
Honorable James A. Farley

Editorials from Various Newspapers

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Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD I include the following article from the Nevada State Journal of September 5, 1943:

VALUES IN THE ROUGH

(By Brewster Adams)

JIM FARLEY

One of the pleasant and profitable gains of the summer are the acquaintances you make.

Folks are friendly in the mountains and after wintering with the Rotarians it is refreshing to meet with those who don't try to sing.

Even the Democrats are democratic and some of the scattered Republicans come out of the woods to greet you. Of course, there are a few other nuts left which the squirrels haven't got, but all-in-all there are good people in the hills.

Appearances fool you. A fellow comes along with pants as baggy as the editor's, and to your surprise he really is somebody. You realize that even these dudes may be human at home, although with a blotch of cream on their noses they do remind you of the old clown in the circus.

Often the loudest are the least and the homeliest are the highest. Nature calls for naturalness and the most important are usually the least imposing.

That was my opinion in meeting Jim Farley. Always I have had a reluctant admiration for his kind. One who does the work and shares few honors when the job is done. A plugger, he, and a plodder and a patient performer. We Republicans haven't much left which we can admire, but I learned a great admiration for Jim Farley.

He is one of those who carries the load and brings his party into pleasant places and then

usually is turned out to make his own. When the sugar is passed around he gets a kick and not a pat. Faithful is his name and loyal is his nature.

It was typical and pretty to see the friends that Jim Farley drew. Perhaps that is his great gift. The children clamored for him and climbed all over him while the men showed him much respect.

They say he never forgets a friend but also has a great, if dangerous, memory for any who may impose upon him. There was a suspicion that he was holding a stored resentment for one party whom he had packed into camp and who left him in the short grass.

Anyway, I would rather have him for a friend, rather have him carrying the load for me, than to have even an uncertainty as to his good intentions.

No disrespect, but always I have heard that Jim Farley has long ears—that nothing went on or off that he did not hear and store in his amazing memory—so sagacity he shows which is almost more than human.

So it is my pleasure to recall and to relate some of my impressions in meeting with this interesting character—rightly named, I doubt if there is any better pack mule following the trails through the high Sierras.

(Any resemblance or correspondence to any living character is purely intentional.)

(Printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of
September 21, 1943)

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include the following editorial from the Arizona Daily Star of Friday, July 23, 1943:

JIM FARLEY COMES TO TOWN

Jim Farley came to Tucson this week to spend 2 full days. As usual he lived up

to his unusual reputation. He proved himself to be the genuine Jim Farley who could connect names and faces not merely in one or two instances but in many instances. He had only kind words to say about everybody from the President on down. He was full of good stories. He had little to say about politics. Politics, he said, should be adjourned until after the November elections and all effort concentrated on winning the war.

Jim Farley probably knows more people than any other man alive. But this knack of his in knowing so many people appeared here in Tucson in its most impressive light. He knows so many people, because he likes people. He seems to revel in talking to bootblacks, mayors, politicians, labor leaders, bankers, and farmers. Anyone who watches him talking with all of these different people can see that Jim does it because he enjoys it. He likes his fellow men.

In these days when hospitality seems to require offering a drink or talking public affairs with plenty of set-ups around, Jim Farley's example is a rare one. He does not drink and does not smoke, neither does he offer to buy a drink or take for granted that he must serve drinks or smokes to fellow politicians. Yet he makes things so interesting for those who talk to him that nothing in the way of liquid refreshments is missed.

Jim Farley is one of the remarkable men of our country. Despite the fact that he has been mixed up in New York and then national politics ever since he was a youngster, he has kept his name not merely clean but respected. Despite the fact that he is a constant doer, he has that unusual knack of not offending despite his fluent conversation. He can say "No" with more skill than probably any other man.

During Mr. Farley's 7½ years as Postmaster General the Post Office Department saw more

556234—3600

improvements than in many previous years. Despite the fact that he was a practical politician, who did not deny the need of patronage as a means of maintaining a political organization, more was done to take postmasterships out of politics than ever before.

Much could be written about Mr. Farley's skill in organizing the first two campaigns for President Roosevelt, about the way he willingly took raps to help the President, about his loyalty to the President, about the way he finally broke with the President because he did not believe in any President serving more than two terms. His record shows him to be a man of character.

But all of this political record pales into insignificance in comparison to Mr. Farley's long persistence and apparent delight in knowing his fellow human beings. During his brief visit in Tucson he showed that, while today he is doing the same thing in California. A year from now he will still be doing it regardless of what turn the wheel of fortune takes.

(Printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of
September 21, 1943)

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I am including the following article from the Minneapolis Morning Tribune of Tuesday, August 10, 1943:

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

(By William J. McNally)

IMPRESSIONS OF JIM FARLEY

A large, bald, amiable man with quick, penetrating eyes, stood behind his chair for an hour or so last Saturday while a group of Twin City newspapermen tossed questions at him as rapidly as they could think them up. The occasion was a luncheon given by Tom

Moore for a former cabinet officer who happened to be passing through town. And anybody who knew newspapermen could see that the attention they were according the guest of honor was in no sense perfunctory—for once they were having a thoroughly good time. There was something about the speaker that got them.

The man was Jim Farley, who is said to have more friends than any living American. No one in the room would think of doubting it. He had made a friend of every newspaperman present before he had talked 15 minutes * * * and most of them had never seen him before. Farley has engaging qualities of a sort which win sympathy for him universally and yet which are rather difficult to describe for all that.

What you meet up with in Jim Farley is a very extraordinary ordinary man. Everything about him seems ordinary. His vocabulary is ordinary, his dress is ordinary, his humility is ordinary. There is no touch of the actor in him. He likes to chat about prize fights and ball games, and apparently there hasn't been a world's championship prize fight or a world's series game in the last 30 years that he hasn't seen. He lacks any pose of the elder statesman, and lays claim to no special information. He is not even a hail-fellow-well-met. People call him "Jim" on very short acquaintance, but he is reticent about replying in kind. While he has poise, and talks up readily when questions are put to him, he is anything but forward, and you feel, if anything, a certain shyness in him. He neither smokes nor drinks, and the sense of personal dignity that he conveys is unostentatious, yet nonetheless unmistakable.

The ordinary things about Jim Farley are discernible at a glance; the extraordinary things seep into you in more leisurely fashion. In spite of his associations as political manager, he is curiously free from partisanship,

556234—3800

from prejudice, or from rancors of any kind. He weighs his words carefully; he will not tolerate any indiscriminate condemnation even of an enemy; it is instinctive with him to be just. The whole bent of his mind is objective. Naturalness, directness, and simplicity are qualities which public men tend to lose as soon as they become institutions. With Farley naturalness, directness, and simplicity are so much a part of him that he wouldn't be able to lose them even if he wanted to; not, of course, that he would. The impact on you of such naturalness, directness, and simplicity as he possesses is to leave you a little startled. You feel like pinching yourself again and again to make sure that you are hearing him aright. It then dawns on you that Farley has made a tremendous political success mainly because, from beginning to end, he has remained an unpolitical animal. He is not a politician, in the commonly accepted sense of the word, at all. He is a man of principle. No matter how long he may have lived in the hurly-burly of politics, he has never lost his integrity as a human being. That is the secret of the incredible hold he has on individuals in every one of the 48 States of the Union. If it's true that they will go to hell for him, it's not because he's a mere good fellow, good fellows, after all, are a dime a dozen in any ward in any town that you can name, but that instinctively they size him up for a modest man, a good man, and a big man. It's respect for rare and unusual qualities that has won Jim Farley his legions of friends—that and nothing else. Farley's ordinariness is just one of the great myths of our age. What seems to be ordinariness is merely a cloak draped around a man of uncommon ability and uncommon fineness of character.

(Printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of
September 27, 1943)

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include an article from the Minneapolis Morning Tribune of Saturday, August 14, 1943:

FARLEY VISIT RECALLS SECRET TRIP OF 1931

(By Charles B. Cheney)

One summer day 12 years ago, a stranger from the East dropped in to spend a few hours in the Twin Cities. He sought no publicity—avoided it, in fact, so well that it was not generally known he had been here until a long time afterward. That visit started the ball rolling for Franklin D. Roosevelt in Minnesota.

The caller was James A. Farley, then, as now, chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee. He was on a scouting trip to line up delegates for Roosevelt in 1932. Here he met, at a luncheon arranged by Joseph Wolf and given by Otto Bremer, of St. Paul, a dozen keymen of Minnesota Democracy. He sold them Roosevelt, and from that meeting stemmed the preconvention campaign that gave F. D. R. the 22 delegates from Minnesota in the national convention.

This was one of the first States to declare for Roosevelt. But for the 22 from Minnesota and the other western delegates lined up by Mr. Farley the year before, it is unlikely that Roosevelt would have won that 1932 nomination.

Jim Farley sold himself as well as Roosevelt, as he went from State to State. He was self-effacing to the point of sacrifice, but his fine personality and upstanding honesty, so well eulogized on this page the other day by William McNally, made warm friends for Farley everywhere.

He is still making them, as he did when in Minneapolis last Saturday. He was honored guest then at a luncheon given for newspaper men by his friend and business associate, Tom

556234—3800

Moore. This time it was not a political pow-wow. Much water has run over the dam since 1931.

After piloting the Roosevelt craft through two national campaigns, Farley felt that two terms were enough for anybody. With assurance that his chief would not be a candidate again, Mr. Farley aspired for the 1940 nomination himself. We all know what happened. The third-term nomination came with Farley in the role of the defeated candidate. He quit the Cabinet and the national chairmanship to recoup his private fortunes in business.

Damon Runyon said the other day that Jim Farley was one of the few men who never told him an untruth. Such is Farley's reputation throughout the country, comments the Redwood Falls Gazette. "It could just possibly be that the very things that made that reputation for Jim, also made it difficult for him to continue his connections with the Roosevelt administration."

(Printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of
September 27, 1943)

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD I include the following article which was published in the September issue of the Spectator—Life Insurance in Action:

James A. Farley

Jim Farley's life is that of a boy and of a man born with a cheerful, fun-loving disposition, who derives his greater pleasure from intimate association with his fellows. He coupled this appreciative interest in the affairs of his friends with an ability to make their circle an ever-widening one to be bound, ultimately, in a countless group reaching the four corners of the earth. A natural charm with sincere modesty enables him to win and keep the affection of men

from every walk of life. His biography, beginning at his birth at Grassy Point on May 30, 1888, evidences unending development along broad lines.

His public life began as a servant of his town and step by step brought him through county, State, and national offices. Socially, his gregarious nature makes him a typical American joiner and he is now a member of scores of organizations. His business acumen has led him into the directorship of many important business organizations. His grasp of public, social, and economic affairs more closely approximates that of the average American than that of any other man in public life. His honesty of approach to the solution of the problems they present has been recognized widely and nine universities have conferred upon him honorary degrees in token of their esteem.

In public life, of all men, James A. Farley, from a small town in Rockland County, N. Y., may be described as a practical idealist. There are many idealists in politics, who grandly plan and many practical politicians who ignore social inspiration, but no other man has succeeded as has Jim Farley in making dreams come true, mostly for others.

His simple, direct appraisal of life would mark him unquestionably as one who would recognize that a prime duty to his family was to guard the future as far as humanly pos-

556234—3800

sible against sadness and want. There is no surprise then that he should state that he "would always secure for them as much life insurance as my financial position would permit."

James A. Farley, a biographer might write, in his youth determined upon a code of personal ethics to govern his relations with his fellow man. To this code he rigidly adhered, the while he himself climbed the long hard trail which led from small town obscurity to the light that beats on a national character. Years of success, years of intellectual growth, years of an ever-broadening vista, have not altered by a hair's breadth his attitude toward the men and women who once gave him their confidence and their friendship. His plan of life permits of no compromise in his dealings because of wealth or influence.

He has not changed his smile to please the classes. He has not slackened the vigor of his handshake with the masses. Jim Farley has maintained his high idealism throughout his entire life and although he does not now hold public office, he is available still for counsel and service in behalf of an almost endless chain of charitable, philanthropic and patriotic causes. His genius in organization and his unwavering willingness to contribute his best for his fellow man make his leadership in constant demand.

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