

Washington Digest

Washington Social Hours: Cold Turkey, Hot Gossip

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WASHINGTON.—Washington cocktail parties and other social gatherings have been widely publicized as makers and breakers of reputations, national candidacies and international policies.

Not all of these affairs may forge or fracture the destiny of nations, but many often bring together as great a variety of human ingredients as are to be found at any one place at any one time, anywhere.

For example I have just returned

from lunch. I probably should say "luncheon" considering what it must have cost my red-headed college mate host whose excuse for giving it was the fact that he was celebrating his 55th birthday but whose real reasons lay beyond distant frontiers. The bearded Italian scientist on his left reminded him that the occasion was unique because it was hard-

ly likely he would celebrate a similar occasion 55 years hence.

A little macabre, I thought, but no one seemed to take it that way—least of all the fellow-citizen of Dante who was enjoying himself immensely over his cold smoked turkey and doubtless became lyric over the lira and other important transalpine institutions before we were through.

On the bearded one's left was a representative of the state department who gave me a disappointingly eye-witness and unsensational account of the recent parliament session of one of our South American neighbors—a session which I had judged from previous dispatches, would be punctuated by revolver shots.

We had heard rumors of mysterious shootings there which were supposed to have made up in political significance what they lacked in marksmanship. Also there had been hints of cabinet changes due not only to mistakes in policy, but to hasty burials. I asked my fellow guest about it.

"Oh, no," he said, "there were no cabinet changes."

"But what about those terrible rumors of graft and corruption?"

"Well, the President in his address did make particular reference to the evils of political corruption and to the importance of selfless loyalty on the part of the servants of the state."

"But was that all?" I persisted. "No names, addresses, or telephone numbers?"

"That was all," he insisted. "It was a very quiet session. Furthermore there was none of the protocol we observe at a joint session of the two houses of the American congress. This parliament was called to order, the President came in, spoke his piece, and went out."

At this point, my host broke in. He insisted that I repeat the story of the opening of this summer's special "turnip" session of congress which nobody outside of a few million radio listeners who happened to be tuned in had heard before.

Legislative Faux Pas, De Luxe Style

This July 26 when a very angry house of representatives was called to order, it was known that the regular chaplain could not appear. So, when a stranger took the rostrum, the less-somnolent members rose, bowed their heads, as is the custom, to listen to the prayer. The first words they heard resounding through the chamber were: "Whereas the public interest requires that the congress of the United States should be convened at 12 o'clock noon on Monday, the twenty-sixth of July, 1948, to receive such communication as may be made by the Executive; Now, therefore, I, Harry S. Truman, President of the United States . . ." and so on . . .

Gradually the members realized that the man addressing them was not the substitute for the absent chaplain of the house, but the substitute for the equally-absent reading clerk whose duty it is to read bills and official communications.

It was most embarrassing. The voice they were hearing was not the voice of a man repeating the word of God; it was the voice of the substitute clerk repeating the proclamation of the man at whom they were maddest. The members didn't like to make public admission of their error by sitting down, and so they had to stand through the painful 14-word pronouncement which had torn them from the bosom of family and constituency, and brought them back to heat-ridden Washington.

Next to the state department official who had unwittingly provided the excuse for my anecdote was the consul-general of the Philippine republic who happens to be the son of another college classmate of mine. He, like the rest of his fam-

ily, had outlived the Japanese occupation, and with his sister, had participated in the effective Philippine underground, memories of which made this day's current tragedy of the Philippines—the eruption of Hibokhibok volcano on Camiguin island—a decidedly minor concern.

On my left was a prominent Washington lawyer. During a lull in the discussion of international, if not cosmic affairs, he suddenly asked: "What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Alice Blood," I replied.

"Yes," he nodded in satisfaction. "My aunt, Clara Brown, often told me about your mother. They were classmates (Ingham university '78), and she was a bridesmaid at your mother's wedding in La Salle, Illinois."

Skipping your correspondent around the table, we arrive at a famous scientist. We exchanged reminiscences too, for he also was a graduate of the same college. As we talked, I remembered an anecdote about him I had heard from a mutual college friend.

A Check by Any Other Name . . .

Not many years after his graduation, this scientist and his young wife arrived in the city where our mutual friend was in business, and called on him. The businessman recognized the scientist's face immediately but for the life of him, couldn't remember the man's name.

During their lunch, the scientist remarked that he was going on an extended trip into Canada and had unfortunately run out of money. He wondered could he get a check cashed at the businessman's bank. The businessman gladly acquiesced, thinking that when he saw the signature on the check, he would recognize the scientist's name. Together they went to the bank, the scientist wrote the check, and the two men went to the cashier's window.

But as the scientist handed in the check, all the businessman could read was the name of a bank in a very distant city and the amount—five hundred dollars. He had already said to the cashier, "I want you to meet my friend . . ." but could get no further. Terribly embarrassed, he turned to the scientist and said: "I'm sorry, but I can't recall your name."

Of course the cashier overheard this remark and with the natural caution of the banker, said to the businessman: "This will be fine, Mr. X, but will you please endorse this?" Mr. X turned it over, noted the name but did not recognize it, trembled to think of what would happen to his bank account if it bounced (and he was sure it would), and signed. Farewells were spoken, the scientist departed. Day after day the businessman awaited the call from the bank.

In fact, he told me he had picked out a space on the wall where he intended to frame the paper so that he could call attention to it casually should some other vaguely identified caller request a similar favor.

Nothing happened. A month or so later, another college friend came to town. The businessman related the story, describing the scientist and his occupation. Unaccountably his listener burst into laughter.

"Didn't you know," he said between gasps, "That man's technical as well as scientific information which he acquired at school along with his Ars Magister made him a cool million the year after he was graduated?"

At the luncheon there was also a Chinese oil expert who merely listened and an ERP representative who left early.

And now back to my red-headed host. He related the adventure of one of the guests who had been unable to appear. It seems this gentleman had formed a corporation called "World Development, Inc.," or something very similar. When my host heard his glowing prospectus, he said, "Aren't you covering a lot of ground?"

"Oh, no," said the promoter who since had acquired considerable influence in international affairs, "this is just a subsidiary of the Inter-Planetary corporation."

Then I had to go, so I never knew what master-plan for the rebuilding and exploiting of the nation, the world or the sidereal spaces were discussed or consummated. But I have no doubt you can go a long way in Washington—starting with cold turkey.



Crop Roots Require Oxygen and Water

Organic Matter Decay Helps Soil to 'Breathe'

Soils must "breathe" deeply if crop roots are to support high yields above the ground. These roots need oxygen to grow and reach out for water plant nutrients.

To breathe deeply, soils must have regular additions of organic matter. Without organic matter soils tighten up. Soil particles are jammed together. The soil becomes a compacted mass. There is little room for either air or water. Roots find it hard to forage in the tight soil.

When organic matter is added, it opens the soil for air and water to soak in deeply. As it rots the organic matter builds soil structure. The humus formed from organic matter swells and shrinks with wetting and drying. Compounds that form when organic matter decays help to stick these mineral particles together in small groups so that the soil is loose and workable.

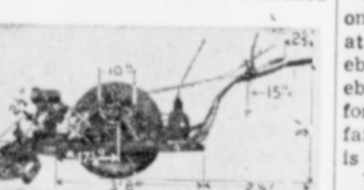
Organic matter should be added deep in the soil as well as in the plow layer. Middle West Soil Improvement committee points out that the best way to drive organic matter down deep is through use of tap-rooted legumes, such as alfalfa or sweet clover, regularly in the rotation. The roots of these legumes drill down 18 to 25 inches below the plow layer.



Heavy stands of legumes also can be secured by liming according to soil tests, and by making sure soils are well stocked with phosphate and potash for full production. When a good top growth is plowed under to go with the roots, these legumes will build the structure tilth soil needs for high yields.

One-Wheel Power Unit

The power unit, designed by Carlton M. Edwards, Cornell university, for Lincoln Arc Welding foundation, can be used to drive numerous front mounted garden tools, farm tools, lawn mowers or snow blades. A cultivator tool bar can be attached



across the rear of the frame. Castor wheels on each end of the tool bar will adjust depth and give three points on the ground for balance. All welding on this unit can be done with a 3/16-inch diameter electrode, using approximately 180 amperes welding current.

Herds and Flocks

All night lights help to prevent stampeding of turkeys on range.

Blackhead of turkeys causes heavy losses. Phenothiazine powder mixed in the mash at the rate of one ounce daily for 100 birds, has been found effective in preventing losses, because it destroys cecal worms which are carriers of the blackhead organisms.

To make lambs tick proof, spray them with DDT. Mix one pound of a 50 per cent wettable DDT powder in 25 gallons of water and apply it to the back, belly, sides and around neck and ears. One application should last for two or three weeks.

Two essentials for livestock and poultry in late summer are shade and water.

DDT Proves Effective On Peach Tree Borer

DDT, when used as a trunk spray, will control the peach tree borer, according to the New York State agricultural experiment station. The new method of borer control takes the place of older methods using ethylene dichloride of PDB crystals, since it is non-injurious, labor-saving, time-saving and inexpensive. DDT is used at the rate of two pounds to each 100 gallons of water.



YEARS ago the brilliant Alexander Pope wrote: "They had no poet—and they died." He was referring to the dead and decadent empires of the world—"In vain they schemed, in vain they bled. They had no poet and are dead."

Yale, this season, has 320 pounds of poet. If Pope was right, Yale football won't die this fall. "We can still lose all our games and look good," Herman told me.

"Not to the Old Blue," I said. "The Old Blue neither dies nor surrenders."

"What does he do?" Herman asked.

"He expects you to win a lot of football games with the spirit of Hinkey, Shevlin, Kilpatrick, Pudge Hefflinger, Clint Frank, Widdy Neale and a few others."

"But I haven't any of these fellows on my team this season," Herman, the poet, said.

This was a big occasion at Yale and New Haven. It was the first time Yale had ever had a poet coaching the team since my old and departed friend, Billy Phelps, tried to help.

"It's no use, Grant," Billy Phelps told me once, "they don't appreciate blockers and passers down here. They are so much more important than poets and philosophers. I only wish they knew."

Mr. Herman Hickman, the greatest guard football ever knew, according to Gen. Bob Neyland and this writer, the poet laureate of the Smoky Mountains, the man who helped to make five great Army lines, now faces only one kink in his happy existence—the game's greatest line coach has no line to coach.

Has Good Backfield

He has a fine backfield, headed by Bull Nadermy, a scrappy hard hitting back—a fine football player. He has Levi Jackson who so far has never lived up to his newspaper headlines—but who is about due.

He has other good backs. He has a high-class center in Yale's scrappy captain, Billy Conway. But where are all those Polish names Howie Odell had—Barzilaukas—Prehlik—plus big Davidson—a fine tackle—and others?

"Don't get me wrong, Grant," Herman said. "This line material I have is game, smart and willing to give its all. I mean that. We'll make 'em respect us, even if we lose every game. We'll win some games and lose some games."

"That's my philosophy of life," I said to Herman. "Take a little—leave a little—but don't ever take it all."

Notre Dame and one or two others can tell you about that. "Don't ever take it all." Life doesn't work that way.

Herman Hickman drew at least one lucky break. He came to Yale at a time when Eli was at its lowest ebb. It must have been at a low ebb since Howie Odell, its coach, left for Washington university, where far western coaches don't believe he is headed anywhere.

Yale, this season, plays this schedule—Brown, Connecticut, Columbia, Wisconsin, Vanderbilt, Dartmouth, Kings Point, Princeton and Harvard.

Yale Doesn't Rate

I don't believe that Yale rates with Wisconsin, Vanderbilt, or Princeton.

Yale should be outclassed by Columbia, Wisconsin, Vanderbilt and Princeton. I understand Brown, Dartmouth and Harvard are far better than a year ago. I know Columbia should be a far better team. I know Princeton will be.

This leaves Herman Hickman of Tennessee, Army and Yale in a tough spot.

The best teams in the Ivy league should be Pennsylvania, Princeton and Columbia. At least they have much the best material. Columbia has the best backfield material—and a pretty good line. Princeton and Pennsylvania have the best all-around stuff.

Penn State and Army should have two of the best teams in the East—with Rutgers and Villanova challenging. Don't sell either short.

But Herman Hickman honestly faces the toughest challenge of the lot. He hasn't two men who could make Columbia or Princeton. And Yale doesn't like to lose.

My suggestion is that Yale give Herman Hickman a chance—and that doesn't mean 1948—1949 any way. I don't believe Yale has ever had a finer coach—or a human being who could mean more to Yale football than Herman Hickman can. Winning is a good, big part of it. But winning isn't everything. Herman Hickman can do more good for a college losing than most coaches can winning. I mean in the way that counts.

If only winning counts then Notre Dame and Michigan are the only two major colleges left.

IF PETER PAIN KNOTS YOU UP WITH MUSCLE ACHE



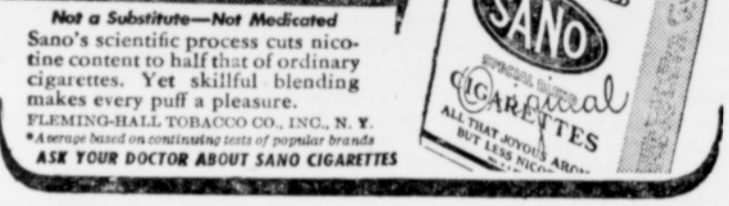
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