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The Christmas Story

FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from
Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
(And this taxing was first made when Cyrus was governor of Syria)
And all went to be taxed, every one unto his own city.
And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into the city of David.
Which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David.)
To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.
And so it was while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
And she brought forth her first son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes.
And laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their flock by night.
And lo the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the
Lord shewn round about them, and they were sore afraid.
And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you
Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior,
Which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe
Wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host praising God and saying,
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

Luke 11;14

A Christmas Sentiment

BY CHARLES ROSS
1873 — 1951

The greatest miracle of time is radiating influence from a cradle in Bethlehem ever broadening through nineteen centuries.

This Babe began His career from no pedestal of family fame. His parents were humble people, for whom no guest chamber was provided, but were forced to find shelter among the beasts of burden. The circumstances of His birth even cast suspicion upon His legitimacy.

He shared the glamour of no conquering race, for the glory of Solomon had departed, and He shared the fate of a subdued remnant of a subject race ruled by the vassals of a foreign power. There had already developed a racial prejudice toward the Jew that has dogged the footsteps of that scattered people in their wanderings through every country upon the globe. But worse still, He was misunderstood, reviled, and crucified even by His own people, and His only friends a handful of fisher-folk.

Today the whole world counts time by a calendar that marks His birth, and even unbelievers date affairs by Anno Domini.

His only writing was with His fingers in the sand, but the world's greatest literature is filled with quotations and paraphases of His sayings, and finds a place of permanence only in proportion as it draws inspiration from His teachings. He left no musical compositions, but the greatest of all musical compositions are those that give expression to the Christian hope and aspirations of men. His only building was in the simple carpentry of the village of Nazareth, but architecture has achieved its greatest triumphs in the temples and cathedrals erected for His worship.

He founded no institutions, but the lengthening shadow of His influence is studded with hospitals and orphanages where men and women minister in His name.

He organized no public charities, but no Community Chest or Red Cross drive, or other manifestation of the fragrance of man's humanity to man, but in its last analysis rests upon the appeal "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me."

In the cataclysm of war that envelopes the earth today, we who fight and pray for the preservation of the democratic conception of government pin our faith to the eternal verity of His teaching in the brotherhood of man, and confidently look forward to that new order, which Isiah foresaw twenty-five centuries ago, when "the Government shall be upon His shoulders."

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON.—My plight today reminds me of the cartoon of many years ago, showing the city editor in his office on Christmas morning, telling a reporter to hurry out and get a good, heart-warming story about the yuletide for the first edition:

"And on your way back," the editor added, "pick me up a hot dog with mustard."

Today—almost all my working life in the newspaper business, I wished to hop downtown on Christmas morning and pound out pieces about fires, wrecks, and even occasional murders. This year I'm staying home today; this item I am filling a couple of days in advance and against my better

(Continued On Page Five)

The editor said, write it. I said yes, but who's going to spend his time on Christmas reading a piece by Othman? Nobody, the editor said. Nobody in his right mind. Then, I demanded, why write the story?

He said, don't be logical. Just sit down at my typewriter and go to work. This I now am doing, but I think it is a mistake.

If you're still with me (and remember what the editor called you if you are), I must report that this is an elegant Christmas. For one thing, I don't hurt anywhere. Not even a hangnail, or a bunion. And as I grow older, with the attendant aches of middle age upon me, this is something spe-

(Continued On Page Five)

These Days

By Joseph Scholsky

HISTORIC FOOTNOTE

Last week-end, I spent at Notre Dame University witnessing an event of historic significance. A number of us there tried to recall a similar incident in human history, but we all failed.

It was a meeting of the natural law institute, but this year something entirely new was added to the convocation. Instead of the speakers being Roman Catholic clergy and laymen, the principal lecturers were Dr. Hu Shih, who spoke as a confucian and a pragmatist; Dr. Khalifa Abdul Hakim, a Moslem, who came all the way from Pakistan; Dr. M. S. Sundaram, a Hindu, First Secretary, Embassy of India in Washington; Rabbi Solomon Freehof, of Pittsburgh, who spoke as a Jew. I read a paper on the Buddhist position prepared by Professor Daisetz T. Suzuki. To these speakers, in the round-table discussions, must be added Cathdlics and Protestants, particularly that fascinating Presbyterian, Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., of Houston, Texas.

Here, under the auspices of a Roman Catholic university, were gathered the representatives of the world's principal religions to discuss their differences and their points of agreement. The differences were many and often profound, and each speaker stood his ground for his own faith and tradition. For instance, Dr. Hakim definitely announced that Islam has nothing to do with the trinity; that Moslems are Monotheists and Unitarians; Dr. Hu Shih, in a defense of John Dewey, proclaimed himself a pragmatist and an atheist; and so the argument went around the clock.

But as great as were the differences, even more profound was the single point of unity; namely, that all human beings, at all times, and in every religious expression, were groping to find a form of superior or divine intelligence, a creative wisdom beyond man; and all human beings of every clime and kind, in some manner, found the natural law, that is, a moral system based on revelation or on an acceptance of tradition.

To the Jews, Christians, and Moslems, this moral law was revealed by God to man; in some of the other faiths, it came to man in other ways. But this curious fact stood out: the sum of the discussion established that the natural law is universal; that the moral code of all peoples is identical.

Dr. Hu Shih, who proclaimed himself an atheist, nevertheless said this:

"It is beyond doubt that throughout Medieval China and down to fairly recent centuries, the canon of sacred Scripture of Confucianism . . . was revered and regarded as the highest authority in matters of morals, law, social relations and government policy. It had the authority of divine law, an authority comparable to that of the Bible in the Christian countries. The Confucianist canon has acquired this authority not merely because of the establishment of Confucianism as a state religion, nor merely because it was required reading in all Chinese schools and used in all civil service examinations for the selection of men for public offices, but primarily because some of the books included in the canon in its broader sense do contain some of the universal principles of justice which, in the words of Aristotle, 'All men, by a natural intuition, feel to be common right and wrong. . . .'

I could not help thinking, during this session, how wonderful is our country. We are not afraid. We need no thought control. We need no policing of the human mind. Where else could such a congregation of the diverse gather to present in absolute freedom so many points of difference, without hatred, without bigotry, without fear?

We who were not Roman Catholics wondered at the auspices under which we met. For it has been said that Catholics are themselves bigoted and intellectually monopolistic. Yet, here was utter and complete intellectual freedom. No one was constrained to give the last the last word; in fact, the very last words spoken were mine, a Jew, and the son of a Rabbi.

We speak often of inter-faith movements and the necessity of wider tolerance. Here for three days men of the greatest divergence in thought and tradition ate and slept, lectured and argued, under one roof and that roof was dedicated to "Our Lady"—Notre Dame. Indeed, there was no question of tolerance, which has in it an element of snobbery and forbearance. There was an atmosphere of equality, of freedom to speak of the truth as each sees the truth. And when it was over, it was evident that men of good-will can and do search for love and decency and faith—on many different roads.

MISTER BREGER

"The Bregers upstairs got their kid a tool chest . . . Nothing like CONSTRUCTIVE toys for children, I always say . . ."

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

(Ed. Note—Today, in Drew Pearson's series of columns on corruption in government, he contrasts the problem of the little taxpayer with the wire-puller.)

WASHINGTON.—Here are a few illustrations of how tax injustice operates under the present system whereby the wire-pullers settle their tax-fraud cases without going to jail, while the little fellows with no pull go to jail or suffer severe hardship.

It's this kind of tax injustice that undermines democracy and in Europe has led to communism.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 1—Is that of Francis J. Massey, a warehouse worker for a Washington department store who was charged by Treasury agents with having received $150 in dividends from stock in the Washington Gas Light Co.

Massey was able to show, through an affidavit from the gas company that he never owned the stock, that it was owned by his late father. However, the Internal Revenue Office demanded that he pay just the same. Though his salary was only $28 a week and he had a wife and two small children to support, he proceeded to pay up at the rate of $2 a week to a total of $18.92.

This, however, was not fast enough for the Treasury, and a lien was slapped on his salary for the remaining $15.59. This got him into trouble with his employer who didn't want to be harboring a tax dodger, and he was fired.

He was unable to find full-time work, his youngest child became ill, the family doctor had not been paid, and the child died. She was buried in Potter's field at government expense.

This burial expense probably about equaled the improper tax assessment of $34.51 wrung from Mr. Massey. So in the end the Treasury gained nothing. Finally the Office of Deputy Collector J. Ellis Bowen apologized for the mistake. "If you are assessed again, just ignore it," he said.

That was the experience of one little taxpayer who could not hire a political lawyer or pull wires.

MUSHROOM FRAUDS

ILLUSTRATION NO. 2—Took place in the mushroom industry in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Five small mushroom growers were found guilty of tax frauds for amounts ranging up to around $60,000 and were given jail sentences. They were: Nicholas Gallo, Toughkenamon, Pa.; Emilio Giansante, Avondale; and the three Manfredi brothers of Kennett Square.

In contrast, J. B. Swayne of Kennett Square, also a mushroom grower, was recommended by the Treasury for criminal prosecution and the case sent to the Justice Department for action. Lamar Caudle, then chief of the tax division, forwarded the case to U. S. Attorney Gerald Gleeson in Philadelphia, but he did not want to prosecute and sent the case back to Washington.

In the interim, J. B. Swayne had hired a smart tax attorney, Monte Appel, friend of Ohio's Congressman Clarence Brown of the Taft forces. For more than a year, Appel held conferences, made delaying moves with the Justice Department.

However, here is the pay-off. J. B. Swayne and Sons already had one strike against them. They had been found guilty of selling misbranded mushrooms and been fined $1,100 in Federal Court for violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act. According to S. Milton Grisoom, president of the Mushroom Institute, they made around $375,000 of illegal profits.

However, while the five little mushroom growers went to jail, J. B. Swayne was finally excused from criminal prosecution by the Justice Department because he was elderly and the trial might injure his health.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 3 — Was that of Richard E. Smith, head of the Dix Petroleum Company of Wichita, Kans. He was indicted on four counts of income evasion involving about $27,000 in taxes, pleaded guilty and was given ninety days in jail, plus two years suspended sentence. The U. S. judge who let Smith off with this light sentence, Arthur J. Mellott, the year before had sentenced two boys who stole a jalopy, and took it across a state line, to two years in jail.

WHITE HOUSE PHONE CALL

ILLUSTRATION NO. 4—In January 1950, President Truman sent a message to Congress urging full collection of income taxes and vigorous prosecution of tax frauds. Shortly after that a call from the White House stopped the prosecution of a tax fraud.

The fraud was charged against a prominent Missourian, Irving Sachs, operator of "Shoe Styles" in St. Louis. His case had been sent by Internal Revenue to the Justice Department where Lamar Caudle was on the verge of sending it to the U. S. Attorney in St. Louis for prosecution but suddenly he got a call from the White House.

Caudle was recently fired by the White House for stopping the prosecution of fraud cases involving friends. But this time, it was the White House which called Caudle

(Continued On Page Five)

CUTIES

"Don't write that letter! Wait until you're married to it . . . dearie . . . and THEN tell him what a no-good lug you think he is!"

Walter Winchell In New York

WALTER WINCHELL

BROADWAY BEACON

Laurence Oliver and Vivien Leigh turned down $60,000 for a one-time one-hour appearance on teevy .. Transplanting their "Cleopatras" from London to Broadway involved shipping more than 25 tons of scenery .. They witnessed "Top Banana" the other night and went backstage to meet Phil Silvers, the star, who embraced Sir Laurence and quipped "I hear you're in town to do the Cleopatra bit" .. The rolls-and-fork dance on "The Hit Parade" the other program was pirated right out of Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" .. The actors in "Don Juan in Hell" wear no makeup or costumes. They beat the audience to the street and cabs every night. Chas. Laughton's delightful candor: "It's easy to be modest when you look like I do."

Patti Page had the usual difficulties before scaling the heights. But in the year ending she had nine straight recording clicks .. The teevy science-fiction series called 'Out There" rates a nod for skip-pink gory mayhem. It hasn't a single murder. They realize children are watching .. What makes a star twinkle? See Julie Harris' superformance in "I Am a Camera." Makes you laugh and cry .. "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" won a majority of okay notices. It wound up with a $125,000 deficit .. New Yorkers are still chuckling over Mrs. Tyrone Power's retort on a teevy show. They asked her: "What did Tyrone say to you on your first meeting?" The appalled Mrs. Power gasped: "I don't think I should say that over the air!" .. Modern Screen reports: "Men like Lana because she is honest, forthright and witty." There are at least two other reasons.

"The River," a movie featuring tall-forehead artistry, is a commercial dandy. It is now rated among the top dozen mints .. Red Skelton's gag-hustlers have terrific memories. They had him say: "He loves the ground she walks on — because she owns the property," which is from the "Sound-in-the-Night" files" .. "Henry VIII," the film (revived on teevy), is peppered with sinful shockers that wouldn't be okayed by the H'wood censors today! .. Danny Thomas in "Ill See You in My Dreams" has the gift for laughter as well as the truck for nonsense .. An episode of "Son of Paleface" will show Jane Russell disguised as a boy. OOh Boy .. The best of the new dial-tuner-outers is the Yuletide ditty titled: "I Tant Wait Till Quithmuth." (Omigadds!)

Broadway remains the No. 1 Showcase for newcomers and established showfolks. Audrey Hepburn, who had bits in films before scoring in "Gigi," was immediately signed by Movietown for next year .. Mario Lanza grossed over $1,000,000 last year. Not long ago he got $25 per singing date. The movie mags accusing him of being instrumental rate the Dullitzer Prize .. One of our favorites from Bill Miller's Riviera is delighting Music Hall spectators. Nanci Crompton. Her grace and spins are something to see .. Janice Rule, the dolly-dilly is the joy-bait in "Starlift." She made the big leap to Hollywood from the Cope line .. Noel Coward's long-ago hit, "Conversation Piece," is now on recordings. The dialog still crackles and the melodies retain their tinkle .. "And So to Sleep Again" my be one of the juke box pets—but it isn't one of ours.

You may have heard a new song titled "Cry." Johnny Ray's version of it on the discs is grand. The lad who wrote it is named Churchill Kohlman, an unknown around Tune-Yan Alley. He is a Pittsburgh night watchman at $42.50 per week .. Daphne du Maurier's new book, "My Cousin Rachel," is not only the Literary Guild selection for March but has been sold to the movies for a record fee .. William Faulkner's upcoming dramatization of his novel, "Requiem for a Nun," is another light-hearted piece about murder, infidelity, etc. That's what the theater's for, you know. Makes you forget the cares of the day .. Movie critics keep saying that French films are superior to ours. Mebbese. But during the last year six French studios closed .. You may have wondered why the U. S. keeps buying Russian movies. Business as usual, old chap. Russia buys ours.

The London critics weren't unanimous in panning "South Pacific." The Spectator's deputy, Kenneth Tynan, reports that he wept. "And there is nothing in criticism harder to convey than one's gratitude for that." He concludes: "I have nothing to do except thank Messrs. Logan, Rodgers and Hammerstein and climb up from my knees, a little cramped from the effort of typing in such an unusual position" .. The critic for "Stage" predicted that each of its 20 songs would be an English hit .. "Oklahoma" was the biggest click that ever played London's Drury Lane. In its first six weeks it took in 20,517 pounds. "Pacific's" first six weeks attracted 53,272 pounds. Rogers, by the way, is a big man over at ASCAP, the group of songwriters. He must now watch his great son, "Manhattan," reap a harvest for BMI, the opposition outfit. Because BMI bought the score of "Garrick Gaieties," which featured it.

The Christian Science Monitor critic apparently believes in pain.

(Continued On Page Five)

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Toby dislikes the bath tub! as a result, he is losing the respect and love of his wife. No woman likes to be caressed by a hunk of limburger cheese or receive second hand garlic kisses. Is it any wonder that many wives repulse the amative advances of their husbands.

CASE C-325: Toby J., aged 34 is a professional man.

"Dr. Crane," his wife protested, "you are always writing about the need for women to keep slender and dainty if they want to hold the affections of their husbands.

"Well, just by way of record, I am 5' 3" tall, weigh 118 pounds. and don't miss a daily bath!

"But why do you always pick on us women Why don't you stress cleanliness for men, too?

"I've nursed my husband's ego until it has the shape of a sausage balloon.

"But I'm going to puncture it one of these days, no matter what the consequences may be, if he doesn't stop his boycott of bath tubs.

HUSBANDS, BEWARE

"No man has a right to expect a welcome to his caresses when he reeks of perspiration and his breath is a foul combination of tobacco, hamburger with onions plus beer!

"On this important point of masculine cleanliness I haven't seen one Case Record in the past year.

"Surely a dainty woman has a right to expect soap and water cleanliness from her husband.

"If he doesn't have it and she then isn't as ardent as he wishes, I suppose it's her fault if he becomes impotent, poor dear!

"Well here's one wife who is going to revolt, for Toby doesn't take a bath once a week. If a bath is too high a price for my husband to pay for martial congress, then he can do without!

"And let's see you indict the men folks a little more often. Don't pick on us women all of the time!"

CUPID LIKES SOAP

Some enterprising soap advertiser ought to capitalize upon the pertinent remarks of Toby's wife.

She is quite justified in her comments. I have previously described husbands who refused to take a bath, though apparently not in the last 12 months.

One such individual was a prominent Chicago lawyer. He hated soap and water as much as a boy of 10.

In fact, he hadn't taken a bath in the three months prior to his wife's visit to my office! She said he had as much romantic appeal to her as limburger cheese!

I finally urged this lawyer's wife to refuse him martial relations unless he patronized the bath tub. That got results but he felt that he was unduly abused by her demands.

THRILL POWER

Since a woman's chief sexual organ is her brain, it behooves a husband to be a patron of soap and tooth paste.

She demands romance and caresses, idealism and poetry, flowers and perfumes.

Is it any wonder we have undue frigidity in the female when she it mated with a hunk of limburger cheese or a carcass exuding the fragrance of garlic?

The old factory sense is a vital factor in sexual passion. It is perhaps the chief lemnt in exciting the lower animals, but still retains a very prominent role in human romance.

A man who has so little artistry in love and such a deluded viewpoint regarding romantic stimulants as Toby, is not the rule today, thanks to the straightforward soap advertising in the past 25 years.

If it hadn't been for the halitosis and "B. O." newspaper ads, however, just think what you wives would have suffered!

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long 3c stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

"Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

MARY HAYWOARH
MONDAY
WOMAN DEVELOPS NEW WORRY SINCE GETTING HELP FROM SPECIALIST; FEELS SHE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIM.

DEAR MARY HAYWORTH: I am a woman in the elate forties, and have a husband and grown children. I have had deep fear and anxiety feelings ever since I can remember; and I always associate my childhood with fear of my father—who had periodical drunken spells and was cruel.

Lately I have been taking psychotherapy treatment from a psychiatrist. He has helped me a great deal with my problems; but in the last few months I have grown very attached to him. I have what is, I believe, commonly known as a "transference" for him. He is aware of this and is always very kind to me. Can you tell me if treatment, under these circumstances, will continue to be beneficial to me?

The sway I feel now, I could never get along without Dr. A; nor would I care to try without him. I feeeel that I couldn't or wouldn't continue living if he left me. He is on my mind continually; and although I may also have a transference, I know that I am in love with him. I am afraid that I'll never get over this; and that I will not be able to live again, after the treatments are over. I feel trapped. How long do these tratments take? Please help me; will you plase? D. B.

FEAR OF LIFE HER
FEAR OF LIFE HER
BASIC DIFFICULTY

DEAR D. B.: The chronic worries is always turning up a new angle to his distress, or coining a new explanation for his old familiar ailment. And this is somewhat the case with you, in relation to the doctor. You are manifesting a new rash of symptoms in stewing about your transference-feelings; but the essential cause of your anxiety is the same as before-namely, sick fear of being hurt by life, a formless dread ingrained in defenseless childhood years.

In taking the measure of your latest worry, it is well to realize, first that you wouldn't have gone to Dr. A if you hadn't been driven by panic, which had grown so threatening that you felt you couldn't cope any longer, without specialist help to guide and support you through the crisis. As to why insupportable strain developed only recently, when you've been hagridden by fears since childhood, I should imagine that "involutional melancholia" accounts for it.

Involutional melancholia is a tetrm that refers to emotional depression in women sometimes experienced in menopause, when functional changes are taking place that may temporarily upset glandular balance—thus inciting a good deal of nervous and psychological discomfort. When such stress is added to chronic anxiety tensions (as in your case) it may precipitate panic states — in which the patient feels desperatly afraid of "cracking up." It can't grasp the significance of the onslaught. Your are and past history suggest this as your special present difficulty, underlying your compulsive dependency upon the doctor's kindness.

DEFENSES WEAKEN
AS YEARS ADVANCE

You feel trapped, you say; and you assume this is due to fighting the transference attachment. Rather I think the deeper truth is that you feel trapped by life itself—which is making you old, it seems, without having gratified your childish hopes of magic deliverance from characteristic doldrums. The deeply neurotic woman is usually demoralized by waning youth and oncoming age—for then she sees time running against her, whereas before she had counted "future time" her trump card. She'd expected the morrow to bring golden compensation for past frustration, so long as she had youth on her side.

You've reached this turning point and you feel cornered with reality closing in on you. So, you are mentally clinging to the doctor, as a babe might cling to the mother's bosom, averse to weaning. You are making a last-ditch fight against facing the actualities of your situation, whatever they are, and taking steps to "grow up" — into rational accommodation to the facts. You think you can't live without the doctor, because to your neurotic mind he symbolizes sanctuary and romantic satisfaction of your fixated fearful demands of special "care."

Treatments should dwindle as you get perspective on the therapeutic relationship, and utilize it as a point-of-reference in establishing yourself in the broad field of diversified social affiliations. If there is an element of bonafide love in your feeling for the doctor, count it progress towards mental health—inasmuch as hopeless neurotics don't love; they only crave solicitude. Remember, healthy individuals love many persons, generously, holding them dear in spirit, without grabbing at them possessively. M.H.