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Every afternoon, Monday through Friday

WE ARE MET TODAY ON FORM 1040

Today is that day, that terrible day, that black day for the taxpayers.

Today is the final day that American taxpayers have to file their income tax report and turn over their hard-earned dollars to a wasteful, extravagant government.

Citizens used to pay Federal taxes willingly and with pride. But, today, the burden is so great that all people stop to wonder and question, "Is such as this really necessary? Is my money being spent wisely?"

Not that it will sooth your feelings or ease the pain on your pocket, but we reprint herewith from Time Magazine a taxpayer's parody of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:

"One score and nineteen years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this nation a new tax, conceived in desperation and dedicated to the proposition that all men are fair game. Now we are engaged in a great mass of calculations, testing whether this taxpayer, or any taxpayer so confused and so impoverished, can long endure.

"We are met on Form 1040. We have come to dedicate a large portion of our income to a final resting place with those men who here spend their lives that they may spend our money. It it altogether anguish and torture that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot evade, we cannot cheat, we cannot underestimate this tax. The collectors, clever and sly, who compute here, have gone far beyond our poor power to add and subtract.

"Our creditors will little note nor long remember what we pay here, but the Bureau of Internal Revenue can never forget what we report here.

"It is not for us, the taxpayers, to question the tax which the Government has thus far ignobly spent. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these vanishing dollars we take increased devotion to the few remaining — that we here highly resolve that next year will not find us in the higher income bracket, that this taxpayer, underpaid, shall figure out more deductions, and that this tax of the people, by the Congress, for the Government, shall not cause solvency to perish."

Pretty Hostess

(Continued from page one)

During one of these periods of depression she took his gun away from him, she said.

After their long discussion in the car, he ordered her to go in and get his gun "or I'll kick your teeth in," Miss Tracy said.

She left and returned a few minutes later with the gun.

"He opened the door on the driver's side," she said in her confession, "and I opened the door on the other side.

"I took the gun from my pocket and fired.

"I fired the gun until it would not fire any more.

"All I heard him say was, 'No, Tracy . . . No, Tracy!' "

She fired seven shots. Six of the shots struck Keil.

Sobbing, she told police she killed him because "I knew shooting him was my only chance to live."

Keil died a short time later at St. Louis County Hospital.

Sons Of Erin

(Continued from page one)

sit down in that soft chair at City Hall will be to give the other 30 street cleaners the day off," Early said.

Board To Hold

(Continued from page one)

not passed state licenses requirements.

Fluoridation: Reports from the State Board of Health relative to the addition of fluorine to the communal water supplies of Dunn.

Report on the American Fine Insurance Group in which the insurance on our fire trucks has been increased.

Electric Motor and Repair of Raleigh through a Mr. Ward asks us whether we wish to quote him a price we will take for our 60 h. p. water pump we have just removed from the water plant.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON. — I'm not too certain why the Treasury Department thought Paul Hofrichter would make a good income tax collector; perhaps the management figured if he didn't get the money he could take it out of the people's hides.

Paul's major qualification for a job with the Internal Revenue Bureau seemed to be that he was handy with his fists. As Paul Hofi, he was a welterweight prize fighter. So he became a clerk 25 years ago in the New York tax office.

Now, a quarter of a century later, he's still a clerk, or would be, if the Treasury hadn't fired him on charges of living too high off the hog. That was about a month ago. So the subcommittee of Rep. Cecil King (Dem. Calif.) called him in to see if he could explain. He most certainly could. The moral seemed to be that anybody as lucky as Paul was wasting his time working for the government at $8,600 a year.

Paul still seemed young and light on his feet; the only thing that made him stumble was questions about where did he get all his money. Take last year.

He bought a $15,000 house and put up a $5,000 down payment in long green. He spent $4,400 for furniture; $258.30 for wallpaper he bought through an interior decorator; $860 for draperies; $355 for a refrigerator; $1,250 for carpets; $423 for a television set; $154 for a gas range; $165 for storm windows; $400 for fixing up the basement; $2,600 for a Chevrolet [illegible] took another [illegible] this Paul admitted, after [illegible] with the two lawyers, [illegible] committee counsel [illegible] where did he get [illegible] Hofrichter's face turned a little pinker, but he said the answer was easy: betting on the horses and the fights.

"I'd meet this bookmaker at lunch," he said. "I must have made about $7,500 on the horse races. He'd give me tips, information on which horse was going to win."

The Congressmen were astounded. Who was this generous bookbaker? A fellow named Packy, said Paul. The statesmen said they'd never heard of a bookie like that.

"Well, it was a fair trade," said this ex-revenue man. "I used to pick the fights for him. I could tell him which man would win. I had a very high rating on that. And I guess I made the rest of my money on the fights."

Tax agent Hofrichter said his biggest win was $1,400, one day last summer.

"What horse?" wondered Rep. Carl T. Curtis (R., Neb.). Paul said he didn't rightly remember.

"You mean to say you won $1,400 on a horse and you can't remember his name?" exploded Rep. Robert W. Kean (R., N. J.). Paul said he just couldn't.

"But you must have felt very friendly toward that horse," Rep. Kean insisted.

"Well," said our tax collector, "I don't remember that once, but I do remember another horse that won me $1,000. It was called Mah Heavens." He spelled it out: M-a-h Heavens.

"A Southern horse, I guess," he said.

Paul went on to say that he didn't accurately answer the Congressional questionnaire as to his net income, because he didn't like the way the questions were put. If they'd been asked in a nicer way, he said, he'd have replied more carefully.

That's it. Paul's no longer in the tax-collecting business; the boss figured his lunch-hour operations didn't exactly jibe with his official work. Fair enough. Seems to me he never should have taken a government job in the first place. He could have spent the last 25 years in the grandstand, watching those nags support him in style.

These Days

By Sokolsky

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

A committee of the United Nations has been in session for several years, considering the problem of freedom of information. The idea is that the United Nations, by universay treaty, will set up standards determining the nature and character of freedom of the press for the entire world. The American representative on this committee has been Carroll Binder, of the Minneapolis Tribune, a competent editor.

It has been obvious from the start that the real objective of this committee has not been freedom but suppression of freedom of the press in the interest of governments. Whereas Mr. Binder has been laboring to explain that freedom means freedom for the individual, most of the European and Asiatic delegates seem to understand that freedom means freedom for government.

We have here a conflict in the basic philosophy of life—a conflict which has plagued the United States since Franklin D. Roosevelt missed its import at Teheran in 1943.

The American press does not assure its readers that its news is correct or true. It simply says: here is the way we present it and you can buy other newspapers and magazines; you can listen to radio and television. You can make up your own mind. The varieties of data and presentation will produce, in time, the truth.

Granted that sometimes the press is excessive in editorializing news reports, a habit into which the Associated Press has fallen with a prodigality of adjectives, actually no one is forced to do anything. No one is forced to buy anything; anyone can refrain even from reading or listening. Some of our professors even boast that they never read newspapers; the ants and bees and atoms give them all the news they want.

The United Nations crowd does not agree that freedom involves the right to do as one wills, provided the doer assumes full responsibility for his conduct. Carroll Binder once explained their problem in these words:

"These governments are engaged in a terrifying experiment to condition the minds of hundreds of millions of persons in an attempt to make them respond automatically to the commands of their rulers. In their hands information has been transformed from a means of enlightenment and understanding into a political weapon taking any for mor shape required by the situation. It has become a knife to assassinate reputations, a drug to dull the senses, or a poison to instill suspicion and fear."

It is interesting that one of the phases of journalism that this United Nations committee wants to suppress is the peepholers on the ground that they disclose the private doings of public characters. The theory is that character assassination is accomplished by telling what the great men do in private, as, for instance, a report on what George Allen says to Harry Truman about Ike Eisenhower at a poker game. This should be strictly secret, they feel.

Of course, the peepholers are, in a sense, dangerous—but their danger is not that they tell the truth about public figures—or even falsehoods—butt hat they build up synthetic personalities, by popularizing immorality. Such emphasis may distort the attitudes of children and adults with childlike minds.

Nevertheless, the peepholer has his place in journalism because he does give the public the small items of gossip for which the free human soul has a craving—even as you and I who maybe should know better.

In a free society such as ours, if this element of journalism requires a cleansing bath, public opinion will do it when it is ready. Divorce, for instance, cannot long remain of equal merit with marriage and those peepholers will ultimately prosper who have a regard for human decency. The public, in a free country, not the government, will decide that.

The worship of government by so many United Nations delegates is a real peril to free peoples because they put their slavish theories into treaties, employing the Aesoplan language of diplomacy. Once such a treaty is signed by our President and ratified by the Senate, it is American law and will be enforced by our courts.

From the standpoint of American theory, it is preferable to have a bad free press than a government-controlled press. Ultimately, indecent journalism, untruthful, propagandistic journalism will kill itself by the ordinary process of sales resistance; but a government-controlled press leads to tyranny, to the enslavepent of the people by their own officials.

MISTER BREGER

"Hi, Hildegarde an' Jack—sorry I can only stay a minute!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON.—A group of steel executives sat in OPS headquarters the other day listening to OPS officials explain a nice new price formula by which the steel companies would get a price increase under the Capehart amendment.

Most of the steel executives looked bored, twiddled their fingers, gazed out the window.

Reason for looking out the window was not the approach of spring on the mall outside, but because it has become apparent that the steel industry is not going to accept a modest price increase merely under the Capehart amendment but wants a larger price increase above and beyond this to compensate for a pending wage boost.

So what the bored looks on steel executives' faces meant was that the American steel industry is heading for one of the biggest strikes the nation has seen in the last decade.

Here are the factors which make that strike just about as certain as the setting of the sun tonight:

15½ CENT WAGE BOOST

1. THE WAGE STABILIZATION BOARD IS RECOMMENDING A WAGE INCREASE FOR STEEL WORKERS of about fifteen and a half cents an hour. This increase is based on accepted cost-of-living indexes and the fact that other workers, such as General Motors, have enjoyed regular wage boosts while steel workers have been tied down with a long-term contract.

2. THE OFFICE OF PRICE STABILIZATION WILL OPPOSE ANY PRICE BOOST TO COMPENSATE FOR THIS WAGE INCREASE.

OPS will permit a price increase under the Capehart amendment which probably will average out at around $2.49 a ton. However, the Capehart amendment covers cost of production increases only between the start of the Korean war and July 1951. It does not include cost of production increases since last July. Therefore, the recommended wage boost is not covered by the Capehart amendment.

That was why steel executives looked so bored when they met with OPS officials last week. They were not particularly interested in the Capehart amendment increase which is decreed by law and which they knew they were going to get. What they were interested in was a price increase to take care of the expected wage hike. This they knew they were not going to get.

What they wanted was not $2.49 a ton increase, but from $6 to $10 a ton price increase.

And they knew they were not going to get this because the matter has been discussed backward and forward inside the Truman administration, and such friends of industry as defense mobilization Charles E. Wilson and economic stabilizer Roger Putnam, with ex-Gov. Ellis Arnall of Georgia, now price administrator, have decided against them.

They have decided first that steel profits had skyrocketed so high that there was ample margin to absorb the wage increase. They also decided that an increase in the price of steel would knock a hole as big as a barn-door in the side of price controls, and touch off a new wave of inflation.

SKYROCKETING PROFITS

Before he left OPS, ex-price czar Di Salle sent a confidential memo to his superiors which read:

"Steel industry profits are running far above the industry earnings standard which ESA has instructed me to use as a test for decisions on price increases. The excess above that standard is so large that the industry clearly can absorb any reasonably probable wage increase with a substantial margin left over for other cost increases.

"If a price increase were granted in spite of the industry's ability to absorb," Di Salle continued, "the most serious consequences for the stabilization program must be envisaged."

Meanwhile, stabilization officials note a significant and vitally important contrast between the attitude of labor and industry in the steel dispute. Whereas industry leaders have been cool and uncooperative, Phil Murray, head of the CIO United Steel Workers, three times has postponed a strike waiting for the government to reach a decision.

This means, according to high-placed stabilization leaders, that industry, not labor, will be striking aginst the government—if it fails to accept the government's wage recommendations. That's also why, for the first time, there's talk of the government seizing the steel plants, not in a move against labor, but in a move against industry.

At any rate, the showdown date is this week-end, and if the government doesn't step in, fires in the blast furnaces will start being banked day after tomorrow.

WASHINGTON PIPELINE

Senator Butler, the new Republican from Maryland, who McCarthy used to defeat Senator Tydings, is still jittery over what the Justice Department will do about the Maryland election scandals. Butler has written a letter to Senate colleagues virtually asking if they egged the FBI into probing his campaign expenditures. . . . Credit Congressman Cecil King with tipping the scales for Civil Service for tax collectors. His radio appeal, on top of his tax-corruption probe, helped defeat even such powerful senators as George of Georgia and Millikin of Colorado. . . . Real reason why GOP senators McCarthy and Mundt went after Newbold Morris so hard was to head off any probe of certain senators. They know that if Morris ever gets sub-

(Continued on Page 8)

CUTIES

"Look, dear . . . he has your sense of humor!"

Walter Winchell In New York

WALTER WINCHELL

The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse program cancelled "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the grounds that "it is too controversial" . . . . The American Legion will beat its drums for "My Son John," the Helen Hayes film, because of its handling of Reds . . . . Showmen wonder why ANTA's matinee seats for "Golden Boy" should sell for $4.60 when "South Pacific" (with stars) charges lots less . . . . FRD gets the heftiest handclapping in the current newsreel flashbacks of candidates. . . The revival of "Pal Joey" at the Broadhurst is doing a mightier box office business than the original. The high spots remain the contagious songs of Rodgers & Hart. . . . Equity revealed that the average player worked only 10 weeks last season. You can't eat greasepaint. . . . . Truman Capote, an astrology devotee, refused to let "The Grass Harp" go into rehearsal until the stars above "were favorable" . . . The only theater in town where the actors' calls (half hour and 15 minutes!) are announced in French is at the fulton, where "Gigi" is the hit. To maintain the Parisian atmosphere.

"The Continental," the character via the cameras who coos at females, has been attracting considerable attention in the papers and mags. Harriet Van Horne, the teevy reporter, described him as just another headwaiter you might encounter in the 52nd Street places. How he manages to do his stuff with a straight face eludes the giggler. . . Katharine Cornell told an interviewer she reads only the good notices. Snubs the snubs. . . . Tthe new Normandie movie temple on West 57th Street is snazzy. It's coffee lounge is more lavish than many swank spots. . . . The camera work is de luxe over at "Viva Zapata." Some of the photographic stunners are worth framing. Downright artistic. . . Have a skeleton-rattler: Theater Arts mag disclosed that Herald Trib drama critic Kerr co-authored 3 Broadway flops. . . The upcoming drama called "Josephine" will revolve about a 16-year-old harlot . . Oh, please!

DeMille's "Greatest Show On Earth" (his 69th film) is characteristically colossal. It includes 85 circus acts. . . One of Time mag's reviewer listed every flaw in a film before the final line described it as "slick entertainment" . . Sam Goldwyn is no easy audience. Twenty-two scripts of his "Hans Christian Anderson" picture were discarded before one was considered usable . . . Add songs that rate being encored: Gershwin's delightful "Someone to Watch Over Me" . . . Leo McCarey had only partially completed "My Son John" (starring Helen Hayes) when Robert Walker died. The studio not only found someone with a voice like Walker's but also a visual double. . . Sol Lesser, producer of the Tarzan films, is on the prowl for an unusual girl for his next RKOpus, "Cave Girl." he must swim like a fish, run like a deer, fight like a tiger, climb like a monkey and hug like a bear.

June Allyson rates a cookie for candor. Described her film, "Too Young to Kiss," as "awful." June is always expert even when the scripts betray her. . . If you lose courage easily, paste this on your typewriter: Six years went into the writing and re-writing of S. N. Behrman's play, "Jane," before it entered the Main Arena . . . Fred Robbins, of the disc-jockey tribe, is the glibbest. He articulates attractively on "Songs for Sale" . . . What interested us most while viewing newsmen was Don Hollenbeck's delivery via CBS. The legend (among some teevy people) is that newsmen shouldn't read the bulletins. Hollenbeck reads them and gives the impression of authenticity. . . The fellows who read theirs from teleprinters look worried. As though the machines (out of the viewer's sight) might break down and then what?. . . The one to feel sorry for is the masculine chap whose lips often make like a nance.

George Britton's pinxaing in "South Pacific" is fine. A lusty voice that gives out with thunderous vibrations. . . . The songs from "Paint Your Wagon" are all glistenable, but our pet is "I Loved You Once and I Always Will". . . . The movie industry is in for a terrific further upswing at the expense of teevy. . . "The Barrets of Wimpole Street" was rejected by 27 producers before it became a super-click. . . . A bargain is the album called "Lena Horne Sings." You should hear the way she fondles "Where Or When" . . . . If you are in the word business the all night NBC symphony makes a delightful accompaniment for playing the typewriter. . . . Shakespeare was a show-out. From "Love's Labour Lost": "Thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus". . . Onewjookabere!

"The Shrike," starring Jose Ferrer, is romping along to hefty business and will rate high among the top mints. This thrillodrama was produced for less than $50,000. . . . The difference between klieg lights and footlights: The "Hans Christian Andersen" film has one setting that cost $300,000. That's the price of the average Broadway musical show. . . Shelly Winters, the Poor Man's Tallulah (and her romancing), is the theme for several current movie mag features. Bombshelly. . . . Showfolks back from abroad are still in stitches over the British actors heard on Orson Welles' radio drama offerings. They impersonate American gangsters with What-Ho! accents . . . . The new torchant called "Did Anyone Call?" as Rosemary Clooney renders it, is the sort of song you want to hear again. . . . Peggy Lee comes over the teevy set gracefully, too. She looks like the girl most girl singers wish they looked like.

The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Look around your neighborhood. Do bachelors or married men look older? And how about spinsters versus housewives? Wives, beware of taking men's arguments seriously! Give a man children regardless of his protest.

CASE D-307: Hilda R., aged 46, recently came to me in tears.

"Dr. Crane, my husband says he is getting a divorce," she sobbed, "for he insists that he wants to have children.

"Well, I always wished to have babies and tried to persuade him to let me have them while I was young.

"But for 20 years he insisted he didn't want any 'brats' messing up the house and crying at all hours so he couldn't sleep.

"After many futile attempts, I finally gave up and reconciled myself to a childless home. But I have done everything else in my power to be a good wife to my husband.

"Now he suddenly decides he wants an heir and blames me for not having given him one. He says if I had borne him some children, he wouldn't divorce me now.

"But it was all his fault that we didn't have babies, yet he seems conveniently to forget that fact and thrusts all the blame on me."

WIVES, BEWARE

Cases like Hilda's are constantly coming to Marriage Counsellors, so I am citing her dilemma as a warning to you younger wives.

Men are often very illogical creatures. They may protest disinterest in babies but if you give them a couple, they will usually be quite delighted with the children.

However, if you take them at their word, as Hilda did, they may later turn upon you and criticize you because they say you cheated them out of a family.

So play the batting averages and have your children, despite your husband's grumbling protests.

It's far better to have a minor quarrel at this time than later to suffer a divorce because you are too old to bear children.

YOUTH TONICS

Children also serve as a youth tonic for your middle age!

They even give parents a much better understanding of medical problems, for you get to see measles and chicken pox, mumps and whooping cough at first hand.

They stimulate our thinking, too, by their constant queries, so we must consult an encyclopedia to satisfy their demands.

In addition, they make us better citizens, for we become more critical of unprotected street crossings or railroad tracks. We also note the presence of taverns and other dangerous elements in our community.

Because we realize it is right and proper to give them a sound, moral training, we send them to Sunday School.

And if they complain that we parents stay at home, many of us thereupon snap out of our lethargy to set our youngsters a good example on Sunday.

Even our vocabulary improves, too, for we dare not teach our children the rough or vulgar speech that might otherwise issue from our lips.

HAVE THREE CHILDREN

They also keep our attention extroverted upon the current generation and its problems. So we watch the school athletic events and keep abreast of social affairs of young people.

Besides, they make parents less likely to quarrel, for adults will often hesitate to flaunt their private feuds in front of young children.

Unfortunately, they don't curb parents entirely, but they do exercise a wholesome partial restraint in this regard.

If you want to grow old prematurely, don't have children. Then you will become almost as set in your ways and as out of contact with reality as the typical spinster or bachelor.

But if you wish to stay young, have at least three children so they can keep your attention off your own aches and pains and on the more constructive things of life.

To improve your batting average as good parents, send for my 100-point "Tests for Fathers and Mothers," enclosing a stamped return envelope plus a dime.

"Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

YOUNG MATRON LONGS TO ESCAPE HER PARENTS' HOME WHERE SHE IS STYMIED BY PAMPERING.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My husband and I and our twin daughters, age 3, live with my parents in a large modern house. All my life I have dreamed of having my own home—but the family does not respect my desires. There is no financial problem involved, and my husband and my parents are very contented that we are all together.

When I talk to mother about leaving her and starting housekeeping on my own, she cries and says she cannot bear to be in this big house alone. We lost my two brothers in the late war and she took their loss very hard. My little girls have given her another interest, and she devotes a great deal of time to them, reading to them, putting them to bed and the like.

I guess I am a little jealous, because realizing what mother has been through, I resent her being so nice to my children, and doing the things I would like to do. She is a wonderful woman and I wouldn't want to hurt her for the world. She does so much for me that I really feel ashamed of my attitde, of wanting to break away and be on my own,—especially when the whole family is against me.

My husband will not let me go to work and leave the children with my mother; and I feel left out at home, although there is close harmony amongst us. Am I selfish in wanting to be independent? If so, is there some way I can overcome this frustrated feeling? You may feel that my problem is too small to consider; but I do hope you will advise me.—A. Y.

SHE IS CAUGHT IN BEAR TRAP

DEAR A. Y.: Actually you have a very big problem. The family group in which you live, in captive role, is denying you the experience of growth—towards self reliance, psychological maturity, social effectiveness, satisfactory relatedness, contributive value to others, etc.

In many respects you are treated as negligently, by parents and husband, as if you were non-existent—at least, as an adult candidate for privileges and responsibilities suited to your literal status as wife and mother. Thus there is real justification for your sense being "left out" (of inner circles) at home;—even though you are pampered to some extent by coercive "smother"-love that won't let you function as a capable woman.

As matters stand, you are being callously sacrificed to the co-equal selfishness of your mother and your husband, each of whom would "possess" you as an accessory to their own comfort; and neither of whom is willing to adapt, constructively, to your needs of development.

MOM IS TRYING TO EVADE LIFE

Without knowing what she is doing or why, your mother is putting on a pigmy performance of that legendary king who ordered the ocean tides to recede. She is trying to "arrest" the swift flow of life, the onward march of the generations. She is trying to turn back the clock in her experience, to the phase when her children were small and dependent, and her home a teeming center of events, in which she was the important figure—having authority over all that affected the children.

Granted that the loss of her sons was a mighty blow, still it doesn't entitle her to consume your life, figuratively, as if in recompense. Had the boys survived the war, presumably they would have married and migrated to homes of their own in time. (Or would she have held them in thrall too, making them nonentities under her wing?). The inner significance of her behaviour is, simply, rigidity. She refuses to adjust to the seasons of life,—and "wills" it to be early summer as autumn advances.

Like your mother, your husband is trying to evade the impact of life. He wants the perquisites of manhood and conjugality, without quitting the cocoon of childhood. Hence he snuggles up to your parents, instead of getting on his feet. He feels safe in the bear trap and forbids you to work, lest growing independence on your part disturb his "security" arrangement. My advice is, get a job,—as a first, bold obstinate step in finding yourself.—M. H.