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One Of The Big Reasons

America has but one-sixteenth of the world's population. Yet we produce nearly half of the world's steel, generate half of the world's electric power, and operate almost a third of the world's railroads. Our leadership in other fields is equally pronounced.

Many diverse reasons are responsible for this. One of them is realized by relatively few people. It lies in the fact that we have a tremendous abundance of coal—and, equally important, a competitive coal industry which has made the most of the resources that Nature granted us. The tremendous expansion that has taken place in steel, power, and other enterprise could not have been accomplished without an abundance of reasonably priced coal—and coal of many different grades. Today, nearly everything we eat and wear and use depends in some fashion on coal. It has been and remains a basic source of power.

As time goes on, America's appetite for coal continues to increase. It's a huge appetite and a healthy one. To meet the demand, the coal companies have been spending hundreds of millions of dollars for new machinery, new processing plants, and to develop new mines to replace worn-out properties. And the industry has met, as a matter of simple routine, a large foreign demand for coal as well.

Coal is a first-class example of how free, competitive enterprise can develop a great natural resource to the enduring good of all.

The "Why" Of Meat Prices

It is commonly said and believed that meat prices are sky-high, and out of reach of a great many consumers. Yet the fact is, that in the light of purchasing power and wage changes, meat prices have varied but slightly over a long period of time. This was pointed out in a recent issue of the Kiplinger Magazine, which said, "An interesting thing about meat sales is that in good times and bad, over the past years, the public has spent roughly the same proportion of its take-home pay for meat—5 per cent to 5.5 per cent. The moment the housewife's food budget decreases, meat prices fall accordingly. Each man's price, from the breeder's up the line to the butcher's, is geared to the price you and millions of others are able and willing to pay."

Another common belief is that the packing industry makes a whale of a lot of money, and earns unjustifiably large profits. Yet in 1950, which was a fairly typical year, the packers' meat earnings from sales were only about one-seventh as large as the average for all manufacturing. In that year, their earnings came to a trifle more than ten per cent of sales—which is hardly an exorbitant price to pay for an essential service. And last year, according to preliminary figures, the earnings of most packing houses were somewhat less than in 1950, even though sales touched a record.

The meat industry, in sum, is governed strictly by the old law of supply and demand. And the meat industry is an intensely competitive enterprise, made up of 4,000 packers who bid against each other for livestock and then sell a highly perishable product competitively to the meat retailers—who, in turn, must also buy and sell competitively. That's why the profits are so moderate.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON.—If you're an ex-G.I. in a new house with a leaky roof, a flooded cellar, a short circuit in the main fuse box and a floor with the characteristics of a roller coaster, it's no fun to think of yourself as part of a minor statistic.

That, at least, is the way Rep. Albert Rains (D., Ala.) and Co. of the House Banking and Currency Committee figure. They're looking down into the lending activities of the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration and they're not entirely convinced that the alleged difficulties in the sale of new bungalows is a small matter.

So they're heading soon to Florida for a look at a group of federally insured houses, whose roofs blew off in the last hurricane. The charge here is that the contractor didn't use enough nails. When the congressman probably will drop up to New Jersey where another subdivision catering to G.I.'s seems to have turned into a miserably unimproved swamp because of improperly built septic tanks. From all over the land have come complaints about jerry-built houses sold to veterans on long-term mortgages.

Not all these charges have to do with poor construction," said Rains. "Some of them refer to places that don't provide proper sewage for the average American family. The building is all right but the sewage is just too bad. The owner complains that he's living in the stink."

One man called by the committee was Fred Othman, a 42-year-old salesman in a home building business in Alabama.

Rep. William E. Widnell (D.) wondered about the watery subdivision on the outskirts of Saddle River, N. J., his home town. How come the contractor kept on putting up more houses when the ones already built had flooding septic tanks?

"This increases the load on the septic tank by about 50 per cent," he said. "Fills it full of solids ahead of time and naturally it overflows."

So it does look as though we have an interesting subject here. It'll be keep in touch with it.



By Sokolsky

LOST IDEALS

The moral value of commemorating the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, or of any great figure in history, is that a view of history can be taken from a new perspective. Of course, most of us never bother to do that. A celebration might be a holiday from work or double-time. It might be an automobile trip on crowded roads with a toll of dead from drunken driving. The Fourth of July, which should be a solemn day of introspection, has become the peak of accidents on our highways. Yet, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln comes each year to remind us that a nation can fall apart; it can whittle its strength away; it must go through the tolls of a spiritual revolution; it must suffer to restore itself.

Lincoln was neither glamorous nor even popular. It was not easy for him to be elected or re-elected. In the end, he was assassinated. His oratory was coldly logical and was, in his time, not regarded as in a class with that of Daniel Webster, who had died only a decade before, or Edward Everett, who also spoke at Gettysburg.

Yet, Lincoln has left a heritage of thought and purpose, on so high a level, that were the day of his birth celebrated by reading from his speeches, proclamations—and letters, it could not but improve the attitude of our people toward our country.

It is a curious phenomenon that at the time of the War Between the States, both sides, the North and the South, were vitally concerned over the proposition of the existence of the United States and what kind of a country it should be. Lee was as patriotic as Grant, and it is only fitting that recognition should finally have come of the fact at West Point where the portrait of Lee, wearing the grey uniform of the Confederacy, now hangs as a companion to a portrait of Grant.

The men of that period were ready to lay down their lives over the nature of the United States. Lincoln went to war over the proposition that the Union was indivisible, but he did not contend that States were provinces of a highly centralized government. He who fought to maintain the Constitution did not propose also to violate it.

The question of States' Rights never meant to Lincoln that the States were to be reduced from sovereignty to administrative centers, first corrupted by the Federal Government by money grants and then overwhelmed by Federal officials. Lincoln was no carpet-bagger, nor did he send carpet-baggers to dominate the South. That curse, from the results of which we are not yet free, came after he was assassinated and that monstrous politician, Thaddeus Stevens, dominated the policy of our government.

In these days, the fourth divorce of a movie queen seems to be more important than the operations of our government and our currency is depreciated without protest. There was moral vitality in our country when the corruption of the Harding Administration, once uncovered, aroused a nation to indignation and reduced the stature of a President who failed to safeguard his nation's honor to correct proportions. Today, a mere widespread, a more baneful corruption is treated almost as a joke, the butt of the humor of radio and television gagsters, and the President revels in the correctness of his boast that the people will "forget about it before Election Day" if their pockets finally inflate currency.

A nation cannot live by fun nor will it stand monumental in a morass of immorality. Lincoln understood our peril when he said:

"We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven; we have been preserved through many years in peace and prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined, in the selfishness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of respecting and praising God that made us."

"It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness."

Housing Commissioner Curt C. Mack, many a householder added later to his kitchen sink a garbage chopper-opper.

"This increases the load on the septic tank by about 50 per cent," he said. "Fills it full of solids ahead of time and naturally it overflows."

So it does look as though we have an interesting subject here. It'll be keep in touch with it.



"Pardon me, would you happen to know where they plan to live?"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND by DEW PEARSON

WASHINGTON.—Louey Johnson, the pleasant, barren-beaned ex-Secretary of Defense, has had three private talks with the President, all through the White House back door. Two were at his request, the last was requested by Truman.

What the President chiefly wanted, Johnson later told friends, was to get the veterans straightened out politically. He figured that Johnson, a big wheel in the American Legion, with his law partner, Don Wilson, now National Commander, might be able to swing a lot of the vets back into Democrat ranks.

But Johnson was quite unenthusiastic.

"I don't think I could very well go to the veterans," he said, "with my reputation for having been fired, and expect to make a successful political appeal."

The President didn't comment on this, but asked his ex-Secretary of Defense what he thought of the political situation.

"I don't think Eisenhower will get anywhere," Johnson told friends that he replied, "But I think he has enough strength to block Taft in the case of that deadlock I think MacArthur will be the nominee, and he is one making Mr. President, you can't beat."

MCCARTHY SQUEEZES TAFT  
Fellow Republicans have been whispering behind Bob Taft's back about the way the Senator from Wisconsin has been pushing the Senator from Ohio around.

What they say is that McCarthy barked and Taft jumped the other day when he issued his statement supporting McCarthy. For exactly three months, the Wisconsin wildman had been demanding such an endorsement in fact, ever since Mr. Republican stepping on his toes last October by declaring that McCarthy's charges had been "over-stated."

"I don't think anyone who overstates his case helps his own case," was what Taft told the press on October 22. "The extreme attack against General Marshall is one of the things on which I cannot agree with McCarthy. I think some criticism of General Marshall was justified, but he should not have been accused of affiliation with any form of communism."

This infuriated McCarthy. Shortly thereafter, he cornered Taft in the Senate and demanded a reputation. At first, the Ohioan side-stepped. He tried to placate McCarthy by repeating in subsequent speeches: "I don't agree with everything McCarthy says, but we can't criticize McCarthy says, but we're against McCarthy-in-government."

Of course, McCarthy didn't start the communists-in-government probe at all, but jumped on the

Walter Winchell  
In New York  
By JACK LAFF  
Substituting for Winchell

Pinch-Hitting  
Evita Peron, fireball wife of the president of Argentina, is so sore over the bad press she has been getting in the U. S. and that new book which boils her in oil, that she is having a representative of her government bang on doors of American publishers, seeking to subsidize distribution of her own story, "The Meaning of My Life."

She has had it translated and it is being printed in English. Her agent is Clistanto Flores, of Instituto Argentino De Promocion Del Intercambio (Argentine Institute of Trade Promotion.) He hasn't hooked up a deal as yet.

Carlyle Blackwell, the handsome heart-hopper of the silents, doesn't sit and dream of his glory days. He is a very rich, very busy and very dignified executive in Miami in the baseball bat business. He married Nancy Brails, widow of the partner in Hilderich and Bradsby, makers of the Louisville Slugger brand. She died and he inherited her stock.

Edgar Luckenbach, due back on leave from the Pacific zone, will meet his big interest, Lisa Netherlee, a British newspaperwoman, in San Francisco. . . John Barrymore, Jr., and Arthur Loew are said to be vying for Pler. Angelle smiles.

Jean Murtang, of Long Island, is football Glenn Davis' new charmer. . . Peggy Watts and Wall Streeter George K. Churchill cementing bonds at Manny Wolf's. . . Chicago beauty Frances Crowley will soon go to Turkey, where she will visit with the president and his son, Erdal Inonu, whom she met while he was a student in Chi. . . Marion Brande dines with Sandu Scott, Miss New York.

Felicity Attlee, Clement's daughter, reported doing London with Allan Stern, of New York finance circles.

The wife of an Italian, I'm informed, has private dicks in Buenos Aires, trying to prove that Edda Mussolini Ciano was there, under a name not her own and not alone. But items about Edda are a lire a dozen, and a lire is worth about one-sixth of a cent.

Benny Venuta and Fred Clark postponed the wedding until June. Richard Greene and Pat Medina, who had been drifting, have found each other again. Brenda Frazier was in Gop's Plush Room with George Atwell, while a few feet away in the Lurie main room sat "Shipwreck" Kelly, her husband, with Rosemary Reach.

One of the overworked brag cliches dear to the hearts of show people is a claim that they started their "careers" in their infancy, were cradled in a dress-room trunk, carried on stage on mamma's arm. Some of them were, no doubt. But now I learn it can't happen again quite so early in the movies. There's a California law forbidding professional appearances of children—until they're three weeks old!

Hollywood studios are still resisting TV. Columbia Pictures turned down an offer of \$10,000,000 for use of all its products made before 1951, with no restrictions on continuing theatre rights. The crying television need is features that can stand up while consuming time. The short programs are no heavy problem. But the Colgate Comedy Hour costs \$100,000 a week and has so far spent more than \$6,000,000. That's an example.

The three sons of Edsel Ford (Henry II, Vincent and William Clay) are in Los Angeles, at the Bel Air. It may be business—Ford has a big assembly plant near the city—or it may be recreation: They do not usually travel together.

Ex-Rep. Vito Marcantonio can have the Progressive Party nomination for the Presidency. Henry Wallace did not rock the nation, but he cut in deep enough to throw New York state to the Republicans. Marc hesitates only because he might repeat that result and he is sore at the GOP, which combined with the Dems on James Donovan, who ran him out of his seat in the House.

Sid ("The Orup") Levy, who blew \$60,000 on the shrewdly wide contempt for him couldn't have been deeper if he'd squandered twice as much, was a small-time bookie on the side and did just as nobly. His clients stuck him.

Billy Ross and Joyce Matthews dined together at Lushov's. The basic romantic exchanged glances of entrancement over suburban nut hoodles.

Allegro Vivace—Barclay Kubelick, conductor of the Chicago Symphony, lowered his baton after a recent Friday night concert in the Windy City, drove to the airport and caught a United Airliner for New York. A quick taxi delivered him to a KLM plane, which flew him

The Worry Clinic  
By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Martin is a victim of acrophobia. His job requires him to drive through the mountains. Yet the feeling like jumping when he looks over a cliff. Study this case if you, too, have fears or phobias. Learn to rule your emotions. Never let them dominate your life.

EMOTIONAL CONTROL  
We can't think about two ideas at the same time, so Martin should deliberately concentrate on some thought than the idea of jumping over the cliff.

Even an artificial stunt like multiplying 37 by 13, in your head, will help divert your attention from the central idea of jumping.

There is a law in psychology that we tend to put an idea into action unless an opposing idea checks that first action.

To inhibit the act of jumping, therefore, Martin must deliberately think about something else. He might turn on the radio, and thus divert his attention. He might recite Bible verses or poetry.

Any different idea or action will thus break the auto-hypnosis that leads to jumping.

PHOBIAS ARE COMMON  
Several prominent business men here in Chicago have acrophobia so they refuse to rent an office above the 2nd or 3rd floor.

Others suffer from fear of closed places (claustrophobia) so they dare not ride in an elevator. That means they walk the 5 or 10 flights up to their office.

To cover up their slavery to such a nuisance fear, they say it is such good exercise to walk up stairs, or it reduces their waist line!

They may not be able to endure the thought of having the windows closed so they freeze their stograhaphers by insisting on open windows, even in winter.

They may then try to hide their real phobia by arguing about the great virtues of fresh air.

Everybody has fears or phobias of some sort, so be sure you don't permit them to rule your life. Make your brain the captain and never let emotions mutiny against it.

Send for my bulletin "How to Control your Emotions," enclosing a stamped self addressed envelope plus a dime.

CASE C-374: Martin G., age 33, is a rural mail carrier.

"Dr. Crane, I guess I'm a victim of acrophobia," he began. "I got panicky when I drive over the mountain roads here in eastern Tennessee."

"If I look down from a cliff, I feel an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump off the cliff or steer my car over the edge."

"I just have to grit my teeth to keep a grip on myself. Cold sweat breaks out on my forehead, even in the winter."

"So how would you suggest that I overcome this fear of high places?"

ACROPHOBIA

Acrophobia is fairly common. In fact, I suffered from it once when I was about 12 years of age.

As I looked over a small cliff, I became fascinated with the idea of jumping. There was a small creek below with a sand bar on the far side.

I wondered if I couldn't land on that sand bar. And the more I thought about jumping the more I hypnotized myself until I actually did make the leap.

When I hit the sand bar, my right knee struck my chin and knocked me unconscious. It chipped a piece off the jaw bone.

I fell back into the creek. Luckily, it wasn't more than 3 or 4 inches deep, or I'd have drowned. The cold water soon woke me up.

And to this day, I don't relish getting too close to the edge of a cliff.

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

Trained in Unconquered Code of Etiquette, Woman's Fear Drags Her in Same Crowd, With Painful Results.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My good wife was reared by a rigid code of honesty; and she is rearing our daughter Terry (now 10) by the same code. The child is growing into a smug unpleasant little character who has no friends. Recently she told a neighbor child, almost her lone companion nowadays, "Your mother is a dirty housekeeper; my mother said so. When I remonstrated, my wife said Terry spoke the truth. If so, I feel the truth is better left unsaid at times."

Not long ago my sister Ann and her husband stopped by to see us. They kept house for me when my wife was confined and always have been kind to us. During the visit my sister said jokingly, "Why don't you come to see us often, Amy; don't you like me?" To which my wife replied deadpan, "I like you for what you've done for us, but I can't understand people who don't tell the truth."

Starting at the implication, my sister and her husband asked what Amy meant, and she cited instances of "social lies," in which Amy had told someone she would be "glad" to do them a favor; that it would be "no bother." My wife insisted that Ann hadn't sincerely felt that way; and should have told the truth. "Other people's 'honest' is a fetish with her. I no longer bring office friends home for fear she'll start a real feud; and most of all I mind what she is doing to Terry."

"When we were going together, and early in marriage, I got a kick out of Amy's honesty. Then it was all sweetly favorable to me; but nowadays she hasn't a good word for me; and finds it necessary to say many unkind 'truths.' I am not the man she thought I was; she would be happier divorced, etc.—and this kind of thing is hard to take. The spirit has gone out of marriage, though I expect to stick for Terry's sake. I don't know how to meet Amy's arguments in favor of 'truth'—anything I say seems so lame. What is the answer?"

IS SUCH HONESTY WELCOMED BY HER?

DEAR W. F.: If we were to apply Amy's criteria of truth and honesty to her own fallible performance, it would be necessary to point out to her face, the following: She is shrewish, nagging and hateful in the role of neighbor. And in leading her child to think that bluntness and fact finding is a virtue in social interchange, she is a bad influence in the role of mother. Altogether, she poisons

to Amsterdam, where he led that city's orchestra in a concert Sunday afternoon.

The Commanding General of the Third Army has commended the unit for the high rating made on its recent inspection.

The Indians of New Mexico have no written language. Their myths have passed orally from generation to generation.

CUTIES

"Some recommendations from my last employer."