rule did not allow for that difference. It left no room for a specific disagreement over policy.

The President, with his self-restraint, was almost the direct opposite of the Senator as a type of political figure. But maybe both reflected, in opposite ways, the same mistaken view of politics. That view, unfortunately then all too prevalent in the party with which they were both more or less associated, tended to squeeze out the area in which it was possible just to have disagreements over policy. It made political questions subject to absolute answers.

The Senator was notorious for this: A different position on Far Eastern policy was not just wrong, it was treason; anyone accused of having delayed the decision on the H-bomb had to be a Communist. Opposition to the Senator's activities was subversion; his fight was "the fight for America," which didn't leave opponents much room.

The President's rule tended to suggest a polite form of this same error by erasing the line between policy differences and ultimate personal opposition. Admittedly this line was often hard to locate, but the knowledge that it was there was crucial to democracy. It made possible the continually shifting alignments of those who now agreed, now disagreed within a larger framework of agreement and personal respect. Without it, every political disagreement tended to become complete and personal, which eroded orderly representative government.

Speaking just in general, since I do not deal with specific cases, the moral of this fable is that moral rules have always posed tricky problems. Adopted for worthy motives, they may nevertheless be responsible for evil that good men do. New circumstances call for new actions that the rule doesn't allow for, and too an interpretation of the rule may prevent a higher righteousness.

Sometimes, men being what they are, the motive for following the rule may even change a bit, and self-restraint may become self-effacement. What begins as a restraint against doing what we think we shouldn't do may end as an excuse for not doing what we ought to do.

Texas: Land of Wealth and Fear

II. Texas Democracy—Domestic and Export Models

THEODORE H. WHITE

Haroldson L. Hunt of Dallas, a tall, white-haired, green-eyed man of sixty-five, differs radically from such other Texas political operators as Clint Murchison and Hugh Roy Cullen. While Murchison and Cullen apparently persist in the old-fashioned idea that money talks loudest in politics, Hunt has discovered that there is something more important to politicians, namely the pre-packaging of public opinion to deliver votes en masse when and as necessary.

It is not that Hunt is contemptuous of the simpler uses of money in politics. Like his colleagues, he operates far beyond the boundaries of Texas, not only in his avowed financial support of such national endeavors as the MacArthur-for-President movement, but in individual state campaigns such as those in Maryland ($3,000 for Glenn Beall in 1952), Montana ($3,000 for Zales Ecton), and West Virginia ($2,950 for Chapman Revercomb). And these, of course, like most such public listings, probably represent only a portion of his out-of-state political commitments — Texans believe he was also deeply involved in both the 1950 campaign of Richard Nixon against Helen Gahagan Douglas in California and that of Frank A. Barrett against Joseph C. O'Mahoney in Wyoming in 1952.

Such direct operations are, however, vastly overshadowed by the political power Hunt has packed into the family of radio and TV shows associated with Facts Forum, the nonprofit foundation he supports. Seen at first hand, the headquarters of Facts Forum, on the seventh floor of Dallas's Mercantile Securities Building, close enough to Hunt's own offices in another building to receive personal attention, is not at all imposing. The door is marked only FACTS FORUM—DISPELS APATHY. Behind are no flossy receptionists, anterooms, or appurtenances of power such as adorn Madison Avenue enterprises of one-tenth the influence. Instead one finds a cheery, disorganized series of rooms with books, pamphlets, and magazines stacked helter-skelter on tables, shelves, and cabinets.

The air of bustling optimism is well justified. For Hunt's fascination with the mechanics and engineering of public opinion seems to grow each month as he completes the transition from his fantastically profitable past to the self-given role of elder statesman.

Over this past, as over Hunt's future, rests a cloud of speculation and uncertainty. The first record of his name in Dallas was a casual social note in the Dallas *Morning News* for January 16, 1938, announcing that "Quite the nicest family imaginable has come to Mount Vernon of Dallas to stay . . ." and going on to report that Mr. H. L. Hunt, with wife, four sons, and two daughters had just arrived from Tyler, Texas, to purchase an oversized replica of Mount Vernon in Dallas's most fashionable suburb.

To this day, Dallasites know little more for certain about the tight-lipped, mysterious Hunt than what he has vouchsafed in occasional interviews: that he was born in Vandalia, Illinois, stayed in school long enough to acquire a fifth-grade education, was a wandering ranchhand and lumberjack before settling down on a farm in Arkansas in 1911, entered the oil business around 1920, and in 1931 won his first big stake in the East Texas pool.

About these bare facts, however, there swirls gossip so persistent as to be impossible to ignore. Some-

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time between the acquisition of his farm in 1911 and his entry into the oil business, H. L. Hunt acquired a reputation as a professional gambler known up and down the Mississippi. His first major oil leases were acquired, according to legend, in a poker game.

The late 1920's found him a minor and inconspicuous oil operator in Arkansas and Texas, with no great finds to his credit until the East Texas pool came in in 1930. No one to this day knows precisely how Hunt got "Dad" Joiner's original field away from him, but men who operated in East Texas in those days consider it one of the sharpest bits of business in an industry known for slick dealing.

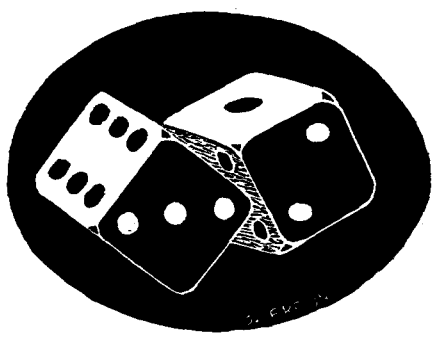
"Dad" Joiner went on to die broke, commemorated only in the name of the town of Joinerville, Texas, and H. L. Hunt went on to acquire one of the greatest fortunes in modern times. During the New and Fair Deal days, Hunt stretched his empire through Texas, Louisana, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Wyoming. Today, with an estimated 300 million barrels of oil reserves, he is bracketed with Sid Richardson as a candidate for billionaire rank.

The growth of his fortune to such dimensions seemed unable to still his persistent gambling instinct. From Tyler he bet on horses around the country and frequently dashed off to Florida to follow the races for months at a time when any winnings must have been made grotesquely unimportant by his oil wealth. Indeed, Hunt's unquenchable delight in the ways of chance persists. It was only last year at a dinner party in Dallas that he pulled out several lists of football games around the country which he had been doping out and offered to bet against anyone at the table on three out of five contests. The odds, someone noted, were stacked 3-2 in favor of the house —the house being one of the half-dozen richest men in the world.

Helping the House Odds

To American politics Hunt seems to have brought the same desire to underwrite his simpler gambles in individual campaigns by newer techniques for improving the house odds. In Facts Forum he has found a way of doing so. The namesake radio program, "Facts Forum," begun in 1951 (see *The Reporter,* February 16, 1954), can now be heard on 246 stations from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. The Facts Forum organization sponsors "Answers for Americans," carried free on 139 ABC radio and 13 TV stations across the nation. To these have been added a TV version of "Facts Forum," carried by 67 stations, a companion show, "State of the Nation" (free time on 131 MBS stations), and, this spring, the nation-wide "Reporters' Roundup" acquired from MBS (free time on 216 stations).

Facts Forum seems to reflect only a part of Mr. Hunt's ambitions in his progress to eminence as a manipulator of opinion. Last year Hunt won an FCC license to operate a com-



mercial TV station in Corpus Christi. Twice this year he has visited New York, held press conferences, and scanned the nation's word capital in search of opportunities. He has tried to acquire control of *Collier's* and *Coronet* and been rebuffed in both cases. He was spurned by NBC this April in his attempt to wring free time from the network for another Facts Forum nation-wide show. Currently, gossip in the word business holds that the undaunted Mr. Hunt is readying a national news magazine for fall publication.

Meanwhile through Facts Forum Hunt commands a national grass-roots organization whose influence almost every Washington Senator has felt in the push behind the Bricker amendment, and whose power any small-town Texas editor can explain by pointing to the flood of Facts Forum-inspired letters supporting Senator McCarthy.

There is a final thing that should be said about Hunt and Facts Forum. They did not create the climate of opinion that they now foster. The ideas they push are the common currency of the men who shape Texas thinking and run Texas politics. Hunt may not have developed these ideas into a system of politics, but he has brought his remarkable gifts for business organization to exporting them across the country as he exports oil and gas. He does it cheaply, too—with $3 million worth of free air time wrung out of the big radio networks. Hunt may be serious when he estimates his annual outlay on Facts Forum at only $20,000.

America has been so long bombarded with concepts, prejudices, and symbols that have been loaded and aimed from emplacements in New York, Washington, and Hollywood that it has difficulty recognizing Dallas, Texas, as a contender in this field. This is unfortunate, because the voices of Facts Forum are recurrent native American voices, tracing their descent from the Know-Nothings of yesterday. These ideas have persisted in the fluid, ever-changing life of America almost as tenaciously as the ideals of American freedom and tolerance. But they have always hitherto been minority voices. What happens when they gain the upper hand in a community is nowhere better demonstrated than in Texas itself, whose governor, Allan Shivers, is a member of the advisory board of Facts Forum and governs the state by the code that he shares with it.

Politics by 'Proper People'

On the surface, Texas politics has a breezy, wide-open appearance. Texans like to boast that their state has no machine and politics is a free-for-all. What they mean by this disclaimer is simply that nobody has ever defined the kind of machine that runs their state. It is true they have no machine in the recognizable Eastern form of patronage, spoils, and bloc-delivered votes.

Texas politics rests, instead, on a a series of autonomous self-winding groups in each community, consisting of the local aristocracy of enterprise and commercial achievement. These close-knit social groups are the respectable people—merchants, lawyers, bankers, publishers, contractors, businessmen, oilmen, and their wives—who run their cities as if the cities were clubs in which they constituted the nominating committees

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and the electorate-at-large the herd. Some of these little oligarchies (as in San Antonio) may at times be as corrupt and crude as Frank Hague's old camarilla in Jersey City; others (as in Dallas) may be distinguished by the most extraordinary civic responsibility and honesty. But their common characteristic is a ruthlessness that arrogates to them sole control of local political life.

The men who direct community affairs are not the Big Rich but the Little Rich. The Big Rich are far more interested in national politics with its ever-present threat to their tax privileges. The Little Rich, swept by their emotions of fear and insecurity, see in every school-board contest, in every independent candidate who repudiates their leadership, the hand of Moscow or of the CIO bent on destroying Texas institutions.

The No. 1 Shivercrat

Upon this loose federation of local "businessmen's machines" rests the power of the present dominant figure of Texas politics, Governor Allan Shivers, a tall, dark man of extraordinary ability and vindictiveness. A lawyer, born poor, Shivers entered politics at twenty-seven from the highly industrialized Port Arthur area, voted pro-labor consistently during his early years in the Texas Senate, and then went on to sponsor the "millionaires' amendment" to limit Federal income taxes to a maximum of twenty-five per cent.

Succeeding to the governorship by death of the incumbent in 1949, Shivers, by the end of his present term (and he is seeking another), will have governed Texas longer than any other man in its history. An intimate of the Big Rich (Shivers is friendly with both Cullen and Hunt) whose contacts with the oil companies are excellent (Humble Oil occasionally puts its executive plane the "Flying Jennie" at his disposal for flights about the state), Shivers nevertheless represents a force basically independent of both the Big Rich and the big oil companies. Made substantially wealthy by his wife's orchard and cattle properties on the Mexican border (among the more consistent employers of wetback labor in the area). Shivers's instinct of government is the generalized instinct of all the men and community groups who form his political base.

Like Thomas E. Dewey, with whom he has been compared, Shivers is an excellent technician at every level of politics. He is slick enough to import high-powered professional talent to help him with radio and TV appearances, has been in control long enough to have filled all of the 116 appointive boards and commissions of Texas with nominees from every stratum of his statewide support, and is adept enough to have swung Texas to the Republicans in 1952 on the tidelands issue and now to prepare for a breach with the Republicans over both the Benson farm program and President Eisenhower's opposition to the Bricker amendment. Unlike Dewey, Shivers does not pretend to a philosophy of growth and development or to an understanding of the great outer world and its problems. While Dewey has flatly opposed outlawing the Communist Party, Shivers, tackling the problem with a sheriff's posse, has advocated the death penalty for Communists.

New Law West of the Pecos

Perhaps no facet of Shivers's government in Texas is more illuminating than that fear of Texas labor which was climaxed this March in the anti-subversion bills before the Texas legislature.

Organized Texas labor has long

constituted both the most conservative and most cowed body of unions in the country. AFL and CIO together count no more than 400,000 members out of 2,651,000 nonagricultural workers on the state's payrolls. As manufacturing has soared nine times in value in fifteen years, industrial labor has grown from 163,978 in 1939 to 464,105 in 1953. And as labor has grown, laws have been fashioned to hobble it.

Starting in 1941, the Texas legislature has piled law on law until by now every form of union security —closed shop, union shop, maintenance of membership—is outlawed. Unions are subject to all commercial anti-trust legislation; picketing is unlawful if there are more than two pickets every fifty feet; union officials and organizers must be registered with the state and carry identity cards; all unions must file complete financial reports with the state (thus exposing their strength and resources); no felon can be a union official—and Texas laws permit the branding as a "felon" of any union man who gets into a brawl on a picket line. It should be noted, too, that such laws have far more than state-wide impact; no less than a half dozen other states in the region have followed Texas's lead, remodeling their laws either precisely or approximately on its labor code.

To CAP these laws, Texas this spring passed a new set of Loyalty and Subversion Acts. These make "Communism" (never precisely defined) a felony punishable by from two to twenty years in jail. They establish penalties for "subversives" (undefined) that permit stripping these unfortunates of any privileges of citizenship and enjoining their exercise of any business or profession licensed by the state. Under the new laws, upon the affidavit of one "credible" witness and the application of a District Attorney, a local judge may order the search of any establishment and the seizure of "books, records, pamphlets, cards, recordings, receipts, lists, memos, pictures or any written instrument." If the establishment to be raided is a private home, the affidavit must come from two "credible" witnesses.

One episode during the hearings on these bills is as revealing of the atmosphere in which they were passed as any disquisition. Surprised and upset by the large crowd at a hearing, Representative Bill Daniel (brother of U.S. Senator Price Daniel) rose suddenly and demanded, "Is there a Communist in the room?" He glared about him, then snapped: "You've all got your coats on, how

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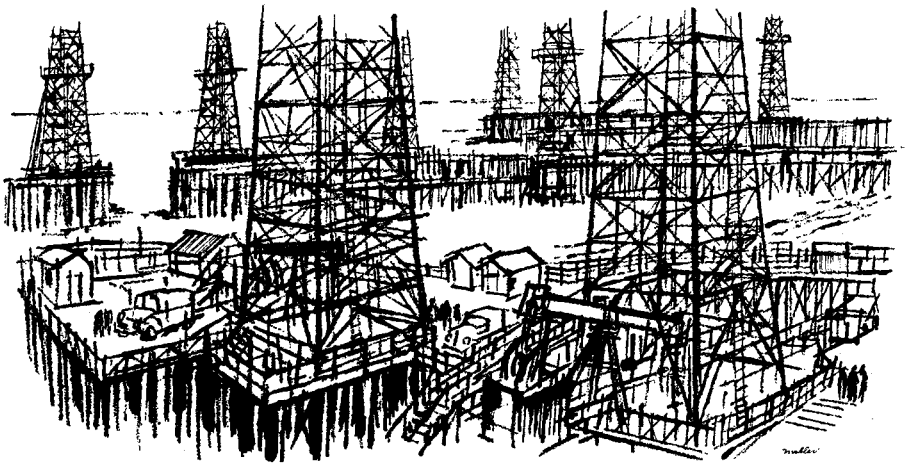

do I know you're not carrying guns?" (Representative Daniel had his coat on himself.) He was finally pacified only when the chairman ordered a paper passed around the room to newsmen and spectators, ordering all to write their names and addresses for security purposes.

IN THEIR present form these bills represent a negative triumph for labor and other groups that opposed them. One of the bills originally specified the death penalty for Communism, and the bill's sponsor, Representative Robert Patten, refused any whittling down of the death sentence; he wouldn't even accept life imprisonment as a substitute, he said, because he didn't want those Communists hanging around the penitentiary to corrupt Texas prisoners. Likewise defeated was the original proposal for a State Loyalty Review Board, an administrative tribunal that might, without judicial process, have declared any man disloyal and thus have deprived him of all rights of citizenship down to his hunting, fishing, and driving licenses.

Code of the New Southwest

Such acts and such legislative leadership would be easier to press into the more familiar patterns of American state politics if they *did* spring from the calculations of a smooth-running party machine. They spring, however, from no blueprint but only from what has been called the "anarchy of the radical Right"—the distemper of spirit that Texans share with a still unmeasured percentage of American citizens.

This distemper is nation-wide and its symptoms are familiar: the belief that labor unions and foreigners are dangerous; that the New Deal was not a debatable episode in American history but a conspiracy of aliens; that our Allies are bloodsucking America into bankruptcy; that the American government is honeycombed with spies; that the United Nations is a compact with the devil, written and conceived by Alger Hiss, on orders from Moscow; that UNESCO, its changeling child, is an institution preaching free love, racial miscegenation, and death to American traditions; that Joe McCarthy is the senior patriot of the nation; and that both older American parties are legitimate objects of deep suspicion.

This set of convictions is the code of what has become an unrecognized third party in American politics. The leadership of this third party has, to be sure, long been familiar nationally in the roster of solons that starts with McCarthy, Jenner, McCarran, and Velde in Washington and ends with such purely regional luminaries as Jack Tenney in Southern California. Its birth has been heralded by such seers as Colonel Robert R. McCormick of Chicago, whose *Tribune* is presently hailing its boss's latest efforts to make out of such men a "For America" political pressure group to contend with the older parties. Its antecedents run back through Rankin and Bilbo to the Klan and even remoter origins.

What makes this third party generally difficult to recognize is the fact that it is so far not an organization but a state of mind. This state of mind flourishes, either quietly or exuberantly, in almost every part of the United States—with special vigor in Southern California (another newly developed area of numberless uprooted), in the *Tribune's* "Chicagoland," and certain strata of Detroit, New York, and Boston life. But it is only in Texas that this state of mind has crystallized so completely that the third party has reached the status of a governing force.

Texas elects to the national Congress such distinguished men as Sam Rayburn and Wright Patman, but they come from rural districts rather than from big cities. They are a small minority of Texas's Congressional delegation. The great majority of Texas Congressmen, like the government of their state, speak not for the Democratic Party whose label they bear but for what Governor Shivers has called the "Texas Democratic Party." When Governor Shivers nominates Senator McCarthy, as he did last year, an honorary citizen of Texas, he merely dots the "i's" and crosses the "t" in proving the affiliation of the "Texas Democratic Party" with a nation-wide group, namely the third party.

Slice of Paradise

One travels through the beautiful suburbs of Texas cities, the clean new houses where children play on the green lawns, the innocent voices laughing in the evening, the dogs frisking. One reads in the newspapers of meetings of Parent-Teachers Associations, of Dads' Clubs, of Citizens Councils, of Flower Clubs. To a traveler returned from years in Europe, this seems a slice of paradise where no evil could lurk.

The traveler learns differently.

San Antonio is considered the most tolerant and easygoing of Texas cities. Yet this was where the Minute Women put the Catholic Archbishop under surveillance because he had been heard saying he was going to vote for Adlai Stevenson. In Houston, largest of Texas cities, the central council of the American Legion has set up a local patrol committee "to watch for any subversive groups or organizations which might come to Houston to hold meetings under the auspices of churches, school or other organizations." Houston is where Legionnaires brawled with Quakers in an attempt to break up a Friends Service Committee meeting because it looked "subversive." Houston is the city where a slate of school-board

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candidates running solely on an anti-UNESCO plank filled two of four contested seats. Houston is the city where the university decided not to give broadcast lectures on American history this year for fear that the subject matter would be called "controversial."

Dallas is Texas's self-proclaimed capital of culture. Yet some of the ladies there have learned how to use the telephone to hound neighbors for supposed subversion or to call the FBI when they dislike someone, as happened to a widow in a Dallas suburb who told me her story.

It was seven in the evening when the bell rang in the little white frame house where she lives alone. A clean-shaven young man showed her his credentials and told her he was from the FBI. He had received reports, he said, that she was in correspondence with people abroad. She explained that she had read a recent travel book on Yugoslavia and had written to one of the women mentioned in it and had been answered. All this, she said, had happened since Tito became our ally. Here in this box were all the letters. Would the FBI man like to read them? No, he didn't want to read them, but had she ever written about China? No, she hadn't, she said. And the FBI man said not to worry and went on his way.

Emeny and the Enemy

Such gossip can reach up to imperil even the most distinguished and conservative. Only this spring Dallas witnessed one of the most curious attempted character assassinations ever to occur even in Texas. In 1951 a Cleveland industrialist transplanted to Texas named Neil Mallon organized a Dallas Council of World Affairs. Despite the fact that its roster of speakers included, among others, former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, it aroused suspicion.

One of Dallas's moderately wealthy citizens set himself up to investigate the Council, and it was not long before he hit pay dirt. The executive director of the Council, an attractive young man named Glen Costin, was traced to a meeting at a hotel in Cleveland last January that had been sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association, Inc., of New York. Here, it was ascertained, had come Brooks Emeny, president emeritus of the Foreign Policy Association. Now Brooks Emeny had once been on the board of directors of the Institute of Pacific Relations. And so had Alger Hiss. Q.E.D. From Alger Hiss to Brooks Emeny to the Foreign Policy Association to a Cleveland meeting of the Foreign Policy Association to the Dallas Council on World Affairs to its executive secretary to Neil Mallon, a clear Red trail was drawn. Furthermore, whispered the gossips (with no proof), Mallon was selling industrial equipment to Russia (which he was not).

Now all this may sound too preposterous to believe. Yet for one full month while this correspondent was in Texas, the Dallas Council on World Affairs fought for its life. And only because on its board sit honorary members from the city's largest banks and most respected businesses could it get a fair hearing from the citizenry and be cleared, after declaring its formal disaffiliation and disassociation from and any lack of any connection with the Foreign Policy Association—of which Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is a member.

The Perils of Growth

If this climate has developed in Texas to such a uniquely morbid degree, the reasons are not too hard to discern. The dominant factor is, of course, the peril that Texans share with all Americans in a country locked permanently in a struggle with the forces of Communism around the world. And in Texas nerves have cracked generally worse than elsewhere in the United States because to the emotions of that struggle have been added all the other strains which that state is experiencing. For it is an enormous strain on human minds and long-cherished traditions to change as swiftly as Texas has changed.

Texas is a state where only a generation ago cotton was king—and of sixteen million acres once in cotton, only six million are still sown to the fiber. Odessa, a Far West village of 500 persons in 1930, today counts 45,000. Houston, a city of 250,000 in 1930, today counts 750,000, boasting that in each year but one since the end of the war it has led the nation's cities in construction and capital investment. Dallas thirty years ago was a drowsy cotton-trading and wholesaling center. Today it is the Southwest's financial capital, with two of the nation's top twenty-five banks, boasting the establishment of more new insurance companies last year than any other city in the country. Each month, the recorded influx to Dallas comes to 1,700 job seekers, without counting their families and those who arrive without being recorded.

At the mercy of the more modern forms of communication, these new Texans find, with one or two magnificent exceptions, all the papers and radio and television stations drum-

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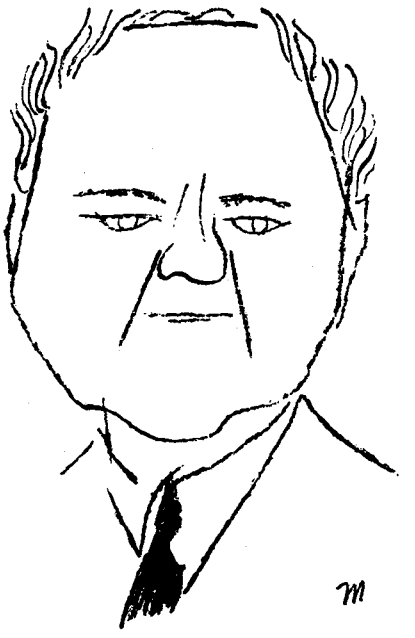
ming at them with incitement to be afraid and to conform. Not quite sure of themselves, they fall silent or get in step.

Conformity in Texas finds ready-made clothes, the flashiest of which is the incredibly exaggerated form of local patriotism called "Texanism." "Texanism" is different from the pride of a Bostonian in Boston, or a Californian in California. It is a form of nationalism that began more or less as a joke, as simple braggadocio about the biggest state with the prettiest girls and the fightingest men in the Union, and has ended by making Texans literally believe that there is a difference politically between their state and other states and that that Union is always a potential menace to Texas rights and privileges. Though it is untrue, as one Northern mother claimed, that Texas children are taught more Texas history than American history, it *is* true that Texas, its legends, its history, and its heroes, is taught to its children with far greater intensity than a Boston child is taught of the Battle of Bunker Hill or an Illinois child of the settling of the prairies on which he lives.

IN ADULT life this provincial nationalism can be capitalized on by either such state politicians as the one who boasted, "I am a Southerner before I am an American, and a Texan before I am a Southerner" or by industries such as the assembly plant at Dallas that advertises its cars as "Made in Texas by Texans." For Texans, Texanism is a synthetic faith that lets them oppose all the controls and exactions of the Federal government in Washington as an invasion of sacred and immemorial rights, while at the same time providing, with its frontier and vigilante memories, a complete answer to the newer problems of minorities, labor, and the complexities of city living. Very frequently, it should be noted, Texanism is strongest and most vocal among those who have arrived in Texas from out of state, while those who prefer to be Americans first and Texans second are as frequently descended from the oldest and most distinguished families in Texas history.

These elements—the common national struggle, the unsettling effect



H. L. Hunt

of rapid change, the myths of Texanism—are in themselves almost enough to explain why Texas politics has taken on such a peculiar cast. But when all these elements are manipulated by clever men and by the kind of money the Little Rich—the prosperous car dealers, the contractors, the bottling concessionaires, the little oilmen, the real-estate men—can make available to state candidates of their choice, these emotions can be made to stand up and march.

Practical Politic$

Practical Texas politics, the mechanics of electioneering, starts with the truths that, first, more money is needed, vote for vote, to win a hard-fought campaign there than in any other state of the Union and second, that the almost complete communications blackout in press, radio, and television deprives a shoestring candidate for state-wide office of any chance of making his voice heard above the blatant blare of phony emotions.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the minimum estimate for any easy state-wide campaign, a million for a hard-fought one. The shoestring candidate must travel to make himself heard until his voice is hoarse, and traveling in the vast distances of Texas with two sound trucks is expensive. Direct mail is more expensive—$96,000 for a single mailing to each registered voter in the state.

An adept like Allan Shivers, well heeled himself and even more lavishly supported by little businessmen across the state, can scientifically survey, cross-check, and resurvey public-opinion moods. Salesmen and district men of large state-wide firms will go from gas station to gas station along their routes of call spreading gossip. ("This man Yarborough [Shivers's opponent in 1952 and again this year] is a nice guy," one rumormongering campaign ran. "He speaks nice, too, but I don't hold with his idea of mixing Nigger kids with white kids in school.")

IN THE game of Texas politics, the trick is always to tag the other fellow as "Red," "left-wing," or the "tool of the CIO and powah-hungry pohlitical bawsses of the Nawth." This is a technique that can be readily applied to anybody by such masters of political public relations as John van Cronkhite Associates of Austin and Watson Associates of Dallas. Watson Associates was slick enough even to brand Homer Rainey, the distinguished former president of the University of Texas, an atheist in his campaign for governor in 1946. Trapped by a planted question during his campaign, Rainey said that he would have to consider the circumstances before firing out of hand any hypothetical atheist who might be discovered on the campus. His answer, rebroadcast around the state, was converted to a charge of atheism against Rainey himself and the man was crushed.

The classic assembly of all these elements was best executed in the Texas campaign of 1952, a political orgy on which the neat statistics of votes throw little light. Actually, the Democrats, with 970,000-odd votes, pushed the Republicans, who got 1,102,000, hard. It was not money alone that wrenched Texas out of the Democratic column for the second time in eight years, lifting the Republican score from its 1948 total of 282,000 to four times that, even though the Eisenhower-Shivers campaign used an estimated $6 million and the Stevenson forces raised only $180,000. The critical factor in the Texas campaign was pressure, the power of community leadership

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to make a vote for Stevenson not only unpatriotic but un-Texan and downright dangerous.

Eisenhower was Texas-born to begin with, and the billboards screamed VOTE TEXAN—VOTE IKE. One night a group of residents of one of Dallas's better suburbs hired a sound truck that circled around the home of one Stevensonian blaring, "H. R. Aldredge, are you a Texan? H. R. Aldredge, are you going to vote for Ike? H. R. Aldredge, how are you going to vote?" Across the state the campaign took on the hue of a carnival and religious revival. "I spent $15,000," said one lady ranch owner (with oil royalties) to this correspondent, "but it was such fun. We had two cowboy bands and girls dressed up as cowgirls and we went up and down the county for Eisenhower with those bands." Where cowboy bands and cowgirls did not work, there was social pressure—at the country club, in the office, in business, through the banks. Of a hundred loyal and fairly well-known Democrats who were requested by the Democratic National Committee to sign their names to a Stevenson appeal, only fifteen dared do so. Licked before he started, even so powerful a man as Senator Tom Connolly did not dare offer his name in the Senate primary race.

Burning Oil on Troubled Waters

The tidelands oil issue, of course, dominated the Texas campaign of 1952, and no better illustration could be offered of the dovetailing of special interest with burning emotion. The economics of the tidelands issue was relatively simple. If offshore oil was to be developed under Federal jurisdiction, the Federal government could require payment by producers of a royalty of 37.5 per cent as it does on oil discovered on other public lands. If offshore oil was to be developed under Texas jurisdiction, producers would be required to pay only 12.5 per cent, as on most Texas state lands. For the oilmen it was preferable that tidelands be controlled by state rather than by Federal government, but this was not a very exciting issue to debate before voters.

It was obviously better to dress the issue in Texan patriotism and emotion. That was easy, because royalties from Texas state lands go to support of the public schools, and the children of Texas could be described as the true victims of Federal control. This could be done, and was done by Watson Associates, in a campaign newspaper (financed by Clint Murchison) which showed a beaked and evil Stevenson sneering at a classroom of Texas children, saying, "Tideland funds for *those kids*? Aw, let them pick cotton." Or it could be done by imported Hollywood film and TV technicians who ran off documentaries on the tidelands to be shown over and over again in the last few weeks of campaigning until, as one baffled parent put it, "My kids came running in from the TV set like Paul Revere, tears streaming from their eyes, saying 'Pa, they're trying to take our tidelands away!' "

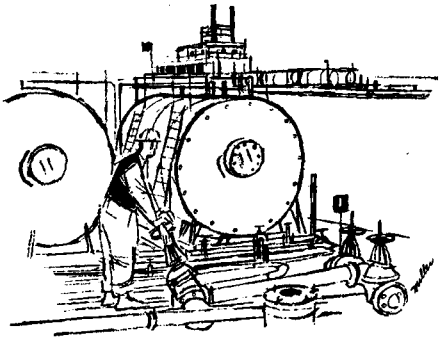
The Tide after Tidelands

As the passions of the 1952 campaign have ebbed, many of the mingled elements have untangled themselves, and Texas politics now presents a relatively simple pattern.

There is, first, a small and respectable Eisenhower branch of the Republican Party, strong chiefly in Houston and among expatriate Northerners generally.

There is, next, a much larger "loyalist" or Stevensonian Democratic body in the state.

And, finally, there is the third party, which controls the machinery of both Republican and Democratic



Parties in Texas (the Republican and Democratic state chairmen were law partners in the same Dallas office until last month, when the Democratic chairman resigned to run for Congress) and whose vigor stems not so much from cold planned organization as on the crystallization of a mood into a system of politics.

Texans who recognize the power of this third party like to outline it against the past of Texas's turbulent political history. Enormous gusts of emotion have swept through Texas politics again and again to reach a peak and then fade out. Texas was split down the middle feuding over Joe Bailey fifty years ago; it was split again, in bitterness and emotion, over Pa and Ma Ferguson and the Klan in the mid-1920's. Texas democracy survived each of these emotional toots and in between went on to elect great governors, create the best school system of the South, tackle the Negro problem with greater tolerance than any other Southern state, and write some of the soundest laws on natural-resource conservation in the Union.

TEXAS has been off on another of its emotional toots in the past three years, an emotional toot not quite so sharply defined as that over the Ku Klux Klan, not so easily recognized as was the symbolism of the white nightgown and hooded face, yet fundamentally part of the same tradition. Just how deep this emotional toot goes, how accurately the shrieking, frightened, vocal community leadership represents the millions and millions of politically silent Texans, no one can tell. Perhaps the oddest contrast to the attitudes of the dominant community aristocracies is revealed in several private surveys recently conducted by pollsters in Texas. These show that cross section for cross section, weighing the big and little, loud and silent, Texas attitudes are only slightly more extreme on questions of Communism and domestic politics, and are lightly *more* liberal in matters of racial tolerance and respect for civil liberties than those of the nation as a whole.

Currently, Texans who make a study of such things seem to feel that sometime between the campaign of 1952 and the passage of the Subversion Acts in Austin this spring, the influence of the third party may have leveled off and may even be abating. Any number of recent events are offered as omens. Senator McCarthy's quarrel with the Army seems to have reduced the Wisconsin Senator momentarily to something a lot less than infallibility in the

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press, for the Army is one of the few Federal institutions that Texans recognize as both patriotic and American. Moreover, it should be noted the Army, with its numerous posts and installations, is one of Texas's largest cash crops; and even Governor Shivers found it convenient to have an appointment elsewhere when Senator McCarthy spoke on San Jacinto Day in Houston. The determined fight of the labor unions against the establishment of a star-chamber Loyalty Review Board resulted in victory at Austin. The collapse of cattle prices and distress on the farm have sweetened the memory of the Federal government, whose onetime lavishness with farm aid now strikes many Texans as quite American again. In this rural discontent with the Benson farm program, the chief sufferer, politically, seems to be Allan Shivers, who is blamed in the countryside for throwing Texas to the Republicans and is hurt in the cities among the former country dwellers who still get letters from the folks on the farm.

There is growing resistance to the third party among both Democrats and Republicans. Among Republicans, leadership is coming from the Houston *Post,* owned and controlled by Secretary of Health and Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby, which in the past two years has not only provided the most courageous and tolerant reporting in all Texas but has also gained circulation in the process, overtaking and pulling abreast of the stodgy Houston *Chronicle*. Yet, if the Houston *Post* reflects Eisenhower policy, it does not reflect the realities of Republican Congressional politics. During roll-call votes, Republican political strategists today count on at least sixteen out of twenty-two nominally Democratic Texas Congressmen. They can have these votes without asking and without patronage; to challenge these men and to challenge Shivers throughout the state with candidates of their own the Republicans consider unthinkable. Even the Houston *Post* will support Shivers in this year's campaign.

Democratic Rumblings

The true contest with Shivers lies, therefore, in the Democratic Party. The Democratic National Committee has now authorized the first organization to oppose the present dominant state machine. This organization, just established this spring, is called the Texas Advisory Council to the Democratic National Committee. Its purpose is twofold: to tap Texas money for Democratic candidates across the nation and to provide a catch basin and leadership for the 970,000 Texas voters who in 1952 remained faithful to the national party. Fragile and as yet unsure of itself, this Council starts with the tremendous resource of the 1952 "loyalist" voters and the leadership of some of the oldest Texas family names.

Its weaknesses are twofold: It lacks any echo in the press and communications of the state, and it now lacks the funds to overcome this press blackout. Although its leaders will contest the state elections of 1954 (with slim chance of winning), its real sights are fixed on 1956 and control of the Texas delegation to the National Convention.

At the moment, Governor Shivers, his machine and its supporting com-

munity groups, and the oil money set the political tone of Texas, which, far more importantly than any formal organization, control its elections and its government.

If these elements are politically vulnerable—as this correspondent believes they are—they are vulnerable because the changes that have brought them to strength are producing dynamic counterforces of their own. The wealth that Texas has poured into great universities and cultural institutions inevitably produces professors who teach and students who think. The most effective protest against Senator McCarthy's address on Texas Independence Day came from students of the University of Texas.

Just as important, the great Texas industrial boom has created a growing and powerful, if politically untutored, body of industrial workers. The vigor of the anti-labor crusade and the harsh restrictions upon unionism have begun to force organized labor into Texas politics on a Northern scale in self-defense. For the first time, in the Texas Advisory Council, a body of practical politicians in Texas has begun to organize not apart from or in hostility to labor, but with labor unions and federations as an integral part of the organization.

Beyond these are other factors. There is, to take one, the growing importance of the Negro and Mexican vote. Negroes and Mexicans together account for one-quarter of Texan population. In practice, say the hard-boiled politicians, many of these votes can be controlled or cowed in any municipal or local election—but in state-wide contests, and certainly in national elections, these minority votes can no longer be bought.

As Texas Goes—

These are the perspectives of the contest. To maintain its control, the present Texas leadership must go on from extreme to extreme in an effort to keep the thinking of a modern industrial community bent to the code of the vigilantes. Its efforts are of more than local interest. In American politics certain states periodically acquire an influence, sectional or national, far beyond their geographical limits. Virginia and Massachusetts in the early days of the Republic, Ohio and Pennsylvania in the post-Civil War era enjoyed such power. No one in modern times has been able to ignore the impact of New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, and California on the nation in both leadership and legislation. In the roster of the great and dynamic states Texas has now won a place. The struggle for control of its bursting energy and industrial power cannot leave American life unchanged; whichever way it goes, the rest of the nation will be tugged to follow—or to resist.

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The Twilight World Of the Ex-Convict

FRANK O'LEARY

On September 15, 1948, the gate of the Big House closed quietly behind me. For seventeen years I had lived behind prison walls. The false elation that had grown within me during the days before my release quickly gave way to a familiar, frantic fear. I had been let out of prisons before, and I knew that even after you have paid your debt to society you go on paying.

Garbed in the shoddy "two-bit bag" provided by the state, I clutched my small bundle of possessions and moved timidly into the restricted patch of the outside world where I was expected to embrace with gratitude my underprivileged status as an ex-convict, a status freighted with all of the obligations of citizenship and few of its advantages.

The economic irresponsibility of prison life left me ill equipped to live up to my good intentions. A series of bugle calls, bell clangings, and club rappings notified us when we were to do everything but blow our noses. Whatever may be said of the quality and quantity of our food and clothing, all of the bare necessities of life were supplied by the state, sometimes benevolent, sometimes cruel, always shortsighted. The lazy were in heaven, for the sentence to a term of years "at hard labor" was completely devoid of meaning. The hard workers, unable to use their energies constructively, soon began to listen to cynical reports about how tough it was to make a go of it beyond the walls "on the up and up," and they soon succumbed to the lassitude that pervades most of our prisons. Ultimately, too many prisoners either join the ranks of the permanently idle or wheedle their way into a soft berth where fifty men do the work of ten and "pinochle" the years away in fractional idleness.

Rebuked for Honesty

But when I got out I soon discovered that it didn't make much difference whether I wanted to work or not. There are now, as there have always been, roped-off areas in which the ex-convict can get a job, but they don't begin to supply the need. Most

sectors of the working community are "off limits" for all practical purposes, and the naïve ex-convict only knocks his brains out storming these battlements, no matter what the extent of his talents, skills, or energies.

I decided early that it was impossible to conceal a criminal record such as mine—which covered a good part of a whole generation. Ergo, how about confronting them with the brutal facts? I had quite a few skills to sell. Nothing in my physical appearance, personality, or diction suggested my criminal and prison background. Yet for more than five years I have repeatedly been denied employment when I admitted my past frankly at the beginning.

One employment director on whom I tried the confessional approach was obviously astonished. "If you'll forgive my saying so," he whispered breathlessly, "I think you're being a bit too frank." The implied rebuke seemed somewhat ironic to me, coming as it did from a small pillar of big business to an ex-con.

After these failures, I haunted the employment agencies. Those of the agents with whom I tried the direct approach shook their heads and made it clear that no fee I might offer would match the enormity of my problem. Now if I were a porter or a counterman with experience, they might find some ordinarily undesirable job where my record wouldn't militate against me. But I had one handicap even worse than my record which made them reluctant to handle me: I looked, they suggested, "too much like a bespectacled business executive" to fit the menial jobs they had to offer.

I did manage to last a day or so at a few jobs on the basis of a completely fictional employment record. On one pretext or another, I was gently discharged. In every case the men who hired and fired me pleaded that the decision in such matters was forced upon them as a matter of policy from higher up. I have reason to believe they were speaking the truth, since I had written many job-seeking letters for fellow inmates to business executives. The executives always expressed their regrets, using the most ingenious devices within the compass of the English language to convince the applicant that he was not being rejected on the basis of his criminal record.

A friend of mine secured a job as a weigher in one of the largest meat-packing houses in the East, concealing his several convictions. He was happy in his work and popular among his fellow workers. Urged on by his new friends, he became active in union affairs, and even filled in for a while when the shop steward was sick. His aggressiveness in bringing contractual evasions to the attention of his employers earned their ill will. When his co-workers persisted in running him for shop steward, management decided to look into his background. He was promptly given notice. A few such experiences sent him back to the narcotics traffic.

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