

The Post's New Yorker

By
LEONARD LYONS

New York, Jan. 24.

THE WASHINGTON report now is that the Dominican Government will pay Haiti \$750,000 as indemnity for the border massacres, in return for squashing all further investigation . . . Although the March of Time's "Inside Nazi Germany—1938" is being protested by Hitler's representatives here, Warners refused to exhibit it, because they feel it contains pro-Nazi propaganda . . . Mrs. John Steinbeck declares that if "Tortilla Flats" had remained open, her husband would have sued Jack Kirkland for making alterations in the script, contrary to their agreement.

* * * *

LILLIAN GISH'S mother was anxious to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" at the Music Hall, but didn't want seats in the reserved section—because she is unable to climb any stairs. Miss Gish, therefore, arranged with the theater to have two employees sit in orchestra seats from 11 a. m.—until Mrs. Gish was wheeled in via the side entrance . . . Ernest Hemingway is on the S. S. Gripsholm now, returning from Spain . . . Katharine Cornell insists her ankles are too weak, and so every day at 11 she skates at Rockefeller Plaza.

* * * *

DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMAS E. DEWEY has just announced that he has appointed Florence Kelley as his new legal Aide. Miss Kelley hasn't even taken the bar examinations in this State . . . Lillian Hellman went to Miami Beach this week to deliver three lectures in behalf of the Spanish Loyalists. Miss Hellman departed—with a certificate attesting to the fact that she had caught a 7 foot 6 inch sailfish!

* * * *

THURSDAY EVENING Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt went to Town Hall to hear her grandson, James Roosevelt, debate. She couldn't get tickets at the boxoffice, because of a sellout. Some one finally recognized her, invited her inside, but was unable to find room for her inside. One member of the League for Political Education arose, bowed, and offered: "I am a Republican, madam. See, we're not bad folks? You may have my chair." . . . J. Edgar Hoover wired Jim Braddock last night: "Your win was even more thrilling than capturing the Ross kidnaper." . . . Amon Carter went to see the President this week, to arrange for a canal from Fort Worth to the Gulf of Mexico.

* * * *

"YESTERDAY I asked my son," writes Fred B. Snite, father of the boy in the Iron Lung, "if he wanted to go on the air for the President's Birthday Celebration. His reply was 'I am afraid the excitement would be too much for me. But if it will relieve you of any embarrassment, I will.' Yesterday he went 13½ minutes on his own. Today he could make only seven. And our present staff consists of seven nurses, two orderlies and one doctor on 24-hour duty . . . In China it was 117 days before he could say one word on his own, and the effort required was equivalent to an ordinary person running a 100-yard dash on a hot day . . . And that one word he was able to speak—was 'God.'"

* * * *

WHEN WARNER BROS., submitted the script of "The Man Without a Country" to the Hays office, the script was approved in its entirety, except for one line, in which Phillip Nolan shouts: "Damn the United States." The censors finally were shown—that the line appears in all the history books, exactly that way . . . Physicians who've just returned from Spain insist that half of the patients in the hospitals are war casualties—the other half there victims of auto accidents . . . Eleanor Holm, dancing to a waltz-tune, sighed heavily. "What's the idea?" her partner asked. "That music," Eleanor sighed again. "I used to swim to that music."

* * * *

ETHEL BARRYMORE announced this week: "I am about to make a bromidic remark—which, for me, is an achievement" . . . Duke Ellington will succeed Cab Calloway at the Cotton Club That movie short, in which Pitt's Marshall Goldberg appears as an All-America selection, still is being exhibited at the movie house owned by his father, in West Virginia. Although that short already is 3 months old, the townsfolk insist upon viewing it. As soon as Life announced that it would not renew its contract for exclusive photos of the Dionnes, a Hollywood gagster wired Dr. Dafoe: "There, I told you. The Quintuplets are slipping."

* * * *

THERE'S A WYNN now in each of the only two legitimate theaters remaining on Broadway—Ed WYNN, at the Winter Garden, and his son, Keenan Wynn, at the Empire. Keenan, who opened last night in "Star Wagon," got a pep talk from his dad, about not being nervous. "Okay, pop, I won't forget," Keenan promised. And so the most nervous performer on Broadway last night—was Ed Wynn . . . Noel Coward now tells intimates: "I made my money by the sweat of my high-brow" . . . After the slugging, Critic John Mason Brown wired Dick Watts: "I see Kirkland has another hit."