

Well, that's Washington

By
George Dixon

DRAWINGS BY OTTO SOGLOW



The Congressman made a vow that he would not rest until a couple of Missouri hounds lolled on the White House lawn.

THE Pacific Coast halibut fleet ought to be returning to its home port of Seattle in a couple of weeks. Judging by reports of the greatest halibut run in years the fleet should bring in its full quota of fish—52,500,000 pounds!

This will be a tremendous contribution to our food supply. But the fleet almost didn't sail at all!

The Scandinavian seafarers, who make up almost the entire crews, refused to sail because they couldn't get snuff!

* * *

There's hardly a veteran halibut fisherman not addicted to "snoose," as they call it. They do not sniff the snuff or snoose, however. They consider sniffing a sissy practice that should go with lace sleeves and Beau Brummel frilled shirts. They "dip" it; meaning they stick a wad under the tongue and leave it there.

The fleet was due to sail May 1 for the annual halibut snatching, which lasts 60 to 70 days. But the fishermen discovered that the snuff manufacturers, mostly located in Chicago, had been put under a 10-day embargo—which meant no snuff was being shipped.

The fleet owners put in anguished calls to Senator Warren G. Magnuson of Washington. The latter galloped into action. He yipped and howled around WPB and OPA so lustily the embargo was lifted and rush shipments of "snoose" were sent to the halibut-rasslers!

* * *

The fleet sailed on schedule, with—this is on the solemn word of Senator Magnuson—the hardy Norsemen, facing into the sunrise, chanting in mournful numbers:



A thought suddenly struck him: What good would a credit line in Russian be to him?



"Snoose is scarce
"From Alaska to Bimini—
"War is hell
"By Yumping Yimini!"

* * *

It seems there is a particular breed of canine known as the Missouri Blue Tick coon hound—and I am afraid Representative Frank W. Boykin of Alabama is going to blow up and bust unless he can get at least two of these critters for President Truman.

Representative Boykin has made a great vow that he will not rest until he sees a couple of Missouri Blue Tick coon hounds lolled on the White House lawn. He has gained many staunch congressional supporters for his Coon-Hound-for-Truman movement.

The determination to present the President with dogs of a breed named after his native State developed great strength after the President hinted to intimates that he and Mrs. Truman would sort of like to have a dog around now that they have a home with lawn attached. They used to live in an apartment where dogs were distinctly unwelcome.

Boykin and associates wish to get thoroughbred coon hounds for the President but they would like to get dogs that do not have a good home already.

"I think the President would like to feel he was providing a haven for a couple of homeless dogs," said Mr. Boykin. "Consequently, I visit the pound every day on the lookout for this breed. So far, however, no Missouri Blue Tick hounds have been brought in."

Mr. Boykin said he would keep trying but that if no coon hounds are brought to the pound he will arrange to procure them elsewhere.

* * *

Mr. George Goddard, the food expert, was busy compiling statistics on estimated food supply the other day when Tass, the Soviet news agency, phoned.

The Tass representative said his agency would like to use some of Mr. Goddard's material.

"We will be sure, of course, to give you a credit line," said the Tass man.

(Copyright, 1945, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Mr. Goddard said that was very decent of Tass, indeed.

A couple of hours later, however, he was walking down the street when he stopped dead and let out an ejaculation that startled passers-by.

"It just came to me," he explained later. "Tass stuff appears only in Russia. And what good is a credit line to me in Russian?"

* * *

One of the things they do not laugh about out loud around the Pentagon Building is the epic of the movies that came back from the Philippines.

The films represented the official pictorial account of the ceremonies of liberation. The show had been staged and directed by high-ranking officers who sent the negatives back to Washington by special messenger.

The courier flew in fast plane to Washington. Arriving here, he dashed for a waiting car that took him to the Pentagon Building. With a great air of importance he delivered his precious package and waited for the film to be developed.

It came out blank. The cameraman who photographed the ceremonies had forgotten to remove the lens cover from his camera!



The snuff embargo was lifted and the hardy Norsemen of the halibut fleet sailed on time.