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words and the records of some candidates in this race.

On several matters vitally important to Texas, Mr. Johnson has made a clear-cut statement of a position calculated to preserve the interests of the State. He opposes federal control of the State's oil industry as inimical to the welfare of the industry by which most of Texas' income is derived and most of its taxes paid. He stands for continuing the present oil production depletion allowance. He stands for continuing the present income tax provision allowing husbands and wives to file separate returns, in conformity with our own community property laws. Mr. Johnson favors re-establishment of farm parity in order that farmers may recoup the disadvantage suffered through being forced to buy in a protected market while selling in a free market. In the matter of water conservation and flood prevention Mr. Johnson is the outstanding advocate of federal aid to the States and is directly responsible for much of the present magnificent development of Texas streams.

All of these considerations fit Mr. Johnson as an able and effective successor to the late beloved Morris Sheppard, whose long service in the Upper House redounded to the credit and benefit of Texas. Mr. Johnson's personal prestige in Washington, his command of the friendship and cooperation of the President and the executive departments, makes him the best man for the job from the viewpoint of the State's share in federal projects, defense and other. A further guaranty of his fidelity to the interests of his State and its people is found in the fact that he is a native son whose family roots go deep into the soil of Texas history.

**The Home Building Boom.**

THE home building boom, which was vainly sought as a recovery stimulus during the depression years, has far surpassed expectations during the national defense emergency.

Several factors account for the heavy volume of residential construction despite moderate price rises. One is that families seek the security of home ownership in a wartime era of insecurity. In a world of radical changes and instability, many people feel the desire to moor themselves to the land, no matter how small a patch of ground a city lot may be.

The Federal Housing Administration also has been a great factor in reviving home building. The FHA lowered interest rates, ended the necessity for a second mortgage, provided moderate long-term payments and eliminated the "jerry" builder who caused prejudice against residential construction. The FHA insures the mortgage against loss, and it likewise provides a better product for the buyer's money by its construction requirements and inspections during the process of building.

The home building boom is a godsend to cities, which have been harassed by lower income due to tax delinquencies, since FHA payments include provision for taxes and insurance. The FHA is among the reforms of the Roosevelt Administration which have been beneficial to all interests concerned. Loan agencies, material men, builders and construction workers all admit that the FHA has been "a good thing for the country."

The FHA is essentially a regulatory body, and does not mean that the Government is entering business in competition with private enterprise. It is a governmental agency of the old school, and for that reason will survive. In stimulating the building of more and better homes, the FHA is making a lasting contribution to stability during one of the most unsettled periods in American history.

**Just Folks** —Edgar A. Guest

**FRIENDSHIP COURAGE.**

He never felt ashamed to say what many won't admit,  
That he had seen another's work and highly valued it,  
He never thought it silly to speak out a word of cheer  
While the one it might encourage was about where he could hear.

When we called him sentimental in reply he often said:  
He thought it rather futile sending roses to the dead;  
And he thought it rather idle to be fond of someone near,  
And not say a word about it till you stood beside his bier.

He wondered how the notion ever struck the human mind  
It was folly to be gracious and a weakness to be kind;  
Why to dead men go the plaudits which the living are denied,  
And why fondness for another is a thing we ought to hide.

All I know is this about him: Those he met along his way  
Found encouragement and comfort in the things he chose to say.  
For the proof they had his friendship they were never forced to seek,  
Since he'd told them so in praises he was not afraid to speak.

**News Behind the News**

—By Paul Mallon

(Editor's note: The views expressed in Mr. Mallon's column are his own, and do not necessarily reflect this newspaper's opinion.)

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Matters have come to such a point within OPM that one of the highest officials there tipped into top man Knudsen's office a few days back and urged that he go to see the President. The only solution he thought possible was appointment of an overall single directing head. Whether Knudsen would go or not, he did not say—which probably means he would not.

Several names have been mentioned among officials, but of course not at the confab of Knudsen and his advisor. Some insist FDR should call in a dynamic personality like Wendell Willkie. Others want Leon Henderson, the economist-price commissioner. A composite of these two political and economic personalities would no doubt furnish the ideal man, but apparently there is none such.

Only other names lately suggested are those of Donald Nelson who has been the dynamo of OPM in the purchasing division, and Bill Batt, OPM advisor.

The basic trouble has become widely enough known now to be news—the division of authority between OPM and the War Department, and between the dollar-a-year men and "regular" officials.

Selection of a referee has long seemed the obvious solution, but resistance is strong and high. Roosevelt naturally does not wish to surrender all that power to someone who could run away with the ball. The army, furthermore, wants to play its own politics, not that of some civilian director.

Most promising substitute method being promoted inside calls for creation of two new boards. One to handle all defense purchases by the Government, there would be a ministry of supply along the British lines, made up entirely of civilians. This and all the rest of the defense setup would be topped by an overall policy board to co-ordinate policies and plan ahead.

Neither field is being handled at all now. The various purchasing agencies (Treasury, Army, Navy, Agriculture, OPM, etc.) not only do not co-ordinate their efforts, but none knows what the other is doing. Only 30 days back the OPM purchasing division (purely advisory) asked the other buying bureaus to give it two weeks' notice of its intended defense buying. But the OPM has no authority to command it, and, therefore, is not getting the results.

Officialdom has no more knowledge than you as to why Hitler sank the Robin Moor. One State Department director says, "Nobody but Hitler or his guardian angel, if any, knows." Their speculation runs along obvious lines.

That the whole testing United States policy, frightening the Government to keep its arms from Britain, scaring the people to stay out of war. The possibility that the sub commander could have misunderstood his orders is considered remote. No navy has that kind of sub commanders.

Whatever Hitler's purpose, the effect has been to let this Government do many things it long has fished to do—freeze Axis funds in the United States; close its propaganda consulates and news organizations. Acting State Secretary Welles' denial of any connection between the two events was merely made for diplomatic purposes.

The Government is slipping up quietly behind business hoarders through the census bureau. Orders have been issued whereby that agency will keep a running census of stocks on hand. Suspicious figures will be turned over to Henderson's price fixing bureau for action.

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**Don't Take My Word for It** —Frank Colby

**SOME.**

"This week's Slip of the Tongue: 'She is feeling some better.' No. This is not good usage. Better avoid it and say: She is feeling somewhat better.

Wrong: "I feel some improved." Right: I feel somewhat improved.

Wrong: "Do you have some money?" Right: Do you have any money?

Wrong: "We made the trip in three hours; that's going some." Right: We made the trip in three hours; that is unusually fast time.

Slang: "The cost was more than I could afford, and then some." Right: The cost was much more than I could afford.

Slang: "It was some party!" Correct: It was an enjoyable party.

**IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE.**

From Pueblo: Is the CANARY BIRD named for the Canary Islands, or vice versa? C. T. P.

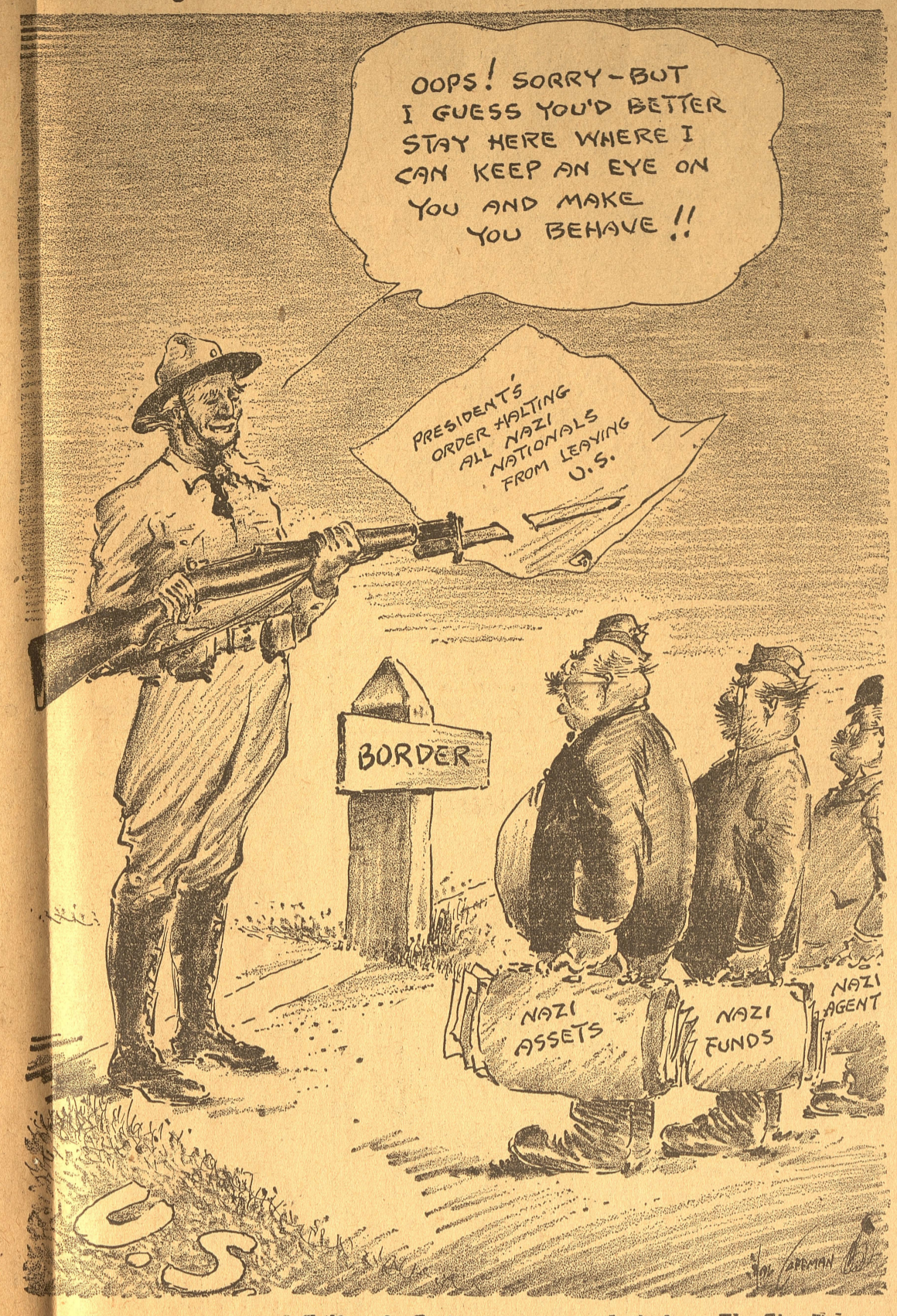
Answer: The bird is named for the islands, but the islands were named for... what do you suppose? ... large, fierce DOGS!

It happened this way: In 40 B. C. the King of Mauretania visited a group of remote islands in the Atlantic Ocean. To the islands he gave the name CANARIA (from the Latin CANIS, dog), "... so called from the multitude of dogs of great size." In time the name was corrupted to Canary. Hence, when we speak of a canary bird, we are saying, literally, "dog bird." It's hard to believe, but it's true.

**Today in History**

JUNE 19, 1754.  
Albany Congress, important on account of the plan it devised for colonial union, assembled at Albany.

**Today's Hal Coffman Cartoon**



—Hal Coffman's Cartoons appear exclusively in The Star-Telegram.

**Short Shots**

Gentle hint to columnist: Can't you get enough war without starting one between yourselves?

New game in Washington: Find somebody who has authority before the hotel gets all your money.

Wheeler says we can prosper in a Nazi controlled world. Well, Senators will still get \$10,000 a year.

You can tell when a British force is exhausted. The Italians appear.

The henpecked man has no advantage. He can always convince himself that he isn't the one responsible for his failures.

It isn't a lie to tell the ailing they look better. You don't say what they look better than.

A one-friend man is like a one-man dog. He bets all hope of happiness on one person's life.

Sympathy for a friend's troubles can be dangerous. He likes it so well he manufactures more troubles.

**Cracks at the Crowd** —Claude Callan

Uncle Buster died of prosperity. He was so prosperous he couldn't take time for play. He just worked and figured and worried and he was always in a hurry to meet an appointment he had with his prosperity. His wife and children urged him to forget his prosperity occasionally and take pleasure trips with them, but his time was worth so much that he couldn't bear the thought of wasting any of it on such an unimportant thing as life. Prosperity is a disease that you can handle all right if you will relax now and then and have a good time talking to friends about nothing, but if you give way to prosperity, as Uncle Buster did, it may soon destroy your health and bring your successful life to a sudden stop.

Of course society is mostly to blame for your failure, but if you will weigh everything carefully you will find that you are partly to blame yourself.

It is economy that makes Cousin Bob argue that he can get to heaven without belonging to any church. Bob just wants to get in free.

Father seems to age a lot faster than mother, which proves that it is more draining to pay the bills than it is to make them.

Cheer yourself up and you may do better. You can't hope to get anywhere so long as you keep booging yourself.

When our pretty niece pets our wife thinks she is sincere. Our wife thinks she is sincere.

**Off the Record** —Ed Reed

**"The Three Bares"**

BABY WARD

I wonder how Benito Mussolini wears the crown he stole from the King of Italy. Certainly it can't fit his shrunken head as well now as it did when he first took it. The sweetness of it has departed. He must find it hard to meet the faces he once boasted to about that stolen crown.

I wonder how long Hitler really thinks he can wear the royal robes he pilfered the same way Benito did. He has said, a thousand years of Nazidom will follow him.

Benito may have been more modest. Five hundred years of a new Roman Empire might have seemed enough. He might settle now for 15.

Meanwhile the Lion of Judah is back again doing business at the same stand. He must know the truth of the brave words these British allies continue to speak. He said such things himself not very long ago.

**New York Day by Day**

**NEW YORK**—In a suburb of the city, just where a traffic begins to pick up speed, we saw a handsome German shepherd dog that had been struck by a hit-run motorist.

The hind legs or back had been badly injured. Painfully and slowly the dog was making his way across the wide avenue, mostly on front legs. Motorists paused to let him pass. Those not guilty of the deed could not do anything.

We discussed the advisability of getting out, following the dog, helping him, or trying to locate his master.

As the wounded animal made the lawn of a large house, we gave up the idea. Doubtless, others had come to the same conclusions. We would undoubtedly be accused of having struck the dog if we should succeed in finding the master. We might be severely bitten by the poor brute in his agony if we tried to help him.

Besides, the victim was making his way directly toward the back door of that brick house. He probably was at home.

New York, Boston and Philadelphia lead in what is known as the vanity publishing business. Chicago gets some of the fools' gold of this shadowy industry, and some smaller towns have small enterprises of the same sort.

I am continually receiving queries from ambitious authors whose work has been turned down by regular, ethical publishers. They ask about the reliability of certain firms that have offered to publish the book, provided the author will buy so many copies.

Naturally, I can not pass upon the reliability of business firms.

But this is good advice: If anybody asks you to pay for your book's publication, by taking copies or by whatever other means, just forget the whole enterprise.

Any book reviewer, and almost anybody else, can spot a vanity publication job on sight. It's job printing, with the deluded amateur author paying the bills.

Grocery and delicatessen shops along Sixth Avenue sell bird feed at 5 cents a pound.

A 50-pound sack rests on the sidewalk, nearest the passing customers. The sides of the sack are turned down so that you may inspect the feed.

Corn that has been cracked in the shelling process and small, undeveloped buckwheat that has been discarded in the fanning mill, constitute most of the feed. It is clean, properly graded as to size, and safe for feeding.

Many tons of this feed are disposed of in Sixth Avenue every year. Most of it is fed to pigeons at certain spots along the avenue.

Bryant Park, extending from the rear of the Public Library on Fifth Avenue to the sidewalk at Sixth, and from Fortieth Street to Forty-second, is a favorite area for pigeon feeders.

St. Patrick's Cathedral yard is another.

Thousands of pigeons are fed daily by volunteer feeders in Madison Square Garden, and around the foundation of the Metropolitan Life and New York Life Buildings.

Yesterday I saw a lonely-looking derelict examining the bird feed in a bag outside a store near the Cathedral.

A pair of pigeons had alighted beside him. The two, unafraid of the surge of foot traffic in an area so familiar to them, seemed to recognize in the lanky, ill-dressed, stoop-shouldered fellow, a friend.

They looked up at him and made strange, friendly sounds.

The man talked gently to his feathered visitors. Then, to a hurrying attendant, he said, "Gimme a pound, please."

The salesman scooped it up, weighed it, and was just about to wrap it, when the purchaser completed a survey of his pockets.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mister," he said, "but I'll have to ask you to make it 4 cents' worth."

The salesman said not a word, nor changed expression, as he subtracted one-fifth from the package and handed it over.

The underfed stranger walked away, his two friends following. His face was alight with the joy of giving.

wife says she sincerely wants the money.

There must be something real good about America. Millions prefer it to their native lands.

