

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington. — The contrast between the two most outstanding proposals to substitute for the NRA and accomplish the purposes for which Gen. Hugh S. Johnson's Blue Eagle was intended is rather interesting, not only to lawyers—for of course the real object of both is to get around the constitutional hurdle—but to business and labor as well.

One of these plans is being drafted by Donald R. Richberg, the other by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming.

The O'Mahoney plan is much simpler. It will be a modification of his bill of last session providing for federal incorporation of all corporations doing an interstate business. In brief, it aims at federal control of wages and hours, prohibition of child labor, etc., by the simple process of refusing a federal license to do business to any corporation not agreeing to observe these restrictions.

No prohibition by law, mind you—but just a refusal of permission to do business. Many lawyers doubt extremely if this would have met the constitutional test before the Supreme court last year. But this year it just may be different, some think, in view of the election returns. But the court has repeatedly spoken very sharply to the point that if it is not constitutional to do a thing by one means, it is also unconstitutional to do it by another.

A New Approach

The method of approach, however, is very different from that of the NRA. The new plan is very ingenious. In its legal theory it is not drafted for the protection of labor from exploitation, or the providing of employment or any of the other objectives of NRA. Actually that is precisely its purpose, as it was before, but nothing in the legal verbiage in which it will be shrouded would give the most painstaking legal critic that idea.

It is based on the idea of fair trade! I will be aimed, apparently, at preventing one employer from having an unfair advantage over another. It will follow closely the ideas already approved on numerous occasions by the Supreme court in the Federal trade, Clayton law and other cases.

Obviously if one employer pays less than a wage which is recognized as standard for his industry, he has an advantage. This comes under the head of "unfair competition" in the Federal trade and Clayton law cases. The same is true of longer hours than his competitors work their employees, etc. And the same is true of one employer using child labor when his competitors do not.

The only similarity in philosophy to the old Blue Eagle is that part of General Johnson's tirades when he attacked the "chiselers." But under the Blue Eagle, the chiseler phase was a by-product. In the new Richberg proposal it is the main thing.

Now Turns Stingy

Judging by the demands on the budget bureau, the administration that has been criticized by the "outs" as generous to a fault will, inside a few weeks, be assailed as inhuman, stingy, and all the other adjectives any of the pork hunters can bring to their minds.

The idea of rugged individualism seems to be far less prevalent than one might have suspected during the campaign—up to election day. Even many business men seem to think that, if anything is needed, appeal should be made to Uncle Sam. For example, the recent recommendation that the government insure working capital loans up to \$50,000 by commercial banks.

Tremendous drives for all sorts of projects are being organized. One might think that the determination that marked the rejection of the Florida ship canal last session would have killed that project for all time, but the boys are working like beavers right now to win support for it.

Losing money, municipal airports will ask congress for federal aid, to the tune of ten to twenty millions to match city funds for the modernization of regularly scheduled airway ports, with more to come later. They claim that airplanes' business right now is about 90 per cent interstate, which gives them as much right to federal aid as waterways and highways.

Renew a Threat

Opposition to this will renew the threat to lash air transport to the railroads under the interstate commerce commission. But this is not coming from opponents of federal spending. It is coming from friends of the railroads who want to curtail this "unfair" competition as much as possible—especially as the railroads expect within ten years,

if present trends continue, to lose 25 per cent of their Pullman-class business to the air lines.

Cheerful interviews of a few weeks back about holding expenditures to the bone, coming from prominent figures in the house and senate, are just the old annual buncombe. Maybe some of those so expressing themselves believed it at the time, though some of them just must have known better.

Actually the picture that will be obvious to insiders in the next few months will be rather unusual for this administration. For President Roosevelt will be on the side of holding expenditures down, with a crowd of yammering wolves demanding more and more from him.

On top of the fact that appropriations for the army, navy and interest on debt cannot be cut—the President being a firm believer in a strong army and navy and the interest on debt being fixed—there is really not much prospect of any serious cutting of federal expenditures except what may be accomplished on relief. And Harry L. Hopkins already is having his troubles trying to do that.

Cause for Worry

How to restrain the "boom" is not so easy as certain Federal Reserve officials had thought, and it is causing the administration no little worry.

Here are the things objected to:

1. Too much speculation in the stock market.

2. Too much speculation in commodities.

3. Too much "forward buying."

The last is the toughest nut to crack. What is disapproved is really speculation by business men in their own businesses—but it is the sort of thing that has been recognized as sound business policy not only by business men themselves, but by bankers, for to these many years. All the banking laws are written with a view to providing credit for just this sort of thing, much as they may be intended to curb other forms of speculation.

A good illustration is a department store owner who may believe that next fall he will have great difficulty getting enough stockings, due to all available factories being booked up with orders, or due to possible strikes. Or he may believe that the price will have advanced sharply before the normal time for him to buy for that season.

As a result, he orders the stockings now, and orders many times more than he needs—in many known instances six times his own estimate of the number he could sell. He knows he has the right, under normal business practice, to cancel any or all the orders at any time.

Or take the case of an automobile manufacturer who fears the possibility of strikes or higher prices for steel frames. The thing ramifies through every conceivable line of manufacturing and merchandising.

Objection Is Sound

The objection of the government is perfectly sound. Such a mass of orders represents an absolutely fictional demand. In normal times it is this sort of thing that leads to undue expansion of productive capacity. Factories build additions to plants, which will not be needed until after they have become obsolete.

Then there is the effect at some future time when merchants and manufacturers doing all this "forward ordering" suddenly realize that no longer will there be any difficulty in getting what they want. At once the cancellations pour in and the bottom drops out of business.

Yet notes at the banks to finance such purchases, once made, are "prime commercial paper." The banks love to have them. They can be rediscounted at the Federal Reserve banks, so there is no question of tying up their reserves. They usually pay pretty nearly the top interest rate.

As far as stock speculation is concerned, the difficulty is that the government has already clamped down so hard that it is not practical to clamp much tighter. The Reserve board plans to boost the reserve requirements of the banks. Also it plans to sell government bonds, thus tightening credit.

But the speculators will not be cramped by this as once they would, due to existing margin requirements. And they know the government will not dare sell enough bonds to affect their price seriously, for to do so would play hob with the banks and insurance companies now loaded up to the guards with government securities.

Meanwhile, demands against the possibilities of war in Europe have driven many nations into the market for more supplies than they would normally be requiring at this time—especially Britain which has decided to guarantee herself by this method against another submarine blockade, which promises heavy buying for some time to come.

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OBERAMMERGAU



"Calaphs" of Oberammergau is a Blacksmith.

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

IT IS always with joy that the traveler, wandering south through Germany, views the white flag atop the gothic city hall of Bavaria's capital, Munich (München), for the signal tells him the day is exceptionally clear and the peaks of the Alps are beckoning, in plain view some sixty miles away.

"St. Peter, the weathermaker, must be in a good mood to send so fine a day," say thousands in the city of Munich itself, and they head straight for the mountains.

A swift electric train, or a bus whirring over smooth roads, takes the traveler past the inviting Lake of Starnberg (Wurm - See), the banks of which are studded with villas and manors. White sailboats greet him from the green waters, and their background is the hazy blue mountains that loom in the distance, some 45 miles farther south.

The first approach to these gigantic monuments of Nature has the emotional impact of the immigrant's first glimpse of New York's colossal skyline. Shortly the upward journey begins, through rolling, verdant hills which make the transition gradual. Half a mile above sea level, the wanderer finds himself surrounded by the gray pines, partly wooded mountains, and high green hills which cradle Oberammergau.

As he hears the village, the towering crag of the Kofel bids him welcome, with its huge wooden cross on top. This rocky cone must have been a weird sight one night in 1809 after lightning had struck it, setting its trees ablaze and turning it into an immense torch.

Panorama of the Ammer Valley.

If the wayfarer's ambition holds out, his feet will soon follow his eyes to the lofty height, and before him will unfold a panorama of the Ammer river valley. In its midst, peacefully resting, is the village which takes its name from the meandering, ice-cold stream.

"District on the upper part of the Ammer river" is the meaning of Oberammergau, a word apparently formed with no consideration for alien tongues.

Three miles down the river lies Unterammergau, and on the opposite side a place called Oberau, giving rise to a local tongue-twisting pun, akin to "picking a peck of pickled peppers".

"Ob er uber Oberau, oder ob er uber Unterammergau, nach Oberammergau kommt, weiss ich nicht," it goes, which means, somewhat ineffectively, in English, "Whether he is going to come to Oberammergau by way of Unterammergau, or whether he is going to come to Oberammergau by way of Oberau, I don't know."

Standing in the brisk breeze blowing over the Kofel, one scans the irregularly scattered town with its red roofs amid green crowns of trees. Four bridges cut the silver band of the Ammer, in whose mirror are reflected the town's tallest buildings—the church and the Passion Play theater.

Little more than two years have passed since the curtain once more went down on that stage, not to rise again until 1940. The hush that settled over the hall also pervaded the streets of the village which only a short while before had been resounding with the voices of thousands of people gathered there from near and far.

In this sequestered Bavarian town some 400,000 people, representing practically all the nations and creeds of the earth, rubbed elbows in the special jubilee year of 1934, when 73 performances of the play were given.

The memorable series marked the three hundredth anniversary of a tradition unbelievably dear to the village whose people for generations have been living in intimate daily contact with it.

Origin of the Passion Play.

The history of the Passion Play may be comparatively young, considering that, even before the Roman legions, Celts populated the

valley. The Bavarian tribe preceded the age of knighthood, whose members, as early as the Twelfth century, saw a church being built in Oberammergau.

Traveling merchants kept that little hamlet in intimate touch with the outside world, making it a thriving community. But then the Thirty Years' war came, and the specter of a disastrous pestilence began to lay its grip on the settlements surrounding the village at the foot of the Kofel.

Wherever fires were seen blazing at the entrance of towns, the wanderer fled in horror, lest he also be seized by the Black Death and thrown into the raging pyre.

The guards on the outskirts of Oberammergau must have missed that lone man who, after years of absence from home, yearned to be with his family again. Nothing could keep him away any longer. Sick, he staggered over the mountains at night through dark forests, and, unseen by others, joined his dear ones.

Next morning the excited beating of drums broke the news to the inhabitants that it had come, the dread disease, and Kaspar Schissler, bringer of death, lay dead.

The all-powerful Reaper began his work, and 84 persons within a short time fell a prey to him. But their doom incited in the village a spiritual awakening.

From death and despair rose the Passion Play, a memorial to those who assembled in the little parish church in 1633, making a solemn vow to produce the drama of the suffering and death of Jesus every ten years if the plague should disappear.

The old village chronicle tells us that it did, and that the year after, under the guidance of the monks of the Benedictine monastery of nearby Ettal, the villagers for the first time fulfilled their promise.

In Time of War and Inflation.

From 1670 on, every decade beheld the same religious spectacle, the same fervor and devotion. Only the faces changed. Ever the Passion Play kept growing, through times of interdictions, wars, and hardships of all kinds.

Was the mighty weight of a World war that took 70 men permanently from the ranks of this population of 2,600 souls to do away with the sublime legacy handed down by their ancestors for almost three centuries? True it is, 1920 remained silent and bleak. There were not enough players, no provisions.

But 1922 looked down on a busy summer, saw the play start in May and end in September. Once again Oberammergau was proving faithful to its vow.

No German will forget those heartbreaking days of inflation and currency collapse, 13 years ago, when one had to carry one's money in a satchel for the simplest shopping.

The principal character then received for more than threescore trying performances the sum of 20,000 marks—an amount which enabled him to buy only a pair of shoes and a few cakes of soap!

The 15,000 marks given a member of the orchestra would, he thought, carry him a long way, particularly if he tucked the money away in the savings bank. In a few days it had depreciated to zero—and that was that.

Refused a Cinema Offer.

But the players carried on, and even the unheard-of sum of one million dollars was staunchly refused by the villagers when they rejected a proposal to have their play reproduced in the movies, and elected to have it continue to be what it had been from the very outset, a local drama with a great tradition, executed by amateurs. Only thus was it possible for the village in the shadow of the sheltering Kofel to preserve its quaint character.

The visitor to Oberammergau immediately notes a cleanliness and refreshing atmosphere. Each home attracts him with its tidy appearance and the hospitable spirit of the people.

Gold Star Mother

By KARL GRAYSON
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WNU Service.

ANGUS NEWHALL awoke in a room in a soldiers' home in Havre, France, on a bright June morning. He had awakened in the same room on many other mornings, but today he remembered.

His mind went back, and a shudder shook his frame. Last night he had lain in a filthy shell hole, the air about him a hell of bursting shells, the odor of gunpowder in his nostrils, fear in his heart. For hours he had lain there—and then suddenly it was all blotted out, as if a black curtain had descended before the scene and the drama had ended.

That was last night. He shuddered again and looked about him at the bright sunny room, and sense of wonder and bewilderment began asserting itself. A door opened and a nurse came in. She paused at the foot of his bed and looked at him with wide, startled eyes. Presently she spoke, and her voice was strangely different from what Angus had expected.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Doe," she said. "You've waked at last!" Angus got the story from the nurse and from the doctors and from the officer in charge of the home. The war had been over a year. He had been transferred from a German hospital after the armistice. He had been wearing part of a French uniform, given him by the Germans, and wasn't able to tell who he was or anything at all that happened. He was sick, suffering among other things from amnesia.

The officer finished telling the story and smiled. "And now, sir, if you remember, perhaps you can tell us who you are and where you come from so that we may send you home. I imagine you have parents, and perhaps a sweetheart who will be glad to hear the news."

Angus opened his mouth to speak, and closed it again. All in a flash an idea had come to him, a tremendous idea. He looked at the officer and saw that the man was waiting. But instead of uttering his own name he said: "Chester Darcy," an dvage an address in a large city in western United States.

Later, in his room, Angus gathered together his things and smiled. His mind was absorbed with thoughts of a little country town in New Hampshire. He saw himself as a boy, the son of the town's leading citizen, a spoiled and selfish child, a child hated by all the neighbors because he took advantage of being the son of Robert Newhall and acted the snob; a child who made his parents unhappy, and, by his very selfishness, robbed his mother of the joy and pride that should have been hers.

Angus saw himself growing to manhood, becoming more disliked with each passing year, acquiring more mean and selfish traits of character, falling into evil ways, hating himself because of his own hatred of others. Then came the war, and a chance to get away from it all. He enlisted among the first.

Reports had gone back of his exploits, his courage, his bravery. He was a hero, he knew, in his home town, more of a hero now that he was thought of as dead, killed in action.

Angus projected his mind into the future, saw himself swinging from the train at the tiny depot, saw the expression of amazement come to the features of Les Howard, the station master, saw himself stepping from Les' car at his own doorway, his mother coming down the walk to meet him. . . . It would be a great moment, a moment of triumph in so many ways.

Two days later Angus sailed for America. Oddly, he discovered that his fellow passengers on the liner were not as friendly as he wanted them to be. Vaguely there came to him the knowledge that the traits which had made him despised by the people of his home town must still be manifesting themselves in his manner, his voice, his actions. The thought made him resentful. He became aloof and superior, contemptuous of these folks who, were they to be apprised of his real identity, would sing his praises from the housetops.

Three days out of Bordeaux the liner on which Angus Newhall was sailing for America caught fire. It was at night and a high sea running. Before nearby ships could respond to the frantic S. O. S. half the passengers and two-thirds of the crew perished. Among those whom the sea claimed as victims was one Chester Darcy, whose home was given as a large city in western United States.

In a little New Hampshire town a white-haired old lady read the newspapers and shook her head sadly, thinking of the relatives and friends of the dead. Her eyes, mist-covered, lifted to a photograph of her son, flag-bedecked, and resting in its place of honor above the mantel.

After a while a smile came to the old lady's lips. She nodded her head, thinking of Angus, thinking of him as a hero, the pride of his town, of his nation; herself as honored and respected and envied because of his great deeds. She sighed, a little wistfully, but happily, because her heart was joyful. It was nice—yes, extremely nice being a gold-star mother.

A Trio for the Younger Set



THREE more intriguing numbers than these would be hard to imagine—even in this day of rampant fashion and scintillating style! It's a trio that the younger set in The Sewing Circle will be enthusiastic about too, for first consideration is given them in—

Pattern 1996—This excellently styled jumper dress is one the tot of six and the lass of fourteen will sing long over. Available for sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 35 inch material for the jumper and 1 3/4 yards for the blouse.

Pattern 1202—There's subtle loveliness about this new dress for all occasions. It makes a grand thing of simplicity—a brilliant success of the new silhouette. Buttons, bold shiny ones, add classic chic to the back. And in the matter of sleeves there's an opportunity to choose for oneself. Sheer wool, challis, taffeta or silk crepe will be a likely material for this dress. Designed for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54 inch fabric. With long sleeves 2 7/8 yards.

Pattern 1936—This is the season for smocks, although not the "hunting season," thanks to today's new model, pictured here. Imagine

the fun of having a smock that reflects one's own taste in its every detail—yes, even to the size and color of the scarf and buttons. Designed in sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. The bow requires 1 1/4 yards of ribbon.

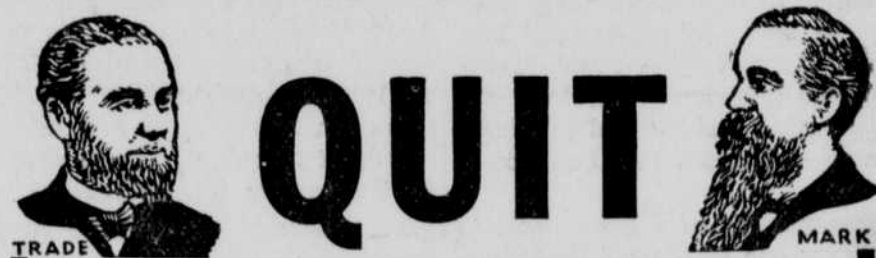
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Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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DON'T RUB YOUR EYES

Rubbing your eyes grinds invisible particles of dust and dirt right into the delicate tissues, making the irritation just that much worse. A much better way, as thousands have discovered, is to use a little Murine in each eye—night and morning. Murine may be depended on to relieve eye irritation because it is a reliable eye preparation containing 7 active ingredients of known value in caring for the eyes. In use for 40 years. Ask for Murine at your drug store.



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The pleasant and quick way to make coughs quit is a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds—Black or Menthol—5¢.) Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Flowers for the Living
Don't leave too many of your fervent thoughts about your good friends until after they are dead.

What Is Common Sense?
Human nature is human nature; but is common sense human nature or a touch from the divine?



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