

# Washington Digest

## One Diplomat Knew Better: Scratch One Tyro Diplomat

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WASHINGTON.—Back in the partially-deserted capital after one and before another political convention in these days when Washington's tiger heat drives those who are not too driven otherwise out to the mountains and beaches, I took a short ride with a friendly official who, like most of the press and radio, has to stick out a good share of the summer in the city.

We passed some of the last few fine old residences and a number of embassies and legations. Shutters were drawn, orange-red paint was smeared in a pattern I never have been able to understand on ironwork of high picket-fences and window bars. Some windows were boarded up.

"If it hadn't been for you," I remarked to my companion sitting beside me in what he alludes to as the taxpayer's limousine, "I might not have been in Washington this summer. I might have been loafing at a mountain-lakeside or elsewhere . . ."

"How so?" he inquired. "Don't you recall," I asked, "that you were a newspaperman yourself once and, corollarily speaking, met a lot of interesting people? I was one of them. That meeting killed what I thought then to be a brilliant diplomatic career."

The story begins right across the street from the office I now occupy on Eighteenth street, in a fine old brick house which I saw first in the year 1914. The carriage drive in front of it is blocked now by the curbing, probably because the traffic officials thought no automobile could safely make the turn which a "spanking pair" negotiated so easily three decades ago.

A sign on the lamp-post in front of the house says "no parking at any time." A brass plate over one of the windows, still barred with the gracefully-curving ironwork of another century says: "Columbus University." The plate is replaced used to say "Former Home of Secretary of State Lansing."

In 1914 it was some two hours after leaving that red brick house that I began "putting off"—(putting things off is a great art and one that has reached a high point of refinement in Washington. I always have practiced it.) If I hadn't put off that, I might have become a diplomat. As it was, all I got was deadlines the rest of my life.

It happened this way. I had just returned from an extended period in Europe where I had been going through the motions of acquiring an education. In the process I acquired the ambition to become a member of the foreign service of the state department. I planned to rise, by easy stages, on pure merit, of course, to the position of ambassador to the Court of St. James. Beyond that, as a cabinet officer says following a change in administration, I had no plans.

I did have four out of five necessary qualifications which I knew from experience on the Quai d'Orsay and elsewhere assured a successful diplomatic career. The four which I possessed were a top-hat, a tailcoat, striped pants and a pair of spats.

The fifth I was confident I could soon acquire easily since I had an excellent letter to the father-in-law of the secretary of state, who had been a secretary of state himself and an important pillar of Washington society. I was sure that under such auspices I could acquire that sine qua non—a wife rich enough to keep a diplomat in the style to which he is supposed to be accustomed.

I recall that afternoon very well. I rang the bell to that door—well, it was a different door of course—there are four there now with brass handles worn shiny by ambitious Columbians—but at least the door which that afternoon was to be my portal to a brilliant career was right there in the same frame.

I opened, I handed the silk hat and ebony stick to the servant and in a few moments I was being warmly greeted by a gentleman wearing what Sam Blythe once called the most diplomatic whiskers in Washington, John Watson Foster.

I saw that my striped pants and tailcoat which had just enough of a continental cut to make a proper impression, as well as the bow-from-the-waist I had learned in Berlin, were doing their work and I made mental note of the less unattractive unattached females. So after tossing off a bon mot or two, I left, feeling that my career was virtually launched.

It was still fairly early, so I decided to drop in at the National Press club to which my old schoolmate, David Lawrence, had given me a guest card. As the weather was fine, I decided I might as well walk and give Connecticut avenue a chance to admire my distinguished stripes and tails, although tailcoats and top-hats, per se, caused very little consternation in those days.

As I walked, I idly speculated on what course I would take if knee-breeches were insisted upon when I was presented at court. Meanwhile, I observed the strolling young ladies who, though probably unable to support an ambassador, were nevertheless quite as attractive as any of the better-qualified ones at the reception.

I had just about decided not to make an issue of the knee-breeches thing—after all I had been on the stage for a short period in my career and a couple of pairs of long stockings underneath would do for my calves what nature hadn't—when I found myself at the club.

A tall, black-haired gentleman arose and gave me a dignified greeting. I had thought it best while I was considering my diplomatic career to accept a temporary position with the Associated Press—a position I received after some rather tall talk on the part of David Lawrence and a kindly letter from Superintendent Roberts of the Paris bureau for whom I had worked. The gentleman who greeted me at the club was one of the staff which I was to join, assigned to the state department. And he was the man I alluded to—the friendly official—in the early paragraphs of this column.

Right there, or shall we say in the course of an hour or two, there developed the beginning of a beautiful friendship and the beginning of the end of any illusions concerning a diplomatic career. I applied for membership in the club, never went to another "at home" in the fine old brick house on Eighteenth street.

From that time on it has been deadlines instead of receiving lines. Although I didn't realize it at the time I really wasn't properly equipped for a diplomatic career—my spats were black.

The diplomatic world has not been altogether neglected in the course of meeting deadlines, but when I entered that allegedly romantic demesne as I still do in the course of my job, it is by way of the back door, an entrance which, I have discovered, often provides a much more revealing view of the surroundings. Perhaps it isn't polite to refer to the chancery entrance that way, but it is certainly not the front door.

As it turned out, not many weeks after I had given up my dreams of becoming a Machiavelli or a Metetrnich, I found myself a caller at six or eight embassies a day—I was put on the diplomatic run because a war had broken out and it was quite as important for belligerents and nervous neutrals to provide news from their points of view as it was for us to collect it.

The butlers in most of the embassies before World War I would as soon admit a reporter as they would a rug-peddler or a scissors-grinder. It required considerable working over to bring them into line.

And what a change today! The amount of time, money and energy expended by foreign nations in getting information to the American radio, press and public is one of the major items on their Washington budgets!

### Another Jacobone For Samson

An old-fashioned dentist thinks the Russians have Hitler's jaw. The dentist, Dr. Plasczke, says he read in a German dentistry magazine that his former assistant, now in Russian custody, had identified a jaw which the Russians were toying with as Hitler's.

Dr. Plasczke claims the assistant couldn't positively identify it, but he himself feels it must be Hitler's because the magazine ridicules the work as old-fashioned.

Plasczke says he did an old-fashioned job on Hitler when he made a bridge of 12 teeth in 1934. Plasczke also claims to have studied dentistry at the University of Philadelphia in 1908. Their methods have probably advanced since then, but Hitler was old-fashioned about some things.

All we can do is hope the bridge pained him. And remember that that jawbone, if it's authentic, slew more men than the one from a similar source that Samson used when he went after the Philistines.



## Farm Topics

### Slight Danger Noted In DDT Dusted Corn Tests of Silage Show Minute Trace in Milk

Farmers are being told to use DDT dust or spray for control of European corn borer. This raises a question. Can corn dusted or sprayed with DDT be used for silage for beef or dairy cattle without danger to the animals, or to people who use the milk?

Tests in Wisconsin showed there was a trace of DDT in the milk of dairy cows fed silage made from canning factory pea vines which had



been dusted with DDT. The amount of DDT was so minute, however, that it was not considered dangerous.

On corn, an application of 30 pounds of dust (containing 5 per cent DDT) per acre might amount to two ounces of DDT per ton of silage; that is, if all the dust stayed on the corn, which is extremely unlikely. Even that much would result in only about a gram of DDT daily in the ration of a cow or steer.

DDT toxicity studies at a private research farm indicate no danger to animals from considerably larger amounts. Even so, if any farmer fears a trace of DDT in milk from silage made from sprayed or dusted corn, he can feed the silage to steers, heifers or dry cows.

### Twice-Day Record



With a record-smashing total of 1,118.8 pounds of butterfat, Crestview Dairy Susan, purebred Holstein tailflop cow owned by Lakefield Farms, Clarkston, Mich., has established a new all-time U. S. butterfat figure for cows being milked twice daily. "Susan" produced close to 1,400 pounds of table butter during the year.

### Herds and Flocks

Fall pigs have advantages over spring litters because they are farrowed under more favorable conditions. Sows and gilts have been on summer pasture soaking up sunshine during pregnancy. Iowa State college swine specialists say fall pigs usually come stronger and more pigs are saved.

Turkey raisers are being advised now not to put baking soda or salt in drinking water for pouls, because use of these in excessive amounts causes a condition known as "water belly."

Burn the carcass of every animal that dies of anthrax. Don't open the carcass. Soak it with kerosene, cover it with a load of cobs or straw, put a load of manure over them and set fire to the pile. If possible, burn anthrax carcasses right where the animal dies.

Castrate pigs any time after they are a week old. After castration, keep them on clean grass pasture where there are no mudholes, to reduce danger of lockjaw infection.

### Caution Urged In Feeding Salt to Poultry Flock

Extra salt will control cannibalism for a short time after it is added to the ration of chickens, according to Pennsylvania State college. Usual amount is two teaspoons per gallon of drinking water. Salt should be fed only long enough to stop cannibalizing, except the small amount contained in the mash. Feeding large quantities actually is harmful.



SO FAR the United States has taken only a mild interest in the coming Olympic games to be held this summer in London. It has been taken for granted that the U. S. will mop up again as usual. Even more so this time, with our athletes well-fed and most other competitors reportedly underfed.

So if we win, well, why not? The United States team should win in a romp. It shouldn't be even close. It should be no contest. That's the early setup. No credit if you win—pretty awful if you lose.

At the Berlin games in 1936, we had several talks with trainers and coaches and star athletes from other nations. Here was their verdict:

"The United States is a nation of acrobats—not athletes. You can't win from 400 meters and on beyond this distance. You have no runners with any stamina—runners who can travel a mile and longer.

"You are marvelous acrobats—like circus performers. You can sprint and pole vault and hurdle. These are all acrobatics. They make no demand on stamina or courage." It still takes an athlete to run and jump.

The answer is that we have won too seldom at testing distances. We have no runners from the mile to the marathon worth naming.

Once again, we'll probably win the pole vault—rated a feat of acrobatics and not the work of an athlete by foreign nations. It is certainly on the easier side than it is to get ready for 1,500 or 5,000 or 10,000 meters.

The U. S. has never been much interested in stamina—which is even more important than speed. Speed gives out quickly. Stamina carries you all the way through.

When you sift all the angles, the United States hasn't done nearly as well as our ballyhoo experts have figured out the case. Without our Negro stars, this country would have been something of a joke.

In place of mopping up in London, we still can be something of a joke—despite the winning edge we have in food, the main basis of condition. We have every advantage this way. It will be interesting to see what we can do with it.

### Stars Miss Big Show

One world series weakness is that too many stars had no chance to show at the big show.

Napoleon Lajoie, one of the greatest, never was seen in this classic. And he was something to see, the most graceful ballplayer that ever lived. And one of the game's greatest natural hitters.

Walter Johnson came to his first world series when he was on his way over the mystic hill. The earlier Walter Johnson would have joined Mathewson with three shut-outs.

Bob Feller has never had a world series appearance, and Feller also is just about over the top. Feller came to Cleveland 12 years ago and he has been pouring that fast ball through for a long time. The navy also took three or four of his best years. The navy caught him at his peak and held him a long time.

Also after returning to baseball, Feller has given a good part of his time to outside interests, which hasn't helped his baseball. But he still would be a shining spot in any post-season championship. Feller is one of the all-time greats. He won't have to bother about his spot at Cooperstown.

Rube Waddell, a world series natural, had his lone chance in 1905 when he suffered an injured shoulder in a train scuffle. So the Mathewson-Waddell duel never came off. That would have been up in the super class, the motion picture colossal stuff.

Still many stars have made the world series grade—Mathewson, Alexander, Cobb, Ruth, Collins, Jackson, Hornsby, Grove, Wagner, Brown, Kling, Plank, Coombs, Bender, Johnson, Wood, Fox, Fritsch, Dizzy Dean, Cochrane, Dickey, too many more to mention.

It would be nice to see Feller and a few more stars, who have never made the big show, slip under the tent and mingle with the elephants.

### Fitzsimmons Is Tops

In the middleweight boxing division my nomination for the top man is Bob Fitzsimmons. Fitz was middleweight champion, light-heavyweight champion and heavyweight champion. He was a brilliant boxer. He was also a terrific puncher.

Fitz broke seven bones in both hands punching Jeffries in their second fight. He almost ripped Jeff's face away from his head. But he couldn't knock out the Jeffries of that period. No one else could. And this includes Jack Johnson who whipped a half-bald, fat, fading old-timer who was in no shape to fight anybody.

I saw Jeffries training for the Johnson fight in 1910. He was pitiful. He was a long way from the Jeffries I knew in 1903.



MAKING his first technicolor in "Rope," James Stewart plays a role unlike the shy, bashful young man audiences have come to expect from him. He is suave, sophisticated, a university professor whose slightly graying hair resembles Stewart's own. The Alfred Hitchcock thriller was done in beautifully subdued color with a technique new to picture.



JAMES STEWART

tures by which an entire roll of film, 950 feet, was shot without interruption. "Rope" may well be the best picture made by the famous Hitchcock.

Pedro Armendariz, said to be Latin America's foremost actor, has been signed by Walter Wanger for one of the male starring roles in "Tulsa," at Eagle Lion. Susan Hayward and Robert Preston will co-star. Armendariz, who has just completed three pictures for John Ford, won the Mexican Academy Award for his role opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Pearl."

Young mothers who want to earn money might take a tip from Mary Lansing, heard regularly as "Julie Collins" on CBS' "The Guiding Light." Mary is a specialist on baby wails—learned by listening to her own children.

An impressive car is usually a young actress' first purchase when she signs a good contract in Hollywood, but Teresa Wright is different. In 1941 Samuel Goldwyn took her west for "The Little Foxes." She bought an inexpensive coupe. Since then she has risen to stardom, won an Academy Award and established herself as one of the screen's better actresses, now starring in "Enchanted." So she has bought a two-door car and given the seven-year-old one to her father.

David Niven says that used tea leaves, placed around the bushes, make roses "prettier than anything." He may be right, but most of us get better results with good fertilizer! Niven's departure from Hollywood is scheduled for July; he goes to England to make "The Scarlet Pimpernel." He is co-starring currently in "A Kiss in the Dark" with Jane Wyman.

Frank Buck's "Bring 'em Back Alive" is being re-released by RKO, 16 years after its original presentation. The locales of the safari organized to capture jungle beasts and record battles between them were Malaya and Sumatra.

Arthur Godfrey has given private flying such a boost on his radio shows that a member of a flying club to which he belongs gave him a special award—a check for \$5, which enables Godfrey to pay his enrollment fees until 1950. Godfrey appreciated the idea behind the act—but he makes \$200,000 every year.

Vic Damone, in search of peace and quiet, he claims, bought a house in Brooklyn. But he invited 200 fans to a housewarming, they gave other fans the address and now the Damone home is as peaceful as Grand Central station.

Odds and Ends . . . When Edgar Bergen sailed for Europe our country's most popular ventriloquist's dummy was down on the passenger list as Axel McCarthy. . . Record for the largest attendance each week goes to NBC's "Grand Ole Opry." It is broadcast from a Nashville, Tenn., auditorium accommodating 5,000, which is filled to capacity. . . Ray Milland and Geraldine Fitzgerald both live in Hollywood, but travelled 6,000 miles to London before they met to co-star in "So Evil My Love" . . . Jack Paar has had his option renewed by RKO for the third consecutive year. He has important roles in "Weep No More" and "Variety Time."

Roy Rogers starts his 10th year in pictures with his co-starring role in Walt Disney's "Melody Time." He has appeared in more than 50 pictures with his horse, "Trigger." He sings and narrates the exploits of Pecos Bill, the cowboy, in the Disney film.

"My Name Is Han" will be shown all over the world this summer. It is a documentary, filmed in China with a Chinese cast, under auspices of the Protestant film commission.

## FIRST AID to the AILING HOUSE

by Roger C. Whitman

QUESTION: There are finger marks on the head board of my bed, probably caused by perspiring hands. How can I remove these marks?

ANSWER: Clean the surface by washing with thick suds of mild soap, not just thin, watery soapsuds. Follow with a clean, damp cloth and rub dry. Turpentine may also help. If this does not work, try rubbing the marks with a scratchless scouring powder and a little light oil on the ball of your finger.

QUESTION: Could you give me any information on tile flooring? Can I do the work myself?

ANSWER: Whatever type you choose, remember that a solid color will show dirt very quickly. Mottled colors stay clean-looking much longer. It is perfectly possible for a home owner to lay tile, provided he is handy with tools and has a good guide book. Any kind of tile must be set in the proper "bed" no matter whether it is clay tile, asphalt, rubber or anything else.

QUESTION: Should one patch plaster that has come off in a basement?

ANSWER: If it's ordinary plaster that is used for living rooms, it would be best to remove all of it instead of trying to patch it. This type of plaster is affected by dampness and is not intended for use in a basement.

QUESTION: How can I polish bad scratches off my glass table top?

ANSWER: That type of polishing cannot be done at home. It is a job for a dealer in plate glass who has the equipment.

### Absent-Minded People

Chicago transit riders leave more than \$500,000 worth of goods on streetcars, buses and elevated lines every year, American Municipal association reports. One of the largest sums ever lost was one million dollars in negotiable bonds left on "L" train by a South American banker. Most unusual item forgotten was a box of white mice.



Harsh Laxatives are NOT necessary for most people

The juice of a lemon in a glass of water, when taken first thing on arising, is all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination. No more harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! Lemon in water is good for you! Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They are rich in vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B<sub>1</sub> and P. They alkalize, aid digestion.



## CHANGE of LIFE?

Are you going through the functional "middle age" period peculiar to women (36 to 52 yrs.)? Does this make you suffer from hot flashes, feel so nervous, highstrung, tired? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound also has what Doctors call a stomachic tonic effect!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste  
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.  
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.  
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

