

# The WEEKLY WASHINGTON MERRY GO ROUND

by DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

### American Legion's "King-Makers" Plotting Spectacular Return To Power; Devine Their Candidate For Commander; Incumbent Antis Uphold Colmery; Morgenthau's Urgings Tied Up With Howard's On Business Breathing Spell; New Deal's Money-Raising Started Move To Halt PWA And Relief Spending.

Washington—The preliminaries of the American Legion Convention opening in St. Louis tomorrow have seen some strenuous maneuvering by that little group of one-time rulers of the Legion—the King-Makers.

They are plotting a spectacular return to power.

Opposed to them, and engaged in equally vigorous maneuvering, are the Anti-King-Makers. They have already selected their No. 1 candidate for National Commander—Harry W. Colmery, a Topeka, Kansas, lawyer, former Department commander, and for two years chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee.

It was the Anti-King-Makers who wrested Legion control away from the King-Makers last year and succeeded in electing Frank Belgrano, San Francisco banker. But this year the Antis may be up against a stiffer fight.

The King-Makers are reported to be out for blood. For years their leaders—Hanford McVicker, Hoover's Minister to Canada, and Phil Collins of Chicago—picked national commanders and decided whether or not they would let the Legion support the bonus.

Now, in an effort to come back, they have resorted to wily strategy. In order to split opposition ranks, they are reported to have backed one Democrat—J. Ray Murphy of Iowa—and one Republican—Maurice F. Devine of New Hampshire.

Of these two, the King-Makers' real choice is Devine. But because of his weakness with Western Legionnaires, they are reported ready to throw their strength to Murphy at the last minute.

Meanwhile the Anti-King-Makers are lining up other possible candidates in case Colmery loses ground. Runners-up are: Vilas H. Whaley, of Racine, Wis., chairman of the Legislative Committee; Daniel J. Doherty of Massachusetts, National Vice Commander; Frank L. Pinola of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; and James E. Isherwood of Waynesburg, Pa. The last two are former Department Commanders.

### NO PROBLEM

The GOP dilemma of offering the farmer a tempting substitute for the New Deal's AAA is no problem to "Sunny Jim" Watson.

The former Senator from Indiana has it all figured out. Says Jim: "We don't need a substitute. All we got to do is to promise the farmer to let him alone. The farmer is fed up with Government meddling, telling him how much he can or cannot grow. The party that will assure him of freedom from meddling will get his vote."

### DOCTOR MORGENTHAU

While Roy Howard's letter to the President was the trigger that set off announcement of the "breathing spell" for business,

the idea had long been urged by the most intimate member of the President's official family—Young Henry Morgenthau. Even before Congress closed, Young Henry had been hammering away at his chief. And when Congress finally adjourned he began to get results.

Young Henry is still close to some of his old friends among the Barons of Big Business in New York, and he reported that business—both big and little—was in a jittery state of bitterness over the Social Security Act, the Labor Disputes Bill, the Guffey Coal Bill and a half dozen other pieces of legislation.

So Young Henry became the doctor. He started talking about cutting expenses during the current fiscal year even below budget estimates. He began to study currency stabilization. He dispatched his most trusted counsel—Herman Oliphant—to Europe for currency studies.

Young Henry, himself, went to Europe. And although he denied the trip had anything to do with stabilization, the mere denial emphasized stabilization rumors all the more.

Before leaving, however, Young Henry sold Roosevelt the idea of biting into the really big emergency expenditures—Public Works and Works-Relief.

That was the origin of the Hyde Park move to curtail PWA. This outfit long has had bitter competitive enemies among real estate operators, and Young Henry argued for a "breathing spell."

He was also the originator of the Harry Hopkins goal of checking Works-Relief at \$2,500,000,000 instead of the original four billion.

Young Henry's constant refrain runs like this: "I raise the money. I've got a right to help say how it is spent."

So far he's had more to say than anyone save the President.

### DEMOCRATIC SALARIES

Weekly payroll of the Democratic National Committee is \$2,816.39, which includes 68 employees, most of them clerks and stenographers.

Highest paid workers are: Charley Michelson, brains of the organization and the publicity shark who mapped the campaign against Hoover. Salary—\$400 weekly.

Emil Hurja, pudgy idea-man and chief aid to Jim Farley. Salary—\$192.30 weekly.

Richard F. Roper, son of the Secretary of Commerce. Salary—\$100 weekly.

### MAIL SERVICE

The Honorable James Aloysius Farley is one person who gets real service when it comes to mail.

During his recent trip through the west, Democratic Headquarters in New York City sent some important portfolios by air mail to the Postmaster General, then in Albuquerque, N. M.

They arrived at the New York post office just after the mail had closed, and four minutes before the mail train left for Newark Airport. The airmail clerk, however, grabbed his boss's letters, ran down to the train level, which is below the Post Office, and handed them to the Railway Postal Clerk just as the train was pulling out.

Jim was able to read his mail in Albuquerque next morning at breakfast.

### MERRY-GO-ROUND

When General Douglas MacArthur arrives in the Philippines to train the new Philippine Army

# Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB



## Hello, Everybody!

### Between Two Deaths

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter.

DID you ever have a dream in which you were walking across a railroad trestle and right when you were in the middle of the bridge—without a chance of making either end—a train came roaring at you and you had to jump? I get that dream every time I eat lobster before going to bed and every time I wake up just before I hit.

But it actually happened to Mrs. John Fritz, and thereby hangs a tale.

Let's turn back the calendar a few years to when Mrs. Fritz was eighteen, instead of the proud grandmother she is today. She lived then in the thriving metropolis of Leechberg, out in Armstrong county, Pennsylvania, where the sleepy Kiskiminetas river flows.

The railroad trestle no longer spans the river—there's a footbridge today—but Mrs. Fritz has good reason to remember the old trestle that carried her into the greatest adventure of her life. It was one of those simple one track affairs without even a guard rail or path and of course it was forbidden to cross the thing on foot.

Mrs. Fritz had been hemming sheets for the Hyde Park hotel across the river, on the sewing machine her mother had at home, and returning with the bundle in a big laundry basket, she took a short-cut across the trestle. Her mother told her never to use the trestle, but you know how that is. Besides, all you had to do was to watch your step and not trip on the ties. The space between the ties wasn't wide enough to fall through anyway.

So the future Mrs. Fritz stepped blithely on to the railroad tracks and thinking only of the extra 50 cents she was going to earn, she hugged her laundry basket close to her and tripped lightly from tie to tie. The wind was blowing a gale but she just ducked her head and went right into it.

Incidentally, if the wind had been blowing from in back of her this story would never have been told because she would have heard the whistle of the train coming behind her before it was too late.

### Mrs. Fritz Does Some Rapid Thinking.

She was just about in the middle of the bridge, many feet above the swollen stream when her heart suddenly seemed to come right into her mouth. The bridge began to tremble—a train was already on the structure!

Well, sir, Mrs. Fritz says, it's strange how fast a person's mind really works when there is only a split second between you and sudden death. The moment she felt the first quiver of the old wooden beams she made up her mind to jump. Instinctively, she says, she turned her head to look but had started to jump even before that—the big locomotive was right on top of her—it was one death or the other, and the choice was up to her—the only question was would she have time to make it.

Looking back through the years, Mrs. Fritz says, it seemed as though some one else made the decision for her. She was unable to swim and the river was deep and the current fast and yet she never hesitated. She closed her eyes and jumped! Something tore at her shoulder—she felt a blast of heat—she heard the shrieking of the brakes as the engineer frantically applied them—she remembers, too, holding on like grim death to the laundry basket as though that could save her—a terrific roaring sounded in her ears—vaguely, a thought flashed through her mind that this was the Hum of the Universe—the beginning of the end!

All this, of course, happened in a second. It takes longer to tell but the mind works quick when Death is just around the corner—or just over you and under you as it was with Mrs. Fritz.

Mrs. Fritz says she thought she had fallen far enough to hit the water and she braced herself for the shock. She even wondered how it would feel to drown and held her breath to keep the water out as long as possible.

### Our Heroine Sits Down Very Hard.

Crash! The shock came and what a shock! Mrs. Fritz says she thought the top of her head would fly right off and her teeth seemed to go a mile into her jaws. But there was no water around her—she almost wished there was a little water to ease the pain—she was dazed but slowly her senses came back and she began to locate the seat of that pain.

It was right in her—well, I mean the seat of her trouble was in her seat—that is—well you see, boys and girls, Mrs. Fritz had landed in a sitting position and that's that. She opened her eyes and painfully looked around and there she was, sitting high and dry above the river on a cross-beam of the trestle!

She had straddled the big beam horseback fashion and was safe. Of course the fall was somewhat of a shock but Mrs. Fritz says she was young then and fairly well upholstered and what if you did have to eat your meals off the mantel for a week or so? That was better than getting killed.

Above her on the trestle the train crew sorrowfully searched for the remains. They had found the victim's coat hanging on the cow catcher of the engine—that was the tearing sensation she felt—and they expected the worst.

The engineer leaned over the side and searched the river with tear dimmed eyes. Then he nearly fell into the water in his excitement. He brushed the tears from his eyes and cursed with joy.

There was the victim sitting nonchalantly on her beam—a little uneasy, perhaps—but with her basket of laundry in her arms intact! Wow! What a close shave! Congratulations, Mrs. Fritz. They can never kill you. No sir-ree. But just the same it's too bad that you didn't think to get that laundry under you when you landed— isn't it?

He will find awaiting him a newly built palace rivaling that of the Governor-General. . . At his home in Boise, Senator Borah lives in a hotel. He owns no house in Idaho but rents office space downtown during the months Congress is not in session. . . The Post Office Department is agog with a drive to purge the service divisions of Communist agitators, alleged by officials to have wormed their way into clerical and carrier jobs for the purpose of

### Twin Oaks

Sparta P. O., Sept. 23.—D. G. Langhorne, Roanoke, Va., was here on business Saturday. Little Lona Irwin, Sparta, Route 1, is spending a few days with relatives here.

Mrs. M. E. Wilson is visiting relatives at Glade Valley. Clay Edwards and family spent Sunday with relatives at Elk Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. George Petty and Rose, Wade and Lona Irwin spent Sunday at the home of J. E. Irwin, Stratford.

News has just been received from Howard Vaughan, Long Island, N. Y., that he was making arrangements to bring the body of his brother, George, to Allegheny for burial, and will be expected to arrive here within the next two weeks. It will be remembered that he was drowned in Jones Lake, Long Island, August 18, and was buried on Long Island. Relatives desired that the body be returned to Allegheny for burial, and have had it disinterred and shipped to this place. Interment will be made at the family cemetery near the home of George Sturgill.

Mrs. Lesfer Irwin visited friends at Grassy Creek and Crumpler Sunday.

### Mt. Zion

Piney Creek P. O., Sept. 23.—George Woodie and Rufe Woodie and daughter, all of Kentucky, visited in the home of J. F. Shepherd recently.

Mrs. Caroline Taylor, who has been visiting Mrs. W. R. Jones, is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. Bessie Critcher, near New Hope.

J. Roy Cox, Furches, visited his wife, who is ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. F. Pugh, Sunday. While in the community, he visited his mother, Mrs. Mary Cox, and brother, John F. Cox.

Mrs. Jesse Taylor, Grant, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Cox, and other relatives in this community recently.

Mrs. J. F. Allen and son, Paul, and Mrs. Alvis Blevins and son, Fletcher Allen, of Wilkesboro, spent the week-end in this community.

Miss Edna Weaver, of Maryland, and Mrs. Bruce Sturgill, Piney Creek, visited relatives in this community last week.

Mrs. Mary Van Dyke, Van Dyke, Va., spent Friday with relatives in this community.

Mrs. Will Woodie has returned home after spending some time in Hickory.

Mrs. Paul Fields and daughters, Mary Ruby, Beulah Maude and Grace Dare, of Topia, visited Mrs. Mary Cox and Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cox recently.

Thomas Smith spent Thursday night with Burton Landreth.

Eugene Black and Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Edwards, Topia, spent Sunday with George and John Black.

J. C. Pugh visited his mother, Mrs. Nancy A. Perry, of Peden, Sunday.

Mrs. Lela Taylor, Grant, Va., Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. Mary Cox, Mrs. Mary Van Dyke and W. R. Jones visited, Mrs. Rebecca Smith last week. Mrs. Smith has been right ill.

Ben Williams, Crumpler, has moved to the William Williams place, near Peden.

### Likely

Any man with a good voice, an inexhaustible vocabulary and a microphone is likely to develop into a third party.—Toledo Blade.

spreading dissension. Red-baiting inspectors have been put at work tracking them down. . . Jim Farley, incidentally, will not give his approval to numerous requests for a postage stamp commemorating the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. To memorialize the tragic incident would not be in good taste, he believes. . . Farley will open a new era in aviation about October 21 when he advertises for bids from air transport companies for carrying mail over the new trans-Pacific air route.

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### WHAT WOULD INFLATION MEAN TO YOU?

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN  
National Chairman, Sentinels of the Republic

Are you fast on your financial feet? Did you make a fortune out of the War? Did you clean up during the early Twenties by buying houses cheap and selling them at a big profit to families desperately in need of homes?

Did you jump into the stock market before the boom, then, after cashing in, help the depression along by selling short back in '30 and '31?

If so, Inflation's a fine thing for you. It offers the perfect break for every unscrupulous speculator shrewd enough to make money out of other people's troubles.

BUT— If you carried a gun instead of a margin account in the hectic years of '17 and '18 . . . If you supported a family instead of a racing stable during the post-war boom . . .

If you have tried to protect that family with life insurance or a savings account, or with the fruits of honest toil at your job, your farm or your business—then Inflation is going to hurt.

The history of every nation that has tried this financial ledger-demon shows that it penalizes the man who works and the man who saves. In each instance the costs of food and clothing and shelter have mounted higher and more swiftly than wages—and the purchasing value of savings has shrunk.

You've heard a lot about Inflation during the past two years. You're going to hear a lot more about it, too. Unbalanced budgets, reckless expenditures by government officials, mounting taxes—all, if continued, will make a real inflation inevitable. Many believe it is already in progress.

The Smart Money Boys will cheer its coming. But the men and the women who work and earn and save will want to halt it. How can they achieve their purpose?

Well, one way is to turn to the theorists who want to experiment with your money and ask: "What would Inflation do to ME?"

Another is to tell the politicians that they must stop the orgy of waste whose inevitable end is a shattered credit and its hopeless stop-gap, Inflation.

The decision, as always, rests with the people—if they will exercise the power which the founders of America won for them and the Constitution preserves.

### Big Bread-Winner

First Boarder—The cockroaches in this house are a busy lot. They never quit work.

Second Boarder—Well, you must remember that a cockroach can't afford to be idle. They say every one of them has a wife and about 10,000 children to support.

Loss of temper is loss of sense.

### Whitehead

Whitehead, Sept. 23.—Several persons from here attended communion service at Pleasant Grove Sunday.

Elmer Crouse, who has been in West Virginia for the past eight months, has returned home. Miss Lois Cleary is recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

Hardin Reeves, John McVeen and Bert Blevins, Crandvill, Tennessee, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Edwards, Mrs. Caroline Caudill and Mrs. Emma Spicer visited "aunt" Lucinda Edwards Sunday.

Rufe Wagoner and family visited the home of Glenn Joines Sunday.

Charity is destroying manhood. Nature intended we should not get something for nothing.

### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ALLEGHANY.

As Commissioner appointed in the case of The Federal Land Bank of Columbia vs. S. F. Upchurch et al in the Superior Court of Allegheny County, I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Sparta on the 15th day of October, 1935, at 11 o'clock A. M. the following described land:

All that certain lot, tract or parcel of land containing 40.6 acres, more or less, located, lying and being in Cranberry Township, County of Allegheny, State of North Carolina, being bounded on the North by the lands of John Taylor; East by lands of H. P. Edwards; South by lands of W. T. Upchurch, and West by lands of J. M. Tilley and F. O. Richardson, and having such shape, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by reference to a plat thereof made by L. E. Edwards, Surveyor, May 18th, 1925, which plat is on file with the Federal Land Bank of Columbia.

Terms of sale, one-third cash on day of sale, and balance in two equal annual installments. This 26th day of August, 1935.

R. F. CROUSE,

4tc-10AT Commissioner.

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### DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills

### KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES



### An Open And Shut Case - - by Pop Momand

