

In Capital Lobby

Will's Working on Percentage Basis With Huey in Dividing Wealth, but Thinks Taxes Will Beat 'Em.

BY WILL ROGERS.

WELL, ALL I KNOW IS JUST WHAT I read in the papers, or what I see as I prowl, and Brother the last week or so I prowled. I like to tell of old friends that I run onto. Of course Washington, D. C. is my alley when it comes to running into men I have known and admired for years. Now take Ex Senator Jim Reed of Missouri. Will this generation record a more dynamic, fearless and more colorful career? No, no! Well I had a fine visit at their hotel rooms with he and his charming young wife. They live in Kansas City and she has a very big ladies dress goods factory, not factory dresses as we know em, but real designs by Paris architects, which just happened to be made in her (not factory) overgrown shop. Jim Reed come as near being President as any man in America that didnt, and he would have made a good one. A little too outspoken, perhaps, for mass voting strength, but sound in principal, and he goes into his maturing years with a great satisfaction. I would rather tell em what I think and retire with satisfaction, than be President and be hampered. He told me many things of todays carryings on, that I will think mighty hard over. Its good to meet a man who sees farther than the bend of the road.

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ON A HIGH LOPE THROUGH DALLAS—

Amon G. Carter, Fort Worth lobbyist, of course he was here. Fort Worth had just been left off the Army air mail, and he was making arrangements to run it in by Pony Express from Washington via Fort Worth to the West Coast. He was of course making all the arrangements that Fort Worth would be the main stable where they harbored the horses. The riders were to come through Dallas in a high lope and not stop. Going to use the landing field there for a corral. With those horses back in Fort Worth, it will regain much of its lost glory, like it was before some durn yahoo started bringing Fords into town.

Sam Fordyce, a country lawyer from St. Louis, Mo., was another old acquaintance that pitched forward out of the Mayflower elevator door as it was opened. I once made a tour of the great King-Kleberg Ranch of South Texas with Senor Fordyce in a private railroad car that he had momentarily purloined from a client to attend the Houston Democratic Clinic in. Sam had no brief case with him in Washington, so he was evidently doing his lobbying from memory. He was being assisted physically by a man by the name of Jackson, an old friend and accomplice.

Chip Robert, assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is the only athlete to ever be trusted with such a larder full of gold. Chip comes from Atlanta, and was loaned to the cause by Major Cohen, one of the original signers of the newspaper code. Major Cohen at one time in his life voluntarily promised a dying Senator that he would go in and serve out the remainder of his stretch in order to return citizenship to the mans family. The Major not only promised, but he did it, and to this day they are still delousing him.

A very charming lady on an Irish Hunter named—Dusty Foot—come charging over the political barriers, and was the cynosure (that word may be spelled wrong but its meant well) of all eyes. I recognized her as a Lady from the polo fields who had galloped into Washington between chuckers to lend succor to another Long Island constituent who was temporarily incarcerated in the NRA calaboose. The first lady in person was "Lizzie" Whitney who had come in from her silver fox farms (they wont chase a fox unless its on a gold or silver standard). The farm is in the smoked ham State of Virginia, sah. Elizabeth knows horses, but she couldnt make head or tails of these politicians.

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CAN HE ASK EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS?—

Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, the second lady referred to in the above codicil, who also knows a bog spavin along with her caviar, was trying to tell Lizzie Jock Whitney that a lady must stand when a Cabinet Member enters the room, but to hide when a Senator enters, and give another name. Both ladies are giving of their time and talents to the NRA and their offices are far enough away in the giant Commerce Building so they cant hear General Hugh Johnson when he "Cracks down" on a bunch of millionaires when they are getting their code.

All these, as I say, were just people met in the Lobby, along, too, with Mr. Pecora, the little Italian lawyer that has asked more embarrassing questions of millionaires than any man living. Men love to get rich, but this little Pecora has made it so discouraging to em trying to tell how they got rich, that he has really discouraged em, that is, unless they did it honestly and thats such a task nowadays that its not worth the effort.

I have known him a long time, and always attend his shows, for he invariably has a great cast. The last time I attended one of his performances he had J. P. Morgan and a midget in the cast. This time he had a half-billion-dollar cast. Huey Long is no longer in the Lobby of the Hotel, he has been segregated out to edge of the city limits, but he found me and pinned a button on me, called "Every man a king," and it said everybody was to divide their wealth. I am working with him on a percentage. Up to now nobody has divided, but we will get em. In fact, I think the taxes will get em before Huey and I do.