Ivan H. Peterman

Big Three Pact on Reich Seen Unwise

NEW YORK, April 12.

THE German political leaders, it suddenly appears, do not relish half a loaf as baked for them by the Three Western Powers, under the Occupation Statute offered them, without aid of Soviet Russia. The German political leaders have looked greedily toward a new war because of the East-West deadlock, and have all but overlooked the loss of the last one, in this prospect.

German resentment therefore was not far behind the Big Three Foreign Ministers' agreement in Washington. The Germans, hoping for a better than even break as a result of Russian intransigeance, hoped for something approximating an independent Western State from which they could work back into the Middle-European pattern. Instead, they get limited powers, with quite a few reservations held by the occupying forces in matters like foreign policy, trade, and research.

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PERHAPS the Big Three will regret this decision. Perhaps the United States will one day rue the change from Military Occupation to a State Department setup which has far less understanding of the German problem than our soldier-leaders. But, as was the case with National Defense Secretary Forrestal, the pot-shooters have kept it up until they've had their way. Unqualified twerps are allowed to undermine far-seeing Americans.

This observer feels the Army of Occupation, guided by General Lucius D. Clay and Deputy Commander Clarence R. Huebner, was doing a remarkable job of restoring Germany, without creating too much of a menace to future peace.

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THE present plan is little more than a local government permit, under a loose federation of the laender, or provinces. It falls far short of the more "important sounding," and Russian proposal for a united Germany, which, of course, the Russians plan immediately to capture via Communist infiltration through control of the national police.

This, therefore, is our first mistake: If we are winning German confidence as against the Russian program, why pretend one thing—economic friendship, etc.—and then sentle it with such a political makeshift? The French, with their "keep-them-down" phobia, and the British, who are not averse to skimming away certain trade advantages while Germany is down, are goose-stepping in the paths of 1919-33, when stupid top diplomats set up the Second World War.

The present plan calls for complete demilitarization, control of arms, aviation (including civil), scientific research (to forestall any invention and production of secret weapons), control of foreign affairs, displaced persons, maintenance and control of the Allied Occupation forces, control over Germany's foreign trade and exchange, control to a certain degree of international economy (though this is not severe), and control of German prisoners sentenced by the Allies. The latter is important, to prevent the Germans from releasing the Hess, Schirach, and Doenitz crowd so they could start again.

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SOME of these reservations are absolutely imperative; others will remain a slow burn to the Germans. We must keep an eye on new weapons, new Fuehrers, etc. But they will always remain at the mercy of the Occupation in trade, foreign exchange, and have to accept any changes in policy for the Ruhr, reparations payments, and new development.

The current Occupation Statute is, let's hope, not the permanent deal for Germany—even if the cold war goes on through our lifetime. It would be a rather grim formula for any nation, and exceedingly rough for one we hope to keep on our side. It helps Russian propaganda of "See, we told you they were no friends."

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OUR military leaders were avoiding this sort of letdown. And one day, if the Russians move, we may need the mass of Germans in Central Europe. You cannot crush a people's hopes—even false hopes sometimes—in ruthless fashion, then expect the loser's help.

For that reason we seem to have skidded in preparing the German people for this stop-gap "Western State." It would be better to look ahead, say 25 years, listen less to fools, and try to avoid the same dizzy routine that builds up another war in 25 years.

Capital Capers

Washington Braces Itself For DAR, Vanderbilts

By Elise Morrow

WASHINGTON, April 12.

THE CAPITAL this week is bracing itself for a Vanderbilt wedding and the onslaught of the Daughters of the American Revolution—both of which historic events will occur next week.

It seems strange to have a Vanderbilt wedding in Washington, but Sylvia Szechenyi, the last unmarried daughter of Gladys Vanderbilt Szechenyi and the late Count Lazlo Szechenyi, will be married on Saturday, the 23d, to Count Anthony Szapary at St. Matthew's Cathedral here.

SYLVIA SZECHENYI

Count Lazlo Szechenyi was Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, and he is always used as an example of the most perfect old world traditional diplomat. He wore a black patch over his eye, and he had the most colorful diplomatic uniform, the most beautiful continental manners, the noblest history and the noblest name in Hungarian history.

His widow is very shy, and she and Sylvia, a slim, dark girl, have lived very quietly at their home on Massachusetts ave. here.

Egyptian Princess Emina Tousson—Mrs. Cornelius Bretsch—and her husband had a champagne party—a dinner and dance—the other evening at the 1925 F Street Club, with the Turkish Ambassador and Madam Erkin and the Spanish Ambassador-at-Large and Senora LeQuerica as their ranking guests.

LeQuerica is not too popular in Washington, having a background as an ardent Franco man and being in much the same general position as some of the collaborationists who come here and expect people to embrace them with blithe disregard for their history.

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Even in Washington you have to draw the line somewhere—that's why the Bonnets of France and the Tarchianis of Italy, with their record of strong, self-sacrificing opposition to Fascism, are so refreshing.

Princess Emina's other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cafritz (real estate tycoon and hostess, respectively), Philippine Ambassador Mike Elizalde, British General Sir William Morgan and the Greek Ambassador and Madame Vasili Dendramis.

Beautiful Madame Dendramis, who had entertained at a dinner party herself in honor of the British Ambassador and Lady Franks earlier in the evening, wore one of a flock of new dresses from her pet Parisian designer, Jean Desses, who appears to be giving Christian Dior a run for his money. Madame Dendramis, a tall, dark woman of great beauty and style, swears by him.

Princess Emina, who is a nice person, loves to give parties—her guests always dance all night or play bridge all night. The Princess never gets to bed much before morning, and gets up in the early afternoon.

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The next thing Washington has to face after the DAR's get out of town is the Navy's annual whing-ding, the Navy Relief Ball to be held at the Statler during the first week in May. This tres gai affair, always one of the most spirited parties of the season, will bring back to the capital lots of ex-Navy people, like former Undersecretary Mark Edwin Andrews, the Houston, Tex., oil man, and his handsome wife.

It will also bring back to Washington for the evening Philadelphia's maestro Meyer Davis, who will play for the ball, and bringing Mr. Davis back to town—where he got his start—is always a good cause. Meyer went on a Caribbean cruise a few weeks ago and he should be back now and tanned and pink and pretty. Are you back, Meyer? Are you tanned and pink and pretty?

The list of patrons for the Navy Ball is longer than your arm, from Mrs. Truman on down, and, it says here, "It promises to be one of the most colorful and gala and glamorous affairs of the season." Yeah, man.

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There will be a gap in capital life for the next two months. Madame Henri Bonnet, wife of the French Ambassador, is leaving for Europe today. Her husband has already gone over to visit his ailing mother. He will return shortly, but Madame Bonnet will be gone until late in June.

The Labor Front

Americans Back 'Peacefest' Where Cry Is 'Vanquish U.S.'

By Victor Riesel

THEY gave us Shostakovich and we're returning Artie Shaw. Honest. Along with 1,000,000 natives of darkest equatorial Africa, uncounted Mandarin Chinese youths and Pyongyang peasants, the over-jazzed clarinetist is be-bopping April in Paris.

He's one of a handful of so-called American sponsors of the Communists' World Peace Congress, which boasts that, when it opens on the morning of April 24, it will represent 500,000,000 people on several continents.

Bebop king Artie Shaw, idol of the jitterbugs, is the most prominent of the brand (and you know what brand) new committee of pro-Communists sponsoring the World Peace Conference.

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BUT even the leftist longhaired cultural schnooks Shaw will send to the Paris parley will wish they had stayed home and listened to his nightmarish torrid tempos instead of what they'll hear and indorse in Paris.

The delegates, representing the Scientific and Cultural Peace Conference of the notorious Waldorf week-end, are bound to sit in on the most vituperative attacks ever made on the United States.

American delegates to the utterly Communist-controlled parley will find every vote taken there will be steered by a handful of operators sent in from Moscow. Here's how it adds up:

Paris peace conference agents here disclose that the delegates will talk for "500,000,000 people all over the world." Now let's break down the votes.

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ABOUT the time the Cultural conference was meeting in Waldorf-Astoria ballroom, another "Congress of Peace," allegedly speaking for 1,000,000 French Equatorial African natives, was going through the same, if less plushy, gestures in an African thatched hut village. When the Paris conference opens, a handful of African Communists will be present to ballot on resolutions for their 1,000,000 people.

And the Soviet's own World Federation of Democratic Women will have its shrill agents there—voting for 80,000,000 on the distaff side, no less. Watch this outfit.

It plans to organize mothers groups over here soon for parades and demonstrations to protest "sending their sons to war."

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SO THAT makes 81,000,000. Another bloc of 5,000,000 will be balloted for by the Stalinist-control French Federation of Labor, specialists in revolutionary general strikes.

Another 5,000,000 will be toted up for the delegates from the heavily-armed peace-peddling Communist Italian General Confederation of Labor; 2,500,000 from the Polish unions; more millions from the Russian Coal and Textile Workers Union. And, when complete, the Soviet labor outfits will throw in tabs for 27,000,000 in all.

From the special list of Paris peace parley delegations I could roll off more unions and more millions of votes. But I'll hold you down to such characteristic units as the Union of Italian Women, the Youth Alliance of Italy, the German (Soviet Zone) Intellectual Organization, the Union of Scientific Workers of Bulgaria, the Writers of Czechoslovakia, the Belgian Intellectuals, the Anti-Fascist Committee of Soviet Youth, the Slav Committee, the North Korea Democratic Youth League led by Han So Ya and Lee Gi Yong (swell playmates for Artie Shaw), the French National Movement to Defend the Peace, etc., etc. Millions of them. All on paper.

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AND what will they journey to Paris for? This is what the Chinese Communist radio said the other day:

"If only peace-loving forces unite in the struggle and do not commit mistakes, American imperialism is sure to be vanquished."

So you'll know which Americans are working this side of the ocean. Here's the list of Artie Shaw's co-sponsors; remember these well, they'll soon be telling us what's good for the country:

Broadway playwright Arthur Miller; music critic Olin Downes; artist Rockwell Kent; ex-Gov. Elmer Benson, of Minnesota; Utah's Bishop Arthur W. Moulton; movie writer Clifford Odets; Professor Frederick L. Schuman; poet Louis Untermeyer; painter Max Weber; Howard Fast, the author, and a lawyer, Oetje John Rogge, once associated with the Department of Justice.

They know what they're sponsoring. And so does the rest of the Nation. Let's not forget it!

Headline Hopping

Rookies Start Going South As Ball Clubs Head North

By Ollie Crawford

BASEBALL clubs heading north for opening of major league season. It's the time when international news is as minor as the International League. When you mention the "Russian Menace," people want to know what club he's with.

When the clubs start coming north, the rookies start going south. A guy can go great guns in the Grapefruit League and be just a squirt when the season starts. It's when the club owners feel like the World War I veterans. They wish they had their bonuses back.

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Spring training is supposed to take the fat off the waistline and put it on the batting average.

One baseball expert picks both Boston clubs to win the pennants. He wants to make this the land of the Sox and the home of the Braves. Boston may win, but it won't be any tea party. The baseball experts last forever. By October, nobody remembers who they picked.

They can be as wrong as Gallup and never have to take it on the run. One old-timer keeps picking the Baltimore Orioles and nobody notices.

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This expert picks the Indians, Yanks and A's to finish behind the Red Sox and himself to finish behind the eight-ball. He says the other clubs will have to stay on their toes, but the Yanks depend on DiMaggio's heel. DiMag is having more trouble with a joint than did Rube Waddell.

The Macks expect to go through the American League like the truck of the same name.

The Dodgers, Pirates and Cards are picked behind the Braves. It's a four-way race to see who gets their brains beat out by the American League winners.

Philadelphia is picked fifth in the National League. This expert doesn't believe that Blue Jays belong at the foot of the league.

Sylvia F. Porter

Economic Planning Under Fire

THE campaign to discredit the President's Council of Economic Advisers—and, by so doing, to sabotage the whole concept of economic planning on the national level—is intensifying by the hour.

In fact, for the first time, there is real danger that the drive might succeed.

The persistent reports of squabbling within the three-man council really might discredit its members.

The persistent accusations that the council "can't even decide where we are, much less where we're supposed to go," really might kill our hope that Government can help level out booms and busts.

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WHO's behind the campaign? Such ultra-conservative organizations as the National Association of Manufacturers, such groups as the real estate lobbyists who have vowed war on those who have dared support public housing and rent control; such conservative opinion organs as the Wall Street Journal and the New York Journal of Commerce.

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WHAT are they saying? In effect:

First, "the council's members—Edwin Nourse, Leon Keyserling, John Clark—are so muddle-headed they can't even agree on whether we're in an inflation or deflation. If they argue on this, how can they figure out where we're heading? By their own disagreement they dispute the theory that Government can help plan the way to stability."

Second, "the council's chairman and vice chairman, Nourse and Keyserling, are in fundamental conflict over the council's political functions. Nourse insists the council should talk to the President only, should stay completely clear of Congress; Keyserling insists the council should let Congress and the Nation know why it says what it says. By their own disagreement they show they themselves don't understand what the council is and what it should do."

Conclusion: "Off with their heads! Let economic nature take its course. If Nourse-Keyserling-Clark are samples of economic planners and planning, the less America has the better."

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THIS is not exaggeration. I've heard more contemptuous comments about the council recently than ever before—from men of wealth and considerable influence.

And now a stock question to the council's members when they submit a report is "Do you all agree on this?" If the answer is "Yes," the story is "Nourse and Keyserling deny friction" — which strengthens the impression that the friction is there but concealed.

And even more revealing, as reports have spread that Nourse might resign over the question of the council's political activities, I've heard the first "nice" remarks about Nourse. Before these rumors he was a "planner;" now he's a "man of principle."

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TO ME this is far more than casual sniping at men in the Washington glare. It is part of a deliberate effort to belittle all who would defend and attempt national economic planning.

The council is an obvious target, for it was set up under the Full Employment Act of 1946 — with the specific purpose of helping to frame policies to achieve stability at a high employment level.

Keyserling is a special target, for he's identified as a follower of the late John Maynard Keynes — the liberal British economist who deeply influenced President Roosevelt in the '30s.

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THE truth about the squabbles? As I get it there is none of importance over our economic status and trends. They agree we are over the hump of inflation but "things are not getting out of hand."

As for the council's functions, that question has been blown up out of all proportion. And I might admit here I go along wholeheartedly with Keyserling. The more economics Congress learns, the more we may hope for intelligent laws. There's no such thing as "pure" economics in government anyway. To pretend so is naive.

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AS WE shift over the hump we will really come to grips with the problem of maintaining full employment, and economic planning will receive its critical test. A long time ago Nourse remarked, "nobody can doubt that the economic prospects of the Nation are bright enough. The only question is whether WE are bright enough."

How bright we are will be shown by how much we understand his campaign's ends and how well we sabotage it before it sabotages us.

-: Gossip of the Nation :-

Walter Winchell

NEW YORK, April 12.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF BROADWAY—Marlene Dietrich's new hair-doodle almost stealing the show at the "South Pacific" premiere . . . Toscanini, who will baton "Alexander's Ragtime Band" for the Lamb's Gambol on the 23d . . . Imogene Coca, racing to her TV rehearsal in Gay 90s bloomers and middy-blouse . . . Hector McNeil, British delegate to the U.N. (and No. 2 man to Bevin), paying his respects to the Cub Room at the Stork . . . U. S. Supreme Court Justice Wm. O. Douglas ditto . . . The "Kiss Me, Kate" terpsichorines rehearsing their ballet in Central Park across the street from the Century stage-door . . . Fannie Hurst parking her poodle in the Hungaria hi-chair . . . Denny Lewis (the Eyebrow's brudder) looking like he just lost a war—on a Battery Park bench . . . The one mustache all passersby recognize and acknowledge with a smile, Jerry Colonna's—as the comic comes out of the Paramount.

IMOGENE COCA

Sallies in Our Alley: Over at the Gamecock a cocktail-party-gal was knocking one she just attended. "It wasn't much," she said. "They kept talking back-and-forth!" . . . "Don't you mean," sallied Jack Stutz, "back-and-knife?"

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MIDTOWN VIGNETTE: The Biltmore Hotel barred Frank Costello (from its Turkish baths) following newspaper reports that he was a "sinner" and hung out with judges and politicians . . . Costello decided to check up on his legal rights . . . He was informed that his book of admission tickets (to the hotel baths) "constituted a contract" . . . He also happens to be a bondholder of the hotel . . . The other day Costello learned that one of its execs was "over his head" in betting at the tracks . . . So, in his bond-holding capacity, the barred Costello demanded "to see the books" . . . He now has carte blanche!

Memos of a Midnighter: Showmen and actors may now breathe easier. Times drama critic Atkinson is leaving on a lecture tour for five weeks . . . The John J. Reynolds expect their fifth blessed-event next month . . . Baltimore reports record money for 20th's newest Clifton Webb hit, "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," due at the Roxy soon . . . Cafeterias are back to the 5-cents-a-cup-of-coffee routine. And free pickles and sauerkraut . . . Three cafeterias in midtown folded last month . . . Nellie Lutcher ushers in the new sepia shows at the Royal Roost on the 21st . . . Princess Christiana Torlonia (of the I'm-So-Blase Set) flew to Havana for a month's vacation and planed home six hours later . . . Portrait painter Albert Carlo and Peggy Rollins (of Don Pallini's rhumba staff) are a work of art . . . The radio quix programs in England can give away only a two-pound prize at most. Worth no more than $8.

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BROADWAY SIDESHOW: Milton Berle's Telethon (16 hours before the radio-cameras, which brought over a million dollars in pledges to the Runyon Fund) was still being discussed last night . . . One of the gabbers thought Milton was "the only one who could have talked for 16 straight hours on one subject!" . . . "Oh, I dunno," swifted comic Frank Marlowe. "Some guys along Broadway can talk that long about themselves."

Times Square Smalltalk: Robert Casey (his pop owns hotels and coal companies) and Muriel Allen of the Copa line will merge shortly . . . Terri Stevens, the vocallure (via NBC), blends with accompanist Geo. Gerrity this summer . . . Vaudevilleans are worried about the bad-biz reports from The Borscht Circuit—one of the few fields left for them . . . No Bu$ine$$ Like $how Bu$ine$$ Dept: Rodgers & Hammerstein (who hit the critical jackpot again with "South Pacific") have on tour "Allegro," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Show Boat" and two troupes of "Oklahoma." The total weekly gross for all these hits is $208,000 . . . Robert Morley is readying a new comedy for Rex Harrison, Lili Palmer, his mater-in-law (Gladys Cooper) and himself. Scheduled for London in 1950. He wants to let in a lot of backer-friends so the top investment allowed will be only $250 . . . Robert Mitchum will tour the Nation via one-night-stands—to meet the people who believe in a guy who can get up after a knockdown.

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THE BIG-TIME: Julie Wilson's song styles at the Maisonette Room . . . The Dimitri Tiomkin music for "Champion," an added punch to the sock film . . . Ray Bloch's Signatural, "Chop Sticks" . . . Eddy Duchin's music at the Wedgwood Room . . . Joan Castle via TV's "A Woman to Remember" . . . The lovely torch song, "Again," sung by Ida Lupino in "Road House" last year and almost a flop because of the recording ban. Plus the Beguine background, it is a darling.

Sights You Never See on the Map of New York: The solid gold Easter egg in the window of a gem shop near 57th on 5th. Price-tagged at $994 . . . The ironic title of the movie (now playing at the World), "The Last Stop".

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

Danton Walker

NEW YORK, April 12.

NEW Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson has already started riding herd on the Missouri gang, with the White House keeping strictly neutral . . . Don't be surprised if Secretary for Air Symington (from Missouri) is one of the first to go.

LOUIS JOHNSON

Pentagon pundits have tagged former Secretary of Defense Forrestal's ailment as "Supersymington" . . . Steve Early's first job in the Defense Department will be to act as trouble shooter when unification begins to pinch some of the top brass; also to keep a sympathetic press and Congress.

Both Annapolis and West Point are scheduled to lose some of their traditional isolationism, and eventually you'll be seeing Cadets at the Navy school and Middies at the Rock, as the plebes call it . . . The joint Export and Import Agency of the U. S. Military Government abroad is due to fold in six months . . . The Lebanon Government has been investigating the possibility that a New York mob is involved in the forbidden hashish plantations there which net almost $3,000,000 a year.

Wealthy Stanton Griffis again is being considered as our next Ambassador to the Court of St. James . . . Count Edward Zichy has been appointed New York manager of the travel agency (Allan & Sons) of which Lord Cecil Douglass is president, in London . . . The agency for Sir Thomas Beecham asks us to deny any rumor that the 70-year-old orchestra leader is about to retire. Sir Thomas, in fact, is due here this fall as guest conductor with various organizations.

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FRIENDS are wondering if the talk that the Winston Guests (Lucy Cochrane of Boston) are having rough going isn't just talk . . . The inside story of the Prince Yucca Troubetzkoy-Rosemary Reachi postponement is this: Mme. Reachi, former wife of a Mexican diplomat (she is an Italian, born Rosemary Ravelli), insists that Yucca land a permanent job before they get married . . . When Artist Ben Johnson and his thrice-married wife, Livilla, start airing their differences, the repercussions will rock Park ave.

The new Mideast Restaurateurs Association, formed to elevate and sustain the standards of those restaurants between 34th and 79th sts. from 5th ave. to the East River, will hold its first annual supper-dance at the Sert Room, April 20 . . . What the association should do first is to raise the standard of press agentry for such establishments, which has fallen to its lowest level in a dozen years. Most of them live or die by their publicity, which is why so many of them are dying! . . . New York has more good restaurants than any other city in the world, so why not publicize the fact and let the public, especially the out-of-town public, know it?

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MAE WEST'S injuries are more serious than at first reported. She suffers complications in addition to the broken foot . . . Jessie Busley, who was 80 last month, will play a spinster librarian given to cheer-leading in "The Happiest Years" . . . Maurice Evans will bring his "Man and Superman" troupe into City Center May 16 . . . Mutual Network's "The Triumphant Hour" Easter broadcast will feature more stars than we have space to list—Ethel Barrymore, Bing Crosby, Dan Dailey, Irene Dunne, Jimmy Durante, Dorothy Maynor, Rosalind Russell, Lisbeth Scott, Loretta Young and Dean Stockwell among them.

Obituaries of Claude Graneker failed to mention some of his former assistants who have risen to fame—Jed Harris, Arthur Kober, Manny Seff, Bert McCord, George Ross, S. N. Behrman . . . When Morton Downey flies to Europe May 12 he will have an audience with the Pope . . . The coaxial cable, they say, will take New York television to California by midsummer.

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THE cafe event of the week will be Thursday's premiere of Bop City, featuring (for one week only) Artie Shaw and his 40-piece symphony orchestra . . . Easter Bonnet Department: Hats worn by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Dolly Madison, Mrs. James Monroe, Lillian Russell and Jenny Lind (insured for $75,000) will be modeled at the Easter Brunch at Le Coq Rouge, proceeds of the party going to Roosevelt Hospital.

The original hat, a green velvet job of the 1864 period, designed for Vivien Leigh in "Gone With the Wind," and other headgear dating from the 16th Century, will be the Easter contribution of Mr. John (formerly of John-Fredericks).

Not to be outdone, Walter Florell is having the roses on his Easter bonnets sprayed with a new French (Rochas) rose perfume, to give them nose-appeal as well as eye-appeal . . . Betty (Legs) Henderson will have a special coiffure whipped up to resemble a chapeau.

Samuel Grafton

Political Climate Has Changed Again

POLITICALLY, we seem to be on the way back to the mood of last summer, to the atmosphere of the strawberry months of last year, when the whole liberal movement seemed caught in a bath of warm glue.

No neon lights surround Mr. Truman anymore when he appears in public nowadays, and Washington observers note a "changed" political climate. It is pointed out that if the Taft-Hartley question were to come before Congress again right now, the act would probably be strengthened rather than repealed.

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ACTUALLY, of course, this so-called change in the political climate is only an optical illusion. There has been no real change in public sentiment; the only change is that we are further away from the last election. Nobody in the whole country, so far as I can make out, has changed his mind—it is just that some people have been forgetting.

And we have not returned all the way to last summer, either. There are differences. For one, there has been that fantastic election. The rudderlessness of last summer, the warm glue feeling, was based on the fact that liberals as well as conservatives accepted the idea that the Republicans were going to win.

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WE JUST didn't know. It looked for a while as if the postwar world were going to be an extremely peculiar world, one in which the people would blithely vote for a party which stood for higher prices, higher rents and less social security. It turned out that the people do not intend to behave in any such motivationless way at all.

The Republicans are still pushing their weight around, but this year they aren't kidding anybody except themselves. The big difference between the current upsurge of conservatism and last year's is that this year the Republicans know they are opposing the popular majority, while last year they actually thought they had it on their side.

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NO, THIS is not a new springtime for reaction. Too many bubbles have burst for that. This stale revival of a last year's show can be ended.

The problem is infinitely simpler than that of last summer. Then it was one of navigating through the unknown. Today it is one of mobilizing a known force.

Louella Parsons

Ann Sheridan Forming Own Film Firm

HOLLYWOOD, April 12.

ANN SHERIDAN will be her own boss. She is forming her own independent film company in conjunction with Henry Hickox, her business manager. "Second Lady," an original by Eleanor Griffin, is her first picture. In this Ann plays a ladylike character, different from the salty belles she usually does on the screen.

ANN SHERIDAN

However, Ann can give no thought to any other picture until she finishes "I Married a Male War Bride," the hard luck picture which was called off in Europe when she and Cary Grant became ill. Both of them are expected back on the 20th lot tomorrow. There are still five weeks of shooting—and that may mean even longer, for Howard Hawks is a director who takes his time.

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Nice to see Frank Ross on the Warner lot where he and his partner, Harold Hecht, have signed to produce Burt Lancaster's first picture, "The Hawk and the Arrow."

I am glad that Frank is circulating again because he's a nice boy and nobody in town blames him for his troubles with Joan Arthur. He says Joan is much better, but she's still in New York.

I asked Frank if Warners will also get "The Robe." He says he still has a contract with Howard Hughes and is not free to make any outside commitments until he knows whether Hughes is going to do it or not.

• • •

It's not news that every company in the business has been after Walter Huston since he won his Oscar in "Treasure of the Sierra Madre." But Walter told me when he took off for New York right after he did a broadcast with me that he was going to rest for a little while.

Now comes word that he will co-star with Barbara Stanwyck in Hal Wallis' picture based on "The Furies," Niven Busch's powerful story. Of course, it doesn't go before the cameras until Nov. 15, so that gives Walter quite a time to get himself rested. He loves to work with his son, John—can you blame him? But John goes to Rome to direct "Quo Vadis."

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Postcards in Africa come high. I just received one from Janet Gaynor and Adrian from Africa, where the talented couturier is painting pictures. He paid 50 cents postage, and I paid an additional 28 cents to get it, but it was worth it.

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Snapshots of Hollywood Collected at Random:

Mrs. George Dolenz, wife of the star of the long delayed "Veniedetta," had her baby girl in such a hurry it was born in the waiting room of the hospital. Both mother and baby, as well as George, are doing well.

JOSEPHINE PREMICE

Ann Miller, now Bill O'Connor's dream girl, dancing with him at the Mocambo and looking mighty pretty.

We stopped there Saturday night after the Lotte Lehmann concert, and it was certainly crowded to the doors. That new singer, Josephine Premice, seems to be bringing them in.

A friend of mine in Havana saw Lana Turner and Bob Topping. She says Lana has lost pounds and looks just wonderful, and that Bob is really looking after her.

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Steve Brodie, Lois Andrew's ex, and Mrs. Jan Savitt, widow of the orchestra leader, realize that spring is here.

Saw Ted Fio Rito and his former wife having dinner together at the Beverly Hills Hotel. How nice it would be if it were a reconciliation.

Another estranged pair dining at the Fox and Hounds were Joan Davis and Cy Wills. For years he was Joan's adviser on the radio and worked with her.

Today

By Wes Gallagher

Continued From First Page

would equip 20 infantry divisions with primary weapons. It would provide no upkeep for those forces. Just the weapons.

Military men say $1,000,000,000 would provide about 10 armored divisions on the Second World War scale.

The cost of air power is considerably more.

Both Britain and the United States have considerable reserve stocks of rifles, grenades, artillery and tanks in depots. Ten or 20 divisions might be equipped from these stocks, with only shipping costs.

American funds, plus American and British war reserves, might equip 20 to 40 divisions with primary weapons.

This force, if in fighting trim and backed by supplies and replacements, could fight for weeks, or months.

The real burden of armament would have to fall on Western Europe itself. It would have to find the funds and resources to maintain this force and back it with replacements in men and material.

That would be no small problem in Western Europe's present poverty. Each military appropriation comes under fire now in national assemblies. European political parties would rather deal in plowshares than in guns.

Granted that the money was available, would the Western Allies have the will to fight? Would the people support their armed forces in the field? Would they stand up under bombings?

If they did not, any force in the field would only collapse like a paper bag.

There is little doubt of the small countries, such as Norway, Denmark, Belgium and The Netherlands. Military men believe they would fight.

There is no doubt about Britain. She has long ago proved her toughness and ability.

But any defense of Europe would have to be based on France and, to a lesser extent, Italy. Western military men ponder the question:

Could France, in view of the events of 1940, put up any effective resistance if torn by 800,000 Communist agents?

What would happen in Italy, where Communists claim memberships reaching one family out of every four?

No one here can say with certainty whether the Western European countries could make the economic sacrifices or whether the people would have the will to fight.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

By Jimmy Hatlo