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6 Thursday Morning, Aug. 12, 1948

Disappointment Due

Former Governor Stevenson again has declined, as he has many times in recent weeks, to discuss his stand on the Taft-Hartley Act. The latest refusal was in Fort Worth Tuesday when Mr. Stevenson was asked if he would reply to the request of his opponent in the race for the United States Senate that he declare himself on the repeal of this law.

"I am continuing to run my campaign in my own way," Mr. Stevenson said. "I am not letting my political enemies make the issues for the campaign."

Mr. Stevenson evidently misconstrues the purpose of requests that he state his views on the Taft-Hartley Act. The point is not whether he thinks it is a good law or a bad one, but whether a candidate for the United States Senate should let the people know where he stands on all public questions. His evasion of the Taft-Hartley question simply calls attention to his evasiveness on all other controversial issues.

By his reference to his "political enemies" Mr. Stevenson evidently meant his opponent in the senatorial race, Lyndon Johnson. The latter has called on Mr. Stevenson several times to speak out on the Taft-Hartley Act, but it was not Lyndon Johnson who made this law an issue in the current campaign.

The issue was created when the State Federation of Labor endorsed Mr. Stevenson for senator. The federation is an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor which has demanded repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act and is seeking the election of members of Congress who will aid in the attainment of that objective.

The State Federation of Labor evidently hopes that Mr. Stevenson would vote for repeal of what it considers bad law. But Mr. Stevenson also has some supporters among those who think the Taft-Hartley Act is a good law and who, remembering the candidate's background as a conservative rancher, lawyer and banker, believe he would vote against its repeal.

One thing is certain: If Mr. Stevenson should be elected without declaring himself on this issue, one or the other of these groups will be sorely disappointed in him. He can not vote to the satisfaction of both groups.

Farm Optimism

Taking a long-range look at prospects of United States agriculture over the next two or three decades, the Department of Agriculture hazards the optimistic opinion that farmers will be able to produce sufficient food to supply our fast-growing population, and at the same time maintain the soil resources and achieve an increasingly efficient production record.

This view is based principally on the outlook for relatively prosperous general conditions which will permit a further rise in output per worker, per acre and also per animal, coupled with a steady increase in farm mechanization.

"The course of agricultural production in future decades will depend chiefly on the trend in farm technology and the rate at which farmers adopt improved practices," one Department of Agriculture official said. "Productivity of plants and animals will increase further, and output per acre and per animal will rise."

Although the United States can hope to see little net addition to the total cropland, better drainage, irrigation and expanded use of soil-conservation methods will add gradually to the volume of potential farm output.

Thus the picture is viewed, at least by some experts, with more hope than by other, perhaps less qualified observers who with Cassandra-like gloom can see nothing but rapid depletion of our agricultural resources and eventual withering of the national economic backbone.

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A Leader Passes

John P. King was a modest, self-effacing man. He was active in the business, civic and social affairs of Fort Worth for more than half a century, yet he shunned the limelight so successfully that he was little known to many of the newer citizens of the community. Despite this, his leadership in many fields is plainly evident; his handiwork touches the daily lives of every man, woman and child in Fort Worth.

Fort Worth is now a great industrial center and Mr. King was one of the pioneers whose vision, courage and sound judgment helped make it so. Compared with what we have today, factories of any kind were uncommon back in 1906 when he founded the King Candy Company. Under his guidance the enterprise was a substantial success, and this encouraged the establishment or location of other industries here.

Mr. King's unswerving faith in Fort Worth's future was evidenced in numerous ways, including the development of Oakhurst and Monticello and other residential subdivisions. He was an active supporter of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Community Chest, and had far more than a passing interest in the city's schools and government.

Mr. King's most outstanding civic achievement doubtless was his sponsorship of the council-manager form of government. Affairs at the City Hall were in a deplorable state in the early 20's, and it was generally recognized that a thorough overhauling was needed. Mr. King led the way, quietly organizing a group of citizens into the Good Government League which sponsored the drafting of the present city charter and adoption of the council-manager form of government. He helped choose the first council of nine members, but with characteristic modesty he declined to accept a council post for himself.

For this and his innumerable other services to the community, Mr. King's name was inscribed in the Golden Deeds Book of the Exchange Club in 1928, when he was honored with the club's designation as "standing citizen of the year."

His death was a great loss to Fort Worth, and a blow to the surviving members of his family, to his business associates, and to all who were privileged to know him.

Harmony Needed

The Navy has a song, *Anchors Aweigh*; the Marines their *Montezuma*; and the Air Force its *Wild Blue Yonder*. And there are songs dedicated to various services in the Army, such as *The Caissons Go Rolling Along* for the field artillery and *Kings of the Highway* for the infantry. But there is no marching song for the Army as a whole, and those in the Army who concern themselves with such details are unhappy about it. They have decided to launch a nationwide contest to overcome the deficiency.

Such a contest should attract a tremendous volume of entries. Judging by the number of new tunes poured forth daily by cafe juke boxes, there is no shortage in this country of song writers, or those who think they can write songs. Out of the anticipated flood of offerings there may come an inspired composition worthy of acceptance and designation as the official song of the great United States Army.

Whether this happy result is obtained or not, the Army is justified in conducting the contest, as it deserves to be on an equal footing, musically, with the Navy and the Air Force.

And, as the *Washington Star* points out, eventually there may be "a contest for an over-all unification song, dedicated to the merged National Military Establishment. The time will be ripe for such a medley when Secretary Forrestal finally achieves close harmony among his still somewhat discordant forces."

VERSE FOR TODAY

by Ann Campbell.

AFRICAN VIOLETS.
African violets grow for you,
Lavender violets and pink!
I've tried to raise them a whole year
through,
High on the window above the sink.

I water them by a florist's plan
And coax them and feed them as I should,
But the flowers drop off and I never can
Grow them as well as my mother could.

But I have another plan that bears
More blossoms yearly than I can count.
Its perfume permeates joys and woes,
And day after day its blessings mount!

It's trickier even than violets
To grow, though it's nurtured tenderly;
But it's worth all the trouble that it begets—
This tree of friendship that grows for me!

MANHATTAN

by John McClain

GETCHA SEATS HERE!

In a hamlet of New York's proportions, supporting all forms of entertainment to ensnare the resident and tourist alike, the process of acquiring tickets presents a major problem. It is no news that only a raucous laugh would greet the citizen who applied at the boxoffice for tickets to a hit show. It is equally impossible to get actual up-front seats for an important prize fight through normal channels. Sure, you can get seats, but you'll be looking at the backs of all the people who dealt with brokers and paid the premium.

This is not the place to consider the justice of the situation, or lack of same. Instead I would like merely to present the case of a Mr. Winters, whose actual experience should stand as some sort of monument in the annals of ducat dealers.

Mr. Winters went to Yale and is a gentleman of taste and refinement, aged about 50. It was the football season, with the Yale-Harvard game approaching and high excitement running on the outcome. Winters had long since allowed his subscriptions for tickets to expire, and he would not have dreamed of going up to New Haven for the game had not an important client dropped in from the Midwest the week of the classic encounter. It was vital to keep this client happy, and the one thing in the world he wanted to do, he said, when he arrived, was to see a Yale-Harvard game. As a Yale man Winters said it would be a cinch, and on the Wednesday before the tussle he started looking for tickets.

There were some at the Yale Club, his first point of approach, but they were in the end zone. Then he tried a couple of hotel ticket agencies. They were either sold out or the tickets were not in a location sufficiently impressive. All that afternoon he had his secretary calling other Yale graduates, hoping somebody wasn't using his tickets. Most of them were, and the others said:

"Sorry you didn't call before. I just gave mine away yesterday."

By Thursday Winters was frantic and he began calling Broadway agencies, offering any price for two on the 50-yard line. No dice. They just didn't have them. Finally, late in the afternoon, one of the brokers said: "Look, if you really want to see that game, call Eddie." When he asked who Eddie was, he was merely given a New Haven phone number.

Winters got Eddie without much trouble and stated his case.

Eddie said: "What's it worth to you?" Winters, now willing to offer a partnership in his firm for the pasteboards, said: "You name it."

There was a pause, then: "They'll cost you a hundred apiece. They'll be at your office tomorrow afternoon at 5. Have the cash ready."

On Saturday Winters and his client drove to New Haven and entered the Yale Bowl 10 minutes before kickoff time and were shown to their seats, high above the 50-yard stripe. But they had only been seated a few minutes when an usher came up, escorting an elderly gentleman and lady. The usher asked Winters for his ticket stubs, and he, sensing no disaster, promptly handed them over.

"Here they are all right," the usher said, examining them carefully, and passing them to the new arrival. "Then get the police and have the man arrested," the older man said. "He stole my wallet."

As it turned out Winters wasn't arrested, but he didn't see the game either. It took him most of two hours to convince the campus police that he was not the man who had broken into the distinguished Yale professor's study the night before and made off with the wallet containing his season tickets.

JUST THE BAER FACTS

by Bugs Baer

There still seems to be a strong subtlety of animosity against the West Point discipline in the recent world war lull.

Let me buzz you some built-in advice about discipline. You can not win wars without it any more than you can sweep moonlight off the porch.

I'm an authority on the business since 1918 when I was house-jugged for saluting an officer with both hands in my pockets.

If there was one turnip whose roots I detested it was the top-kicker. He gave me a bit of a what-for in a private bout behind the barracks. I swore to myself I would get him within 24 hours after the armistice. Well, he shellacked me again.

The old artillery slogan was it takes six months to train a man and two years to train an Army mule. Of the two the Rocky Mountain canary is the most valuable to the service.

The reason for this is as simple as Simon. The mule responds to nail-studded kindness and he has no dependents.

Thirty years ago we got stuffed up on salutes and heel clicks. They were supposed to be performed in one complicated operation. They obliterated the click because it was too Prussian.

Now that the mule has been mechanized the soldier still runs second to a can of oil. He is lower than ground ivy.

But he is the guy who wins the war and the Point knows it. Discipline is merely added to sweeten the dish.

I'm always for law and order because you need the law to frighten the children. And I always had my salute up in case of a jiggadier-brindle or a storm at sea.

I took to discipline like I had webbed feet on a trestle bridge. I still owe the Army 11 weeks of potato sculpture.

It wasn't that I rebelled against duly constituted authority. I wasn't a soldier and there was no power on earth that could make my feet track.

If you asked the names of the Lunts and Kernels who irked me in 1918 I would have as much chance of carrying Niagara on both shoulders. They were simply citizens who specialized on trigonometry and ballistics. I don't remember them.

THE NEIGHBORS

by George Clark



"That new boy hasn't asked me for a dance. Guess he hasn't heard I'm the most popular girl here."

'WE'RE NOT UNREASONABLE'

A Southerner Looks at Civil Rights

Note: The writer, Democratic representative from Arkansas, is completing his third term in the House of Representatives. A resident of Little Rock, he is a graduate of the University of Arkansas and of George Washington University law school. Congressman Hays was formerly assistant attorney general of Arkansas, a Democratic national committeeman and, from 1936 to 1942, he held administrative posts in the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

BY REP. BROOKS HAYS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11 (NANA).—The respectable and thoughtful individual in the South is experiencing two equally authentic reactions to the controversy over civil rights.

One says he says, "Why can't these agitators leave the race problem alone. I'll vote Dixiecrat if this doesn't stop." The next day he weighs the intemperance of some of the "bolters" and is depressed by that development.

He knows that the "states' righters" won't get far. Following strictly the constitutional pattern, proponents of civil rights still can give us plenty of grief. Our reliance must be placed on the sense of justice of the American people and their political representatives.

Fourteen years ago a speech in a Senate debate over the Civil War. It was the plea not of a Southerner but of one completely above suspicion on race matters and firmly attached to the liberal tradition—the late great George Norris of Nebraska.

We of the South are quick to disavow a revival of issues provoking disunion (the occasional fears of our Northern friends on this score amuse us) but the Truman civil-rights proposal goes deeply into the basic assumptions and fixed ways of life upon which our social stability rests. We will have none of it.

Please do not apply a harsh judgment upon us for repudiating the Truman program in its totality. We are not unreasonable. When we threaten to be unreasonable, our better natures always become assertive and then we seek a basis for a compromise.

The dramatics at the Democratic convention this year overshadowed the significant fact that every Southern member of the platform committee okayed the compromise civil-rights plank. We do not oppose civil rights. We do oppose mixing civil rights with certain social aspirations, even legitimate ones, which are not subject to realization by legal penalties.

A fact that many of our critics overlook

ONE MAN'S OPINION

by Walter Kiernan.

Communists are suspected of spiriting away three Russian teachers in New York . . . Obviously this is a plot to make communism look attractive to the younger generation.

In fact I heard one school boy say "If I had known they were going to start that kind of stuff I could have given them a list."

But there still is no report of who spirited away Congress . . . Taft just keeps smiling mysteriously and saying "we know."

Congress didn't give Mr. Truman all the legislation he was certain he would not get but on the other hand he didn't ask for all the legislation he couldn't get either.

This was not the shortest session of a Congress but it couldn't have been much shorter in its answers to the president . . . He was treated almost as though he was the opposition candidate for president.

By strange coincidence, he is.

INFLATION

by Merryle S. Rukeyser

REAL CAUSES ARE IGNORED.

Discussion of the inflation trend by the executive department, by solons in Congress, and by others publicized as "experts" involved chiefly shadow boxing.

Evidently President Truman fools some by prating nobly against inflation, while continuing to inflate and to agitate for inflation by insisting on prodigal federal spending and by continuing cheap money narcotics, and also by supporting farm prices and income on an abnormally high level and by demanding federal subsidies for long term housing projects at a time when building materials and labor are already being fully utilized.

As for the Republicans focusing on bank and consumer credit controls, it is like tilting at windmills. Such attempts to give the appearance of meeting the problem are not enough. If the Republicans should be placed in charge of both the legislative and executive departments by the voters on Nov. 2, they will find themselves in competition with stern events, not merely with the debating tricks of demagogic politicians.

If the Republicans come into power, they won't be able to retain public confidence by merely "acting cute." They will have to make stern decisions, such as whether to support farm prices and, if so, at what level.

On this crucial issue, they shouldn't overlook the significant fact that three years after V-E Day, the production of cereal crops in western Europe is beginning to approach the prewar level.

After World War I, such a resumption of farm production in former belligerent countries created what appeared at the time to be vast agricultural overproduction in this country, Canada, Argentina and Australia, and it brought about a long-term disequilibrium between agriculture and industry. Two attempts to provide economic balance in the McNary-Haugen bills were vetoed by Republican presidents.

At present it should not be overlooked that the capacity of the unions to enforce a third round of increases in money wages has been made economically possible by the abnormally high farm income. The latter puts the whole economy on stilts, and puts the customer in funds for the goods produced by factory labor at high cost. Thus exchanges go on.

If, on the other hand, farm income were insufficient to absorb goods at prevailing prices, inventory would begin to back up on producers and merchants, while unions could perhaps compel businessmen to accept markups in costs, they could not force the customers of businessmen to take goods at resultant high prices.

Inflation, as it expresses itself in high prices, is primarily a money disease, and it cuts down not only the buying power of current income but also of accumulated savings, including life insurance funds and pensions. In addition, vast and abnormal fluctuations in the purchasing power of money make it more difficult for citizens to make and exchange things. Unremitting inflation tends to make businessmen short of working capital.

But the demagogic attempt to exploit inflation politically confuses the issue. Those income recipients, whose dollar income has risen more since 1930, are really suffering more from "price shock" than the high cost of living. Those really pinched are the ones on fixed or fairly stable incomes, and all fixed investments, including bonds, mortgages and pensions, deteriorate from inflation.

The political nearsightedness which looks only at symptoms and bleats because undue expansion of the currency is ultimately expressed in higher prices, tends to divert popular attention from the true causes of the folly.

Inflation is largely a money disease, stemming from excessive government spending, on the one hand, and Keynesian cheap money follies, on the other. Big profits are one of the symptomatic results of inflation, and are not, as the politicians charge, a cause of the trouble. Even the bigness of profits is largely illusory, since they are recorded in inflated dollars of reduced buying power.

Since the party in charge of the government after Jan. 20 next will be dealing with a condition and not a theory, it ought to envisage the coming task as analogous to an equity receivership. A reorganization is needed to take cognizance of the damage caused by past follies.

Unless Messrs. Dewey and Warren make this crystal clear to the voters, they, in applying the medicine of readjustment, may be unwarrantably blamed for any short term national pains.

TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

by Genevieve Kemble

It is probable that some tenacious obstacle, postponement, disappointment or congestion may hold up desirable and cleverly planned projects, having regrettable reaction on the reputation and financial standing, as well as conspiring to loss of funds invested, or of capital counted upon for promotion and security.

Those whose birthday it is may find congestions, delays, obstructions or lack of solid support from those pledged to share responsibility of collaboration. Future advancement calls for re-establishing and enduring aid in launching objectives of more than passing significance.

A child born on this day should be trained and encouraged to carry on against obstacle, limitation and impediment.

NEW BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

"Hugh Blair" by Robert Morell Schmitz. The life of an 18th Century Scottish minister and man of letters who encouraged several important writers and philosophers of the period and was instrumental in setting before the public Macpherson's Ossianic poems.

"Earth Is Ours," by Marion Pedersen Teal. The story of a city couple who escape from the city pavements to the ancestral farm in Illinois where hard work and scientific methods contribute to a happy life.