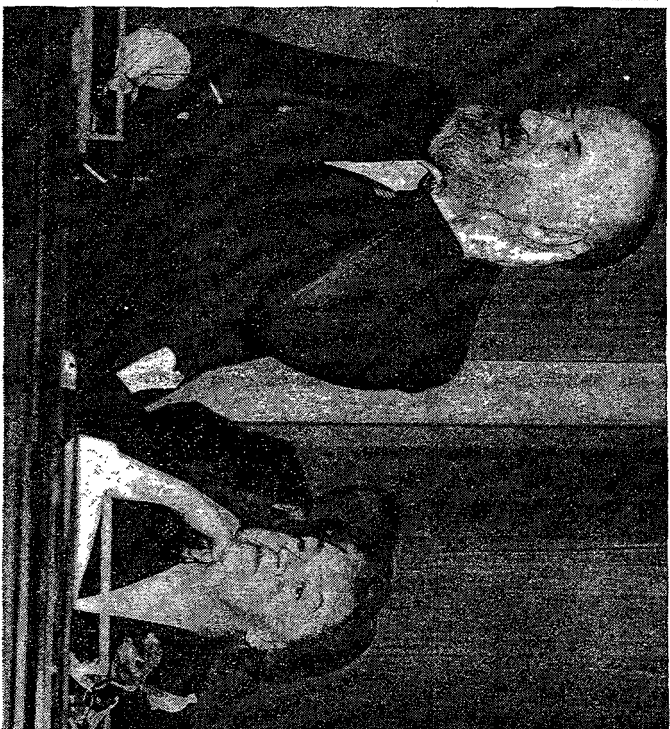


A PATRIARCH PULLS OUT



NIMROD TINKHAM—holds up the paw of a cheetah he personally bagged. Other visible items in the hall of jungle taxidermy: the retining Congressman mainfains in his Washington apartment; Prayer rug, elephant's hoof, hooded cobra, cheetah's playmates.



BELLAGERENT FAR—is bent by Tinkham in the direction of Secretary of State Hull at a 1941 House Foreign Affairs Committee hearing. Tinkham asked Hull whether United States had by then "abandoned all neutrality."



COLLECTOR'S ITEM—his picture. Tinkham, the gentleman vaguely discernible just above and below the coat, shakes hands in 1924 with Representative Frederick W. Dallinger, as ardent a Dry as Tink was, and is a Wet. Both wanted Prohibition gum-shoes to be placed under Civil Service. At the time, the Tink beaver was a thing of awesome proportions.

Liveliness Loses as Tinkham Leaves Us

By JOHN MAYNARD

IN AUGUST, 1935, a date that may not live in infamy but ought to hold its own for a goodish while in the annals of hysteria, the Government of the United States tried to throw Representative George Holden Tinkham (R.) of Massachusetts out of his Washington home.

It was no go.

The practice of Federal appropriation of private property was just cutting its eye-teeth then, and Rex Tugwell's braw young Resettlement Administration had settled a voracious eye on the Arlington Hotel, handily situated in the 1000 block of Vermont Ave. NW.

Other tenants, duly notified, docilely moved bag and baggage off the premises to make room for Mr. Tugwell's braintrusters. Other tenants, long inured to unquestioning obedience, raised not a protest. Other tenants barely grumbled—but not so George Holden Tinkham.

Government Wins At Long Last

The gentleman who from the remote fastnesses of his cough-drop label beard had opposed in days gone by so many things that this constituted no more than a work-out, stood fast. At bay in his fabulous retreat, surrounded by stuffed animals caught in static ferocity, he defied authority to budge him.

It was his home, he said, and besides he didn't want to go to the trouble of moving his staggering collection of bric-a-brac.

The Government waved a 22-month lease. Tink countered with a 99-year one. The Government grumbled and waved an admonitory finger at the door. Tink howled in a dignified way, and clung to the furniture. Tink won.

But now, two factors—age and the redistricting of Tink's Tenth Congressional District in Massachusetts—are going to bring about what the country's supreme authority couldn't. At the end of this term in Congress, Tink's going to leave us.

Not that he's said so: in fact, many a word regarding his post-political plans has come from the 71-year-old Back Bay Bostonian who on Tuesday announced his impending retirement from public life after 28 years of service in the House. But he has an agreement with the owners that he'll check out whenever his Congressional tenure might end, and Tink is not in the habit of breaking agreements.

He may remain in Washington at some other address, or

may go back to Boston. Anybody's guess is good. Friends think it's likely he'll go back to his old love—traveling. Willy-nilly, however, the Battle of the Arlington Hotel is over. The victor will leave by default.

Which, when all is said and done, is too bad. Not that a conqueror, once he has conquered, may not quit a field with dignity, but friend and enemy alike are going to be sorry to see the patriarchal Mr. Tinkham depart from their midst.

IN A Washington which took Zioncheck, Long and Heflin in its stride, Tink has remained throughout the years a curiosity, a landmark worthy of note, a Tartar whose individualism has not—as in the case of some others—detracted from the respect in which he has always been held.

Tink's life has been far from frictionless, his eccentricities far from overlooked; yet it would be difficult to find a soul who evaluates him essentially as either ludicrous or ineffectual.

Tink was, and is, a personage.

In the course of a stormy career during which he never once deigned to campaign for office in the orthodox sense, he has battled at various times and with various degrees of savagery, Andrew Volstead, Norman H. Davis, Cordell Hull, Bishop Cannon, Franklin Roosevelt and the British Empire.

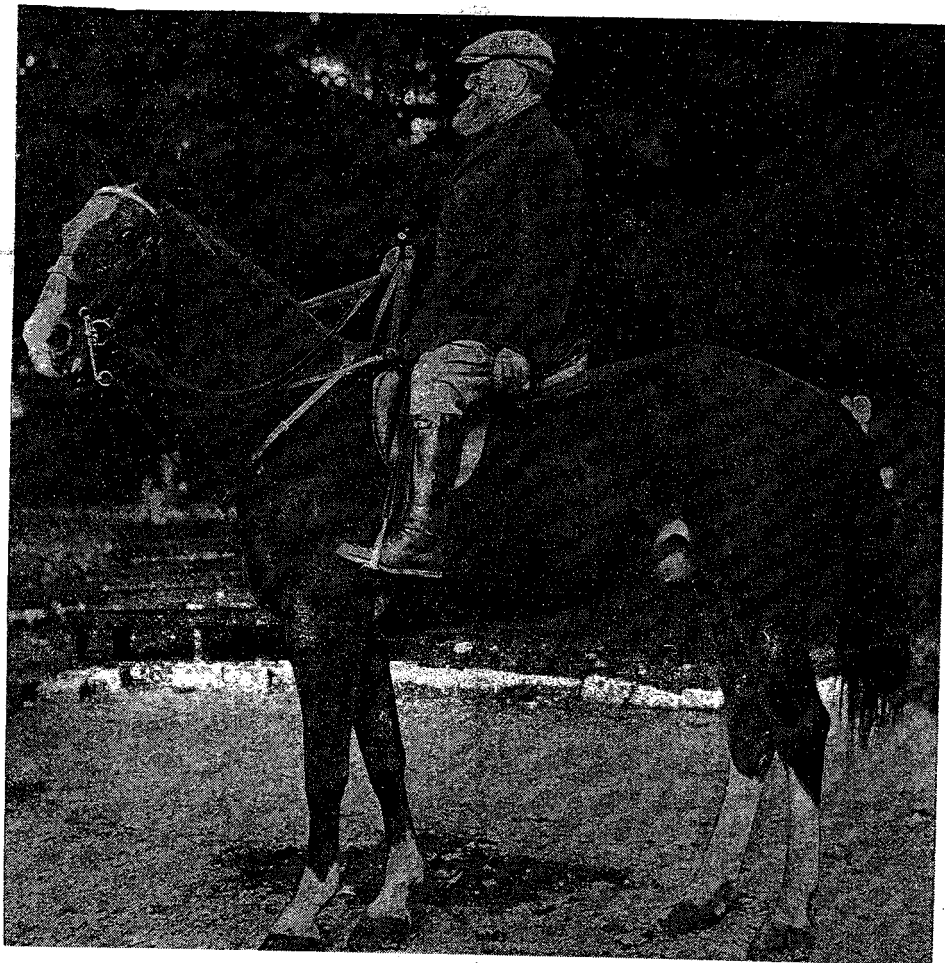
His Different Way Of Electioneering

He once advocated the impeachment of Hull and the President on grounds of not invoking the neutrality law in the Sino-Japanese war, and earlier was sued for \$500,000 by Cannon after he had charged that distinguished cleric of "shamelessly violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act."

The matter went to court, with Cannon ending up substantially where the Resettlement Administration later was to come to rest—behind the eight-ball.

Tink's electioneering methods are something else again.

It's true that he never made a campaign speech, and—although Tink claims his motives here were those of a "humane" man—it may be equally true that the practice did not repre-



ABOUT TO GALLOP—at Hot Springs, Va. The time was early last year. Note erect, youthful seat, and fact that the horse is far from a plodder. Tinkham's retirement from the House at the expiration of his present term will mark the end of 28 years' service, but the gentleman from Massachusetts is still spry.

sent the world's worst showmanship.

What is more to the point, however, is that after each election, as Tink's loving and beloved Tenth returned him once again to office, their beneficiary would gravely send each of his supporters a thank-you note.

Later, at Christmas, he would painstakingly remember roughly 77,000 of his female constituents with cards (he didn't believe men would read them), and above and including all that, he has been known to inundate his area with as many as 1,000,000 pieces of mail in a year.

His file index, embracing virtually all of his voters, is overpowering in its scope, and seldom is given a chance to get dusty.

ADD to these facts the likelihood that Tink's motives in seeking office have been for the most part altruistic, and you have the final paradox.

Money? Member of a wealthy and aristocratic Brahmin tribe,

Tink doesn't need it, and a great part of his \$10,000 yearly salary goes back among his electorate.

Fame? It's fair to assume that Tink had a surfeit of that years ago.

Power? An uncompromising defender of his convictions, Tink will—and has—bucked the entire House of Representatives to pledge himself to what he thinks is right. You don't get power that way.

It's hard to dope.

George Holden Tinkham CHOSE politics as his career. Born in Boston on October 29, 1870, he attended Harvard and then Harvard Law. His father wanted him to be a history professor.

Tink couldn't see that, though, and in 1897 made his first tentative step into public life by getting himself elected to the Boston City Common Council. Here he served two terms, retired for the nonce in deep disgust, then sprang back in 1910 to become a member of the

upper house of the State Legislature.

Patriarch on The Home Ground

Well warmed-up by then, he took in 1914 what was to be the conclusive step; announced himself as Republican candidate for the national body, squeezed through against divided Democratic opposition, and was in.

On his home ground, Tink is veritably a patriarch. His flock, who always sided with him delightedly in his isolationism, distrust of England, attacks on corruption, and his stand in behalf of legislation to help Negroes, come to him for everything from shoes to jobs—and generally get them.

But it's still as a hunter that

his most cherished claim to fame resides.

His sorties through veldt and jungle of distant continents after big game number literally in the hundreds, and what Tink has gunned for he has got.

His six leopards bagged in 17 days in British East Africa comprise an all-time record.

His tiger-hunting in Indo-China is a revered memory.

The time his plane flew into a typhoon off the coast of Japan, nearly costing him his life, is gospel.

BEST evidence of his success as a Nimrod lies, of course, in his staunchly defended apartment, which looks at first to the startled visitor like the result of a taxidermist run amok.

Here there are stuffed rhinoceri, water buffalo, gazelle, cheetah, oryx and eland. In addition, two gigantic elephant tusks are hard by. And to top

it off, Tink may lull himself to sleep watching an endless, motionless death-battle between a mongoose and a cobra.

No rugs adorn Tink's floors, and he reaches his besieged domicile only by proceeding through an occupied Social Security office (replacing the now defunct Tugwell agency) to a door marked PRIVATE ENTRANCE: his. He loves it.

There are those who say Tink's victory over the Government was a Phyrhic one, but when it's considered that he's occupied that first-floor apartment for 26 years, and when you see the mass of bizarre sculpture, tapestry and pelts that he's amassed there, and when you recall his simple assertion that it's not right to supersede a tenant's lease, you feel otherwise.

Today Tink's life is somewhat more sedentary than in its whirlwind, adventuresome prime, but it's still not the life of a faltering gaffer. He tires a bit more easily than he did, and the horseback rides in Rock Creek Park are no more (the horse died, anyway).

His Daily Routine Is Still Strenuous

But he still walks the two miles or more between his house and the Capitol half the time, and gets around with much of the old elasticity which used to carry his stubby, powerful frame over field and along trail.

In This Year of Grace 1942, Tink rises usually between 8 and 9, breakfasts (when he does breakfast) on a pint of milk, reads the papers, and arrives at his office around 11 a.m.

This he enters by his own door, sits down at a plain desk fronted by an enormous globe, and rings presently for his secretary.

THESE days he tends to keep his hat on until steady scrutiny by secretary or visitor reminds him of its presence, whereupon he removes it with a startled gesture.

Mall and incidentals out of the way, he goes over to the House where he says little in a deep, resonant voice. He lunches at the House with steadfast, Epicurean selectivity, remains there till toward the end of the afternoon, then returns to the office, where he generally can be found until 7 p.m.

Then, invariably he picks up his hat, taxis to the Carlton Hotel, and dines. Steak is his preference. After dinner, he sits about the lobby of the Carlton talking with friends and awing tourists until midnight, when he goes back to his rooms, reads for two or three hours, gives the cobra a final gander, and goes to sleep.

In that day there are few tribulations. Picking his way

carefully among Social Security employes on the way out is a minor one, but nothing more.

TINK'S taste in clothes runs to gray suits, conservative ties, black, high-top shoes. His hats alone are distinctive; brown felt of an exceptionally soft type, so pliant that they seem to change shape with each wearing.

His beard, for whose appearance he has a fastidious concern, is trimmed bi-weekly by the only barber Tink will allow to touch it—a virtuoso who used to be employed at the Ambassador and is now at the Grafton, where Tink dutifully followed him.

Tink's hirsute abundance about the chin and jowls more than compensates for the complete absence of hair on an exceptionally glittering pate.

His office would delight a huntsman, a student of world geography, or an accountant. The overflow of his profuse taxidermy has come to ground there, including two gazelles on either wall behind him, an eland, a rainbow trout he caught off the coast of Tasmania, and a hartebeest, which he says is the stupidest animal in the world and which he calls "Volstead." All the animals were shot by him in Kenya.

Huge wall-maps augment the globe, and back of his left shoulder hangs a graph labeled: "Debts—the Road to Inflation."

In his outer office there is a wood-carving depicting "Prohibition"—the skinny gent with top-hat and umbrella—suspended on a gibbet. It was a gift from the sculptor in 1926.

Tink's great remaining hobby is reading: travel and "foreign land" tomes hold his attention and his richly deserved reputation as a scholar.

Lost His Subscription To Tokyo Newspaper

An omnivorous devotee likewise of newspapers, he reads daily the London Times, and followed the Tokyo "Japanese Advertiser" until the current scuffle liquidated his subscription.

Tink was among the sturdiest of all the isolationists, but now that America is in, Tink is in too.

That the Congressional responsibility during war time is a great one he concedes; offers it, in fact, as a principal reason for his retirement. But Tink is as ready as anyone to see the thing through.

On his office walls last week, one ornament was absent. It was a handsome print of Machiavelli, a familiar sight for years.

On the day Tink announced his imminent return to private life, it turned up missing.