

## Westbrook Pegler

2 Dixiecrats  
Are Snubbed  
By Truman

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21. SOON after he had delivered another of his pietistic pleas for the "help and prayers of every one of you" in his inaugural address on Capitol Hill today, President Truman deliberately insulted Gov. J. Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, the leader of the States' Rights Party, as the big parade passed his reviewing stand in front of the empty White House.

At that, the fat was in the fire and whatever hope there may have been of unity and well-mannered political rivalry vanished before the new Administration began.

There was no possible question of Mr. Truman's intention to be publicly nasty to a Southern political leader who has made a reputation in a short time in the national field as a serious advocate of a genuine cause in States' rights.

A SHORT while before, Gov. Herman Talmadge of Georgia, had been snubbed in a way that would have entitled Mr. Truman to a physical protest if the same slight had been delivered as man to man in everyday life.

Governor Talmadge rode by in an open car, plainly labeled with his name and title according to the scheme adopted by the men in charge of the carnival parade so that the vast crowd, not far short of a million, could know who was who. He was accompanied by two women passengers who were said to be his wife and his mother, the widow of Gov. "Gene" Talmadge. Truman not only ignored them but actually turned his back.

Then, after a little interval, Governor Thurmond, a very different type of Southern Democrat, came rolling by with Mrs. Thurmond.

It is customary in politics to check blackjacks at the door on all social occasions in which non-combatant womenfolk are implicated, and this rule of civility was loyally obeyed even in the case of Governor Thurmond by many old professionals who regarded her as a gratuitous impudence and found her activities repugnant.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has the power to establish precedents in such matters, and the example which he set in his treatment of Governor Thurmond was one of calculated bad manners. There will be no quarter hereafter.

Mr. Truman was cordial to the point of hilarity to many of the men in the procession, but beneath Governor Thurmond's level.

Mrs. Thurmond seemed to be taken by surprise, for she beamed at the President of the United States as her husband raised his hat in salute. At this, Truman deliberately turned to Vice President Barkley at his left, who was starting to raise his right hand in a gesture of greeting, and said something which caused him (Barkley) to put his hand down. They continued to make talk until Thurmond's car had passed and by this process to declare his attitude against the leader of the Dixiecrats.

TO LIEUT. GOV. DODD, of Louisiana, Truman waved his right hand like a ship's salute to Governor Lausche, of Ohio, who ran far ahead of him on the Democratic ticket and who is now counted on to undo Senator Taft, he was effusive.

And Governor Warren, of Florida, was saluted although Warren was so preoccupied with the Democratic campaign that he was on the opposite side of Pennsylvania from the photographer's position. Mr. Truman and didn't even know they had come abreast of the Presidential box until they had passed. It was then too late for a refutation and Warren passed on squirming and casting backward glances at the President.

Governor Payne of Maine, Governor Gibson of Vermont and other Republicans with their ladies got the blue-plate salute, so there was no room for doubt.

CONSPICUOUSLY and apparently for the first time, white and Negro troops marched or rolled in units as a significant political omen to the Army and the draftees yet to be called up. In fact, it was a Negro sergeant who pointed from his interior an enormous bellow of "Eyes left!" as one unit of Belvoir Engineers passed the little guy's stand.

Mr. Truman on several occasions has resorted to a pose of simple humility, piety and friendly interest to entice off-guard political opponents who find this quality endearing or at least reassuring in a public man. But during recent weeks there have been several incidents, capped by today's bad manners toward others, in his role of President of the United States, which unmask him.

## Headline Hopping

New York Taxpayers Burn Up  
As Florida Sun Tans Reliefers

By Ollie Crawford

NEW YORK checks on 1500 getting unemployment pay in Florida. They sit out in the sun and New York burns.

Some of them are going to get their hides tanned a new way. The beach-leech considers New York the land of ice and snow. He's decided that all play and no work makes Jack look like a jerk. With 26 dollars a week from O'Dwyer, why should he set the world on fire?

Their life is like the Sinatra song: "Sunny, Money and Always."

Pity the poor guy who can't afford to go to Florida because he's got a job. His vacation is paying for their vacation. He's busy with a hammer while they're busy with a chisel. They've been going south with \$22,000 in New York funds. A guy who took that much dough used to have to go to the States for more. Florida has become the land of palms—all held out for more. The loafers now want 26 weeks of Miami relief to carry them through the summer in New York. They're trying to hold out until it's time to collect their social security. Some of the rumbumbas now want employment insurance to protect them against getting a job.

You can't tell whether the character in the tropical suit is going to Florida for or on—relief.

Believe it or not, it's easy to live in Florida on \$26 a week. The budget includes \$10 for a room, \$14 for food and \$2 for a winning ticket on a 100 to 1 shot at the track.

Jeeves! Our hat! Our stick! Our unemployment check! We're off to Miami.

## Washington Background

Battery D Boys Shell Out  
Own Funds for Inaugural

By The Inquirer Washington Bureau Staff

THERE'S a lively behind-the-scenes scramble on Capitol Hill for chairmanship of the Joint Economic Committee. There is precedent for the chairman of a joint committee continuing from one Congress to another, and Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, who was chairman in the last Congress, wants to stay on. But the House contends that the Reorganization Act provided for rotation of the chairmanship of the Joint Economic Committee between the Senate and the House. Chief House contender for the important chairmanship is Representative Wright Patman (D., Tex.). All signs point to a rough-and-tumble inter-house fight.

Capt. Harry S. Truman's Battery D boys were very much in the limelight during inaugural week. They served as a guard of honor in the inaugural parade and had the President as their guest at breakfast at the Mayflower Hotel before the parade.

Among the approximately 100 former members of the field artillery unit commanded by Captain Harry in the First World War was one Pennsylvania—Charles F. Blankemeier, of 752 North Main st., Meadville, Pa. He attended the inauguration with his wife.

The veterans made it known that they came to Washington at their own expense to pay homage to practically all the functions, the inaugural ball, the inaugural reception, and a cocktail party given by Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder. Just to help the President out on the commissary end of the entertainment, the battery members sent him three 15-pound Missouri hams and a case of cranberry juice cocktail.

The President himself fixed the hour for the Battery D breakfast at the Mayflower. When he was home for Christmas he met with the committee on arrangements at his penthouse suite in the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City.

"Now I want you fellows at that breakfast at 7 A. M.," the President ordered, "because it's going to be inaugural day and I'll have to go back home and get a high silk hat and a long-tailed coat. Maybe I'd better have Al Rittenband (of the Battery D boys) blow reveille over at your hotel about 5:30 A. M."

An enterprising prankster in one of Washington's private schools won the temporary acclaim of the entire student body the other day by distributing printed tickets for curb positions for President Truman's inaugural parade. He had to flee for his life when the students read the fine print. The tickets read:

"This entitles holder to one Grand Stand Between the Capitol and Treasury, where, if he be Tall enough, he may view the Inaugural procession of Hon. Harry S. Truman."

For the inaugural week ceremonies Pennsylvania poured into Washington 132 carloads of footmen, footmen Democrats. Largest of the Pennsylvania groups were the parties from Cambria and Somerset counties, Lehigh Valley Democratic Club, and Bethlehem City delegation, Raymond K. Mench Party (each 14 cars); Central Democratic Club, Harrisburg (13 cars); Pennsylvania Sixth Congressional District (10 cars); Democratic City Committee of Philadelphia (eight cars); Camden County Democratic Committee (eight cars); Luzerne county (11 cars); American Democratic Club (nine cars).

A parishioner in a Washington church informs us that in March of last year visitors were asked to fill in "attendance cards," indicating whether they expected to remain in Washington and whether they intended to attend services at this particular church.

One visitor answered the question about the duration of his stay in Washington as follows:

"Until Jan. 20, 1949—maybe longer."

The card was signed: Harry Truman, 1600 Pennsylvania ave.

Edited by John C. O'Brien

## Edgar Ansel Mowrer

Bevin's Obstinate Opposition  
Turned to Israel's Advantage

THE storm in the British House of Commons against the Foreign Secretary was merely the members' belated recognition that few British leaders have failed so spectacularly as bull-headed Ernest Bevin has failed in Palestine. Historians may decide that Mr. Bevin's personal policy of trying to prevent a Jewish state in Palestine at almost any cost was feasible. To me it was both politically unwise and morally dishonorable. Certainly, no British statesman in his right mind would have gone ahead with it once it became apparent that this policy lacked the diplomatic backing of the United States.

Mr. Bevin has obviously not been in his right mind. Once he set himself, back in 1945, to betray the electoral pledges of his party to the Jews, he was deterred by nothing. Even after he had been baffled for two years by Jewish perseverance and American opposition he persisted in a fantastic course that took him from one diplomatic defeat to another.

SEVERAL times, Mr. Bevin has felt he was about to get on top of the slippery situation. Once was when he relinquished the mandate and threw the Palestine baby into the lap of the U.N. Then he encouraged the Arabs to move in.

When the Jews proclaimed the State of Israel, he felt the stage was set for their liquidation. Quickly, the "irrepressible" Arabs swept in from the desert—four lots of them. Of them all, only Trans-Jordan had even a limited success. Iraqis, Syrians and Egyptians were simply snubbed by the Israeli. Instead of being annihilated, Israel took over territories that had been assigned by the U.N. to the Arabs. Over 750,000 Palestinian Arabs fled and needlessly fled from within the Jewish areas. Most will never return, and their farms are already being taken over by Jewish immigrants.

HE PREVENTED King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, who was occupying most of what he wanted, from making peace with Israel. He urged the badly humiliated Egyptians to keep on fighting. He even led them to hope for a piece of the Negab.

Mr. Bevin "inspired" Count Folke Bernadotte, the U.N. mediator, to publish a recommendation (written in London and Washington) that the Negab be taken from Israel.

When a Jewish fanatic brutally murdered the poor Bernadotte, Britain's Foreign Secretary again thought his time had come. For once, the American Secretary of State was ready to follow the British line. But the U.N. refused to let Britain cash in on popular indignation against Israel.

One more the Egyptians were smashed in the Negab and the victorious Israeli pursued them over the old frontier into Egypt.

HERE Mr. Bevin could restrain himself no longer. Since his proteges were unable to win his war he prepared to get into it himself. Allegedly at the request of King Abdullah, he landed British troops at Aqaba, just three miles from the frontier of the contested Negab.

Without any request from Egypt, he sent British scouting planes over the battlefield. Several of them got shot down while photographing Jewish positions within Israel. What he would have done next, nobody knows.

At this point, President Truman pointedly gave the British to understand that the United States could condone no more such nonsense.

BY THIS time, the ruin of a policy was complete. Despite Mr. Bevin, the State of Israel was firmly established, and with a larger territory than it would have had without his opposition.

Arab weakness had been exposed to all the world.

The British-sponsored Arab League had fallen apart; the Iraqis were furious at Britain; the Syrians were biting their nails with blind fury; the cautious Lebanese were looking back with nostalgia to the days before the British kicked out the French; and the Egyptians were demanding compensation and turning greedy eyes southward upon Africa—exactly where the British did not want them directed.

In short, the splendid British post-war position in the Middle East was in shreds—the logical outcome of letting "Bulldog" Bevin run amok in the Palestinian china shop.

## Bob Considine

Crowd Pays  
\$30,000,000  
In Capital

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20 (INS). A PRESIDENTIAL inauguration is big business. The 500,000 visitors who have come to Washington to yell for Little Old Harry will spend \$30,000,000 before they pack their bunnions and depart.

They are blowing the thirty million on likes of: hotel rooms, at an average of \$15 a day; formal banquets at \$15 a plate; parade seats from \$2.50 to \$10; inaugural ball tickets at \$10; "gala" tickets ranging from \$2.50 to \$10.

Some incredible amount of money is pouring into restaurants, saloons, department stores, shops, florists and other trades. Prices are high everywhere except in the city's little meterless taxicabs—wherein you can travel around the town about as cheaply as you could for the inauguration of Taff.

TO ONE who misapprehends his youth writing pieces thundering describing the size and magnificence of such events as heavy-weight championship fights, Army-Navy football games, World Series and Kentucky Derbies, the inaugural show constitutes a severe strain on the vocabulary.

It will be hard to marvel any more at the size of the temporary bleachers set up in the Yankee Stadium for an outdoor fight, or behind the end zone for a big grid game, or the number of folks on hand for the muscle-snapping orgies.

The bleachers in Washington today were filled all the way from the Capitol to beyond the White House on both sides of the parade line of march. The "gate" from this alone, including the tickets scalped, must have been a million dollars.

THERE were nearly twice as many people in the stands and on the lawn of the Capitol to watch those ceremonies than were present last October in Cleveland when all recreation for baseball attendants was smashed.

More than a million persons saw some portion or all of the show with the naked eye. More reporters and radio men were on hand to describe than had ever been concentrated for any event in history, and their words reached more people in more countries than the account of any other single event.

Television owners as far as 50 miles west of St. Louis saw Mr. Truman's every move as he made that move, heard every word as quickly as he spoke. The television audience, thanks to the recent opening of the coaxial cable which joins the East Coast network of video stations with the Midwest net, was estimated at 10,000,000—a figure based on the assumption that those prime custodians of public tele-viewing, the bar-tenders of America, switched on the inaugural doings.

THUS, visually, Truman was seen simultaneously by more human beings than any other person who ever lived. And his words affected more peoples, than any of the countless billions of humans who preceded him on earth.

Nearly one million square miles of territory, now cut up into 20-odd States, were once purchased by a Truman predecessor for just half of the amount which will be spent in Washington by Friday night. Alaska, with its incredible riches, cost about one-fourth of the inaugural bill. Indeed, we won our independence from Britain for a smaller financial investment than the cost of this inauguration.

Everything about the inauguration is superlative. More food will be consumed, more whiskey swallowed, more laundry done, more money will fall into arteries harder than ever before at any event. The superlatives extend all the way down the line to "Kissin' Jim" Folsom, the biggest Governor ever to march in such a parade. In the time of the occasion, Folsom brought along what he calls his "million-dollar" brass band.

MORE hotel furniture will be broken or defaced, more ash trays stolen, more crockery smashed than the annals of the city previously recorded. The multi-plano act at the "gala" was the biggest piano act ever staged, and it lacked only the accompaniment of the most famous piano-thumper who ever came in from Missouri.

P. S.—There seems to be every reason to believe that the inauguration, before its thunder dies, will provide the biggest hangover in the history of a land which has known some beauties.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

BY THIS time, the ruin of a policy was complete. Despite Mr. Bevin, the State of Israel was firmly established, and with a larger territory than it would have had without his opposition.

Arab weakness had been exposed to all the world.

The British-sponsored Arab League had fallen apart; the Iraqis were furious at Britain; the Syrians were biting their nails with blind fury; the cautious Lebanese were looking back with nostalgia to the days before the British kicked out the French; and the Egyptians were demanding compensation and turning greedy eyes southward upon Africa—exactly where the British did not want them directed.

In short, the splendid British post-war position in the Middle East was in shreds—the logical outcome of letting "Bulldog" Bevin run amok in the Palestinian china shop.

## Samuel Grafton

## True Post-War Era May Begin Now

SOMEHOW I feel that the true post-war era really begins only now, with Mr. Truman's inauguration this week. It seems to me that the years of Mr. Truman's first term were linked with the war, and that the years of his second term are going to be linked more with the peace than with the war, and that the break comes now.

For, in many ways, the whole quality of our lives has changed in the last six months, and these changes are of the kind which mark a real historical turn.

Six months ago many of us were still thinking in terms of a possible war with the Soviet Union, and today, clearly, almost no one is.

SIX months ago there were many of us who gave this planet a life expectancy of only another year or two before blowing up; now it looks more as if it might last at least a dozen years, or a million.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

Gossip of the Nation:-  
Walter Winchell

NEW YORK, Jan. 20. TYPEWRITER DOODLING—Let 'em make with jokes about Errol Flynn. He has the final guffaw—for the fact remains that no one can top his dashing daredevil style in films. "Adventures of Don Juan" proves it.

TELEVISION CLOWNS are dusting off the most ancient vaudeville wheezes. On his television show Phil Silvers revived the "Fugle Street" routine. That's hoary enough to have the hills call it poppa. . . . If you take chills with your reading, try Hilda Lawrence's "Duet of Death" (Simon & Schuster). A top-drawer scare-raiser. . . . Funny to see the bad press Rita Hayworth is getting for running off with a Prince. When it happened in some of her films, she got four stars.

When a city editor learned that Arline Judge was getting ready for her sixth trip to the middle-class, he assigned a photographer to get a wedding picture of Arline. . . . "Are you kidding?" was the retort. "We got plenty in the files!"

That Berle fella is really a slick showman. Acts that are usually mediocre suddenly come to life on his sveltation bazaar thanks to Milton's shot in the "funny bone." One of the dreamiest stanzas is the WINS program that whirled Dave Rose and Morton Gould recordings (during the aye hours) sans gag. You just lean back and revel in melodies made of pure velvet. . . . Most cosmopolitan flicker is the one called "The Last Stop." Its dialogue titles are in Russian, Polish, German, French and English.

SOME stage thespians need more robust voices. Stub-holders in rear pews have difficulty latching onto the dialogue. You never have that trouble with T. Bankhead—her tones are thunderous. . . . Oh, yes, things are really rugged in celluloid. One producer groaned that even his B-films are now as bad financially as critics think they are artistically.

Even Disney lost coin last year! When Mickey and Donald can't lure 'em at the box-office—then they might as well use celluloid for snapshots. The melange of jaw-busting, tough-talking and other uncouth didoes in private-eye meisters used to be exciting. But "new" films in that category are full of echoes of their predecessors. . . . Those who claim the theater is dying ought to postpone the funeral owing to money at the box-office. Last year's shows grossed \$29 million on total investment of \$7 million, according to Variety. . . . Things

INSIDE WASHINGTON—A Presidential inauguration compared to a Presidential nomination is like the "concert" that follows the circus—on a higher plane, but with the same cast of characters and many of the freak exhibits. Some of last summer's "hats" are now being echoed in the Nation's capital, but it is hardly the "brassy carnival" that some predicted. It is more like a Currier & Ives picture of a county fair.

Between wars and inaugurations, Washington goes quietly back to sleep. But this week it is a seething anthill. What Daniel Webster wrote about Andrew Jackson's inauguration applies just as well today: "I have never seen such a crowd before. Persons have come 500 miles to see him (Jackson) and they really seem to think that the country has been rescued from some dreadful danger."

It's too soon to tell what Harry has rescued us from, but already he has unintentionally succeeded in doing one thing: He has made the country forget Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . . His acceptance speech today had none of the Roosevelt bravado, but it did have certain homespun qualities that carried conviction.

THE last inauguration I witnessed was in 1933, when FDR was taking the oath of office in an atmosphere of gloom with long queues lined up outside closing banks. Hoover had but recently announced with a shudder that the country might have to go off the gold standard.

In those days we were thinking in terms of millions, not billions. Sixteen years later, Harry Truman is being inaugurated in an atmosphere of joyful hope right after demanding some four billions more in taxes from his subjects. So perhaps money is just a state of mind after all.

One Senator remarked today that Truman can be our best President or he can be our last. . . . Washington is planning a sequel-centennial in 1960, the 40th anniversary of the establishment of the District of Columbia as our seat of government. At that time the White House restoration will be completed and Harry will move back in as part of the celebration.

IN NEW YORK it's names; in Washington it's titles. . . . There is nothing like having the right connections to get yourself met at the station by Senate chauffeur Raymond Thomas with a car bearing a special inaugural license plate. . . . To be whisked across the capital's complicated traffic maze with the speed of a jet plane behind the capital's ice motorcycle cop, Officer Adlerholt. . . . To lunch at the Metropolitan Club with two admirals, a lieutenant-general of the Air Force and a Senator or two. To crash the Truman-Barkley dinner given by the faithful workers in the Democratic vineyard and the electors' dinner tossed for the much-abused members of the electoral college.

Also to get ring-side seats at the inaugural gala where the cream of Broadway and Hollywood paid homage to the President and his family. . . . To get a ticket to the inaugural parade, a seat at a box at the inaugural ball. . . . To say nothing of getting a table in the packed-jammed Embassy Room of the Statler Hotel where Morton Downey is holding his usual vocal marathons while Jim Farley, Ed Flynn, Justice Frank Murphy and other political bigwigs court their heels at the door.

Among my souvenirs, I cherish this cryptic note on an official Democratic card: "Will check in A. M. to see about your inaugural passes. White House personally requested that you be invited."

NOTES FROM A NIGHT BOOK: If an inauguration is our equivalent of a European coronation, as one titled lady remarked, Perle Mesta rather than Beas Truman should wear the crown. Perle, who helped raise the dough for the Democratic victory, has been queuing at every dinner and ball, resplendent in gold lame and yards of ermine—everything but a coronet. . . . Margaret Truman has given up eating potatoes. . . . Austine (Bootsie) Hearst will soon have to stop denying that a little Hearstling is on its way—due around the first anniversary of the marriage of William Randolph Hearst, Jr., last July. Will Rogers, Jr., has made several trips to Washington because his political sponsors hope to snare the Commissioner of Indian Affairs post for him. Failing that, they hope to run him for Governor of California next term. . . . Senator Magnuson doubts his recent front-page stories are part of a Republican plot.

Mrs. Truman to follow tradition and donate her inaugural gown to the Smithsonian Institution for display purposes. . . . Ruth Weisel, operator of the Sea Shore Restaurant in New York, scheduled to do a portrait of the President shortly after the festivities. It will be auctioned off for the benefit of the March of Dimes.

## Samuel Grafton

## True Post-War Era May Begin Now

SOMEHOW I feel that the true post-war era really begins only now, with Mr. Truman's inauguration this week. It seems to me that the years of Mr. Truman's first term were linked with the war, and that the years of his second term are going to be linked more with the peace than with the war, and that the break comes now.

For, in many ways, the whole quality of our lives has changed in the last six months, and these changes are of the kind which mark a real historical turn.

Six months ago many of us were still thinking in terms of a possible war with the Soviet Union, and today, clearly, almost no one is.

SIX months ago there were many of us who gave this planet a life expectancy of only another year or two before blowing up; now it looks more as if it might last at least a dozen years, or a million.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

## Louella Parsons

Mae West  
Signs to Make  
Film in April

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 20. MAE WEST has been a sick girl—but not too sick to sign a contract and send it back to Edward Nassour in Hollywood agreeing to make a picture for him in April.

I imagine signing for a movie when she is surrounded by doctors insisting she needs a long rest!

There are two stories for her to choose between when she gets here. One is "Catherine" which she played on Broadway, and the other is "The Original." It is about a cafe queen who innocently becomes involved with racketeers and gangsters.

Edward Nassour, along with his brother, William, just completed "Africa Screams" with Abbott and Costello. But it will be Edward, alone, producing the West film.

I know scientists are saying trips to the moon are just around the corner—but not for this gal. I don't mind reporting, however, that there will be some movies on the subject—the most interesting to date, from George Pal.

Pal will make "Operation Moon" based on the juvenile best-seller, "Rocketship Galileo" by Robert Heinlein. The thrill-packed yarn, about a military man and a scientist who established rocket bases on the moon, will be part "live" action, part cartoon, and part scientific model technique, filmed in technicolor, with an accent on the grayish mystery tones.

I have news for Joan Crawford. Her good friend, Noel Coward, arrives in New York next week on the Queen Mary. If he sells the screen rights to his play "Point Valaine" to the Danziger brothers, he wants Joan to star in it.

The Danzigers—Ed and Harry—filmed "Big Saw" in New York with Franchot Tone last year. "Point Valaine" will be shot in the West Indies, locale of the story. Arriving with Coward is Fanny Holtzman, famous woman lawyer.

Snapshots of Hollywood Collected at Random:

Now that Susan Hayward has been elected the most beautiful girl in the world, Susan promises to make those unruly red locks stay in place—not that she isn't beautiful when they fly all around her head.

That reminds me of Virginia Fields has been a telephone Paul Douglas since her romance with Cliff Squires has suffered a setback. Fields' wife, Uraula, and his 4-year-old son, Peter, are on their way here from Switzerland. He is the new Universal International actor, and he and his family are making their home in Hollywood.

Louis B. Mayer has been made the motion-picture industry chairman of the gigantic Friars Frolic Benefit for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which will be held at the Shrine Auditorium, April 16. L. B. will ask representatives from all branches of the industry to help make this the biggest single charity affair ever staged.

Freddie D. Cordova called Bob Taylor in London to ask if he could take Barbara Stanwyck dancing Saturday night. Bob called back, "Have a wonderful time." By the way, Barbara has gone blonde on us for her role in "The Lady Gambles."

Mrs. Ted Lewis has almost finished a biography of her famous husband. She's calling it "Just Around the Corner" and it's really a saga of show business.

The Dan Topping (Kay Sutton, formerly of the movies) are reconciling.

The one girl Montgomery Clift talked before he went to Switzerland is Ann Lincoln. He worked with her in a Broadway stage play and they have been friendly for a long time.

The woman Ray Milland most admired at the Jack Benny party was Mrs. Milland. Ray said, "Have you ever seen Mai look so beautiful? She's wearing a new dress." Nice compliment from a husband of all those years.

Jack Cummings felt pretty upset about losing "Zapala" when it was sold to 20th. So MGM will try to keep him happy by giving him the remake of "Roberta" in technicolor.

He should be happy about producing the former Irene Dunne hit because Jack is married to Betty Kern, whose late father, Jerome Kern, wrote the wonderful musical score.

I hear Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, Judy Garland and Betty Garrett are booked into the four equally important star roles.

The \$4000 award Jane Wyman received from the London Express for being the best actress of 1948 will be used to help rebuild the blitzed Royal Academy in London.

Sir Kenneth Barnes, head of the Academy, will place a bronze plaque in the lobby honoring Jane.

Originally, Jane had planned to use her prize money for a special scholarship. This did not meet with the approval of those in charge of the awards.

Life is settling down to be a job of work again, a little duller than it was, perhaps, but it is a pleasant surprise that it is always a comfort ourselves with the thought that reality isn't so bad, once you get a taste for it.

It is a period in which we will try to improve our own lives, not by speedily, but by looking at each other's problems, and trying on remedies for size. It is a period in which we will begin to live with each other, which is to say it is the beginning of the period of peace.

And already some of the attitudes that were current a few months ago seem as old-fashioned as the short skirt. The effort to screen Acheson's appointment down in the Senate on the charge that he was a "do-gooder" and a softy toward Russia brought out only six votes, and six in a lump because which is closer to zero in the Senate than it is in an arithmetic book. Nobody goes around saying any more that labor just loves the Taft-Hartley Act.

Life is settling down to be a job of work again, a little duller than it was, perhaps, but it is a pleasant surprise that it is always a comfort ourselves with the thought that reality isn't so bad, once you get a taste for it.

