

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

SENATORS DEBATE TO EMPTY CHAMBER

Big words, such as "momentous," "historic," "crucial," have been common in describing the senate debate on the lend-lease bill. Defending themselves against the charge of filibuster, the opposition maintained that the issues are so grave that national interest demands weeks of discussion.

Daily throughout long weeks the front pages reverberated with the senate's embattled thunderings. The headlines and crackling statements have given the impression of fierce struggle. But the reality was far different.

There was no blood shed. The senate never presented a more peaceful, more indolent appearance. If a great battle was raging, there were few signs of it on the floor of the "greatest deliberative body in the world."

Most of the time it looked more like the lounges of a ritzy club than a council chamber where history was being made. At times there were no more than a half dozen members in the chamber.

TURKS VS. BULGARS

Inside reason why the Turks signed a non-aggression pact with the Bulgars has been given U. S. diplomats by the British foreign office. It is this:

Some months ago the British themselves suggested that the Turks and Bulgars sign a treaty of friendship and non-aggression. But negotiations dragged. Then suddenly, just at the wrong moment from a psychological point of view, the pact was completed. Its announcement to the world was construed as meaning Turkey would not penetrate Bulgarian soil to oppose Germany.

The British say this interpretation is all wet.

Tip-off to the situation is that the British have been rushing reinforcements to Salonika to backstop the Greeks and the Turks—if they co-operate. And co-operation in the Balkans usually goes to the strongest side.

DRAFTED INDIANS

There are about 700 Seminoles in Florida, divided between north Florida farms and the southern Everglades. In recent years many tribesmen have left their swamp homes to set up lucrative tourist shows along the Tamiami Trail, featuring wrestling matches between Indians and crocodiles.

Came the draft, and Seminoles of the swamps and farmlands all registered. But the tourist-show Indians were told by white friends that they weren't subject to the draft, since they never made peace with the U. S. government, owed it no allegiance. So they went on a draft-strike.

And selective service officials, not anxious to disrupt Indian relations, have refused so far to turn their names over to the department of justice for prosecution. Upshot is that Everglades Seminoles are leaving the swamps in droves, thinking they, too, will be exempt if they live on the Trail.

Word also is spreading to their brethren in the north on stock farms provided by the government, that if Seminoles want to escape military service the thing to do is to open a tourist show.

On the hot spot is kindly John Collier, commissioner of Indian affairs. But fearing cries of discrimination from other tribes, he has served notice that slackers will be prosecuted if they don't fall in line.

UNDEPORTABLE PRINCESS

"Will anybody take a deported princess?" This, in effect, is the plea of Attorney General Jackson regarding Maria Waldenburg-Schilling, a German who came here from England on a Hungarian passport.

The department of justice has ordered her deported, but has found, to its embarrassment, that it's impossible to deport somebody when nobody will have her. Jackson has deported her by act of law, but can't get her out of the country.

England won't have her. So she will have to remain in San Francisco unless Germany decides to take her back, in which case she might get there by way of the Pacific and Vladivostok.

As a result the justice department is drafting a bill for submission to congress, whereby an undesirable alien could be held in custody, or restricted freedom, or parole—depending on the character of the person.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

The war department isn't advertising it, but it has assigned one of the army's brainiest officers, Maj. Gen. Robert C. Richardson, to make a detailed survey of its press relations and organization.

Most sensational specimen of isolationist propaganda bartering congress is a postal card with a nail fastened to it, and the statement that a vote for the lend-lease bill "will drive a nail into the coffin of every American boy." The cards bear a Chicago postmark.

Walter Winchell

Man About Town:

New York Novelette: Mr. Pirolle ran a good restaurant on West 45th Street for a long time. One of his patrons a few years ago was a young writer, who'd hang up a tab for two or three months until he peddled a piece—then he'd pay up. "You won't regret this," he used to tell Mr. Pirolle, "some day I'll make good and do you a good turn." The other day Pirolle got a letter from the success. It told of a restaurant in Hollywood that needed better management. The pay was big plus free rent in a nice huge house for Pirolle and his wife. Pirolle sold his 45th Street restaurant and is now bound for Movietown, where most of his old customers are anyway. Including one who didn't forget—Preston Sturges.

Manhattan Murals: The lights on the marquee of a newsreel theater: "Crime Doesn't Pay"—"Italians Retreat" . . . The Peke in a Madison Avenue restaurant who gets a daily saucer of orange juice for breakfast. The baseball arguments creeping into the Main Stem conversations—a whiff of Spring. The Sixth Avenue bookshops where you can get Shakespeare for a nickel. . . The meticulous manner in which the pastries are arranged in Lindy's windows—like a Rockette precision parade. . . Times Square on a Saturday eve—resembling an annex at Fort Dix.

Portrait of a Man

Playing the Typewriter:

No wonder Wayne King's dreamy music still is popular after all these years; no brass, no earachers, no blasts. Just music. No quip has been credited to so many "originals" as the one about the husband's postcard to his wife saying: "Having Wonderful Time—Wish You Were HER!"

The March Reader's Digest reminds the appeasers, via a former attache in Berlin, that we couldn't do business with the Nazis, unless we became Nazified. . . Quentin Reynolds' literary lace in Collier's: "Lisbon is a city under death, and her bright lights are really her funeral candles." . . . The Supreme Court ruled that it was illegal to imitate clothes styles. . . Bet that decision scared the dickens out of a lotta colyumists. . . What the RAF is holding back was neatly recorded by Dorothy Thompson: "If Britain falls—the weight of the whole world will be on the side of the Fascist elements in the U. S.: Trade, weapons, propaganda, armies and fleets." . . . We hope that makes it clear.

One of the constructive things ASCAP should do is stop those orchestra leaders, such as the one who sticks his moniker on lovely Cuban melodies obscure composers create.

Wonder how much truth there is to that buzz about Hitler and Goering being miffed with each other? . . . Goering, the legend has it, is in the doghouse because of his failure in the skies over Britain. . . And that it's no secret in Vienna that his frau entered a loge at a theater and was booed until she departed. . . Supposed to be "inside stuff" swapped in State Dept's corridors.

Wonder what's become of Sam Goldwyn's threat of several months ago to wipe out double features? . . . And that promise to fire members of the "ism" groups off the relief payrolls? . . . Or the predictions of dramatic critics that plays without scenery "were here to stay"? . . . The height of something or other is that radio trio who flung a lawsuit against a movie firm for using "their" billing: "Tom, Dick and Harry." Hmf!

Two magazines that attracted considerable attention before starting (only to flop) were Ken and Stage. . . Verne Marshall was lambasted out of the public eye by a barrage of word-bullets. Every knock is a boost, huh? . . . Notice how many of the opposition, to everything the Administration attempts to do, do so because they personally hate Roosevelt? . . . One day the history books will take care of them all—but they won't have the crimson faces. Their descendants will carry the burden of shame. . . Bob Quillen's comforting thought: A success is a guy who accumulates enough to leave his widow rich when he works himself to death.

It cost one fellow a pretty penny to discover the origin of the phrase: "What's the point?" . . . Usually cracked when a bore tells a pointless quip. . . It is dice-house lingo—when a gambler forgets the number the shooter is trying to make. . . Jan Valtin's book, "Out of the Night," is so thrilling his detractors are trying to make you believe it isn't true. . . Of all the so-wotzy arguments! . . . I can't feel sorry for people who lose \$260,000 in jewels to robbers, as happened to that rich woman.

Sportlight by GRANTLAND RICE

IT TAKES no subtle expert to understand that in the majority of cases that condition is one of the essential requirements in the making of a champion. But there are many arguments as to how one reaches condition along the surest road.

"No, I haven't any very revolutionary ideas about the training of young athletes. I ask them to be sensible and temperate in their eating and adopt regular habits for sleep and exercise. If the average youngster will live a normal life, eat wholesome foods and be regular in his every day habits there isn't going to be very much wrong with him."

Grantland Rice

The speaker was Dean B. Cromwell, famous track and field coach at the University of Southern California. Cromwell's teams have won so many track championships that the experts have almost quit trying to keep track of them.

I found Dean Cromwell at historic Bovard field on the Trojan campus, the field which has seen six football teams to the Rose Bowl without defeat, the field which has been the proving ground for countless national and Olympic champions of the cinderpath, the field which has turned out several prominent baseballers now performing in the major and minor leagues. Mr. Cromwell is always there, no matter what the season. Of course, Howard Jones attends to the football and Sam Barry bosses the baseballers but the venerable Dean, now in his thirty-second year at Troy, keeps a weather eye on all the athletes.

A Few Angles

"We're very fortunate here in Southern California," continued Coach Cromwell, "in that the foods grown so close at hand, plus the fine sunshine, provide most of the vitamins so necessary to good health for growing youngsters. The boys come from average homes where for years they have been eating the right kind of food."

"If a boy has been drinking tea or coffee and he comes to me a healthy youngster I'm not going to tell him to quit. If a boy has been a big milk drinker and he's sound physically I don't change his diet even if some coaches do claim that drinking milk is bad for the wind."

Coach Cromwell's training orders sound simple, but there happens to be more than he reveals. He sets his foot down hard on overwork, particularly in early season.

"Many years ago we had our inter-fraternity meets early each season," said the Dean. "I found that the athletes who did exceptionally well in these December meets generally were beaten later in the year by those who had been taking it easy at the start. Right then I barred my best athletes from these inter-fraternity meets. And I've been doing it ever since. We just coast along for six or eight weeks, building up stamina and leading a normal life. When the big tests come in late spring and midsummer I generally find my boys in pretty good shape."

Cromwell's rivals in the coaching business will add a fervent "Amen" to this statement. His Trojans have won 9 of the 13 N. C. A. A. meets in which they have competed, including the last 6 straight; taken top honors in the I. C. 4-A. the last 7 times they entered; and whipped Stanford in 11 out of the last 12 dual meets, to say nothing of bagging several Pacific Coast conference crowns.

Not for the Boys

Cromwell believes the recent emphasis on eastern indoor meets is bad on the college runners. Says it is all right for the A. A. U. and the promoters who cut up the mounting gate receipts, but states that the boys who are bearing down in January and February on the boards are put to too great a strain by having to be in shape clear through the summer for outdoor competition.

"You can bring your athletes to a peak only two or three times during a season," continued the Dean, "and these occasions must not be too far apart."

I asked Coach Cromwell what world record he thought would be broken next.

"The high jump," he returned. "And we may have just the boy to turn the trick. The record is now 6 feet 9 3/4 inches. Johnny Wilson, a senior here at Southern California, has done 6 feet 9 3/4 inches, and I firmly believe he will hit 6-10 before the 1941 season closes."

His Greatest Athletes

The 60-year-old Trojan mentor, who looks and acts 20 years younger, has turned out a long string of champions, among them Charley Paddock, Morton Kaer, Bud Houser, Charley Borah, Lee Barnes, Earle Meadows and many more.

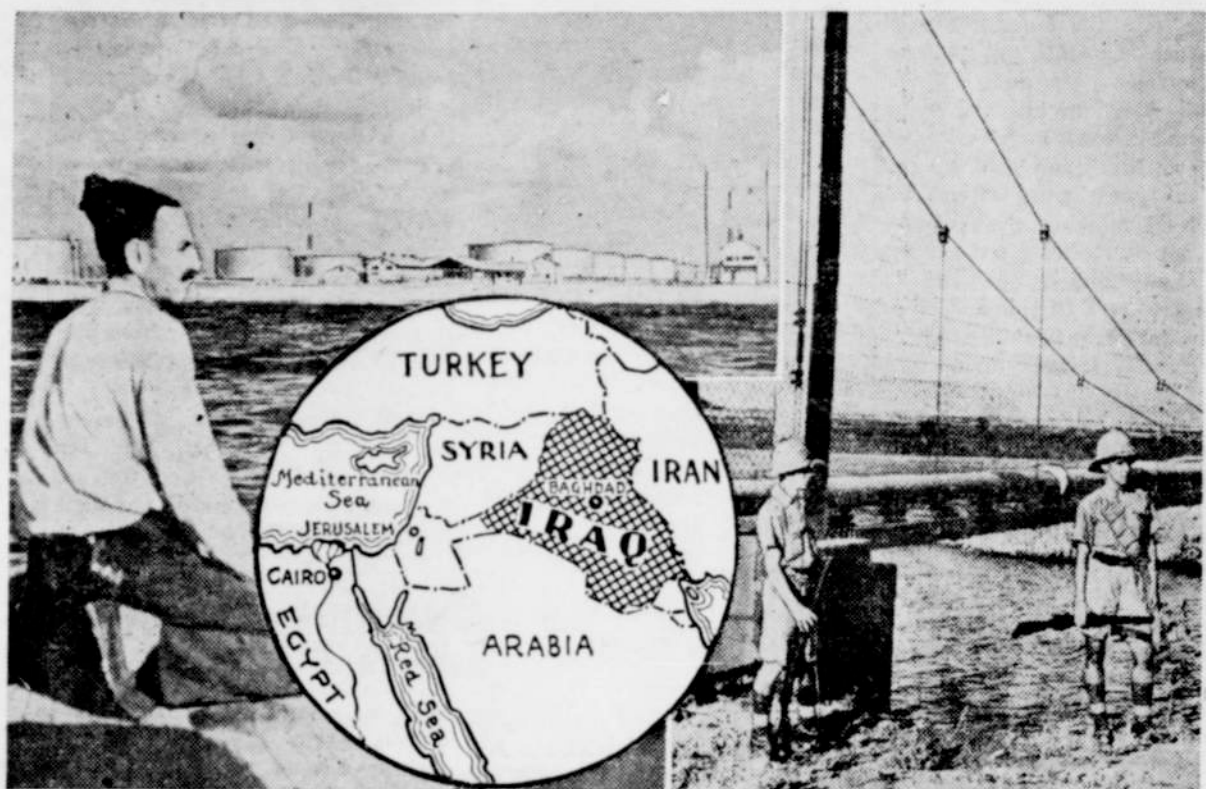
He says Bud Houser, former world's record holder in the discus and Olympic champion in both this event and the shot put, was the greatest competitor he ever coached.

Making Gas Masks for Our Fighting Forces



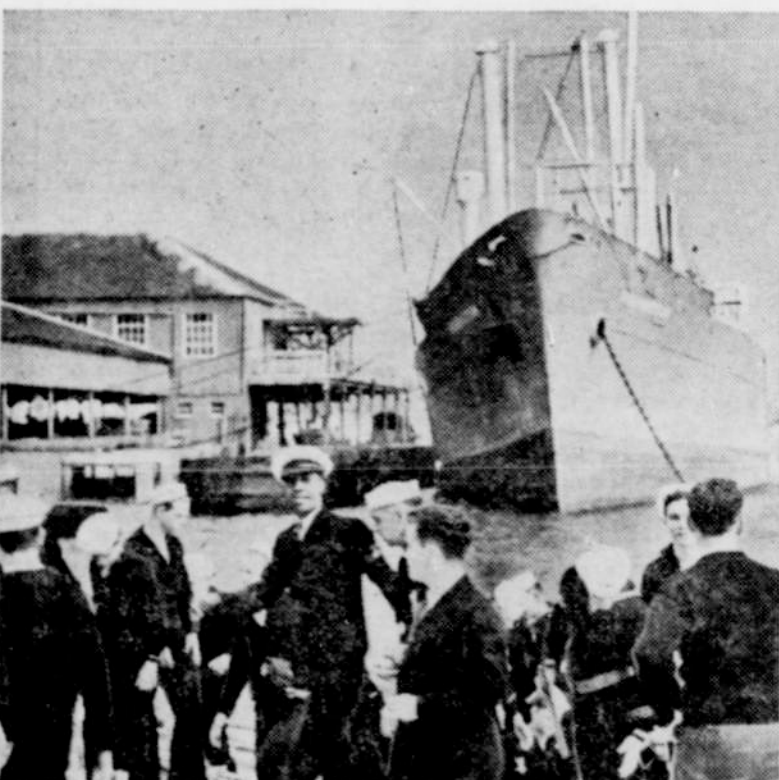
Although poison gas has not yet been used in the war, government officials are assuming that some day we may be called upon to defend ourselves against gas. So, down at the Edgewood, Md., arsenal men and women are working swiftly to outfit our armed forces with protection against gas. These photos show gas masks in various stages of completion, and a soldier wearing a finished mask.

Iraq Oil—Goal of Nazi Spring Drive?



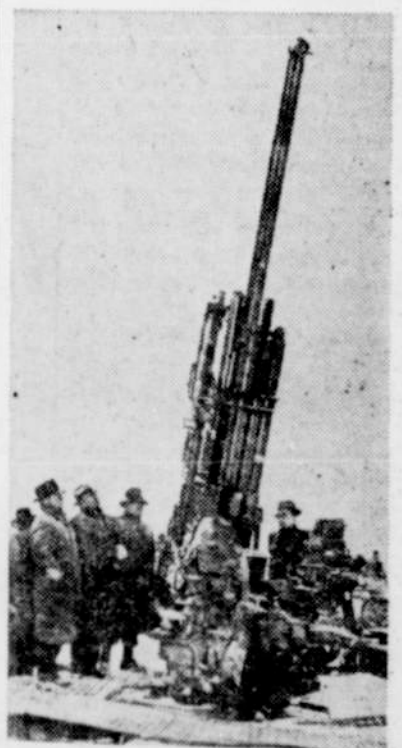
Left: An Iraqi native gazes across at the Mosul wells of British-controlled Iraq, which some experts say will be one of three goals Adolf Hitler will attempt to reach this spring. Right: British troops guarding oil lines which pipe oil from the Mosul wells. Insert: Iraq's position on the map.

Yankee Sailors Take Over in Bermuda



Yankee sailors arrive ashore at Hamilton, Bermuda, landing from the U. S. Destroyer Belknap. This scene reflects the nautical atmosphere of the Bermuda, where the government has secured one of the land for new air and naval bases. An American cargo-passenger ship is in the background.

Inspect Defenses



Members of the house military affairs committee have been inspecting Uncle Sam's new war weapons at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds. Here they are, with war department officials, inspecting a 90 mm. anti-aircraft gun.

300% Production at This Cow Foundry



Since everybody seems to be stepping up production these days, Maisie gave birth to triplet calves at the Lindenhurst, L. I., milk foundry, where she works. This is believed to be the first time bovine triplets have survived in the East. Maisie is shown satisfying the hunger of her brood while she nonchalantly tongues some food.

Channel Watch



A stormy sky over the English channel forms the background for this German sentry on the French channel coast, where another "Siegfried line" is building.