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These Days



By

Sokolsky

IT LOOKS LIKE A REAL FIGHT

There are those who deprecate the divisions that arise from political parties. They bespeak unity. Yes, it is characteristic of our society that every child ought to aspire to the Presidency and some men do. The keener the public interest, the more violent and sincere the campaign, the more numerous the aspirants, the better it is for the country. Let excitement reign and the truth come out!

Now there are ample Republican and Democratic aspirants to have some real hot excitement over personalities and issues during the process of elimination prior to the final ballot at the convention. Even among the Democrats, there are several hopeful ones, and should President Truman, on April 29, announce his departure from glory, which I cannot believe will happen, there will be many more. It would really do this nation good to have a dozen candidates in each party, all of them telling what they think and know about each other.

The emergence of Senator E. Kefauver, as a candidate, is difficult to understand. Except for his abortive investigation of gambling, he has hardly any record of outstanding achievement in the Senate. Nevertheless, he has made himself a popular figure via television, and his languid manner somehow does give the appearance of substance. He looks like a paragon of virtue, more the New England reformer than the Tennessee politician—that is, on television.

Whether his candidacy is realistic depends entirely upon the purposes of President Truman, who, if on April 29, he decides to continue the convention of his party will have no way of stopping him. Kefauver then might be Vice-Presidential candidate, if Truman will have him.

In the South, there is a firm desire to live without Truman as President. Yet, Southerners who are more Republican in their outlook than some Republican Senators, nevertheless could not join in such a coalition as Senator Karl Mundt proposed, nor will they actually vote against the Democratic Party when the time comes for a showdown in the voting booth. Habit with them is more potent than self-interest, which is not an unusual human trait, as anyone who studies the peregrinations of the human soul knows.

It has been suggested in the South, and I understand that such a plan has actually been proposed by Governor Allan Shivers of Texas, that a Democrat run for the Presidency whose object would be to defeat Truman and yet not be elected himself. In a word, such a candidate would be a tom pole; to draw off the curse from voting Republican. Thus, Truman would lose the Southern states, which would mean his defeat; yet the Southerners would not cast their ballots for the party of Lincoln.

Such a plan might make the election a stalemate, throw it into Congress in accordance with the Constitution and delay decision for months. But it would defeat Truman.

The South always presents this psychological problem. In the 1940, 1944 and 1948 campaigns, hopes were elevated among Republicans that sooner or later a way would be found to form a Republican-Southern Democratic coalition but nothing serious ever came of it. A group that called themselves Jeffersonian Democrats came into existence for this purpose, but they achieved nothing. The Democrats of 1948 did not aid in the election of a Republican, although no Democrat was ever more offensive to Southerners than Harry Truman.

To those who are not Southerners, the continuance of post-Civil War psychology is difficult to understand in view of the changing economic conditions in the South. Yet, it is a continuing fact in American affairs and must be taken seriously, particularly as some states in the South and Southwest are increasing in population, and therefore in representation in Congress and in the political convulsions.

The current popularity of General Eisenhower in the South may arise from the assumption that it would be possible to vote for him for other reasons than that he has declared himself to be a Republican. To Southerners, therefore, he is a way out of their dilemma, which is how to vote against Truman without voting for a Republican. But that argument does not do much good in other parts of the country.

The realistic fact is that names do count for more than principles and symbols affect men's minds potentially. And yet he names, Democratic and Republican, per se, have no such meaning as they had during the Presidency of Andrew Johnson.

Any other familiar manifestation of obscure expiation, recently utilized for sentimentalizing progressive dogmatism by governmental bodies, do not count for more than names and symbols affect men's minds potentially. And yet he names, Democratic and Republican, per se, have no such meaning as they had during the Presidency of Andrew Johnson.

Do not expect this discussion to have any effect on the political instability, indecision,

MISTER BREGER



"Not so fast! . . . Look out for those trees! . . . Watch your turns! . . . You're raising too much dust! . . . (etc., etc.)"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By BREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON.—The vehemence of the undercover "Trumanite" drive to stop Kefauver is illustrated by the way wires were pulled backstage among Democratic leaders in Ohio.

Ohio primary law requires delegates to be pledged both to a first and second choice. Originally, therefore, Murray Lincoln, statesmanlike head of the Ohio Farm Bureau, was offered the No. 2 spot on the Kefauver ticket. But Lincoln declined when pressure was brought from Washington. He was told he would have to resign his advisory post on the State Department's Point 4 program; so Lincoln said no.

Following this, anti-Kefauver strategists in Ohio conceived the idea of volunteering a top Democrat for the Kefauver ticket, then having him suddenly send a telegram to the Ohio Secretary of State on Feb. 6, the filing day, saying he was unable to go alone with some of the Kefauver delegates and therefore pulling his name off the ticket.

This would have left the Senator from Tennessee high and dry. It would have invalidated all Kefauver petitions and taken him out of the Ohio primary altogether. Also it would have made him look like a rank amateur not in a class with party professionals.

However, Tim Hogan, Kefauver's Ohio manager, got wind of this sly strategy, and after a hurried conference with Congressman Wayne Hays, it was decided to take no chances. Instead of a big shot as No. 2 on the Kefauver ticket, the name of Marie Harrington Krin of Martins Ferry, Ohio, was inserted.

So Ohio Democrats, when they vote in the primary, will cast their ballots for Kefauver and a lady who, while completely unknown, happens to be the personal secretary to Congressman Hays and can be trusted.

Note—Opposition to Kefauver in Ohio came from the "Trumanites"—those around Truman who passionately want him to run again—rather than the President himself. Actually the President has expressed friendly sentiments toward the Tennessee Senator, even gave him suggestions during their recent talk on how to conduct his campaign. Among other things, he suggested that not much was to be gained by featuring Kefauver's victory over the Crump machine, also warned him to avoid early contacts with sealy people, said that his geographical location, Tennessee, meant that he should win the support of the South.

The full scandal hasn't been told, but three U. S. air bases in French Morocco have suddenly been abandoned in the middle of construction.



"I love classical music . . . when they swing it, of course."

Walter Winchell

In New York

THE BROADWAY LIGHTS

Curtain Time: Broadway, take it from the drama detectives, was never this dull—theatrical speaking, the week's lone entry, for example, was another revival in a season—a crowded with them. . . . The latest is "Come of Age," starring Judith Anderson. The critics greeted her with a fervent hug but several snubbed the play. Critic William Hawkins' salute: "A triumph for Miss Anderson and everyone else connected with the production." . . . Things were more exciting beyond Broadway's borders. Boston serenaded Cornelia Otis Skinner's one-woman show, "Paris '30." . . . A Month of Sundays, a song-and-dance, perished in Philadelphia. . . . S. N. Behrman's comedy, "Jane," was kissed and kicked by Variety's deputy at Wilmington, who noted: "It has hit potentialities, but requires drastic changes if it is to make the grade on Broadway." The word drastic is the show's toughest hurdle. . . . Two upcoming dramas deal with the Mormons. One is Robert E. Sherwood's "The Better Angels," the other "The Peaceable Kingdom." . . . Equity reveals that the average annual income for stage actors last year was only \$790. In brief: Show Business Has More Clouds Than Stars.

In the Wings: The Sardi's Set were talking shop, as usual. Elizabeth Berger's "animation" was some of it. . . . It is her style of hesitating. . . . On stage (and off) La Berger's hands, expression and body are in motion at all times. . . . Once she told Beatrice Lillie: "I'm going to sit for my portrait today—what'll I wear?" "A strap-jacket," chuckled Lillie. . . . Wilson Mizner, whose insults are still quoted, tossed one at a creditor to "Bill, you owe me an apology!" . . . "Okay," was the retort, "put in on my tab!"

The Cinemagicians: "Cry, the Beloved Country," the critics declared, is a poignant film about racial problems. . . . "Raiders of Tomahawk Creek" is a cowboy-redneck-comedy which stars Chief Hukom. . . . "Weekend with Father" presents a pleasant romantic conception. . . . Patricia Neal is the top mellow. . . . "Woman in the Dark" has your old buddy, the jewel hand, proving that boredom doesn't exist. . . . "Submarine Command" offers a generally exciting backdrop for the undersea heroes. Wm. Holden handles the periscope. Pretty Nancy Olson is the torpedo.

The Aircrats: The "Meet the Press" sharpshooters turned in a deft job of riddling Sen. Taft, whose snide cracks at Eisenhower are sure vote-getters for Ike. . . . Cox's sly playboy on Levy is amusing. . . . Skippy on the gag files and concentrates on sprightly character sketches. . . . The trouble with Boston Blackie's gumshoeing heroics on Channel 4 is that the script invariably has more clichés than clues. . . . Joan McCracken's emptying improves the "Claudia" drama series. Cuts as a dimple. . . . The voice that Jane Froman poured into songs on Berle's bazaar was pure honey. . . . Best insomnia cure in town is WMBZ's "Mary Kay," who really puts people into a coma with pure corn. . . . Harpo's slick pantomime proved you don't need stale gags to get laughs. . . . "Dragnet" on teevy offers taut and tingly thrillers. The scripts have a realistic wallop instead of the usual bing-bang-blah.

Twinkling with the Stars: Only Ethel Barrymore has been a star longer than Grace George, currently delighting playgoers with "The Constant Wife." . . . Sheila Bess, who clicked as a top dancer in "Street Scene" and "Make Mine Manhattan," is up for the second lead in Leland Hayward's "Wish You Were Here." A role without even a time-step. . . . "The Long Watch," Anthony Farrell's next production, will rehearse from 2 to 10 p. m. Instead of the usual 10 to 8 schedule. The star, Walter Abel, prefers these hours. . . . "Gertie," which is due at the Plymouth on the 31st, didn't attract any raves from suburban reviewers, but the playing of Glynn Jones is reported as delightful as may be the new play from affluence. . . . "South Pacific" seemed at the box office after R. Rice was replaced by George Brifton. Rice's last week did \$41,000. Brifton's "first" did \$48,500. . . . The N. Y. Times critic's salty sump of Vivien Leigh's Cleo: "Quite a dame!"

The Kodakors: Leslie Caron scaled the heights in "An American in Paris," and starred in 3 films. One year ago she was an obscure French ballerina. . . . Producers complain about critics, but in an interview Miss Turner confessed she didn't think much of her last two pictures. . . . The Quite of the Week: Marilyn Monroe's "Being a Woman" is the most important thing that ever happened to me. . . . A North composed the music for "Street Car," "Saloman" and "Viva

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

TO AVOID WASTING TIME. MAKE AN "AGENDA." LIST THE JOBS YOU WISH TO ACCOMPLISH AND CHECK THEM OFF AS YOU FINISH EACH ONE. AN AGENDA CAN INCREASE YOUR OUTPUT BY 100%.

CASE C-357: John J., aged 50, is an industrious midwestern farmer. "Dr. Crane, he works hard but he doesn't accomplish a great deal," a friend informed me. "Like most farmers, he is up at dawn and constantly on the move. But he wastes a great deal of time because he doesn't have a program mapped out in advance. "Don't you think most of us could improve our output if we'd only write down a list of jobs we wish to accomplish . . . USE AN AGENDA."

Yes, that is an excellent suggestion. I follow it myself, and Mrs. Crane does likewise. She has a blackboard in the kitchen whereon she writes the things she wants to get done the next day. If we are planning to drive down to the farm for the weekend, then she'll also list the items that are to be packed. Thus, we leave fewer things behind than otherwise would be the case. In fact, the night before our departure she keeps a little notebook and pencil at the head of the bed so she can jot down the ideas that flit through her mind relative to the trip.

CHART YOUR WORK It is difficult to think of everything in a crisis. A person may even start running around in circles at such a moment. This "running around" may look like work but it is largely wasted motion. It is far wiser to plan one's activities in advance so there will be a minimum of futile effort. If I make an "agenda" or list of duties I wish to perform during the week, I accomplish far more than if I aimlessly attempt to tackle the problems that catch my

"Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

GIRL, 16, SHUDDERS TO RECALL HER FIRST DATE, AT 13; IT WAS AN APALLING SOCIAL FLOP OWING TO HER ANXIETY. DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am 16 years old and very unhappy. I haven't had many dates because when I am asked out I become so anxious that I wind up a nervous wreck before the evening is over. Does this mean that I am afraid of boys? And do you think you can help me?

I shudder whenever I think of my first date. I was 13 years old at the time. I was invited to a party, and was very happy about it. Mother bought me a new dress, and my date—Ray—was to call for me at 7:30 o'clock. I was very nervous all day, and as time ticked on 8 o'clock came, and no Ray. I was working myself into a frenzy at 8:15 when he appeared; and finally were off.

I was in a state of suspense about this date from the first; and Ray's being late made matters worse. Halfway through the party I became ill just from nerves, and had to be taken home. I was never asked out by that boy again. Recently I met someone very nice, whom I like very much—I'll call him Dick. When he asked me for a date, I developed the same trouble and ruined his evening. I may never see him again because of this.

I try to tell myself to calm down but it doesn't work. I have done everything I know to develop ease and poise, but I am afraid my chances of popularity are going to seed. I have joined many clubs in school, and in class rooms and club work I talk to boys with ease, and we have lots of fun. They don't make me nervous in such circumstances. It is only when I have a date that I become nervous; or if I ask a boy to come by my house for an evening. Can you explain why it is? And how I can overcome it?—K. L.

SEEMS TOO MUCH FROM HER DATES DEAR K. L.: In order to overcome your self-defeating nervous tension in the field of dating, it is necessary to understand why you start with three strikes on you, in the form of compelling anxiety, whenever a boy pairs off with you. Zapala. He will be competing with himself for Academy Award nominations and Oscars. One of the finest musicians of all time, his contemporaries admit. . . . London censored banned children from witnessing "Go Vedic" because it includes a ballet. It's okay, however, for both to see cowboys fighting and killing. . . . Wm. Wyler's big prize: "Gaining Audrey (Gail) Hepburn for his film, "Roman Holiday." . . . "Spencer Tracy would be ideal casting for the role of Capt. Curzon in that set-up."

To get a saving slam on wholesome attitudes in social intercourse and love relationships, you might read Dr. Alexander Maccoun's finely understanding book "Love and Marriage." Harper & Brothers. You are quite old enough to grasp its message, which is simply written for truth-seekers of any age or level of intellectual attainment.—M. H. Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Daily Record.