Samuel Grafton

Stalemate Is at Hand In Cold War

I THINK we have to assume that there is going to be a quieter period, sometime, in relations between the United States and Russia. The only other possible assumption is that there is going to be war, and nobody except the most far-gone professionals of controversy really believes that either side wants to fight.

If there is not going to be war, there must, soon or late, be a subsidence of passion from its present peaks. The current level of insult by both sides, which has reached an index number of 396 (if we take 1938 as a base, or normal insult year, equalling 100), cannot be maintained much longer without walking right up to the edge of hostilities.

I think both sides are going to avoid this, and that therefore the output of vituperation must, at some yet unspecific point, begin to decline.

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IT SEEMS to me the immediate task of statesmanship is to bring that point nearer.

I don't see how the cold war can be called off, and therefore the only thing to do with it is to turn it into a deep freeze. If we can't solve it, we can at least try to put it on ice, and keep it there. If it's not going to be really war, which nobody wants, then let it be really cold.

The cold war could be chilled a good deal further if, say, we were to make it clear that we want no bases in Scandinavia, and do not propose to acquire any. These moves could be considered, not as steps toward a settlement, but as steps toward a way of living at a somewhat lower abuse level (say an index of 175) and without war.

Such moves could be viewed as part of a freezing process, a deliberate effort to produce a temperature at which the present situation can keep for a while without spoiling. It would be better to negotiate for a settlement, but if we can't, let us at least negotiate to stay where we are.

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THIS is the logical time for a freezing process. It is becoming plain, and will become plainer before the year is out, that some of the theoretical expectations of both sides are doomed to disappointment.

We have not had the depression the Russians confidently expected we would have by now. And they are one of the reasons we have not had it. It is very difficult to have a depression along with an arms program, and an aid-to-Europe program.

Russia's expectation that our resistance to her expansion would be weakened by a sudden depression simply cannot be fulfilled: the very act of resistance inflates American production and staves off depression. You cannot weaken capitalism by creating an extraordinary demand for goods.

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NOR has there been any obvious Russian economic bogdown. The Russian system seems, in an extraordinary degree, to require exhortation and moral pressure in order to produce. Our anti-Russianism has provided much material for Soviet pep talks, and has probably stimulated Russian labor to greater effort. There is even economic opinion which holds that the Russian economy may be helped, not hurt, by having to devote part of its effort to arms; the idea is that modern armament requires, first of all, a highly efficient general industry, and that under the spur of needing arms the Russians may prod themselves into developing such an industry. We may not be hurting them as much as we think; they are not hurting us as much as they think.

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ALL these considerations would make it seem that the stalemate hour is at hand. And a stalemate ought to keep for a good, long time, if, as I suggest, it be properly refrigerated. To try to find some self-lubricating refrigerating device would thus seem to be the most promising immediate task of world statesmanship.

Opinions

The signed columns of America's leading writers and commentators appearing on this and other pages of The Inquirer are presented so that our readers may have the benefit of a wide variety of viewpoints on important issues of the day.

These viewpoints often contradict one another. They have no connection with the editorial policy of this newspaper and sometimes, in fact, may represent exactly an opposite opinion. The opinions and views expressed belong solely to the writers.

Capital Capers

N. Atlantic Pact Signing Means Important Parties

By Elise Morrow

WASHINGTON, March 29.

VERY important people are invading Washington this week, which means very important parties. The reason is that, next Monday, the North Atlantic Pact will be signed here, which means that virtually everyone of importance in the western world will be in Washington. Hostesses are beside themselves with ecstasy at the prospect.

SEN. JOSEPH FREAR

Already, during the past week, we have had everyone from Winston Churchill to Jack Dempsey—and the old Manassa Mauler is still in fine form, as, of course, is Mr. Churchill. Dempsey, having himself a big night at the Shoreham Hotel's Blue Room with Blondie and Dagwood (Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake of the movies), kept asking Maestro Barnee Breeskin for "I'm Alabammy Bound." Barnee obliged, as always.

Also at the Blue Room were Senator and Mrs. Joseph Allen Frear, Jr., of Delaware. This was their first big night out in Washington, which is quite a record for reticence in view of the fact that the Dover, Del., Lions Club, named Mr. Frear as its "Man of the Year" in 1947, not to mention the fact that the Senator is a member of the Masonic Lodge, the Knights Templar, Consistory, Shrine, is a past deputy grand master of the Grand Lodge of Delaware, a Sigma Nu, a past president of the Dover Rotary Club, a Democrat, a member of the Delaware Motor Club, Dover Chamber of Commerce, Delaware State Farm Bureau, American Hospital Association, American Legion, Kent Horse Show Association, Maple Dale Country Club, president of the Kent General Hospital Board and a director of three banks.

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After such magnificence, it makes us feel almost shabby to be reporting that Paul-Henri Spaak, the Foreign Minister of Belgium, is due here tomorrow night, and so is Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin, of Great Britain.

Robert Schuman, Foreign Minister of France, and Halvard M. Lange, Foreign Minister of Norway, are expected Thursday. Dirk Stikker, Foreign Minister of The Netherlands, whose name is not to be interpreted literally, is due tomorrow. Count Carlo Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, is already here.

So it goes — and parties are planned for all of them, plus others, winding up Monday night with a dinner at which President and Mrs. Truman will pick up the check.

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Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, of California, at a distinctly hilarious session of the Congressional Club the other evening, told all about a political campaign incident.

She ran into a gloomy California taxpayer who was muttering forlornly about the former Congressman from her district, but didn't see much advantage in the impending change.

"Some Mrs. Douglas," he told Mrs. Douglas, "is going to be elected. Of course, she's no better than the man we're getting rid of, but . . ."

"But Mrs. Douglas will be elected?" Mrs. Douglas inquired.

"Yep. Of course, she ain't. . . ."

"That's all I wanted to hear," Mrs. Douglas said. "That word, 'yep.'"

Ivan H. Peterman

Preacher Assails 'Liberals' Who Condone Red System

IT WAS Nicolai Lenin who said: "We repudiate all morality which proceeds from supernatural ideas, or ideas that are outside class conceptions. In our opinion, morality is entirely subservient to the interests of the class war; everything is moral that is necessary for the annihilation of the old exploiting social order. We do not believe in eternal principles, or morality, and we will oppose this deception.

"Communistic morality is identical with the fight for the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat."

There you have it

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AS THE Russian troops maneuver, as they march around satellite nations' borders, go prowling in the direction of Iran, as Moscow howls that Finland—little, beaten-up Finland—is "violating the peace treaty," and as Russians snarl and try to undermine even their own buddy, Little Joe Tito—the blunt, brutal words of the Embalmed Man of the Kremlin re-echo.

So it was with great satisfaction and with growing confidence that Americans are awakening (and rapidly) that I sat in the Sellers M. E. Church Men's Club last Sunday, and heard a Methodist pastor rip the phony facade off Communist teachings.

The Rev. Wallace Copper drew a rising vote of thanks from the audience in a speech which if heard by some of the higher-ups in American religious ranks would probably have accomplished more good. For I doubt if Dr. Copper's parishioners need much "urging" against Communism now; men like John Perry, president of the club, and his Upper Darby neighbors have had their fill of this sneak doctrine. Like the rest of the U.S.A., they gave their answer to Henry Wallace and the Reds last November.

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DR. COPPER pointed out, among many things which demonstrate Communism is not political, not economic, and not moral, that in Russia it isn't even Communistic. It's a totalitarian carry-over of Hitler at his worst, but beyond that, its recent outrages against religion call for bold and immediate steps from all men of decent minds.

At the very hour that 18,000 would-be Moscow serfs were plodding to Madison Square Garden, to cheer the clenched fist salute of two foreign nations (Poland and Russia), Dr. Copper was asking why no top U. S. churchmen have had the guts to demand a show of hands?

This is the amazing thing about the Cold War. Millions of those who long ago should have been in the front rank, he said, smashing the Red traitors to earth, have hung back—as they did while Hitler rose to power—cringing, from a just fight. And meant Catholics, Jews and Protestants.

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"WHAT in God's name are they waiting for?" The cry comes to this desk in letter after letter; it came from this preacher of the Gospel as he wondered why others of his cloth grant the pulpit and radio to Henry Wallace, and protest not at all against the Red Dean of Canterbury.

"Preachers who do such a thing should be denied the radio themselves," said he.

It is high time the Church AND the schools of America got over this pseudo "liberalism" which condones evil and excuses immorality. If the schools and colleges don't spend the coming summer screening out, overhauling and enumerating—if not registering, photographing and finger-printing—the Communists and Red-inclined members of staff and faculties, they better wake up to what public opinion expects.

Small wonder that Senator Karl E. Mundt roused the people of our neighborhood. Small wonder Dr. Copper is constrained to take a text from Lenin to show up the Stalin-Molotov-Vishinsky program of world-wide atheism, of tyranny and plunder. Small wonder the Red weasels are running this way and that, scrawling their hatreds while pip-squeaking about peace. At last they see indignant nations of this world rising in wrath and might, to put them in their place.

Today

By Herman A. Lowe

Continued From First Page

taken in by this candidate's campaign talk that they actually joined the party.

"Most of them dropped out within a few months after the bitter experience of learning first hand that the Communists had merely sold them a bill of deceitful propaganda. A few, however, remained in the party and became important factors in the Communist fifth column movement in the United States."

An example of personal frustration is that of a 30-year-old union field organizer who joined the Communists because of his inability to achieve any material success. The party has since built him up to one of the most powerful labor leaders in the Cleveland area.

Described as a typical "adolescent mentality" case was that of a youth who went to college during the depression years of the 1930's. Contrasted with the unemployment about him, was the Soviet propaganda about its great five-year plan, and absence of poverty in that "workers' paradise."

Although his parents sent him to college and paid the bills, "he believed that if he had the inclination to go and the ability to learn, society was obligated to send him." He became a Communist in the belief that Communism could give him what he wanted without any particular effort on his part.

Today, in his middle-thirties, he hasn't changed his views since his college days.

Headline Hopping

Recession in Ice Cream Should Be Easy to Lick

By Ollie Crawford

ICE CREAM prices reported ready to drop by April 1. Now, at long last, comes the kind of a recession you can lick. Other prices have dropped, but nothing goes down easier than ice cream. The next big advance will come when dealers stop squeezing the bottom of the box as they fill it. One dealer left so many wide open spaces they called him Buffalo Bill. He gave the box a grip like a long lost fraternity brother.

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This is the first recession that comes in 47 delicious flavors.

Ice cream was a strategic material during the war. Our dealer listed 57 kinds, but he was always out of everything but baked gooseberry. He said they needed all the chocolate cream to make atom bombs. They sent everything overseas except tutti-frutti and warmed-over pistachio. The civil defense was left to hold the line on nothing but orange ice.

At the new price, Americans will be getting their just desserts.

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Other prices have taken a dip, but ice cream is the first to take a double dip. Old Man Recession is getting in his sundae punch. It's the first economic trend that could be spotted by studying a double-rich malted.

Kids will benefit from the price drop. Now they can buy all the ice cream they want to eat and have enough left over to smear on their best Sunday suits.

As one Securities Exchange Commissioner put it: If this is recession, make mine vanilla.

Pledge at Stake

FEPC Bill Has Chance Of Passage

By Joseph H. Miller

HARRISBURG, March 29.

THE Republican Organization of Pennsylvania has an opportunity at the 1949 session of the Legislature to demonstrate to the people of the State that it can keep a pledge or whether the 1946 State platform, upon which Gov. James H. Duff and Senator Edward Martin campaigned, is a mere scrap of paper.

At a meeting of the Republican State Committee, Sept. 7, 1946, in Pittsburgh, the 113 members, backing the Duff-Martin ticket 100 percent, went on record favoring passage of a State fair employment practices law.

The section of the platform pertaining to FEPC legislation read:

"In further support of American principles we favor appropriate legislation for fair employment practices and we oppose discrimination in employment because of sex, race, color or creed."

Despite the fact that both Duff and Martin were wholeheartedly behind the fair employment practices proposal, the 1947 Republican-controlled Legislature, the first one to meet after the 1946 Statewide campaign, ran out on party leaders and scuttled an anti-discrimination bill.

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IN 1947, the FEPC proposal was "killed" in the House Labor Relations Committee, only after opponents of the measure resorted to a "secret ballot" to "slaughter" the legislation.

If there had been an open vote, it might have been possible to send the bill to the floor.

This year, the initial fight of the fair employment legislation advocates has shifted to the Senate. The first round is expected to be fought tomorrow before the Judiciary General Committee, which is considering the Meade-Frazier bill, which establishes a Fair Employment Practices Commission to carry out the intent of the proposed law.

While proponents of an FEPC law feel their position to send the Meade-Frazier bill to the floor is favorable, a survey of the 22-member Senate committee indicates that the line-up is rather close.

An independent review of the Senate Judiciary General Committee line-up would indicate that the tally might result in a tie vote, 11 to 11, which would keep the bill in committee.

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IF THE Senate committee members who are fighting for the bill have any chance of sending the measure to the floor, they must insist that the committee vote be open and that a secret ballot be banned. If a secret ballot is held, there is a chance that some of the committee members who would support the proposal in an open ballot might shift their position.

Once the Meade-Frazier bill clears the committee hurdle, its passage on the Senate floor appears assured. This will be made possible with the help of the 15-member Democratic minority, whose party is committed to supporting an FEPC bill. If the 15 Democrats remain united in support of an FEPC bill on the floor, only 11 Republican votes would be necessary to assure passage. The measure then would be sent to the House for concurrence.

One danger faces the FEPC proposal if it reaches the floor. Some Republicans who are opposed to the proposal might insist that the Republican majority members be bound by caucus action in their voting. Since a majority of the 35-member Republican bloc are reportedly opposed to FEPC legislation, the bill would be defeated if the GOP members are bound by the caucus action.

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BEARING in mind the 1946 party pledge, the leaders of the Senate Republican majority should treat the FEPC bill as any other controversial legislation. In most cases a measure which is the center of controversy is left to what is known as an "open vote," with the members voting the dictates of their conscience, and not be bound by any caucus decisions or rules.

If the FEPC bill clears the Senate, its chances of winning House approval are improved, even though it will be required to clear the Labor Relations Committee, which killed the proposal in 1947.

Republican majority members of both branches of the Legislature must remember that in 1946 their State-wide ticket was elected on a platform which contained the all-important plank pledge support to the right of everyone to work without discrimination regardless of "race, color, creed or sex."

There is another State-wide campaign coming up next year, when a Governor and U. S. Senator are to be elected. If the Republican Organization acquires a reputation of breaking its platform pledges, its campaign task will be made more difficult.

-: Gossip of the Nation :-

Walter Winchell

NEW YORK, March 29.

THE STREET OF DREAMS—Winchellebrities: Prince Louis Victor Napoleon (who would take over the French throne if the world went backwards) getting the tip-of-the-hat from some of the hansom-kep drivers on 59th st. They knew him in Old Paree . . . Vice President Barkley taking a one morning constitutional along Madison at 5 ho-hum . . . Miguelito Valdez, the Latin lark, sporting a leopard skin sports jacket in Lindy's . . . Peter Donald, who threatens to introduce something different via ABC today at 3, a program tagged "Talk Your Way Out of It" . . . Conrad Thibault, the great American baritone, who dropped radio contracts to tour the country and help churches in his one-man war against Moscow . . . Dollpuss Allyn McLerie of "Where's Charley?" trying out her French accent in the Cub Room for her next role in "Miss Liberty." Irving Berlin, one of its parents, says: "She plays a French girl but one who hasn't any accent!" . . . Mae West's license plate: SX.

CONRAD THIBAULT

Sallies In Our Alley: They were discussing an elderly producer at Mocambo. He's about 70 and constantly seen with very young starlets. "Nobody takes it seriously," comforted a Gal-About-Town. "He's in much the same predicament as a deep-sea diver whose nose itches!" Overheard in Sardi's: First Producer: "I had a lot of money trouble with that actor recently" . . . "What happened?" asked another . . . "I finally gave in. I had to pay him Equity minimum!"

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MIDTOWN VIGNETTES: Over at the Simplon a table-for-four were giving the velvet knock to a very unpopular radio exec . . . "But what is his precise job?" someone barked . . . "He's vice-president," said Eleanor Flournoy, "in charge of making enemies for the network!"

Memos of a Midnighter: Julie Wilson, the star at the St. Regis, wants her army of stage-door Johnnys to know all the items linking her with this or that guy are pure bunk. She says nearly every column married her to someone in the past week . . . The William Dolls have mended matters . . . MGM people wish they could find out for sure if L. B. Mayer has been re-signed or not. We hear yes. For five years, same position . . . Isn't Ralph Bellamy (star of "Detective Story") readying his fourth merger to a lass named Murphy? . . . Long-time romance . . . Most big swank hotels are featuring dinners (a la table-d'hote) but they call them "Before Curtain Dinners" because the other "Sounds so cheap, you know." The fee is from $4 to $5 instead of the $12 when you order a la carte. The days of the big checks are over.

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MANHATTAN MOOCHERS: Harry, the Heartug, the one-legged mendicant outside the Pennsy Station. He arouses your sympathy and coins by offering to carry your bags despite his missing shaft . . . The musician-beggars who play the score as you exit from the musicals, making you feel like a heel if you don't tip them . . . The pan-handler with the Confederate flag sewed up his sleeve. Does very well with Southern visitors. Never been outta N. Y. in his life.

Novelette: They've been Adam-and-Eve'ing for nearly a decade . . . No romance . . . Just real devoted friends and "daaah-leeengs" . . . "I'm so worried," she told him. "Can't get a job, and I'm so in debt. Can't pay my rent and I haven't slept for two weeks worrying about it" . . . "Don't worry about it," he said, looking around the room, "I'll take care of it tonight" . . . And he kept his word, although he didn't intend it to be funny . . . An hour after he took her home a bellboy came to her door with an envelope from her friend . . . It contained sleeping pills.

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BROADWAY JELLYBEANS: The Jamaica race-track opens (with the return of the Daily Double) on April FOOL'S Day . . . Lee Grant of the S. Kingsley hit and Gene Lyons (the actor) are yes, indeedy . . . Bea Lillie's feller is Peter Turgeon of the stage . . . Many of the town's most conservative and dignified law firms (supposedly above such things) which have used the wire-tapping services (of Broady) are sweating blood for fear their distinguished names will be mentioned in the coming probe of his undercover activities. (Oh, Daddy, I can hardly wait!) . . . The cops know the murderer in the Langford slaying (at the Hotel Marguery) but they have a good reason for not arresting him . . . Two people connected with the "Take a Number" quiz are named Elliott Drake and Drake Elliott.

The Big-Time: Sister Rosetta Tharpe's gospel-singing for Decca. She once was a Cotton Club star. Thrilling holy-roller stuff . . . The Harvest of Stars program, which shifts to NBC Sunday . . . "City Across the River," the movie based on the exciting novel, "The Amboy Dukes" . . . The excitement of the "It's Too Hot!" number in "Kiss Me, Kate" . . . And Tommy Dorsey's recording of "Enjoy Yourself," a swingy rhumba with wise philosophy. It'll be a big hit.

Listen to Walter Winchell over WFIL every Sunday at 9 P. M.

Danton Walker

NEW YORK, March 29.

BROADWAY BEAT: Somerset Maugham may get permission plus cooperation from the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to do a novel on their lives . . . Long distance phone calls between Eleanor Roosevelt and Lisa Sergio are concerning the change in policy for the International Business and Professional Women's Federation . . . Decca's Jack Kapp, who died Friday, was booked for a lengthy vacation in Europe starting June 15.

ANNABELLA

Mabel Boll, the diamond queen recently committed to Welfare Island Asylum, is said to be suffering from a blood clot on the brain . . . Annabella, Simone Simon, Claude Dauphin and Danielle Darrieux are among the 50 or more enraged French actors and actresses who want redress from the Parisian publication Samedi Soir (Saturday Evening) for an article titled "The Liaisons of the Cinema World" . . . The Christian Science Church is perturbed over the rumor that a movie company wants to film Hugh A. Studdart-Kennedy's biography of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, which is not on the approved list.

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WINSTON CHURCHILL'S speech at MIT later this week is expected to make some startling suggestions about atomic energy and the atom bomb. Possibly suggested by his U. S. host, Bernard Baruch, who fathered the ill-fated atomic plan for the U.N. . . . Advance reports on ex-Mayor Hague's soon-to-be-released memoirs indicate the kick of an atom bomb.

Candid camera views of an important political foursome, shot in the intimacy of a hotel room, are said to be the ace card held by Clendenin Ryan in his row with City Hall . . . A report from Buenos Aires is that Vittorio Mussolini, son of the late Il Duce, who now goes under the name of Carlo Batero, is hospitalized with gunshot wounds . . . A wealthy New York socialite in Paris renews her reservations on the Queen Mary every two weeks, just to be ready in case of war.

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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and his granddaughter, Barbara Bushman, set for a radio series to be called "The Girl Next Door" . . . Peter Donald will go on the air Thursday via "Luncheon at Sardi's" to plug for his alma mater, the Professional Children's School, and its benefit ball at Essex House April 8 . . . The brilliant Greek singer, Elena Nekolaidi, is booked as soloist with the New York Philharmonic, under Dimitri Mitropoulous, for a concert version of "Electra."

The modern dress movie version of "Manon" is the first to reach the Parisian screens with all the four-letter words (or their French equivalent) uncensored. Even the boulevardiers are blushing! . . . France's gift to Broadway cafes, Jean Sablon, is a good draw at the Versailles . . . Even better news is that some of the tony restaurants, such as Leslie House, El Borracho, etc., are quietly slicing their food prices, as much as 20 percent.

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ORIANA (MRS. BROOKS) ATKINSON'S forthcoming novel, ("The Eyes," will cover 120 years of American history . . . Prince Alexis Scherbatow is dickering for the mansion on the site of the World's Fair, used by the late Mayor LaGuardia as a summer city hall, wants to convert it into a rural night club . . . Doris Doe, for 17 years a member of the Met Opera, is turning her large New Hampshire home into a summer theater for chamber opera and concerts.

Frances Maddux and Sheila Barrett, too long absent from the local cafe scene, bow in together at Jimmy Ryan's East Side spot this Friday . . . Harold Russell, handless vet of "The Best Years of Our Lives," was the hit of his own autographing party at the Fireside Inn (autographing his new book, "Victory in My Hands"), told the guests that Hoagy Carmichael could take a bow for having taught him to play the piano so well with his mechanical hands.

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SHUBERT ALLEY talk is that a 25-story hotel with a cellar theater, three stories deep, will replace the Century (the old Jolson) Theater on South Central Park . . . Latest and we hope last of the pyramid club gags: Every CBS executive has to bring in two NBC shows. Incidentally, it's no gag that CBS stockholders are getting slightly gray over reports of the money-spending involved in those talent raids . . . Laurel and Hardy, who have been doing appearances abroad, preparing for a U. S. screen comeback.

Art Phelan, one time major league baseball player, is planing to New York to catch the Paramount Theater debut of his lovely daughter, Margaret Phelan . . . Jarmila Novotna has given the okay to her 15-year-old daughter, Jarmila Junior, to take up singing . . . Edith Durston, sister of society singer Gi-Gi Durston, and as pretty, has been inked by Hal Wallis to a movie songtract . . . Josh White fans will rejoice that he is making his first cafe appearance in some time at the Village Vanguard, starting this week.

Ed Sullivan

NEW YORK, March 29.

THALBERG AWARD—I trust that Colonel Gimp and songwriter Lew Brown blushed a Fordham maroon when AP and UP, and the Hollywood columnists reported that the Irving Thalberg award for "Elevating the level of Hollywood pictures" had gone to Jerry Wald, of Warner's.

Blushes should decorate these two because, years ago, each of these Tin Pan Alley residents laid violent hands upon Jerry Wald, when he was writing a radio column for the uproarious N. Y. Evening Graphic.

Conversely, it's possible that they belted Jerry into the Thalberg award, and thus rate an assist.

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THERE never was a newspaper like the Graphic. When Rudolph Valentino was reported ill in New York, the Graphic, with its inevitable firm, strong pressure on the wrong note, announced that this was nothing more or less than a cheap publicity stunt.

The following day, Valentino died.

Wald, youthful Brooklynite just out of Columbia, fitted his radio column into the bizarre pattern of the paper. He was the Lincoln Steffens of radio and he flailed about him with a blunderbuss, digging up much circulation and many black eyes.

Yet he was a cheery, amiable kid throughout it all, tremendously likeable.

"I am a Crusader," he told me once, "and I could use the armor that clanked around King Arthur's roundtable."

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WHETHER he sensed, or someone tipped him off, that a ready audience could be recruited in a hurry by belting big-shots, I don't know. Maybe he learned the oldest journalistic trick at Columbia, but his target for any night was a Broadway big-shot. As he got into stride, he substituted buckshot for a single shell and mowed groups down in every printing.

Then, when he'd drop in at Lindy's, for lunch, wry-faced gents would beckon him outside. By the time he got back, his coffee would be cold and one of his eyes would be turning from blue to black.

I asked him once if this didn't get monotonous.

"No," said Jerry, "because the Lindy waiters are on my side, and they always bring me a new, hot cup of coffee."

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ONE night, I had Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and Buddy Rogers on my radio program. Following my usual format, I dramatized an exciting moment in Ziegfeld's career. He was touring through the Southwest and two mangy lions were part of the Ziegfeld show. When the copper plates in their cage were electrified, the tired lions would vault into action. On this occasion, there was no jolt of electricity and the lions turned over and went to sleep, the irate townspeople chasing Ziegfeld out of town.

Lo and behold, a few Sunday nights later, Ziegfeld and Eddie Dowling popped up with a new radio series, identical to mine.

Wald blasted both of them, Ziegfeld and Dowling, for a full column, suggesting that two showmen certainly could have come up with an idea that hadn't been plagiarized from a newspaperman.

Wald escaped manhandling for this. "These probably are the only two guys on Broadway I stand a good chance of licking," he grinned.

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THEN the Graphic folded and all of us went our several ways, Wald going to Hollywood, curiously enough, instead of staying in some phase of radio.

His bright, amiable grin and unaffected good nature were perfect decoys in Hollywood. But behind those cheery assets lurked a keen, concise mind and in no time at all, Jerry Wald knew Hollywood's score and how to play the outfield fences.

His "Mildred Pierce" won the Academy Award for Joan Crawford. Now his "Johnny Belinda" has won an Academy Award for Jane Wyman. Both of these achievements won the highly prized Irving Thalberg award for Wald.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

By Jimmy Hatlo

Louella Parsons

Runyon Yarn Is Slated For Filming

HOLLYWOOD, March 29.

ONE of the best and one of the last magazine stories Damon Runyon wrote just before his death was "Johnny One-Eye," and Ben Bogeaus has up and bought it.

"It has all the human elements of Damon's 'Little Miss Marker'," Ben says, "but with an entirely new plot twist involving a mobster, a little girl and a mongrel dog."

ELLEN DREW

Just the other night we showed the new Bogeaus picture, "The Crooked Way," at the house, and I thought it was very exciting. Sonny Tufts has never been as good, and John Payne and Ellen Drew also give their best performances.

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Montgomery Clift, who has had his pick of dozens of Hollywood movie stories, has made his choice. He is interested in starring in a remake of "The American Tragedy."

This story, written by the late Theodore Dreiser in 1925, was one of the most widely read novels of its day, and one of the most daring. The picture, made by Paramount with Sylvia Sidney, turned out to be a bitter disappointment, because the lesson, so well pointed in the novel, was completely lost in the movie due to censorship restrictions.

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From Italy comes word that so many troubles are plaguing "Pirates of Capri" that the picture is shut down and no one knows when it gets going again.

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Snapshots of Hollywood Collected at Random:

Joan Blondell is in Lenox Hill Hospital, a sick girl, I'm sorry to say.

Pretty Adele O'Connor and Charlie Feldman have spring fever. Charlie is running up his phone bill telephoning Adele in Las Vegas where she's getting her divorce.

My old friend, Taylor Holmes, has been added to the cast of "Quicksand." "I was making movies before Mickey Rooney, Barbara Bates, Jeanne Cagney and other kids in this picture were born," Taylor laughs.

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Joan Evans' mother, Katherine Albert, was set to fly out from New York to be at her bedside following the freak shooting accident in a movie scene. Instead, Joan will be able to leave the hospital Friday and she will recuperate at her home in New York. Her remaining scenes for "Rose Anna McCoy" can be made later.

JOAN EVANS

The Laddie Sanfords and Arthur Little, Jr., came on to Mocambo following his cocktail party in their honor. Ed Wynn and his pretty blonde bride also dancing to Eddie Oliver's music.

Robert Mitchum gets out tomorrow—but he got himself so suntanned on the prison farm that he may not be able to work until he "fades" a little to match up with previous shots. He's about 10 pounds thinner, too, but that can be taken care of with padding.

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Robert Ryan is booked for a boxing exhibition next month with James J. Braddock, former heavyweight champion. It's a build up for "The Set Up," the fight picture. Ryan's boss, Howard Hughes, is having a fight of his own on the sidelines, claiming the producers of the much discussed "The Champion" stole the idea from his movie.

Felix Bressart, fine character actor who died suddenly last week, is being replaced in "My Friend Irma" by Hans Conreid, radio actor.

Ann Lee and Richard Charlton are certainly nabbing the Hollywood names for their little theater in Phoenix. William Bendix and Audrey Totter open the Sombrero Playhouse in "Born Yesterday," followed by Ruth Hussey, Benay Venuta, Craig Stevens and Joan Davis' daughter, Beverly, in "Philadelphia Story."

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Is C. B. De Mille readying a picture based on the automobile industry?

Grace Durkin divorced Bill Henry, the actor, in Las Vegas last week. He had filed the original suit but she beat him to the punch by filing a second, quicker action in Nevada.

The Bob Crosbys' little boy is in the hospital for a nose and throat operation.

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There was a lot of chit chat at a party the other night that Greta Garbo has selected Balzac's classic, "The Duchess de Langeais," for her movie with Walter Wanger.

The story was written over 100 years ago, and is as dramatic as all of Balzac's novels. "The Duchess de Langeais" is one of his least known books and has never been widely read.

Of course, I'll believe Garbo is making a picture when I see it on the screen. Every few months somebody gets excited over her comeback.

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Virginia Cherrill couldn't take any funds out of England at the time of her divorce from the Earl of Jersey. But there is no law that says she can't dismantle her former castle—and so fireplaces, parts of walls, doorways, paintings and furniture are arriving by boatloads.

Virginia, who has been living in a small house in Hollywood with her new husband, Florian Martini, is practically being shoved out to make way for the crates and boxes.