

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



Washington. — Republicans in the house and senate are receiving an astonishing number of letters from long G. O. P. voters insisting that practical expediency dictates breaking up of the Republican party as a national institution. The writers almost without exception take the ground that the important thing, both from their own selfish interests—which they generally construe as the good of the country—and the carrying out of old Republican economic ideals, not only to prevent the re-election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940 but to prevent the election of any one seen by Roosevelt who will carry the New Deal policies. The only thing that holds the Democratic party together at the moment, many of these writers insist, is the presence on the field of battle of their enemy, the Republican party. Some of them make the point of the old truism that there are no Republicans in the United States than Democrats—that this Republican country—is no longer accurate. A new generation has come of voting age, which has ties rooted in the old tradition, they insist, and apparently a large majority of the younger have very definitely affiliated with the Democratic party. Even the often made statement of Republican Chairman John D. M. H. Milton about the tremendous number of Republicans who voted the last election, nearly seven million, is the bunk, many of the writers go out of their way to assert. They point to the fact that a tremendous number of these "Republican" votes were actually cast by Democrats who have no objection whatever for the Republican party, its traditions or leaders. They name Alfred E. Smith, John W. Is, Bainbridge Colby, former actor James A. Reed of Missouri, though he never made a public statement that he was going to vote for Alfred M. Landon, many writers mention Newton D. Baker.

**Would Scrap G. O. P.**

There is no way of telling how many Democrats, unhappy about New Deal tendencies of their party, voted for Landon. But every day of the folks writing in recently asking that the Republican party be scrapped in order to open a new road for an effective conservative opposition to the New Deal seems to think a great many. At the opposition to being held as a Republican, or to give aid and comfort to a revival of G. O. P., the writers point out, there literally millions of Democrats from jumping party lines. Many of the letters mention such known Democratic leaders as Senators Carter Glass and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, Millard E. Tyndall of Maryland, Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina, and Walter F. Rife of Georgia as among the Democrats who supported Roosevelt some tepidly and some strongly because he was the Democratic nominee, running against a Republican.

Without the national Republican opposition to hold it together, many of these letter writers believe, the Democratic party would be split immediately into two parties, giving the country the competitive and progressive division economic lines to which it is used, and getting rid of big money, labels and prejudices which had no longer be permitted to bedevil our presidential campaigns.

**Dismantling Corporations**

In many votes are involved, so there is no telling what congress would do about it, but there are a lot of many individuals in Capitol who think the personal holding companies, in many instances, are morally and justified. The best demonstration is one that did not happen. But let us take the case of the author of "Gone With the Wind." That book came out just over a year ago. It is estimated to have earned a million dollars for Margaret Mitchell. All of that million was in two calendar years, most in the first. And the government will take approximately half of that!

Why no one would object to the government taking fifty per cent of the income of half a million dollars a year—if the income came every year—it was interest on invested capital or earnings from a going concern.

At this is a case where an uncertainty from a comparative standpoint, eked out an existence of ten or fifteen years in which this major opus was under construction. Furthermore, while the statement may be confounded, most authors think it is exceedingly unlikely that the writer of "Gone With the Wind" will produce her highly profitable work. As a matter of fact, there is no indication to date that she will attempt it.

Why not apply the corporation idea. Margaret Mitchell had incorporated the government would have taken fifteen per cent of that one mil-

## 'DOWN UNDER'



Bowling on the Green Is One of the Favorite Sports in New Zealand.

### New Zealand Is Country of Scenic Wonders and Many Odd Paradoxes

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

**O**N DECEMBER 16, 1642, Abel Tasman stood on the deck of the Heemskirk in the South Pacific and gazed out toward an unknown "great, high, bold land." At the hands of an unimaginative cartographer the new wavy lines added to the map became New Zealand, after the Netherlands Province of Zealand, to which it bears not the least resemblance. The inappropriateness of its name, however, is not the only paradox of this British dominion of the Far South.

Captain James Cook, who first explored the islands a century and a quarter later, took possession of them for his country only to have his claims rejected. Britain still later hoisted the Union Jack over the land to prevent French immigrants from settling in the place they cherished. The country's capital bears the name Wellington, but the Iron Duke stood firm against the annexation.

Many New Zealanders who have never been away from the island's shores, and whose parents likewise were born in the Dominion, still speak of England as "home."

Here in an area approximately the size of Colorado are grouped the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland, geysers of a Yellowstone, volcanic cones of Java and Japan, and the lakes of Italy; the mineral springs of Czechoslovakia, fiords of Norway, sea coasts of Maine and California, and waterfalls higher than Yosemite.

**Largest and Smallest Pines.**

Glaciers slip down sharp mountainsides from vast snow fields into subtropical bush. A short ride through a pass in the southern Alps will take one from impenetrable evergreen forests into barren tussock-covered lands.

New Zealand is the home of the massive kauri pines, some of which measure 22 feet in diameter and have reached hoary ages that rank them next to the sequoias. It also is the home of the smallest known representative of the pine-tree family. Giant fuchsia grow to the height of 40 feet; a white buttercup has blooms four inches in diameter; flax is produced from a lily; man has imported all of the mammals, and many of the native birds cannot fly.

The Maoris were the first-known colonists of these southern islands. Guided only by the stars and a knowledge of the winds and ocean currents, they boldly piloted their slender double canoes from their homeland of "Hawaiki" (probably Tahiti and the Cook islands) to the shores of New Zealand in the Fourteenth century. Legend credits them with having followed the sailing directions of the famous Polynesian navigator, Kupe, who is said to have preceded them by 400 years.

To the new land they gave the lilted, vowel-studded name, Aotea-roa, which is variously translated as "The Long White Cloud," "The Land of Long Daylight," and "The Long, Bright Land."

Here they lived, increased, warred against each other, and cultivated their taro and the more important kumara, or sweet potato, which they brought with them. Then came whalers, missionaries, and traders; and colonists arrived with gunpowder, conflicting social standards, and the desire to carve out new homes.

**Principal City Thrives.**

Protracted Maori wars, contested land claims, the discovery of gold, land booms, and a heavy depression—New Zealand passed through them all before she settled down to economic equilibrium.

With its 2,300,000 people Auckland today has more than twice the British population of the whole country in the early 60's of the last century. As a ship nears the end of its 6,000-mile journey from the west coast of the United States, or the 1,200-mile span from Australia, it skirts the islands that stud the coast waters of Hauraki gulf, enters Waitemata harbor, and finally ties up at the very foot of the thriving city.

The early colonists chose well when they staked out this harbor-side settlement that once served the country as capital and now is

the largest city in New Zealand. Long ago Nature's forces, not man's industry, reigned in this locality. Within a radius of ten miles there are more than 60 burnt-out volcanic cones. Stand on the top of Mount Eden, one of the best-preserved of the craters, which rises like an observation post near the center of the city, and you see the once-fierce throats bulging or forming symmetrical cones on the landscape.

From this same vantage point it is apparent how narrowly North Island escaped being divided in two. The isthmus upon which Auckland sprawls, between the Waitemata harbor, looking out toward the Pacific, and the Manukau harbor, opening westward to the Tasman sea, is only eight miles wide. River estuaries and other indentations narrow it in places to a scant mile. Veritably, water seems almost to encircle the red- and green-roofed maze of the city's business blocks and suburban residences.

**Abounds in Flowers.**

Business hovers close to Queen's street, which leads up from the wharves, and in its adjacent narrow, twisting thoroughfares. But if the people responsible for the city's growth have failed somewhat in town planning so far as the streets are concerned, they have more than exonerated themselves in providing broad park spaces.

The parks seem almost numberless. To them the flush of the subtropics gives perpetual freshness and color. Flowers luxuriate all the year round.

One cannot move about Auckland long without the new War Memorial museum claiming attention. It stands out boldly, a massive white Grecian building, above the wide greensward on the heights of the Domain. Here are housed treasures from many lands, but most interesting of all is the comprehensive collection of Maori objects on display—the homes, elaborately carved storehouses, war canoes, war implements, and handicrafts of that powerful native race.

Rolling southward in January from Auckland on the ribbon of concrete and asphalt, you pass soon into smiling open country, checker-boarded with fields. Men are haying and herds of sleek cattle and sheep graze on a hundred rolling hills and valleys.

Agriculture was the task to which the New Zealand colonists first directed their efforts, but in the passing years they have come to rely more and more on pastoral enterprise. An experimental shipment of frozen meat sent to England in 1882 pointed the way out of a pinching depression that had followed the collapse of a land boom.

**Historic Battle Scenes.**

Today New Zealand butter and other dairy products have attained world-wide distribution. Of more than 4,300,000 cattle pasturing on the land, nearly half are dairy stock. More than 28,600,000 sheep also range North and South islands, making New Zealand the world's seventh largest sheep-producing country and the fifth largest in wool production.

Near the little town of Mercer was the old frontier between Maori and colonist. The whole region is historic ground, for here in 1863-4 the Maori warriors tested the best mettle of the British troops and long made pioneering a perilous venture.

Today, instead of a battleground, the district is a peaceful, English-favored countryside. Upon a hill now stands the St. Stephens Maori Boys' college, where Maori youths are being trained for useful pursuits.

Just beyond Hamilton, the largest provincial town in Auckland province, you may run into peat fires that are smoldering and eating into the black soil in many places. The continued dry, hot summer weather causes an outbreak of many of these destructive fires.

A few miles to the west of the main road that leads to Te Kuiti are the fascinating Waitomo caves. Interest in the caves hinges on a tiny worm—an unusual carnivorous glowworm—scientifically, the *Boletopehla luminosa*.

The Glowworm grotto is a magically uncanny spot. Floating along in a boat on the stillness of a subterranean stream, one looks up at myriads of these tiny creatures, with their lamps alight, that cover the roof of the cavern like a dense, greenish-blue Milky Way.

## what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

**S**ANTA MONICA, CALIF. —After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is smuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the distressful thought. You wouldn't call him selfish, but you could call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol says no to the proposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.



Irvin S. Cobb

Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

There have been cases when the same comparison might have been applied not alone to the balloon but to the gentleman who launched it.

So let's remain calm. It's traditional in our history that no president ever had to go ballooning in order to find out how the wind blew and that no volunteer third-term boomer ever succeeded in taking the trip himself.

**Modern Prairie Schooners.**

WE'RE certainly returning; with modern improvements—to prairie schooner days when rest-less Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels and having babies on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in her beak, is flapping flat, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others.

From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather-beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an X team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her snuff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggin wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

**Pugs Versus Statesmen.**

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four or thereabouts, is all washed up, and, then, in another column, to discover that leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

**Quiescent Major Generals.**

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—a raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

Maybe it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top he is out in front waving a sword? Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

Maybe, in view of what so often happens when peace ensues, we should save on privates instead of generals.

IRVIN S. COBB. ©-WNU Service.

## For Discriminating People



**N**OW is the time for all smart women to come to the aid of their wardrobes. Sew-Your-Own wants to lend a hand, Milady; hence today's trio of mid-summer pace makers.

**At The Left.**

A trim little reminder that careful grooming is an asset anywhere, anytime, is this frock. It features simplicity. Its forte is comfort. Make one version in cotton for all purpose wear, another of sports silk for dressy occasions.

**In The Center.**

Here you have a light and breezy ensemble that's the perfect attire for Society. It has cosmopolitan dash, refinement, and engaging charm. Once more you'll be the subject of complimentary tea table talk with your delightfully slender silhouette.

**At The Right.**

The little lady who likes unusual touches in her frocks will go for this new dress and pantie set. It has the chic of mommy's dresses plus a little-girl daintiness that is more than fetching. Wrap around styling makes it easy for even the tiniest girl to get into and it's quite a time saver on ironing day. A splendid idea is to cut this pat-

tern twice and be assured of little sister's all summer chic.

### The Patterns.

Pattern 1237 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material plus ½ yard contrasting for collar.

Pattern 1333 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 7¼ yards of 39 inch material. The dress alone requires 4¾ yards. To line the jacket requires 2¼ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1322 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 3¼ yards of 35 inch material plus 5¼ yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured. 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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**LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher**

**BUBBLES**

"I always look . . . there might be an old maid there."