

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 BY CARRIER: 20 cents per week; \$8.50 per year in advance; \$5 for three months; \$3 for six months
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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

Waste Creates Corruption

Defenders of the proposed Federal budget frequently challenge critics to point out specific places where substantial cuts can be made without weakening essential government activities. And sometimes they get away with this challenge, for the reason that the budget is so complex that the average man can hardly make head or tail of it.

Luckily, however, there are experts who can read and analyze even an \$85,000,000,000 budget, and find out where money would be needlessly squandered. One such expert is Senator Byrd, who has specialized in fiscal matters during his whole public career. The Senator has submitted a detailed, step-by-step trimming program which would reduce the budget as a whole by the huge sum of \$8,600,000,000. Other individuals and organizations have also presented detailed analyses showing where the budget can be reduced by comparable amounts—without eliminating or in any way weakening "necessary" government undertakings and policies.

These cuts take various forms. Some are simply designed to rid the government of routine administrative waste, resulting from duplication of effort, inefficient purchasing methods, excesses of red-tape, and so on. Others go farther and would prevent the government from spending our tax money on jobs that should and can be done by private enterprise. These last would do more than just save money, important as that is—they would be a barrier to the blight of state socialism that has grown like a fungus over the past 20 years.

A wasteful government inevitably becomes a corrupt government—as recent sordid revelations of scandals and graft in high places have proved. And a corrupt government can destroy a nation. All the signs indicate that the American people are awakening to that fact at last.

We Need These Taxpayers

There is one little matter the drum-beaters for socialized electric service always try to sidestep. It's what happens when taxpaying enterprise is supplanted by tax-free, tax-eating enterprise.

As a good example, take a California power and light company, Pacific Gas & Electric Co. This concern pays \$2 in taxes every time the clock ticks. Last year, its total taxes were close to \$66,000,000, which works out to something more than \$180,000 for every day of the year.

Taxes are the company's largest single item of operating expense. In 1951, they exceeded by over \$14,000,000 the payroll for all employees save those engaged in construction. And they exceeded by more than \$25,000,000 the total paid in dividends to the 188,463 people who own the company.

This utility pays property taxes in 48 of the state's 58 counties. And in several of the counties it pays over 50 per cent of the total taxes collected—that is, more than all the other taxpayers combined.

All over the United States power companies, regardless of their size, are among the largest and most dependable taxpayers. On the average, substantially more than 20 per cent of all the money these utilities take in goes out for taxes. Every time they improve and expand their facilities new taxable assets are created—and every unit of government, from the village to Washington, D. C., benefits financially.

Contrast this with socialism, which levies heavier and heavier taxes on the people—and destroys our liberties with our money!

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON.—Old friend of mine in Pittsburgh has a son I hadn't seen since he was wearing socks and Buster Brown suits. So the son married the most beautiful girl in the world and headed for Washington on his honeymoon.

Even the Senators, who only a few weeks back were orating before nearly empty galleries, now have S. R. O. audiences. Most of our restaurants have lines of the hungry waiting for seats.

The hardships for a tourist without iron-clad reservations are considerable, but I must report that a visit here now is worth the effort. I don't believe Washington ever has been so beautiful.

Flowers all over the place, including those late-growing, orange-colored tulips the Dutch sent over to cheer up their Queen. The landscape artists who went to work at the White House after the bulldozers got through with their \$8,000,000 remodeling job were bell ringers for sure. The turf looks like it had been there a century; you'd never guess that the mighty boxwood bushes around the front were installed only a couple of weeks ago. The place is so doggone magnificent it hardly looks real; squint your eyes a little and you'd think you were looking at a picture postcard.

All this salubrious atmosphere I guess is impressive largely because it is so brief. In another couple of weeks our town gets hot and stays that way. Middle comes in all my days here, but down in the double lines on Capitol Hill, at Pennsylvania Avenue gets a piz-



By Sokolsky

CROSBY ON THE FBI

Men do get excited on these television panel programs and say more than they planned to. So it seems that John Crosby, the radio and television expert of the New York Herald Tribune, got all excited on the "Author Meets the Critics" program, which these days booms with controversial ineptitudes.

His desire was to denounce his opponent, Ted Kirkpatrick of "Counterattack" and "Red Channels," which is anyone's privilege. Instead Crosby walloped the FBI, to which service Kirkpatrick once belonged. Crosby has since apologized for so heated and careless a remark as this:

"Everybody was in the FBI during the war. It was a way of getting out of the army. We have copy boys on our paper who were in the FBI during the war."

On September 6, 1939, to the FBI's duties in the criminal field was added the responsibility of guarding the internal security of the nation. This required a rapid build-up of its forces, which could not be done with a lowering of qualifications, as that would defeat itself.

No man could serve in the FBI who had not been especially trained. Once appointed, the new agents were sent to the FBI Academy, located on the Marine base at Quantico, Virginia. Here they were given an intensive course of instructions. Classes were from nine in the morning until nine at night. Already qualified as lawyers or accountants or college graduates with specialized skills, they were trained as expert investigators and they quacked as experts in firearms—the Thompson sub-machine gun, the rifle, the shotgun and the pistol. A daily class in athletics training kept them in trim.

When war came, these men were engaged in tasks which were an essential part of any war, namely, guarding against espionage, sabotage, subversion. They were deferred from the armed services because they were actually doing war work. General Lewis B. Hershey, director of the selective service system, issued this memorandum on the subject:

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation is charged with the responsibility of investigating all violations of Federal statutes, and has further been charged with responsibility in matters pertaining to the national defense, including espionage, sabotage, and subversion. As a part of its duty the bureau receives and maintains extensive fingerprint records. In the present national emergency, the duties of the Federal Bureau of Investigation will become more extensive and will assume an increasing importance. It is considered essential to the national health, safety, and interest, and to the national defense that the functions of the Federal Bureau of Investigation should not be impaired by the removal of trained personnel from critical positions within the bureau."

Even to intimate that these men were draft-dodgers, slackers, or anything of the sort, is stupid nonsense and represents the kind of wild thinking so characteristic of all ad hominem arguments. In fact, FBI men were regarded as so important in their work that they were required to give up any reserve commissions they held. In March, 1952, the Secretary of War issued this order:

"In view of the fact that your civilian employment in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, is of such a vital nature to the national defense as to necessitate your remaining at your post of duty, despite the fact that you hold a reserve commission in the United States Army, I request that you submit, through proper channels, your resignation from your commission."

"I am making this request because of my knowledge that the services being rendered by you to your government in your present employment are of great value to the war effort. The personal risks, the hazards and the sacrifices which you are called upon to make in your daily service in the Federal Bureau of Investigation are in no manner or degree inferior to those you might be called upon to make in the armed services."

A similar order was issued by the Navy. John Crosby may not like Ted Kirkpatrick because of "Counterattack" and "Red Channels," but to attack the FBI's war record, in the year 1952, is a dangerous support of men and women whom no American should regard as friends.

The FBI kept this country free of Hitler's agents during the war; the FBI can do the same in relation to Stalin's agents.

If you want to know how they do it, see the motion pictures, "My Son John" and "Walk East on Beacon" when they appear in your neighborhood.

A female author of my acquaintance wrote last year that Washington was an ideal summer resort. This was a fraud. It isn't. Fact is, even now my wool suit is beginning to feel sticky.



4-24

"Yes, sir! What we breed in this club are CHAMPIONS!"



DEAR DAUGHTER

I have been sitting in my hotel room looking down at the park next to the Champs Elysees, watching French children play and thinking of the many times when I have been in Paris before. The children are swinging on swings, riding on a merry-go-round, roller-skating, or sitting on bored and dejected donkeys which walk the length of the park and back for 10 francs per promenade.

It reminds me of the time when you and Tyler were very small and we visited Paris. And it also reminds me of other trips when I was a lot younger and more optimistic about the peace of the world.

The first time I came to Paris was after a great war had been fought which we thought was to free the world, when Woodrow Wilson's vibrant doctrine still rang in people's ears and they were convinced that peace could be with us permanently.

The next time I came to Paris was in 1927, en route to the Geneva Naval Conference which was to carry out the disarmament goals of that peace. Your mother was with me then and we left you behind—so small you didn't recognize me when I returned. But at Geneva, Bethlehem Steel, Newport News Ship and other shipbuilding companies had hired a lobbyist to upset the treaty—because they wanted to build warships. And because the French, Italians and Japanese were also not enthusiastic, he succeeded.

The next year I came back to Paris with Frank B. Kellogg, who as Secretary of State, had negotiated a treaty to outlaw war. I watched the ceremony of the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact and got a great thrill—as did much of the world—over the idea that at long last it was now illegal to make war.

SEEDS OF WAR PLANTED
 My next trip to Paris was during the London Naval Conference in 1930—an attempt by a most high-minded Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, to curtail the weapons of war. But he was not even able to persuade his isolationist chief in the White House—Herbert Hoover—that we should consult with other nations in case war threatened.

That conference was a tragic failure. And with that failure it seemed to me that the world started downhill again—toward war. War does not start easily or quickly. The seeds are planted long in advance. They do not sprout suddenly—as when Hitler invaded Poland in 1939. They had been planted perhaps eight or nine years before that invasion. And by the next time I came to Paris they had definitely begun to sprout.

That was Christmas of 1936. You were with me then. But you didn't

Walter Winchell

The Worry Clinic

In New York

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Notice how I won a wager with Professor Clyde. "Earned" love can easily be developed if two reasonably attractive people of the opposite sex will just follow the psychological rules. Love may grow so gradually, you don't realize you are its victim until the threatened loss of your constant companion suddenly wakes you up to the real diagnosis.

CASE D-326: Clyde G., aged 27, was a cynical young college professor.

"Dr. Crane, women are all alike," he spoke positively. "When you've known one, you've known them all. I never had many dates with any of them, I'll admit, but that's because I am more interested in figures that are Arabic instead of anatomical.

"However, I'm willing to be shown. If you want me to date some eligible girl, I'll follow your prescription for a few months and test your theories.

"If after six months I am still fancy free, then you can take me to dinner and the theater.

"But if I fall in love, then I'll take you and Mrs. Crane to dinner and a show. What do you say?"

DIAGNOSIS
 Of course, I said "Yes." That's the kind of wager I always enjoy. Since Clyde led me to the choosing of his girl friend, I looked around among the students in my large evening classes where the ages ran a little higher than on our Evanston daytime campus.

Then I selected an attractive girl whose anatomical figure might well distract Clyde's attention from the Arabic variety with which he deals in his profession of mathematics.

This girl, whom I shall call Polly, had an engaging laugh and had also memorized my "Formula for Being an Interesting Conversationalist." She was really quite charming.

"I wonder if you'd mind having a date with a friend of mine?" I asked her after class one evening.

LOVE A LA CARTE
 He is somewhat cynical, but was brought up in a cultured home by a religious mother," I added, "and he isn't such a bad looking fellow.

Memos of a Midnighter: NBC paid Judy Holiday \$17,500 to date but hadn't used her once this season on "The Big Show." The network fears casting her, despite the fact that Cong. Comm. recently cleared her. Garbo has a rendezvous at Johns Hopkins for surgery. That fight between Branigan and a Paris bistro may cost him \$3,000 for wreckage. Sharmar Douglas and Nick Bjorn have Let It Cool. Max Moore, former show girl, and her rich groom, Col. S. Sanson (victims of a \$350,000 gem robbery), may lose their marriage, too. Washington hears that ex-Ambassador Wm. Bullitt's next will be a French socialite. Dick Cowell's charming decoration is Barbara Gaylord Cook, dght of the Mayor of Trenton. The Jack (CBS) Sterlings are letting it melt. It was their 2nd Try. Adman Scott Eddy of the Soc. Register and stylist Georgiana Rake will try to \$2 window in June.

Behind the Scenes: Gertrude Lawrence unveiled this to Bernadine Kietly. It happened when the star was playing "Susan and God." She told producer John Golden that she was considering matrimony. "But why?" said Mr. Golden. "Why you're the most popular actress, you've had a great career, you have plenty of money and lots of beaux. Why marry?" "Because," said Miss Lawrence wistfully, "I want someone to nudge."

The Orchid Garden: Jana Jones' 2 a. m. "Singing the Blues" session at La Vie En Rose. Rita Moss' 4-octave chirping in the Pomp Room. Les Freres Jacques at Blue Angel. The new Havana.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My father died when I was 7, leaving just mother and me. We managed on a small insurance, was mother working. When I was 16, mother met John, a nice widower, and wanted to marry him, but I was very upset at the idea, as she hadn't gone out with men before. I loved her so much, and feared I would be thrown down if she married again.

Mother tried to reassure me. She said she wouldn't have considered the idea when I was little; but now I was almost grown and would be leaving her in a few years to establish my own home and family. She said she was thinking of me as well as herself, in contemplating second marriage, and certainly didn't want to be a burden to me in her last years. None of this sank into my head at the time.

I threatened to leave home and school, told mother she would be sorry and never would see me again if she married John—and many other things a jealous 18-year-old would say in like circumstances. To please me, she didn't marry, and all our friends know why. John married another woman in a nearby city. All this was 10 years ago, and mother has aged 20 years since.

Now mother is sick with an incurable disease and hasn't long to live; and I don't think I can live long after she is gone. My conscience hurts. I feel if she had married and been happy, she might not have taken sick. How can I tell her I am sorry, so she will love me as much as she used to? And should I find John and tell him of her illness? Maybe a friendly visit from him would cheer her up. Or would it make her worse? Now I am her support, and you don't know what I am going through, working to pay for her medical and nursing care. Any advice will be greatly appreciated.—T. K.

ENOUGH TO BEAR WITHOUT BROODING
 DEAR T. K.: In the circumstances, you have enough to bear without borrowing anguish from Madrid revue plus Lao and La Mitrava. The way Trudy Richards sings "I Never Loved Anyone But You" (Decca). Betty Hutton's ball-raising at the Palace. Betty Davis at Cafe Society. Dawn's "I'm a Fool" (Decca). The new rhythm dancing at the Savannah.

"I should like to have you keep him at arm's length but turn on all your oomph and applied psychology." I added with a smile.

"Polly knew what I meant, for I had discussed "earned" love versus love at first sight, in a lecture in Social Psychology the previous term.

Well, that was the start. After the first date, I saw Clyde on the campus and inquired how he liked my choice.

"Not bad," was his noncommittal response.

But I hadn't given Polly an "A" grade in my psychology courses without realizing that she knew how to apply what I had taught her.

And she relished the experiment. They went to the opera and to the movies. They went on hikes and picnics.

"EARNED" LOVE
 She made him take her to church, despite his exaggerated groaning, meanwhile kidding him into good humor.

Polly knew the art of using the bantering tone of voice which permits a girl to say very serious things without fully committing herself. For her banter keeps a man guessing.

Clyde finally took her home for a weekend visit during one of the holidays. She met his mother and father, as well as other relatives. Then she gave him the acid test! Regretfully she turned down a few dates with Clyde, explaining meanwhile that she had promised another man she would be his partner at the Senior Prom and some other college functions, which was true.

Clyde had begun to lean upon Polly for his enjoyment and companionship. When the emotional crunch was no longer there, he grew panicky.

Suppose another man should steal her away from him! He was in torment, so he bought an engagement ring. Polly got the ring and they took Mrs. Crane and me to dinner and the theater to celebrate.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long 3c stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

"Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

GIRL SUFFERS MENTAL ANGUISH AS SHE RECALLS HAVING BLOCKED MOTHER'S ASPIRATION TO MARRY WIDOWER.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My father died when I was 7, leaving just mother and me. We managed on a small insurance, was mother working. When I was 16, mother met John, a nice widower, and wanted to marry him, but I was very upset at the idea, as she hadn't gone out with men before. I loved her so much, and feared I would be thrown down if she married again.

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CUTIES



"Come, hold me in your arms, Donald—but be careful of my nail polish, my lipstick, my permanent—and, oh, yes, Kiki and Fili."