

AS JUNIOR PULLS ON POPPER'S SHOES . . .

**F.D.R. Treads Across the Political Stage**

. . . NEW DEALERS RUSH TO SHINE 'EM

By H. I. PHILLIPS

**NEW ROOSEVELT THREAT . . .**

It looks as if there is to be another Franklin D. Roosevelt in the American political picture, like it or not. The big build-up for Junior is on and he starts off with this advantage or handicap, all depending on your viewpoint: He looks like popper, talks like popper and

screens like popper. He is what might be called "a spittin' image."

Even if it makes you wince, there is no escaping the fact that all these things shape up into an appeal to millions of American voters. Franklin Junior is a mere kid, a long hop

from a statesman and a green hand on the squad, but the name, the model and the manner represent advertising assets.

Any company selling soap, shaving cream or cigarettes that had lost its trademark and suddenly discovered an exact duplicate would cheer no more loudly than the New Deal addicts are cheering at the moment. They think Junior has the same box-office appeal. "Run this right," declared a smart Democratic politician the other day, "and in five or six years there will be plenty of voters who will think daddy has returned from the grave." "Wanna bet?" is the answer of others. "The imitation never sells like the original. No matter how they stage-manage it, Junior will always be just a copy." But neither side is positive. And that's what is causing so many arguments.

Elmer Twitchell went out as an Inquiring Reporter the other day and asked the question, "Do you think F. D. Roosevelt, Jr., is ever likely to be President?" The results follow:

McSheddy, Jabez, Z., house-painter and lifelong Republican: "When you ask me that smile!"

Botts, Peter D. L., skywriter and Democrat: "The kid is as good as in. I knew the old man would spring a surprise like this."

Hemstitch, Rudolph, advertising agent and G.O.P. leader: "Would you mind repeating that question. And if I heard you right the first time, please pass the aspirin."

Crummett, Alonzo, engineer and New Dealer by habit and instinct: "Listen, bub, if the kid sounds right over radio hookups, develops that old toss of the head and shows a scorn for other people's dough, he is good for five terms."

Peezle, Hemingway D., unemployed member of the National Republican club: "I was afraid

something like this would happen. There's no justice. Just when a Republican gets to feeling confident somebody slips him a Mickey Finn."

Raviola, Antonio F., lifelong Republican: "The Democrats have all the luck. Why do not Republican Presidents have sons who look like their fathers?" (Would that be good?—Ed note.)

Stuekle, Arabella H., housewife and leader in the Women's New Dealer Club: "If Truman doesn't improve, the next candidate on our ticket won't have to look like a Roosevelt. He can look like anybody but Truman."

**Ye Broadway Bugle**

"Miss Liberty" is the most talked-of coming musical and we think some of the sets should be done by James M. Flagg . . . and that the cast should include Red Skelton, George White and Gloria Blue . . . How about an alternate title "Twin Beddoes?" . . . Several ticket brokers have been ordered to close . . . They might have been prepared for it by the reviews of their hearings . . . Liz Taylor, we see, will marry Bill Pawley, Jr., instead of Glenn Davis, the former West Point grid star . . . Liz says there was never anything serious between her and Glenn . . . He just misunderstood the signals, eh?

Branch Rickey has returned a ball player and \$25,000 to Pittsburgh following a claim that the player he turned over in exchange had a sore shoulder . . . We don't know about the player's shoulder, but there's no stiffness in the Rickey arm when he can hand back that much moolah . . . Some of those video vaudeville shows are going to collapse if there is ever a bladder, seltzer bottle or wig shortage.

This is June, the month of weddings, and it seems all right to warn one and all that two can live these days as cheap as four.



**Feud Has No Basis**

THE 48-HOUR mystery over J. Edgar Hoover's resigning as head of the FBI got stirred up from two separate sources.

One was President Truman, who got highly indignant at the smearing of a lot of innocent bystanders when the FBI reports in the Judith Coplon case were published. Truman felt that unchecked rumors should not have been allowed to get into the FBI files, and for a while he was all for firing the efficient FBI chief.

The other source was J. Edgar Hoover's public relations man, Lou Nichols, a smart and likable Greek-American, formerly Nicholopolous, who, in his zeal to protect his boss, sometimes outsmarts himself.

It was Nichols who set in motion the rumor that Hoover was about to resign—as a backfire against Truman's intimation that it might be a good thing to have Hoover resign.

Nichols was busy as a bird dog dropping hints to newsmen about friction between Hoover and his chief, Attorney General Tom Clark, and one editorial in a local Washington newspaper followed Nichols' conversation almost verbatim.

Nichols is the same alert busy-body who shuttled back and forth between the FBI and Capitol Hill last summer when it was a good bet the Republicans were going to win in November. He seemed almost as much at home in the office of Congressman Parnell Thomas, chairman of the un-American activities committee, as the congressman himself. (Thomas is now under indictment in a kickback scandal.)

Nichols also was chummy with G.O.P. Senator Ferguson of Michigan, a bitter foe of the justice department. In fact, Lou was credited with slipping Ferguson the Elizabeth Bentley spy data, and was so active that some capitol observers were unkind enough to say Lou was playing his cards to become chief of the FBI once the Republicans took office—though this observer has never detected anything but strict devotion to his chief.

**Clark and Hoover**

Contrary to reports of trouble between Hoover and Attorney General Clark, Hoover never sent a letter threatening resignation, and here is what actually happened between the two men:

Clark telephoned Hoover after Dr. Edward U. Condon of the bureau of standards had asked for an FBI apology. Jokingly, Clark called Hoover "Dr. Condon." Hoover laughed.

Clark then asked how many confidential agents he had lost as a result of making public the FBI reports in the Condon case. Hoover said he had lost about 12, and that the one that was most important was inside the Russian embassy.

The attorney general said he had been talking to Acting Secretary of State Webb, who said he was sure the Russians knew they were being watched.

Clark went on to say that he simply could not drop the Coplon case rather than produce the FBI reports because, if he did, every espionage agent in the United States would figure he had immunity.

Hoover then asked if the justice department couldn't take "a contempt" as in the Touhy case in Chicago. There, gangster Roger Touhy had demanded that certain FBI reports be produced in court, and the justice department had refused, even though Judge John Barnes threatened to hold the local U. S. attorney in contempt.

Clark replied that the Touhy case was different from the Coplon case in that Touhy was making an appeal and the burden of proof was on him. Therefore, all the justice department risked in taking "a contempt" was a \$100 fine. In the Coplon case, on the other hand, Clark continued, the justice department was the prosecutor, and if it was held in contempt the judge would not merely assess a \$100 fine, he would dismiss the case.

Hoover said he guessed the attorney general was right. He added that publication of the FBI papers in court was now water over the dam, but he would be dead opposed to producing the "top secret" document.

**Clark Agrees**

Clark said he heartily agreed, and that if the judge ruled this report had to be published, then he would appeal to a higher court and if overruled there, then he would move to dismiss the case. (Since then, Judge Reeves has ruled that this top-secret document was not to be produced.)

The conversation was completely cordial throughout, as have been relations between Hoover and Clark ever since Clark became attorney general.



**Soap Holes Found Value in Disguise**

**Produce Magic Mud With Multiple Uses**

Ever since Belle Fourche, S. D., was a rip-snorting cattle town at the end of the old Chisholm trail its residents have been damning the "soap holes" that plagued the area.

Fast-riding cowboys often took a nasty tumble in this super-slippery mud and cattle were forever getting bogged down in them.

But now, like a man discovering his hives are really a blessing, Belle Fourche has found its soap holes are one of its biggest assets.

Every one of them is filled with a magic mud called bentonite. It's an odorless, tasteless, soapy mud with a thousand uses and scientists are thinking up new ones every day.

Most of us already are using it a half dozen times a day, but almost nobody has heard of it. Men use it in shoe polish and hand cleaners. Women use it in face



Bentonite is the most absorbent material found in nature. When moistened it swells to several times its normal size. This quality makes it useful in waterproofing housing foundations and many other industrial uses.

powder, lotions, beauty creams. Bentonite also is found in many types of paint, plaster and cleaning agents. It's handy for filling holes in giant dams and for casting moulds for molten metal. Forced down thousands of feet into the earth this magic mud lubricates the drills in oil wells and sends the debris up to the drillers.

Its new uses and increasing popularity for its older uses all add up to a boom such as Belle Fourche hasn't seen since the gold rush.

In the past 10 years the population has practically doubled and bentonite now pours \$600,000 a year into the town in the form of additional purchasing power.

Fifteen years ago Belle Fourche shipped out three carloads of bentonite. Last year its production was 6,187 carloads and this year they expect carloadings to go considerably higher.

Scientists say that bentonite, a strange mixture made up mostly of dust from prehistoric volcanoes, is found almost nowhere in the world except in the Black Hills of Wyoming and South Dakota.

It is the most absorbent material nature ever has devised, they say, and a half dozen teaspoonful will soak up a glass of water.

**Bond Price Chart**

AMOUNTS OF VARIOUS FARM PRODUCTS REQUIRED TO BUY A \$1000 SERIES E SAVINGS BOND AT COST PRICE OF \$750

PRODUCT	1932	1937	1948
Hogs, 200 lb.	112	60	20
Cattle, 1000 lb.	18	10	4
Milk, cwt.	586	446	173
Eggs, cases	176	144	60
Wheat, bu.	1,964	1,065	386
Corn, bu.	2,374	1,321	670
Cotton, bales	23	16	5
Tobacco, lb.	7,143	4,871	1,531
Potatoes, bu.	1,974	1,076	436
Apples, bu.	1,229	1,172	253

The above chart shows the almost unbelievable increase in the value of farm crops in the past 17 years, as depicted in a comparison of how much farm produce it takes now to buy a \$1,000 government savings bond with how much it would have required in 1932.

**Insect Killers Made By Synthetic Means**

New pyrethrum-like chemicals that kill insects have been made synthetically for the first time in the laboratories of the bureau of entomology and plant quarantine, it has been announced by the U. S. department of agriculture.

The chemical makeup of the synthetic materials is almost identical with that of the insect-killing principle in pyrethrum, according to the chemists.

**"THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD"**  
(ISAIAH XL, 31)

**O** WEARY one, lay hold on God and claim This glorious promise, prove its depth and length,  
And let it warm your being like a flame:  
Who waits on God, he shall renew his strength.  
Your weariness shall pass forevermore;  
You shall forget your sorrow and your tears,  
You shall be young again—God will restore  
The years to you, the seeming wasted years.

You shall mount up as eagles, you shall fly  
On strong swift pinions through the dazzling noon,  
Or cleave the night on wings to reach the sky,  
One with the racing wind, the stars, the moon.  
And you shall run and not be weary, Heart,  
The golden hills shall fall beneath your feet,  
The journey's ending will be as the start,  
So fresh you will be, and the way so sweet.  
But more than lifting wings, or strength to run,  
Will be the joy, after the old restraint:  
To walk unburdened, free beneath the sun,  
The long bright miles before you, and not faint.

*Grace Noll Crowell*

**Star Dust**  
STAGE SCREEN RADIO  
BY INEZ GERHARD

NEXT OCTOBER the Lux Theater of the Air will celebrate its 15th anniversary on the air; the whole studio could be filled with stars who have appeared on the program, with a special section of young actors and actresses who made their dramatic debuts in radio on it. Gregory Peck, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Robert Tay-



**GREGORY PECK**  
lor, Barbara Stanwyck, Wanda Hendrix, Ray Milland, Walter Huston and many others have been starred on the theatre. Margaret O'Brien was about the youngest when she made her debut. As she had not yet learned to read, she had to memorize her lines. Next year's line-up of stars will be impressive, as usual.

Thousands of feet of on-the-spot action for "The Big Wheel" were obtained at the Indianapolis races last Memorial day. Mickey Rooney, after finishing "Quicksand" goes right into this auto racing film, with Lina Romay.

When James Mason bought the old Buster Keaton home in Beverly Hills he found there was no way to change the light globes beneath the swimming pool except from underneath. So all through making "The Blank Wall" at Columbia he looked forward to excavating around the pool, with the idea of finding out whether there really was a hidden room somewhere under it.

James Melton will take a combined pleasure and business trip to the Hawaiian Islands while the NBC "Harvest of Stars" show is on an eight-week vacation. He plans to take his family along, and to give four concerts.

One of the prettiest items owned by the wardrobe department at Warner Bros. is a rose-point lace bridal veil—has a sweep of 10 yards, is valued at \$3,000. You'll see Patricia Neal wearing it in "The Fountainhead."

**The Fiction Corner HE-MAN'S CODE**  
By Richard H. Wilkinson

ANDY had sensitive eyes and delicate hands but Leonie, born and bred a westerner of pioneer stock, was human. She loved him. It wasn't until after they were married that she discovered he was a physical coward.

She found out the night of Serena Boone's engagement party. Tony Swift was there. As usual he was drunk. He was a handsome devil, this Tony, tall and bronzed and reckless. He had been Leonie's childhood sweetheart. Folks said she would have married him if it weren't for his drinking.

The first thing Tony saw when he came through the door was Leonie and Andy dancing together. A scowl crossed his face. Then he laughed. When they whirled past him he stepped up and whacked Andy on the back.

"Tony's cut," he grinned. "Make way for a man."

Leonie flushed. Andy hesitated, looked at Tony, then gave way smiling. "Sure thing," he said. "Your dance, Tony."

As soon as she could, without appearing too obvious, she asked Andy to take her home.

There she accused: "Why did you let him insult you? Oh, the shame of it!"

Andy was startled and bewildered. "Let who insult me, honey?"

"Who?" She stared at him. "Tony Swift, of course! I was never so humiliated in my life."

"Tony? Oh, you mean because of what he said? Shucks, honey, Tony didn't mean anything. He was drunk."

The appalling truth flashed across Leonie's brain in that moment. Andy was a coward! He'd been afraid of Tony, which was why he evaded the issue! With a little whimpering cry she turned and ran sobbing from the room.

A week later, on Saturday night, Andy stopped by at Seth Lancey's store to see Seth on a matter of business. A couple of boys from his mine were there, drinking at the bar. Minutes later, talking with Seth, he heard a rumpus out front. Investigating he discovered that two boys were engaged in a brawl with three men from the Bar V cattle ranch. Andy stood by and watched a while. Others joined in. It began to look as though the place would be wrecked. Andy got out of there.

home. As he strode up the walk he heard a cry. He burst open the door and found Tony Swift trying to kiss his wife. Tony wasn't drunk. He was babbling something about Leonie really loving him.

Tony whirled at the sound Andy made. His lip curled. "Oho! The sissy from Bos—"

Andy strode across the floor. His face was black. "I guess," he said bitterly; "you're dumb, after all. You need teaching." He struck out. Tony tried to dodge, but Andy's fist clipped him on the chin so hard that he went down.

"Damn you!" He lunged, but Andy wasn't where he expected. Andy's fist flashed out again, and again Tony went down. Andy

jerked him to his feet and hit him again. He hit him a third time and a fourth. Blood covered Tony's face. Tony whimpered for mercy. Andy dragged him to the door and threw him out.

"Andy!" Leonie fled into his arms. "Oh, my darling, you were wonderful! Oh, precious, forgive me for what I said. Andy, why didn't you do that before—that night at the dance?"

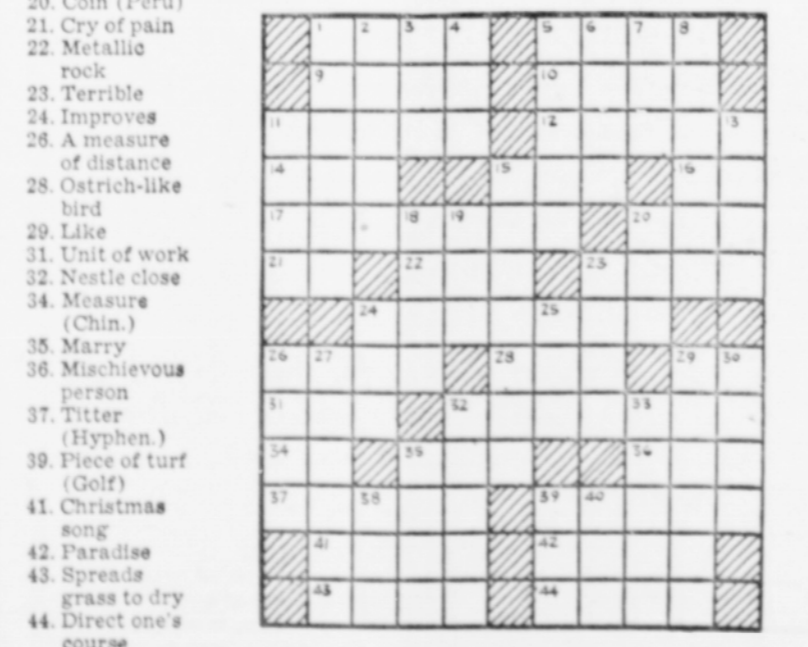
Andy frowned. "Why, shucks, honey, I don't like to fight. Don't you see? He was drunk then. There was no need."

Leonie laid her head on his shoulder. "I see, darling. Of course I see."

But she didn't.

**CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

- LAST WEEK'S ANSWER
- ACROSS**
- Title of ruler (Persia)
  - A seraglio
  - High as a door
  - Robust
  - Village judge (Moh.)
  - A social gathering
  - Smells
  - Poem
  - A lever
  - Sun god
  - To liken
  - Coin (Peru)
  - Cry of pain
  - Metallic rock
  - Terrible
  - Improves
  - A measure of distance
  - Ostrich-like bird
  - Like
  - Unit of work
  - Nestle close
  - Measure (Chin.)
  - Marry
  - Mischievous person
  - Titter
  - (Hyphen)
  - Piece of turf (Golf)
  - Christmas song
  - Paradise
  - Spreads grass to dry
  - Direct one's course
- DOWN**
- Partial darkness
  - Little girl
  - A substance used as medicine
  - Fen
  - Ostrich-like bird
  - Touched
  - The East
  - Kind of nut
  - Clan (Irish)
  - Closes, as a hawk's eyes
  - Feign
  - Bard
  - Skill
  - Little girl
  - A substance used as medicine
  - Fen
  - Ostrich-like bird
  - Touched
  - The East
  - Kind of nut
  - Clan (Irish)
  - Closes, as a hawk's eyes
  - Feign
  - Bard
  - Skill
  - Little girl
  - A substance used as medicine
  - Fen
  - Ostrich-like bird
  - Touched
  - The East
  - Kind of nut
  - Clan (Irish)
  - Closes, as a hawk's eyes



PUZZLE NO. 7