

OSCAR'S TAKING FEWER ASPIRINS THESE DAYS . . . Pact Is Likened to Alcoholics 'Anomnibus' . . . BUT HE'S KEEPING HIS UNIFORM IN MOTHBALLS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

PURKEY ON ATLANTIC PACT

EX-PFC Oscar Purkey, veteran of the last war, feels better after reading the Atlantic pact, but he still thinks it's smart to keep mothballs in his uniform and not swear off canned eggs for life at this point.

"If the world was in its right mind, in fair health and not so jumpy, this Atlantic pact would be okay," he writes, "but you got to remember that it is in the same shape as Alcoholics Anomnibus holding a street-corner huddle when a liquor truck turns turtle in full view."

"At first I think this Atlantic pact is not serious on account of it is not accompanied by no news that six blocks along First avenue, New York, is to be torn down to make way for a headquarters," his letter continues, "but I find it is on the level and the matter of an official address will be took up later."

"The swell thing about getting eight out of a dozen nations together like this is that at least it ends the day when they would not go far enough out on a limb to give each other their right phone numbers. They now agree not only to do this, but each one promises to answer the phone, no matter who is calling or how hot it is."

"I am sure the pact is a good thing on account of Henry Wallace and the Daily Worker and Russia is giving it the old elbow. If Henry was for it, I would be pretty suspicious. The way it shapes up to me is that with England, France, Canada, the United States, Belgium and those other nations on my side, I can afford to let Henry stay on the bench."

"I can't quite figure out what the Atlantic Pact does to the UN. Everybody says it does nothing serious, but my common sense tells me you can't have two police departments on the same job in the same spot without some difficulties here and there. I hope they work okay together in this case, but one of 'em will want the star's dressing room maybe and there is apt to be some professional jealousy. If the friction don't start a new war, I will be satisfied."

"All this Atlantic Pact does is to provide an agreement that all the nations outside the galvanized-iron draperies will consult together if

any enemy starts playing rough. Personally, when the shooting starts I'd feel nervous if my side were just to confer on the matter. In the next global war, the sneak-puncher is going to have a awful head-start on the boys who go into a conference first. But I guess our side will find a way to perfect the jet-propelled huddle so that there will be only a few seconds of elapsed time between the attack and the answer."

"The western nations in this Pact may seem a little too gentlemanly for comfort in a global crisis, but it looks to me like this time they are with Stonewall Webster or Kayo Henry or whoever it was that said we have got to hang together or wire the newsreels men to photograph us all hanging separately. Anyhow, the news about this Atlantic pact has done me some good. I ain't taking so many aspirin."

Cuff Stuff

"Boys Wear Reported Off This Winter."—Headline . . . And the girls seems to be overdoing it a bit, too.

Railroad trains are now being made so glamorous and comfortable that it is pretty distressing. A fellow is compelled to travel all the way out of town and back without getting a decent chance to develop a mood of deep irritation.

Shudda Haddim is sick again. This time it's over the fact a horse called "Day" won at Gulfstream at \$23.40. "I would of had him," he weeps, "except when I'm looking at 'em in the paddock somebody starts humming 'Day is done.'"

Alaska proposes to tax women who do not get married. In those cold climates, it pays to be realistic.

Answered

Grace Noll Crowell

THE prayer I long had prayed God heard,
Yet answered not a word.

My heart had not been schooled to wait
An answer that came late.

I could not understand! Dismayed,
I clutched His robes and prayed.

And then, strength spent, I kept quite still—
At last I learned His will.

Through strangely silent nights and days
Somewhere learned His ways.

I did not hear His voice, yet He,
I know, has answered me.



Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

HAL WALLIS, Anatole Litvak and Rouben Mamoulian will judge the motion picture synopses submitted for the National Five Arts \$100,000 award; Norman Corwin, Arch Oboler and Erik Bar-nouw will pick the best radio scripts. Plays, popular songs and short stories will be judged by equally prominent authorities.



HAL WALLIS

Each sub-contest carries prizes of \$2,000, \$1,000 and \$500, plus up to \$70,000 in fellowships as well as professional productions of the winners. For details write to National Five Arts Award, 715 Fifth Ave., New York City. All entries should be sent to that address. Here's a wonderful chance for unknowns!

Anatole Litvak is known for many successful directorial jobs; "Sorry, Wrong Number" and "The Snake Pit" are two recent ones. Wallis has signed Joan Fontaine for "September," to be filmed in Italy in August for Paramount.

Pat Knight thinks maybe it is an omen forecasting her future stardom — during filming of Columbia's "Shockproof" she found a letter in her uniform's pocket, addressed to Joan Crawford, who wore the uniform in "A Woman's Face."

A Moroccan Michoué, something new in New York parties, launched George Raft's "Outpost in Morocco." Shot against magnificent, authentic backgrounds, it is a story of the French Foreign Legion, with plenty of action. The men in the supporting cast, headed by Akim Tamiroff and John Littel, are excellent. Marie Windsor must have been cast only for her looks.

Joanne Dru became an actress because she was too shy to make friends and took dramatic lessons to overcome her shyness. Howard Hawks saw her at a dramatic school, hired her for "Red River,"

The Fiction Corner

BLUEBEARD'S BET

By Lillace M. Mitchell

"THEY'RE all curious," insisted Arthur Jordan. "There never lived a woman who wasn't 99-44/100 per cent curiosity. I could quote you a dozen bits of poetry proving the fact—"

"For goodness' sake, don't!" urged Clem Tate. "I'll take your word for it. Honestly. But Elsie isn't that way. I'm telling you."

"You're the kind that would never be happy with your wife asking you this and looking over mail and rooting about in your desk when you're out of the house. I know you."

"Don't speak of Elsie Lyons as 'rooting', if you please," Clem Tate said coldly. "I'll tell you what. I'll lock the office door and give her the key — since you mention Bluebeard

—and then you and I will go out. I'll keep the key of the corridor door, however, and we'll come in again and sit here. I'll tell her not to use that key at all. See? Then if she is as curious as you say, she'll come bouncing in a la Made-moiselle Bluebeard or whatever her name was and we'll be sitting right inside here."

"O.K. with me," said Arthur Jordan. "She'll be in here and don't you forget I told you so. I'd as soon have a homelier girl and one who wasn't so careless anyhow. She's decorative but she'd forget her head if it weren't for the curls there."

Now Elsie Lyons was pretty. She knew that fact as well as anyone else. Fluffy golden hair framed a heart-shaped face with a pointed chin below a widow's peak of hair at the upper edge. Her great grey eyes turned to pansy-color at times. But looks and business efficiency do not always go hand in hand unfortunately and Elsie ran about ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent efficiency.

"I am locking the door to the private office, Miss Lyons," said Clem Tate distinctly. "I want no one to go in there. No one. Is that clear, Miss Lyons. Here is the key."

"Certainly, Mr. Tate," she said demurely, placing the key in her desk drawer.

The two young men walked resolutely into the outer corridor and the outside door swung too gently behind them.

"Well, Bluebeard, how about it?" asked Jordan when he put the key into the door to the private office.

As the door swung open they both looked in eagerly. They heard the telephone in the outer office. Silently they sat down and Jordan gave his partner a poke in the ribs when Clem Tate looked too triumphant as the moments passed.

AT THE END of a half hour Clem Tate rose to his feet. Jordan followed him and they made their

way silently into the outer corridor again.

"Well, was I right, Jordan?" asked Clem.

"You win, Bluebeard—er, I mean, non-Bluebeard," said Jordan. "Say, I've got to have a breath of air after that self-imposed silence. I think maybe we both like talking a little better than we thought we did. I had a thousand things I wanted to tell you while we sat there. But as for your charming little Elsie — she's the real thing all right, all right. Never even clicked the key in the lock, did she? Or looked through the key-hole at us?"

Jordan ambled towards the elevators with a wave of his hand. Clem Tate stood an instant at the outer

door and then entered the suite of offices. He hurried through to the door of the private office and tried the knob.

"Oh—" he said, "Miss Lyons, I forgot that this door is locked. Let me have the key, will you, please?"

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Tate. But I simply can't think what I did with that key. There was a telephone call the moment you left and I looked for the key so that I could — could — lay the message on your desk."

"But I said not to go in."

She laughed gently. Dimples peeped in and out charmingly. She bent again and then with a sigh she murmured: "Oh! Here it is! I'm so careless!"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

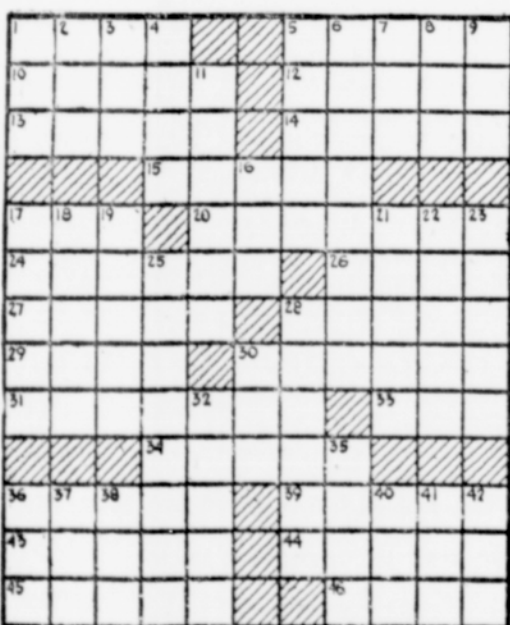
ACROSS

- 1 Not living
- 5 Drench
- 10 Bower
- 12 Missile
- 13 Prostrate
- 14 A merchant
- 15 Characteristic
- 17 Exclamation
- 20 Foreign
- 21 Particle in the blood
- 24 City (India)
- 26 Rave
- 27 To embed
- 28 Adherent of
- 29 Hinduism
- 29 Delete
- 30 Cowled
- 31 A simple eye or visual organ
- 33 Bitter vetch
- 34 Engages in, as war
- 36 Glossy-surfaced fabric
- 39 Ore deposits
- 43 Manacles
- 44 Tally
- 45 Long-legged and slim
- 46 Coin (Persia)

DOWN

- 1 To dip quickly into water
- 2 Blunder
- 3 Finnish seaport
- 4 Do not (contracted)
- 5 Master (Indian term)
- 6 Dramatic text set to music
- 7 Vase with a foot
- 8 Distress signal
- 9 Female sheep
- 11 To read again
- 16 Girl's name
- 17 Await
- 18 Home-like
- 19 Walk slowly
- 21 Waste land, SW France
- 22 Beneath
- 23 Ornamental nails
- 25 A film forming on port
- 28 Inns
- 30 A swine

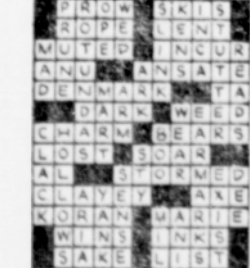
Solution in Next Issue.



No. 30

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 32 Flower | 37 Constellation |
| 35 A short stocking | 38 2,000 lbs. |
| 36 Title of respect | 40 June-bug |
| | 41 Epoch |
| | 42 Coin (Jap.) |

Answer to Puzzle Number 29



Series K-45

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

DREW PEARSON

Ferguson Jittery

G O. P. Sen. Homer Ferguson must be getting jittery over his election probe back in Michigan. At any rate something has thrown Homer's balance wheel out of gear.

The other day, the Michigan senator, supposed to be a great prosecutor and investigator, let it be known to the press that two years ago he had informed Attorney General Tom Clark about Judith Coplon, the justice department analyst recently caught handing government documents to a Russian diplomat in New York. The implication was that Clark had sat on his hands for two years while Miss Coplon got away with justice department secrets.

When Attorney General Clark heard of the Ferguson statement, he was, to say the least, flabbergasted, and sent word to the senator that he would give him 15 minutes to take back his statement.

Ferguson was quick to reply. He sat down and wrote Clark a humble longhand note taking back what he had said. The senator's excuse was that he had been misquoted. He never had said he gave information about Judith Coplon to Clark, nor did he state that he had demanded a probe of the matter, Ferguson wrote the attorney general.

Next day the attorney general happened to be up on Capitol Hill calling on the chairman of the senate judiciary committee, Pat McCarran of Nevada.

"Here's a letter that might interest you," remarked Senator McCarran, handing him a typewritten letter on the stationery of Senator Ferguson.

In the letter, Ferguson said exactly what the newspapers quoted him as saying the night before, and which he had denied to Clark. Two years ago, wrote the Michigan senator, he had given the information about Judith Coplon to Clark, and now he demanded an investigation. Furthermore, he put all this in black and white.

The attorney general read the letter with amusement.

"Well, here's a letter he wrote me," he remarked, pulling out the handwritten note in which Ferguson said he had been misquoted.

McCarran read the note, then observed:

"I thought there was something funny about Ferguson's phoning me last night. He wanted to know if I had received this letter. Then he said: 'Well, don't give it out. It's confidential.'"

Silver Lobby Loves China

In a secret report to the senate foreign relations committee last week, Secretary of State Acheson bluntly announced that the Communists are complete masters of China and it would be folly to send more U.S. arms to the defeated Nationalists.

Acheson revealed that nine-tenths of the equipment already furnished by the United States has been surrendered to the Communists in the past eight months. Today the Communists have the military power to march wherever they please in China—including south China where the Nationalists are still holding out, Acheson reported.

Meanwhile, the Nationalists are negotiating frantically for a coalition government. Whether the United States will do business with the new government, Acheson said, will depend on the Communists' attitude.

The secretary of state was called before the foreign relations committee to answer a petition, signed by 50 senators, demanding aid for the Nationalists. Significantly, the petition was sponsored by Sen. Pat McCarran of Nevada, the silver lobbyist, whose plan is to bolster the Nationalist economy—with silver.

Lobbying for Peace

Senate G.O.P. leader, Arthur Vandenberg, backed colleague Owen Brewster of Maine in a corner, glanced furtively for eavesdroppers and whispered:

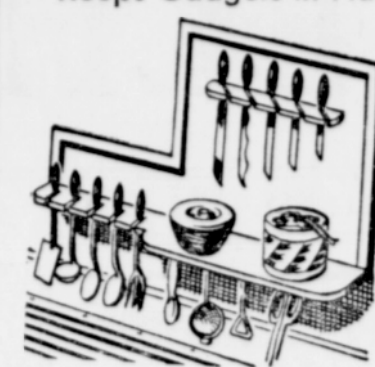
"You'd better lay off that ECA fund to the Dutch that you've been raising such a fuss about. I just learned there's a lobbyist mixed up in this."

Vandenberg probably referred to young Randolph Feltus, a registered lobbyist on capitol hill, who has been fighting ECA aid to the Netherlands on the ground that the money will be used to finance Dutch armed imperialism in Indonesia.

"Listen, Arthur," grinned Brewster, "have you ever heard of legislation on any subject in congress, of major or minor importance, that doesn't have a lobbyist for or against it?"

Note: Feltus and many others have been talking to senators on the ground that a breakdown of the U.N. regarding Indonesia means a serious undermining of the peace machinery of the world.

Handy Wooden Rack Keeps Gadgets in Place



WHY hunt and hurt your feelings and fingers searching for those little kitchen gadgets that are always on the bottom of the drawer? With this convenient kitchen equipment rack you can keep them within easy reach.

The rack is easy to make. Just trace full size pattern offered below on the materials pattern specifies. Saw and assemble exactly where pattern indicates. Complete list of materials, step by step directions and numbered assembly illustrations are included with each pattern. No special tools or skill are required. All materials are readily available at any lumber yard.

Send 25c for Modern Knife and Implement Rack Pattern No. 8 to East-Bild Pattern Company, Dept. W, Pleasantville, New York.

Cheap Uranium

A new method of obtaining pure uranium compounds from the inferior ores found in the U. S. has been discovered. In 1941, the cost of obtaining the compounds was about \$1,000 a pound. Using the new method, the cost will be about \$10 a pound.



How You May SLEEP Tomorrow Night —without being awakened

If you're forced up nightly because of urges, do this: Start taking FOLEY PILLS for Sluggish Kidneys. They purge kidneys of wastes; they soothe those irritations causing those urges. Also alkali backaches, leg pains, painful passages from kidney inaction. Chinese you sleep all night tomorrow night DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. At your druggist.



For Your Future Buy U. S. Savings Bonds The Best Investment

