

The Daily Record

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Capitalism In Action

In collaboration with the Brookings Institution, the New York Exchange is making the first national census of stockholders. The institution will publish a comprehensive report of the findings, probably within a year.

In discussing the project, the president of the Exchange said, "This survey will provide the answer to the question of who owns American industry."

"The sum of the people who have declared their faith in our free enterprise system will be spread across the record. We will then have the measure of American capitalism in action."

One of the most significant and important aspects of this American capitalism of ours is that almost everyone can share in it—and be a capitalist in his or her own right. All that is needed is to buy a share of stock in an American corporation. No one knows how many people do own stocks, which is why the survey is being made. As a rule, estimates place the number at about 15,000,000. Whatever the exact figure, it obviously does not include only people of large means. The great majority are men and women of average income levels, and some of them are in the lower brackets. All have one thing in common—a belief that American enterprise is strong and sound, and is worthy of being entrusted with a part of their savings. These are the people who, with their families, represent a powerful bulwark against socialism, communism, and the other philosophies of destruction and oppression.

The survey will fill a real need. It will be a factual record of the only kind of "public ownership" of business which fits the traditions and aspirations of a free and independent people.

E. V. Gainey

The Daily Record wishes to take this belated opportunity to pay tribute to E. V. Gainey, a pioneer Dunn citizen whose untimely death came as a great blow to his family and to his many friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Gainey had resided in Dunn for nearly a half century and was a good, substantial citizen of the town.

He was a quiet, easy-going, good-natured individual who tended strictly to his own business but at the same time took a vital interest in those things he believed to be for the best interests of his town and community.

In any public undertaking, E. V. Gainey could always be counted upon to do his part and to assume his share of the responsibility. He was a man who served his family, his town and his fellow man well.

He leaves behind him a great host of friends and acquaintances who mourn his passing and pay tribute to him for the life he lived.

Farmer Enemy Squire In U. S. Air Force

BERKHAMPTON, N. Y. (AP)—During World War II, Carl Spoorman was a member of the German Navy. Today, he wears a U. S. Air Force uniform.

Spoorman, a native of Trier, Germany, came to the United States in 1923 with his family but went back in 1928 to complete his schooling while his parents remained here. When war broke out, he was drafted.

After the war ended, he worked for the British military government until 1950, when he returned to the United States.

Now 27, he decided to join the Air Force because he thinks he "can go places."

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON—For these many years I have contemplated the pleasure of being snowbound on my 17rd. acres in Fairfax County, Va., with no work to do, or even a piece for the papers to write. I now have my wish to reverse. Stuck in town without a toothbrush.

While I was in the golden and grandiose senescence of the House Ways and Means Committee listening to the arguments defending themselves from an assortment of charges involving reluctant taxpayers, it began to snow. It kept on coming. It still is snowing.

The whole city went haywire. Ice stuck in the tiled trails and stopped automobiles on the local hills halted other. The police had so many reports of auto wrecks they were giving them priority numbers. Mostly the buses quit, while public transportation to McLean, Va., where I function as a farmer, disappeared.

I glared out there (the phones also were slightly on the blink) and over a loud buzzing sound I got out of my bed, Victor, on the line. He sounded excited. "Nieve," he roared. "Nieve, Nieve. He mess it. It's snowing out there, too, Nieve."

He wondered when was I coming home. He wondered also where was his snow, meaning Mrs. O. She was downtown doing her Christmas shopping. When she got home she looked almost like the night before Christmas. Nothing came true.

States in 1923 with his family but went back in 1928 to complete his schooling while his parents remained here. When war broke out, he was drafted.

Eventually she found a room near DuPont Circle, where I've got to hoof. No taxis. No rubbers, either. Some fun. I kind of think it is fun, at that. I'll muck out later far some headspace and, since I have a flimsy wife, a couple of pairs of pajamas, too.

The main thing that pleases me about our blizzard is my vindication of Old Farmer Othman's recent predictions of a long, hard winter. You may remember that I'd hardly written it before the weather turned summery and the ladies began padding without their nylon. I also received some snide correspondence, saying that I knew as much about weather forecasting than Lazarus Caville said about tax collecting.

I mean that, as the author of my own Old Farmer's Almanac, I am boasting a button. The official forecasters see no loup at this writing. Looks like the biggest blizzard in these parts in years.

When finally I do get home I shall give Tommy, our horse, a large lump of brown sugar, which he craves so white. He's the weather prophet in our family. Weeks ago he grew himself the finest fur coat ever to warm man or beast. He also produced himself some ear muffs. His ears are covered now with so much thick hair that he almost looks like a lady snivee star of the 1920s or did when last I saw him, before his forecast came true.

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These Days



By Sokolsky

HOW TO WRITE A BOOK

According to John Gunther, writing in "Look" Magazine, General Eisenhower wrote "Crusade in Europe" in seven weeks. John Gunther is impressed by the performance. Yet, what puzzles me about this is that John Gunther says: "Two friends helped him. However, in editorial revision—Joseph Barnes, then the foreign editor of the New York Herald Tribune, and Ken McCormick, representing Doubleday and Company, the publishers."

Now, a writer knows that nine-tenths of any craftsmanly job is editorial revision. That means rejecting the copy to English; cutting out the useless pages, phrases, episodes and words; bringing the language through the crucible of thought. According to John Gunther, this task General Eisenhower entrusted to Joe Barnes and Ken McCormick.

Wendell Willkie entrusted his "One World" to the editorial talents of Joe Barnes. After that, Republicans lost interest in Willkie.

I first met Joe Barnes in connection with the Institute of Pacific Relations where he worked with Frederick Vanderbilt Field, E. C. Carter, and Owen Lattimore. At that time, Barnes and Field were very close friends. For many years, however, I have only hearsay knowledge of Barnes's career.

General Alexander Barmine, who had been a Russian charge d'affaires at Athens and who has served in Soviet intelligence work but is now an American citizen, testifying under oath before the McCarran committee, described a conversation which he had, while still in the Soviet service, with General Barmine, a Soviet intelligence officer. The following colloquy is given in the committee records:

"Senator Eastland. Now General Barmine was the head of Soviet military intelligence?"

"Mr. Barmine. That is right."

"Senator Eastland. He spoke of Mr. Lattimore and Mr. Barnes as two agents of Soviet military intelligence?"

"Mr. Barmine. He spoke of them as 'our men.'"

Dr. Karl Wittfogel, a former Communist, testified under oath: "Senator Ferguson. Who was building it (a Communist organization) up at Harvard?"

"Dr. Wittfogel. I think Barnes was a leading man."

"Mr. Morris. . . . Did you have a controversy or conversation with Joseph Barnes during the Hitler-Stalin pact?"

"Dr. Wittfogel. . . . Just by accident. Owen Lattimore was in town. We had a conversation, the way of us. It was one of those attempts, I thought. Where you might pull Barnes out of what he has been in. He has been in it, but maybe he has seen the light. I pulled in vain."

"I tried to disentangle him, to uproot him as far as I could. I told him many things about my own experience. . . ."

(Wittfogel describes his knowledge as a German Communist. You can read it all in the published volumes of the McCarran committee.)

What interested me was that his reaction was to take up the defense of Mr. Stalin's policy and the comintern without going into the facts. If he had an open mind, he should have said, "Let's really weigh the facts."

"I saw here a man who was fanatical. He stuck by his allegiance to the comintern which he defended in an abstruse manner. He didn't care about the facts. . . . That was the end of my contact with Barnes."

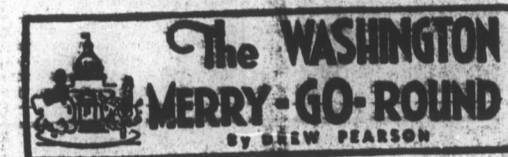
Whittaker Chambers testified before the same committee in these words: "Peters (the principal Russian espionage agent in this country) told me that (Frederick Vanderbilt) Field was a member of an underground unit of the American Communist party, which was meeting, if I remember correctly, in a house belonging to Mr. Barnes's mother somewhere in Central Park West, New York. In that unit were Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Joseph Barnes. Peters was considerably disturbed about the unit, because some difficulty had arisen between the two men about their wives. . . . Mrs. Field had divorced him and married Barnes."

Robert Morris, committee counsel, summed up the situation as follows: "It may be that we are laboring with this too much on Mr. Barnes's case. Mr. Chambers is now the fourth witness who has identified Mr. Barnes as a member of some Communist unit and Communist organization, and yet I think it is necessary, Mr. Chairman, because Mr. Barnes continues to deny it."

I wish to stress the point that I personally know nothing about Mr. Barnes's connections with the Communist party. This testimony is, however, important and it is here (Continued On Page Three)



"You're right! Our ancestors should've had enough sense to invest in real estate here!"



GED. NOTE—This is another of Drew Pearson's penetrating columns on the subject uppermost in the nation's mind—grat in the collection of income taxes.

WASHINGTON—Almost every administration when it first takes office uses a new broom when it comes to tax evasion. It cleans up at the expense of the administration which preceded it. Then it leans on the broom.

Part of this broom-cleaning, course, is because the graft it would have to clean out later is its own graft; and the clean-up would hurt people in high places.

When Hamman was promoted from Commissioner of Internal Revenue to national chairman, he appointed as his successor Joseph Nunan, who had been collector in New York. Nunan, in turn, retired Hugh McQuillen, forthright chief of the New York Intelligence Unit, replacing him with Dan Bolich. In this key spot Bolich had the power of tax life or death over big-shot gamblers, big business, or anyone else in New York.

Later, Nunan stepped out to practice law, leaving behind him his friend Dan Bolich, who became Deputy Commissioner in Washington—the No. 2 spot for collecting the taxes of the entire nation.

Among Nunan's clients, incidentally, were the night-club owners of New York, which includes the king of the gamblers, Frankie Costello.

At about this time, also, Harry Anslinger, narcotics commissioner, was watching Costello for possible connection with the dope racket. But, because of his limited staff, he had the help of 12 internal revenue agents. This was a natural cooperation, since both narcotics and revenue are under the Treasury.

But suddenly Bolich demanded that the 12 revenue men be taken off the Costello assignment. Anslinger protested, but it did no good.

I had been following Costello for some time, and reported Bolich's lack of interest in Costello to Tom Clark, then Attorney General, who promised to see that the agents were kept on Costello.

However, the Justice Department has not even moved to depose Costello for perjury in connection with his naturalization; meanwhile, Bolich played a part in delaying prosecution of one of the biggest gambling cases—the Guaranty Finance Company of California.

SHOT MORALE Naturally, all this makes for discouragement among the many tax payers.

Stage Door: Katharine Cornell's low bow to a great star. She saw to it that Grace George got the No. 1 dressing room at the National.

The King and I, now 37 weeks old, is in the black. It paid the backers their full investment. From now on it is all profit.

Shot Morale: The tuxedo were given a special nod—Londoners found N. Coward's newest play, "Relative Values," a worthy starrer for Gladys Cooper but not up to the standards of his last straight play, "Billie Spirit."

Shot Morale: The "Faithfully Yours" landlady scolded us for reporting last week that it "may seem close," which it did not.

The Press-Box: Ironically, the Giants and the Rams lost their greatest inspirational player on the same day when DIMAGGIO retired as a champion and Stanky was traded. Both were renowned as the speakings who inspired teammates to win.

Change: The current Washington scandal involves the Treasury except buying milk costs. A year ago the scandal had many in the State Department, wearing green.

Typical New Yorker: "I'll do it my way, and caused her many heart-aches and tears. I haven't slept or eaten for three days. I can't crack up if the tension isn't eased."

"I've GOT a little Handy-Andy that takes all the drugery out of housework!"

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Walter Winchell In New York

BROADWAY LIGHTS
The First-Nighters: Katharine Cornell returned to a reprise of Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife," which was embraced in the long-ago. This time the star attracted honey-dripped wordage but two abatement politely dissent. Walter (Herald Tribune) Kerr's citation: "Good fun." — Elmer Rice's 27th play, "The Grand Tour," commuted between Hem and Haw. The general reaction was dominated by lukewarm appreciation. The "Herald" reviewer called it "an amiable little play." "Lo and Behold" was greeted with yes and no notices, the kids uttunmbering the kisses. Reviewer William Hawkins' estimate: "It is delightful." — The final entry was "Point of No Return," starring Henry Fonda. Enthusiastic oracles confirmed the tryout town inspectors, hailing it as a high-voltage addition to The White Light Way. Richard Watts, Jr. rejoiced: "A brilliant, resourceful and, enormously enjoyable dramatic entertainment."

In the Wings: Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud are fierce rivals for the title of England's Greatest Actor. — Gielgud alleges Olivier is too bombastic and loud. — At the premiere of Olivier's "Caesar and Cleopatra" (in London) someone informed Gielgud that if the two "Cleopatras" (starring Olivier and his wife) clicked—the plays would be exported to Broadway. "Why? cautiously inquired Gielgud. "Can't they hear him from here?"

The Cinemagicians: "The Strange Door" has Charles Laughton's left playing putting some bite in a toothless tale. — "Adventures of Captain Fabian" is the familiar dare-devil drama starring Errol Flynn, which is as quick as we can get to the point. — "Longhorn" is another cowboy-cattle-cactus-cliche. — "The Jockey" goes a few fast rounds in the state cops vs. Robbers war. — "I'll Never Forget You" presents Tyrone Power and Ann Blythe in a conventional romanticism. It inspires a sigh here and a throb there. — "Single White Males" is a fairly entertaining safari featuring your old friends from the menagerie. — "Arizona Manhood" is strictly for the durable features.

The Aristocrats: "Crime Syndicate" requires a scolding transfusion. The felony sables an edginess of Hollywood's camera-swarm wheedle themes, and they are the Siberia in entertainment. — "Suspense" has come up with some expert thrillers but its latest was more plash-tun than heebie-jeebie. — "The Magic Cottage" (which comes over Dumont's channel) has the type of fairy-tale imagination that makes small-fry as happy as a visit from Santa. — Fred Allen finally hit the jackpot on the "Sound Off" show. The camera tricks were a high spot, too. — Anne Jeffreys' beauty registered big on Paul Whitman's program. — The good thing about Robert Q. Lewis' panel show, "The Name of the Game," is Mr. Lewis. The gimmick is merely a so-so switch on the familiar. — Alan Dean, the new British singing import, is the No. 1 record-seller in England.

"Leave it to the Girls" (just filled by its sponsor) leaves the antenna circuit next month. A medium that has more weeds than orchids cannot afford to lose a post-rating show.

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(Continued On Page Three)

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE
Judy had received many lessons in unselfishness, but they didn't involve Carol and Sandra. So she acted like the little boy who didn't wash his ears because his mother told him simply to wash his face! Children learn morality by specific instances, and they are not prone to generalizations.
CASE C-321: When Judy, our only daughter was 8, I had taken Danny and David to the barber shop for haircuts.
Judy and her two Gary cousins, Carol and Sandra, wanted to go along.
As we sat watching the boys in the barber chairs, Judy suddenly jumped up and walked out. Soon she returned with an ice cream bar on a stick.
She sat down between Carol and Sandra with no apparent twinges of conscience and ate her ice cream bar.
Maybe she felt that I should buy something for her cousins, for Judy was using her own money which she had earned.
But Carol and Sandra had been very generous with their money during the previous week and had bought Judy several delicacies.
Within 10 minutes Judy hopped up and left the barber shop a second time. She returned with a second ice cream bar, and set down to enjoy it alone.
"When you see a wrong, HIT it," was Abraham Lincoln's motto.
That isn't a bad rule in dealing with children, so I called Judy over and explained that she was being very selfish.
I reminded her of the fact that her cousins had shared their money and candy with her on several previous occasions during the past week.
"Grown people wouldn't think of buying themselves candy or ice cream unless they treated their guests to the same," I concluded.
I failed to employ the "sandwich" method of inserting the criticism between two compliments, so Judy looked somewhat belligerent. She didn't say a word, though, but walked out of the shop and bought a couple of candy bars.

Upon her return, she nonchalantly walked over to Carol and Sandra. Then she dropped one to each girl's lap, still without saying a word.
In dealing with children, the error is still fresh in their minds. Try to employ the "sandwich" method, but be sure you hit the wrong, even if you don't use the best psychology in the process.
There is no natural unselfishness in children! At birth, we all start out just as selfish as little pigs or wolves. And we'll remain that way till death, unless parents and teachers civilize or humanize us by their diligent insistence that we live according to moral and social laws.
We are always born selfish! It requires training to make us unselfish and generous!
This moral training must be repeated hundreds of times, albeit in varying situations. One lesson in sharing is not enough, for children are literalists.
"You told me to share with Carol and Sandra, but not with David and Danny," Judy might later reply.
So parents must teach children to share with many different people on many different occasions.
One lesson will not make a skillful pianist out of your daughter, nor will one moral lesson make her unselfish.
We must hammer away for 18 years, and even then our children have only a thin veneer of civilization.
The more lessons we give them, however, the thicker will be the veneer! They are not likely to be self-taught, so we must instruct them.
If you have several children, they will thus hear your instruction more often.
So don't limit your family to one child, for you are more likely to slight his moral training as a consequence.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long, stamped, addressed envelope, and a check to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

MAN AND MOTHER-IN-LAW AREN'T SPEAKING, BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED TO INFORM HER ABOUT GRANDCHILD'S BIRTH

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My problem concerns our son-in-law, Ned, 31, and our daughter, Peg, 25. They have been married two years. Last Spring my husband (Bill) and I were invited to their home for a game of bridge. During the play a dispute arose between Ned and his mother, with Ned winning her.

When I reproached Ned and told him to apologize quickly, he leaped from his chair like a madman and showed me across the room. As my husband rushed to my aid, Ned threatened to knock him flat. To sweeten things we departed quickly, with Ned yelling, "Get out, and never come back here again!" Next day he came to me and apologized; and although I felt his actions were inexcusable, I forgave—because of Peg.

After that we were most uncomfortable in their home and visited only on special invitation, although they came here for Sunday dinners and often during the week. I bridge fight, assuming an all-knowing patriarch air in championing her. Ned involuntarily (and instantly) transferred much of his ill will to you.

DAUGHTER SUFFERS IN THE CROSSFIRE But of course he wouldn't have reacted that way, if he weren't already compulsively disposed to stout methods for female authority per se. For your own comfort, and as a guide to future action, it is well to realize that Ned's ugly moods aren't really personal in suits to you—even when directed at you. Rather they are characteristic symptoms of severe disturbance in his personality, that existed before you knew him. However, I'm not saying you are perfect. On the contrary, you are self, bossy, self righteous and self-pitying when crossed,—your characteristic reply.

Peg is on a spot, caught in the crossfire of antagonism; and her present debility suggests that her hold on life has been weakened by morbid tensions. As a loving service to her, you need drop your hostile, injured-mother stance in dealing with Ned, and open your mind to a real understanding of his sifting behavior. In this endeavor you may want a life of specialist help—from a good psychologist or a clergyman versed in an obstinate belligerent child, atypical New Yorker matter. For ways, and caused her many heart-aches and tears. I haven't slept or eaten for three days. I can't crack up if the tension isn't eased.

THEY'RE INVOLVED IN A HATING MATCH DEAR E. B.: You and Ned are involved in a hating contest, in which you feel powerless to get the best of him. This is the meaning of your unbecomable tension of recent days.

Your concern for Peg's situation, as his more or less helpless wife, blocks you from facing, much less expressing, the steady fury of your dislike of Ned—a latent attitude now barely re-activated by the hospital episode. Knowing his psychopathic temperament, you feel frustrated, both consistently and unconsciously, in the matter of wrestling with his hostile reflexes. Consequently, your unformed association with him engenders terrible hidden stress.

In your letter (here condensed) you say the trouble started last Spring, the evening of the bridge game. That's true, but you still haven't grasped the gist of the problem—which has to do with Ned's deeply entrenched bad relationship with his mother. When you interjected yourself into her bridge fight, assuming an all-knowing patriarch air in championing her, Ned involuntarily (and instantly) transferred much of his ill will to you.

What is your advice? I love my daughter and want only her happiness. E. B.

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