

# The Daily Record

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## These Days



By

### Sokolsky

#### THE "UNWRITTEN LAW"

In the tradition of all races, a man fought for his home. The national state is comparatively new in human history; but the home goes back to the cave. A father, a mother and their children—that made a home.

In our sophisticated civilization, in which eternal values seem to be discarded, the home appears to have become a place to sleep and to run away from in an emergency. Even the nobles of household activities, the family dinner, with its chat-and-and and loving admonition—even such a noble institution is giving way to the intrusion of television, to the noise and excitement of murder stories and westerns.

I saw an advertisement for a television tray, so that the family could dine in darkness, each person solitary, while they watched some morbid picture of the eternal triangle. What can children gain from such family life? Do they know their parents?

I was at Notre Dame in an atmosphere of scholastic peace when I read that Walter Wanger had shot a man. It was not possible for me to believe that this quiet, scholarly man, esthetic in his tastes, imaginative and idealistic, would take the law into his own hands.

Yet, I could understand him when he said that nobody was going to break up his home. Of course, now it is broken and perhaps irrevocably, but there is an unwritten law among men that they will fight for their homes and dignity and for their sense of decency. Maybe the duel was not as fantastic an institution as we in this age suppose. There are things that try men's souls—if they still have souls.

It would seem to me wrong to try cases in newspapers; the court is the place for evidence, and lawyers, not journalists, should do the pleading. Yet, were it not for the mastery of "J'accuse" of Emile Zola and the journalism of Clemenceau, Alfred Dreyfus would have languished in a prison cell for the rest of his life. The courts deal with the law; the press, with justice.

This case, no matter how it may be handled by lawyers, will, in the public mind, become a dramatic discussion of the home. Ample space is given constantly to biological love, as though it were the noblest of human activities and virtues. "Love," as it is called, has become the excuse, the alibi, for every anti-social habit. All that needs to be said is that "he loves her"—as though that explained it.

But strong nations use other terms—father, mother, son, daughter, home, virtue, piety, the moral law. Some laugh, in these sophisticated days, at the Methodists and Baptists, Presbyterians and other sects, the strong, puritanical elements in our population. But these religious families built a great nation and if we have liberty and a high standard of living, it is because they made it possible by hard work and strict morality. The "on Communists" have served America more than all the laws on the statute books of all the states.

And we have not improved our society since divorce, broken homes, teen-agers without parental guidance, competition among separated parents for the good-will of their children, become a vague. We have not done better since "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother" has been abandoned, and "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery" has become a hobby.

"So one man shot another over a woman. It is an old story. But in the crisis of our days, all forms of corruption must be analyzed and focused in the perspective of our national illness. We need a clinical analysis of what has made us ill. We need an understanding of the departures from our traditional civilization which are plaguing us. Something is dead, wrong with us.

And what is most wrong is that the home—the family—is weakening. Why are we so smart that we outsmart ourselves and bring such unhappiness upon ourselves? We destroy what is good in our lives and treasure the empty, ephemeral, the meaningless.

And when middle age comes and life is empty and there are only regrets, is nothing left for man but to shoot man, or for pages to be filled with vulgarities that leave children at the mercy of every misadventure? What do they have—sarcophagi, heroin, no-virgin shub! Is that to be America?

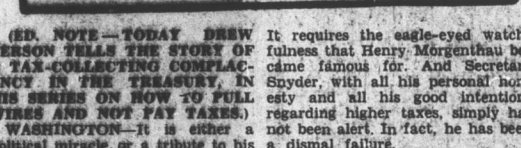
Conscientious fall not because they are conquered. They fall because they grow rotten from within. What is overthrown is an empty shell that still looks solid but is empty hollow.

In the care of the doxy dog, even if he is to drink all the water in the city. If even some of my friends to chop green growing gum.



MISTER BEGER

"You couldn't WAIT for me to learn to talk—an' now NOBODY listens to me..."



(ED. NOTE—TODAY DREW PEARSON TELLS THE STORY OF A TAX-COLLECTING COMPLACENCY IN THE TREASURY, IN HIS SERIES ON HOW TO FULLY WAIVE AND NOT PAY TAXES.)

WASHINGTON—It is either a political miracle or a tribute to his mousey personality that the man in charge of the bureau where most of the tax scandals have occurred, Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder, so far has managed to duck any large volume of criticism.

His cabinet colleague, Attorney General McGrath, has been the target for far more criticism—though less tax finagling has occurred in his Justice Department.

In contrast, John Snyder is much closer to the tax picture, much closer to President Truman, and has held office much longer. However, he has traveled on his official routine, blissfully ignorant—or the indifference to the fact that more crookedness was occurring in his department than at any time since the days of President U. S. Grant—perhaps more than at any time in history.

Personally, Mr. Snyder is an entirely honest man. The idea that dishonesty would occur near him has and does shock him. Yet he does not seem to realize that part of honesty is not complacency but vigilance.

Secretary Snyder has been tenacious about the necessity of paying higher taxes in order to pay for our huge arms program. But he has not realized how he has knocked the slats out of his own tax program by failing to collect taxes on an honest basis. For, when people see tax-finagling at the top, tax-finagling is certain to spread at the bottom.

GRAVE EMBARRASSMENT  
Mr. Snyder's failure may be due in part to a personal weakness, which according to some people, isn't kosher to mention. However, when a railroad engineer drinks on the job he is fired, when a motorist drinks while driving he is jailed—especially if there has been a smash-up. Therefore when one of the 10 top members of government charged with collecting the nation's taxes with honesty and equality, drinks on the job, the public is entitled to know it.

For with Snyder at the wheel there has been a disastrous smash-up in the tax-collecting system. Unfortunately, Secretary Snyder's periodic drinking not only has caused moments of embarrassment before the Governors of the World Bank and at the French Embassy, but sometimes has caused him to remain in bed away from his work for periods of time.

It happens that collecting taxes is a tough, day-and-night job, requiring vigilance and great strength of character almost 24 hours a day.



CUTIES

"I'm sorry I'm no gentleman for pushing... but in here I'm gonna get like a LADY."

## Walter Winchell

### In New York Broadway

Broadway lost one of its daughters in Sunday night's plane crash at Elizabeth, N. J. . . Doris Ruby, a delightful dancer, who was Miss Winchell's fiancée, was Miss Winchell's fiancée. . . The night before Doris died she went to Greg's apartment where she demonstrated her new act, costumes and all . . . Greg, a show girl, was her best pal . . . She urged Doris not to fly. "You don't open for another ten days," she told Doris. "Wait a few days. You may get a cancellation on the established lines." . . . But Doris said she couldn't risk it . . . That this was one of her best opportunities . . . To have her act seen in a big time spot . . . Now she is gone . . . This was the kind of girl she was . . . Last Winter at Ward's Ritz's 5 o'clock (among a ringside group of ten), she was asked why she hesitated in Florida . . . "No fare home," she said . . . The stranger who asked her that—she had \$100 . . . "Oh," Doris said, "I couldn't take it." . . . "Never give back money," he told her . . . Doris went back to New York and when she got backstage—never failed to send the fellow a 5-cent or more . . . She said it back in full—the day before she perished.

Times Square Ticker: The Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck remarriage, expected by many of their pals, appears remote. They are happy being friends instead of being married . . . Judy Garland gave the Palace a guarantee she will stay until Feb. 28. Ticket brokers list her among the Hits to See . . . Screen Album will hit the stands with Shelley Winters and her ex-husband Curly Granger on the cover of its Southwest issue. Oopai . . . Page 26 of Book Week edition that the President doesn't really turn on the lights of the White House Christmas tree, though he says he does in the annual Christmas Eve broadcast . . . Adelaide Mottet, who headlined as a safe society thrush, is making a grim decision . . . Victory Girls are back chasing servicemen, in case you don't think there's a war on . . . Critic John Mason Brown is the victim of a check forger.

Wanda Hendrix in gay again since meeting film newsmen Robert Arthur. He remembers her as Audrey Murphy, no title . . . Beatrice Lillie has a title for her unwritten bio: "Sensuous Fables" . . . Henry Fonda has \$10,000 in his hand, "Point of No Return" . . . Show Biz was never more prosperous for many. You can't buy the back page of Variety until March . . . Some hotels have a solution to the tremendous loss in silverware. If you have room service and a spoon or salt shaker is missing, it goes on your bill . . . Add something to your Most Broadway Book list: "Double Trouble" (starring Jane Russell, Y. Sirota and Groucho) is sure to bring squawks from Missions—louder than those over "The Outlaw."

When the Yule season approaches we are always reminded of a New Yorker, long gone, who never failed to hand out crisp dollar bills to mendicants at the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street on Christmas Eve . . . The beggars and crawlers from all over the city stood in long lines for his handout . . . This never knew the name of their benefactor . . . A retired merchant named Ben E. Factor.

Movis dividends slipped two million this year—compared to last year's \$13,000,000. The 300 backers of "I Am a Camera" just cut their first million: \$13,000. One of the quietest stars in many show business circles is Betty Davis in breathing ether and getting an okay after a thorough hospital checkup . . . June Haver's new romance is a physician . . . Wallace Beery's daughter, Carol Ann, is Dick Winslow's new partner on and off stage . . . The late Bill "Bojangles" Robinson's dancing shoes are now on display in N. Y. City's Museum . . . The gold-splendid evening gown singer Eartha Kitt wears at La Vie En Rose is the gift of a French gov't; biggest she met there last month. Cost him over 700,000 francs . . . Jan' Hill, Hay-have Harry used to be pinned to his worried about the smears. No one can throw a stone high enough to reach a star. On the day the headlines screamed: "Joan Bennett's Maid Shoots Her Agent," one news-paper had a syndicated article signed by her sister: "Learn to Live in the Real World."

The Street of Dreams and Lights is getting great comments from Park Avenue's \$5000-a-night display of 35 ft. tall evergreens at the Rockefeller Center. The evergreens are an area of 25 acres . . . The wreath on the Empire State Bldg—25 ft. in diameter. Who now shall it annually at a cost of \$100,000 . . . The incredible sound of "Silent Night" and "Sweet Christmas" of the job done in the first 24 hours of the job done in the first 24 hours.

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## The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Can you write a good letter of application for a job? If so, you will probably be granted an interview. If not, you may have no further chance to get the position. So by all means paste this Case Record in your scrapbook for later use.

Case C-333: Donald J., aged 22, is applying for a job.

"Dr. Crane, I don't know how to write a good letter of application," he ruefully confessed, "even though I have graduated from a first class engineering college. I took English composition, too, but I don't recall any emphasis on writing a letter to prospective employers."

"But, if I obtain a position with the company which I have in mind, it will solve all my problems. Because it means so much to me, therefore, I'd appreciate a little advice. I don't want to have my letter work against me or suggest that I am an amateur."

DONALD IS TO BE COMMENDED for his appreciation of the value of a good letter of application.

A majority of our college graduates don't even know how to write such a letter, partly because they have never been taught such a practical lesson in English composition.

In previous Case Records I have mentioned the fact that probably 90 per cent of such writers begin with a flowery introductory paragraph, lauding the company from which they hope to obtain the job.

Then they shift to their own qualifications, usually stating their age first. But age is a very weak asset for winning a new position.

Employers are generally most interested in what you can do. This involves your previous experience. What kind of an industrial or business position can you fill?

What you have done is listed above what you have studied, for the latter may involve many glib theories that don't always jibe with hard facts.

Nowadays a high school or college diploma is valuable, however, as an opening bid for further attention, but it is often simply a convenient method for weeding out prospects when there are too many to be interviewed individually.

It's like the ante in a poker game. You frequently must have such a diploma in order to stay in the game. But you don't win on your ante, nor does the diploma procure you a job.

A good letter of application should be typewritten, if possible, and should not exceed one page, single-spaced.

Leave wide margins and use a good grade of paper. Sign your name in legible fashion. Don't write like 4th graders, as too many of our college graduates still do.

Omit your obvious flattery or "soft soap." Preferably state the type of job for which you are applying and then immediately cite the specific qualifications that you have.

Begin with your business or practical experience. Cite two or three of your major positions. But don't clutter up the letter with details.

Then present your technical training or schooling in a brief paragraph.

Third, cite relevant personal data, such as age, state of health, amount of life insurance carried, etc.

Finally, list three references with "handles" on their names which will intimate their executive prestige. By "handles" I mean "Vice President" or "Advertising Manager" or "Judge," etc. Then sign off with a simple, polite concluding sentence.

If you want a copy of my "Spoken Letter for a Job" and the "Vocational Guidance Kit" containing a pen and a dime and stamped self-addressed envelope, (Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long 30-cent stamped envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you need for use of the personal optical charts.)

## Tribute Is Deserved

The Daily Record believes that the County of Harnett should lose no time in erecting a fitting memorial to the late Charles Ross.

We don't know whether the action should be started by painting and hung on the opposite side of the judge's bench.

Several years ago, a portrait of the late Judge John C. Crawford was hung on one side of the judge's bench in the county courthouse.

We believe that a similar portrait of Mr. Ross should be painted and hung on the opposite side of the judge's bench.

It would be an appropriate honor for a man whose voice sounded so often and eloquently in the county's temple of justice.

## Will It Be You

Sometime between now and Christmas, death on the blood-stained highways will claim its 1,000,000th victim.

Just what day No. 1 million will come depends upon how rapidly we kill each other and get killed on the highway between now and Christmas.

You can take your choice. Go ahead and drive like usual or exercise a little bit more caution.

Your decision may mean the difference of being six feet under the ground or still alive after the holidays.

We are hoping against hope that accidents during the holidays will be kept to the absolute minimum.

## The Amenities of Bureaucracy

In England, prior to the last world war, it took three years to construct an electric power station. Now the time needed is six—exactly double the former figure.

There is a very good reason for that—and the reason is socialism. First of all, it takes months and perhaps years to comply with the amenities of bureaucracy and get the necessary permits, allocations, licenses, and so on. Armies of government jobholders, all with swollen ideas of their own importance, have their fingers in the pie.

Second, under socialism initiative and the will-to-do are stifled. There is small sense in working hard when the possible rewards are few and meager. People just drift along, getting by as best they can.

England has an extremely critical power shortage to deal with now, and if the winter is severe it could be catastrophic. Whether the Conservatives will be able to repair the ravages of socialism remains to be seen. At best it will be many long and weary years before England recovers from the economic depths which the labor government dug for her.

When high officials of our own government urge more socialized power development for America, the people would do well to consider Britain's sad example—along with the fact that, after years of enduring the socialist experiment, the British voters finally said "We've had enough." A government electric-power monopoly—which is what the politicians want—would be a long step along a road whose end is disaster.

## Tough Policy

Officials pointed out, however, that there is little the United States can do—short of severing diplomatic relations or going to war—to force the Hungarians to do anything.

## Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON — Numerous manufacturers some months ago started selling to people, to make them—small, green, toothpaste, enamel-colored pills, green-tinted bananas, and chewing gum that exact shade of a park bench.

These items contained chlorophyll, the mysterious stuff that makes leaves green and which, incidentally, has the property of destroying germs in living things. So the chlorophyll factories have been working overtime, keeping up with the demand of the fastidious ones snatching themselves with green.

This has become big business. The producers aim to make it bigger. They're now seeking four-legged customers; namely, dogs. Feed 'em green food so they'll smell sweet. You think I'm spoofing?

On January 2 one of America's biggest producers of canned dog food, biscuits and meat will have for sale across the land its products doped with chlorophyll. The best news for dog owners since "Dixie" is his slogan.

Manufacturers of dog-food manufacturers are now offering up their chlorophyll via their dog. "No dog" say they, "ever had small doggy again."

What you may ask, do the dogs think about this? The scientists have been investigating the possibilities of American dogs becoming a race of canine neorotates. Their researches are comforting. To the dogs, that is.

The experts feel a kennel full of dogs eating the green food will keep one of those breeds from the other of fresh clover after

## "Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

Man Can't Keep Job Because of Misadjustments; Wife Vainly Asks Counseling Agency. For

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: You've mentioned several times in answer to letters that if the person needing psychiatric help won't seek it, then the other person isn't immediately concerned—the wife, mother, husband or father, as the case may be—should seek it. The idea is to get a better understanding of the problem, and perhaps give the sufferer an injection of insight so that he may even go to a psychiatrist himself. At least that's how I interpreted your meaning. Perhaps I am wrong?

Well, I am the wife of a maladjusted man, and I have gone to a Mental Hygiene Institute, also to a clergyman and a Family Service Society. They have helped me to understand Henry a little better; but I can't make even a slight dent in his determination that he is right and other persons always wrong. Of course he maintains that this isn't his attitude; but I can only judge by the way he gets along with people. He is always telling me how badly they treat him. He can't keep a job because of his emotionalism.

However, when I have talked to the various counselors about Henry, they all tell me it won't do any good for me to get psychiatric help—except as an aid to understanding him. But I think, and they do too, that I have gone as far in that direction as I can. So I was quite puzzled by your recommendation, as I understand it.—A. G.

FIRST GET BLANT ON YOUR DEMANDS  
DEAR A. G.: It seems that you have been going in circles, without and expressions pedestrians pass by . . . The 4th Street delicatessen window which features triangular wrapped salamis . . . The 47th Street and 14th Avenue Santa, whose Father Henry used to be pinned to his red flannel suit . . . The second sign on an East Side synagogue: "Merry Christmas to All!" . . . The tallest Christmas Tree in the World at Radio City . . . It weighs 18 tons, is 22 ft. high, and has 7,500 lights.

The Doughty Corner on Broadway at 45th where delirious are given free cakes every 9 a.m. At 46th Street they are invited in for coffee . . . The luncheon crush along West 44th where the stores doing the poorest business are restaurants . . . The W. 57th Street fur store displaying a Santa wrapped in a \$7000 mink . . . The holly wreaths for sale in a Madison Avenue florist—some selling for only \$1.00 . . . The legendary 5th floor

Neurotic's Free UPON SOLICITUDE  
In his fine book, "The Challenge of Marriage" (Duell, Sloan) Dr. Rudolf Dreikurs makes clear that increased psychological health—increased awareness, wisdom and insight—in one party to a marriage irresistibly evokes new adaptations in the other party. This in coming with Henry's negativism is well to develop within yourself the social resources that would liberate you emotionally from complaining dependency upon his ailing temperament. (Duell, Sloan)

When you are more inclined, and better able, to stand on your own feet psychologically, you will be less preoccupied with your symptoms and that will be good for him. So long as a childish neurotic can prey upon another's softside, he doesn't let you grow his difficulties as a rule. Very often the crucial moment that drives him to special help is the started realization that you of-mine folks are habitually turning their backs on his pleas.

Am, rather surprised that your various contacts, having recognized these things, you will, or maybe they will, with a goodly termination that you will be able to stop your dependency upon somebody else. you—M. E.

(Continued on Page Seven)