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PAMPA IS THE BUSY CITY

of the North Plains—so busy, in fact that the parking problem has become a real one.

Double parking is dangerous and a nuisance; triple parking at times blocks the streets momentarily. Yet to get within walking distance of the stores without double parking is almost impossible, from the standpoint of convenience, in the evenings. Some fines are being imposed, with the occasional result of making enemies of those who come here to trade.

It would appear that the question of limiting parking on the main thoroughfares, at least during certain hours, has reached a point of action. Parking limits mean enforcement and some disagreeable aspects, and possibly more expense to the city. Yet in view of the fact that Pampa is full of cars every afternoon and evening, and that many of them rest in one place for many hours, the injustice to those who come in from the oil fields to trade is obvious.

It is not wise to experiment with traffic regulations, but Pampa has a problem which might be solved through some of the methods used elsewhere.

"For Law Enforcement"

If all the dead wood were cut out of party and personal political platforms, there would not be enough live timber left to build a very large monument to party ambitions.

Nine-tenths of the expressions of faith in American institutions and such principles as law enforcement are meaningless so far as indicating any change in governmental procedure. The American people have learned to endure such expressions as "we are for enforcement of the law fully and impartially" and "we favor immediate steps to stabilize values of farm products," but not to take them seriously. Legislation begins at home, where the men who make the laws are elected.

Moreover, in regard to law enforcement, the chief crime problems are local in most aspects, even down to liquor violations. Federal enforcement is necessarily limited. The people are much to be blamed, or rather the system which puts the responsibility upon the masses.

Thirty-three years on the bench has convinced Judge Marcus Kavanaugh of two things. The first is that there are 350,000 persons in the United States who live partly or wholly by crime. Last year they committed 12,000 murders and obtained illegally enough money to pay for the building of the Panama canal.

Judge Kavanaugh also sees simple agencies of relief if the people will insist upon them. Public indifference he chiefly blames, plus the apathy of law enforcement officers and judicial agencies. Experiences in Chicago have made the Judge favor capital punishment and even the penitentiary whip. The public however, needs a mental lashing for its attitude.

For Achievement

Achievement is being memorialized in almost every form these days. We of America perhaps spend too much time lauding ordinary ability, and not enough to preserving the memory of immortals through enjoyment of their works.

o a great musician, for example, a marble or bronze statue means not nearly so much as the intangible but more real monument in the hearts of those who enjoy his melodies. Of all the great song writers, Schubert is perhaps the most universally loved for his lyrics.

Schubert died in Vienna in November, 1828. His is, therefore, the anniversary of that date, and will be so observed, beginning now and lasting through the rest of the year. A monster congregation of Austrian, German, Polish, American, and other singers is assembling in Vienna now. There will be a choir of 70,000 voices, joined by an audience of 50,000, to sing some of the famous melodies. The Austrian government is cooperating to make the occasion a great success. Radio will carry this greatest of all choruses to all parts of the world.

Schubert, like so many of the great artists, died in virtual obscurity. He was only 32 years old, and his genius lay dead for longer than he had lived. Now recognized as the "King of Song", however, he has a permanent place in the musical world.

Every person ought to hear one or more Schubert concerts this year. His songs were written to be enjoyed.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER

Washington—The Society for Credit Where Credit Is Due should be careful not to overlook the Hon. Clement Lawrence Shaver of Fairmont, W. Va.

If the Democrats do any real business next November, considerable thanks will be owed the Hon. Clem, the big peace and harmony man.

It was he who showed them, in the face of utter doubt, that they could get together without clawing each other and wrecking the furniture. It was he, working quietly and persistently behind the scenes, who both put the party on its feet financially and led it away from the belief that the Houston convention would be just another repetition of Madison Square Garden.

The Hon. Clem's performance is unique. Nobody ever did it before. Chairmen of the party national committees, such as the Hon. Clem, are divided into two classes; those

who win campaigns and those who don't. The former are made postmasters general or given other juicy federal jobs where they can fulfill a few of their campaign promises and see that the most faithful supporters of the ticket are not neglected.

The unsuccessful national chairman at once becomes an object of pity and contempt. Crushed under a heavy campaign deficit he merely floats along until the next convention when he is tossed out into oblivion and never heard of more.

And that, had he been someone else, might have been the story of the Hon. Clem. Gosh, what a licking his candidate took! And what a dismal outlook the party had under his guardianship!

But instead of devoting the next four years to stalling off the creditors, he actually tried to pay them off—and did. He interested Jesse Jones, the angel from Houston. And today, for the first time within the memory of man, the Democratic party enters its convention unburdened with debt and expects to come out with \$150,000 above expenses. Always before it has been necessary to sell the convention to pay the debts of the previous campaign.

But the real high spot of the Hon. Clem's career was the Jackson Day dinner.

The opposition to having any Jackson Day dinner at all was tremendous. Up to that time no one ever mentioned the Democratic party without pointing out that it appeared headed for the Madison Square row all over again. Everyone feared the dinner would become a frightful public spectacle of gore and carnage from which the party might never recover.

Democrats in Congress were almost unanimous against the idea. Even after the Hon. Clem had gone ahead and announced it, they wanted to call it off, with a few compromisers demanding that only John W. Davis be permitted to speak. But the Hon. Clem told them: "If we can't sit around in a little preliminary affair and show some degree of tolerance toward each other, the sooner we know it the better."

And he went right ahead, inviting as speakers the leaders of the party's divergent factions—McAdoo, Smith, Ritchie, Reed and others. But he was careful to program Davis and Claude G. Bowers strategically to pound the keynote or harmony. The heaviest of the oratory was to come from the moderate middle group standing between the extremists.

He let the speakers know that this was a pep meeting, but no dog fight. He even went so far as to go over their speeches in advance to see that everyone kept on the reservation. The only one who de-

parted from his prepared speech and wandered into forbidden fields was Governor Ritchie of Maryland, whose speech was wet enough to be a little off key and who did not profit by the venture. Newspapermen and lots of the Democrats had come expecting to see a knockdown-dragout fight—and sat through till early morning to hear Senator Jim Reed finish his plea that the party unit on what it could agree upon.

That was the turning point. The downcast Democrats perked up. In the period immediately following total contributions of \$125,000 were poured in on the party. Men who had been ignoring and dodging requests for aid, believing the party's cause hopeless through dissension, began to kick in. Nearly everyone had come to agree with the Hon. Clem that it wasn't smart or necessary to cut and slash each other while the country looked on and snickered.

BARBS

(By N.E.A. Service Inc.)

Some Pittsburgh telephone users protested the naming of an exchange "Brandywine" since it suggested liquor. Guess we had better change the name of that battle in our histories to the Battle of Lemon Phosphate or something.

A New York woman who died left \$1 each to her three former husbands. Death makes philanthropists of some of us.

Dispatches say that Hugh Leven of Pittsburgh is the world's greatest tyer of knots. Send the man to Hollywood.

Forty million tourists will travel the roads of the country this summer, according to the American Automobile Association. Such a crowd ought to get results if they'd boycott the goods advertised on those glaring billboards.

Citizens' associations find the crime situation in Chicago not so good despite Big Bill's ringing assurances. Sometimes we think that what Chicago needs is a few companionate hangings.

New York producers agree that the girl shows are the best summer attractions. The showman seldom have a falling out on a limb.

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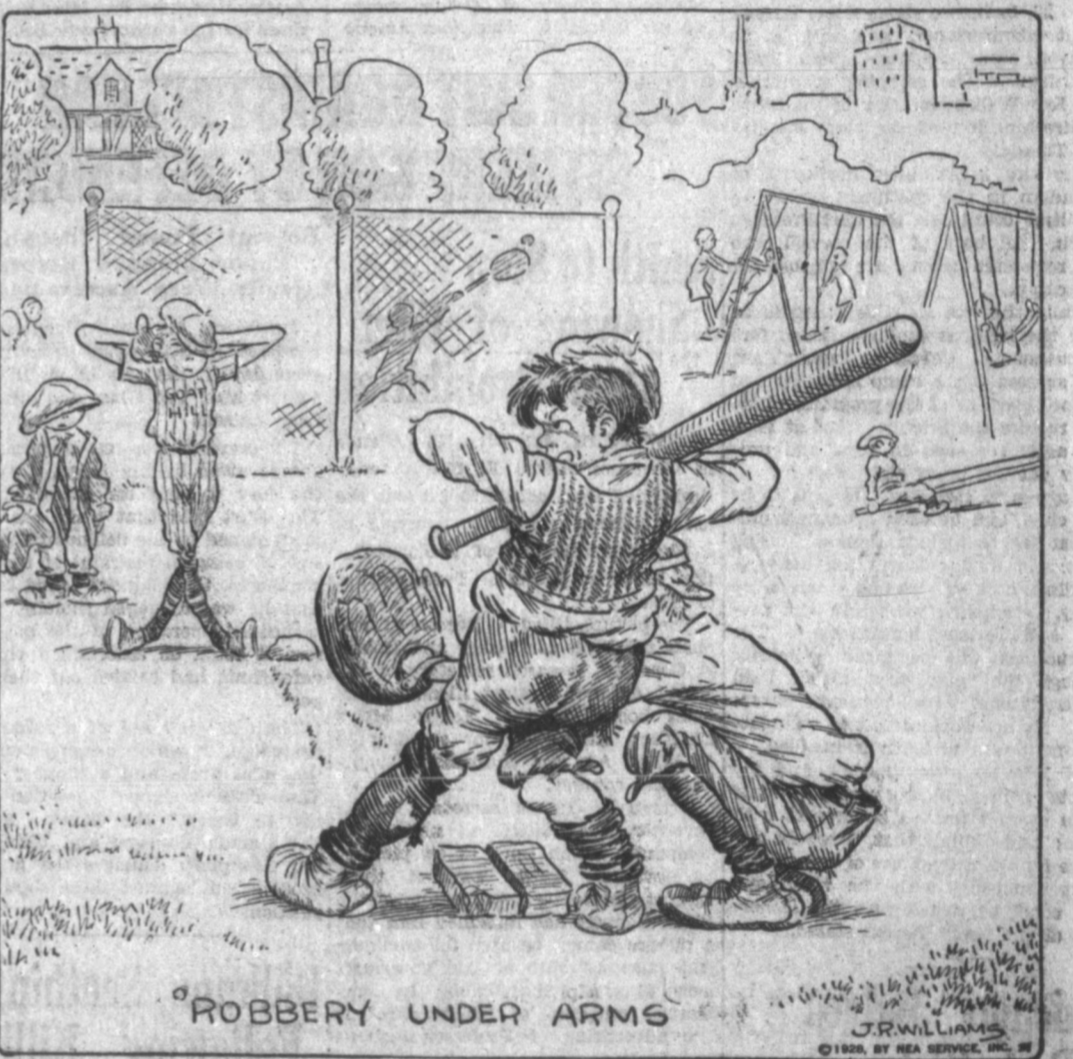
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