

etCetera

April 26, 1982

77 and still clipping



By Lyle McBride

Carroll Crowder, 77, wanted to be a barber so he could make a living on the road, but a 1928 detour turned into a permanent stop.

"I was single and knocking around the country and just having a ball," Crowder says of his activities in '28. "And back then a barber could just walk into a shop with his tools and go to work. He could work for a few days, a week, or longer, and I thought, 'Now that's something I should get into.'

"So, I went to barber school. I didn't learn much, but I learned enough that I thought I could do the job," says Crowder.

Soon after he finished school, however, state laws changed, requiring barbers to get a license from whatever state they were working in.

Crowder, who was born in Oklahoma and raised in the small Texas town of Celina, says he wasn't ready to settle down then. He wanted to travel — to go to Alaska and all over.

He bought a barber shop on Fort Worth's Seminary Hill with plans to work in Fort Worth for a while and then move on.

"But there was this little gal..." And he married her in '28.

That marriage lasted 10 years, says Crowder, who has been married to his current wife for 44 years.

He stayed in his first shop on Gambrell Street for three years, and then moved to one on Gordon Street. Five years later he moved to 1701 W. Berry and has been there ever since.

When Crowder started cutting hair, a barber could just set up a pole and start a business, he says. Now state law requires that a prospective shop owner work under a licensed barber for one year before going into business on his or her own.

The area around Crowder's shop has changed greatly since he moved there 46 years ago.

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Photo by Lezley Hillis

Barber

Continued from page 1

When he set up his barber shop the only other establishments on the corner of Berry St. and James Ave. were a little grocery store, a tailor's shop and a hairdressing salon. Now his shop has become part of a small complex that houses a dentist, a print shop, a beauty salon and an insurance agent.

Crowder's Barber Shop shows signs of this evolution.

Modernly plush, goldish-brown carpet runs back to the shop's work area. There it is replaced by brown-speckled white linoleum that wraps around the base of an enameled 75-year-old barber chair.

On the shop's east wall, surrounded by stained wood trim, hangs a mirror, slightly stained with age amid an intricate gold frame. And in the back of the shop a few blue light beams bounce off long-necked tonic bottles as they escape from the Clean Ray Sanitizer.

"A woman called the other day and asked if I did 'old men's hair cuts,'" Crowder says, popping his clippers together. "I told her 'Yes, ma'm. That's the only kind of hair cut I give.'"

Crowder says he never made the switch from barbering to hair styling because styling takes different equipment and schooling.

"When styling became really in vogue I was just too old to try and change," he says.

"Of course, I say that every hair cut I give is styled—my style," he says, and then laughs.

"I've thought many, many times of just quitting. But like my customers say, I've got them so fouled up now, what would they do?" Crowder says.

At least one piece of equipment in Crowder's shop has been barbering longer than he has—his chair.

"I had my hair cut in this thing when I was 12 years old, in a barber shop up on Seminary Hill," he says, touching the chair's white enameled back with his large age-spotted hands.

"It could be 75-80 years old and

And Crowder has about 70-75 regular customers who apparently would not want to sit in that kind of chair.

He says his business is sporadic. One day he may cut only one head of hair and on the next he may cut 10.

"I don't work to try and build it (his clientele) up because I'm on Social Security and my wife's on

about 200 regular customers to make money—because a barber can only cut so many heads of hair in one day.

"You hear some of these barbers say 'I cut 50-60 heads of hair a day.' They couldn't do that. They either lied about the number they cut or they didn't really give them a hair cut," Crowder says.

"Now I'll admit you can cut six or seven heads of hair an hour, but if they (the other barbers) did cut that many, then they didn't really give them a hair cut—they just BZZZZ-ZZZ," he says, grimacing and making a fast sweeping motion with his hand.

Fort Worth barbers charge from \$2.75 to \$6 for a hair cut, Crowder says, making his \$4.50 price higher than most barbers to the east of him charge, and about 50 cents lower than most to the west of him.

He says he doesn't charge as much as some barbers around him because many of his customers couldn't afford a price increase.

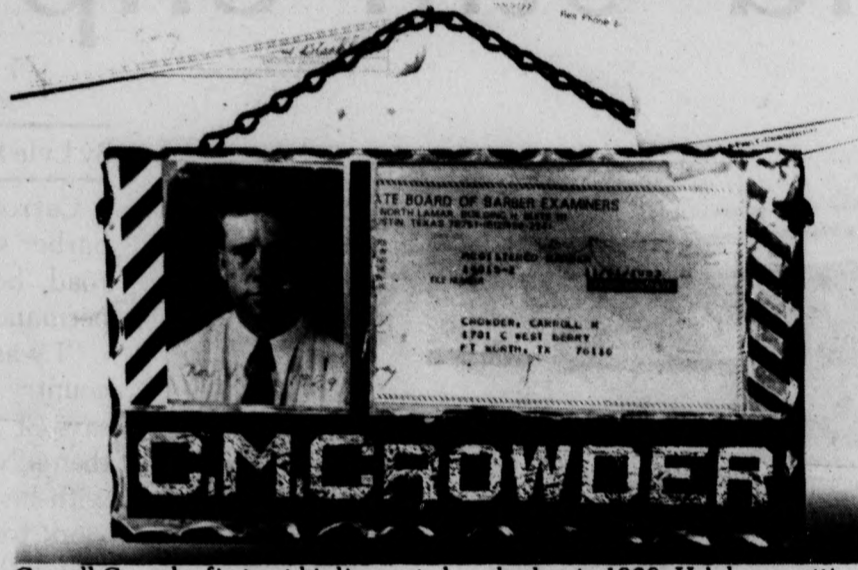
"Most of my customers are retired, and a lot of them are retired on a low income. And 50 cents makes a big difference to them," Crowder says.

When he first started cutting hair he charged 40 cents. After a few years he went up to 45 cents. At that time prices ranged from 35 cents to 50 cents, he says.

"And now you charge 50 cents," one of his customer's says.

"Yeah it's 50 cents for the hair cut but the conversation runs it way up there," Crowder says, laughing and popping his clippers together again.

Then he goes back to work, cutting hair and conversing.



Carroll Crowder first got his license to be a barber in 1928. He's been cutting hair for 52 years.

Photo by Lezley Hillis

it's still serviceable. I've never done anything to it except tighten some screws here and there. It's got the same hydraulic oil in it it had from the factory," he says. "They really built them in those days; now they're junky."

New chairs, Crowder says, are designed for styling. They don't pump up and they don't have foot rests. "That's another reason I never.... I didn't want to work on that kind of a chair."

Social Security, and this really just kind of gives me something to do. Some place to go, mostly to get away from the house," Crowder says.

Crowder keeps records on when each of his customers has their hair cut, and he says an average customer gets his hair cut about once every five weeks.

With customers getting their hair cut at that rate, he says, a shop would have to have a clientele of



Crowder uses many of the barber tools that he has had for years. His chair is probably older than he is.

Photo by Lezley Hillis

Students test meat resistance

By Diane Crane

It began with soggy Raisin Bran, continued through endless peanut butter sandwich lunches and ended with mushroom stroganoff—one week without meat.

For the past year I've wanted to try going vegetarian, but circumstances consistently made it easier to stay with meat. Even using Francis Moore Lappe's cookbook *Diet For a Small Planet*, I tended to add meat to the recipes.

But a couple of weeks ago choice abandoned me—a class project required that I be a vegetarian for a week. My roommates agreed to do it with me, more or less—they considerably less and me considerably more.

With Lappe's book, I knew we could continue eating without resorting solely to salads or peanut butter and celery all week, but visions of soybean pie, wheat soy pudding and garbanzo beans with sweet and sour sauce were far from reassuring.

My dread was allayed to some extent when I wrote out my menu for the coming week. I could still have pizza and burritos; there were menus for eggplant parmesan and quiche. Vegetarianism no longer looked so gloomy.

With all these familiar choices, however, we had something completely different for dinner that first night—spinach and rice casserole. My roommate, the one who doesn't like spinach, chose the menu. Why, I'll never understand. It was good; we ate it all. But, two hours later I was hungry again.

For the rest of the week the menu was quite normal. Cheese or mushrooms worked as well in many common dishes as meat substitutes. Lappe's recipes indicate what foods in the meal provide the protein usually provided by meat. Often it was a combination of ingredients, so close adherence to his recipes was essential.

Visions of soybean pie, wheat soy pudding and garbanzo beans with sweet and sour sauce were far from reassuring.

In addition to the protein supplements, Lappe's book contains important information about meatless meals. His argument for vegetarianism is based on economics, not health. Although his recipes are carefully designed for nutrition, he advocates vegetarianism as the diet best suited to support the world's population, since it takes 16 pounds of grain to make 1 pound of beef. He suggests that more people could be fed more cheaply if grain were consumed rather than beef.

It is certainly less expensive for the average consumer. Although a week was not sufficient time to

measure savings, eggplant at least is significantly cheaper than veal.

Meat, however, is more attractive than vegetables in this society, and my roommates freely strayed back to meat during the week. Repeatedly at dinner they asked, "When do you stop being vegetarian?"

For a while I told them. Now I just smile, and reach for the salad.

By Susan Thompson

I feel my toes grow together as I write.

And I feel beneath me, rather than one of the green cushion chairs of the Moudy Building, a nest.

I have become what I eat. I am scrambled, fried and boiled.

I am an egg.

Being a vegetarian is obviously not my style. Never one for sweets, I have always craved protein. When I was little my brothers would ask for sugary deserts and hold sacred those holidays marked by chocolate and pumpkin pie. But me . . .

I used to tell my mother simply, "I want meat." And afraid that I would take a wand out of her arm, she would generally give me what I asked for.

I found myself eating eggs at almost every meal, and to try to forget that they eventually turn into chickens, I convinced myself that eggs were "pre-meat."

For the past five days, however, I have had to deny myself the thing that I most take for granted. With meat off limits, I realized that I had several choices besides starvation:

A) Read up on vegetarian diets and set up a sensible diet plan for myself. Since journalists have very little time to do anything sensibly, however, that was no alternative at all.

B) Be strict and go strictly with the strictest of vegetables and fruits. The problem: I love salt as much as meat, and even in a weakened state I could not bring myself to salt peaches or yogurt.

C) I could go with junk food instead. You come across very little blood in Fritos or bean dip. And this strategy I did resort to all too often.

D) Finally, I could utilize meat substitutes and try to fake out my taste buds and my stomach.

I figured cheese, beans and nuts were sure-fire legitimate, but had a bit more trouble with eggs. I found myself eating them at almost every meal, and to try to forget that they eventually turn into chickens, I convinced myself that eggs were "pre-meat."

Oddly, every evening of my required five-day enslavement, I would jump suddenly and clutch my throat. I was supposed to be on a vegetarian diet! And I would search my memory to pleasantly find that no meat had passed my lips that

day. It was primarily a fluke. I lucked out. It wasn't that I had avoided meat, meat just had not confronted me that day. It made me realize how haphazard my diet must be all the time.

One night I did get a bit of a scare when I was told too late that the Chinese dinner had just so gallantly ordered and finished, contained a little meat. Well I thought to myself, I hadn't tasted it, so if it was there, it wasn't worth considering the diet busted over.

So I lucked through my experiment and it wasn't until the fifth day that I looked down and found myself clutching half of a sandwich with a hunk of roast beef hanging out of it. The other half of the hunk was hanging out of my mouth.

All that time and I had not even had the fun of planning out my crime. I was frustrated. I had been taken.

What's more, I still have webbed feet.

By Darrell Hofheinz

Somehow, I always assumed meat was an integral part of my life.

Thick, juicy hamburgers, charcoal-broiled steaks, barbecue dripping with tangy delight—I was brought up on them. And though I'll admit I'm biased, my mom makes just about the best pot roast in Fort Worth.

Until recently, I thought I couldn't live without any of these foods.

I was wrong.

Figures from the National Bureau of Food and Nutrition show that over 7 million people in the United States voluntarily choose to live without eating red meat. I joined this group when I agreed to give up meat for a week as part of an assignment. Red meat, that is, as in beef. I allowed myself an occasional piece of fish, although vegetables by far made up the majority of my diet.

At the start of the week, I was apprehensive. My mother had raised a meat-and-potatoes boy. Wasn't I born and raised in Cowtown? And hadn't I always scoffed at those of my friends who declined to eat meat, believing that they were somehow "un-American."

But I still resolved to give up my daily portion of cow. In the TCU cafeteria I found that this would not be all that difficult a task.

David Moran, director of Marriott food service, says the company tries to serve one meatless entree at each meal.

Fine, I said to myself.

For my first supper, I opted for something called "cheeze blintzes," passing up the roast beef au jus, and the enchiladas. Although I ordinarily never choose the blintzes—which I discovered to be crepes stuffed with cottage cheese and topped with warm cherries—I nevertheless enjoyed them.

I was off to a good start.

Breakfasts were no problem. My Danish roll and orange juice certainly didn't violate my diet. Since I usually only have time to grab a light lunch, an assortment of vegetables suited me just fine. In fact, I felt better at the end of lunch than I usually do, not having stuffed myself with heavy beef.

Mom had raised a meat-and-potatoes boy. Wasn't I born and raised in Cowtown? And hadn't I always scoffed at those friends who declined to eat meat, believing that they were somehow "un-American."

Suppers presented the most problems. As my friends ordered their barbecue or beef ravioli, I faithfully chose my okra and squash.

But more than once was I tempted to cheat, especially when I had to eat off campus. Fast-food establishments offer very little for the meatless diner, although the new chicken or ham sandwiches are options. I did eat a couple of bean burritos.

More problems surfaced at a picnic I attended, which featured—what else?—hot dogs and potato salad. Maybe I should mention that hot dogs have always been one of my favorite foods. So it was with a little remorse that I passed up the grill for the potato salad.

I watch dismayed as my friends heaped their frankfurters with relish and ketchup, mustard and onions. I bit my lip, and bravely heaped another spoonful of salad on my paper plate.

"Whatsa matter?" a friend asked, staring at my sagging plate. "You don't like hot dogs?"

I squared my shoulders and looked her straight in the eye. "No," I began, concocting a plausible explanation. "I've just heard that they're not the healthiest things to eat. And I care about what I put into my face."

She looked at me quizzically, obviously deciding I was crazy.

I found that same attitude prevalent among those who I told about my diet. Some pitied me, and others seemed to believe I was somewhat "elitist" in not eating meat.

My mother was included in the last group. She called to invite me home for Sunday lunch. We always have pot roast on Sundays. I hesitated.

"What are we having," I asked her.

"Since when is that important?" she answered. She sounded offended. "Most of the time you can't wait to come home for a homemade meal."

"Well, you see, I've got this assignment, and . . ."

See Vegetarian page 4

Thank you for the dance

By Ed Kamen

They were sitting by the bus stop. Frowns were painted on their white faces. One, I thought, must be going out for lunch at McDonald's. The other, perhaps, was going to go to Safeway to buy dog food. It was on sale.

Start:

Line one, (something with originality)

Old people are ugly

Line Two, (in-depth detail)

Why? Because they are wrinkled (let's be descriptive) like prunes

A third joined them. She also looked like she was about 80 years old, but there was a difference. She looked more kindly than the others. There was a matronly aura around her, like she had been blessed with a good life and a large family. The others probably never had to change a diaper in their lives.

Line Four, (try not to infuriate grandmothers)

Grandmothers of the world

Celebrate! You're getting older

Line Six, (change tempo)

Three silly sisters sat

Line Seven

Eating every purple prune

No, no cross-out

(prunes, conflict with food

and old person's appearance)

Line Seven

Gray-haired and gray-eyed

Line Eight

Like marble statues of melting candles

With burned-out wicks and just a blob

I wondered what they talked about: subjects like youth, beauty, love, and dancing crept out of worn-out hearts kept warm inside wool coats.

I named the elegant one Jennifer. She was the Queen of the Cincinnati Press Club back in the old days. Her shapely body wriggled inside a chiffon gown. Her dance card was always full. Then she fell in love with a rich, Texas oiler. The dream ended there. Five years later the bottom fell out. The Depression hit and they lived on their last pennies until she could find work to support them both. She never danced again.

Line Ten, (rebuttal, old person's

revenge)

Experienced and wise!

And cataracts in eyes

They see through spectacles

Made in 1922

And haven't slept since

Line Fifteen

I love my grandmother

But grandpa, well he's . . .

Erase and rewrite

I love my grandfather

But grandma,

She was an old bag

No, no cross-out

Line Sixteen, (truthful, but gentle)

She was just old

Leave space

The others, Betty Joe and Myra, were once topless waitresses in Chicago. One married a gangster, the other was homosexual. They had ventured south many years before in search of the easy buck. They never found one.

I'd rather be old

Old and gray

Without any teeth

And no place to stay

Line Twenty-one

Than smell rotten eggs

Or watch drunk men pissing

Erase, erase

Line twenty-two

Or see brave men falter

Or taste the bitterness

of young men defeated

Or having no place to go

End.

The bus came. They filed into the vehicle. First, Myra. She was definitely going to buy dog food. Then came Betty Joe. She, I pretended, was really a millionaire, but she liked to keep a low profile. She was going to eat at Sardine's.

But Jennifer turned before entering. Her sad eyes met mine. I could see it all. The Queen was not old and gray. Behind her mask of time, she was dancing inside. Her heart beat strong, with a rhythm in time with a mind still active. She noticed me. And for a moment, I heard George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue and my hand reached for hers. We danced. She, a lovely girl of 24, and I, trying to keep step at 82. Yet, our eyes were ageless.

She crept onto the bus. Under my breath I said, "Thank you for the dance."

As the bus pulled away, I knew she was smiling.

Vegetarian

—continued from page 3

"If you don't want to come home and see us, that's fine." She paused, letting her words take their full effect. "We won't be hurt."

I realized I was licked.

"I'll be home, Mom."

We were seated around the dining table when the long-awaited question finally came from my mother.

"Why, you haven't touched the roast. Is something wrong?"

"No, Mom, I'm sure it's fine," I

"Then why aren't you eating it? You love pot roast. It's good for you," she said.

"Well, you see, I've got this assignment, and . . ."

"You're sick, aren't you. That's why you didn't want to come home. Are you sick?"

I finally managed to explain why I wasn't eating her pot roast. She didn't seem satisfied with my explanation. She looked at me long and hard.

"You're brother did that once," she said. "He got sick."

"I won't, I promise," I said, stuffing more mashed potatoes in my mouth.

Actually, her concern was warranted. True vegetarian diets must be planned so that all the body's essential proteins, found in beef, can be obtained from vegetables. Since I ate some fish during the week, however, I don't think I suffered nutritionally.

I can't say that I wasn't ready to return to eating beef by the end of the week. But I also can't say I suffered from my meatless diet. Actually, it was an interesting experience, mainly because of how others reacted to it.

In all fairness, I'm still a beef lover. For as far as I'm concerned, in a taste contest, no cheese blintz in the world could beat my mother's pot roast.

events etc.

Monday 26

SAFE 8 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Glass Blower Sales 8:30 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Panhellenic 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 218.

IFC 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

Forums 4 p.m. Student Center Room 214.

Films Committee 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.

International Students 6 p.m. Student Center Room 214.

Campus Crusade 8:30 p.m. Student Center Room 205.

Tuesday 27

SAFE 8 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Glass Blower Sales 8:30 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Traffic Appeals 11 a.m. Student Center Room 202.

Political Science 11:30 a.m. Student Center Lounge.

House of Reps 5 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

Creative Programming 5 p.m. Student Center Room 203.

Student Affairs 5:30 p.m. Student Center Room 214.

BSU 6 p.m. Student Center Room 218.

Permanent Improvements 6 p.m. Student Center Room 204.

Academic Affairs 6 p.m. Student Center Room 203.

Campus Chest 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.

Wednesday 28

SAFE 8 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Glass Blower Sales Student Center Lower Lobby.

Political Science 11:30 a.m. Student Center Lounge.

Political Science noon Student Center Lower Lobby.

BSU 12:15 p.m. Student Center Room 204.

Performing Arts 4 p.m. Student Center Art Gallery.

Parents' Weekend 4 p.m. Student Center Room 203.

RHA 4 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

The Toons in concert 4:30 p.m. Student Center Front Porch.

Programming Council 5 p.m. Student Center Room 211.

Circle K Club 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.

Angel Flight 6 p.m. Student Center Room 203.

Bible Study 8 p.m. Student Center Room 207.

Thursday 29

SAFE 8 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Political Science noon Student Center Lower Lobby.

Political Science 2:30 p.m. Student Center Room 204.

SOC 3 p.m. Student Center Room 202.

Arnold Air Society 4:30 p.m. Student Center Room 205.

Psi Chi 6 p.m. Student Center Room 207.

Political Science Debate 7 p.m. Student Center Room 218.

Lutheran Ministries 8 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

FCA 8:45 p.m. Student Center Room 205.

Friday 30

SAFE 8 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

Student Life Staff 8 a.m. Student Center Room 207.

Campus Crusade 8:15 a.m. Student Center Room 204.

Omega Psi Phi 9 a.m. Student Center Room 207.

Creative Programming 9 a.m. Student Center Lounge.

Sigma Delta Pi 4 p.m. Student Center Room 202.

Film "Eyewitness," 5, 8 p.m. and midnight Student Center Ballroom.

Voices United 6 p.m. Student Center Room 218.

Saturday 1

Career Development noon Student Center Room 203.

Film "Hello, Dolly," 7, 10 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.

Chinese Bible Study 7:30 p.m. Student Center Room 218.

Sunday 2

Alpha Phi Omega 5 p.m. Student Center Room 203.

Tau Chi Epsilon 7 p.m. Student Center Room 204.

Bible Study 8 p.m. Student Center Room 202.