

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Second-choice commitments, if Roosevelt doesn't run, are complicating the political situation . . . Carter Field presents two little riddles in the game of national politics . . . United States government is giving every encouragement to makers of planes.

WASHINGTON.—"Of course I won't be here this time next year," President Roosevelt smiled to a dinner partner recently. The lady was convinced, but her husband wasn't, when she told him about it later.



President Roosevelt

"They'll draft him," he said glumly—glumly because he is one of the growing group that hopes Roosevelt will name him as his successor, if and when.

But a lot of people are operating on the theory that Roosevelt really does mean to take himself out of it, and stay out. Which explains the enormous interest right now in second-choice commitments.

Men and women who are going to be delegates—and the bosses in some instances who will control delegates—are being impounded all over the country to give second-choice commitments—promises that if Roosevelt doesn't choose to run, they will vote for this or that candidate.

Curiously enough, the mere growth of this pledging contributes not to the logic that Roosevelt will not run, but to the logic that he will. It must be admitted that the logic all along has been that Roosevelt would run, though many of the insiders insist that he will not.

Second-Choice Commitments Closing In on Situation

But this second-choice commitment development is closing in on the situation. It is an extraordinary brake on Roosevelt's hoped-for domination of the convention if he isn't going to take the nomination. For instance, the Georgia delegates, according to present intentions, will be for Roosevelt if he runs. But if he does not run the plan is to go to Cordell Hull. The Massachusetts delegates will be for Roosevelt first, but for James A. Farley second.

The point is that when Roosevelt says he will not serve again—assuming he should say this—but that the man he wants chosen to carry on his policies is Robert H. Jackson, or whoever, the Georgia delegates will say to the messenger: "Sorry, but we are pledged to Hull if F. D. R. doesn't take it." The Indiana delegates will say: "Sorry, but we are pledged to Paul McNutt if Roosevelt isn't a candidate."

Meanwhile, Tommy Corcoran, Ben Cohen, Bob Jackson and others of the inner circle are working feverishly to get uninstructed delegates, but men who are for Roosevelt. In fact, some highly placed New Dealers are sure that they would not be quite so active if the White House had not given them the green light. But they are making very little progress as against the second-choice commitment situation. Nor is it very likely that their efforts would be successful in this direction.

The reason is very practical. Most of the men and women who will be delegates, or who will control delegates, are interested primarily in keeping the Democratic party in power for four more years. Most of them care only in an academic way about any particular New Deal policy.

Wadsworth Rejects New Post Office for District

When a congressman opposes a federal building in his own district it's like a man biting a dog, but it is characteristic of James W. Wadsworth, now a member of the house and for 12 years a senator, that he wouldn't think of it as of any interest.

What happened was that a constituent wrote Wadsworth that the government was about to build a new post office building in Mt. Morris, N. Y., just a few miles from where Wadsworth has lived all his life. This constituent said he thought it was a waste of government money, for he didn't think Mt. Morris needed a new post office.

Neither did Wadsworth. So he wrote Postmaster General James A. Farley and told him so, adding that "Mt. Morris doesn't need a new post office any more than I need a new silk hat, and you ought to see my old one."

Then Wadsworth sent a carbon of his letter to Farley along with his reply to his constituent. But later the same day, as is his wont, he told local newspaper correspondents from western New York that he didn't know a thing that was worth printing!

Of course that letter to Farley was too good to keep, so the chap who originally protested to Wad-

worth showed it to everybody he saw, including, eventually, a local correspondent for the Buffalo Evening News. So it was printed, and the first the correspondents who talk to Wadsworth every day knew about it was when the edition of the News containing the story reached Washington.

"You'll never learn," one of them said to Wadsworth, bitterly. "No wonder Bob Wagner retired you from the senate."

Then There's the Case of Cummings and Alcatraz

But if that's hard to understand, how about this one. Remember how proud Homer S. Cummings was of Alcatraz? He thought it solved a real problem in dealing with desperate gangsters and other criminals. Along came Frank Murphy, whose sensibilities seemed to be shocked. To take its place he wanted a prison in the farm belt of the Middle West, with the prisoners allowed to get a bit of sunshine as they worked in the fields instead of getting prison pallor in the fogs of San Francisco bay.

Cummings read about this in the newspapers and rushed for the White House. It so happened that he was the only out-and-out third-term booster among the Democratic leaders of Connecticut, especially as Senator Francis T. Maloney, who comes up for re-election this year, thought the third-term idea would defeat him for re-election in Connecticut, however it might work out in other parts of the country.

When Cummings came out of the White House he was smiling. He told newspaper men that they could be sure Alcatraz would remain.

Murphy kept a committee studying where to locate its successor, but now Robert H. Jackson is attorney general. Within a very short time of his assuming his place as head of the department he decided that this committee was just wasting its time.

So Alcatraz will stick. But now comes the pay-off. The Connecticut Democracy decides to send a delegation to the Democratic National convention at Chicago instructed for James A. Farley, and no such strings as the Massachusetts Democrats put on their delegates. The Bay state boys are to be for Farley if Roosevelt doesn't want it. The Nutmeggers are for Farley regardless! Riddle me that one, as John L. Lewis says!

U. S. Government Encourages Manufacturers of Planes

With one eye on national defense, but the other on the desire to help Britain and France in the war, the government is getting ready to give every encouragement to rapid expansion of America's airplane-producing industry.

The efforts revolve around Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr., who has been given the triple responsibility of co-ordinating Allied purchasing, rationalizing United States production, and seeing that the tax policy puts no brake on expansion.

Military and political importance of this program is obvious when it is realized that on the basis of only the expansion already under way, our aircraft production by the end of the year will be nearly 2,000 units a month—equal to the most favorable reports considered reliable as to German capacity. The exact extent of the new plans is not known, but persistent rumors of orders nearly tripling the present \$650,000,000 backlog, all to be delivered within 18 months or so, indicate that production will have to go far enough above the 2,000 figure to put Uncle Sam far ahead of any other country.

Morgenthau's first move toward smoothing out the flow of aircraft production was an attack on the engine bottleneck. The big problem here has been the inability to get machine tools. The machine-tool industry has been swamped with orders, foreign and domestic, and has been handling nearly everything on a first come, first served basis.

As a result of Morgenthau's conferences, the machine-tool industry will now work on a priority system intended to give aircraft makers first call on tools.

Taxation and profit-limitation policies raise no serious obstacles on expansion for domestic war planes.

Expansion Is Paid for by Foreign Purchasers

Expansion for military export is somewhat different. All this expansion is being paid for directly by the foreign purchasers. In fact, the Allies are quite aggrieved because United States manufacturers are virtually insisting on getting free plants as part of their contracts.

The usual procedure is for the British and French to make a loan covering the cost of the new plant to the manufacturer. The loss is charged off, as deliveries are made, out of deliberately inflated prices.

If the treasury department wanted to be nasty, of course, it could treat this transaction as a gift and tax it accordingly. Actually, the treasury will take the deal at its face value. The department has already made a ruling, in the case of the Atlas Powder company, that such money "will not constitute taxable income to Atlas for the reason that such a transaction would be a loan evidenced by a note." (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

SECRET YEARNINGS

By **KARL GRAYSON**
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

I WAS sorry when Steve Andrews left his wife; sorry for both Steve and Bess. I had always thought of them as well matched and well suited to each other.

Two weeks after the break, I met Bess at a summer beach resort on the Atlantic coast. She looked more stunning than ever, though there was a wistfulness in her expression that I at once attributed to her loss of Steve.

"Bess," I began, with the familiar manner that comes from long acquaintance, "I was terribly sorry to hear about you and Steve. Are you both really in earnest?"

Bess smiled and laid her hand on mine, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that I was being indulged. "Angus," she said, "please don't waste time fretting about it. You've never been married, you know, and can't understand such things."

"I can hardly see what my bachelorhood has to do with it," I said a little stiffly.

"Now, I've offended you," Bess looked at me ruefully. "I'm sorry." She smiled at me brightly. "Angus, let me tell you a little story."

"What kind of a story? And what has it to do with you and Steve?"

"It's a story about a young couple who were married just as Steve and I. Very much in love, I mean. But, like Steve and me, each had certain characteristics that the other didn't understand."

"For example, Ken—that was the boy's name—couldn't understand Paula's interest in clothes. And Paula couldn't understand Ken's interest in adventure."

"In what?" I asked.

"Adventure, Angus," Bess flashed me one of her indulgent, almost pitying smiles. "Every man, you know, likes to think of himself as adventurous. He's forever imagining himself a hero, exploring unknown lands, sailing the seven seas, joining the Foreign Legion, and things like that. He hates being suppressed and told what to do. He enjoys an occasional fling with the boys—doing something devilish and daring, like taking his secretary to lunch or playing a furtive hand of poker—chiefly because his wife disapproves of such things and it gives him a kick. If you know what I mean?"

"I'm sure I don't," I said coldly. "What's this got to do with Steve?"

"This trait," Bess went on, ignoring my remark, "was extremely pronounced in Ken. He was forever threatening to do this and that, and Paula was just as often forbidding him and challenging his love because of the secret yearnings which sometimes revealed themselves. To make matters worse, Ken's men friends were inclined to be boastful, as men are apt to be."

"What men?" I asked.

"All men," said Bess, sighing. "Ken's friends especially. They boasted of their own exploits, making such remarks as 'No woman is going to stop me from doing what I want!' or 'The wife? Ha! Think I'd let her stop me?' All of which filled Ken with wonder and awe and admiration. He was young, you understand. Young and just married. He actually believed they were telling the truth."

"They probably were," I suggested.

"Don't be absurd, Angus! Well, to get on with my story. Eventually Ken decided he was going to do something so he could boast, too. He was going to indulge a few of his own secret longings. He was tired of being suppressed by a dominating wife. And, filled with a prodigious resolve, he came home one night with a very definite purpose in mind."

"But Paula had guessed that purpose before he uttered it. You see, Paula was wise. She knew something was wrong with their married life and she had determined to find out what it was. The best method she could think of was to study the lives of married people with whom she was acquainted."

"Which is what she did—and saw the light clearly. She knew what it was that was bothering Ken and what it was he wanted. And so at dinner that night when Ken, after a lot of preliminary hemming and hawing, said that he was going away for a few days on an—er—business trip, Paula only smiled her agreement."

"A splendid idea, darling. The change will do you good. And while you're away, you might become a trifle intimate with some other women. I mean," she went on hurriedly, "don't be a snob just because you're married."

"Ken almost fell out of his chair in his amazement. 'You—you mean,' he gasped, 'you want me to take out—other women?'"

"One," said Paula, "I think will be enough. Why shouldn't you?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Ken. He stood up and his face was black with anger. "All right! Since you suggest it, that's exactly what I will do."

"How quick you are, Angus. Of course I was telling you about Steve."

"And you actually sent him away—to another woman?"

"I wouldn't say that I sent him, Angus. I merely didn't get disturbed because he wanted to go. You see, Angus, the result of my observations told me that men only think they want to do that sort of thing. They think so because, unconsciously, they rebel at being tied to any one woman. If given the chance, they seldom ever take it."

"But Steve did. You said yourself he went away. I don't blame him."

"Of course you don't, Angus. Because you're a man. Oh, yes, Steve took the chance. He went away, poor dear, and came back two days later. I knew he would." She smiled smugly.

"I gulped. 'You mean he's back? You are not separated any more?'"

"Why, of course he's back. I thought you knew. He came back and apologized and we're as happy as ever."

"But if he's back, if you're reconciled—what the dickens are you doing up here all by yourself?"

"I'm not all by myself, Angus, dear. Millie Strout is here with me. We're on a vacation. I've wanted to come here for ever so long, but Steve, you know, doesn't like the seashore." She smiled. "After his apology, I asked him if he minded if I came up here with Millie for a few days without him and of course he agreed at once. He said to go and stay as long as I liked. In fact, poor dear, I believe he would have borrowed money to send me to Europe if I had asked, he was so grateful."

Bess gathered up her things. Millie Strout was coming across the lawn. I arose hastily. "It's nice being able to leave your husband and feel that you can trust him. Wouldn't you think so, Angus? But then, of course, not being married you wouldn't understand what I meant."

"No," I said. "That's right." And walked off, leaving Bess to figure out which of her statements I had replied to.

Professional Drivers Offer Motoring Advice

Practical advice to America's millions of car owners on how to drive, and how not to, results from a survey conducted by Collier's among the professionals in the field—taxi drivers, truck drivers and bus drivers—who never how they drive nine and ten hours a day without physical or nervous strain.

In reporting on the survey, the magazine points out: "The automobile engineers of the country are considered in a class by themselves when it comes to solving the mechanical, structural and face-lifting difficulties that arise in the building of a car. Each year they perform new miracles, but to date none of them has done anything about a rather shapeless, poorly made, ill-tempered gadget used on all cars, called the driver."

Many of the professional drivers interviewed reported that, after an all-day stretch behind the wheel of a truck or bus, they often hop into their own cars to take their families for a spin—unfatigued because they know how to drive properly. Some of the useful tips gathered from these veterans follow:

"If a man drives intelligently he can go eight or nine hours a day without tiring himself. First of all he must get well adjusted in his seat. We professionals like a seat-back that is almost straight. That way you are well balanced."

"Most people off on a long drive start early and try to get in a lot of mileage the first few hours. That's a mistake. You burn up your energy that way. It's best to start slowly even if you're on an open road with no traffic. Stick around 40 for the first couple of hours. By then your position in your seat and your eyes will be adjusted to the job of driving. You can't pop out of bed and expect to drive 70 miles an hour in the glare of the sun without hurting your eyes and ending up with a headache. You must warm up for it, as a runner warms up for a race."

"Take the matter of night driving. The driver spends half his time swearing at oncoming cars with glaring headlights. There's no reason why anyone should see them. First of all you shouldn't look at them. Look down to your right at the edge of the road. Glance at the car coming toward you but don't look into the lights. Or stop your car. Amateur drivers have a lot of false pride. Professionals haven't. I've stopped my bus many a time when lights coming toward me were too strong to ignore."

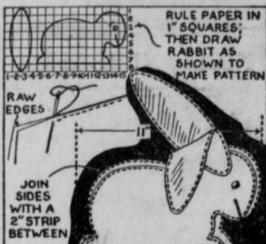
Frozen Food Flavors
The flavor of foods stored in freezer lockers more nearly resembles that of fresh foods than does the flavor of canned or cured foods. Some frozen foods are reported to have a higher vitamin content than similar home-canned foods, if prepared and frozen when they are in prime condition.

Fuel Oil From Peat
Benzene, fuel oil, and lubricating oil, up to 48 per cent by weight, of the original material, can now be obtained from peat by a new process developed in Finland.

Psychologist
"To account completely for a single action of any adult, you must know practically the whole of his past history from infancy on," a psychologist says.

HOW TO SEW

by **Ruth Wyeth Spears**



STUFFED toys of oil cloth or water-proof bath curtain material are something mothers have been dreaming about. Just wipe them off with a damp cloth to keep them fresh and clean.

The Easter bunny shown here is 11 inches long. He is white, hand-stitched in heavy pink thread and has pink bead or button eyes. Make your own pattern for him by following the diagram. Rule

paper into 1-inch squares; number them; then draw the pattern outlines. Cut two body pieces; four ear pieces and a 2-inch strip to be used between the two sides of the body. Interline the ears to make them stand up. Join all raw edges, as shown, leaving an opening in the body for stuffing tightly with cotton or bits of soft cloth; then finish sewing.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book No. 2 contains numerous gift and bazaar items, including a doll's wardrobe; men's ties; purses; baby's bassinet; 32 pages in all.

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Trials
Fire tries gold, misery tries brave men.—Seneca.

ASK ME ANOTHER

A Quiz With Answers
Offering Information
on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What was Edward Payson Weston's best record for a day's walk?
2. Is there such a thing as an original etching on paper?
3. Who are the Beef Eaters?
4. Was John Smithsonian, founder of the Smithsonian Institution, an American?
5. Are albino horses bred successfully on American ranches?
6. What is the origin of the Finns?
7. What family is called the "royal family of the United States"?

3. Beef Eaters is the popular name for yeomen of the guard instituted by the English royal household in 1485, and still in service.
4. No, he was an Englishman and had never visited the United States.
5. Yes. Unlike all other animals, these animals are foaled white.
6. The Finns are descended principally from the Mongols, though now of varying degrees of mixture.
7. On account of their great wealth and generous benefactions, this reference is to the DuPonts.

The Answers

1. Eighty-two miles, in 1867, made on a walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago. Weston was 28 years old at the time.
2. No. An etching is drawn directly on a metal plate.

Help From All

Every great man is always being helped by everybody; for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.—Ruskin.

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