

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington. — "I see Jimmy Byrnes is going to reorganize the government," commented another Southern senator after studying the various roll calls on the reorganization bill.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the service the South Carolina senator rendered the White House in leading the fight for this bill. Up until a few weeks before the final roll call the whole measure had been considered dead. It was believed that the senate would agree with the house in giving President Roosevelt his six additional assistants. But it was never dreamed that the senate would vote to abolish the office of comptroller, which has proved such an effective check on illegal spending, and the whole purpose of which is to make sure that before money is paid out, the purpose for which it is to be paid is in clear accord with the language of the law.

Nor was it dreamed that the senate would hand the veterans' bureau over to White House control.

Several factors contributed to the change. Most important, probably, were the secret promises made—nobody knows how many. These promises included, it is assumed, a good lame-duck job for Senator William H. Dieterich of Illinois, who is headed for retirement by the Illinois Democratic factions despite the most slavish devotion to the President, even extending to reversing his stand on the leadership battle last year between Senators Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky and Pat Harrison of Mississippi.

Army Engineers Win

High up on the list also should be the astuteness which caused Senator Byrnes to have the army engineers specifically eliminated from the powers granted to the President. It just happens that the army engineers are the most efficient bunch of lobbyists in Washington today. They have been since the Anti-Saloon league passed into its present slough of despond, and probably will be so long as congressmen have the right to appoint cadets to West Point. The engineers are old friends, politically, socially, and in the distribution of pork, with the senators and representatives. They did not want to be changed around. They did not want their functions transferred to some New Deal agency such as TVA, or the proposed department of public works. They like it the way it is, and that's the way it is going to stay.

Another big reason for the President's victory was the mounting tide of opposition to the New Deal taxation ideas. It became necessary, because of pressure from home, reinforced by the business depression, for a number of senators to oppose President Roosevelt on his tax ideas, specifically on his pet tax on undistributed corporation earnings, and also on the capital gains and losses tax.

That would be all right, but some of them had opposed the President also on the court packing issue, and some figure they must oppose him on some other issues also. Altogether, they were in danger of getting branded as anti-Democratic, in danger of having the Jim Farley-built New Deal machines back candidates against them in their next primaries.

So probably enough senators to turn the tide were forced into the "Yes" column on the reorganization bill by this question of regularity alone. Especially as it is common knowledge in Washington that on a secret vote the reorganization bill would have been overwhelmingly beaten.

Robert on the Spot

Lawrence W. ("Chip") Robert, Jr., secretary of the Democratic National committee, and one of the most ardent Southern supporters of the administration, is in a dither as a result of President Roosevelt's speech snubbing Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, and virtually inviting Governor E. D. Rivers to run against George.

"Chip" is on the spot. He is not only a loyal friend of the President, and almost a pal of Governor Rivers, but he is an enthusiastic admirer of Senator George. In fact, despite the Georgia senator's insubordination on the Supreme court issue, and on reorganization of the government bureaus, departments and commissions, friends of the two say "Chip" thinks Walter George just about the best qualified man in the Democratic party to take the place of President Roosevelt when Roosevelt steps out, whether that be in 1941 or 1945.

The terrible part of it all, from "Chip's" point of view, is that he arranged this particular party, set the stage for the dramatic denouement that followed. But "Chip" had a very different climax in mind. In fact, it was scarcely a climax he arranged. What "Chip" wanted to arrange was a public reconciliation, so to speak, among his three friends, President Roosevelt, Governor Rivers, and Senator George. All he hoped for was a few kind words from each about the other

two, which would give the Georgia folks the impression that all was harmony in the party—that Roosevelt was for George, that George was for the renomination for governor of Rivers, and that Rivers was for Roosevelt and George.

He talked a good deal about his hopes, did "Chip." He persuaded Senator George, very much against the senator's will, to make the trip, and also—which was not particularly against his will—to say some complimentary things about Ed Rivers.

Spilled the Beans

The mere fact that George was riding on Roosevelt's train, and appearing with him on the platform, "Chip" thought, would be enough. It really did not make any difference if Roosevelt failed to say anything particularly friendly. The appearance would be enough.

But Roosevelt, to "Chip's" chagrin, and to the enormous embarrassment of the George lieutenants, lashed out on the wage and hour scales in the South, and, on top of that, after assailing the forces of special privilege, turned smilingly to Governor Rivers and told the crowd their governor understood his aims and was fighting shoulder to shoulder with him.

Which every one within sound of his voice interpreted as an open invitation to Governor Rivers to run against Senator George in the senatorial primary this fall, and run with Roosevelt's active support!

The timing was deadly. "Chip's" maneuver had been timed too, right after most of the George Democratic leaders figured they had everything straightened out, with George to be unopposed for senator and Rivers unopposed for governor.

Now, word from George holds, Rivers is almost sure to run against George. Rivers will be counting on the enormous popularity of Roosevelt in Georgia, demonstrated by a number of local votes last year when referenda were held on the court issue.

Speech Pleases Some

President Roosevelt's comments about the exploitation of labor by the South's "feudal" system naturally strengthened him with the elements he must have to retain the New Deal in power for the four years beginning in January, 1940, whether he runs for a third term or succeeds in naming his successor.

Indignation among many of his ardent supporters in the house and senate will not do any harm to that particular objective. There will be just one effect that Mr. Roosevelt will not relish, and even if he had calculated this also in advance, it probably would not have deterred him.

This one effect will be to strengthen every Southern senator and member of the house who has been independent, and make it much more difficult for any one to raise the cry of "anti-Roosevelt" against them. For example, it would help renominate Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, and Senator Ellison D. Cotton of South Carolina, if their opponents make this issue. Both these senators come up this year in the states where the election is unimportant as the primary decides everything.

But, as stated, if he gave any thought to this at all, Mr. Roosevelt might reasonably calculate he would not be able to beat either of these senators anyhow.

But Maryland is a much more interesting story. Senator Millard E. Tydings has been a thorn in the White House side for years now. In fact, it surprised the folks in Maryland—and Washington—somewhat when Tydings actually made speeches for Mr. Roosevelt in 1936.

Would Boost Welles

Every time any issue comes up which involves a fight between the conservative Democrats and the White House, Senator Tydings is right with the anti's. Privately, the President has been trying to give his undersecretary of state, Sumner Welles, a boost from time to time. Welles was born in New York, having become a resident of Maryland only in recent years, but he has cherished, and not very secretly, an ambition to represent Maryland in the senate.

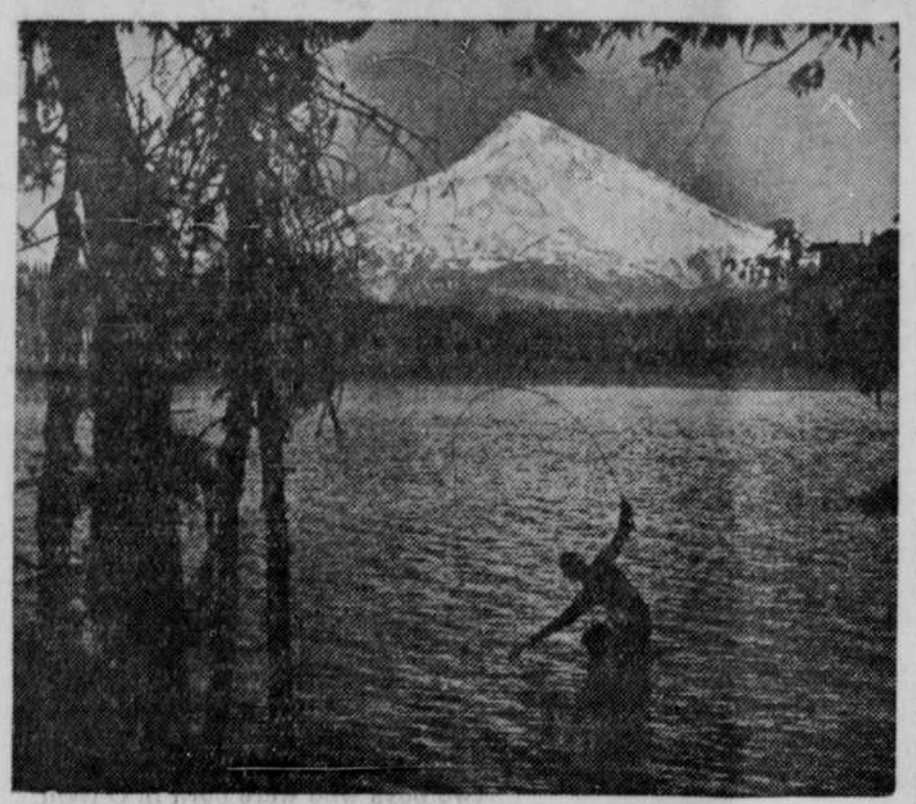
Mr. Roosevelt occasionally visits him at Oxen Hill, his gorgeous home in southern Maryland. During the 1936 campaign Mr. Roosevelt used Oxen Hill as a meeting place for all the Maryland Democratic leaders.

But though a very divided state, Maryland has always had pronounced Southern leanings. It has direct commercial connections, and an extraordinary sentimental tie with the South. In fact, it probably was more shocked at the scolding the President gave the South than any other particular Southern state.

So that speech by the President in Georgia was not calculated to help push Mr. Tydings out of the senate, or to push Mr. Welles into the American house of lords.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

OREGON'S WINDING WATERS



Mt. Hood and a Fisherman's Paradise.

Magnificent Rivers, Tall Trees, Lively Round-Ups and Indian Tribes

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

OREGON, "Land of Winding Waters," was originally solidly covered with timber from the Cascade mountains to the Pacific. Douglas firs, which constitute more than two-thirds of the timber cut, are the giants of this forest. They are in places found 250 feet high.

But eastern Oregon, robbed of its sky moisture by the Cascade range, was not neglected by Nature. Its soil is rich, the debris of old lava plains, blanketed with ashes from the belching Cascade craters that drifted eastward on prevailing winds in ancient times.

Irrigation projects have brought expanding and diversified crop areas and new-born cities into this plateau region, otherwise limited to livestock and the growth of hardy grains.

In eastern and western Oregon alike, the Columbia gives the pulse-beat to modern industry.

Hardly less important than a navigable Columbia to eastern Oregon are its snow-fed tributaries that flow from the south through extensive areas of little rain. The boisterous and beautiful Deschutes, receiving the drainage of snow peaks on the eastern slopes of the Cascades; the poky, aged John Day, draining an immense area of low mountains, both empty into the great river above Celilo.

Some of the farms along the Columbia are encircled by tall poplars, planted as windbreaks and protection against drifting sand. At Umatilla the Columbia River highway merges with the Old Oregon trail and swings south from the Columbia along the Umatilla river to Pendleton.

Pendleton's Big Roundup

Pendleton is an adventure. From the moment of entering this wheat metropolis during Round-Up time, one feels part of the big show. A thousand cowboys, cowgirls, Indians, and stage drivers assemble here each year, from the Rio Grande to Calgary, to enact a drama in which the old sports and the passing life of the frontier West relive in pauseless thrills.

The Round-Up is not a commercial show, but a vast community enterprise, owned by the people of Pendleton, who contribute months of work without compensation. They have no pompous committees with labeled badges; the whole town dons sombreros and continues to act with refreshing naturalness.

Down on the Round-Up grounds, ex-cowboys, doing odd jobs around the gates, spin tales of days when they, too, rode in the arena. Indians gamble for dimes with a stick, in a game similar to "Button, button, who's got the button?" Farmers arrive with sacks of wheat as admittance money. An old chief, unsteadied by one drink too many, searched for his tepee among the hundred that look alike.

You stop to watch an old squaw saddling a horse for her modern, silk-stockinged daughter while she mutters, "Indian girl getting all same white girl. All she know is how to ride car."

Indians and Pageants

Altogether, apparently indifferent, are proud Indians from the Umatillas, Bannock, Nez Perce, Cayuse, and Yakima tribes in gorgeous beaded habiliments. Their costumes are priceless heirlooms, preserved and handed down from generation to generation for the Round-Up, while the Indians themselves grow into conventional mold.

At night the wild, wide-open, embryo gambling town of Happy Canyon stages a pageant, depicting the days of the red man and the coming of the whites, in a classic drama. The Westward Ho parade on Saturday morning is the grand finale.

After this sombrero may be hung up for another year, but in Pendleton the spirit of the Old West has been famed again into thrilling freshness.

Southeast of Pendleton the Old

Oregon trail runs through the Umatilla Indian reservation. The tribes represented by the Umatillas are plains Indians, born with a heritage of the chase in which farming has no background. Many lease their lands to white farmers, retaining only enough space for their houses. This frees them for restless summer wandering, during which they pick huckleberries, dig roots, pack apples, or fish along the Columbia.

The strange mystic legends of Indian Oregon are passing with the older Indians, for they have little significance to the educated, younger generation.

Lava Soil Is Fertile

Just before the ascending highway loses itself in the Blue Mountain pines, on Emigrant hill, every traveler stops to view the vast checkerboard of wheat farms extending 200 miles to the Cascade mountains.

The yellow squares are wheat stubble, the black ones summer fallow. Since wheat is grown in eastern Oregon with less than 15 inches of rain, sufficient winter moisture must be stored in the soil by planting it to grain one year and fallowing it to idleness the next.

The deep, disintegrated lava soil, carpeted by immense showers of volcanic ashes, has shown amazing productivity under irrigation. Even in the apparently lifeless desert, plants burst into perfect life at the touch of water.

The Malheur and Owyhee rivers, tributaries of the Snake river, which in turn flows into the Columbia, are furnishing the water for the Vale and Owyhee projects, which will put 150,000 acres of land under irrigation in their basins. Already water has converted parts of these sage lands into productive farming districts, in which Vale, Nyssa, and Ontario are vigorous communities.

The brave tracks of the Old Oregon trail, obliterated almost entirely on the sage plains, can still be seen crossing the Blue mountains among resinous pines. Descending into the Grande Ronde valley, you pass through La Grande and then steer through the alfalfa, hay and grain ranches of the Wallowa valley.

People of the Cow-Country

These are cow-country folk, a little reticent toward strangers, but hospitable and friendly when once acquainted. They barter produce among themselves, stocking their cellars for the winter. A gas-station operator at Lostine remarked that it is a novelty not to be offered a sack of potatoes for gas and oil.

At Enterprise and Joseph, the granite walls of the Wallowa mountains rise abruptly from the valley floor. This change of altitude is essential for a livestock country, as it gives pasturage for stock throughout the year. In the winter the stock mark time on maintenance rations in sheltered canyons; during June the cattle graze up the lower slopes, while the sheep are driven higher in the alpine pastures as summer advances.

In the late afternoon the sun's slanting rays glint on the stone shaft marking the grave of Old Chief Joseph, buried with his tribal ancestors in the "Land of Winding Waters," overlooking Wallowa lake.

On his deathbed Old Chief Joseph had called his two sons to him and requested them to hold forever the beautiful Wallowa for his people. But settlers came. To avoid conflict, the government decided to move the Nez Perces to a reservation in Idaho. Misunderstanding followed, resulting in conflict. After defeating two companies of the United States army, Young Chief Joseph began one of the most spectacular military retreats in history. Handicapped by women, children, livestock, and all possessions, he led his people through the worst mountain wilderness of three states for more than 1,000 miles, fording torrential streams, giving battle, eluding, outwitting, outgenerating the three armies in pursuit.

Within 50 miles of the Canadian boundary and freedom in Montana, Chief Joseph was prevailed upon by promises to surrender. But his people never returned to their "Land of Winding Waters," and Young Chief Joseph died an exile.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Doctor and the Killer"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY: You know, boys and girls, a doctor's life is full of adventure. It's full of inconveniences too. They never know at what hour of the day or night the telephone might ring and send them rushing along on a sick call.

A doctor crashes the Adventurers' club today with the story of his most nerve wracking experience. Dr. John A. Mangieri of Brooklyn, N. Y., is his name.

Speaking about doctors, though, I want to tell you first a thing I saw in a theater one evening. The play was a melodrama. The packed house was silent at a particularly thrilling moment when suddenly a voice rang out from the audience.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" Everybody looked around at the interruption. The actors stopped in the middle of their lines. A little man with a serious face was standing in the aisle. Then another man with a beard got up next to me. He called toward the man in the aisle.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a doctor."

The little man looked the doctor over while we all watched with bated breath. Then he waved his hand: "Hello, Doc!" he said. And sat down!

That's all there was to it. But there ought to be a law. Don't you think so?

Called Out at Two in the Morning

Our Doc, Mangieri's call wasn't any joke. Doc had gone to bed, dog-tired after a busy day at the hospital when that blooming phone of his tore him out of the drowsy arms of Morpheus. Doc rubbed his sleepy eyes and glanced at the clock. Two o'clock in the morning! Swell time for anybody to get sick, he thought, and answered the insistent ring. But it wasn't the phone. It was the doorbell. Worse luck! Probably an emergency accident.

Well, sir, Doc dragged his weary limbs out of bed, the way he had done many times since hanging out his shingle, and staggered down to the door. Doc was practicing medicine at that time in the Bath Junc-



The Man on the Bed Had Been Shot.

tion section of Brooklyn. A stranger stood at the door. The stranger looked pretty tough and he seemed nervous.

"A pal of mine is sick," he said, and begged the doctor to come at once and visit him. Doc says he admits he didn't like the looks of the man, but a doctor's duty comes first, so he climbed into his clothes and stepped out to make the call.

A taxi stood at the door and the stranger insisted that Doc ride with him. Doc noticed another shady looking gent sitting in the back seat of the cab, so he decided he'd take his own car and play safe.

"I'll follow you," Doc said and climbed into his coupe.

Evil Looking House in a Bad Street

The cab shot away and turned so many streets as Doc followed that the good doctor didn't know where he was. Finally the cab stopped in an evil looking street and Doc drew up at the curb.

The house they had come to was even more evil looking. It was a forbidding looking frame house without any lights showing. As the cab drove away Doc was escorted by the rickety steps by the two men.

The second man, Doc says, was even tougher looking than the first. They opened the sagging door with a latch key and went inside. A dim gas light burned low in the hall.

Without a word one of the men led the way up the stairs while the other dropped in behind Doc. Doc says he just knew something was wrong and wondered if they were going to attack him. They turned into a half dark bedroom. On the bed fully dressed was a third hard boiled looking gent.

Ordered to Treat a Wounded Man

And then Doc understood. The man on the bed had been shot. His hands as he gripped his stomach were red with blood. Doc was in a bad spot. There is a law that forbids doctors to treat bullet wounds without immediately reporting them to the police. The law is very strict. A doctor in the Dillinger case is in jail now for treating the wounded gunman.

Doc hesitated, but as he glanced around at the glowering faces he realized he'd have to do something OR ELSE! One of the men nudged him roughly.

"Get busy, Doc," he growled. Doc did some quick thinking. The men he knew now were gangsters. If he didn't treat their pal they might give him the same dose of lead. If he did, the police would have to be notified and the gangsters would come back at him for that. He stalled and told them he had left his stethoscope in the car. They let him go and Doc went out.

In the street he got a break. A policeman was passing. Doc didn't want to leave a wounded man die without medical attention, so he decided to go back. But he told the policeman that if he wasn't out in 20 minutes to come after him. Then Doc as he entered left the latch off the door.

Police Came at the Right Moment

His patient, Doc found, had been shot in the stomach. His friends dropped their pretense and told him bluntly to extract the bullet and be fast about it. Doc told the truth that the operation was difficult without an X-ray. He suggested a hospital. The patience of the gunmen was now exhausted. Doc expected any minute to have his head bashed in. One of the thugs raised a clenched fist.

"Can that hospital stuff," he growled, "or we'll send you there."

And just at that moment, like in a play, the policeman came with radio car reinforcements and took the gang off Doc's neck.

And the next day Doc read in the papers that his patient and his pals were held in jail for wholesale murder!

That was years ago, before the G-men made it safe for doctors—and Doc hasn't failed to treat a patient since.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Relief in Athens

In old-time Athens those unable to earn their own living, the blind, the lame and crippled, received a daily subsidy from the state lest any bring shame upon the city by begging for the necessities of life. In Rome of emperor days the poor were more numerous in proportion to the population than in modern cities, 320,000 males being listed at one time, as getting some form of bounty, without which relief they could not exist.

Porcupine Can Kill Bear

Though it's unusual for a porcupine to kill larger animals, it's by no means rare. Bears have been laid low by the needle-like spines. A porcupine kills only in self-defense. When in danger, it erects its quills which are sometimes 10 inches long. The quills are not shot, but are so loosely attached they come free at the slightest touch, and barbed so that once imbedded in an enemy's flesh they can hardly be removed.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

SPARTAN SEED BARLEY
reclaimed weed-free, 95% germination,
50 to 60 bushel yield in Pottawattamie
county last season; sacked, per bushel, 80c.
SCOFFIELD SEED CO.
924 S. Main Council Bluffs, Ia.

Pretty Dresses that Flatter the Figure

THERE'S no spring tonic in the world like having a pretty new dress that makes you look slim and smart. And these are so easy to make, that you'll enjoy fixing them for yourself. The patterns are carefully planned so that even beginners will have no trouble following them, and each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart.



explaining just what to do. In addition to having something individual and very much your own, you'll save, decidedly.

Comfortable House Dress.

It's wonderful how much more one feels like working in a brand new, fresh house dress that's becoming as well as comfortable. This design is distinctly slenderizing because it's so straight and simple. You can make it in a few hours. Cheerful percale print, seersucker or chambray are nice fabrics for this dress, which will certainly be your favorite if you want to look slimmer than you are.

Dress For Afternoon.

If you wear any size between 36 and 52 this dress is designed to make you look your best. Shirring on the shoulders creates the fullness that you need in the blouse. The long, unbroken line from shoulder to hem takes inches off the figure. Sleeves ending just below the elbow are flattering to plump arms, and the long, softly rippling jabot trims are lengthening in effect. Make this lovely dress of silk crepe, small-figured or polka dot prints, or georgette. Later, in voile, it will be your coolest summer frock.

1382 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material without nap. With short sleeves.

1456 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 3/4 contrasting.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?
If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.
Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today. WITH-OUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.
Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

WNU-U 15-38

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.
Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.
The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS