The Daily Record

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Military Service: A Down Payment On Security

Burlington twins, who had a chance for fame and fortune on television, will have to postpone the happy day. One of them has been drafted into the Army and the other one is eager to go.

Our sympathy goes out to the twins. We hope that in some future and better time they will be able to realize their ambitions to be great entertainment stars.

At the same time we must realize that other people have ambitions which are constantly being frustrated by the demands of national security. Perhaps these ambitions are not as pretentious as those of the talented Burlington boys. They are just humdrum things as educations, careers, marriages, home life.

But young Americans have been laying their ambitions on the altar of their country's welfare for almost four hundred years.

They made sacrifices to protect the wooden palisades of their early settlements against the aboriginal savages and the wild beasts which prowled the frontier forests. They made sacrifices in Alamance, at Bunker Hill, at the Alamo.

They marched away from quite, peaceful and prosperous farms to fight at Bethel and Gettysburg and Appomattox.

They left their workshops to go into battle at Chateau Thierry.

They quit their colleges to fly planes over the Coral Sea and shoot machine guns on the muddy banks of the Lunga river.

Armed service for one's country is a calculated risk of the youth of today. It is part of the down payment for security and survival in a troubled world.

We have set up a system for selecting young men for military system which in theory is an impartial system.

Wealth is not supposed to be able to buy exemption from that service, or fame to win deferment.

Americans in charge of the administration of this system have a deep and patriotic challenge to keep the system impartial, to make no discrimination between the fumbling Class D substitute catcher and the world champion Big League home run hitter.

They must make no discrimination between the guitar player in the barnstorming hillbilly band and the Emcee in the biggest television show on earth.

They must treat the stockroom clerk with the same consideration they give the heir to the greatest fortune.

One's life is just as precious to him as the other's. The notification to the next-of-kin hits the unpainted cottage in the valley just as hard as it hits the marbled mansion on the hill.

From The Fayetteville Observer

Firing Of Bomb Is Now Official

WASHINGTON (P) — The hydrogen super-bomb, capable of destroying whole cities in a flash with blast and fire, has now joined America's arsenal of atomic weapons.

That, informed sources said today, is the clear meaning of a brief official announcement issued by the Atomic Energy Commission in the wake of a flood of eye-witness accounts from Eniwetok describing the world's first H-bomb explosion.

These sources also said that development of the super-bomb was a brilliant scientific and technical achievement which gives the West a tremendous new weapon, not yet possessed by Russia, for enforcement of peace. They predicted that the first test model of the H-bomb will be followed shortly by even more violent versions.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON. — I don't know whether Karen Morley, the beautiful alleged lady Communist, was telling a whopper, or whether the Congressional sleuths were downright stupid.

For nearly two years the gumshoes of the House Un-American Activities Committee tried to serve a subpoena on La Morley, the movie star turned pinko. They claimed she was hiding out in Mexico. Again she was reported in Europe.

A few days back they managed to hand the papers to her in New York and here she was, as handsome as she ever was on the silver screen, indicating that those cops must have been looking for her in saloons.

Miss M. said she did not, either, disappear from her Hollywood canyon home in early 1951. She merely dropped over to La Quinta, a desert resort near Indio, Calif., to absorb some sunshine. Then, she added, she went to New York, where she remained continuously, while the hawkshaws beat the bushes elsewhere.

So, all right. Was she, the Congressmen wanted to know, a Communist? In a well-modulated voice and with a smile, as if she were engaging in chitchat over the tea-cups in a high society movie, she said she refused to answer on the grounds that she might incriminate herself.

The statesmen showed her a pile of Communist-front letter-heads with her name printed on them and articles in Red news sheets under her by-line. Was this her name? She stared at it each time and refused to answer.

I'd guess Miss Morley today is about 40; her hair is as blond and curley as it ever was when she was a top-flight actress and her features as handsomely chiseled. And what I can't understand is what ever got into her pretty head.

In the long ago in Hollywood I used to know her. I'd see her on the sets around town and I'd write pieces for the paper about her. She struck me then as one of the most vivacious and intelligent women I knew in the movie business.

Actually, Gerald Nye, Senator from North Dakota, had no idea what all this was about. He was a Republican, a conservative, an America Firster, a pacifist. When he organized his Committee in the Senate to investigate the causes of war, he did not suspect that the Harold Ware cell was using him as a front.

I often wonder why none of the so-called liberals who now object to what the House Committee on Un-American Activities or the McCarran Committee do, did not object then to what the Nye Committee or the La Follette Committee, both manned by Communists, were doing. They praised these committees.

What makes her tale the odder still is the fact that she's perhaps the only alleged big-time Communist that Iowa ever produced. She was a cutie with corn-colored curls when she headed west from Ottumwa in 1931. That same year the Hollywood press agents sponsored her as one of their Wampas baby stars and her career soared immediately in a trail of golden dust.

She appeared in one big-time film after another and earned critical accolades every time; my own guess is that her weekly wage averaged around $3,000. She married Charles Vidor, a leading director, and eventually became the mother of his son.

I don't believe I knew any other woman who had prospered more spectacularly under our capitalist system than Miss M. I must report that when I knew her, she never once hinted that weird political ideas were boiling behind that lovely face.

We need not bother more with her refusal to testify before the Congressmen. Afterward in the marble corridor outside, she said she was a fighter against Fascism and dictatorships. In Moscow, she said, there is no dictatorship.

"And I suppose we can only feel sorry for a beautiful woman whose ideas got so twisted that today she can't even earn a living in her chosen profession. It is a sad thing and, to me, a mysterious one.

These Days

By

Sokolsky

STRICKLY PERSONAL

It is not often that events unfold which throw light on a perplexing personal problem years after it no longer matters. For a prolonged period after 1937, things happened to me. Before then, I had written a large number of articles for "The Atlantic Monthly," and occasional articles for other magazines. Suddenly no magazine in the United States would purchase anything I wrote. I could not get work on the radio.

I had been accused by the Nye Committee of trafficking in arms for Japan which was obviously untrue as I had never bought or sold arms, individually or on a large scale, for myself or anyone else, much less Japan. I was smeared without benefit of a hearing by the La Follette Committee. Curiously, I noted at the time that some of my best friends believed that where there was so much smoke, there must also be fire, but they never asked who built the fire.

I knew who built that fire. I actually overheard some of them talking about what they were going to do to Sokolsky. I have a copy of the letter that Mrs. Clifford Durr, sister-in-law of Justice Hugo Black, wrote to the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly." I knew then what Alger Hiss, John Abt, and Charles Kramer (Krivitsky) planned to do to me.

Then last week, I picked up a book, "Crime Without Punishment," by Guenther Reinhardt, whom I do not know. He had worked for the FBI and the U. S. Counter Intelligence Corps. I glanced through the index when lo and behold! My name appeared.

Reinhardt at that point is dealing with a Soviet agent, Louis Gibarti, who was sent to this country to do a job for Stalin. I come into it as follows :

"Under his guidance, in 1937 and 1938, the weapon of the deadly word, the smear campaign, was ordered into the arsenal of Communism in America. It was a special assignment of Gibarti's. He carried it off well. He explained some of it to me in March 1938. We were discussing the dispatches to the 'New York Times' being then sent by the Times' correspondent on the Franco side of the Spanish fighting. George Sokolsky, the King Features columnist who has brought a knowing and literate anti-Communist attitude to the columns of hundreds of American newspapers, was also a subject for discussion that day.

"Gibarti opined that both men' were being taken care of.' Hadn't I noticed, he asked, how so many other writers had gone out of their way to take cracks at such persons? He smiled pridefully. Sokisky in particular, he confided, was an out target. He boasted how American 'friends' had taken care of Sokolsky by using their influence with such Senate committees as the Nye munitions probe group and the La Follette labor rights committee. These groups, he chortled, had been led out of their way to take cracks at Sokolsky's activities. It was easy for me to see how the leading had been done. Under the carefully guarded pen name of Gordon Reno, I had exposed how the La Follette Committee had been penetrated by such subversive agents as John Abt and Charles Krivitsky, known then only as Charles Kramer. 'Eleven years later both Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers were to confirm my story by their own recollections and Chambers, in his monumental tilt with Alger Hiss, was to force into the open the fact, among many more amazing, that the Soviet's man Alger Hiss had been playing on the Red team while serving in a key position on the Nye Committee. Gibarti was not idly boasting when he explained how the party could use the Senate committees to hurt anti-Communists.'"

Senators Paul Douglas of Illinois, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, and Guy Gillette of Iowa tried to organize opposition to Johnson with Gillette urging Senator Lister Hill of Alabama to become minority leader. Senator Pastore of Rhode Island also urged Senators Clements of Kentucky to serve. When Senator Fulbright of Arkansas sounded out Lister Hill, however, the Alabama solon replied:

MISTER BREGER

"It's NOT the beef stew I mind—it's our fire insurance I forgot to renew!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND
By DREW PEARSON

Washington — General Eisenhower has received two invitations to visit Latin America and is considering the possibility of making a good-neighbor trip there before his inauguration Jan. 20.

The two invitations are from Mexico and Chile, both among the few remaining democracies in the Western Hemisphere. Though Chile is now under the presidency of General Ibanez, he was elected in a free election and has shown no tendencies toward dictatorship, though he staged an anti-U. S. A. campaign to get elected. The Eisenhower trip would help to melt Ibanez' frigidity.

If Eisenhower makes the pilgrimage, he would follow in the footsteps of Herbert Hoover who made a good-will tour of Latin America between the period of his election and inauguration.

Some of Ike's advisers urge that since Latin Americans generally hoped Stevenson would be elected, he should go; thus dispelling Latin-American predictions of a return to isolationist imperialism under the Republicans.

FRICTION AMONG DEMOCRATS

Sen. Lyndon Johnson of Texas will be the new leader of Senate Democrats all right, but some Democratic Senators aren't at all happy about it. They figure that "Lyin'-Down," as he is nicknamed, will follow a pro-Republican line and there won't be much Democratic opposition to GOP policies.

What Senator Johnson did to ensure his selection was to start a telephone barrage the day after election to line up votes for himself. When freshmen Senators such as "Scoop" Jackson of Washington and Mike Mansfield of Montana were pressured by Lyndon there wasn't much they could say except that they would support him.

Later, Mansfield was asked by an older Southern senator why he had been stampeded into endorsing Johnson. The new senator from Montana didn't have much of an answer.

"Don't you think it's healthy to have Texans leading the party in both houses of congress—Sam Rayburn in the House and Johnson in the Senate?" Mansfield was asked.

"I thought Lyndon was Sam Rayburn's boy," Mansfield replied. "And if there's anything I can ever do to repay Rayburn for the favors he's done me I'd like to do it."

GOP PATRONAGE ROW

Tafitsts aren't at all happy over the appointment of Herbert Brownell, former campaign manager for Governor Dewey, as Chief patronage adviser for General Eisenhower.

In their opinion this means that jobs, for which the GOP has been waiting 20 long, lean years, will now go to the Dewey wing of the Republican party.

Brownell is under instructions to clear appointments with GOP National Chairman Arthur Summerfield, who is a Taft man, and to work with the Republican National Committee. Furthermore, he is only to handle jobs below cabinet rank.

Nevertheless, leaders of the Taft wing are not at all happy. They foresaw something like this immediately after the Chicago Convention at which Dewey and Brownell were largely responsible for nominating Eisenhower. And it was fear that the Deweyites might take over patronage that caused Taft to write a special patronage provision into the "Declaration of Morningside Heights" after his breakfast with Eisenhower.

Brownell went down to Augusta quite unobtrusively and the first thing the Taft people knew he had come back to New York with the job-screening arrangements in his hands. He is to set up charts on job vacancies, check on loyalty, ability, etc., of candidates. And while he is instructed to check with Summerfield, the power to recommend — which is all-important— will be largely his.

NOTE — Regardless of Dewey's unpopularity inside his own party, he has picked some top men to run his administration in New York State.

Sills Qualifies As Sharpshooter

WITH THE 2ND ARMOURED DIV. IN GERMANY — Army Sgt. Herman W. Sills of Erwin, N. C., recently qualified as a rifle sharpshooter while serving with the 2d Armored Division in Germany.

Part of western Europe's NATO Army, his unit is conducting training maneuvers in the U. S. Occupation Zone of Germany. Called the "Hell on Wheels" Division, it was the first American outfit to enter Berlin as World Warr II neared its end.

CUTIES

"I don't know WHERE your girl friend is. We only watch hats and coats in this place."

Walter Winchell In New York

MAN ABOUT TOWN

John Jacob Astor and Lois De-Fee ? ? ? Dined in public thrice last week .... Intimates are booming Morton Downey for Mayor .... Margot Fonteyn, the Sadler's Wells prima galerina, seriously ill in a Southampton hosp .... When the Crime probers finish here Yonkers will be the next stop thief .... Rumors again that Lindbergh may inherit a diplomatic post .... The Pearl Bailey-Louis Bellson story raging on the London-N. Y. front pages was Winchell'd Friday .... According to Phyllis Hill husband Jose Ferrer hasn't menticaed divorce .... The D. A.'s office has an elaborate list of all the "Johns" who dated the gals in the Jelke investigation. But I won't be made public .... Margot Morris's date didn't show up at Cou Rouge because he's in Bellevue after 22 sleepingpills .... Miriam Thropp (the railroad heiress) is wearing a new diamond bracelet and shoe mfr Air Payne .... Headline: "Ike meets Truman Tomorrow" .... Poor Harry, just one sad Tuesday after the other.

The Washington Wire: Dr. Vannevar Bush, wartime director of The Office of Scientific Research & Development (top brains of American science), auth'd a blast at the Joint Chiefs of Staff. For the Dec. Collier's .... Acheson would enjoy chuckling it all next month .... Ike's first problem will come with the strike of the non-operating RR Brotherhoods against the Western & Southern Lines .... A leading teevy comedy writer (Canadian by birth) may be expelled for refusing to answer queries before the House Comm. on Un-American Activities .... The CAB is probing 65 non-scheduled airlines. Too many squawks about "no refunds" on cancelled flights, etc.... Headline: "Farewell Battle Starting at White House" .... Boozeness as Usual.

WW predicted this before the election: "Stevenson will win by the margin of the Negro vote in the South" .... Of course, is Walter White (high exec of Nat'l Ass'n for Advancement of Colored People), Josephine Baker's gullible ally .... F. Carle's album, "For Me and My Gal," passed the 500,000 sales mark .... Memo to Commissioners Monaghan and Grumet: The Irish Societies suggest the benefit at the Garden (for survivors of cops and firemen killed on duty) be held the night of March 16th. Because on St. Patrick's night they all hold dances, parties, etc. (Okay here!) .... Mrs. Elmer Bobst (beloved of the Richard Hudnut chief) is too ill .... Add hc.aeymooners at the Astor: Sgt. J. E. Williamson (of Nashville) and Loretta Principe of Chappeau, Ontario (and Knoxville, Tenn.) .... Coca-Cola deburkhs the unrumners that it tried suppressing the book about it. Th's like it!

The Int'l Set: The younger son of the West Germany chancellor and Washington socialite Doris Dumont are sotto voce .... Lady Astor is ill .... Ex-King Carol had an op—similar to the one the late British King had .... The Robert Taylor-Lili DuBois romance has the cables sizzling. She's a French socialite ... Rita plans educating the kids in a convent .... Sheraton Hotel exec in Detroit: Neal Lang's wife (Shivi) is America's newest citizen. They wed during the war—after the lovely WAAF took one look at Martha Raye's ex-groom and told a gal-pal: "I'm going to marry him!" .... Lustiest laff in town: In the "Limelight" movie when Chaplin tells leading lady Claire Bloom (on Time's cover) that she's "too young" for him.

The Worry Clinic

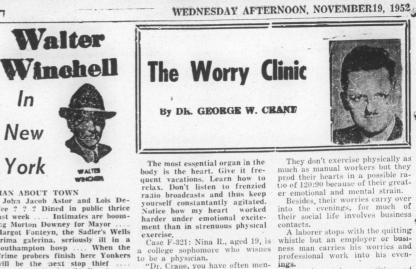### By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

The most essential organ in the body is the heart. Give it frequent vacations. Learn how to relax. Don't listen to frenzied radio broadcasts and thus keep yourself constantly agitated. Notice how my heart worked harder under emotional excitement than in strenuous physical exercise.

Case F-321: Nina R., aged 19, is a college sophomore who wishes to be a physician.

"Dr. Crane, you have often mentioned that possibly half of medical practice is psychological.

"Can you give us some examples of how the body and mind interact?"

MIND VS. BODY

Recently, I was listening to a radio broadcast of a prize fight.

My feet were propped up on a hassock and I sat in an easy chair. In that position, when under no mental or emotional strain, my pulse rate is usually 65 beats per minute.

But I felt excited as the prize fight progressed, so out of curiosity I took my pulse. It was 120.

During the early summer I played some tennis. Being somewhat overweight and out of practice, I was puffing after 30 minutes of running around the tennis court.

So I took my pulse and found that it was 90. Notice the contrast between the strain upon my heart from emotional stimulation in contrast to that of hard physical activity.

DON'T DIE EARLY

While I was sitting in front of the radio, my heart raced at a speed of 120 beats. But strenuous physical exercise brought it up only to 90.

The blood pressure usually rises, too, when the pulse rate climbs, so my heart was not only beating faster but also against a greater resistance.

This example shows why business and professional men burn themselves out, so to speak, at an earlier age than the average longevity for Americans.

In "fronting" before the public and engaging in the keen competition of modern life, these men "race their motors" and thus wear out their hearts. So they begin dying of heart attacks in the early forties.

They don't exercise physically as much as manual workers but they prod their hearts in a possible ratio of 120:90 because of their great-er emotional and mental strain.

Besides, their worries carry over into the evenings, for much of their social life involves business contacts.

A laborer stops with the quitting whistle but an employer or business man carries his worries and professional work into his evenings.

There is zest in competition and most business or professional men enjoy the battle, but they should learn how to avoid some of this extra strain on the heart.

HEART VACATIONS

No vacation is completely effective, unless your heart is relieved of some of its strain!

But a shift from business duties or office worries, to simple physical work, will often lower your blood pressure and slow down your pulse.

Many high pressure business leaders, with blood pressures of 200, will go to Florida or California and soon find that their blood pressure falls to 170.

The essential thing in a vacation is to break your mental and emotional tension.

Getting away from your office or business, will help you forget the many stimuli which habitually prod your heart into its faster speed.

Fear is also one of the greatest causes of strain on the heart. If you carry adequate insurance to protect yourself in old age and if you have an abiding faith in God, you can relax and thus take a great load off your heart.

Clergymen, therefore, can often do more good for your hearts than we physicians. Few heart attacks ever occur in a church.

And don't work on the Sabbath! That's why I break my weekly tension. Regardless of my heavy schedule, I quit work on Sunday.

That relaxation may be a chief reason why God wanted us to cease our labors one day per week.

(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.)

DEVOTED WIFE ASKS HOW TO CURB HUSBAND'S HABITUAL HECKLING OF THEIR DAUGHTER, 12.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My husband, whom I love dearly, was eighth in a family of 13 children. His parents were lovely and good to the children, but there was never any show of affection; and the children did pretty much as they pleased, with no bad effects. I was one of two girls, brought up by a very kind, affectionate mother and a cruel, stern stepfather.

Tom and I have been married 15 years and have two children, a daughter, 12, and a son, 10. Tom has never been very understanding with the children's little problems nor even interested; but I try to overlook this. I am much more concerned about his heckling of our little girl. It has been going on since she was two. He is kinder to the boy in every way but calls the girl "honey" only to make her mad. I honestly feel his constant picking at Lucy about little things is ruining her disposition, which changes the minute he gets home. At table there is always bickering between them, and I know I should not interfere; but at times, when he is very unreasonable, I do. Like one night when she had eaten a big dinner, including more than half of her salad, which she loves, Tom she said she could eat no more and Tom spoke up, "You'll eat it all, if I have to shove it down." I interrupted and excused her from the table, which I knew was wrong—and he was angry at me, of course. But I couldn't stand to see her choke it down.

We never have trouble over anything else. He is very considerate of me in every way but I can't understand his treatment of Lucy. The children never ask him for favors because they always know the answer would be "No." My son is very fond of his dad, but I am afraid our daughter is growing farther and farther away from him. Please help me find a solution.
R. S.

SADIST-MASOCHIST PATTERN APPARENT

DEAR R. S.: In a sense, Lucy is indirectly the victim of your cruel stepfather, who made you so morbidly uncertain in dealing with men—unconsciously so fearful — that you tolerate a streak of sadism in Tom, not knowing it. Far from recognizing what goes on, you have an apologetic feeling that it's "wrong" of you to take issue with his habitual compulsive torture of Lucy—for this is what his nagging amounts to.

It is absurd to say—as you naively do—that Tom is considerate of you in every way, when all the while, for 10 years, he has been making Lucy's life miserable, and yours, too, wringing your heart with baked pity for her potentially ruinous plight. He must know that he is hurting you in distressing her maliciously. I am sure your attitude makes that clear even when you are mute and passive on the sidelines.

It is possible that the obscure neurotic aim of Tom's fault finding is to keep you on the rack, aflutter with pain, hence more appealing to his sadistic fancy. Maybe he just blundered onto the discovery that by heckling Lucy he could drain your face of peace and gaiety, without letting you (or its deeded himself) know that he is clawing at you, really. Your early subjection to pointless parental cruelty would dispose you to accept the masochist role in relation to Tom—with a feeling of "expiating" nameless guilt, implanted by infant anxieties.

CHALLENGE FATHER WHEN HE'S WRONG

The most help I can offer is perspective on justice in the situation. I feel all reasonable minds will agree that you are doing the right thing in speaking firmly in Lucy's defense when her father is being insistently unkind to her. If he behaves so unfairly at times that you are conscience driven to dispute his dictums in the children's presence, that's his fault. He is the traitor to conjugal accord. And instead of fussing at you, he should apologize promptly to the group, expressing regret for his hasty, inconsiderate attitude.

Readiness to apologize, when bossy misjudgements are realized, or unreasonable outbursts challenged, is a form of bigness in sensible parents that children respect and emulate. And I hope that Tom, reading these remarks, will invite specialist guidance, if necessary, in getting himself straightened out to prevent permanent damage to his daughter's life.
M. H.

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