

Captivated by Our Hospitality

He'd Vote to Move US Capital to Texas

Mr. Alexander attended the recent convention here of the National Aviation Writers Association. The following article on the impressions of his trip has been released for publication today by the many newspapers of the country which carry his syndicated column.

BY HOLMES ALEXANDER.

Maybe it's the tonic effect of beef steak, but next time anybody proposes to move the national capital to Texas, he's got my vote.

Texas is the place where they say "Howdy, stranger," the morning you arrive, and "Howdy, Tex," by nightfall. I know that's an impressionistic piece of phrasing, but it'll do to describe the subjective feelings of a traveler under the Lone Star. The sun here never sets on a lonesome man, and I'd be surprised if many gals play solitaire in the starry nights.

Texas hospitality is an act of kindness, blessing both the giver and receiver—but there's more to it than that. I am contending that an American feels right at home in Texas for the very prime reason that he is—at home in a great big sense that befits this great big state. Texas isn't just a part of America. Texas is America. Home is the wanderer from the seas of fogbound ideology, home from the foreign hills of yoiaks and ou-la-la philosophy.

At the Greater Fort Worth International Airport, which is every bit as big and chesty as its name, I was introduced to a man described as "about the second or third richest man in Texas." In the East, where the capital city is located, there's a cloud over such titles. On the seaboard closest to Europe, people don't point with pride to riches; they are more apt to apologize. But in Texas you become a man of distinction by making your pile, and you're entitled to the huzzas of your neighbors for being a multimillionaire. Well, of these two attitudes toward capitalism, which is the one more "American"—the one that prevails in the Eastern precincts or out here?

At Shady Oak, the famous farm of Amon Carter, I was at a 200-guest barbecue where a man was expected to hold all the fried chicken, potatoes, hot bread and apple pie he cared to place before him. The meal was short on silverware and table linen; there were no place cards and no bouncers. Our host, who had to be absent, sent word from his hospital bed that if any of us got in jail, he'd get us out or else get in with us. And when we left for the evening, there were Shady Oak hats as a parting gift to each guest, each hat with the new owner's name in it.

Feel at home in Texas? Better than that, you feel as if you'd rediscovered America. As a foot soldier of the national political beat, I have heard all the dyspeptic oratory of fearfulness. We are in mortal danger from the Russians. We are ruined because our allies dislike us. We had better spend all we have in order to "buy" such sick-sounding things as "security" and "survival." Well, if the national capital were in Texas where nobody's afraid of anything, that sort of graveyard talk would never be heard above the shout and song of well-fed extroverts.

In a friend's sun parlor in Dallas, I heard them talk of what happened at the church board meeting. There was a resolution which called for a vote of confidence in the United Nations and in the work of UNESCO. The resolution was voted down. Isolationism? Naw, just Americanism! The ostrich policy? No, siree, just clairvoyance! There are many places

within a \$2 phone call of Washington where people on their porches are puzzled about U. N. affairs. In Texas there is no puzzlement. Nobody in Texas suffers any ambivalence in weighing the merits of the U. S. Constitution and the U. N. Charter. In Texas they don't have any trouble deciding what hyphenated word to call a witness who hides behind the Fifth Amendment, or how much aid ought to go to an ally that trades with the Reds, or which is the bigger menace, communism or McCarthyism.

There may be something wrong about being rich and successful, but folks in Texas don't think there is. There must be much danger in the world today, but in Texas you'll seldom hear knees knocking together. There's bound to be much wrong with America which only foreign ideology can cure, but down here nobody gives a chaw of tobacco for that sort of talk.

Move the seat of government as a cure-all for what ails our lawmakers? That's going to sound like a pretty silly idea when I get back to Washington. But out here in Texas—yippee!

Verse for Today

by Ann Campbell.

THE PREACHER.

He always claimed that when he had performed
A marriage ceremony, the tight knot
Was tied forever! How his presence warmed
The guests who felt his wisdom, and did not
Dispute his claim! At funerals it seemed
As if he opened wide the very door
Of heaven! Mourners caught the dream he dreamed,
And felt resurgence of their faith once more.

He had a pixie humor, often serving
As Cupid for the lonely in his flock.
He was devoted to his church, unswerving
In friendship, constant, steady as a rock.
The world is better for his having lived.
His monument is in the broken hearts
He mended; in his gifts to those who grieved.
His goodness lingers, although he departs.

We shall remember him when we are tempted
To doubt our neighbor, and when pessimism
Chips at the ideal he pre-empted,
Darkening the perfection of life's prism.
We shall remember him who honored us
With friendship. We shall walk with deepened faith,
Because he made religion glorious,
And taught us how to triumph after death.

LOOKING AT LIFE

SECRETARIES TOO EFFICIENT?

Secretaries of America:

You are too brisk! You are too efficient! Slow up!

So says Jeanette Janvrin of England, who recently won an American tour in a "perfect secretary" contest sponsored by a London newspaper.

American secretaries are altogether too briskly efficient, she said in an interview at her New York hotel.

Miss Janvrin is not exactly the motion picture idea of a perfect American secretary. She is tiny, very demure, has auburn hair and a nice, modest smile.

She would never be able to compete with our statuesque, effervescent, cocktailish sort of secretaries, she thinks.

Congressional Quiz