The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

Washington, D. C.

DONOVAN'S REAL GOAL IS GREECE

Inside fact regarding the present mystery trip of Col. William Donovan to Europe is that his real destination is Greece.

En route, however, he will stop in North Africa where he will see his old World war friend, Marshal Weygand, now controlling the large French army in Africa.

If this powerful force took the field on the side of the British, the Italians, already in a precarious position as a result of their defeats in Greece, would be finished. This would release British naval forces for desperately needed convoy work in the Atlantic.

Also it would have repercussions in the Far East, where the Japanese military have been greedily eyeing the rich Dutch East Indies and Indo-China. With the British supreme in the Mediterranean and their big fleet available for operations elsewhere, Japan would think twice before attempting any new grabs.

On the Greek front, Donovan will make a survey similar to that which he made in England last spring.

In England last spring, Donovan made a thorough survey of invasion defenses, military intelligence and the royal air force. He spent a week in the field with the British army and made several flights with the R.A.F. Various U. S. army, air corps and navy observers are now attached to the British forces as the result of Donovan's trip; also he established close intelligence ties on Axis espionage and fifth column operations.

On his previous British mission, Donovan traveled as the personal representative of Navy Secretary Knox.

* * *

PRE-ADJOURNMENT JUNKET

On November 19, when the house defeated a motion to adjourn until January, members righteously declared that congress should remain on the job in these grave days of emergency.

But today a dozen members of the house are enjoying a cushy junket to Panama, at the expense of the government. And with one exception, everyone of the group voted to stay on the job.

On December 5, a fortnight after so voting, they quietly sailed from New York on the S. S. Panama, which is owned by the government. They will spend two weeks cruising and three days in Panama.

Several are members of the military affairs committee and might have some legitimate reason for making a "defense inspection," but the war department says it knows nothing about the junket.

* * *

LONGEST SPEECH

Tom Dewey got a thrill and a chuckle from his luncheon at the Capitol with Floor Leader Joe Martin and other house Republicans. The thrill was an invitation to be the principal speaker at the G. O. P. Lincoln day dinner, which the ambitious district attorney accepted.

The chuckle was evoked by a story about the "longest political speech on record" which gangling, curly-haired Rep. John M. Robsion of Kentucky, a member of the Lincoln day committee, said he made when he first ran for congress in 1918.

One hot July night during the campaign Robsion addressed a big crowd in a county courthouse and was amazed by the enthusiastic reception. Cheers rent the air with every sentence and there was a vociferous "more, more" when he tried to conclude after an hour.

As he was leaving with the local sheriff, Robsion boasted: "These people sure were enthusiastic. It looks like this county is in the bag."

"Don't set too much store by the way them fellers carried on, Jack," confided the sheriff. "Nobody there (hic) was sober but you."

* * *

WHAT BRITONS READ

WPA's library service made an interesting discovery in a survey to ascertain what the people of war-strafed Britain are reading these days.

One fact uncovered was that the long, dreary hours of blackout, with no outside recreation, have greatly revived interest in household arts and handicraft. Books on these subjects are at a premium. Also, the classics are in heavy demand, with Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dickens and Kipling as the favorites.

But the one subject in which Britons are most interested is the author of their affliction. The most widely read book in England, according to the WPA survey, is Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

* * *

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Every ship in the U. S. navy is being equipped with a DeGaussing cable, the anti-magnetic mine device used so successfully by the British. The installation job is tremendous and will require more than 40,000,000 feet of cable.

Nels Anderson, WPA labor relations director, received a letter from a wartime buddy addressed, "Nels Anderson, White House, Washington, D. C., care of Secretary of Commerce." Notwithstanding this, the letter was delivered promptly.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS — By Edward C. Wayne

Greeks Continue to Push Back Italians As British Seize New African Bases; Laval Loses French Government Post; Knudsen Claims Defense Program Lags

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

DEBACLE:
Italian Version

Unquestioned was the fact that Italy had been kicked wholeheartedly out of the war by Britain, Greece and the Free French, together with other sundry allies such as Polish, Czech and other hands that had joined into the Battle of Greece and the Battle of Egypt.

The invader, who stepped briskly into the war just at the moment of France's collapse, shot forces along the Mediterranean coast from the border of Libya to Sidi Barrani, and who sailed across mountains for Athens from an Albanian take-off, had become the invaded on both fronts.

As the British and Greeks summed up huge supplies of war materials captured, and enormous inventories of prisoners in hand and still coming in, the Vesuvian rumbles began sounding through various parts of Italy, but more particularly in the north, and about the industrial cities of Turin and Milan.

Persistent rumors current in Europe say that Bruno Mussolini (above), eldest son of Il Duce, was shot down and killed during an air raid on Salonika, Greece. Official Italian circles have denied this report and say he is serving at an airport in southern Italy.

Despite all efforts of censorship to keep the true situation from becoming generally known, the debacle was too enormous to be hidden longer, and Mussolini's aides had to take to the radio and to the Italian press to prevent a spread of the disaster to home fronts.

Dismissal of leaders, disaffection in the Dodecanese islands, riots in the streets of the two big factory towns had leaked out, and then the Fascist party line editors and commentators began dishing out orders to the populace from the higher-ups, at the same time issuing warnings to Britain and the Hellenes as to what they might expect from the Italian troops when "they get really mad."

While there was some news of sporadic increased resistance at certain points in the fronts, the general words were two—retreat and evacuation all along the line. And the press' articles about the might of the British enemy and the "unfair" bayonets of the Greeks were just a foretaste of what was to come, with Tirana full of wounded and dying soldiers back from the front lines.

UNREST:
French Version

Britain was getting little comfort, according to her own sources, from France's governmental upheaval which sent Pierre Laval, pro-Fascist foreign minister, flying out of the Petain cabinet presumably into confinement, and put Flandin, pro-Nazi, into his place.

In fact, British circles frankly doubted the authenticity of any internal disturbance to amount to anything, and laid the whole change to orders direct from Hitler.

However, it was a notable occurrence, and accompanied by a scurrying about the streets of Vichy, and presumably Paris of a body of GP-men—France's new Gestapo or GPU. In Italy they were calling them "action squads," but they are all the same sort of strong-arm governmental police.

France called them "Groupe de protection," hence the GP on the arm-band. It was a GP band that took Laval into custody, thus putting into at least a momentary decline the man on whose shoulders rested considerable of the onus of France's surrender.

Rumor floated double-barreled around the French overturn. Rumor No. 1 had it that Old Man Petain, realizing that revolt was stirring beneath him, charged Laval with plotting to get France into the war against England, and had summarily ousted him.

Rumor No. 2 was to the effect that Laval had plotted to overthrow Petain and create a new government with himself as dictator. Whichever might be true, watchers agreed that the aged general acted with much the same speed as the younger Hitler in slapping down a "purge" which shot Laval's feet from under him with dispatch.

The upheaval met the same view in most circles, that it was another evidence of the general European unrest that was moving through all the conquered territories, an unrest that might find no directional force for a long, long time.

SIX DAYS:
Shalt Thou Labor

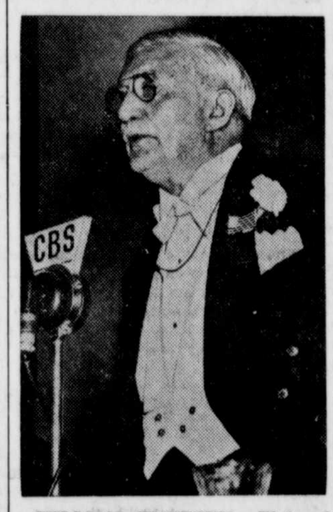
Pointing toward the six-day, perhaps seven-day week in defense industry, Defense Council Chairman Knudsen belabored American industry for lagging, and declared the United States was "not getting the spirit" of defense work.

Knudsen told the manufacturers many things, but one of these was outstanding, and had to do with airplane manufacture.

U. S. goal, declared Knudsen, had been 1,000 warplanes a month by January 1. He said at the rate things were going, we'll be lucky if we are getting 650 a month by that time.

The reason for the lag is lack of comprehension by manufacturer, by laborer, of the meaning of the national defense program. U. S. is supposed to be getting ready to protect the nation in case of aggression and to help England hold things in status quo until that time.

Knudsen pulled no punches and told the manufacturers that they were spending too much time figuring what to do with their profits and earnings, and not enough getting out the material. This was a double-barreled blow at the employers for temporizing with employees' demands for higher pay, and with employees for threatening and carrying out strikes.



WILLIAM KNUDSEN — Pictured as he urged a "wartime basis" for industry to speed production of vital defense needs.

He introduced the longer work-week idea by stating that employers should find a way to use machines on Saturdays and Sundays, making the obvious point that use of these two days on a full-time schedule would automatically speed up production about 30 per cent, or the amount it is lagging.

In advance he answered the manufacturers' plaint that they lacked the trained men to do this. Knudsen told them to get more men and train more men. He told them to "stagger" their trained men through the extra shifts, thus swiftly training the less-able to catch up to full-time production.

His address to the manufacturers was an air-clearer, like the first lightning flashes before a storm that he hopes will rain airplanes and other defense material.

HIGHLIGHTS . . . *in the week's news*

Baltimore—The new Martin B-26, latest American medium bomber, underwent test flights, made around 400 miles an hour, landed at 125 miles, and was able to stop on the field O. K. Army pilots hailed it as a "bomber's dream." One said that if its brakes were shot away it would roll more than two miles against the wind before it would stop.

Hoboken — Fire destroyed a million-dollar defense plant, engaged in making unreported appliances needed by U. S. naval vessels.

Washington — The government sought $500,000,000 at the lowest rate of interest ever to be paid on a loan. On the first day, it was oversubscribed eight times, more than $4,000,000,000 being offered for the certificates.

Champ Recruiter

NEW YORK.—Called the champion recruiter of North America, this winsome young lady, Miss Elaine Basset, is the original of the Canadian Join-the-Army posters, where her face did such a good job that it now has been selected to perform a like service for Uncle Sam.

PRESIDENT:
And Flying Duke

President Roosevelt returned to his White House desk to face tremendous problems, behind him a 4,000-mile trip on U. S. S. Tuscaloosa which was shrouded in secrecy before it began, turned out just what had been predicted—a junket throughout prospective naval-air bases in the Antilles—and wound up in a blaze of front-page articles when the duke of Windsor flew out to sea to confer with the Chief Executive.

It all began when Duchess Wallis, who had to have an infected tooth out (translated in royal language into a "major dental operation") decided to have the surgery performed in a Miami hospital. She and the duke went thither in the yacht of a Swedish friend who oddly was a pal of Goering's.

The day after the death of Lord Lothian, the operation was safely over, with the duchess convalescing bewitchingly, and the duke with a considerable amount of time on his hands. Suddenly it was announced that President Roosevelt wanted to talk to him.

A navy bomber soared down onto the blue Biscayne waters, a motorboat met the duke, and off he went, shrouded with more secrecy than the President himself had been when he started out. He was back the same day, and the next day the Tuscaloosa came in and the cruise was over.

The public, prepared by all this for something monumental, had to satisfy itself with the story that the duke and the President had talked about the unsuitability of pint-sized Cayaguana island for a naval-air base, and asking the duke if he couldn't arrange a better one.

It was the biggest anticlimax in months.

CITY:
Anxious

Strangest public health story in years "broke" in Rochester, N. Y., with a whole city of 300,000 souls rushing to be inoculated against typhoid.

First in sharp sequence of dramatic events was the "firing" of two city officials when a public health officer, "on his toes," discovered the city's water supply had been contaminated with water from the Genesee river, infested with sewage.

Rochester's population, most of them modernly health conscious, rushed to have themselves inoculated against typhoid, a job which takes three injections with an interval between.

First day, the health officers distributed 8,000 "shots" of the serum, which were promptly gobbled up by private physicians and shot into 8,000 anxious arms.

LOTHIAN:
Predicts, Then Dies

The notable, blunt-spoken British bachelor Marquess of Lothian, ambassador from Britain to the United States, lay dying in his Washington home from uremic poisoning at the very moment when his written words, spoken by proxy at nearby Baltimore, were predicting what the war in Europe will be.

Lothian's "deathbed" prediction was that Britain, with the help already promised and under way from America, will win the war "decisively" in 1942.

Whatever the facts may be, the shocking news of his death gave his final utterance unusual prominence in the news, editors tearing their hair over the problem of whether to put the largest headlines on what had happened to Lothian, or on what Lothian had said.

His passing was the occasion for the press here and abroad to express genuine sorrow and shock at his untimely death, and his loss was believed to have left a gaping hole in Britain's diplomatic body.

Lothian was a worker, his speech was brusque, and these two qualities alone had given him great weight in Washington.

As to his prediction of the end of the war in 1942, and with Britain victor, it was met with keen interest and perhaps added power because it was to all practical purposes, his dying utterance.

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

United Features — WNU Service

Washington, D. C.

McGRADY SELECTION

The selection of E. F. McGrady to advise the war department on labor relations couldn't have been improved upon, from the government's point of view. From Mr. McGrady's, it may not be so hot. Eddie is a dollar-a-year man. He can't afford to be that except on a part-time basis.

After a life of unselfish service for labor unions at wages far below his worth, he was getting on. He had family obligations. In addition, he is the easiest "touch" I know. If you are out of luck, all you have to do to get McGrady's money is to ask him for it. So he didn't have anything put aside.

The RCA did one of the most intelligent things in recent industrial management. It employed this great union labor leader to keep its labor relations straight, made him first a director and later a vice president and paid him a salary commensurate with other first lieutenants of Mr. Sarnoff. RCA would not willingly lose his services, and Mr. McGrady can make belated preparations for his old age.

For these reasons, it would be unfair to require him to give up that job. It would also be unnecessary, because if the war department is wise it will keep out of labor disputes. Keeping out wouldn't take too much of McGrady's time.

Except at the arsenals, and to a limited extent elsewhere, the war department is not an employer. It procures its supplies from contractors. They will get into some disputes. There will be some strikes. Some of them will delay the rearmament program. But it is not the army's business to horn in. That is the business of Sidney Hillman's labor organization or the Perkins conciliation service.

Army officers are not fitted by training, background or office to conduct themselves well in the heat or emotion of a strike situation where you can't move men by yelling: "Squads right." If the army doesn't push this porcupine over to the departments where it belongs, or if it permits them to push it over to the army, some soldier is a sucker. It is a safe bet that it won't be done while McGrady is there, and that if it is done he won't stay there.

* * *

'APPEASEMENT'

Out of the administration are coming private warnings that one great American danger just now is organization and daily growth of "appeasers" and their cunning propaganda to stir up public sentiment for "appeasement."

It isn't easy to define just what is meant by this use of the word. Appeasement, as a by-word, grew out of the series of settlements with Hitler acceded to by France and England, whereby they welched on the alliances France, at least, had made with such little nations as Austria and Czechoslovakia, in order to "ring Germany in a cordon sanitaire of steel" and to preserve the provisions of the treaty of Versailles.

They tossed those little nations to the Nazi wolves quite obviously because there was nothing else they could do. They had allowed themselves to become too weak and Germany to become too strong to do anything else.

The very word "appease," taken with the circumstances of those settlements, implied that there was some right on the Nazi side. The appeasing concessions were used not as a truce to gain time for all-out defense. They were used as a narcotic assurance to the British and the French of "peace in our time," with an effect that they went on snoring while Germany became stronger and stronger.

Some of us began to insist that we prepare, years before Munich and with growing insistence ever since—insistence on our own weakness, on the great threat growing in the world and the absolute necessity for American rearmament.

Many, if not most, of those who took this stand believe we are not even yet arming effectively. We have preceded and supported every move to speed and increase total defense to the point of American invincibility on this side of the world.

Our only point of difference with other equally earnest and sincere Americans is that we do not believe in either the necessity or the wisdom of scattering our defense over more territory than we can guard, do not believe in putting our country into a military situation in which its defense depends on the strength or weakness of others—their blunders or successes.

* * *

We do believe that, whether Britain wins or does not win, we shall never be safe again without adequate defense of our own, that part of our strength is our financial soundness and that we cannot weaken it by undertaking to finance the wars of others at a cost which, in a long war to which we are a party, could rise as high as one hundred billion dollars.

If that opinion and record is what is meant by "appeasement," we regard the word as an epithet without argument.

Sportlight

By GRANTLAND RICE

CHARLES SOCKER COE, the first and best of the gangster novelists, is now an eminent Florida attorney. Before that Socker was a navy ring champion and also one of the closest students of ring form. He is still a keen student of the modern art of self-defense, which is largely "100 yards in 10 seconds."

Grantland Rice

Socker happened to be on hand when Conn fought Savold.

"Conn," he said, "as everybody knows, is a fine boxer and he is also dead game. That ought to be enough for a 175-pound fighter. But apparently it isn't today, when almost everyone is looking for a puncher.

"Conn simply doesn't know how to punch—I mean the art of punching. He relies only on his wrists and arms. There is no shoulder or body support back of his blows.

"To be a good puncher," Socker said, "a fighter must know how to get in those shoulder and body muscles. I've talked about this with Bobby Jones in hitting a golf ball. As you know, Bobby in his prime was as long as anybody. He was far past Hagen and Sarazen off the tee, 10 or 12 years ago—when they were all at the top. Bobby relied a lot on shoulder and body and hip power to get this distance. The same thing is true of boxing when it comes to the punching side.

Dempsey and Tunney

"When Jack Dempsey nailed you with a left hook," Socker added, "he wasn't just flipping you with a wrist and arm motion. He had those big shoulder muscles, under the shoulder, working with the punch. He had his whole left side in that wallop. The same, to a lesser degree, is true of Gene Tunney. Tunney never had the explosive force that belonged to Dempsey—that belongs to Joe Louis—but he was a much better puncher than most ring followers know about. Tunney wasn't a natural athlete, but a great student of ring science and form. He was also a fine student of the details that produce force. Gene knew how to get shoulder and body back of his punches.

"Carnera was six feet seven and he weighed 270 pounds. He was a professional strong man. But he wasn't big enough or strong enough to hurt or even jar anybody with this wrist and arm swing that had no other support. You can't flick at somebody and do any damage—unless, of course, you use a thumb, as quite a few have done. But I'm not speaking of gougers. I'm speaking of real punchers.

About Billy Conn

"Billy Conn isn't big enough for a Joe Louis," Socker rambled on. "Louis can hit too hard with either hand. But Conn should be a better puncher than he is today. The kid is a fine boxer, he is fast, and he is dead game. But apparently no one has ever taught him how to hit. No one has shown him what true balance means when you deliver a punch. No one has told him the value of shoulder and back muscles, working with hands and arms.

"If they have, Billy simply hasn't learned his lesson. He was able to measure Savold and hit him at will—at any spot, at any time. Yet he couldn't even rock him. If Joe Louis had delivered any one of those 50 or 60 punches to the chin Savold would still be dreaming of the hour. They would have found his body somewhere in the upper stands.

"Conn is still just a kid. He still has a lot to learn. Not about boxing, but about punching. He should punch the heavy bag oftener, and learn how to get in those shoulder and back muscles. Otherwise he is just going to be another good light heavyweight. I doubt that he will ever get much bigger. His thin legs show that. He may reach 180. But he has enough boxing skill to get his opponent ready for the kill—if he only could get that kill into his right or left hand. You can't get that with a flick."

"What about another Pittsburgher, Harry Greb?" I asked. "I still think Greb in his prime could beat any heavyweight I ever saw, and Harry was no great puncher."

"Greb was different," Socker said. "Greb, a little Hercules, was a stick of dynamite. He was even faster than Conn. I'd say much faster. And he'd hit you with everything from the laces on his glove to the stool he used between rounds. Greb knew no rules—except to win.

"He was one of the greatest fighters we've ever seen. If Greb, in his prime, had been fighting Savold the other night, Savold would have died by drowning—in his own blood. His face would have looked a horrible sight. It wouldn't have been a face.

"Greb came into the ring with everything but a hand grenade and a machine gun. And yet I never saw him hit a low punch. He belonged to that old school that knew all the tricks and how to use them. And, believe me, they had plenty in the way of tricks.