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## Oust The Spies

George Sokolsky is one of the greatest newspapermen hammering away at a typewriter today. He is a great writer, a brilliant writer and you can always depend on his facts as accurate.

He has a knack for getting at the heart of a problem. We sometimes marvel that any one writer can be right so much of the time.

Always, George Sokolsky is objective and convincing. He's always saying just the things we want to say but lack the ability to put into words.

And so it is that we refer you to his column on this page again today. He has tackled the question of the four pilots held for ransom in Hungary and, in doing so, has pointed out a condition which we cited on this page months ago.

We refer to the fact that the United States continues to allow foreign spies free access to this country under the guise of diplomatic immunity.

Whenever an American dares go behind the Iron Curtain, the Russians throw him in jail or execute him. Still we say to all the Russian agents, "Come on in; all our atomic secrets and everything we have is yours."

But let's hear from Mr. Sokolsky, in his eloquent manner. We quote:

"It is possible to say that the FBI should pick up every Russian spy in this country. There are plenty of them here, particularly so-called diplomats assigned to the United Nations. Many of them belong to the satellite nations and are delegates to the United Nations only to do the work of spies among us. Their presence is known and could easily be investigated by the McCarran Committee without the slightest regard to the State Department, diplomatic immunity or diplomatic courtesy. There is no reason why the United States should tolerate spies in this country even if they bear diplomatic passports."

"Retaliation of that sort," continues Mr. Sokolsky, "would quickly teach the Russians not to treat lightly the liberty and life of an American citizen. There are so many of their agents in this land and they are roaming around us freely."

There you have one of the great threats facing American liberty today. And still, they do nothing about it in Washington!

A communist is a guy who wants to use your pot to cook your goose in.—Carlsbad (N.M.) Current-Argus.

Thirty-five years ago two-thirds of country editors, each year, would inform farmers how to farm, what to plant, etc. All that foolishness has come to an end. It is very seldom you read where an editor exposes his ignorance of farming.—Banks County (Ga.) Journal

People say they like the Fall of the year best. And that is funny considering that it is the Fall when they have to start a fire in the furnace. Let it go out, start it again, let it go out, and so on, 20 times. And meanwhile they STILL have to go on mowing the lawn.—Kingsport (Tenn.) Times.

One widely known college coach feels that shaving points in a basketball contest isn't bad, as long as the game isn't actually thrown. This, then, makes paragraph two of the new code of ethics, right below the one about a free man under ten pounds not being a bribe.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

## Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON — For the rest of the year you'll be reading in the papers astounding reviews of 1951 and its tribulations by most of the famous journalists in America today. Very impressive.

There's some of these babies. They can't top me with their learned discussions of the year in politics, business, aviation, football, radio and international relations. They write these pieces at this time in December because they can't find anything else about which to pound the typewriter. Me, too.

With no further ado, here is my own resume of 1951, a year which I believe I'd just as soon forget.

Senator J. William Fulbright, D. Ark., brought out the unhappy fact that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was the proprietor of a defunct snake farm. The man in California had some snakes, all right, but it took the government so long to approve the loan for his new building that all the reptiles died to death. Then the RFC succeeded.

The applicants doing the \$2,000,000 remodeling job on the White House made such sweeping economies in construction costs that they decided to take on a little extra chore. They'd remodel the toilet. So you know what happened. The bill for fixing up the President's house now is approximately \$3,000,000.

All this year at his press conferences Mr. Truman did not once use the words, "I'm sorry." He did use a note to a local music critic, requesting to kick him. The critic received an offer of \$10,000 for this "sincere" remark. "This" proves that the President has a great sense of humor.

Chlorophyll, the mysterious chemical that makes grass green, came into widespread use as a deodorant for people and for dogs. The OFS removed ceiling prices on canned fried worms, custom built organs, and moose calls.

Mink coats and deep freezes I need not mention. But the government about the price of horse meat. They say they couldn't produce stoles for ladies at their usual reasonable prices so long as the cost of meat for their livestock stayed so high.

The Department of Defense is using lengthy specifications for ping pong balls and clippers for dogs' toe nails. Sen. Herbert O'Connor, D. Md., had the devil's own time stopping some of our patriots from shipping materials of war to Communist China. The year on Capitol Hill was notable: no fist fights among statesmen.

Inflation sent the price of Senator lunches to 25 cents. Sen. Guy Gillette, D. Ia., who drinks milk only, investigated at length why the price of coffee stayed so high. It's still nearly \$1 a pound.

Calling a man a tax collector became a fighting phrase. The punsters went to work on T. Lamar Caudle, with dozens of fine linguistic inventions such as: a pretty caudle of fish and, caudle up a little closer.

The fact came out that the Presidential lighting of the White House Christmas tree with a silver telegraph key is a phony and always has been. And here I am, running out of space and just getting a good start. Unless something happens here these last few days in 1951, more year-end reviews upcoming.

## These Days



By

### Sokolsky

### THEY PUSH US AROUND

The time has come for the United States to insist upon decency in the relations amounting countries. The time has come for our government to demand that the inviolability of American life be recognized. Only conquered countries pay ransom. Self-respecting nations fight for their citizens. Russia is testing how afraid we really are.

Even during World War II, when we were aiding the Russians, when we gave them \$11,000,000,000 of the earnings of our people, American fliers who found themselves forced down on Russian soil were treated as enemies. What kind of an ally was that? And do we know the whole truth about that? Do we know what happened to other Americans who found themselves in Russian territory during the war years?

The Vogeler Case shocked the sensibilities of this country. Was it really such an extraordinary incident that an American, finding himself in Soviet territory on proper business, should be imprisoned and tortured?

Robert A. Vogeler was a brave man and it is reported that he has said that the ransom paid for him was too high. That is not humility or modesty; it is a patriotic insistence that the United States may not ransom this country's own citizens to submit to blackmail. Ransom is submission. The Russians are showing the world that we are cowardly.

The reporter, William N. Oatis, remains in a vile Czech jail, a suffering and tortured American, abused of espionage. Oatis was not a spy. He sought the news, American reporters seek the news, unbiased, uncensored, truthful. For that he was called a spy, brutally tortured, and remains in prison, rotting his young life away.

Now four American fliers who lost their way are imprisoned in Hungary and have been tried as spies. It is the same pattern. Whoever travels behind the Iron Curtain, unwittingly is to be killed, lest what he has witnessed be made known to the world. Not to mention that the Iron Curtain is to be inviolate.

One can point to our revulsion even to the accusation of espionage. It took 11 years to convict Alger Hiss. He was given two public trials, a grand jury and a house committee on Un-American activities investigation. The atom bomb spies were given every opportunity to defend themselves and for appeal. Judith Coplon is still free. The criminal conspiracy of the communist leaders, investigated by the House Committee of Un-American activities since 1937, was finally exposed and the guilty punished in one of the longest trials in history. And so it goes in a free land, where we seek to avoid punishing a man for the reprehensible crime of espionage. When he is found guilty here, there can be no question of a fair, open trial in accordance with the protectives of our constitution.

It is possible to say that the FBI should pick up every Russian spy in this country. There are plenty of them here, particularly so-called diplomats assigned to the United Nations. Many of them belong to the satellite nations and are delegates to the United Nations only to do the work of spies among us. Their presence is known and could easily be investigated by the McCarran Committee without the slightest regard to the State Department, diplomatic immunity or diplomatic courtesy. There is no reason why the United States should tolerate spies in this country even if they bear diplomatic passports.

Retaliation of that sort would quickly teach the Russians not to treat lightly the liberty and life of an American citizen. There are so many of their agents in this land and they are roaming among us freely.

Every member of the American Communist party is a Russian agent. Every member of the American Communist party must regard Russia as the mother country. It is a fundamental of the communist conspiracy, which has been organized along those lines and maintains effective discipline against those who forget that obligation. It is possible that the Russians assume that America has similar agents in European and Asiatic countries. Undoubtedly, we have intelligence of these and there is ample international law to sever them.

The various movements to liberate satellite countries from Russian tyranny deserve encouragement among all Americans who love freedom. Beyond that, we ought not to go. The Russians should be required to respect the American passport and American good faith and if they refuse to do so, they should be expelled. This is the only way to peace.

## MISTER BRIGER



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"Waaaaa...! I want DADDY to see Santa Claus, too!"

## The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

(ED. NOTE—THIS IS ANOTHER IN DREW PEARSON'S SERIES OF COLUMNS ON THE CAUSE OF CORRUPTION IN GOVERNMENT AND ITS CURE.)

WASHINGTON — In every administration, whether Democrat or Republican, the cue for clean government is set right at the top. Basically the fault lies with the President of the United States.

That was true of Warren G. Harding, who, though personally honest, spent so much time playing poker at the Little Green House on K Street that the boys below and around him felt that they could indulge their own personal pleasures too. Result was one of the worst eras of government graft.

This is also true, in a different way, of Harry Truman, who is not only honest personally, but had a well-publicized record in the Senate for exposing inefficiency and corruption.

Though President Truman also goes in for occasional poker parties, with stakes so high that Speaker Sam Rayburn goes to bed, and though the President also has occasional conferences with I. W. Harper, the cue for influence-peddling is set not by him personally but by those around him. It is done in two ways:

1. By the fact that the White House staff accepts personal favors such as deep freezes and free airplane junkets in return for highly valuable concessions made at the taxpayers' expense.

2. By the fact that the men immediately around Truman don't get to the roots of corruption. They are not alert and militant as were honest Harold Ikes and the men around Roosevelt.

This lack of militancy is one reason why the President seems to have fumbled the ball regarding the appointment of Judge Tom Murphy to head a corruption clean-up.

THE PALACE GUARD  
Truman began with every intention of a genuine clean-up. He seemed completely sincerely about letting the chips fall where they may. But gradually, almost imperceptibly, the Palace Guard has shunted him around to the idea that the press is exaggerating the corruption issue in order to persecute one Harry Truman.

To one recent visitor, the President said reassuringly: "Corruption isn't as bad as it's painted and it's going to clean it up. The big trouble is the newspapers are all trying to outdo Drew Pearson."

This idea was the result of a steady state campaign by the Palace Guard.

White House staff conferences never have been too inspiring, but today they are worse. Wilson Wyatt, the ex-clayor of Louisville, when in charge of veterans' housing, used to find his housing ideas

sabotaged by Harry Vaughan, who sat in a corner of the room during staff meetings, held his nose and pulled an imaginary chain, when he didn't like one of Wyatt's policies. The President, watching Vaughan out of the corner of his eye, took the cue. He turned down so many of Wyatt's ideas that he resigned.

The incident illustrates the power of the White House staff on a President; especially one who is weak or changeable.

Today not many new ideas come up at staff meetings. Part of the time is monopolized by General Vaughan, who takes pride in having a couple of new jokes every day for the amusement of his chief, while part of the time is spent telling Mr. Truman about the unfairness of the press.

GOOD INTENTIONS  
Once or twice, the President has started his staff conference on what amounted to a sermon on clean government, repeated his famous quotation to Democratic Chairman Frank McKinney, "my friends have let me down," told how he never tolerated graft when he was a county judge for Tom Perdigra, and wound up with a firm statement that he intended to throw out the spooks.

Then when the conversation got around to specific ways of cleaning up influence, someone abruptly shifted it to Mr. Truman's pet target—the press. This never fails to get his dander up, and the President's original good intentions are forgotten.

Real fact is that Matt Connelly, most astute member of the White House staff, and friend of many of the big city Democratic bosses, has not seemed too enthusiastic about a slam-bang clean-up. It was Connelly who first suggested Judge Murphy to head the corruption investigation, but after Murphy insisted on a forthright staff of his own choosing with plenty of power behind it, the original ardor for a real house-cleaning seemed to cool around the White House.

One interesting thing about the charming Matt Connelly is that he has done some of the same kind of wire-pulling that others are being condemned for by Congressional Committees. Matt's special interest in more ways than one is certain big airplanes, and it was he, perhaps more than anyone else, who succeeded the President into reversing the Civil Aeronautics Board and its opposition to the Pan American and American Overseas Airlines amalgamation.

BEAUTIFUL LOBBYIST  
After Connelly helped these two airlines to combine his vivacious friend and vice president of American Airlines, Carlene Roberts, had her salary increased from \$12,000 to \$28,000.

The full impact of these developments is being felt in the streets.

## Walter Winchell

In New York

WALTER WINCHELL

The Big Parade: The Tyrone Powers conquesting The Grand Canyon. She is a Lovely Thing... Gloria De Haven adjusting her nylon. Such adjusting! Kirk Douglas, whose new habit is Eddie Condon's ringside... Linda Darnell shivering in her mink waiting for a keb on the Warwick pavement... Anita Louise, formerly of Hollywood, warming shivering passersby at the Park and 30th tennis courts... Pearl Bailey, giving up Christmas-at-Home to fly overseas and sing for the troops for the second time in six months... Barges Meredith skipping along midtown—the hem of his natty burberry fastened securely with diaper-pins... Artie Shaw, one of Judy Garland's many Palace stage-door Johnnies, taking his turn in line.

Sallies in Our Alley: Broadway's current wheeze is about the little mink who died and went to Heaven. When St. Peter asked her if she had a wish she replied: "I'd like a seat made of Bismarck!"

Law Brice was approached by a double-crosser, who asked for a loan of \$20... "I only wish I had it," flipped Lew, "so I could turn you down..." At Birdland a ham was bragging about his new coast-to-coast: "Just shows you," heekled Ethel Smith, "how far they can stretch a yawn."

Broadway Sideshow: Only three years ago a youthful clarinetist named Buddy De Franco (now at the Embers) was on the verge of defeat and ready to chuck show business. Thanks to Benny Goodman's encouragement Buddy changed his mind... He is now rated the new King of the Clarinetists—winning First Place in the Downbeat and Metronome polls... Benny Goodman came in second.

Memos of a Midlighter: When Joan Bennett (whose agent was shot by her husband) did the midtown rounds last summer (with Long), a Music Corp. of America female executive was assigned by that agency to accompany them. To stifle gossip... One of Walter Wanger's recent films was ironically named: "The Beckles Moment."

A basketball team which practices District Attorney Rogan's cleanup will make headlines again. Three of the players have last names starting with M... Crooner Don Cherry and Cover Girl Carolee Phillips need no subtitle... Carleton Alop, ex of Sylvia Sidney, commutes from Washington because of charmer Cynthia Douglas... Leonard Key is now co-producer of "Pal Joey," having brought in the \$25,000. He once used the "Call Me Miss" procedure, alleging that pirated his idea and collected \$24... Guy Mitchell, who couldn't get a job as a Roxy usher a few years ago (gets he over 6 feet, they said), opens there tomorrow at \$5,000 per.

Novellette: "Weatherfield, Conn.: Dear Mr. Winchell: Listening to you in my cell every Sunday night, especially the part about the Runyon Cancer Fund, many of us here marvel at the great strides made by medical men in their efforts to eliminate this dread disease. I earn about \$4 a month here. I have made arrangements to have one dollar of it sent to the cancer fund. This will put a strain on my finances but the personal satisfaction I get out of helping, even in this small way, is enough compensation for any inconveniences it may cause. Sincerely, Joseph Jarasko, No. 16487."

Manhattan Murals: The sign in the 57th Street lift shop: "Gentlemen: Hedy LaMar Chamberlain, wears worn by the star, 53A... Sam Lee's Laundry (on 58th near 7th) which stops pedestrian traffic: A wonderful of covering Chinese children... The pen-unit in the Abercrombie and Fitch window, Fried at \$1.69... The sidewalk Santa on 5th at 57th wearing blue suede shoes... The office window on the 58th floor of the Empire State, decorated with neon-lit Holly wreath and tinsel for plans pilots.

Broadway Smaller: Milton Berle, whose ex-wife Joyce Mathews belongs to Billy Rose, bade Billy when tickets to his are hard to get. No hard feelings. Just bring money... Copa City (Miami Beach) opens Saturday with movie star Jane Powell, Gene Raynor and the Mary Kay Trio... Tony Bennett, Sogh Tucker, J. Durante and other top-lighters are signed for the season... La Rue, the beach's swank restaurant, is getting the edge from the Blue Colony Circuit... Sid Harris, who led the Copa City chorus number last season, is now the Sona Souda star... Duke Ellington wrote Sarah Vaughan's song-repertoire for her January date at the Paramount... The Starline Set suggests 2 drops of Scotch in a dry martini, "no make it dry."

Spooks in the Night: At the Goldwyn Cafe, "Beauty" Barbra Streisand says anybody that can't sing has no talent... At the Starline Set suggests 2 drops of Scotch in a dry martini, "no make it dry."

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## The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Myrtle has mystified her husband as to that he doesn't know what to think. But she is unconsciously expressing an unmet desire. She is attempting to force her husband into the role of a sex man, vaguely realizing that by that she will be more thrilled in marriage. Shakespeare described this trait in women when he wrote "The Taming of the Shrew."

CASE C-328: Myrtle L., aged 37, presents an interesting problem.

"Dr. Crane, my wife was brought up as a spoiled child with hardly any discipline at all," her husband began our interview.

"She eloped at the age of 16, with a high school classmate, but the marriage was soon annulled. She is now 37 and we are both very much in love. She worries a great deal about her past mistakes, although I don't. We are both very much against divorce and want to avoid it."

"But we are impulsive and have quick tempers, so we quarrel occasionally. Several times Myrtle has suggested that I use a hairbrush on her to send our quarrels."

SUBCONSCIOUS DESIRES  
"I think she is thus attempting unconsciously to make up to me for her own escapade, although I have never mentioned it to her. Finally, I did give her a sound spanking after one of her fits. It was the first one of her entire life. She protested and sobbed while it was going on, but afterwards she kissed me ardently."

"She said she had always needed a thorough spanking and told me I should do it again when she deserved it. If you wish to make your wife purr contentedly and stay within your domestic corral, then send a dime and 5¢ stamped envelope for my medico-psychological bulletin entitled "SEX PROBLEMS IN MARRIAGE."

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long 5¢ stamped envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

CORRAL PSYCHOLOGY  
In breaking a horse, there usually comes a dramatic moment when a man must show the horse that

your feelings about self and surroundings; or, as St. Paul said, "Be transformed by the renewing of your mind."

The dolorous tenor of your recital shows why Tom felt driven from home—in search of more life. I don't say he was justified in bolting; but obviously he felt driven out—as a man might quit a stagnant atmosphere in seeking hunger for invigorating air. What spurred his departure? Your ingrown routine and characteristic pessimism, which he found insupportable with the children gone. I dare say he was desperately rejecting this depressive influence, in taking to his heels. I gather; and maybe he'll get the idea for years, waiting the opportune time to leave.

Your negative temperament is disclosed in these hints: 1. Your sorrowing references to yourself as "an old woman"—when you are merely fiftyish, a robust one in this era of increasing longevity. 2. The fact that you are actually lonely, alone, Tom, but without a companion and with children (not even the smallest) with you. Your departed husband, and possibly your withdrawn son, is a part of your life. Why like you felt in your own relations, while you had Tom to lean on.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I wonder if you can say anything to help an old woman who is almost desperate. I am past 60 and my husband Tom is older. After 29 years of marriage, that was happy as the average, I believe, he has left me for another woman. Not to marry her, as she is married—but it was either her or me. I don't think anyone knows of their secret meetings, except me; and when I recently heard of it and questioned Tom he didn't deny anything. He left soon after, and took a position in another town. Now I am alone except for a grandchild who stays here and goes to school; and I am heartbroken.

The other woman is older than Tom and has a good husband, so it appears. They reared a fine family, and we have grown children, too—children to be proud of—and wonderful grandchildren. They don't know of the trouble. I cannot confide in anyone, because of the disgrace it would bring to our good name, and the shame it would cause our children. We love and respect their father.

Tom always was barely enough to live on, and he never gave anything but his best. I don't know how to help myself, but I'm heartbroken and I'm heartbroken. The sidewalk Santa on 5th at 57th wearing blue suede shoes... The office window on the 58th floor of the Empire State, decorated with neon-lit Holly wreath and tinsel for plans pilots.

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