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At Home And Abroad

Free enterprise made America. And free enterprise, American-style can help make the world a better place for peoples of all colors, creeds, and races

Saudi Arabia is today a dramatic example of that. For centuries it had been a poor and backward country, with very low standards of health, education and general living. It had one great, undeveloped asset — vast underground lakes of oil.

The Saudi-Arabian government made a contract with four American oil enterprises, known collectively as the Arabian Amercan Oil Company and generally called Aramco. The Americans supplied technicians, equipment, know-how—and some $500,000,000 of capital. Now Saudi-Arabia's fields are producing an average of $800,000 barrels of oil a day. Distribution systems throughout the world refine and sell products made from Aramco oil. The government receives large sums in rovalties and taxes. The Aramco has established schools, hospitals, model farms, and other facilities whose purpose is to better the lot of the Saudi Arabian people and raise their living and working standards.

Here is international teamwork which benefits all concerned—and fairly divides the fruits of the tremendous development. It is giving the free world a source of oil which it vitally needs. It is a powerful force toward a better civilization.

The vigor and resourcefulness which American oil men have shown abroad is a reflection of what they are doing at home. No industry has been more alert to the problems and needs of the day—none has dealt with them more successully.

You Stake In The Dollar

With a record amount of life insurance in their name, the American people have everything at stake in the United States dollar.

Figures show that our population of 155,000,000 owns 200,000,000 life policies of seven major types. The aggregate value is $234,000,000,000. This can only mean that the great bulk of the people have placed their faith in the security of the American dollar. And yet the government continues to devaluate the dollar through uncontrolled spending. In the six years which ended with 1951, the Federal Government will have collected more taxes by $8,400,000,000 than it collected in the entire previous history of the country. And the public debt has reached $257,000,000,000.

Then, as if this strain were not enough on the stability of the dollar, the situation is made more perilous by the government's spending billions of dollars on socialistic ventures in direct opposition to highly taxed private industry. This socialization has gained such momentum in the United States that it is no longer considered an incidental expense of government. The cost, direct and indirect, is a substantial part of today's huge budgets.

The government cannot go on socializing taxable industry and business, and spending so excessively, without destroying private enterprise and the savings of the people.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON. — Way back in 1950 when I bought my big, fat, fourdoor sedan, the salesman told me he knew I'd enjoy it. For one thing, he said, it was the most powerful automobile on the road. One hundred and fifty-two horsepower.

This struck me then as being about 100 horses more than I really needed, but he said I'd find them mighty handy. Fact was, he continued, that here was one car which could cruise all day long at 90 miles an hour.

"Where?" I asked.

He changed the subject. I gave him my money and drove out behind my 152 horses, which I don't think I've ever used yet. It has been a nice car, even though the paint on both sides has been scratched on account of the body being so big.

In 1951 an opposition automobile began advertising that it was the most powerful car in the world. One hundred and eighty horsepower. This did not worry me. I struggle along on my measly few 152 horses.

Now the new models are coming out and still another variety of Indian announces that it is powered with an engine of 190 horsepower. The current advertisements for this model suggest that the drivers don't tramp too hard on the gas pedal or penalty of getting into trouble. This sounds reasonable to me.

To the other night the same salesman who sold me my dinky little 152-horsepower job phoned to say that he could make me a mighty nice deal on a new 1952 model. I said I kind of liked the car I one.

He said maybe so. It was a good automobile. But the new one, wow! He said it was the most powerful motorcar, pound for pound, ever built. The weight had been cut down and the horsepower had been stepped up to 175.

"Why?" I asked.

That made the poor devil stutter. I guess it was a low, mean question to put to a salesman in 1952, when automobiles apparently have got to have engines like locomotives. I still would like an answer.

I once drove an automobile with the ideal motor. It was an Auburn Beauty Six touring car and under the hood it had a Continental Red Seal engine of 60 horsepower. This car performed like no jackrabbit, but it ran smoothly and sedately. I had no fear pushing the accelerator to the floor because, except when careening down steep hills, my machine had a top speed of 55 miles per hour. Even at that, I think the speedometer fudged a little.

This engine didn't use much gasoline, nor did it care what kind of gas. Once I poured in a can of coal oil in an emergency and it worked fine after I'd pushed the spark lever down a little.

My wonder motor had six cylinders and a minimum of mysterious gangla bolted on the outside. If it wouldn't work, even I usually could decide what was wrong. Only accessories this engine did have were items called petcocks, like small brass funnels screwed into the head near each spark plug. On bitter cold mornings when the machinery didn't want to start, I merely poured a small dollop of ether into each petcock, waited a moment, and touched the starter. Bang! I got action.

I suppose it's too much in this atomic age to ask for another engine like that one, particularly since the experts are fiddling now with 300-horsepower roadsters. I doubt if I'll ever need one of those.

These Days

By Sokolsky

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Another slogan that has received widespread acceptance but which requires precise definition is "Academic Freedom." The general assumption is that this term means that if a professor or instructor is once hired and stays in a school long enough to attain "tenure," he cannot be got rid of no matter what he does or says, short of rape or murder.

The theory arises from an older concept of the role of the scholar, namely, that he was subsidized to pursue the truth in his chosen fields and to expound it. What happens, however, when this scholar ceases to devote himself to the truth and becomes an advocate of the corruption of the spirit, the destruction of his country, the debasement of its civilization? What happens when he associates himself with espionage against the United States?

In such instances, the American Association of University Professors takes the position that while such conduct may be wicked if performed by others, a professor may pursue his own course because he enjoys academic freedom, which is a basic human right.

John Francis Neylan, a regent of the University of California, in discussing the conflict over the loyalty oath in that school, makes this point:

"On October 11, 1940 . . . the regents declared members of the Community Party were not free to pursue the truth and were not capable of objective teaching.

"The American Association of University Professors has decreed and now decrees that no board of regents or trustees shall discriminate against a Communist.

"On March 22, 1950, the faculty . . . of the University of California, after a year's discussion, voted in a majority of eighty per cent . . . to sustain the regents' policy and reject the policy of the American Association of University Professors."

Yet, when 18 members of the faculty refused to take the loyalty oath, the university was threatened with the following dire results:

" . . . There will be the customary investigation by the American Association of University Professors, followed by a devastating and well-publicized report. The University of California will be black-listed, and all good men will be warned to avoid it. . . ."

The professors put themselves exactly in the position of motion picture, radio and television personnel who complain of the activities of such agencies as "Counter-attack" and "Red Channels." These publications never made anyone's record; the records are made by the persons themselves. They have to live with their own pasts, as we all do.

A university is both a research institution for scholars and a school for the education and personality development of boys and girls. It is the second category which concerns the parent, who does not send his child to a college to be corrupted by a subversive or exhibitionistic professor.

Parents, alumni, contributors, and the board of trustees have rights as well as the professors have rights. Freedom is not a one-way street: the freedom to reject is as great as the freedom to accept. These professors would be out of work and their scholarship thwarted if parents refused to permit their children to attend their lectures. Universities would close down if parents refused to pay fees or alumni to contribute funds.

Certainly the trustees of any university have to take such a prospect into consideration. I know of several universities which have found fund-raising increasingly difficult because the alumni reject the concept that a professor who loves Russia and hates America has a right to use their contributions for his sinister purposes.

Mr. Neylan calls attention to the fact:

"The first law ever passed in the United States of America was Statute 1 providing for an oath of allegiance. George Washington was the first to subscribe to it."

Certainly that statement makes more sense to an American than that of Ernst H. Kantorowicz, who arrived in the United States, according to Neylan, in 1949, and who wrote:

"Theodore Mommsen . . . once wrote: 'It is far easier to dethrone a cabinet minister than it is to dismiss a full professor.' What he alluded to were those vested rights of the professor which cannot easily be attacked or ignored by those in power without assailing, at the same time, certain fundamental rights of society. This was true in Imperial Germany; it is true also in this country, and the regents of the University of California will have to learn a lesson whether they like it or not."

Yet it is a fundamental right of our American society that nobody may devote himself to the destruction of America.

MISTER BREGER

"But my doctor says I GOTTA keep a hot pad on my back!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—A lot of people have long figured they could run the Voice of America much better than the men who are running it. This applies to about half the members of Congress, any one of whom will tell you exactly what should be said on the broadcasts reaching behind the Iron Curtain.

Actually, however, the State Department has welcomed ideas from all sorts of people, including Congressmen, as to what should be on the Voice of America. Furthermore it is now open to a unique idea.

This is to have the school children of America broadcast to the school children behind the iron curtain.

The most important objective in winning the peace and preventing war is to convince the people on the other side of the iron curtain that the American people truly want peace. Every day the Moscow radio pours out a torrent of propaganda aimed at doing exactly the contrary—namely, convincing the Soviet peoples that the American people want war. Obviously this is to help steel the Russian people to bear the tremendous burden of war preparation and the virtual slave labor of the armament factories. It's also to mould public opinion for the day when the Kremlin decides war is to be declared.

Soviet propaganda has been especially directed at the youth of Russia—on the theory that if you can bring up the next generation steeped in the idea that the American people are its chief enemies, that you don't have to worry about propagandizing them later.

That's why the school children of the United States can do a great service for their country and for future peace by cooperating with the Voice of America in getting the truth behind the iron curtain. They can tell the school children of Russia what life is really like in our schools, how American children have the friendliest feeling toward other children all over the world, and how they have contributed generously to help their friends in other countries.

The method of sending these "Messages to Moscow" is now being discussed with state school superintendents. Obviously there will not be room on the radio channels to carry a message from every American student. But tentative plans are under way to have local school officials pick the most appealing messages written by the children of that city or state and have them transcribed for use on the Voice of America.

A recent series of interviews with Russians escaped from behind the iron curtain showed that Soviet propaganda had made its biggest inroads on the children. They are rapidly becoming completely communized. That is where the school children of America can do a great job for their country in helping to tell the truth to the children of Russia.

JOE'S ADVERTISING BOYCOTT

Statuesque Sen. Guy Gillette, the Iowa Democrat, has got himself betwixt and between regarding his friend, Sen. Joe McCarthy.

As chairman of the subcommittee charged with investigating McCarthy, Gillette was the only Senator who privately opposed the probe. In the secrecy of the committee he argued that McCarthy would get his revenge on committee members and indicated that he, Gillette, partially agreed with McCarthy. In the final showdown, when Gillette saw that all other committee members were against him, he switched and voted for the investigation. But he has never been enthusiastic.

Other Senators figured that the Iowa Senator's reluctance was partly because Colonel McCormick's Chicago Tribune, strong McCarthy supporter, has a big circulation in Iowa and might hurt Gillette's reelection.

However, an interesting thing now happened. One of Colonel McCormick's editorials has now attacked Senator McCarthy for advocating an advertising boycott of Time Magazine. This was in retaliation for Time's criticism of McCarthy. Describing McCarthy as "Low Blow Joe," McCormick's New York News, largest circulating paper in the World, commented:

"The Senator now threatens to try to persuade Time's advertisers to withdraw their business—you're no blushing oratorical violet, Joe, and you've got the whole U. S. Senate as a sounding board. How about settling your squabbles that way, without getting suckered into fouling out?"

Note—McCarthy also used the safety of Senatorial immunity to call the Saturday Evening Post pro-Communist. "This article," he said, referring to Post's criticism of McCarthy, "is almost 100 per cent in line with the official instructions issued to the Communists and fellow-traveling members of the press."

BIGGEST FEE IN INDIAN HISTORY

A Federal Grand Jury is now investigating charges of another alleged $500,000 shakedown attempt. This time the man involved is an $8,600-a-year Senate employee, Albert A. Grorud, who drafts Indian legislation for the Senate Interior Committee.

The charge placed before the Grand Jury is that Grorud tried to shake down a former Washington attorney, Ernest Wilkinson, who collected one of the largest fees ever awarded by the courts—$3,000,000—for winning a 20-year, $32,000,000 legal battle against the Government for the destitute Ute Indians.

The story made the front pages two years ago. But before the Utes could spend their $32,000,000, Congress had to pass a special law okaying it. Grorud is charged with having the idea that Wilkinson couldn't collect his $3,000,000 fee until the law was passed. The irony is that Grorud was mistaken, that Wilkinson's fee did not require Congress' approval. However, Wilkinson complained to the FBI that Grorud tried to shake him down for a cool half million.

Wilkinson's story to the FBI was that Grorud had pointed out his strategic position as the staff expert who drafts Indian laws and had claimed to be able to influence the outcome of the special law for the Ute Indians. In return for this influence, Grorud allegedly suggested that Wilkinson contribute $500,000 to a "campaign fund" to re-elect the Senators on the Interior Committee. The FBI investigated, and found that the Senators had not authorized Grorud to col-

(Continued on Page Seven)

CUTIES

"Well, hurry home! The television set is freezing, the freezer's playing music and I can see a basketball game in the electric toaster!"

Walter Winchell In New York

WALTER WINCHELL

By JACK LAIT

Substituting For Winchell

Ed Fitzgerald, who with Pegeen, invented the husband-and-wife breakfast broadcast, demands publicly that I write more about Duffy the Goat.

Duffy was a slugger and killer, a merchant of mayhem and murder, for hire on either side of any cause that could pay for his services. He died in the Joliet pen, doing life.

You wouldn't think that decent folks would want and urge more about him. But I get more response whenever I recall the deeds of the Goat than I do when I pontificate about politics or economics or brotherly love.

His right name was Dufay. He had been run off the Montreal waterfront by the police.

He came to Chicago, where they hung his monicker on him because he was short and muscle-bound and one of his best methods of attack was butting with his hard head. But he was deadly with his fists and feet, too, if he could get in the first clout, which, as a professional, he regarded as his prerogative.

I saw him, while he was supporting a strike, grab the owner of the plant as he started across the sidewalk to his car, pick him up under the armpits from behind, swing him over his head and break both his shins on the edge of the curb-stone.

The next week, working for the man he had crippled, he gave one of the union pickets the boots and staved in his ribs.

The Goat, vulnerable to blondes, had a case on Margie C., a pint-sized pugnosed cutie who was singing at a saloon on Twenty-Second Street one summer. Every night he came there and wept and applauded as she gave with sad ballads.

If others did not loudly show their appreciation he glowered at them, and once, when a listener did not bring his hands together at all, the Goat socked him.

Dave Carew, who owned the place, chided him and made it clear he would tolerate no more such violence.

Dave was an ex-cop, had been discharged from the force for killing a man without valid reason, and was tough.

A nightly patron of the place was a mysterious fellow we all called Charlie Pabst. A table was reserved for him. He was always alone. He would drink only beer. The waiter was ordered to stack all the empties on his table, and not until it was completely covered would he leave.

Something Margie had sung struck a chord in Charlie's heart. He broke out into continuous, conspicuous applause. He even stood up and banked his palms together.

Up leaped the Goat. He walked over to Charlie and shouted:

"You're clappin' too much. It ain't becus you like the singin'. You got other idees!"

Whereupon he floored Charlie.

Dave picked his pet customer up and spoke soothingly to him.

Then he went back of the bar and reappeared with a baseball bat which he used for crushing ice and disorderly conduct. He strode over to the Goat and said:

"Next time you lay a hand on anybody in this joint, I'll scramble the insides of your thick skull. And what's more, I'll fire Margie."

Few people talked that way to Duffy and survived to see another sun rise over Lake Michigan.

But Dave had the bludgeon poised and stood at just the right distance to use it at its most effective range.

Moreover, the thought of Margie out of a job, where he couldn't sit and listen and adore her, was a damper against desperate action.

The Goat hesitated one moment. Then he got out of his chair, turned, and shuffled out of the place.

On the street, it was long past midnight, he looked up and down. Few pedestrians were abroad.

But in time he saw a hobo making his way east from the State Street skidrow, to seek his slumber on the grass of Grant Park.

Duffy waited for him to come up.

He stepped from the doorway, seized the bum, beat him fiercely, then threw him, senseless, into the gutter.

The light was again in Duffy's eyes and he carried his bulky shoulders square as he turned and went back into Dave's and made his way again to his chair.

You could see the Goat felt like a man once more.

And Margie's job was safe!

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Ralph is 16, and his father thinks he is too young to use the family car on dates. But it isn't age that counts so much as good driving judgment. Teen-agers, take the "auto test" below. If you girls have juvenile boy friends, mail them a copy of this Case Record.

CASE C-269: Ralph W., aged 16, is a high school junior.

"Dr. Crane, don't you think my Dad ought to let me have our car once in a while for a date?" he demanded irritably.

"All the other fellows in my class get to use their family's car. But my dad tells me I'm too young.

"He says he never had a car to use when he was my age. But I have practiced driving and have a driver's license.

"Besides I'd be willing to pay for any gas I used. But its very embarrassing not to be allowed to drive our own car. It makes me look like a kid in the eyes of my classmates, and especially my girl."

DADS, TAKE NOTE

Every good father should see that his children know how to swim, how to drive an automobile, and how to do many other useful acts that are now commonplace in America.

And don't try to browbeat your children by saying "I never had a car when I dated your mother."

Times change. New inventions and later conditions don't permit of exact comparisons between our courtship and that of our sons in this new generation.

The state considers Ralph competent to drive a motor car or it would not have issued him a driver's license.

And he is man enough to offer his dad the price of the gas he uses, which is something a lot of coddled sons never do! Young folks, please take note! !

If you "sponge" on your dad to the extent of using his gasoline, as well as his automobile, then your dad is doing part of your dating for you! And you are a coddled child, not an adult.

AUTO FACTS

Ralph sounds like a good risk to me for meriting the family car on special occasions, or maybe even once per week.

His father has the car insured. That insurance covers Ralph, as a licensed driver.

So I'd vote for Ralph in this case. And if his father is still fearful, then the latter should take Ralph out for more driving experience.

Teen-agers, here are the marks of a juvenile or careless driver. See how well they apply to you and your high school classmates.

He guns the motor at the take-off so the rear wheels will spin and spray gravel.

He races up behind other cars or to a red light; then jams on the brakes, thereby wearing out the brakes prematurely.

He boasts about having worn out a new set of tires before his car has covered 15,000 miles.

He doesn't look far ahead to anticipate red light changes at the SECOND intersection. In short, he watches only the immediate stop light.

Thus he may have to come to a full stop at a dozen intersections when a little more leisurely speed would have caught all the lights while green and saved a dozen gear shifts, plus the extra gas as well as extra wear and tear on the brakes.

He races 70 to 80 miles per hour on the usual highway and thinks he is a "big shot" or a brave he-man for such juvenile recklessness.

Any would-be speedster who is a real man, enters the Indianapolis Speedway races on May 30. There is a time and a place for high speed, but the time is May 30, and the place is the Indianapolis Speedway!

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of The Daily Record, 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

MAN INTERESTED IN SOCIAL SCIENCES AND MUSIC CANNOT FIND FRIENDS TO SHARE HIS TASTES.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am a single man in my twenties, and each year my situation seems less hopeful as to meeting decent girls for friendship and possibly marriage. I was reared in a rural community where there weren't more than half a dozen decent girls my age; and since graduation I have lost track of all my school friends.

My church here is attended by only a handful, and offers no social life or chance at friendship. While in school I was more interested in getting an education—although I wasn't very studious—than in catering to the whims and fancies of the opposite sex.

I have delved into sociology and related subjects, also into psychiatry and psychology, hence I am able to see my problems objectively. But even so I can't seem to decide upon a course of action to solve them; and as I have no confidante, I have overcome my reluctance to write you. I must have some advice.

Loneliness is part of my problem, naturally. I am interested in the sciences, and I enjoy good music and the finer things of life. I read widely and long for the company of others my age, of like tastes and interests, with whom I might exchange views. I have considered membership in one of the higher class reliable friendship clubs, and would like to have your opinions of these groups. The one I have in mind is reliable, I am sure, not a racket of any sort. With gratitude for your views, I am—D. L.

WHY SOME FOLKS MISS HAPPINESS

DEAR D. L.: I have no knowledge of any "friendship clubs" so-called. But I can imagine that the membership would be composed of lonely distressed persons who are tacitly rejected by the good society in their surroundings. Why have they been left out—bypassed by the happy folks? Because unfortunately they are afflicted with negative feelings about self and others, I suppose.

Thus I cannot believe that such an aggregation of ailing egos could produce a constructive solution of your problem of isolation from well-rounded people. Rather I expect the experience would be an emotional shock—a further depressant to your fragile self-esteem—if you were to mingle with that type of group for an evening. In looking there for an estimable friend, you would find only a dismal variety of men and women, milling uncertainly on a similar mission, and wanting more "help" than you could give, I think.

Up to now, you've been stalling about your problem, not really studying it, as you claim. Your delving into various branches of research — sociology, psychology, psychiatry, etc.—has been an attempt to occupy yourself, as an antidote to habitual loneliness. Reading case histories, and committing theories to memory, doesn't solve personal difficulties. And you can't make progress in human relations by cogitating in a vacuum. Insight is of no value unless it is translated into behavior that deals effective with others.

FINALLY FACING TOWARDS HEALTH

No doubt the imperative need of extrovert action was beginning to dawn on you when you took pen in hand to confide in me and ask advice. And I commend your courage in breaking out of your isolation, even to this extent. A Chinese proverb says "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step"—and in putting aside false pretense of self sufficiently at long last, you are taking steps in the direction of normalcy.

Now fir guidance. It is my conviction that mere instructions from a distance can't solve your problem or change your luck. Basically you need emotional re-education, a complete shift of feeling about yourself — from hangdog deprecation to real self confidence. This dynamic achievement is the prescribed cure for a withdrawal-pattern of behavior; and it is brought about in relationship with a good psychotherapist—say a psychologist or analyst. It is a matter of finding in the analyst a truly wise, trustworthy friend, who sees in the patient a genuinely likeable human being, temporarily handicapped by a lot of "sick" notions about himself, that tend to vanish when rationally examined.

You write from an area abundantly staffed with psychiatric services, on a clinic basis or in private practice, as you prefer. And my advice is to seek self-help along this line, rather than lapse into the discouraged ranks of "friendship clubs."—M. H.