

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.—Al Smith is still potato minded. He may disown, disinherit, and deny the Democratic claims of Franklin D. Roosevelt and even so his heart remains in the highlands as the clans begin to gather for the convention. I have no desire to go into a Freudian analysis of Al's unconscious but it is a fact that a dull gathering has been animated and made dramatic by the announcement of a walking tour.



Heywood Brown

It is generally agreed that the most useful oratorical effort on the Democratic side during the spring training season was Smith's outburst at the Liberty League dinner. Now he has rung the bell again. It is possible, of course, that the open declaration may cost Roosevelt votes in November but at the moment Al has saved a dead show by introducing the element of conflict.

This is written after only a few hours in Philadelphia but on first survey it is true that the Democrats are putting on a better performance than the Republicans achieved in Cleveland. More people are out in the streets. There is more hollering and a far greater number of arguments. In Philadelphia delegates offer to buy you drinks.

Before Al Smith got into politics he had stage aspirations. His economic views may have changed a score of times since he was graduated from Fulton Fish Market and swallowed by that whale of a building on Fifth-av. but he has never lost his touch with the dramatic virtues. Somebody has to chase Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, or it just isn't a drama. And so the old play doctor stepped in at just the right time.

Just an Old Mellerdrummer
The plan was for a pageant. Instead a man with a brown derby introduced himself into the proceedings and exclaimed as he attempted to throw the heroine into the East River, "Nellie, why do you fear me?" Last night men and women were standing around Philadelphia bars arguing fiercely as to what Grover Cleveland would have done if he were alive today. The best local drink is a rum-concoction called a Brighton punch. Take two and you will have a decided and articulate position as to whether Al was right or Andrew Jackson.

Smith and the four other querulous quints played a mean trick on Lemke and Coughlin. The delegates haven't even begun to get around to them yet. They are much too busy discussing Al's grand march. It is generally agreed that all the competitors in the penumbra should be strictly judged by the A. A. U. rules of walking. As soon as any man's hands or knees touch the ground he should be instantly disqualified. Some think that Al has Topeka as his destination but the more accepted view is that the frenzied five mean to beat it all the way to San Simoon where, as they say, a fatted calf will be butchered in Al's honor.

Let's Call Out the Marines
Of course, the program set forth by the Weston Marching and Chowder Club has aroused a certain amount of criticism. There is particular interest in that part of the program of the five squawkers which says, "you must insist upon a chief executive who will collect the moneys due us from defaulting governments instead of encouraging by silence and otherwise a continuance of defaults." Some of the boys want to know the formula. They would like Al to elucidate. Would he favor calling out the Marines or sending a gunboat up the Thames?

Of course, if the feeing five can get as far as Topeka the rest will follow. In the Kansas City rolls a kind friend has promised to supply each of the fugitives with a cowboy suit. From that point on it will no longer be necessary to sleep in haystacks and to travel only on dark nights. Once they have their chaps and sombreros the boys can pretend to be Republicans and take the prize. Between here and Kansas Al has been instructed to give the name of William Allen White.

My Day
BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
WASHINGTON, Monday—I left the peace and quiet of the country yesterday afternoon and took a train for New York. On the train a young woman, who is a Reuters correspondent in China, and who was on her way back there, came up to speak to me.

She expressed regret that she had not been able to be at a press conference or have an interview. I told her that I was "off the record," and in any case not giving individual interviews. She was very kind and considerate. We got off in New York and dashed for a taxi with our bags. Pantingly the same young woman followed and murmured to me:

"I had almost forgotten how wonderful it is to be back in the United States until I saw you traveling." Rather a sweet tribute to the individual liberty allowed even the wives of our hard-working public officials!

The midnight train to Washington, a brief chat with my husband this morning and a longer time over the newspapers than I should have spent. In periods such as these, the papers are always interesting from a psychological point of view.

Every one is writing and doing something spectacular to bring himself before the public eye, even those whom we have almost forgotten because of months of more or less peaceful retirement are coming back into view. It reminds me a little of "bury the dead" where no one wishes to stay buried.

Off by train to White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., for the Chi Omega award, given every year to a woman who has proved her ability to be of use to mankind. In this case it is richly deserved by Dr. Alice Hamilton, who holds a professorship in Harvard Medical College, which accepts an outstanding woman as a professor and rejects women students.

The Indianapolis Times

TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1936

Second Section

PAGE 13

THE KING A PRINCE WOULD BE

Edward, 42 Today, Retains Affection for His Poorer Subjects

BY MILTON BRONNER
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

LONDON, June 23.—Edward the Eighth, who has been sovereign of the United Kingdom since midnight of Jan. 20 and who is 42 years old today, has already in his brief reign of five months impressed upon the British people the fact that he is primarily a human being of warm impulses and direct manners.

He neither is nor wants to be a mere stuffed shirt nor symbol of empire. He put it tersely and sympathetically in a recent short speech in which he said:

"I am the same person I was when I was Prince of Wales."

For the British that simple sentence had a wealth of implications. As Prince of Wales he had always been as outspoken as his royal position in a constitutional kingdom allowed him to be. Known the world over as the "Prince of Sales," Britain's best commercial traveler, at home he always seemed to have especially at heart three things:

1. The well-being of the former soldiers whose deeds of valor and endurance he witnessed in France by being in the trenches with them.

2. Pushing by all the means in his power every effort to relieve the tragedy of unemployment.

3. Fighting the slum evil and practicing what he preached by tearing down the tenements on his own estates and putting up model flats for working men and their families.

At every opportunity he has shown that these things still lie very close to his heart. For instance, in April, receiving deputations representing many classes and creeds of his subjects, he said earnestly:

"I have witnessed the horrors of war. I got to know the hardships of the men at the front. I realize the hardships of those since then who, through no fault of their own, have had the misfortune to endure long periods of unemployment. With all sincerity, therefore, I not only join in your prayers that the future may bring peace and prosperity to this country, but I would assure you that my constant endeavor will be to promote the establishment of peace throughout the world."

"As Prince of Wales I bore a device with an ancient motto: 'I serve.' As King, I shall hold this in constant remembrance, for a King can perform no higher function than that of service."

The people of England have seen a new young King who has buckled right down to his job with intense seriousness. In his working days, he spends long hours going over state papers which must come before him and doing other formal things demanded of an English King.

One of the most touching of these was on April 9 when he went to Westminster Abbey personally to bestow manly money on 42 old men and 42 old women, the number 42 equaling that of his years. It was the second time in 250 years that an English sovereign had "made his maund" in person. The last time was when his father did so in 1892. In all such state matters he shows an inclination piously to follow in his father's footsteps.

But in less formal affairs or in affairs that he chooses to make informal, he has already shown himself to be himself and no shadow of King George. It is for this reason that when the

official period of mourning for the royal family is over many expect a rather new deal with a new slant on things given by King Edward himself.

People thought when he came to the throne he would give up flying. He shows no inclination to do so. In fact, before King George was buried, King Edward and the Duke of York flew together to London to make arrangements for the funeral. Loyal English held their breath. Had that plane had a fatal crash, little Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of York's eldest daughter, would have been sovereign of England. The King has flown a number of times since then and shows every inclination to continue doing so.

He has broken kindly precedents in other ways, too. If he wants to visit the business offices of his Duchy at Cornwall, not far from Buckingham Palace, he walks just like plain John Smith. He doesn't wait for his car. It is raining and, like John Smith, he hoists his umbrella and trudges along.

Early in May there was the annual flower show in London. The King is an ardent gardener in his bachelor estate at Port Belvedere. Without any previous announcement, he paid a surprise visit to the show. He thus cut the fuss and feathers.

It was a hot day and he wore a straw hat, thereby doing a good turn to the English straw hat manufacturers. Also he wore no vest—again just like plain John Smith on a hot day. He



King Edward VIII

lit and puffed away at a cigarette and chatted easily with the gardeners in charge of some of the exhibits. To one discussing

weather, which had been rather dry, he said:

"Thank goodness we did have a half hour's rain out at my place at Port Belvedere, but that was all. It is miserable for us amateur gardeners, but I suppose you professionals do not mind so much."

Partly, perhaps, to boost the steamship Queen Mary and actually just as much because he was genuinely interested, he paid two visits to the great vessel. One was early in March when she was still lying in the yard basin in Glasgow, only completed as to her exterior and her engine rooms. The big Scotch city is a hotbed of radicalism, but nowhere did the King get a warmer reception than from the men who built the ship. This was repeated when he paid a surprise visit to the slum district of Glasgow, one of the worst in the world.

TWO days before the Queen Mary sailed on her maiden voyage to New York on May 27, the entire royal family visited her in her now completed state. The King came to Southampton in his big airplane, had his pilot circle over the ship several times while he photographed her from the air just like any other photo fan.

One other thing in his five months' reign stands out: Parliament discussed and passed the King's civil list. The crown lands, whose revenues once went entirely to the sovereign, now by agreement, yield that money to the country's treasury. In return, Parliament votes grants for the civil list of the royal family and the state wins on the deal. King Edward's, at his request, was fixed at \$2,050,000.

But what for a few days caused excited tongue-wagging was the provision that, if the King married, the new Queen would get \$25,000 per annum, and if a son and heir were born the baby would get \$125,000 per annum. It was thought by some that this was the prelude to an announcement of the King's betrothal. Cooler second thought saw it was just one of those legal provisions in a case.

But there are no "in case" indications as yet. At 42, the King still seems a confirmed bachelor.

Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.—This orgy of noise, color and excitement, this wailing of motorcycle sirens and din of incoherent oratory beating on the nerves and emotions of the patriots, is actually the American method of selecting a ruler. These men and women, shoving and squirming through the hotel lobbies, leaning against the walls to ease their burning feet, these scowling, sweaty champion chasers and autograph hunters with the badges and the trick hats and mottled sashes are the delegates. That raucous whoop from some unseen female with the voice of a Big Four engine, magnified a thousand times by the infernal ingenuity of the radio, is a patriotic song, inspiring Americans to perform their solemn duty. And that tall, bland, bald gentleman with the cud of chewing gum is James A. Farley of New York, who first felt the thrill of absolute power as chairman of the New York prize fight commission and now finds himself more powerful than he ever dreamed of being.

The wheel turns. It was Al Smith who appointed Mr. Farley to the prize fight commission and today Mr. Farley reads Mr. Smith out of the Democratic Party with a contemptuous, patronizing sneer about "certain people, prominent in organizations like the Liberty League." A great Democrat, with a fine record of public service, caught in the awful crime of disloyalty, is cast out in an offhand statement.

Times Have Changed

It may be that Mr. Smith has grown old, that he is selfish interest in his personal fortune colored his judgment in denouncing the New Deal. And certainly he showed a pathetic loss of his old political knack in the tactless manner in which he addressed himself to the convention. Nevertheless, it comes as a bit of a shock that Mr. Farley can lightly dismiss Al Smith as "people of this kind" and slur his "Americanism."

Never was a convention as loud and thoughtless as this one is even before the gavel falls for the first session. One band quits and another breaks into sound with the crash of a railroad wreck. Any Democrat with a badge, it seems, is entitled to a motorcycle cop for an escort, and the piercing wall of the sirens is heard above the tumult.

The hall is something to shame the crude and frugal showmanship of the Republicans. It is a big hall, with two great tiers of seats above the main floor, and the platform and press section are solid and expensive.

Mr. Robinson Arrives
JAMES PRESTON, of the archives in Washington, a tall, lanky man, with a bang of hair and a catall mustache, has charge of the press section. A man of unique talent is Mr. Preston. He went to Washington as a cub correspondent in the early nineties and became superintendent of the Senate press gallery in '96. He has known thousands of statesmen and journalists. He has handled the press arrangements for 20 national conventions.

A thousand new yellow cabs have been put into service and add their squeals to the general din. Senator Joe Robinson steps out of the car and three cops clear his way up the Bellevue steps as the delegates cheer and cheer. He might be a dead man politically today but for the death of Huey Long, who had promised to knock him off, but he is no man to worry about something that might have happened.

Eight years ago this time he was in Houston teaming up with Al Smith to run for Vice President in a hopeless contest. He remains loyal. He may not believe in the New Deal. There is little about him to suggest a heartfelt sorrow for the poor or anything but fidelity to the organization, but he is a leader and Mr. Smith is an outcast of dubious "Americanism."

Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN
PHILADELPHIA, June 23.—Although not many good old Jeffersonians will admit its seriousness, the Democratic Party this week faces a milestone more vital than the task of nominating a candidate. It is the old clash over the two-thirds rule, which for exactly 104 years has made Democratic conventions more unriveted and obstinate than the animal the party claims as mascot.

The two-thirds rule is the mother of Dark Horse, and has made the Democratic Party, at times, the laughing stock of the Republicans.

It has also played an important part in the international destinies of the nation. Had it not been for the two-thirds rule, it is possible that there would have been no war with Mexico, and that our course in the World War would have been different.

The two-thirds rule is chiefly a hang-over from slavery days, when the South insisted on keeping it in order to have a hard-and-fast veto power against any unfriendly Northern candidate.

Actually, however, it was originally introduced for the sole and insignificant purpose of preventing the four delegates from the District of Columbia from controlling the balance of power in the 1832 convention.

The rule did not really start to cause trouble until 1844, when Martin Van Buren, who had succeeded Andrew Jackson for one term, and then lost out in the next election to William Henry Harrison, came up for nomination again.

VAN BUREN had an easy majority, but those pledged to vote for him were really more interested in defeating him. Reason for this was his stand on the annexation of Texas, opposed by Van Buren. Therefore the two-thirds rule, which had been allowed to lapse for eight years after the 1832 convention, was revived. Van Buren's majority melted and eventually James K. Polk of Tennessee, the first dark horse in American politics, was nominated.

Democratic conventions since have seen a series of attempts to get rid of the drag-anchor two-thirds rule—prior to that now made by Senator Bennett Clark—was made by his father, Champ Clark, famous House Speaker.

Clark began as early as 1904, when he was chairman of the St. Louis convention which nominated Alton B. Parker. Immediately after the nomination, a telegram was presented—unlike the one recently received from Gov. Landon—which quoted Parker as saying:

"The gold standard is established by law, and I can not accept the nomination unless that plank is contained in the platform."

The Free Silverites were furious, and Champ Clark and his Missouri delegates immediately saw a way to take advantage of it to oust Parker from the nomination.

SOUTH SHOULD 'WALK,' NOT SMITH—SULLIVAN

(Continued from Page One)

of which the basic principle is centralization of power at Washington. The New Deal's NEA gave to Washington a control, detailed, minute and complete, over every aspect of business and industry. The New Deal's Triple A gave to Washington the power to tell a Georgia farmer how much cotton he might raise, a Virginia farmer how much tobacco, a North Carolina farmer how much potatoes. The New Deal subjected every person in the South to inspection, and punitive action, by officials getting their authority from Washington.

In this convention, also, the South is to be deprived of a safeguard which for a century has given the South ability to protect its principle of states' rights and its other local positions about national affairs. For 104 years an unbroken rule of the Democratic Party has

decreed that a presidential candidate can be named only by two-thirds of a convention. That meant that one-third of a convention could veto a nomination. That meant that the Southern states, acting as a unit in a convention, could prevent the nomination of any presidential candidate deemed by the South to be unworthy to its particular views and interests.

Now what are the particular views and interests that the South has passionately wished to protect? Why has the South always prized states' rights and always insisted on their preservation? Why has the South ever since the Civil War, always voted the Democratic ticket, practically solidly? And why has the South fought jealously to maintain a rule which gave the South power to prevent Democratic presidential nominations. What motive has been behind this long and determined insistence by the South on a point of view peculiar to itself? Much of the point of view peculiar to the South arose from what was once called a "peculiar institution"—a political euphemism for slavery. What the South has wished to insure by states' rights and by the two-thirds rule in Democratic conventions was that the local affairs of the South should be determined by white voters. Ever since the Civil War, the Democratic Party has stood for white domination, for the maintaining of the voting, for the rights of the states to have their own election laws and usages.

The South has always refused to vote the Republican ticket because the South felt that the Republican Party stood for Negro voting and Negro participation in public affairs in proportion to the Negroes' share of the population. This was unthinkable to some whole Southern states and many Southern communities where Negroes outnumbered whites. Such communities relied upon Democratic Party and upon the South's own power within the Democratic Party to protect its voting and office-holding in proportion to the numbers of the race. And this too, this reliance, the

South is about to lose in this convention. In the welter of revolutionary changes taking place, the least-noticed yet one of the most important is the change in the Democratic Party's policy about Negro voting, Negro office-holding and Negro participation in public affairs.

The party, under the leadership of Chairman James A. Farley, Senator Joseph Guffey and other Northern and city leaders, set out two years ago to draw the Negro vote as a mass from the Republican Party to the Democratic. They seem to have succeeded to some degree. There are signs that this year, for the first time since the Negro vote, he may vote in large numbers with the Democratic Party.

HERE in Philadelphia on Sunday, Chairman Farley and Secretary W. Forbes Morgan addressed the National Colored Democratic Association at a meeting to synchronize with the Democratic national convention. Secretary Morgan quoted a Negro Democratic congressman from Chicago as saying that, "Mr. Roosevelt has appointed more Negroes to responsible government positions than the last three Republican Administrations taken together."

In Pennsylvania, the Democratic state administration has under way a conspicuous campaign to get the Negro vote of the state. Their policy is to appoint Negroes to office in proportion to their share of population. The Pennsylvania Legislature passed a law making it a crime for hotel keepers and similar purveyors to decline accommodation to Negroes. Through the North, in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and

other cities campaigns are under way to get the Negro voters and leaders into the Democratic Party. In Congress, the South sees a Negro congressman from Chicago, who is a Democrat, the first case in history. I think. In this convention it is said there are 30 Negro delegates and that never before were any.

About all this as a phenomenon, many things could be said. If the attempt to take the Negro vote from the Republican into the Democratic Party is successful, it will make a difference in the election. Negro voters happen to be especially numerous in certain key cities, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis.

THOSE cities are in large, doubtful states. It might be that migration of all the Negro voters would determine the election in those states and hence in the country. No one can question the right of the Democrats to go after the Negro vote, nor the right of the Negro to vote where he thinks his interest lies.

Nevertheless, concentrated pressure on one race to induce it as a mass to change its political affiliation is a form of class appeal that contains more than ordinary dynamism.

But the particular application to this convention has to do with the South. Here the South sees disappearing practically every reason whether of principle or local interest or prejudice which has hitherto kept the South in the Democratic Party. The South has more acute reasons for outbreak than Gov. Smith and his associates have. To see whether the Southern leaders will do anything, we must wait until later in the week.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

by Lichty



"You got me wrong, lady—I ain't even told you what I'm

Score Dust Film

Scraps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.—Delegates here from Texas' "dust bowl" are incensed at the Agriculture Department for circulating a film by the reclamation administration showing the ravages caused by the plowing up of semi-arid areas.

Eugene Worley, Texas legislator and delegate from Shamrock, is in the midst of a "dust bowl" is here with a resolution condemning the film as misleading.

That section has had plenty of water, he asserts, and is now dotted with lakes, but the film has caused tourists to shun it. The Texas delegation will be asked to demand that the film be withdrawn and another made, showing conditions as they are today.

Next—Do more accidents occur in the bunch than in the court.