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These Days

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All In The Same Boat

A well-documented article in a late issue of the Oregon Voter began, "Secretary of Interior Oscar Chapman could be charged with a craving to become a one-man CVA, a one-man MVA, and so forth . . . The control he seeks for his department is control over the hydro power developments of most of the streams of the United States. In his ambition to gain that control he would virtually put the Federal Power Commission out of business."

The Voter described two cases in which the Secretary is attempting to prevent the licensing of new power projects by the FPC, on the grounds that his department should dominate them. One of these has been delayed since January, 1949, by Interior, even though it was approved by the FPC, the Army Engineers, and the Department of Agriculture.

The Voter then quoted from a student of this situation who said, "If Interior's claim of a federal monopoly of water-power development is upheld, remote bureaucratic direction and supervision of every-day operations will bear as heavily against states, cities, cooperatives, and other public bodies as it will against the private utility industry. All will row a boat captained by the Secretary of the Interior."

Mr. Chapman is not the only man in the government with such ambitions—but he is currently the most aggressive. It is clear that the objective is to give the government 100 per cent control over all water resources of any importance at all. This, of course, would be accomplished at a tremendous cost to the taxpayers, and in the process it would destroy such large and dependable sources of tax revenue as the business-managed utilities. More important, it would destroy local rights and independence all along the line, and substitute a form of state socialism for business enterprise and community enterprise.

That's the issue, and it's high time every citizen understood it.

Big Chance

Within the relatively near future, a large amount of additional electric power will be generated at Niagara Falls as a result of a change in the treaty between this country and Canada. The only question remaining is whether that power will be developed by free, tax-paying enterprise — or by tax-eating government enterprise, which is a polite word for socialism. And only Congress has the power to answer that question.

The case for private development, by five utility companies which are ready and eager to go ahead with the job, is overwhelming. As Ernest R. Abrams recently wrote in Barron's, "Construction of the project privately . . . would not only relieve the Federal government of a vast outlay when the defense program is making heavy demands upon the taxpayers and the Treasury, but it would also provide an annual tax income of \$23,000,000—Federal taxes of \$9,250,000; state, \$3,300,000; and local, \$9,450,000. Under levies now in effect, the project would pay taxes equal to its entire cost in 15 years." And the rates charged for the power would be set by the New York Public Service Commission, on a cost of service basis.

Those who pant for socialized power development at Niagara argue weekly that the rates would be cheaper. If that is so, it is only because the government system would be tax-built and tax-free—in other words, all the taxpayers of the country would pay part of the bills of those using the power. As the Hoover Commission has said, "In general, the difference between the public power bills and those privately owned power companies is roughly equal to the tax component."

Here is a chance for Congress to declare that it's time to stop socialism in America.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON.—The chamber of the United States Senate did not smell of stale cigar smoke, sweat or strong liniment. There were no blue-eyes in the corners of menacing punching bags. The historic room bore no resemblance whatever to the back room of a restaurant for heavyweight prize fighters.

Save for one thing: down in the bow of the sanctum where the affairs of the world get a regular shake-over, three promoters were trying to set up a bout between Harry (Kid) Matthews and Maxine. They were peculiar-looking promoters: they all wore glasses. None had a clear stick in his pants.

These prize-fight impresarios tried to be genuine United Statesers—the Maxine, Harry (Kid) Matthews, Maxine, Maxine. None had a clear stick in his pants. The Kid suddenly wasn't talking. Neither was his manager, Jack Hurley. The Senators went to a lot of trouble in the Kid's behalf and now he didn't seem to be interested. Sen. Cain explained all this in a lengthy speech. He sounded sad.

Sen. Magnuson said it just happened that the Kid and his handlers were coming to Washington and he'd have lunch with 'em. He'd had his mind on cooking.

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Sokolsky

A JUSTICE SPEAKS

A large number of cases are pending before the Supreme Court dealing with Communist activities, espionage and subversion. It is assumed that the Justices of the Supreme Court are concerned with the law, that their function is to defend the orthodox position that the Constitution prevails and that no one may transgress it and the law save at his peril.

The "Canons of Judicial Ethics" of the American Bar Association states:

"While entitled to entertain his personal view of political questions, and while not required to surrender his rights or opinions as a citizen, it is inevitable that suspicion of being warped by political bias will attach to a judge who becomes the active promoter of the interests of one political party as against another."

Justice William O. Douglas, apart from his decisions on the Supreme Court bench, likes to write books and articles and to deliver addresses. Some of these touch on current political problems and are sometimes without much expertise, as for instance, his suggestion that we recognize Communist China.

When such matters do not come before him on the Supreme Court, his proclivities are not a real basis for objection. However, when, in advance of a decision on a series of cases, he writes an article for "The New York Times Magazine" setting forth a distinct partisanship, he raises the issue of his right to sit.

Let me quote the learned Justice: ". . . We are developing tolerance only for the orthodox point of view on world affairs, intolerance for new or different approaches. Orthodox normally has stood in the path of change. Orthodoxy was always the stronghold of the status quo, the enemy of new ideas — at least new ideas that were disturbing."

What does Mr. Justice Douglas mean by orthodox? Our country lives by a written Constitution which Mr. Douglas has sworn to uphold and maintain. From that standpoint, he is professionally orthodox, receiving a salary for his services. The Feinberg Law, which the Justice will have to pass upon one day, says that certain ideas, namely Marxism, their advocacy and propagation, are not to be tolerated in the public schools of New York State. But Justice Douglas says:

"The democratic way of life rejects standard thought. It rejects orthodoxy. It wants the fullest and freest discussion, within peaceful limits, of all public issues. It encourages constant search for truth at the periphery of knowledge."

Does that mean that if a teacher, having searched for the truth, believes that he has found it in Marxism, that he may teach it to our children, even though we object to their corruption? Is not Marxism an idea? And should it be tolerated in the public schools of New York State? How then will he decide on Feinberg Law, or on cases that may arise out of the Smith Act or the McCarran Act? Should he sit on such cases?

How can a Supreme Court Justice permit himself to write this: ". . . He will be shocked at the arrogance and intolerance of great segments of the American press, at the arrogance and intolerance of many leaders in public office, at the arrogance and intolerance reflected in many of our attitudes toward Asia. He will find that thought is being standardized, that the permissible area for calm discussion is being narrowed."

I wonder if Mr. Douglas would write another article giving a bill of particulars. Rhetoric is not data. The Communists continue to publish their newspapers and magazines here and we import some from Soviet Russia through the mails freely. They hold meetings protected by the police. When they are caught in espionage, they are given lengthy and expensive trials, with the right of appeal. Alger Hiss had two trials; Judith Coplon is still free and may be forever; the atom bomb thieves are still alive.

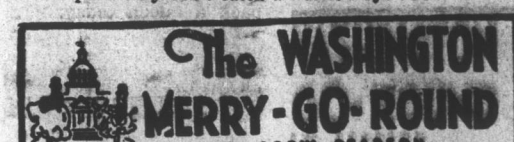
Where is this arrogance and intolerance that Mr. Justice Douglas talks about? And has he not by this article excluded himself from sitting in cases involving Communists and spies?

Mr. Douglas says: ". . . Those accused of illegal Communist activity — all presumed innocent of course — all found guilty — have difficulty getting reputable lawyers to defend them."

The records of the courts will prove him to be wrong about this — I dislike saying untruthful. In each case of the Communists or the spies, the lawyers were competent men. In a few cases, Communist rejected lawyers so that they could say just what Mr. Douglas says.



"Frankly, I don't understand why people always complain they can't catch a waiter's eye . . ."



WASHINGTON — It was very quiet out at Headwaters Farm in Maryland during the last days Harold Ickes was alive. He lay in a huge bed looking out at rows of pine trees that he had planted many years before, and a rose garden that looked warm and discouraged under the winter sky.

A herd of white-faced Herforders tried to pull the last remnants of lespedeza from a brown pasture beyond the garden, quite unconcerned about the sick man in the bedroom above. But the two Ickes children, whom I used to see whooping after Indians in cowboy costume, were quiet now, and tipped with worried faces about the house.

Ickes looked tired and worn. Pain had racked his 77-year-old body for three months now. Even Christmas was spent in bed. "I'll be 78 in March," he mused. "I'd like to live to see one more election. It's going to be an important one—vitally important. Some tremendous forces are stirring in this country—and in the Democratic Party."

"I'd like to talk to some of the men who have got to lead this country—Adlai Stevenson is one. And I'd like to talk to Kefauver. We've had too much leadership in the hands of one man. We've got to have new men, young men, new leaders. I wish I could help them."

I had known Ickes about twenty years and this was the first time he had ever insinuated that he was no longer the young and bouncing Secretary of the Interior, fresh out of the Midwest, who stepped on toes, sacked at Senators, made the steel companies wince and the oil barons tremble.

VISTA OF THE PAST He lay thinking for a moment, and I looked out the window at the rows of pine trees he had planted many years ago. It reminded me of his crusade for reforestation and took me back, years back, to the dark depression days of 1933 when there had been soup kitchens and breadlines and when Ickes was put in charge of what was then the biggest government spending program in history and had built schools, libraries, bridges.

Some people cursed him then because he wanted every contract scrutinized with a microscope. But there were no 5 per centers then. In fact, if Ickes heard of anyone getting a commission, he blasted him all over the front pages.

Then there were Ickes' battles inside the cabinet to prepare a against Hitler. He had stood almost alone against Cordell Hull and almost every other cabinet colleague in refusing to sell helium to Germany. In fact, as Roosevelt went the rounds of the cabinet, and Ickes found himself supported only by Morgenthau, he had flared

CUTIES



Walter Winchell

In New York

By JACK LAIT

Substituting For Winchell

It has been a habit of glamorizers and simonizers of the romances of showgirls, models and their café society sisterhood to couple them with high-sounding names. Among the handy handles for the enraptured gents have been "Wall Streeter," "man-about-town," "clubman," "society scion," "heir to the — fortune," "direct descendant of —" and "star" (meaning any tap-dancer or hit actor). But of late the favorite has been "Texas oil millionaire," or plain "Texas millionaire."

There are many very rich men in Texas and some of them got that way with gushers. They have been known to gambol with, even marry, girls from chorus. But my experience has shown that the preponderant majority of charmers in the theatrical and posing arts tie up with musicians, minor performers, bookmakers, café-owners, reporters, pugilists and hangsters.

In chronicling the new estate of "stutterin' Sam" Dowell, one of our most famed and written-up showgirls, who is back in the city and has a good job with the Marx toy establishment, I fell into the pattern by the easy custom of popular appellation. She wrote me a friendly letter (we are old acquaintances) in which she observed:

"If one must work—and I must, since my Texas millionaire husband hailed from Brooklyn and had a two-dollar bankroll on real good days—"

So any "seen with" or "hand-holding" or "are looking for a preacher" offerings hereafter, naming Texas tycoons, must be accompanied by certified bank statements. Also, any cave cavalier rated as an "executive" must be proven to be of the rank of chief shipping clerk at least.

Which brings me to something smacking of the scientific that bears on the subject of the "seen with" program, "How Did They Get That Way?" has chosen "The Psychological Implications of Gossip." I wonder whether she doesn't mean "psychiatric." I have asked for an advance copy of the script, and if I get it I will let my readers in on a digest of the findings. . . . Isabel is of the cognoscenti, editor of "The Aspirin Age" and contributor to our better magazines.

So now let's have some gossip, no matter what the implications:

Senator Joe McCarthy (there are no oil wells in Wisconsin) is attentive to a Washington society girl. . . . Anita Ellis, the songstress, prefers Stephen Greene, the modern painter who won this year's Prix de Rome. . . . Roberta Peters is happy since Robert Merrill returned to the Met. They're "in tune," as the cliché goes. . . . Nancy Valentine, before she returned to the Coast, gave furrier Milton Herman a cigarette case, inscribed "Milton Dear, This is Leap Year." She is the estranged wife of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, divorced from him where he maha-s-jahs, but not in the U. S.

Nina Foch and Ralph Meeker, also of the screen, prefer the seclusion of the Hideaway Downbeat Club. . . . Julia Meade, who is on the Dennis James video show, gets three calls a week from Rio. It's Brazilian cattle-king Uralde Martinez. (No oil. But I once knew a man in Cincinnati who was hailed as the "Shoe-lace King.") I'm told Martinez will be here in a fortnight and there may be an announcement. . . . Hildegard Neff, who has her divorce from a German, and director Anatole Litvak are chummy. . . . Mona Knox has shifted to Dan Dalley for this edition.

A touching scene of "Alexander, the Big Leaguer," around the life of the late Grover Alexander, the classic pitcher, had to be deleted from the film. It had to do with the depth of his declension, when he was hired as a freak attraction with a Coney Island flea circus. . . . The two unions which would have been called on to handle the fleas refused.

Vivian Blaine choked up twice in one "Gipsy and Dolls" performance and rushed off stage in tears. It had to be finished, by her understudy, Beverly Lawrence, after an explanation to the house by the stage-manager. Nothing wrong with Viv physically; just an emotional person.

Wall Street doesn't deal only in millions. Some experimental traffic parking meters were installed there. Three have been ripped out and stolen. Others were burgled of their dimes.

Something new in the annals of

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

PLAY FAIR

Are you playing fair with your future unborn children, if you rush into a teen-age marriage? For you know that boys and girls take pride in having mothers who can perform in public and take active roles in civic, as well as church and P-T-A functions.

Besides, how much financial judgment do you have at 18? Have you ever worked long enough to compute your income tax? Have you done enough buying to be a shrewd bargainer? Marriage is a corporation. It involves finance and budgeting, as well as infant care, balancing menus, entertaining for your husband in his business or profession, and keeping your children proud of you.

Readers, you need wide social perspective before you marry. If you have dated only one boy, you don't know enough about masculine psychology to understand husbands properly.

You ought to date many boys. A year at college thus takes you away from home and your little social circle. It adds perspective.

A "mountainous" high school romance may appear like a "molehill" three months after you have been on a college campus.

There you will meet ambitious boys from all over the state or nation. They will make a good yardstick against which to measure your home town Romeo.

If he is the real McCoy, he will stand up creditably against this comparison. If he isn't, wouldn't it have been tragic to have married him at 18?

So get at least one year of extra education beyond high school, whether this be a business college course or a year on a Liberal Arts campus.

Then hold a job for a year or two, so you understand how tough it is to earn a living, and so you can learn how to handle money more wisely.

"Mary Haworth's Mail" By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN WISHES TO OVERCOME HOSTILITY TOWARDS FIRSTBORN, WHICH HAS EXISTED FROM HIS BIRTH.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I have a little son, four years old, and I find that I have no time or love for him. I know this is wrong, and I am willing to try anything to change myself, but what shall I do? We have very little money, but I believe this is an urgent problem.

My husband Dale and I were married only a few months when I became pregnant; and I didn't want the baby. To make matters worse, Dale started accusing me, falsely, of all manner of immorality. When little Bruce was born I didn't even care to see him; and when he was baptized my parents staged a big affair, making me nervous—for which I blamed the baby.

Later I blamed the child for his father's not paying any attention to me, for he always butts in when we try to talk. He wants his father all to himself, and takes his father's side in everything, which is understandable, no doubt when you consider my "rejecting" attitude.

Now that we have two children, how can I keep from playing favorites? I am completely devoted to the second child, and can't understand this difference in myself. Was I too young for responsibility when Bruce was born? I might add, my family never showed their love emotionally — only in doing for each other. You couldn't ask for a sweeter child than Bruce; he is always saying how nice I look, or something of the sort. Please try to help me, for I don't want to be a harmful mother.—G. J.

PROBLEM REFERS TO RAGE AT MEN

DEAR G. J.: Very simply stated, counterfeiting is disclosed by agents of the Secret Service—they have caught counterfeiting printers of the queer, whose plants are in huge trailers. Finding locations for the presses of manufacturers of counterfeit currency has always been a major problem in the trade. It requires time and secrecy, and strangers carrying on mysterious operations sooner or later cause curiosity, which has frequently led to exposure. In traders they don't stop anywhere long enough to make neighbors suspicious. The latest pinch, at Aurora, Ill., bagged two 500 bill printers, who were convicted.

Something new in the annals of