

The Daily Record

These Days

DUNN, N. C.
Published By
RECORD PUBLISHING COMPANY
At 311 East Canary Street

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
THOMAS F. CLARK CO., INC.
205-217 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Branch Offices In Every Major City

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Entered as second-class matter in the Post Office in Dunn, N. C., under the laws of Congress, Act of March 3, 1879. Every afternoon, Monday through Friday



Sokolsky

A LETTER TO WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Dear Whit Chambers:
Your letter to your children, which millions of Americans have read and heard you read on radio and television, touched me to tears because I know what it costs a man to struggle with his soul.

There are many who never need to do that. They go through life by routine procedures. They are always in fashion and their minds readily adjust themselves to the mode of the moment. They accept ideas as they accept heroes, and throw them off with equal alacrity. Their souls are cellophanned.

They do not understand such a person as you are. We assume that converts to a way of life like Paul on Augustus were ridiculed in their day, but no one was stupid enough to suggest that what they did was done to earn \$75,000, or whatever the sum, writing magazine articles. Whoever accuses you of that lacks knowledge of the human soul; they have never read Job and have never been twisted by the Devil.

Small minds and weak memories forget that in 1939, when you were in no manner protected by the Statute of Limitations, you laid your case before A. A. Berle, Jr., then Assistant Secretary of State. I have never understood why Berle did not have you arrested. You had spied on your own country and you told him so, and you could not and did not claim immunity. You risked arrest and imprisonment. Many of our friends, who have also served their country after conversion, waited until they were immune to punishment. But you did not.

Those who now attack of ridicule you or question your motives have forgotten that such persons as myself, who have watched the Russian conspiracy since 1917, understand you. Most of those who sneer at you have no anti-Communist record.

For just as there is a Communist record, so is there an anti-Communist record. Today, it is fashionable to be anti-Communist, and to beat one's breast and shout, "I have always been anti-Communist." That may or may not be true in particular instances, but it is impossible to establish the record, since 1917, of those who, in some marked manner, have fought Communism. Whenever I come across one of these breast-beaters, I ask, "What is in the record about this person, say, prior to 1945 or 1939 or even 1933?"

Usually, nothing is to be found. The reason for their ferocious attitude toward you is that quite apart from the poverty of their spirit which prevents them from understanding the grace of conversion, they are envious of your unquestionable services to your country as a penitent.

Many of them ask how they could have known what to do, when such martyrs as Ben Stolberg and Jim McGuinness gave their lives for the cause of America. Many of these muggwumps sat by and saw men and women blacklisted in magazines, on radio, in the movies, in all walks of life, because they hated Communism.

Now, they come forward and criticize such persons as you and Louis Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley and all those who, having been led astray by Marxism, witnessed to the truth, achieved conversion and at the risk of the means of all human weapons, ridicule, served country and God.

May I criticize your letter to your children for one thing? You say: "My children, as long as you live, the shadow of the Hiss Case will brush you. In every pair of eyes that rests on you, you will see pass, like clouds passing behind a window in winter, the memory of your father — dissembled in friendly eyes, lurking in unfriendly eyes..."

This, I am sure, will not be so. The day will surely come, Whit, when all men will recognize what you have done. The other day, I was asked why not one write a biography of another American hero, William Wirt, the educator of Gary, Indiana, who was ridiculed to his grave for speaking the truth. It was good to know that Dr. Wirt is not forgotten.

Your conversion from Marx to God, your service to your country by confession of error, by penitence in action, by risking the peace of yourself and your family when you might have found safety in oblivion — these services will not be forgotten. And your children, when they are mature, will not be ashamed to make another, despite a steady demand from the West.

The gentlemen wondered by Westerners liked cartwheels. Dr. Howard said he guessed he might as well be frank.



"Dear, a reminder from the income tax people..."



WASHINGTON. — A significant, unpublicized meeting of motor moguls with government mobilization officials took place the other day at which the auto industry was allocated more steel than it really needed.

What happened at that meeting indicates a slight deflationary trend in business; also that steel has suddenly loosened up; and that the defense program, supposed to use up steel, has slowed down.

On December 29 a similar meeting at the idea of giving the motor moguls talked tough, moaned over Detroit unemployment, brought in Sen. Blair Moody and Gov. "Soapy" Williams to help them get more steel. "Gasoline Charley" Wilson, head of General Motors, was even caustic with his old friend, "Electric Charley" Wilson, formerly of General Electric, who now heads defense mobilization, and scoffed at the idea of giving the motor industry only 930,000 tons of steel for the 2nd quarter of 1952.

At the recent meeting of motor moguls, however, it was a different story. This time auto manufacturers were quiet and cooperative, weren't too anxious to have the government drastically increase their steel quotas.

Deductions from the meeting were: 1. That there was now ample steel on hand. 2. That motor moguls were not sure they could sell too many more cars. It appeared that they had reached the leveling off point.

ROLLCALL ON PRODUCTION
These deductions came from an, director of the National Production Authority Motor Vehicle Division. When he asked whether the industry would use up its quotas on steel and other materials already given it, for the first quarter of 1952, L. L. Colbert, president of Chrysler, answered a confident "yes."

But Irving Duffy, vice president of Ford, was not so confident. "Late deliveries on equipment may slow us up," he said. "We may not use all of our quotas." H. H. Curtice of General Motors replied that his firm would use up all its materials for the first quarter, as did S. G. Baits of Hudson. But George Romney of Nash, Leroy Vance, president of Studebaker, indicated that they probably would not use up all the material already allotted them by the government.

MORE BUTTER THAN GUNS
Finally, NPA's Johnson asked whether the auto industry had any problems getting sufficient steel, aluminum and copper. Though copper still was tight, all auto executives replied that they had ample supplies of steel and aluminum. "The mills are now trying to sell us steel," commented Duffy of



"I take dictation at the rate of — sixty-five dollars a week."

Walter Winchell

In New York

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Brenda Fraxier's divorce plans are off indef. She acquired a secret legal separation, instead. Presently with the heart (Mele) in Italy... Clark Gable's picked up his next bride. Chums hope to keep her name out of the papers until Lady Ashley frees him next month... Die Mrs. William O. Douglas (the wife of the U. S. Supreme Court Justice) establish Florida residence?... When "Curtain Going Up" folded in Philly Eddie Cantor's dight Marilyn and Mervyn Nelson folded too... Insiders wonder if the April merger of Judy Garland and S. Luft will come off... One of the top ad agencies just lost six accounts amounting to over \$7,000,000 in teevy and radio billings... The James Micheners (the papa'd "South Pacific") pooh-pooh rift rumors... Cecil Beaton assured ballerina Gail Russo that Garbo is merely a pal... Gladys Glad undergoes major surgery in Toronto on the 17th stage... Barbara Cook married D. LeGarde yesterday... Mrs. T. Dorsey, who took first steps for a divorce, changed her mind.

The Cabes: Parisians report that Theodore Roosevelt's grandchild, Theodore, and her groom (artist T. Keogh) are at the crisis stage... Elyse Hunt is expected to become Madame Andre Dubonnet before the year ends... Ingrid's Roberto has a new angel. A British millionaire whose wife. A stage star... Sir Charles Mendel and his bride already reported zig-zaggy... London's newest hit is Clifford Odets' "The Country Girl"... The widow of Eduardo di Capua (composer of "O Sole Mio") is dwelling in a hotel near Naples... Fare's maddest find: Male strippers.

Tallulah Bankhead's leading man (on and off stage) inherited a huge haul of coin. He is Wm. Langford, at the Beekman Towers... The E. J. Reynolds (Marianne O'Brien) abrogation may keep Sol Rosenblatt's name in the papers. He's her barrister and she isn't happy about the puntline... The B. Barrys are on a long leave from the business he's been here. Barry's with the Paris branch of the N. Y. Times... Wm. Walker of the Coca-Cola tribe and Marilyn Mays will unite... Ballerina Moira Shearer's child is expected in the Summer. She is Mrs. L. Kennedy... Marion Brando's chief reason for his hop abroad was to get movie actress Movita (of Mexico) out of his heart... Midtown cafe and restaurant owners who ally that the business is away off in the "places" can't mean the huge Latin Quarter. It is packed nightly at both shows... Reminder to Editors: The attractive wife of Sol Rosenblatt is a former professional bullfighter.

WASHINGTON PIPELINE
Senators O'Connor of Maryland and Wiley of Wisconsin have joined the demand that Dr. Well, Hungarian minister who supervised the drugging of Cardinal Mindszenty, be sent back to Hungary... For two weeks Senator McCarthy tried to hire a new stenographer. Four girls backed out when they learned who their boss was going to be... Congratulations to Sgt. William Barnes of Clarksdale, Miss., just back from Korea, for spending his first leave at home collecting clothing for Korea's ragged children... Treasury agents are preparing for a sweeping, nationwide crackdown on liquor dealers who have been evading the new whisky tax. About 10,000 cases of whisky will be seized in raids on dealers who have falsified inventories to escape taxation... The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem was barred from Egypt because he appears to be in the pay of Soviet Russia just as he once took money from Hitler. The Grand Mufti has organized a Communist Mohammedan university in Warsaw, Poland, in order to spread Communism in the Mohammedan world.

TAFT MEMO ON IKE
Though Senator Taft issued a public denial in New Hampshire that he had attacked General Eisenhower, there is no question but that he has been knifing Ike's problems getting sufficient steel, aluminum and copper. Though copper still was tight, all auto executives replied that they had ample supplies of steel and aluminum. "The mills are now trying to sell us steel," commented Duffy of

CUTIES
Ben Bernie's widder (Wes) won't come to town because Billy Rose wants to serve her in his divorce suit. She is Eleanor Holm's best girl-pal... The name "Hoin" apparently doesn't bother Billy Celeste, that is, the only thing retarding Celeste's divorce is the cash settlement... Crime Doesn't Pay? How about Sen. Kefauver's \$1,500 fee per speech along the lecture circuit?... Ethel Waters, the star (now 58), is considering retirement according to chums... His other flames wonder who the doll is in Rome that ex-Ambassador to Madrid S. Griffin used to send his plane for... It's a son for Marion Bell and her groom on the coast. She was the "Bride of the Sea"... It's a 7th son for the Ed. Joyce at Columbia Medical Center. Makes 2 in the brood... The Lenox Hill Hospital elevator man, stepping at the Blessed Event floor, says: "This way to the Stork Club!"

The Veterans of Foreign War chiefs will expect Eisenhower here in mid-April. To lead their Loyalty Day Parade which he will not use as a campaign kickoff... Susan York, whose second novel, "Kissed to Mine Enemies," came out last week, kept her divorce and re-merger's secret... Sen. Finley

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Frank is a slave to a foolish fear about hair. Thousands of you readers also are unhappy either because you have a hair phobia or his very opposite. Read this column regularly and you'll gain a broader perspective. It will help you banish your complexes.

CASE D-305: Frank M., aged 28, is a professional man. "Dr. Crane, he has a strange complex," his wife informed me. "Frank is handsome and athletic, but I can't get him to go in bathing at the beach. "During our courtship, I noticed this but thought little of it for he made the excuse that the water was bad for his sinus. "Now he has actually confessed his real reason. He is ashamed to have people see him in bathing trunks because he has a lot of hair on his chest. "But isn't this silly in a grown man who has a doctor's degree?"

USE HORSE SENSE
The human race seems never satisfied with what it has. While Frank and many other men are unduly sensitive because they have hair on their chests, there are complexes based on a lack of hair on the chest. Inded, this very week I have encountered a number of letters from readers who are shunning athletics because they do NOT have hair on their chests! And if men are sensitive concerning such minor conditions of their skin, just imagine how women react!

Why, girls will often postpone marriage and manufacture the most bizarre excuses for so doing. When we psychologists analyze their excuses, we often find that they simply have a few hairs on their breasts and feel that their prospective husbands will be shocked thereby.

WHY BE ALIKE
Or they may have excess hair on their legs, or a little fuzz on their upper lip, resembling a man's mustache. Their complaints are usually greatly exaggerated, for the defect which they suffer is generally insignificant. But it is typical of people to magnify medical mole-hills into mountains. Yet these same girls may use coarse language or tell risque stories, or suck on a cigarette, or swallow down hard liquor, which habits are far more masculinizing in their psychological effect than a little fuzz on the lip or some hairs on the legs or breasts. But people as a rule crave to follow the crowd. If advertisers suggest that "big shots" smoke of drink, then they stamped to follow suit. Why, even the tall person stoops and becomes round shouldered as he chronically endeavors to get down to 5' 8", the average height. Meanwhile, the short fellow stretches his utmost and even employs high heels in order to get up to that 5' 8" average.

SILLY SHEEP
Girls know that tobacco is neither pleasant to the taste nor conducive to their feminine appeal, but like sheep they follow the call of the tobacco advertiser. And the less individuality a girl possesses, the easier it is to stampede her with the herd. The average girl thus is afraid to stand out from the crowd, so she avidly follows any whim of the dress and hat designers or the advertisers of liquor, red nail polish and tobacco. People who adopt bad habits simple because the mode is depicted as indulging in those habits, are basically afraid. They are timid sheep. God must want us to be different or our fingerprints would all be alike. Our personalities are also never the same. So don't try to be a silly sheep. Stand out as a distinctive personality. Be constructively different. Send for my 100-point rating scale, "TESTS FOR SWEET-HEARTS," enclosing a stamped return envelope, plus a dime.

"Mary Hawthorth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

GIRL 21 IS OUTRAGED BY BROTHER'S INTENT TO MARRY, WHICH LEAVES HER ALONE IN FAMILY HOUSE, UP FOR SALE.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am a girl 21, living with my brother, 24, in the house that belongs to my father's estate and is up for sale. We were a closely knit family when my parents were alive; but my brother plans to marry in June, and during his courtship we have drifted apart. It seems that Ken's fiancée is pulling him away from his family; and while I know they have their own life to lead, I think they might have included me in some of their social activities, knowing that I am alone.

They intend to buy a house when they marry, and now it comes out that I am not to live with them. They didn't consult me, just Kay's family—yet they knew I'd have no place to go after our house is sold. My married sister has no room for me, as she lives in an apartment with her in-laws; and on a recent visit she broached the subject of where I am to live after Ken marries. This was the first time the question has been brought out in the open, between Kay, Ken and us. Kay tearfully and defiantly said she wouldn't have me, or anyone, live with them.

I realize they should live alone; but don't you think they might have declared themselves earlier—instead of waiting until the wedding day, practically? The problem isn't so much my living with them—I wouldn't for anything! But the principle of the thing! Ken's not thinking of my welfare, nor telling me his plans. My sister was so angry she said we wouldn't attend the wedding; and next day Kay's mother informed us that the wedding was off in that case. So we make up with Ken, realizing he is torn between his fiancée and us.

To top all this, my telephoned me to ask me to be a bridesmaid, and I said I'd let her know. That was a month ago, and I haven't heard from her (or her family) since. I feel a bride should choose her attendants from her friends, and I know she does not regard me as a friend—nor do I want to be a new Billingsley's chief aide... Is fortune-bound via a new sun-lan (his) at your age. You aren't a two-year-old; you are 21—on the threshold of womanhood.

HER GRIEVANCE ISN'T SIBSITELY
You are making a psychopathic nuisance of yourself in respect to Kay, owing to feeling meanly jealous of your brother's love for her. And in relation to him, you are creating a disturbance that isn't your business. It may nearly resemble the performance of a rejected sweetheart or disappointed spinster, whose idea of new the code there's no sense in your theory that Ken should have cut you in on his courtship with Kay. If you are lonely and have time on your hands, that's your problem (not Ken's) at your age. You aren't a two-year-old; you are 21—on the threshold of womanhood.

In the final analysis, your grievance boils down to a woman who Ken thinks more of Kay than he does of you; and the great to-do about where you will live is merely a club with which to browbeat him for loving her. As you know the steak \$8 for lamb chops... Car-toonist Bob Dunn, out of Roosevelt Hospital, says the Republicans re-not settling like an infant who wants a change of diapers. M. H.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON—Last time I wrote a piece about Nellie Taylor Ross, economical housewife, a manufacturer of money, she was handing Congress back \$1,000,000, she couldn't use in her nickel-and-dime factories. This, at the time, was big news.

No other bureaucrat in memory of the oldest man ever had returned any part of any appropriation, even if he had to sit up nights figuring out new ways to spend it. The Congressmen were amazed at the way Mrs. Ross had pinched the pennies of her own manufacture. That was two years ago.

Now I regret to report that our economical director of the mint, through no fault of her own, has had to ask the lawyers for an extra \$465,000. Mostly to make more of those pennies she likes to count. This has saddened her. It also made her sick.

When time came for her to appear before her Congressional admirers, the bright-eyed Mrs. R. was home in bed. She sent up her assistant, Dr. Leland Howard, who reported she "feared she'd better not show up because she'd be doing more sniffling than talking. Dr. Howard, himself one of the world's leading authorities on coinage, carried on.

Everything was going fine down at the mint, he said, until suddenly there developed this amazing demand for pennies. He figures this was on account of sales taxes, six-cent soda pop, and 13 cent streetcar fares. Whatever the reason, he had to put the one-cent department on double shift and still, as of now, he's got to manufacturing 240,000,000 extra coins in a hurry, mostly pennies. This costs money in large chunks.

For the last six months there has been such a serious shortage of coins of all kinds that mints have been rationing them. Mrs. Ross has appealed to hoarders of same to empty their old fruit jars, but this hasn't been of much help. Rep. Gordon Canfield (R., N. J.) a recent caller at the Philadelphia Mint, had another idea.

"We have been led to believe that the chief offenders in the withholding of coins have been the children of America," he said. "Reference has been made repeatedly to coins being cached in piggy banks."

Now it turns out, according to the superintendent of the Philadelphia money factory, that the banks are to blame, he said. When they ship back a sack of beaten-up old coins for redemption, they include up to 30 percent of perfectly good, spendable money. This looked mighty slipshod to him.

Dr. Howard didn't believe it, but said he'd investigate. The gentleman wondered how come he had such a whopping surplus of silver dollars. The answer was simple. Until 1942 there had to be an actual silver dollar for every paper one in circulation. It was against the law to melt down one of the cartwheels. Made an awful shambles, too, Dr. H. said.

He stored 'em in canvas bags, and after 25 years or so of sitting in one place, the sacks would disintegrate. Then you'd move a few and spew dollars all over the floor. He knows about this. He used to have to sweep 'em up and count 'em.

Since 1942 it has been legal to back currency with silver in bars. Dr. Howard and Co. melted down 60,000,000 silver dollars, but he still has 300,000,000 of them left. No telling when he'll ever have to

make another, despite a steady demand from the West.

The gentlemen wondered by Westerners liked cartwheels. Dr. Howard said he guessed he might as well be frank.

These dollars make very good poker chips because you cannot counterfeit them very easily," he said. "They are used extensively throughout the Rocky Mountain region."

There's no doubt that he and Mrs. Ross will get their penny-making money. In case they don't need it all, Congress has every confidence that Mrs. R. will return the change.