

George Sokolsky Dewey Cited As Friendly To FBI Chief

ONE of the most publicized stories about Tom Dewey is that he is after J. Edgar Hoover. Now, I happen to have great respect for both Tom Dewey and J. Edgar Hoover and I could not believe the stories. So I inquired.

A story that particularly intrigued me was to the effect that Dewey was sending agents—lawyers, no less—all over the place interrogating ex-FBI agents for stuff on their former chief. That sounded silly to me.

LET us come up to date. During his trip to Oregon last spring, Governor Dewey delivered a number of addresses in which he referred to J. Edgar Hoover. I shall give three citations. On May 3, 1948, at the University of Oregon, Dewey said:

"It is a fact that J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI had built up a fine intelligence service throughout South America and this incredible national administration of ours by an act of the President abolished it. We have been similarly caught short all over the world because our eyes and our ears were gone."

ON APRIL 1, at the Davidson Theater in Milwaukee, Governor Dewey said:

"We should create immediately a competent, world-wide intelligence service. During the last war, for the first time in our history, we had many brave men planted in dangerous places all over the world. We really knew at the end of the war what was going on in the world. But the President by a stroke of his pen on January 22, 1946, created a new, untried and inexperienced group. Our established services were later abolished. He cut off the fine services J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI had established. He closed down an Army Intelligence and Navy Intelligence."

ON MAY 3, at Portland, Ore., he said:

"Many of the really important Communist leaders are underground right now, taking their orders from Moscow, directing the conspiracy against our freedom. Because the rest of the Party is out in the open it is possible to catch them. I venture the well-rounded opinion that the FBI knows who every one of them is. I venture the opinion that it has evidence right now of their acts and if we had a national administration that would want to move, could and would move today to convict them and get rid of them."

THESE quotations are in the record and there are none in the record to contradict them. I do not know Mr. Dewey's mind as to Cabinet appointments or as to whom he plans to retain in office, but this should not be forgotten: J. Edgar Hoover was appointed to his present post by President Coolidge and has served through the Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman regimes.

Dewey does not develop hates on men. He is easy to differ with. I can cite some interesting instances of that. His counsel as Governor is Charles Breitler and everybody close to the scene knows that Breitler is Dewey's severest critic and often differs with him. James C. Hagerly, Dewey's Executive Secretary, when he was a reporter for the New York Times often hit out at Dewey. That has not kept Dewey from employing him and placing great trust in him.

I MAY say that I have had some differences with Governor Dewey over issues and principles and that he has sometimes been strong in his expressions concerning them. Yet I have never found that he developed a personal antagonism.

Dewey is essentially an administrator and therefore seeks efficient men about him, not those who will "yes" him and then pull the carpet from under him by their errors. Therefore, I disbelieve the stories of his "hate" against J. Edgar Hoover and put them down to campaign twaddle.

Washington Background Russian Chief Delighted When GI Shoots 5 Reds

By The Inquirer Washington Bureau Staff

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6. GEN. LUCIUS D. CLAY, commander of the European Theater, has been telling members of Congress visiting the Berlin sector about relations with the Russians before the blockade. Clay related that when the Russians had authority to examine passenger trains arriving in the Russian sector of Berlin from the American sector, five heavily armed Soviet soldiers boarded one of the trains for inspection.

A young American GI did not like the way the Russians were going about their task and lost no time in telling them. An argument ensued.

The GI pulled out his 45-caliber automatic pistol and shot the Russians. The following day Clay attended a four-power meeting.

When he walked into the Commandatura headquarters he approached Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky, Russian commander. Clay began to apologize for the incident which threatened to strain Russo-American relations.

Sokolovsky stopped Clay short and explained that an apology was not necessary.

"What I want to know," Sokolovsky said, "is where do you get such good meat?"

You may not have occasion to use this recipe, but in case you do, this column thinks it should be in your scrapbook of good cooking.

Dr. R. J. Hood, chief of the Public Health Branch, Office of Military Government for Germany, has warned Bavarian barbers who are fond of boar meat to be sure it is long and thoroughly cooked.

Boar meat, like all pork, should be cooked to at least 150 degrees Fahrenheit in order to kill trichinosis, a dangerous parasite, Dr. Hood says.

In other words, don't eat your boar raw.

The American-Swedish News Exchange says that this year is the 100th anniversary of the invention of the safety match, which was born in a small building in southern Sweden.

The Exchange goes on to say that it was in 1917 that Ivar Kreuger assumed the presidency of the Swedish Match Co., which acquired match monopolies in many countries and blew up in the famous crash of 1932.

What interests us about this, coming as it does when the world is trying to get over another blow-up, is that it was just last year, in 1947, that the Kreuger company paid off the last of its old debts.

The past Congress put through a law stating that Federal employees engaged in hazardous work could retire on pension after 20 years' service, at a minimum age of 50.

The first employe to take advantage of this law, so far as we know, is Charles Mazy, who has been a Treasury Secret Service agent for 25 years and is now 57. He is going to take a vacation in Florida and then spend several months in Minnesota, after which he will come back to Washington.

We hope he writes his memoirs, because we are intrigued by one quotation from him as reported in a local newspaper: "Women counterfeiterers are much more dangerous than men."

The Library of Congress, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, currently is displaying a collection of material showing how U. S. Presidents have contributed to science, both officially and personally.

No President is represented by fewer than two items and some by as many as six or eight.

The most extensive collection comes from the pen of Thomas Jefferson, among whose works are a notebook of meteorological and other scientific observations, a paper on an extinct giant sloth, a broadside amplifying his invention of a mould board (an improvement in the plough), the first public edition of his notes on Virginia, and other documents.

Our favorite exhibit, though, in this election year, is a paper by William Henry Harrison, published in 1838, titled "A Discourse on the Aborigines of the Valley of the Ohio"—a paper we have no doubt has been or should be perused by the politicians of all parties, including the States' rights.

—Edited by John C. O'Brien.

Sylvia Porter McKittrick Gets High Post Despite 'Neutrality' in War

AN AN era when we are woeing the Germans as fond lovers, it takes an "Ile Koch case" to awaken many Americans to the enormity of our psychological and policy change toward the Reich since 1946.

But, to me, the true story does not lie in such shocking things as the whitewash of the despicable creature from Buchenwald. That's a sensational headline story.

To me, the real story lies in such behind-the-scenes tales as the recent appointment of Thomas H. McKittrick to one of the most vital, powerful positions in the Economic Cooperation Administration.

FOR, from 1940 to 1946, McKittrick was president of the Bank of International Settlements at Basle, Switzerland.

He, an American, remained head of a Nazi-controlled and Nazi-dominated institution during the entire period we were at war.

He, an American, defended his extraordinary action while his own country and the Nazis fought to the death always with the words, "Remember, I'm neutral."

He, as head of an "international" bank, permitted the Nazis to deposit gold in the BIS that obviously they had stolen in invaded lands—and thus the Nazis were able to protect their loot.

AND in 1944, when the war was at its height, McKittrick was quoted from Basle as saying "It naturally needs a considerable amount of tact on behalf of every one of us, but up to now we (McKittrick and representatives of the Axis) have been getting along nicely and expect to do so in the future."

"We keep the machinery ticking because when the armistice comes, the formerly hostile powers will need an efficient instrument such

tion of indoor-outdoor sport. If you disagree with the way the Stalin mustache wears his face you better have your money well invested. The first thing you know you don't know nothing.

Comrade Boris says, "Tovarisch Alexis, do you mind opening a window? It is sticky inside."

Which translates that in a few minutes you are going to be sticky outside.

Tovarisch Boris and three other playmates grab you by the ears and swing you to the tune of "Out the Window You Must Go."

In the communique to the Commissar the postscript says this way: "As Tovarisch Alexis was leaning out of a window by his toes he lost his balance."

The codified doesn't say that Comrade Boris was giving your bunions a going over with a coarse file.

But without strain, I can think of a dozen men in top-notch private financial jobs I'm positive could advise ECA just as well.

AND they would not start out with a record such as McKittrick boasts. Of them, I would be compelled to ask:

How could you remain president of an institution 72 percent controlled by the Nazis while your country was at war with Hitler?

Knowing what the acceptance meant, how could you accept gold from Nazi-occupied lands—even though the acceptance might have been "legal."

How come the Bretton Woods resolution of 1944 that the BIS be liquidated never has been fulfilled?

How do you suppose nations twice devastated by Germany interpret your appointment—not to mention us folks back home?

Paul Hoffman has a Herculean task. Hoffman's reputation is one of the best. Why, of all men, did he tap—McKittrick?

Samuel Grafton Candidates Fail to Face Real Issues

THE reason this has been such a dull election campaign is that the people do not expect anything good of the near future. Somewhere near half the population has to expect, and has to have reasonable ground for expecting, that something good may or will happen in order to make a hot campaign, a hard-fought, exciting campaign. In the Roosevelt campaigns the issues were relief or not relief, jobs or not jobs, then, later, isolation or not isolation, and the campaigns were really campaigns. One fought for the future.

The future isn't an issue in this campaign, and that is enough to dull down any election contest. So far as he people can see, the future will be about the same regardless of which party wins, a state of permanent crisis in foreign affairs, and, at home, a disorderly, unplanned, uncontrolled retreat from the post-war boom. They look around for a break somewhere in this picture, and they don't see it.

IT IS, as a result, a sad, complex situation. All the political emotions of just a few years ago, our feelings on behalf of establishing this as one world, and our feelings on behalf of improving our society by driving hard at steady, sensible reform, are now bottled up and we would reduce our problems to a babyish simplicity. Instead, I find I have the truly terrible feeling that the thing is much worse than that, that our dispartions are quite real, that the bipartisan agreement, if there is one, is the result of our dislocation and the cause of it.

WE CANNOT continue our reform movement during a jumping inflation any more than one can make a wild and somewhat drunken party come to order for the purpose of hearing a few well-chosen words on the subject of human happiness. The aims of our reform movement, complete employment and increase of purchasing power, have all been accomplished, in a distorted, leering way by the inflation itself; enough so to cripple reform, if not enough so to make us safe.

And in the foreign field, the point is that nobody in the world really knows whether peace is possible. The position is unprecedented; there has never been this situation before. We would reduce our problems to a babyish simplicity. Instead, I find I have the truly terrible feeling that the thing is much worse than that, that our dispartions are quite real, that the bipartisan agreement, if there is one, is the result of our dislocation and the cause of it.

THE people sensed a real hope of making an agreed peace, the bipartisan agreement would crack; it exists because the world problem exists, and not because a few men have whispered together. The Russians could crack it themselves, by significant gestures toward peace; and if it be said that they can't make such moves, that is all the more evidence that our problem is genuine, and must be lived through, and not imaginary and to be avoided.

So the final sad word is that our problems are quite real, even if our candidates' speeches are not. Our trouble goes so deep that our election itself is more a sign of it than an answer to it. And it is only by realistically accepting these grim perspectives that we can make even a beginning toward wisdom and a solution.

BOUND files of the printed edition of The Philadelphia Inquirer, starting with the year 1831, and a file of the microfilm edition of The Inquirer, starting with the issue of Jan. 1, 1941, are available at the Newspaper Department of the Free Library of Philadelphia, Logan square (Parkway at 19th st.).

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

HEY, WAITER! HOW'S ABOUT SOME MUSIC? OR IS THAT SO-CALLED BAND LEADER GOING TO PLAY FOOTSIETS UNTIL YOU CORK UP THE JOINT?

PLAYIN' THE TABLES INSTEAD OF PLAYIN' THE TUNES. MANY A JOE IS SLEEPIN' IN THE STREETS WHO HAD THAT IDEA!

HE HAULED ME OUT OF THE LOUNGE AN HOUR AGO. I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE SPROUTING CORNS EVER SINCE.

HE WON'T KNOW A RHUMBA FROM A BEER POLKA WHEN HE DOES GET UP HERE!

FALLING IN LOVE IS OKAY—BUT NOT WITH A DIFFERENT ONE EVERY NIGHT...

A PRETTY GIRL MAY BE JUST LIKE A MELODY, BUT SHE SELDOM PAYS OFF THE BAND!

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO JACK ROSS—438 SHAWAN PL., W. GRANTWOOD, N. J.

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Gossip of the Nation - Walter Winchell

NEW YORK, Oct. 6. BROADWAY STARDUST—it happened during one of the very few performances last week of Groucho Marx's "Time for Elizabeth" . . . Katharine Alexander, one of the best in the role of wife to the retired Otto Kruger, said she was going to cook for the first time in 20 years. Otto doubted that she still knew how.

"I notice," she fluffed, "you didn't complain the first night!" This "broke up" both of them and they tried to suppress their laughter. The audience caught on to the "fub" and howled with them.

Kruger finally straightened out his face and threw her the correct line: "No, my dear, I didn't complain the first YEAR!"

Backstage at the Empire Theater they are still chuckling over the experience "Life With Mother" had at its Detroit opening.

The citizens there, unaccustomed perhaps to thittah-premyahs, stood after the final curtain and shouted: "Encore! Encore!"

ROBERT MORLEY, the star and co-author of the hit, "Edward, My Son" (at the Beck), flips a coin during one scene to determine whether he should invite a shadowing detective (in the street) up to his mistress's flat. . . . Last Saturday night he dropped the coin, which rolled into the footlights. . . . "What is it?" Morley asked. . . . "Heads!" said Leueen McGrath, giving the written line. "Humm," ad-quipped the star. "What eye-sighter!"

Al Woods, one of Broadway's top producers in the year, was famed for giving his players valuable tokens of his fondness. After one Christmas party three actresses compared gifts.

"He gave me," said the first, "a beautiful diamond ring."

"I got a lovely ruby brooch!" said the second.

"He gave me," appreciated the third, "a hit show."

MORRIS GEST (another Broadway Great) once saw a youngster named Ina Claire doing imitations. He brought her to David Belasco for an audition. Ina, very nervous, just managed to remember the lines Belasco (the Billy Rose of his time) gave her. . . . In the middle of her opening oration Belasco screamed at her for being "stiff."

She fell in a faint. . . . Belasco held her in his arms as she revived. "Are you all right?" he purred.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Belasco, thank you," Ina trembled.

"Then," scolded Broadway's top showman, "what are we doing here on the floor when we should be rehearsing?"

Alexander Woolcott, whose witty criticisms haven't been matched yet, was laughing on a park bench one afternoon when a pesty child proceeded to bother him. . . . Turning to the tot's mother (and petting the brat), he said: "Madam, what do you call this dear little child?"

"Ethel," the beaming parent replied.

"Then," Woolcott fang'd, "please call her!"

THAT one recalls the time one of those blokes who strives to be clever happened onto an M-G-M set and asked Robert Taylor whether he wasn't ashamed of himself for taking money for such an easy job.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6. OCTOBER IN MANHATTAN—National League umpires who worked behind the plate in Warren Spahn's last five games leading up to the World Series felt that he had lost his razor-sharp mid-season form. . . . Back in Milwaukee, they must have let out a whoop when their home-town ballplayer, Marvin Rickert, subbing for Boston's crippled Jip Heath, touched up the great Bobby Feller for a clean hit and then turned in a fine running catch.

Catastrophed into a World Series from the minors, young Rickert could have been pardoned but for his stomach but apparently left field in Boston and left field in Milwaukee looked alike to him. . . . Peter Donald dejected. He thought the Boston Mayor would throw out the first ball, young Rickert, McCormick, running out a bunt, paused courteously to let Bob Feller field the ball. The old Gas House Gang in St. Louis would have run right over Feller.

Sir Stork heading for the Charles Russells (Nancy Guild)

NEW YORK, Oct. 6. One Broadwayite betting a chunk on a five-man political parlay: Dewey, Marcanonio, Javits to beat Paul O'Dwyer, Frankenthaler to beat Mullen, Di Falco to lose. . . . Palest guys in town, rodeo cowboys. They must herd cows under parasols. . . . Lt. Glenn Davis, of the Blanchard-Davis combine, now in Korea. He's writing steadily to Elizabeth Taylor, cinema eyes. . . . Perry Como has added the Pontine sisters to his sister. . . . Judge Saul Stein showing Manhattan to Ann Rutherford. . . . Country now has 756 drive-in theaters, accommodating 313,378 automobiles. Charlotte, N. C., area leads with 107; Dallas is next. . . . National Flower Week sponsors, Nov. 7-12, ought to name eye-flicking Irene Hayes as its queen.

BILL FERRY, ex-Giant manager, in a huddle with Yankee bosses at the Hotel New Yorker. . . . Joe E. Brown and Peegen Fitzgerald heading the judges naming the "dreamiest girl in show business" for the New York heart fund. Competitors include Latin Quarter's Dawn McInerney, Barbara Nichols, cinema eyes. . . . Judge Saul Stein showing Manhattan to Ann Rutherford. . . . Country now has 756 drive-in theaters, accommodating 313,378 automobiles. Charlotte, N. C., area leads with 107; Dallas is next. . . . National Flower Week sponsors, Nov. 7-12, ought to name eye-flicking Irene Hayes as its queen.

THE question, then arises as to whether diplomacy and statesmanship might resolve the dilemma of how Europe is to be defended during the dangerous period while it

is being organized to defend itself. It is, I think, at least conceivable that this could be done.

The essence of the problem is to convince the Kremlin, first, that it would be exceedingly dangerous to invade Western Europe and, second, that the arming of Western Europe is in fact defensive. On the first point, there is no need to wait for several months to debate and ratify a military alliance; it would be useful to have an explicit declaration now, supported by Governor Dewey, that any advance beyond the armistice lines would be an act of war against the United States. That declaration could be confirmed later by treaty. But it should be made now.

On the second point, to induce the Kremlin to accept the arming of France and the Western Union, the best hope lies, it seems to me, in coupling a military lend-lease program with an offer to negotiate the military evacuation of Ger-

many on the basis of a treaty which left Germany neutralized and disarmed under something like the original Vandenberg-Byrnes proposal.

Such an offer would not entail a sudden American withdrawal from Europe. It would entail a withdrawal from Germany into Western Europe as and when the Russians withdrew from Germany into Eastern Europe. We should still be nearer to the Ruhr than the Russians. But it is conceivable that they might be willing to withdraw from the middle of Europe and to accept the organization of a Western European defense system if the Germans were not incorporated into it.

And if they were not willing, our position would certainly be no weaker, and probably it would be stronger. By making this offer, we would show the Europeans that our policy is in fact defensive and that we are not bent on recreating the military power of Germany. By bringing on negotiations which postpone the showdown, we should relax the tension, gain time for our own Government to become stable under a new administration, and allow the civilized world to calm its nerves and collect its wits.

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"I don't get paid for acting," Bob squelched as he walked away. "They give me a reward every week for being polite to pests!"

The column recommends George Jean Nathan's newest edition of his "Theater Book of the Year 1947-48." . . . And another critic's tome: "Seeing More Things," by John Mason Brown. . . . The sixth edition of Bernard Sobel's "Theater Handbook" is another must, whether you're on the stage or out front. Sobel's handbook is crowded with fascinating things about showfolks. . . . He reveals among other eye-catchers that about 25 percent of Variety's circulation (the bible of show business) is made up of people who have nothing whatever to do with the theater—except for liking to read about it.

AND This Thing You Probably Didn't Know Till Now: That if you are sending a good luck telegram to a performer on opening night, you might as well take your time about dispatching it. Because one of the theater's most respected superstitions is that it is bad luck for an actor or actress to open a telegram before the premiere performance.

Some night clubbers were gabbing about G. J. Nathan's much-advertised phobia about films. Nathan insists he never sees any.

"Doesn't he like any pictures?" asked an actor.

"Only," meow'd an actress, "the one in his column!"

The Ziegfeld Theater exploiter, Wolfe Kaufman, was once on Variety. He told of the time a vaudeville hoodler rushed into Sims' editorial den and wrote out an obituary notice about his "late" wife and partner, Maybelle. . . . "But I just saw Maybelle," said Variety's founder. "She passed by my office window—less than an hour ago!"

"Maybe you did," was the reply, "and so did I! I just caught her with another man, and so far as I'm concerned—she's DEAD!"

AN INTERVIEWER once collared George Bernard Shaw and asked: "I understand you write escapist plays—why?"

"My plays," said Shaw, "are written to help people forget the outrageous price they had to pay to see them!"

Noel Coward was once stopped (in a London cafe) by a haughty member of Parliament who considered all show people loafers.

"Mr. Coward," he caustically said, "what do you do that gives you the right to continue living?"

"I vote Conservative consistently!" said Noel.

It's a doubt apocryphal, just as nine-tenths of the tales about the fabulous Mrs. Patrick Campbell must be. . . . Supposedly she once disembarked from a boat and prepared to enter this country with an expensive fur coat hidden beneath another. She wanted to evade heavy customs. . . . A respectful agent asked her gently, "have you absolutely nothing else to declare, Mrs. Campbell?" She said not.

"Are you sure you've absolutely nothing else to declare, Mrs. Campbell?" . . . "I said not, young man, and I mean not!"

As she moved off, the fur tails of the coat dangled. "That's Mrs. Campbell," said the official, "just what are those?"

With regal composure, Mrs. Campbell swooped down and gathered up the tails. "Those, sir, are MINE!"

Ed Sullivan

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Louella Parsons Bette Davis Plans to Do 2d Comedy

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 6. ALL of us are glad that Bette Davis was so good in "June Bride" and that at long last she consented to look pretty. All of us are glad, too, that Robert Montgomery, who has a pretty heavy schedule with his Thea Feland Guild plays, will make a nother comedy with Bette.

Bette and Bob will co-star in "No Time for Comedy," the S. N. Behrman play. This will be her next before she does "Ethan Frome" or any other heavy drama such as made her famous. Well, comedy will make her equally famous, and we all need to laugh.

J. Arthur Rank isn't too burned up at Hollywood to borrow our actors. He's just made a deal with Paul Henreid to go to Vienna after Christmas for "The Hapsburgs," a story based on the family that ruled Austria for generations, until the First World War changed everything.

Whom do you think Paul gets to play opposite him? None other than the charming Margaret Lockwood.

The picture, it goes without saying, will be made in the American zone.

Rosellini, the Italian director, is going to coax one of our Hollywood