

RILED ABOUT HARRY'S DIG AT PRESS . . .

Truman Chided for His 'Newspaper Stand'

. . . ELMER WRITES HIM AN OPEN LETTER

By H. I. PHILLIPS

LETTER FOR SPECIAL DELIVERY

Hon. Harry S. Truman,
Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. President:

It pains me to note that you, who over the long pull have seemed to me a horse-sense fellow who knew baloney when he saw it and who

didn't like it thin, thick or medium, have now taken up that old cry about the newspapers being in a deep plot against the people. Harry, you know better.

"There are no full-page ads for our side," you say in taking a dig at the press. Now that is plain hasenpfeffer. All the page ads in

opposition to your policies or acts in a year, if stacked end on end, would be completely lost in the thousands of pages which the American newspapers have devoted to you in reporting your speeches and your programs. The space devoted to any one of your speeches in the papers of the country would swamp the total space consumed by all those full-page ads over a period of six months. The ads get into few papers; no paper fails to report your speeches to its fullest ability.

Few Presidents in history have had a friendlier press. The note of kindness is to be found, even in the criticisms. The newspapers go to great expense to give you every break. It is doubtful if any occupant of the White House in 25 years has been more warmly treated by the newspapers of this country from coast to coast and from border to border.

At work or at play you get a million columns of newspaper space and any honest publicity expert in your own party would admit that the advertising is mostly good and that all the dough your opponents could lay a hand on wouldn't be enough to get that much space for their views. So you must be kidding when you say, "There are no full pages for our side."

"Selfish interests are on the job year in and year out, seven days a week and 24 hours a day. They work through the editorial pages, the columnists and the commentators they control," you assert. "They twist and misrepresent the measures the people voted for."

Well, Harry, may the press of America never be as unfair to you as you are to the press when you make a crack like that. The fact twisters don't last long on any

paper. No newspaper can misrepresent things long and survive.

In a democratic country where a free press has men of all parties and beliefs running newspapers, you don't expect them all to be 100 per cent for everything you propose, do you?

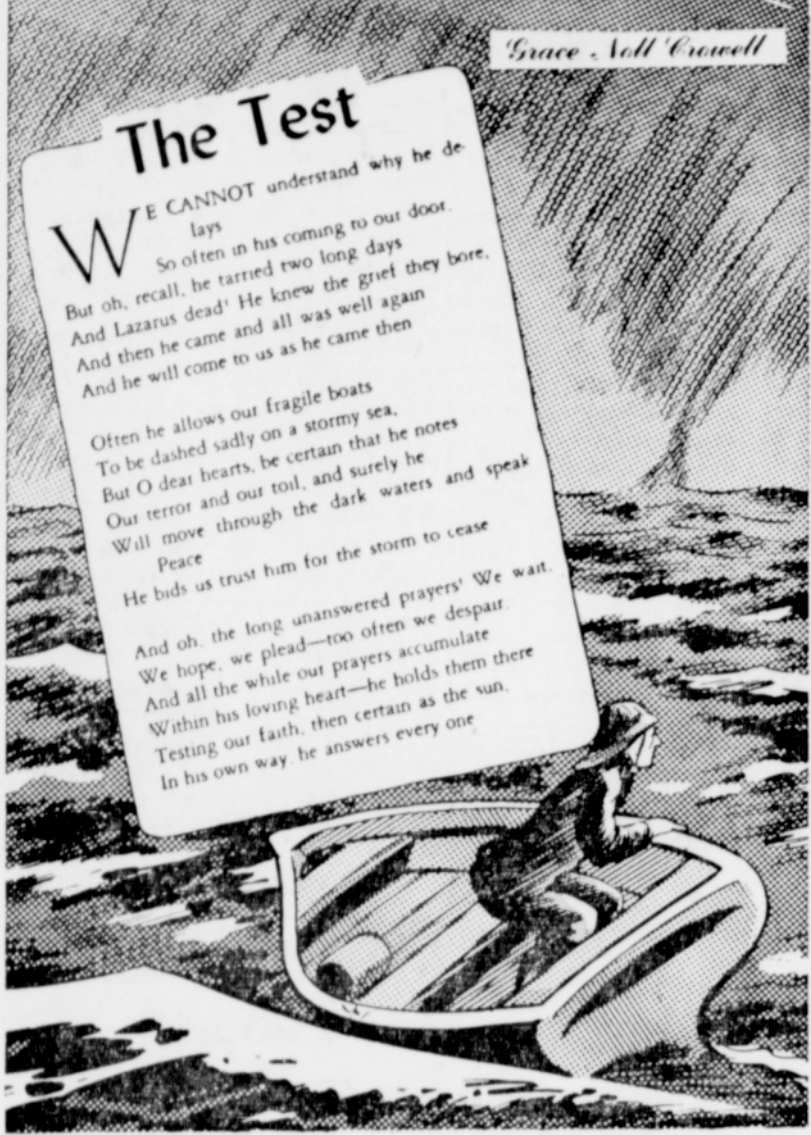
The press is one of America's great institutions, Harry. It is mighty important to the American system. It is important to the Democratic party, the Republican party and any other party. To deliberately undermine its prestige, create an atmosphere of distrust in its fairness and foster the notion that it is a tool of the privileged few is bad stuff, Mr. President. In every great crisis the press is a Number One Need. You've needed it, Harry. And you've had it "year in and year out, seven days a week and 24 hours a day." I thought you knew.

Yours in surprise
ELMER.

Cuff Stuff

Walter Donnelly, slated as the new undersecretary of state in charge of South American affairs, used to work in the circulation department of the New Haven Register back home . . . Video does the darndest things. As for instance Sid Caesar's use of that old Willie Howard skit on the interrupting waiter, with no credit or apology to anybody. And it was played on another program only a few weeks back . . . "Knock On Any Door," widely proclaimed as a study in juvenile crime and a deterrent, is just another glorification of a hoodlum, with enough murders and stickups to keep a kid absorbed for weeks . . .

The youth of any political party cannot be ignored, but the oldsters, because of greater experience, if honest, are the better guides.



The Test

WE CANNOT understand why he de-lays
So often in his coming to our door.
But oh, recall, he tarried two long days
And Lazarus dead! He knew the grief they bore.
And then he came and all was well again
And he will come to us as he came then

Often he allows our fragile boats
To be dashed sadly on a stormy sea,
But O dear hearts, be certain that he notes
Our terror and our toil, and surely he
Will move through the dark waters and speak
Peace

He bids us trust him for the storm to cease
And oh, the long unanswered prayers! We wait
We hope, we plead—too often we despair.
And all the while our prayers accumulate
Within his loving heart—he holds them there
Testing our faith, then certain as the sun,
In his own way, he answers every one

Grace, A. J. Crowell

STAR DUST

Bill Quinn

Started Young

By INEZ GERHARD

BILL QUINN, radio's "Little Her-man," (ABC, Saturday evenings,) made his debut in show business with Adolphe Menjou, Ruth Roland and Marion Davies, at the age of five. His mother was an extra in the early days of film-making, at Fort Lee, N. J., and



BILL QUINN

took Bill along. A stage career followed; came the depression, and he helped his mother and brother run a stationery store, perfect preparation for the setting of his radio show. His radio experience is extensive. Says Bill, "If there is a show that originated in New York in the past 12 or 13 years that I haven't at least read a commercial on, I don't know what it is."

Jerry Hausner just returned from a three months' tour of Europe; visited almost every country on the continent. His first radio assignment when he returned—playing the part of a dog and a used-car salesman on "The Great Gildersleeve."

Rudd Weatherwax arrived at NBC the other day all white and shaking. "This other car bumped my station wagon and threw Lasso off the seat onto the floor," he explained. "I rushed to look at the dog, of course; didn't pay any attention to damage on the car. It's beginning to dawn on me that I told the other guy it was my fault!" Lasso can easily pay the damages.

William Wyler, producer-director of Paramount's "The Heiress," watched part of World War I from his front yard as a boy; he lived in Mulhouse, France, a battle-ground. But he got into the last war, in the air force.

The Fiction Corner

THE LAST CRY

By NORMAN FREILICH

HE STOOD outside his uncle's room, and as he listened for a brief moment to the labored breathing coming from within, his features became distorted by some sinister emotion. For the physical wreck within the room, his uncle stood between him and his inheritance. Only upon Jason Stoneleigh's death would he come into his estate, and only yesterday he learned from Doctor Phelps, his uncle's physician, that old Jason would perhaps live for years. It was then he had made his decision.

Alex clenched his fists as he thought how simple it would be to strangle the life out of the old man—but there was an easier way, one which would never throw an inkling of suspicion his way. His uncle kept a loaded gun in his room, eccentric as he was, he lived in fear of his life. He kept only one servant, who would be away today, and there would be away today.

Alex smiled to himself, deeply satisfied with his plan, as he entered the room. He greeted his uncle with robust good cheer, but his uncle, a dark scowl upon his thin bony face, sat in his chair silently. There was no movement in his body.

"Aren't you feeling any better?" he asked with feigned concern, and then the eyes of the two men met, and their glance seemed to sweep aside all pretense between them.

"It's been a long wait, hasn't it, Alex," the old man said with biting contempt, "but I'm afraid it will even be longer. Doctor Phelps has been quite encouraging."

Alex edged toward the desk in which the gun would be. He opened the drawer, felt the brittle coldness of steel. He swept about to Jason Stoneleigh, and the gun was in his hand. "You miserable wretch," he slurred, "I won't have to wait a day longer."

The old man's eyes stared wide with terror. His body did not rise from his seat as though he might be frozen with fear. There was only a pitiful cry: "You'll hang for it, Alex!"

A MOMENT later, with detached calm, Alex wiped the gun clean of his own fingerprints, and then placed the weapon in the murdered man's hand. He took one last glance about the room assuring himself there was no trace of evidence.

He was sleeping soundly that night, happy in the thought that in the morning he would be a wealthy man. But it was almost midnight when he was awakened by the police. He was ordered to get into his clothes at once.

"But I don't understand," he protested, his face white and drawn. Then he succeeded in controlling

his fears, realizing, of course, that this would be only a routine investigation. Surely nothing could have gone wrong. He hastened into his clothes.

The police drove him to the house of his uncle. It seemed all of them were awaiting him—the state's attorney men, Jason's servant—and in the background—Doctor Phelps. "I'm here to give you gentlemen every help," he said, gravely, and the sound of his voice gave him sudden courage. "I'm terribly upset to hear of my uncle's suicide."

"Suicide? You're certain it was suicide?" The question was hurled roughly at him.

Panic gripped him, and his eyes turned desperately to Doctor Phelps. "Surely, Doctor Phelps, you can tell them how absurd it is to think otherwise. You can tell them of my uncle's brooding over his ill-health."

The doctor stepped toward Alex, his face stern, almost menacing. "I can only tell them the truth, Alex."

"Yes, the truth," Alex pleaded. "Your uncle suffered a stroke a week ago—and the gun which killed Jason Stoneleigh was found in his right hand"—the doctor paused—"and that hand and the whole arm were paralyzed."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

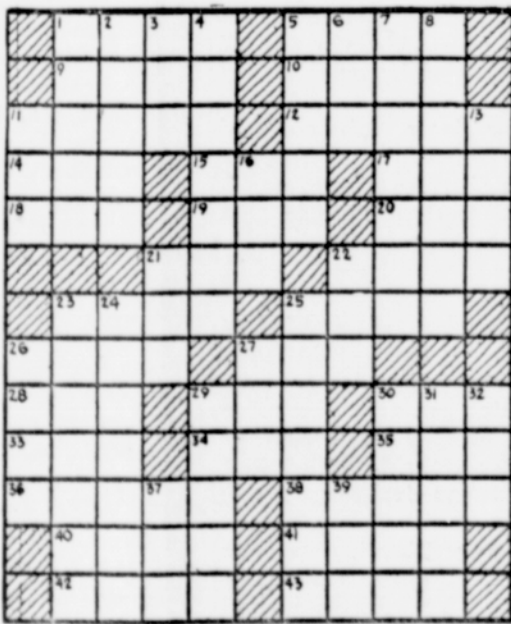
ACROSS

- 1 A molded mass
- 5 A bird
- 9 Constellation
- 10 On the ocean
- 11 Ire
- 12 Founder of Pennsylvania (poss.)
- 14 Department in Peru
- 15 Sorrow
- 17 Frozen water
- 18 Male adults
- 19 Sum up
- 20 Ever (contracted)
- 21 Wrath
- 22 Poker stake
- 23 A binding agreement
- 25 Convulsions
- 26 Submerge
- 27 Rowing implement
- 28 Torrid
- 29 Hole-piercing tool
- 30 Observe
- 33 A wing
- 34 Sick
- 35 Method
- 36 Pierces, as with horns
- 38 Ascend
- 40 Young woman
- 41 Heal
- 42 Old time (archaic)
- 43 Shout

DOWN

- 1 Spear-like weapon

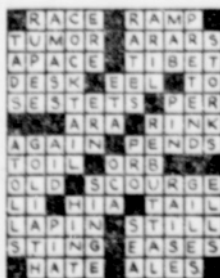
Solution in Next Issue.



No. 27

- 2 Musical instrument
- 3 Grow old
- 4 Ahead
- 5 Yawned
- 6 Employ
- 7 Not harsh
- 8 Surgical instrument
- 11 Point
- 13 With
- 16 Poem
- 21 Writing fluid
- 22 Breeze
- 23 The science of life
- 24 Province (Can.)
- 25 Deception
- 26 Coarse nap of cloth
- 27 Nocturnal bird
- 29 Passageway
- 30 Whirl
- 31 Artist's stand
- 32 Organ of sight
- 37 Blunder
- 39 Regret

Answer to Puzzle Number 26



Series K-48

Albino Horses

While cases of albino horses are known, ordinary white horses are not born white.

Horses of certain colors, particularly dappled grays, become lighter as they grow older—until they become pure white. Such horses do not give birth to white colts which are so rare that they are virtually unknown.

Many Arabian horses are light gray at birth and become pure white at the age of four or five years.

