

Italy Divided

By Ludwell Denny

ROME, May 2—The dispute over Italy's former colonies is dividing the government here and straining the new alliance of Italy and the western powers.

Unless an acceptable compromise is found soon, or there is agreement again to postpone settlement, with Britain continuing interim occupation, if the colonies. Mediterranean security will suffer.

Irreconcilable national interests leave only one ideal solution. That is United Nations collective trusteeship for development and eventual self-government, as originally favored by Washington. But Soviet aggression makes that impossible now.

The emergency problem is to provide maximum western security without at the same time undermining that security by driving Italians or Arabs, or both, toward Russia.

Stalin's tactics shift but his aim remains the same. When he failed to get Tripolitania and also Red Sea control, he demanded return of the colonies to Italy which then seemed to be going Communist. When he lost the Italian election he insisted on joint United Nations trusteeship, which he could capture or sabotage. This Soviet maneuver may be blocked.

Danger Is Acute

BUT WESTERN failure to get a United Nations settlement providing Atlantic power bases, without alienating Italy or the Arab states, would play into Stalin's hands. This danger is acute because of the Arabs' anti-American reaction to the Palestine situation.

In Italy, the risk is in giving a weakening Communist a new popular issue, while splitting the democratic coalition forces whose unity so far has prevented Red dictatorship here.

Already the left wing of the majority Christian Democratic (Catholic) Party has joined others in attacking the conciliatory policy of Foreign Minister Sforza. There is no public understanding that Stalin's world threat is a determining factor in allied African policy, or should be.

Instead, reviving Italian nationalism makes Britain the goat. Also America, which is accused of pulling unarmed Italy into exposed membership in the Atlantic Alliance, and then Welching on the implied bargain of giving back her colonies.

Premier de Gasperi and most of his cabinet have not succumbed to this feeling. Nevertheless, they believe Italy as a full member of the western alliance should share directly in control of most



of the disputed areas under the United Nations, pending their independence.

Moreover, the government is under tremendous public pressure. It has been made an issue of sentiment and presumed national humiliation-political dynamite among all classes and parties. So the government may appear less conciliatory to the western powers than it is in fact.

Mr. De Gasperi recently put out a feeler for threefold Libyan trusteeship—Cyrenaica to Britain, Fezzan to France and Tripolitania to Italy—with joint Italian-Ethiopian control of Eritrea, and Italian administration of Somaliland as already agreed by the western powers.

This compromise would let Britain keep her Cyrenaica bases and her promise not to return the natives to Roman rule. It would permit U.S. bases in Tripolitania. And it would meet Ethiopian demands halfway.

But unless some such compromise is accepted quickly, Mr. De Gasperi may be forced by political expedience into a less reasonable policy.

Matters Made Worse

APART from the inherent difficulties of the problem, too clever Italian diplomacy and American indecision have made matters worse—despite good intentions of both governments.

Rome has based its claim on vulnerable arguments as to its civilizing mission in Africa and its economic dependence on the colonies. Opponents retort that many Africans like Italians are neighbors but not as rulers. Though Italy's overpopulation problem is desperate, even Mussolini's grandiose plan put only 200,000 of the two million excess persons into the three colonies. The excess is now growing at the rate of half a million a year.

Italy lacks the capital for large-scale colonization. Italians would have a better chance under any other democratic administrator which could provide capital. Meanwhile any investment funds Italy can accumulate are needed to provide more farms and factory jobs in her own under-developed country and her island of Sardinia.

The colonies always were a financial drain on Italy—as on Britain now. Italy also lacks the power to protect them. She can contribute her labor and her experience effectively only in close co-operation with richer and stronger allies.

But Italy has an undeniable right to democratic survival. Political security at home and military security of the Mediterranean require that she share international privileges and obligations. If the Italian and western governments can place the issue on this realistic and legitimate ground, there is chance of a fair compromise before the situation here and in Africa gets out of hand.

Durante, the Master

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, May 2—I buy my first television set the day Jimmy Durante starts a regular program on it. That is the day when the men will have been cut out from the boys; when the video industry can call itself mature.

Mr. Durante's noble nose and maniac eye will have no truck with the medium for another year or so. James is waiting for television to grow up to fit his face. Television has an odd habit of shortening the legs of its performers. Mr. Durante is not a man to take chances with his nose.

I will not attempt to reproduce any Durante conversation for you, since it never has been done correctly and never will be. Mr. Durante's quotes are useless unless uttered by the master himself, because his fine moral indignation, the wildly rolled eye, the outraged squawk and the fretful, panther pace are all necessary to a Durante delivery.

But I had the rare good fortune to observe two hours of unrehearsed Durante in his hotel room the other afternoon. James, fresh up from a nap, was busy. He was eating cornflakes with bananas, answering telephones, and talking. He was wearing an old bathrobe and a pair of shorts, socks and shoes.

Mr. Durante prowled his suite, speaking nervously over his shoulder, slapping his thigh and being constantly indignant. It was a performance that could run 99 years on television—once that mysterious thing Jimmy calls a "coastal cable" is laid from one side of the country to the other.

He Needs No Makeup

MR. DURANTE actually was created for television. He needs no makeup, for no retouch artist can improve on the features God humorously bequeathed him. He needs no script, really—an unrehearsed Durante on any subject is better entertainment than anything the contrivers can sweat from a conference.

It is impossible to go stale on Durante. He never tells the same story the same way, and he has been plowing the same furrow for 14 years. Nobody ever yawned at him yet.

Mr. Durante's single trade trick is frustration,

but it is frustration with a peculiar codicil. Mr. Durante busts loose and lets go at what bothers him, as opposed to you and me, who sit silently and take it. All the world frustrates Durante—telephones, people whose names he can't remember, race horses, the English language—but Durante won't stand for it. It's despicable.

James has a deep-seated enmity toward the piano, which he was forced to play, for food, for years. When he tears up a piano today he gets even with the infernal machine for every tortured child who had to practice on the keyboard when a lusty game of baseball was going on outside.

It Was Woit' It

WHEN I SAY that Jimmy won't hold still for frustration, I don't mean it's all act. They still remember him in the Ambassador Hotel here for a wartime benefit performance he put on. Jim was a little piqued, for one reason or another. He took a piano—a real, expensive, irreplaceable piano—and chased the orchestra into a corner with it.

He husted leg after leg off the thing, and finished his number lying flat on his belly on the floor, still whanging on the keys. The hotel manager nearly had a hemorrhage. Jimmy says the manager later remarked that it was woit' it.

Jim has always suffered from frustration. Once, when he was running a speakeasy, the Club Durante, he bought a drink for two people he assumed were friends. Then they bought him a drink. Then they closed up the joint, because they happened to be revengers.

Jimmy's cash register, in those days, tinkled chiefly for the benefit of his employees. The milkman and the janitor ate his steaks and drank his whisky. In all of Durante's life, people have crowded into his act, and he has reacted with typical comic courage.

Which is why I think he's a cinch to be the king of television. He has a nation of frustrations to work on. Jimmy's classic frustration comes through fine every Friday on radio, but to appreciate him you really have to see him. Mr. Milton Berlin has steered video through its early adolescence—Mr. Durante will inaugurate its manhood.

House of Shouting

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, May 2—I had to agree with the gentlewoman, who strolled outside for a little relief from the boos, catcalls, yelpings, howls, and insults of her fellow lawgivers.

She sighed. "Men," she said. "If women acted like that, or children, they'd save this country was being governed by emotions instead of reason. But no. These are big, he-men in there, performing. And nobody says anything."

The lady was right. I'd like to identify her, but she does—after all—have to get along with the red-faced shouters who sit on all sides of her in the House of Representatives.

The gentlemen, who drove her out to the fresh air with their snarling, had up the bill to repeal the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, plus an amendment by Rep. John S. Wood, a Democrat of Georgia, which would change the name, but not the contents.

Numerous other Democrats charged that he didn't write it, but that the Republicans did. Rep. Charlie Halleck of Indiana, the Republican chief, said this was a canard of the lowest kind. "Smear tactics," he roared.

"Boo," roared back the Democrats. Above this ungentlemanly raspberry, Mr. Halleck shouted his defense of the high-mindedness of the Republicans and at the top of his lungs he cried: "Now that's the story. What do you want to make of it?"

Result Was Pandemonium

A NUMBER of Democrats wanted to make plenty of it. By now the chairman was banging his gavel, all hands either were boozing, demanding the right to make speeches, or making 'em without asking permission. The result was what you might call pandemonium. The lady in the center shut her eyes; she would have put her fingers in her ears if it hadn't been undignified.

And still the gentlemen battled. Twice the Democratic leadership tried to limit debate and

twice they were voted down by the Republicans, plus the adherents of Rep. Woods. And along came Rep. William Lemke of North Dakota to chide the Democrats for President Truman's threat to withdraw patronage from those who weren't good boys.

"Anybody who threatens you like that," he said, getting his syntax a little mixed, "you ought to tell him to go to the place where it never gets cold."

Wanted to Talk 10 Minutes

UP JUMPED a plump little Democrat from Pennsylvania, Democratic Rep. Anthony Cavalcante, who said he spent days listening to the argument and felt it so important that he'd even missed his lunch. That being the case, he said, he believed he ought to be allowed to talk for 10 minutes, instead of five. A hurry he introduced his amendment providing for civil rights in labor unions.

There was a battle about this, too, and when time came to vote, there was a dead silence. Nobody voted for Mr. Cavalcante's scheme, including Mr. Cavalcante. The Republicans laughed, the feminine legislator winced and it wasn't long before both she and I met on the granite portico outside.

She said she hoped the gentlemen would calm down. She said she hoped they'd not vote until at least they were able to think dispassionately. She said she honestly believed that women could have done better.

And gents, I must honestly report, that I agreed with her. Passing laws when you are so mad you hop is bad business. The lady knows. She's been watching the males on the job now for a long time. And one of these days, if she thinks the masculine element in Congress will refrain from chopping off her pretty ears, I intend to interview her on the subject.

The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

What is the Harvest Moon?

The Harvest Moon is the full moon occurring nearest to the autumnal equinox, Sept. 23.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the difference between a light year and an ordinary year?

They measure different things, for the ordinary year is a unit of time and the light year one of distance.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the difference between a passport and a visa?

A passport is a document issued by the government of a country to its citizens permitting unobstructed travel abroad; a visa is an endorsement made on a passport by the government of a foreign country, denoting that it has been examined, and that the bearer may enter that country.

What country is called the Hellenic State and why?

Greece. The name comes from the ancient days of the Greeks when they were known as the Hellenes.

♦ ♦ ♦

Did the English astronomer, Edmund Halley, live to see the return of his comet?

He did not. Halley died in 1742, but the comet, now named after him, reappeared on schedule in 1758, as he had predicted.

♦ ♦ ♦

Has an atomic clock been developed?

An atomic clock—Invariant with age—and for the first independent of astronomical observations—has been developed by the National Bureau of Standards. It is essentially an improved crystal clock. The new clock promises to surpass in accuracy any time measurement heretofore known.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Porto Buci, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

Ship Movements

By United Press

New York—Santa Luisa, Valparaiso, Rotterdam, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Veracruz, New York, Desaru, Manila—None.

</div