

The Daily Record

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 six months; \$3 for three months
IN TOWNS NOT SERVED BY CARRIER AND ON RURAL ROUTES INSIDE NORTH CAROLINA: \$6.00 per year; \$3.50 for six months; \$2 for three months
OUT-OF-STATE: \$8.50 per year in advance; \$5 for six months; \$3 for three months

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

County Board Feels Effects Of Centralized Controls

The Harnett County Board of Commissioners has been getting a taste of bureaucratic control and feeling the effects of centralized control in our State government.

It seems that our county fathers adopted a welfare budget of \$31,200 for the year, which seemed to them to be reasonable and adequate to meet the needs of the indigent of the county.

The same amount of money had been appropriated for the previous year.

But the State Department of Public Welfare didn't like it, insisted that the county should appropriate an extra \$10,000 of the taxpayers' money this year.

Under the policy, funds appropriated by the counties are matched by State and Federal funds.

The State bureaucrats promptly branded Harnett's appropriation as "entirely inadequate" and threatened to deprive the county of State and Federal funds to which the county is entitled.

As a matter of fact, the State did withhold State money for administrative purposes from July until the present month. This was a club which the State held over the county.

Commissioner Herman S. Holloway, an able member of the board, properly observed, "It looks like the State Department is trying to ram a new budget down our throats."

Which is exactly what was happening.

One point of contention was that the State Board wanted salaries of county welfare employees raised. Our county commissioners properly took the position that they didn't feel it fair to raise salary of welfare employees without raising salaries of other county employees.

Even the State bureaucrats couldn't find any argument to offset such a fair and just position as that.

Finally, a representation of the State Department came down yesterday and the matter was settled, with the State relenting in its unreasonable position and abandoning its high and mighty threats of withholding funds properly due the county.

There has long been a feeling that entirely too much money is being spent for welfare purposes in these times of prosperity, times which have led President Truman to tell the people that we've never had it so good before.

Members of the county board no doubt share the opinion that welfare funds ought to be sliced—and drastically.

But the point we're making is that the County of Harnett ought to be able to run its affairs without some bureaucrat in Raleigh telling our officials how and how much money they should spend.

Our county officials are in a better position to know how much Harnett County can afford than the folks in Raleigh will ever be able to know.

This is just another sad example of how we are rapidly surrendering our rights and privileges to a centralized government in exchange for a mess of porridge.

How much longer can the trend continue?

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON — It is had business to present a razor to a man with whiskers. A jug of rum to a had enough between us, so we fellow who never touches the stuff.

Or a cigarette box to a gent who doesn't smoke. He's likely to conclude you are a dope.

If you're working for him and this useless gift is in the nature of a red apple, he may even fire you.

So there was T. Lamar Caudle, who actually was fired a few weeks later by President Truman from his post as Assistant Attorney General, looking at the artistic sights in Florence, Italy. At his side was his well-heeled pal, Carmen D'Azosino, the New York champagne maitre, who'd loaded the bill for their jaunt to Europe.

"We were out shopping," T. Lamar told the fascinated members of the House subcommittee investigating alleged monkey business in the Department of Justice. "I was looking for a piece of lace for my little daughter, Rose."

"I noticed this jewelry store full of fancy silverware stuff and I turned to Carmen and I said I would be a nice thing to bring the chief a present to show him we were thinking of him."

Caudle said all this, of course, in accents so richly Southern that I'll make no attempt to reproduce them here; my principal problem was to understand him.

"Carmen said he agreed this was a fine idea," Caudle continued. "And we went in and we saw this beautiful cigarette case that had been made for the Count of Rhodesia. I think it was the Count of Rhodesia. They were all yapping Italian, Carmen and the clerks, and I can't be rightly sure. But there was this gorgeous box. It was just what we wanted."

Rep. Frank L. Chelf (D. Ky.), the chairman, couldn't understand why these distinguished tourists chose a cigarette case for President Truman, who does not smoke.

"I didn't know whether the President smoked, drank, or chewed," said T. Lamar. "But we liked the looks of that box. We sure did. So we counted up what money we had left, saving enough out for our ho-

tel bills and tips. Italy is the tippest country I ever was in. We had enough between us, so we bought it."

"It came in a little pasteboard box, with a couple of rubber bands around it. When I got back to Washington, the President was going to California (this was in the fall of 1951) and I didn't have time to wrap it the way I would have liked."

So he wrote a little note to the chief, stuck it under the rubber band and forwarded it to the President, probably the only man in the White House who couldn't write. It then he waited for some sign of appreciation. On Oct. 23, it came:

"Dear Lamar," began President Truman. "Thanks a lot for the beautiful cigarette case. It is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen."

This note struck Rep. Kenneth Keating (R. N. Y.) as odd. In all previous letters to our giver of gifts, the President called him, "Dear Mr. Caudle."

"Yes, sir, that was the first time I ever received a letter from him beginning, 'Dear Lamar,'" agreed Caudle. "I really thought I was making some time."

In reverse, as it turned out. Less than a month later he was fired. There were other reasons for this than a bum choice in gifts, of course, but I still think Caudle would have been wiser to give the chief something he could use. Like a striped shirt, a trick hat, or a hand-carved metronome.

Plenty Of Oil, But No Water

LOCKHART, Tex. — Lockhart State Park had a problem today that would be considered a blessing anywhere — except in Texas.

In drilling for water to fill the park swimming pool, drillers struck oil.

"We're going right down with the hope of getting water," John Zwiener of the state Parks Board said.

These Days



Sokolsky

SO THAT'S SETTLED

I see by the newspapers that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan have spent two nights under the same roof and are like doves. I could not help wondering why that was important. It appeared when news came that our Navy was blockading Korea and when Governor Stevenson issued the list of contributors to his secret fund.

Perhaps the item was intended as comic relief from the seriousness of a campaign that is all bogged down in reports on funds. I also saw that my good friend, Herbert Bayard Swope, gave Stevenson a total of \$250, which is very generous compared with Bennett Cerf's \$10. But why get excited over Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan sleeping under one roof for two nights? Most husbands and wives do that all their lives. What makes news apparently is not when a dog bites a man, but when a wife stays with her husband for a couple of days.

Also, all this Rose business! Here are a couple of people who, it strikes me, got into the hands of lawyers. I am quite certain that were my wife ever to be so stupid as to leave me, she would take the silver, whatever it is worth. That generally belongs to a wife. And I am certain that I would be too ashamed to tell anyone about it.

These people seem to be defeated by life. They are so concerned with material things that they have lost all sense of dignity. I met Mrs. Rose once or twice and Billy half a dozen times. They appeared to be very nice people, although not very impressive. Mrs. Rose, I recall, once got into a discussion with me on a subject in which I am a specialist and about which she could not possibly know anything except hearsay. But that happens to me all the time, and I wondered if she could cook a good dinner. Or, maybe that is no longer necessary in a wife.

As to Billy Rose, he seemed a quiet, frightened person who wanted to be liked. He was once a columnist and it now appears that he hired ghost writers to help him. Nobody should hire a ghost writer for anything; it is a fraud on the public. That is the way I feel about it, and nobody can change my mind.

A ghost-written anything is a hoax unless the ghost writer signs his name.

However, it is too often done for my objections to be effective. If ghost writers were liquidated, most public men would have to be silent. They are so often inarticulate. They are like so many businessmen, who having amassed a fortune, want to be regarded as philosophers, but they have no philosophy. As businessmen, they make sense; as philosophers, they make nonsense.

What, it seems to me, ought to be done to such people like Mr. Khan or Rose or Mr. and Mrs. Khan, or is it Alv. — or what is his name? — is to keep their names out of the news as most other people's names are out of the news. Who really cares about what they do? What does their presence in our lives mean? If they cannot learn how to live without becoming objects of scandal, let us for get about them and leave them to their own devices.

So, Billy's silverware was once used by George III. I've got a dish from which my dog, Brownie, drinks water which was never used by any other dog. How's that for a record? Also, I have a piece of jade that somebody told me is thousands of years old, but nobody can prove it. Maybe it was manufactured in Czechoslovakia as a genuine piece taken from the Ming Dynasty by a Manchou crook. Who knows — and do you really care?

I think that we ought to have a sense of proportion about these noisy people who insist upon projecting their private squabbles to the public view. If they did not advertise their fights, none of us would know anything about them. They must have told. Why were they anxious that you and I should know about their angers and anxieties?

So, Billy has lost his silverware and Rita has been asleep under one roof with the man to whom she is married. What are we to do about that? Shall we give a cheer or wear sackcloth and ashes?

Atlanta Journal Backs Stevenson

ATLANTA — The Atlanta Journal today endorsed Gov. Adlai Stevenson for the presidency. In a lengthy editorial, the Journal, which backed Sen. Richard B. Russell before the Democratic convention, said that Stevenson's "great promise is that he may be able once more to unify the Democratic party, or the principles of Woodrow Wilson and to restore attitudes which first claimed our loyalty as Democrats."

The Journal has never backed a Republican presidential candidate but the paper has at times been severely critical of the Truman administration and friendly in its editorial treatment of the Republican candidate, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

MISTER BREGER



"You'll simply HAVE to shave more carefully—gossip has already started that we don't get along!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY BREW PEARSON

Aboard the President's train. — Some people have seemed quite surprised to learn that I was aboard Mr. Truman's train. One lady in Utah remarked: "Do you really mean that the secret service let you on the train? I should think they would fear for the President's life!"

However, it's very difficult to hate Harry in this, the twilight of his last term. Whether you agree with him or not, you have to admire the courage of a man who, at the age of 68, is up-early-and-out-late making eight to ten speeches a day for a cause he so fervently believes in.

This, I believe, will rate as a history-making trip, and I am glad to be aboard regardless of whether Harry loves-me-or-loves-me-not.

People have become so accustomed to seeing Mr. Truman whistle — stopping round the country that they don't realize just how historic his trip is. Never before in recent history has any outgoing president of the United States gone out and hit the hustings so vigorously for the man who may succeed him.

When Calvin Coolidge was about to step down in favor of Herbert Hoover, he did not lift a finger to help Hoover's election. Calvin stayed in the White House and stalked. When Franklin Roosevelt ran for the first time in 1932, Al Smith, his predecessor in Albany, did not bestir himself. When Teddy Roosevelt was succeeded by Taft in 1908, he worked for Taft, but at nowhere near the pace set by Harry Truman.

There was a time when he did not think they would vanish, when he felt the general would continue the basic Truman policies. But for days now, as he has read Ike's speeches, Harry has been approaching a slow boil — a boil which spilled over at Oakland, Calif., and Colorado Springs.

That boil was not over Eisenhower alone. It was directed also at Truman's own mistake at trusting the military. No president in years has put so much faith in the military as Harry Truman; no president has appointed so many generals to top civilian positions. Harry liked them, admired them, even gloried in them. But one by one, they have belied his faith.

Franklin Roosevelt made use of many generals, but he knew how to keep them in their place. Truman, on the other hand, ever since Battery D days when he was an obscure artillery captain in the Missouri National Guard, has nursed a secret worship of the brass.

ROLLCALL OF GENERALS
So he has surrounded himself with them. One of the first was Gen. Bedell Smith, whom he made ambassador to Moscow and head of Central Intelligence, only to have him make a deadly, damaging statement about Communists in government at the very heart of the campaign.

Another was Gen. Al Wedemeyer, whom Truman made ambassador to China. Truman liked him, trusted him. But Wedemeyer became an active campaigner for Senator Taft.

General MacArthur also had all after a few days of speaking. But sorts of encomiums heaped on his Truman, aged 68 against the gen-head by the president. He was kept out of Tokyo against the advice of the general, but seems to get some state department officials.

and because Truman insisted on it. Then he, too, turned against his commander-in-chief.

Another was Gen. Lucius Clay, who was given civilian control of Germany, a job rightfully belonging to the State Department. But General Clay, a Georgia Democrat, is now a major braintrust for the Republican high command.

However, Eisenhower, Truman thought, would be different. He had driven through the streets of Berlin with Ike, looked up to him, admired him, told him he would help him become president.

Privately Truman was not displeased when Eisenhower won the nomination in Chicago. He was confident foreign policy would remain on a bipartisan, even keel.

But when the general embraced Taft, then Jenner, then McCarthy; And when one-by-one he began to desert the principles he had stood for in Europe; Harry really hit the boiling point.

And when he boiled over, it was not only at Eisenhower, but at generals in general.

brooded over his recent sale of a 1951 automobile for \$100.

The fugitive met another man in a cafe Thursday to transact the sale.

"You're getting a bargain," he said as he accepted the \$100.

"And you're under arrest," replied the buyer, an off-duty patrolman.

The man admitted later he stole the car in Maryland.

Walter Winchell

In New York

ATTN FBI (Part V)
J. Wechsler has been editorially directing military campaigns in style. The New York Post's Gen. Pinko devoted numerous editorials to analyzing and criticizing the U. S. global strategy. He has deplored the wisdom of Gen. Eisenhower as well as Gen. MacArthur. And he contemptuously condemned the spy-fighting tactics of the FBI.

Since his counsel is accepted by Gov. Stevenson, the public interest demands a detailed examination of Wechsler's peculiar "military" record. There are strange circumstances surrounding his Army induction and release from the armed forces.

Aver 10 million Americans entered the U. S. military services in World War II. Over 300,000 never came home. How many soldiers had it as soft as Wechsler? Back in 1941, the N. Y. Post editor was 25 and childless. His wife was self-supporting. Nevertheless, he was not inducted into the armed forces until 1945—after VE Day!...

Wechsler obtained a cozy "military" post — serving as a public relations officer. After completing 50 missions over a typewriter—where the sole danger involved was falling off a swivel chair—he returned to civilian life. His "military" career lasted one year.

If physical defects prevents Wechsler from joining the Army in 1941, why was he healthy enough to serve in 1945? How he managed to stay out of the armed services for so many years demands an official investigation and public explanation.

Wechsler received a brief indoctrination after VE Day at Fort Lee and was assigned to the Division of Cartels and External Assets in Germany. His unit was under the direction of the Treasury Dept. J. W. has described his "military" chore: "I was a press agent."

When Wechsler testified under oath on July 15th, he said this about joining the Treasury Dept unit: "I was brought there by Col. Bernstein whom I had known slightly in Washington and my brother knew much better" ... Influence peddling is against the law!

It is important to note again: Heret Wechsler, the New York Post editor's brother, has been a member of the International Juridical Association. That outfit was cited as a Communist-front by the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities.

J. Wechsler's queer "military" career becomes on further examination. After Col. Bernstein was relieved, Dora Schiff's editor served under one named Russell Nixon. Wechsler testified in July, 1952: "I knew Nixon was a Communist."

Knowing Nixon was a Communist — what did Wechsler do about it? Did he publicly protest? Did he inform military or civil authorities — verbally or by letter — that a military unit was commanded by a Red? Wechsler's reply to such vital queries was offered at a pre-trial examination in July, 1952. It was a simple and significant: "No." (Militant anti-Communist, eh?)

Dora Schiff's editor added that his sentiments about Russell Nixon, the man he knew to be a Communist, "were very well known to newspapermen." What are the names of those newspapermen? Did they expose Nixon's Communist record? Why didn't Wechsler transmit his information to military or civilian authorities? These vital questions remain unanswered.

However, one overpowering fact is clear: Part of Wechsler's "military" career consisted of serving as a press agent for a man he knew was a Communist! (What's he now — a "former" Communist?)

Once when Don was 15, his father flew into a rage, went to Don's room and was beating him around the head with his fists. The younger boy was scared into hysterics, so I intervened (which I seldom do) and Steve turned on me. Then he flung "out" slammed the door, smashed the glass, grabbed an axe and finished the job, before driving off in his car. Don hid out, fearing his return; and decided to lodge with a riding master. He got pneumonia months later and the quarrel was patched up temporarily. But such upheavals are more or less continuous.

Recently there was another explosion. One of Don's friends, here with show horses, was sharing Don's room for some days. Steve got profanely furious with me when the boys came in at 11:30 one night and the next day I left a note under Don's plate, asking him to get rid of the guest. Now he is mad at me, as he figures the friend saw my note. Incidentally, I am working part time to help with special

brooded over his recent sale of a 1951 automobile for \$100.

The fugitive met another man in a cafe Thursday to transact the sale.

"You're getting a bargain," he said as he accepted the \$100.

"And you're under arrest," replied the buyer, an off-duty patrolman.

The man admitted later he stole the car in Maryland.

Tried This Sale On Wrong Person

CINCINNATI, O. — A generous fugitive from Tennessee authorities sat in a cell today and

The Worry Clinic

By Dr. GEORGE W. CRANE

THE JUDGES IN OUR COURTS DESERVE GREAT PRAISE FOR THEY STILL RETAIN THEIR BELIEF IN HUMAN NATURE DESPITE HAVING TO SIT DAY AFTER DAY AND LISTEN TO SUCH FEUDING BETWEEN KIN FOLKS AS THAT DESCRIBED TODAY. SAVE THIS CASE RECORD TO CORROBORATE YESTERDAY'S IN DEFENSE OF ADOTTING CHILDREN.

Case E-378: Alan G., aged 38, is a prominent California attorney. "Dr. Crane, an interesting case was tried in our court not long ago," he informed me.

"An elderly lady of 69 was dying in a local hospital. Yet the latter's two married daughters and he adult son, all in the 40's themselves, got into a fight at the mother's bedside.

"Apparently, the argument started over who should give their dying mother her medicine.

"The brother and one sister attacked the other sister. They blacked her eyes; then kicked and beat her into insensibility.

"She later sued them for \$10,000 damages. The case certainly illustrates your oft stated point that blood kinship holds no magic.

"Let's hope the dying mother was in a coma so she couldn't have been heartbroken as a result of this deathbed brawl between her own grown children."

HATEFUL CHILDREN
Yesterday I told you that the true parent-child bond is purely a spiritual matter.

I recommended that the young couple described yesterday, might, very profitably adopt the blue-eyed 2-year-old Freddy.

This unfortunate case today indirectly proves the point that blood kinship holds no magic. Nor does it weld people closely together in love and devotion.

Gain killed his brother Abel. King David's son tried to kill David and seize the throne.

And today there are numerous cases of jealousy and quarreling between adult brothers and sisters, even at the bedside of their dying parents.

Certainly it is very common to expenses. I just can't stand this fighting. Why can't I bring peace to the family? If I am at fault, please tell me. C. C.

JEALOUS FATHER IS FAMILY CROSS
DEAR C. C.: Your lengthy letter is here cut to an illustrative fragment; hence my remarks may refer to data not published in this space. Now about the problem: As I get the picture, Steve himself is the family cross, in the sense that he displays a child's temperament and a man's authority in the household.

Steve's present difficulty is that he falls short of the self-respecting maturity that a father needs, in order to act like a real parent to a man-size adolescent son. (Don is already six feet and looks at least 20, you say.) But to complicate matters, Steve has always been gnawed by a kind of grudge-jealousy — his first-born son, it seems — because as an infant and toddler and growing boy, Don naturally absorbed much of your attention, time and affection.

As a lover-husband, Steve has wanted you all to himself. He hasn't matured sufficiently in feeling and consideration to accept his own obligation to share devotion, in rightful consideration of his son — whose very existence he (Steve) begot. And to the extent that he has warred against Don's natural needs of mother-love and your normal response to that proper claim, he has forced you into a heightened defensive concern about th boy — which he then labels "special favoritism," and which further inflames his jealousy.

AS RIVAL BUCK
I gather the younger boy hasn't been and never will be such a storm center — inasmuch as Don serves as the lightning rod that draws his father's senseless wrath, compounded of lifelong feelings of emotional frustration. Obviously Steve's twisted attitude is rooted in an unsatisfactory relationship with his mother, who was victim of a similar history. Steve's latter day fuming at Don's experimental smoking and drinking — copied after dad's habits — in another expression of jealousy. In Steve's mind, these aren't ices; they are a man's prerogatives — and he blindly defies son Don to "make like a man" while under his rule.

In the circumstances, you are doing the best that any woman could do in standing by in love and patience. It is axiomatic that marriage doesn't solve the problem; it ought to work on himself, to try to become really a manly father.

For guidance, read Dr. Alexander Magoun's fine book, "Love and Marriage" (Harper & Brothers).

CUTIES

BEAUTY SALON

"Eggs—oil—vinegar—Are you fixing my hair or tossing a salad?"