

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

New Deal left wingers are said to be flirting with Senator Wheeler . . . TVA's feud with general accounting office makes further appropriations doubtful after congress adjourns . . . Radical views are credited to Thomas E. Dewey in downtown New York rumors.

WASHINGTON.—Some of the left wingers in the New Deal have been actively flirting with Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana. They bang him on the back, and whisper in his ears at big dinners where the diners circulate. They tell him they are for him. At the recent dinner of the famous Alfalfa club several spectators nearly had heart attacks when they saw J. Bruce Kremer, for many years Democratic national committeeman from Montana, greet the senator warmly, and engage in an apparent heart to heart talk.

Now this was "hot stuff" to the politically minded audience for more than one reason. It was the first time Wheeler and Kremer had spoken pleasantly for many years. They are old political feudists in Montana. As a matter of fact, it was Bruce Kremer who figured in the original coolness between President Roosevelt and Senator Wheeler. Wheeler was one of the "For Roosevelt Before Chicago" leaders. With his then colleague, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, he did yeoman work in that pre-convention campaign of 1932. But unlike nearly all the rest of the early workers in the Roosevelt vineyard, Wheeler didn't share in the grape harvest.

The answer was Bruce Kremer. Kremer was an old personal friend of Roosevelt. He stuck closely to him during the campaign. After election it was Kremer and not Wheeler who got all the plums so far as Montana patronage was concerned. Wheeler didn't like it and was frank to his friends about it. Kremer said nothing, but kept on putting in his thumb and pulling out plums.

Disregard of Wheeler Cost Roosevelt Plenty
There are those who suspect Roosevelt paid a pretty high price for this disregard of Wheeler. They think that if Wheeler had been provided a fatted calf or two at the patronage table, and his old enemy had been ignored, Wheeler would have been unwilling to make such a smashing attack on the Roosevelt court packing bill, and the Republicans could not have gleefully made him leader of the fight.

So when Kremer walked up to Wheeler and seemed to be trying to bury the hatchet, right under the nose of the President—who was the guest of honor at this Alfalfa dinner—there was considerable buzzing. "Kremer must think Wheeler has a real chance," was a comment made by dozens of the spectators, many of whom had never figured themselves that the Montana senator was in the running.

Remember how John L. Lewis bashed Wheeler during that court fight? And now is inviting him to speak to a union meeting! It isn't Lewis who is causing the Wheeler talk, however. It is dyed-in-the-wool Roosevelt men—who would give anything in reason to have Roosevelt get a third term. The trouble is they don't know any more about what Roosevelt is going to do than Paul McNutt, and they want to play safe. They do not want McNutt. That is one point on which the left wingers are set. They realize they can't get Robert H. Jackson, whom they prefer to anybody, and they are beginning to think that, if worst comes to worst, and Roosevelt will not be drafted, maybe Wheeler would be better than somebody else that might be foisted on them. And they want a welcome at the White House if Wheeler should happen to make it!

Little Chance for More Appropriations for TVA
Prospects for more TVA appropriations, after this session of congress ends, don't look any too bright as a result of the closeness of the votes on various would-be crippling amendments in the house of representatives this session.

The administration could muster a majority of only six—110 to 104—against an amendment which would have cut the 40 million dollar TVA appropriation in half. And this when there are 97 more Democrats than Republicans in the house! Another amendment, aimed at the same appropriation, but directed specifically at the Coulter Shoals dam, was defeated by only 112 to 109—a margin of three.

Then Representative Andrew J. May, whose own interest in his coal miner constituents has gradually turned him into a hater of hydro-electric power, and who has been the spearhead of the fight this session as he was last, proposed that

no funds should be available for TVA until it had been subjected to auditing by the general accounting office.

Now for reasons sufficient unto itself, the TVA has warred bitterly with the general accounting office almost from its inception. There is no possible charge of partisanship against the general accounting office. There is little complaint from most strong New Deal agencies, including the old AAA, the present soil conservation substitute for AAA, the various functions under Harold L. Ickes, etc., all of which are audited by the general accounting office. As a matter of fact the TVA is unique in not being required to submit its books to the G. A. O.

TVA Bitter Against General Accounting Office

So desperately is the TVA administration against the general accounting office that leaders in the congress recognized that if the May amendment should prevail, it would be tantamount to defeating the appropriation outright. Speaker William B. Bankhead took the floor on the amendment and pointed out that there might not be time to get through legislation putting TVA under the accounting office in this session, whereupon the appropriation would be held up.

He did not say why there might not be time, but everybody in the hearing of his voice knew. They knew that every friend of TVA in both house and senate would fight such legislation bitterly.

Mr. Bankhead was able to rally the Democrats sufficiently on this to beat the May amendment, 153 to 132. As a matter of fact, whips had been beating the bushes to get administration members to the floor, partly as a result of the terrific administration opposition to having the general accounting office auditing forced on TVA, and partly because the previous votes had been so close as to throw a scare into TVA friends.

TVA officials, from David E. Lilienthal down, have made no bones of their hatred of the general accounting office auditors.

But TVA critics say that if the general accounting office forced the TVA to keep its books in orthodox fashion certain things would come to light that the TVA wants to keep hidden. TVA critics do not charge corruption. But they do think that the much vaunted yardstick would vanish in thin air.

Radical Views Credited To Dewey in New York

Perhaps the most interesting single development in the presidential campaign now getting under way will be some speech to be made by Thomas E. Dewey revealing his philosophy about taxation, relief and economics.

It is likely to be interesting because of the wild rumors Washington has been hearing, mostly from downtown New Yorkers. If any fraction of what they have been saying is true, most conservative Republicans will be thumbs down on the New York district attorney. If he should follow the line of the Minneapolis speech, there are a great many shrewd politicians who think it will be very difficult to beat him for the nomination.

What gives any observer here pause is the tremendous sentiment against Dewey which seems to exist among conservative New York Republicans—not Republican leaders, particularly, but Republican business men and financiers.

The wild things they are saying about Dewey's philosophy may not be true, observers admit, but there must be some reason why they are so strongly against him. When it is eventually made clear just what that motive is, the situation will be clarified.

Such Economic Philosophy Would Cost Dewey Votes

One New Yorker attacking Dewey told friends in Washington that Dewey thinks the government should take all of every income above \$5,000 a year. Dewey has never said anything to that effect in public. Presumably, if that is an accurate statement of his economic philosophy, he will advocate it in some speech to be made before the presidential primaries are held. This seems logical because if Dewey really believes that, which the writer very much doubts, he would also believe that it was good political doctrine.

Candidates generally try to avoid being smoked out in advance on issues. They like to figure "timing." But Mr. Dewey will not be able to wait until he sees whether the Democrats renominate Roosevelt, name another New Dealer, or place a conservative at the head of their ticket before making his position on several essential issues very clear. He will have to do it before the first important primary test in which he meets Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan.

He will be constrained to do so, if for no other reason, because at present he is getting all the disadvantages of his alleged radical views, and none of the advantages.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Getting Red Hot Pix, News Hawk Breaks Into One
NEW YORK.—It is a tradition of the newspaper business, well known to the craft, that the reporter or photographer must never get into a news picture. But some times the drama he makes is, like that of old Omar's booze clerk, "more precious than the stuff he sells," and the rule breaks down. Here's bucko young Arthur Menken of New York, in a news picture, as he grinds out the flaming chaos of the Russian bombers passed over. He is close-in as he methodically films the blazing ruins, trussed up in military gear and quite in the mode with a snappy iron hat—which the well-dressed photographer will do well to wear these days. He is Harvard '25, of impressive social lineage, tall and slim, but husky, and, all in all, a fictional ace for adventurous youth, considering what he's been mixed up in.

Mr. Menken has brought nearly the entire latter-day apocalypse into sharp focus. He has dodged every kind of missile from South American poisoned arrows to Japanese shrapnel and Russian air bombs, nicked by a bomb splinter in the Spanish civil war, but suffering nothing worse than profound disillusionment about war in all its moods and tenses. Milton went blind, looking into the abyss of human horror, Mr. Menken just keeps on grinding with a sharp eye for focus, action and background and makes us see it, too. Just now, he's shooting the Finnish war for an American film company.

He is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, New York social registerites. Out of Harvard, he started teasing the grim reaper by Frank Merriwell air exploits in which, miraculously, he always landed right side up. Here and in Europe, he qualified for his transport pilot's license, as a preliminary for his career as an explorer, which he had mapped out for himself.

In the Orinoco region in South America, he indulged his yen for narrow escapes and brought through his skill as a film-photographer. In Africa, he found elephants posed for him nicely, but he was charged by an angry badger. Wars diverted him from his exploring career. Barred from the Spanish conflict late in 1936, for his too-great zeal in taking pictures there, he hastily flew off to China, to record more of "the giant agony of the world," as Euripides characterized the mild dissension of his day. There's nothing frivolous about Mr. Menken. One gathers that he would not advise restless youth to see what he's seen.

WORDS, like bullets, are ammunition, which might have something to do with an editor of Webster's International dictionary becoming chairman of the American national munitions control board. He is former Prof. Joseph C. Green of Princeton university, a teacher of history, now on the production line, as he helps deploy our munitions strategically, under the narrowing pressure of the state department's new "moral embargo."

Conferring in Washington with oil company executives, he is told that the withdrawal of high test gasoline from the Japan and Russia will set back the oil companies quite a few millions, but the companies express a willingness to meet the issues of "national policy."

Mr. Green's office is at the fulcrum of weighty political and economic issues and naturally is concerned with the increasingly urgent consideration of munitions reserves for national defense. The word "munitions," like many other words, takes in more territory than it did when Professor Green herded it into Webster's dictionary, back in 1929. Incidentally, at that time, he was also an editor of American Indian terms. When moral issues intrude, as of today, it is well to have a word expert around.

A native of Cincinnati, born in 1887, Mr. Green was graduated from Princeton in 1908 and did post-graduate work there and in Europe. He was instructor in history at Borden-town Military institute, assistant professor of history at Princeton and associate professor from 1924-30. He was a major of infantry in the war, holding home and foreign decorations, was with Belgian Near East Relief missions, and entered state department in 1930. He came to munitions control as a humanist, widely known in the field of political, economic and social research.

A MATTER OF DICTATION

By SCOTT W. RYALL
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

NONA CAMPAGNI was working in the office of the Duncan corporation typing form letters, so many of them the words and phrases came automatically.

"We, of the Duncan corporation . . . co-operation of dealer and manufacturer . . . toothpaste . . . toothpaste . . ."

Nona met Miss Wells, secretary to the president, in the rest room and the older woman asked about the letters in the superior manner which had proved a strain to the stenographer more than once.

"No, they're not done," Nona said curtly. "It seems much might be saved with a mimeograph."

Miss Wells, being especially opposed to girls of striking, gypsy-like beauty, smiled coldly.

"The personal touch, Miss Campagni, is—"

"The name is pronounced Campagni," Miss Wells, Nona said tartly for the supercilious manner had penetrated.

"Certainly," the secretary agreed coolly, "we should appreciate your having the letters done by the end of the week."

Nona looked at her quickly, dark eyes flashing.

"Two days!" she exclaimed, "There are over 200 to go. What's the rush? The damn things are only form letters!"

The eyebrows of the other woman went up.

"Those," she said stiffly, "are sales letters of the Duncan corporation and not—damn things, Miss Campagni."

"All right. I can't have them out Saturday without help. Let me have Miss Murphy."

"Miss Murphy is assisting me," the other said augustly, opening the door, then looked back, "I'll take care of the signatures. Leave them on my desk—Saturday."

Nona viciously described Miss Wells to the blank door but she realized it was Miss Wells whom she must please, despite the personnel department reporting her as "eminently efficient."

"I shouldn't have spoken that way," she thought at her lonely lunch as she dabbed at a salad, "she'll have me canned if I don't get those letters done. She'll have me canned, anyway. I can see it in her—"

"Is the salad unsatisfactory?" a voice asked concernedly.

"No, no. Not at all," Nona answered hastily.

The waitress left her alone but, her attention having been diverted, she raised her gaze and saw a man across the room looking at her intently. She assigned him the classification of an out-of-town buyer and promptly forgot him.

Then she was thinking of the job again and how much it meant if she was let out.

"Excuse me," said a voice and she looked up at the man who had been watching her, "can you take dictation?"

"Stenographic dictation," she said sharply.

He smiled and she felt that he was genuinely good looking as well as genuinely amused.

"That's what I meant. I noticed your fingers tapping. You're used to a typewriter."

She looked quickly at the fingers which had been automatically pounding out form letters on the table top.

"All right," she agreed, "but I have only a few minutes."

"Thanks," he said gratefully and drew a sheaf of papers from his pocket, "I've my own secretary but—well, at times she gets on my nerves. Of course, I shall pay suitably."

"Thank you," Nona smiled wilyly. "Let's get on with the dictation. Where do I transcribe?"

"My office." He dictated three letters so rapidly that efficient stenographer though she was, she found difficulty following. They related to ambiguous subjects; loans, financing, control and management. Then: "Dickson Commercial Distributors, Spokane. Yours of the twenty-third instant. We, of the Duncan corporation—"

The words were suddenly flowing in a jargon. She stopped writing, threw the pencil on the table.

"Say, Mister," she snapped, "what is this? A gag?"

She abruptly caught up hat and coat, left him and went directly to that office marked private, behind the glazed door of which Miss Wells was tapping out impeccable messages to a select public.

"Miss Wells," she said acidly, confronting the woman, "have you a sense of humor?"

"Are you forgetting yourself?" the other asked coldly.

"No. Did you send that guy after me to dictate letters in a restaurant and sit there telling me to write down—"

"Miss Campagni," Miss Wells said aloofly. "I should not send anyone to you for dictation. Return to your work, please. An explanation of this—"

She fell silent as the door opened. Nona turned and looked with startled gaze on the man who had recently been dictating letters to her.

"Miss Wells," he said curtly, "I've a tremendous amount of work on hand. Get another girl—"

He stopped suddenly, staring at the slim young woman by the desk. "This is Miss Campagni, Mr. Duncan," introduced Miss Wells reluctantly. "A new girl in the coterie office."

"Oh, I see. I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Campagni. Now, does that make things more satisfactory?"

Miss Wells' curiosity was approaching the busting point as Nona, seeing the beginning of the end, determined to hoist all colors in defeat.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said proudly, "but if you'd seen those words, 'We, of the Duncan corporation—' as often as I—"

"Well," he said curtly, "suppose we try again, Miss Wells, allow Miss—Miss—"

"Campagni!" supplied the secretary furiously.

"Thank you. Allow the young lady the use of your office this afternoon. Put another girl on her work. Sit down," he ordered Nona curtly, "ready?"

"Yes, sir," she said happily, pencil poised, bright head bowed.

Ice Fields of Colorado Continue Steady Retreat

It may not be for several hundred years, but some day Colorado is going to be entirely devoid of glaciers, according to expert prediction.

Officials of Rocky Mountain National park, an expansive area high in Colorado's Rockies above Denver in which two enormous glaciers have existed for some 30,000 years, have found that the ice fields have receded a small amount since 1932.

They took advantage of what they termed "comparatively new science" advanced by the American Geophysical union involving glacier study and measurement.

It was learned, the officers said, that the mighty Tyndall glacier, located between Flat-top mountain and towering Hallett peak near Estes park village, has receded 74 feet eight inches in the last seven years. The recession might have been greater, it was said, if the exceptionally heavy snowfall of 1937 had not allowed the ice body to expand 137 feet seven inches.

The other ice field, Andrews glacier, situated near by, has dropped back 43 feet five inches in the seven years. It advanced 64 feet seven inches in the 1937-38 winter.

"The study of glaciers is a comparatively new science," Park Naturalist Raymond Gregg explained. "It was less than 100 years ago that European scientists took up the study of Alpine bodies of ice."

"In the United States, the American Geophysical union, established 20 years ago, has set up a committee on glacier study. The surveys are expected to divulge valuable information on weather cycles and tendencies to modern glaciers as related to past or hypothesized future glacial epochs.

"In 1928 the studies of rate of motion, advance and recession were begun in the park," the naturalist disclosed.

Extensive records and maps have been acquired until an intricate system of noting minute movements of the ice fields has been developed.

During the years of observing and examining the glaciers, many instances of interest have taken place, Gregg said. In the midst of one investigation the carcass of a deer was uncovered. The body was remarkably well preserved, he said, and some scientists in the party indicated belief it had lain in the ice for a great many years.

Home Title Security

Title security is of the utmost importance to the home purchaser and deserves primary consideration when buying a home. In a recent opinion, one of the highest courts in the country held that "when a layman purchases real estate he is prone to think of his purchase in terms of location of the premises, its natural advantages, and the beauty or usefulness of the buildings and improvements thereon, when, as a matter of law, it is not the real estate itself but rather title thereto which he has purchased and if he loses his title, he loses all. The most dangerous and costly title defects often are hidden and undisclosed. Unknown heirs, forged conveyances, deeds by minors or insane persons, secret marriages, lost or undiscovered wills, void court decrees, and many other similar title defects never show up in an abstract, and consequently the examining attorney never has any opportunity to pass on them."

Annual World Precipitation

The annual precipitation over all of the oceans amounts to 80,000 cubic miles of water, according to estimates compiled by Dr. George F. McEwen of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, Calif. The annual evaporation from the ocean surface is 89,000 cubic miles, so that the runoff from the land amounts to 9,000 cubic miles. The energy consumed in the process involves an expenditure of 500,000 horsepower from the sun for every square mile of the earth's surface.

Iron Hardware

Forged iron hardware, reflecting the true spirit of the period, is being offered the owner of the modest home at prices far below that which prevailed for forged iron pieces made to order. Not only on the front entrance, but throughout the entire home, wrought iron hinges, door pulls, latches, and other fixtures add accuracy and necessary detail to the period style.

Allergy Often Is Cause of Common Cold

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

YOU may be one of those individuals who always seem to have a cold. Even when there is no cold or dampness in the air, your head feels "stuffy," your nose runs, and there is a constant "dropping" into back of throat. It is now known that while infection from others is a frequent cause of colds, it is allergy or sensitiveness to various substances that often causes the usual symptoms we call the "head" cold.

"Allergy of the respiratory tract (nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs) may go undiagnosed (not recognized) because the characteristic symptoms of hay fever or asthma are not present. Yet allergy alone may produce chronic obstruction of the nose without sneezing and repeated attacks of a running and stuffy nose, due not to infection but to allergy, called "colds" or sinus infection. Allergy alone may cause persistent sore throat and stuffy ears that have nothing to do with inflammation or infection of the mouth, ears, nose or throat. Allergy alone can cause all the symptoms and signs of acute or chronic infection of the nose, throat and chest."

I am quoting Drs. George Pines and Hyman Miller, Los Angeles, in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Allergy Causes Inflammation. In addition to causing the same signs and symptoms as infection, allergy can cause so much irritation and inflammation of the lining of the nose and throat that the helpful organisms, always present in this lining, cannot fight off the harmful organisms and so infection occurs. This means that the individual who is allergic to various substances in the air or in food eaten will not only have the usual "allergic" symptoms, but in addition is likely to be attacked by an infection because of the loss of resistance to infection caused by this allergy.

What does this mean? It means that in those who seem to "always have a cold," the usual tests for allergy should be given by their physician or a specialist in allergy because it is hardly worth while to use "cold" vaccines or other preventive measures against colds if being allergic to various substances is not only causing some of the symptoms but making it "easy" for infections to get a start.

Mucous Colitis Due to Nervousness

I SPEAK often of mucous colitis because it is probably the commonest abdominal ailment for which physicians are consulted. The outstanding symptoms are more or less pain or distress in abdomen, diarrhea mostly but sometimes spastic constipation, gas, and considerable mucous comes away in the stool.

Mucous colitis is now considered due to nervousness and emotional disturbances, a tendency which can be inherited just as can hay fever or other allergic ailments.

The persistent diarrhoea, the colicky or spastic pains and the mucus in the stool makes the patient believe that there is something wrong with her bowel—that it is probably badly inflamed and may later develop into cancer. As a matter of fact these patients do not die of this condition and if they can learn a real philosophy of life it often passes away.

In speaking of mucous colitis Dr. Walter Alvarez, Mayo clinic, points out that there is really no "inflammation" of the colon (large intestine) as colitis implies and that if patients really knew this they would be less alarmed and be more free of their symptoms.

Avoid Excitement.

"If a patient with a sensitive colon is ever to be really helped, she must be made to realize that she has a peculiar nervous system which will cause her discomfort off and on, perhaps for the rest of her days. It will cause the bowel (colon) to get so whenever she gets excited or upset nervously or when she is very tired or when she is coming down with a cold or perhaps when she gets badly constipated or takes too many laxatives or when she eats some particular food to which she is sensitive (allergic)."

"If the woman has good sense she will see then that she must not keep hunting for a complete cure, but must settle down to live with her bowel avoiding as far as she can those influences that tend to upset her bowel."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Can you give three words, having two pronunciations each, the meanings of which change with the pronunciations?
2. Which are the three fastest animals on foot?
3. What is a martingale—a song-bird, part of a horse's harness, or a flowering shrub?
4. What kinds of twins are there?
5. What are the male and female figures used in architecture called?
6. What three birds have become extinct in the United States in the last 100 years?

The Answers

1. Record, produce, minute.
2. The cheetah, the gazelle and the race horse are the three fastest animals on foot.
3. Part of a horse's harness.
4. Identical, unlike, and Siamese.
5. Male figures, used as supports in architecture, are called caryatids, female figures are called atlantes.
6. The passenger pigeon became extinct in the 1880s, the Labrador duck in the 1840s, and the great auk in the 1840s.

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