

WRECKAGE The battered remains of the private airplane in which Dr. Willard H. Dow, president of the vast Dow Chemical Co., his wife

and three other persons were killed yesterday. The plane plunged to earth about a mile from the London, Ont., airport while the party was en route from Midland, Mich., to

Boston to hear Winston Churchill speak last night. One person survived. The plane apparently was trying for an emergency landing when it crashed.

FRIENDLY Georges H. Westbau, of Auburn, Wash., playing with his friendly pet lioness, Tyke, in his ranch home near city. Neighbors, not sure of her intentions, have convinced authorities to order the 280-pound animal tied up or kept in a stout pen.

Mark Sullivan
Credit Boost
Is Doubtful
Economic Aid

WASHINGTON, March 31. THE Federal Reserve Board has taken two steps, presumably designed to increase the country's volume of credit. They have reduced the cash down-payment required in installment buying of many forms of goods and have lengthened the time during which installment payments may be made. They have reduced, from 75 percent to 50 percent, the proportion of cash required in purchases of securities on the Stock Exchange. To reduce the proportion of cash is of course to increase correspondingly the proportion of credit.

These steps are taken at a time when, and presumably because there has been a recent recession in business. The apparent theory is that increase in the quantity of credit in the country—which in effect is much the same as increase in the quantity of money—will make business better. This theory is widely accepted. It is a practically universal belief that abundance of money—both money in the ordinary sense and what may be called credit money—makes for good business.

This theory has worked on very many past occasions under conditions that existed at the time. Yet on other occasions under different conditions it has not worked, or has worked in ways not anticipated. Something depends on whether the people, including especially business and industry, take advantage of the increase in credit and make use of it. If the conditions at a given time are such as to create confidence in the future, business and industry and the people generally are likely to hold of the increase, but it is to use and thus make business better.

Very much depends on just what use is made of the increase. Once it is made available, it may flow into any of several channels. It may be used by industry to increase its plant and its output of goods, and especially if at the same time prices are reduced or prevented from going higher—the hoped-for betterment of business takes place. On the other hand, if it is used mainly in the purchase of goods already existing—for example, farms and city real estate and buildings and commodities—the result may be increase of prices without corresponding increase in quantity of goods or betterment of business.

THE potency that increase of credit can have in the country's economy is illustrated by what took place in the 1920's during the prosperity period preceding the depression, although conditions in the 1920's were utterly different. Farming then was prosperous. Today farming is the most prosperous industry. And in the 1920's there was a boom on the New York Stock Exchange, while today prices of stocks are low. The only interest in recalling what took place in the 1920's is to illustrate the potency that credit can have. In the mid-1920's the Federal Reserve Board followed a policy of making credit easy by reducing the rates for the principal and laudable purpose of not attracting investment funds from European countries, which needed these funds at home to aid recovery from the war. In the United States credit found its way largely into the stock exchange, there creating the boom in prices which was the precipitating cause of the ensuing depression.

WHAT underlies all this is the mystery that credit is. It includes mass psychology, indeed, and is probably the largest part of it. Credit can spiral, and then de-spiral, it can ramify into unexpected places, it is volatile. It can be at first beneficent, and later become a danger. A vivid statement of the nature of credit is in a passage by Garet Garrett: "In all the discoveries and inventions by which we live and die, this totally impractical, heilic of credit is the most cunning, the most liable, the least comprehended and, except high explosives, the most dangerous. Modern credit, as we know it, or which we know it, is a new and amazing power, still evolving, still unlearned. Men have been much more anxious to release the power of credit, to employ it and exploit it, than to control it or even to understand it."

Washington Background
Aide's Slick Definitions
Show Him in Capital Form

By The Inquirer Washington Bureau Staff

WASHINGTON, March 31. CALLED upon the other day to substitute for a missing speaker, Lawrence Clayton, one of the governors of the Federal Reserve Board, entertained the American Retail Federation with the following definitions:

Conference—a meeting of a group of men who, individually can do nothing but, as a group, can meet and decide nothing can be done.

Statistician—a man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

Coordinator—a man who brings organized chaos out of regimented confusion.

Economist—a financial expert without money who has a Phi Beta Kappa key on one end of his watch chain and no watch on the other.

Farm district members of Congress who hate daylight saving recently jumped Representative Oren Harris (D. Ark.) for sponsoring the Daylight Saving Bill for the District of Columbia.

Harris explained that he didn't like daylight saving any better than the complainants did, but "I just went along with it because the people in the District of Columbia seemed to want it."

What's that got to do with it? snapped one irate member of the rural delegation.

Red-faced, on learning that scores of invitations to a musicale at the Embassy had been mailed out without stamps, the Polish Embassy staff hastily mailed a three-cent stamp to each of the invitees.

The Marine Corps is getting ready to commission women officers in both the corps and the reserve, but they don't want any "leathernecks." No air, the girls must be graduates or undergraduates of accredited colleges and universities, and unmarried. A women officers' training class will be opened for the first time at Quantico, Va., on June 30.

What the well-dressed male prefers: The Department of Agriculture has been investigating the preferences of men in the matter of clothing in connection with its study of the uses of textiles. Among the men interviewed were nearly all the men interviewed said they owned underwear, socks other than work socks, a business or dress shirt, but only half of them owned a wool shirt, a robe, or a summer suit.

For shirts, underwear and pajamas, two out of three preferred cotton.

The report also gives this solemn finding as to who does the buying: "When the owner does not select most of his articles of clothing himself, this task is generally performed by his wife, although in a relatively few instances it is performed by someone else, or is a joint action of the owner and his wife."

Secretary of the Interior Julius A. Krug reports that helium, the rare non-inflammable gas used in blimps during the war, may have a therapeutic value. He says a Michigan industrialist credits to helium his recovery from a severe case of bronchial pneumonia, after his family had been told he had "very little chance of recovering." Under an oxygen tent, the industrialist was unable to breathe. A consulting physician introduced a mixture of 80 percent helium and 20 percent oxygen and the patient obtained almost immediate relief. In five minutes he was able to sleep, his first sleep in three days. Secretary Krug says helium has no medicinal properties, but it apparently eases respiration by making the oxygen mixture lighter.

—Edited by John C. O'Brien

Ivan H. Peterman
Chinese Reds Blame Chiang
For Ruin Caused in Jap War

AS FAR back as 1927 Chiang Kai-shek had a fairly sound theory on Communism. Having operated with Russia's political and military advisers on his march across China, he got rid of the Kremlin's men, and killed off the industrial Chinese Reds who strung with them. Chiang knew what Westerners are only now discovering: Once inoculated with the rabies of Communism, there is no cure. Chiang purged his machine-guns, and reduced the Red extremists to a small coterie which fled deep into the inner provinces. By summer of 1927 Chiang moved his headquarters from Wuchang to Nanjing, where Dr. James R. Graham, American missionary, saw him frequently. They became friends.

THEN, late that year, in a curious parallel to the actions of Communist leader Mao-Tse-tung today, Chiang Kai-shek "took a vacation." He first visited Japan, a country that was to attack him six years later. In December he returned to marry Miss Mayling Soong, sister of the Brothers Soong, the "Morgan Wickers" of China. That union clinched Chiang's turn to constitutional forms. Madame, the Lotus Blossom with her American social background, had profound influence upon the Christian generalissimo and hero of the masses.

Chiang cleaned house in China. He went after opium smokers, crushed down on strikers, expelled bandits and private armies and small time warlords, summoned to his capital governors who had a weakness for thievery and oppression, and introduced them to firing squads.

IN THOSE days he moved the capital to Nanchang, so as to get closer to the Communists. In five years he was top man, with no opposition and you could walk

at night in most of his cities without being robbed or attacked," said Dr. Graham. "But a new danger had already become apparent. The Japanese were making an economic dumping ground of China. Their cheap goods undercut the Chinese whose handicrafts and factories, arms and industries were exterminated. The Japs flourished while Chiang completed his clean-up and consolidated his control. Then, beginning in 1934 and improving through 1937, the Chinese made an economic comeback. And presently they had the Jap traders on the run.

"We would talk the situation over when Chiang and the Madame with T. V. Soong came to my pool up the beautiful mountain setting of Kuling. They told me how the Japs were getting nastier, but feared Chiang's army. They tried, but unsuccessfully in that landing at Shanghai, in '32. Remember?"

BUT Japs weren't going to give up so quickly. After all, China had no navy and no air force, and the Japs did. So they moved in after the Marco Polo bridge excuse, and took most of the coastal ports and railroads. Chiang retreated to Chungking as the Japanese filtered up the great rivers, re-establishing their trade at bayonet point, while seizing or destroying the Chinese factories.

What of China's defense? Scorched earth. As Chiang retreated, he burned everything. And that the Chinese peasants remember—and still remember bitterly today, when the Communists remind him the Nationalists burned their farm buildings and crops.

The Reds never explain the earth was scorched to beat Japan. Or, not now. The enemies of Chiang were more interested in organizing against him than fighting Japs, and when Russia turned over the surrendered arms of Japan's Manchurian Army (plus a sizable amount of U. S. Lend-Lease vehicles and guns) they came at the Nationalist Government.

NOW the soldiers of Chiang had been fighting Japs since 1937. They were tired. So when Russian-supported Reds renewed the struggle, when Moscow broke its treaty pledge to support Chiang's government before the ink was dry on the signatures, the Nationalists folded quickly.

This time the Communists had key men in the proper places. The war-lords were on the rampage, too. Graft and inflation had ruined Chiang's good works. Industry and business were ruined. The hungry, disillusioned millions accepted the Communist film-dam as a change and hope. Chiang had been too busy combatting Japs, and trying to convince Generals Stilwell and later Marshall that a double-cross was in the making.

The Communist indoctrinates out of college quickly undermined him. His generals quit. The Reds rolled on, almost unopposed. And students who resisted little against the Japs, came out of Peking's Yenching University, and welcomed the traitors led by Moscow's puppets.

So Chiang retired and Nationalist leaders supplicate the Reds for terms today. What of China's future? We conclude with Dr. Graham's predictions.

Samuel Grafton
U. S. Risking
Heritage in
Huge Jackpot

IN PURSUIT of our present foreign policy, we are in great danger of throwing away just the things that have made America different.

I mean the things that have made America the goal of every immigrant. I mean that wonderful middle-class prosperity which makes statistics in our land occupy something like the place of lyric poetry in less-favored countries. I mean that wonderful, impudent abundance that has made us so curiously immune, among all the nations in the world, to Socialist doctrine.

I feel that it is the difference, the wonderful difference, between ourselves and other countries that we may now, without knowing it, be throwing into the international jackpot.

I DON'T see how our middle class can take 10 years, say, of current policies and remain the same. If high taxes (based on our financing of a world-wide armaments race) don't get it, then high prices (based on the same armaments race) will. We don't realize, I think, how much of a relic the American middle class already is in the world of today. It has survived while its opposite numbers in other countries have faded away before war, taxes, inflation and revolution.

To be a middle class man, living a middle class life, is not yet quite as rare as to be a Hapsburg king, but the world is definitely heading in that direction. It may well be that part of the price we shall have to pay for the greatest arms race in history is that we shall yet see our own middle class dissolve, like the middle classes of Europe. Suddenly the magic that has kept it from sharing the fate of similar classes in France, England and Italy may end.

WE ARE, in our hysteria, gambling with the thing that has made the sidewalks of America seem, to so many Europeans, to be paved with shining gold. We are gambling with our exceptionalism.

When it comes to our physical assets, the story is even clearer. We have lead enough for only about 10 years, zinc for 10 or 12, oil for only a couple of decades or a generation (depends on who figures). Our sawmills are cutting logs of a size that lumberjacks a few years ago wouldn't even have looked at. We are mining our soil agriculturally, stripping it of cover, increasing the erosion danger, to produce the record food output the world and the times demand; in doing so, we are depleting our agricultural resources at a rate that makes conservationists weep.

IN FULFILLMENT of our 15-billion-a-year arms program (plus a billion or two more for the North Atlantic Pact nations) we shall be gambling with America's abundance, which puts us in the position of one who gambles with the roof over his head.

We are risking the difference between ourselves and the rest of the world, in the name of protecting it. We must arm energetically, we say, to oppose Marxism—and the price of that is to dismantle the golden abundance which for so long has made Marxism a blunted weapon here, ineffective and unavailing.

MARVA (MRS. JOE) LOUIS, ex-wife of the fighter, had a narrow escape from death in Mexico City when pneumonia set in after a recent operation. . . Mrs. Hans Czerwin, widow of the owner of Knise Perfumes, was left \$20,000,000 by the husband she divorced (almost half of it in cash, the story goes). . . Gregor Platigorsky to retire from the concert field for a year in order to pen his autobiography? . . . In case you care, you may now buy a share of stock in the Walt Disney enterprises for the price of four movie tickets (\$5).

Today

By J. M. Roberts, Jr.
Continued From First Page

cratic system, lies heavily upon us today.

But, the one theme running through the address is very reminiscent of President Truman. More than I recall in any previous speech, Churchill extols his case on his belief in the spiritual value which the Western world has evolved, on Christianity and the resurgence of man, moving forward "in the discharge of our mission and our duty, fearing God and nothing else."

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

EVERY YEAR ABOUT THIS TIME SQUATWELL GETS AMBITIOUS ABOUT A GARDEN.

YUP—ONE END OF THE YARD WELL HAVE FLOWERS, AND OVER HERE VEGETABLES. I'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING TO DO.

DO IT, DEAR!

AND HOW LONG DOES HE STICK AT IT? HEH-HEH! (I'M LOFFING!)

THANK TO JOYCE LAWRENCE 5800 CARPENTER BRONX, N.Y.

I'M EXHAUSTED AND YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED THE GARDEN SINCE THAT FIRST DAY.

I STARTED IT, DIDN'T I? I DID IT SO YOU'D GET SOME FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE—YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE HEFTY.

Gossip of the Nation
Walter Winchell

NEW YORKERS ARE TALKING ABOUT—that Distinguished Services Medal the President pinned on the departing ex-Defense Secretary Forrestal. If (as the President said) the man rated it for "The great job he did for the Nation," then why

did Truman accept the resignation Forrestal was "forced" into offering? He didn't want to resign! Such sham hmt. . . . When the Dept. of Justice is going to decide whether or not the Nat'l Council of Arts, Sciences and Professions (which just hosted Shostakovich) is a Front Group or ain't, it'll do as a Front until (as the wisecracker said) a better one comes along.

Gen. Vaughan's unconcern about the housing shortage. Naturally, it's "not his table." . . . The way Jane Wyman's latest flicker drew critical blackbills the day after she was decorated with the Academy Award. Reminding you that you are merely as good as your scenarist and director. . . . Marlene Dietrich's throaty version of the recorded ditty, "Feller." She gives it the Kinsey-touch. . . . The bustling song in Bing's "A Connecticut Yankee"—especially the one christened: "When Is Sometime?" A lovely hymn. . . . The fact that housemaids—once scarcer than uranium—are now having trouble finding jobs.

The devastating comment of a guest at the Henry Luc Luncheon to M. Chubb, who spoke very briefly. . . . Gov. Dewey droned on for nearly 40 minutes. . . . "Wonder why Churchill was so short?" a guest inquired. . . . "He probably," sarcasm'd another, "was trying to show the Governor that he could stand on his record."

PRICES being whittled here and slashed there. The Automat, frantically, just announced another 30 percent shave in some edibles. Fees for male togger have also taken a terrific cut. . . . The puppet race on television. Very likely because the Gerald Dennis burglar who just pleaded not guilty up at White Plains. He faces about 300 years! . . . The soap m't newspaper contest, "The 40 Gold Rush," which makes radio quiz prizes appear puny. Their first prize is \$40,000—the total sum in prizes being \$100,000. . . . Life mag's report that Ethel Merman would appear on Bagley's televised program if he butted into her act. They did the finale together!

The old tune that makes a new picture. It's the hit song from "Barclays of Broadway." Gertrude called it "You Can't Take The Way From Me" when he wrote it for Anita and Ginger in 1937 for "Shall We Dance?" . . . Ahmed Ertugun, who is sponsoring the recording of "This Is My Beloved," the daring poetry about passion. He's the son of the late Turkish Ambassador to the U. S., whose body was shipped back to Turkey on the U.S.S. Missouri. . . . The rumored deal to run N. Y. Pub. by publisher Thaddeus for Mayor of N. Y. on the Progressive ticket. . . . The shining column by the Alsop feres on Gen. Vaughan, which said in part: "He has always been a sort of crumb in the bed of the President's more serious advisers. There is more to Vaughan than meets the eye." . . . And nose.

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

Danton Walker

NEW YORK, March 31. BROADWAY ROUNDUP—The Federal Communications Commission pondering a surprising turn in events whereby, in the first three months of 1949, eight AM stations have turned their licenses as well as 46 FM stations and two television stations. . . . The treasurer of Musicians Local 802 wants to raise the dues but members believe such an increase should apply only to those musicians who are working.

There is talk of a chorus strike backstage at New York's own City Center Theater, the angle being too many rehearsals without sufficient remuneration. . . . Excuses of the Basketball Association of America have decided that all regular season games will be played in double-headers next year.

Police Department said to be checking on those doctors who own two cars and let the wife go out shopping with the second one and (because of the MD license plate) park the vehicle in a district where an ordinary license holder would get a ticket. . . . The National League of Masonic Clubs is participating in the April 30 loyalty day parade—the counter-attraction to the Communists' May Day show which has been put a day ahead this year to offset the loyalty parade.

MARVA (MRS. JOE) LOUIS, ex-wife of the fighter, had a narrow escape from death in Mexico City when pneumonia set in after a recent operation. . . . Mrs. Hans Czerwin, widow of the owner of Knise Perfumes, was left \$20,000,000 by the husband she divorced (almost half of it in cash, the story goes). . . . Gregor Platigorsky to retire from the concert field for a year in order to pen his autobiography? . . . In case you care, you may now buy a share of stock in the Walt Disney enterprises for the price of four movie tickets (\$5).

Palm Springs, Calif., which prohibited nite spot photography during the war because of several embarrassing situations resulting from pictures of top brass, has finally lifted the ban, though the photographers must prove to the police that they have spotless records. . . . Broadway hears that very fancy prices are being paid for platters of the Dorothy Lamour broadcast from the Shamrock Hotel opening, cut off because of the "blue" language that got picked up by the mikes.

JOAN BENNETT was marooned on location with "The Blank Wall" troupe when her youngster, Stephanie, came down with chicken pox. . . . Michael Strange, Diana Barrymore's mother, is taking a six months' rest from her concert activities on doctor's orders. . . . New York firms are now renting television sets to hospital patients. . . . Washington talk is that only the husband's political career is holding together one of the Capital's most glamorous couples.

Sir Osbert Sitwell, the British poet, of all people, is working on a book about the circus. . . . Following a lecture date at the famous Ringling Museum at Sarasota, Fla. . . . If local socialist Stuyvesant Rutherford Pierpont takes up press agentry, as he threatens, one hopes it will be under a more streamlined moniker. . . . Lord Balesbrook has reserved tickets for "Death of a Salesman" in April. . . . Mrs. Tomlyn Lyman, wife of a contractor, has been seriously ill, now at a rest home recuperating.

THE Diamond Horseshoe breaking a rule by letting 300 visiting Greeks in native garb (the evzone costume) take over the place for the Sunday supper. . . . Dorothy Parker's four-year-old play, passed around local producers' offices without result, to get a production in Texas. . . . Laurence Olivier is reported (from the West Coast) to have cabled Luther Adler to come over and star in his "Merchant of Venice" at the old Vic. . . . Mickey Moore, a kid film star 30 years ago is making a comeback as assistant director to Hal Wallis. . . . Jackie (Butch) Jenkins, retired by M-G-M as the age of 12 is writing his memoirs with the aid of his mother, Doris Dudley, daughter of the late columnist Bide Dudley. . . . Claire Luce, who scored a personal hit playing "Becky Sharp" on video, completes filming a series of British plays, adapted by NBC's Jack Barfield. . . . Cafe societa Bob Rost has joined a video producing outfit (Tele Cine) as producer. . . . Priscilla Lane, stymied in her screen comeback, is heading Broadway play offers. . . . Cab Calloway in person is backing Thomas Hammond's new musical "Mooncall."

One Word Led to Another—By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ANY time the works start wheezing you hear people buzzing about giving the country back to the Indians.

It's good for a yard of snickers on stage, screen and radio every time at bat.

People pull the gagaroo at teas, sores and mesanine rodeos. And laugh until they accordion-pleat their innards.

Now, everything would be as pretty as paint if you followed my twist on the gimmicks.

Instead of giving America back to the Indians why not try to live like them?

You hear some successful man mullin' it, "If I walked out tomorrow everything I owned would be on my back." When an Indian walked out he piled the works on his wife's back.

The old squawster was a wife, cook, laundry, tailor, moving van and overland express. She did all the work while Geronimo fished, rodeoed and loafed.

Did you ever hear of Panicky Moore complaining about lack of parking space? Or Running Nose mugging a landlord for smaller rentage? When the weather got cold the Indians went south. When it got hotter than a wolf's breath, the tribe sagged north. The squaw did the packing and carried the plunder.

The Indian chief forked a cayuse and smoked the calumet of peace. If he needed a big steak he played touch tag with a buffalo. There were fish in the lakes and oorn didn't require an act of Congress to ripen.

If an Indian needed money he ordered a dozen clams. He ate the clams, paid for them with six clam shells and had enough left over to roll the dotted caramels with the other braves.

His tent was round so he didn't have to sweep out the corners. His soap pants and vest were leather ribbed and topped with a beaver. He never wore spectacles, arch supporters, carried an earphone, muzzled through a speaking tube, complained that his uppers were lower than his lowers or took ether. If he was operated on it was by an enemy. Who never used the estate.

Louella Parsons
Kirk Douglas
Sought for
Vet Film

HOLLYWOOD, March 31. STANLEY KRAMER has gone to New York to talk with Kirk Douglas about playing the lead in "The Champion."

The Champion is an unusual picture. It is a picture of racial tolerance. It is a picture of a man who is all the time a loser. It is a picture of a man who is all the time a loser. It is a picture of a man who is all the time a loser.

Kirk Douglas is a man who is all the time a loser. He is a man who is all the time a loser. He is a man who is all the time a loser.

The Arthur Laban has been back from Washington, where they want to make a picture with Jack Douglas in a benefit held to build a Coast Guard chapel in New London, Conn.

I was talking to Arthur today. He told me that he, Pat Lahe and Jack went on a show with Eddie Arnold, and our mutual friend, Eddie Arnold, had a hillbilly actor.

Said Arthur, "We took off our shoes, sang hillbilly songs, and did a show with Arnold." He is coming out here to do a picture for Columbia. According to him, he sings those hillbilly ditties with gusto.

The Wendell Corays have named their baby girl Wallis Julia Coray. Paul Muni and Luther Adler are planning a personal appearance tour in Israel for next summer. Muni, since a star in the Yiddish theater—he really started there.

Ran into Vivian Lubitch, who is here with Nicola, who inherited Ernst Lubitch's estate. Vivian tells me that she plans to sell the Lubitch house.

Far from parting company with MOM as rumored (not here) Ann Miller gets a her best role in "Singin' in the Rain." That title brings up memories of 30 years ago when it was the hit tune in "Hollywood Revue of 1929." If you are too young to remember Cliff Edwards, Anita Page and Jack Benny, in that smash revue, you missed something.

Arthur Freed, the producer, tells me that Ann has the dancing lead but you can expect some singing and comedy names to be added. Can you imagine a musical minus plenty of "Specialty" artists?

Sid Grauman gave a dinner party replete with orchids for the ladies at the Coconut. G. O.—given as only Sid knows how to host such a festive event.

The occasion was the Rudy Valle opening. Rudy, who used to make the girls swoon in his old days, hasn't changed a bit and is still one of our best night club entertainers. He is so versatile. Rudy did everything from singing the popular hit tunes of his career, to playing the flute, leading the orchestra and doing an original vaudeville act.

Eleanor Parker, who was one of Sid's guests, was stopped by autograph seekers going to and coming from the party.

George Dixon, who is as witty as his newspaper column, had us in stitches.

Rhonda Fleming dancing about the grove with Dick Joyce John Grant.

Writer Richard English, who was once Rudy's press agent, was on hand with his wife. It was his first appearance since the birth of their third baby.

Tomorrow night Howard Hughes is taking over Zucca's Opera House for a party for his aircraft workers.

Apparently there is much secrecy on the Paramount lot about the remake of "An American Tragedy." It is being mentioned in whispers.

I said that Montgomery Clift would play the boy. Now I am told that George Stevens, who directed "I Remember Mama," is the director. Certainly a far cry from the heavy, bearded story of the Norwegian mother to the boy he betrays and kills his sweetheart.

A line or two: Charles Chaplin, Sr., will come out of retirement for the heavy, bearded story of the Norwegian mother to the boy he betrays and kills his sweetheart.

"Caligula," for his son, Sidney, at the Circle Theater. Both of the Chaplin boys, Sidney and Charles, Jr., are members.

John Johnson will exhibit his paintings in May, but under a pseudonym.

Claire Trevor has been offered 14 scripts since she won the Academy Award, but she doesn't need that Oscar to make Hollywood realize what a good actress she is.

The Robert Mitchum company on "The Big Steal" leave for Mexico April 15.

Just doesn't seem possible that Pete Smith has been with MGM for 25 years. The day he celebrated his silver anniversary he inked a brand-new contract.

That is wonderful and should be called to the attention of those knickers who say there are no real loyalties in Hollywood.

Seventeen of those 25 year Pete has been making his entertainers and under short features. He has two Oscars on his mantle.

Headline Hopping
Underhanded Throw Marks
Bevin's Annoyer as Red

By Ollie Crawford

BEVIN greeted by tomatoes on arrival in New York. These are not to be confused with the tomatoes usually photographed on ship's rails. When the vessel docked, it didn't take reporters long to get behind the news.

One thing about Bevin, he's a good target. His shirts may not be all wool but they're a yard wide. He's broader than an Oxford accent and covers more ground than socialized medicine. Bevin not only presents the British view, but he blocks out the rest of the view.

Vegetable-tossing was blamed on the Committee for the Advancement of Tolerance, Amity, Unity and Tomato Sales. It was a joint committee, but it almost broke up the joint.

The picket who missed Bevin ought to be pitching for the Dodgers. He had less control than the Real Estate Board wanted for rents. Police think he might be a Communist because even his throw was underhanded. His aim was like the rest of the Communist aims—loosey!

Bevin said the tomato-tossing wasn't cricket. It wasn't baseball either, Ernie.

After all the trouble he's had with English peers, Bevin was prepared for trouble with an American player. He walked down the gangplank and there was the gang. Police thought they were fooling, but they wanted to be in Ernest. When the cops spotted the egg, they showed the pickets the egg-sit.

Britain needs food, but not spattered over its Foreign Secretary's shirtfront.

Bevin only came over to sign the North Atlantic Pact. From the reception, you'd think he was running for President.

