A mon Carter—or, better said, West Texas’ old and valued friend, Amon Carter—isn’t as young as he used to be because, like lesser mortals, years. But the rugged individual—list, who describes himself as “one of the boys who works on the Star—Telegram,” hasn’t lost a bit of the steam and aggressiveness which have marked his brilliant career from sandwich peddler and picture frame salesman to the pinnacle of success and power in the Lone Star State.

Mr. Carter often has been in fine form and fettle in his younger days, when he singed-handed waged war on his Dallas rivals, a great railroad system, or a powerful political dynasty. He has earned a reputation, many times over, as a toe-to-toe slugger against the vicissitudes which beset his beloved Fort Worth, and on numerous occasions he has proven his mettle as a champion of West Texas on which his home town borders.

But never in his long and spectacular career has “Col. Carter of Carterville” been in better form than he was the other day when he administered a neat and devastating spanking to loud-mouthed Harold Ickes, the Illinois mugwump Republican, who sought to dictate the policies of the Democratic party in Texas.

Mr. Ickes has never been accused of being a thoughtful man. He is the kind of individual who talks first and thinks later; who jumps first and looks afterward; and who has never learned the wisdom of the old saw, “fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

But after his recent dressing down at the hands of Amon Carter, we’ll wager that the next time Mr. Ickes brings his carpet-bag into Texas and looks around for a scrap, won’t pick one with the Fort Worth publisher.

He’ll look for tender on which to chew!”

D. R. CARTER—he holds the first honorary degree ever granted by Texas Technological college which he served faithfully and well as board chairman—didn’t make the great success he has made by being afraid, mealy-mouthed or backward. He is a go-getter of the first order, he loves a fight—and when he’s in one he’s in it to win and pulls no punches.

Because he’s never on the fence and because his position is never camouflaged, all Texans respect and admire Amon Carter as West Texas loves him.

He is probably the No. 1 Texan in private life. Amon Carter typifies, in this modern day, the indomitable will to win and the raw courage of the pioneers of this broad state.

Had Hon. Ickes first had the good judgment to find out how the land lies in Texas, he might have had refrained from picking a fight with Amon Carter.

Now he can do is put salve on his bruises, anoint his sprains with oil, eschew for a time his favorite pastime of preening his feathers—and hope the whole thing will be forgotten as soon as possible!