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Editors.

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BELLEFONTE, PA., - - - - - - - MAY 27, 1932

ROOSEVELT'S CHANCES LOOK GOOD, BUT

The National Convention of our party at which the next President of the United States will probably be nominated is just about six weeks off.

When the delegates assemble in Chicago to build a platform and select a standard bearer the slightest mistake might start a ground swell that by November could grow into an avalanche that would overwhelm the party.

While Franklin D. Roosevelt will have approximately 650 votes on the first ballot he will have to have 120 more to insure him the necessary majority of two-thirds of the convention. Only twice in the history of the party has a candidate who has gone into the convention with a majority failed of nomination. In 1884 Martin Van Buren had a majority on the first ballot, but James K. Polk was nominated. At Baltimore, in 1912, Champ Clark was given a majority on the tenth ballot, but then the late William Jennings Bryan injected his personality into the contest and Clark's support deserted him to make Woodrow Wilson the choice.

With only two such instances of record it would seem that Gov. Roosevelt's chances of nomination are exceedingly good. And so they are, except for unseen elements, invisible now, that might reveal themselves at Chicago. Most serious of these, so far as Roosevelt's success is concerned, is the final attitude of his predecessor in office, former Governor Alfred E. Smith.

No one regards Mr. Smith as a serious contender for the honor. Few believe the rumor lately set afloat to the effect that he will run independently in the event of Roosevelt's nomination. He is the titular head of our party and his strength in certain sections cannot be discounted by such Roosevelt leaders as would try to have the country believe that he has discredited himself by the stand he has taken with regard to his former political comrade in arms. No matter what one's personal feeling may be Smith's strength in the Chicago convention, if it becomes definitely antagonistic, is going to be a very hard hurdle for Roosevelt to take.

Then there is the Prohibition question. Contention as to whether the party will go dripping or mildly wet, merely favor a referendum or attempt to straddle the issue is sure to present complications that will weigh heavily in the balance for or against Roosevelt's chance of winning the 120 delegates that will be necessary to give him the nomination.

He is credited with being in favor of modification of the Volstead act, but in none of his recent speeches has he said anything that would indicate what his real attitude on the question is. Doubtless it is a very annoying matter to him, for he must realize that while he might be nominated because of his preponderance of strength in the dry States of the South and West he can't be elected without the electoral vote of the wet eastern and middle western States.

The complexity of the problem is best revealed by what happened in Pennsylvania last Thursday. His advocates in this State stole the party organization by subterfuge. They exploited his personal popularity to put themselves in control of the party, then declared for a dripping wet platform. While few think Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, might be given the electoral vote of Pennsylvania those who do must admit that the action of the State Committee, last Thursday, added to his difficulties. For how are his delegates from Pennsylvania who have committed themselves to knocking the Volstead Act into a cocked hat going to work in harmony with a dry South when it comes to "rushing" for the necessary 120.

Roosevelt would make a great President. His chances of nomination are excellent, but he has some high hurdles to take.

BALANCING THE BUDGET

There is so much talk about balancing the federal budget that many think that Congress would serve the country best if it would merely pass tax bills sufficient to meet the governments bills for 1933 and 1934 and go home.

Since we have more laws now than we need that would seem like the right course to pursue, but it can't be done for these reasons:

First, every member of Congress knows that he will never sit in that body again if he permits any tax bill to get through that doesn't favor the constituency that elected him.

Second, the government is now spending five million dollars a day more than it is receiving from taxes, imposts and other sources. As its income is progressively dwindling no one can tell how much it might be in the red, daily, in 1933 and 1934. There is only one possible way to meet such a probable shrinkage of income and that is by paring the cost of government to the bone.

Congress, being just as much afraid of the vast army of federal office holders as it is of the fellows back home who want everybody but themselves to be soaked, has a more serious problem on its hands than the public understands.

Like Micawber, it is hoping that something will turn up. Because it knows if it passes such a fair tax bill as would have to be passed to balance the budget and goes back home, it is likely to stay there.

After all balancing the budget is a problem for a Republican President and a Republican Senate. The new Democratic Congress had nothing to do with contracting the bills that there is so much trouble in finding money to pay for.

——The wets in Congress finally succeeded in forcing a showdown as to where each Member stands on the matter of modifying the Volstead Act so as to permit the brewing of beer of alcoholic content of at least 2.75 per cent. The measure was lost by a vote of 228 to 169. It was not expected that it would carry; the objective being merely to definitely ascertain the attitude of the Congressmen so that there can be no straddling by those who will be up for reelection in the fall. It is apparent that the dry strength in Congress is dwindling rapidly. In Monday's test a change of thirty votes would have carried the day for the wets. Our one Member, the Hon. J. Banks Kurtz, voted against the measure, while the Hon. J. Mitchell Chase is not recorded as having voted at all.

——Shades of 1917 and 1918 rise to rebuke the extravagances of our government since 1922. When the boys were sleeping in the same trenches with rats and cooties to make our country a safer place to live in they certainly had no idea that their sacrifices were being made so that seventeen million dollar palaces might be built in which to house armies of departmental clerks.

Talks With The Editor

This column is to be an open forum. Everybody is invited to make use of it to express whatever opinion they may have on any subject. Nothing libelous will be published, though we will give the public the widest latitude in invective when the subject is this paper or its editor. Contributions will be signed or initialed, as the contributor may desire.—ED.

His Conscience Need Not Smite Him

Berwick, Pa., 5-9-32

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find my check for $1.50 for the good old Watchman.

I must have it and hereafter am going to read my own paper, because this will pay for it in advance.

Thanks for your kindness in sending it to me when I am in arrears.

Yours Respectfully
W. C. KREAMER

Since "Cook's" delinquency ran back only to April 1 his idea of being "in arrears" would bring a smile to the face of the editor of the average country newspaper. Always there are some who are as many years back as he was in weeks, but we suppose he thinks we're haranguing at him when we occasionally beseech them to pay up. Its funny how differently people react. In church, when the minister starts pounding the pulpit and declaring that his congregation is threatened with the sleeping sickness and failing to shell out enough for the support of missions and the local budget we always get uncomfortable and wonder whether he might mean us. Be it said in our own defense the shoe rarely fits, but we're eternally trying to put it on. And a feeling akin to that probably accounts for Mr. Kreamer's apology for being in arrears a paltry six weeks—Editor's Note.

No Wonder The Gentleman Has "Gone Broke"

Writing for the New York Times of last Sunday, Mr. Lowry W. Cooper, of New York City, gives the following cogent reasons for the hopeless condition of his finances. Since they apply to all of us with the same striking force we publish them for consideration of readers of the Watchman.

Some correspondent has sent me the following which I pass along to you:

"I wish to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to send you a check in response to your request.

"My present financial condition is due to the Federal laws, State laws, county laws, corporation laws, by-laws, brothers-in-law, mothers-in-law and outlaws that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through the various laws I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am or why I am.

"These laws compel me to pay a merchant tax, capital tax, excise tax, income tax, real estate tax, school tax, syntax, carpet tax, auto tax, gas tax, light tax, cigar tax and street tax.

"In addition I am required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can organize, also to every hospital and charitable institution in town.

"The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, inspected, prospected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, investigated, required and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire and hope of the human race. And because I refuse to donate to all, and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed, until I am nearly ruined, so that the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what is coming next."

"Of course, I accept no responsibility for the foregoing, although it does state the taxpayers point of view much more appealingly than do most of the "friends of the people" whose statements relative to taxation occupy so much space."

JOE BROWN HIT AT CATHAUM MONDAY

Featuring the holiday program at the Cathaum theatre, State College, on Monday (Memorial day) will be the inimitable Joe E. Brown in his latest comedy riot, "The Tenderfoot." Matinee showings will be at 1:30 and 3:00 and the evening shows will start at 6:00, 7:30 and 9:00. The picture will also be shown at the Nittany theatre on Tuesday evening.

"The Tenderfoot" is a hilarious tale of a "rang-tang tarantula from Texas" who heads for Broadway to make the "Roaring Forties" howl. And how! They have to call out a riot squad, the fire department, and the militia, but they can't stop the fun! He plunges all his dough on a Broadway cutie, just to hear her call him "angel;" and when those New York gals are through with him, he thinks he's been to the dry cleaner! Ginger Rogers and Lew Cody head the supporting cast.

——The Department of Labor and Industry, at Harrisburg, reports that the number of unemployed in Centre county during the month of March was 4048.

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Items taken from the Watchman issue of June 2, 1882.

—The Zion drum corps will please accept our thanks for the honor of the serenade that organization recently gave the Watchman office.

—What would Bellefonte do if it were not for the Pleasant Gap Silver Cornet Band, a musical organization that has no superior in this portion of the State.

—Jerome Yohey, who works at Duncan Hale & Co's mill, had two of his fingers caught in a set of cogs, on Monday, and one was torn entirely off, the other badly mashed.

—A new postoffice called Guyer has been established in Centre county, with Charles W. Keith as post master.

—Mr. Ed. Wood, farmer, school teacher and Democratic leader in Spring township, was married on Tuesday evening last to Miss Sallie Garber at the home of the bride's parents near town. By and by we expect to see a good many chips from this wood.

—"We understand that "Christy" Nolan, of this place, got into a fight with a fellow in Philipsburg, one night last week, and that the fellow bit "Christy's" nose off, clear up to the bone.

—Miss Martha Hunter, sister of B. F. Hunter Esq., of Benner township, is seriously ill. On Thursday last her sister Bell, who is the wife of Joseph Roller, and lives in Shelbyville, Illinois, left that place to hurry to the bedside of her stricken sister. At 10:30 the next night she was at the Hunter home near Filmore. Before the time of railroads Illinois was a far distant country and it was an undertaking of great magnitude to undertake to reach it at all. Think of it now—less than twenty-four hours away from Bellefonte.—(Little did the writer of the foregoing item think that just fifty years later a successor on the Watchman would be commenting on his presentment of speed in travel by saying that Bellefonte is now just about six hours away from Shelbyville—by air—Editor's Note.)

—While in town shopping last Friday Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Neidigh, of College township, had an experience they will never forget. With them was their six year old son. All were in Joseph Bros. store when Mrs. Neidigh went upstairs to look at some carpets and her husband went to the basement to see some seed stored there. Suddenly missing his parents the little boy thought they had left the store and wandered out onto the street to find them. Later the parents returned to the main floor and finding their child gone became very much alarmed. When a hurried search on Allegheny street revealed no trace of him a general alarm was sounded and the whole town joined in the effort to locate the child. The day wore away without fruit, Mrs. Neidigh was frantic and her husband decided to start home with the hope that he might find his boy on the way or actually there, but when he reached the farm no one had seen or heard of him. Then the frantic father drove across "the barrens," to the Buffalo Run road, to return to Bellefonte by that route. When about seven miles from here he spied the lad coming towards him in the road. It was then nearly dark and Mr. Neidigh drove at breakneck speed to return their son to the arms of a mother who was so happy that she cried for joy. The boy said that when he missed his parents he thought they had forgotten him and "gone to visit grandfather" who lived on the Buffalo Run road and so he headed for there at once.

—Memorial day was impressively observed in Bellefonte. The parade was under the marshalship of Capt. Amos Mullen and Dr. Geo. F. Harris. It was made up as follows: Pleasant Gap band, Zion drum corps, Co. B., N. G. P., two lodges American Mechanics, one from Altoona, Logan Fire Co., Undine Fire Co., Boy's Branch Y. M. C. A. The Hon. John B. Linn delivered the address.

PATIENTS TREATED AT COUNTY HOSPITAL

Grove Mills, a surgical patient, was discharged on Saturday after receiving treatment for three days.

Miss Verna Flick, of Fleming, a medical patient, was discharged last Wednesday.

Mrs. Juanita Miller, of Pleasant Gap, was discharged last Wednesday after receiving surgical treatment.

Mrs. Guy Brooks and infant daughter, of Centre Hall, were discharged Thursday.

Miss Edith Davidson, of Tyrone, after receiving surgical treatment, was discharged Thursday.

Mrs. Margaret Holmes, of Bellefonte, a medical patient, was discharged Thursday.

Master William Woomer, son of Mrs. Hattie Woomer, of Axe Mann, was admitted Friday for surgical treatment and was discharged the following day.

John Morgan, of State College, became a medical patient last Thursday.

William Gunsallus, of Bellefonte, was discharged Friday after undergoing surgical treatment.

Mrs. Sarah Everts returned to her home in Pine Grove Mills, on Friday, after undergoing surgical treatment.

Miss Virginia Beatty, of Bellefonte, who had been a surgical patient, was discharged Friday.

Mrs. Gilbert Sauers, of College township, returned home Saturday. She had been a surgical patient.

Mrs. Benjamin Heeman, of Pleasant Gap, was discharged Saturday after undergoing surgical treatment.

There were 34 patients in the hospital at the beginning of the week.

A HODGE-PODGE OF NEWSY INCIDENTS.

The world is made up of two classes of individuals—pessimists and optimists—and it takes a financial depression like the one we are now experiencing to line them all up in their proper rank, and we've come to the conclusion that the great majority, at heart, are pessimists. We can all smile and be merry during times of prosperity and when everything is bright and rose-colored within the narrow circle of our everyday life, but how many of us can be cheerful and happy under adverse conditions? We never stop to think that no matter how dreary the outlook it might be a great deal worse. Since there are thousands of people in the world who are drinking far deeper of the dregs of depression than we are, why be a pessimist? Why worry over things we cannot help when being a little more optimistic and a little more energetic, we might, at least, crack the depression so far as we are concrned. We didn't start out to preach a sermon and we don't intend to continue exhorting along this line We simply wrote this as a proper heading for the following epigram handed us a few days ago by a friend:

WHY WORRY?

"I often wonder why folks worry. Why worry? There are only two reasons for worry. Either you are successful or you are unsuccessful. If you are successful there is nothing to worry about, and if you are not successful there are only two things to worry about—your health is either good or you are sick. If your health is good there is nothing to worry about, and if you are sick there are only two things to worry about—you are either going to get well or you are going to die. If you are going to get well there is nothing to worry about, and if you are going to die there are only two things to worry about—you are either going to heaven or you are not. If you are going to heaven there is nothing to worry about, and if you are not going to heaven you'll be so d——n busy shaking hands with a lot of old friends in the other place you won't have time to worry about anything."

So don't worry. Be an optimist. Keep plugging away and don't be put down and out by this or any other depression.

It is a well known fact that the genus hobo, in his travels through the country, will place a mark on the gate post at every house he passes which can be read with ease by the man who follows in his footsteps. It is only a cabalistic sign but it tells him whether there is a cross dog at the house or no dog at all; whether a hand-out can be had or whether it is not worth the trying, but we had a little experience, Saturday morning, that still has us guessing. Standing at the window of the Watchman office we saw a man coming down the opposite side of the street. We noticed him first as he crossed Spring street and at that distance we took him to be a well known banker in town. It was only a little after seven o'clock, and comparatively few people on the street, and naturally our attention was attracted to him. He never stopped anywhere. Came down the street to the Potter-Hoy hardware store then made a bee-line for this office. Without hesitation he opened the door, came in and asked for money to get something to eat. Having no small change in our pockets we were obliged to refuse a hand-out and the man left and started up the south side of High street. We watched him and he never stopped anywhere else to ask for money and finally passed out of sight around the corner at Beezer's butcher shop. Now what we would like to know is why that man walked all the way down to the Watchman office to ask for money to get something to eat, then walked the entire way up town without tackling anybody else. So far as we can see there are no cabalistic signs near the front door to this office, and if there are, how could he discern them two or three blocks away?

There is a man living down Nittany valley who dotes on his ability as a gardener, and he has reason to, as he is generally quite successful. Two weeks or so ago he drove some ten miles or more to get tomato plants and along the way purchased some acid phosphate. When he got home he planted the tomatoes and, after digging the holes he put in a handful of phosphate then the plant. Then he learned something about phosphate that he never knew before, as the phosphate killed all the plants but one and the cut worm's finished that one.

Out in Illinois lives a woman who is advocating a $500 federal marriage license fee as one way of helping out the national treasury. Of course she's married—got her man and wouldn't have to pay the price. Of course such a fee would put an end to many marriages, the boys couldn't and the girls wouldn't pay such a price for the best man living, but wouldn't it be a boost for the free love doctrinaires.

——During last month bounties were allowed on one wildcat, twelve gray foxes and thirty-four weasles, all killed in Centre county.

WOMAN FLIES ATLANTIC, ALONE, IN RECORD TIME

Amelia Earhart Putnam took off from Harbor Grace, New Foundland, last Friday afternoon, at 4:51, standard time, for a solo flight to Paris. Flying on the fifth anniversary of the successful conclusion of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's New York-to-Paris hop, she put her name just under his on the roll of trans-Atlantic honors, for Colonel Lindbergh is the only other person in the world who has made a solo trans-Atlantic flight.

It was 1:45 P. M. (8:45 A. M. Philadelphia time) when her almost fuelless ship came to rest in Mr. Gallagher's field, near Londonderry, in the North of Ireland. She bounded out of it and ran to the farmhouse, where she found a very surprised Irishman.

Mr. Gallagher offered her tea, but she was in too much of a hurry to take it. So he motored her to Londonderry, five miles away, and there she put in a trans-Atlantic call.

"I did it," she exultantly told her husband, publisher, who was waiting anxiously in New York for news of her.

Mrs. Putnam made approximately 2000 miles in 14 hours and 54 minutes, giving her the best time record of any of the trans-Atlantic fliers.

She was headed for Paris when she took off from Harbor Grace, but she encountered too much trouble to make it possible to go on any farther—almost too much to get to Ireland.

"About four hours after leaving Newfoundland," she said, "I noticed flames from the exhaust, and became very uneasy. But it would have taken four hours to get back and I thought it safer to go ahead."

Because of the storm conditions that developed four hours after her take-off she was compelled to fly most of the remaining distance at a very low altitude, in fact, as she said "almost on top of the water."

She was he first woman to fly by plane across the Atlantic.

She is the first woman to make a solo flight across the Atlantic.

The first person, man or woman, to make two plane flights across the ocean.

Also, she apparently set a trans-Atlantic time record when she brought her plane down in a field in Ireland Saturday. She made the crossing in 14 hours 54 minutes.

Although time comparisons with other flights are not exactly fair because of different hopping-off and landing places, the previous best time was 16 hours 17 minutes, made by Post and Gatty.

THE LOG OF HER FLIGHT

THURSDAY, MAY 19

2:16 P. M.—Left Teterboro Airport, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.
5:46 P. M.—Landed at St. John, New Brunswick.
Distance—515 miles.
Flying time—3 hours 30 minutes.

FRIDAY, MAY 20

7:02 A. M.—Left St. John, New Brunswick.
11:31 A. M.—Landed at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.
Distance—615 miles.
Flying time—4 hours 29 minutes.
4:51 P. M.—Left Harbor Grace.

SATURDAY, MAY 21

7:45 A. M.—Landed at Culmore, Northern reland.
Distance—2026.5 miles.
Flying time—14 hours 54 minutes.
Total flying distance. Teterboro to Culmore—4156.5 miles.
Total flying time—22 hours 53 minutes.
Total elapsed time—41 hours 29 minutes.
Average flying speed, Harbor Grace to Culmore—203 miles per hour.
Average flying speed, Teterboro to Culmore—181 miles per hour.

HER PLANE AND LINDBERGH'S

The principal specifications of the plane in which Colonel Lindbergh flew to Paris five years ago and the one Amelia Earhart-Putnam landed in an Irish field are given by the Aero Digest as:

	Lindbergh	Earhart
Wing span	46 feet	41 feet
Wing Area	319 sq. ft.	275 sq. ft
Length	28 feet	27½ ft.
Engine	200 h. p.	420 h. p.

——Miss Nellie Markle, of State College, won the recent milking contest, in which the co-eds of the Collgee competed, which was a feature of the Penn State dairy exposition recently held. Three Centre county girl members of the graduating class received honors at the hands of their fellow students. They are M. Lydia Haller, who was chosen "slipper girl;" H. Louise Marquardt, "mirror girl," and Elizabeth Everett, "class donor." All three of the young women are residents of State College.

AT LAST! A GOOD WORD FOR ENGLISH SPARROW

The much-maligned English sparrow has at last had its day in court, with a friendly judge and jury. Says the magazine, Bird-Lore, official publication of the National Association of Audubon Societies:

"According to Dr. Thomas E. Winecoff, in charge of research for the Pennsylvania game commission, this generally unpopular bird has been found to be one of the few which are destroyers of the obnoxious Japanese beetle. Investigation of field men in the southeastern part of the State have shown that, in addition to the English sparrow, the ring-necked pheasant, the purple grackle, the starling, and robin all eat this greatly destructive beetle."

—We will do your job work right