

Washington Digest

High Wages, Crop Loans Threaten Cost of Living

Price Control Measures Considered Likely; 'Peace-Lovers' Picket White House; Hull Reveals Post War Plans.

By BAUKHAGE

National Farm and Home Hour Commentator.



WNU Service, 1343 H Street, Washington, D. C.

Dollars! At last they are beginning to worry Washington. Not the ones going out of the treasury—we can take that in our stride. But the ones rolling into pay envelopes and starting to burst forth again in such excitement that everybody is afraid that the noise is going to scare prices up a tall tree.

Wages today are the highest in history. And as one official remarked to me: "If something isn't done we'll have inflation and a slump that will be streamlined. It will make the old-timers wish they had their old Model T depression back again."

Some people put the blame other places but this is the story that friends of the administration tell. Leon Henderson, price czar, hoped to keep prices from running away by using moral suasion or legal effort to keep industrial prices from going beyond a certain level. There were two reasons for that: to get down costs in essential defense commodities; to control prices on basic materials like steel which always take other costs up when they rise themselves.

Next, to achieve a balance between agricultural prices and others, the government would support farm prices up to a certain point. Lastly, a certain amount of elasticity in wages would be allowed in order to prevent strikes.

But what happened?

Wages Reach Peak. Workers demanded, and as I stated, are getting, the highest wages in history. Workers wanted to get their slice of the money the government is spending on defense. Then the friends of the farmer came along. They said the farmer might as well cut a melon, too, while the cutting was good. And so congress voted an increase in crop loan rates, which the President said might push certain products above parity.

And so the result is more dollars for the consumer to spend and less things for him to spend them on, especially since the defense industries have to beat their sewing machines into tanks and the like.

When the demand is big enough and the supply is small enough it takes all the king's horses and all the king's men to keep prices down. You can't repeal the law of supply and demand. However, the prospects are that congress will be asked at least to try to amend it. In other words some drastic price control measures will be taken. A flat ceiling will be established for certain goods and then, unless a method is adopted for getting folks to look up those extra dollars with no place to go, nobody knows what will happen.

'Peace' Pickets 'Muddy the Water'

"Muddying the waters"—it seems to me that I have heard that phrase more and more often recently. There is a good example of it right in front of the White House every day—in fact 24 hours a day while the American Peace Mobilization pickets stroll backward and forward, day and night.

I watched them in the bright sun of noon. And as I looked at each face—we stared brazenly at each other—I felt sure some were sincere believers that war of any kind was wrong—some were fanatics joining a cause for the sake of joining. Some were simply indulging in an exhibition complex and some were cleverly "muddying the waters."

The leader of the line was a girl in a military cut jacket; she was carrying a United States flag. She looked straight at me as she approached and as she drew nearer I noted the strong oriental cast of her features.

Next to her was a man carrying a placard and a lantern (the light of peace). He had deepset eyes that burned with the light of the fanatic. Gray hair, sunken cheeks, the stoop of frustration. You have heard the type rant on any emotional subject. He shuffled past.

Man Is Self-Conscious.

Next was a serious-looking, average man in glasses. He was the only one who looked at me a little self-consciously. He carried a banner with the commonplace request

to "join the peace movement." There were others but by this time I was feeling a little self-conscious myself, so I grinned at the policemen and they grinned back. There were two of them guarding the pickets who had been attacked at least twice by overpatriotic soldiers. Two more bluecoats stood at the White House gates for when there are demonstrations no one can enter the grounds without proper identification. As I went in I heard one of them reporting at the call-box "Everything going fine out here."

Hull Tells Plans For Post War Peace

Just a simple bourgeois, I. A thing of shreds and patches. Of fiscal bumps and scratches. And monthly bills to pay.

With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan, I modernize Nanki-Pooh from the Mikado hoping there will be no reprisals. For sometimes I think it is time the bourgeois who seem to be so unpopular (until the guns begin to shoot and the taxes are levied) deserve a word or two.

And so on one Washington summer day recently when I was awakened by the birdsong in the neighboring invisible elms I had a surprise that pleased me. As I opened the door and reached for the milk, the morning papers and the rent bill, my sleep-dimmed eye caught a cheering headline:

HULL DEFINES OUR POST-WAR PROGRAM

WANTS RAW MATERIALS TRADE FOR ALL

That was the first hopeful message for the average guy, that my weary eye had met in a long time. You may recall that in this year of our discontent, one of these columns began this way: "There is a peace-machine in Washington, all oiled and ready to start the moment the last gun is silenced in Europe. From it may come a plan which the democracies can offer to the world as an alternative to the totalitarian way of life."

And at last the good, gray and stubborn gentleman in the state department trotted it out to hold up to the struggling world; a promise instead of a threat, a hope instead of a sneer.

Two hours later a philosophical Communist friend was sniffing at it as we walked past the treasury building. "Back to the old order," he said contemptuously. Half an hour later a genial conservative was laughing at it—"Give me good high tariffs," he said, as if he were contemplating a slice of juicy roast beef.

Perhaps, as an old-style bourgeois, I should have agreed with that, but I am a bourgeois, new style. I don't know anything about economics but I know what I like—I like to think that Secretary of State Hull is right when he says that the seeds of war take root behind artificial barriers which keep people from getting their share of the earth's bounty.

Five Points in Program.

Mr. Hull's program is the one he has lived by since his early days in congress and the "five points" which he outlined to the world are his credo—no extreme nationalism which would enforce excessive trade restrictions; non-discrimination in international trade relations; raw materials of the world available to all nations; international agreements to protect the consumer countries and their people; international finance run so that all countries can develop their essential enterprises.

If these conditions were explained to the middle-class people of the world today, in Britain and Germany, in France and Italy, in terms of the kind of life Mr. Hull believes his plan would bring, and if those people could be convinced that such a plan would be carried out, I'll wager they would turn their guns and battle for these five points under any honest leader.

Unfortunately there were, once upon a time, 14 points which Woodrow Wilson offered as the basis of peace in 1918. And all those little points were broken off short by the gentlemen in Paris who thought they had a better scheme.

They made a peace which we learned to our sorrow, was just a "thing of shreds and patches."

Historical Highlights

by Elma Scott Watson
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Memorial to McGuffey
VISIT the campus of Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and you will see there the statue of "the most popular American of the Nineteenth century, the man who had the largest influence in determining the thoughts and ideals of the American people during that period and the man to whose work many great Americans of the present day pay tribute as being the fountain of their inspiration to aspire and to achieve."

It is appropriate that this statue should have been unveiled on June 14, Flag day. For it is in our public schools that American children learn to repeat "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," and this statue is the likeness of "the man who educated young America—the Schoolmaster of a Nation."

His name was William Holmes McGuffey and his \$10,000 statue has been erected at Miami because it was there that he, as a professor of languages, wrote the first and second of his famous readers—the first in



WILLIAM H. MCGUFFEY

1836 and the second in 1837. McGuffey had recognized the dearth of reading materials in the common schools of his time. So he decided to do something about it.

He had a keen literary sense and was able to select from a wide range of authors much that appealed to young minds. It was this selection that caused him to name his books the McGuffey Eclectic Readers. Humor is absent from them all—from the first reader in which the smallest children learned their ABCs and were fascinated by the quaint woodcuts of birds and animals, to the New Sixth, a 456-page volume of solid and forbidding type, described on the fly-leaf as "Exercises of Theoretical Reading with Introductory Rules and Examples."

McGuffey sold all rights to his first reader for \$1,000 to its publishers, Truman and Smith of Cincinnati.



Title page of the First Reader

but they and subsequent publishers employed him to make revisions until his death in 1873, so he received some income from them.

He never became rich but he lived to see his readers selling into the millions and extending their influence into other lands by being translated into many foreign languages. How great that influence was is impossible to estimate. But there is no doubt that their serious purpose, their kindly spirit and their high moral tone made children of an earlier generation better men and women today. At least, that is the unanimous testimony of the devoted members of the McGuffey societies—thousands of Americans in all walks of life.

It was the Federal Association of McGuffey Societies which erected the statue of McGuffey on the Miami campus and the fact that there is such an association is another tribute to the man. The first of these societies, organized for the purpose of gathering at certain intervals to read again in public from the old Eclectics, was started in Columbus, Ohio, more than 20 years ago. In 1935 Dr. Harvey C. Minich of Miami sponsored the national federation and now there are McGuffey societies in half a dozen states.

Going Places

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Still in the South

Amazed at Corpus Christi—the most up-to-the-minute city in this part of the country. Its slate-roofed docks and warehouses stretch for miles; its residential district, high up on a bluff on the southern end of town, is dotted with palatial homes and humble cottages as new as they are spic-and-span. They look like a combination of Coral Gables, Fla., and Beverly Hills, Calif. Green grass, flowers and citrus fruit are everywhere.

Farther south lies the huge new Naval Air base which I visited as the guest of Capt. Alva Douglas Bernhard, the commanding officer. He was formerly in command of the Aircraft Carrier Lexington and is in line for an admiralty. A rugged, more rugged gentleman-of-the-air I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting. The Corpus Christi Air base is the largest in the United States today. It has already cost \$30,000,000 and \$13,000,000 has been appropriated in addition to this. It will turn out 300 flying ensigns a month for seven months as a start. They will spend their next four years after leaving here at sea with the U. S. fleet. From 6,000 to 12,000 enlisted men and ground mechanics, and from 500 to 800 officers will soon be here.

This base covers thousands of acres and has 44 separate airports connected with it. The main base is equipped with six of the largest airplane hangars in the world. A landing field in front of one of these has over 81 miles of concrete on it! The runways are 14 miles long, one-fifth of a mile wide.

Gasoline is stored underground. It is planned to use 100,000 gallons of high-test a day!

The recreation center consists of one of the largest movie houses in America—seating nearly 3,000 and there are two shows nightly. A 400-bed hospital completes the post.

Took the Texas Express from Corpus Christi to San Antonio through a howling tropical rainstorm. There lectured to a Dinner club, then on to the Fort Worth Express to reach that city at dawn and transfer to the Santa Fe's well operated Ranger for a nice fast spin across the Panhandle.

Reached Oklahoma City next noon and that evening addressed the Sequoyah club and caught the Antelope express for Kansas City. Breakfasted in the Harvey House with young Bryan Horner and then transferred to the Grand Canyon Limited for Chicago.

In Galveston—Texas Rabbis were holding their convention—a most orderly affair. In Fort Worth—45,000 Baptist Ministers were in convention—a bit loud and more raucous than the Rabbis. R. G. Letourneau of Peoria, Ill., a former bankrupt garage mechanic told how he had built an \$18,000,000 business through conversion to Christianity: "Now I am one of Christ's business men," said he, proudly. "I put 90 per cent of my proceeds back into the Church." John W. McCall, president of the Southwide Brotherhood said that surveys reveal that more than 30 per cent of the population of this country belong to some faith or other, but that only 4 per cent go to church!

Drove into St. Louis to spend two nights at the comfortable old Jefferson hotel in the heart of the business district. Have been nursing a bad cold for weeks, and now a toothache! My old school pal, Leicester Faust, Anheuser Busch's grandson, phoned from his palatial dump in the suburbs. His brewery delivers 52 carloads daily, employs 9,000 men. Last time I was here he was laid up with lumbago; this time an earache. Guess we're both aging.

Forgot to lock my room one night. Next morning couldn't get out of it. Found neatly scrawled note underneath: "You neglected to lock your door last night; our manager, rather than awaken you, took the liberty of doing this for you. We hope you enjoyed a good night's rest." Thought how lucky I was the hotel didn't catch fire!

SEEING THINGS: Driving through Iowa en route to lecture in Keokuk passed through noted shant and baby lamb country. It's spring in the Middle West, but at present you'd never know it. A colder, blacker spring they've never had. Lack of rain has put bans on over-use of water hereabouts. In most of these cities cars cannot legally be washed. School children are tickled pink, as water is being strictly rationed in many small towns.

HEARING THINGS: St. Louis, one of the most Germanic cities in America, was trying out new church bells, with the same tone as those of London. They pealed simultaneously one Sunday afternoon, as pretty maidens collected funds for Britain.

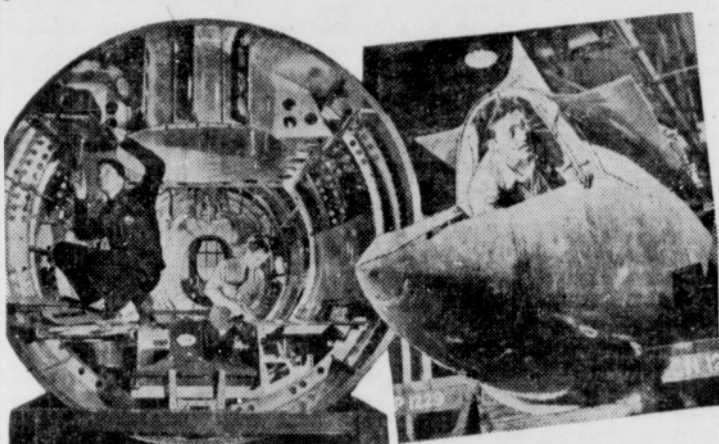
TRAVEL NOTES
Many of the highways in Yellowstone National park follow easy grades located not by surveyors, but by wild animals that picked out the best way through the mountains ages ago.

Making Our 'Flying Fortress'

One of the large cogs in the U. S. defense machinery is the Glenn L. Martin aircraft factory in Baltimore, Md., where the B-26, Uncle Sam's super "flying fortress," is being turned out in quantity lots. This is one of the most powerful airplanes in the world. These photos take you inside the workshops of Vulcan.



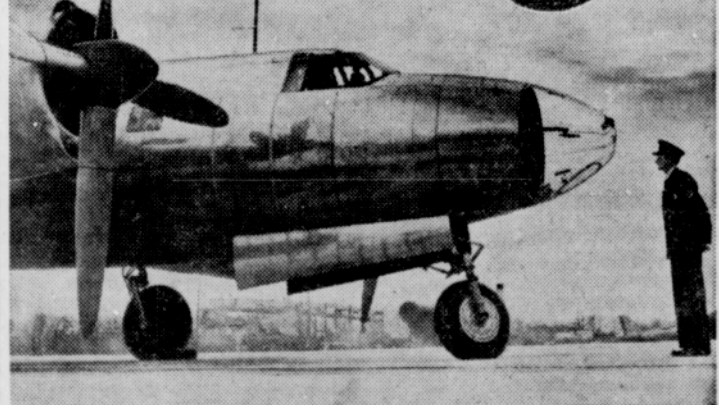
Wearing heavy metal shoes, a fireproof suit and a helmet that looks like a diver's, a worker pours molten metal.



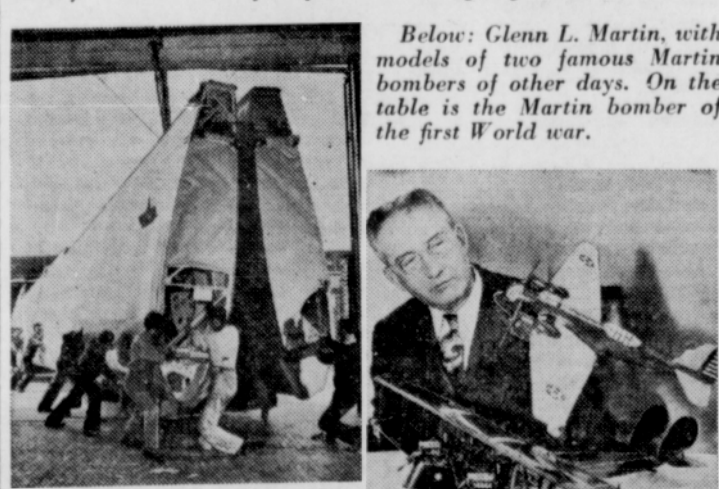
This worker is using a band-saw to trim a compound contour formed on a Martin drop hammer. This will go on a bomber.



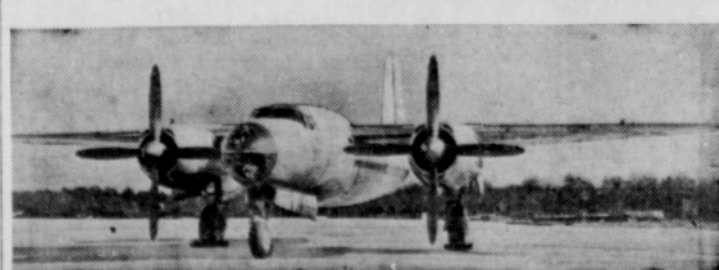
There are two miles of wiring in the B-26. At the left we see a cross section of the tail section with equipment and gadgets being installed. Right: Like a modern Jonah emerging from a flying whale, this workman is coming from the tail of the B-26.



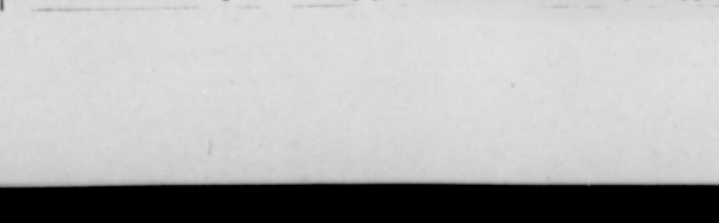
Mass production! A line of noses moves toward final stage of assemblage.



The first step after one of the giant B-26's leaves the assembly line is to give it a thorough ground test. This flying fortress, destined for the U. S. army, is pictured undergoing such a test.



Above: Wings for the Martin 167. Most of these 167s go to England, where British fliers call them "Marylands." The wings make a special package.



A new type mid-wing monoplane Martin bomber. Construction is all-metal monocoque. Landing gear is a retractable tricycle type.

'Boy Meets Girl' as Told in Embroidery



Transfer No. Z9351
"BOY" and "GIRL" meet over a pan of milk, and swift romance results—for the purpose of this new tea towel set. While Miss Kitty plucks flower petals to decide whether it is really love, Mr. Tom serenades on his guitar. He proposes; she accepts; they are wed—such is the story told so delightfully in embroidery.

Transfer Z9351, 15 cents, brings 7 clever motifs for a week's tea towel supply and an extra motif for a matching panholder. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

Birds in the War

Despite violent disturbance and severe damage to their nesting places, the pigeons of St. Paul's cathedral and Trafalgar square in London seem more numerous than ever, while the gulls of the Thames embankment, the starlings that twitter under the eaves of city churches, and the Cockney sparrows have not deserted their haunts. Any evacuation that occurred in the fall was due to habit and not to fear. Even the migratory birds returned in the spring to their previous homes, bombs or no bombs.

ASK MOTHER
SHE KNOWS...
Grandmother's baking day secret, the baking powder that has been the favorite of millions of proud bakers for years and years.
CLABBER GIRL
Baking Powder

Point of Honor
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Kool-Aid
Makes 10 BIG THIRST QUENCHERS

Swaying Mind
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ACCIDENT INSURANCE For ALL THE FAMILY
This accident policy includes all members of the family up to age 75—from baby to grand parents. ACCIDENTS COME WITHOUT WARNING. Send the names and dates of birth of all members and we will promptly mail you the policy for FREE INSPECTION.
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PIONEERS IN LIFE INSURANCE SINCE 1864

Result of All
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, but the joint force and full result of all.—Pope.

RAZOR BLADES
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE OUTSTANDING BLADE VALUE
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Double Edge 10 for 10c Single Edge 7 for 10c
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SUPPLIES COMPANY - ST. LOUIS, MO.

WNU-13 23-41

TEACHING A CHILD VALUE OF PENNIES
A child of a wise mother will be taught from early childhood to become a regular reader of the advertisements. In that way better perhaps than in any other can the child be taught the great value of pennies and the permanent benefit which comes from making every penny count.

BRIEFS . . . by Baukhage

One of the diversions of Washington newsmen is listening to verbal exchanges between Joseph Chiang, Chinese correspondent, and Mitsui Kato, Japanese correspondent here in the capital. After a recent conversation between the two in which Kato assured Chiang that the Chinese were already talking peace, the latter remarked: "It's a good thing I have American training in humor."

The largest telegraph office in the government is located in the department of agriculture. Last year two major telegraph companies did a million dollars' worth of business from this one federal agency.

Kindly Draft is the name of a young man registered for selective service training in Aiken county, South Carolina.