

Washington MERRY GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON
and ROBERT ALLEN

DONOVAN HAS GLOOMY REPORT

Col. "Wild Bill" Donovan, semi-official observer who has been touring the Near East, brought a decidedly gloomy report back to Washington.

Donovan told Secretary of the Navy Knox and Secretary of War Stimson, the two Republican members of the cabinet who were largely responsible for sending him, that British chances were anything but rosy in the Balkans. The Greeks, he found, were riding the crest of the wave but were successful more because of their superhuman bravery and the weaknesses of the Italians than because of their real military strength. Against a strong, well-equipped foe, such as the Germans, it would be a different story.

The Turkish army, Donovan also reported, is poorly equipped when it comes to modern weapons of war and is worried over Russia.

In North Africa he found that General Weygand was not disposed to act independently of Vichy, and the French in general seemed despondent, floundering in their policy and completely lacking in leadership.

DEFENSE PRICE POLICEMAN

With the OPM rushing production and the 11-man mediation board handling labor problems, Roosevelt wants a third unit to ride herd on prices.

Head of the new agency will be Leon Henderson, New Deal veteran whose experience as a hard-boiled price policeman dates to NRA days.

Also, as price controller of the old defense commission, Henderson knows the defense picture thoroughly, already has several big scalps to his credit. It was his forceful crack-down that tumbled the soaring prices of lumber and scrap; also put a lid on second-hand machinery price flurries.

Roosevelt said nothing about it publicly; but privately he did a lot of talking about the new price control unit before he departed on his vacation cruise. The gradual upward price trend, as a result of the expanding priority list, has worried him considerably, and the last thing he wants is a high-cost-of-living problem.

WIDOW FOR CONGRESS

A very beautiful widow, plus a tragic airplane accident near Atlanta, Ga., is causing political trouble in Maryland which may have repercussions in the axis capitals of Berlin, Tokyo and Rome.

The situation results from the death of young Congressman William Byron, Democrat, in the recent Atlanta airplane crash, which means an early by-election to fill his Maryland seat in the house of representatives.

Mrs. Byron aspires to take the road of many another congressional widow and go to congress. However, this section of Maryland is normally Republican, and Mrs. Byron, beautiful as she is, would have a hard time defeating a forthright Republican.

Therefore, Democratic leaders are doing their best to persuade her to bow out of the congressional race in favor of the much stronger Preston Lane, Democratic National Committeeman from Maryland. They know that the first election contest occurring after passage of the lease-lend bill will be watched throughout the world as a sign of Roosevelt's popular strength and whether the country is with him on foreign policy.

The fact that Maryland, a relatively conservative state, doesn't care for women in high political places, would cut no ice in the propaganda factories of Rome, Tokyo and Berlin.

ALUMINUM SHORTAGE

The housewife's pots and pans aren't the only items hit by the shortage in aluminum—a shortage which certain defense officials denied for months, but finally admitted when the OPM put the metal on the priority list. The deficiency is creating some other serious industrial problems. Here is one illustration:

A big bus manufacturer working on an order for some 40-passenger vehicles suddenly found himself unable to get the sheet aluminum he needed. He complained to the OPM and was advised to use steel as a substitute. But this, he found, would so increase the weight of his buses as to bar them from the roads of several states.

Therefore he must either reduce the size of his buses or prevail on the states to raise their highway load limits to permit heavier vehicles.

MERRY GO-ROUND

The house's leading aviation enthusiast, World War flyer Mel Maas of Minnesota, likes to have aeronautical atmosphere around him while he works. In his office are 27 model planes of various types and a score of flying pictures.

When Senators Tom Connally and Morris Sheppard of Texas get together to gossip about old times, they talk about their joint school days at Texas university. Sheppard was a Kappa Alpha and Connally still wears his Phi Delta Theta pin.

Walter Winchell

Memos of a Girl Friday

Dear Mr. W.: The new Sylvia Porter novel, "If War Comes to the American Home," is the most realistic reading to hit the bookstalls this year. It is sensational stuff and makes you feel as though you'd already received your ration card . . . A financial reporter on an evening newspaper was practically thrown out of the Morgan offices for being too inquisitive.

A certain newspaperman was trying to make the best of being paired off with one of those dumb debs. You know—Deb from the neck up! . . . When the conversation turned to the war and 5th Columnists, he asked her: "Do you approve of Quisling?" . . . She put on her best blank expression and replied: "I dunno. How do you Quisling?"

In Washington they hear that a large motor car (that drives up to the Chateau prison in France, where Paul Reynaud and George Mandel are awaiting trial) brings a big package for Mandel every day. It contains food and is from the beautiful blonde star, Beatrice Bretty, of the Comedie Francaise . . . 300 copies of Adolf's book are being sold here per week, and the royalties are sent to Hitler's British agent. But they are being confiscated by the British Gov't and used for relief work.

Even after all these years and all their success the editors at Life find an old bugaboo arising. Only last week the N. Y. office rec'd a note from their Australian man, who told of arranging a date with a big Gov't official for photos, only to have the biggie query: "How can my picture fit in with all those jokes and cartoons?" . . . Why doesn't FDR call his Fireside Chats "Firebell" Chats since they actually wake up America?—Your Girl Friday.

Man About Town:

The Front Pages: Raymond Clapper columns a thought that disturbs you. The fear hysteria whipped up by Senators during the Lend-Lease debate is a handy weapon for the totalitarians, he points out. Japan is just waiting till the peace-at-any-price feeling is strong enough, Clapper warns, to ransack our ice box . . . Where was F. P. A. when the H. R. 1776 Bill was splitting an infinitive? The opening sentence is: "A bill to further promote . . ." Tsk, tsk . . . The Nazi propagandists have stuck themselves with a typical Nazi contradiction. One minute they yell that aid from the U. S. won't help Britain in time. The next minute they lambast America for giving aid. If it is not going to help Britain—what are the Nazis worried about?

Typewriter Ribbons: Keith Morgan's: The French Admiral has become the Nazis' Darlan . . . C. E. Montague's: War hath no fury like a non-combatant . . . Rebecca West's: They had been sandpapering each other's temperaments with a few words . . . Gelett Burgess': A secret as fascinating as a loose tooth . . . Austin O'Malley's: Sorrow may be good for a woman's heart, but it is a poor cosmetic for her face . . . A. Woolcott's: The Summer people had all departed, leaving the natives with no one to despise but each other . . . Julia Hotchkiss': An isolationist is one who looks through the wrong end of a telescope . . . Olin Miller's: It's astounding how much fog can settle on a narrow mind.

Nice Guy, Though: Bill Stern, the top sports announcer, whose sartorial taste runs to sports jackets, was happy to hear that his home town was thinking of erecting a statue of him.

"That'll be the first statue," said a heckler, "with a belt in the back."

Form of Criticism: Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild says it came from a pal in Glasgow. It's about the anti-Fascist in Italy who was sentenced to death but was given his choice of execution. He elected to be shot by an Italian anti-aircraft battalion. And so he was hoisted to a high pole and shot at.

When a fortnight had elapsed he was taken down—having died of pneumonia.

Why Fans Are Dizzy: Lefty Gomez, the Yankee pitcher, tested his arm the other day. Obituaryed the Post: "He has lost his fast ball."

Reported the Telly: "Gomez shows speed."

If the batters are as easily bewildered as the press box, Gomez has nothing to worry about.

What! No Oh Wells? Max Me-fosky and a friend stopped in front of a 14th Street theater where two headliners were advertised (Molly Picon and the 4 Mills Brothers), besides a line of 16 chorus girls, a name band, double feature movies and screen—all for 15 cents.

"Let's go in," said his pal.

"Not so fast," hesitated Max, "I like Molly and the Mills boys. I am crazy for stage shows and pretty girls. Swing is for me, and I would also enjoy two movies. But I never win!"

Portlight by GRANTLAND RICE

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—A year or so ago Sammy Snead, the ex-hillbilly from the uplands of West Virginia, was golf's most famous entry. Through the last year this mantle had floated to the shoulders of Ben Hogan from the plains of Texas.

Snead in one season picked up over \$20,000 in prize money. Hogan hasn't yet reached that mark, but his general average through the last 11 months has been one of golf's sensational stories.

Gene Sarazen thinks Hogan today is the greatest golfer in the game—one of the greatest of all time as far as shotmaking and grim, competitive concentration are concerned. What is there left?

Snead played brilliantly through the recent international four-ball championship, but Hogan's luster carried an even deeper roseate tint or glint. The slender Texan was phenomenal.

How They Compare

I asked Bob Macdonald, not only one of the star stylists of his time, but also one of the best instructors and keenest observers, to give me his idea of their swings. Bob Macdonald is a veteran Scot who has played golf for 40 years and has seen them all drift by.

"Snead and Hogan have different methods of hitting the ball," Bob said, "Snead gets most of his power largely from his left shoulder which controls a good part of his swing. He has a magnificent left shoulder turn. Of course, the left side of his body, left hip and left knee, turn with the left shoulder. He doesn't depend so much on hand and arm action."

"Hogan uses his hands as well as any golfer I ever saw. I might even go further and say he uses them better than any golfer I ever saw. Of course, Hogan also has a sound left



SAMMY SNEAD

side body turn. But from the top of the swing he calls on the whip-lash power of his hands to speed the clubhead on through the ball. Hogan uses his hands much more than Snead uses his. Snead uses his left shoulder more than Hogan does."

At the time we were following the final match together.

"Here are some other details that should be watched," Macdonald said. "Watch how well both Hogan and Snead use their feet. By that I mean the transference of major weight from the left side to the right on the backswing. I should say that Snead has more width in his swing than any golfer I've seen. His are tremendous."

"They are both in position at the top of the swing to use their full power, which so few golfers ever are. Not enough golfers ever think enough about the backswing. They only think of hitting the ball, which means the downswing. How can you have a good downswing when you have no backswing for a foundation in the way of balance?"

Delay at the Top

"Watch this," the veteran continued. "I mean the smooth, unburied pace of Snead's backswing and the slight delay Sam has at the top. You never see him hurry either a backswing or the start of downswing. Timing, after all, is largely a matter of taking your time. Snead does this all through his swing. He completes his large arc without any rush at any time."

"Hogan's swing is faster, but just as well timed. His hand action takes care of the entire situation, once his backswing is finished properly. His two hands work perfectly in relation to the clubhead accounting for his marvelous iron play."

Because of the tenseness and concentration required through his tournament play I asked Ben if he weren't afraid he might burn himself out.

"I'm taking that chance," he said. "I figure I'd have to get all I could from golf for two or three years more and then settle down on a small Texas ranch. You have to work hard to meet the pace in this modern golf. It leaves you dizzy. Here I've been playing my head off for months and when I landed at Belleair I hadn't won a tournament."

New Martial Notes in a War-Minded World



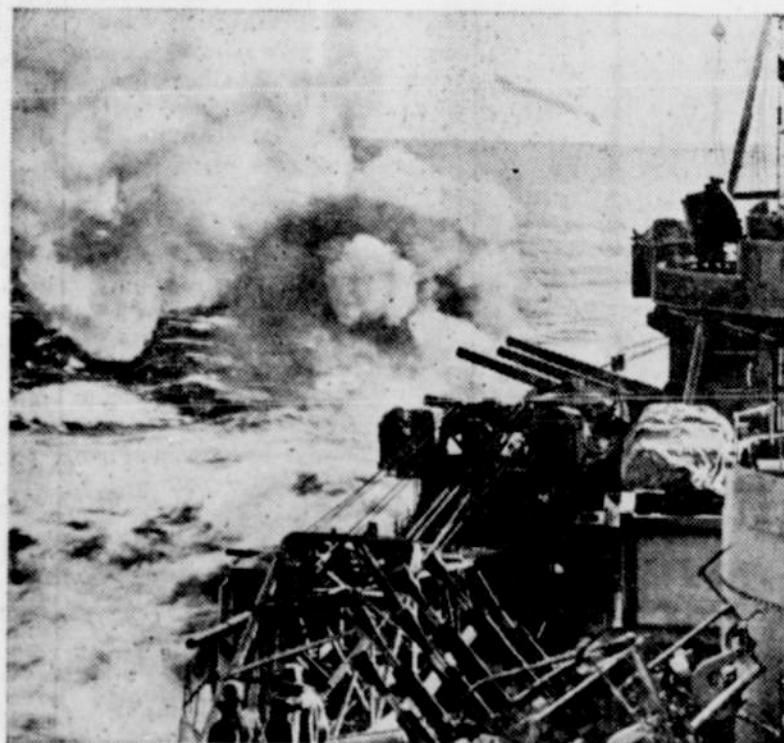
Left: Diana Wells of Pueblo, Colo., comes forth with some novel headgear for the forthcoming Easter parade. The hat is a metal helmet, relic of the first World War. Right: Star attraction at New York's national flower show was this English air raid shelter. The protecting sandbags are painted green, and between them flowers are blooming. The shelter accommodates six persons.

Food for Hungry France



Here are two recent steps taken to provide aid to stricken France. The Red Cross mercy ship Exmouth sails from New York to unoccupied France with a \$1,250,000 cargo of medicine, milk and baby clothes. Inset: A food station is opened in Paris by Nazis, serving bowls of chocolate and soup. Those who can pay are charged one franc.

Britain's Most Powerful Battle Wagon



Great Britain's newest and mightiest battleship, the King George V, is shown here—somewhere in the Atlantic—firing its quadruple 14-inch guns on the quarterdeck. This was the ship on which Lord Halifax, the new British ambassador to the U. S., was brought to the United States. He was quite safe, judging from this picture.

No Frivolity



C. A. Higgins, president of the Hercules Powder company, of Wilmington, Del., sliding down one of the safety chutes at the new \$44,100,000 smokeless-powder plant at Radford, Va., at opening ceremonies.

First New Powder Plant Ready to Roll



Ten thousand people cheered as Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson dedicated this big new \$44,100,000 smokeless-powder plant at Radford, Va., three months ahead of schedule. It is rated to produce 300,000 pounds of powder a day in the nation's defense drive. It was rushed through in seven months.

Rescued



Countess Eda Clano, daughter of Mussolini who was saved from a hospital ship sunk by British torpedo planes near Valona, Albania, according to Italian dispatches.