

# U.S. In "Flying Saucer" Mood

NEW YORK

## From Don Iddon

NEW YORK, March 31.

Brace yourself for a return of the flying saucers in the American sky—and not merely saucers, but whole tea sets and probably pots, pans and kettles as well. People here are beginning to see things. Little Red men are hammering at their brains and there is a harvest of hallucinations.

**U**NFRIENDLY submarines are expected to be spotted in the Hudson and East Rivers any day now, and dust-clouds over the Kansas plains could be caused by tanks of another Power. Men are becoming frightened of their own shadows as the military whip up fear and hysteria more fiercely.

The spring time has brought not hope, but apprehension, and war talk grows. During the past few days the defence chiefs have not only roused the nation from sleep, but have got it running around the room at the double. Some think that they have gone too far, and the newest strategy is to impress upon the public that while the Russians are a menace, and mighty, the United States has what it takes to deal with them, and quickly.

For instance, Glenn Martin, plane manufacturer, who is close to the generals, has outlined the pattern of conflict. He says that it could conceivably be a 65-day war—a neat, speedy job with victory in the bag at the end of two months.

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First, says Martin, America has guided missiles that can destroy enemy ships and steel factories from a range of several thousand miles.

It has 1948 model atomic bombs far more devastating than those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

It has new bacteria weapons which can cause wholesale death.

It has radio-active atomic clouds which, moved by a favorable breeze, can destroy the country through which they pass.

### Ideal As Need

**T**HIS box of horrors has only just been opened, and people are still gasping. They wonder what madness has come upon their world, and wait vainly for an expression of faith. Most feel that Communism will not be stemmed or smashed by terrible armaments alone. They seek a philosophy, an ideal, a way of life, possibly the American way, as an unchallengeable moral force.

But no man, and certainly no statesman, speaks of this, and perhaps it will be left to the

perhaps it will be left to the Church and Christianity and the Cross to counter the Kremlin.

From New York and other ports Marshall Aid begins to flow. Few begrudge the goods or money. The entire \$5,000m. worth for this year is only as much as the United States shot away every three weeks in the fighting during the last war.

Hurting from crisis to crisis under the jet propulsion of power politics, the American and his wife can only hope that the dollars sent abroad will help to keep his home, his job, and his country safe. He is cheered by production figures, which are breaking all records and are sensational—93 p.c. above the average of 1935-39. Never have the factories turned out so many goods.

Despite this and the honeyed words of Congress concerning tax cuts, citizens here are prepared for a sacrifice. They are not such fools as to imagine that a vast defence programme can be carried through without the national economy feeling it. They will give until it hurts.

However, they are getting tired of financing UN, which is generally considered to be a lead duck. This week an agreement was signed for a US loan to UN of \$65m. The "New Yorker" asks—"For what?"

### Cabarets Suffer

THE atmosphere is so grim here that business has slumped drastically in restaurants, night clubs, and cabaret spots. Receipts are down one-third, and a velvet rope no longer bars strangers from the Stork Club, El Morocco, or the Twenty-one. Even the hicks are welcome.

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News from Britain that tourists get extra petrol to travel round the country and are permitted to buy clothes without ration coupons, makes many people contemplating trips feel ashamed.

Residents here have more clothes than they can wear, more food than they can eat, more petrol than their cars can consume, and have had for years.

To dip into and drain from Briton's meagre supply would be a disgusting business. Thank you; I'll take the bus.

I am sorry, too, to see the pound sterling being sold around town to travellers for bargain basement prices—\$2.75—compared with the official rate of \$4.2. Only the dishonest will buy them.

Incidentally, most of the financially-minded are convinced that ultimately Britain will have to devalue the pound and that artificial supports will have to be cut down. Altogether there is far too much gloom here about Britain's position—financial and otherwise.

### Alas For Laski

THE United States needs a visit and a bold pep talk from Mr. Churchill, but instead Professor Harold Laski arrives, and, in a dreary climb-down, says—"I am deeply grieved by Russia. The gentlemen in the Kremlin are gathering rosebuds while they may." Alas for Laski!

The Americans are exporting much better tourist material. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the late great President's widow, will arrive in London this week to unveil the memorial to FDR, and a midsummer trip from Mr. Marshall is likely.

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Mrs. Roosevelt has refused to make a statement on the declaration by her sons Elliot and Franklin jun. that they favor Gen. Eisenhower as the Democratic nominee for President. I suspect that she agrees with them. Hardly anyone is left, except Mr. Truman himself, who wants to see the present occupant of the White House as the party's standard-bearer.

The President is being assailed almost as savagely as is Russia, and I sicken of the slaughter.

There are far more cheers for a big shot from abroad—King Michael of Rumania. Such a fuss is being made of this young man that many Americans are in danger of breaking a leg curtseying. The King without a Kingdom is being feted and feasted and is making powerful speeches for democracy at the drop of a reporter's pencil. I am surprised by the whole business.

The latest word on Palestine is that no solution there means dissolution everywhere.