

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

by DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

Washington, D. C.
MOBILE HOUSING

Harried by the national criticism of failure to provide housing for defense workers, Defense Housing Coordinator Charles F. Palmer finally has proposed to Roosevelt that the government buy fleets of trailers and rush them to the most congested industrial spots as temporary living quarters.

In submitting his plan, Palmer carefully avoided the term "trailers" and has cautioned his staff to refer to them as "mobile units." But never mind the fancy terminology. Plain, ordinary auto trailers are what he proposes to use.

Palmer contemplates the purchase of thousands of these homes on wheels, but where he is going to get them remains to be seen. A check of trailer manufacturers disclosed two interesting facts:

First, available at present are not more than 2,000 trailers, a drop in the bucket compared to the tens of thousands of housing units needed. Second, the plants are working day and night on urgent orders for the army, and unless they suspend such operations, can't make trailers.

Meanwhile, with a vast army of migrated workers jammed into makeshift quarters, the defense housing problem daily becomes more alarming. Public health authorities are scared stiff over the danger of epidemics.

ALIENS IN CONGRESS

Amid all the breast-thumping on Capitol Hill about aliens, it is interesting to note that 20 members of the new congress are foreign-born.

Three are veteran senators—Robert F. Wagner, New York New Dealer, author of the Labor Relations and Social Security acts, born in Germany; James J. Davis, Pennsylvania Republican, former secretary of labor, born in Wales; and James E. Murray, Montana Democrat, born in Canada.

The 17 in the house came from all parts of the world and some of them still have strong foreign accents.

B. J. Gehrmann of Wisconsin and Leonard W. Schuetz of Illinois were born in Germany. Karl Stefan of Nebraska and Rudolph Tenerowicz of Michigan were born in Austria. Incidentally, when Stefan gives a radio talk for the folks back home, he says good-by in four different languages, including German.

Two were born in Russia—Samuel Dickstein of New York and Herman Kopplemann of Connecticut. Rep. Samuel Weiss of Pennsylvania was born in Poland, and Adolph Sabath of Illinois, the genial, popular dean of the house, in Czechoslovakia.

There are two Canadian-born members of the house—Charles Eaton of New Jersey, and Albert Rutherford of Pennsylvania. William Barry of New York was born in Ireland; and Frank Crowther of New York and Robert Ramsay of West Virginia in England.

Robert Crosser of Ohio and George Gillie of Indiana were born in Scotland; Noah Mason of Illinois in Wales, and Pehr Holmes of Massachusetts in Sweden.

Outside of congress a number of high placed officials are foreign born, prominent among them Defense Commissioners Knudsen and Hillman. But the delegate from Alaska, Anthony J. Dimond, was born in New York!

FINGER-PRINTERS

Most sought-after jobs in the government recently are finger-printers in the Federal Bureau of Investigation. One reason for this is that finger-printers often are promoted to G-men.

There was an inundation of applications for these jobs after enactment of the Alien Registration law, many from young lawyers. The starting pay is \$1,440, and being a finger-printer is no sinecure.

For one thing, it is hard on the eyes. Finger-printers are required to classify an average of 90 prints a day, and after a time the optical strain becomes serious. The average "life span" of a finger-printer is four years, and most of them seek promotions or transfers to other positions, the ablest becoming G-men.

G-men have a new method of taking finger-prints. The old ink pad, with smears, is out. Instead, they use a nice clean pad saturated with an invisible iron salt solution.

The fingers are pressed on the pad, then the imprint is made on a card which is sensitized with another chemical responsive to the iron solution. This produces a perfect impression of the finger's loops and whorls without soiling the skin.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

According to the congressional anti-monopoly committee, there are 5,800,000 uninhabitable homes now being occupied by tenants in the U. S.

For its ultra-modern army, the quartermaster corps actually is buying tomahawks. This is the proper catalogue term for a certain type of small hatchet used in the army.

Wendell Wilkie is signed up to write a book on the campaign and his British experiences. Bobbs-Merrill has the publishing contract.

Walter Winchell

by WALTER WINCHELL

Memos of a Girl Friday

Dear Mr. W.: Madame Chiang Kai-shek is in the U. S. Her arrival was kept very sotto voce, as she was ill and in no mood to see anyone.

Mervyn LeRoy and Jack Benny had a bet. Both swore to stop smoking cigars, the first one to light up to forfeit \$500. Jack promised to do a benefit, and he always smokes a cigar on the stage. Absent-mindedly, he lit one—and had to forfeit the \$500. Mervyn is donating it to charity. . . . You can be sure that "Tobacco Road" is a hit picture. Darryl Zanuck, who has been reticent about attaching his name to every production at Twentieth Century, is prominently credited on this.

The report on the state of Britain, which Harry Hopkins is bearing to FDR, is written on celluloid as well as on paper. As soon as he reaches the White House, Hopkins will exhibit a film short tagged "This Is England," a gift from Herbert Morrison, home secretary, via Hopkins, to the President.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, in an exclusive story in the March issue of Click, administer a stinging reply to Sen. Burton K. Wheeler and reveal new incriminating evidence on the late Senator Lundeen's activities. . . . They name George Sylvester Viereck and prove with affidavits that he was the "chief Nazi agent," who collaborated with the late senator in furthering Nazi propaganda in America. This propaganda was mailed out under Lundeen's frank.

Suggestion: Why don't the "Bundles for Britain" outfit, which is now offering cigarette cases, watches, etc., for British war relief, sell "R. A. F. fatigue ties"? They are worn by the fliers in the R. A. F. They're very ducky (black and red, I think) and most men would be proud to wear a necktie like that.

You might toss scallions at NBC and the Mutual Network for not permitting the Greek War Relief program to be broadcast over the independent New York stations. If those smaller stations had carried it, their listeners would have had an opportunity of hearing the program and the appeal, and swell the funds with their contributions.

Marian Anderson, the thrush, has moved in on the D. A. R. territory with a vengeance. She just bought a home in the snooty Brewster, N. Y., sector.—Your Girl Friday.

Private Papers of a Cub Reporter

After the premiere of a new show, some of the first-nighters who were talking about it at the Hurricane were overheard to say: "Boy, they sure knocked that show, didn't they?" "Yeah," said Harriet Hilliard, "A regular first-knife audience."

Somebody asked Bobby Byrne, the kid bandleader, how it feels to be in the big dough with a commercial airshow.

"To me," Bobby said, "the only difference between a \$25 suit and a \$60 suit is that a \$60 suit has only one pair of pants."

Clare Boothe tells this about her trip to Rome last spring. She noticed how incongruous it was to see all the famous ruins right in the heart of the city. She asked about it and the answer was: "Mussolini has an Emperor complex, and since he is unable to build an empire—the only thing he can do is excavate one!"

What this country apparently needs is more flying heroes in planes instead of in politics.

The G-Men are holding a "John Brown," who was caught with copies of applications for Nazi spy work. The chump doesn't know what a good Nazi he is.

With his record as thief and forger, plus two Sing Sing terms, he could be a big man in Berlin—maybe at the head of the bureau of education!

The Detroit Times editor forwards the scoop that Mr. Knudsen's name is not pronounced "Ka-noo-sen," as his colleague Leon Henderson stated the other day. And it isn't pronounced "Ka-noodsen," either, as a countrywoman of the defense chief wrote us. It is: "Nood-sen," as some of us contended right along.

"That's the way we pronounce it," explained Martha Nood-sen, "I'm sure father pronounces it that way."

The films rewrote Maugham's story, "The Letter," to make Bette Davis die at the finish. This was necessary because Miss Davis was a murderess. The movie censors' penal code orders that all criminals must be punished for their crimes.

Veriwell. But the half-caste woman (known as the Eurasian eraser) daggered Bette and got off scot-free. So did the lawyer who suborned a witness to save Bette's neck—a disbaring offense. And what about Herbert Marshall, who supplied the coin to fix the witness?

Sportlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

SAN FRANCISCO.—The gray is in Tom Sharkey's hair at an age of 68, but the barrel chest still remains. The most famous of all the fighting sailors still looks tougher than a battleship.



Sharkey fought them all — Jeffries twice, Corbett, Fitzsimmons—the top of the list. "Your toughest fight," I suggested, "must have been that 25-round battle at Coney Island?" "It was in one way," Sharkey said, "but in another way I had an even tougher scrap. I know this was the hardest fight I ever lost. It was against a fellow known as Mexican Pete—a tough guy. The referee was even tougher. He was Horse Johnson. Around the middle of the first round I got set and nailed Mexican Pete on the chin with a full left hand. The back of his head hit the floor and Mexican Pete was colder than a mackerel on ice. But Horse Johnson leaned down and lifted Mexican Pete's right hand. 'Here's the winner,' Johnson said.

"I was ready to kill him. I rushed at the referee and said, 'You're either crazy or crooked. That was a clean knockout.'"

"I say Mexican Pete won," Horse Johnson said. "And as he said it he pulled out a forty-five and stuck it in the pit of my stomach. I didn't even think twice, for we were fighting in a tough town where everyone had backed Mexican Pete. 'You're right,' I said. 'Mexican Pete wins.'"

"Those were tough days in the fight game," Sharkey recalled. "We fought in rain and sleet and snow, and no champion ever aspired to be a gent. We fought with a bunch of guns around the ring, looking for trouble. They were hard days—very hard days."

The Jeffries Fight

"I still think I beat the greatest heavyweight of all time," Sharkey said, "when I fought Jim Jeffries at Coney Island. I know Jeff cracked three of my ribs. But what are three cracked ribs? For that fight I weighed 169 pounds and Jeffries weighed 208. I had to spot big Jim 39 pounds. But the point I'm making is that I was the aggressor through 25 rounds. Remember that line Paul Armstrong wrote about me—'Round after round Sharkey came on like the surf.'"

"Jeff stood and waited. I had to do all the rushing—all the leading. They gave me no credit for that. And it was still close. I still believe the fellow who forces the fighting should get more credit than he gets today. Suppose I had stood and waited for Jeffries. There would have been no fight."

The Iron Man

"And yet I think he is the greatest—or at least one of the greatest—heavyweights that ever lived. Jeff was big, strong and fast. He was dead game and a murderous puncher with that left hand. He was hard to hurt. I don't believe there ever was another fighter who could take the beating that Jeffries could take. As some said about him: You might as well be punching a hydrant."

"He wasn't even close to the real Jeffries when he fought Jack Johnson. He was the 'hollow shell' they called him later. A middle-aged fellow who had been out of training for five or six years. I know Jack Johnson never beat the fellow I fought at Coney Island—not by 10 miles."

Give and Take

I asked Old Tom, the sailor, what it took to make a good or great fighter.

"Many things," he said, "and that's why there are so few good fighters. First of all there must be heart and speed—the fighting heart, plus fast hands and fast footwork. After that there must be the ability to take it. A good fighter must be able to punch—and also able to take a punch. These are two of the important things—the old give and take."

"There's another thing," Sharkey added. "The good fighter must have good legs. I've always been a great believer in road work. Most of these modern fighters don't even know what real road work is. I mean 10 or 12 miles a day. And through many days—or many weeks. Or even many months. I'd say Gene Tunney was the last of the crop who knew what condition meant. Tunney worked hard for six years to be ready for Dempsey—and he really worked."

Success—and Softness

"The boys today don't want to be bothered about this road work stuff. They'd rather ride. If you haven't got good legs you haven't got a chance. I don't know who'll beat Joe Louis but the one who does will have trained a lot harder and will have better legs. Too much success is bound to make you soft in time."

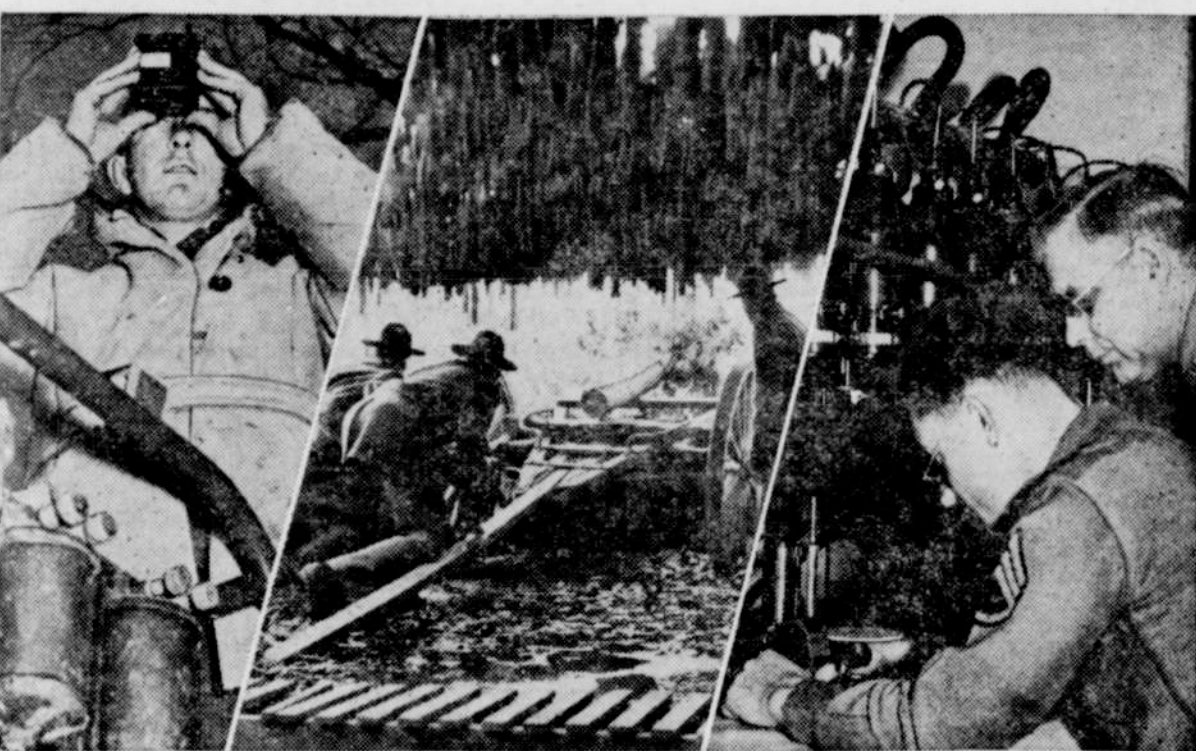
"I know that nobody trains today the way Jeffries, Corbett and I trained for a fight—I mean road work, shadow boxing, skipping the rope, sparring partner workouts."

Here Come the Marines—Out of the Sky!



Uncle Sam believes that parachute troops may come in handy some day. These pictures, taken at the U. S. naval air station at Lakehurst, N. J., show how U. S. marine parachutists are being trained to meet the threat from abroad. Shown in oval are men waiting to go aloft for a jump. The other pictures show what happens later. In six plane trips aloft 52 marines jumped.

Army Engineers 'Jacks of All Trades'



These photos, taken at Fort Belvoir, Va., one of the largest engineer corps training posts in the country, show army engineers in their diversified occupations. Left: A chemist checks the amount of chlorine being used in a portable purification unit. Center: Camouflaging a dummy gun. If correctly done this will fool even the all-seeing aerial camera. Right: Officers operate a machine which determines ground contours from an aerial photograph.

Baby 'Missing' at Own Birth in Snowdrift



Mrs. Grace Armstrong, 35, in her hospital bed at Park Falls, Wis., where she was taken by Dr. H. A. Smith after the automobile in which he was taking her to the hospital for confinement skidded into a ditch. A passing motorist took both to the hospital, where it was discovered the baby had already been born. Hurrying back to his stalled auto, Dr. Smith found a farmer with the baby—an eight-pound boy whom he had found in the snow—wrapped in a blanket. Birth took place while the half-conscious mother was being transferred into the second automobile. Hospital attendants nick-named the baby "Snowball."

'Defender'



A sentry stands framed in the doorway as workmen at Baldwin Locomotive Works, Eddystone, Pa., put finishing touches on new eight-inch railway gun for U. S. army. The gun, which fires a 65-pound shell 18 miles, is the first built in a private plant since 1916.

Boy Returns to U. S. After Siberian Exile



Safe at home after a long exile in Siberia, Leonard Pluto, 15, shown above, is greeted by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pluto, after he stepped off a plane in Cleveland, Ohio. Studying at school in Poland when the nation was divided, Leonard was captured by Russians and sent to a Siberian prison camp. The U. S. consulate finally secured his release.

Ex-Red Found Dead



Walter Krivitsky, foreign head of the Soviet foreign spy system, who was found shot to death in a Washington, D. C., hotel. Authorities inclined to the belief of suicide; others that it was the work of the Russian OGPU.