



Washington, D. C.

NO CABINET POST FOR WILLKIE

Rumors that Wendell Willkie will be offered a cabinet post or chairmanship of the defense commission are just rumors and no more. Roosevelt has no intention of unifying along such lines.

After the 1936 campaign, the President and Alf Landon went out of their way to be friendly. The mellow Kansan called at the White House when he went to the Capitol in December for a Gridiron club dinner, and a year later Roosevelt appointed him a member of the U. S. delegation to the Pan-American conference in Lima. But with Willkie the situation is entirely different.

Roosevelt deeply dislikes and distrusts him—a feeling, incidentally, that is strongly reciprocated by Willkie.

Privately, the President believes that the G. O. P. standard bearer's campaign was motivated chiefly by personal malice and went far out of bounds of legitimate political warring in deliberate misrepresentation and distortion.

On his side, Willkie feels just as hotly regarding Roosevelt.

EUROPEAN APPEASEMENT

The story of imminent European peace deals which floated around London, Berlin and Washington just before election was no myth.

Since November 5 these ideas are dead.

Ever since Hitler's proposed invasion of England was frustrated last September, Nazi diplomats have sent out feelers to the effect that Germany now had almost the entire continent of Europe and might be satisfied to drop the war, leaving England to stick to its own islands.

Such a peace, of course, meets no response from the great majority of the British people, nor the government, and absolutely none from Winston Churchill. However, it has been received favorably by the little group of "City" men (London's Wall Street).

Diplomatic reports indicate that had Willkie been elected, this group would have launched a strong drive for appeasement. This does not necessarily mean they would have had Willkie's blessing. But it means that Wall Street groups in the United States which think along exactly the same lines as London's "City" were all ready to co-operate in this drive and expected to get support from Willkie.

Latin American governments, whose weather vane is the United States and who study us with a microscope, actually were getting ready to warm up to Hitler. But since November 5, the effect is just the opposite.

PERSHING AS ENVOY TO VICHY

The situation inside France is such that there is more and more sentiment among administration advisers to draft venerable John J. Pershing as American ambassador to France.

It is believed General Pershing could do a good job because of his old friendship with Marshal Petain, now No. 1 man in the Vichy government. The two were comrades in arms during the World war, and never do they meet without an affectionate embrace on both cheeks.

Should the French North African army become active on behalf of England, it would mean much not only to the British but to the United States, whose biggest worry concerning the Monroe Doctrine is that a combination of German-Italian forces might use Dakar, French naval base on the bulge of Africa, for operations against Brazil and South America.

That is why "Papa" Pershing is considered so important to influence his old friend "Papa" Petain.

EXIT FANNY

Miss Frances Perkins, idealistic secretary of labor, will not be in the third Roosevelt cabinet.

She will be replaced as part of the President's plan to put an end to A. F. of L.-C. I. O. warring and to bring about unification of the two organizations. No. 1 on the President's list for Miss Perkins' successor is George Harrison, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks and a vigorous advocate of labor peace.

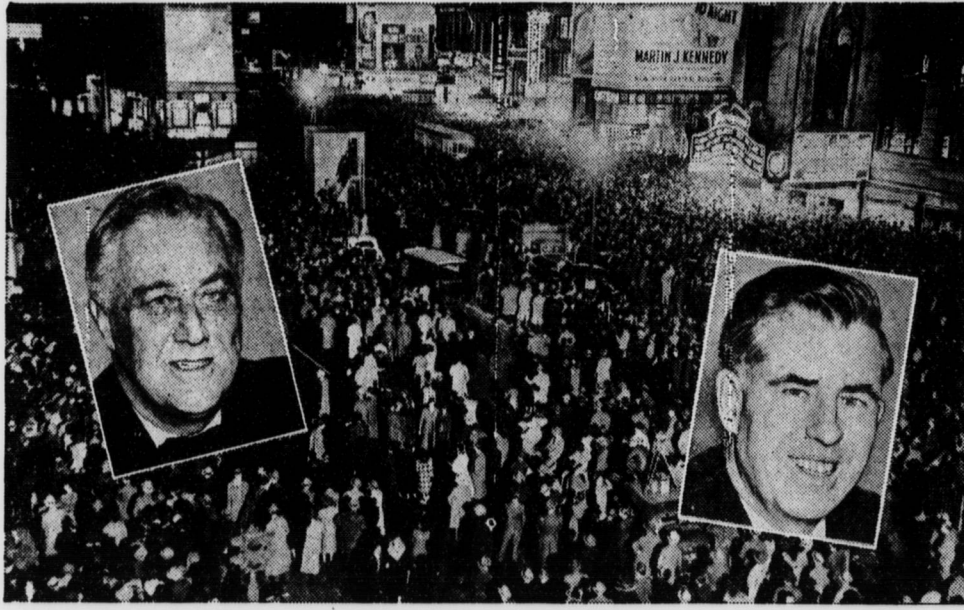
MERRY GO ROUND

Probably the best campaigning among the Roosevelt children was done by Franklin Jr., whose wife is Ethel duPont, daughter of Eugene duPont. The far-flung duPont family contributed around \$50,000 to the Willkie campaign, but Ethel remained loyal to her in-laws.

Franklin's speeches were of a rather naive, amateurish nature, but they endeared him tremendously to his father. Franklin would start his speeches in most formal vein, carefully referring to his father as "the President." But when heckled from the side, he usually forgot his dignity and sometimes shouted, "my old man's a great guy," which always brought down the house.

Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles listened to election returns until 4:15 a. m. but was down at his desk reading a telegram from Greece by 9:30 a. m.

Election Night Crowd in Times Square



New York's Great White Way was the scene of election night excitement as great crowds jammed Times square to read the latest bulletins in the thrilling presidential race. (Inset, left) Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the first President ever elected to a third term. (Inset, right) the newly elected vice president, Henry Wallace, former secretary of agriculture.

New Recruits for Uncle Sam's Army



A raw batch of new recruits are pictured as they arrived at Fort Devens, at Ayer, Mass., ready to go through the routine that will turn them out as soldiers of the line within a few months. There are 3,400 soldiers and 100 officers housed at present at Devens. Meanwhile more than 3,000 artisans are working night and day to complete the first of 27 new barracks to accommodate the 1940 batch of draftees. Each building will house 63 men.

The Old Folks 'At Home' in London



This aged couple spend the air raids in the de luxe shelter constructed in the basement of their Westminster borough home in London. The bunks upon which they rest were installed by the Westminster council which is providing them for all private shelters, to enable the populace to obtain their proper rest and curb "air raid nerves."

As London's Children Are Evacuated



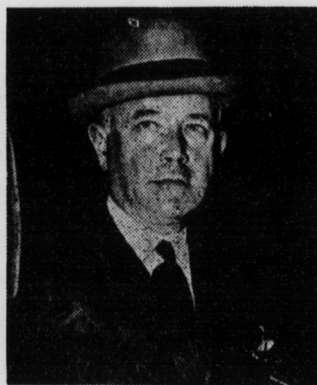
British captives with these pictures describe them as "another large party of mothers and children being evacuated to the country from London." At the left a child in a policeman's arms shows her bewilderment at the excitement. Right: a youngster with an identification tag around her neck is being carried to a waiting bus by a policeman.

Christened



The U. S. S. Swanson, new destroyer, sliding down the ways at the Charleston, S. C., navy yard. It was christened by Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the late secretary of the navy.

Speaks for Petain



Gaston Henri-Haye, French ambassador to the U. S., who delivered to Secretary Cordell Hull the reply of Marshal Petain to President Roosevelt's appeal that the Vichy regime abstain from collaborating with Germany in the war.



GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

BURYING THE HATCHET

I have been deluged by telephone calls asking if I am ready, as I promised, to eat my column of several weeks ago saying that Dr. Gallup's poll predicting this Roosevelt landslide was grossly in error. If it will please anybody, I am willing to eat that column. It would hardly give me indigestion. It is only 600 words.

But I doubt the obligation. Dr. Gallup ate it before I did. He got so jittery that he covered himself on every side and finally said that the election was so close that a breath could swing it either way. Some breath!

I am disappointed but not downhearted. After all, it was an American election. It expresses what our people think. I believe it was wrong. But I am eager to give the result all that I have to give. So must everybody. The President didn't have a more earnest supporter in 1932 and 1936. He didn't have a more earnest opponent than in 1940. But now we are on the brink of war. He is my President and yours. He could ask me for nothing that I would not give.

For the result, we couldn't have gotten a bad man, no matter who was the final choice. I know both of these men—know them as well as you know a college chum or the man next to whom you work or the guy who drops in to sit on the cracker barrel in your store, which is a figure of speech because we no longer have cracker barrels. But the simile is still the same.

I don't call Mr. Roosevelt "Franklin" any more because, somehow, you can't do that to the President of the United States. But I think he wishes people would, and I am very sure that Mr. Willkie doesn't like to be called anything but Wendell. The point is that both of these men are plain Americans. It has never seemed to me that either of them went very far astray—except as to his advisers. Maybe that was because I wasn't one of them.

There is a classic army yarn about a young lieutenant or "shave-tail" just out of West Point. He reported to his captain at a western station in those days when captains were old, gruff and apt to be very wise. This one treated him so kindly that he became over-enthusiastic and said: "Oh, Captain. I can see that we are going to get along in complete co-operation."

"Yes," said the wrinkled old veteran, "and in this man's army you'll do all the co-operating."

A situation something like that surrounds the late opponents of President Roosevelt. I don't know one who, because of the danger in the world, isn't perfectly willing to forget the late and bitter political fight and join up with recent political adversaries in anything that will advance the interests of the country and cement its strength. But it takes at least two for any true co-operation.

The tremendous vote for Mr. Willkie measures the mass of protest and skepticism on some of Mr. Roosevelt's acts and policies. Any hostility or roughshod riding by this administration over contrary opinions might destroy the President's great opportunity to usher in the healthiest "era of good-feeling" and national unity that has occurred—at least in my lifetime.

I thought that kind of era would come in 1937, but some of Mr. Roosevelt's closest advisers and strongest henchmen were vindictive scalp hunters. They said they had a mandate and started out to keelhaul and purge even their own party. It didn't work so well and maybe with this much smaller majority, there won't be so much reprisal.

Old Andy Jackson was like that. He thought he had been cheated out of an election and the assaults on him had been very hateful and highly personal. It was said that he retired to the Hermitage "after having rewarded all his friends and punished all his enemies." That may be a great personal satisfaction, but it is just what the country does not need at a time like this.

Thomas Jefferson is as great a titular deity of the Democratic party. He didn't do that. In his first inaugural, he even offended his own party by telling the people that with the election over, they were all Democrats and Republicans—or the equivalent labels of that day—Republicans and Federalists.

Abraham Lincoln didn't do it either. He appointed to his cabinet some of the strongest personal opponents in his own newly formed and hodge-podge party.

Any man who has to fight as has Mr. Roosevelt is bound to support his friends without too much consideration for his opponents. Everybody expects that. What is now needed is good will and mutual confidence among all Americans, and that is exactly what is within Mr. Roosevelt's grasp today.

But the 22,000,000 people who voted for Mr. Willkie, representing the views of almost half the population of a great nation, can't, like the young army shavetail, "do all the co-operating." Their opinions must be respected.

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