

Federal Workers Don't Like Moving From Nation's Capital

BY CHARLES P. STEWART
(Central Press Columnist)

Washington, Jan. 2—Uncle Sam's departmental and bureaucratic workers are being banished out into the sticks so fast that it looks as if they presently won't be many of the left in Washington, except the Army and Navy.

Army and Navy secretaries, though numerically not more than comprise the capital for the mass. Scores of governmental civil servants. The latter aren't leaving because they want to go. They're being crowded out. "Bureaucracy," the correct word for it, "shouldn't," however, have called increases in the War and Navy departments' staffs secretaries. I see by the dictionary that accretion is a gradual natural growth. This part of growth is about as gradual as a streak of lightning and as natural as Russia in the world's democratic alignment.

They already have increased at such a rate that President Roosevelt simply had to issue his order on December 19, announcing a stream of 15 civilian agencies with an aggregate personnel of approximately 17,000 from Washington to cities like New York, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere, otherwise a corresponding number of defense agencies literally couldn't have been moved into the District of Columbia, and it seemed essential to have a minimum of their work in the capital.

But heck! That was only the beginning. Today's fighting is that by next July, War and Navy expanded the headquarters, with a minimum in town by 30,000 more. In other

words, the initial 10,000 excess in the civilian classification amounted to only a quarter of those who finally will have to go.

They Don't Like It

The average civil servant, of long standing in the capital, moves his eyes all being ordered to migrate so short notice. He's used to being secure. He may have local property and a job in school. There are many scores of shops in various governmental buildings who have never drawing salaries in bureaus other than their own. The point is that their families are broken up. I hardly believe a transferred man, especially, with wife's transferred, could have time to get away.

From the standpoint of the government itself, the concentration of programs and services to various agencies is a matter of departmental efficiency. As a matter of fact, the District of Columbia has got to be in a hurry to contain within cabinet heads and at the White House, frequently needed minutes of time and almost daily of attention. Now it's very difficult to do a cabinet member, especially one who is in the capital, to have the activities of a department scattered all over the place.

There are others than government workers who are coming to a point where the decentralization of their activities is a matter of necessity. Many of these have done business exclusively in Washington. They've acquired a certainty that would be the foundation of a permanent residence. They've done so in the theory that they were where they'd be in perpetuity. Now the permanent office is ordered to Manhattan, and they find themselves just where they don't belong.

Plenty of good reasons before other people are in the same fix. Some of them are lobbyists, who, perhaps, don't have a very high rating and they're not very important.

Tough on Visitors, Too

Another group of people who are being moved out of Washington, after a long stay, are the District of Columbia's own. The District has been ordered to see that the people who are being moved out of Washington are not being moved out of Washington. The people who are being moved out of Washington are not being moved out of Washington.

David D. Smith of the District of Columbia, who is in charge of the people who are being moved out of Washington, says that the people who are being moved out of Washington are not being moved out of Washington.

An emergency building fund has been set up by the District of Columbia. The fund is to be used for the people who are being moved out of Washington.

Prison Populace Increases Sharply At Gillburg Camp

A sharp increase in the population of the State Highway prison camp at Gillburg, four miles east of Henderson, has been reported in the monthly report of J. H. Gubler, camp superintendent. The number of prisoners at the end of December was 98, compared with 74 at the beginning of the month. The camp was constructed two years ago.

Sixty-two prisoners were received from the county during December, and one escaped convict was recaptured. Twenty-three were discharged, one escaped and 19 were transferred to other camps. Only colored men are kept at the camp.

No Refuge from Love

JERRY BRONFIELD

SYNOPSIS

MOLLA GLINDEN, a widow in New York, is being visited from the sea by her husband, who has been in the Navy since she left him for good.

BURTON WHITWORTH, an old friend of Molla's, is being visited from the sea by his wife, who has been in the Navy since she left him for good.

TAYLOR WHITWORTH, the young daughter of Burton and Molla, is being visited from the sea by her father, who has been in the Navy since she left him for good.

YESTERDAY, Burton discovered that the beautiful girl he had loved for years was still in the Navy.

CHAPTER THREE

TAY HELLED Molla into his car parked alongside the hotel. It was long and low and expensive looking. Molla ran her fingers over the two-tone upholstery, let her eyes linger over the glittering chromium and plastic dashboard. "It's a beautiful motor car," she said. "The finest I've ever seen. Really it is."

"Piece of junk. Two years old and time for a new one," Tay told her. "But never mind the car—it's you I want to talk about."

He shifted gears and spun away into the stream of traffic. "You were skating this afternoon at Rockefeller Plaza, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was, but how did you know?" she asked curiously.

"I saw you while I was having lunch with a friend. You were wonderful. In fact, I thought you were a professional at first."

"Thank you, but how did you remember me? There were so many."

He gave her a sidelong glance. "Normal people don't look at a girl like you and then forget her. And I'm normal."

Molla laughed lightly. "You flatter me. But then it's merely your American way of being—of being—well, you call it smooth, don't you?"

"We do," he replied gravely, "but in this case I mean it. But more questions. Why were you skating on your first day in New York, and who was the little round man who came up to speak to you just before you disappeared?"

"Well, I have a confession," she began. "I was lonely, and a little frightened. I think there were so many people rushing everywhere, and I didn't have a soul to talk to after I called my father. We got in a day early, you know, so I had a lot of time to myself."

"I went for a walk and suddenly I came across this beautiful outdoor skating rink. It was as though a bit of Norway were dropped right in front of me. I couldn't resist it. I know that if I could skate I would forget how lonely I was. I needed that, Mr. Whitworth."

"Fine, but point number one: You can't lose that 'Master' stuff overnight. Quick, too. Just plain Tay to you, Taylor on Sundays, if you must be formal. And the little gent—who was he?"

"Oh—him? I have his card back at the hotel. A Mr. Eryar, who says he is a talent scout for the moving pictures. He says he wants to talk to me this week. But I don't know why he should be interested in me, do you?"

Tay smiled. "I don't see. I was sure I'd seen him around here before. Sure—Eddie Bryan. So he wants to talk to you, eh? Well, don't let him talk too fast and be sure he makes two and two add up to four."

Agatha Whitworth tapped her foot nervously. "Burton, that son of yours is impossible. This is the third straight night he has kept us waiting for dinner. He's half an hour late already."

"Agreed, my dear, but I vaguely recall that Taylor is your son, too, and I have long since decided that his habits can be charged off as a bad piece of business for both of us."

Agatha resumed her tapping.



"Take a good look at her, Neil," Tay urged.

"Before Neil comes down I want to ask you for the third time, just what do you intend doing with this—this war Taylor is bringing out tonight? I hope you don't expect me to sponsor her, I just—"

"Take it easy, Aggie. I'm a little weary of repeating the sales talk I gave Taylor. After the first couple of days I don't think our little visitor will be much of a burden to you at all. I'll see to that. Let's not discuss it further. Oh—Neil comes now."

Neil Lundquist dropped into a chair. "I can hold out about 15 more minutes and then I start thinking the best of my audience with quite some regularity."

"There was a sound of an automobile crumpling to a stop on the inner drive outside."

"Saved by the bell!" Neil grinned. "That's they, prison be Allah!"

"Good evening, James," said Tay, handing his hat and coat to the butler. "James, this is Miss Molla Glinden, a most special guest who honors us with a visit all the way from Norway."

James bowed politely, but Molla offered her hand. "Hello, James," she said, and James, obviously flustered, accepted it. Tay grinned and winked at James over Molla's shoulder.

"Here she is, Neil," he said. "Surprise, huh?"

He took Molla by the arm. "Mother—Neil, this is Molla Glinden. And Molla, this is Neil Lundquist, the world's finest engineer."

Molla took a quick, frightened look at all three. Burton Whitworth's eyes gleamed into hers as he took her hand in his.

"Welcome, my dear. Meet welcome."

Molla could almost feel Agatha's reception. "I can only call my husband's 'best friend'." Agatha said, but there was little warmth in her voice. It was as though she had prepared the line and

studied it for some time before delivering it.

"Take a good look at her, Neil," Tay urged. "Ever see her before?"

Neil smiled. "I believe not, unfortunately. Why do you ask?"

Tay checked his tongue remorsefully. "Engineers have little gallantry. Molla, forgive me, though. Neil merely was the one who pointed you out to me at Rockefeller Plaza today. Some good, hey?"

Molla laughed wholeheartedly at the way Neil took a second look at her.

"Well, for—"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry. I don't recognize you. You're dressed now that costume, you know. An awfully big difference, but I'm starved. Let's tear into the vitamins." He held up a restraining hand. "Yes, Mother—I know—everything's cold and I'm a halt hour late."

The older Whitworths trailed the young people into the dining room. Agatha tugged gently at her husband's sleeve.

"Very pretty," Agatha murmured at his ear. "I might even say 'exceedingly lovely.' I must warn Taylor, however. And did you see her skating habits with James? Skating habits with a butler. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Burton Whitworth looked at her sharply. "I can understand that perfectly, Agatha. No doubt the perfect things that would be perfectly proper in a democratic country like this. Very pretty she was trying to adapt herself to what she believed was the thing to do. And as for warning Taylor—I think you're being a bit presumptuous. What are you going to warn him against?"

A tiny smile broke over Burton Whitworth's face. "Frankly, my dear, I'm warning Taylor the way I do. I should say we ought to be warning the young lady."

He chuckled and Agatha glanced at him.

(To Be Continued)

U. S. COAST GUARD SEEKS RECRUITS

The U. S. Coast Guard is rapidly expanding and must enlist men to fill the vacancies on ships and at shore stations.

Enlistments are for three years, the grade is unlimited for men between the ages of 18 and 31 in the rating of apprentice seaman and mess attendant third class. En-Coast Guard and Navy men may be enlisted in the same rating held at time of discharge. The age limit for a serviceman of all military services is 40 years of age.

Married men may be enlisted with dependent wife. All men 21 years of age or over should bring with them their birth certificate or baptismal certificate. Young men under 21 years of age must have the written consent of their father or mother.

Further information may be obtained by writing or applying in person at recruiting office, U. S. Coast Guard, Room 238, new post office building, Norfolk, Va.

ROANOKE ISLAND GETS AIR BASE

Roanoke Island, Va., will be opened January 13 for the construction of an Army and Navy air base.

State

10c - - - 25c

Today - Tomorrow

TIM HOLT - in

"DUDE COWBOY"

Serial and Comedy

Plans on Roanoke Island for which an initial allotment of \$400,000 has been made but which is expected to cost about a million dollars before it is completed.

The specifications provide that two runways shall be finished within five months. Therefore, by May 15 the field should be ready for use in the national defense.

Patience, and in time the grass becomes milk.—Chinese Proverb.

Stevenson

Mat. 25c-Night 30c-Children 10c

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ROVER RIVER FROZEN DOG FISH

STANLEY

GRANDPAPPY GALE WINDPENNY VISITS SCHMALTZ FISH MARKET WITH A KICK

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