

This Clipping From

Wichita Falls (Tex) Banner

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WASHINGTONS

From The

WICHITA:

By
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Maybe the city is waitin' for Nature to improve the appearance of that filthy, stinkin' mess at the end of the Scott street overpass. It may snow next January an' cover the cess pools an' debris for a day or two.

Instead of buildin' some dams on the Wichita river down below the wagon yard, for looks, why not change the channel of the river an' run it through the old American Refinery site an' wash out or submerge some car loads of that junk that'll never rot, an' nobody seems concerned about movin'?

Every time somebody opens a hamburger stand with as much as two windows, almost, the old dailies promote a hunk of congratulatory advertisements an' some bulky write-ups about the new business. Some few months ago a new business enterprise was started, employin' two or three dozen or more people, an' I've never seed a line in the Seventh street papers about it. It happened to be another newspaper.

One old blustery lawyer says "if we can elect Landon we'll change postmasters here in 10 days after he takes office." I believe the senate has to confirm such appointees. That lawyer heard somebody else say that; he votes like somebody else says. Earl Browder, candidate for president on the Communist ticket, had to take literacy examination before he could qualify to vote for himself on November 3. Some lawyers ought to have to take it.

A newspaper article says rats cost \$200,000,000 a year. Maybe the cost of Texas government is cheap after all. The governor said in his campaign last summer that the balance in the school an' highway funds would about offset the deficits in the general an' pension funds, but he missed it more than four million dollars. On October 1st the deficit is right at sixteen million dollars. But the records now disclose that the governor mused a lot of things—but he gained the office, an' that was what he was after.

The governor said the Old Age Pension was his baby; he had nurtured her into a beautiful young thing, federally approved. She was the acme of perfection, to hear the Parade Leader tell it, but now his "baby" has lost her permanent wave, her pants, an' the milk bottle. Allred sinned away his days of grace, paradin' an' beauty crownin' an' his "baby's" cow went dry, she split her pants an' lost her curls. Now, the gov. wants the Highway Department to stake his "baby" for necessities. The baby is eligible for a pension if it was old enough.

The gov. wants to issue hot warrants if the bankers will agree to ice 'em down, an' the bankers say put up a target big enough for their glass eyes to see, an' the legislature ain't even got to

the free conference stage an' the session is about over. The things about to first base an' two out, with rigid ground rules.

The fast-talkin' governor says he ain't goin' to call another session unless the present one ties up the sugar tit for his "baby." Passes the tax bills, in other words. They can't agree by next Thursday.

The people of Texas vote for old age pensions, not a pittance to buy flowers after they've died for the want of necessities. If the legislature changes the thing will Allred take another thousand bucks from his law enforcement fund to give to Claud Wild to put his o. k. on it.

Wonder what the bettin' odds are on which will get here first—winter's snow or the council's curfew law.

When Amon Carter takes his little radio station that he bought from good, loyal Wichita Falls citizens, an' wags it down to Fort Worth, then what's Harvey Harris an' Judge Sartin goin' to do for a place to broadcast when a bond or political issue comes up?

A 21-year-old gal says she's goin' to drive an automobile over 50 sticks of dynamite at the Dallas Centennial Saturday. That's one time when front seats won't be in much demand. Her life insurance policy is worth about as much as an old age pension check will be in December—unless the bankers take pity on the "baby's" papa.

In New York City, at 125 East 41st street there is quartered an "Agricultural Research Advisory Bureau," an' they say in a letter that it's a non-profit organization primarily to bring the benefits of science to modern agriculture, thus serving the interests of the American farmer. Look out! there's a nigger in the wood-pile. That outfit 'll serve the American farmer 'bout like a flock of crows serve a young corn patch. We got A. & M. colleges an' Experiment Stations to "bring the benefits of science" an' they are closer by—they don't have to lug it so far.

How much fees does the governor get; how much has he spent of the state's money since he's been governor. Explain the comptroller's report an' tell us how much fees the attorney general gets, an' then we can vote more intelligently on that salary raisin' amendment.

An' if the legislature can't find anything to tax to pay old age pensions, who's it goin' to tax to get money to pay school teachers pensions if Amendment No. 2 carries?

Everybody wants a pension but the bootblacks; maybe they all hope to be governors.

WASHER.