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These Days



By
Sokolsky

THE PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION

The record in the McCarran hearings is very different in places from the digests in news stories, but it could not be otherwise. For no newspaper could publish all the words of congressional hearings. There are too many of them.

Yet, perfect gems of testimony often appear in the record. For instance, this one:

"Senator Ferguson. Don't you think that Lattimore told you in those two paragraphs that have been read that he was wanting you to follow the Commie line?"

"Mr. Carter. It would seem to me that he was assuming that I was and I denied it."

"Senator Ferguson. And wanted you to continue, is that right?"

"Mr. Carter. He was giving me a bouquet."

"The chairman. He was approving it."

"Mr. Carter. Yes, I would prefer to address these questions to Lattimore because he would remember what was in it."

"The chairman. Mr. Carter, when he said you were cagey, he was approving of it, was he not?"

"Mr. Carter. It was a bouquet."

"The chairman. You did not that letter raise a grave question as to your mind at the very least as to whether or not Lattimore was a Communist?"

"Mr. Carter. My conviction was and is he was not and never has been, and second, this should be remembered: In the context of 1943 where the political pattern of the world and the tensions were totally different from what they are now, we were feeling out to find out who were our allies. We didn't care very much who they were, so long as they passed the jaws and got us ready to beat the Germans."

"The chairman. You said you followed the U. S. S. R. line without the appearance of being a Communist. That statement was approved by you, was it not a Communist?"

"Now, in 1953, the United States was not at war with anybody and had no allies. Most persons, even very well-informed persons, did not expect a general war. Hitler and Stalin were secretly forming an alliance for the conquest of Europe, and had not yet been an invasion of Poland by Russia and Germany acting jointly. Japan and the United States were not at war.

It is the plausible excuse that is so often given by those who served Russia or favored Russia or were pro-Communist that their attitude was based on the circumstance of the times. I notice that in a controversy between Edward Wees of the "Atlantic Monthly" and the author of "Communist Back" Wees accused the same position. In a way, there are no absolutes in the world in which we live, that moment of the moment, sitting at the time of policy and now.

Ferguson, many of these editors and writers and commentators will not say the phrase in French, but they will say the phrase in English, "I was following the line of the State Department policy."

"I was present at one of those Congressional hearings that took place in 1943, and at which the discussion was concerning the Third International. It seemed to me that the conversation was geared to an effort to establish the truth about the existence of the Third International. In fact, I heard one commentator say that although he had seen in Russia for many years, representing a radio network, he had never heard of a Third International. If my memory serves me, however, I remember that on this occasion a group of newspapermen and radio commentators and others asked about international until they would have said out in stage, but some of them did and some did not. I remember the discussion because the fashion has changed.

Such men could say it that they serve the State Department, and that every country allied to the United States, and that how temporarily, because the State Department at the moment of summer and an international world was not in a state of assistance. That is a position which was taken in 1943, but it is not the position of the world during the war, while accepting the assistance with a view to the necessity in time of war, and the necessity of being able to stand together. They refused to give assistance until they were assured that the assistance would be temporary, and that it would involve a permanent war against America. At the very time that the United States and the majority of the nations were sending aid to Russia, the State Department was trying to unseat Communists in America and White House Chamber was rushing about seeking for someone to believe him.

Bellevue, which, about 1850, is the oldest existing town in Nebraska.

Mister Breger



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By
Sokolsky

"Well, if it isn't Joe Klunk, my old grammar school mate—gee, you haven't changed a bit!"

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON.—When I went to school, Washington University, St. Louis, class of 1926, there was no such thing as an honor system. Examinations were a battle of wits between professors and their students.

Anybody who could cheat under our system was a minor genius, unusually nimble of brain, and destined to become at least a brigadier general. Mostly we never got away with our plots to undermine the authorities, although I must admit I did manage for two years running to give the business to Doc Batista, the professor of Spanish literature.

So for the benefit of the brass-bound pedagogues at West Point, who now are figuring on how to reorganize their scholastic scheme, I'd like to report how we used to do it on those tense June days in St. Louis.

The whole class filed into the examination hall, with ink, pens, and stacks of blank, blue-bound books in which to answer the question. Anything else was verboten and bulges under coats got the old double-O. The professor always was on hand; so were a couple or three of his assistants to stalk down the aisles like traffic cops.

Getting signals from outside was no good, because the proctors kept an eye on the windows against loiterers. A fellow couldn't crib from a pony because he couldn't get a book, no matter how slim, inside.

One of my brighter schoolmates thought up what looked like a magnificent idea for the exam in medieval European history. With magnifying glass and fine-pointed camel's hair brush he painted on his fingernails in script too small to see with the naked eye all the more important names and dates on which he expected to be quizzed. The rest of us admired him vastly.

He would have gotten away with it, too, except that once he entered the hall he did not dare examine his fingers with a microscope. He wiped off the ink with a sweaty handkerchief and took that exam honestly.

He'd used so much mental energy writing down all that information in size to fit on the head of a pin that all the facts stuck in his head. Made an A for the course and if he hadn't tried to cheat he'd probably have flunked it.

That brings us to Prof. Batista. He was a nice little guy and he certainly did know his Spanish, but his idea of an examination was for his students to translate a few chapters of an English novel into the flowery prose of the caballeros. I soon noticed that those students who filled the most pages with Spanish got the best grades. The professor obviously believed in volume.

I also came to the conclusion that no man, no matter how conscientious, could read all that guff. With this thought in mind I always translated carefully the first couple or three pages of a blue book, scribbled anything at all, including doodles, in the middle section, and resumed Spanish again on the last couple of pages. This worked as I had hoped.

The professor only glanced at the first page or two of an examination book. I followed this labor-saving device for my last two years and the doc never did catch on. This bucked me up considerably. Somehow I never did figure that I was cheating and somehow I managed to learn the language.

And if West Point needs any more hints on how to educate the young, without honor systems or scandals, either, I'm available to the pedagogical colonels any afternoon at two.

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LYNN NISSET: Around Capitol Square

COOL—No, not the weather. To the contrary, the heat has been responsible for some very queer editorial writing lately. Take that editorial in the High Point Enterprise expressing surprise at reports that the candidacy of the Rev. Casper Warren for governor was accorded a "cool" reception around Capitol Square. The High Point editor had expected the reception would be cold, rather than cool, and suggests that it probably was "as cold as the coldest human emotion, fear." It wasn't and isn't; but it is definitely cool. Folks around Capitol Square do not fear Candidate Warren and generally don't think his candidacy is anything to bother about. But, it is important to remember this: Capitol folk have been caught in two jams in recent years by making choice of candidates too soon. So there isn't much disposition now to choose sides by either accepting or completely rejecting any possibility. It is easy to find some folks hereabouts who concede that another Baptist preacher, mentioned before Dr. Warren was put into the running, has "a chance"—to wit, Dr. Edmundo C. Johnson, commissioner of paroles.

ERUPTION—The heat may be charged—or credited—with some of the far-fetched gossip quoted in these columns about sundry other prospective candidates for governor, such as Kay Kyser, Dr. Frank Graham, Judge Dan Moore and others. Addition of these names, along with those of Drs. Warren and Johnson, to the already long list of potentials including William Umstead, Capus Waynick, Brandon Hodges, Sam Ervin, Hiden Ramsay, Mayne Albright, Thad Eure, Star Ballentine, Pat Taylor, Robert Frazier, Major McLendon, Harry Caldwell, et cetera, doesn't mean anything except that most folks haven't made up their minds about the next governor. There have been numerous pieces written about each of these prospects, some making sense but a lot more just making words. Blue ribbon prize for heat-generated eruption goes to the News and Observer's "Under the Dome" for the paragraph reading: "Warren's principal support thus far has come from a clique which worked to help Senator Willis Smith go to Washington. The clique, incidentally, dealt its most effective blows through a series of personal attacks on the Senator's opponent, Dr. Frank Graham. Earlier this year, it vainly attempted to attach itself to former Senator Williams. B. Umstead. Turned away by Umstead, it then tried with no better success to take over the campaign State Treasurer Brandon Hodges is expected to conduct. Hodges, like Umstead, managed to steer clear of the threat, and now the clique is working on Dr. Warren."

FUNNY—It must be the heat, unless the writer of that paragraph is trying to be funny. Votes are secret except when the voter himself tells how he marked his ballot, and it is not possible to know just how the thinking processes of candidates work. But it has been generally understood that both Umstead and Hodges supported Smith in the senatorial campaign last year and that they would depend largely upon the element in the Democratic Party which backed Smith to support them in the governor's race next year. Certainly neither of them is strong enough or dumb enough politically to turn away or steer clear of the majority element which nomi-

inated and elected Smith in the Senate. That doesn't mean of course that either Umstead or Hodges could get all the votes which went to Smith, but being practical politicians it would be a safe bet of a thousand to one they would like to get them all—because that would be enough to assure victory. Instead of turning away and steering clear it's dollars to doughnuts any candidate for governor would give a finger—maybe a left arm—for assured support of everybody who voted for Willis Smith last year.

HEAR—Unless, that is, the heat and the general apathy about politics has affected potential candidates as much as it has political writers. In that event almost anything could happen.

Tennessee was nicknamed "Volunteer State" when President James K. Polk called for 2,800 men to fight the Mexican War and 39,000 Tennesseans volunteered.

Frederick the Great had his coffee made with champagne instead of water.

Something Very New

Whether Dr. Casper Warren, pastor of the state's largest church, will run for governor of North Carolina, we don't know. Neither does he, though as of Wednesday he seriously doubted the possibility. "My mind is open," he said. But it will take a real call to persuade him to run—a call similar to that which persuaded Dr. Dan Poling, another Baptist minister, to run for mayor of Philadelphia.

If Dr. Warren runs, it will be a case of the office seeking the man rather than the man seeking the office. Something we often hear about but seldom if ever see. The same thing may be said of General Eisenhower, if he runs for President.

Think how unusual it would be if chief executives of both the nation and the state were "drafted" for office. The "draft Warren" movement—if it ever reaches the proportions of a movement—did not originate in political circles. The idea was born in the mind of a woman who takes both her religion and her citizenship very seriously, and believes it is time they came closer together. She reviewed the state's need and the people's desire; then she surveyed the state and came up with the conclusion that Dr. Warren was the man who best fits the needs and meets the desires. It was about as "unpolitical" approach to the problem as has ever come to our attention.

But the idea, or the movement, has the potentialities of the most effective kind of politics, if the people of North Carolina want the kind of governor Mrs. Hunter Dalton thinks—a deeply religious man who has proven himself to be an able administrator and leader as well as a preacher; a man without any background of professional politics.

Whether that is the type of man the people want as their governor—whether Tar Heels generally are desirous of a new face, new blood and a new approach to the problems of state—only time will tell. Only time and the people themselves. But if they do we are going to have something very different in North Carolina next year—during the campaign—and a new type in the governor's office.

A campaign between Dr. Warren and some other man, assuming there is only one, will be pitched on the highest plane. No one will attack him, for obvious reasons, and he won't launch a personal attack on any man. His lack of experience in statecraft and government may be an issue, but that is about all anyone can say against him. His own campaign, if he runs, will be concerned with what he can do for, not with any person whom he opposes.

Dr. Warren himself does not "forsee the possibility" of a draft movement of such proportions as would persuade him to run—and being without the slightest personal political ambition—he is not going to do anything to bring such a movement about. There has been no such draft movement in our memory. So, from the practical standpoint, the odds seem definitely against the minister running. But if there are enough people who think as Mrs. Dalton does, and if enough of them do one tenth as much as she has done to bring their desires to the Charlotte man's attention, he will run.

It could be one of the most interesting developments in the history of North Carolina politics.—From The High Point Enterprise.

Little Old NEW YORK

By ED SULLIVAN

RAMBLING

Gilbert and Sullivan met on Route 7, the direct route to Danbury, Conn., a few hours ago. It happened when this reporter drove to that city to play a benefit. En route, he stopped off at Stonehenge, owned and operated by ex-GI Victor Gilbert. Gilbert treated Sullivan to a bourbon Manhattan and thus refreshed, I went on to the city distinguished for its hills, its lakes and its manufacture of elegant hats. In Stonehenge, a distinguished-looking gentleman walked over to the table. "I'm going to mention a name to you," he said, "to see if it rings a bell."

"What's the name, sir?" I asked him, politely.

"Joe Lowe," he said. And as he said it, the bells started ringing.

You'll have to go back with me about nine or ten years, when we were staging the first great war show in Madison Square Garden, for Gen. Thomas Terry's command in this area. All proceeds were to go to Major-Gen. Phillipson's Army Emergency Relief.

To raise a bundle, I established a price of \$5,000 for the boxes scaling them down to \$1,000 a box for the poorer locations; \$100 a seat for the first five rows and so on down the line. "You're nuts," amiably advised my committee. "Nobody will pay that kind of dough."

Your reporter, even with great faith in the public, was half-inclined to agree with his committee. But the tickets looked awfully impressive. In fact, \$5,000 spelled out in Sanskrit looks high class.

The day the tickets were on sale, a stranger phoned me at the apartment. "I'm Mr. Davis," he said, diffidently, "and though I know you're awfully busy, I'd like to talk to you about getting some tickets for the Army show."

"With 18,000 freshly-printed tickets in my possession, I'd have been willing to talk to Hopalong Cassidy's horse or Dagmar's uncle, had television created them, that early. "Go right ahead and talk, Mr. Davis," your reporter urged. "No," said Mr. Davis. "I'd rather see you personally."

Right then and there, I knew that Mr. Davis wasn't going to be of much help. People who want to see you, personally, always have a song they want published, or they have an invention, or they just are lonesome and want somebody to talk to.

"Call me on my private phone," I suggested. "Not even over a private phone," said Mr. Davis.

So in came Mr. Davis. He was bashful, but the big business type that's loaded with dough. He talked almost furtively of the weather and then said, hesitatingly: "Now about the tickets. We were going to buy one, but after thinking it over, Mr. Lowe has decided to take two."

"That's fine," I told him, with false heartiness. With 18,000 tickets on hand, even two outright sales were something. "Any particular location?" He shook his head. "No, anything you have on hand will do. Mr. Lowe probably won't even go himself. He's pretty busy."

"Then you can take your wife or your girl," I said. "What price tickets do you want. Something in the mezzanine, perhaps?"

"No, Mr. Lowe wanted the boxes," he said. If he had hit me with a blunt instrument, he couldn't have caused a greater shock. I edged away from him cautiously. This man was mad. The boxes were \$5,000 apiece. "Yes, of course," I soothed him. "Nothing like a couple of box seats at a big show." He nodded. "That's what Mr. Lowe said when he sent me up."

"And who is Mr. Lowe?" I asked him, gently. "He's the popsicle man," he said. Never having heard of a popsicle man, your reporter backed behind the desk. "And this popsicle man wants two box seats?" I asked, weakly.

"Not two seats," mildly corrected the visitor. "Two boxes, the \$5,000 kind." Wildly, I surveyed him. "Two \$5,000 boxes, huh? In other words, he wants to give us \$10,000?" Mr. Davis smiled happily. "That's what I've been trying to tell you. You send the tickets to the office and Mr. Lowe will send you the check."

That night at dinner, your reporter told of the berserk incident. "Don't you know what popsicles are, Daddy?" asked the 11-year-old daughter. "Kids buy more popsicles than anything else. If this man is the popsicle man, he could buy all of your boxes."

Very, very early the next morning, I was on the phone. "Yes," said the calm voice of Mr. Lowe. "Just send the tickets today and your messenger can pick up the check." That \$10,000 was the first money we took in for the Army Emergency Relief show. Eventually we sold \$202,958.01 and turned the check over to Gen. Phillipson almost in toto. Stagehands, musicians and performers gave their services gratis.

A few hours back, I met Mr. Lowe for the first time. So the meeting of Gilbert and Sullivan on Route 7, certainly had some personal historic element to distinguish it.

Little Old NEW YORK

By ED SULLIVAN

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It Says Here

by Bob Hope

Did you hear what the movie star said? In a recent article Tyrone Power said that movie moviemaking is tough work.

This may shatter the illusions of millions of movie fans who thought it was fun.

But I know what he means. Imagine how he feels after a long day's shooting when the director says, "I'm sorry Tyrone, but you'll have to kiss Linda Darnell one more time."

I know how a bit about this subject because I've always had a reputation as a great movie lover. In fact, after my very first love scene, the director said, "This guy will give Big-Tin-Tin plenty of competition."

In my picture I've played love scenes with such stars as Dorothy Lamour, Linda Darnell, and Jane Russell and all of them found me a great movie lover. I had them rave the small print in their contracts.

Of course, I've also played the part of a lover in a few pictures, but they always give him a lot of trouble. In the big romantic scenes he keeps stepping over his own shadow.

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