

From.....

San Angelo
(Texas)

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Modern Carpetbaggers

90 Perhaps many Texans have been struck lately by the sudden rise in this state's popularity on the itineraries of the traveling Master Minds out of Washington. A flock of the boys are either here, on the way, or coming soon, each preceded by a skirmish line of deployed press agents, and each bringing a full book of INSTRUCTIONS TO TEXANS ON HOW TO VOTE. It is an inspiring sight, clouded only by recollections of a similar golden period in Texas' earlier political life, when shoals of visitors from the national capital ushered in what became known as the Carpetbagger Era.

First one thing, then another is given as ostensible reason for the turning of official eyes Texasward.

Mr. Ickes, sometimes termed the hatchet man of the Hop-happy Tong, wants to see with his own eyes whether the Texas oil fields are really big enough to justify all the labor he has put into the effort to take production control out of the hands of the state into those of his own department of the Federal Government.

By a happy coincidence, a bushwacking detachment from Austin will be on the move in the direction of Fort Worth at about the same time and these will temporarily detour to Kilgore, so as to assure a good showing of horny-handed applause when the secretarial foot touches Texas soil.

After a few conferences at Kilgore, the boys will form a caravan and roll on down to Austin by way of Fort Worth, where there will be some more conferences. Then they will be joined by reinforcements from Washington, marching in the train of RFC Carmody, for some more conferences. These presumably will continue until the whole outfit gathers around a damsite on the Colorado, where Colonel Carmody will give a dam the name of Congressman Lyndon Johnson, or that of a Central Texas mayor whose distinction lately has consisted chiefly of willingness to act as field agent of a Washington cabal for giving Texas a political black eye.

Capping the procession, a tentative date has been arranged for Secretary Hull, who will make a speech. It is hoped he will be able to explain to Texas the special virtues of his Venezuelan oil treaty by which Texas oil producers are placed at the mercy of several Eastern major oil companies or those of the projected Argentine treaty through which the eminent Tennessean attempted the same service on behalf of Texas cattle raisers.

Following the Austin ceremonies and conferences, the foraging party will move on to Houston, where some more conferences are scheduled for getting into high gear the movement, begun tentatively at Fort Worth. Then finally there will be a grand supreme conference at Austin, expected to sign, seal and deliver the contract.

And what, gentle reader, might that contract be?

Nothing more nor less than the betrayal of Texas pride, Texas loyalty and Texas common sense.

The boys from Washington are down here for the purpose of inducing Texas to put a knife into the back of the Garner campaign.

Texans—that is, normal Texans who are not dazzled by the fleshpots of Federal patronage—look upon the candidacy of Vice-President Garner as presenting an opportunity which their state pride and their individual self-respect demand be developed to the utmost. It is unthinkable that Texas should fail or refuse to employ every endeavor to further the candidacy which offers to the state the first opportunity it has had to give a chief executive to the Nation. The so-called third-term issue is not a factor. Texas is entitled to presume that President Roosevelt will not be a candidate for the nomination, and in that presumption to devote its energies to the cause of its outstanding contribution to national public service.

Normal Texans are unable to understand those calling themselves Texans who go about urging Texas to desert Garner and to weasel out of its duty to stand by its own. It is easy enough to appreciate the anxiety of some of the visiting gentlemen who wish to give the Garner campaign a death blow at the start by inducing the candidate's home state to fail to instruct its delegates to the nominating convention. Those gentlemen are interested chiefly in Texas' 46 votes in the convention. Like the Carpetbaggers of the late Sixties, whom they resemble in the nature of their interest in the state, they want to get something out of Texas, not in this instance to bring anything—either honor or advancement—to the state.

If we look a bit deeper into current and scheduled events, we may be able to appreciate also the anxiety and eagerness of the boys who are running about the country dedicating things and conferring right and left, presumably on expense accounts to be paid by the taxpayers. They are naturally disturbed by the prospect of losing their places of power and emolument. They know that if John Garner gets into the White House, with his proved business judgment and his native horse sense, there will ensue a great exodus from the feed trough.

That is an eventuality viewed with utter horror by the dedicatory gentlemen, and to prevent it they will do their best, while dedicating Texas dams, to damn Texas with the brand of traitor and renegade.

In the instance of the other Carpetbag invasion, there were few Texans who fell for the traps baited by the invaders. If Texas has not deteriorated as a land of independence and self-respect, if Texans have not lost their ability to detect a con game at the start, there will be still fewer this time.—Ft. Worth Star-Telegram.