WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Conservative Trend Apparent In FDR's Crisis Appointments; 'Permanent' Congress Likely

(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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A WEEK OF WAR IN MODERN EUROPE
The neutrals were also busy.

CONGRESS:
Emergency?

Open for inspection this month is a choice collection of political anomalies. Whether Franklin Roosevelt made third term capital out of Europe's woes was only a guess, but the emergency of war caused strange things to happen.

"Junked," in Secretary Steve Early's words," was the "imaginary brain trust." Solidly whacked under presidential orders were Communists and Fascists. Brought into $1-a-year emergency posts were more anti-New Dealers than Washington has seen since Herbert Hoover left town.

Big business, the President's No. 1 foe, not only supported his "cash-and-carry" neutrality proposal, but one of its representatives, Industrialist Herbert Bayard Swope, said enthusiastically that "Mr. Roosevelt is going to keep us out of this war." Meanwhile the traditional big business party, Republicanism, was convinced the New Deal's hidden aim is to send American troops to settle Europe's quarrel.

SENATOR NYE
". . . better talk now . . ."

Such Republicans as Ohio's Sen. Robert Taft and Vermont's Sen. Warren Austin plumped for cash-and-carry, as did many a lesser insurgent Democrat who last summer hated all that Franklin Roosevelt represents.

If this looked like harmony, observers had another guess coming. They had not reckoned with North Dakota's Sen. Gerald P. ("Neutrality") Nye, with Idaho's lionish Sen. William E. Borah, or with Missouri's Democratic Sen. Bennett Champ Clark. As the call went out for special congressional session, voices like these were raised in protest and warning. Isolationism again reached the fore.

Far from stubborn, Senator Borah merely wanted assurance of adequate debate on neutrality. He had no desire to "kill time," but was sure cash-and-carry "will inevitably bring us into war."

More alarming was Senator Nye, author of the present neutrality law: "Americans had better talk now before the gags of a declared emergency are placed. I expect that from here on the administration will be contending that every voice raised in opposition . . . is at once a pro-Hitler voice."

What gags he had in mind, Mr. Nye did not say. But there was every indication cash-and-carry neutrality, without gags, had a chance of getting through congress. Under proposed amendments any goods could be sold to a belligerent who bought it, paid for it and carted it away in his own ships. American ships would be prohibited from entering combat areas.

One other question facing the President was how to get rid of congress once it had changed neutrality. Quite a case for continuous wartime session could be built from a Gallup poll which showed most Americans feel safer with congress in session. Moreover, special interests began clamoring for non-emergency legislation. California's Rep. Jerry Voorhis said congress must "correct the injustices of the last so-called relief act."

INTERNATIONAL:
The Neutrals

Biggest repercussion of war in the western hemisphere was the convening of 21 American republics at Panama City to safeguard neutrality, protect hemispherical peace and further economic co-operation. Biggest repercussions in the Far East were (1) shakeup of Japanese army leadership in China and Manchukuo to hasten an end to the Chinese war, and (2) German-inspired efforts for a non-aggression pact with Russia, thus checking the growing Japanese sentiment in Britain's favor.

But the biggest neutral news came from Europe, pleasant and otherwise. Moscow's allegiance to Berlin was more marked than ever. German engineers arrived to aid Russian industry, thus indicating the Soviet will be Adolf Hitler's storehouse. While Paris radio reported all Soviet merchant ships en route to England had been ordered home, thus indicating a coming breach, the Soviet joined hostilities by shooting Polish craft which violated the frontier. Should enough such incidents occur, Russia might take revenge by joining Der Fuehrer in a new Polish partition.

Most intense activity came in the Mediterranean region. Andre Francois-Poncet, French ambassador to Rome, allegedly notified his foreign office that Italian neutrality is certain, that Mussolini is angry over Germany's warlike settlement of the Danzig issue, and that all this may eventually work out to the allies' benefit.

ANDRE FRANCOIS-PONCET
Things happened in Rome.

Not only was Signor Mussolini making every effort to bolster his world trading position and thus wax rich, but he looked especially at the frightened Balkan states. There he saw puzzled tradesmen seeking any port in a storm, striving to stay neutral while Germany pressed for delivery of goods contracted before the war.

Star Dust

★ *Public Deb No. 1*
★ *Garfield Lingers On*
★ *Golden Boy Holden*

By Virginia Vale

CHARLES LAUGHTON proved himself a hero recently, and the cameras weren't grinding either. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" company was on location, and hundreds of extras were milling about, staging festival scenes in Fifteenth century Paris. Part of the atmosphere was a trained bear in a cage, who was placidly eating ice cream.

Somebody bumped into the cage, as the mob pushed and shoved about, and it was overturned. The bear, ice cream dripping from his jaws, got out—and the panic would have been on, with people convinced that the bear was frothing at the mouth, if Laughton hadn't stepped in.

Over the public address system he reassured the crowd, telling them that it was ice cream on the bear's mouth, and that, if they would stand still, the trainer would tie the bear up.

CHARLES LAUGHTON

All in the day's work for Laughton—but can't you see the newspaper headlines if he hadn't kept his head?

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Linda Darnell becomes a star in "Public Deb No. 1," with the top men at Twentieth Century-Fox all set to send her straight to the top. She was booked for "Drums Along the Mohawk," but they felt that the role assigned her wasn't important enough.

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It's in John Garfield's contract that he may return to the stage each season. And it was in his own mind a while ago that he wouldn't make any more prison pictures. Consequently people were surprised when, after finishing "Four Daughters," he didn't rush back to Broadway, and he surprised them again, more recently, when he agreed to do "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (which will be screened as "The City of Lost Men").

In the first case he was persuaded to stay on in Hollywood in order to get his screen career off to a good start. In the second, a nice, fat bonus check was used as persuasion.

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In "Golden Boy" you'll meet a new movie hero, William Holden—six feet tall, possessed of brown hair, blue eyes, a pleasant personality, and so much ability as an actor that he was picked from 4,500 candidates for the leading role in the picture. And some of those other candidates were experienced actors.

Holden wasn't. He'd gone to college, and been a member of Paramount's stock company. It was when he took part in a college play in Pasadena that a talent scout spotted him, and he was signed to a seven-year contract. After that he didn't do anything but report at the studio and exercise in the gymnasium, until he made a screen test with a girl who was being considered for a role in "Golden Boy." Director Mamoulian saw the test, spotted Holden, Columbia bought a half-interest in him—and you'll see him in "Golden Boy."

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ODDS AND ENDS—Somebody in Atlanta wants to market a Scarlett O'Hara cocktail, and Metro's trying to stop it . . . Universal's sparing no effort to make Gloria Jean as popular as Deanna Durbin . . . Since her return to radio Jessica Dragonette is singing better than ever before—and she's practically the only star of the air waves who could stay away for two years and return to find that she was just as popular as ever, according to what's happened to others who tried it.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Gray Fanged Terror"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Dorothy Dublin of Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the place of honor today with the story of a terrible experience that once happened to her dad. That makes her dad, Jacob Dublin, the club's newest Distinguished Adventurer.

It happened in Russia, in the town of Ubtchark, near the city of Minsk, close by what is now the Polish border, and it happened forty-eight years ago, in the late fall of 1888, when Jacob Dublin was just a little nine-year-old boy. If a grown man had gone through the adventure that little Jake Dublin encountered on a lonely country road that chilly fall evening in 1888, it would still be a wow of a story. But when an adventure of that sort happens to a nine-year-old kid—well—then you have a new definition of the true meaning of the word "terror."

They had wolves in West Russia in those days. For that matter, you'll still find wolves in certain parts of Russia today. Then, there were plenty of them—and more than a few lurked in the forests around Ubtchark. Those wolves gave little Jake Dublin plenty to worry about, too. For it was his duty to drive his father's horses to the feeding ground every day, and that feeding ground was on the edge of the forest.

Wolves Harmless During Morning Hours.

It wasn't driving the horses TO the pasture so much as driving them home again in the evening that worried little Jake. In the mornings, the wolves never bothered anyone. But in the evening, emboldened by the darkness, they had been known to attack grown men. The result was that little Jake had to be mighty sure to bring those horses back from pasture while it was still light. And if it ever happened he was delayed until dusk began to fall—well—then his dad took over the job of bringing those horses home.

But one day things went wrong out at the pasture—and little Jake Dublin almost didn't get back.

He started early enough. If he had come back as promptly there wouldn't have been any danger. But trouble started when he reached the feeding ground and tried to bring the horses home. There was a beautiful filly in the herd, called Tara, which was as yet unbroken. A couple of times before she had been hard to manage, but this afternoon Jake couldn't do anything with her. For almost an hour he chased her about the pasture trying to get her under control.

It was almost dark by the time he got her quieted, and still he had the other horses to round up. It took him another 10 or 15 minutes to get all the beasts tethered together, one behind the other, the way his dad had taught him to bring them in, and by that time it was night.

Suddenly, a lithe, gray form shot out of the woods and sank its teeth into the neck of the first horse!

Little Jake Has Choice of Two Paths.

The forest, to one side of him, was ominously still. Dark treetops loomed over him, silent against an almost pitch black sky. Little Jake knew it was no hour for a nine-year-old boy to be out alone. He knew that the quicker he got home, the better. There were two paths he could take on his way home. One path turned into a road that ran along the edge of the forest. It was a roundabout way, but it was a little safer than the other.

The other ran part way through the forest. It was more dangerous than the first route, but it was shorter and it went straight toward his home. Faced with a choice between these two paths, little Jake chose the one that went through the forest. On either path there was danger from wolves. Jake picked the shorter way because—well—he wanted to get home just as fast as he could.

He started down the path leading his long string of horses. He hadn't gone very far when suddenly Tara, who was the second horse in the line, began to get unruly again. She bucked and reared. The rest of the horses became nervous and fidgety. Wondering what was the matter with Tara now, Jake moved down the line and tried to calm her. But the horse wouldn't be calmed. Something was frightening her—and frightening her mighty badly, too.

Little Jake wasn't long in finding out what was frightening Tara. Suddenly, a lithe, gray form shot out of the brush alongside of the path and sank its teeth into the neck of the first horse! A wolf!

Forest Turns Into a Shrieking Bedlam.

Then, in an instant the stillness of the forest was rent by a shrieking bedlam. The other horses screamed and struggled while the first horse, blood gushing from his throat, was pulled down by the wolf. So far the wolf had paid no attention to little Jake. He was too intent on making his kill. But now, other wolves were coming, attracted by the noise and the scent of blood. Jake could hear their weird howling coming nearer and nearer. When the rest of the pack arrived—well—then he'd be in for it. Then there would be a general slaughter of his poor animals, and he, too, would find how it felt to have a wolf's fangs tearing at his throat.

He stood in the midst of his rearing, plunging horses, too stiff with fright to move a step. What good would it do him to run anyway? Those wolves could pick up a scent and follow it faster than he could run.

And then little Jake saw it—a light. Far down the path, half obscured by trees, a torch was flaring. Then he saw another—and another! He could hear voices now—men's voices, shouting to him to stay where he was. The wolf heard those voices, too. He slunk off into the forest and the howls of the advancing pack were stilled. In a few moments a band of villagers came running up the trail. They had started combing the forest when little Jake didn't get home by nightfall—and they had arrived just in time to insure his getting home at all.

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