

SOPHOMORE STORIES
SILENCE!
1929

I took my sophomore French from an instructor at the University of Texas named Alfred Kenngott. Mr. Kenngott was a Swiss, and a boorish and ill-mannered a martinet as I have ever known. He would scream at students and, at the least untoward development, would yell, "Silence!" One of his favorite students was Sarah Bedichek, daughter of the grand old man of the Interscholastic League. One day he called on me to recite and, in the middle of my recitation, I noticed that he was talking audibly with Sarah Bedichek, who was dutifully seated on the front row. I forthwith yelled, "Silence!" and went on with my reading. I never did look up, but he became thereafter as silent for me as other people were when he yelled at them.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTIN
1929

At Christmas in my sophomore year, I was too far from home and too broke to go anywhere. Nothing is deader than a big university campus at holiday time. Eddie Aboumrad from Mexico City, one or two other boys, and I were left around, and we hit on the plan of going through the student directory in search of the names of girls who might live too far away to go home for Christmas. For some reason that I do not now recall, possibly that I had a regular girlfriend in Austin, I did not go around with the boys, but they had many a polite good time during the holidays, calling on the girls selected in this way. I remember one that they went to visit, a Chinese girl named Roberta Mohling Ma, who was working on her doctor's degree, I believe in chemistry, and who lived with Miss Roberta Lavender, whose first name she had taken. She was from Hong Kong, China. Years later our El Paso papers carried the story of the marriage of an El Pasoan, Amen Wardy, Jr., to a young lady in Mexico City named Aboumrad who, at the wedding, had been given away by her uncle, Edward Aboumrad. I checked to discover that there are two Edward Aboumrads, both uncles of the bride, and I still do not know which is which.

WILKENING'S
1930-1934

When I was a junior, I lived at a rooming house operated by a family named Wilkening. I moved there because I admired two boys, Aylmer McNeese and Ben Davis, who had as high schoolers won the state championship in debate. I learned more from Mac about how to make good grades than I ever did from another person. I once despaired of ever learning the twenty-five reasons why the bishop of Rome became the Pope, an item from Dr. Gutsch's history of England course; Mac bet me a dime he could learn them in five minutes and spiel them back to me. He learned the first five or six speedily and then moved ahead, learning a few more in order at a time and then reviewing the items in order; he won the dime hands down. And I, holding copy on him, learned them, too. After that, I never made a B.

Once the Wilkenings undertook to put wallpaper throughout the house. In many parts of the house, if not all, a wooden paneling, somewhat resembling old-time ceiling panel, constituted the walls. For wallpaper, they had to tack cheesecloth on all the wall and ceiling surfaces. Fourteen-year-old Marvin Wilkening drew the chore of tacking on the cheesecloth. To reach the

inordinately high ceilings, Marvin chose a table with a chair on it, and to have a supply of tacks handy, he filled his mouth with them. He was just outside my door when he decided it was too much trouble to get down and move the table and chair to a new location, and he tried to jiggle them along to the new place. I was roused from my study by a terrible crash. I dashed out to see the chair on the floor and Marvin lying in a corner of the hall, out cold and with carpet tacks trickling from the corner of his mouth. My alarm quickly gave way to merriment when he blinked his eyes, staggered to his feet, spat the remainder of the mouthful of tacks into his hand, and announced that he was not really hurt.

A youngster from Waco, whose name I cannot now remember, but who made the first crystal radio set I ever heard, and brought in some broadcasts for our delectation in the Wilkening attic, once provided some high merriment for me. I was more competent than most in making good grades in English, and all of the freshmen in the house had established the pattern of getting me to check over their themes before they turned them in. This lad once brought me a theme on Jimmy Doolittle, who, even this far in advance of World War II, had established himself as a model of determination and ambition to be followed by all young men. The final sentence in this lad's theme on Jimmy Doolittle read, "For amicable achievement, few men of today have equaled the records of Jimmy Doolittle." I was somewhat puzzled by his use of the word "amicable," and asked him what he thought it meant. He said the word "amicable" meant "high, lofty, and great." I explained to him that it had no such meaning at all, and we looked it up in the dictionary to set him straight. As I was explaining the word's meaning to him, the explanation of his misconception came to me like a flash: in Waco then, as I imagine now, the Amicable Life Insurance Building, called simply the Amicable Building, is the biggest building in Waco.

Some years later, when Jettie and I married, since we were both still students in the University, we had only two part-time salaries which we had been earning. We therefore could not afford a sumptuous apartment, and we settled for a room in the Wilkening house. It was still fairly well full of boy roomers, but she and I got the best room in the house, and lived there for a semester. As newlyweds, we of course took great delight in one another's company, rowdying and scuffling, as young married couples often do. We once put on a chase, which culminated in my catching Jettie, with her squealing and laughing, and throwing her down on our bed. In a moment of quiet, I heard one of the boys in the room above say, "He threw her down on the bed."

When I was a junior in the University and lived at Wilkening's, someone told me of the best horror story ever written, *Dracula*, by Bram Stoker. I got it as soon as I could, and I read it in my room far into the night, too grippingly absorbed to lay it down. In the middle of the night, McNeese was up and about for some natural cause, and saw me reading in bed. He knew what I was reading, and he jumped out into my room at the foot of my bed, screeched and waved his arms. I rose from communing with the "undead" to standing at the head of my bed with my buttocks hooked over the top of the bedstead.

OLD PAT 1930

Professor Caleb Perry Patterson was a senior Professor of Government during the time when I was a student in that department at the University of Texas. He was a most interesting and colorful person. He had two "cute" little phrases that he used in appropriate places repeatedly. When he had the class puzzled over a question he had posed, he would say, "I've got you buzzing around like a button on a barn door." When he was alternatives to a proposition, he would say, "There are more ways of killing a dog than choking it to death on butter." Once when

he was calling the roll in a class for the first time, he came upon the name of a boy I knew named Blitch. Old Pat snickered and said, "Huh! That sounds like a woman's name."

He was an inveterate smoker of cigars. I in those days was addicted to a cigar named Plantina, which was a huge stogie selling two for a nickel. Once it was raining and old Pat ran out of cigars and was reluctant to send me, the departmental secretary, down to Hilsberg's Cafe to buy him some. He compromised, therefore, by taking one of my Plantinas. After he had taken two of three puffs on one of my stogies, he exclaimed, "Country Boy, these things will kill you." (Burton Marshall, a fellow graduate student from El Paso, once took a plantina from my hand, examined it carefully, and opined, "It is my considered opinion that that animal has been eating hemp.

Once a speech he made in San Antonio so impressed a woman who was about his own age that she came the next morning to see him in the basement of Garrison Hall where our offices and classrooms were. She was quite high on him and apparently was bent on coming to hear him in class, whether he wanted her to or not. I was in the class. She came in, somewhat tentatively, and sat on the front row. He followed her in and squared away in front of the class and said, "Young ladies and gentlemen, I want to present to you . . . my mother." She said, "Oh pshaw!" and fled.

Once a young law professor, Mastin White, who taught constitutional law in the law school down the hill, obviously thinking that he could learn something about his business by registering for and sitting in on Dr. Pat's course in constitutional law, put in an appearance in the class. Pat asked me who he was and, when I told him, he proceeded for two whole weeks to read the galley proof of his textbook in American Government that was then coming out. Professor White finally lost heart and dropped out. Shortly thereafter, we moved into the subject of constitutional law and Pat and I undertook to read his galley proof in his office.

Pat was the national founder of Pi Sigma Alpha, and the Southwestern Political and Social Science Association. He could seldom adjust graciously to change. He fought hard to prevent the shifting of Pi Sigma Alpha headquarters from the University at Austin. He was bitterly opposed to the dropping of the words "Political and" from the name of the Southwestern Political and Social Science Association. In 1936, when his textbook was woefully out of date, even though it had been used for several years in the department there, he argued for readoption on the ground that the Supreme Court had held unconstitutional most of the major legislation of the New Deal, and we were, therefore, back where we had been several years before.

In later years, when I was head of the department at the University of Maryland, he approached me many times urging me insistently to lead a move to get him elected president of the American Political Science Association, something I could never have accomplished if I had wanted to.

I have a great feeling of guilt in connection with Dr. Pat, because he once dictated a letter to me to Professor Martin in the State of Washington, and gave it to me to mail. This was in April or May, and that evening I hung up for the summer the suit I had been wearing, and I found the letter in the pocket of the suit coat the next fall when I resurrected the suit for cold-weather wear. I mailed the letter months late and never admitted anything about it, even though Dr. Pat asked me if I knew why it was so late getting mailed.

Dr. Pat could not spell for sour apples and his handwriting was atrocious. He once corrected me on the spelling of the word "privilege," and I had in turn to correct him. He asked me if I had looked the word up, and I told him that I had not looked the word up because I did not have to, since I already knew how to spell it. He then looked it up to satisfy himself. Very few people besides me could decipher Dr. Pat's handwriting.

In his later years, as a very old man, long since retired from the University, he willed his estate to the University of Texas. After his death, a young man named Don Yarbrough, who had lived with him, produced a deed to Dr. Patterson's house, which he had willed to the University, and the deed held up in court, even in the Texas Supreme Court. Bob Calvert, who was Chief Justice when the case came to the Supreme Court, told me the entire membership of the Court considered the deed fraudulent, but it had been validated by a lower court jury, fair and square, and could not be set aside. Don Yarbrough in 1976 was elected to membership on the Supreme Court in a classic case of confused names, his with a man of the same name who had run two substantial races for Governor of Texas. I went with Bob Calvert to the gallery of the House of Representatives on the day the power play in the House forced Yarbrough to resign from the Supreme Court rather than face impeachment. His lawyer was former Attorney General Waggoner Carr.

HEINIE 1931

One of my friends at the University in my junior year was Heinie Boehm. He and I both registered for Dr. Timm's course in International Relations. On the first day of class, when Dr. Timm was calling the roll, he came to Heinie's name and said, "Bim, bam bome, bum! Did I hit it?" Heinie responded meekly, "No, it is 'bame.'" Heinie was later registrar at Blinn Memorial College at Brenham.

PLAGIARISM 1932

In my senior year at the University of Texas, I courted a real pretty little girl named Mary Frances Zumwalt for Ardmore, Oklahoma. I used to tease her by asking if she wanted to live up to her name, since "zum wald" in German meant "to the woods." She was the niece of Mrs. S. M. N. Marris; Mr. Marris was State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mary Frances had a habit not uncommon then of taking her own good time about coming down dressed for a date, and it was therefore my fate to have to wait in the parlor for her. On such waits as this, I came to know the old man Marris.

Once, during such a wait, I found him hopping mad over a discovery he had made of an English textbook which had been submitted to the State for State-wide school adoption, I believe for secondary schools, submitted by three University of Texas English professors; one of them as I remember was D. L. Clark. He compared the old textbook in English with a new one, both published by the same national publishing house, and I held copy of one book while he read to me from the other, published some forty years before. He was almost livid and he declared that the professors who had tried to palm off the old textbook as their own would rue the day they had sought to pull so raw a deal.

JOBS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS 1928-1937

When I was in Austin, Texas with Danny Fowler in 1927, Mr. Nichols, Danny's distant cousin who worked in the Attorney General's office, tried to persuade us that that was the best place for us to go to college. He told me he would get me a job; that most U. T. students had

jobs and earned their way. But Danny and I were firmly California-bound, and it took knowledge of the high California out-of-state tuition rates in the public universities, and high private university tuition rates as well, to disabuse our minds. After getting California out of my system and a year in Coalwood, West Virginia, and a hitchhiking trip to Washington, New York, and Boston, I arrived in Austin around September 1, 1928. with about two hundred dollars in my pocket that I had saved from my last two or three paychecks from the Consolidation Coal Company at Coalwood.

The first job I got in Austin was waiting on tables at Callan's Boarding House for room and board downtown. Lunch was served from 11:30 to 2:00, and supper from 5:30 to 7:30, and people are in relays, about one every fifteen minutes at each place in the dining room -- whole droves of people. It was pretty much a greasy-spoon, but the food was wholesome, according to my lights in those days -- I used to say I liked good food, but I liked bad food, too, so long as it stuck to your ribs. Three of us guys, who refilled dishes of food, took out dirty plates, and set clean places were university students: Frank Graham, who attended St. Edwards University, and Carol Cook and I who were freshmen at the University of Texas. It was at Callan's that I met Pinky Creswell and Clyde Brown, who were paying customers and working three blocks away in the shoe store down on Congress Avenue. Callan's was on Ninth Street, one house beyond Lavaca, two blocks from Congress, and twelve or fourteen blocks to the working part of the university. We three waiters had beds in the basement.

The Callan's were a childless couple past middle age. Pa Callan was then a gray-sandy-haired wisp of a man, who was no trouble to anybody, least of all to Ma Callan. Ma was so fat she could hardly waddle, not really a battle-ax, but she could be a terror when she felt outraged about something. They really enjoyed the droves of people that come in to eat all they could hold of good solid food and went away picking their teeth.

Carol Cook, recent valedictorian of Raymondville high school, became a lasting friend, although I have lost touch with him since he and his wife owned a paint store at Las Cruces, New Mexico, when we first came to El Paso. Frank Graham was from Mobile and was real handy with the ladies; it was he who had a date with the girl friend of the State judge the night the judge waited for him to bring her home from the date and shot her dead. Frank, for a while thereafter, was a real scared and subdued little smart-aleck Alabama catholic boy. He attended Stiedwards University.

I don't remember how many months I worked at Callan's, but it must have been at least until Christmas. It was a lot of work just for meals and a bed, and as soon as I got sight of some money, I left it for more convenient and refined work and quarters at and near the university.

I signed on at the Stenographic Bureau at the University for references for any kind of typing. All their jobs were taken, but they got requests for references from other places. I went around to all likely offices on the campus to offer my services. The only office where I ever picked up any work on the campus that fall was from Dr. Manuel in the education building, later named Sutton Hall, but it was fleeting work and not much of that.

On my tour I went to the University of Texas Press, which published books, bulletins, and the student paper, the DAILY TEXAN. The manager then was a man named Wright. He had no work for me, either, but, being civil, asked me where I was from, and I told him Bowling Green, Kentucky; he told me that one of his pressmen was from Kentucky. I went and talked with the man. He had lived for one year at Bowling Green, years before; I asked him to name some of the people he remembered. He said the only person he remembered was a girl named Mamie Heminger. I told him she was my Aunt Mamie; she had married my Uncle Virgil Scott and was the mother of my cousins Marie, Mildred, and Julian. He seemed a bit embarrassed, as if he had

some guilty knowledge about Aunt Mamie, which I took to confirm my impression that she was "fast" as a girl. Somebody once told me that Aunt Mamie, after she had married Uncle Virgil and had children, when she heard that Uncle Brownie had died, cried, "Oh, My God; he was the only man I ever loved!" I remember her as a buxom, flashy woman who wore big hats and went out all dressed and gusseted up.

One of the first typing jobs I got at the University was for a woman named Daniels (I think), who was the widow of a doctor, several blocks northwest from the University, and who published a little monthly magazine called MEDICAL INSURANCE. Many people I have told about her regarded her highly, but she was an exacting, forbidding, and disagreeable old biddy, so far as I was concerned. My standard charge for typing in those days was fifty cents an hour or ten cents a page, whichever came cheaper for the customer. I could type theses, with all the carbons, at better than six pages an hour, and I would clock myself from the time I sat down until I got up. My charge stayed at that rate almost to the end of my university career, nine years later. Once when I was a graduate student, an old gal for whom I had typed a thesis on the sources of Herman Melville's MOBY DICK wanted one extra copy right during examination week in the next three days, with the price of the job no object. I didn't want to do it, and so I told her my charge would be twenty-five cents a page for the one copy, dead copy of a thesis already typed, thinking she would go elsewhere to get it done; but she took me up on the offer. I got rich typing twelve pages an hour from perfect copy for three dollars every sixty minutes; apparently my work on the examinations didn't suffer, either, since I made only A's in all my courses in those days.

After Christmas in my freshman year, I got two jobs that made it through the university for me. The boy who was stenographer for the Department of Government went home for Christmas and died there. I never knew him, but Missy Kothe, the manager of the Stenographic Bureau, got me his job. The job paid forty dollars a month through the nine-month term. Professor Charles A Timm, who as an associate professor and not then holding his doctor's degree, was the departmental secretary, and he employed me. Other full professors were: Caleb Perry Patterson, the senior man, brass-voiced and egotistical, ultra-conservative, but a pretty good garden-variety political scientist; J. Lloyd Meham, whose book, CHURCH AND STATE IN LATIN AMERICA, I bought with money earned at four-bits an hour and which I still have on my shelf, a real scholar, best remembered for the time when I was in his class and a stray dog wandering through the building came into the room and made water against the leg of the table at which he was standing giving his lecture; Oliver Douglas Weeks, whose field was policy and with whom much of my work was later done, including my doctoral thesis, married to a real attractive woman named Julian; Irvin Stewart, a hotshot who under Franklin Roosevelt became a member of the Federal Communication Commission and President of West Virginia University; and Frank Mann Stewart, whose field was state administration, who bored his students to distraction, who authored a standard work on the United States Civil Service Commission, who chewed gum until it tired him and then left it on papers on top of his desk, and who later moved to UCLA. Another associate professor then was Roscoe Martin, a martinet, who once when I asked from his open office door if he was working hard responded, "I was before you interrupted me." He later became director of the Bureau of Municipal Government Research, and still later went to head political science at the University of Alabama and brought me there after him in 1942.

Instructors were Emmette Redford and Alton Burdine, soon to finish Doctorates at Harvard; Taylor Cole, later executive vice president at Duke; Max White, who put in a career later at the University of Connecticut; and Howard Calkins, who finished up a not too distinguished career in the department there at U. T. There were also a whole slough of tutors,

later called part-time instructors, who taught two sections of the beginning course. I was on call for dictation from the professors and Timm and to do typing for all the others. Timm was also in those years executive secretary of the Southwestern Political and Social Science Association, which published a quarterly journal, and he was the one who kept me busy. I worked from one to five in the afternoon.

The second job I got after Christmas in my freshman year was a little typing job MWF at 10:00 with Dr. Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr., who as an English professor was in charge of the Committee on Student Use of English, which was empowered by the university rules to commit any student at whatever advanced level to take a course in Zero English when he was reported by faculty members as deficient in English.

Dr. Payne was the most famous professor of English at the university; he had authored the textbooks in use in Texas public high schools at that time; Jettie studied English books written by Dr. Payne. He was not, however, top man in the English Department's pecking order. The department was then a baronetcy belonging to Dr. Morgan Calloway, who taught Old English and dominated the department in all details. English professors trembled at the sound of his name, but I thought him a doddering old fud. The only English professor that could tell him to go to hell was Hanson Tufts Parlin, who was also dean of arts and sciences.

Dr. Payne was as fine and sweet a man as I ever knew. One morning he was crowing: it was his sixty-fifth birthday, and on that day one gained immunity from insurance peddlers. Dr. Payne had graduated from Auburn University, and his field was the modern novel. He was ingenuous and full of enthusiasm for his work; he liked and admired Stark Young, author then of SO RED THE ROSE, who was sneered at by Calloway and his brownnosers, but not by Dr. Payne. Dr. Payne once missed two of his classes in a row sitting and telling me about Joseph Conrad's LORD JIM. He invited me to his house for Christmas dinner with the Whareys in my sophomore year, where I turned over a demitasse of coffee on the beautiful linen table cloth, to my intense mortification, and had Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Wharey rushing around to save the polished table-top. Mrs. Payne was a cultured but whimpery woman who had but two or three teeth then. She called her husband "Das," for Leonidas.

I shocked Dr. Payne mightily twice during my nine years with him: he was such a GOOD man. Once was when I showed him a copy of a short story I had written, with realism and gutter words: he told me, "Joe, this is awful; you ought to destroy it right away." Another time he told me that the girl I was going with, Doris Temple, who was taking one of Dr. Payne's courses, was a much better student than he had thought, because she had written for him a first-class term theme about a tomcat, using the trick Max Beerbohm used in "The Young Prince." I had to tell him that I had written the theme for her. His jaw dropped and he said in some agitation, "Joe, you know, I once wrote a theme for a girl."

I met Dr. Payne in his office on MWF in the morning, at his office hour right up to the time I took my doctor's degree; I admired him profoundly; he was so genuine; and a good part of it was that I had in his office a private retreat from everything and everybody, and, occasionally, a place to take a girl friend for a little quiet smooching. I typed innumerable theses on his typewriter. Except for his regular office hours, Dr. Payne did his work at home.

The second year, Dr. Payne was elected president of the Faculty Club, a block and a half off the campus on San Antonio Street, and when there was an opening for night boy he gave the job to me. One of the duties for a year or so, in addition to being night boy, was to tend the

furnace, stoke it with coal overnight, and get it going early the next morning. After that first winter they changed to an automatic gas furnace, and I had no longer anything to do with it. The night boy chopped weeds away from the shrubs and flower beds. The Club had a game room, with pool, billiard, and chess tables. I had to glue new tips on the billiard cues, put sticker labels on the Club's magazines and keep them in the racks, answer the telephone, and little else. Duty hours were from six to ten p.m. For two years my regimen was at the Department of Government from one to five in the afternoon and at the Faculty Club from six to ten.

The big chore of the week was serving and cleaning up after the Saturday night parties. The Faculty Club wives had entertainment committees who worked like dogs to put on the biggest of the parties; sometimes the parties were whoppers. For some of them I had to move and stack in the kitchen the chairs and tables from the dining room. I remember more than one party when I didn't get the place cleaned up until daylight Sunday morning. That had to be for the Halloween and Christmas parties, when the whole place was bedecked with bunting, corn shocks and such. Helluva a chore sweeping up and carting out the debris and getting the furniture back in place.

At first I took my meals sitting at a small table in the kitchen, but when Dr. Payne found out about that, he had them seat me at one of the tables with the faculty in the dining room from then on. I must have held that job for three years. The first manager of the Faculty Club in my time was Mrs. Miller, an old battle-ax who lived in the house immediately south of the Club. Another of my duties, as I have said, was to attend to plantings and flowers. Once Mrs. Miller directed me to dig deep holes alongside the foundation of the clubhouse to the south. At first the holes were not deep enough to suit her; I worked at the chore several days until she was satisfied; they were to be used to put fertilizer in for the plantings. When the job was done, she informed me they were to be filled with chicken manure from her henhouse next door. I went and looked at the henhouse. Chicken dung was nearly a foot deep all over the floor. I rebelled, simply refusing to do it, and I never heard any more about the matter. Later on, on my own motion, I replaced the piled up dirt in the holes.

The second manager, maybe for my last two years, was Edleen Begg, an old-family Austinite, who was really a fine old gal -- not too old, either. She once got so mad at me she could bite nails in two for speaking disparagingly of broccoli, which had been served at a meal. I said something like it was fit only for hogs or cows. She said, "Just don't eat it, and keep your big mouth shut." I like broccoli now, but it was next to nothing then.

Despite the confining hours, the Faculty Club nightboy job had its points. On quiet nights and after hours was a good time to study. I could shoot pool or billiards -- I became a pretty good billiard player, but that was the only place I ever shot pool or billiards with any regularity, and I lost whatever skill I had. Also I could read the Club magazines; one of my favorites was the LONDON ILLUSTRATED, but I never read it before or since.

There were three bedrooms upstairs at the Club. Old Dr. Griffith, an English professor, lived in one, Dr. Reuben Lewis, a biologist, lived in another, and Mr. Nichols of the Bureau of Business Research, the Club secretary, had the third; Nichols later went to the University of Pittsburgh, as I recall. Dr. Griffith's wife and daughters lived in New York; all he was good for, so far as they were concerned, was to send the money. Both Griffith and Lewis were old, and the

latter was almost stone deaf. I think Jettie once had a course with Dr. Lewis. In class he would ask a student a question and, regardless of the answer, he would say, yes, that is right, and then spiel out the correct answer to his question.

One night when I was in the game room tipping cues, one of the most comical events I ever saw occurred. Dr. Griffith had been feeling poorly, and he and old Rube agreed he needed an enema and Rube would give it to him. Rube was administering the enema, but when Dr. Griffith pleaded with him to stop, he failed to hear the plea. I ran back in response to Dr. Griffith's yelling and cut off the waterbag right beside old Rube, who was still pouring it in. There was nobody in the Club except us three. I never told any of the Faculty Club denizens about the experience, but I laughed about it on into the night; I have told the story many times since the two old gentlemen are gone.

At my table at the Faculty Club were several regulars. One was a comparatively young man in engineering named Byron Short. I liked him, but he was more of a technician in my definition than a university professor. Dr. Lewis and Dr. Griffith were two more. Another was Dr. Frank B. Marsh, a pasty-faced old professor of ancient history who had an annoying practice of asking a question about some obscure fact that he had just looked up and then assuming superiority because nobody else knew it. And still another regular at the table was Dr. Bachelder, and old red-haired mathematics professor, whose nickname around the university was "Co-Sine Red"; he was a tall, lanky, ungainly, silent man, almost totally humorless. He never said anything at all to anybody; he and Marsh took long walks around the university and even far away in the evenings. One day at lunch, out of the blue and apropos of nothing, he posed a conundrum: who was the world's first carpenter? No one could answer, not knowing what to expect and benumbed by his long silence. His answer was: Eve, because she made Adam's banana stand. I thought Dr. Griffith was going to choke, he laughed so hard. I had to tell old Dr. Lewis what Co-sine Red had said, so he could laugh too, but I couldn't shout it out, because of the ladies at other tables around.

I don't recall the amount of money pay from the Faculty Club, in addition to the meals, but it must have been about forty dollars a month. The chores were not burdensome except when the big parties would come along two or three times a year. I remember one party the involved the doing of skits by various faculty members: a group of four, dressed as little boys in short pants (one of whom was Dr. Payne) giving a cheer for "Myopia Academy": "Myopia, Yea! Kill 'Em! Kill 'Em! Let us Pray!" And old Dr. Wharey, in a feigned German accent, exhorting people to great effort by saying, "Always go ahead! Don't ever sit down on what's behind you!"

One other story from the Faculty Club. From time to time I had to serve a meal in the special dining room; I don't remember doing very many over the whole time. One such group was the faculty members of the Government Department, when everyone fell silent, and old Dr. Patterson was prompted to tell the story of the old Tennessee father, who called his several sons around his death bed to tell them that he and their mother were never married until just before Zeb, the last son, was born. All of the sons were quiet until Zeb spoke up to inquire, "Why don't some of you bastards say something?"

Missy Kothe was an exceedingly efficient girl from Llano who was for many years the manager of the Stenographic Bureau. She was hard as nails when need be, but she was soft as

mush with all the boys who worked for her had who she knew would not abuse her confidence. I remember the summer I did my master's thesis, I had become enamored of Kathryn Petmecky's typewriter. Kathryn Petmecky was one of the stenographers, a real pretty girl (I sued to get her to clean my sweaty spectacles on her underslip, and once when she and some other girls went on a trip to New York I wrote in a group letter urging her to hurry back because my glasses were getting terribly dirty, and she sent me posthaste a little piece of muslin to use until her return; and thereafter I teased Kathryn about whether she had on the slip with the bottom snipped off.) but she used the machine all day. Missy let me come in at 5:00 p. m. and type on that machine all night for the several nights it took to finish my labor of love, the best typing job ever put in on a thesis. Missy baled me out several times with a job that would tide me over during the summer or between terms.

At one time or another I served as stamp boy, stamping all the university out-going mail with a mechanical hand-stamper with moisture and a roll of stamps inside; it could be come quite a frustrating outfit when it got gummed up. I remember a Latin-American messenger boy who brought in the out-going mail from Little Campus, which he presented to the stamp boy with the request, "Will you please estomp these?" I would frequently dismiss someone who had interrupted my work with the remark, "Leave me alone; I have got to estomp these letters." On several occasions I served as mimeograph boy, and that likewise could be a most exasperating line of work; no trouble ever developed that Missy Kothe couldn't straighten out.

Once when I was mimeograph boy I picked up a stencil to run, glanced casually at the heading on it, and realized that it was the final examination for the chemistry course I was taking. I ran out of the mimeograph room to Missy's desk, holding it as far from me as I could, hollering at Missy, "This is my chemistry exam; I just saw the heading of the first stencil, but I didn't look at any of the questions!" Missy took it from me, ran the stencil herself, and reassured and soothed me back to work on the other stencils.

Once a bunch of my Delta Tau Delta fraternity brothers got me in a car with a flashy girl, a Cactus Beauty as I recall named Scanlan, to make a pitch for a copy of her final examination for the mimeograph room. I don't recall what course she was interested in, but the clincher was her statement that she would do anything to get a copy of final examination. I asked her, "Anything?" and she replied, "Anything." I told her gently that that was not enough. Nobody ever got a copy of an examination, even through carelessness, from the Stenographic Bureau, so far as I know. Missy Kothe instilled integrity even in those who didn't have any to start with.

The faculty mail job was the best paying (in the amount of time required, if you rushed) and the best exercise of all the jobs I ever held. I must have held it during the long terms for two years. In my second graduate year, I was made a part-time instructor in the Government Department, teaching two sections to American government. It paid one hundred dollars a month for nine months, and that was all the money job I needed; but my money wants had expanded with the years, so that it took at least that much each month. And when June came, I couldn't make a go of it without steady pay coming in. Missy gave me back one of the faculty mail jobs, but it was real hard for me to carry that old leather mail satchel over my shoulder on the campus and be greeted by youngsters from last semester's classes calling me "Mr. Ray." I had to take it, but it was hard.

That lasted only a short while: Charles A. Timm had liked my master's thesis done under him on "The Diversion of Water from International Streams," which he could use in his study of the International Boundary Commission, saying one time that it was as good as some of the doctoral dissertations he had seen submitted at Harvard. He was Mr. Timm still then, but he had a Rockefeller-Spelman grant for the study to be submitted to Harvard as a dissertation. He rescued me from the embarrassing necessity of continuing to deliver faculty mail and be "Mistered" by students, by giving me a graduate assistantship to work on his project. Burton Marshall of El Paso, a graduate of the School of Mines, and I served together. I wrote three chapters of Timm's dissertation, first draft, one on diversion of water, one on Bancos, and one other, and Burton did three or four others; Timm then remade them into the excellence that won him the Harvard University prize for the best dissertation submitted that year.

This work was done after Jetting and I were courting and married. I went with Timm and Burton to Brownsville on a field trip, mostly boondoggle, and then to El Paso on the same kind of trip. Once down around San Elizario we were trying to run the boundary markers one after another, pure kid stuff, when the Border Patrol ran us down, thinking we might be involved in smuggling. Both trips were rich experiences. An El Paso lawyer named Sidney Smith told us an inside story of the personal conflict between Justice Field and a man named Terry that led to the famous supreme court case of *IN RE NEAGLE*. Fields and Terry had been after the same girl as young men; Terry got her, but they hated one another lifelong. I left Timm and Burton in El Paso and paid six dollars for a share-the-ride to Dallas and on the Hillsboro to visit Jettie at the Colville's farm. On that trip I was driving in the dead of night and I awoke somewhere out in the desert off the road and driving on the shoulder, sufficiently frightened not to do it again.

After working for Timm, the final research assistantship I held at the university was for O. D. Weeks in the Jim Wells papers. Jim Wells was a political boss down in Brownsville from about 1880 to 1920. His heirs gave all of his papers to the university. They were in the teaching field of Dr. Weeks, and he got a grant to work in them. I worked for a whole year, as I recall, taking notes and extracting materials of political import from the papers. It was a rich and rewarding job, but nobody, so far as I know, ever got any benefit from it. My notes completely filled a four-drawer metal filing case that was never touched before Weeks dies many years later. He was concerned least the stories would be embarrassing to John Nance Garner, then vice president, who had been put in Congress in 1901 by Jim Wells, and Weeks held off until Garner retired in 1940, and then he held off until Garner died, and Garner outlived him.

On that job Dr. Weeks hired a freshman student typist to work for me; it must have been a NYA student helper. I read everything in the voluminous papers -- they clearly revealed, in my estimate, that Garner as a State legislator around 1900 was working a wangle with Wells to unsettle land titles on the basis of Spanish royal land grants, for the benefit of the lawyers in South Texas -- took notes on many, chatted with Weeks about some, and copied some outright. I once left a note of the typist, whom I would not see until over a day later, "Brief this; do not copy verbatim." When I got back to the job, he had not touched it. I had wanted it done first off, and I upbraided him for not following instructions. His excuse was conclusive: "I could not do what you told me to because I did not know which part of it was the verbatim.

I once asked Dr. Weeks at a political science meeting twenty years later what had been done with the notes I had taken. He told me they were still in the file cabinet right where I had left them. I told him, in a burst of candor, that someone ought to take the study away from him.

I looked back at him after we had parted, and he was glaring balefully at me, as if I myself might steal into his playhouse and despoil it. He was an able man, but he preferred puttering to work and excuses to action. A woman instructor named Florence Spencer was hopelessly exasperated and frustrated by Weeks, in her efforts to produce a dissertation, because he twice produced and published articles in journals using chapters of her thesis submitted to him. I know no details of this matter, except that I saw the published articles and knew they related to her dissertation topic, and she would cry on the shoulder of anybody who would listen. She never finished her degree and died comparatively young.

I might relate some additional experiences on the faculty mail job. I had to collect the mail, sort it out by buildings and floors, and then deliver it to the offices of professors. It took from two to three hours of work and paid forty dollars per month. There were two different collections and deliveries each day, and two faculty mail boys. In some buildings there were no mail slots in office doors, and the faculty mail boys had not only keys to those buildings but pass keys to the offices. It was quite a responsibility, holding onto those important keys. Bill Hamblen, from Holland, Texas, faculty mail boy for awhile with me, once lost the keys on his route, and there was hell to pay. I found them the next day lying in the grass and weeds beside one of the old World War I shacks between the old Law Building and Gregory Gymnasium on our regular route, right where they had fallen from his pocket. I once boasted to Dr. E. E. Hale, an economics professor, that I had had keys to his office but did not use them to get the questions for my final examination with him, and he responded, fairly smugly, "You wouldn't have found them; I had them at home.

In the buildings that had elevators, the Main Building, Waggoner Hall, and the Science Building, I would ride the elevator to the top floor and work down. One Saturday afternoon about three o'clock, the Waggoner Hall elevator stalled with me between the second and third floors. I had visions of being marooned there over the weekend. As it was I didn't miss it much, and could have been there much longer than the hour I was. I continued to kick the metal side of the elevator cage and yell. I knew the reserve library was on the first floor, and if I could raise somebody from there, they could help get me out. Finally, Ben Davis, who had been working in the library, was attracted by the noise, came up to the second floor, and could see me stalled a few feet above the floor, through the glass doors. Ben was a year ahead of me in Government; he and A. G. McNeese had won the high school debate championship from Hubbard City. When he saw me and realized I was imprisoned and had been for some time and was the source of all that noise, he was tickled pink; he slapped his leg and laughed at me, and went back down to the library to bring up some more yokels to gawk at the monkey in the cage. It was at least fifteen minutes after he first saw me before he agreed to push the elevator button and summon the elevator to his floor so I could get out.

Another time, when I was courting Doris Temple, who frequently walked my faculty mail rounds with me (because I had few free times for courting), the elevator in the science building stuck with us; in that instance the time was not entirely lost, because Doris was a sprightly gal, and there were things to do while we waited for rescue; there was no yelling or kicking of sides that time. But it was a regular weekday, and someone soon summoned the elevator from its stalled position.

The Registrar was, of course, one of the most prolific customers of faculty mail. Registrar E. J. Matthews was an exceedingly exacting and ingenious person, forever devising systems to catch people in default and holding their feet to the fire. He had a system for making demands for reports from faculty members who were remiss in responding. He sent such a message once in a letter with a special form enclosed in it to Miss Roberta Lavender. She made no response, and when he checked personally with her, she denied ever receiving the letter. That led to a full review of faculty mail methods and procedures; Missy went over with me and visited with Mr. Matthews. All I could tell them was that if the letter was in the Registrar's outgoing mail, it was duly delivered to Miss Lavender; that I didn't eat mail; and that there was nothing else to do with a letter except to deliver it to the addressee; with rubber bands around mail and with leather mail sacks, it was practically impossible to lose a letter. That explanation could hardly be expected to satisfy Mr. Matthews: all people outside the Registrar's Office (and maybe in it, too) were his sworn antagonists; he wanted to catch them with their raiment askew, and he had a whim of iron. But he did the noble thing about a week later when he called me in to tell me that the response had come to him from Miss Lavender on the marked form that had been enclosed in the first message he sent, and that could only mean that the remissness, despite her disclaimer, was hers, and that the faculty mail record was still unblemished. Missy and I, when I told her, enjoyed a fine moment of smug self-satisfaction.

Despite the apparently overwhelming job responsibilities I carried while a student in the University, they were all part of a rich personal experience and they were all crowded along with academic and other human activities into the regular sixteen-hour day. I rarely got less than eight hours of sleep per night. It was all spread over a period of nine years, during which I earned a bachelor's degree with Phi Beta Kappa and highest honors, and master's and doctor's degrees. At the time I finished in 1937, I had acquired a wife, some of whose school debts I had helped to pay off, and we had a 1928 Buick Phaeton that was old and unsightly but ran like a top, and \$200 in the bank.

Once in my senior year, Dean Pittinger, who was Dean of Education and chairman of a new committee on outside student work, called me in because of the amount of outside work I was doing. All he knew about was the faculty mail job -- none of the other jobs: Government Department paper grader, Dr. Payne's typing, and night boy at the Faculty Club, and maybe some others, were being considered. According to his calculations, I would have to withdraw from two of my five courses. I argued and whined that I had been handling it all right, that my grades were all A's, but being careful not to tell him of the other jobs. He was adamant; he forced me finally to drop one of my five courses. I dutifully did so, and delivered the carbon copy of the drop slip to his secretary. Then, before the deadline arrived for adding new courses, I added the dropped course again; I had been dutifully attending its meetings in the meantime. And I made my accustomed 5 A's that semester.

One other sizable chore that fell to me was handled in my junior year. Mr. Timm was Executive Secretary of the Southwestern Political and Social Science Association. As such he was editor of the quarterly journal, still extant as THE SOUTHWESTERN SOCIAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY. Timm came at cross purposes with the moguls in the association in the fall, and he told them to take their job and stuff it. When they wailed that he couldn't do that to them right between the annual meetings, that they had two issues of the journal to put out, he grandly waved them aside by saying, "Ray can do it." And I could and did. All the extra work I did for the

Association, I billed them for fifty cents an hour. I knew the procedures from handling Timm's correspondence for two years. I referred to readers articles submitted, sorted them out by fields to maintain balance among the disciplines, took the copy to Mr. Wright at the University Print Shop, read proof on the galleys and page proof and put out two issues of the journal. The Association's annual convention was at Oklahoma City that year; I made all the arrangements for it, got all the bills paid, and staged a successful convention. There was no great fanfare about it, but I did all the things that Timm usually did, and did them almost as well as he would have done. I have always considered that performance as a measure of my youthful professional commitment.

One of my most vivid recollections of the job of getting out the Quarterly involved Ed Reichelt, a fellow paper grader in the Government Department, whom I recruited to help me proof read the galleys of one of the issues. We were sitting at the draining table beside the dishwasher at the Faculty club late one night, with me reading the galleys to him holding the manuscript copy, and I read three and a half galleys to him after the son of a bitch went to sleep holding the copy in his hand. One egregious mistake was made in the printing of the Quarterly: the table of contents was printed then on the front cover; the printer set one item twice, and I didn't catch it; I should have seen it.

HIGHEST HONORS

1932

Dean H. T. Parlin of the College of Arts and Sciences had a secretary named Jane Hill, a sweet and pretty woman some ten years my senior. She was a buddy of mine, and I frequently dropped by to see her, even when I did not have faculty mail to deliver.

I took my bachelor's degree at the summer commencement, and by the second term of the summer school I had only a three-hour course in French to complete. Jane telephoned at the Stenographic Bureau for me to come by to see her. I did so, and she told me if I made an A in the course I was taking, I could graduate with highest honors. Highest honors did not designate the person who graduated highest in his class, but those rather who had real good grades that achieved a certain level. I promptly went by to see my French teach to tell him that I had never before made better than a B in French but that I was determined to do so now, and I told him why. I proceeded to turn in as good a performance as I could, never missing an opportunity to improve my grade. I made the A, and it was my distinction to be the only person in that graduating class who qualified for highest honors.

The commencement program thus showed me graduating at the very top of my class. There was another young man in that class who had a much better grade average than I did, but he was a genius type who did not have to attend class, and he had so many negative hours due to excessive absences that he was disqualified for highest honors. Incidentally, I skipped that commencement to leave early and hitchhike to Kentucky and Pennsylvania with Gene Hirsch. Had I realized how good my name would look at the top of the list of graduates, I might have persuaded Genie to delay departure. I once got a copy of that commencement program just to show my children, but none of them was as impressed by it as I was.

Before commencement the membership of Phi Beta Kappa assembled to elect persons whose grades were high enough. I have never known of anyone being blackballed in a Phi Beta Kappa election before that time or since, but there were two votes cast against me, and I was thus denied election to Phi Beta Kappa at the time of my graduation. Old Dr. Battle, a former president of the university, whom I knew at the Jouett's house, since we both had rooms there, took up the cudgels, made a tremendous case out of the proposition, and saw to it that I got elected the next time around.

I have always thought it was Truman Pouncy and his girl friend, Jackie Landon, who voted the blackball, but of course I didn't know. I had known Truman for a long time, and neither of us had too high an opinion of the other. Truman at that time had the third rent room at the Jouett's. He once came out the front door with the Jouetts sitting with friends on the front porch with a blanket under his arm, headed for a blanket party, and Mrs. Jouett made him take the blanket back. The jerk didn't have enough sensitivity to use the back door. I was still living at the Jouett's when the Old Main Building was torn down. Old Dr. Battle living there, went to his office in the old tower to spend the last night before demolition started, but he petered out about four o'clock in the morning and came on home. He was a sweet old man. I have always suspected that Mrs. Jouett psyched him up to correct the injustice done me in the Phi Beta Kappa blackball.

TORMENT 1932

The year I graduated from the University of Texas, Gene Hirsch of Fredericksburg and I hitchhiked to Kentucky and stayed for several days around the farm of Auntie and Uncle Dave Howell. On the way there, I had told Gene that there was absolutely no way he could win in talking religion with Auntie or Uncle Dave, and that he should therefore avoid all such discussions.

He was sitting on the back porch one day, reading some religious literature in the absence of other reading matter, and Auntie inquired, "Gene, do you believe in torment?" Gene had been reading a religious article to the effect that there is no such thing as hell, and he thought he would be safe by saying, well, no, he did not; whereupon Auntie and Uncle Dave dealt him an hour or two of misery, explaining to him that indeed there is such a thing as hell, with fire, brimstone, and all the trimmings. I witnessed the entire ordeal, secretly amused, without once opening my customarily big mouth.

APARTMENT 1932

In my senior year at the University of Texas, I shared an apartment with six other fellows: Wilson H. "Bull" Elkins (later president of U. T. El Paso and the University of Maryland), William Calhoun McCutcheon (a high administrative official in the United States Civil Service Commission in Washington), Fritz Leo Hoffmann (Professor of History at the University of Colorado), William Clements Warren (dean of Columbia University Law School and

Distinguished New York City tax lawyer), Benjamin Franklin Ayers (Floydada, Texas lawyer), and William Charles Cason, III, who was living in San Antonio, but I heard that he had died.

We had wonderful times in that apartment. All except Bill Cason were honor students. We had all worked very hard during our earlier university years, with very little fun. Cutch especially was disposed to kick up his heels. This was during prohibition, and the only alcoholic beverage we could conveniently come by was home brew. A Mexican-American woman named Pauline brewed beer over in East Austin, and we would go there sometimes to drink it, but that involved a long walk across town. An alternative was to buy beer from a university janitor named Poole. Once I came home of a late afternoon to find missing the remaining several bottles of homebrew left from a case I had paid for. Cutch appeared with a bland look on his face, and I asked him what had happened to my beer. He threw back his head and shoulders and gave his stomach a stiff whack to indicate where the beer was, but it was not there for long: he forthwith spewed most of it out on the floor.

We were serious students and worked very hard, often at the cost of sleep. For long months we ran a contest to see who could sleep most over the weekend. Cutch won it hands down once when he went to bed at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, slept until 5:00 Sunday night, was up for an hour to eat and talk a little, and then went back to bed and slept until seven Monday morning. Cutch and I would sit for long playful hours together memorizing doggerel poetry, such as the THE HERMIT OF SHARKTOOTH SHOAL and THE PASSING OF THE OLD BACK HOUSE. I learned, at least at that period of my life, that it is quite easy to commit such stuff to memory when one is having fun.

Quite frequently we would bring in two or three friends and throw a real brawl on a Saturday or Sunday night. As I recall, neither Elkins nor Fritz ever participated in these activities. Elkins did come home one night at bedtime looking dejected to join us in the living room. Someone asked him why he appeared so low, and he said it was because he had just discovered in the library incontrovertible proof that Robert E. Lee had produced an illegitimate Negro child. McCutcheon, who was an uninhibited confederate partisan, was outraged and rose to the occasion in full blasphemy. Elkins, of course, was only teasing McCutcheon, who regularly, when passing the statue of Lee on the campus, would halt, click his heels, and salute. Elkins's happiest day that year was when he completed his athletic eligibility, with all the drudgery that went with it.

Once when we had thrown a particularly noisy brawl, Mrs. Canterbury, the wife in the apartment below us, sent us a freshly-baked cherry pie the next morning. This was her sweet way of letting us know that our noisy activities of the night before had not gone unnoticed. As I recall, we never again threw such a brawl. It was at that party that someone hit upon the happy scheme of locking Bill Cason out of the apartment. He was enticed out the front door alone and the door was locked, and the back door, which was accessible by an outdoor stairway, was also quickly locked. Bill, recognizing our plot, ran around the house for the back door, and in the dark he split his shin terribly on a sawed-off cedar post. As soon as our playfulness subsided and we became persuaded that Bill was really hurt, we let him in. Someone poured iodine into the gaping shin wound and Bill screamed, "Any germ that can live through that deserves to live.

Fritz Hoffmann, somewhat effeminate, was our house manager, and we called him "Mother Pretzelberger." He was good friends with Mrs. Canterbury and always gave her blow by blow reports on apartmental doings. Incidentally, Fritz and Jettie were sweethearts a year later when I moved into the situation. Fritz and I were always good friends. I think the understanding between Jettie and Fritz had little substance, but she was introduced to me and known to me as Fritz's girl long before she and I began courting. Fritz was long single and finally married a Basque girl in Argentina during the war. When I was head of the Department of Government and Politics at the University of Maryland years later, I received an announcement of the birth of a daughter Monica to Mr. and Mrs. Fritz L. Hoffmann. I exclaimed to myself, "I didn't know Fritz had it in him!" I turned the announcement over and discovered on the back a note from Fritz: "You didn't think I had it in me, did you?"

POOR FELLOW

1933

I can remember several occurrences during my life which offer comment on my appearance and personality. Tim Green, who lived with me at the Triplett boarding house at Twenty-third and Speedway at the University of Texas in 1930, once observed that I was built like a bottle, and for a long time he addressed me as "Bottle Butt."

One of my students when I was a beginning instructor at the University, a San Antonio boy, called me "Ovaltine." because he said I did not keep him awake. This same boy once quoted a freshman student participating in the then popular sport of baiting University President H. Y. Benedict as saying, "Old Benedict does not have any qualifications for his job at all. What this institution needs is a President that has some common sense, like Joe Ray." During that period, Jettie overheard a boy and a girl talking in the Chuck Wagon, which she managed, about their courses. The boy asked, "Is he any good?" and the girl replied, "He's not very good looking, but he sure is cute."

Once in Washington I heard Bill Herson (Herson in Person) over one of the local radio stations recite the following ditty:

When the good Lord announced He was passing out looks
I thought He said books, and I already had one;
When He was passing out brains
I thought He said trains, and I missed mine;
And when He announced He was passing out noses
I thought He said roses, and I ordered a great big red one.

Somehow I always thought this doggerel was aimed at me.

Perhaps the best description of my facial appearance came in an occurrence at Amarillo College when I was president. Quite a few people had told me I looked like Dave Garroway, star of the "Today" program. In one week, during which three of four people had said that to me, three of four staff members were in the office with me waiting, as I have often done before that time and since, for the arrival of Ray Small. One of the group commented, "You know, Dr. Ray, you look a whole lot like Dave Garroway." We went on talking about television personalities,

and I made the comment, just after Ray Small had come to take his seat, that in general TV performers were personable, the women pretty and the men handsome. Ray, who had heard none of the earlier discussion, chirped up with the comment, "Well, I can tell you one that is as homely as sin, and that's Dave Garroway."

At North Texas State College where I turned in my first full-time teaching, one of my colleagues was Gwyn Silvery, whose wife, Daisy, was going to college to complete her degree. She told Jettie that one of the girls in the class she was taking with me leaned over to her and said that Dr. Ray had the most kissable lips of any man she had ever seen. For a long time thereafter Daisy called me K. L.

Incidentally, Gwyn Silvey sometimes permitted his self-esteem to show a little bit, and his initials were J. K. G. Some of us took pleasure in teasing him by calling him Jesus Khrist Gwyn Silvey, not always behind his back. Once when we were conducting a huge course in conservation to several hundred students in the auditorium, Gwyn was called in to deliver one of the lectures. For the question period, I persuaded one of the students whom I knew well to ask Dr. Silvey why people called him Jesus Khrist Gwyn Silvey. Gwyn replied, "You tell Dr. Ray I think he could find more profitable use of his time."

Once in Denton when David was a baby, friend Lynn Knight was insisting in a group that David looked like me, and him adopted. I protested, contrasting our hair, eyes, noses, et cetera, and adding that the baby was pot-bellied and walked knock-kneed. Lynn replied, "That's what I mean."

BARTON SPRINGS 1933

When I asked Jettie for our first date, in July of 1933, I offered to take her swimming. I had to rent an automobile to do this. We could have gone to the dinky Westfield Swimming Pool, fairly close to the University campus and it would have cost me something like a dollar for the rent car. If we had gone to Barton's Springs, all the way through town and out on the Fredricksburg Road, the rent car would cost me about four dollars. I asked Jettie which place she would like to go, and she said, "Barton's Springs, of course." It has been like that ever since.

ANNA JANTZEN 1933

Jettie, by the time I knew her, was working in the University of Texas cafeteria. Indeed, the first visit I had with her was to request her boss, Miss Jantzen, to let her leave the steam table and come out and eat lunch with me. Miss Jantzen was quite a character. She was a huge woman, with a voice like a fog horn, a mannish haircut, and an exceedingly gruff manner but with a soft heart. She once came into the Stenographic Bureau, where I was at that time running the mimeograph machine, and another boy in the Bureau, Earl Wilson, came running into the mimeograph room, urging me to shut off the machine and come to see whatever it was out here on top of Missy's desk. The Stenographic Bureau was run by Missy Kothe, who had an old-type roll-top desk that in the front came about chest high. I went out with great curiosity but stopped shamefacedly when I saw that Earl had sent me out to see Miss Jantzen standing up to Missy's

desk, with her enormous bosom resting on top of it. Years later, when Jettie took the children by to show them to Miss Jantzen, Sally, then about five or six, kept tugging at her mother's skirts until finally her mother leaned over to ask her what she wanted. Sally looked up at Miss Jantzen and inquired, "Mother is it a man or a woman?"

BELLYFUL

1933

Once, when Jettie and I were courting, we were walking across the campus with a girl friend of hers, which one I have now forgotten. Jettie was doing most of the talking, telling the young woman about the understanding the two of us had and that she had already picked the names for the first six children. The friend exclaimed that six looked like an awful lot of children, and I unconsciously commented, "Yeah, Jettie is going to get a bellyful of this before it is over.

ONE FELL SWOOP

1933

Sometime shortly after Jettie and I formed our liaison -- whether it was before or after we were married I cannot recall -- we found ourselves up near Hillsboro and needing to go on toward Dallas. Tom Hollingsworth's father-in-law, Mr. Gilliland of Itasca, and his wife gave us a ride in their car. On that particular day I had on my only good suit, a three-piece brown, and I was carefully outfitted to impress the kin of my intended.

I sat on the left in the back seat, behind Mr. Gilliland, the driver; he chain smoked cigarettes and three his butts out the window. I was sitting comfortably, enjoying the breeze, when something bit me sharply on the left side of my belly. I slapped at it and discovered that one of Mr. Gilliland's discarded cigarettes had blown back in and landed in the folds of my clothes, burning its way through my jacket, vest, trousers, shirt tail and undershorts before I myself was burned. Mr. Gilliland had carelessly in one fell swoop demolished my entire first-class wardrobe with holes the size of a quarter. Although Mr. Gilliland was not a man of substantial means, I found myself resenting his dismissal of his responsibility for the damage. I suspect he felt that my acceptance of his generous offer of transportation totally absolved him of responsibility. I never pursued the matter and I think I never saw the Gillilands again except possibly for brief encounters.

As Molly Ivins spoonerized it in her TEXAS OBSERVER account of Governor Dolph Briscoe's raid on the Chicken Ranch whorehouse at Brackettville, he had eliminated wickedness in Texas in one swell swoop. Incidentally, in a gathering of Texas State Representatives, I once observed that the name "Dolph" was formed after Hitler had run the name "Adolph" into the ground, and a representative, Luther Jones, said, yes but he didn't change until World War II was nearly over and it had become quite clear that Hitler was going to lose.

ROLLER SKATING 1933

When Jettie and I were courting as students at the University of Texas, she a senior student in home economics and I a graduate student in government, there was a widespread roller skating craze among young adults.

Jettie's friends, the Ledbetters, lived on Tenth Street west of Lamar Boulevard, at the top on the hill. They later moved to 910 Baylor, on the same lot downhill below their original house. One evening we roller skated out from the University to a party at the Ledbetters. The long hill on West Avenue from about Eighteenth down to Twelfth we had always negotiated carefully, but that time I took it full-tilt: I got a running start and "let her rip." The faster I went the more my alarm grew, until I knew I was almost certain to fall. The uneven street was drumming my feet alarmingly. I chose first to hunker on my heels, so that a fall would do no more than skin me up; even then I felt I would not likely be long in control. I chose therefore, purposely, to let my feet go out from under me frontwards so that I could sit down in the street. I skidded for maybe twenty feet. When I arose, I found that I had suffered no injury at all, not even an abrasion of the skin. Indeed, my underpants had, while they had gathered filth from the street, not even been torn; my trousers were the only casualty. They had worn two holes in the seat, each about the size of a saucer and separated only by the seam.

Jettie and I laughed, I ruefully and she in high delight, when we discovered that when my coattail hung down (suit coats were longer in those days, as I recall) the holes would not be seen by one standing alongside. If I could remember always to stand and never to bend over at the party, I still was presentable. We went ahead to the party and had a wonderful time. Several times during the evening, I felt someone plucking at my coattail and turned around to find Jettie lifting my coattail delicately to show some close friend the state of my raiment.

WEBB, BEDICHEK, AND DOBIE 1933

I was recently reminded by an article I read in the newspaper of the three great men of letters at the University of Texas, as listed in the above title. I never knew Dobie well, although I saw and spoke to him on the campus and at the Faculty Club, delivered his mail, knew his attractive wife, and heard stories about him. He was once quoted as saying the University tower would comport more nearly with southwestern architecture if they had laid it down on its side.

I got to know Dr. Webb real well, both in the days of my youth and later when we were friends in common with Jimmy Taylor; we both served as pallbearers at Jimmy's funeral. Dr. Webb, Bill Warren, and I frequently went over to the "Drag" to buy coffee late at night. Webb would come by my office (Dr. Payne's office in the Old Library Building) and take my over to the Co-op where Bill was working, and we would stoke ourselves up on coffee for the final hour or two of work.

One day Webb came down to Dr. C. P. Patterson's office, while I was there working as a graduate assistant, and asked Dr. Patterson if it were true that the single vote against James Monroe in the electoral college of 1820 was so cast, as the ancient story had it, because he

wanted George Washington to remain the only president who ever received a unanimous electoral college vote. Dr. Patterson protested, "Hell, Webb, you're the historian; don't come at me with questions like that." I had just the night before read in the DIARY OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS a passage concerning that particular point. I volunteered, "No, Dr. Webb, that is not true. The man who voted against Monroe did so because he said he would not vote for him if he were the last man on earth." Webb asked me for a citation, and I promised to bring it the next morning. I did better; I brought the book and showed him the words in the Adams diary. After he read it, he turned once again to Dr. Patterson and said, "Pat, you should resign and let this boy have your job."

Thirty years later I reminded Dr. Webb of this occurrence. He said he did not remember a thing about it. I told him he did not need to remember it because I could quite easily and handily remember it well enough for both of us.

My contacts with Bedichek were quite extensive. For many years he got Tom Rouse to prepare the annual Texas Interscholastic League debate handbook, until for some reason Rouse was unavailable. His first call to me was when I was a part-time government instructor, saying, "Mr. Ray, I understand you are the outstanding authority on the one-house legislature in the State of Texas." I responded, "Mr. Bedichek, you do me too much honor." He replied, "I do you no honor at all; I am simply repeating what somebody told me." My association with him was long and constructive. After I finished my third debate handbook for him (at \$150 each, a rate of pay of about 3 cents an hour), he wrote as fine a letter as was ever written about me to old Joe McConnell, president at North Texas State College, where I was then teaching, telling him what a fine young man he had on his staff. Bedichek's daughter, Sarah, was a classmate of mine.

CHUCK WAGON 1934

When Jettie and I first started courting, she was working at the Chuck Wagon, the short order place connected with the University of Texas cafeteria. I spent many an hour hanging around the place waiting for her.

I think the high point of the sessions around the Chuck Wagon were when the gang succeeded in talking Joe Cowan into opening a Coca Cola bottle with a small bottle opener. He did not very much like to put on the show for the boys because it was strenuous, and he sometimes hurt himself. After much wheedling, when he would begin, he would start opening the coke very sensibly with the bottle opener, but each time it would slip off. His approach to the cap became more and more strenuous, plunging over counters, getting under chairs, and in general putting on a high show. Sometimes he would come out of the exercise skinned all over.

Once in the Chuck Wagon, before I came, Jettie heard two students talking to one another, a boy and a girl, and in answer to the boy's inquiry about who her government teacher was, she said she had Mr. Ray. He then asked her what she thought of Mr. Ray. Her response was, "He is not very good-looking, but he sure is cute."

One of the students who worked under Jettie was a boy named Sam Jackson. We discovered later that his name was not Jackson at all, but rather Burnett, but he lived at the same

boarding house with Sam Jackson, and when the call came from Miss Jantzen, the cafeteria manager, telling Sam Jackson that his name was next on the list for a job, Jackson had already taken another job and Burnett showed up in Jackson's place, took the job as Jackson, and worked there for several months under the other boy's name. Burnett was a pre-medical student and, in support of one of his courses, he had to collect his urine over a several-day period. He had to carry his jug around with him for this purpose, and he had to conceal the jug while he was at work, to avoid embarrassment. He therefore laid the jug in the corner of Jettie's office with his leather jacket wrapped around it. Jettie came in, saw the jacket lying in the corner, jerked it up to inquire about the ownership of it, and busted Jackson's jug. You can well imagine that a great amount of palaver ensued.

The boys who worked in the Chuck Wagon had to dress at the far end of the building, through the cafeteria and the kitchens and downstairs in the basement. Once they started dressing in the men's public rest room right next to the Chuck Wagon and Miss Jantzen, who objected very strongly to this, told Jettie to instruct the boys to dress downstairs beneath the cafeteria where they properly should. The boys refused, and when they were told simply that they would have to do what Miss Jantzen directed, they said they would rather give up their jobs first. This obviously was strong talk, but Jettie insisted, and the boys finally told her that the reason they did not want to dress down in the regular dressing rooms was that there were crabs all over the place. Jettie, in the full blush of her innocence, did not know what a crab was. She inquired of the boys as to just what his was and how you could tell when you had it on you. One of the boys explained, "You look on yourself until you find a freckle, and then you take a pencil and draw a circle around the freckle, and if the freckle moves outside the circle, then you have found a crab."

Jettie, in the days of our courtship, was very much taken with an orchestra leader named Wayne King. The Student Association had brought Wayne King in to play for a Saturday night German, and he also played in the afternoon. I was around, so that I could take Jettie up and let her see her favorite orchestra leader perform. Jettie spent as much time as she could upstairs at an afternoon tea dance, listening to Wayne King play. The Chuck Wagon that day was serving oysters, but she knew they were short of oysters and before the day was gone they would run out. When she came downstairs from listening to the Wayne King music, she intended to ask Slim, the Negro cook, whether the oysters were all gone, but she was so preoccupied that she inquired, "Wayne, are the orchestras all gone."

Sometimes when Jettie was too busy in the Chuck Wagon to pay me much mind, I would go and do my waiting at the soda fountain across the foyer. One evening late, I was sitting at the counter in the soda fountain, listening idly to a boy working in the soda fountain telling some of his fellow soda skeets about the huge success he had achieved the previous evening with a young lady in East Austin, who despite being quite a dish had succumbed to his blandishments. This went on for some time, and then suddenly we heard someone yelling from outside the building, out on the sidewalk, asking where is that blankety-blank so-and-so, calling the boy's name and saying that he was a betrayer of womanhood, a snake in the grass, a villain of the most grievous shortcomings, that he had betrayed the sister of the man who was yelling and indicating quite broadly a determination to deal with him in such fashion that he would never again be able to betray a young woman. I myself was greatly alarmed, and one can imagine the dispatch with which the young man threw off his apron, grabbed his jacket and books, and ran out the back

door to get away from the place. As soon as he was out the door, there was the biggest whooping and guffawing one could imagine. It was some minutes before it dawned on me that the man, a night watchman, sitting next to me was a ventriloquist and had thrown his voice to make it sound as if it were coming from outside. The plot was hatched by one of the other boys and the night watchman, who was in my observation the accomplished ventriloquist I have ever heard.

WOAI
1934

Every time I hear the call letters of the radio and television station in San Antonio, WOAI, I am reminded of a story the Dora Petmecky told to Jettie and me, among others, many years ago when we were students in the University. Dora was at that time a teacher at what was then called the Feeble Minded Institute in Austin. She once had some big strapping youngster who had a mental age of six in class, and they were learning to spell little easy words like c-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog; and r-a-t, rat. When they had spelled all the words that they were supposed to know, she asked the group if anyone could spell some other word. One youngster volunteered to spell San Antonio. Dora said she knew he could not spell it, but she thought she would give him a chance, anyway. The youngster spoke up brightly, "WOAI, San Antonio."

OLD BILL
1935

In 1935 or thereabouts, after Jettie and I were married, the father of a friend of mine, William Charles Cason, Jr., a man of seventy, became afflicted with pernicious anemia, and his doctors concluded that he could not recover without a blood transfusion. William Charles Cason III, my good friend and fellow student in the University, marshaled all of his friends for blood tests. I have one of the rarest types of blood, I never have remembered just what type, and was selected to give Old Bill a transfusion. Administration of blood transfusions had not progressed to ties present state, and I had to lie down on a cot beside Old Bill and let them transfer my blood into him. The old codger's arteries had hardened, and it took better than an hour, possibly two, to transfer a pint of blood from my arm to his. I had had to go without breakfast for this occasion; Jettie, Bill, and Bill's wife Eula, waited for us, also unbreakfasted, in the hospital lobby. When finally the ordeal was over, I went out and the four of us went to the Chuck Wagon at the University for breakfast. I fainted at the breakfast table and came to stretched out on the banister in front of the Union Building, with people hovering around in great concern.

Old Bill felt so good after he got the new blood that, unbeknownst to the hospital attendants, he got up out of his bed, dressed and walked to his home seventeen blocks away, even though he could hardly take one or two steady steps toward the bathroom before the transfusion. The hospital was thrown into quite a tizzy when it was discovered that an elderly patient had disappeared, and Bill and I scurried around looking for him, never thinking to look in his bed at home. Later on, Old Bill told Jettie all kinds of bear stories about how the blood that he had got from me had got him into trouble. He was quite a hand with the elderly ladies in Austin and, to hear him tell it, all of his troubles derived from the blood I gave him. I never have known how long Old Bill lived after that.

Thereafter, a year or so later when I needed a blood test, the sight of my blood coming out of my arm into the vial held by the nurse caused me to faint again. Once, after giving blood for a blood test, I fainted in the elevator going down from the doctor's office. In Dr. Hinkle's office in Denton, I came to after such an experience, with him holding me. When I apologized, saying that I had thought myself into fainting, Dr. Hinkle replied, "You hit the floor just as hard that way, Joe, as you do any other way." The sight of somebody else's blood has never been a chore for me; when I see my own, that is when I cash in my chips.

STATE HOME HUSBAND 1935

The three women, Mrs. Joseph M. Ray, Mrs. Byron Skelton of Temple, and Mrs. Roy Hooker of Beaumont, were all girlhood friends at the State Home in Corsicana. They have been together like sisters ever since. Wherever possible, the three of them get together, dragging their husbands along, to constantly renew their affection for one another. A boy who was at the Home at the time these girls were was Chief Justice Robert Calvert of the Texas Supreme Court, now retired.

The first time I ever heard of Bob Calvert's connection with the Home was when he was Speaker of the House of Representatives for the State of Texas, and one of the girls squealed in a session of reminiscences, "Why, I remember Bob Calvert when he carried out the slop at the Home." Another of their friends is a coach and school teacher at Palestine, Texas, named Bob Knight. I have been around Bob several times. Incidentally, he and a lad named Day were once co-captains of the Sam Houston State College football team one year, so that the roster read "Knight and Day." Some time shortly after Jettie and I were married, the whole clan got together for a football game on the University of Texas campus, and Bob Knight came. Jettie and I had only a room, and we were all sitting or standing around in that room, foregathering as old State Homers will. The only place for Bob to sit was on top of a wire mesh wastebasket which was strong enough to support his weight. In fun, he began, each time he was called upon to say something, to speak with a strain in his voice as if he were engaged in peristaltic elimination. I think it was the most comical thing I ever saw in my life. Bob had come down from Palestine for the weekend with his only baggage his toothbrush stuck in the top of his sock.

GENE WORLEY 1936

When I was an advanced graduate student at The University of Texas, Eugene Worley from Shamrock, whom I knew fairly well from our undergraduate days, was a member of the Texas Legislature. He had two more courses to take before he could graduate from the University. He once came to me to say that Dr. Patterson, the ranking professor in the department, wanted me to supervise his work on the completion of the two courses he lacked for graduation. They apparently were to be reading courses. Dr. Patterson suggested that I prepare reading lists for books in the two courses that Mr. Worley still lacked for graduation. I was puzzled and only months later did I realize fully what was happening. Worley and Patterson had rigged up a wangle where he could be given credit for the courses without taking them. I was brought into the charade as the fall guy, in case anybody should ever question the courses concerned. I prepared the book lists and gave them to Gene.

Some several months later, he came to me to report that he had read the books and to ask what to do about the matter. I tried to get verbal reports from him on the books, but it developed that he had done little more than glance through them. He then proceeded to give me some big shot talk, which did not impress me much because I never did have much respect for his ability as a student. To impress me even further, he told me, while we should have been listening to book reports, that he could take me over to South Sustin and introduce me to a man who was someday going to be Governor of Texas. I went with him and we met, in a South Austin beer joint, a young man somewhat older than we, named Price Daniel. We sat with him for an hour or so, while Gene and I drank beer and he refrained. Gene's prophecy of course proved later to be true, since Daniel was later a member of the United States Senate and twice Governor.

I then proceeded to report to Dr. Patterson, in general but with no specificity, that Gene showed some knowledge of the books. Patterson took that to mean that he was passing the courses and so reported the grades. I have always been heartily ashamed of my part in this charade.

I have never had any direct contact with Gene Worley since that time, although he was for many years in Congress and now adorns the bench of one of the national courts, I believe the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals. It was Worley - - who was a fellow member of the Court with Judge Cole, who was Chairman of the Board of Regents of the University of Maryland - - who suggested Wilson Elkins to Judge Cole as an appropriate President of the University of Maryland. Some years after my last contact with Gene Worley, I taught one summer at Southwest Texas State College at San Marcos. I lived in the dormitory, and I heard repeatedly someone named Worley being called to as someone wanted on the telephone. Shortly thereafter, I saw a young man who was the spitting image of gene Worley, except somewhat younger, and I once asked him if his name was Worley. He said yes, it was, but when I asked him of his relationship to Gene Worley, he did not know Gene and indeed had never heard of him. They almost certainly came from the same genes (no pun intended).

CIUDAD MEXICO

1937

Jettie's and my first trip to Mexico was in August of 1937. We drove down with Bill and Edwena Davis in their car. I remember nothing of any great significance on the trip down, except that we were all greatly taken by the name of the Mexican town, Tamazunchale. In that town's honor, we many years later named a pair of chameleons Thomas and Charlie. In Mexico City, we went to the home of a family by the name of Bornacini, Italians who had long since become naturalized citizens of Mexico. Fritz Hoffmann, Jettie's old boy friend and the Mother Pretzelberger of our Whitis Street apartment days, had given us their names. He had lived with them for a year when he attended the University of Mexico. I enjoyed very much our association with them, although I found Mr. Bornacini's social views substantially too conservative for my liking.

The Bornacini's at that time had a little nine or ten-year-old girl with whom I could communicate moderately well in French. One evening as her bedtime arrived, I told her

goodnight in French, pronouncing it more nearly as if it were spelled "bone swawr." Her father very gently told the little girl, "He means bon soir," pronounced in impeccable French.

We visited the great Cathedral in Mexico City and noted the swarms of beggars outside the church, in contra-distinction to the almost fabulous wealth of the Cathedral itself. This outraged my egalitarian soul. I had just a few years before read Lloyd Meham's book on CHURCH AND STATE IN LATIN AMERICA, and I had some pronounced views on the great accumulation of wealth by the Church in the Latin American countries.

Once, after we had roamed the streets in downtown Mexico City so long that I had to find a relief, I canvassed the neighborhood looking for a station. My Spanish was not good enough. Bill suggested that in the country areas in Texas, the work I wanted was "casita," which means "little house." Nobody in the city knew what the term meant. Finally reaching a point of desperation, I walked out in the middle of the street to bespeak my need to the traffic policeman, but he likewise could not understand. I lost patience and said, "Look, Mister, if I don't find a toilet pretty soon, I am going to foul your street." His face brightened, and he responded, "Toilet!, Ah, Si!" He then proceeded to point to a park not far away where the quarters I sought were somewhat obscured by a grove of trees. I am happy to report that I made it in time.

BLASE
1937, 1946, 1955

I have never been exercised over sightseeing, particularly if there is more satisfaction to be had in another direction.

When Jettie and I went with Bill and Edwena Davis in the summer of 1937 to Mexico City, we ran around the city hard for three days and then, on the fourth day, we agreed that each person would do what he chose, without regard to the others. Bill and Edwena went somewhere, Jettie somewhere else, and I went back to our room and lay up in bed and read all day.

Many years later I was guilty of a comparable crime, at least it is a crime in Jettie's eyes, in San Francisco. Everyone looks upon San Francisco as such a beautiful city that sightseeing is an inescapable part of a visit to it. Once when I went to San Francisco to attend a conference of Air Force education people, I realized as I boarded the limousine for the airport that I had been there four days without ever stepping out of the hotel. I never did tell Jettie.

A comparable occurrence took place once when I went to New York City to try to get some money for our University of Maryland Bureau of Public Administration from the Carnegie Foundation. The best way to get to New York City in 1946 from Washington was by train. I took a sleeper from Washington to New York and was out on the street by 6:30 or 7:00 in the morning waiting for my appointment at 9:00. I landed there on a Jewish holiday, possibly Rosh Hoshana, and walked up Seventh Avenue amongst swarms of people talking Yiddish. I had not realized until that time how many Hebrews there are in the United States. I finished my business within the hour, and by 10:30 I was on a train from New York City headed back to Washington. Jettie was completely astonished to see me so soon. She had assumed, without even discussing the matter with me, that I would stay two or three days in New York City, seeing the shows and the sights. This option had never entered my mind.

DROPPED ON HER HEAD

1937

Once when all of my brothers and sisters were together at the farm of Auntie and Uncle Dave Howell in the outskirts of Bowling Green, my brother Ed, who had lost patience with something our sister Ruby was saying, commented, "Ruby, you must have been dropped on your head when you were a baby." Auntie, ingenuous as always, said, "Do you know, her mother did drop her when she was a baby." Ruby has never been able to live it down.

I think the one blessing that fell to the Kenton Street Rays was to have Ruby Ray for an elder sister. She was an inspiration to us all. All of us but Virginia had bachelor's and master's degrees, based on zero money, and she was the inspiration for it all. Her attitude toward me was almost parental. She took a motherly interest in all my doings.

After I was three years out of high school, she cornered me once in Bowling Green (I was already in Coalwood) and pressed me on whether I was going to college. I blustered that I was already under way and in a couple of years would be beyond salary, setting the business world on fire. Afterwards I faced myself with the realization that those were empty words. The following August I shipped my truck to Austin, Texas and went round about to claim it

She kept tabs on me all along. She sent me \$80 in my junior year as a bribe to come home after school was out because if I didn't soon, I never would. I used the \$ 80 for the Delta Tau Delta national fraternity fee, clearly a total waste. She came to Austin with Virginia in the summer of 1937 for my doctoral commencement, just like a fond Mama. I think she passed up husband candidates from time to time on my account. She had taken off from Louisville for Bowling Green in May of 1925 and missed my high school commencement because we agreed it was not significant for a young man destined as I was. She married Jack Macdonald in Bowling Green the summer I taught six weeks in San Marcos in 1940; and she had the screaming meemies. Jack said, when I became president of Amarillo College, to come and see us there for fear we had moved off the face of the earth.

TEMPER, TEMPER!

In my work as a writer of debate handbooks, I came to a strong disapproval of canned speeches for high school debaters. No youngster should be provided with speech already written out for him. A former student at North Texas State College who lived at Roanoke or some such place and had prepared a debate handbook of canned speeches, approached Mr. Farrington, the Placement Officer for the College, with a proposal that I, as a person prominent in high school debating, should help her to sell her book. Mr. Farrington wrote her a letter saying he knew I could help her dispose of her book, and for all practical purposes offering her my assistance. She was deeply injured when I told her not only would I not help but that I thought her efforts were reprehensible. Farrington then proceeded to jump me for making a liar out of him and for refusing the help he had proffered. I threw myself a quite substantial snit. Farrington, a toady, a tattletale, and nearly an incompetent, then went to President McConnell to tell him of my bad behavior. President McConnell called me in to lecture me, telling me that I was a young man of

great promise, but that I never would amount to anything unless I learned somehow to control my temper.

JACK JOHNSON

One of the most interesting persons I ever knew was Jack Johnson, the economist head of the Department of Economics and Sociology at North Texas State College. One day, when a State Senator showed up by surprise on the campus, and the President of the College thought we needed a convocation to recognize the Senator, Jack Johnson appeared on the stage, dressed up beyond his usual wont. I could not understand it, since I had seen him in the hall a short while before in a knitted shirt, and I knew he did not bring a jacket to school; but the President explained the situation very wryly and in great amusement by telling of the fact that this convocation or chapel, as it was called, had been summoned hurriedly, so hurriedly indeed that one of the deans did not have time to go home but had borrowed a shirt, necktie, and jacket from one of his colleagues. I looked down in the audience to see Bob Conrod sitting there in Jack's old blue knitted shirt.

Once when Jack and I and several others had been across country for a night meeting of some sort, we got back home fairly late. Jack and I were in the back seat, and after we stopped at the first house, we sat for a long time and finally Jack, somewhat impatiently, inquired, "Why doesn't whoever lives here get on out so that the rest of us can go home and go to bed?" The driver responded somewhat dryly, "Jack, we are at your house waiting for you to get out."

One morning, after Jettie and I had sharp words at home after breakfast, I was walking across the campus somewhat dejectedly and ran into Jack. He asked me why I was so glum. I told him that Jettie and I had had a spat, and that it had left me feeling very low. I then inquired of him, "Jack, how old does a man have to get before he quits sparring with his wife?" Jack, who was then nearing sixty-five, said, "I don't know. A few days ago, Belle and I got in a real hateful fuss, and I was so angry that, when I dashed out the kitchen door, I slammed the screen door almost hard enough to tear it off the hinges. I grabbed my hoe, went up in the garden, chopped three licks with the hoe, and then stopped and tried to remember what it was Belle and I had been quarreling about, and I could not remember."

Jack was a student of the law and for all practical purposes knew enough law to pass the bar exam while he was still a professor. After he retired from what was by then called the university, he got an office on the square in Denton and hung out his shingle to practice law. They tell the story that one of his first clients came by with a very complex case and, after the client had described his case to Jack in great detail, he asked Jack what he should do. Jack replied, "You should get yourself a real good lawyer."

ABSENTMINDED PROFESSOR

1938

I think the most absentminded professor that I ever knew was Dr. Odom of North Texas State College. They told the story in Denton that Mrs. Odom once made Dr. Odom tie a string around his finger to remember to get a haircut. He could not remember all morning what the string was about, but he asked Mrs. Odom at lunch and she told him it was to get a haircut. He rushed back to the barbershop right after lunch, waited his turn and sat down in the chair, and the barber asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted a haircut. The barber said, "But, Dr. Odom, I cut your hair this morning."

One day Dr. Odom's car disappeared, and he reported it to the State Police, and they were after it for two or three days. On the third day after the notification to the State Police, I dropped by the filling station of Clark Blackburn, a friend of mine, and he asked me what had happened to Dr. Odom. I told him that he was on the job as usual, I supposed, and inquired why he asked. He replied that Dr. Odom had left his car in the filling station for servicing three days before and had not come back for it. This one actually happened because I was one of the instruments in helping to get the matter straightened out.