

# The Daily Record

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## The Retirement Issue

Members of Dunn's city council are reported as sharply divided on whether or not the town shall adopt a retirement plan which would guarantee security for its faithful employees and at the same time would add an extra tax burden of several thousand dollars a year on taxpayers.

There has come into the debate over the issue a dispute as to whether or not members of the council promised City Manager A. B. Uzzle that they would put in a retirement system before he accepted the post here.

Mr. Uzzle is quoted as saying that the officials made him that promise. Mayor Ralph Hanna says that Mr. Uzzle might have misinterpreted the board's promise to investigate the possibility, that the council did not make a definite promise.

We don't know whether a definite promise was made or not. Apparently City Manager Uzzle, who already has 23 years service toward retirement, is under the impression that this was one of the terms promised him before he accepted the post.

It is easy to understand Mr. Uzzle's position. We cannot blame him for wanting to serve in a town that does have a retirement plan and we wouldn't blame him to quit his post here, if he feels that strongly about it.

We believe, however, that if the board did make such a promise it was most unfortunate for both Mr. Uzzle and for the Town of Dunn and its taxpayers.

We also believe that if members of the board made any such promise that they were acting hastily.

Under the proposed plan, the retirement system would cost local taxpayers about \$8,000 the first year and several thousand dollars a year afterwards. The city would have to pay eight per cent of the total salary for all employees except police officers and firemen and would have to pay 14 per cent on the two latter groups.

Which means, of course, an eight per cent and a 14 per cent raise, respectively.

Only recently, the council voluntarily started paying Social Security, which also costs the taxpayers. Local governmental units are exempted from this law but can voluntarily participate.

We doubt that the Town of Dunn can afford such a retirement plan, no matter how desirable it might be. Few business firms in town, even among the largest ones, can afford to pay retirement for their employees.

This raises the question: Why are governmental employees any more entitled to retirement pay (at the expense of the taxpayers) than a store clerk, a garage mechanic or any other working man?

Why should the working people of Dunn be taxed to provide social security for others when they have no such plan for themselves?

During the past quarter of a century, only three employees in the Town of Dunn would have been eligible for retirement. The political axe falls too fast and too frequently in this town for employees to accumulate much service toward retirement.

One or two officials are reported to believe that the town should adopt the plan in order to keep Mr. Uzzle, who is making us a very fine city manager.

We don't see it that way. If the town wanted to make an exception in his case in order to live up to its purported promise, it could take out a retirement insurance policy for him—or raise his salary in the equivalent—much cheaper than \$8,000 a year.

We do not believe the taxpayers of Dunn can possibly stand any more taxation. The time has come for the council to start cutting expenditures rather than to keep increasing them.

## Frederick OTHMAN

ABOARD EL BARQUE DEL ORO, AT SEA.—Here I am flat on my back on the mahogany deck of this round-the-world sailing schooner, looking at the moon. The doggonest, biggest, brightest moon I ever did see.

A trio of musicians with mandolins back by the helmsman is singing Mexican love songs, an Indian steward in white pants and nothing else is rushing refreshments that seem to contain rum, palm trees are swaying gently on the shore (in the moonlight, they look blue), and phosphorescent fish are glowing in our wake. There must be something wrong with me.

I keep worrying about the leaves I've got to rake back in McLean, Va., the oil I must buy for the furnace, and the anti-freeze I have to pour into the tractor so I'll be ready to plow the first snowdrifts. No romance in my soul, I guess.

So perhaps I'd better tell you about the Barque del Oro, which translates as the ship of gold. She's a two-master, owned by Enrique Braun, who took her in 1946 on the longest boat ride possible. Five of his friends started with him when she sailed from Acapulco, but hoisting those sails day after day and month after month is hard work. One by one at ports around the globe, they dropped off. When Enrique got home some eight months later, he had a crew of two, including himself.

His ship of gold he gave a coat of fresh white paint, a new suit of cream, a large store of soft cushions, which double as

life preservers. Then he went into the cruise and/or tropical romance business, de luxe. This has been surprisingly successful. Enrique now is in New York spending some of the profits. I suppose he's marveling even now at our cold winds, even as I am appreciating his soft zephyrs.

In Enrique's absence, Tom Kirkpatrick, the New York City tennis star and yachtsman, is serving as captain. Mighty nice little business he's got, too, he said, except in the dark of the moon. Then trade falls off precipitately.

Nightly El Barque del Oro takes on a load of rum, pale Mexican beer, and sunburned tourists at 50 pesos a head. She sails from Acapulco around 10 P. M. (such things as schedules being a little indefinite hereabouts), cruises the brilliantly lit bay, drops anchor at a small island to give all hands a swim at a deserted beach, heads out to sea, and returns to dock when the passengers please. This usually is in the small hours before dawn.

Mostly the customers are young lovers; you mix them with moonlight so bright it's metallic and music so soft it almost seems to come from the waves, and you've got a pleasant sight. Then, of course, there are some married folks aboard like Hilda and me, with memories. What pleased me most was a number of gray-haired ladies from our own Midwest.

They sank to their cushions on deck, timidly sampled their rum concoctions (with the compliments of the captain), and admired the

## These Days



By **Sokolsky**

CHING NU-CHI

One is ever learning new things about our relations with China. Slowly the mosaic is being filled in showing the tragic pattern of errors which has brought on the greatest disaster in our history. We have lost a war; we have lost an historic ally; we have become involved in the Korean War because of errors made in our China policy between 1945 and 1949.

In "The 'Enemy Within,'" a book on the Communist conquest of China by Father Raymond J. de Jaeger and Irene Corbally Kuhn, I read for the first time the story of Ching Nu-chi, a Chinese Communist who had got the job of Chief Secretary of the Chinese Documents Secretariat under General George Marshall. Little by little, the story unfolds, mostly in books written by those who were on the scene or by those who have access to hidden documents.

Ching Nu-chi had been a student in Chicago. In China, he was employed by the American Government and serviced the Marshall mission in China. As he was in charge of everything translated from the Chinese, he was in a pivotal position to twist all the documents to favor the Chinese Communists. He could withhold data which Marshall should have seen; subsequently, he wrote a book, entitled "Secret Report on the United States—Chiang Kai-shek Conspiracy." This was published in Hongkong in 1949. It disclosed the Communist character of this American employee.

Ching Nu-chi was in a position to know the plans and secrets of both the Marshall and Wedemeyer missions to China; in his book he publishes some top secret documents which are still unknown to the American people. For approximately four years, this Chinese Communist was so employed. It is a little difficult to understand what our intelligence officers were doing when they permitted such conditions to exist, or were they helpless in the face of General George Marshall's obvious preference for the Chinese Communists?

Father de Jaeger tells of a curious experience with General Marshall's office in Peiping. He had tried to make an appointment to see General Marshall through Captain James Grant. He went to the headquarters in Peiping, but Captain Grant had gone to Mukden. Instead he encountered a Chinese attendant. Let me give it in Father de Jaeger's words: "The Chinese looked me over with curling lip and patronizing air."

"The General is very busy. He won't be able to see you," he added, "he knows whatever it is that you think you can tell him."

"This gratuitous observation made me quite angry."

"How do you know what is in my head?" I asked him. "I don't pretend to know what is in yours."

"He made a sarcastic rejoinder and we had a small argument, but I soon saw that he had no intention of checking on my appointment. Captain Grant may have made for me or making any slightest effort in my behalf. I made no further attempt to see General Marshall at this time, since he was leaving Peiping almost at once."

Apparently the Chinese Communists had so thoroughly surrounded General Marshall in Peiping that it was difficult for others to see him. This was the period when Marshall was organizing truce talks similar to those from which we are now suffering in Korea. After months of talks and maneuvering, the Chinese Communists had placed themselves in position to hold Manchuria and to invade North China. Actually, General Marshall's strategy had accomplished for the Chinese Communists what they could not accomplish for themselves.

Father de Jaeger, who tells of these incidents as an eye-witness, is a Belgian priest who has been a missionary in China and who was caught in the Communist conquest of China. His description of this period is exciting and historically important.

Father Mark Tennen writes of a later period in this conquest in his book "No Secret Is Safe." Behind the Bamboo Curtain" While Father de Jaeger presents the political and social transformation of China, Father Tennen gives the human side of the tribulations and trails of an innocent people tortured by their own sons in the interests of an enemy.

And so the story, about which so many official lies were told, comes to us in detailed truth. And there will be more to follow.

blinking lights of the fishermen in their dugout canoes dotting a wide expanse of ocean. Soon the ladies had removed their shoes and were joining the musicians in song, which they fondly believed was Spanish.

High adventure this was for the elderly ones in the dignified print dresses. Life never was like this in Quincy, Ill., or McLean, Va., for that matter, and I do believe the ladies got their 50 pesos' worth. It was a joy to watch them.

## MISTER BREGER



"Psst! The Marriage License Bureau reports your check came back marked 'Insufficient Funds'..."

**The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**  
By BREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON.—Pentagon planners have held several nervous huddles regarding security for the President-elect on his trip to Korea. They realize that if anything should happen to General Eisenhower on this trip it might prove another Sarajevo.

Less than three months ago, Russian Higs, based on Tsingtao in North China, shot down a Navy patrol plane while over the Japan Sea. This is approximately the route which Eisenhower's plane will have to take from Japan to Korea.

In the north also, the Russians have Migs based in Sakhalin, well within range of traffic across the Japan Sea. Furthermore, Soviet planes from Sakhalin have been picked up on radar as far as 53 miles inland over northern Japan. Considering all these factors, the Air Force has come up with several means of guarding the President-elect on his trip. First the Eisenhower route can and will be carefully patrolled by Sabre jets. Second Eisenhower could be flown at night. These precautions will be taken.

It is regarding the time, date, and other details of his trip, that this columnist urges other newsmen to maintain a complete news blackout.

However, another aspect of the Eisenhower trip is equally worrying. Ike has promised to ride through the streets of Seoul with President Synman Rhee. The streets naturally will be packed. And since both North and South Koreans look alike, it would be easy for the Communists to place a fanatic in the crowd willing to make an attempt on Eisenhower's life.

With even the most expert policing, it would be difficult to detect such a fanatic in advance. That is why the trip of the President-elect is so dangerous.

Note—It was a trip by Archduke Franz-Ferdinand to the Bosnian city of Sarajevo in 1914 where he was killed that touched off World War I. It was also the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Premier Barthelemy of France when riding in a parade through Marseilles that helped pave the way for World War II.

**NEW PALACE GUARD**  
Here is the probable White House staff for the new President—U. S. men who will really administer Washington.

Under some presidents, this staff can be more important than the cabinet. Around Truman, it was the old cronies, the Vaughans and the Connellys, that bogged him down. Under Eisenhower, the lineup will be about as follows:

**TOM STEPHENS**—Secretary of State for the Republican party in New York, will be appointment

## CUTIES



"I've got thermos bottles, blankets, sandwiches, binoculars, pennants, score cards—Gosh, the only thing I forgot is the ticket!"

## Walter Winchell

**In New York**

New York Telegram: "Winchell, Daily Mirror, 235 E. 45th St.: The rank and file members of the Father Duffy Post of The Catholic War Veterans of the U. S. are aroused over the implied political endorsement (in the N. Y. Compass) on Thursday, Oct. 30th, alleged to have been subscribed to by Catholic War Veterans National Commander Thomas Cullie. To date we have no reply to the demand that such endorsement be withdrawn. The Catholic War Veterans is a non-political organization. We repudiate and deplore any such political endorsements by national, state or county officers. Tom Kelly and Jim Walsh (both Cong. Medal winners and members of this post) resent this implication vigorously. (Signed): T. Moran, trustee and Past Cmr., Father Duffy Post, Catholic War Veterans."

Okay, Cmr. Let's put it here and make it public.

The Times Square Circle: Denials that the Ted Collins are dividing are counterfeit. Mrs. Collins won't deny it. Private Sels R. Hay Schindler will be 70 on the 11th. Happy Birthday, kid. The Francois Heidsiecks (of the champagne family) uncorked a baby doll. Why not call her Piper?

Newest style for poodles (especially for Toy Poodles, whose residence is the Berkshire Hotel): Wool plaid jersey sweaters with patent leather roll collars. "Stars and Stripes Forever" (the bog of Sousa) had Tin Pan Alley raving and whistling after the pre-... Cosmopolitan kissed Perry Como with seeds of photos (and pages) in the Nov. issue. Collier's has a ditto. Some of the non-commies (on you know what paper) are not decided which they like best. The Day Schiff or the Night Schiff. Baby Lake wings to the Miami Beach Latin Q, which resumes its girleque Dec. 15th. Wasn't Mrs. Harvey Stone married again in Mexico the other day? He's from her home town, Detroit. It's a shame there's no longer a Dixie in Hollywood. There was so little Hollywood in Dixie.

The WWinners!: Composer Otto Sesana's 60 piece orchestra (recorded) thrilling music lovers with "Ecstasy." Bill Snyder's latest platter (a revival of Al Porgie's "Light Time") (Art WNEVE Ford play the Music!)... Kronenberger's "The Threat of Laughter" (partic page 95)... The Mimi Warren Trio at the Mermaid Room... The McGuire Sisters (newcomers to Broadway), future stars... Johnny Windhurst's trumpet magic at Eddie Condon's jazzpot... Allen (Candid Camera) Fun's "Eavesdropper at Large." Hilarious!

The Midnight Watch: We advertised (here) that we would display Sen. Sparkman's Washington house-lease (on teevy), showing his and his wife's signatures on the covenant barring Negroes and Jews and others. (Because Pearson displayed Nixon's the week earlier.) It was crowded out. (Many newspapers have it in their files)... The lawyers for the N. Y. Post (suing us) was Judy Holliday's. She was accused of entertaining Red-front groups. She gave the familiar replies: "So young, didn't know what I was doing, I am so dumb, etc." At the party for Mickey Spillane (guests came attired in macabre costumes) the gels practically wore skin. Bobby LaBranche's Halloween celebration included throwing his jas at refugee G. Lubovitch's fist... If Stevenson wins, every bank in the U. S. will be closed within a week and soldiers will march in the streets (with rifles and sidearms) in every state in the Union. Armistice Day!... Ken Clark's piano (at cocktail time) will delight you at Gog's starting tomorrow... Wire from Salinas, Cal.: "Just heard Democratic Party complaining about your Coast-to-Coast Vote for Ike. It would appear they would stop freedom of speech until after election. (Signed): J. P. Adcock and H. L. Scott, Jr."... Coincidence Dept.: In the film, "The Thief" (in the 66th and B'way Lincoln Park scene) a commy spy is seen reading the N. Y. Post!

Secretary, He is one of Dewey's right-hand men, efficient and fair-minded.

**JIM HAGERTY**—Press relations secretary. Another Dewey man; has been on the Eisenhower train all during the campaign, competent.

**GEN. WILTON G. PERSONS**—Closest man to Eisenhower, will be legislative liaison man; handle contacts with Congress.

**ROBERT CUTLER**—Boston banker, probably adviser on economic matters.

**KEVIN MCCANN**—President of Defiance College, Ohio, and author of "The Man from Abilene," will write speeches and answer correspondence.

**EMMETT HUGHES**—Of Life magazine, will be the Sam Roseman of the Eisenhower administration.

There are the men who will be closest to the President, in some cases dominate him. Their views can have terrific impact on the nation.

**The Worry Clinic**  
By Dr. GEORGE W. CRANE

WORDS ARE THE TOOLS OF THE MIND, SO BE SURE YOUR CHILD HAS A RICH MENTAL "TOOL KIT" BEFORE HE LEAVES HIGH SCHOOL. NOTICE THE SUPERIOR SCHOLASTIC RECORD OF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR WHO WAS TOP MAN AT WEST POINT. BUT HE HAD READ THE BIBLE THROUGH FOR SIX TIMES BEFORE HIS GRADUATION. ABRAHAM LINCOLN USED THE BIBLE AS HIS TEXTBOOK, TOO.

Case E-396: Larry L., aged 16, is an Eagle Scout, which means he probably has more practical knowledge already than the average college graduate.

"During the vacations I don't have enough to keep my mind occupied," he said, "so I think I'll recommend that you read the Bible. The Catholic War Veterans is a non-political organization. We repudiate and deplore any such political endorsements by national, state or county officers. Tom Kelly and Jim Walsh (both Cong. Medal winners and members of this post) resent this implication vigorously. (Signed): T. Moran, trustee and Past Cmr., Father Duffy Post, Catholic War Veterans."

Okay, Cmr. Let's put it here and make it public.

That clergyman's recommendation to Larry is very wise, and has been proved on numerous occasions by many eminent Americans.

The most famous and most influential books in human history is the Bible. Nobody is truly educated who hasn't read it. It is full of mental calories.

While it describes events far back into antiquity, its earliest written portions probably were not set down in writing until about 850 B. C.

But for the intervening 2,800 years it has been the most widely read book by the foremost thinkers of each generation.

It is the one volume, therefore, which links intelligent men and women of the last 28 centuries. It is more widely quoted than all other volumes combined.

**READ THE BIBLE**

Apart from its moral precepts and its direct or indirect production of our schools and colleges, hospitals and Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., C. Y. O. and Salvation Army, the Bible has some other very valuable educational uses.

To illustrate its aid to a student as regards vocabulary, grammar, philosophy and literature, let me cite the example of General Douglas MacArthur.

Before he had completed West Point, he had read the Bible through from cover to cover six times. Just remember, too, that he set the top scholastic mark at West Point! It still stands.

I can personally attest to the Bible's educational value in this regard for I had read it through from cover to cover a half dozen times before I had even graduated from High School, including two times before I completed the 8th grade.

As a result, I coasted along through many college courses in English with little effort because I had a better foundation in English than non-Bible students could glean from 4 full years of majoring in English.

Abraham Lincoln evolved his beautiful literary style from the King James version of the Bible. **PENNY WISE; POUND FOOLISH**

Thousands of modern Americans are straining to appear educated. So they buy new books and magazines liberally by the score.

They belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club and similar excellent organizations. But in 5 years, most of those books are gone and forgotten. Even their titles are ancient history in a decade.

Meanwhile these same Americans often ignore the best educational tool and the most stimulating volume in the history of the human race.

Their children grow up with Comic Book vocabularies and a cowboy range of ideas, so is it any wonder our American youth are being indicted for lack of reading ability and slowness in comprehending printed instructions?

I don't disapprove of Comic Books, but we need something more "meaty" to round out a child's education and vocabulary.

Words and ideas are the tools of the mind, so give your child an unexcelled mental tool kit by urging him to read the Bible.

Reward him if need be, or pay him \$1 per each of the 66 books in the Bible, for it will be cheap "education" for his English composition.

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

**"Mary Hawthorth's Mail"**  
By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

INVITED TO CHURCH RALLY DAY AS CONTRIBUTORS TO AFTERNOON PROGRAM, COUPLE ARE THEN SNUBBED

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: Some weeks ago my wife and I received a letter from an acquaintance in the neighborhood which read as follows:

"Our church is observing Rally Day on October 17. We are having a basket dinner at noon and a program at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We should be most happy to have you with us for the day; but knowing you have your own church affiliations we hope that you can be with us in the afternoon. Also we hope you will recite for us some of your poems which we enjoy. If it is possible to come, please notify us. Sincerely, etc."

In reply we wrote that inasmuch as our church had no special services for the day, we would be with them for the morning worship and basket dinner. Accordingly, we went and after the preaching hour, quite a few members of the congregation shook hands with us and chatted a bit, but nobody invited us to the basement dining room.

The letter writer did greet us when we first arrived but didn't come near us after the service. We tarried in the church until all but three had gone to the dining room, expecting someone would invite us to dinner, but nobody did. Very embarrassed and chagrined, and not knowing what else to do, we drove home some 22 miles and didn't return for the afternoon program.

We have heard nothing more from the others. We were very hurt at being ignored after the close of the service. Are we at fault in any way? We would like your comment and advice.

R. B.

**IT SEEMS DINNER WAS DUTCH TREAT**

DEAR R. B.: Seen from this distance, the crux of the general misunderstanding is readily apparent. You got the impression from the

**Found Dead In Ga.**

RICHMOND HILL, Ga. (AP)—Army criminal investigators today sought to discover what killed a paratrooper whose body was found in a wood some 15 miles from here after an eight-day search.

Pfc. John H. Minor, on leave from Ft. Bragg, N. C., was found dead in the thicketed area, apparently as a result of a shotgun wound. He had been missing since he disappeared from a hunting party.

neighbor's letter that you were invited to dinner as guests of the congregation on Rally Sunday—provided you could come to the morning service and stay on for the afternoon program.

However, the term "basket dinner" has an idiomatic meaning for many Americans, particularly those cradled in the Midwest. It is synonymous with "dutch treat" picnic. It means bring your own provisions—fried chicken, hard cooked eggs, pickles, bread and butter sandwiches, fruits, pastries, what-have-you. Depending upon local custom, the contents of all baskets may be spread together on a common table, with everyone urged to step up and sample freely. Or family groups may eat from their own baskets—like diners assembled at different tables.

The letter writer received was ambiguously phrased—although perhaps not intentionally so. Actually it doesn't make clear whether (a) your presence was asked for the day; or whether (b) you were being politely told that your cue was to come only in the afternoon. In any case, the fact that you showed up for worship and dinner—after mailing an acceptance to that effect—certainly confronted the spokesman with an obligation of hospitality, especially as you were to be on the afternoon program.

**BEST FORGIVE THE GAUCHERIE**

In the circumstances, the person who asked your presence as entertainer was remiss in letting you stand around uninvited and to finally creep away in flaming embarrassment. In falling to sense your mistake and erase it with warm cordiality, she showed her self wanting in good judgment and good manners. Instead of avoiding you after the service, she should have conferred quickly with fellow workers and brought you into a "basket circle," never letting you guess anything was amiss.

As to why she let you down, probably she is so unsure of herself socially that she can't gracefully compensate for another's blunder, for fear of being identified with the blunderer. In the public mind, such gaucherie isn't uncommon amongst those unversed in the forms and patterns of polite usage. Since nobody came to your rescue, your only "out" was to go home. But my advice is, forgive the incident. Don't harbor ill feeling about it.

M. H.

Mary Hawthorth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of (The Daily Record).