

The Daily Record

DUNN, N. C.
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Application for entry as second class matter is pending.
Every afternoon, Monday through Friday

Don't Invite Trouble

The present epidemic of car-stealing, which has seen three automobiles spirited off in broad daylight within 48 hours this week, leads inevitably to two conclusions.
The first conclusion—that somebody is mighty light-fingered with other peoples' property—is obvious.
The other conclusion is that the owners of those automobiles must have been careless in some manner which attracted the thief or thieves. Possibly the doors were left unlocked—a not-too-unlikely prospect, since many of us seldom bother to lock cars during daylight hours.
Just as likely keys were carelessly left in ignitions. If that is the case, then the auto-less owners can blame only themselves for their losses.
Little excuse exists for drivers who leave a car at the curb with the engine running or the keys in the switch. That is merely an invitation to a thief on the lookout for a joyride.
If you don't lock your car when you leave it, then please take the keys with you. Why invite trouble?

REALTY TRANSFERS

The following realty transfers have been recorded by Mrs. Inez Harrington, Harnett register of deeds:
R. C. and Eva Reaves to J. S. and Jennie B. Wood, lots; Malloy and Cora Lee Shaw to Flora McG. McLean, 11 acres; J. S. and Jennie B. Wood to R. C. and Eva Reaves, lots; W. M. and Lavina Whittenton to T. E. and Esther Barbour, lots; Mattie and G. C. Womack to Ruth D. Matthews, 20.21 acres; Mattie and G. C. Womack to Ezra Darrach, 20.21 acres; J. M. and Lillie Mae Wallace to Rassic and Blanche Raynor, lot;

Mrs. E. P. Davis to L. H. and Mittie M. Sill, lot; Laura and W. M. Davis to Flora McGreggor McLean, 11 acres; Ezra and Dorothy Darrach to H. C. and Rena D. Whittenton, 20.21 acres; Roema Ennis to David B. and Wynona Ennis, lot; David and Wynona Ennis to Roema Ennis, lot; David and Beatrice Gilchrist to Flora McGreggor McLean, 11 acres; Eula Belle Gilchrist to Flora McGreggor McLean, 11 acres; Geneva Gray to Flora McGreggor McLean, 11 acres; Hattie and Edgar Haley to Flora McGreggor McLean, 11 acres;

N. M. and Bessie Johnson to Henry C. Lee, lots; Clyde and Gladys Johnson to James and Josephine Hawley, lot; Coy and Iva J. Lucas to Mamie Young Hodges, lot; George and Hannah Leah to Flora McGreggor McLean,

11 acres; Alonzo and Mary McNeill to Flora McGreggor McLean, 11 acres; Willard Mixon and Mary J. Pope to R. C. and Vera Lee Dorran, lot; Ruth D. Matthews to H. C. and Rena D. Whittenton, 20.21 acres; Robert Matthews to H. C. and Rena D. Whittenton, 20.21 acres; S. R. and Mattie Prince to Glorious Church of the Living God, one acre.

Award
(Continued From Page One)
Sprull, Robert Pope, Everette Turlington, Jerry Pope, L. C. Draughon, Harvey Eldridge, Louis Strickland, Joe Johnson and Phillip Williams.
Troop 711 and Troop 14 tied for the attendance award of the evening.

CARD OF THANKS
I would like to express my sincere appreciation for the kindness and thoughtfulness shown during the illness and death of my wife, Mrs. Emma P. Johnson.
HASSIE M. JOHNSON

Funeral Directory

W. (Wash) Daroch, 58, former of Lillington, Rt. 3, died at his home early this morning. Death was attributed to a heart attack. Funeral services were conducted this afternoon at 3:30 p.m. from the Flat Branch Presbyterian Church by the Rev. I. E. Hager, pastor, and the Rev. A. S. Rhyme of Lumberlon. Burial was in the church cemetery.

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These Days



Sokolsky

THE MISSING LINK
In all the excitement about Europe, with such voluminous and expert testimony about how many divisions we must send to defend the Rhine and other touristic rivers, little or nothing is being said about Central or South America.
It would seem that this is the missing link in our policy. These two American continents are joined together in an association of mutual self-interest which makes for a natural alliance. Besides, we are, with increasing rapidity, recognizing that with the probable exception of diamonds, the American continent can provide all essential minerals and metals necessary for our production and defense. In fact, with sensible capital investments, the American continents could supply all the raw materials essential to our well-being.
Yet, so strong is the European tradition among us that we plunge into constantly more expensive adventures on the continent of Europe while we ignore altogether the great riches on the American continents.

Governor Dewey's metallurgical knowledge failed him when he testified before Senator Connally's committee, for the governor seems to have forgotten the resources and reserves of Brazil and Chile in his excitement over how many divisions General Eisenhower requires, something about which General Eisenhower has been discreetly silent.
Herbert Hoover, who has always been a mining engineer and a metallurgist, who wrote a classical textbook on the subject and translated another from the Latin, contested Governor Dewey's worries in the following language:
"I presume Governor Dewey's statement was made in reply to one of mine, and Governor Dewey limited his statement to continental United States. I said that it is possible, by proper economic policy, to develop all the necessary and critical raw materials in the western hemisphere. I include the whole hemisphere, and not the United States alone."
Now, supplies of many of these critical commodities are a matter of price. For instance, if there was a sufficient price, and I do not think that it is a very much larger price, probably five cents a pound in the present buying power of money, this country could produce all of the zinc and all the lead, and the western hemisphere could produce all of the copper that it would require. As to uranium supplies they would be more costly, if we had to get them out of the western hemisphere. There is also cobalt and chromium and there are aluminum ores. They are all possible at a sufficient price. So that the argument does not run in full. It only runs to the expenditures."

So, I looked up a few facts:
Antimony ore is available in Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Honduras, the United States and Mexico.
Bauxite, from which aluminum is made, is available in British Guiana, Curacao, Jamaica, Surinam, and the United States.
Chromite ore is found in the United States and Canada, the Philippines and Cuba.
Cobalt ore is found in the United States and Canada.
Copper is found in Chile, Peru and Ecuador, the United States, Canada and Mexico.
Lead ore comes from the United States, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Canada, Mexico and Newfoundland.
Manganese is found in the United States and Mexico, but more in Brazil, Chile and Cuba.
Petroleum comes from the United States, Mexico, Venezuela and Colombia.
Tin ore comes to us in vast quantities from Bolivia. There is also tin ore in Brazil and Chile.
Much is said about the lack of tungsten. Argentina, Brazil, the United States, Canada, Mexico, Bolivia and Peru supply tungsten.
Vanadium comes from Peru and the United States.
Zinc comes from the Argentine, Bolivia, Peru, the United States, Canada and Mexico.
This is neither a complete list of metals nor a complete list of what is available on the American continents. It is a sample to cut sharply into the argument that these two great continents, which for centuries have been regarded as nations' treasure houses, have suddenly become Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard merely to establish a political argument. Brazil alone, with adequate capital investment and engineering skill, can show the politician that it is not necessary to kill American boys to get metals.
As for uranium, there is ample on the American continent and everybody knows it, including Joe Stalin—and the bigger countries are chasing each other to find samples.
If we think of the American continents more, and devote ourselves to cultivating the good will of our Latin neighbors, we will be showing some common sense.

Mister Brager



Little Old New York

Behind the Scenes
There it was, spelled out in black and white, an attractive resort ad in Golf World, published at Pinehurst, N. C., by ex-golf writer Bob Harlow. It was a singularly attractive layout for the Ormond Beach Golf Club, adjacent to the famous Florida hotel:
"Play the seaside links where John D. Rockefeller and Ed Sullivan struggled with par, in the breezes off the South Atlantic—one of the finest linkslands in the world."
Next time the bank sends a curt note that the checking account has been overdrawn by \$1.75, or Collector of Internal Revenue Johnson dispatches a fearsome invitation to drop in, they'll get a photostat of the Ormond Beach G. C. ad which links this columnist with the late colossus of Standard Oil.
Both the bank and the Treasury Dept must conclude that John D. was a golf partner, and while it would be fatal to tell them the truth, it can be revealed to you in complete confidence. But not a word to bank or revenuers!

Technically, the ad is correct: Mr. Rockefeller did struggle daily with par at Ormond, which is one of the most attractive ocean courses in the world; it's also true that simultaneously, your reporter struggled with par at Ormond.
However, there were some fundamental differences.
Mr. Rockefeller died in May, 1937, and left an estate which was estimated at \$2,400,000,000, by the AP. Others argued he left only a billion dollars. In any event, give or take a billion dollars, the old gentleman only struggled with par, while your reporter also struggled with the problem of saving enough out of his weekly Ormond wage to buy his ticket back to New York, at the end of the brief season.
Struggle proved unequal, so I borrowed \$50 from Tommy Armour.

There were some other differences, also fundamental.
Mr. Rockefeller did not play with the hotel baseball team, for which I caught, and for which the head pitcher pitched. The infield was made up of bellhops, all of them from Boston, Dorchester and Roxbury. The outfield consisted of a room clerk, a night watchman and an assistant chef. Our coach was Fred Merkle, who had a truck farm near Daytona, and enough of his big league class rubbed off on us to win the Florida hotel championship.
Mr. Rockefeller did not eat with the help, and thus missed the second helpings which we wangled from the waitresses, all from Boston.
At night, Mr. Rockefeller did not fish with us, from the bridge over the Halifax River, a stone's throw from his home. These are the disadvantages that go with a billion dollars or even a teeny-weeny million, but Mr. Rockefeller accepted it, chin up.

This was back around 1924, just after Frank Munsey, the coroner of Newspaper Row, had bought and shipwrecked the N. Y. Evening Mail. It always seemed to me he went to a lot of effort to put me out of a job. At any event, your reporter was in Florida when the roof fell in, and Grantland Rice, hearing of the personal tragedy, landed the job at Ormond Beach.
He was a headliner, even then, regarded by us younger writers with the same awe that a rookie might regard Babe Ruth. Part of the deal, I think, was Grant's promise to come to Ormond and be even did that! In my excitement at his arrival, while welcoming him, I bit hard on a pivot tooth and it fell out. It was right in front, so it was necessary to whisper introductions through clenched teeth.
There have been embarrassing moments, but that one always remains in memory.

In addition to acting as golf secretary, which occasionally consisted of luring Walter Hagen, Joe Kirkwood, Glenna Collett and other golf stars for exhibition matches, your reporter also served as Ormond correspondent for the various wire services and dailies.
On one occasion, this proved a golden windfall. Mr. Rockefeller invited banking tycoon George F. Baker down from Sea Island, Ga., for John D.'s daily eight-hole exercises.
As this brought together two of the wealthiest old gentlemen in the world, at golf, all of the big papers of the country wired for coverage. It's the only time I ever had two multimillionaires working for me. On space rates, they enriched this reporter by about \$134, and it was mighty decent of them, slaving over a hot course.

So the Hotel Ormond resort ad, which genially pictures Mr. Rockefeller and this correspondent gallantly "struggling with par in the breezes off the South Atlantic," is not completely accurate. It implies a gay, blithe camaraderie; two hail fellows, well met, in a rendezvous at the first tee; the matching of pots for the honor.
For practical purposes of credit, let this impression persist.
Hushing up Grantland Rice should not be difficult, Fred Merkle never was a stool pigeon, the Ormond team were right guys and Tommy Armour was paid back his \$50, to our mutual surprise.

It Says Here

by Bob Hope
A new dance is born.
I'm told that a new ballroom dance will be hitting the halls soon called the "U.N. Cakewalk."
The originators got the idea by watching the Russians at Lake Success, and it's really an unusual dance. Every time you have a motion, your partner vetoes it.
Dancing might make for more cooperation in the U. N. picture—An old-fashioned square dance led by Eleanor Roosevelt and Trygve Lie—with Sir Gladwyn Jebb as the caller.
Might be difficult to get the Russians to join in. If a Soviet representative were asked, "May I have this dance?" he would probably say, "I won't know until I get my instructions from Moscow."
But the idea might be worth a try. It would be great if all the U. N. Delegates could get together for dancing. In fact, it would be great if they could get together on anything.

Wounded
(Continued From Page One)
Mr. and Mrs. George R. Antry, R.F. 1, Dunn.
Sgt. G. Harold G. Latham, husband of Mrs. Dorothy M. Latham, 2104, Rock Ave., Fayetteville.
M. Sgt. Ernest W. Seay, son of Mrs. Ethel D. Seay, Rt. 3, Box 508, Asheville.
Cpl. Rom Worley, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Worley, Worley.

Frederick L. OTHMAN
PUNTA DEL ESTE, Uruguay — The International Film Festival was on its next to last cocktail when I hove into this resort for South American millionaires and it seemed like home in Hollywood.
The weird thing was that the movie lovelies traveled thousands upon thousands of miles via Panagra airlines, steamship across the River Plate, and streamlined train from Montevideo, only to find themselves in an exact duplicate of the Bellaire country club outside Los Angeles. Even the labels on the bottles were the same.
Such luminaries as Joan Fontaine, Lisbeth Scott, Evelyn Keyes, June Haver, Patricia Neal, Wendell Corey and John Derek discovered that the life of a movie star was the same all over, including Latin bobby soxers with autograph books.
Here under the Hollywood palm trees was the Hollywood swimming pool; nearby were the searchlights in front of the Uruguayan Gramman's Chinese. The movie actors nonetheless thought they were seeing life in foreign lands—and who am I to disillusion them?
I talked to some of the ladies and they were enchanted with the scene, which so perfectly duplicated what they had left. I could write out an interview with them, but I doubt if you'd be interested and anyhow I quit being a Hollywood correspondent many years ago. So let's talk a little about Punta del Este, a peninsula pointing into the Atlantic and studded with some of the most fantastically beautiful mansions these tired old eyes ever saw.
The town was jammed with actors, press agents, and government officials eyeing the pretty-pretties in slacks. So I found a room about 10 miles down the pike at a place called Solana del Mar. Fabulous is the word for it.
A syndicate of Argentine millionaires built here a hotel super de luxe for 50 guests, under the supervision of the Spanish modern architect, Antonio Bonet. Where a pine forest met the sea Bonet built his long, low hotel of granite, mahogany, and sheets of plate glass two stories tall. Here trees grew inside windows, here a French chef produced food such as I never tasted even in France, and here I thought for sure I was going bankrupt.
The basic room rate posted on the door in my room, with the ultra modern furniture and the green marble cocktail table with the wrought iron legs was \$36 per day. Only this turned out to be Uruguayan dollars, and you get two of those for one American cartwheel. The rate still was high.
Or was until the head waiter asked to see my passport. He wanted to make sure I wasn't a native, because the government has a special deal for us tourists. We get a 45 percent discount on the cost of food, drink, and lodging, just because we were good enough to visit this happy land. The taxpayers foot that part of the bill. So the total cost of my stay in perhaps the most luxurious hotel I ever saw was about \$9 per night, food, bed, drinks, and tips included.
I spent a good deal of my time looting on the terrace playing South American millionaire while one nozo in a white coat brought me orange juice and another stood by alertly to see if my pillows needed adjusting. The managements had seven servants for every guest, and it struck me that I would be silly to waste too much of my time with the cuties from Hollywood. I must report even so that they did make an excellent impression on the Uruguayans; they did not drink too much; they got into no fights except perhaps among themselves and the natives liked their first film festival so much they announced it would be an annual affair.
The big news of the festival I

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