Washington Digest

'Columnist's Thoughts Turn To Squirrels—and Crabgrass

By BAUKHAGE

WNU Service, 1616 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Summer was creeping toward the Potomac, the flag over the White House hung limp as a wilted petal, a hot sun, burning through the in-frequent gaps in the heavy foliage, made yellow patches on the lawn. The fountain splashed faintly, fall-

ing like warm, futile tears.

I moved slowly along the drive, wondering if I could garner even a modicum of answers to meet empti-ness left by the thousands of unanswered questions the world is ask-

I looked under the Japanese oaks I looked under the Japanese oaks whose tightly laced leaves, only a little above the ground, smother the young grass, hopefully starting up each spring, withering in the shadows before July. There, bored and half asleep, I could make out the form of the old gray squirrel.

Often this winter, he had come to my rescue when other "dependable sources" and "authoritative quarters" refused to yield up their secrets. But this time, he barely nodded, and looked away, deep in his meditations, probably a nuclear problem of some sort.

A few moments later, I was taking down notes at a not very newsful press and radio conference. The President, I feared, did not feel as cheerful as he looked. The hand-kerchief in his breast pocket was neatly folded in its customary three flat, razor-sharp triangles. (Some-times his answers were almost as sharp.) The great red carnations on the table behind his desk, which holds the photographs of members of his family, were already drooping. The low hum of the mowing machine came in the open windows machine came in the open windows that look toward the Potomac.

Of what was said of import to the nation and the world, you will



Baukhage consults the old gray

have read by the time these lines are printed. The rest was trivia. We walked out of the executive offices. I glanced under the Japa-nese oaks, but my friend, the squir-

rel, had gone, the vista looked very bare and cheerless. So I went back and talked about it.

As soon as mail could reach me from Sturgeon Lake, Minn., I re-ceived a letter and a package. The writer said that as I had mentioned that it seemed impossible to raise grass on the shaded parts of the White House grounds, I might be interested in this sample of quack grass which she offered, and she it won't grow."

The next day, I acknowledged the

gift, and opined that quack grass must be another name for crabgrass which I remembered as the bane of my lawn-mowing experience. Soon I received other communica-

A landscape designer in Akron, Ohio, informed me that "quack grass is not crabgrass. The former is a perennial; the latter is an Quack grass (agropyron repens) propagates by seeds and creeping rootstalks. Crabgrass re-seeds itself each year."

Another letter came from Robert L. ("Pop") Davis, "Amateur Mulch of Thorsby, Ala. He referred to my mention of crabgrass a pest, and then he went on:

"Having spent years at my hobby of looking for the most useful plant for growing summer mulch in my gardens, and deciding that crabgrass was it, I cannot resist a challenge.

delphia orchestra went on total tour lasts 42 days. I suppose they're stopped in Pittsburgh.

Even though millions of garden ers agree with your remarks, I still challenge them. At present, I have a spring garden growing without any hoeing on land covered with a thick layer of last year's dead crabgrass.

"Scarcely a weed can grow through it, not even this year's crabgrass.
"You see, I am 'Pop,' the

laziest gardener in the world, and I refuse to gather, haul and spread mulch when crabgrass will do it for me, and do a better job of it. I make it mulch land for me by leaving it strictly alone. I may even en-courage it with fertilizer. After I have gathered my early spring vegetables, I let the crabgrass take over. In early fall, when the crabgrass stops growing here, I mow it down. I then have that mulch gardener's delight, a mellow mulchy spot where most anything can grow without using spade or hoe. I use a potato digger to dig planting holes."

But that is not all. "Pop" may be the laziest gardener in the world, be the laziest gardener in the world, but he is a vigorous poet. He en-closed a poem of which (alas) I have room only for one verse and refrain. Here it is: "Bring me a hoe; pull 'em all up! Chick weed, crabgrass, dig and

Stoop down low! Nothing but trash,

Goosefoot, pigweed and Johnston grass; Just no time to look at the sky, Fleecy clouds a-floating by;

Work 'til you've such a crook in the back That gardening pleasure's gone, alack!

"Wisdom may have a foolish Crabgrass mulch is good for the

ground, Let the weeds grow! Bring me a chair! Crabgrass mulch is every-

Soft and thick and brown."

Strategy Misfires In Battle Over OPA

The battle over the OPA in the senate has brought out some of the good old axioms on how to bring pressure on congress . . . and how not to . . . if you want to get your favorite bill passed.

Anti-OPA strategy all along has been to postpone action on OPA as long as possible. Supporters have fought for action. At this moment, though some unforeseen event may change the course, it looks as if the odds favored postponement, but not defeat.

ventional methods used by the pro-fessional lobbyists were going to kill the bill. Then it looked as if spon-taneously written letters were going to save it. In both cases, the effort was overdone. There were too many expensive advertisements in the newspapers, sponsored by the various business institutions fighting price control; too much money

easily identified as coming from vested interests was being spent.

Then it was that John Q. Citizen sat himself down, took up his pen, or often his pencil, and wrote an undictated letter because he (mostly she) was really stirred up. Con-gress began to take heed of those letters. They were obviously sponwrote: "If it won't grow there, I'll be glad to know there is some place own minds. They were voters with convictions, and it was very likely those convictions would be registered at the polls.

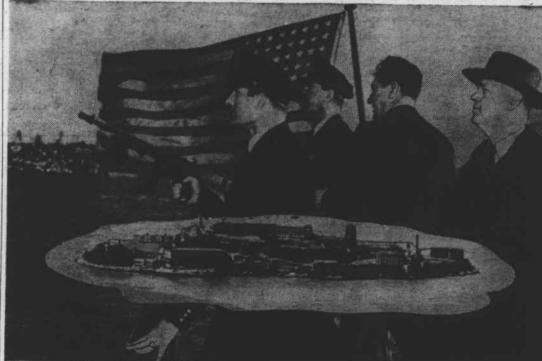
But once more, Pelion was heaped on Ossa. There was a nation-wide organization by the labor people, the veterans, the women's clubs. The mail and telegrams piled up, but the senators weren't too interested. The letters were sincere enough. But the majority revealed that they were inspired, not by an inner urge, a look into the pocketbook or pantry, but by the persuasive voice over the phone or at the fronf door. Do what you will, the kind of communication produced by these methods is very likely to have a second-hand appearance which the experi-

enced congressman can recognize.

That is why, despite the number of letters and telegrams, the regimented telephone calls, senators were content to discuss the British loan, and even ponder such compli-cated matters as atomic energy, before hastening to line up for OPA.



TRUMANS ENTERTAIN PAGE BOYS . . . Ninety page boys of the senate and house were guests of President and Mrs. Truman. The boys were brought to the east wing of the White House where they met the President and First Lady of the Land, then they were escorted through the White House by their host and hostess. Here are the Trumans with the future senators and representatives during their recent visit to the White House. They represented every state in the Union.



REVOLT ON THE "ROCK" QUELLED . . . Upper photograph shows members of the San Francisco police department, who together with marine corps and coast guard aided guards at federal prison, Alcatraz, the "rock" in San Francisco bay, when prisoners revolted. Before the revolt had been brought under control three prisoners and two guards were killed and scores wounded. Insert, view of the "rock."



RESEL AGAINST GIRL DUNGAREES . . . Turn about is fair play. Annoyed by the practice of girl students appearing for class clad in dungarees, these three students of the Robert E. Lee school, Richmond, Va., decided to turn the tables and arrived at school wearing dresses.



BIKE SAVES ELECTRICITY . . . Joe Benak, right, Chicago filling station operator, solved the electricity shortage by rigging up a one-blke power motor to his gas pump, with Dick Frederick doing the leg work, while the consumer, happy to get gas, looks on from his car window. Coal shortage brought about by the strike resulted in many Chicago industries being curtailed or completely shut down.



UNDERGROUND HERO . . . Gen-Polish underground leader, who commanded the uprising in Warsaw in 1944, shown as he spoke at the 155th anniversary of Polish constitution, held at Chicago. General Bornes as he formed by the constitution of the constitution o eral Bor, as he is usually called, addressed the colorful ceremonies at statue of General Kosciuszko, nary war here in Humboldt park.



PARIS GETS NEW PHONE BOOKS...Paris hasn't had any new telephone directory since be-fore the war; so the issuance of one was an event. A pretty girl sits on stack of phone books here.

JOHN L. LEWIS STRATEGY WASHINGTON. - John L. Lewis confided his strike strategy to friend the other day as follows:

"Before you can get action, you've got to have a crisis. And in any crisis, someone's nerve has got to crack. I always bet that I can hold out longer than the government or the operators. My nerve won't crack first."

GOP CONGRESSMAN REWARDED

Few congressmen have enjoyed a higher rating at the White House in the last two decades than hard-hitting Richard J. Welch of California, a Republican congressman for

21 years.
Always subordinating party interest to the national welfare, Welch's rugged integrity won him the esteem of both Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt, with Harry Truman equally fond of him.

It is an axiom in congress that when Dick Welch wants something at the White House, he gets it. His last visit, to request Presidential support of another bridge connecting San Francisco and Oakland,

mg san Francisco and Cakiant was no exception.

Despite opposition from the navy, which contends that expanded aircraft and water-transport facilities in the bay area make a new bridge inadvisable, Welch told Truman that the bridge was imperative. the bridge was imperative. Traffic on the present Oakland bridge, he said, was moving "bumper-to-bumper."
"All we are asking is a public

hearing to state our case, Mr. President," said Welch, "but the navy is even opposed to that."
"This is an election year," com-

mented Welch with a grin, "but there are no political considerations in the bridge project as far as I am concerned."

Truman may have been thinking of Welch's unflinching battle to sup-

or weich's unlinching battle to sup port OPA as he replied:

"In your case, Dick, it wouldn't make any difference to me whether there were any political considerations in it or not."

CONGRESS RETREATS

It isn't often that the public rises up in protest so quickly and effecup in protest so quickly and effectively as over the recent cutting of price control in the house of representatives, However, the "Save OPA" mail drive on congress now appears to have scored a bull's eye. Senate opposition to crippling house amendments is mounting and anti-price control senators one by one are beginning to yell "uncle!" Despite this, OPA Boss Paul Porter and Economic Stabilizer

Despite this, OPA Boss Paul Porter and Economic Stabilizer Chester Bowies are awaiting the senate showdown with crossed fingers. What they fear is a compromise senate bill — a watered-down, but still dangerous, version of the house "repeal" measure.

Porter warned of this in a reent secret conference with Rowles

cent secret conference with Bowles and other top officials when the question was raised as to whether the outspoken Bowles should con-tinue his cannonading for air-tight OPA legislation. Bowles himself felt that it might be smart for him to pull punches temporarily.

Porter, however, vigorously advised the contrary.

"This is no time to trim our sails or for you to let down, Chester," he told Bowles.

MISSOURI POUND CAKE

President Truman's first cousins, Nellie and Ethel Noland of Independence, Mo., are writing quite a few letters these days about the famous "pound cake" which long has been a fayorite delicacy of the Tru-man and Noland families.

Last Christmas, while Truman was in Independence for the holidays, one of the Noland sisters' cakes was featured on the menu. A writer for the Associated Press, apparently inexperienced in the kitchen, obtained the recipe and published it. Later housewives throughout the country tried their hand at preparing the cake. But something was wrong. Scores of letters began pouring into the No-land mailbox at 216 North Delaware street. Housewives were bay-ing kitchen difficulties.

A check revealed the Associted Press reporter had failed to include in the recipe one pound of butter — necessary for good results in baking the eake. Perhaps the AP reporter was pa-triotic and didn't think butter should be used in cake in view of the edible fats shortage. Anyway, President Truman's cousins have been

MERRY-GO-ROUND

writing letters ever since.

Eighty-five professors at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton school of finance and commerce were polled regarding the continuation of OPA. Eighty-one signed a petition urging continuation of price controls. . . . Telegrams were sent to clothing manufacturers recently by the civilian production administration asking a report on the men's suit shortage. Reply was that the government's goal of 28 million men's suits will be almost met. . . If that helps any.

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For You To Feel Well

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nfiation note from a reader who ds me some of his 1940 bills. oms he paid \$2.75 for CM floor-in 1940, and \$12.80 last month

BARBS . . . by Baukhage

Musician Charles Guisikoff took 60 shirts with him when the Phila-delphia orchestra went on tour. The Seems there's a special Josef Stalin tulip named after the gen-eralissimo. Wonder if it's red. The coal industry is sick all right

. . . and some of its nurses are get-ting pretty superannuated. This spring weather would be fine if it weren't for an occasional flu in the ointment.