

# The Daily Record

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## The Eisenhower Victory

The election of General Dwight D. Eisenhower as 34th President of the United States came as no surprise, but the landslide proportions of his victory exceeded even the most optimistic prediction of his most ardent supporters.

Most people, regardless of their personal preference, will readily concede that Eisenhower won one of the greatest personal victories in all of America's political history.

It seemed that everything was against him. Most political dopsters pointed out in the beginning that Stevenson could count on the "Solid South," the big metropolitan centers and some border States.

Times are good, even though some claim it is temporary prosperity, there are now 28,000,000 Federal checks going out every month; organized labor was for Stevenson as well as most minority groups.

But Eisenhower overcame all the obstacles.

Proof of his personal popularity lies in the fact he ran way ahead of his party.

Even here in this strong Democratic county, General Eisenhower received about twice as many votes as the Republican nominee for Governor.

The voting showed conclusively that people are doing more and more independent thinking.

Even those who voted against Adlai E. Stevenson came to admire him as a man. He fought a good fight and he proved himself a good loser. Had it not been for the issue of Trumanism, he might have been elected.

But the issues of the campaign are a thing of the past. The election is over. Nothing can be achieved by further debate, Dwight D. Eisenhower is now the president of all the people.

Adlai Stevenson very eloquently summed up the situation in his very fine statement on election night:

"It is traditionally American to fight hard before an election," said Governor Stevenson. "It is equally traditional to close ranks after an election. That which unites us as American citizens is far greater than that which divides us as a political party."

It should be the hope and prayer of every citizen for General Eisenhower to become a truly great and successful President, that America will continue to go forward as the greatest country in all the world.

## Frederick OTHMAN

MEXICO CITY. — Today I am a saddened man. I've been let down by the one man in Mexico I really wanted to respect, our Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, the Hon. William O'Dwyer.

He denied a story I wrote saying he intended to resign and stay in Mexico as counselor to a firm of Mexican attorneys. He denied that he told this to me, himself. He even denied that he'd taken two hours at his home to do the telling.

The Hon. Bill knew who I was. He knew when he invited me to call that I was a reporter, who intended to write a dispatch about him. He knew when I asked him a series of questions that I was engaging in no idle chit-chat. He answered them carefully.

As honestly as I could I reported exactly what he said, which was to the effect that he would quit his job between January 1 and 20 to associate himself with what he called a prominent Mexican legal firm.

As counselor to the local lawyers, he continued, he wouldn't actually practice in court and so would not need under Mexican law to abandon his American citizenship. Chummy he was, too. I'd never actually met him before, but soon he was calling me, Fred.

So he told in detail about his career as cop and eventually as Mayor of New York; bitterly he assailed those who had charged him with graft. He said he'd never managed to save 25 cents and that this was his sole reason for joining the Mexican lawyers. He spoke as though the deal already had been made.

Then the Hon. Bill said he was anxious to meet my bride, about whose adventures on the farm in McLean, Va., he'd read in the paper. He urged that we attend a cocktail party he was giving a couple of nights later for a con-

vention of Latin architects. We did and he went all out to be a genial host. He showed Hilda through his handsome residence, including his own enormous bedroom, which was green, an his wife's smaller one, which was peach. A pleasant evening it was, too.

When we left, he urged that we join him and Mrs. O'Dwyer (who then was in New York) at a luncheon before the first bullfight of the local season. He struck me as a maligned man and I wanted to believe everything he told me.

Then my story appeared in print a couple of days later. The local correspondents for American press associations and newspapers phoned him for confirmation. And there was the Hon. Bill blandly assuring them that he'd told me no such thing. He said he hadn't even seen me, except with 200 other people over cocktails.

I do not intend to enter into a brawny with our Ambassador, but I can't help feeling hurt. Lesser men have done such things to other reporters before, but somehow I always thought ambassadors were different. I've been thinking about him all afternoon and I hope you will excuse me for being personal, but I have been a reporter now for more than 25 years and during that time I have striven to tell only the truth. Of this I have been proud.

Of the many hundreds of people I have interviewed over the years, some few have been angry upon seeing their own names in cold print the next morning, but not one of them ever accused me of falsifying. Not that is, until I ran into our Ambassador to Mexico.

So, I guess Hilda and I shall be attending no bullfights now with the Ambassador and his beautiful wife. Probably just as well; these are bloody exhibitions which in the past have left me weak in the knees.

## These Days



By

## Sokolsky

**A PLEA FOR REFORM**  
Now that the election campaign is over, it ought to be clear to Americans that the business of electing a President is too expensive, too time-consuming, too hampering of the conduct of the ordinary affairs of the nation.

It is impossible ever to approximate the cost of the election. The various reports made by candidates and by political parties of their receipts and expenditures do not represent a third of the actual cost of these campaigns. Large numbers of national and local committees make independent reports which seem trivial and are not noted. Totalled up, for the entire country, they are enormous. Labor unions do not report their political expenditures as a rule because they are "educational." Much money is passed under the table in cash to avoid identification as well as to evade legal limitations. Everybody denies the giving or receipt of unlisted contributions but they are no secret in the market-place.

If the conventions were held around Labor Day and the campaign were limited, by agreement, to one month, from October 1 to November 1, with a few days of silent interval between the last day of oratory and the day of voting, the people would have a chance to think for themselves without the constant din. About two-thirds of the expense would be saved. It would seem as though the only beneficiaries of the endless yak-yak on radio and television are the networks which charge enormously for their facilities.

If the campaign were cut to one month, the candidates would not have to repeat themselves endlessly on the same subject. They might even have some time to write their own speeches and do some thinking. One reason that the speeches become increasingly dull as the campaign proceeds is that the ghost-writers, weary of endless conferences, endless pounding on typewriters, endless editorial meetings with each writer fighting for his gem of thought and expression.

Stevenson's ghost-writers were superior to Eisenhower's, although the product of both was fairly poor in thought and organization. Stevenson used Robert Sherwood of the Roosevelt regime, Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. of Harvard and the A. D. A. and Leonard Spiegelglass of MGM, the movie company, among others. These are professional word-slingers. Eisenhower used the old Dewey team which had lost for him twice, Stanley High of the "Readers Digest" and about anybody who would lend a hand.

How much if any of these speeches were written by the candidates themselves will never be known; they were very few. The speech mills turned out hundreds of them, not only for the candidates but for side speakers. A man who delivers 10 or 12 short and long speeches between breakfast and bed-time is usually too word-drunk to know what he is talking about.

It was thought that with the advent of television, the "whistle-stop" could be eliminated. Actually there was more whistle-stopping in this campaign than ever before. And everybody got into the game to the delight of the railroads. Maybe it is good politics for the people to have a look at the candidates, their wives, sisters, sons and mothers-in-law. But what one gains from a few minutes' glance at a President-to-be is difficult to appraise. Actually, the various candidates looked like a lot of very tired men who could do with a night's good sleep.

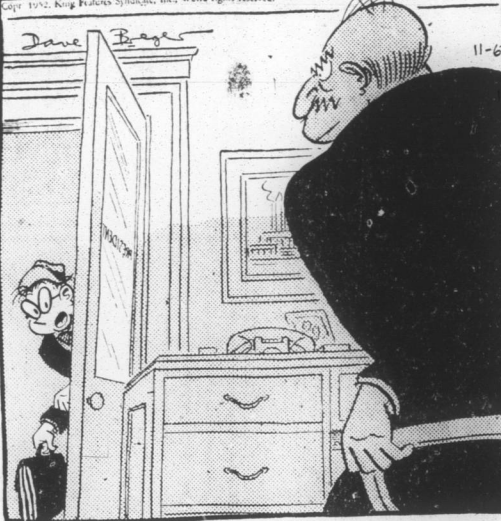
Usually, as the long campaign proceeds the managers get into a wrangle over who gives the last word. The Democrats in New York, for instance, were in a hassle between the regulars and the volunteers that reached a state of high comedy in Madison Square Garden when the volunteers put on their vaudeville, with a band blaring, while the candidate for U. S. Senator, John L. Cashmore, was delivering what was to him the most important address of his campaign. Cashmore had to shut up because he could not compete with mummies, most of whom exhibited themselves in Madison Square Garden before, that time for Eisenhower.

Maybe I am all wrong about what a campaign is about. Maybe it is meant to be lots of fun. The ever-growing role that is being played in campaigns by actors, movie writers, musical comedy composers, dancers and Hollywood jesters somehow gives the impression that the Presidential election is becoming one big joke. On whom?

Somewhere, someday, I'll be running into the Hon. Bill again in the course of my business. This is inevitable, but I never shall see him alone. Other reporters will be present, or I have no conversation with Ambassador O'Dwyer.

Exclusive interviews are fine and usually productive of news, but in this case the heartaches for a conscientious reporter, meaning me, simply aren't worth it.

## MISTER BREGER



"Er... would you be interested in an insurance policy against loss of time listenin' to people trying to sell you something?"

## The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By BREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON. — President Truman has fairly definite ideas as to what he wants to do when he leaves the White House, but they may be hampered by problems at home.

The chief things he hankers for after January 20 is a leisurely trip around the world. He wants to go to Europe and return the visit of the heads of states who have called on him, also attend the coronation of Britain's new Queen Elizabeth on June 5.

However, there are a couple of complications. One is the health of his 90-year-old mother-in-law, Mrs. David Wallace. The public hasn't generally realized it, but Mrs. Wallace has been living with the President and Mrs. Truman during most of their sojourn in the White House, and Mrs. Truman has been quite firm that she would not leave her mother for a long trip out of the United States as long as he is in poor health.

Another, though lesser, complication is finances. The President has not been able to acquire any monetary backlog during his seven years in office, and some way will have to be found to finance the trip.

One of two Embassies have already discussed whether he could be entertained as an official visitor at the expense of their governments, even though by that time he will have lost his official status.

Mr. Truman wants to visit India, Japan, and various Asiatic countries and some consideration has been given to the idea of his making a series of speeches on the peace goals of the American people.

There has been so much Russian propaganda to the contrary, abetted in part by rash statements by American generals, that a good part of the world is sold on the idea that the United States wants war. State Department officials believe that a man of Mr. Truman's simplicity and directness might carry considerable impact in nullifying this propaganda. They have even been considering the idea of his making a whistle-stop tour abroad in favor of peace.

The President has also told friends that after his trip he would like to do some lecturing at a university and some writing on the precedent of William Howard Taft, who became professor of law at Yale after he left the White House.

Hints have also been dropped around the Capital that Truman should be appointed a delegate to the United Nations.

However, no matter what he does, the President is genuinely looking forward to enjoying himself after he retires to private life.

**EXIT THE TRUMANITES**  
Here's what some of the Truman Cabinet members are going to do, come January 20.

Dean Acheson will go back to his law firm. Financially hard up, he might have retired earlier except that he was under fire—President Truman has promised his secretary of the treasury, John Snyder, to help him find a job, but turned it down—Secretary of labor Maurice Tobin will return to his Boston law practice, perhaps enter politics again—Secretary of commerce Charles Sawyer is returning to Cincinnati. He had planned some time ago to resign from the Cabinet come what may—Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett will return to his Wall Street firm. Lovett has been in government now ever since the war days, as Assistant Secretary of War, Undersecretary of State, Undersecretary of Defense, and now Secretary of Defense. A Republican, he has served steadily in Democratic cabinets—Postmaster General Jesse Donaldson is looking for something in private industry. The first non-political career postmaster general, thousands of postal employees will celebrate his exit.

**LONGER DRAFT PERIOD**  
Gen. Mark Clark has sent the Pentagon an ultimatum that more replacements must be rushed to Korea or he will keep his front-line soldiers past their rotation date.

What Clark objects to is releasing combat veterans and replacing them with green G. Is at revolving-door speed. After a man is well trained for combat Clark complains, he has to be sent home. That was why he boosted the number of points required for rotation from 36 to 38, only to be overruled by Secretary of the Army Pace.

However, Clark is now threatening to hang onto his eligible replacements another month or two despite Pace's orders—unless the rate of replacements is increased.

This points up an army-wide complaint that the manpower turnover is so rapid the army scarcely finishes training new men before they are released and the army has to begin all over. As a result, the Defense Department probably will ask the new Congress next year to lengthen the time draftees must serve.

**TRANS-ATLANTIC PIPELINE**  
Adm. Robert B. Carney, U. S. Commander in the Mediterranean, is following the current trend of some generals to be diplomats and politicians. He took it upon himself to negotiate with Italy for bases recently, without bothering to consult Washington. The State Department promptly slapped him down, reminded him that he is an admiral, not Secretary of State.

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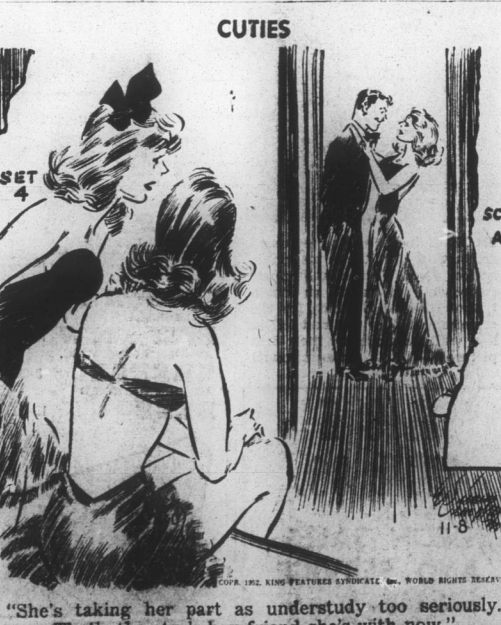
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"She's taking her part as understudy too seriously. That's the star's boy friend she's with now."

## Walter Winchell In New York

It is silly to say there are two sides to every question. More often than not there are a half dozen. George S. Schuyler, the noted Negro columnist of the Pittsburgh Courier, has some comment on the Josephine Baker-Peron affair which probably contains too much objectivity for Borey Yellow's muck-ronger. For Schuyler's right of public comment and our right of private satisfaction, here are some excerpts.

"Now that Robert Ruark has led the public uproar over Josephine Baker's love feast with bloody dictator Juan Peron of hapless Argentina and her outrageous falsifications anent the U.S.A. race question, I presume the original hester on this variety artist may be permitted a further word. The news that she had dramatically signed the guest book at ruthless Eva's temporary tomb with the words 'Your sister Josephine, who loved you dearly,' evoked from me only a slightly amused 'Ho Hum!' Likewise did her revelation of all the lynchings she had 'personally seen in the U.S.A., probably during the slight intervals when she was not getting \$20,000 weekly to prance across the boards in exaggerated Paris creations crying 'I love you, I love you all!'

"It was with amusement on the grim side that I recalled the hurricane of denunciation that lashed me when I publicly stated the significant sequence of events in the lady's off-stage career. I recollect how certain Negro 'leaders' picketed the Stork Club over her 'discrimination' which two official investigations later exploded sky high, and which NAACP lawyers admitted was quite imaginative. I chuckled over how my fellow-journalists were gullibly taken but never attained sufficient moral stature to admit it. I remembered how I had predicted in the Courier (May 5, 1951) that she 'may be making her last visit to the U.S.A.' A fine artist is being misled by some of her fellow-traveling advisers. My only error was my generous presumption that she was being misled. Now she is hobnobbing with the bloodiest dictator outside the Iron Curtain. Her dupes will kindly line up on the right (for a change) and one by one soak their heads under the faucet!

Of course, carrying favor with oppressors is not a new role for her. An Associated Press dispatch of Oct. 1, 1935 quoted her as announcing that she was on the side of Mussolini against the Ethiopians who were then being bombed and harassed by the heroic legions of fascism, which later surrendered in droves to the British (Note by W. W.: When I reported this first the N. Y. Post and many other careless reporters said it wasn't true. Later I revealed that the Oct. 1, 1935 N. Y. Post published it. But the Post editor Wechsler kept printing that it wasn't true. In short, he doesn't believe what he reads in

### The Worry Clinic

By Dr. GEORGE W. CRANE

Men beware! Too many calories will kill your erotic desires and make you of the neuter sex by the age of 45. For the fires of passion are fed by surplus energy! If you carry extra poundage all day long, you aren't likely to have any surplus pep that can be diverted into romantic channels.

Case E-385: Otto H., age 46, is a successful business executive who weighs 242.

"Dr. Crane, I am like your aunt, whom you described last week," he commented. "For my high blood pressure is mainly due to fat. It is now about 207."

"A few years ago I dieted and brought my blood pressure down to 150 by taking off 65 pounds."

"But apparently, I have no will power and enjoy food too much. Even the fear of a stroke of apoplexy hasn't been enough to snare me out of my gluttony."

"But you mentioned that romance and sexual vigor may also be depressed, or even eliminated by too much poundage."

"Well, that's my vulnerable point right now. For I have lost my masculine vigor and am willing to diet if you think it will restore my erotic power."

**PEPLESS PAPA**  
Sexual energy and romance are associated with youth, for that is the time when we have a surplus of vitality.

We could retain much of that surplus energy into old age if we streamlined our figure and kept thin.

Look at Otto, for example. He weighed 155 in college. Even if he ate a maximum of 15 pounds extra weight, his top poundage should not be over 170, even today.

Instead, he is constantly burdened with a load of 87 pounds beyond what he carried as a man of 21.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that he is exhausted? Even a vigorous young soldier would be almost dead from fatigue if he carried an 87-pound pack for only one hour? And a tired soldier is not very ardent!

**STAY ROMANTIC**  
Sexual vigor is chiefly a core-

late of surplus energy. But Otto doesn't have any surplus for he carries 87 pounds of useless fat all day long.

That makes him so weary at night that he cannot think of romance. And even if he did, he has no surplus energy to serve as the fuel for the fires of passion.

The latter cannot be manufactured out of thin air. Sexual vigor is a by-product of a healthy body that simply has an excess of energy beyond what is required for the normal duties of the office or factory.

This excess can, then be converted into kisses and movie dates, moonlit strolls in the park and even poetic phrases.

If you are carrying too much weight, however, your main thought may be to get home to an easy chair where you can shed your shoes, prop your feet on a hassock and soon snore over the evening paper.

Not a very romantic picture of masculinity, eh wives? No wonder so many women are frigid!

Alas, girls, the reverse is also true: for a fat, waddling wife contrasts unfavorably with the slender, perfumed and adoring young thing whom her husband married.

**PREVENT IMPOTENCE**  
In my extensive practice, I have found two things that seem to curb a man's sex vigor prematurely. They are tobacco and obesity.

If the two are found in the same man, you can write him off as relatively through with romance by the age of 45.

Since tobacco seems to interfere with circulation to the extremities, as well as to the heart, its injurious effect may be due to a reduction in circulation to the gonads.

Obesity not only helps reduce circulation, but also fatigues us greatly, so there is little surplus fuel for passion.

Send for my medico-psychological bulletin "HOW TO PREVENT IMPOTENCE," enclosing a stamped return envelope, plus a dime.

And if you are overweight, start dieting NOW.

his own paper. Practically making it unanimous).

"One singularly unpublicized incident during the financially successful Josephine Baker Day staged by the New York NAACP on May 20, 1951, was its picketing by the African Nationalist Movement. Why? Well, according to the pickets' signs and to James R. Lawson, the Movement's leader, the lady had won her French war-time decoration by turning over to the French authorities in Morocco a list of some 150-odd leaders of the Istiqlal (independence) party. They were promptly nabbed, judged and hanged by the heroic legions of fascism, which later surrendered in droves to the British (Note by W. W.: When I reported this first the N. Y. Post and many other careless reporters said it wasn't true. Later I revealed that the Oct. 1, 1935 N. Y. Post published it. But the Post editor Wechsler kept printing that it wasn't true. In short, he doesn't believe what he reads in

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### Slain On Beach

POLICE of Key West, Fla., are seeking a mystery woman in connection with the slaying of Harry E. Klug, Monmouth, N. J., a former sailor, whose body was found sprawled on the beach. He had been shot through the head. Prints of a woman's high-heeled shoes were found. (International)

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