

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

by DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

MISS PERKINS ON THE COAL
Inner circle clamor for replacement of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins is an old story, but it's hotter now than ever before.

Actually, Roosevelt did move last year to get a new labor secretary, offering the post to Mayor LaGuardia. But he declined, insisting on the war department or nothing.

But with labor a key problem, White House advisers had been urging that the President renew the offer to LaGuardia.

Miss Perkins was criticized sharply for the delay in certifying the protracted Allis-Chalmers strike to the National Defense Mediation board until rioting broke out, also the coal negotiations before they deadlocked and John L. Lewis shut down the mines. Both the President and other cabinet members bluntly called Miss Perkins' attention to the fact that the purpose of the board was not only to settle strikes but to avert them.

With some feeling it was demanded of her why the board, set up expressly to handle "hot potatoes," was not used in these two major cases.

HITLER HOLDING OFF U. S.

Those who are steering U. S. foreign policy on its present difficult course privately offer four important reasons for not anticipating a break in diplomatic relations with Germany for some time.

One is the memory of the German people regarding American entrance into the last war. For years Germans have contended that they won the last war—until the United States entered; so the psychological effect of American entrance now is the last thing Hitler wants.

Two is the effect upon American morale. At present, U. S. draftees can't get enthusiastic about their service while industry and labor could be much more patriotic about production. But once Hitler precipitated a declaration of war, sentiment here would be far different—and he knows it.

Three is the large amount of German property in the United States which would be seized in case of war.

Four is the fact that Germany is now about to receive a certain amount of goods from the U. S. A., sent via Russia and Japan, which she could not get in case of war.

Therefore, U. S. diplomatic experts are convinced that Hitler will do nothing rash toward the United States until after June or July, by which time he should pretty much know whether he is going to take England or not.

Nazi policy after that will be guided by intervening events.

FARM BUREAU FEDERATION

Moguls of the powerful American Farm Bureau federation are ready to say "uncle" and make peace with the administration.

Up to a year ago the farm bureau was the fair-haired boy on farm policy, largely due to the suave astuteness of Ed O'Neal, federation president, and his personal friendship with Roosevelt.

But at heart most of the federation's generalists never were very hot about the New Deal, and last year they began demanding greater local control aimed at running the program themselves. And in a showdown over domination of the Federal Land Banks, Wallace rapped them over the knuckles and the battle was on.

Soon it spilled over into the political arena when cornbelt Farm bureau leaders, led by ambitious Earl Smith of Illinois, dumped the Roosevelt-Wallace ticket and put in some heavy licks for Willkie.

Willkie's defeat knocked the props from under the boys.

So, reverting to the old realistic axiom, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," the boys have propositioned Clifford Townsend, defense agricultural advisor and former New Deal Governor of Indiana, on being their peacemaker.

Townsend was one of the organizers and first leaders of the farm bureau in the Midwest. Yet when he stumped that area for Roosevelt and Wallace last fall he bumped up against the bitter opposition of many of his old associates.

\$1-A-YEAR PROBE

Sen. Harry Truman is a friendly, mild-mannered Missourian, but to certain defense brasshats and One Dollar Men he's an ogre with horns.

Truman is author and chairman of the special senate committee to probe defense contracts, and he is determined that what happened in France won't happen here. He already has some interesting data.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

When he was assistant secretary of labor, brainy Edward F. McGrady used to work 15 hours a day and he is now doing the same thing as \$1-a-year labor adviser to War Secretary Stimson.

November 1 is a long way off, but the Affiliated Young Democrats of New York, leaders in the draft Roosevelt movement, already have booked Madison Square Garden for a giant "Draft LaGuardia" rally on that night, the last Saturday before the mayoralty election.

Sportlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

WHEN anyone mentions "gamble" in connection with the various Joe Louis ring enterprises, the responding answer is likely to be in the nature of a hoarse guffaw. The Bomber is usually a 1-10 shot, or even shorter, which leans more in the sure thing direction than any gamble.

Yet the gamble is still there in this uncertain world.

The Louis crown is worth around \$3,000,000—as long as Louis wears it. In his last start against Abe Simon in the Detroit show the champion raked in a trifle under \$20,000. So he was gambling a \$3,000,000 title against a \$20,000 collection, with the odds at 1-150, a price few would care to offer in any form of competition.

No one rated Simon with a chance to whip Louis. But in taking numerous whacks and smashes at Abe's granite chin, suppose Louis had cracked one or both paws?

This can happen to any puncher at any given moment. Both Dempsey and Louis carried iron fists into action, where more than a few good fighters have been harried or wrecked by brittle hands.

When you are leveling against a Simon jaw, hooked to 255 pounds of human flesh and bone, only a pair of tough hands can stand the test.

Fighting Hands

Jim Corbett once told me that in his earlier days he was a good puncher.

"I decided to go out for boxing," he said, "for two reasons. One was the speed I had in my legs. The other was to save my hands."

Gene Tunney had early hand trouble, one of the reasons he concentrated on boxing in place of the knock-out wallop.

In his second start against Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons might have won if he hadn't smashed both hands on the Jeffries jawbone. They were shattered down to the lower knuckles.

More than a few rather important fights have been lost by broken hands.

Louis is one of the few fighters on record who can punch equally hard with both hands. This explains more than 80 per cent of his effectiveness. If either fin should crack up his assaulting powers would be cut down heavily.

Both Tom Gibbons and Gene Tunney knew the way to keep on guard against Dempsey's blasting left hook. Jack's right was nothing like the Louis right.

So when Louis is swinging away with any two-handed attack he is always taking a double risk against a concrete head or cement chin. He confessed to a pair of sore hands after the Simon party.

Another Angle

It is also a matter of judgment as to how long anyone can keep at razoredge working as often as the Bomber does. No other heavyweight champion ever took any such gamble.

Fortunately for Louis, he hasn't the type of imagination that keeps him keyed up.

But long training periods can remove a big part of the keenness that follows long resting spans. There is a touch of drudgery to training that most fighters either dread or dislike intensely. Mickey Walker and Benny Leonard, two of the best, were always below par in their training.

The wonder is that Louis, with all the cash he has piled up, is still willing to face the grind. He will have practically no recess from now until late September—this campaign on top of 15 defensive stands.

It is easy to understand Mike Jacobs' big rush. The answer is the draft.

Both Louis and Billy Conn are not so many strides away, and the odds against their going to an army camp will be considerably lower before the summer is over. Draft numbers that were once in the tree-tops have now fallen to the lower limbs. And they are falling faster every week.

No one knows this better than Mike and those handling the destinies of most of the leading challengers.

Time, tide and the draft wait for no one—and beyond early summer the shore line of all sport is thick with fogs and gathering mists.

As the matter now stands Jacobs has arranged four starts for Louis in the next six months—May, June, July and September. This will leave Louis facing his twentieth defense of the main crown—if he slips safely through them all—if there is someone around for him to fight.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—If Lord Halifax has been homesick for England, he no doubt feels better after his weekend at Unionville, Chester County, Pa. There has been a gesture of gracious hospitality it would seem, a tiny spot of old England as authentic as diligent effort could possibly make it. Chester county comprises the fox-hunting domain of Lord Halifax's host, W. Plunket Stewart, and so faithfully has Mr. Stewart adhered to the British tradition that Chester county is often called the Leicestershire county of America, with its hunts comparable only to the Melton, the Mowbray and the Quoin of Leicestershire—the same comprising all the superlatives of fox-hunting in England.

Halifax Heard No American Accent In Pack's Baying

In 1911 Mr. Plunket—a banker when he isn't riding to hounds—began searching for the perfect hunting domain. He found it in Chester county. The terrain was sufficiently broken to give the fox a break, but open enough for some slam-bang, tallyho riding, with woods, streams, stone walls and all the required hazards and lures, without too many people to get in the way. Mr. Plunket bought a large tract and thereafter, it appeared, banking was somewhat of a sideline.

He and his brother Redmond had bred a pack of hounds and built the famous Green Spring Valley hunt, of Glyndon, Md. Hence, knowing all the ins and outs of fox-hunting, he proceeded rapidly to recreate the Leicestershire of the Eighteenth century. Gilbert E. Mather, already established in Chester county as a fox-hunter, was moving eastward in search of new territory. Mr. Stewart bought his English foxhounds and began importing others from England, along with hunters of ancient pedigree.

There is in Mr. Stewart's hunt the most careful observance of all ancient traditions of British fox-hunting, particularly in dress. The master and his staff wear scarlet, with crimson collars and the every-day dress is scarlet with crimson facings and scarlet velvet collar.

Mr. Stewart is a native of Maryland, related to European royalty. He was in the army remount service in the World War. Incidentally, the natives of Chester county have co-operated enthusiastically in the fox-hunting, and real estate values have risen.

WE'VE started leasing and lending, and the quarterback snaps the ball to Adm. Emory S. Land, chairman of the maritime commission and "co-ordinator of facilities for ocean transport," as of his recent appointment. There is historic precedent for his finding a hole in the line, weaving through a broken field and planting the ball on the other side of the goal posts.

That was in the famous "crap game" session between the Army and Navy in 1900. With less than a minute to play, "Jerry" Land, as his shipmates always called him, in the backfield for the Navy, blocked a kick and made one of those Frank Merriwell zig-zags down the field, winning 11 to 7 for the Navy, just a few seconds before the whistle blew for the finish. Such doings are pretty much in his horoscope.

In the World war he was in the navy bureau of construction and repair and got the Navy cross for building submarines and for his work in the war zone. In 1919 he turned in the most comprehensive and searching technical study of German submarines the navy ever got, along with a study of what they might do or try to do in the next war. He retired in March, 1937, but got only a month's lay-off, as President Roosevelt got him back on the job as a member of the maritime commission. When Joseph P. Kennedy retired to become ambassador to Great Britain, Land became chairman of the commission, and within two weeks the same was shaking a leg as never before.

The admiral, a small, wiry, eager man, with a touch of the mule-skinner about him when he's driving things through, lost no time in putting to work the first congressional allotment of \$400,000,000 for building our merchant marine.

He is a native of Canon City, Colo., and a cousin of Charles Lindbergh. At Annapolis, he was tops not only in football but in several other sports, and rowed the bow oar on the academy crew. He was the successful conciliator in that long-drawn-out Army and Navy athletics row of a few years ago.

As Strike Closed Ford Plant



The gigantic River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor company at Dearborn, Mich., largest single industrial plant in the world, where from seven to eight thousand striking C.I.O. auto workers threw 85,000 employees out of work. Inset: One of the men involved in the battle between pickets and workers, shown as he tumbled into the gutter after being struck by one of the many flying missiles.

Sabotage—and Then Uncle Sam Takes Over



With dramatic suddenness the U. S. seized 69 Italian, Danish and German merchant ships in harbors throughout the country. At left is photographic proof of sabotage. The main air pump of the Italian ship, Alberta, is shown shattered and useless. Right: Chief Mechanic Alston of the Coast Guard at Port Newark, N. J., examines broken parts of the slide valve on the Alberta.

Demonstrate 'Blackout Machine' at Capital



Two New Jersey inventors demonstrating a "blackout machine" before Sen. Morris Sheppard, chairman of senate military affairs committee. The inventors said the device could shut off power in every American city. L. to R., Senator Sheppard, Col. D. Watt, E. C. Pomeroy and R. M. Franklin of the Radio Signal Products Corp., the inventors.

Battles Jungle



Maj. R. E. Randall of Swampscott, Mass., Albrook field executive officer, who was forced to cut his way through 25 miles of Panama jungle after bailing out of his disabled plane. He is shown here at Ancon, Canal Zone.

And Now Frenchmen Give Nazi Salute!



A year ago Frenchmen used to mock the upraised arm salute of the Fascists and Nazis, but things have changed in France. Above is shown a great gathering of French war veterans saluting Marshal Petain, French chief of state, in a rally at Le Puy. The aged marshal is on the dais in the background.

Jugoslav Premier



Gen. Richard Dusan-Simovich, staunch friend of Great Britain and army commander, who has been named to the post of premier of Yugoslavia.