Farley, Federal Fall Guy.

By John Boettiger.

Chicago Sunday Tribune
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Washington, D.C.-

A new temple in the forum of the New Deal rises expensively in Pennsylvania Avenue, and within its stone walls are encrusted a master's quarters which set to shame the headquarters of the other masters of Washington's bureaucracy.

It is not thst the other masters have simple and democratic offices, but that this new one is grand beyond compare.

The reception room wherein American subjects will wait before entering the master's presence is a massive hall of carved walnut panels and beams and parqueted floors. Great windows look out upon parapets which hide the commonalty on the streets below. Beyond the great hell is a smaller one, in which the secretaries and flunkies of the master will sit in protective array, and past that barrier is the inner sanctum. This room also is carved in rich walnut. At either end of the spacious chamber - it would seem irreverent to call it an office - is a wood-burning fireplace, so that the master may be cheered in the bluster of winter by a crackling of blazing logs on open hearths. In the summer iced and washed air will keep the master cool while the subjects elsewhere in the capital, even in the halls of Congress, will perspire and gasp for breath in the humid atmosphere. The windows of the inner sanctum look out upon a courtyard, where a fountain will be sending esthetic shafts of water into the air, and when the landscapers have completed their task the master

will see beautiful flowers and flagstones setting off a finely trimmed green bent.

'Tis a palace for a Caesar, in truth, and it comes very hard to picture James Aloysius Farley at home in all the grandeur of the new postoffice department building.

One could never imagine "Stretch" Farley, the semi-pro baseball player, in such an abode. Nor would you build it for Jim Farley, the world's greatest gypsum salesman, nor for Big Jim Farley, New York building materials and cauliflower king.

Not even the postmaster general, the Hon. James A. Farley, maker of a President, a political impresario of the New Deal, seems to fit in the glory of that new setting prepared for him. For with all his sweep to fame from "Stretch" Farley, the first baseman, to political boss of the nation, he is still Jim to all the boys.

He doesn't know himself how he'll ever get used to his new mighty chambers, which were planned, it should be noted, by his predecessor, Walter F. (High Hat) Brown. Jim can't quite see himself breezing forth into that great reception hall to sort out his callers, smacking the mob of job seekers on their backs and trying to keep them friendly; motioning Senators and Congressmen and National Committeemen into the inner sanctum.

He really prefers the comfortable, old-fashioned, square little office he now occupies in the rambling old gray stone structure which for many years has housed the postoffice department. But by the grace of Hoover and Brown the new office is there, and he's just going to have to move into it, whether he likes it or not. Jim did have his way at the Mayflower Hotel, which he has made his Washington home. The management had moved him into the famous 12-room suite which former Vice-President Charley Curtis occupied at $5 a week rent. Farley stood it a week and moved into a 3-room suite.

"I was getting lost in the place," he observed. "It wasn't my kind of a joint."

Of course, Jim didn't dislike his new postoffice building so much that he wouldn't spend $1000 of the postage stamp money for having the cornerstone of the building recast with the name of the present postmaster general, James A. Farley, carved in.

Big Jim isn't the least bit shy about having his name appear in public. "Spell the name right," is his only injunction to those who write about him, good or bad.

When in 1926 a New York editor threatened to blister Farley with editorial blasts because the cauliflower king, Big Jim, refused to permit Tunney to fight Dempsey, the familiar retort came over the telephone: "Spell the name right, that's all."

Green ink and personal contacting are the symbols of Big Jim's success, he will tell you. He's used more green ink than any other letter writer, and there seems to be no doubt about it that he has personally contacted more people in the United States than any other human being.

His memory for names and faces is miraculous. If he is introduced to a man once, gets a few facts about him, he'll greet him a year later as: "Hello, Bill, how's things? How're Bea and the kids?" He is an inveterate user of first names, loves to be called "Jim", and in writing to anyone who has addresed him as Jim he'll always write him back as "Dear Bill" and sign the letter "Sincerely, Jim."

He sent out 700,000 letters over his own signature - in green ink - while he was electing Franklin Roosevelt to the presidency, and it's anybody's guess as to how many thousand hands he shook with that strong right paw of his.

He's covered a lot of ground since those days when "Stretch" Farley was mixing semi-pro baseball and small-town politics. The whole

story is told in an amazing set of scrap-books which is one of Big Jim's most precious treasures. He's one of those fellows who saves the menu of the Elk's banquet at Nyack, the front-row ticket stub at a big fight, the invitation to the governor's birthday party, the Christmas message from exiled Jimmy Walker in Nice,

Big Jim is still pretty much of a home towner. His scrap-books are full of clippings from the Journal News at Nyack, N.Y., in his home county of Rockland, and from the Rockland County Evening Journal.

He made his closing speech of the presidential campaign at Spring Valley, N. Y., pleading the humble cause of Fred Horn for re-election to the legislature from his home district, and in that speech, on Nov. 4, 1932, Big Jim said to his neighbors:

"I think of Rockland County daily. Whatever success I have had in politics is due to the loyalty of hundreds of people in this county. I can't get back as often as I would like, but I get all the county papers and save them during the week and on Sundays I go over them at my home to see what my friends here are doing and what's going on in Rockland."

And he really does just that. When the name of Farley appears in those home-town papers - and there's hardly an issue that it doesn't - the postmaster general clips out the item and turns it over to his "pastemaster general", "Wild Bill" Lyons, a picturesque Farley idolizer, who is guardian of the scrap-books.

Lean and lanky enough to be called "Stretch" Farley in his younger days, when his mother ran the town grocery at Grassy Point, N. Y., after his father was killed by a horse, he is now "Big Jim", because he tips the balance at 215 pounds and is 6 feet 2½ inches tall.

On the postmaster general's desk is a picture of Jim taken in 1911, when he was 23 years old. It is autographed: "Presented to

Jim himself, in memory of his hair, from Franklin D. Roosevelt."
It is not too easy to follow the evolution of the well-thatched top of that day to the shiny bald expanse of Big Jim's cranium today.

He has never tasted intoxicating liquor, but can have an amazingly good time at a drink-fest, telling stories as tall and as funny as might any of his potted companions. He doesn't smoke - but hold on, he does chew gum. He hands out sticks of gum like any other campaigner would pass the cheap cigars.

A schoolboy wrote to find out "what part chewing gum had played in your success," and the postmaster general replied:

"Dear John: I don't know whether gum played any part in my success, but it was not a retarding factor."

Jubilant John wrote back:

"My assistant principal said chewing gum was a bad habit, that no gum chewer could succeed. I read your letter in the class and it got a lot of applause."

Big Jim has been in politics ever since, as a lad of eight, he threw his weight behind Bryan and free silver and carried a torch in a Bryan parade in Stony Point. He was born, it should be noted, on May 30, 1888, second of the five sons of James and Ellen Farley. Because of his father's untimely death, Jim went to work early in the brickyard, and later in a shipyard, during his school vacations.

He married his childhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Finnegan, of nearby Haverstraw, N. Y., on April 28, 1920, and they have three children, Elizabeth, Ann, and James Jr. Big Jim counts as his luckieast days those on the ocean sand at his summer home at Deal Beach, N. J., when he can roughhouse with the kids.

Bess Farley came to Washington on inauguration day, but she didn't stay. Big and jolly and genuine, like Jim, Bess couldn't stomach the stupid idiocies of Washington society, and so went back

home to New York, where she understands people and people understan d her.

Before he was old enough to vote Jim Farley had helped to get together a Rockland county Tammany organization. When his twenty-first birthday rolled around Jim ogled the town clerkship at Stony Point. Before the election he wrote longhand letters - in green ink- to every voter in the township, and after election he wrote them all again, thanking them for the job. The fact that he was thanking some people who had voted for his opponent didn't disturb Jim. They'd probably feel bad about it and vote for him next time, he reasoned.

Al Smith while governor took a liking to the lad with the tremendous political energy and made him port warden at New York City in 1918. The governor called Jim in one day and asked him if he thought his job was necessary. One wit had compared Jim's duties as port warden with those of a truant officer in vacation time. Jim didn't hesitate. He told Smith he thought the job ought to be abolished, and abolished it was.

Big Jim served one term in the New York legislature, was beaten when he ran again bacause he stood with wet Al Smith. He was delegate to various party conventions, held all sorts of odd jobs in the New York Democracy. All this time he was working strenuously developing his reputation as the star gypsum salesman of the country, and he got to be sales manager in charge of the New York office of the Universal Gypsum Company.

But his political bent had shown him there was money to be made in the building materials trade, so in 1926 he organized the James A. Farley Company. Contractors and builders of New York skyscrapers came to know it was smart to use Farley cement, Farley plaster, Farley bricks and mortar. In 1929 Big Jim decided there was room for only one big materials company in New York, so he merged five others with

his own into the General Builders' Supply Corporation, sat down himself in the president's chair, and made his brother-in-law, Harry Finnegan, vice-president. Farley resigned the presidency when he became postmaster general, and Finnegun runs the business now.

Big Jim's great prowess as a gladhander naturally gravitated him into the fraternal orders. He is an Eagle, a Red Man, a Knight of Columbus, and an Elk. To keep his political hand in during the off season he makes grand exalted rulers of the Elks, and once, when he couldn't find the right man, he took that job himself.

With all his duties Big Jim found time hanging heavily on his hands, so in 1924, when Al Smith offered him one of the three memberships on the New York State Boxing Commission, he grabbed that job, too. He knew little more about boxing than did Cardinal Hayes, but that was a minor detail to Jim.

Never having served on any committee that didn't turn immediately into a one-man organization, Big Jim took charge of the Boxing Commission. He was a bit embarrassed by having George E. Brower as the permanent chairman of the commission, but in 1925, when Brower went to the hospital to have his appendix out, Farley notified his aging and faithful friend, the late Commissioner William Muldoon, that a meeting of the commission was being held without delay.

When Brower came out of the ether he was minus one appendix and one chairmanship.

"We're rotating the chairmanship," explained Farley when Brower protested. When a year rolled by and Brower asked about rotating the chairmanship once more, Farley replied: "We've stopped rotating it," and with Muldoon's vote reelected himself. This went on until Feb. 28, 1933, when Big Jim resigned because of his approaching elevation to the holy of holies in the New Deal cabinet.

It's pretty hard for Big Jim to give up a job, at that, and he

hated to quit running the New York cauliflower industry. However, he just won't quit being Chairman of the State Democratic Committee and Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and he runs those two big jobs right along with the postmaster generalship.

Franklin Roosevelt had become Governor of New York during Big Jim's heyday as the king of cauliflower, and in 1930, when "F.D." was a candidate for reelection, Big Jim took on the chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee and ran the Governor's campaign. Mr. Roosevelt was victor by more than three-quarters of a million votes, and then it was that Big Jim decided that the real candidate for the Presidency of the United States was not the man he'd fought for in '28, Alfred E. Smith, but Franklin Roosevelt. Big Jim right then began running "the Governor" - he has never called him Frank, nor even "F.D." - for President.

There are some tales about the cauliflower industry that beg the telling. It had fallen to its lowest estate when Big Jim came on the job, and that was really low. Every fight was fought in advance in some gambling den, and the softest method which the crooks used in having a fight thrown was to have one gladiator foul his opponent. The fouler would tap the foulee lightly below the belt, and the foulee would settle to the mat, screaming with simulated pain. The referee would award the match to the foulee, who would then recover, much too quickly, and the fans grew so disgusted that the fights began to be staged before ghostly houses.

Big Jim ended that horse-play by making a new rule. Making new rules has always been a favorite pastime for Big Jim. He tried his best at Chicago to get the Democratic Convention to change the two-thirds rule which he didn't particularly care for, since there was, in the beginning, grave doubt in his mind whether he could muster two-thirds of the delegates behind Franklin D.

Jim's new rule for the cauliflower industry laid it down that there was no such thing as a foul. It was an illusion, he held. King Farley decreed that if a foul was delivered, and the foulee fell to the mat, the referee started the count. If the foulee got up, the fouler lost that round; if the foulee took the count of ten, the foulee lost the fight. In other words, the foul hitter had to hit so low and so viciously that he completely incapacitated the other fighter, and then he'd get the loving cup. If he fouled gently, he was penalized the round. It sounded pretty ghastly, but it served with magical effect to revive the fouled fighters. They didn't lie down any more; when the referee began his mournful count, the battler would think disgustedly of the new Farley rule and get up and fight. And there were few fighters laid low by fouls; they wore metal protectors approved by Big Jim, which saved them from serious injury. Another Farley ruling got a tremendous big hand from Harlem, with reverberations that made many Democratic votes among Negroes all over the country. This was in 1926 when Big Jim ruled that Champion Jack Dempsey would have to fight Harry Wills instead of Gene Tunney for the title.

Tex Rickard insisted that Dempsey would fight Tunney, but Big Jim, with the plaudits of the colored voters ringing loudly in both ears, stuck stubbornly by his insistence that the Nrgro Wills would get the first chance at Dempsey's title.

Rickard finally took the fight and all the fight customers over to Philadelphia, and there Dempsey lost to Tunney. This fighting intellectual was bitter against Big Jim for discriminating against him, but it didn't last very long, and the '32 campaign found Tunney campaigning among his club fellows for the Roosevelt-Garner ticket.

Farley thinks the greatest fighter he has known was Dempsey, and the gamest, Mickey Walker. His favorite actors are Eddie Cantor

and George M. Cohan, and he much prefers the vaudeville theatre to drama or even grand opera.

It may well be that President Roosevelt and his famed Warwick, Louey Howe, engineered the pre-convention program which won the nomination for Mr. Roosevelt. But if their's was the program, Big Jim carried it out for them.

Big Jim went out with a suitcase, an extra shirt and a change of underwear; he travelled 30,000 miles; he contacted 6000 Democratic leaders, jollied them along, told them what a great fellow was Roosevelt, and when he rolled into Chicago in June of '32 he had 666 votes in that suitcase, enough so that, after three ballots had been taken, and some shenannigans had been pulled with Mr. Hearst, Mr. MacAdoo and Mr. Garner, the nomination was placed in Mr. Roosevelt's willing hands.

Al Smith, who hadn't moved a finger before the convention, apparently on the assumption that he could sway the delegates by making a personal appeal as their 1928 banner bearer, was crushed even before he started, under the steam-roller of the Roosevelt gang. So was Governor Ritchie, and so was Newton Baker, and so were they all.

There now seems to be no doubt that during the months of the presidential campaign Big Jim was the best customer of the post-office department which he was later to inherit. The whole country was blanketed under a storm of Farley letters. The man who couldn't produce a letter from Big Jim during those months just wasn't old enough to vote.

While Mr. Roosevelt was stumping all over the country, Big Jim stayed at home and directed his stream of green ink. When Big Jim got palsy in his writing wrist, he signed one more sample signature; a clever lithographer made a good die of it, and then by the hundred thousands Big Jim's "personally signed" messages went abroad to the

biggest and the littlest toilers in the Democratic organization.

It is interesting to conjecture just how much that "contacting" campaign of Big Jim's affected the vote in November, 1932. It is also something of an inside story which hasn't yet been told as to how many letters went out, to whom they were sent, and what they said.

There were several thousand pre-convention letters dispatched, but the deluge really started right after Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. This was how it progressed:

July 29 - Far;ey to 2600 delagates and alternates at the convention, thanking them for the nomination.and asking support in the campaign.

Aug. 2 - Farley to 2800 Democratic County Chairmen, asking them for complete lists of all precinct committeemen and women.

Aug. 25 - Farley to 1000 selected friends of Mr. Roosevelt; "We have urgent need of the 'sinews of war'. Every dollar helps and we shall be just as grateful if you can collect $10 for our campaign expenses as if you send a large contribution."

Aug. 30 - Roosevelt to 84,000 committeemen: "I would appreciate a letter from you letting me know what issues are being discussed in your district."

Sept. 12 - Farley to 87,000 committeemen, asking them to form Roosevelt-Garner clubs.

Sept. 21 - Farley to 60,000 committeemen in doubtful states, crowing over the results of the election in Maine.

Oct. 5 - Richard F. Roper, director of clubs, to 92,000 committeemen enclosing instructions on how to form the clubs.

Oct. 10 - Farley pep letter to 95,000 committeemen.

Oct. 17 - Farley to 94,000 committeemen, promoting sale of Roosevelt-Garner medallions.

Oct. 23 - Farley to 2800 County Chairmen, answering the Republican

panic campaign.

Oct. 24 - Farley to 2000 publishers, enclosing specimen advertisements which were offered for "voluntary publication."

Oct. 27 - Farley to 30,000 committeemen in agricultural states, enclosing literature and answering the Republican charge that Roosevelt would lower tariffs on agricultural products.

Oct. 27 - Farley to 4000 candidates on Democratic tickets throughout the country, asking for solidarity.

Oct. 30 - Roosevelt to 107,000 committeemen: "If victory is ours my first feeling of thankfulness will be for the efforts which you have made in this campaign."

Nov. 2 - Farley to 137,000 committeemen and women county chairmen, delegates of 1932 convention, national committeemen, state committeemen, New York State county committee and inspectors of election: "I am relying on you to make certain that no friend of the national ticket fails to cast his ballot . . . . make certain we have an honest count in your district."

Nov. 12 - Farley to 139,000, includinf same list as that of Nov. 2 - "I want you to know that I am deeply grateful to you."

Some time between Nov. 8 and March 4 - the date is lost - President-Elect Roosevelt during the course of a chat with Big Jim remarked:

"I see your predecessor is having trouble with his new hat."

Big Jim picked up the telephone a bit later and called Mrs. Farley.

"I'm the new postman," he said.

That was how Big Jim got the news that he was to be postmaster general, and how he told his "missus" about it. To those who have forgotten about the difficulties encountered by Mr. Hoover's postmaster general, Mr. Brown, it will be recalled that Mr. Brown ordered a special limousine with a high tonneau, so that he could sit in it without

taking off his new silk hat.

Big Jim wears a silk topper and cutaway coat on occasions, but he was fairly well used to that from marching in Tammany parades and funerals.

The sea of jobhunters, which has surged at Big Jim's heels, in Washington, in New York, even at his summer home, aboard trains, airplanes, on the street, has worn him down at times.

It is true that Big Jim hates to say no to anybody, and he has had to say it many times during the first year of the New Deal. In the beginning the strategists of the administration decided it would be best to get all the major legislation adopted by Congress before giving the boys their candy. The Democrats, hungry during 12 long years of Republicanism, were pretty sore at being forced to wait, and took it out on poor Jim, who had no more responsibility for the decision than they.

Big Jim doesn't pretend to be one of the Brain Trusters; he knows very little about the "national planning" of Tugwell and Hopkins and Johnson an Lilienthal, and might even shake his head sadly over much of the "experimentation" that is going on. He takes no part in the discussions over national policy, sticks to his job of trying to run his own postoffice department and his political posts.

When finally the time came to deal out the jobs, Big Jim began to get happier, and he looked forward to being able to say yes for a change. He even wrote out a code of patronage to follow, and published it in the American Magazine for August, 1933, as follows:

"I am following two fundamental rules: (1) Is the applicant qualified? (2) Is he loyal to the party and sympathetic toward the program of Franklin D. Roosevelt?

"I think it is only fair that those men who worked to put Mr. Roosevelt in the Presidency should be given jobs in the Federal service

and be given an opportunity to help him carry out his program. I think it is not only fair, but reasonable and intelligent as a policy.

"Before attempting to defend this proposition, let me state it more clearly and definitely. We call those Federal office-holders who are exempt from Civil Service requirement the 'exempt list.' I am an old baseball player, and I like to call things straight. Any Republican on the exempt list has a chance of reappointment - but he has two strikes on him.

"If he is a wizard in his own field, if he knows more about his job than anybody else - he will hold his position. But if there is a Democrat just as well qualified, that Democrat will get the job.

"And among the Democrats who are qualified, who will get the first chance at the job? The F.R.B.C. men. That means the men who were 'for Roosevelt before Chicago.'"

Al Smith didn't care for the Farley code, and jibed at it in an editorial published in the September Outlook. Al's idea was that public servants should be selected for their ability in their jobs and their loyalty to government and country.

But the code didn't work anyhow. The Brain Trusters grew very cold toward Big Jim when he came to them with lists of men wanting jobs. The professors filled their staffs with college boys and intellectuals, many of whom, if they were anything, were Republicans. As a matter of fact, some of the Brain Trusters, especially Ickes, Wallace, Perkins and Hopkins, looked with suspicion on a good old-fashioned Democrat. Wallace and Ickes, who were both radical Republicans, announced to Farley that their departments would be manned by radical Republican followers, that this was their reward for helping to elect Roosevelt.

The crowning touch was when Harry Hopkins put a Republican in charge of CWA work in Big Jim's home town of Stony Point.

Big Jim's heart was broken over the Brain Trusters' lack of sympathy toward the party, but it's pretty well mended now that he has found a new scheme to sort of even up on his patronage losses. He issues special stamps. In one year he has issued more special commemorative stamps than all previous postmasters since Benjamin Franklin.

Stamp collectors, includinf such ardent philatelists as Franklin Roosevelt and Harold Ickes, are in a prolonged ecstasy of delight as hardly a day goes by in which Big Jim doesn't provide them with a new stamp to paste in their albums. Many collectors, however, have gone on the relief rolls because they spent so much of their savings and earnings to buy the new Farley issues that they had nothing left to buy biscuits and shoes for Emma and the children.

As soon as Big Jim takes care of that deficit in the postoffice department he's going to devise some method for giving away stamps to deserving philatelists who will agree not to try to use the stamps for mailing letters, and who, of course, will promise to vote the Democratic ticket.

He issued a special NRA stamp when that ill-fated agency was going big, and got sat on because his artist made the stamp look like a Soviet industrial poster. He heard that the Poles were still strong for Al Smith, and so he issued a Gen. Kosciusko stamp commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Polish hero's naturalization as an American.

The German-American voters - and Big Jim knows there are millions of 'em - didn't care particularly for the Kosciusko stamp, so Big Jim promptly put out a special Graf Zeppelin stamp. He skips international boundaries easily, and not long ago issued a special 50 cent Byrd Antarctic Expedition stamp..

He's working now on two very good prospects - a Wisconsin Ter-

centenary stamp to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the exploration of Wisconsin by Jean Nicolet, and a whole series on American national parks. The Democrats in Wisconsin have been chafing under Big Jim's friendliness toward Progressive Bob LaFollette, but they'll be appeased when they see that Wisconsin stamp, and the Indians will be hanging pictures of Roosevelt and the Blue Eagle all over the national parks.

The big payoff, and Big Jim's proudest achievement, was the Mother's Day stamp. That took in just about everybody, because hasn't everybody had a mother?

Business men wept as they put the Mother's Day stamps on the May 15 bills, and for weeks Whistler's painting decorated the corners of envelopes all over the country.

It's tough to have to break a secret, but the news is too good to keep that Big Jim has everything set for the issuance of a special Santa Claus stamp next December!

The Republicans will have to go far to tie that one.

Too often the easy-going nature of Big Jim is abused, and he becomes the goat of the administration. For example, the terrific wave of public denunciation over the cancellation of the air-mail contracts, with the resulting deaths of army flyers, was deflected by all other officials, specifically the President, so that it came near to drowning the poor postmaster general.

Every informed person in Washington knew that Mr. Farley did not cancel the air-mail contracts until the President told him to, but when Lindbergh addressed a critical telegram to the White House, the presidential secretary, Mr. Early, replied coldly that Mr. Farley, and not the President, had cancelled the mail contracts.

Big Jim took the gaff, just as he has done many times before, for the President and other New Dealers. He took it during all those

bitter days of the beginning of the administration, when Congressmen damned him for not starting the giving out of jobs. He took it when "somebody" had to go to New York to help out Holy Joe McKee in his race for the mayoralty of New York. He took the blasts of criticism when McKee was defeated, whereas the fact of the matter was that Big Jim would never have dreamed of going to McKee's aid unless the President wanted and ordered him to.

Form 18

Jim Farley

Postal Telegraph-Cable Company

PRESS TELEGRAM

admin the new postmaster

Jim called up State chairmen every night

Farley's children
" bro-in-law

State Selections W. Va
Maine
N.Y.

Farley - strange night
Bill "
Postmaster Gen.
" hit below belt
" Selection in States
" chewing candy
" cornerstone $1000.-
Cuban - [illegible] out
"you know I don't know anything about that stuff"
" Air mails - Lillian Evans trip to Texas

Moses
stained vest
DA - New York

J. Crawford Biggs
Theodore Walters
Dist Revenue
Hore - Puerto Rico
John Cassidy
Wm H. Hornbrook - asst
Antonio C. Gonzalez
admin Chuseley & Jay
Service
Robert H. Caldwell
Foy Gades Portes - Bonnet
~~Meredith Morrison~~
~~Hal Lanier~~
Wadsdell
Rank Bryan Owen
Best Fist
delightful, but wholly useless mother
Robert
senatorial Chair
Helen O'Connor
Jeffs
Pat Malloy
Geo Sweeney
Bureau of Mines
Nellie Ross - Dist
Mrs Bannister US Treas
Hug Helvering
Hugh Wooding

VI - Postmaster
Helen Berg
Clerk
mistress

From UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.,
Monte Bourjaily, General Manager,
220 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Farley

FOR RELEASE EVENING PAPERS THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

FAIR ENOUGH

(Title Registered Trademark)

By Westbrook Pegler

Washington, D.C., January 17. -- Your correspondent is unhappy to have to report that Mr. James A. Farley, the old prizefight commissioner, has got his tail caught in a crack again. That is to say, what's left of Mr. Farley's tail is caught. Although there isn't much left of it, to be sure, considering the wear and tear which it suffered during his long term as the chairman of the New York Prizefight Commission. In those days someone was always slamming a door on Mr. Farley's tail and it is now worn down to a short, fuzzy stump, just enough to get caught.

Mr. Farley's current embarrassment has to do with a lot of stamps which he took out of stock at the Post Office Department where he is the head man of the New Deal administration.

It appears that when Mr. Farley became Postmaster General he did not know that there were some nine million nuts in the United States alone who make a vice and, in many cases, an important business of collecting curious stamps and that any little irregularity in a stamp may create a value entirely unrelated to its nominal price. Moreover, in his big, enthusiastic way, Mr. Farley decided that one way to boom business in the Post Office Department was to sell more stamps. So he pushed some buttons and called in the staff artists of the Post Office Department and told them to tear in and draw him a lot of new stamps on the theory that the people were getting tired of the old ones.

Up to this time, he has turned out 17 special issues. There were ten, of various denominations, in the national park series. There was one for Admiral Byrd, intended as a complimentary plug for the admiral's latest trip to the South Pole to get away from it all. And there was one for the town of Newburgh, N.Y., which is close to Mr. Farley's native Haverstraw where he used to play first base on the ball club. This one was supposed to commemorate the fact that George Washington once made his headquarters at Newburgh, although anybody who knows Mr. Farley will realize that he was only going out of his way to boost the little town of Newburgh. Mr. Farley is always doing favors for old friends and any time an old friend of his opens a new saloon or pool hall, he may, if he goes about it right, get Mr. Farley to kick out a special stamp entitled "Butch's Place, Grand Opening Memorial Issue" with, perhaps the legend, "Wines, Liquor and Cigars," or "Pool 2 1/2 Cents Per Cue" worked into the design.

But it turns out that Mr. Farley happened to hear that Mr. Roosevelt was

one of those nine million American stamp collectors and thought it would be a nice thing to grab off one of the first sheets of each issue as it came from the press unperforated and ungummed, write his name across it, and send it over to the President for his collection, with the compliments of James A. Farley, a pal. This Mr. Farley did and, while he was at it he dealt in Mr. Louis McHenry Howe, the President's secretary. And still while he was about it, he decided to cut himself in, too, for a complete series, just as souvenirs for his loved ones. Moreover, because Mr. Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior, has jurisdiction over the parks, he sent Mr. Ickes souvenir sheets of the ten designs which comprise the parks issue. He did this with public ceremonies and movies wired for sound in some cases, so there was no secret about it.

Meanwhile, however, Mr. Farley was beginning to learn something about the enthusiasm of the nine million stamp nuts because every time a memorial issue was turned out, the nuts would buy up from $30,000 to $40,000 worth of stamps. Some of them were used and some were just put away in books never to be cancelled. But the $30,000 to $40,000 was just so much gravy for the Post Office Department because the facilities for handling the mail have to be maintained anyway. Mr. Farley was much cheered because seventeen times $30,000 to $40,000 was $510,000 to $680,000 almost clear profit.

Then, last week, out of Norfolk, Va., there came a little dispatch for the papers saying that one of those special souvenir sheets of the Mother's Day issue, unperforated and ungummed, had turned up in the philatelic market and was quoted at some outlandish price between $20,000 and $30,000. It develops that a sheet of stamps without perforations or glue on the back is a museum piece and worth big, coarse money. This sheet was one which Mr. Farley says he sent to a friend of a friend just as a favor to his friend. There were just four such sheets on the Mother's Day issue withdrawn from the press-run by Mr. Farley. One was for the President, one for Mr. Howe, one for himself and one for this friend of a friend. Of course he paid their face value into the cash box but he had, by his favoritism, handed over to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Howe, himself and this friend of a friend each stamps of an actual value of about $20,000.

So Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Howe and Mr. Farley, each having an imperforate, ungummed sheet of all seventeen issues and there being few, if any, other such sheets in existence, each has $340,000 worth of stamps. And Mr. Ickes, with his ten sheets of the parks issue would have $200,000 worth, although, for some reason the parks issues seem to command less money. Four of these stamps in a group, showing the lack of perforation, recently sold for $200 in the philatelic market for $50 each, indicating that few of the parks issue was in circulation.

These figures are a guess based however on the opinion of one of the foremost dealers. He was unable to anchor his estimate without knowing exactly how many sheets of each issue had been allowed to get out.

Mr. Farley vows, of course, that none of his stamps nor the President's, nor Louie Howe's, nor Mr. Ickes' will ever reach the market. But they are their property nevertheless and even if they don't sell them, their estates may.

As an old collector, Mr. Roosevelt might have known the value of the stamps which Mr. Farley was sending him with his compliments. How would you go about bringing that up?

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SANTA FE, N. M.
NEW MEXICAN

MAR 20 1935

Farley Part of System

(Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen in Harper's Magazine)

Jim Farley is symbolic of a system. It is a system which has been handed down from administration to administration. Every president has had his political trigger man; some have had a whole gang of them.

The Ohio gang in the days of Warren Gamaliel Harding ravaged government departments with a ruthlessness that came near wrecking the entire machine. Coolidge had his William S. Butler. Hoover had Walter Brown, as cool and calculating a machine boss as ever operated in the capital. Both issued executive orders which "covered" into the civil service thousands of their political henchmen.

The basic weakness of the anti-Farley crusaders is that they heap their abuse upon the man and not the system. The exit of "Big Jim" would solve nothing. It would merely eliminate one of the most engaging, efficient and unabashed foragers in the history of the American spoils system.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CLARKSDALE, MISS.
REGISTER

MAR 4 - 1935

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, who upset political circles with Washington Merry-Go-Round, have written a cheerful sketch of Jim Farley, "The President's Trigger Man," for the March issue of Harper's Magazine. Mr. Pearson is also the author of a recent book, The American Diplomatic Game, which does anything but flatter American Diplomatic Game, which does anything but flatter American diplomats.

Farley Takes Family To Bermuda In Luxury Suite, Costing $1,400

Postmaster-General Nods To Score Of Politicians On Board Liner, But Fails To Invite Them Into Rooms Hired For Voyage

1936

[New York Bureau of The Sun]

New York, April 7—Postmaster-General James A. Farley sailed today with his family and a friend aboard the Furness Bermuda liner Monarch of Bermuda for a brief vacation. He booked an entire section of the ship at a listed cost of $1400 for the round trip. His accommodations have four baths, four showers and two private verandas on the sun deck.

Mr. Farley boarded the liner a few minutes before the ship sailed at 3 P. M. He nodded to more than a score of local politicians and retreated to his "St. George's" suite, leaving the politicians outside. The latter unanimously declined to give their names.

The Postmaster-General, who also is chairman of the New York State and National Democratic Committees, said that his children, Betty, Ann and James A. Farley, Jr., were much excited at the prospect of their first sea voyage.

"I'm just going to loaf for four or five days," he said, adding that he planned to return here next Monday.

Mr. Farley was in his usual amiable mood, and he ignored political questions. The only query to which he made any reply was concerning the recent demand of Representative Fred R. Lehlbach, (Rep., N. J.), who introduced a resolution in the House on April 2 demanding the immediate resignation of Mr. Farley as chairman of the National Democratic Party on the ground that it was subversive to the principles of sound government to permit a Cabinet officer to function as a leader of a political party.

"You can tell him not to take it too seriously, because the only people disturbed over the number of positions I hold are the Republicans. And they'd prefer that I didn't hold any job," he said.

The Farleys were accompanied by Mrs. D. H. McKetrick, an old friend of Mrs. Farley.

The President's Trigger Man

Postmaster General Farley, Genial, Loyal, Untiring, Does the Political Bumping Off and the Hijacking for Roosevelt; His Retirement Would Not Solve the Problem of the Spoils System

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, in Harper's Magazine.

MANY times in the course of his variegated career has Big Jim Farley arched his ample bosom and proclaimed: "Boys, you got me wrong." Many times also have enemies retreated from an encounter with Jim's rough and tumble politics, rubbing their bruises and admitting the same thing.

The backers of Al Smith in the last presidential campaign got Jim wrong. Jim, as New York state Democratic chairman, had embarked on a dash across the country, ostensibly to attend a convention of his beloved Elks in Seattle, actually to launch the "Roosevelt for President" boom. In 20 days Farley covered 19 states. He met, slapped on the back, exchanged stories with hundreds of local leaders, and back in New York, wrote personal letters to each and every one of them. Over 7,000 letters, each signed in green ink, went out to reemphasize the fame of Franklin Roosevelt. John J. Raskob and Jouett Shouse watched the tactics with disdainful smiles. "Just an Elk at heart," they said. But a year later, when their desperate "Stop Roosevelt" movement collapsed at the Chicago convention, the anguished Smith-Raskob-Shouse coterie realized too late that they had got Jim wrong.

Hardly a day passes that Jim is not denounced as a hard boiled machine politician, a rapacious spoilsman and ruthless civil service wrecker, an inordinate neglector of his official duties as postmaster general. Despite an occasional liberal speech—written by some ghost writer, and as strange to Jim's lips as liquor, which he never touches—Farley is in no sense a new dealer. That he is a devotee of that Tammany tenet "To the victor belong the spoils," Jim would be the last to deny.

But critics miss the real point regarding Jim's function in the Roosevelt machine. It is his job to do the political bumping off and the hijacking with which no president can afford to sully his hands.

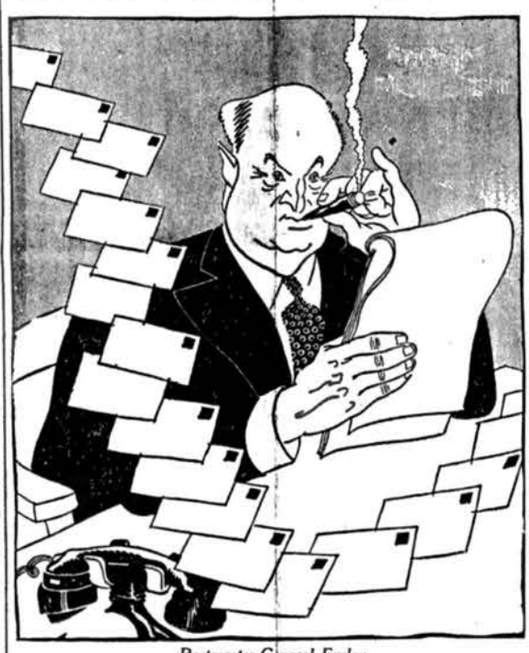
* * *

Jim Farley is richly endowed by nature for this role. He has an iron constitution, imperturbable good nature, a genius for making friends and a highly mobile sense of consistency.

Seldom are two close friends more directly opposite in background and outlook than the president and his trigger man. While youthful Franklin Roosevelt was being piloted through Groton and Harvard, young Jim was thrown on his own. When he was 11, his father, a saloon keeper, was killed by a horse, and Jim started helping his mother support a large family. In the years that followed, Jim managed to get a little schooling, but it was sandwiched in between working in a brickyard, a shipyard and his mother's corner grocery.

Only in one respect have the president and his trigger man anything in common. In persuasive geniality Jim rivals, perhaps surpasses, the president.

Probably Jim is the greatest layer on of hands in American politics. No local political leader is too insignificant for him to neglect. A year after meeting him Jim will be able to slap him on the back, call him by his first name and inquire after the wife and children. During the interval Jim will have written him half a dozen letters all in green ink and signed "Sincerely, Jim."



Postmaster General Farley

Essentially Jim is a small town boy running with a big town gang. Rockland county, New York, and the Grassy Point ball team first gave him his start in politics. Stretch Farley, 21-year-old first baseman, became a town hero and cashed in on that popularity by being elected town clerk. For a Democrat in a Republican stronghold this was no small victory. Jim won it by methods tried and trusted in many political arenas. No voter in his district ever met him without being hailed by his first name.

Jim rose to political eminence on a flood of free passes. Before he went to Washington he was chairman of the New York boxing commission. This office carried no salary, but when it came to rewarding his friends, Jim made the life of the fight promoter one of constant anguish. For one big bout he passed out $30,000 worth of free tickets, causing the late Tex Rickard to complain: "Jim, you give me back the 'Annie Oakleys' and I'll give you the fight."

* * *

Jim takes his spectacular rise in politics as a matter of course. But what he is really proud of is his business ability. Drop one word to Jim about his record of economizing in the postoffice and he will purr like a kitten. The oath of office was still warm on his lips when he announced his intention of taking his department out of the red. He points with pride to the money his special stamp sales have made. He has turned out new issues commemorating Mothers' Day, the NRA, the national parks, the Maryland and Wisconsin tercentennials, the Byrd antarctic expedition and even a stamp commemorating the Polish hero, Gen. Kosciuszko.

In order to balance his budget, Farley introduced a policy of ruthless economy. While the president was urging private industry to increase wages, Farley was squeezing savings out of the salaries of underpaid clerks and carriers. Personnel was cut to the bone and worked to the limit. Deliveries were reduced. Public service, consideration for the welfare of tens of thousands of postal workers were subordinated to paring expenditures for the sole sake of realizing Jim's ambition.

* * *

When Farley first came to Washington shortly before Mar. 4, 1933, to act as trigger man for the new president, he brought with him a little card index of those who had contributed to the campaign, either in work or money. This file turned out to be the appointment bible of the new administration, and became one of the most thumb marked indexes in the country. It did not become thumb marked, however, for some time—in fact, much too long a time for the job seeking army of senators and representatives who sat gnashing their teeth in the capitol. Outside their doors every day were long lines of constituents, each claiming that he was almost solely responsible for the election of Roosevelt, and each claiming due reward. Congressmen were frantic, and they, in turn, made life equally harassing for Jim Farley. In his big anteroom every morning half a hundred of them waited. When were the jobs to be passed out?

Big Jim turned on his most ingratiating smile and said nothing. It had been decided in high party councils that until the essential part of the Roosevelt legislative program was forced through congress there should be no removal of the one and only threat a congressman understands—a patronage boycott. So Jim Farley was told off to crack the whip. He did it in his blandest and most personable manner.

In the end, of course, Jim took it on the chin both going and coming. Vituperation was heaped upon his head, first for withholding jobs and later for the type of men he placed in those jobs.

In those early days of the job rush, almost anyone who was free, white, 21, and could show tangible evidence of having supported Roosevelt before Chicago was likely to find himself catapulted into an important office.

* * *

There is no mystery about Farley's voracious patronage foraging. That is his job. That is why he sits on the right hand, politically of the president. It is Jim's job to see that the president's political fences are maintained in proper repair. Frequently Jim takes the rap for his chief, as in the case of the cancelation of the air mail contracts. "The contracts were cancelled by the postmaster general," announced Presidential Secretary Early, after Lindbergh's protest had led a tide of resentment against the administration. Jim Farley took it on the chin and grinned.

Jim Farley is symbolic of a system. It is a system which has been handed down from administration to administration. Every president has had his political trigger man; some have had a whole gang of them. The Ohio gang in the days of Harding ravaged government departments with a ruthlessness that came near to wrecking the entire machine. Coolidge had his William S. Butler. Hoover had Walter Brown, as cool and calculating a machine boss as ever operated in the capital. Both issued executive orders which "covered" into the civil service thousands of their political henchmen.

The basic weakness of the anti-Farley crusaders is that they heap their abuse upon the man and not upon the system. The exit of Big Jim would solve nothing. It would merely eliminate one of the most engaging, efficient foragers in the history of the American spoils system.

No Argument

From Army and Navy Journal.

Doughboy (to dentist): I think you could have got my tooth out easier than that. I could move it about with two fingers.

Dentist: Yes—and you could move a cow's tail with one finger.

New York Post

★ ★ ★ ★ TUESDAY, MAY 19, 1936 SECOND SECTION

The Political Parade: Hurja, the Magician

Farley's Alter Ego Deals Out the Plums for Deserving Democrats—Nearly Perfect in 1932 Election Forecast

By CAL TINNEY

IGNORANT Democrats (and there are a lot of them) who want work write President Roosevelt for it. The slightly informed Democrats write James Aloysius Farley. But the Democrats who know to WHOM to write send their missives to Emil Hurja.

Later the fortunate ones go to see him. They get to Washington a few days early to have time in which to learn how to pronounce his name. Those who read this can be informed now—that it's Hur-ya, with the accent on "Hur."

Tall, dark Mr. Hurja will want to know two things. "Were you a 'For Roosevelt Before Chicago' man?" and "Are you indorsed by your local Democratic organization?"

You answer.

If he then writes you a recommendation on white paper, it means "Credentials satisfactory." If he writes it on buff paper that means "Credentials more than satisfactory." If the recommendation is on blue paper—well, the job is yours. Unless, of course, the fellow you take it to is color blind.

This is the eighth of a series of twenty-five personality sketches of headliners in the political parade. Another will be published tomorrow.

Farley's Alter Ego

I have never received a white paper recommendation, but if I ever did I would try to see what I could do with bluing.

Plump, affable Hurja is Jim Farley's Alter Ego in the Democratic National Committee.

A while back Governor Ely of Massachusetts said, "I don't think Jim Farley writes his speeches—there are too many big words in them."

Jim doesn't. Hurja pounds them out.

This ghost writer is a very material kind of ghost. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 218 pounds. His father was a Finnish immigrant and worked in mines for a living. Emil inherits his build.

Since about everybody else in the Administration has written a book, it is discouraging to know that Hurja is writing another one—a biography of one of the last century's politicians.

He bets anything on the outcome of elections. Money, hats, shirts—all the same to him. In the 1934 elections he won three new suits of

His Forecast System

bet Ernest Lindley, a correspondent, $10 to $5 that Roosevelt carries Louisiana in November.

How did he get to where he did? Well, the story of his drop into politics hinges on a political divining rod. He met Jim Farley before Roosevelt was ever nominated and told Jim he could foretell elections.

Hurja had sat outside Raskob's office with the same idea in 1928, but he waited thirty minutes, and since he could not foretell how much longer he would have to wait, he left.

"There's nothing magical about my idea," said Mr. Hurja, who wanted to call it "The Trend Analysis System" but was afraid Farley wouldn't understand him if he did. "I call it my ore system.

"I got the idea from analyzing ore samples from Alaskan gold mines. I took samples from the whole vein, broke them up, divided the crushed-up nuggets and sub-divided twice. One of the piles left I analyzed, and from it I found out what the whole vein would yield."

The Hurja idea is not another straw vote system. He begins where straw votes leave off. He takes straw vote figures, lays them alongside previous election returns, and sees what percentage of the people are switching. He discerns the trend after that—how many will have changed by election—and there you are.

Farley Took a Chance

It is funny nobody thought of doing it before. It eliminates guessing about an election. It eliminates everything but the election, so it is not yet perfect.

Farley took a chance on Hurja's system for the '32 campaign. He spent little Democratic dough in States that Hurja said were safe. He drowned with money the States the system dubbed as doubtful.

The magician predicted the eight Mountain States—Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico—would go for Roosevelt with a 300,000 plurality. The actual plurality was 294,489! The average error was only 564 for each State.

In Kansas he foresaw a plurality of 74,200. It was in fact 74,706. (Some printer may get my figures all balled up, so just so you will still know how good Hurja was, his guesses for the entire country averaged 97 per cent correct.)

HURJA, A MODERN MERLIN

Emil, as his mother called him, was born at Crystal Falls, Mich.

At eighteen he ran away to the wild, yelling town of Butte, Mont. But the only yelling HE did was to the horse he worked with on a delivery wagon.

Bums Way to Seattle

The horse and Hurja had a falling out, so he bummed his way to Seattle in the hayrack of a cattle car, and then rode the rods to Yakima, Wash., where he became a printer.

After a year of that, he went to Alaska to make his fortune. His first job was sweeping out the office of the Fairbanks Daily Times, which yielded little gold dust.

He turned reporter, saved enough in four years to come back and get educated at Washington State University. He became editor of the college paper, and a power in campus politics.

He was chosen from the school to go on Henry Ford's peace ship to Europe. Since then he never has taken much stock in peace ships.

In 1917 he went to Washington, D. C., as secretary of the delegate from Alaska, but after war was declared he joined the Army Air Corps. You see, he was a pacifist till the United States got into the war.

Mining Analyst

He never got abroad to get in the hell over there, but after the war he went to the Texas oil fields, where they had a nice hell still running.

Later he came to New York to be a mining analyst, and such he was when he met James Aloysius Farley. He accompanied the Generalissimo on trips in the field in the '32 campaign.

Afterwards he wanted to be appointed Minister to Finland, but Farley put him in the RFC to weed out Republicans and replace them with deserving Democrats.

When Secretary Ickes was found to be appointing PWA men without heed to their politics, hefty Hurja moved in and doled out the plums.

Now the Modern Merlin is not only Jim Farley's assistant but his understudy. If some newspaper, somewhere, some day said something nice about Jim, the shock would kill him and Hurja would take his place.

The Finn loves to play practical jokes. One of them is to slip up beside a gal at a party, with some kind of gadget in his hand. Squeezed, it says "HELLO, SWEETHEART!" slap-dab into the female's ear.

"You can buy the gadget for 9 cents," he says, "but I have had a hundred dollars' worth of fun with it."

No husbands have hit him—yet.

From UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.,
Monte Bourjaily, General Manager,
220 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

FOR RELEASE EVENING PAPERS MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1935

FAIR ENOUGH

(Title Registered Trademark)

By Westbrook Pegler

New York, N.Y., January 28. -- James A. Farley might have to resort to inflation of the postage stamps to solve the embarrassing problem of the little gifts which he has been sending to President Roosevelt, Louis McHenry Howe, Harold L. Ickes and himself.

Realizing that the President was an old stamp collector, Mr. Farley, early in his reign as Postmaster General, established a pretty little custom of producing a freak sheet of stamps of each memorial issue for Mr. Roosevelt's private collection. While he was at it, he printed freak sheets for Mr. Howe, the President's secretary, and himself. He cut in Mr. Ickes for a similar sheet of each of the ten designs in the national parks series.

This is to take no account of any souvenir sheets of the routine commercial issues regarding which your correspondent, being not much of a reporter, failed to ask any questions.

But there have been seventeen memorial issues in the two years since coronation day whereas, in the past, it was customary to release only four such issues per year. Never before in this country was it customary to cause accidents to happen by official order and with malice aforethought, so to speak. If a sheet of stamps came off the press lacking perforations, without glue or with the ink smeared, the custom was to destroy it. This sort of irregularity is the distinguishing mark of the freak stamp. The outlandish values which are placed on freaks arise from the fact that ordinarily they reach the public only by accident. In fact, almost always the first press-run of a new design will produce misprints of one kind or another.

Now a Republican Congressman, Charles D. Millard, doubtless a destructive critic, is planning to call a Congressional investigation because it appears that Mr. Farley's gifts to Mr. Roosevelt, himself and others, considered as philatelic rarities, have the value of a fortune in each case. It is impossible to estimate the actual value without knowing all the factors. But a stamp expert in New York has expressed the belief, with reservations, that a whole sheet of the freaks of the Mother's Day issue, for example, would be worth from $50 to $200 per stamp. The value would be affected by the rarity and the stamp collectors' ability and willingness to pay. The ability to pay has been seriously impaired by the Great American Panic and the ensuing Great American Recovery. The willingness to pay has abated considerably, too, in

the multiplication of freaks by Mr. Farley's order.

The stamp nut, of whom there are nine million in this country alone, a figure based on the circulation of the collectors' magazines and the sucker lists of the dealers, is a curious piece of work. He belongs to the same general family as the birds' egg and souvenir spoon collector and the man who flies a felt pennant in the rear window of his automobile signifying that he has just visited the Mammoth Cave.

One sheet of the Mother's Day freak which turned up in Norfolk, Va., for appraisal has been quoted at from $20,000 to $30,000 but no sale has been reported. If the minimum figure were adopted and applied to all 17 freaks, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Howe and Mr. Farley each would have $340,000 worth of stamps. Mr. Ickes would have $200,000 worth. But, of course, if all these rarities were dumped into the market at once, each would damage the value of all the others.

This thought offers a graceful, though perhaps disappointing solution to the problem confronting Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. As a stamp collector, he seems quite likely to have known that the freaks which Mr. Farley was sending him were not ordinary, face value postage stamps. Mr. Farley, being no collector, did not know at first. But Mr. Farley is by no means pokey in the head and it may be assumed that he very soon learned what sort of stamp collection he was storing away for himself, his heirs and assigns.

It might be unseemly of Mr. Roosevelt and the three other collectors in the little circle to return or publicly destroy their sheets as this would convey just a faint suggestion that they had been caught in the orchard with a blouseful of apples. But Mr. Farley could easily equalize everything by inflation of the stamps, printing unlimited numbers of the same freaks and offering them to the public at face value. In that case, the only extraordinary value remaining in the Roosevelt-Howe-Farley-Ickes collection would lie in the autographs written large across the smooth, unperforated rows.

Postmasters-general in other lands have been guilty of very unethical practises in recent years as the freak stamp mania spread and the opportunities increased to make a private profit without resort to crude larceny. Italian stamps are in low repute, due to the mass production of museum pieces. Freaks of several South American republics are hardly worth their weight in waste paper and a couple of little roadside countries in Europe turn out a memorial issue, each with its complement of freaks, every time the postmaster-general's baby needs a pair of shoes.

Being in the lath and plaster business and a prizefight commissioner when he went to the Post Office Department, Mr. Farley did not realize what a touchy and temperamental business he was trifling with when he began to grab off museum sheets on the basis of one for you and one for me and one for Uncle Louie.

He knows now, though.

OUR POSTAL SERVICE CUTTING ITS DEFICIT

Oct. 1, 1933

Postmaster General Farley Outlines the Steps in the Program of Economies

By JAMES A. FARLEY,
Postmaster General.

As a matter of principle the Postoffice should pay its own way. Unlike the other departments of the government, the services of the Postoffice Department are for the personal advantage or profit of the individuals or concerns which use the mails, and it has been recognized from the earliest times that the postal expenses should be charged against the mail users, or, in other words, that the postoffice should be self-sustaining and not a charge upon the public treasury.

An act of Congress which established the Postoffice Department in President Washington's administration required the Postmaster General to defray out of postage revenues all the expenses connected with carrying the mail. For many years after the founding of the government, the self-sustaining character impressed on the Postoffice Department by this legislation was scrupulously maintained in its administration. Beginning with 1790, when there was a surplus of $5,255, an excess of receipts was uniformly exhibited in the annual accounts until 1838.

This was the beginning of the railroad era, and, in the years which followed, rail transportation was gradually substituted upon many of the old and comparatively cheap mail routes, and the department's expenses were increased out of all proportion to its revenues. Large sums were also paid out during this period upon mail contracts held by stage routes which traversed the sparsely settled regions of the West, far exceeding the postage revenues derived from those routes.

Years of Deficits.

The introduction of the telegraph for commercial use in 1844 cut heavily into the business of the postoffice. From 1838 to 1864, there was a postal deficit in every year except four, and in one of these years—1859—the postal expenditures were more than double the revenues from postage. The postoffice balanced its budget in 1865, but from the Civil War until Wilson's administration there were but three years—1882, 1883 and 1911—in which the postal expenditures did not exceed revenues.

In Wilson's administration there was a return to first principles. During those eight years the expenditures exceeded the revenues only twice, this good showing being due in part to the three-cent letter postage which was in effect during the two years while the United States was at war with the Central Powers.

After Wilson's administration, no serious effort was made to balance the postoffice budget and the annual deficit constantly increased. This was true even in the boom years which preceded the depression, and in 1929, when mail volume reached its peak, the revenues fell short of the expenditures by more than $55,000,000. In 1932, so far had the government departed from the principles upon which the postoffice was originally established that the gross deficiency of the postal revenues reached the staggering total of $205,000,000.

Non-Postal Expenses.

It must be remembered, however, that in these modern times the Postoffice Department performs some functions which cannot properly be charged against the users of the mails. It handles without charge the official mail of Congress and the executive departments of the government. It pays large sums in subsidies to the shipping and air-transport industries, through the medium of mail contracts. It transmits free of postage certain mail for the blind, and newspapers and periodicals mailed to subscribers residing at places in the county of publication where there is no delivery service. It also transmits at nominal rates of postage all scientific, religious, fraternal and education publications. These various public-policy or non-postal functions, as they are called, now add about $50,000,000 to the department's annual budget, over and above the cost of the facilities necessary for ordinary mail service.

In 1932, even after allowing for these non-postal items, the revenue deficiency amounted to more than $152,000,000. This unsatisfactory showing was, of course, due to the decline in mail volume, which began in the Fall of 1929 and continued in all parts of the country throughout the period of the depression, and to the failure of the government to make a corresponding reduction in the postal expenditures. The revenues in 1932 fell from the normal figure of more than $700,000,000, which was reached in 1930, to $556,000,000, while the expenditures for all purposes, including the non-postal items, were permitted to remain at the high level of $793,000,000.

Improvement This Year.

The operating results for the fiscal year 1933 showed a substantial improvement over 1932. An effort was finally made to reduce expenditures somewhat in proportion to the lower mail volume, and, partly as the result of prompt budgetary action taken by the new administration in March, the postal expenses were brought down to about $700,000,000. Mail volume continued to fall off throughout the first part of the year, and at the low point, in March, was about 40 per cent less than in March of 1929, but as the result of the higher postage rate, the 1933 revenues were maintained at approximately the 1932 figure of $588,000,000. This left a gross deficit of $112,000,000, and a net deficit, after allowing for non-postal expenditures, of approximately $60,000,000.

Now, while this was a creditable showing, even in 1933 the expenditures were only about 13 per cent lower than in 1929, although the volume of the mail was but two-thirds of that handled in 1929. The new administration recognized that this situation called for a further reduction in expenditures, and it was determined that during the current fiscal year, as our share in the program of cutting down the cost of the government to which the administration was committed, we in the postal service should undertake to dispose of the postal deficit altogether, or at least to cut it down to endurable proportions.

Expenditures Reduced.

Our budget for 1934, accordingly, calls for a reduction of the postal expenditures to something like $625,000,000 for all purposes, including about $52,000,000 for the non-postal items. This will mean a saving of approximately $75,000,000 by comparison with 1933, and a saving of almost $168,000,000 by comparison with 1932. If any appreciable increase should occur in the revenues, it will also mean a balanced post-office budget for the year.

From the low point of last March, the volume of the mails has been gradually increasing, as the result of the general improvement in business conditions. We expect this increase to continue. We anticipate that the revenues for the fiscal year 1934 will somewhat exceed the $588,000,000 collected in the fiscal year 1933. In any event, if allowance is made for the non-postal items, there is every reason to believe that the revenues will reach the reduced level of expenditure which we have set for ourselves.

When the present administration assumed the responsibility for the postal service last March the country was in a mood for economizing all along the line in public expenditures. Suggestions for economies came to the Postoffice Department by the hundreds.

While the department agreed that a reduction of expenditures was essential, it disagreed with the more drastic proposals. Since more than 70 per cent of its normal expenditures is for salaries, it realized that no material saving could be made without affecting the payroll. But it was convinced that the mails would soon come back to normal volume; it knew that the force of employes was constantly being reduced by normal separations from the service; and it believed that whatever policy should be adopted to reduce the postal expenditures in the present emergency should take account of these facts—that the necessary savings should be accomplished without interference with essential postal facilities and without the injustice which would be involved in wholesale dismissal of employes who had devoted their lives to the service.

Acting on this principle, the department secured the enactment of legislation which will make possible whatever savings are necessary in the payroll by the retirement of superannuated employes on pension, by staggering the hours of duty of clerks and city carriers and by reducing the equipment allowances of rural carriers, thus avoiding the necessity of cutting down the force by wholesale discharges.

It is only fair to emphasize that the principal credit for the more satisfactory condition of the postal finances belongs to the personnel of the postal service—to the postmasters and supervisory officials and to the rank and file of clerks and carriers who collect and distribute and deliver the peoples' letters, parcels and magazines.

Employes' Wages Cut.

All postal employes have sustained a 15 per cent cut in their wage rates, and on top of that, for the three months from July to Sept. 30, they were subjected to a cut of 10 per cent in their working time. And while the department has drastically curtailed its expenditures for transportation, rents, supplies and equipment, and for all the other items that enter into the cost of postoffice operations, the public should know that the largest share of the savings which are being accomplished in postoffice administration is being contributed by the postal workers.

The majority of postal employes have recognized clearly the urgent necessity for reducing the public expenditures as one of the steps necessary to the restoration of prosperity among the American people.

The volume of the mails, which had begun to decline in the Fall of 1929, had fallen at the low point of last March to about 60 per cent of normal. Even now, notwithstanding the improvement of the last few months, mail volume is only 66 per cent of what it was four years ago. Yet in these four years of almost constantly shrinking business, the Postoffice Department has kept its entire personnel on the payrolls, the only reduction coming from lapsing the vacancies resulting from ordinary causes such as retirements, deaths and resignations.

Job Security With Economy.

Between 1929 and 1933 the reduction in the total number of clerks, carriers and railway mail clerks has been only 3½ per cent, although during the same period the volume of the mails—which is the best index there is of the work there is to do—has declined 38 per cent.

Postal workers generally realize the propriety in the present emergency of reducing the postoffice payroll somewhat in proportion to this reduction in mail volume, and they are naturally in agreement with the department's policy of making the required reduction through retirements under the thirty-year pension law, temporary lay-offs and temporary wage reductions and by rotating the work rather than by outright dismissals.

This policy is making it possible for us to keep faith with the country by reducing the postal expenditures to conform to the present reduced postoffice income, and at the same time it leaves every postoffice employe secure in his job and secure in the certainty that as business improves his normal earnings will gradually be restored.

FARLEY CHECKING COMMITTEE NAMES

New Democratic List Expected to Be Without Officeholders.

(Copyright, 1934, by the Associated Press.)

Postmaster General Farley, now quietly engaged at the President's order in reorganizing the Democratic National Committee, today had before him a committee list showing about a score of members who hold either appointive or elective office or have been practicing law here.

Quietly the Democratic chairman has been placing a figurative pencil mark down the list, either approving or disapproving all memberships. Eight vacancies now exist on the committee, some through resignations. Other resignations are expected.

Most of the committee members holding public office, of course, are checked almost automatically by Farley as far outside the limitations set by Mr. Roosevelt. Recently, however, the President spoke against the practice of committeemen having law offices here.

It appeared probable today that an entire official line-up would be named by Farley, showing many of the names now on the committee, but also many new ones.

Farley himself has indicated that when he can be spared from the National Committee he would like to devote his entire time to his task as Postmaster General.

Ball Started Rolling.

Long before the Roosevelt expression of displeasure came, O. Max Gardner, committeeman from North Carolina, resigned and started the ball rolling. He told the President he felt he could not retain his membership while conducting law cases against the Government here.

The President wrote him a letter, expressing regret and adding:

"I know the motives which prompt you and the reasons you have for taking this action. It is good to have friends who are so actuated by high principles."

When including even Senators and Representatives, who by past practice always have served on national party committees, Democratic records show a considerable list of members holding either Federal or State appointive or elective offices.

The following list shows also committeemen who have been practicing law here, recent resignations and also other vacancies:

Arizona—Mrs. John C. (Isabella) Greenway, member of the House of Representatives.

California—William Gibbs McAdoo, United States Senator.

Connecticut — Mrs. Fannie Dixon Welch, appointed collector of customs at Bridgeport January 4.

District of Columbia—John F. Costello, Washington lawyer.

Iowa—Robert F. Mitchell, chief justice of the Iowa Supreme Court.

Kansas — Dudley Doolittle, general agent of the Farm Loan Board at Wichita and who maintained a law office in Washington.

Louisiana—Huey P. Long, United States Senator.

Michigan—Horatio J. Abbott, appointed internal revenue collector for Michigan January 4.

Minnesota—Joseph Wolf, appointed

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3.)

FARLEY CHECKING COMMITTEE NAMES FOR NEW LINE-UP

(Continued From First Page.)

collector of internal revenue for Minnesota January 4; Mrs. Agnes M. Hodge, appointed collector of customs at Minneapolis January 4.

Missouri—W. T. Kemper, temporarily with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Kremer Resigned January 5.

Montana—J. Bruce Kremer, practicing law in Washington. (Resignation announced January 5.)

Nebraska—Arthur F. Mullen, has practiced law here.

New Hampshire—Robert Jackson, practicing law here. (Resigned as committeeman and secretary of the committee January 6.) Vacancy on woman membership.

New Mexico—Vancancy in woman membership.

New York—Vacancy caused by death of John H. McCooey.

North Carolina—Vacancy caused by resignation of O. Max Gardner in October, 1933.

North Dakota—Hector H. Perry, appointed collector of internal revenue for North Dakota June 10, 1933.

Ohio—William A. Julian, appointed Treasurer of the United States May 12, 1933.

Puerto Rico—Benjamin J. Horton, appointed attorney general for Puerto Rico January 8, 1934. Mrs. Jean S. Whittemore appointed collector of customs in Puerto Rico (resigned as committeewoman).

Philippines—Woman membership vacant.

South Dakota—W. W. Howes, appointed Second Assistant Postmaster General and later First Assistant.

Tennessee—Kenneth D. McKellar, United States Senator.

Texas—Jed C. Adams, appointed member of the Board of Tax Appeals May 2, 1933.

Utah—Orman W. Ewing, practicing law here.

Virginia—Harry F. Byrd, United States Senator.

Virgin Islands—Woman member vacancy.

West Virginia—Herbert Fitzpatrick, general counsel for the Van Sweringen railroads having cases before Government departments.

Wyoming—Joseph C. O'Mahoney, United States Senator, previously appointed First Assistant Postmaster General. Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, committee vice chairman and member from Wyoming, appointed director of the mint April 26, 1933.

SPECIAL STAMP ISSUES YIELD PROFIT TO NATION

N.Y. Times 6/10/34

With $1,800,000 Realized From Their Sale in Present Fiscal Year, the Postoffice Plans for New Series

By HAL H. SMITH.

WASHINGTON.

THE hobby of stamp collecting is paying big dividends to the United States Government and Postmaster General Farley is making the most of it. Collectors are especially interested in the special issue of commemorative stamps. During the fiscal year that ends on June 30 the sale of these issues will have brought $1,800,000 into the Treasury. As the most of these stamps will not be used for the prepayment of postage, this sum is virtually clear profit.

In postoffices throughout the country, according to Clinton B. Ellenberger, Third Assistant Postmaster General, in charge of Federal postage stamp activity, thousands of sets of new issues are being sold to collectors, bringing in, it is estimated, $1,000,000 for the year. The rest of the $1,800,000 will come from special stamps being sold by the philatelic agency which the Postoffice Department maintains at Washington to handle the commemorative issues.

Last year the sales of commemorative issues by the philatelic agency amounted to only $302,619, but the present fiscal year shows a large increase, $712,625 having been the figure up to May 1. The agency's sales of commemorative issues have trebled in the last six years. No premium is charged for the special stamps.

Three Issues This Year.

So far this year Postmaster General Farley has brought out three special issues. The first was the so-called second Byrd issue of 150,000,000 stamps—blue three-centers, sold only in sheets of six. The next special issue was the red Maryland Tercentenary stamp, picturing the Ark and the Dove, the diminutive sailing vessels that brought the settlers of Maryland to the Lower Potomac. These stamps were sold individually and not in sheets. On the heels of the Maryland stamp came the Mother's Day issue.

The program of the Postmaster General for special stamps during the remainder of 1934 comprises three issues. The first will be a national park series, to be followed by the Wisconsin Tercentenary stamp in midsummer and by a Presidential series in early Winter.

Tentative plans for the national park series approved by the Postmaster General contemplate stamps ranging in denomination from 1 to 10 cents for each of ten of the parks. Details of color, design and date of first sales are not yet completed. The first issue will be a one-cent stamp in honor of the Yosemite National Park in California, depicting the famous El Capitan.

Each of the other nine stamps will picture an outstanding natural feature of the park represented. They will be Grand Canyon National Park, 2 cents; Mount Rainier National Park, 3 cents; Mesa Verde National Park, 4 cents; Yellowstone National Park, 5 cents; Zion National Park, Utah, 6 cents; Acadia National Park, Maine, 7 cents; Sequoia National Park, California, 8 cents; Glacier National Park, Montana, 9 cents, and Great Smoky Mountains National Park, North Carolina and Tennessee, 10 cents.

The Wisconsin Stamp.

The first stamp of the national park series will probably go on sale in June. The plan of the Postmaster General is to put all ten out before midsummer, having them ready early enough to capitalize the tourist trek into the West. They are expected to appeal to the vacationist.

The Wisconsin Tercentenary stamp will be a 3-cent issue in commemoration of the explorations in the Wisconsin country by Jean Nicolet. The final series of the year will be a set of stamps each bearing an engraved portrait of a President. Out about December, this issue will replace the present Presidential series. Since the first American governmental stamps were issued, the United States always has done honor, in its regular issues, to Washington, Franklin and to sixteen Presidents besides Washington.

The provision of commemorative postage stamps for important events of national interest is no novelty. It has been an established policy of the Postoffice Department for forty-one years.

The first commemorative series ever issued was the Columbian Exposition set of 1893, which depicted the discovery of America by Columbus. It consisted of sixteen denominations, ranging from 1 cent to $5. Among the subjects shown were the landing of Columbus, his flagship, his fleet, Columbus soliciting aid from Isabella, Columbus at La Rabida, Isabella pledging her jewels, Columbus in chains, and finally the $5 stamp showing a portrait of Columbus.

History Portrayed.

The next was the Trans-Mississippi "Omaha" series of 1898. Its nine denominations, from 1 cent to $2, pictured Marquette on the Mississippi, Frémont in the Rocky Mountains, and other Western subjects. A chronological history of America, portrayed in pictures of striking or outstanding events, is envisaged in the pictorial stamps of all the special series issued by the Postoffice Department from time to time.

The Pan-American series of 1901, at the time of the Buffalo Exposition, pictured a railway train, an automobile, a steel-arch bridge, canal locks and an ocean steamship. The Louisiana Purchase series of 1904 included five denominations. One scene pictured Robert R. Livingston, American Minister to France, conducting negotiations for the Louisiana purchase. The Jamestown series of 1907 showed Captain John Smith, Pocahontas and the landing of the adventurers at Jamestown.

In 1909 came the Alaskan-Yukon-Pacific two-cent stamp with its portrait of William H. Seward. The Hudson-Fulton two-cent stamp of 1908 had for its central design a picture showing the Hudson and the Palisades, with the Half Moon sailing up the river and the Clermont steaming in the opposite direction. The Panama-Pacific series of 1912-13 showed Balboa, the Panama Canal, the Golden Gate and the discovery of San Francisco Bay.

More Recent Issues.

The Victory three-cent stamp, issued in 1919 to commemorate the end of the World War, presented a standing figure of Liberty Victorious, with a background of flags of America, France, England, Italy and Belgium.

The three Pilgrim Tercentenary stamps in 1920 featured the Mayflower, the landing of the Pilgrims and the signing of the compact. Other issues were the Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary series of 1924; the Lexington-Concord commemorative issue of 1925; the Norse-American stamp of 1925; the Ericsson five-cent memorial stamp of 1926, and the Battle of White Plains two-cent stamp of 1926. The latter's central vignette showed in action a gun crew of four men in Continental uniform.

As a special tribute to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's non-stop flight from New York to Paris, a new ten-cent air mail stamp was issued in place of the current dime air mail stamp of 1926.

The Burgoyne campaign two-cent stamp was issued in 1927 to commemorate the battles in 1777 of Fort Stanwix, Oriskany, Bennington and Saratoga. It central design was the surrender of General Burgoyne. In the same year came the two-cent Vermont Sesquicentennial stamp, picturing a Green Mountain boy in buckskin leaning on his rifle.

There have been many other special issues in recent years, among them the Valley Forge, Hawaiian, Molly Pitcher and Thomas Alva Edison stamps. There were special issues to mark the International Olympic Winter Games, the 250th anniversary of the arrival in America of William Penn, the arrival of Oglethorpe in Georgia, the 150th anniversary of the issuance of the Proclamation of Peace, and the Century of Progress Exposition. Other issues included the NRA emergency postage stamp, the Graf Zeppelin stamp and the Byrd Little America stamp.

The Trigger Man

Many times in the course of his variated career, Big Jim Farley has arched his ample bosom and proclaimed: "Boys you got me wrong." Many times also have friends or enemies retreated from an encounter with Jim's rough-and-tumble politics, nubbing their bruises and admitting the same thing.

Al Smith was among the first to get Jim wrong.

When Al appointed him to a place on the New York Athletic Commission in 1924, he did so with the secret belief that Jim was just a small-town youngster from up-state - honest, well-intentioned but dumb.

Al didnt know his Farley.

Farley was the third member on the Commission, the other two being William Muldoon, the late athletic promoter, and George F. Brower, a Brooklyn lawyer, who was chairman. Within a few brief months, however, Jim not only was doing all the talking for the Commission but had annexed the chairmanship.

The latter he executed in the best tradition of Tammany Hall. One Friday there was a meeting of the Commission at which were present only Messrs. Muldoon and Farley. When it adjourned the Commission had a new Chairman- Mr. Farley.

"We decided," Jim explained to the sports writers afterwards, "that it would be wise to rotate the chairmanship."

Ex-chairman Brower expostulates vehemently. "It appears," he said, "that they took advantage of my absence."

The regular meeting day of the Commission is Tuesday.

Friday session are only informal, unless I call a special meeting and I called no such meeting." ¶ But it was no use.

In reply Big Jim assured newspapermen:

"I have only the highest regard for Mr. Brower and the manner in which he discharged the duties of his office."

That was the last time the chairmanship rotated. Thereafter, as the question was raised each year, Jim explained to the press:

"Boys we've got a new rule now. We are not rotating the chairmanship anymore."

And it was not until four days before he took the oath of office as Postmaster General of the United States that James also saw Farley relaxed his strangle hold on the boxing commission.

~~Then there was the little group of Democratic mentor-minds and ardent Al Smith backers who got Jim wrong.~~ That was seven years after Al ~~first~~ had given Jim his first important boost up the political leader and ~~the Democratic mentor minds~~ he should have known better.

¶ Another crowd which got Jim wrong was the little band of Democratic mentor-minds who raised the do-or-die banner over the Brown Derby of Al Smith.

2a

"It appears that they took advantage of my absence," he complained. "The regular meeting day of the Commission is Tuesday. Friday sessions are only informal, unless I call a special meeting. I ~~did not~~ called no such a meeting."

The reply to which Big Jim ~~assured~~ newspapermen:

"I have only the highest regard for Mr.Brower and the manner in which he has discharged his duties." ~~Jim graciously assured news men.~~

That was the last time the chairmanship rotated.

Thereafter, as the question was raised each year, Jim, ~~with his ingratiating Irish smile beaming its warmest,~~ would explain: "Boys, we'ge got a new rule now. We are not rotating the chairmanship any more." ~~He kept a firm grip on the post until he voluntarily resigned from the Commission---four days before he took the oath of office as Postmaster General.~~ And it was not until that he finally relaxed his strong hold on the Boxing Commission. Smith had given Jim this first important

Seven years after Al appointed ~~Jim to the boxing Commission~~ a group of Democratic masterminds---who by this time should have known ~~better---~~ once again got him wrong.

2a

Jim, now risen to the eminence of New York State Democratic Chairman, had embarked on a [redacted] dash across the country, ostensibly, ~~the hegira was~~ for the purpose of attending a national convention of his beloved Elks in Seattle. Actually, ~~his mission was~~ to launch the "Roosevelt for President" boom.

In twenty days Farley covered nineteen states. He met, slapped on the back, and exchanged stories with ~~and talked to~~ hundreds of state and local leaders, from governors and national committeemen to ~~and~~ state chairmen and district captains. At the Elks' round-up, the famous B.P.O.E. greeting, "Hello,Bill", became "Hello,Jim". He was indefatigable and unquenchable. ~~in his proselyting.~~ Everywhere and to everyone he spread the Messianic word, "There is magic in the name of Roosevelt".

(3)

Back in New York he opened

~~When he returned home he brought back~~ a suit case full of names ~~he had~~ carefully noted ~~down each day~~ from telephone books and distinct leaders and. For a month thereafter, most of Jim's time was ~~occupied~~ spent in dictating personal letters ~~messages~~ to each and everyone of them. Over seven thousand letters, each signed in green ink, went out to emphasize the fame of Franklin Roosevelt, spurned by the Dem

To ~~little~~ diminutive John J.Raskob, ~~the somewhat~~ naive "angel", and not Louis Howe, Jouett Shouse, ~~the somewhat~~ pompous directing genius, ~~of the rejuvenated Democratic National Committee~~, Jim's travelling salesman methods were highly amusing. They watched his tactics with disdainful smiles.

"Just a walking delegate, an Elk at heart," was the word that ~~spread among their circle~~ they passed out from Committee headquarters.

A year later at the Chicago convention, when their desperate "Stop Roosevelt" movement collapsed ~~as flat as~~ like a burst ~~ten-cent~~ balloon, the anguished Smith-Raskob-Shouse coterie realized too late that it is the early "bird", with a heart of an Elk and a glad-hand mounted on ball-bearings, who garners the delegates. Once again they had got Jim wrong.

In the two years since then ~~that~~ he has ~~held down~~ occupied the triple role of Postmaster General, Democratic National Chairman, and New York State Democratic Chairman ~~for~~ on behalf of one of the deftest and most resourceful politicians ~~who has so far not~~ ever to sit in the White House, many others have got ~~him~~ ~~Big~~ Jim wrong.

Hardly a day passes that Jim is not ~~On various occasions he has been~~ denounced as a ~~devious schemer and~~ hard-boiled machine politician, ~~and for being~~ a bungler and incompetent, ~~flayed as~~ a rapacious spoilsman and ruthless Civil Service wrecker, ~~and for~~ a cold-heartedly ~~withholding~~ miser of just rewards ~~from~~ for deserving Democrats, ~~blasted for being~~ a deep-dyed Tory, a devious schemer and ~~for scampering about the country and not attending to~~ an inordinate neglecter of his official duties as Postmaster General.

~~Unquestionably~~ There is of course a lot ~~a considerable element~~ of truth in some of these charges. Despite an occasional liberal~~ism~~

tinctured speech---written for him by Charley Michelson or some other ghost writer, and as strange to his lips as liquor, which he never touches---Jim is no more a New Dealer than that soft-spoken adulator of big business, Secretary of Commerce Daniel Calhoun Roper. That he is a devotee of that guiding Tammany tenet, "to the victor belong the spoils", and that he has made "bulls", Jim would be the last to deny.

But granting the truth of all these charges, they still miss the real point regarding Jim and his place and function in the Roosevelt machine.

Jim Farley is the President's trigger man.

It is his job to do the political strong-arming and the hi-jacking that the President of the United States can not afford personally to sully his hands with.

Does Ed Flynn, cool, shrewd Bronx Tammany czar and Secretary of State in the Roosevelt gubernatorial cabinet, convince the President of the partisan desirability of preventing the mayoralty election of the liberal Fiorello LaGuardia, then it falls to Jim to launch the candidacy of a "Holy Joe" McKee, and to take uncomplainingly on his bald pate the barrage of derision and catcalls when the sordid scheme falls through.

Does Franklin Roosevelt, angered at Bronson Cutting's because of blunt-worded criticism of his veteran policy, cold-bloodedly brush aside old personal ties and claims of gratitude and give the sign for the high-principled New Mexican's decapitation, then it is up to Jim to man the guillotine.

This does not mean that Jim found these, and sundry other, strong-arm jobs distasteful.

Far from it.

He was of one mind with his close pal, Ed Flynn, in trying to torpedo LaGuardia. And while frankly admitting the great services rendered his chief by Senator Cutting in the 1932 campaign, Jim will always go to bat for any ~~to Jim as~~ office holder bearing the Democratic label no matter how ~~is preferable~~ mediocre or downright pusillanimous he may be or ~~any time to any other, no matter~~ how enlightened ~~and distinguished~~ a statesman he may supplant. ~~be. Jim is no "New Era" Tammanyite---and makes no bones about it. He gladly and zestfully~~ Therefore he joyfully waged war on the Fusion mayoralty candidate in New York ~~and~~ the Progressive Republican senatorial nominee in New Mexico and put his whole heart and soul into it.

~~That he did so~~ is not, however, the real crux of the ~~matter~~ situation

James Aloysius Farley has never professed to be other than what he is---a machine politician. What he has done, and will continue to do as long as he is a member of the Rossevelt regime, he has done ~~under the orders and~~ with the full cognizance and approval of the President.

When the President and Jim are in Washington, few days go by that the latter, driving to his office in the morning in his predecessor's famous "top hat" limousine, does not stop at the White House for a brief private conference with "the chief". Not Everyone ~~in Washington~~ who has watched the New Deal at close range knows that, and also that Jim never makes an important political move on his own initiative. —Farley

Behind his suavely groomed 6-feet-2 bulk---"with hardly an ounce of fat", as Jim ~~is so fond of saying~~ loves to remind you---is the ever-present figure of Franklin Roosevelt.

The voice is the voice of Farley, but the hand is the hand of the President.

~~That, however, is not the real crux of~~

That he dis so, however, is totally immaterial.

James Aloysius Farley never has pr fessed to be other than what he is- a machine politician. What he has done and will continue to do as long as he is a member of the Roosevelt regime has been done with the full cognizance and approval of the President. Jim is too wise a politicia~~n~~ ever to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ stray very far from the home base. And every morning that he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ drives to work in the famous "top hat" limousine of his predecessor, finds him stopping ~~off~~ at the White House for a breakfast conference with the chief.

~~Dhiaxzxxxx~~ ~~People may still have~~ ~~Jim Wrong. But~~

~~It~~ has become axiomatic with close observers of the New Deal ~~w~~ that behind the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ hulking six-feet-two of James Aloysius stands the ever-present figure of Franklin Roosevelt.

The voice is the voice of Farley. The blame is heaped on the head of Farley. But the hand is the hand of the President.

*** ***

Jim Farley is richly endowed by nature for the exalted if sometimes bloody role which he now occupies.

He has an iron constitution, imperturbable good nature, a genius for making friends and a highly mobile sense of consistency.

Seldom are two individuals more directly opposite in past background and present outlook than the President and his Trigger Man. While Franklin Roosevelt, only son of a doting and aristocratic family, was being ~~carefully~~ piloted through Groton, taken to Europe by a tutor in the summer, and subjected to the rigors of Harvard, young Jim was thrown ~~out~~ on his own. At the age of eleven, his father, a saloon-keeper, ~~died~~ was killed by a horse, and Jim started ~~was faced with the job of~~ helping his mother support a large family. ~~brood of brothers and sisters.~~ In the years that followed, Jim managed to get a little high-schooling and several night terms at a business college, but it was all ~~done while in office, and off hours.~~ sandwiched in between working in a backyard, a shipyard and in his mother's corner grocery.

Many times in his varigated political career Big Jim Farley has had occasion to say:"Boys, you got me wrong."

Many others, also,--though some of them would be the last to say so--
~~admitxxx~~, have had occasion to realise that they had got Jim wrong.

insert p 6 a

No local political leader is too insignificant for him to neglect. A year after meeting him, Jim will be able to slap him on the back, call him by his first name, and inquire after the wife and kids. During the interval, Jim will have written him half a dozen letters--he wrote 700,000 during the Roosevelt campaign--all signed in green ink and all signed "Sincerely, Jim."

Probably no two individuals could be more directly opposite in past background ~~and present outlook~~ than the President and his Trigger Man.

While Franklin Roosevelt, only son of ~~a distinguished~~ one of New York's most aristocratic families, was being ~~reading a carefully cloistered life at Groton and Harvard,~~ hurled through summers and taken to Europe by his tutor in the [illegible] young Jim was thrown on his own resources at the age of eleven. His father, a saloon keeper, died. ~~by the death of his father.~~ Jim managed to get ~~had~~ a little high-school and several night terms at a ~~business~~ college, but he squeezed ~~it~~ them in during times when he was not helping to support his mother and ~~a large brood of brothers and sisters.~~

Even if Jim's educational opportunities had been greater, however, he never would have ~~been a Brain Trust~~ made the President's Brain Trust. He is not built that way. Erudition is not his line. Book learning, the intricacies of economics, finance, statecraft he leaves to others. When he has a speech to make, there is always a ghost writer to do the authoring. ~~, though once in a while Jim ~~he~~ injects some ideas of his own with disastrous consequences.~~ Jim's reading is confined to newspapers, although last year when he went abroad ~~for a short~~ on vacation he did take with him several books, including an excellent economic history of the United States. Whether he found time to read them, however, ~~[illegible]~~ neither Jim nor his conversation since then have disclosed.

Only in one respect have the President and his Trigger Man anything in common. In persuasive geniality and ingratiating friendliness Jim rivals, perhaps surpasses, the President. ~~Undoubtedly~~ Probably ~~he~~ Jim is the greatest layer-on-of-hands in American politics.

Insert

No one in ~~the~~ Administration, including ~~the President,~~ Roosevelt, has as many personal friends among ~~the~~ Washington ~~press corps as Jim.~~ newspapermen. His press conferences, always largely attended, are the most informal, frank and ~~[illegible]~~ good-natured in the Capital. Jim ~~[illegible]~~

affects no pose and talks the newspaper language. He reads every thing written about him and does not hesitate to take issue with anyone on any subject. But he does it with good humor.

"That," said Jim one day to a correspondent who had noted the effect on the Postmaster General's speeches of the ghost-writer's absence, "is hitting below the belt."

"Jim," replied the correspondent, "your belt is so wide we cant tell where it begins or ends."

The name Farley is derived from the old English "Ferly," meaning a "strange sight," a description which Jim does not entirely deserve except when he sits in his ornate new office of carved walnut panels, chewing gum with a rythm matched only by the fountain which splashes in the courtyard outside. On the desk in front of him is a picture of the Postmaster General taken when he was only 23 years old bearing the inscription: "Presented to Jim, himself, in memory of his hair, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Jim's now

Jim has the physique and stamina of a stevedore and adorns it with no jewelry of any kind- not even an Elk's tooth. In the past four years he has subjected to it to the strain of constant barnstorming, by train, automobile, and airplane-which he does not like-- with no effects upon either his health or good nature. Jim neither drinks nor smokes, but hands out packages of chewing gum as the ordinary politician hands out cigars. In reply to a schoolboy who wanted to know "what part chewing gum played in your success," Jim

wrote:

"Dear John: I dont know whether gum played any part in my success but I know it was not a retarding factor."

To this, John wrote back:

"My assistant principal said chewing gum was a bad habit, that no gum chewer could succeed. I read your letter in class."

Jim and his wife took one fling at Washington society after inauguration day, but couldnt make a go of it. Since then Mrs.Farley has moved back to New York, ~~and comes to the Capital only on special occasions~~. She couldn't even ~~stand~~ tolerate the twelve-room apartment which the Mayflower Hotel once rented to Vice President Curtis for $100 a month. So Jim now occupies a modest three-room suite and Mrs.Farley comes down from New York only on state occasions.

The companionship of his own kind, however, is another matter. ~~In male society, however, it is another story. Jim~~ As a joiner Jim is surpassed only by the former Secretary of Labor, James J.Davis. ~~Naturally~~ of course he is a Knight of Columbus; also a Redman, and an Eagle. His real love, however, is the B.P.O.E.

~~Jim. At he~~

Essentially Jim is a small town boy ~~who has pushed his way into~~ running with a big town gang. He boasts that he saves the ~~hometown~~ at his prowl during the week newspapers from Rockland County and takes them home to read on Sunday. And he does. It was Rockland County and the Grassy Point baseball team which first gave Jim his start in politics. "Stretch" Farley, 21-year old first baseman, became one of the baseball heroes of the twon and cashed in on that popularity by being elected town clerk. For a Democrat and an untried youngster in a rock-ribbed Republican stronghold this was no small victory. ~~and in winning it he used the same strategy and the strategy he evolved then he has used without the slightest variation ever since.~~

No christening, wedding, funeral or public function was without Jim. No voter in district, who he did not know and call by his first name. No voter in his district ever met him on the street without being hailed by his first name.

Jim won it by methods tried and trusted in many political arenas.

~~Jim won it by calling every voter in the district by his first name.~~ No christening, wedding, funeral or public function was without Jim's towering hulk. No one, ~~in the district~~, regardless of Party called upon Jim for a favor in vain.

~~The methods Jim employed as town clerk of Rensselaer and as Postmaster General of the United States remain the same.~~ Jim has not altered his technique. Statecraft remained consistently in the background. Jim once served a term in the ~~New York state~~ legislature at Albany and had the courage to vote for a state wet law, which cost him his seat at the next election. Since then he ~~This convinced Jim that statecraft was not for him~~ has carefully eschewed it any political issue.

Jim literally rose to political eminence on a flood of free passes.

~~The boxing commission~~

His chairmanship of the boxing commission carried no salary, but when it came to rewarding his friends, Jim made the life of the fight-promoter one of constant anguish. For one big bout he passed out $30,000 worth of free tickets, causing the late Tex Rickard to complain:

"Jim, you give me back the 'Annie Oakleys' and I'll give you the fight."

Free passes for the boys has become a major passion with Jim. At the Chicago convention after a barnstorming trip which ~~he turned up with from Michigan, Illinois~~ ~~barnstorming the country with~~ netted him 666 ~~sure~~ votes for Roosevelt and almost ~~in his suitcase~~ certain nomination, ~~despite which~~ Jim was desconsolate. A friend ~~finding~~ found him ~~pacing~~ pacing ~~restlessly~~ up and down a ~~hall~~ corridor in the rear of the convention hall and tried to console him.

~~"Things look"~~ "Things look kind of tough?" he asked.

"I'm in a bad spot,"confessed Jim."The boys from out in the states have flocked to town to see the show. They want tickets, and there just arent any. But I cant tell them that.I cant disa point the boys. I dont know what to do."

*** ***

Politically, There is no question that Jim Farley has his eyes on bigger and better things. Anyone who sees him sitting on the floor of the State Legislature at Albany, steering dictating legislation as if he were the Huey Long of New York instead of Postmaster General; or anyone who watches the way he dictates every minor piece of the award patronage State and City in New York, can see that Jim has his eyes on the governorship in 1936. Some say also that his vision eyes go further than this -- to the White House in 1940.

Jim has demonstrated in his brief but meteroic career etc.

*** ***

Jim takes his spectacular rise in politics as a matter of course. But what he is really proud of is his business career. Drop one word to Jim about his record in economy in the Post Office Department or about his organization of the New York building materials industry and he will purr like a kitten.

For deep in his heart Jim considers himself a business executive of rare gifts and sagacity.

Gypsum, an essential ingredient in mixing plaster,was to Jim's business career what free passes were to his politics. Through it he rose to be king of New York's builders' supplies. He began lowly as a salesman for the United States Gypsum Company, became manager of the Universal Gypsum Company and finally blossomed forth with James A.Farley and Company, dealers in all forms of building materials.

The hand that was so facile in winning votes,

~~discovered~~, was equally adept at selling gypsum. Also the building business seemed to have an irresistable and profitable attraction for politicians, and Many important builders found themselves buying Farley cement, and Farley plaster, and Farley sand, ~~until just~~ Business prospered as politics prospered. The two seemed to go hand-in-hand. Finally at about the time ~~he was able to~~ Jim capture d the chairmanship of the New York State Democratic National Committee, ~~Jim~~ he also found his company absorbing all seven other building supply companies in New York City.

T The new concern bore the imposing name of General Bui ders Supply Corporation, James A.Farley, president and chief owner.

To what extent ~~Whether~~ the unvarying good fortune of General Builders Supply Corporation was dependent upon the increasing political prestige of its President is not a matter which is entered on its books. But it is not without ~~interest~~ significance that the company continued to do a comfortable business throughout the depression despite the fact that the construction industry was one of the ~~severest affected~~ most stricken in the country.

It may be out of Jim's feeling to note this, but Even today, ~~when Jim has turned over~~ with the reigns of ~~the~~ General Builders' Supply turned over to his brother-in-law, Harry Finnegan, the concern ~~it~~ continues to prosper.

~~As Post-acter General~~

As administrator of the nation's postal system, Jim ~~has been trying~~ takes pride in the belief that he is setting ~~the same~~ ~~pace~~ a high-water-mark for ~~efficiency~~ efficient service and actual profit. The oath of office was still warm on his lips when he announced his intention of taking his Department out of the red.

Since then he ~~has been~~ in Cabinet meetings frequently ~~praising expenditures of~~ ~~expenditures of efficiency~~ points with pride to the profits ~~he had~~ made ~~realized~~ ~~made~~ on special stamps sales.

"Why could not the Interior Department," he ~~proposed~~ once suggested, "~~show a profit by making~~ Collect some loose change by ~~collecting~~ charging for hunting licenses on the national domain?"

Farley's special stamp sales have made money, ~~though they~~ ~~cares~~ have caused more political woe than he would like ~~to admit~~.

And he has turned ~~them~~ out ~~new issues commemorating~~ ~~once as fast as they could be printed from~~ Mothers' Day ~~through Mother's Day,~~ ~~from~~ the National Park ~~Service to~~ the Maryland and Wisconsin Tercentennials, and ~~to~~ the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, ~~to the NRA~~ ~~and~~ ~~until now Jim has~~ ~~opened a special office for stamp collectors~~ ~~and is considering a last~~ ~~sale of special~~ issues ~~as well as a~~ ~~first~~. It is true that the stamp commemorating the Polish hero, General Kosciusko, aroused some resentment from good German-American voters, who had to be appeased by promise of a special Graf Zeppelin ~~stamp~~ issue, but ~~on the~~ ~~and brought the balls~~ by and large Jim's salesmanship was so good ~~that he had to open a~~ ~~special stamp collectors office.~~ that he now sells imperfect stamps to collectors at a considerable premium.

Another ~~lecture~~ admonition Jim once ~~gave him~~ read to his cabinet colleagues was on general postal efficiency. He pointed out that large numbers of erroneously addressed letters were being received by the Post Office ~~Department~~ from other government departments ~~which were erroneously~~ ~~addressed. He~~ and asked for greater care in addressing envelopes.

The President suggested that Jim prepare some figures ~~on~~ on this, and a week later ~~Jim was ready~~ he appeared with his report, ~~which showed on the number of erroneously addressed letters were received from each Department.~~ Jim read ~~the report,~~ his figures, obviously for the first time. As he neared the bottom he hesitated, blushed, finally blurted out the fact that his own Department had mis-addressed more mail than any other.

In order to balance his budget, Farley ~~has~~ introduced a policy of ruthless and frenzied economy. Personnel was cut to the bone and worked to the limit. Deliveries were reduced. Public service, consideration ~~of~~ for the welfare of tens of thousands of postal workers was subordinated to paring expenditures ~~to~~ for the sole sake of realizing ~~that Jim could realize~~ Jim's ambition.

That his Department is a highly complex institution

including parasitical services such as franked official mail, less-than-cost services to newspapers and publications, ~~plus~~ together with ocean and air mail subsidies, seemed entirely lost upon Jim. His eyes were glued to the balance sheets and the fact that during a century and a half a postal profit had been shown but rarely.

Finally, and with considerable bombast, Jim announced the glad tidings that his books ~~had closed~~ for the first year showing a "surplus" of $12,161,415.03.

But Jim's joy was ~~upon crushed~~ short-lived. Not only did the news fail to reverberate ~~through~~ across the ~~front~~ first pages, but a partisan backfire ~~resulted~~ started. Poring over his figures, Republican snipers disovered a grave discrepancy. Instead of a surplus of $12,000,000, they pointed gleeful ~~fingers at~~ by to an actual deficit of $52,000,000.

Jim had excluded from his ~~calculations~~ balance sheet the millions that are spent for franked mail and ~~for~~ ocean and air mail subsidies. It was a piece of ~~booking keeping~~ accounting legerdermain previously practised under Hoover, but it was embarassing ~~[illegible]~~ for Jim to explain ~~just~~ away the same.

Much more embarassing, though less publicised, has been Farley's treatment of postal labor. While the President was urging private industry to increase wages, and while the National Labor Board led a militant campaign for ~~the~~ labor's protection, ~~of labor,~~ Farley was engaged ~~[illegible]~~ in getting himself branded ~~[illegible]~~ as ~~an anti~~ anything but a New Dealer. For the black figures on his ledger ~~that he~~ paraded so proudly before the public were squeezed out of the ~~[illegible]~~ salaries of ~~an~~ vast army of underpaid clerks, carriers and substitutes. And when Congress passed an act giving them a fixed minimum of $12 weekly, Farley indused the President to veto the bill.

What Jim did not realize was that ~~in the postal~~ service as in building supplies, the personal elemn

What Jim did not realize was that even in ~~that far-flung~~ the vast and almost automatic machinery of the postal service, the human element is important. And as a result of his treatment of postal labor, the quality of its service retrograded as at no time in recent years.

*** *** ***

~~Shortly before Inauguration - March 4, 1933~~ When James Aloyisus Farley first came to Washington shortly before March 4, 1933 ~~prepared~~ to act as Trigger Man for ~~the incoming~~ this new President ~~about to be inaugurated,~~ he brought with him a little card index of those who had contributed to the campaign either in work or money. This ~~little~~ file ~~was~~ turned out to be the appointment Bible ~~by which~~ of the new Administration and became one of the most worn and thumb-marked indexes in the country.

It did not ~~not~~ become thumb-marked however, for some ~~w~~ time- in fact, much too long a time for the job-seeking army of Senators and Representatives who sat smack, their teeth in the Capitol even before Farley's arrival. ~~Congressmen who arrived in the Capitol.~~ Outside their doors ~~intimating~~ every day were long lines of constituents, each claiming that he was almost solely responsible for the election of Franklin Roosevelt ~~'s election~~ and each claiming just reward. Congressmen were frantic. Life was scarcely worth living. They could not even sneak out the rear doors of their offices. And they, in turn made life equally hectic for James Aloysius ~~deluged~~ Farley. In his big anti-room every morning half a hundred of them ~~a score or so~~ waited. When were the jobs to be passed out? Why all the ~~this~~ delay? Why leave the country in the hands of Republicans?

Big Jim turned on ~~smiled~~ gave his most ingratiating smile and said nothing.

The fact was he was "taking the rap" for Roosevelt. ~~He was acting as the "fall guy" for Roosevelt.~~

Long before, it was ~~had been~~ decided in high party councils that until the essential part of the Roosevelt legislative program was ~~had been~~ forced through Congress, there should be no removal of the one and only threat a Congressman understands--a boycott ~~on jobs~~ patronage.

So Jim Farley, ~~in other words,~~ was laying off to crack~~ing~~ the whip. He did it in his blandest and most personable manner

But just to guide him in the future distribution of jobs he started another little card index showing how each Congressman voted. If and when Roosevelt got his legislation, Jim made it absolutely clear, ~~he intimated on numerous occasions that he~~ would get its Congress jobs.

In the end, of course, Jim took it on the chin both going and coming. Vituperation was heaped upon his head for withholding jobs and later vituperation was heaped upon his head ~~appointments he with which he filled~~ for the type of men he placed in those jobs. The only difference was that the vituperation came from different directions.

Jim took it philosophically in either case, partly because his thick-skin has become almost impervious to insult, partly because Jim ~~realizes recognition has come to recognition~~ has got into the habit of accept the warding off brick-bats aimed at the President ~~is recognized as part of Jim's job.~~ merely as a matter of course.

That the brick- bats were not more numerous ~~is not nothing short of miraculous.~~ has been a marvel to most Washington observers. For those in early days of the Democratic job-rush, almost anyone who was free, white, twenty-one and could show tangible evidence of supporting Roosevelt before Chicago was as likely to find himself catapaulted into an assistant attorney generalship as he was with the job of United States Marshall. In fact, George C.Sweeney, political ~~boom~~ friend of ~~the Pr~~ Jimmy Roosevelt, came down ~~to Washington~~ from Gardner, Massachusettes, expecting that he might be made a special attorney, of which the Department of Justice has hundreds. Instead he found himself in the key post of an assistant attorney general, one of the highest posts in the Justice Department. He served for nearly a month before he realized that he was supposed to take the oath of office.

During the first days of the job-rush, Jim established a yardstick for job-hunters and has used it meticuously ever since.

"Loyalty," he said, "is an important aspect of merit. One

of my chief duties is to pass on the loyalty of applicants. Politics, t the editorial writers hint, enters into my consideration. Of course it does."

With Jim ~~loyalty transcends all else.~~ claims that he is "following two fundamental rules: (1) Is the applicant qualified? (2) Is he loyal to the party and sympathetic toward the program of Franklin D.Roosevelt?" ~~But actually~~ Regarding the first, however, Jim has a distinct blind spot. With him loyalty transcends all else.

(How does loyalty rate in Jim's diagnosis of character)

So ~~important is it~~ that he gave the famous "Wild Bill"Lyons a job in the Post Office Department because he served as doorkeeper at Democratic Headquarters in New York. It is true Bill served most faithfully, so faithfully in fact that he once declined to let William H.Woodin, the late Secretary of the Treasury, enter the office of Frank Walker, Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

"But I have a check for $10,000 for the campaign,"expostulated Mr.Woodin.

"It dont make no difference,"replied Mr.Lyons."Mr.Walker said no one was to come in and that means no one."

So Mr.Woodin went back to his office and mailed the check to Mr. Walker.

Wild Bill now bears the imposing title of Administrative Assistant to the Postmaster General. His chief job is clipping press notices of Elk's picnics,homecomings, attended by Jim at Nyack, and other tributes to his activity, all of which are pasted in a scrap-book. He Bill is called the "Pastemaster General."

Loyalty played a dominating part in Jim's appointment of Pat Malloy, Tulsa, Oklahoma, oil king. Jim first sent him over to Harold Ickes to be Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Ickes complained that his department had smelled too much of oil under Republicans and ~~he wanted to have~~ would have nothing to do with ~~oil men~~ him. So Farley ~~then~~ offered Pat

the post of Assistant Secretary of War. But the Oklahoman had drowned his sorrow so deeply in drink that he rejected it; maybe that day. A day or two later he realized what he had done and came back. Jim was compassionate. Pat Malloy was loyal. He had organized the state of Oklahoma for Roosevelt. So Jim went to Homer Cummings. Homer's also afflicted with an acute sense of loyalty, and much to the amazement of all Washington, he rewarded Pat with the important post of Assistant Attorney General.

Perhaps Homer was omniscient. Poor Pat Malloy died a short time later, a victim of acute and continued alcoholism.

The New Deal's graveyard is littered with the political tombstones of Jim Farley's boys who never should have been allowed to see the light of public office. There was Robert H.Gore, ex-Governor of Puerto Rico, who while being entertained by the Mayor of Havana just after the Roosevelt landslide, spoke as follows:

"I have just come from Warm Springs where I had a long conversation with the President-elect of the United States. And I can tell you gentlemen that unless you put your house in order, the United States Government will send an army over to the job for you."

That speech killed Gore's scheduled appointment to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue. But Farley insisted. Bob Gore, he said, had gone down the line. So in the end Gore was sent as Governor to Puerto Rico--just a stone's throw from the country he had insulted.

Then there is L.C.Robert,Jr., a delightful but supremely useless southern gentleman whom Jim made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and whose former engineering firm in Atlanta was found to be receiving a an over-riding commission of one percent on a Public Works project for the University of Georgia--an incident which caused Robert's retirement from the Public Works Board.

Then there are Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming, assigned to a dummy Treasury berth as Director of the

Mint; and Mrs.Marion Blair Banister, half-sister of the Treasury's most virile critic,Senator Carter Glass, whom Jim hoped to silence by making her Assistant Treasurer of the United States. Both were loyal, both deadweight, both received reward.

~~Then there is Guy T.Helvering, of Kansas, whom Jim appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and whom Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau~~

Then there is J.F.T.O'Connor,whom Jim made Comptroller of the Currency and whom Secretary Morgenthau tried to ease out of Washington by offering him a $25,000 Federal Reserve agency in San Francisco; and J.Crawford Biggs,salubrious-mannered Solicitor General, whom the Supreme Court has viewed with a mixture of amusement and displeasure; and Harry Woodring, the Assistant Sec etary of War who figured prominently in the grand jury investigation of army purchases.

All were loyal;all are deadweight, all received reward.

*** ***

There is no mystery about Farley's vorcious patronage foraging. That is his job, That is why he sits on the right hand,politically, of the President. It is Jim's job to see that the President's political fences are maintained in the proper state of repair. It is up to him to produce the payroll pork necessary to satisfy the hordes of deserving Democrats.

Jim's hands are gory with plunder and his judgement at times is as atrocious as his greed. And On some occasions, of late, the President has stepped in and stopped the steal of some espcially blatant piece of swag.

But frequently the situation is reversed, and Jim takes the rap for his chief.

It is a strategy which operates in every Administration and the more smoothly it operates, the stronger is the hand of the man in the White House. Hoover was not particularly adept at it. Roosevelt is.

It was developed with greatest finess when Professor Tugwell stood out on the firing line and let the advertisers of the country pound him black and blue for his authorship of the Pure Food and Drug Act. Tugwell, of course, had drafted the Act under orders. His generalissimo, gu aging the severity of the attack from behind the lines, finally ordered a retreat. He emerged unscathed.

It came into operation again with cancellation of the air mail contracts.

"The contracts were cancelled by the Postmaster General," announced P esidential Sec etary Early, after Lindbergh's protest had led a tide of resentment against the Administration.

Jim Farley took it on the chin and grinned.

He grinned again when he went up to New York during the mayorality campaign of 1933 to help Holy Joe McKee against the carnivorous onslaught of Fiorella LaGuardia. It was the President's baby more than his.

His grin grew even broaden when ~~Robert Moses, Republican candidate for governor of New York in 1934, published a series of letters between him and Farley several years previous in which Jim had urged the appointment of Democrats to jobs under the Long Island State Park Commission over which Moses presided.~~ the victorious Mayor LaGuardia was ordered by Public Wwks Administrator Ickes to drop Robert Moses as Commissioner

of Parks or else forgo Public Works funds for the Triborough Bridge.

For this time, Jim could hide in the shadows of the White House and watch his cabinet colleague, take the rap. Jim knew, as almost everyone knew, that "Honest Harold" Ickes, a fighter for the people, had nothing against Bob Moses, also known as a fighter for the people.

But Jim knew what a lot of other people did not know, that the President had nursed a grudge against Bob Moses which was vitriolic and of long-standing. It dated back to the Roosevelt fued with Al Smith. At one time the grudge was forgotten long enough for Roosevelt to appoint Moses on a commission to investigate the failure of the City Trust Company, a job which he did with such thoroughness that he secured the conviction of Frank Warder, head of the New York Bank Department. Bob also warned that the Bank of the United States was in danger of collapse, and recommended that a new legislative commission be appointed to clean up the entire banking situation.

Moses was to have been on that Commission. But the fued with Al Smith came to a head again. Moses was one of Al's closest advisers. So the appointment never came. Henry Pollak was appointed instead- and later indicted. The Moses program was not carried out; and as he predicted, the Bank of the United States crashed.

So Big Jim Farley sat in the shadows of the White House and grinned. He also had his vendetta with Moses, But it was conforting for a change, to see Harold Ickes out in front taking it on the chin.

*** ***

Jim Farley is symbolic of a system. It is a system which has been handed down from administration to administration. Every president has had his political trigger man; some have had a whole gang of them. The Ohio gang in the days of Warren Gamaliel

Harding ravaged Government departments with a ruthlessness that came near wrecking the entire machine government. Coolidge had his bungling William S.Butler. Hoover had Walter Brown, as cool and calculating a machine boss as ever operated in the Capital. Both issued executive orders which "covered" into the Civil Service thousands of their political henchmen.

The basic weakness of the anti-Farley crusaders is that they heap their abuse upon the man, and not the system. The exit of Big Jim would solve nothing except eliminate one of the most engaging, efficient and unabashed foragers in the history of the American spoils system.

The FORUM

441 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

September 18, 1933.

Dear Drew Pearson,

You have sent me a spirited article on patronage. It is good reading, but it is not the article evaluating the achievement of Roosevelt's more important appointees which I had in mind. I realise that, with the daily call on your talents, you have not the time to draw breath for such an estimate.

I am sorry to have to return your paper. I believe you will have no difficulty in placing it in a weekly or using some of the material in your daily column.

Very sincerely yours,

Henry Goddard Leach

Editor

Drew Pearson Esq.,
2820 Dumbarton Ave.
Washington D.C.

By Drew Pearson

Over in the Post Office Department, Big Jm Farley, our gum-chewing Postmaster General, keeps a little card index. In it are the names of the contributers--both in cash and in time--to the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President of the United States. The cards in this index are soiled and worn. They have been thumbed over many times. Big Jim has sorted them over this way and checked them over that. For the task of matching jobs against candidates, and contributions against appropriateness for office is more impregnated with dynamite than any other single thing facing a new administration.

As he thumbs his cards, Big Jim has his eyes on one goal. Before him are those dazzling and elusive numerals 1936. And every appointment he recommends is made with those numerals flickering in Jim's politically avaricious eyes.

Over in the other parts of the Capital, however, are three Cabinet colleagues of Big Jim's who at various times have come to see red when his name is mentioned. They are the Secretaries of Agriculture, Labor and the Interior; and they have their eyes so riveted on the numerals 1933 and 1934 and the work immediately to be accomplished that probably they will be the biggest assets Mr. Farley has in 1936.

The result has been a clash between politics and efficiency not uncommon in any new administration, but infinitely more pronounced in the present, due to the headlong ~~clash~~ collision of an army of twelve-year famished job-seekers with the pronounced idealism of

certain members of the Cabinet.

The result also has been a clear-cut patronage classification of the departments of the government. Some have become definite dumping grounds for paid-off party hacks. Others, due to the belligerent defiance of their chiefs, have collected a dazzling conglomeration of devoted public servants.

Here is an illustration of how it works.

Pat Malloy of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was on the bandwagon for F. D. R. He got on the bandwagon early and he worked hard. He whipped into shape the organization which put Oklahoma in the Roosevelt columns. Big Jim Farley was grateful.

So shortly after March 4 Pat Malloy arrived in Washington in quest of reward. Big Jim sent him around to Secretary Ickes. A Westerner of Pat's calibre, he reasoned, should be Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Harold Ickes looked over the candidate quizzically. He was not partial to an oil man, but he asked Malloy to tell his story. In the course of this, Malloy said:

"For many years I have been associated with John McGraw in his Tulsa law firm."

Ickes scowled. Back in 1924, he, Ickes, had been campaign manager for Hiram Johnson's presidential effort and he remembered all too well one John McGraw as his chief political stumbling block in Oklahoma.

But blithesome Pat Malloy did not notice the scowl. He continued:

"Yes, I thought a lot of John McGraw. I thought so much of him that I even named my son after him."

That finished the interview. Malloy was not made Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Instead, Ickes appointed a dynamic and liberal youngster from Colorado named Oscar Chapman, raised in the shadow of Judge Ben Lindsey's juvenile court and later campaign manager for the equally dynamic and liberal Senator Edward P. Costigan.

Big Jim Farley, however, does not forget a friend. The next day he came to Mallpy's rescue with the job of Assistant Secretary of War. But Pat, suffering from a severe case of hurt pride, told Farley that it was the Interior Department or nothing, and proceeded to pack his bags.

Before he could get under ~~weigh~~ way, however, he changed his mind. Once again Big Jim proved himself a friend. He had started at the top of the patronage list and gone down the line. The next Department was that of Justice. Farley sent Malloy over to Homer Cummings to become his assistant attorney general. Homer Cummings has spent a lifetime in politics. He knows how to give and take. He cherishes no vaulting ambition to make a record for himself as a great prosecutor. So he accepted Pat Malloy. He accepted him despite Pat's own admission that it had beena long time since he brushed the dust off his law books, and despite the fact that Malloy was to be in charge of an amalgamation of the two busiest divisions in the Department--Taxes and the Criminal Division.

The Malloy appointment is typical of Jim Farley; and it is also typical of the Department of Justice. When the hand of fate settled upon the Havana Special and took the life of Senator Tom Walsh en route from his honeymoon to become attorney general, it

caused the Department which is charged with enforcing our laws, curbing our monopolies and protecting our domain to be the dumping ground for political spoilsmen. Attorney General Cummings is a charming gentleman who has spent a life-time pouring oil on troubled waters. He has become so adept at this that he even smoothed out the row over the Klu Dlux Dlan during the Madison Square Garden convention in 1924. And because his outstanding characteristic is amiability, he has been content to slide through the first six months of the Roosevelt administration with no other accomplishment save grandiose promises of prosecuting gold hoarders.

When, for instance, J. Crawford Biggs, a North Carolina lawyer once associated with Judge Parker, A. Mitchell Palmer and the oil scandals, was proposed for the key post of Solicitor General, Mr. Cummings complacently accepted. When George C. Sweeney, thirty-five year old mayor of Gardner, Massachussetts, with only eight years of legal experience, was proposed as assistant attorney general because of the fortuitous fact that he was a buddie of young Jimmy Roosevelt, Cummings was equally complacent. Nor did he change his mood when Jim Farley sent over the name of William Stanley to be his watchdog as another assistant attorney general; or when Senator McAdoo requested the appointment of the grossly inefficient and garrulous A. V. Dalrymple as Director of Prohibition.

Not only did Cummings swallow all of these with a smile, but he himself outdid them all by making one of the most inexplicable appointments of the entire Roosevelt Administration. For some twelve years the chief Democratic target in the Department of Justice has

been one J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation. He it was who framed the charges against Senator Wheeler during the latter's exposé of Harry Dougherty. He it was who searched the files of Senator McKellar when the Tennessean was criticising Postmaster Brown's mail contracts. He it was who raised the cry of "Red Menace" during the post war period, and who prepared President Hoover's report denouncing the Bonus Army as a group of Communists and criminals.

And yet the complacent Mr. Cummings reappointed him.

The attorney general stands at one extreme of the patronage pole--with the possible exception of the Postmaster himself, whose power to reward politicians in his own department naturally goes unchallenged. At the opposite pole is Secretary Ickes. In between, and showing varying degrees of rebellion are Secretaries Wallace and Perkins, who rival Ickes in flouting the patronage Czar; Secretaries Dern and Swanson whose admirals and generals permit very little patronage to be dispensed; Secretary Hull, whose career diplomats fight fanatically against the award of even the smallest legation to an outsider; Secretary Roper who, being a good politician, has not been averse to letting politics enter his Commerce Department, but who has maintained a high degree of efficiency nevertheless; and Secretary Woodin who has let his Treasury fill up with a none too savoury swarm of politicos.

Secretary Ickes' appointments have been the most outstanding in the new Administration. Hardly a vestige of the old do-nothing days under Hubert Work, Roy O. West and Ray Lyman Wilbur remain. A new type of executive has taken over the Interior Department, and in contrast with the sleepy, carefree days of the past twelve years, its corridors hum with activity. As solicitor of his Department,

replacing Edward C. Finney of Teapot Dome fame, Ickes has appointed Nathan Margold, a young liberal who had been dropped from the Harvard Law School because of his enthusiasm for the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti. As his own personal assistant, Ickes appointed Harry Slattery, the first man to expose the oil scandals and an adviser of Gifford Pinchot in the old conservation days. As Director of Investigators, Ickes brought back Louis R. Glavis, the man who exposed Ballinger. He revitalized the Bureau of Education by bringing in as Commissioner a forthright modernist, George F. Zook, President of Akron University. Perhaps the most important appointment Ickes has made is that of Colonel Henry Matson Waite, Deputy Administrator of Public Works. With a long background as a bridge builder, chief engineer of Cincinnati and city manager of Dayton, Ohio, Colonel Waite has handled the stupendous $3,300,000,000 public works program with capacity for detail, dispatch and organization. "Honest" Harold Ickes, despite the quality of his appointments, has been under greater fire than any other member of the Cabinet. And for a very good reason. He has more money to spend and more jobs to distribute than any other agency of the Government. The broadsides against him comes from two directions. One fusillade is directed from a corps of disgruntled and hungry contractors ~~unable~~ not permitted to appease their appetites. The other comes from an even greater army of Senators and Congressmen who see no reason why Public Works should not assist them--both through jobs and through pork--in keeping intact their political fences.

Regarding both of these, "Honest Harold" has very definite ideas. On one definite front, however, he has compromised. He has

finally taken in Farley's man Friday--a Finnish gentleman named Emil Hurja--and given him the imposing title of "Administrative Assistant of Public Works." This is nothing more than a camouflage for Hurja's actual job of patronage dispenser of small time Public Works jobs.

In other words, Ickes gets a free rein to make his major appointments; Farley gets the chicken feed.

The same compromise has been worked out in the Department of Agriculture. There, however, a somewhat difficult problem exists. Ickes dominated his major appointments, but the rather naive Henry Wallace started out on his new job with no ideas at all on the subject of patronage. As a result, the President put over at least two extremely important appointments which have created a sort of dual monarchy in the Department of Agriculture. Most people refer to this as "Across the Street."

Just behind the main building and across B. Street is the office of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Here are carried out the revolutionary policies of limiting wheat, the production of cotton, tobacco and little pigs. And here two men reign supreme. They are George N. Peek, former manufacturer of Moline Ploughs, old associate of Bernard M. Baruch, and Charles S. Brand, former lobbiest for the National Fertilizer Association, also an old associate of Bernard M. Baruch. Peek is an extremely capable operator. He has the interests of the farmer at heart, but leans instinctively toward the side of big business from whence he came. Brand is less able, has not forgotten his long years of lobbying, and once committed the unpardonable error of signing a letter describing himself at one and the same time as "Co-Administrator of the Agri-

cultural Adjustment Administration" and "Secretary of the National Fertilizer Association."

But whatever their faults, the two men together exert more influence over the future of the farmer than any other two individuals in the Administration. And that is why anyone who wants to get things done at the Department of Agriculture first goes through the formality of calling at the Secretary's office and then goes "Across the Street."

Now that Cordell Hull has weaned the world--including F. D. R.--away from the idea that Professor Moley was running his State Department, he is really having something to say about who works for him. Before that time, however, ambassadors, ministers and assistant secretaries were placed under Hull's nose whether he liked it or not and frequently without even the formality of advance notice. Even Hull's special assistant was not of his own choosing, having been announced to him first by newspapermen.

During the period of naive amiability some of the wierdest appointments in recent diplomatic history were put over on Cordell Hull. They included both career men and politicos. There was, for instance, the appointment of Alexander W. Weddell, who as consul general to Mexico, once broadcasted the idea that Carleton Beals and Ernest Gruening were dangerous radicals, and who, after marrying a wealthy widow in Calcutta, has now been sent to that country whose goodwill we chiefly covet--Argentina. There was also Charles S. Wilson, one of the stodgiest members of the career service, who, after having been retired as Minister to Roumania, was suddenly dragged back from oblivion by Undersecretary Phillips and made Min-

ister to Jugoslavia. He and Phillips were in Harvard together.

Between Phillips and Farley there has developed the same row that Farley had with Ickes, Wallace and Perkins. In the case of the State Department, however, there has been little choice between Phillips' career men and Farley's politicos--with, of course, certain definite exceptions. One of these exceptions is Hal Sevier of Corpus Christi, Texas, appointed Ambassador to Chile after a knock-down and dragout battle between the two champions of patronage and career diplomacy. Ambassador Sevier's name does not appear in Who's Who. The name of his wife, however, does. She is President of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, "Custodian of the Alamo", director of the Austen Pan American Round Table, author of "Mexicana", a comic opera, and last, but not least, Democratic National Committee woman from Texas. She counted heavily with Jim Farley.

As a matter of fact, Texas scored heavily in the ranks of diplomacy with this administration--although not because of Jim Farley. The chief promotor of Texas diplomacy was Senator Morris Sheppard, father of the Eighteenth Amendment and Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

One day last May Senator Sheppard complained bitterly to a friend:

"I have been trying for days to get a constituent of mine named to a diplomatic post, but the White House won't budge. The man has money, used to be head of the American Legion, and would make a real diplomat."

A few days later fate smiled upon the Senator from Texas. It happened that Roosevelt's old law partner, Basil O'Connor, and

Roosevelt's chief secretary, Louis M. Howe, were instrumental in negotiating the sale of a quarter million toilette kit bags for Conservation Camps at a price considerably higher than that paid by the army. There resulted a furore in Congress The "kit bag" incident looked like the first scandal of the Roosevelt Administration. It was referred to Senator Sheppard's Military Affairs Committee.

A day or two later, the Senator from Texas saw his friend again.

"You know," he said, "I think I'm not only going to get that diplomatic appointment I told you about, but I think I'm going to get two."

The next day the White House announced the appointment of Alvin Owsley and Robert G. Caldwell as Ministers to Roumania and Portugal. Both were from Texas.

The Treasury Department, under pressure from Big Jim Farley, has got its share of the bad but also some of the good. Its most outstanding addition is Dean Acheson, a young lawyer of no fiscal experience whom political accident catapaulted into the office of Under Secretary, and who has been a brilliant success. Ranking in the same category is Lewis Douglas, Director of the Budget, whose veterans' cuts caused more political resentment than any other act of the administration, but who has shown rare courage and ability in balancing the budget.

Offsetting these, is considerable Farley deadweight, including Mrs. Marion Bannister, the half sister of Senator Glass, who attempts to fill the chair of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury;

Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, ex-Governor of Wyoming and now Director of the Mint; J. F. T. O'Connor, ex-law partner of McAdoo and now faced, as Comptroller of the Currency, with the highly dynamic question of opening closed banks; and Guy T. Helvering, who swung the State of Kansas for F. D. R. and now occupies a precarious position as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

The above diagnosis, of course, covers only major patronage. This type of patronage ~~It~~ is important--extremely important. But necessarily it is limited. There are only a few legations to be allotted. There are even fewer ambassadorships to be filled. But the man who writes the instructions for the ambassador is the $5,000 office man at home. And it is axiomatic that the manner in which a new Administration fills the great spread of jobs that change hands with party turnovers--the postmasterships, the customs collectors, the marshalls, the internal revenue collectors, the public works and home loan administrators--may make or break it. These are the jobs for which the great rank and file of party workers clamor. These are the jobs which Big Jim Farley considers his rightful spoils. And within the proper safeguards of merit, they are.

"But", says Big Jim, "loyalty is an aspect of merit. One of my chief duties is to pass on the loyalty of applicants. Politics, the editorial writers hint, enters into my consideration. Of course it does."