

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



Washington. — President Roosevelt is enormously pleased with the general reception of his acceptance speech at Philadelphia.

Those who must support him for party regularity reasons but who have been hoping he would be more conservative if re-elected — the group following Senators Glass, Byrd, Tydings and Adams—are distressed. And the radical fringe is delighted.

The thought of comparing the New Deal fight against capital—against investments, if you please—to the fight of the colonists against British royal domination—came to the President almost at the last moment. He did not prepare his speech much in advance, and it is pretty nearly an accident that he took this particular tack.

All it grew out of the fuss and furore that was kicked up when announcement was made, a little more than a month ago, that the President would make his trip to Texas and other states at a time when the Republican national convention would be in progress. It was charged he was trying to steal the convention's publicity, to deprive it of its normal share of front page newspaper display, not to mention radio broadcasting and newspaper picture sections.

So he announced that on that trip he would make "historical talks," going into the history of the sections he visited.

He not only did, but found some very adroit ways of working good political arguments into them.

## Even Went Further

But the conservative Democrats are very unhappy as a result. For, once embracing that theme, the President went a great deal further, by inference, than he has ever gone before. Just as, in the platform, which of course he dictated, he went a great deal further with regard to TVA than he has ever gone before. In fact, he approved language which might have been disquieting to the Supreme Court in his TVA decision. For instead of talking about "incidental" power, the President had the platform boast about the "yardstick" which would force electric rates down, and make electric current cheaper to all consumers.

Naturally the radical fringe is highly pleased. They had been somewhat disturbed at the soft-pedaling of their leaders at Philadelphia—the complete blackout of Dr. Tugwell, the failure to mention Prof. Frankfurter, the absence of most of the so-called Brain Trusters. But a few hours before the President was accepting the nomination Secretary of Agriculture Wallace was telling an audience that competition must go, even in manufacturing, eventually, and that collectivism and co-operatives were the thing!

All of which spells a much wider cleavage in the Democratic party, next year, assuming that Roosevelt is re-elected. For beyond the shadow of a doubt there would have been more than 21 Democratic senators opposed to that tax bill, aimed so sharply at corporations, had the President and Wallace made their speeches before instead of after that final vote was recorded in the senate.

## Humorous Mistake

Failure of the Democrats at Philadelphia to make any statement answering the demand of the Republicans at Cleveland that the special power giver the President to mark down still further the gold value of the dollar be revoked, was not an oversight.

Senator Robert J. Bulkley of Ohio, one of the leading Capitol Hill experts on currency, pointed out to members of the resolutions committee, when this matter was under advisement, that the Republicans had made a rather humorous mistake. The special power which the President still has, which would permit him to mark down the gold value of the dollar to one half its original value, along with the power to issue paper currency, or to adopt bimetalism, expires by limitation just a few days after inauguration!

So that, Senator Bulkley pointed out, to demand its repeal by a congress which does not come into power until a few days before that—nothing like sufficient time to put such an important measure through the house and senate—is rather in the nature of a futile gesture.

Even, the senator pointed out, in what Democrats regard as the unlikely contingency that the Republicans capture the Presidency and the house, there is no possible chance of their obtaining control of the senate for four more years. So even, if there were a Republican landslide they could not repeal the provisions against the will of the Democrats.

## Could Cut Dollar

During the months that remain before this power expires by limitation, in January, the President

could, if he wished, do any of the three things authorized. He so far has taken advantage of only one of these powers. This was when he marked down the gold value of the dollar to 59.06 cents. So that, under the powers in this act, he could still mark it down to 50 cents of the original dollar. This would be considerably in excess of nine cents of the present dollar. It would be 9.06 cents of the original gold dollar. It would reduce the present dollar slightly more than 15 cents in its present gold value. Which would be immediately effective in making the dollar just that much less valuable in foreign exchange, hence making it that much easier to sell American goods abroad, and that much more expensive for Americans to buy foreign goods.

President Roosevelt, it so happens, has no present intention of exercising this power. There has been a firm conviction in Washington for some time that France would devalue the franc, and that then Britain would let the pound sterling drift down to equalize the French cut. As a matter of fact, there has been surprise in Washington that this has not occurred long since.

When and if this occurs the President will face a real problem as to whether to meet the change—so vastly important in foreign trade. But the best information obtainable is that he is not inclined to exercise his further power to devalue the dollar even under this provocation.

## Murray Causes Worry

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma is really causing more concern among Democratic chieftains by his "walk" than is Alfred E. Smith, or James A. Reed, or Bainbridge Colby, or Joseph B. Ely, or Judge Daniel F. Cohan.

The answer is very simple. Elections are decided by electoral votes—not by the size of popular majorities in any particular states. A majority of 700, while a little nerve-racking when the returns are coming in, is just as good as 300,000 when the electoral votes are counted.

It so happens that the Democratic strategists do not regard the three states in which the "quintuplets" reside as doubtful. New York, the home of Al Smith, Colby and Judge Cohan, they regard as "in the bag." Massachusetts, the home of former Governor Joseph B. Ely, they regard as a cinch on account of their confidence in Governor James M. Curley's oratory. Missouri, the home of former Senator Reed, is conceded even by the Republicans as probably for Roosevelt. Naturally the Democrats are not worried about the "Show Me" state at all.

But Oklahoma is something else again. It is normally Democratic, but two factors are threatening to upset this normal alignment. One is the fact that, over a long period of years, Governor Alfred M. Landon, as an independent oil operator, has been building up friendships. As told in a recent dispatch, that was one of these friendships—that with former Representative Charles Hamilton of Western New York, who went to Kansas to go in the oil business about 16 years ago—which was so potent in lining up the New York delegation for Landon.

## Lehman Relents

The oil fields of Oklahoma happen to be mostly in the northern part of the state. Whereas it happens that the influence of "Alfalfa Bill" Murray is strongest in the southern part. Putting the two things together, friends of Landon who have been sizing up the situation are predicting he will carry the state by a very comfortable majority. Which would not worry the Democrats so much if the Republicans were not offering to bet on it!

This, plus the situation in Minnesota and North Dakota caused by the prospect that the Lemke-Coughlin-Townsend ticket will pull votes away from the New Deal, is the explanation of why there was such terrific pressure on Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York to reconsider his determination not to run again for governor. The pressure proved successful.

The private view of many New York Democrats is that the state is fairly safe for Roosevelt if Lehman is on the ticket, and doubtful, if not swinging toward the Republican side, if Lehman is not on the ticket. If New York's 47 votes are safely in the Roosevelt column, there need be no worry in James A. Farley's office on election night about how Oklahoma goes, or Minnesota, or North Dakota.

With New York in the bag, even Illinois can take a walk.

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# In Southern California



Oil Derricks Form Background for Tomato Patch.

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

TALK with priests at the old missions and they will tell you that pioneer padres trained Indians to do the first irrigation work in Southern California. Some of their old ditches still exist.

You can tell by where these missions stand what good judges of land the priests were. They never built a church on poor soil.

Local farming owes these padres a great debt. They not only brought the first cattle and horses, but they experimented with seeds to see what would grow best in California.

They planted the first oranges and grapes. Lemons, figs, and olives they brought, too, and wheat, destined to become a tremendous crop.

Almost feudal in aspect were these mission farms. Indians were trained as farmers, cowboys, carpenters, saddle makers, and weavers. They made things not only for the use of priests and themselves, but for Spanish soldiers as well.

Cattle became the mainstay of life, with beef the chief food; hides made leather for saddles, harness, and shoes, and even served as money. Early sea traders from New England called them "California bank notes."

Sheep, too, were raised; and Indians made blankets and cloth for suits from the wool. They raised some hogs also, mostly for lard to make soap.

Missions served as stock farms from which private owners could borrow enough breeding animals to build up their own herds. Horses of a tough, speedy type, with a strain of Arabian from those brought to Mexico by conquistadores, thrived there, multiplying so fast that in time wild herds became a nuisance. Men used to drive them into the sea to drown them.

Cattle often ran wild over the open range. In self-defense travelers sometimes had to shoot savage bulls. At slaughtering time, vaqueros rode down the thundering herds, slew what they wanted, and left carcasses to be skinned by butchers who followed. Melted tallow was packed in hides and transported to sailing vessels along the coast. This trade dwindled after gold was found.

"The inflowing of population made an end to the great droves of cattle," wrote Dana in 1859, on his second trip to California.

**Old Ranches Cut Up.**  
Today this once huge industry, which kept the shoe and leather trades of New England supplied, is a dim tradition. In museums you see old ox carts and horse gear, massive hand-made furniture and pioneer weapons.

Santa Barbara stages a fiesta each season, in which modern beaux and belles dress in pioneer Spanish costumes, ride horses with Spanish saddles, sing Spanish ballads, and dance fandangos to early Spanish music.

But the modern spectacle is more splendid than the original hard, frugal life of toil ever was. Practically all old ranches are cut up now. One or two, like the Santa Margarita and the Tejon, remain; but overseers make their rounds in motor cars. In fields where grunting oxen once pulled wooden plows, you hear now the staccato voice of gas tractors.

Among long-tailed, squawking macaws and tinkling bells in the Mission Inn garden at Riverside stands an old, old orange tree. It is one of two navel seedlings sent here from Brazil, by way of Washington, in 1873. Both lived and are ancestors now of countless trees whose fruit reaches not only the most obscure nooks of the United States, but goes to forty-odd ports overseas, even into Alaska by dog-sled delivery.

What a colossal feat of distribution!

Think of 100,000 carloads a year, cars riding an average of 2,600 miles each. Fantastically, you visualize this endless orange flight as a universe of tiny yellow planets flying forever out of California and into space! Orange picking never stops. Navels move from December to May and Valencia the rest of the year. With oranges go lemons and grapefruit, picked, packed and shipped from some part of California every day in the year. Europe alone takes upward of a million boxes, and Canadians drink orange juice even as we do.

To move and sell such incredible cargoes, more than 13,000 growers form the Fruit Exchange. Their salesmen are posted in 59 central markets here and abroad. Their brand stamped on fruit is known

around the world. They even own their own timber lands and saw-mills, where millions of crates are made for packing fruit. By-products, like orange and lemon oils, citric acid and citrus pectin, are made and sold by this organization.

Ships that carry its fruit abroad are vast floating refrigerators, for they must pass through the Panama canal and other tropic waters. Frost is fought with oil-burning orchard heaters, while millions are spent on sprays and fumigation.

**Value of Co-operation.**  
Individual growers, competing, could not have obtained such methodical, world-wide distribution of oranges now graded, inspected, and sold by the Exchange. It is conspicuous among all man's co-operative efforts. Common interests unite its members, both in business and social affairs.

One visit to an annual orange festival, with all its music, drama, pageantry, and carnival spirit, shows what a role this fruit plays in California life.

More than any other one force, it was the lure of life in a sunny California orange grove which started easterners migrating here in the 1880's—and it still brings them.

From its trees, since the Exchange started its records in 1894, have been picked and sold nearly \$2,000,000,000 worth of citrus fruit—more than the value of all gold mined since its discovery in 1848!

The Bible story of the miraculous gourd vine that grew in one day to make shade for Jonah is hardly more astonishing than the rise of the western vegetable trade. It is an exciting page in the annals of our national farm life. New food habits, the call for more green things, is one cause. Advent of the ice car, overcoming California's former disadvantage of remoteness from eastern markets, is another.

Due to geographic barriers, as late as 1900 this trade was a mere trickle. Now, with refrigeration, standard packing, and advertising, more than 100,000 carloads of garden truck, largely grown in California, ride east every year.

**Busy Imperial Valley.**  
Imperial valley, that below-the-sea "Hothouse of America" once called the Salton Sink, grows more cantaloupes, honeydews, and casabas than any area its size in the world. Its large-scale operations are indeed "industrialized farming."

Only Mexicans and Japanese seem able to work in the sun-scorched fields; some say that only they can tell just when a melon should be picked, or when a mule will surely drop from being overheated if driven another rod. Yet 60,000 residents endure this climate!

Frost-free regions along the San Diego coast send their share of tomatoes, celery, and other green foods. Los Angeles county was the pioneer garden spot; there first grew that lettuce now called "iceberg head," an Italian strain introduced through Wilmore, famous seedsman of Paris.

**Electricity for Everything.**  
You marvel at miles of power lines carried on steel towers. Hardly a country home is without electricity. Farmers throw a switch and machines cook food, heat water, milk cows, sterilize milk, and separate the cream. Electric power hatches eggs and warms the coops. Long, dry summers call for much pumping, and electric irrigation pumps run almost continuously from April to September.

Walnuts, formerly dried in the sun, are dehydrated now by electricity. To make seeds germinate faster, cables laid in the soil are heated by this power.

With electricity oranges are colored and precooled for shipment. Motors hum in myriad industries. In busy oil fields, shops, and harbor sheds, bright lights turn night into day. With electricity men drill for oil, pump it when natural flow subsides, and refine it. The same source heats enormous furnaces and annealing ovens.

In California electricity spurred imagination long before the rest of the world appreciated its versatility. The reason is that California, when most of the present electric systems started in the 1890's, had no native fuel except wood. Coal, transported from far places, was costly; but in the mountains was abundant water power. The market for electric light was small in pioneer times and few industries had then started; but the farmer was there, and entrepreneurs taught him to use power for irrigation as early as 1883. Now power lines cover the state's map like a web.

# Matron's Dress With Vestee

This dress designed with soft capelet sleeves and a contrasting vestee is one of those pleasuring styles. It is always a pleasure to show by popular request. They're so universally becoming



Pattern No. 1907-B

dressmaking. The lines are studied to give slenderness without sacrificing a trim and neat appearance, exemplified in the beautiful pointed up bodice, especially graceful and smart. Sheer cotton, prints and chiffons are delightful for town or country.

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## Foreign Words and Phrases

Ad unguem. (L.) To the fingernail; to a nicety.

Au di alteram partem (L.) Hear the other side.

Chapeaux bas! (F.) Hats off! De novo. (L.) From the beginning; anew.

Errare humanum est. (L.) To err is human.

Fervet opus. (L.) The work glows (i. e., goes on actively).

Homme d'esprit. (F.) Man of intellect; wit.

Id est. (L.) That is: (abbreviated i. e.).

Jeunesse doree. (F.) Gilded youth; wealthy young men.

Malgré nous. (F.) In spite of us. Lusur naturae. (L.) A freak of nature.

Noblesse oblige. (F.) Nobility compels.

to larger and more mature women, and so adaptable to conventional occasions.

The model shown is a clever street frock which takes into consideration the fitting problem encountered by many women whose tastes incline toward conservative rather than complicated

## Conscript the Men

A clergyman in a Midwest town, just before service, was asked to marry a couple. He explained that here wasn't time for the ceremony but said he would perform the ceremony if the couple would be seated and wait till the end of the service, to which they agreed.

At the proper moment the clergyman said: "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bond of matrimony please come forward?"

Whereupon 13 women and one man proceeded to the altar.

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NO: USE NOTHING BUT U. S. ROYAL PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS. THEY SEAL FLAVOR IN TIGHT, AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE THEM EASY TO APPLY, EASY TO REMOVE.



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**CLABBER GIRL**  
Baking Powder



## The OASIS OF LIVING DEATH

AN ADVENTURE OF  
**CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS**  
ON HIS FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD WITH JERRY AND JANET

THERE IT IS! THERE'S THE OASIS. WE'RE GOING TO LAND FOR WATER, KIDS!

CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS, HOLDER OF MORE AVIATION RECORDS THAN ANY LIVING PILOT, AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS, JERRY AND JANET, CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE AIR HAWKS CLUB, ARE WINGING THEIR WAY OVER THE BURNING SANDS OF THE GREAT SAHARA DESERT.

THESE YOU ARE A REAL CAMEL CARAVAN!

BUT THOSE MEN! THEY LOOK BAD TO ME!

YEAH, AND THEY SEEM KIND OF STARTLED TO SEE US!

GREAT HEAVENS! THESE MUST BE SLAVE-TRADERS! AND THE SLAVES ARE HIDDEN IN THOSE HAMBERS. IT'S A LIVING DEATH FOR THOSE POOR DEVILS!

SH-H! WE MUST GET OUR WATER, WANDER AROUND SO THEY WON'T SUSPECT US. THEN FLY TO THE NEAREST POST OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION. — CAREFUL NOW!

WHATLL WE EVER DO?

CAPTAIN FRANK! I HEARD A MOAN FROM ONE OF THOSE HAMBERS!

ME, TOO, BUT WHAT'S THAT FUNNY RATTLING NOISE? SAY—IT'S STOPPED!

WHEN! I'M GLAD WE'RE SAFE!

OUR LANDING GEAR'S GONE!

THE SLAVE-TRADERS HAD LOOSENED THE BOLTS OF THE LANDING GEAR, KNOWING THAT THE PLANES VIBRATION WOULD SOON SHAKE IT OFF. THEN—A FATAL ACCIDENTAL CRACK-UP WHEN HAWKS TRIED TO LAND

BUT THEIR CAUTION IS WASTED! ALREADY THEY ARE SUSPECTED AND THE SLAVE-TRADERS HATCH A DEVILISH PLOT

WAA—WE CAN'T TOUCH 'EM HERE. THE LEGION COME LOOKING FOR 'EM AND SPOIL OUR GAME. WE GOTTA FIX THAT PLANE SO THEY CRASH ACCIDENTAL-LIKE! LISTEN—I GOT IT.

WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, YOUNGSTERS. ABOUT ONE CHANCE IN 100 I'LL HAVE TO "SKATE" HER IN!

HOORAY! YOU SURE CAN MAKE A PLANE DO TRICKS, CAPTAIN FRANK!

CAPT. HAWKS KNOWS THAT THE SLIGHTEST SLIP MEANS A TRAGIC CRACK-UP. BUT WITH IRON NERVE AND MATCHLESS SKILL, HE SLIDES THE PLANE SAFELY ALONG THE DESERT SANDS IN FRONT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OUTPOST.

THE FRENCH SOLDIERS'LL GET THOSE SLAVE-TRADERS GOOD WONT THEY CAPT. FRANK!

YOU BET, JANET! NOW—GET AFTER YOUR POSTS BRAN FLAKES. YOU KNOW I WANT YOU AIR HAWKS TO EAT LOTS OF THEM. THEY'RE SO GOOD FOR YOU! — THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BETTER. THEY'RE SLICK!

COMING IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF THIS NEWSPAPER: "THE GOLDEN GODDESS" ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN FRANK, JERRY AND JANET ON THEIR WORLD FLIGHT.

## Boys and Girls!—JOIN CAPT. FRANK'S AIR HAWKS!

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MANY OTHER FREE PRIZES, TOO. SEND FOR CATALOG OF THEM ALL.

TO JOIN, just send coupon below with one Post's 40% Bran Flakes box-top to Capt. Frank Hawks. He will then enroll you in his Air Hawks and send you your official Wing-Badge

and his illustrated catalog of swell prizes! He'll tell you, too, all about the Free Bike Contest. Only Air Hawks can enter the contest—or get the many Free prizes. Clip coupon now.

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How you'll love these crunchy, golden flakes... with the deliciously different, nut-like flavor! How tempting with fruit or berries! Also, eaten daily, they help supply the bulk food many diets lack.

And adequate bulk is necessary for keeping fit. So start eating Post's 40% Bran Flakes—the original bran flakes. A Post Cereal—made by General Foods.

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**MEMBERSHIP RING.** 24-carat gold finish. Just like Capt. Hawks wears. Free for 3 BOX-TOPS.

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**CAPT. FRANK HAWKS**  
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