

IF MEN CAN FIGHT AND DIE AS ALLIES . . .

All Races to Have One Place to Pray for Peace

. . . THEY CAN WORSHIP AND LIVE AS ALLIES

By H. I. PHILLIPS

PRAYER FOR U.N. CHAPEL

"The United Nations is to provide a non-denominational chapel in its new home where men of all nations may pray."—News Item)

In this small room will be the cathedral, the mosque, the synagogue, the temple and the parish chapel.

Within these four walls will be the prayer-room of the world.

To this place let the white man and the black man, the Christian and the Jew, the yellow man and the brown man, the Hindu, the Moslem and the Buddhist—men of all races and creeds—gather to hear the still, small voice of what-

ever God they worship.

Here the representatives of all peoples shall come humbly and devoutly in their separate faiths and reach understandings that will save a stricken world.

Here let them kneel separately and at a time of their own choosing and ask their God or gods that their words and actions may never make a mockery of the precepts of whatever religion they observe and cherish.

Guide them as they invoke You. Keep their minds clear and make their decisions just; rid them of their suspicions, fears and hatreds.

Let them never lose sight of the belief that the Supreme Being of their own faith and of all faiths loathes war and holds peace and the brotherhood of man foremost.

Seldom have the representatives of peoples from the four corners of the earth been in a more difficult spot; rarely have human beings faced tasks more colossal; never have their decisions meant life or death, joy or misery, laughter or tears to so many millions.

Grant that they may not quibble over the details of this room, its appointments or its mood.

Help them realize that if men can fight and die as allies; that men who serve together in the same armies and navies and in the same cause can worship in the same cloister and in the same hope!

Here let all men find that if there is to be one world there must be one brotherhood, one depth of devotion, one abiding confidence in a Supreme Being.

Make them understand that if a man is not contaminated in the use of another man's council chambers, routines and customs in daily considerations, he can never be contaminated

by the use of a common meeting place for meditation and prayer.

Here may no man forget that in every faith a man of any other faith may find the essence of his own faith: The belief in divine guidance. Prayer is universal. How strange that until now those who have come together from all parts of the earth to face the most complicated problems of recorded time have failed to provide a common meeting place in which to seek guidance!

Of all moments in history when men of every race, color and creed needed divine counsel, this is the most desperate. How barren and hopeless have been these edifices of world peace without recognition of a God above! How futile these proceedings in council chambers of 100 rooms without one room for a Creator!

May this quiet room be hallowed! Here there is no publicity; here no photographers, no newsreels, no microphones, tensions.

Here he may sit not as an important statesman, harassed diplomat or instructed agent, worried over the reactions at home, but rather as a child reaching for the hand in which he has confidence, pleading for the light, believing that nothing matters more than a cause be just.

This room shall be no device of architects, blueprinters and construction crews, its value to be measured in dollars; this shall be a room dedicated in the spirit of all faiths . . . a hushed chamber where every man may find the mood of his own temple.

Within these walls may the United Nations see the universal altar and find that guidance, inspiration and wisdom without which there can be no lasting peace and no brotherhood of man.

Here at last there is "room in the inn!"



Grace Noll Crowell

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

A LITTLE over two years ago two young men, a singer and a comedian, decided to form the team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Today they are considered top entertainers, switching from night clubs to radio to movies with the greatest of ease. There is no definite format for their NBC program on Sunday nights, except that they can be expected to show up on



MARTIN AND LEWIS

time. They have just completed a Paramount picture, "My Friend Irma"; Martin is Jane's romantic interest in the movie version of the radio show, and Jerry, an orange-juice salesman is his sidekick. Give them another two years and there's no telling what they'll be doing!

Kirk Douglas is back in Hollywood after a New York visit that was strictly business; he covered the swing cafes, getting background material for his first starring role, in Warner Bros.' "Young Man With a Horn."

The famous coach in which King George V made his ceremonial drive at the Royal Ascot race meeting will be used in a sequence in Alfred Hitchcock's "Under Capricorn." Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotton and Michael Wilding star.

Lucille Ball, of the movies and CBS' "My Favorite Husband," may be a glamorous star to other people, but to her bandleader husband, Desi Arnaz, she's "Johnny." He gave her the nickname because, around their ranch, she looks like a tomboy. Her favorite "at home" togs are dungarees and an old sweater and straw hat.

Barbara Stanwyck, whose auburn hair is now mostly a beautiful gray, refuses to dye it for films. She feels that would be dishonest! Anyway, she thinks dyed hair looks artificial and gray hair is usually becoming.

The Fiction CORDIALLY DISLIKED

By Richard H. Wilkinson

I HAVE NEVER known a man to be more wholeheartedly disliked than Henry Spafford. The reason for it is his braggartly qualities, his overbearing sense of importance.

We tolerate him because we like his wife, Madge, but even so our toleration is a chore. The other night I was over to the Spafford's and sat through an hour of Henry's bragging. It seems that the big boss in New York—Henry is employed by the Jason Reid Steamship Company—called up the Philadelphia office where Henry works and Henry answered the phone.

"Jay's a great guy," Henry told me, referring to the incident. "He's asked me to run up to New York to see him a couple of times. I must remember to do that."

"Who's Jay?" I asked.

"Jay?" Why, Jason Reid, who owns the line, of course.

"Oh," I said.

"The way to get along in any business," Henry went on, "is to let the boss know right off he can depend on you. That's the way I am with Jay."

I left the Spafford home an hour later, furious that I had stayed so long, pitying Madge and disliking Henry with a renewed sense of disgust. "Something," I told Betty, my wife, "ought to be done about that punk. Now he's calling Old Man Reid, Jay."

"The thing to do," Betty smiled, "is to be amused at his ravings, not annoyed. He doesn't hurt any one, and there's always Madge to think of."

"Even Madge," I replied, "won't keep me from hitting that guy one of these days. Something," I repeated, "ought to be done about him."

Whether or not my thinking about it had anything to do with what happened a couple of days later I will never know. Henry was fired. Without warning or explanation he was given a couple of weeks' pay and was bounced out on his ear.

My first reaction when Betty told me about it was one of exuberance, a fiendish desire to rush over there and gloat, to sneer: "I told you so! Why don't you call up your friend, Jay, wise guy?" But this feeling passed immediately. Curiously it was followed by one of pity. The more I thought about it the deeper became my sympathy. What greater humiliation, I thought, could a man endure than this that confronted Henry Spafford?

NEXT DAY I called Hal Wheaton and asked him to have lunch with me.

"Have you heard about Henry?" I asked when we were seated.

Hal nodded, avoiding my eyes. "I met the poor devil on the street this morning. I don't mind saying that it was an ordeal."

I thoughtfully lighted a cigaret. "Hal," I said, "think of Madge. Isn't there something we can do?"

"Well," said Hal, "I've been wondering, too. Poor Madge." He coughed. "I called Bob Taylor of the Taylor Lines this morning. Bob says that he might be able to do something for Henry on our recommendation."

"I guess," I grinned, "that's the answer."

And it was. Henry and Madge were over three days later. "I understand you've got a new job?" I remarked to Henry.

"Yes," he said with a bored look on his face. "Bob Taylor called up as soon as he heard that I was free, and asked if I'd consider a position with him. Well, you know when a man offers you more money—"

I glanced at Betty. There was a faint smile on her face. I suppose she was amused. I hope so. Because an hour later, with Henry still blowing, I was mad enough to choke him, and almost did.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

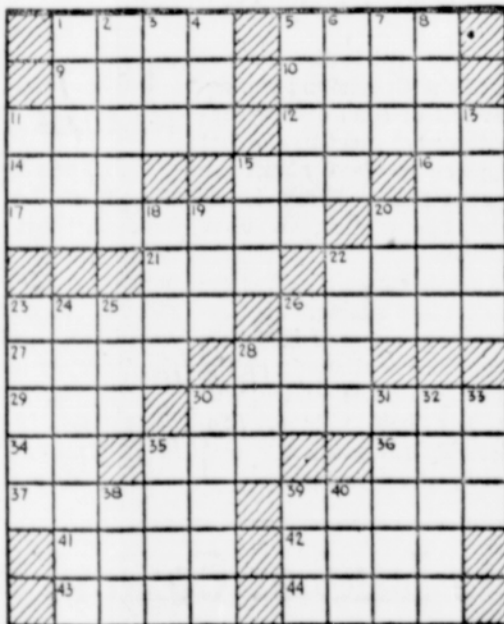
ACROSS

- 1 Low, concave vessel
- 5 Plant ovule
- 9 S-shaped molding
- 10 Long-eared rodent
- 11 A diacritical mark (Sp.)
- 12 Rub out
- 14 Employ
- 15 A skin tumor
- 16 Chromium (sym.)
- 17 Deck with vulgar finery
- 20 Marsh
- 21 Part of a locomotive
- 22 Narrow roadway
- 23 Flower
- 26 Wades across stream
- 27 Shower
- 28 Tease (colloq.)
- 29 Strange
- 30 Canadian city
- 34 Officer of the Day (abbr.)
- 35 Portion of a curved line
- 36 Breeze
- 37 A smithy
- 39 Think
- 41 Chef
- 42 Fuel
- 43 Casks
- 44 Concludes

DOWN

- 1 Capital (Idaho)
- 2 Eyed
- 3 Marry

Solution in Next Issue.

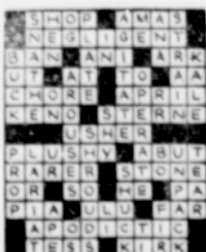


No. 35

- 4 Side away from wind
- 5 Gloss
- 6 Merit
- 7 Epoch
- 8 To go down
- 11 Slow, clumsy boat (colloq.)
- 13 Sea eagles
- 15 Network
- 18 Sacred picture (Russ. ch.)
- 19 Slate-ax
- 20 Distant
- 22 Timber wolf
- 23 Test
- 24 Fish
- 25 Cover
- 26 Coniferous tree

- 28 Fabulous bird
- 30 Migrates
- 31 River
- 32 Colors slightly
- 33 Metallic rock
- 35 Eager
- 38 Spawn of fish
- 39 Open (poet.)
- 40 Enclosure

Answer to Puzzle Number 34



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DREW PEARSON

Atlantic Pact Combed

TERSE, urgent questions affecting our hopes for peace came boiling to the top the other day behind closed doors of the senate foreign relations committee. Answering them, the men who must implement the North Atlantic pact were kept under steady fire for 4½ hours.

Big, bull-voiced Senator Vandenberg set the pace, but each senator got a load of questions off his chest. They combed the pact's fine print for pitfalls and loopholes, and searched for hidden meanings between the lines. As a result, many tough problems were plowed up.

The chief targets in this verbal shooting gallery were Secretary of State Acheson, Secretary of Defense Johnson and ECA Ambassador Harriman. They talked brilliantly, but not quite enough to please the senators.

"I can't be offhand and free about information that involves other countries," Acheson retorted impatiently, when pressed for details.

Johnson also buttoned up during a barrage of questions on atomic energy from Senator McMahon of Connecticut. The queries were based on secret information which McMahon had learned at the Pentagon, and Johnson objected to going into detail in front of committee clerks. This caused McMahon to declare that he wouldn't support the pact if he couldn't get the information he wanted.

"If the price of the senator's vote," bristled Johnson, "is my violation of what I consider the security of the nation, then we may have to forego the senator's vote."

Senate Stairs Steep

To add to the turmoil, the meeting was interrupted 13 times by roll-call votes on the senate floor. This kept the senators straggling up and down stairs to the senate floor until 71-year-old Sen. George of Georgia finally snorted in disgust:

"By God, I can't go up and down those stairs any more!"

And he quit the meeting.

Another problem was how much to tell the press. Vandenberg was against issuing any release until the secretary of state formally presented the military program to congress. The Michigan Republican warned, however, that "Drew Pearson has a dictaphone hidden in here."

Later, chairman Tom Connally stamped angrily into the meeting after a trip upstairs to vote.

"Somebody has already leaked the amount (of the proposed military aid)," he thundered. "Some newspapermen told me the figure and asked if that was correct."

Following this incident, it was agreed to release an outline of the one billion, 130 million dollar plan to help rearm the north Atlantic treaty nations. Here are other highlights of the meeting.

Senator Vandenberg wanted to clarify the important question of whether the pact was just another old-fashioned military alliance or a genuine instrument of collective security. He pointed out that the U. N. charter recognizes the right of nations to "collective self-defense" in case of attack.

The charter, however, adds in Article 51: "Measures taken by members of the U. N. in the exercise of this right of self-defense shall be immediately reported to the security council."

Does this mean, Vandenberg asked, that the treaty nations must report their secret defense plans to the security council—where Russia has easy access? This was something none of them wanted to do, but Senator Pepper of Florida warned that the pact, itself, promised to abide by the U. N. charter.

Secretary Acheson explained, however, that the only "measures" we are obliged to report to the security council are whatever measures may be taken jointly—after an armed attack occurs.

Only Arms to Europe?

"What I want to know," chimed in Utah's scholarly Sen. Elbert Thomas, "is what do you mean by the rearmament of Europe? One thing Europe knows how to do is arm. The idea of supplying arms seems archaic unless we give them our best bombs and techniques. But if we do that, I am against the whole program."

"The aim of the Atlantic pact is to bring about an atmosphere to make arms unnecessary. If we are not going to teach the processes of peace, we may as well quit now."

Another question, raised by several senators, was whether to furnish Europe with American-made arms or help the treaty nations manufacture their own arms. If the United States tries to produce all the armament needed for the allied world, the production and logistic problem, it was argued, would be terrific. But, on the other hand, plants built in Europe would be easy prey to the Russians and might be turned against us. No one had a ready answer for this sober question.

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