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These Days



By

Sokolsky

THINGS MEN SAY

Fer's Take It Easy

Fifty years ago the first automobile race was run in this country. The race was won by Charles Duryea in an automobile he had designed and built for himself at the amazing speed of seven and one-half miles an hour. Public clamor immediately arose to limit the speed of these horseless carriages, which roamed about the towns, scaring the daylight out of their equine competitors, and the general public as well.

In many towns, speed limits were set up, the highest of which was usually about 10 miles per hour. In some New England towns, this speed limit still stands, in many others it is 15 and some, Springfield, Massachusetts, for example, it is 25 miles per hour in town. Incidentally they are enforced.

We have come a long way since those days, which we term "horse and buggy," a long way in speed, and in many other respects. The automobile, then a novelty, has now become a necessity.

It has also become our number one killer. We are nearing our millionth fatality on the highway. Daily our papers are full of lists of killed and maimed due to the lethal characteristics we have built into the modern automobile.

We don't suggest that we go back to the horse and buggy days with their ten mile speed limits. But we do suggest that we mix a little caution and a lot less recklessness with our speed in driving our automobiles.

Unless we do we will pass that first million in fatalities and soon have accumulated our second million. Take it easy, remember, the life you save may be your own.

What Others Say

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, EPIITAPH:

"Government spending this year will total \$88 billion—more than the total national income in the boom year of 1929. Per capita cost has risen . . . to \$540 for this year's spending, or 40 per cent of the average per capita income of \$1,435. Experience has it that when the tax take goes above 25 per cent of the national income, inflation is here. Present tax bill of 40 per cent places the nation well out on the inflation limb now."

PAMPA, TEXAS, DAILY NEWS:

"The public has yielded to exorbitant taxes, controls, restrictions, to an extent that has enabled bureaucracy and outright dictatorship to thrive and expand to a thoroughly alarming degree. It has stood by and seen its money shrink steadily in value, its earnings and profits seized, its rights trampled under foot. Yet it is told over and over that it doesn't cooperate. It seems to us it's time the public begins telling the bureaucrats a few things."

NEWPORT, TENN., TIMES:

"Pick up any daily newspaper, glance at the headlines on the front page, and you'll find one to half a dozen cases where some government official is on the carpet for questioning. But, just a few basketball players get caught selling out for a few hundred fast bucks and that takes the headlines away from those who are accused of such small things as kicking around the tax money, influencing REA officials, buying expensive gifts with government money, and—oh well, you know what."

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON—After long years in Hollywood, I came to the considered opinion that Sam Goldwyn mangled the King's English on purpose. He got attention, where other, more careful grammarians didn't.

Well, do I remember the time he became peeved over a news story I'd written; he got me on the phone and he spluttered: "The trouble with you, Othman, is you stick your head in an ostrich."

So there I was in the Senate Caucus Room, thinking about the magnificent Sam and his assaults upon language. This line of thought was natural enough because the fellow doing the testifying before the Senate was Jumping Joe Ferguson of Columbus, Ohio, the leading mascot star of Hollywood of the malapropisms.

Jumping Joe, you remember, is the little fellow with the mouth that can't stop for inserting a word, that may be one of the reasons he got so much money.

When the knife-edge of the Senate hearing on the Federal Reserve Bank bill came, he was the first to speak. He said: "I don't rightly know, I do trust I'm right. I'm probably the most independent public official (Ohio State Auditor) in the United States."

Mrs. Smith continued to press him on how he could tell some voters one thing and others another. Sen. Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. (D. Mo.), tried to help him out.

"Isn't it a matter of semantics as to what constitutes a subsidy?" suggested the Senator.

"That's right," said Jumping Joe. Then he did a big double take and added: "I think."

Myself, I'm kind of sorry he missed the Senatorial test. He'd missed the Senatorial test.

ographer, ordering him to change in the official record that word, aspirations. And make it read, aspirations.

Jumping Joe plowed on through the grammar books, wrecking every rule he encountered as he explained his loss of the election.

The reason I got beat so bad was because the Democrats did not go out and vote. He said: "Not with all due respect to the lady (nudging Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, R. Me.), the working people has got their bellies full now and they don't go out to vote and protect their rights. In Ohio the people stayed home."

He paused, thought that over a moment, and added: "Maybe if they'd went out to vote, they might have beat me worse. I don't know."

You get the idea. Jumping Joe was a frank and likeable little guy, who got in over his head when he tried to wrestle the Senatorial seat from Taft. Mrs. Smith was having none of his charm.

How could he promise the voters to support President Truman's program and still tell them he was opposed to the Brannan farm subsidy plan, she demanded.

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MISTER BREGER



"Newspaper, dear? I'm not the selfish kind of wife who won't let her husband read at the table."



WASHINGTON—The Navy has taken an unusual stand regarding the air warfare which is getting more and more intense over Korea. It has turned down a request from General Otto Weyland, Air Force commander in the Far East, that navy jets help out the air force in combating Russian MIGs.

With increasing communist strength in the air, and with the Air Force sometimes badly outnumbered in battling Russian MIGs, General Weyland requested help from the Navy's carrier-based jet fighters.

However, despite the fact that there is supposed to be armed services unification, the Navy refused. Official reason was that Navy carriers were outside the fighting range.

Air Force officers point out, however, that the Navy used to fly its fighter planes as far north as the Yalu River when there weren't many MIGs in the area; so presumably it could do so again.

They also feel that for one branch of the service to refuse help to another branch in wartime—especially when badly outnumbered—is anything but unification. In fact, they use words far less refined.

Air Force pilots who sometimes go into battle against superior communist odds believe the Navy is trying to hide the fact that its jets are inferior to the MIGs. Since the Navy specializes in fighters, and not long ago boasted the best jet fighter plane in the world, this is a bitter pill to swallow.

Navy pilots today are among the best in the world, but apparently planes haven't kept up with either the Air Force or the enemy. As a result only two MIGs have been shot down by the Navy during the Korean War. One was bagged by a Navy Panther jet some time ago, the other by a Navy pilot who, however, flew an air force sabre jet.

DEBATE OVER McGRATH

President Truman's advisers are split down the beam on a bold move to oust Attorney General Howard McGrath and name crusading Sen. Estes Kefauver to clean up the Justice Department.

This proposal was pushed backstage by Averell Harriman, who has been on speaking trips out of Washington and knows how deeply the corruption issue is hurting; also by usually cautious White House Counsel Charles Murphy, and younger staff members.

Their argument with the President is: "The investigations are not going to stop with Internal Revenue and RFE, but will go into the corruption issue is hurting; also by usually cautious White House Counsel Charles Murphy, and younger staff members."

Today, "Teal" scouts have been combing every state in the union, pleading delegates all month in advance. Some of these may be (Continued On Page 5)



Walter Winchell

In New York

BROADWAY LIGHTS

The first-Nighters: The critics played Romeo all week. They transformed typewriters into musical instruments and serenaded Audrey Hepburn's compelling playing in "Gigi," adapted by Anita Loos. The play, they however, didn't merit as many love-letters as the star. The bright side of the dissenting reviews was J. Chapman's size-up: "An charming fairy tale." Every notice was also Valentine for Julie Harris' superb gamuting in John van Druten's play, "I Am a Camera." Not all the oracles were as enthusiastic about the script as they were about Julie. R. Watts found it "a striking, intelligent and steadily arresting play." G. B. Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" returned for a limited booking with a marquee full of stars.

The only dramatic season to win unanimous raves, Variety Washington ambassador, greeted "Ladder to the Moon" with a thorny orchid. It isn't, he noted, good enough for Broadway but should appeal to Hollywood.

In the Wings: When Olivia de Havilland was rehearsing in "Roméo and Juliet" her husband, Marc Goodrich, approached the producer and made a demand that is now famous in show folk circles. "I want," he intoned, "everyone in the cast to address my wife as Mrs. Goodrich—and I want YOU to call her Mrs. Goodrich." To which the poor man logic'd: "But, Mr. Goodrich, that isn't the name I have on the contract! One of our pep, pep-in-the-nose. The time critic Alex Woolcott told an actress she wouldn't make a good Lady MacBeth. "No," she jabbed "but YOU would!"

The Cinemagicians: The official observers found "The Man with a Cloak" a dinner. Full of suspense, with Barbara Stanwyck, Leslie Caron and J. Cotten delighting the spectators. "Warpath" has Red Skelton from the Movietown Reservoir, reciting familiar choruses. Hep Ears Hokum. "Foot of London" offers an entertaining British crime-plot-cricket fable. The latest version of "A Christmas Carol," indicates the classic still jingles merrily. "Stagecoach Driver" moves slowly you'd think it was harnessed to turtles.

The Aristocrats: Phil Foster's gag-peddling via The Big Show offered a profit in chuckles. If your ears are swing-francy, then switch your dial to Frances Langford's soothing ABC sing-a-ling and relax. Those science-fiction dramas have space ships zooming from planet to planet but their plots are still in the Covered Wa-gon era. Remember Red Cortez?

He turned up on Jack Carson's breezy show—quite as ever. Bob & Ray (NBC's Booby Traps) celebrated an amusing festival with their teevy travesty. Dinah Shore's new teevy session is gifted with her silky thrashing and velvet scripping. "A Bargain." The oldy about so and so have his picture on U. S. currency and Truman being a fellow "who'd be happy if he could get his hands on it" showed up on Red Skelton's video show.

The Music-Makers: June Vallie is a new nightingale with a promising future. Her platter of "3 Bells" is a ding-dong-dilly. Judy Garland's album, "Judy at the Palace," offers the brightest gem of her melodic treasury. Don't miss Ethel Seltzer's latest Decca of "Charmaine." Eileen Wilson's version of "Sensational" certainly is. Stan Kenton's polka "Blues in Burlesque" is about as musical as a riving machine. Current No. 1 song is "Sin." Proves songwriting is no closed shop if you get the right record. In this case it was a small label and an unknown group (The J. Aves) snatching two obscure songs from the charts.

Big Time is the name for Kay Toomey's latest, "Monterey Ball," as Fred Waring Decca it. "The Little White Cloud That Cried" sounds better than its silly title.

Broadway Confetti: In Danny Thomas' next film, "I'll See You in My Dreams" (based on the life of songwriter Gus Kahn), Patricia Wynmore plays the role of a femme star in "Big Girl's" "Whoops." She sings the hit song: "It Had to Be You." She also goes On The Make for Gus in real life film "Whoops," star was Ruth Etting and she was very married at the time. Her reputation for being a One-Man-Woman is famed in show biz. "Across the Wide Missouri" is doing good business with Clark Gable despite sour reviews.

If you enjoy freezing to death, try the Mayfair balcony. Swedish beats France by a blink in the Sexy Sweepsale. Most Swedish Birds-Meat-Sex cinema are so frank—very few are permitted here. Anything—for the Sex-Office Dept. When the British Elixir, "Quartet," plays Italy the title will be "Passion." Some of us missed it the way "An American in Paris" missed out. Oh, Oh, Oh.

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Newspapers are the most influential "universities" in the country. They have their daily "students" almost exclusively for 50 years. And they offer current practical facts about finance and medicine, history and domestic science, psychology and political science. They give you frank discussions which you often cannot procure even in our leading universities today.

CASE C-309: Harvey J., aged 54, is Supervisor of Health and Narcotics in the Department of Education of a great midwestern state.

"Dr. Crane, upon returning to my desk yesterday from a week of vacation," he began, "I was delighted to find your two bulletins, 'SEX PROBLEMS OF YOUNG PEOPLE' and 'SEX DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.' Both are excellent. I am especially glad that you have prepared such a sane and intelligent bulletin for youth.

"How much worry of a serious nature could be escaped if such sensible information were more generally known!

"Knowledge removes the mystery about such matters and satisfies the curiosity process.

"I have employed the same psychological approach to the marriage problem. I simply state the facts that will check further wondering and eliminate the need for hazardous personal experimenting.

AN EXPERT'S VIEW
"How I wish I might have seen such a preamble to marriage 30 years ago as your 'SEX DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.'"

"This psychological approach, when understood by more men and women, should lessen one of the principal reasons for marital misunderstanding.

"Like others of the older generation, I had to learn these facts by slow experience or trial and error, for such knowledge was not available when I got married.

"More power to you and the newspapers which spread such helpful educational materials!

In this fashion, the newspaper becomes an outstanding instrument of the Adult Education Movement in America."

THE FAMILY TEXTBOOK
Your newspaper is your local "University in Print." And its stu-

"Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

Girl Loses Confidence in Herself Since Falling in Love With Athlete
DEAR MARY HAWORTH: Although rather quiet and somewhat shy, I was very popular with boys and girls in high school, and was elected queen of many school events. In my junior year I started going with Bob, one of our top athletes, and was miserable when he went off to college in my senior year.

DEAR R. S.: It occurs to me that you are describing symptoms of overwhelming infatuation, a cause of powerful sexual attraction between incompatible definition of bonafide love, see Webster's "A feeling of strong personal attachment induced by sympathetic understanding."

Obviously the vital element of sympathetic understanding is conspicuous by its absence from your emotional interchange with Bob. And as you are a finely sensitive character, in contrast to Bob's more dense or earthy type, it isn't surprising that you've stepped into a sense of confused ineffectuality—or "inferiority"—in trying to correspond to his table of values. You aren't geared to it. You operate psychologically on a different wave-length; and in all probability you will continue to suffer increasing self-doubts, so long as you persist in looking to Bob as a model person, for you to please or copy.

The lack of real confidence, or basic harmony, or true affinity, call it what you will—whether the beloved's company and personality contribute effectively to one's sense of general well-being and social competence. Evidently Bob affords no such assurance to you. On the contrary, it seems that his characteristic pace and his commentary on your appearance and performance tend to diminish your self-regard, and to incite unconsciously misgivings about your acceptability as friend or sweetheart. I think this explains your gradual withdrawal into a shell of despondency, and anxious indifference to normal pursuits, since giving your heart to him.

In venturing this appraisal of the situation, I am not indicating that Bob is guilty of blame, however. Rather, I am suggesting that you two seem ill suited for mutual interdependency. And remember, marriage is an irreversible undertaking of sorts, that never can be really set aside, even if divorced as undissolved, unless you advise it to police and take careful note of the rules before you enter into it. You and I are engaged to be married this month, and we will be in his office until he will be able to give you a full and complete answer.