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The New Liberalism

The great virtue of our American economic system is its ability to adjust production and prices to changes in supply and demand through positive incentives for individual action and by competition at the grass roots rather than by government directives from the top.

Our high standard of living cannot be explained on the grounds of natural resources, important as they are. Others, too, have great natural resources. Nor, can it be explained by claims of racial superiority. We have a common ancestor of our ancestors came from Europe.

The simple fact is that Americans have accepted the obligation of individual competition as a responsibility that comes with personal freedom. They have had the opportunity to educate themselves, to choose their own religions, to select their own occupation, to accumulate capital and to invent better ways of doing things. Thus they have developed their individual talents, energies and initiatives to the maximum, and through striving to improve their own welfare they have raised the level of prosperity for all Americans.

Americanism is still the new liberal philosophy in the world today—C. E. Wilson, President of General Motors, in an address to Dallas Chapter of Society for Advancement of Management.

A New Concept of Living

The upward surge of polio during the last four years has been so marked that the national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has had to develop a whole new concept in dealing with the disease.

During the first decade of the organization's existence, from 1938 through 1947, the nation experienced an average of ten to twelve thousand cases a year. In the past four years, however, that average has jumped to 33,000 cases a year.

This new pattern of polio is best understood when it is realized that almost two-thirds of all March of Dimes funds spent on patient care since 1938 have been expended during the last four years alone.

What would once have been thought a staggering epidemic must now be considered "normal" by the National Foundation. Tripled incidence has become the new pattern of normalcy with which the March of Dimes organization is faced.

How is the nation to meet this rising tide of polio, this new and widespread pattern of the only epidemic disease still on the increase in America?

The only logical answer seems to be a whole new concept of giving. The reason for this is tragically clear.

The last four years marked the four worst polio years in history, and one must go back to 1916 to find a case-load even approaching incidence of such proportions. More than \$79,000,000 in March of Dimes funds were spent on patient care during this period in contrast to \$41,000,000 expended during the whole previous decade.

A complicating factor in this increased incidence has been the high proportion of carry-over cases that must be cared for from year to year; in 1951, for example, 45,000 persons stricken in prior years were aided with March of Dimes funds, in addition to the four out of five of the thousands of last year's new patients who needed and received assistance.

But patient care is only one facet of the fight against polio. The National Foundation must also spend vast sums on professional education—providing the skilled hands needed in the hospital wards and the research laboratories—and it must devote similarly significant amounts for the research that will eventually make this crippling disease as rare as small pox.

The irony of it is that just as the National Foundation has reached a point where the outlook seems definitely promising, it has been necessary to spend three-quarters of all March of Dimes funds for the actual care of the tens of thousands of children and adults annually stricken with the disease. During the past four years, 132,000 cases have been reported compared to 113,500 in the entire previous decade.

To meet this situation—which scientists feel will continue until the final answer is found—all of us must recognize this new concept for what it is and counter it with a new concept of giving. Let's get the job done—and quickly—by increasing our contributions to the 1952 March of Dimes.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON—The traffic in and out of the cellar of the Senate Office Building these days is heavy; mostly youthful-looking boys in topcoats and knickerbockers, carrying briefcases. It's a-b-b-b. Investigators.

The cops of Sen. Clyde R. Hoey (D., N. C.) are seeking more dope on deals involving the R.F.C. the Veep's motherly looking secretary, and an ex-operative (the resigned) of the Senate Small Business Committee.

Tracking down black marketeers are the staff of Sen. Blair Moody (D., Mich.) who's mostly interested in ironmongery that suddenly became priced like gold wedding rings. The private gardener of Sen. Alexander Wiley (R., Wis.) are looking into who made what profits in connection with allied property deals.

This alien business, mostly in the form of "business cards" which are given to children entering upon their dreams.

These Days



By

Sokolsky

"BLESSED MOTHER GOOSE" There were three of us in college who played together all through our years there. One, Tom Black, who hailed from Indiana, wandered off to France and North Africa; I went to Russia and China; Frank Scully went through hell.

And this is the story of Frank Scully and his wonderful trials and tribulations, his operations, 30 or more of them, his intense sufferings, his boundless good cheer and fervent faith and the wild course of his social consciousness which drove him to queer public activities. His physical pain Frank Scully recorded in his various "Fun In Bed" books, which many bought with indifferent yearning only to discover that they were devoted to cheer the shut-in in the long hours of enforced boredom in the sick-bed.

During the most trying years of his life, when his leg finally had to go and the crutch became his companion, Scully was the European correspondent for "Variety." At one time, I believe it was in Nice, he employed the anarchist, Alexander Berkman, as his leg man. Frank not being able to use his own.

Nobody and nothing could lick Scully, not even his own boisterous ignorance of the practicalities of life. In 1930, he married Alice, a divine Swedish girl who nursed him through several of his major helms, and they have five children, most of whom, unfortunately, take after the father, may the Lord save them.

Now, there are many people who do not understand this amazing person, but I know him because I knew his nursery rhymes at night before they fell asleep and undoubtedly after they already knew their prayers. But he did not like the rhymes he found. They were just words, and some of the words were either meaningless or bad. And Frank decided to clean them up, to give them point and meaning, even beauty.

As you may imagine by his name, Frank Scully is Irish and I fear rigidly so. Frank's nursery rhymes are what he is, and so his children will be. For instance, see what he does to "Mary's Lamb": "Mary had a little lamb

Its fleece was white as snow. And everywhere that Mary went, The lamb was sure to go.

"When she grew up she had a son, Who died that we might live, And through the ages she's the one Who asks Him to forgive.

"For now wherever Mary goes, Wherever people roam, Her son has now become our Lord, The gentle Lamb of God."

Even those who are of other faiths must recognize the beauty of the rhyme, or to cite another, "The Shoe Woman": "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She had many children because she wanted to. She taught them their grace and led them some bread. And gave them a kiss and blessed them in bed."

To bring a lesson home and make it all modern and understandable, this is what he does to "Tom, Tom the Piper's Son": "Tom, Tom the piper's son, Stole a pig and away he ran; The pig was sought and Tom was caught, And so his stealing went to naught.

"They sent him to the Boys Town farm To keep him out of further harm, And in that air so holy there, His pigs won prizes at the fair."

I shall give you no more, but you get it all for nothing, providing Scully with fame but no provider. Therefore, if you want more, you will have to get the book, which should be published less expensively so that more can afford to buy it.

There are so many ways by which human beings can fulfill themselves, and each in his way can add something to strengthen the Jacob's ladder between earth and heaven. In "Blessed Mother Goose," Frank Scully has added a rung to that ladder, blessed rung, as it is for children entering upon their dreams.

(Continued On Page 4)



"Dorothy, wait'll everybody sees our nice low license number THIS year!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON—Members of the Senate Elections Committee are seriously considering drastic action regarding possible violations of the Corrupt Practice Act by both Democrats and Republicans in the 1950 Ohio campaign which re-elected Senator Tate.

Senators who listened to testimony in the Ohio probe were shocked at the wanton disregard of the law by Tate's campaign manager, Ben Tate, and by Cyrus Eaton, who used a devious method to contribute \$35,000 to John L. Lewis' committee supporting Jumpin' Joe Ferguson, Democrat.

Both Tate and Eaton are big businessmen, with plenty of law to give them legal advice; so investigating senators feel they have no excuse.

Ben Tate of Cincinnati is not only one of Tate's campaign managers, but is a top official of Standard Brands, also president of United Collieries, Inc., head of the Diamond Eikhorn and Transportation Co., the Snap Creek Coal Co., and various other concerns.

Yet the Senate Committee found Tate not only neglected to keep a record of contributions in his private bank book, but couldn't account for \$100,000 of the \$300,000 that passed through his hands during his campaign. Testifying under oath, Tate admitted cashing campaign checks and keeping the unrecorded cash in a safety deposit box at the Fifth Union Trust Company of Cincinnati.

PERSONAL STRONG BOX "And that box was taken in the name of whom?" asked Senator Tom Hennings, Missouri Democrat. "Ben E. Tate," replied Ben E. Tate.

"And what did you keep in it, Mr. Tate?" pressed Hennings. "I keep stocks," shrugged Tate. "I don't mean your individual safe deposit box," interrupted Hennings. "Was there one for the campaign?"

"I had two boxes," Tate fidgeted. "Well, was there one box used for the campaign?" prodded Hennings. "I mean these boxes belong to me. I used my own box for the campaign," Tate came out with it. "You did keep the campaign funds in your own safe deposit boxes?" asked the senator from Missouri incredulously.

"That is right," admitted Tate. "And cash money, was it?" Hennings asked. "Yes," nodded Tate's money raiser.

"Why, Mr. Tate?" demanded Hennings. "So that I could take the money out and buy drafts," was Tate's only explanation. "What was the money that you

CUTIES



"Oh, come, now, Miss Conington... you can scream louder than that!"

Walter Winchell

In New York

THE BROADWAY LIGHTS The Show-Shops: Hollywood's Dorothy McGuire, an exile from Broadway for over 10 years, returned to the Light in The Theatre Guild's "Legend of Lovers" (at the Plymouth) and won the nod from the critics over the play. There were no blue ribbons for Kitty Black's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's theme, Absolomon Chapman's rebuff: "A cheerless hodge-podge."

The only other first night event of the week was a revival of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," starring Maureen Evans, which turned out to be a time turkey. Orlin Walker Kerr dismissed it as "a halting and too frequently hollow revival."

The week-end reported the worst of the pre-Christmas weeks in the past 15 years—April while show business has been generally lumpy the straight play champions, "Point of No Return," "The Fourposter" and the "Choppatras" enjoy a total advance sale close to \$2,000,000.

"Pal Joey" (due at the Broadhurst on Jan. 3rd) was rejuvenated at New Haven and was appreciated by the Journal Courier's reviewer. He embraced Vivienne Segal and Harold Lang and called it "shilling from start to finish."

The Cinemas: "My Favorite Spy" is rated a tasty slice of lunacy composed of Bob Hope's peppy quipping and Hedy Lamarr's honey. "Distant Drums" is a pretty good hell-raiser with Gary Cooper as Mr. Darnley and "Double Dynamite" is gifted with Groucho, Sinatra and Jane Russell. The critics agreed they have more sparkle than the film.

"Murder Without Mercy" was reworked as a better-than-average melodrama. "Another Man's Poison" features the classy smolder of Bette Davis in a generally lucky tale. "I Want You" is a tender picture which makes your sighing audible. "The Lady Says No," and so did the critics.

Stairway to the Stars: Lyndon Brook, a good-looking youngster (in plays Bros. Warner and the Gloriana) is the son of the former matinee idol, Clive Brook. When Julie Harris is evoked to star billing in "I Am a Camera" shortly, it will cost the producers \$246 weekly to advertise the fact in the newspaper directory lists alone.

"Lo and Behold" raised Lee Grant to stardom in their press releases. But in the ads (where it counts) she still gets second feature notice. "Un-Halls Stoddards stands by (or un-Halls of State)." This necessitates an understudy for Miss Stoddard as "Olad Tidings" ... Ethel Merman, who has never gone on tour with her hits (after the run), is determined to retire from "Call Me Madam" on May 31st. No successor has been found yet for the four Paul Lukas, her male lead, will probably resign then, also. He can star in "Flight to Egypt" ... "Bagels and Yox," which was rudely treated by the critics, has paid its investors and it is only in its 16th Broadway week ... The Gloria Swanson plays, "Nissa," principals now talk to other only on stage.

The Aristocrats: A refreshing new program is "Whitehall 1212" based on actual Scotland Yard cases. The only top flight cable mystery that registers solidly without shooting, stabbings and other Miller-Keenan ... "Queen's Laughlin's" review of the classic makes weeks sing and dance in the music of his dramatic tones ... "Henry Aldrich" remains one of the more entertaining mama-papa-ha-ha sessions. The scripting also along ... This is Showmanship: "The Hit Parade" took its cameras to Book-of-the-Month Club's Christmas special. The result was "Happy-Go-Lovely" ... The Disland Jan-malarie ... "Show of Shows" was the archid ... One of the best of the show is the child who's named as Mr. Godfrey's stanza. Gifted with talent far beyond her years.

Movietown Memo: Hollywood has been scolded a lot for revising stage hits. So several New York critics offered complaints because "Death of a Salesman" is too much like the play ... "Bare Horse Dept." Beverly Michaels winning an Academy Award nomination for her role in "Pick Up" ... "The March of Time" is back in the movies after its recent attempt at being exclusive (on TV) failed ... It was only last Spring that its big brother (Life) predicted the doom of the movie business. The reports are (Continued On Page 4)

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Wives, please listen to Eileen today, and then heed her advice: Beware of elaborate Sunday dinners. Men much prefer sandwiches and the companionship of a charming wife on their one free day at home, to a hot chicken dinner that keeps their wives enslaved by the kitchen stove and dishpan.

CASE C-334: Eileen R., aged 28, is an attractive blonde wife.

"Dr. Crane, a few years ago you wrote a Case Record that changed my entire life," she said with an engaging smile. "It was the one in which you described how women spend so much time on their Sunday dinner that their husbands can't enjoy their companionship on the one free day the menfolk have at home."

"Well, that set me to thinking. I hadn't been married more than a year then and had been constantly worried lest my cooking might not compare favorably with that of my husband's mother. "So I would fret about my menu and the preparation of Sunday dinner. Then I'd be tired out by the time I finished the dishes and tidied up the kitchen."

HOW WIVES GO WRONG "If my husband would then suggest a hike or a golf game, I'd beg off on the ground that I was too weary."

"But after reading your Case Record, I mentally analyzed my marriage and I found that my husband had begun to renew his contacts with the men he formerly ran around with before our marriage."

"I could see that I was indirectly driving him away by failing to be a companion and playmate on Sunday when he craved my company."

"Why, I grew so angry at myself to think I had allowed so hard and thus jeopardized my marital happiness for the mere matter of a \$100 meal which he could have bought at a restaurant, that I re-



Mary Hawthorth's Mail

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

RICH DIVORCED MAN, 35, ENGAGED TO CHARMING GIRL, STARTLES GROUP BY SECRETLY PROPOSING TO HER BEST FRIEND

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My best friend, Ann, and I grew up together, went to college together, later got splendid jobs in the same city and shared a small apartment. During World War II I married, bought a lovely home; and then my husband was killed overseas. After that Ann came to live with me.

I am now 30 and Ann is 31. I am engaged to be married soon to a wonderful man whom I've known for years. Ann has never been much interested in men. She had one romance in college, broken by the boy; and if she was hurt, she never let on. She is perfectly normal, though—fun loving, good looking, thick, fond of people and gaily.

Last summer she visited relative on the coast, through whom she met Buck, a business executive. He is 35 and divorced. Ann fell head over heels in love with him, and apparently he fell for her too. They are to be married next Spring and recently he came down to see her. She is in seventh heaven; regards him as a shining knight; designed by fate for her alone. And he is most attractive, poised, well educated and well endowed with worldly goods. However, he is also a Casanova.

IS IT CRICKET TO WARN GIRL? When Ann wasn't around he tried to "make passes" at me told me that he would break off with her if I would marry him, and that he loves me and my children and could make us very happy! All of which is poppycock. I am not the least attracted to him; he's never seen my children, who were off visiting their grandmother when he was in town; and he doesn't know me well enough to be in love.

Also a husband in our crowd took Buck to lunch, and mentioned a business trip he was taking to a certain city. Buck whipped out a notebook and offered him a couple of "good numbers"—said he had them in every port; I hate to see Ann hurt, after waiting all these years for the right man. She is loyal and faithful to the core, and would be heartbroken if her trust were destroyed. If there is happiness for her with Buck, I don't want to spoil it; and I hate to be the bearer of bad tidings. Should she be told? Or should we let things rock along? E. C.

CASE FOR POINTS SAGE VIEWPOINT DEAR E. C.: If memory serves me, it was Sara Teasdale who wrote the lines—"Never think in

Mary Hawthorth counsels through her column, via mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Daily Record.