

L. T. SUNOCO, MONDAY, June 29th, 1936.

*Chambers
7/30*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

An astonishing sound reached the ears of the Sergeant of the Guard in the House of Representatives Office Building in Washington this morning. In loud feminine tones the words resounded through the halls: "That man is here again!" The sergeant of the capital police hastily called ~~to~~ a couple of ^{his special men,} ~~men~~. The sergeant rushed to the place from which the sounds had emanated. The words had been shrieked by one of the scrub ladies of the House Office Building. And the person she described as "that man" was none other than the Honorable Marion A. Zioncheck, Democratic Representative ^{from} ~~to~~ the Soverign State of Washington. In other

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words, if I may be forgiven for the pun, the honorable gentleman is once again a Congressman-at-Large. As the whole country knows for the last few weeks he had been a Congressman incarcerated.

The news added a spice of excitement to an otherwise dull and empty day in the nation's capital. Maryland State Police have been hunting him high, far and wide ever since he made that eight-foot jump over the wall of the sanitarium where he had been confined. Road-houses and hotels and even the woodlands of the good old Maryland Free State were being combed for the runaway Congressman. The search was all the more dramatic because the acting-superintendent/announced of the sanitarium that he might be dangerous if caught. The Washington ^{D.C.} ~~City~~ Police were also trying to find Mrs. Zioncheck, his bride of a few weeks. They thought that his first move on escaping would be to run to her. Not a single officer, apparently, conceived the idea of looking for him in his ^{own} ~~office~~ office.

So once again the interesting Mr. Zioncheck does the unexpected. His appearance was not devoid of the usual

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element of comedy with which he manages to invest his escapades. It was five ~~o'clock~~ A. M., dawn ~~in~~ over Washington. Char-ladies were busy on their necessary task of cleaning up the Representatives' Building. In walked the Washington Congressman clad just as he was when he escaped from the sanitarium. In his office was one of the ~~xx~~ char-ladies. Pointing at her a threatening finger he exclaimed: "Get out." To use a familiar quotation: "She stood not upon the order of her going." She got. And as she reached the door she shouted those words I have mentioned: "That man is here again!"

When the Sergeant of the Guard arrived he found that she had told nothing more than the truth. For there they found him, sprawled out in a chair, his feet on his desk, fast asleep. Upon awaking he ordered the policemen out. It was a difficult situation for the Capital cops. There was no warrant authorizing them to arrest him. The sanitarium from which he took French leave, being in Maryland, it was up to the Maryland authorities. However, there is a warrant extant in Washington, a warrant charging not only Mr. Zion-

check but his bride, with assault upon their former landlady,
Mrs. Young.

So far, however, that warrant has not been executed.
And so the matter stands. The Representative from Washington
spent the day in his office with a Capital policeman stationed
outside his door. That was quite embarrassing. But the latest
is that they've taken him out.

McCARRL

And this interesting figure will disappear from the official Senate in Washington on Wednesday. Mr. John Raymond McCarrl, Comptroller General of the United States, will cease being Uncle Sam's Number One No-Man. His fifteen year term as Comptroller General comes to an end.

This austere watchdog of the Treasury has made plenty of news in those fifteen years. For instance, there was the occasion when he cut Admiral Byrd's pay for the period of his flight over the Atlantic. He made the capital giggle when he refused to allow an item to provide ice water in the office of the Prohibition Administration. The Republicans particularly chortled when he made Mr. Morgenthau pay for the installing of a shower bath in the old Farm Credit offices.

In fact anecdotes about him are legion. One of my favorites is the one about the federal official who was sent to Virginia on government business. When he returned there was an item on his expense account reading: Lunch - a dollar and a half. That item didn't meet McCarrl's eagle eye for several months. When he did see it he promptly crossed it out with the remark:

"There is no place in Virginia where one can buy a lunch worth a dollar and a half."

Officially, he has been the old "Meany". Personally, he's an exceedingly kindly individual, short, ruddy, gray-haired, well groomed and cheerful. One of the most popular stories about him illustrates his kindness. On one afternoon he cut out as illegal a ten million dollar appropriation and on top of that ordered five hundred telephones removed from the government claims office. His reason for that was that the girls were not making written records of telephone calls. As had been his custom, he was in his office long after office hours. While he was working away there, his telephone rang. It was one of the girl employees of the Claims office. She said she was calling him because he had removed the phones and she couldn't get in touch with her office any other way. So McCarl asked: "What do you want, anyway?" The girl replied: "A man sent me some flowers. I wanted to ask one of the watchmen to put them in water." McCarl did the errand himself trudging up two flights of stairs with a pitcher of water. Today he let out a last minute growl about New Deal expenditures. Naturally, there's much speculation in the capital over

his probable successor. Mr. McCarl was a Republican, appointed by President Harding. As anybody can see, it's a most important office. Also, the incumbent cannot be removed except on charges, and then only by Congress. While he is in office, not a soul can dispute his rulings. He is absolute czar of all expense ~~accounts~~ accounts and expenditures.

Three names are being mentioned. There's Daniel W. Bell, Acting-Director of the Budget. ^{and} ~~then~~ there's William H. McReynolds, Assistant to Secretary Morgenthau of the Treasury. Both Bell and McReynolds are what is known as career men, veterans of the Civil Service. One of them will be chosen they say, if the job is to go to a career man.

However, there's a possibility that the President might make it a political appointment. There are rumors that Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, is in line. As Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he has of course the experience, point of view and attitude to qualify.

DROUGHT

Just before I left Philadelphia I ran into one of the interesting figures of Congress. Like myself, he was there not as a delegate, but as a spectator, Paul Kvale (Qually), the Farmer-Labor representative from Minnesota. It was quite natural that he should be discussing farmer-labor problems. It turned out that Mr. Kvale had brought with him a most disturbing and distressing bit of news. The drought in the northwest has already become a formidable calamity. Throughout not only Minnesota, but both the Dakotas, Farmers have been subjected to a double visitation, locusts and dry weather. Heat so terrific that it is actually blistering the paint on the houses and barns.

Today all that is elaborated on in the news. In two months now not a drop of rain has fallen in those three states. The entire area from the Ohio and Missouri rivers to the Canadian border is parching. The rainfall is down to the disastrous level of two years ago. Every day the thermometer rises more. The green corn is stunted, leaves starting to curl. Wheat withering on the stalk. Government experts estimate that not a bushel will be shipped outside the

borders of the three stricken states. Stock-men are shipping their cattle to other areas as fast as possible.

But, as frequently happens, what is poison for the northwest is meat for the southwest. Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri some months ago were also threatened. But there, almost at the eleventh hour, heavy rains fell just in time to ~~save~~ save the crops. The result was a bumper early harvest, full graneries, teeming grain elevators. The Kansas Board of Agriculture estimates that in that state alone, the farmers will double their last year's income. But that doesn't include the dust bowl area, southwestern Kansas and southeastern Colorado. They are in sorry plight.

In Missouri and Arkansas the streams are so low, that the springs and wells are drying up. In many regions, farmers have to haul water for miles, not only for their stock but for themselves. Rain is needed, too, in the tobacco and cotton states and for the potato crop. Kentucky has been dry since May and the losses run up into the millions. In Tennessee and Louisiana the fruit and vegetable crops are reported burning

up. There's a shortage of feed in Indiana and Ohio. The price of milk has already gone up in Cleveland.

TENNIS

This was a sad day for the stars and stripes at Wimbledon. All our American tennis standard bearers, except one, are ^{now} out of the tournament. Our Number One man, Wilmer Allison, appears to have been off his game. He lost to the celebrated Bunny Austin, in three straight sets. ~~In~~ The first two ~~sets~~ ^{ending} six-one; six-four. He put up a game fight for the last round, which went to seven-five, but it was too late. And the English champion, Fred Perry, made just as short work of the fighting atom from Georgia, the usually tenacious Bitsy Grant. Three straight sets.

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So we'll have to get what consolation we may out of the victory of Donald Budge. The red-headed lad from the Golden Gate won his match just as easily as his colleagues on the team had lost ^{theirs.} ~~he~~ He had a hard man to ~~meet, could~~ beat, Adrian Quist, the champion and Davis Cup star of Australia. Budge took three straight from the big Anzac. That leaves it up to him to represent America in the semi-finals against Champion Fred Perry ~~of~~ on Wednesday.

FIELDS

Here's a dispatch from California that ought to bring cheer to many of us. Mr. Claude William Dunkinfield has left the hospital at Riverside, California, where he has been in danger for weeks. He's out and on the road to recovery. Perhaps you ask why so many millions should be glad to hear it. I should add that Claude William Dunkinfield is, to you, W. C. Fields, one of the arch priests of the high and noble art of comedy. There were many days within the last couple of months when the physicians despaired of his life. It would have been a sad and serious loss if he had been finally removed from the scene. As it is, it will be many months before he can make another picture. Fortunately, he had finished the one he was working on just before he was stricken and taken to the hospital.

I didn't know until last week that Philadelphia, in addition to being the birthplace of my friend "the Perfect Fool" Ed Wynn, had also produced Bill Fields. But the City of Brotherly Love didn't hold him long - not as long as the Democratic Convention. He ran away from home and never returned. For seven years he was constantly and consistently broke. Sold

papers, did odd jobs, slept on park benches in box cars or in flop houses. Frequently the only way he nourished himself was by winning an offasional nickel in a crap game with which he would buy a glass of ginger ale and feed himself on the old time saloon free lunch. He has often said that it was due to his experience in saloon lunch lifting that he acquired his ability as a juggler. He did his first professional juggling in a beer garden in Atlantic City.

In those seven years he hardly ever slept in a bed. He says he developed his husky voice from the constant colds that he got in that period. And his bulbous nose from the punchings he took in frequent free-for-all fights.

It was Ziegfeld the beautifier and glorifier who first made Bill Fields bulbous nose famous. In the Follies as in vaudeville he kept his act silent. It was not until the talkies came along that the public realized Fields had a voice - husky and rasping though it is.

He changed his name Dunkinfield because it was too long for the theatre lights on Broadway.

Now that the hurly-burly of convention politics is over -- let's stop a moment and think of something of the greatest possible contrast, something utterly and completely apart. I'll defy you to find anything further removed from the ~~doings in Cleveland and Philadelphia~~ ^{Philadelphia political circus} than the fact -- that (the world of scholarship is right now commemorating the two-thousandth anniversary of the Roman poet Horace. Yes, two thousand years ago was born the deft master of language who, with his wise and witty meters was the favourite of the Imperial Age of Augustus, and who down the centuries has been supremely the poet of classical antiquity.)

I was talking with Lawrence Stallings of "What Price Glory?" fame, and he told me of a favourite sport of the more learned newspaper men -- competitions in translating the songs or satires of Horace into exceedingly American English. He recalled how the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and the columnist, F. P. A., used to stage these Horatian bouts in old Chicago newspaper days. Stallings himself has taken a hand at turning the Augustan bard into Americanese. He

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told me that to his mind the neatest of all these ultra-modern Horatian translations was by F.P.A., who made over one of the most delightful lyrics of Horace into the following:

Like a little fawn, my Chloe,
Seeking for its timid dam,
Fearful of the breezes blowy,
Come you never where I am?

Tiger am I not, nor lion;
Leave your ma; you're old enough--
Cast your wise and pretty eye on,
Him who wrote this tender stuff.

I wonder what the shade of Quintus Horatius Flaccus
must think of that tender stuff -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

Hoover
+
Cooper.

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1936.