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Friday Morning, June 25, 1948.

and as an advocate of soil and water conservation, rural electrification, and proper provision for the elderly among the population.

It is significant that of the 21 senators Texas has sent to Washington since its entry into the Union, five who have achieved outstanding records had served previous apprenticeship in the House, just as Lyndon Johnson has done. The last two of these, Senator Connally and the late Senator Sheppard, served six terms in the House—the approximate length of service that Lyndon Johnson soon will complete.

The Star-Telegram believes that demonstratively good service in the House is an index of the type of service that could be expected of Mr. Johnson in the Senate. This newspaper therefore is able to repeat with utmost confidence the statement it made in 1941, during Mr. Johnson's previous candidacy for the office he now seeks: The best interests of Texas, and America, we believe, will be served by the election of Lyndon Johnson to the Senate.

The Water Shortage

The popular reaction to the water shortage is normal and understandable. Persons are apt to become irate when they are unable to get water to drink, to bathe in, or when they face the danger of losing their shrubs and lawns which represent hours of work and hundreds of dollars. And it's easy and humanly logical to lay the blame at the doors of the City Hall. After all, the responsibility begins and ends there.

But no change, not even a complete new deal from top to bottom, would provide Fort Worth with any more water for this summer, particularly during the long, dry spells. On the contrary, inexperience and unfamiliarity with the problem might not only provide less water this summer but delay a solution of the problem so there would be less, rather than more, water next summer.

The hard, cold fact that must be faced is that no more water can be made available before next summer, at the earliest. The immediate problem therefore is to make the best of a bad situation; to make consumption conform to a supply made inadequate by outgrown facilities.

The only remedy this summer is rationing and the fullest public co-operation. Through such perhaps enough water can be provided to prevent human discomfort and to save the trees, shrubs and lawns. In this situation, the water consumer as well as government, must assume his responsibility.

Commendably, the City Council instead of waiting until bonds could be sold, bids taken, contracts awarded etc., has used its emergency powers to get work underway immediately on removing the last two bottlenecks at the Holly plant, a program involving more than \$800,000. The 60 to 90 days thus saved over the normal procedure should insure completion well before next summer.

The real cause of Fort Worth's water shortage seems to be this: Everybody guessed wrong on what would happen after the war. Instead of cities declining in population, they grew. Instead of mass unemployment, once estimated at 8,000,000, a labor shortage developed. Private utilities that were trying to find new markets to use the surplus that would be created by the closing down of war plants found themselves with inadequate supplies. And the machinery and materials necessary to provide more facilities proved harder to get after the war than during the war.

Fort Worth's case is particularly acute because Fort Worth is suffering from severe growing pains. A visit to any section of the city will show it. New homes have been built faster than the most enthusiastic booster thought possible. They have meant more use for gas and light and for water. Starting new lawns and putting out new shrubs takes more water than keeping old lawns and old shrubs in good condition. Full employment and better wages have meant more home coolers and air conditioning. New industries have located in Fort Worth; old industries have expanded. We've outgrown all of our municipal facilities and our schools. Fort Worth is passing from a city of one class to a city of another. Such growth is costly, inconvenient and painful for a time but neither Fort Worth nor any other city can stand still. It must go ahead and to do so, it must pay the price. No right thinking citizen would have it otherwise.

The knowledge he has acquired, the prestige he has gained and the contacts he has firmly established are things which a senator new to Washington would have to labor long to achieve and which he would find it a distinct handicap to be without.

The worth to him of Mr. Johnson's experience and service repeatedly has been recognized by the people of his home congressional district—the 10th—who have returned him to Congress time after time. In none of the elections has opposition to him been serious. In some he has had none at all.

The ability and energy of Mr. Johnson as a legislator are demonstrated by his record of getting things done. Recent examples of these qualities are his successful piloting through the House of the bill for creation of a 70-group Air Force, in spite of the opposition or lukewarmness of top administration officials, and his halting of the scheduled sale of 114 war plants so that they might be retained by the government for possible use in the rearmament program. These actions stamp him as a staunch advocate of adequate national defense, a position to which he consistently has held since the clouds of World War II first began to loom in Europe.

In the international field, he has given strong support to the United Nations and has stood for international co-operation in economic and political matters. Domestically, he stands as an inveterate foe of monopoly, whether of labor or capital,

LISTEN, WORLD

By Elsie Robinson

GO BACK TO THE GROUND.
 I have a grave distrust for anyone who doesn't yearn for a trowel or a fishing line or a package of seeds when spring sets in. It does not matter greatly whether you do anything with the seeds or the fish bait after you get them. You ought to want them anyway—want them with an aching and a yearning and a rending of the spirit like the swelling of the sap in the maple trees . . . like the foaming of a fresh when the winter snows thaw. For by such growing pains do we renew our kinship with the earth.

Far too many of us think only of a new hat when springtime comes or a paint job on the old car or something connected with our artificial man-made life. We have almost forgotten that we are part of the earth and that we should renew our alliance with the soil just as the plants renew their lives and the trees and the little wild things along the woodland trail.

The human being who can only think of buying new gadgets when April comes around has the soul of a slug. There is something wrong with his spiritual metabolism.

How far we have come from those old green trails our fathers walked and how much we have lost on the way!

We work so grimly for our happiness but happiness should be as unconscious a reaction as breathing. It should rise in us as the sap rises or as the tides move in and out.

There was a time, long since, when we and the little brown deer raced over the hills together. Today we wither our lives away so pitifully for riches and material possessions. Once we possessed a shelter as easily and as happily as the birds possess their nests or the squirrels store their nuts; and that hunger for camping and fishing and swimming is a constant reminder that we are still children of the soil and should go back to it as often as we can.

It is not possible for us ever to regain that simpler plan of life but it may still serve us if we will accept its service. Nothing so heals a man of his mental or moral hurt or cleanses him so thoroughly of his failures as contact with the ground. Hunting and hiking, idling along a wood trail, these were nature's first remedies for man's distempers. They still are remedies. They will work today as surely as they ever did if we will co-operate. And we need those earthy adventures as surely as we need food and water.

That is not a poetical simile. It is solid truth. We are literally part of the earth. We need to go back to it, to sleep on it, to feel its vigor creeping through us.

We need to absorb its essences, its vibrations, and to be absorbed into its program of growth. Our bodies are city stale. We are blind to the old trails, deaf to the old calls and the thousand tongues we once knew. The earth calls and whistles and sings and hums and we will not listen. And we doom ourselves when we refuse to listen.

Have you ever thought that after we leave childhood most of us wait for death until we give our bodies back again to that vast and healing embrace for which they crave? Don't wait this year. Listen to June calling. Press your face against the warm and pregnant soil. Go out into the wilderness and laugh and sing and shout. Walk barefoot in sweet grass and shout happily to some little bird, "I too am filled with spring. I too feel its swift tide!"

JUST THE BAER FACTS

by Bugs Baer

For an all-year round elimination tournament I give you the illustrious Long Island Railroad and its determined commuters.

The old L. I. is a one-class line. Its steerage was discontinued when hitch-hiking opened up too many spurs into the over-lapping suburbs.

Last winter we had a blizzard that made 1888 liars wet their thumbs and leaf back through their enlarged memories. It was a lulu of the first dimension. Traffic was blocked eight ways from the middle for 30 days, sight unseen.

The snow was up to the commuter's money pockets. Which in a way, was some protection for the Long Islanders whose escape routes carry them through Brooklyn twice a day.

But when the drifts stalled the commuters seven days or no count they held monster indignation meetings in off-side huddles. They blamed the L. I. for everything that happened and claimed the line deliberately ran its tracks through the nearest weather.

Well, finally service was resumed. Which was no improvement. The commuters would have taken their business elsewhere except they had to take the L. I. to get there.

Now, it is summer and the trains are running on schedule or even worse. This time the L. I. weighs in with a tremendous beef about the commuters. Fire extinguishers are disappearing from the L. I. cars at the rate of 50 per month.

The L. I. claims these fire extinguishers are doing double duty on certain private yachts in Long Island Sound. For he is known, every Long Islander has red, white and salt corpuses in his sea-faring anatomy. And every commuter owns a row-boat with sails.

When I say the clam-diggers of the island are using the fire extinguishers for double duty let me interrupt without continuation. They are also using them for seltzer bottles.

Hearty people, those old commuters. How else could they ride the surges and swells of the L. I. R. R.?

The Board of Directors says if the commuters bring back the extinguishers they will see the L. I. gives them a refund on the last blizzard. This generous offer was refused in the same economical manner it was squandered. The commuters had seen enough loose snow.

So the giant seltzer bottles are continuing to extinguish spontaneous combustion in deliberately set thrills on the Sound. And that's where the matter stands. And so do the commuters.

THE NEIGHBORS

by George Clark



"I'm not going over there till I know if those sodas have been paid for."

ICR POLICY PRAISED

Reward in Order for Job Longevity

BY MERRYLE STANLEY RUYKESER.

Demonstrating anew that sentiment counts in business, W. A. Johnston, Illinois Central Railroad president, has been holding celebrations to honor 35 employees who have been working on the road for 50 years.

The new crop of half-century service men bring the total thus honored since 1936 up to 389. Each receives a 14 karat gold certificate in the standard size of a railroad pass good for life.

The manner of conferring honor on veteran employees by top management helps to re-create the partly vitiated feeling of esprit de corps. In the last 16 years of accent on collective bargaining, there was a tendency to stress the materialistic aspects of business and to soft pedal the human side.

While wages and hours are important, normal men and women who get inner satisfaction out of their association give a plus beyond what is specified in the wage contract.

In the formal agreement, the employer in effect merely buys the hours of the employee. The extra contribution in terms of individual integrity, loyalty and devotion are not bought and paid for, but are voluntarily given by the worker.

In return for these spiritual qualities, the average worker wants some recognition in terms of appreciation. He desires a sense of participating in a worthwhile activity.

The Illinois Central ceremonials for old-time employees helps to create a symbol of good family relationships.

Certainly in the contemporary world, where many are maladjusted, the mere act of completing 50 years of uninterrupted service is praiseworthy. It bespeaks self-discipline and the will to succeed.

The late Joseph V. Connolly, long the head of King Features Syndicate, in chatting with me once about length of service in an organization, pointed out that management in effect puts its sanction of approval on old employees. He said:

"If a man has been on the payroll 10 or 20 years, management has been certifying each pay day that the person is competent. Accordingly, it comes with ill grace after many years for management suddenly to discover that an employee is no good. Such belated action indicates managerial inefficiency."

While sticking to the job merits a doff of the hat from top management, it does not follow that promotion within the business family should depend primarily on the process of aging.

Yet the seniority rules, imposed by the rail unions, tend to operate in that direction.

This practice not only tends to discourage ambitious younger men, but it also re-

NEAL O'HARA'S

Thoughts While Shaving

Back in 1915 the immortal Ring Lardner, yet to achieve his high place in American belles lettres, was sports editor of the Boston American and was ghost-writing for Grover Cleveland Alexander, ace pitcher for the Phillies in that year's World Series. When Alex complained about something Lardner had written under the star pitcher's name, Ring drawled, "Say, Alex, if you don't stop beefing, I'll punish you—I'll make you write your own stuff." And that shut up the Great Alexander.

One of the favorite boasts of rivalrous kids used to be, "My father can lick your father." But candor compels us to admit that your columnist's son never made that brag—probably because he wasn't too sure about his old man.

Wonder why book publishers don't try setting the price of each volume on its entertainment merit rather than on any other factors? It might make mildly interesting books profitable if sold at \$1.50 whereas they're destined to flop at the standard \$2.75 or \$3. Or is this another bum guess?

MANHATTAN

by John McClain

LADIES OF THE ENSEMBLE.

Where, oh where, are the beautiful girls of yesteryear? And don't tell me they are happily married and living in Teaneck, N. J., either, because that isn't what I mean. I am asking what has happened to those luscious and languid lassies that used to glorify the musical extravaganzas of Messrs. Ziegfeld and Shubert a couple of decades ago. What has happened to their present counterpart? Certainly the breed has not vanished from the earth.

In those days every big musical had a line of at least a dozen long-legged ladies of such surpassing loveliness that all they were required to do was walk across the stage at intervals and in various degrees of dishebbled. They didn't talk or sing or dance. They didn't even smile much. In fact, the more devastating they were the more bored they looked. The insolent glance they cast at the paying customers seemed to say, "Lucky people! What have you done to deserve this?"

As a matter of fact, many of them were bored. Their theatrical careers represented, only a part-time divertimento, because their real lives were devoted to riding in the back seats of Rolls Royces, wearing mink and ermine coats and sitting in places like the Central Park Casino, drinking champagne.

The present crop of musical show girls, obviously more earnest and exemplary, are small and bandy-legged and not necessarily good looking. But they can do everything. They can tap like Astaire and whirl like Nijinsky. They can sing and read lines and walk across the stage on their hands and smile you right out of your seat. I respect them and wish them well, but I can't help casting an occasional backward glance at those big, stupid, wonderful, glamorous dolls of days departed.

When I first arrived in New York I developed a colossal crush on one of those high-pocket highnesses. She was in the Follies and she didn't even have to walk. She just stood or lay on various props, wearing very little and surveying the audience through listless half-closed eyes. But, Great Scott, she was beautiful!

I saw the show seven times and then I finally sent her a note. I believed my youthful sincerity would come through what I'd written and that out of her many fan letters she would choose to honor mine, and accept my suggestion of meeting for a drink. I said I'd be waiting for her in Tony's, in 52nd Street, at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon.

I was there all right, but she wasn't. When I left, at 8:30, I was hungry and dejected and quite tight. I was not only through with her, but with women in general.

Last week I went to a large dinner party and who do you suppose was sitting next to me? Yes. And looking just as desirable as she did 15 years ago, and with plenty of rocks and baubles to go with it. The name on her place card had a "Mrs." in front of it.

"You won't remember me," I said, "but—"

"Oh, yes I do," she said. "You're the fellow who stood me up. I waited for you in Tony's for an hour one Friday years ago. What was it, a practical joke?"

What had happened, it developed, was that she'd gone to Tony's Trouville, 52nd near Park, and I had been in Tony Soma's, at 52nd near Sixth.

"Well," I said, indicating the platinum wedding band on her finger, "I guess it all worked out for the best."

"Oh, it wouldn't have made any difference anyway," she said, pleasantly. "I was married then, but that was before my husband made his money. I wouldn't have gone to meet you if your note hadn't sounded so sincere and innocent. I just wanted to tell you not to waste any more time on an old married lady like me."

TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

by Genevieve Kemble

It may require some very astute maneuvering to make the most of fairly promising conditions for this day. While there is indication of increased scope and expansion for putting over cherished objectives, with promise of financial solidarity and long term security, yet it may be advisable to change plans, to revamp ideas, or reconstruct ways and means for attaining such ambitions. There may be blocks and obstacles to "things as they are," or the health or other personal consideration may get in the way. For lasting progress all around change may benefit.

Those whose birthday it is may find it wise to consider some sort of change during the coming year, perhaps in consideration of lowered vitality, undermined health, or other form of frustration, obstacle or restriction. With due consideration aimed at circumventing obstacles and mending flagging fortunes, there is presage for benefits of lasting security in a new place. With studied consideration, there could be genuine growth, and affairs generally might be in line for solidity and promise.

A child born on this day, while having ability, ambition, and good ground work for success and happiness, may find certain handicaps, limitations or lack of sufficient energy to undertake affairs of scope and importance.

RIGHT TO THE POINT

One of the Navy's many bright little newspapers defines marriage as a process of finding out what kind of a guy your wife would have preferred.—Chicago Daily News.

Demonstration by a professor at Rutgers that a person can drive an automobile while in a trance merely gives scientific proof of what many motorists have suspected all the time.—New York Sun.

Something new in a home layout is the round kitchen, and very convenient too for the amateur bartender when things begin to revolve.—Denver Post.

PEOPLE 'N THINGS

by K. C. B.

- THEY'D BUILT them a house.
- ON A city street.
- IN A swell neighborhood.
- AND WE met them.
- A WHILE ago.
- AND WE'D had them out.
- TO OUR valley home.
- AND SOME time later.
- THERE CAME a call.
- AND AN invitation.
- TO DINE with them.
- AND WE didn't know.
- THEIR STREET address.
- AND SO we asked.
- AND THAT was that.
- AND THE given night came.
- AND WE drove to the city.
- AND FOUND the street.
- AND IT was a wide street.
- WITH HOUSES set back.
- AND FEW street lights.
- AND A lot of shrubbery.
- THE LENGTH of it.
- AND THE number we sought.
- IT MUST have been hidden.
- DEEP IN the shrubs.
- FOR WE couldn't find it.
- AND SO we guessed.
- AND CAME to a stop.
- AND I went up the walk.
- TO A big front door.
- AND PUSHED the button.
- AND SOMEBODY came.
- AND SPOKE with me.
- THROUGH A little hole.
- JUST LIKE we have.
- ON OUR front door.
- AND IT wasn't the house.
- WE WERE looking for.
- AND I turned about.
- AND A very big dog.
- CAME BARKING at me.
- AND I reached our car.
- IN A couple of seconds.
- AND I'M fearful of GREAT BIG dogs.
- THAT RUN at me.
- AND SO we decided.
- WE WOULD go back home.
- AND SO we did.
- AND IN the night.
- I DREAMED that a woman.
- HAD PUT her face.
- IN A little hole.
- IN A great big door.
- AND I had called.
- WITH A can of flit.
- AND I flitted her face.
- AND WENT away.