

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Potential Enemies Help Reich Build Powerful War Machine; 'Neutrality' Looks Like Myth

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)

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INTERNATIONAL:

Armaments

What constitutes absolute "neutrality" in wartime has never made itself quite clear. Superficial neutrality under the U. S. law bans sale of arms and munitions—"lethal weapons"—yet under the amendment of Ohio's Rep. John M. Vorys such indispensable war-making equipment as trucks and commercial airplanes may be sent abroad. Early July, when the neutrality bill was making its way through congress, found the agriculture department proposing government subsidized export of cotton in a program whose chief beneficiaries would be aggressive Germany and Japan, both of whom need cotton to stuff into their ammunition.

But U. S. participation in dictator rearmament is only part of the picture. Though France has just banned shipment of scrap iron to Germany, though Britain's new ministry of supply will have the right

Germany's total 1,146,027 tons of 1938 scrap iron came from Belgium, Luxemburg, France, Great Britain, Holland and the U. S., all potential enemies. In March, 1939, the same countries contributed 161,344 tons, which would make 1,936,128 tons if the same import level were maintained throughout the year. From the U. S. in 1938 came 462,782 tons; in March, 1939, came 20,175 tons.

Other import figures for Germany:

	1930	1937	1938
Sweden	6,725,432	9,083,751	8,992,331
France	2,779,868	5,739,513	5,056,121
Spain	1,824,880	310,540	1,082,551
Copper Ore (tons)			
G. Britain	20,121	60,081	32,055
France	2,779,868	5,739,513	5,056,121
Belgium	64,970	66,752	53,710
Manganese Ore (tons)			
U. S. S. R.	173,653	61,336	60,924
Brit. India	78,353	121,318	17,226
Australia	53,668		
S. Africa		290,679	268,044
Nickel Ore (tons)			
Brit. India	2,711	3,593	60
Greece	8,339		
Canada	99	13,250	13,368

Most logical deduction is that the next World war may find British, French, Canadian, Belgian—and possibly U. S.—troops dying of wounds inflicted by armaments made of metal from their own homelands.

PHILIPPINES:

No Fears

World economists have long enumerated reasons why Japan should want the nearby Philippine islands, which even now are undergoing an orderly withdrawal from U. S. supervision. But never have military strategists told why Japan should not want the Philippines.

Such, however, is the opinion of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, former U. S. chief of staff and now military adviser to the Philippines. Asked point blank for his opinion, General MacArthur admitted there were "so many imponderables involved I would be a fool to play the part of a prophet," yet offered an opin-



SCRAP IRON SHRAPNEL
British steel, British deaths?

to ban such shipments, profit-conscious democracies and dictatorships have no moral compunctions about such things; scrap iron or any other material of Mars is sold abroad to the highest bidder until domestic rearmament demands that it be kept at home. Samples: Last month Britain's liberal Lord Davies told how scrap iron and steel exports from the United Kingdom to the Reich rose from 4,500 tons in July, 1938, to 17,000 tons in August, 21,000 tons in September (month of the Munich crisis) and 23,000 tons in December.

France gave Germany 350 tons of pig iron last August when the Czech crisis was just rising, gave her 19,000 tons in September when the crisis was at its peak, and 75,000 tons in November.

Still more revealing are Germany's 1938 foreign trade statistics, showing that 1,059,800 tons of



GENERAL MacARTHUR
No prophet, but he has opinions.

ion based on "broad basic facts." The opinion:

Such a war must be brought to the Philippines, would cost more than \$5,000,000,000 and 500,000 men, would risk almost certain foreign intervention by a powerful fleet, and might not then insure concentration of superior forces at any vital area.

Whether Japan even covets the islands is doubtful to the general. Puzzled over such popular beliefs, he told reporters such ownership would actually be a strategic weakness to Japan, splitting the empire militarily into two parts separated by broad oceans and with Chinese enemies between the two parts.

POLITICS:

Invitation

Soon each major political party must choose its 1940 convention site. Though both groups look favorably on Chicago, no city or state could frame so flowery an invitation as that received by Democratic Chairman James A. Farley from the California legislature:

"Whereas, California is an ideal state within which to hold such a convention because of its adequate convention facilities... unsurpassed cuisine... best entertainment in the world... most equable spring climate... unexcelled vacation attractions... magnificent lakes... friendly, loyal people... foremost and most progressive state in the greatest nation on earth, now therefore, be it

"Resolved: That the assembly and senate of the state of California memorialize the national Democratic committee... to designate a major city in the state of California as a place where the 1940 Democratic national convention shall be held."

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Ghost at the Door"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, Old Lady Adventure is the most democratic female in the world. She doesn't confine her attentions to any particular class of people, but visits her favors on all alike. Why, kings and queens have had adventures, and so have doctors, lawyers, cab drivers and preachers.

Today I've got a yarn from a dentist—Dr. Robert Lentz of Danville, Ill.

This adventure happened to Doc along about the summer of 1912, and in those days he was living in Williamson county, near Wolf Creek, Ill. That's down near the Ozark ridges and in 1912 there was some pretty lonely country in that neighborhood.

Doc knew, because he used to ride through some of it pretty regularly. He was courting a girl who lived about five miles from his home and he used to ride out there on horseback, along a winding road that was almost impassable in places because of the thick growth on either side.

That road led down into a place known as Big Grassy Creek bottom, and that bottom was midway between his home and his girl's house. There was a ford across the creek, and near the ford, an old tumble-down church that hadn't been used for upwards of 50 years.

Woman Burned to Death in Bygone Days.

Near the church was an old chimney—all that was left of a house that people told strange stories about. According to one tale a woman had been burned to death when that house took fire.

There was something eerie about the old church and the old chimney. Doc used to feel shivery when he passed them riding home at two o'clock in the morning. But one night he made the mistake of going into that church, and then—

It was one dark night when Doc was coming back from a date. It had started to rain just after he left—a thin drizzle at first.

But, as he rode along, he heard the rumble of thunder and the rain began coming down harder. He had reached the bottom then, and the



It was a human form of some sort, standing there with arms outstretched.

church would afford shelter of a sort. Doc tied his horse to a sapling, and plunged through the underbrush to the door.

The church was all but fallen down. It leaned over crazily to one side as if it had been pushed over by some giant hand into a great parallelogram. The windows were out and the floor was partly gone, but guided by intermittent flashes of lightning, Doc worked his way forward to a point near the rostrum, where the roof was good and the rain didn't come through. The rain didn't show any signs of letting up, so Doc lay down on a front bench to go to sleep.

Hunch Makes Him Stay Awake.

"I lay there about 15 minutes," he said, "when something caused me to open my eyes and look at the doorway at the other end of the church. Lightning flashed just then—flashed just enough to enable me to see dimly through the door. Something told me to stay awake and, with sleepy eyes I gazed at that door inspecting it each time the lightning would permit me.

"I heard a twig break outside, and could tell that my horse was uneasy. I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck, and my heart began to beat faster. It seemed that it would be hours before the lightning flashed again to tell me what might be there, and in the meantime I straightened up just as quietly as I could."

And along about then there entered Doc's mind the thought that this old church might be haunted. There was that old chimney—charred remnant of the house in which a woman had burned to death. And as if that wasn't enough, Doc began thinking of the countless people who must have been buried from that old church—whose bodies must have lain in their pine coffins before that same rostrum near which he was lying now. Those thoughts were running through Doc's mind then, suddenly, lightning flashed again.

And this time Doc saw something in the doorway. It was a human form of some sort, standing there with arms outstretched, touching both sides of the door. "Now," says Doc, "I wanted to make my exit. I began to get ready to do so, but how was I going to go about it? The only door was blocked, and the windows were too high up. I waited anxiously for the next flash of lightning.

"It came, and my ghostly visitor was disclosed standing in the doorway looking at me. It was plainly silhouetted and it seemed to be an old woman with matted, twisted hair hanging down to her shoulders, no hat, no shoes, and wearing some sort of a sack apron.

Lightning Reveals the Thing Coming at Him.

"She moved with as little noise as the spirit itself. Could it possibly be a spirit? I couldn't move. How was I going to get out? Was the Thing coming closer? To my disordered imagination, it seemed as if it was. What would it do when it discovered me? Would it block my entrance? Would it take out after me? All those things I anticipated before the next flash of lightning. When it came, the Thing was about two feet closer, coming onward with outstretched arms!"

Still there was no sound. The apparition had advanced noiselessly. In the darkness before the next flash Doc could imagine cold, clammy fingers on his face.

"Now," he says, "I decided it was time to move. I slipped up slowly, hoping to get past the Thing before the next lightning disclosed me. I reached the position that I thought was by her side, and then came another flash. I jumped, and yelled out loud. She followed suit with a yell equally as intense and made a grab at me. But too late!

"Just one jump and I was outside the door, running to my horse and off like a streak. I believe if Tom Mix could have seen me ride he'd have envied me."

And what was the Thing that Doc saw in the doorway? Well, the next day Doc heard a report that an aged insane woman had escaped from the Anna asylum not far away. And that was Doc's ghost.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

A BIT OF FUN



Wise Fellow

Speaker—The man who gives in when he is wrong is a wise man, but the man who gives in when he is right is—

Voice From Audience—Married.

Two's company—three's a film plot.

PINCHED HER



"Joan's bathing suit arrested everyone's attention."

"Yes, until she was arrested herself."

Competent Judge

Two burglars had broken into a tailor's shop and were busy sorting out some suits when one of them saw one marked \$65.

"Bert, look at the price of that one," he said. "Why, it's downright robbery, ain't it?"

Notice in a doctor's surgery: "Ladies in the waiting room will please not exchange symptoms. It gets the doctor hopelessly mixed."

Disadvantage

Boogy—Truth is stranger than fiction.

Woogy—Yes, but it's seldom so well expressed.

LOST YOUR PEP?

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. Nature's Remedy. If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. No mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Without Risk. Get a 25c box of N.R. from your local druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get N.R. Tablets today.

ALWAYS CARRY N.R. TO-NIGHT QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Escaped Deeds

Youth—once gone is gone. Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.—Robert Browning.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Sorrow's Crown

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Dante.

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Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of worldwide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

HEADLINERS

DR. JAMES MONROE SMITH

Nine years ago the traveling president of Louisiana State university arrived at Baton Rouge in a Model T Ford and a 35-cent haircut. Late in June when he left for Canada, two New Orleans banks and one at Baton Rouge said he had \$500,000 of their funds. The university missed \$118,000 in good bonds.

A follower of the late Huey P. Long, who set out to build Louisiana State as revenge against Tulane, where he had been denied an honorary degree, Dr. Smith earned his doctorate at Columbia university teachers college, New York, in 1927. Meanwhile he served 10 years (1920-30) as dean of education at little Southwestern Louisiana institute.

Dr. Smith's disappearance climaxed a stormy career, a feature of which was his censorship of the school newspaper in 1934 to protect Huey Long from criticism. It is now reported that he raised his salary from \$12,000 to \$18,000 a year without the supervisory board's knowledge. Lush with oil and gas revenues from the state, busily spending money on an amazing building program, the university voted bond issues on which signatures were allegedly forged to secure the money with which Dr. Smith is said to have traded in more than 1,000,000 bushels of wheat.

