

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

Combining the Fort Worth Star, established Feb. 1, 1906, Fort Worth Telegram, purchased Jan. 1, 1909, the Fort Worth Record, purchased Nov. 1, 1925.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Postoffice at Fort Worth, Texas, Jan. 1, 1909, under Act of March 3, 1879.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS Classified Advertising Department, 2-4131. All Other Departments, 3-2501.

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BY MAIL TO ALL STATES OUTSIDE OF TEXAS AND OKLAHOMA One Month \$1.25 One Year \$15.00

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The Star-Telegram is an independent Democratic newspaper supporting what it believes to be right and opposing what it believes to be wrong, regardless of party politics, publishing the news fairly and impartially at all times.

The O'Daniel Victory.

Governor O'Daniel has in him that humility which high position demands of even the greatest of men, he is much chastened by the experience of the recent election.

As for the O'Daniel victory, narrow as it was, most of his opponents will accept it in the spirit in which they would have expected him to accept had the position of the two leading candidates been reversed in the final counting.

The man is Donald Douglas, who in 1909 quit the naval academy for a career in airplane building after seeing a flight by the Wright Brothers in their primitive ship.

It is to be assumed that after the ordeal of waiting the slow climb of his vote to the narrow margin of victory finally established, Mr. O'Daniel will have abandoned, if he ever actually entertained such, all notion that he is going to Washington as a conqueror ordained to take charge of national affairs.

The election results show so plainly that nobody having any understanding can miss the point, feels that all other issues are subordinate to the main job of assuring the safety of America, a job which can be accomplished only by all Americans working together, each in his own capacity, loyally under the leadership which has been established according to our form of government and which Mr. O'Daniel could not replace even if he desired to do so.

Representative Johnson has every reason to be proud of the gallant fight which fell just short of a victory which would have been hardly more sensational than the actual result.

His good shots fall so far apart.

gress, a circumstance which is as favorable to the Nation's interests as to those of Texas. Congratulations, not commiseration, is Mr. Johnson's due, and congratulation is what he gets from his friends today.

The Lindbergh Confusion.

In his continuing opposition to his Nation's foreign policy, Charles A. Lindbergh at the San Francisco isolationist rally declared that the issues of the European war become more confused each day.

In this statement, Mr. Lindbergh admits his own confusion which is mounting each day, and thereby concedes his own incapacity as an advisor to his Government and the American people on matters of foreign policy.

Strengthening his own confession of incapacity, Mr. Lindbergh made the preposterous statement that the American people were being asked to "defend the Russian way of life."

But Mr. Lindbergh would a hundred times rather that America ally herself to Hitler's Germany than to Russia, which stands in the path of Hitler's program of world domination.

Yes, Mr. Lindbergh is confused, excessively so, particularly toward Hitler's program of world conquest.

Start of an Industry.

THE vast aircraft industry in Southern California, where almost half the Nation's military planes and commercial airliners have been produced, is due largely to the work of one man, whose lifetime ambitions and faith were built around the future of aviation.

The man is Donald Douglas, who in 1909 quit the naval academy for a career in airplane building after seeing a flight by the Wright Brothers in their primitive ship.

Today, the Douglas organization has four huge factories with 30,000 designers, engineers, shop workers and test pilots and an annual payroll of \$27,000,000.

The romantic story of Mr. Douglas and the magic development of the aircraft industry in Southern California was detailed by Frank J. Taylor in a recent article in "This Week Magazine."

AN etude is an exercise for practice of some special point of technical execution. It is fitting, therefore, that the useful word gratitude is spelled as it is.

Just Folks —Edgar A. Guest

World over, golfers tell the pro From year to year they wonder whether The happy day they'll ever know

From the tee my ball goes far To find the fairway smooth and grassy; Then ten to one the chances are I'll hook or slice with spoon or brassie.

News Behind the News

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The young Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas is being pushed up toward President Roosevelt's desk by the New Dealers to take aboard chairmanship control of the defense setup.

Douglas is reported uncomfortable in his present judicial surroundings, but it is not definitely known that he would care to leave that life job. Probably no one will know until the President decides on the coming OPM reorganization.

What the Administration advisors want Mr. Douglas or Mr. Wallace to manage has now also been worked out clearly in their minds. They urge the setting up of a strategy board of control at the top.

Directly beneath it would be two agencies (1) military, (2) supply. The military would decide what it needs, but all the business of getting it would be handled by supply.

The defense effort has now crept up to the colossal total of \$50,000,000,000. A May 31 completion showed around \$43,000,000,000 had been appropriated for everything so far.

But less than half the sum has been placed in contracts awarded (\$23,000,000,000) and less than one-fifth has been actually expended (\$8,000,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000).

The experience of Al J. Browning, one of the Nation's larger wallpaper manufacturers, shows at least one thing wrong with the existing defense setup.

The army was interested only in equipping its soldiers, not in balanced economics, helping injured business, or even on expanding its program.

Don't Take My Word for It —Frank Colby

Autopsy. Noun. An examination; an inspection.

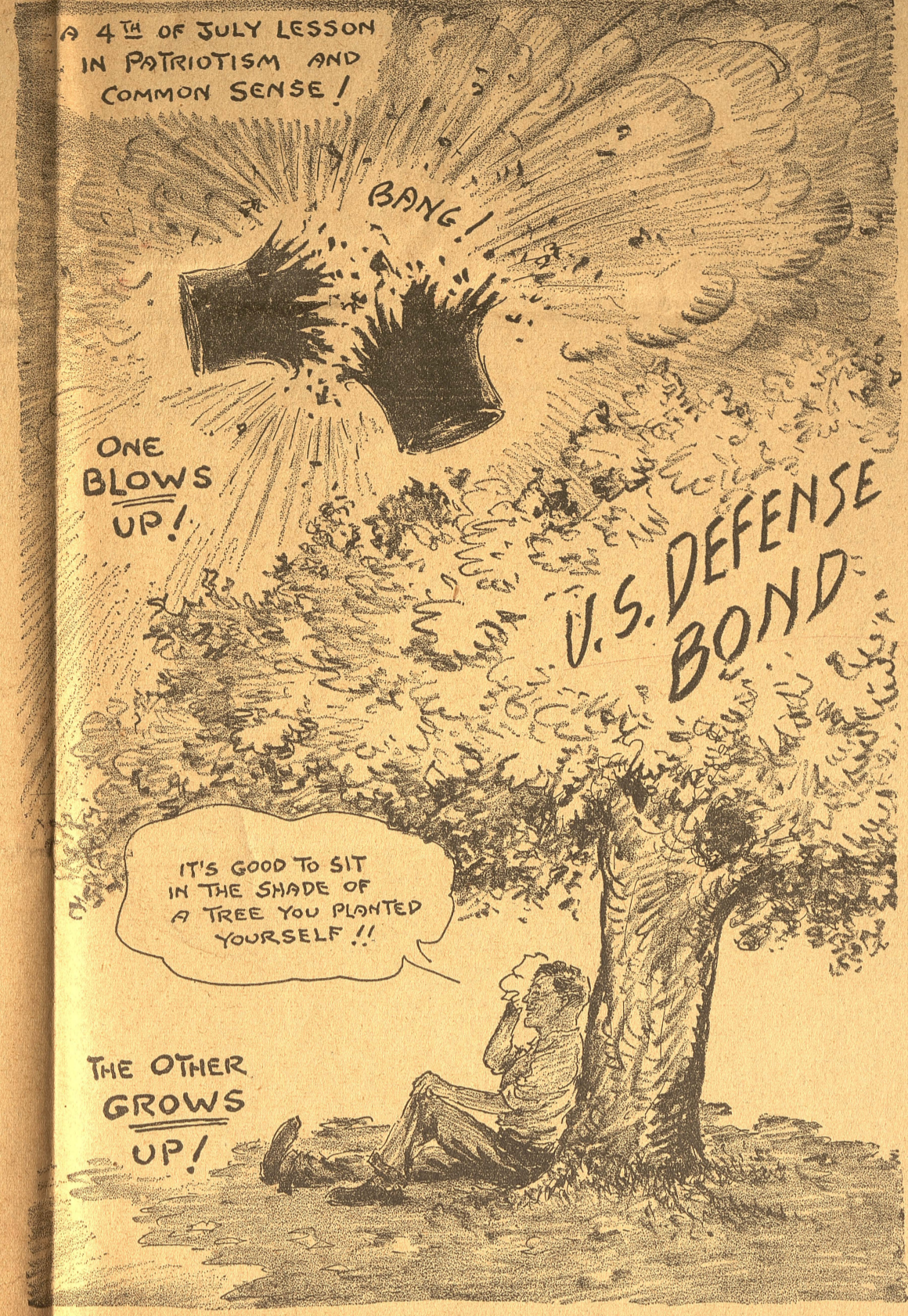
While AUTOPSY is used generally to designate the inspection by dissection of a dead body, the literal meaning of the word is neither gruesome nor repellent.

As a matter of fact, it would be entirely proper to use the word in this sense: "From my autopsy of the painting, I am convinced that it is a genuine Rembrandt."

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Today's Hal Coffman Cartoon



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

Short Shots

The Government can economize. That's what it could save by paying dollar-a-year men on a piece-work basis.

If his manners are bad, he is (1) ill-bred, or (2) he is using age as an alibi, or (3) he is in a car.

The ultimate in masculine vanity is to feel sorry for old maids because they haven't got a man like your wife.

Awful thought! When people get used to naked gals, as the heathens have, how will magazine advertisers attract attention?

Never mind how wonderful you were in youth. Even buzzards are snow white till they're half-grown.

Let's consolidate to save time and let one official make all the bombastic threats and empty promises of action.

Newspapers have only themselves to blame. The "great" who have sinister power would still be unknown if the papers had kept still.

Uncommon Sense

This is a wonderful land of ours. On the morning after newspapers carried the headline reports of President Roosevelt's great speech you could find headlines like: "Lindbergh Asks for New Leader."

The very day after Wendell Wilkie had given his support to the President's policies—and judging by the figures of the last election that should make it just about unanimous—ex-Colonel Lindbergh could get up and suggest we "turn to new policies and new leadership."

I once knew an Irishman who wrote a book called "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." It came out in the years before World War I. On the day Great Britain declared war on Germany this fellow could be heard on a soapbox on Trafalgar

the first syllable which rhymes with con, don, non. Correct pronunciation: KAHN-ver-snt. Dubious: kun-VER-snt. Note: KAHN-ver-snt is not a "new" pronunciation; almost a century ago it was the only choice of Webster, Worcester, and Phye.

By popular request I have reprinted my pamphlet on Vocabulary Building. If you want a common sense, enjoyable method of building a large and useful vocabulary, send a stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope to Frank Colby, in care of this paper. Ask for free Vocabulary pamphlet. Supply is limited; act today. (Released by The Bell Synd., Inc.)

Cracks at the Crowd

Time surely does fly. It seems almost no time since our children thought we were smart and came to us for advice.

Americanism: Telling the people to sacrifice for defense, automobile plants running at capacity while defense plants wait for what steel is left.

Any day we expect to hear some big shot admit he was wrong in deciding we wouldn't need any triggers on our guns.

Doctors should write prescriptions with a pencil. A pencil needn't be squirted at your best rug to make it start working.

Roosevelt has committed our Nation to the job of destroying Hitlerism. That's done, and all sensible debate must go on from there.

The only sensible consistency is to be consistently up-to-date. Last year's opinion may be foolish if the conditions that made it have changed.

Some people can find opportunities where they are scarce, while others couldn't find them if they were as plentiful as temptations. Uncle Bob is so simple that he gets what he can out of life instead of worrying constantly because he can't get more out of it.

Today in History

White settlers in the Wyoming Valley, Northeastern Pennsylvania, slaughtered by the Indians. The Wyoming massacre is known as one of the most tragic incidents of the Revolutionary War period.

Off the Record

Dear Joe. Everything fine here! Plenty of sleep and food. As a matter of fact I have my mouth full of baloney as I write this. Your old pal, Bill

I know one ex-foreigner who now has his citizenship papers who gets a daily thrill just remembering the last election. "To think," he says, "that the President of the United States didn't even think of purging his opponents. He had the power as commander of the armed forces. And now we see Wendell Wilkie visiting him and even going on record for his support. That couldn't have happened where I was born. You Americans—I mean we Americans—don't just talk about free speech. We make it work."

New York Day by Day

Charles B. Driscoll

NEW YORK—Keenan Wynn, actor, has an inheritance that ought to work out interestingly in his life, if the theory of inherited talent is still all right.

His father is Ed Wynn, about as well known as any actor on the air. His mother was Hilda Keenan, daughter of Frank Keenan, one of the greatest actors the American stage has produced.

The Keenans were of pure Irish extraction. Mostly, they came from County Cork, celebrated Frank Keenan. And young Mr. Wynn added this interesting detail, in conversation with me the other day:

"Most people assume that my father is a hundred per cent of Jewish blood. He was born in Philadelphia, of a Jewish father and a Turkish mother."

When you hear of the Turkish grandmother, Keenan Wynn's face takes on even more interest than it had before. The features are almost those of the celebrated Frank Keenan. The skin coloring is suggestive of old Constantinople.

I spent a pleasant afternoon with the rising young Wynn in his dad's apartment on Park Avenue.

We talked of many things. But I especially wanted to straighten out a face-slapping incident that was dim in memory.

As a cub reporter in Omaha I had covered the break-up of an all-star presentation of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," about 25 years ago.

The principal were William Faversham, Tyrone Power the Elder, and Frank Keenan. Somebody slapped somebody's face, the play closed, and I got interviews with the combatants. But I had forgotten who slapped whom.

Young Wynn (he's only 24, I believe) straightened it out for me.

"William Faversham broke a wooden broadsword across my grandfather Keenan's face," he explained. "It was all a lot of theatrical temperament. Faversham wanted to run the show, and Granddad was playing his lines the way he wanted to."

"All this led to a quarrel backstage, and that was the end of the company."

Faversham died only a few months ago in an actors' home on Long Island.

Keenan, a much younger man, died several years ago.

As you might expect, young Keenan Wynn is a very handsome gentleman, quick in his thinking, ambitious, devoted to his family. He is the father of a baby whose age is still measured in weeks.

"We're going to put the baby into Life With Father as soon as it's old enough," he said.

As I was leaving, Ed Wynn, just getting ready for his shower, stuck his head out of his bedroom door. "Say," he said, "if you're going to write anything about this guy, you might mention that his dad is on the air sometimes too!"

Columbus Circle is about to enter upon a conscious effort at renewal, boom, rebuilding, reinvigoration.

The problem is to be approached from a new angle for this uptown commercial center. The interested business men have decided to beautify the Circle.

Taking a page or two from the Rockefeller Center and Sixth Avenue books, the Circle is going to plant trees and flowers, establish shady lanes and walks, and maybe stick in a splashing fountain or two.

Several times, it has looked as though the Circle might become the next important business and amusement center in the northward march of Manhattan's night life and daytime business.

William Randolph Hearst and the late Arthur Brisbane were heavy advocates of the Circle as the center of Manhattan's night life and daytime business.

When the big boom broke and the birth rate began to fall, many city experts decided that Times Square would never move north as far as the Circle.

(Released by McNaught Synd., Inc.)

