

# The Daily Record

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## Information Needed

One of the advantages of living in a free America is that despite efforts of some groups information vital to the public still flows freely—freer than in any other country. Americans should appreciate that fact. We should be grateful that we don't live behind an iron curtain where all information is screened and most of it banned.

Knowledge is power and it is to the advantage of every individual to secure as much knowledge as humanly possible.

For that reason, it behooves the citizens of this community to give their 100 per cent cooperation of the Dunn Information Clinic.

According to plans Moderator Jim McMillan, many outstanding figures of the State and nation will be brought to Dunn to give information to the people.

The first of these programs is scheduled for Thursday night, November 29th when Secretary of State Thad Eure will address the clinic.

Secretary Eure is a man well informed on State affairs—matters of government, citizenship and politics.

He's going to talk on "Little Things in Government" and is now engaged in preparing a speech which will prove to be highly interesting and very beneficial to all who hear him.

Secretary Eure will enlighten us on some of the affairs of his office and the State in general. He has knowledge which all of us need.

Tickets for this program, which includes a supper, are now on sale at drug stores and by officials of the clinic. The Daily Record hopes that all citizens will take advantage of the opportunity to hear Secretary Eure and at the same time lend support to this most worthy organization.

A good attendance at this program will help insure the procurement of still bigger names in the future. Your presence at the event will indicate that you, as a citizen, are interested in public affairs, good government and a better state, nation and world.

The meeting is open to all who care to attend and it ought not to be necessary to urge any person to be present. You won't do anybody a favor but yourself by putting in your attendance. And, by the same token, nobody but you will be the loser by failure to attend.

## Lillington Society

### AT STATE CONVENTION

Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Williams and Mrs. E. H. Moore returned last Thursday night from Asheville where they attended the sessions of the Baptist State Convention. Rev. Mr. Williams is pastor of the Lillington Baptist Church and the Rev. Mr. Moore is the Little River Association's missionary.

**RETURN HOME**  
Mrs. E. H. Till, the former Miss Lydia Sorrell, of Birmingham, Ala., and her daughter, Mrs. William Tillman White, II, of Jackson, Miss., and Mrs. White's young son, William Tillman White, III, left Thursday after a two weeks visit here with Mrs. C. E. Sorrell. On the way they plan to spend a night in Mason, Ga. with Mr. and Mrs. Graham Sorrell. Mrs. Till is the

daughter and Mrs. White the granddaughter of Mrs. Sorrell. **METHODISTS PLAN BAZAAR**  
Christmas gifts will be held on Saturday, December 1, at O'Quinn store in Lillington by members of the Lillington Woman's Society of Christian Service.

**ON HUNTING TRIP**  
Andrew Jackson and Billy Ray Matthews are on a hunting trip to the Adirondack mountains in northern New York State. They have been gone a week.

**MR. ROSS ILL**  
Condition of Charles Ross, prominent Lillington attorney, who is confined to Highsmith Hospital in Fayetteville is reported to be slightly improved. Mr. Ross has been in the hospital for over a week.

## Frederick OTHMAN

**WASHINGTON.**—The Office of Price Stabilization announces, with appropriate (medium-sized) fanfare that it has decided to remove corncobs from price control.

Beginning Nov. 19 you can change what the traffic will bear for your corncobs. The Hon. Mike DiSalle's price fixers explain that when shipped up and properly squeezed, corncobs give furtural. This is a chemical that's good for making more than 50 different and important things, from nylon stockings to automobile tires.

Corncobs also are good for smoking tobacco, but are inclined to get a little strong after prolonged use. So there's a shortage of them and the Federalists figured if they allowed the price to go up, the producers of corncobs would ship the merchandise to market. Fair enough.

Only I got to wondering whether corncobs were the sole items the government had decided to leave to the mercies of supply-and-demand. Getting the answer meant shuffling through a tremendous pile of paper (which is under price control), but I am pleased to report that many a mighty American industry still is free of the bureaucrats' iron grip.

My wife is in the business of shipping down forests and carving them into toothpicks. No price controls for you. The same goes for the dealers in bird cages and toy houses for pups. They can charge what they please.

The Hon. Mike's experts have decided further that hand-painted pictures (their phrase) are free of Federal controls. So are glass and metal picture frames. It's a good thing that these glass cubes are

good for chilling without dishing. The idea seems to be: put 'em in the refrigerator and then dump them into your highball. The OPS, in any event, is not freezing its fingers on synthetic ice.

Artificial flowers, whether for decoration of hats, dinner tables or movie palace lobbies, can sell for what they'll bring. So can moose and elk cakes. These, as I understand it, are horns used by ninjas to fool the furry folk of the forests. They strike me as being fundamentally dishonest.

So do wigs and toupees. These hair pieces DiSalle regards as having no effect on the cost of living and they likewise are exempt from his price ceilings. Incessant burners are exempt from the Federal's fishy eye, as are hand fans, custom-built organs, shoe horns, hair curlers made of wood, and pepper grinders, so long as they are operated by hand. Price ceilings do, however, apply to motorized pepper mills.

In my clawing through the papers announcing the decisions of the price controllers, I came inevitably upon the regulations involving paper. They cover pages of paper, the subsection on kraft paper is broken all the way down to the manufacturer's paper. This management defines as unbleached kraft paper containing 90 per cent or more of unbleached kraft fiber generally tinted pink and designed for use as meat wrapping in retail stores.

I guess DiSalle's wife patronizes a different butcher than does mine. In all my memory our hamburger never has come home wrapped in pink.

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## These Days



By

### Sokolsky

### THE DIXIE FLAG

In stores in southern cities, neckties, flags, caps are sold exhibiting the Confederate flag. Automobiles fly the flag on their radiators.

It is not a symbol of rebellion against the United States. It is the symbol of schism in the Democratic party. The unpopularity of Harry Truman is not personal; it, too, is symbolic of distress at the corruption in Washington and the treachery in foreign affairs.

To a New Yorker, like myself, the South is always a puzzle. I said to James Stahlman, publisher of the Nashville Banner, that the columnists and correspondents who speak so surely about all things American from the vantage point of Washington and New York ought to be required to take "atmosphere" trips all over the United States.

This country is so varied; popular responses are so different; no one part of the country can speak for all of it. Each area has a political and social climate that is distinctive and important. It is not a matter of a particular story or even of an individual. It is something that goes deep into the three centuries of American history, the events of today, the nuances of activities today, were manufactured, by historical processes, long ago, often long before men and women migrated to this country. It is like the cast of the profile of seemingly unrelated individuals whose nose and forehead and coloring bespeak, centuries ago perhaps, a common ancestor.

The Scotch-Irish Conventurers who settled in Tennessee, for instance, were an unusually sturdy and uncompromising breed of man.

The schism in the Democratic Party may or may not express itself in votes in 1952. I do not believe that I am sufficiently experienced to judge that. But it is obvious that it does and must influence the votes of members of the Senate and the House of Representatives. They cannot avoid the "atmosphere" any more than I could. They may kill off the rebellion before Election Day, but they will not forget that Harry Truman was once one of them and is no longer.

These Democrats feel disgraced. They feel betrayed by their own party. So far as I can gauge sentiment, these men remain Democrats and are likely, in spite of their thinking, to pursue their sentiments. Naturally, the Northern Democrats state their plans on sentiment winning over knowledge and thought.

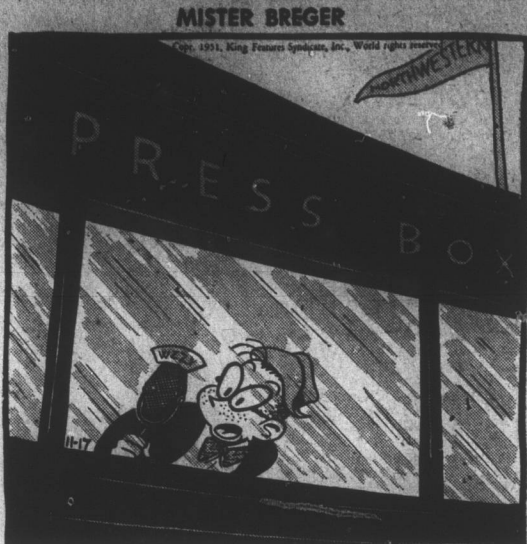
A break must come sooner or later in this "Atmosphere." Just as New England is producing a New Deal Republican Party to meet the shifting population of that area, so in the South some day an issue will arise which by sentiment will overcome the traditions of the Civil War. It may be so in 1952 or it may not, but it must come because the thinking of these Southerners is too much like that of most Northerners for a meeting of the minds not to occur sometime.

The sophisticates of the New York cityscrapers call this region "The Bible Belt" in derision, failing to recognize that it is no more possible to separate American tradition from the Bible than it is Russia from the Koon. God is for many of these people not an abstraction or a subject for sociological disputation. He is a living, influencing, dominating Being, a guiding intelligence. The ridicule which the very smart minds hurled at "The Bible Belt" did not seep below the surface; it was little more than Yankee drivel to them. And that is probably a correct view.

The importance of the relationship between these people and the Bible is in their distress at the corruption and immorality of Washington. When I heard Washington and New York referred to as Sodom and Gomorrah, I was not shocked. Somehow, in the "Atmosphere" in which I found myself, it seemed to be right. The sophisticates' attitudes often reflect a revolt against American tradition.

All this may appear to be a superficial reaction to a short visit, but in this business of capturing the "atmosphere" of many places, of foreign countries and alien peoples, it seems to me that every people in every part of the world is stirred in troubled times by its own traditions which, no matter how long quiescent, never really die.

In troubled times, a people looks inward, back to the great storm in its racial life which moved it to take up its belongings and wander elsewhere. It was such a stirring that sent these Scotch-Irish to these shores; it is stirring them now to fierce decision.



"Game's about to start, folks . . . State Tech wins the toss and elects to face the television cameras . . ."



By ED SULLIVAN

**Behind the Scenes**  
A bearded and mustached oboe player, with a symphonic background acquired in the Eastman School of Music; is the hottest figure in "pop" music. The Rochester, N. Y., dynamo is Mitch Miller, recording director for Columbia Records, who has shaped records that have sold, conservatively, 30,000,000 platters.

Because of his classical background and his apprenticeship as an oboe star, Miller knows more about novel background music for "pop" soloists than any of his contemporaries. He's employed French horns and harpsichords to produce sounds never before heard as background for Frankie Laine, Patti Page, Vic Damone, Rosemary Clooney, Tony Bennett and Guy Mitchell. Obviously, his formula has paid off.

In "Mule Train," he used the crackle of whips to arrest your ears. Miller, it seems to musicians, features unusual sounds more heavily than he features melody. He's had five records which have sold over 1,000,000 copies each. Not since the Decca triumphs of the late Jack Kapp has anyone scored so many jackpot hits.

Ferdie Grofe, Glenn Miller, David Rose, Russell Bennett (in the musical comedy field), Gordon Jenkins, Duke Ellington and Jimmy Lunceford have been some of the all-time greats in the field of musical arrangements. Benny Goodman is one of the nonpareils.

Mitch Miller is not in that area. He is a genius in sounds, rather than in arrangements. When Ferdie Grofe, orchestrated Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," or "Grand Canyon Suite," he set himself far apart from the field. His genius was organized and directed by Paul Whiteman, not in same musical league as Grofe, but with the ability to interpret what Grofe wrote.

Glenn Miller had that same capacity for organizing, of being able to tell his arrangers exactly what he wanted and the additional facility of getting his men to play it exactly as he wanted it projected. Grofe, despite his genius, never made good as a conductor. He could orchestrate it but he couldn't use his baton to inspire the rendition he'd distinguished.

Tommy Dorsey had the same sort of faculty that distinguished Miller's instructions to arrangers, plus an uncanny skill in picking soloists with popular appeal of a Sinatra, a Dick Haymes and a Jo Stafford.

To the best recollection of maestra Ray Block, the trend from melody to arrangements happened around 1928. He thinks it was Paul Whiteman who first introduced sections of trumpets, saxophones, trombones and fiddles, but whether the revolutionary influence was Whiteman or Grofe resolves itself into the old riddle as to whether the egg preceded the chicken.

Up to that time, bands had a single trumpet; a single sax; a single trombone and each hugged the melodic line. Whiteman and Grofe, in "When Day Is Done," illustrated the possible symphonic effects. Vincent Lopez was and is a flashy instrumentalist. So is Harry James. So was Duchin. So is Cavallero. So is Prima. Jimmy Lunceford not only was a fine instrumentalist but a magnificent arranger. Even today, bands designate certain treatments as "Lunceford's two-beat arrangement," Ellington, as composer and instrumentalist and conductor, had style and "feel."

Jerome Kern, of course, was the musician's musician. He could do anything—compose, arrange, direct. As a final plus, all of these things were joined to a tremendous sense of theatre. Richard Rodgers is the modern counterpart of Kern, with a genius that is best characterized as blinding.

Ted Fio Rito was an unusually fine musician and band stylist. Greatest, perhaps, according to the records over 20 years, is Guy Lombardo whose danceable rhythms, almost on the "corny" side, indicate that people still enjoy melody. Freddie Martin is a stylist, so is Sammy Kaye. Hal Kemp was one of the greatest, until death. Stan Kenton is to music what Dall is to modern painting.

Earl Hines' piano magic still is copied by musicians. Clyde McCoy, Artie Shaw and Jimmy Dorsey would take high rank among great "pop" instrumentalists. So would Frankie Carle.

At the moment, however, the rage of the "pop" music field is the bearded oboe player from Rochester, Mitch Miller.

If you see Junior taking oboe lessons, it's because the kid knows all about Frankie Laine and Patti Page and Rosemary Clooney, and he wants to get on the mule train that is totting away Mitch Miller's gold.



"Don't tell ME anything about husbands! Didn't mine fix the baby's formula wrong and burn yesterday's dinner?"

## Walter Winchell

In New York

Memos of a Girl Friday

Dear Mr. W: Judy Garland is coming along all right, I hear. The big concern was her complaint of pains around the heart. Three physicians examined her and found it okay. Her collapse was caused by her high pressure weight reducing diet. Lost 30 lbs. in a few months; her goal was another 20. Here's a comeback: "If she cooperated Reason: MGM's promise to give . . . The night she, caved in at the Palace—was right after songwriter H. Revel's cocktail party—celebrating his own return from the hospital. Judy stayed there until curtain time . . . Tallulah Bankhead called. Not dropping that lawsuit against her former sec'y, at all. The case comes up Dec. 3rd. She says if it is deferred again she will yell her head off . . . Oh, daddy, if you only knew the wonderful news you are going to have in photostat form in a few hours!"

**The N. Y. Criminal Bar Ass'n.** is coming out with a sensational announcement on the Major Holoran murder in Italy. Maybe in 10 days. Its report will urge that Teardi and Lodice (the two soldiers under his command) be tried here for his murder. The Ass'n. alleges uncovering startling new evidence. They will demand the Gov't (ours) set a precedent—on the grounds that the two soldiers Army discharges were "not in order," making them subject to Army justice . . . Your recent Sunday - nighter about China's "Judge Medina" being assassinated by the Reds (and that "death to the 3rd generation" had been passed upon his children), was confirmed in the Nov. 12th N. Y. Times.

You were not alone in your views on the "Rome film," "Desert Fox." The State Dept.'s G. W. Lewis, in a letter (to a complaining group of war veterans), said: "The Department shares your concern over the picture tending to glorify the career of a Nazi general." The letter added that when they learned it was being filmed, they pointed out to the producers "the unfortunate consequences that might result here and abroad." . . . You were the target for seven articles last week, not counting Mr. Truman's kick-in-the-shin. Reminds me of the exciting days of Fritz Kuhn, Martin Dies, Senator Wheeler, Bilbo & Co. to name some. As George J. Nathan said: "When you're in the brick throwing racket, you must expect to get hit by a brick now and then."

I wondered if I was seeing right when I read it in Time. But I showed it to several friends, and they agreed it was quite sinister. On Page 28 under War in Asia, "But if they seek iron-clad, treachery-proof guarantees against future attacks in Korea—their truce talks are likely to drag on or break down." Time seems to be saying that we ought not insist on treachery-proof guarantees from the Reds! Diane Lynn reading the script of the play "Mischievous" brought a call from the producers. Three press agents phoned them and said they gave it to you and asked for the job of press-agenting the play. I told them the source, none of the three . . . Composer Sigmund Romberg's last song, prophetically, is a religious number (soon to be published) entitled: "He Walks With Me."

Well, have some bad and glad news: The \$25,000 reward you expected for the Runyon Fund (for getting Benedicti Maeri to surrender in the murder of Lurie) was voted down by the Ladies Garment Union. On the ground that the reward stated: "For the arrest and conviction." And since Maeri was acquitted, no \$25,000. They comfort you, however, with their check (\$10,000) for the cancer fight. The St. Louis folk who ran a Runyon Day sent part of the money today, more coming. "The check is for \$45,000 . . . We also got \$5,000 (more to come) from the Empire City Racing Ass'n. over that 2nd Race (Pop, 22th), when the judges boned and picked the wrong horse . . . For the past two years an anonymous Santa Claus has walked in with a cashier's check for \$20,000. Well, it happened again today, and he walked right out—tipping his hat—just like that. And so we are well on the way to the \$40,000 mark."

Patti Page's smail of being in love recently amuses the insiders. They said Patti must have denied it while suppressing a chuckle. Have you heard Perry Como's new Victor beauty? "It's Beginning to Look Like Christmas." . . . On Sarah Churchill's teevy show they had a large commercial urging you to buy Yule cards painted by her father. I recommend the songs in "Faint, Your Wagon," very lovely. . . . One of the actors on the Somerset Maugham teevy show Monday eve's made such a lulu! He said it this way: "The land of the home and the tree of the brave." The poor man.

## The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Gloria is on worry's Merry-Go-Round. Once you start worrying you keep traveling in circles till you lose perspective. This column changes the circular pathway of your thinking into a straight line, so you can proceed directly toward the sure happiness and success that lie ahead.

**CASE B-39:** Gloria G., aged 34, is the beautiful wife of a professional man. "Dr. Crane, we have been married for 11 years and I have done everything I could think of to be a good wife to Paul," she began. She was perfectly groomed and the typical aristocrat. But I could see that she was fighting to hold back the tears.

"If I am out for an afternoon party or theater engagement, I have always gotten home ahead of Paul so that I could greet him and let him know I was happy to see him."

"A house seems so lonely, I think when a man arrives tired and hungry but doesn't find his wife there to welcome him. I have also protected his good name and tried to be both an honor as well as a credit to him in every way."

"Knowing that I have had to share his daily life with his patients and the public, I have cherished his love as my very own, private part of him."

"But, oh, Dr. Crane, now I haven't even that!" **FEARS OF A QUEEN**  
She held her head up in regal fashion, but tears welled up in her eyes and finally trickled down her cheeks. She bit her lip a moment and then bravely continued, although her chin quivered:

"Several times since my marriage, attractive men have shown marked interest in me, but I have deliberately resisted temptation. I didn't want anything cheap or sordid to mar our perfect happiness."

"I love my husband with my whole heart. I want to be true to him in every way. So I have avoided every situation that might even remotely jeopardize our ideals."

## "Mary Haworth's Mail"

**FRENCH WAR BRIDE HAS FRIEND BACK HOME WHO WANTED TO COME TO AMERICA**  
DEAR MARY HAYWORTH: I am a French girl. I came to this country three years ago from France to marry a boy I met during the war. We are happy and I am thankful for everything I have. We have two children and a nice home. Paul works hard and by good management of his money gives us comfort; and recently we bought a new automobile.

I come from a nice family and left many friends in my home town. I need your advice about one of them, my best girl friend, Denise, who is 24. We used to spend lots of time together—reading, exchanging opinions, going to the theater and movies. I get many pleasant letters from her, and enjoyed to tell her how my "dreams come true." Because of my enthusiastic letters, she wants to come and live her life here. She doesn't seem to realize it is a problem to be translated. For me it is one.

I don't know if I should encourage Denise to come here. Life isn't easy for young people in France; but it isn't easier here. Denise doesn't speak any English and I don't think she will be able to do anything here besides get married. I know she can be a wonderful wife to some man here, because she is related to be one. But in France she has a good family, a fine mother and a nice way of living. She works, but may spend her money as she likes; and in her social life she meets lots of people—and lots of boys, with opportunity to find the right one.

Should I let her come, and help her as I can? Or tell her she takes too much chance of being unhappy here? My husband says she is old enough to be responsible for herself; and she can always go back. But it seems a lot of money to spend on an uncertainty. She deserves happiness, and says she can do everything I do; but I don't know what would happen to her here. It is difficult for me to explain to her that the way-of-life is different; and she may find it harder here. I haven't heard any of my friends say yet it is good for her to come. What is your advice?

**STATE OF MIND SO PARADOXICAL**  
DEAR S. V.: You are confronted with the embarrassment of wanting to warn Denise against a way-of-life you've warmly praised. You don't know how to explain (or justify) this paradox to her. And if she comes, drawn by your spilt-tear enthusiasm for your adopted land, you will feel anxiously responsible for her being here—a friend that she may encounter hardships and discouragement, instead

Mary Haworth commends through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Daily Record.