

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

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DEFENSE 'INCIDENTS'

Out of 26 major "incidents of damage" in defense plants last month, military intelligence authorities have evidence that 14 were caused by sabotage. The other 12 were accidents.

Of the 14 sabotage cases, four were fires and 10 were mechanical damage. Two are attributed to Communists; the others to Nazi agents. There is no indication that Communists and Nazis worked together.

Since the outbreak of the Russo-German war, the Communist party line has somewhat altered. The current dictum is, no interference with defense output. It is significant that since the Nazi attack on the Soviets there has been a sharp decline in strikes.

However, intelligence agents report that the party has made no change in its policy of propagandizing soldiers and sailors. This is being pushed as vigorously as before, although with little success. In fact, party generals are so dissatisfied with results that they recently ordered labor unions dominated by Communists to help their campaign by offering their halls as soldier recreation centers.

Japanese Consulates.

Another significant development in subversive influences relates to the Japanese.

Since the expulsion of the Nazi and Italian consulates, intelligence officers have found that the Japanese consulates in Los Angeles and Seattle have become the chief clearing houses for espionage on the West coast. Japanese residents are sending in a constant stream of reports on airplane production, ship movements and other military information.

The recent arrest of two Japanese spies in Los Angeles caused a flurry in Japanese quarters, and a number of Japanese rushed to Washington, apparently to place themselves under the protection of their embassy. Others hoofed for Mexico, which may mean they are planning to shift spy headquarters to Mexico City.

SECRET NEW AAA CZAR

American Farm bureau and National Grange moguls are smart politicians. Although their bill to create an independent, five-man board to rule the AAA has not yet seen the light of day on Capitol Hill, they are already greasing the way by canny wooing of possible opponents.

Latest to be "propositioned" is Rudolph ("Spike") Evans, ambitious head of the AAA, who might be a vigorous foe of their scheme to gain control of his own agency. The farm leaders have sent word to Evans that they will back him for chairman of their proposed board if he will go along with them.

An inner group of 11 decided on this move at a secret pow-wow during the recent conference in Chicago of the Farm bureau, Grange and National Co-op council on the defense emergency.

The master minds also accepted Walter Randolph of Alabama as the Farm bureau's selection on the boards, pledged themselves to take whomever the Grange picked, and agreed to allow this hand-picked trio to name the other two board members.

The plan is very pat, but the mystery is where Roosevelt and Secretary Claude Wickard fit into the picture. Under the law the President appoints board members, and on agricultural selections he naturally would consult Wickard. Apparently, the Grange and Farm bureau manipulators propose to do the picking and force Roosevelt and Wickard to go along.

No Chance.

Actually, the five-man board scheme has no chance of getting anywhere this year.

Not yet even introduced, it faces such a long battle when it does appear that months will elapse before it goes through the committee process. Further, there are indications that certain Farm bureau moguls privately don't want the legislation considered at all this session.

According to Farm bureau insiders, Earl Smith, Illinois big-gun, and Francis Johnson, Iowa chief, secretly want to make it a political issue in next year's congressional election. Militant New Deal foes, they are said to believe that a lot of GOP campaign hay can be made in the rural districts by raising the cry of "give the farmer control of the AAA."

How much control he would have is shown by the fact that the boys already have made sure that they would do the controlling.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Early in World War I, Louis Raemaekers, Dutch cartoonist, drew a cartoon called "When the Grain Is Ripe."

It showed Death advancing with his scythe, reaping a human harvest. Perhaps the only other cartoon which has had comparable range and staying-power was Sir John Tenniel's "Dropping the Pilot," in Punch, or possibly some of Thomas Nast's pen Philippic against Tweed. If American views had been evenly balanced in World War days, Raemaekers' cartoons might have tipped the scales, so powerful was their impact on our public opinion, with their grim portrayal of German brutality.

At 72, with no slackening of pace or skill, or of his devastating hatred of German aggression, he renews his pictorial blitzkrieg over here, just now drawing posters for the Belgians in Britain and other groups rallying against the Nazi onslaught. He arrived here about a year ago, his country a captive, his home and all other possessions swept away in the German lunge against which he first began warning Holland in 1908. Through this stretch of more than three decades, during wars and in between, he never has faltered in his almost daily portrayal of the deadly menace of expanding Germany.

He is a small, compact, pink-cheeked man, looking much younger than his years, with roached-back, thinning hair, sharp blue eyes and a shadowy goatee. His mother was German and his Dutch father was for 40 years editor of the liberal Weekly Volkfreund. He was for 32 years political cartoonist for the Amsterdam Telegraph.

He speaks of himself as "writing," which aptly denotes his ability to pack the content of a long and powerful harangue into a bit of black and white.

USUALLY, there's quite a loss in transmission when real life is sliced into the movies. The new film, "Blossoms in the Dust," seems to be an exception, at least so far as the deeper and truer import of the film is concerned. The critics score it high in sensitivity and adult emotional content.

Illusion Comes To Terms With Reality in Picture

Mrs. Edna Gladney would naturally come out that way in a film. The widow of a Texas flour manufacturer, she built the Texas Children's Home and Aid society, which has now provided happy homes for several thousand waifs. Her effort began before the death of her husband, a sublimation of her yearning for children who never came. The 1929 crash wrecked her husband's prosperous business. He got work in a flour mill. She rang door bells to get money to build her home for children. He developed a new process of flour-milling which was restoring their fortune, when he died. She kept on recruiting and mothering stray children, until one day a Hollywood writer knocked on her door in Fort Worth.

"What on earth could anybody write about me?" she asked. The movies cleared back into her girlhood, as Edna Kahly in Milwaukee.

NIKOLA TESLA'S eighty-fifth birthday finds his death ray still in the blueprint stage. The great inventor says he could build a few plants, at a cost of \$2,000,000 each, within three months, and melt the engine of any approaching plane at a distance of hundreds of miles.

The immigrant youth from Yugoslavia already had discovered the rotary magnetic field, which made possible alternating current motors, before he arrived here in 1884. He helped harness Niagara, turned in numerous inventions which became historic contributions to power transmission, was an associate of Edison, won the 1915 Nobel physics prize and now holds 700 patents.



THOSE looking for further late summer and early autumn excitement should find what they want in the battle for the batting championship of the American league between its two best hitters—Ted Williams of the Red Sox and Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees. Heath, Cullenbine or possibly some other son of swat may upset this combination—but we doubt it.

Williams and DiMag are the two A. L. standouts and they still have the better part of three months left in which to prove their places in polite baseball society.

DiMaggio's brilliant consecutive hitting streak has given the San Francisco entry most of the publicity lately, but the gangling kid from San Diego and Boston is still far out in front when it comes to the main figures.

Anyone who can reach the halfway mark over .400, as Williams did, knows how to handle ash furniture. And even the excellent DiMag will have to keep on swinging his mace effectively to catch or pass the tall, relaxed entry from the Red Sox reservation.

Looking Back

How do the two compare at this spot along the pennant road? Here is DiMaggio's five-year Yankee record through 1940: 1936—.323; 1937—.346; 1938—.324; 1939—.381; 1940—.352; grand average—.343.

Here is Ted Williams' record for his two complete years: 1939—.327; 1940—.344; average—.336.

But up through the halfway stretch of 1941 Williams is now in front, counting the games both have played under the big tent.

Both Williams and DiMaggio can be listed high in the natural hitting class. One of the main features of DiMaggio's base-hit ability is perfect wrist action. The DiMag has a pair of cocked wrists that carry both power and control.



Joe DiMaggio

Too many hitters are body and arm swingers. DiMaggio, well balanced on both feet, lets his body work with his hands, but that brace of cocked wrists deliver most of the poison. The main feature of Ted Williams' bat swinging is his almost complete lack of tension. Williams won't be 23 until October, but he still acts with the ease and confidence of a veteran who has been through many baseball wars. In this respect he reminds you of Napoleon Lajoie. Larry at the plate looked as loose as ashes. He was apparently indifferent as he waited for the pitch.

"You either hit it or you don't," Larry told me years ago. "Why bother about it? Just take your cut." The fact might be mentioned here that with this modern lively ball Lajoie, a smoking line hitter with the old one, would soon have several hospitals full of crippled infielders who happened to be in the line of fire.

Another Hot Match

With Williams and DiMaggio grabbing off most of the wild laurel sprigs in the American league, you can look for another hot scramble in the N. L. between Pete Reiser of the Dodgers and Johnny Mize of the Cardinals.

It might interest you to know, if you care for the succulent statistics in baseball, that Johnny Mize's five-year average with the Cardinals is now .339 up through 1940—just four points below DiMaggio's mark for the same span.

Big John is one of the top hitters of his time. Ball players through the South this last spring all picked him as the best hitter in the older league. Mize hails from Demorest, Ga., not so far away from Royston where Ty Cobb spent his younger years. (Ever notice how most of the top ones come from the unsung hamlets—not from the big towns?)

Mize has a freshman challenger in Brooklyn's Pete Reiser, who in his first year on big time has been whacking away between .350 and .370 most of the season.

Pete Reiser is the ball player named by Leo Durocher as the "next Ty Cobb"—provided there will ever be another Ty Cobb. Reiser is 185 pounds of speed, power, head and heart," according to Durocher's estimate.

Smile Awhile

Deferred Classification

Helen—Did Nellie reject Johnnie when he proposed?
Mildred—No; she put him in Class 5—to be drawn on only as a last resort.

Women criminals are more dangerous than men, 'tis said. That's when they dress to kill.

A Bell-Ringer

Customer—I wish to buy an appropriate gift for a bride—something timely and striking.

Merchant—How about a nice clock?

NO IN-BETWEEN

Frank—There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman.

Harry—When are they?

Frank—They are before he is married to her and after he is married to her.

Wanted Recount

The boxer who knew practically every trick in the game finally met his match. In the third round he found himself on his back, listening to the referee counting over him.

"One," roared the referee, "two—three—four—five—six—seven—"

The fighter reached up and grabbed the referee's wrist.

"I'm a little hard of hearing," he interrupted. "Would you mind repeating that?"

Beware when hubby spreads soft soap. He wants to slip away for the evening.

One Qualification

Rufus—I wish I could be a great doctor. I'd like to be a bone specialist.

Goofus—You've got a good head for it.

Proof Sufficient

"You seem very quiet tonight, Roland," said the pretty girl. "Are you—are you sure you love me?"

"Love you!" Roland exclaimed. "Good Heavens, Rhoda, when we were saying good-by at the gate last night your dog bit a piece out of my leg, and I didn't even notice it till I got home!"

BEAT HEAT Dust with cooling Mexican Heat Powder. Dust in shoes. Relieves and eases chafe, and sunburn. Great for heat rash. Get Mexican Heat Powder.

Test With Reason

Reason is the test of ridicule—nothing ridicules the test of truth.—Warburton.

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Kindness at Premium

The world is more charitable in money than in kind words.—Diane.

Pearl of Rockies

Lake Louise is called the "Pearl of the Canadian Rockies." It is considered one of the most exquisite sights in the world. It lies at an altitude of 5,645 feet in the romantic "Lakes in the Clouds" region of Banff National park.

Homage by Hypocrisy

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.—La Rochefoucauld.

Delicious cold—or just heat and eat



Van Camp's

PORK and BEANS

Feast-for-the-Least

My Three Friends

Three men are my friends: He who loves me, he who is my enemy, and he who is indifferent to me.

me. He who loves me teaches me tenderness; he who hates me teaches me caution, and he who is indifferent, self-reliance.—Anon.

It's A GOOD AMERICAN CUSTOM

PITCHING HORSESHOES

after dinner became a good American custom back in the 18th century when this sport took the place of quills.

EQUALLY ENJOYABLE before and after dinner is the good American custom of smoking mild, fragrant King Edwards, America's fastest selling cigar. For a cool, mellow smoke, light up a King Edward today.

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Sensibility would be a good portress if she had but one hand;

with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.—Colton.

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