also on the night's program were "All-American Girl," "I'm Your Uncle Sam," "Mother Country," and "Yankee Doodle Gal," which led into a finale with all the cast in "America."

Standing ovation, natch!

Yup, it was patriotism at its very best!

Try this one:

ZAP! BANG! CRASH! SMASH!

Gez Whiz, it was Phil Jonsson's ball Friday night at the Brook Hollow art gallery for daughter Chris.

With pop art in mind, pop Phil went to the craft-folks at Bill Reed's and said, "Brush up on your art and get to it!"

Which they did! Holy soup cans, Batman! Every detail was thought of, including the Brook Hollow bottleneck which was zonked out by a screen that flashed pictures of the deb season (brings back memories).

Or this, possibly our all-time favorite Prejean story:

With military honor guards, flag presentations, and uniforms of every armed services, the 11th annual military ball's big news was classified "top secret."

The rumor mills of Dallas and Washington had been churning for months about the deputy secretary of defense, Bill Clements, and national Republican committeewoman, Rita Bass. The ball hardly seemed the place for the climax to the social intrigue and the twosome's

wedding announcement. . . . While the men were unaware of the evening's news concerning the nuptials, their feminine partners knew all the strategy. . . .

The doors opened. Eyes focused on a lovely brunette in red sherbet gown covered with sequins. Was this Rita Bass?

"No, but I do know what you all want to know," Mrs. Earl E. Anderson confided to the social soldiers. "I understand it's definitely going to be next week in Washington. I can't wait for them to arrive. . . ."

In the meantime, with all the ribbons, medals, bow ties, crisp starched white shirts, gold cummerbunds [sic], the suspense was growing.

Would the evening be over without a single shot, or rather, sight of the mysterious couple?

Heads turned toward the door. Who was it?

Adm. James L. Holloway III, chief of naval operations, and Mrs. Holloway entered. Immediately J. B. Crowder, on spotting the smiling twosome, approached and spontaneous conversation resulted. . . .

As 20 bells approached, the guests were still waiting for the Clements-Bass appearance. While an honor guard was lining up outside the suite, a woman in long beige, pleated gown, wearing a double strand of pearls around her neck and holding a fur stole in one hand was being guided by an executive type in tuxedo.

Mrs. Bass, I presume?

Yes, it was.

Is next weekend going to be very important to you and Mr. Clements?

The ruffled escort upon hearing his name, altered their course, and said, "Sorry, we have no comment."

In the meantime, she smiled and replied, "Yes."

A military secret out!

AND HOW, you may ask! (Prejean's style is infectious) could Baskin, a mere Senior Political Analyst, compare to these gushing wonders, these rotomontades of piffery, these caricatures of inanity? Well, Baskin's style is radically different. Like Queen Vicky, he is Not Amused. In fact, he thinks the country's on the high road to hell. He is somber, gloomy, stern, disgusted. The last 40 years have not met with his approval. He sees liberal cabals, leftist advances, and pinko victories on all fronts. We generally read him to cheer ourselves up. Whenever we think we're being routed by fascism, we read Baskin and find that, to the contrary, us liberals are victoriously gnawing away the pillars of Free Enterprise.

Baskin's fans cherish his greatest moments. One was the epic occasion on

which he took up the cudgels in defense of imperialism — he felt it had been overly abused by com-symp. Then there was the time he announced that the entire Eastern Coast was covered with a darkling forest. This was, he felt, the explanation for Easterners' morbid gloom *in re* the future, as opposed to the healthy boosterism of Texans, under our wide-open skies. Baskin, who is personally an affable fellow with whom we have done time on more than one jouncing press bus, spent many a year in D.C. as head of the *News'* Washington bureau. Like many of his colleagues, he spent a considerable amount of time learning about national affairs from a comfy niche at the Press Club. While it was an excellent education in many ways, it left him unprepared for some latter-day developments. Poor Baskin could never understand why Nixon, that staunch anti-communist, got along so well with Lennie Brezhnev.

Watergate found Baskin defending the indefensible with vigor, but in that instance one could only sympathize with him. He went out on a limb for what he considered an honorable purpose and his man sawed the branch off — not Baskin's fault. Though, as always with Baskin, it was not so much what he said as how he said it. Rather than considering what was (increasingly) known against Nixon and his men as time went on, and then deciding that it didn't matter or wasn't conclusive, Baskin concentrated on attacking "the shrill, hysterical liberals" who were waging "a propaganda campaign" in, no less, the high style of "Dr. Joseph Goebbels of Adolph Hitler's Nazi regime." He was so rank that he himself reported one day, with rare good humor, that one of his non-fans was putting out bumperstickers that read, "Impeach Nixon — Hang Baskin." His stand on Vietnam was similar. He seemed to care not so much about the rights or wrongs of our involvement in Vietnam and the honor, integrity, intelligence, and cleanliness of those who opposed it.

The trouble is not Baskin's opinions — to those he is entitled and welcome to argue as effectively as he is able — it is his monotonous, ungenerous imputation of evil motives to those who disagree with him. Take a column of March of this year, "Kennedy Meddling Exceeding Bounds." Baskin was infuriated by the fact that Sen. Edward Kennedy had been in communication with the government of Hanoi in an effort to gain information about Americans missing in action as a result of the late unpleasantness. Kennedy didn't come up with anything, but that is hardly Kennedy's fault. Baskin disapproved of the entire endeavor on the grounds that Kennedy had no authorization to "negotiate" with the North Vietnamese. To be sure, he does not, but he a U.S. senator, his name does carry particular clout because it is Kennedy, and if there is

any remote hope that he might gain information on MIA's where official channels have failed, he should be encouraged to do so, no?

The Kennedy column is but one example of an often-noticeable meanness about Baskin's writing. He seldom, if ever, adopts the line that while liberals may be well-intentioned, they are misguided for the following reasons. . . . In Baskin's world, liberals are ever engaged in plots, scenarios, manipulations, destruction, tearing down. Two of his favorite recent themes are The Awful Power of the Liberal Democratic Caucus in Congress (he is uncomfortable by its inability to override Ford's vetoes) and The Plot to Ruin the FBI and the CIA. "Tear them down, the liberals are saying," Baskin wrote on July 9 in a column concerning the effort "to destroy the FBI and the CIA through congressional hearings and the merciless attacks of the Eastern press."

Almost every Baskin column provokes futile hypothetical responses to the man, but true Baskin *aficionados* simply wait for the days on which he wigs out entirely. Remember Elmo Zumwalt, the Navy chief who sent out "Z-grams," putting an end to Mickey Mouse regulations about hair length and other nit-picks? Baskin had this to say about that:

Sometimes we wonder if such people as Bull Halsey, George Patton, and Chesty Puller exist any longer. . . . They were men who spoke their minds, who led aggressively, and enjoyed the respect and admiration of those who served under them, even though that service was hard and often deadly.

We have had some new breeds of military commanders emerge in the last few years, and perhaps they are the symbols of our time. We think in particular of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, who has just retired as chief of naval operations and who instigated changes in the Navy that have given the shudders to old chief petty officers and those who revere the traditions of the Navy. Discipline in the Navy suffered severely during his tenure, and it is fortunate that he has left the scene.

There now exists in all the services a movement for democratization of them, allowing men to wear any kind of strange hair-do they please, to denounce their commanding officers and their unit, to participate in non-military and political activities to the detriment of the armed services.

The Constitution, as well as Admiral Zumwalt, had some say in the above-mentioned matters, but Baskin on a good day is never given pause, much less stopped by the Constitution.

Here's our man proposing a Good Idea: *Sometimes we wonder if it would not be a good idea for President Ford to mount up on a great big white horse and ride into*

the House of Representatives and tell the assembled members to go home.

Of course, this strikes at the heart of parliamentary government . . . but there might be a large body of the citizenry that would cheer him on.

WITH GREAT reluctance, we move on.

Two writers do not a newspaper make. It is not really fair to pick on the writing in a paper's sports pages, sportswriters being notorious for their liberties with the language, but just for the fun of it we present a classic DMN sports lede of last January:

There are, as the Baylor Bears learned Wednesday afternoon in the Cotton Bowl, certain inalienable precepts in the Book of Dreams. One being that they've all gotta end sooner or later.

Only the Big Sleep last forever.

On a more serious level, for those who take sports seriously, the DMN's sports section's sexist bias was more than usually noticeable on July 5. As other big city dailies around the state (*The Dallas Times Herald*, *Corpus Caller-Times*, *Houston Post*, *Houston Chronicle*, *Austin American-Statesman*) put Billie Jean King's last Wimbledon championship on the front pages of their sports sections (in some cases with a small blurb about same on page one), the DMN managed to relegate the win to an inconspicuous story on the second page of the sports section, with no photos. By most folks standards, including those of the national news magazines that week, the win ranked as a major sports story.

That's a relatively minor nit-pick, as are almost all of the specific examples of the DMN's skewed view of the world, unless you take them for what they are also are — examples of general trends in the paper to be found over and over, day in, day out, year in, year out. Here's another. On June 5 of this year the DMN ran a story in its news section by Jeffry St. John of the Copley News Service headlined, "The Eastern Media Cabal: War on the Conservatives." St. John goes on at some length concerning the "eastern media establishment's apparent full-scale campaign to discredit conservatives who are organizing competing media." It's interesting to find a St. John piece in the news section, with nary a "News Analysis" bug in sight, since St. John is a columnist, a self-proclaimed "right-wing radical," whose dippy theories about media conspiracies have been a staple at journalism conventions for years.

If the old DMN, our DMN, has a soul and voice, it lives and it speaks on the editorial page. It is fashionable these days to pay no attention to editorial pages, on the assumption that only other editorial writers do. But the DMN's peculiar, patented brand of bile, fire, and self-evident mush-mouthedness cannot be

passed over. Take a look at this little goody, from Feb. 8, headlined "Food Facts":

Mean ol' Center for Science in the Public Interest - it want to take baby's food away from baby. Mean ol' men say mashed table food just as good as baby food; say baby food companies gypping mommy by selling her things she no need. Mean ol' congressmen, too, want big ol' U.S. government to make companies list ingredients by percentage on label. Goo. And double goo.

This editorial concerns the fact that several studies, including those by the institution named, show that prepared baby foods contain more salt than is good for babies, more sugar than is good for babies, and monosodium glutamate, which isn't good for anyone.

March 12 brought another example of the DMN's sensitivity, this one in a rare "upper" - an editorial about something of which the *News* approved. The subject was the Channelview school district's decision to name a new junior high school in honor of Mrs. Alice Johnson, 63, who for 18 years had worked as a cleaning woman at Crockett Jr. High in Channelview. The *News* noted approvingly Mrs. Johnson's services to the school children, not merely as a cleaning woman, but also as a counselor, friend, and teacher's aide. "You see," the *News* noted, "Alice broadened her job. Cleanliness is a virtue, but to cleanliness she added new dimensions, and not only is beloved but invaluable." What else would the *News* call a 63-year-old cleaning woman except Alice?

The most infamous and overtly racist series of editorials in the DMN in recent years have been Dick West's admiring accounts of the court conducted by his friend, the now-retired Justice of the Peace Bill Richberg of Oak Cliff. The editorials had a standardized format: some black (usually described as "colored") complainant would appear before Richberg, generally requesting a peace bond. Richberg would get the details of the complainant's welfare payments and family life (always a mess), and then launch a tirade about the "filthy adulterous conduct" of "you lovers and loafers." The testimony of the complainants was printed in dialect.

While one cannot question the conservatism of the *News*' editorial stances, one can frequently question their good sense. When H. L. Hunt, the right-wing Dallas oil billionaire, died in 1974, no less a conservative than William F. Buckley, Jr., felt impelled to reiterate some thoughts he had written earlier on Hunt, "Mr. Hunt has done his share among capitalists he has known to give capitalism a bad name, not, goodness knows, by frenzies of extravagance, but by his eccentric bigotry and his appallingly bad manners." The *News*, undeterred by the

above-mentioned qualities of the late Mr. Hunt, produced a laudatory editorial which closed by remarking, "hopefully this nation will always have such men of courage - doers and risk-takers - to pursue that dream, to the benefit of the country and the world."

Dick West, editorial director of the DMN, is the personification of the DMN's peculiar voice. West on almost any day can make Baskin on a good day sound like Pollyanna Sunshine. It is West who is apparently responsible for the editorial page's habit of almost invariably preceding the word liberal with the adjectives "shrill, hysterical." We can think of no two words that better describe West's writing. Here is West on the subject of anti-war demonstrators of the 60's:

Hippies, yippies, so-called peace lovers and just plain scum. . . . These "doves" were anything except singers of sweet little ditties greeting the early morning sun. They blocked bridges, smashed windshields, assaulted police, tossed home-made grenades, plugged the toilets, cursed and defiled the flag. Some even disrobed completely and slit their skins with razor blades to gain sympathy for their cause and themselves, though they got little for either. . . . allegedly a protest against "American imperialism" and the "slaughter of the innocents" in Vietnam. . . . where are these young people today. . . . Apparently, to them, murder and imperialism are legitimate, if committed in behalf of communism; if committed in behalf of freedom and against communism - no.

Here is West in a recent column entitled "Can we Afford the Environmentalists?"

There's no way the little man, his paycheck already consumed by inflation and taxes, can afford the unrealistic and expensive zeal of the environmentalists. . . . Environmentalists bombarded Congress in 1970 and 1972 with demands that something be done and done now. The legislation passed set certain standards and deadlines for reducing noise, cleaning creeks and forcing automobile makers to design a car which exhales fewer impurities, even if it has a hard time making it from one stop sign to another.

Let's get with it, cried the environmentalists, we can afford it! But the price of a new 1974 car, depending on the make, went up between \$350 and \$500. Sales fell off two million, thousands are in the breadline in Detroit and the air smells about like it did. . . . Except for [the environmentalists], we would soon be getting that oil [from Alaska] we now are forced to beg at enormous prices from the Middle East.

As with Baskin, one is forced to conclude that if West would just stick to

making logical arguments for the conservative position instead of zinging into the ozone about what a crew of very devils all liberals are, he wouldn't be so frequently wrong. Take a great statement like, "John Connally's chances of a fair jury in Washington are about the same as Golda Meir would have in Cairo." West literally assumed that poor, black people could not and would not be fair to Connally. The concept of civil debate, while it occasionally raises its head on the DMN editorial page, is usually sadly lacking.

William Murchison, another DMN editorialist, had a revealing response to the recent revelations about "massive, widespread, illegal domestic spying" by the CIA, not to mention assassination plots, secretly administered doses of LSD, and other fun stuff. "Will Seymour M. Hersh and the *New York Times* kindly knock it off?" Murchison wrote. Will Hersh knock it off?

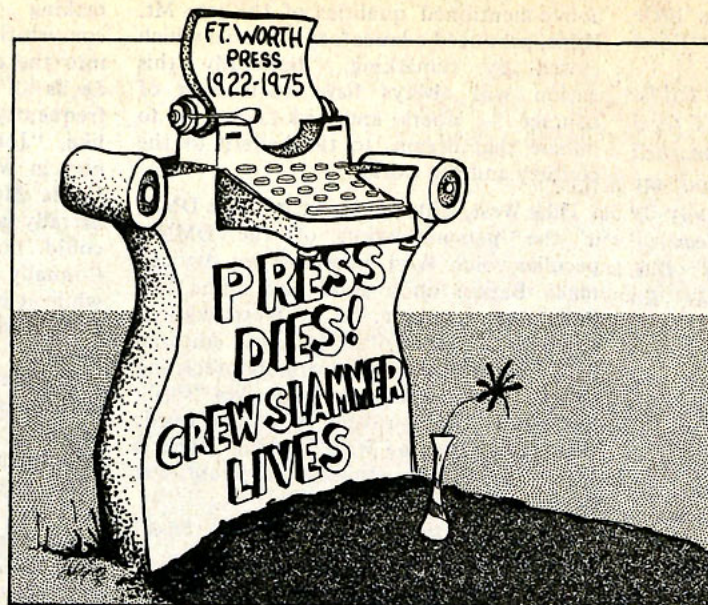
On the local front, the DMN can be counted on to support the Dallas Establishment and its political manifestations on each and every issue. The paper has had some notorious sacred cows over the years, chief among them former Dallas County Judge Lew Sterrett. Sterrett was never a pacific politician (see *Obs.*, Dec. 25, 1970), and in his later years he not infrequently approached gaga-dom in his public performances. The *News*' farewell salute to Sterrett on Dec. 28, 1974, made no reference to any of the judge's many, many political brawls. Instead, one could garner from the editorial that for 50 years Dallas County had been served by St. Lew the Good, with never a cross word spoken.

The *News*' also notorious boosterism not infrequently leads it into peculiar lapses in logic. In the course of praising the University of Dallas this year, the *News* saw fit to remark, "Throughout its 20-year history, UD - in whose shadow Cowboy Stadium sits - has affirmed and sought to teach the great truths of Western civilization. You will find the names of Plato, St. Paul and Milton invoked there more often than the names of Freud and Sartre."

Those who love it fear for the *News* these days. Dick West and Baskin are getting along in years. Mike Kingston, one of the younger editorial writers, shows alarming tendencies toward reasonableness (very sound on prisons and probation, of all things) and Murchison, while dim, is rather sweet. Can it be that this great spirit will be snuffed out? Rises there no new champion to pillory the "shrill, hysterical liberals" in tones that would shame a fishwife? To stand four-square for nuking the Chinks, blasting welfare, re-upping the death penalty, and warning us of the doom in detente, Creeping Socialism, and porno?

Ah well, only the Big Sleep lasts forever.

M.I.



On May 30, the Scripps-Howard chain announced it was closing down the Fort Worth Press, a 53-year-old tabloid that had known better days. The paper's plant and subscription list have been sold to Dean Singleton, publisher of the Azle News, for an estimated \$500,000. Singleton said he would revive the paper as an eight-column, totally non-union morning publication "of conservative leanings. Maybe a little more conservative than the Star-Telegram." So the Press, may live, but in a different incarnation. The Observer commissioned two of its contributing editors, both graduates of the Press sports desk, to do a little reminiscing about how it was during the olden, if not so golden days on the old Fort Worth Press.

By Gary Cartwright

Austin

Crew Slammer never existed, but pretend you don't know that for a moment.

He was a sportswriter that we made up in the late fifties, when I worked for the late, lamented *Fort Worth Press*, a newspaper that died years after rigor mortis had set in. Crew Slammer got to cover all kinds of top events — the World Series, the sailing of the Queen Elizabeth, the madcap adventures of Charles Starkweather, major breakthroughs in drugs, but he never got out of our grips, and his stories got only as far as the *Press*' bulletin board, where they were understood by few.

We damn near got Crew Slammer elected Sports Writer of the Year in a national contest. He was one of four in the national finals when someone in Dallas, I think it was Bill Rives of the *Morning News*, blew the whistle on us, a transgression I can never forgive. I mean Crew Slammer was *real*. He was real as anything else around there.

ONLY AN illusory newspaper like the *Press* could support an illusory sportswriter named Crew Slammer. Hell, the *Press*, if we're speaking of the institution, didn't even know he worked there. He didn't cost a penny, not that he was particularly worth it. He was only worth it to a few of us, who would have gone crazy without the redeeming spirit of Crew Slammer, the World's Greatest Sportswriter.

The *Press* was a fantasy from its conception, thank God. There was no way the *Press* could compete with the *Star-Telegram*, the flavorless, limpid, sanctimonious sheet published in those days by old Amon Carter Sr. The *Star-Telegram* had elevators and air conditioning and image and legions of prissy, high-minded reporters with adequate expense accounts.

So the *Press* created its own little world, in tabloid form. It was supposed to be easy to read, and in fact it was, though not

for any reason ever dreamed up by its makers. Crew Slammer made the *Press* what it was.

C. L. Douglas, a hearty Texas historian who wore a beret and dined on canned green peas, which he ate with a toothpick, modeled the tabloid after the old New York *Graphic*. Douglas, Delbert Willis, Walter Humphrey, and the other editors of my memory went big for crime, natural violence, and tear jerking, the staples of journalistic commerce.

There were some classic headlines.

DON'T LET THE STATE BURY MY BOY, DISTRAUGHT FATHER WEEPS. The canned goods, used clothes and nickels came pouring in. Weather was a good grabber. **KILLER STORM RIPS THROUGH CITY.** The city would turn out to be Maplecackle, Vt.

Delbert Willis, the crippled city editor whose dream (finally accomplished in 1966) was to find the Jap who blew off his leg, was addicted to first person accounts of dramatic events, such as the man who got his leg caught in a machine that converted animal bones to fertilizer. Dick Growald, an ingenious reporter who went on to become one of the top hands at UPI, got an exclusive on-the-scene interview with the victim by grabbing a plasma bottle and pretending to be part of the emergency team. I don't know what else happened in the world that day, but I remember the banner story in the *Press*.

I HELD THE PLASMA BOTTLE THAT FED LIFE TO THE MAN CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF THE IRON MONSTER.

What was so silly was how the *Press* could lock onto a story like that yet miss the point of simple sensationalism. I think it was Growald who perfected the sensational obit, which Delbert destroyed on the spot. Most obits would have read:

"FORT WORTH, TEX. (Lincoln's Birthday) — M. Jesse Fullerman, 87, of 1857 McGruder St., died today. Services will be held. . . ."

Growald started his short-lived story: "Four score and seven years ago. . . ."

Vintage Bud Shrake leads would begin: "Uncle Billy Chambers smacked his gums and said, 'Let me get my fiddle, I'll play it for you.'"

Writers like Shrake, Dan Jenkins, Blackie Sherrod, and a few others — and editors like Mary Crutcher and Mack Williams — were the reason the *Press* was a great buy in the fifties. There were some fine reporters, too, guys like Harold Williams who could develop fascinating details about scantily-clad housewives and carhops who chewed gum while being raped by six-foot-eight black monsters.

Before I worked at the *Press*, I worked at the *Star-Telegram*, so I appreciated the *Press* more than most. The *Press* paid slightly better than the *Star-Telegram*, and the *Press* let you go, so long as your trip didn't cost anything and was over by the next deadline. There wasn't time to do much, but there was time to have fun learning what a newspaper does, and doesn't do, and how to improve your own attitude.

A WEEK after the *Press* folded, I saw Dan Jenkins at Joe Garcia's Mexican Grub Joint, where the Arlington Heights baseball team was enjoying a splash in Joe's new Las Vegas — style patio pool. We marveled how Fort Worth had changed, and how funny it had always been, and what the *Press* meant to each of us. Jenkins, who is probably the best sportswriters in the country, told me:

"I guess what I remember about the *Press* is, it was great journalistic training. You learned more there in a few months than you could learn in four years of college. We bitched about it a lot — we didn't know what we were learning."

There's not all that much in putting out a newspaper, except for the businessmen who open and shut them — such as the faceless Scripps-Howard people who hustled into town with their briefcases, then holed up at the Hilton while Delbert Willis preformed the actual *coup de grace*. They are the ones who don't understand newspapers. It is a pitiful way to run a business, the way they run it. The really pitiful part is they never dared try it any other way.

To do less than "let sleeping dogs lie" (to borrow one of the late Walter Humphries favorite homilies) would offend substantial clients, such as Marvin Leonard, who owned the largest department store in town. All things considered, Marvin wanted to advertise his cheap products in the cheapest paper in town. All things considered. But the *Press* better not stir up big things.

The *Press* prided itself in talking about "the people," but the people who showed up in print were the poor clown who got his heart cut out at some Jacksboro Highway honkytonk or drowned with his nose in a can of beans at a family outing.

The *Press* exposed the Ku Klux Klan to its readers years after that fine organization was apparent to even the most negligent reporter, and it championed Alcoholics Anonymous and changed its mind twice on issues like horse racing for the masses.

There was a painful contrast between the reality of what got in the paper, and the non-reality of what did not. The *Press* went in for style, not substance.

The *Star-Telegram* devoted itself to oil, ranching, varmint control, weather, stock market reports, and wars, branching out into government contracts (good news!) as demand for war was regularly adhered to. In other words, editors controlled editorial content, on advice of publishers. The *Press*' tragic mistake was, it was no different. It was just the *Star-Telegram*, except with golden wedding anniversaries and spelling bees and Jack Gordon Theater Parties and advice from Scripps-Howard's in-house cure-all, Molly Mayfield. The *Press* truly believed that what the people wanted to read were crossword puzzles.

The *Press* was all right for awhile, until it started believing what it read, which was less and less.

When I heard the *Press* had died I mourned, as I might mourn the death of an old uncle whose name I could barely recall, except to remember he carried me on his shoulders once, and smelled like gin and sweat and old motor oil. Mostly, I was sad for Crew Slammer. For his spirit. I'll bet anything his ghost will haunt Fifth and Jones St. for years. Then he'll be turned into a parking garage.

COPS EAT KIDS' PET

By Bud Shrake

Austin
I never saw the books, but I never doubted that *The Fort Worth Press* was on the down side of broke. They told us that every day. You had to turn in an old stub to get a new pencil. Sometimes you would go to the back for more copy paper to write stories on, and find stacks of it cut in the shape of pennants, reject stuff. But if you rolled the paper into the typewriter with the pointy side up, it taught you to write a quick, crisp Scripps-Howard style first paragraph, preferably no more than four short words, like, "'Help!' cried the Queen." The pyramid idea of how to write a news story, punching it at the top and broadening it as you went on down, became for us as much of an obligation as a device.

But those things made us search for glamor in the dirt and outright stinginess of the place, and we worked to produce stories that were in their own class great — by that I mean news stories that were ingenious and diligent pieces of reporting, with a fair amount of accuracy under the conditions, and feature stories that betrayed bizarre imaginations. Even stories that were dull and ordinary, except to the victims, like traffic fatalities, one could occasionally turn into a front page lead for the street edition with a headline that said BLIND EVANGELIST MOURNS HIT AND RUN BABY.

SOME OF the stories we did could hardly be justified except as tabloid show business. I interviewed a woman who had raised a seven-foot hollyhock and detoured this event into a whole *Press* page of creepy fiction. One Saturday night on the police desk I was called by the night city editor — Mac Williams, bless him, whose notion of the perfect lead would have been "Jesus wept," if you could just cut out one word in there someplace — and told to go out on the North Side and talk a woman out of killing herself. She had phoned up the paper, as do a lot of lonely people, and laid her tale on Mac. For me to go to the North Side meant leaving the police beat open for a couple of hours, and I argued, and I went. Down a dirt road was a little frame house with three junk cars in the yard. I knocked on the door. A dog crashed through the screen and bit a rip in my pants. In those days we wore suits and ties and snapbrim hats on the police beat, so as to pass for detectives, and I kicked that dog about 18 feet through the living room into the kitchen where the dog slammed his head against the refrigerator and commenced howling.

An old man with a shotgun stumbled out of a bedroom and said, "That's the one that wants to kill herself over there, it's not Spot that wants to die." On the couch a woman lay in the heap of gin bottles. I nudged her and asked if she wanted to kill herself. "Betcha goddam ass," she said and went back to sleep. "Nearly ever Satdy night she says that," explained the old man.

I drove to a gas station and phoned Mack and said if the woman killed herself I would hear about it back at the police beat, where as it happened I should have been reporting about a local gangster who had just been blown up with a bomb. Sunday morning I picked up the paper to read my bomb story and saw my by-line with a big headline on it that said I SAVED HER

FROM SURE DEATH.

We were trying to sell newspapers, and there was a theory that was how it was done, although that theory seems not to have proved out in Fort Worth. If there wasn't a tornado we could dress up with a big black front-page headline (never mind that the tornado was in Oklahoma), we would find a banger of a first-person story that was supposed to grab people at the news rack on their way out of the office, the *Press* being an afternoon paper five days a week. Or we would twist a small event into an ejacorama. Like when a policeman ran over a deer in Trinity Park and, not knowing what else to do, brought the carcass down to the station, where the deer was slaughtered and handed out as venison. The policemen didn't know who the deer belonged to, but anyhow it appeared in the *Press* as COPS EAT KID'S PET.

Fort Worth was not a subway audience 20 years ago when the *Press* went tabloid, and Fort Worth still isn't, but the *Press* struggled along as a subway-minded version of the *Star-Telegram*, going after targets like pinball machines and especially flagrantly crooked public officials. The main reason to read the paper was the personalities of its writers — like the Christian counsel dispensing Edith Dean, the amusements columnist and Hollywood junket veteran Jack Gordon, a few of the passing cityside gypsy writers (and photographers, whose pictures were usually dark or crudely retouched by the time they appeared in the paper) like Dick Growald, who now has Merriman Smith's old job as observer of the White House for UPI, and some of the stars of the sports department, foremost of whom have been Pop Boone, Blackie Sherrod, Dan Jenkins, Gary Cartwright and Andy Anderson.

A NUMBER of odd people, including me, did time in that sports department. There was Sick Charlie Modessette, who beat Hodgkins Disease and remembered everybody's batting average and played honkytonk piano and knew last night only as a mystery. Puss Erwin, who had saved up a fortune while working as a postman, got down to the office about 5 a.m. and took off his shirt but not his hat and drank bourbon while with one arthritic finger he poked out enough letters to fill up his bowling column, which drew him an astounding amount of groupies. Puss had a piece of advice for all his friends. He would jab you in the chest with that bent, knobby finger and say, "Give up, son, you ain't ever gonna make it." Jerre Todd, whom we called Spanky the Child Star, would charm his way out of disfavor by doing hook slides and movie star impersonations, but he quit the newspaper business and became a public relations entrepreneur.

(Before he covered the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena one year — a plum assignment — Todd worked for days on several first paragraphs, each of them gorged with puns and similies, to assure himself that however the game turned out, Todd would find glory in that grandest of accomplishments — a flashy, quotable lead, the thing we all wanted each other to admire.)

The real stars of the sports department, though, while I have paid much attention to it, were Blackie Sherrod and Dan Jenkins. Blackie wore his hair long and combed back and was known as being very funny and smooth, as well as being a smart editor and reporter, and he has written what I believe to be consistently the best daily sports column in the country for more than 20 years — a feat that is purely staggering. Dan was also known as being quick with his mouth, and he was a fair hustler on the many golf courses, and his writing took him on to Dallas (where Blackie had moved to the *Times-Herald* and remains there today) and then to New York. Dan now lives in a duplex penthouse with five terraces on Park Avenue, works for *Sports Illustrated* and writes a best-seller novel (*Semi-Tough, Dead Solid Perfect*) every year or two. I have left out Cartwright as a real star of the old sports department of the *Press* — a department where the so-called "New Journalism" was practiced to such an extent that if you had a few extra hours on a story you might turn out something that nobody knew what the hell it was about — only because he didn't stay there long before he followed Sherrod, Jenkins (and me) over to Dallas. There are too many Cartwright stories even to begin telling them, but he has written a novel and a movie and a great many pieces for magazines, and he lives now in Austin, where he is a source of amazement.

For a while, under Blackie, with Jenkins and Cartwright and others, I believe the *Press* had the best sports department in the country, for the writing of the stuff was approached in that period only by the old *New York World-Telegram* (also Scripps-Howard) where Bill Roeder could make a baseball game sound like an essay by Ring Lardner as seen through the eyes of Turgenev.

But that all went. For the last few years the *Press* has been a sad thing to pick up. Occasional flashes, a nifty story by a young writer (that probably shows the touch of Mary Crutcher, a great copy editor and re-write person who worked for the *Press* 40 years), a nice column by Andy Anderson, a vintage Jack Gordon. But so small and skimpy a paper. So uncompetitive. *The Fort Worth Star-Telegram* was picked by (*MORE*), the New York journalism review, as the worst big city daily in the state, a choice that is hard to quarrel with overall, but the *Press* had declined so far it wasn't even competitive about that. □

Fortnight . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

JULY 31

MIDDAY MUSIC — Noon concert by folksinger/guitarist Sam Mendales — for free; Texas Tavern, University of Texas, Austin.

AUGUST 30

IT'S A STARSHIP! — Not to be confused with a bird or plane, Jefferson Starship, with the indomitable Grace Slick and Marty Balin; 8 p.m., Hofheinz Pavilion, Houston, also Aug. 6 in Austin's Municipal Auditorium.

AUGUST 5

HAPPY FIFTH — Armadillo World Headquarters celebrates a birthday with the Charlie Daniels Band, Austin.

KITSCHY MITZI — All-new, full-scale, Vegas-tinged variety with Mitzi Gaynor; through Aug. 10, Fair Park, Dallas.

AUGUST 6


GUITAR VIRTUOSO — Twelve-string slide guitarist Richard Mason in free concert; 8:30 p.m., Texas Tavern, University of Texas, Austin.

AUGUST 7

FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL — Fourth annual Texas Folklife Festival is so crammed full of events, it beggars listing, but here goes: Lebanese belly dancing, Mexican mariachis, Czech choral groups, Chinese artists, German oompah bands, Cajun crawfish races, Belgian bowling, blacksmithing, barbeque, fiddlers, domino tournaments, soul food, watermelon seed spitting contests — and that ain't all; through Aug. 10, Institute of Texan Cultures, San Antonio.

OUTDOOR DOREMI — Austin Civic Chorus blends voices in free concert under the stars; sundown, Zilker Park Hillside Theatre, Austin.

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'Uncommitted' best man in race?

• There's a lot of talk these days about how liberals should organize for next year's presidential primary. The Bentsen folks have it easy, of course. They'll present a Bentsen slate. But what about the libs who want to support Harris or Udall or Sanford or Kennedy or somebody else? What about those who don't want to commit themselves by February, when delegate candidates to the national convention have to file in Texas? If you file as a Harris delegate and Harris drops out of the running before the convention ballot is printed, then you're out in the cold. You can't switch to another candidate or run uncommitted.

Billie Carr, the organizer from Houston, originally was thinking about gathering the various liberal troops under the banner of a favorite son type candidate who would release delegates to vote as they wished at the convention. In fact, Carr discussed that possibility with Ralph Yarborough, but she has since done some further thinking and is now planning an uncommitted slate of like-minded folks. She's organizing a group called "Texans for Somebody Else."

• There will be a meeting in Austin on Sept. 20 to discuss primary tactics. U.S. Rep. Ronald Dellums of California will speak, and Carr is inviting progressive presidential candidates or their representatives to come and be looked over by the assembled libs. She says Jackson, Bentsen, and Wallace are not invited.

Toenails against

• At this point, the 10-year extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act already passed by the U.S. House (see *Obs.*, May 23) seems greased for passage in the Senate but Gov. Dolph Briscoe and Secretary of State Mark White continue to fight Texas' inclusion in the bill tooth and toenail. In June Briscoe fired off a strongly-worded letter to every member of the Senate insisting that the measure is "totally unnecessary" in Texas. Then, in early July, he fired White off to Washington once more for a little personal politicking on the subject. White told senators that the inclusion of some 3,200 Texas governmental units under the act would more than double the workload of the Justice Department's civil rights division and dilute the impact in other southern states where minorities really need help with their voting rights.

• State Rep. Paul Ragsdale of Dallas took strong issue with the governor, calling the state's record of protecting blacks' and browns' voting franchise "dismal." And the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund put out a press release saying that the Texas Legislature's recent passage of what is

Political Intelligence



Secretary White Bob Wieland

probably an unconstitutional legislative redistricting bill was "driving the last nail into the coffin" and assuring that Texas would be brought under the coverage of the federal act.

• Both Texas senators have a tough choice to make on the act. Despite the fact that Briscoe and other heavy Texas supporters are pressuring him to vote against the act, Sen. Lloyd Bentsen would find it awkward to oppose a bill that has done so much to help blacks in the Deep South. It would endanger his presidential stance as a reasonable moderate. Sen. John Tower says he doesn't yet know how he'll vote.

• Opponents' best hope for crippling the Voting Rights Act lies with the U.S. Supreme Court. *The Washington Post* reports that the court has called for reargument of an important voting act case in the fall. Some of the justices apparently question the statutory requirement that the covered states submit their election law changes to the Justice Department or a special federal court in D.C. Justice Lewis F. Powell has called this requirement "a serious intrusion, incompatible with the basic structure of our system, for federal authorities to compel a state to submit its legislation for advance review."

• Remember "Duckgate," that spiffy little stink six months ago (see *Obs.*, Jan. 17) in which it turned out that the

president of the University of Texas at the Permian Basin had lied under oath about state funds being used to build a duck pond and a golf course on the campus? Well, you'll be unsurprised to hear that one of the two chief whistle-blowers in that affair has just been canned from UTPB. The school's president ad interim, Dr. V. R. Cardozier, who replaced B. H. Amstead, the duck-pond builder, has fired Dr. C. R. Thompson, veep in charge of business affairs, who spilled the chili on Amstead.

Thompson, along with H. W. Hise, a retired Marine Corps general who was serving as deputy director of development at UTPB until Amstead fired him, told both the press and the legislature about Amstead's oddities, including his unsuccessful effort to populate the UTPB campus with peacocks (which get et by the coyotes, of course). After a six-month grace period, Cardozier "reassigned" Thompson to full-time teaching and abolished his administrative post giving no reason for the action. Hise, who now serves as assistant to the dean of science and engineering, said he has not received official word, but expects to be dropped from the payroll after Aug. 31.

Meanwhile, Amstead, the duck and peacock man, is safely ensconced in a UT System administrative post in Austin. The moral is: he who works for UT and tattles on his duck-ponding superiors will soon join ranks of unemployed.

Viva Sheriff Jim

• One of the more piquant grass-roots campaigns around the state these days is the "Support Sheriff Jim" effort down around LaGrange. "Sheriff Jim" is Big Jim Flournoy of Fayette County, sheriff for the past 29 years and currently the defendant in a \$3 million lawsuit brought by Marvin Zindler of Houston television fame. Zindler alleges that Flournoy, who is six-six and 60-some-odd years old, beat him up and denied him his civil rights.

Zindler was chiefly responsible for the closing of the Chicken Ranch, LaGrange's famous and favorite whorehouse. Zindler did a series on the well-known house of ill-repute that caused Gov. Dolph Briscoe to finally order the place closed over a year ago. When Zindler returned to LaGrange after the closing ("to gloat," according to one local citizen), he had a run-in with Sheriff Jim and subsequently filed suit. Flournoy put up the first \$1,000 toward his defense himself, but then LaGrangians and Fayetteans stepped in to help. They're selling bumper stickers, posters, and putting on barbecue benefits for Big Jim. One such, in late June, attracted Lt.-Gov.

Bill Hobby, among other luminaries. The sponsors made great efforts to keep it an "Honor Sheriff Jim Day," but the subject of the whorehouse kept creeping out. "Hell," said one supporter, "if everyone in the state who ever visited the Chicken Ranch would just send in a dollar, we'd have a million dollars within a week."

- John Hannah, a Dirty 30ian when he was in the legislature, former Angelina D.A., and currently Common Cause lobbyist, is expected to run for Travis County (Austin) D.A. next year, if incumbent Bob Smith runs for district judge.

- Most of Gov. Dolph Briscoe's line-item appropriations vetoes raised little stink, being generally considered wise pruning of pork-barrelling or at least a relatively inoffensive display of financial cheese-paring prudence. He didn't cut off hungry children or anything tacky like that, and mostly struck bricks-and-mortar appropriations for higher education. But the pathetically small fine-arts lobby in the state was hacked-off in royal fashion. Briscoe cut \$170,546 off the appropriations conference committee's \$581,000 appropriation for the fine arts. Those involved assert that the money cut would have gone largely to bicentennial-oriented productions for small-town and rural areas.

Texans are accustomed to ranking about 49th among the 50 states (as we do in expenditures for the arts) in any "non-essential," i.e., non-"bidness" area of governmental concern, but it is kind of embarrassing to rank behind the Virgin Islands and American Samoa in per capita funding of the arts. Bet a lot of the folks in Pflugerville, Longview, and Alpine would have liked to see some good plays on the American Revolution. Too Bad. But the gov couldn't, of course, have cut appropriations for the Texas Industrial Commission instead.

Buggers

- Texas has no law specifically authorizing wiretaps. Because of the provisions of the 1968 federal wiretapping law that makes the simple possession of certain types of electronic equipment by Texas law enforcement agencies illegal. Yet, the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) has provided over \$900,000 to Texas for equipment that could be used in violation of the law.

Most of the grants have been for "intelligence kits" and "electronic surveillance packages" that feature equipment used ostensibly for legal electronic surveillance — like body bugging undercover agents and tapping phone conversations with one party's consent. But, the equipment can be modified for illegal use and some items, like phone transmitters and miniature microphones,

fit the Justice Department's description of "primarily useful" for illegal wiretapping.

Except for spot audits by the Texas Criminal Justice Division (TCJD), the state agency in charge of administering the grants, the funds have been provided without any safeguards against illegal use. Grant applications do not even require local law enforcement agencies to offer proposed policy guidelines or procedures for use of the equipment.

- The grants, ranging from less than \$1,000 for a "secret agent body bug" (for College Station) to \$15,000 for intelligence kits and video surveillance equipment (for Texarkana), have been made to law enforcement and planning agencies all over the state. The Dallas/Ft. Worth Airport collected more than \$3,000 to equip an intelligence unit with electronic devices. The Texas Department of Public Safety got \$3,700 for two intelligence kits. Other jurisdictions receiving money for electronic surveillance devices include Dallas, Corpus Christi, Brownsville, Killeen, Garland, Waco, Forest Hill (a city of only 8,000), and the Central Texas Council of Government.

- G. W. "Jerry" Clay of the TCJD emphasized that the legal application of the equipment is much broader than the potential illegal use. "You can give a police officer a gun or an automobile and he can use it for illegal purposes," said Clay. "The police know the law and you have to expect them to obey it."

Several equipment manufacturers in Texas have described a pattern of personal cash payments by police officers for devices that would allow the federally purchased equipment to be used for illegal purposes. "There's really no way you can distinguish between legal and illegal equipment," explained one Houston manufacturer. "Anything that can be used for legal bugging can be used for illegal bugging. The only guarantee you have is the integrity of the people using the equipment."

- On June 2, Wayne Woodward, who taught 7th and 8th grade English at La Plata Junior High School in Hereford, was dismissed by the Board of Trustees. Earlier Woodward had been called in by his principal and asked if he were a member of the American Civil Liberties Union. He

BIG JOHN'S BACK

John Connally is once more the dominant political figure in Texas. It is easy enough to outshine Dolph Briscoe, but Connally is getting considerably more ink in the papers these days than Sen. Lloyd Bentsen, declared presidential candidate. On July 31, there'll be a fund-raising testimonial dinner in Connally's honor in Houston billed as a "Salute to John Connally." Shades of yesteryear. The organizers of the dinner read like an honor roll of the Texas Establishment. Former Houston Mayor Louie Welch is the chairman of the event and other helpers include former Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes, former Dallas mayor Erik Jonsson, Fort Worth oilman Perry Bass, GOP chairman Ray Hutchison, etc., etc. The avowed purpose of the dinner is to raise funds to help pay for Connally's speaking engagements around the country — as though Connally could not command healthy honoraria on his own.

Connally, who refused to grant an interview to *The New York Times* after his trial, has been most generous with his time to Texas papers. On June 22, *The Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, devoted large chunks of pages 1, 2, and 6, and all of page 4 to an exclusive interview of Connally. *The San Antonio Express* gave him an entire page in late June. *The Austin American-Statesman* gave him the top of page one on June 22, and *The Dallas Times-Herald* ran Connally interviews on the front page on both June 18 and July 1. He variously says he doesn't want to run, hasn't ruled it out, says he does not have "presidentitis," and is critical of Jerry Ford. Most observers doubt that he would run for the Senate, as he has long disdained the legislative branch. But Ray Hutchison thinks Connally is a definite presidential possibility in 1980. "There's no question in my mind that he'll assert himself at some point in the future for national office," he said. "In 1980 he'll only be 62 or 63 and I think his influence is going to increase between now and then."

Hutchison, who hit the ground running after his recent election to the Republican chairmanship, says John Tower's influence in the state party is dominant, but Hutchison has talked to Connally, who plans to take an active role in the state party. "In the future, we'll see much more participation by John Connally — it's obvious to everyone that the [Texas] party has got to broaden itself."

Connally himself says that he feels he has now survived both physical assassination and political assassination. Since many folks credit Connally's phenomenal popularity in the Sixties to "the silver bullet" that almost killed him in Dallas, perhaps the current reaction is a re-doubling of the same outpouring of sympathy. Even Jeane Dixon predicts that he's going to wield more power in the future.

affirmed that he was and was placed on probation. He did not drop his membership and was then fired.

Woodward has filed suit against the Hereford Independent School District asking for \$40,000 in compensatory damages and \$40,000 in punitive damages on the grounds that he was dismissed for constitutionally impermissible reasons.

Perot sued

- H. Ross Perot's computer company, Electronic Data Systems, Inc., has been selected by the State Bar of Texas to market the state's first prepaid legal service. The Legislature authorized such legal fee insurance earlier this year, stipulating that it should be regulated by the state insurance commission. The Bar's company is called Texas Legal Protection Plan, Inc. Perot thinks that large companies and associations are the best initial market for the plan.

On another front, the former billionaire has been accused in a \$90 million law suit of using fraud, deception, and misrepresentation in bringing about the merger of two ailing Wall Street securities companies. The resulting brokerage house, duPont Walston, Inc., went bankrupt last year, and the court-appointed trustee of the bankrupt company charges that Perot rigged the merger to serve his own interests.

- Four Texas House members voted 100 percent right and 23 voted 100 percent wrong in a record compiled by the Texas Civil Liberties Union. Twelve of Speaker Billy Clayton's committee chairmen were among the 23 who consistently made goose eggs on such issues as prayer in schools, the right of privacy, regulation of hand guns, oral juvenile confessions, decriminalizing homosexuality, reapportionment, and welfare abortions.

The four who voted 100 percent right according to the TCLU are Gonzalo Barrientos of Austin, Anthony Hall of Houston, Ed Harris of Galveston, and Mickey Leland of Houston. The big zeroes are Roy Blake of Nacogdoches, Bennie Bock of New Braunfels, Albert Brown of San Antonio, Bill Clark of Tyler, Nub Donaldson of Gatesville, Tony Dramberger of San Antonio, Michael Ezzell of Snyder, Dick Geiger of Dallas, Joe Hanna of Breckenridge, Al Koriath of San Antonio, Pete Laney of Plainview, Felix McDonald of Edinburg, Ed Mayes of Granbury, Ben Munson of Denison, Lynn Nabers of Brownwood, Jim Nugent of Kerrville, Bill Presnal of Bryan, Don Rains of San Marcos, Calvin Rucker of Cedar Hill, E. L. Short of Tahoka, Tom Uher of Bay City, Tim Von Dohlen of Goliad, and Emmett Whitehead of Rusk.

- The Texas Supreme Court sided with Atty. Gen. John Hill in blocking a \$45 million intrastate telephone rate

increase by Southwestern Bell. Bell lawyers contended that the courts have no power to review the company's rate increase but the Supreme Court answered, "This legal obligation upon the telephone company — that of not exacting exorbitant or unreasonable charges for its services — would be meaningless if there were no judicial redress for its violation." Bell says it will ask for a rehearing in a couple of weeks.

- Strange Coincidence Department: On July 1, *The Houston Post* switched from an eight-column format for news stories to a six-column format for news and nine columns for advertising. On July 1, *The Houston Chronicle* did the same thing. A few months ago on the very same day these two independent and allegedly competitive newspapers raised their daily newsstand prices from 15 to 20 cents. Who says Macy's never talks to Gimbel's?

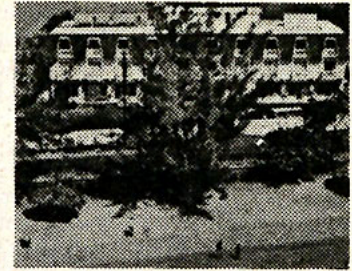
- It ain't exactly a battle of titans, but the sniping between *Austin Sun* Editor Michael Eakin and *Austin Citizen* Editor Wray Weddell is worth the price of both papers. Weddell has a front page column in his Republican bi-weekly in which he regularly welcomes new industries to Austin and waxes fearful over the anti-growth tendencies of Austin's new city council. In the bi-monthly *Sun*, Eakin originally thought the new council heralded a new utopian era for the city, but now he's beginning to think the majority is merely a bunch of lilly-livered liberals because it's going ahead with some road expansion plans. Both men are myopically sanctimonious.

In the most recent *Citizen-Sun* exchange, Weddell refers to Eakin "tearing his plenteous hair because the liberalist council didn't junk in its entirety the Ninth

and Tenth Streets project. . . ." Weddell calls Eakin bellicose and verbose and the voice of the radical left cult. Eakin counters by calling Weddell a "right wing political pundit and council provocateur."

July 25, 1975

11



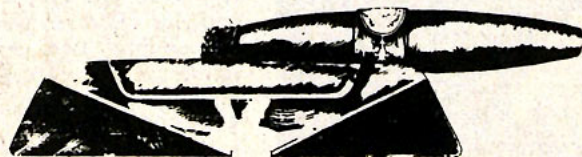
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The amazing trial of Archer Parr

Hebbronville and Austin

The Red Queen, who was capable of believing six impossible things before breakfast, would have felt right at home during the interminable trial of Archer Parr in June and July.

At first, the word was that pedestrians in South Texas had to be especially careful, lest they be run down by the Parr trial, bowling along *en route* after yet another change of venue. It started you see, as a civil suit to remove Parr from his office as county judge, from which he had been suspended pending final action on the suit to remove him.

The suit was brought in San Diego, Duval County, by District Attorney Arnulfo Guerra, on the recommendation of the grand jury, which is presumed to be on the side of Carrillos in the current Parr *v.* Carrillo power struggle in Duval (see *Obs.*, April 25). Guerra requested change of venue to Rio Grande City in Starr County, possibly because of the vast number of Parr supporters in Duval. However, since no



Archer Parr

Bob Wieland

witness may be compelled to travel more than 100 miles to testify in a civil suit, nobody showed up. District Judge O. P. Carrillo, who refused to disqualify himself from the case despite the facts that he is (1) Parr's chief political rival, (2) himself facing impeachment charges by the Legislature, and (3) under indictment for federal income tax evasion, granted a delay so Guerra could get depositions from the witnesses.

However, several witnesses, including Parr, again evaded subpoenas or just failed to show up to give depositions. Guerra then asked for another change of venue to Hebbronville, which is within 100 miles of San Diego. After the trial was moved to Hebbronville, it was discovered that there had been a procedural error in the transfer, so they all trooped back to Rio Grande City for another hearing, at which Carrillo and Guerra managed to follow all the rules. Thence, the trial proceeded once more to Hebbronville.

DURING NONE of these maneuvers did Archer Parr appear at his trial. The laws were out looking for him with a subpoena, but couldn't find him, despite allegations that he had dinner every night at Jerry's Restaurant in San Diego. Parr's attorney, Marvin Foster of San Diego, at one point told Carrillo that his client was incognito, that they'd never find him to bring him to the trial, and, he added, "You can just change his name from the Duke of Duval to the King of the Road." According to our Hebbronville correspondent, word was out around town on the first day of the trial that Parr was actually there. Hebbronville citizens came from far and wide to peer wonderingly at a fellow who turned out to be Spencer "Bones" Pearson, the *Corpus Caller Times'* ace investigative reporter.

Foster made several motions to have Carrillo disqualify himself, to no avail. Our Hebbronville correspondent suggests that it would probably have been extremely difficult to find another judge to take the case. Plaintiffs alleged six grounds for removal of Parr: his conviction on a federal perjury charge, illegal use of county employees and property, failure to comply with his duties as chief budget officer for the county, two charges of conflict of interest, and refusals to account for himself, particularly in relation to the \$400,000 which Parr's late wife accused him of having filched from county funds.

Foster's answer denied all allegations against Parr, asked for Carrillo's disqualification, claimed that the charges did not constitute "official misconduct," and said the suit had been "maliciously brought" as the result of a conspiracy among Carrillo, Guerra, Clinton Manges-the-mysteriousSouthTexasbankerrancher, and Jose F. Nichols, who is not only foreman of the grand jury but also foreman of Manges' ranch.

Foster's basic contention was that under the removal statute, Parr could only be removed for acts committed during his current term of office. This would limit the prosecution's case to the five-month period between his last election Nov. 5, 1974, and



O. P. Carrillo

Bob Wieland

his resignation March 25, 1975, three days after he was suspended. The objection was overruled. Foster also contended that because Parr resigned in March, there was no longer any need to remove him from office. But that argument ignored the fact that 10 minutes after his resignation, Parr was re-appointed by the commissioners court. Foster himself said the reason for the resignation was to render the removal suit moot. Guerra said the resignation was only a tactical subterfuge and Carrillo questioned the validity of the resignation and reappointment because of the lack of a quorum. (Two regular commissioners voted, as did a third whose status is questionable because he was appointed by Parr after Parr himself had been suspended. The two other regular commissioners, Ramiro Carrillo, the judge's brother, and Dan Tobin, who was subsequently named county judge to replace Parr, were not present. Clear?)

All this arguing back and forth and hearing of the witnesses took place in Hebbronville's un-airconditioned courthouse. The heat was so fierce that Carrillo had to call a recess about every hour during the afternoon to give the jurors a chance to wake up. Foster and Guerra frequently wrangled at length with even more heat than the sun provided. On one day there was a delay because the court reporter's wife was sick and undergoing surgery and he had to go to the hospital to check on her (she came through fine). On another occasion, a witness failed to understand Carrillo's instructions and reported to testify more than an hour late. On another day the power failed and the judge had to send everyone home. A truck ran into an automobile parked outside the courthouse one afternoon, and everyone,

including the jurors, rushed to the windows to see whose car had been hit. Carrillo called another recess.

ON JUNE 30, Carrillo had to leave the trial to go to Corpus to get his own federal income tax evasion case postponed. Federal Judge Owen Cox, in granting the continuance, made mention of another of Carrillo's problems, "I can understand," he said, "that you've been otherwise occupied before the Legislature." In fact, Carrillo was before the House select committee on impeachment as a result of a resolution passed by Rep. Terry Canales of Premont, an ally of Parr's. So the suspense was heavy all the way along. Would Parr get ousted for a federal perjury conviction before his judge got tried on federal tax charges? Would the judge get impeached before Parr got booted?

At one point, Carrillo threatened to bring contempt charges against Parr for his no-show for an oral deposition in San Diego. But then Carrillo apparently relented, noting that Parr wouldn't answer any questions even if he could be found. In fact, Parr was guaranteed to put on a performance just like the one Manges-the-mysteriousSouthTexasbanker-rancher put on when he was finally subpoenaed to appear in Austin for the committee's impeachment hearings.

"What is your name?"
"Fifth Amendment."

Also in the midst of the Parr trial, Rosa Carrasco's car was found on Parr's ranch. You will all recall that Ms. Carrasco is the widow (she may be the late widow, no one is sure) of Fred Gomez Carrasco, the drug king who supposedly murdered 40 people before he was put in Huntsville from whence he tried to escape in August, 1974, taking 10 hostages, whom he held for ten days and of whom two were killed along with Carrasco and an accomplice during the final showdown bust-out try. (Whew.) The car was apparently left on Parr's ranch by Robert Forche, who is currently working as an investigator for Arnulfo Guerra. A U.S. marshal claimed that Forche is actually on the payroll of the mysteriousetc., but Forche denied it and the mysteriousetc. could not, as usual, be reached for comment. Forche, a long time law enforcement officer and private investigator, also claims to be an ordained minister: the Carrasco car is now apparently owned by a church with which Forche is connected, or maybe he just is the church. But that's another story. Forche says Parr knew about the Carrasco car being parked on his place and Parr says he didn't.

Also in mid-trial, the mysteriousetc. finally got his driver's license back, despite being stopped twice for speeding violations in the past two weeks. The mysteriousetc., for once available for comment, said the suspension of his license had been the

result of "a bunch of mistakes on everybody's part and a misunderstanding," and said most of his problems were caused by a DPS computer error. Manges has more than 20 speeding violations on his record in recent years and had already been put on probation once and then had his license suspended for violating probation. But that's another story.

MEANWHILE, back at the trial, some interesting stuff was coming out in testimony. Guerra introduced evidence that Parr had approved a 75 percent tax reduction on Manges' huge Duval County Ranch Co. Foster at first objected to the evidence and then said, "If he wants to get Mr. Manges that deep into this case, I'll withdraw my objection." Foster said that since Guerra had brought up a Parr-Manges financial connection, he in turn would show a financial connection between Manges and several Duval officials including Judge Carrillo. "We'll let it all hang out," he said.

Next it turned up that Coastal States, everyone's favorite gas company, and Central Power and Light Co. also got very nice tax breaks when Parr was county judge. Guerra alleged that Parr had received fees from both Coastal and CP&L, in conflict with his duties on the board of equalization.

County Auditor Walter W. Meek gave some idea of the élan with which government business in Duval is conducted. Meek said he paid little attention to the county budget, even when there was one, it being just a "rough estimate" anyway. He added that the way of doing business in Duval was "informal," but not illegal. Meantime, Parr had filed suit in federal court seeking an order to stop his trial and \$94,000 in damages for his ouster as county judge, reminding Duval aficionados of the wonderful series of counter-suits that attended Parr's divorce from his late wife Jody Martin Parr.

On July 3, Carrillo threatened to hold Foster in contempt. "You've been wanting to hold me in contempt of court since we started this trial," snapped Foster.

"Sit down!" said the judge, banging his gavel. "If you interrupt this court one more time, I'm not going to put up with it."

On July 7, Carrillo took under advisement Guerra's motion for an instructed verdict in the case after Parr had once again failed to appear for a deposition hearing. Carrillo said he would not rush to judgment and just wanted to be fair to all parties. On July 9, Carrillo granted the motion for instructed verdict and signed the order permanently removing Parr from office. Foster was scribbling out a notice of appeal even before Carrillo announced his decision. Also on July 9, the House impeachment committee began its deliberations on the case against Carrillo.

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On July 10, the judges of the 5th administrative district asked Carrillo to resign. Their request has no force or authority under law, but had been signed by all the judges in the district and personally delivered.

Meantime, a faint element of sanity had been injected into Duval by a team from the office of Attorney General John Hill. But John Blanton and Herbert Hancock of the a.g.'s office, dispatched to help the grand jury with its investigation of Duval political corruption, were soon suffering from Duvalitis.

"We have reason to believe that some public officials are tampering with the grand jury," they said. "It's become obvious that certain powers are impeding this investigation. Texas Rangers are now conducting an investigation of allegations concerning coercion and bribery of certain grand jury members; and we anticipate we will release the names of persons under investigation in the near future."

As best as the situation can be understood, it seems that the a.g.'s men have developed evidence on over 1,000 cases of illegal doing in Duval, most of them quite minor. They were prepared to present more than 100 cases to the grand jury, trying to go after the big fry. But the grand jury, still headed by double-foreman Nichols, seemed loath to indict Carrillo-related folk, though cheerfully prepared to indict Parrites. Hill himself went to Duval July 8 to help present some of the cases to the grand jury. The normally suave a.g. returned in a semi-serious snit, shaking his head over the

Duval situation. He is not, however, without hope. He told the *Observer* that he thinks the old machine is breaking up a little, that Archer Parr hasn't the clout that his uncle had, and that there are a couple of legal avenues for getting many of the cases transferred out of Duval. Hill has been frustrated in several attempts to get a special state grand jury to investigate the Duval mess - blocked by the D.A.'s association, which gets antsy when it feels threatened. Blanton, while impeccably close-mouthed about the grand jury proceedings, was nevertheless obviously infuriated by some of the jury's actions, or non-actions. Hill laughingly agreed that the least the state can do is pay for a couple of weeks in a rest home for Blanton when he gets through with his current assignment.

M.I. with the assistance of
Rodolfo Gutierrez of Hebbbronville,
a UT law student

Fred Harris' Texas Schedule

Wednesday, July 23, 1975

ARLINGTON

11:30 Reception on campus at the University of Texas at Arlington

DALLAS

1:30 Press Conference, Dallas Press Club

2:45 Address, Texas AFL-CIO Convention, Dallas Convention Center

SAN ANTONIO

5:00 Reception at the Tropicana Hotel. Introduction by Ben Shaw, Bexar County Democratic Chairman.

5:30 Press Conference, Tropicana Hotel

HOUSTON

8:00 Reception at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Melvin Eisner, 3506 North Parkwood (2 blocks south of McGregor St.).

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Power and money in Houston

Mr. Brown of Brown & Root

Here's the second offering in a series of articles on the ties that bind the members of Houston's monied establishment. —Ed.

By Tony Castro

Houston

George Brown is one of the most powerful businessmen in Houston — and the nation — but then he's had a long time to accumulate his wealth and influence. Gov. William P. Hobby, Jesse Jones, and Judge James Elkins were contemporaries of George Brown. Now, a generation later, there's another Hobby, another Elkins, and other Joneses, but the same Brown continues to hold dominion over a massive energy and banking empire.

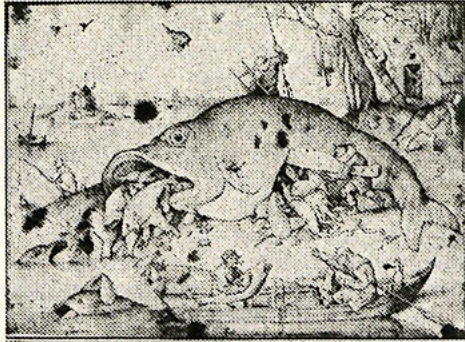
Today Brown's business holdings and interests are probably the most extensive in Houston's monied establishment. Brown is the leading director of the First City Bank Corp. of Texas, the third largest bank holding company in the state and a descendent of First City National Bank, which was organized by his longtime friend, the late Judge Elkins.

BBROWN, of course, is head of Brown & Root, which is an oil and gas production and refining company among other things. He is a major director of Halliburton and Co., which is the holding company that owns Brown & Root and many other oil and gas construction services, including insurance. Brown is also chairman of the executive committee of the Texas Eastern Gas Transmission Corp. Until recently, he was a director of the Louisiana Land and Exploration Corp., an oil producer which also owns oil land. In addition, Brown holds an independent producers certificate, which means he owns or controls oil property.

Thus Brown is a leading official of two major oil and gas construction firms, chairman of the executive committee of one of the nation's largest gas transmission pipeline systems, director of one of the largest bank holding companies in the country, and he has a producer's certificate.

Texas Eastern also owns the La Gloria Oil and Gas Co., an oil producing company. That means a gas pipeline firm has moved into the oil and gas production business. Herbert J. Frensey,

Tony Castro is a reporter for The Houston Post and author of *Chicano Power: The Emergency of Mexican America* (Saturday Review Press, 1974).



president of both Brown & Root and Halliburton, joins Brown on the Texas Eastern Board.

With Brown and Frensey on the First City board are also A. C. Glassell, Jr., a director of the El Paso Natural Gas Co. and formerly a director of the Transcontinental Gas Pipe Line Co.; George F. Kirby, president and chief executive officer of Texas Eastern; H. B. Keck, president of the Superior Oil Co.; and M. A. Wright, chairman and chief executive officer of Exxon Co., U.S.A.

According to records compiled by the U.S. Senate Government Operations Committee, Brown & Root is the sixth largest stockholder of Texas Eastern with 368,042 shares of common stock. Those records show that Brown himself is the largest individual stockholder of Texas Eastern with 350,489 shares.

First City National Bank's trust department is the second largest stockholder of Transcontinental with 966,808 shares of stock, according to the committee's records. Glassell and his children own 211,794 shares of Transcontinental stock. The chairman and chief executive officer of First City is James A. Elkins, Jr., whose father was a founder and senior chairman of First City and the senior partner in the law firm of Vinson, Elkins, Weems, & Searls.

Today, that law firm — now Vinson, Elkins, Searls, Connally & Smith — represents First City and many oil and gas interests, including some of those on the board of the bank holding company. According to Securities and Exchange Commission records, for instance, in 1973 Vinson, Elkins received \$350,467 for legal work done for Halliburton, which has two directors also sitting on the First City board.

Elkins is also a director of Eastern Airlines, a major purchaser of petroleum products, and a director of Cameron Iron Works, an international producer of oil, gas, and power generation equipment and products. Cameron is further interlocked

to First City through two other common directors — Anthony J. Bryan, president of Cameron, and R. H. McCullough, vice president of the J. S. Abercrombie Mineral Co., Inc.

CLEARLY, then, the interests of Brown and Frensey reflect the concentration of diversified oil and gas interests represented on the First City board. That concentration distressed Sen. Adlai E. Stevenson III (D-Ill.), Rep. Les Aspin (D-Wis.), and the Senate Government Operations Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations and Budgeting, Management and Expenditures.

In 1973, Stevenson referred the names of Brown and Frensey to the Justice Department for a review. In November, 1973, Brown resigned as a director of the Louisiana Land and Exploration Corp., the 20th largest oil producing company in the United States, after members of Congress questioned the propriety of his sitting on the boards of two oil companies.

In a letter to the special Senate Subcommittee on Integrated Oil Operations, Brown said, "I do not view L.L.&E. and Texas Eastern as being true competitors in the petroleum industry." Brown asserted that he was resigning his directorship from the Louisiana company "to avoid any misunderstanding of my actions by anyone."

Last year, a Senate Government Operations subcommittee held hearings on corporate disclosure in which the chief

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counsel of that subcommittee publicly referred to the interests held by Brown and Frensey and to the concentration of energy-related interests on the First City board. E. Winslow Turner, the chief counsel, questioned John N. Nassikas, chairman of the Federal Power Commission, about possible conflicts with antitrust laws.

TURNER: "Given those circumstances, may I ask you, do you see any possibility for taking a look at this interlock situation and obtaining some kind of factual study of it? Is this something you might want to look at and see if you could determine whether there are any possible anti-competitive effects from the relationships both with respect to Texas Eastern and with respect to the bancorporation board?"

NASSIKAS: "I would think so. . . . Our staff has conducted a review some time ago of this matter, not only this matter, not an exhaustive review because you mentioned some names there that are new to me."

TURNER: "That is right. I was expanding a little bit. I believe it may have been a rather limited letter that you have which relates to Brown and Frensey *vis-a-vis* Louisiana Land and Exploration, and so forth. But I have expanded this to the First City Bancorporation of Texas. It is just that Mr. Brown and Mr. Frensey who represent Texas Eastern, sit across from Mr. Glassell from El Paso and from Mr. Wright from Exxon at the board table of the First City Bancorporation. I wondered if you might comment on the potential of that?"

NASSIKAS: "I frankly would like to examine it. I don't know whether there is a potential for abuse or whether there isn't. Under our statute, our obligation is to refer matters of this kind if there is or if it appears that there are interlocks that might be proscribed by any antitrust laws it is our duty to refer these matters to Justice."

TURNER: "On the First City Bank board also sits Mr. Glassell from El Paso and El Paso is a direct competitor to Texas Eastern, perhaps not in terms of the line, but at least it is a gas transmission system. So there is an interesting interlock there, is it not?"

NASSIKAS: "It is of great interest to me."

THE CONGRESSIONAL subcommittees and regulatory agencies also have been concerned with the

diversification of some of these energy-related businesses. A case in point is Texas Eastern, of which Brown & Root is the sixth largest stockholder and Brown himself is the largest individual stockholder. According to a Federal Power Commission report on gas pipeline company diversification, Texas Eastern's revenues from sales of natural gas as a percent of total operating revenues have been slowly declining. That indicates a growing interest in the company's diversified operations, possibly in conflict with the public interest related to utility service.

The FPC report pointed out that: "Diversification also raises a question concerning the 'proper' use of internal funds (by gas pipeline companies) derived from gas customer payments. Looking at the problem from an aggregate standpoint, the diversion of some internally-generated funds to nonpipeline business means that the company must raise more pipeline for pipeline investment from outside sources."

The report showed that today Texas Eastern is involved in oil production, petroleum refining and marketing, propane distribution, real estate, and gas production as well as gas transmission service.

According to the report, Texas Eastern's entry into oil through such acquisitions as the La Gloria Oil and Gas Co., is among the "types of diversification most likely to create anticompetitive effects."

It's also interesting to look at the chart of Halliburton subsidiaries and holdings and at the businesses in which it owns stock. According to SEC records, in 1973 Halliburton and its subsidiaries owned 3,000 shares of preferred stock in El Paso Natural Gas, 7,000 shares of convertible preferred in Tenneco, 17,000 shares of Exxon common stock, and 6,000 shares of Hughes Tool common stock. Thus Halliburton has an interest in two companies — El Paso and Tenneco — that are in the same line of gas production and transmission business as Texas Eastern, which has as its key individual stockholder and executive committee chairman George Brown — a major director of Halliburton and chairman of one of Halliburton's largest subsidiaries.

The ties with Exxon are similar. Halliburton has stock interest in Exxon, the largest oil company in the country. At the same time Halliburton has both direct and indirect oil, oil production, refining, and marketing interests in its subsidiaries and through Brown in Texas Eastern.

There are no apparent personnel

interlocks between Halliburton and Hughes Tool, but Halliburton's stock interest in Hughes Tool is worth noting because of the obvious relationship between the two businesses. Halliburton provides specialized services for drilling and production of oil and gas. The company manufactures special subsurface equipment and provides engineering, industrial and marine construction services, with the majority of the services related to the petroleum industry. Hughes Tool develops and manufactures products for use in the drilling industry. Specifically, its principal products are drilling bits used primarily in the oil and gas industry and tool joints used to connect sections of oil and gas well drill pipe.

In its study, the FPC reported that interests in related businesses — such as where one provides a service to the other — can be detrimental to competitiveness and border on antitrust violations. The report said: "If a company which has always been involved only in the pipeline business acquires its principal supplier, an independent producer that formerly sold a large portion of its gas to the acquiring company, the producing company would no longer need to compete with other producers for sales to that pipeline company and to other pipeline companies. Moreover, the other producers would no longer compete for sales in the acquiring company. Part of the market would thus be closed by the acquisition. A similar situation would exist as the result of the acquisition of a gas distribution company by a pipeline."

Although that passage refers specifically to acquisitions, some antitrust experts believe the same anticompetitive effects can be true when a company simply has interests in another company with which it does business. □

Dialogue

Regarding the letter of Mr. W. F. Driskill in the June 20 *Texas Observer*, "Here's an idea," the subject being the registration of violence. Mr. Driskill states that males having in their possession the normal genitalia are potential rapists and it would help if these instruments of violence were registered with the police. He stated we must do something about the availability of these instruments, particularly when one considers the recent surgical advances in the Scandinavian countries. Not being aware of the new surgical advances, would Mr. Driskill please enlighten me and other curious *Texas Observer* readers, for educational purposes only, of the new surgical advances?

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