

A Pox On Mutual Security

ALTHOUGH nothing would be done immediately to destroy the mutual security pact in the West, it is plain that if Gen. MacArthur ever holds a key position in a Republican administration, the association would be allowed to disintegrate and lose the force and confidence of its combined moral and military and economic power. The pact would soon become one of mutual recrimination rather than one of mutual security.

The profound divergence of opinion between the general and even the majority of Republicans was revealed in the keynote address. The administration's pattern of security agreements, he charged, "without as yet having mounted either the will or the physical power to successfully meet aggression, have divided the world into armed camps. . . . He is against security pacts, in short—if they involve participation of European states.

Russia, not NATO, has divided the world into armed camps. It was never and is not now imagined that NATO has received its premeditated goal yet. But its modest achievement already is formidable enough to produce considerable Russian activity to disrupt it. The general and the Russians, for different reasons, agree in their distaste for NATO.

This is not the first time Gen. MacArthur has let personal bitterness cripple the powers of a first-class military

mind. His barely concealed hate of Europeans is emotional rather than logical—perhaps because of his jealousy of an area not formerly within his sphere of influence. In any case, he has substituted sentimentality for sweet reason with his concern for "those great people of Asia and the Middle East who historically have sought not our wealth, but our friendship and understanding." The implication about Europeans is plain. It is also nonsense.

Then, after a weary recapitulation of the old charges we have learned to expect from the general, he achieved a new high by calling the administration "the war party of modern American politics." Not only is everyone in the administration a Communist, as Sen. McCarthy proved, but everyone is also a war-monger. These two Republican views, of course, are rather difficult to reconcile. It seems curious that our Communist-dominated government should be plotting war against its masters in the Kremlin. But then, the general and the senator have both been known to successfully resolve greater paradoxes than this.

The comforting fact so far about Gen. MacArthur's role at the convention has been the policy committee's decision to largely ignore his speech in writing the party's foreign policy plank.

They welcomed his dramatics but not his counsel.

The Death Rattle

IF ANYONE doubts the desperation of a dying man's last gasp, let him watch the contortions of the Old Guard on its death bed in Chicago. The list of speakers at the convention is the measure of its tragic and futile determination not to give up the ghost.

Nothing but desperation could have produced Sen. Joseph McCarthy as a party spokesman. The Wisconsin senator is both symbol and master craftsman of the outstanding evil of our times—the search for orthodoxy, the loyalty hunt, the unrestrained vituperation, the sickness which sees all things as un-American which are unconventional. The dying man's pulse races and the fever mounts to the rantings and ravings of McCarthy.

Against the better judgment of moderate Republicans, the Taft forces obstinately have chosen as keynote a man whose career is now passing from the zenith to its nadir, a general whose increasing latter bias has now cancelled out the political appeal of his "martyrdom." It is the keynote of frustration.

No one would deny ex-President

Hoover the right to be heard. But unfortunately, in the context of this convention, he will be heard, not as the elder statesman of his party or as the deserving head of the reorganization commission, but inevitably as a living ghost from the graveyard of dead Republican policies. Unfair, but true.

Read down the list to others like Sen. Kern and Sen. Cain, and it is plain that the Old Guard machine has totally rejected the moderating influence of the Eisenhower forces. This is death by suicide. The appeal is limited to the extremists who would vote Republican anyway. These men have failed again and again because they have not honored the responsibility as the opposition party to offer a genuine alternative to the party too long in power.

Paranoic with the fear of Me-Tolson, the Old Guard is hell-bent to reject, not only the which is bad from the 20 years of Democratic rule, but that, too, which is good, and to exalt the opposite spirit of Not-Klein.

What we are seeing this week in Chicago must be the last frantic gurgle of a dying man.

TODAY'S VERSE

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me. Psalm 56:11

Editorial Research

And For Vice President

By HERBERT BENEDICT

The vice presidential nominees are usually to "balance" the ticket geographically. That is, if the presidential nominee is from the East, the second place goes to a non-Easterner, and vice versa. Thus, Warren of California ran with Dewey of New York in 1948, Brecher of Ohio with Dewey in 1944, McNary of Oregon with Dewey in 1944, McNary of Oregon with Dewey in 1944, McNary of Oregon with Dewey in 1944.

It is somewhat unusual for the ticket to contain two state governors, like Dewey and Warren in 1948, Dewey and Brecher in 1944, Wilson of New Jersey and Marshall of Indiana for the Democrats in 1912. Usually a governor is expected to "balance" a member of Congress, as Dewey in 1944, Robinson-Like Coolidge with Harding in 1920, Robinson with Smith for the Democrats in 1920.

Often the vice presidential nomination goes as reward for help toward the presidential nomination. Thus, F. D. Roosevelt in 1932. But often it is an attempt to lead a break or to reconcile unsatisfactory elements—Barker, a Taft leader with Dewey in 1944, Robinson, Southern Dry with Smith, Tammany Wet, in 1928.

The vice presidential nominee of the Republican party in 1952 will be its 22nd, or its 21st in the history of the G. O. P. Warren being chosen again. The G. O. P. has never elected a defeated vice presidential candidate.

Three of the preceding Republican vice presidents were named a second time, in each case to suffer defeat, that is, second time. Vice President Fairbanks, elected with T. Roosevelt in 1912, declined to run with Taft in 1916, did run with Hughes in 1916, Vice President Sherman, running with Taft again in 1912, died several days before the election; by decision of the Republican

tional committee, his eight electoral votes were cast for President Nicholas M. Butler of Columbia University. And in 1932 Vice President Curtis ran again with Hoover.

Four of the Republican vice presidents succeeded to the Presidency when the incumbent chief executive died—Johnson in 1865, Arthur in 1881, T. Roosevelt in 1901, Coolidge in 1923. The first of these wasn't a Republican at all. An Anti-secession Democrat, he was put on the ticket with Lincoln in 1864 to attract northern Democratic votes.

The average age at nomination of the 21 preceding G. O. P. vice presidential nominees was 36.8. The oldest was Curtis in 1932; he was 47 in 1932, the same age as Gen. MacArthur today. The youngest was T. Roosevelt, 42 in 1912, (this fifth cousin was 38 when named by the Democrats for Vice President in 1901.) Abraham Lincoln tried for the vice presidential nomination at the first convention of the Republican party in 1856, stood around on the first ballot, was passed over.

The framers of the Constitution probably thought of the Vice Presidency as a stepping-stone to the Presidency. Most of the early Vice Presidents were men of high stature—John Adams, Jefferson, George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, Daniel D. Tompkins, as First Assistant Postmaster General, then, as Calhoun (the resigned), Martin Van Buren.

But Van Buren was the last Vice President (so far) to become President except through the death of the President. Thereafter the Vice Presidents were apt to be second-rate. For instance, Adlai E. Stevenson, elected with Cleveland in 1892, had barely distinguished himself while in Congress or as First Assistant Postmaster General, then, with the 20th century, the caliber began to rise again.



It Happened Last Night

Battle Of Confusionville Has Smell Of Bourbon

By Earl Wilson

MAIN TEXT, Chicago—Imagine arriving at the big Republican circus and finding that your precious hold reservation has already been claimed by a fellow nerve you do to have the same name you do!

A Congressman at that—pretty-writing Congressman Earl Wilson of Bedford, Ind., whose Congressional immunity protected him from your thoughts after you'd battled your way through the crush in your door—only to find it's his door.

All this was part of the "color" of Confusionville which you'll remember long after the great battle of Chicago is over.

Haywood Brown told once he'd remarked to his wife that he must leave the house and go out looking for local color. His wife said when he came back that she never knew what local color was but that it smelled exactly like Scotch whisky.

Here it had a bourbon smell. You can't forget one delegate writing you to drop into one of his three rooms.

"Is that your suite?" you asked. "Well," he apologized, "that's just our drinking suite."

Old-Country Alvin Longworth was sweeping about here, waving verbally, to give us possibly another not such as the crack a G. O. made in other years about who Dewey.

"Was she, supposedly, who called Dewey 'the bird-brain on the wedding cake,' and said—when he declined to repeat his effort—"a fallen snail-like never rises again."

Seen here looking slim and youthful—his husband, Mrs. Longworth, died almost 20 years ago—she said:

"I'm sure of one thing. I'm sure we're going to win. I've never said that before."

In this mob of reporters a columnist is nothing. Years ago I knew this David Ingalls well, covered some of his political campaigns. Meeting him here, I reminded him of our good old times, and he said:

"Yes, I remember. What are you doing now?"

"Glad to hear," said the worshipers find out, and he has characterized that they have.

With Taft, famous as being no campaign man, it's funny to find that such a stunner down the back of his neck.

"I'm sure of one thing. I'm sure we're going to win. I've never said that before."

Some Democrats, Sen. E. A. Tamm, however, among them, now figure against Eisenhower—due to Taft's opposition and the natural tendency of the nation to shy away from a military man.

There is one Republican candidate, however, the Democrats admit, who couldn't lick, though they also figure the Republicans aren't smart enough to nominate him. It is Gov. Earl Warren of California. One Democrat, old-time, who has seen a lot of battles and has been watching the Republican show from the sidelines, expressed

"Yes, I'm hot stuff. I'm a member of Belles for Bob."

That's the group of young beauties mostly from New York, and a rather exclusive society, who agree with the slogan, "Get on the tail, come up with Taft."

Beautiful young Florence Pickett of cafe society and social register society was a Belle for Bob. She's the wife of Earl K. T. Smith. Each of his initials is supposed to be worth a million dollars.

On her chic blouse she wore a Taft pin—Taft being spelled out in diamonds.

My Beautiful Wife, who likes diamonds, or would if given the chance, glanced enviously at the pin and said:

"The fool, she should have been for Eisenhower."

Fred Allen was credited with the sagest observation so far: "I'll bet Eisenhower wishes he were back in a nice quiet wine somewhere."

Swave, cool-looking, pipe-smoking David S. Ingalls, the rich Cleveland who runs the Taft campaign, said:

"I'm sure of one thing. I'm sure we're going to win. I've never said that before."

In this mob of reporters a columnist is nothing. Years ago I knew this David Ingalls well, covered some of his political campaigns. Meeting him here, I reminded him of our good old times, and he said:

"Yes, I remember. What are you doing now?"

"Glad to hear," said the worshipers find out, and he has characterized that they have.

With Taft, famous as being no campaign man, it's funny to find that such a stunner down the back of his neck.

"I'm sure of one thing. I'm sure we're going to win. I've never said that before."

Some Democrats, Sen. E. A. Tamm, however, among them, now figure against Eisenhower—due to Taft's opposition and the natural tendency of the nation to shy away from a military man.

There is one Republican candidate, however, the Democrats admit, who couldn't lick, though they also figure the Republicans aren't smart enough to nominate him. It is Gov. Earl Warren of California. One Democrat, old-time, who has seen a lot of battles and has been watching the Republican show from the sidelines, expressed

"I'm sure of one thing. I'm sure we're going to win. I've never said that before."

In this mob of reporters a columnist is nothing. Years ago I knew this David Ingalls well, covered some of his political campaigns. Meeting him here, I reminded him of our good old times, and he said:

"Yes, I remember. What are you doing now?"

"Glad to hear," said the worshipers find out, and he has characterized that they have.

With Taft, famous as being no campaign man, it's funny to find that such a stunner down the back of his neck.

Mostly Old Stuff



Our first

In after years, while discussing his great backfield and team W. O. ex-Coach Hixson, we asked who did the punting. He replied the back Hixson was supposed to be the kicker but that they usually had made ten yards or more before they got to the fourth down, and Hixson didn't have to punt over three or four times that entire season. And that, folks is what you might call keeping control of the ball.

As a little boy, we had eyes only for the little Daddy Brown, us, and ears only for the sights he saw at the great World's Fair. But, in later years, it was interesting to listen when he was permitted to the convention itself. There was his dramatic account of how the Hon. John Sharpe Williams dominated the meeting of the rules committee, and played a great part in stopping William Jennings Bryan from becoming the Democratic presidential nominee for the third straight time. Mr. Williams, who came from Yazoo County, was a member of Congress and, later on, would serve two terms in the United States Senate.

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her anyhow. (Mrs. Walton was born Grace Turnbull, when Washington County itself was scarcely dry behind the ears, and gave the greater part of her life, in the house on South Hinds Street, where Miss Susie Briggs lives today.)

"Daddy used to chuckle mightily, when he'd tell how Mr. Crittenden missed several roll-calls on the general day of the convention. When Crittenden turned up at dinner-time, he explained that it had taken him all morning to locate his friend and fellow townsman, Mrs. Grace Walton. Mrs. Walton was in charge of the Mississippi Building and all of its guests at the St. Louis Fair, and was in no wise connected with the Democratic National Convention, but Mr. Crittenden said he had to pass the time of day with her