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These Days



By

Sokolsky

THE U. N. SANCTUARY

Jack Sargeant Harris is an American citizen who, when questioned by the McCarran Committee, was in the employ of the United Nations. He was an officer of the research section of the Division of Trusteeship and Information for non-self-governing territories. He was the Number Two in that department. According to Harris, he had previously been employed by the government of the United States in the Office of Strategic Services, one of the most secret agencies of our government during World War II. This colloquy explains his own attitude toward his work:

"Mr. Harris, it was secret work, Senator O'Connor. Secret work. "Mr. Harris, Yes, sir. "Mr. Morris. . . Mr. Chairman, I am trying to determine whether this man at the time he was occupying this secret position was in fact loyal to the United States, or whether he was loyal to some other government.

"Were you at that time a member of the Communist Party, Mr. Harris?" "Mr. Harris, Sir, I consider that question an invasion of my rights as an American citizen.

"Senator O'Connor. The question is certainly not an invasion of your rights. Your answer, of course, is for you to make, but it is a perfectly proper question to be asked, whether a man who was engaged by the United States Government at a critical period of its history, in secret work, was in fact a member of a party which was seeking to overthrow the United States Government . . ."

Harris refused to state whether he was a Communist and claimed the protection of the First and Fifth Amendments. Senator Willis Smith made this comment:

"As I understand, no question has been asked or insisted upon that this man answer anything about any of his confidential activities. We did ask him whether or not at the time that he was employed by the United States Government in a most confidential capacity, whether or not at that time he took an oath to be loyal to America and whether at that time, whether or not he was a member of the Communist Party.

"Now, a man who is in a confidential relationship such as he is, (may be asked) whether or not he was in fact, or will say himself, a loyal employee. If he won't say he is a loyal employee, what does he expect other people to believe about him? I do not see why he should not answer the question."

Harris avoided answering questions on the ground that his work for the OSS was of a secret nature. The McCarran Committee waived questions on this subject and put it clearly to him:

"Mr. Morris, You were a civilian employee of the OSS?" "Mr. Harris, Yes, sir. I was.

"Mr. Morris, And during that time, were you a member of the Communist Party?" "Mr. Harris. . . I must decline to answer that question on the grounds of my rights under the First and Fifth Amendments of the Constitution."

Harris' functions dealt with the non-self-governing territories, mostly in Africa and Asia; so he was asked:

"Mr. Morris, Have you ever had any dealings with an organization called The Council on African Affairs?" "Mr. Harris, I must decline to reply to that question, sir, on the grounds of my rights under the First and Fifth Amendments.

"Mr. Morris, Have you ever consulted or taken advice from any Communist Party officials before taking your job with the United Nations?" "Mr. Harris, Sir, I must decline to reply to that on the grounds of my privileges under the First and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution."

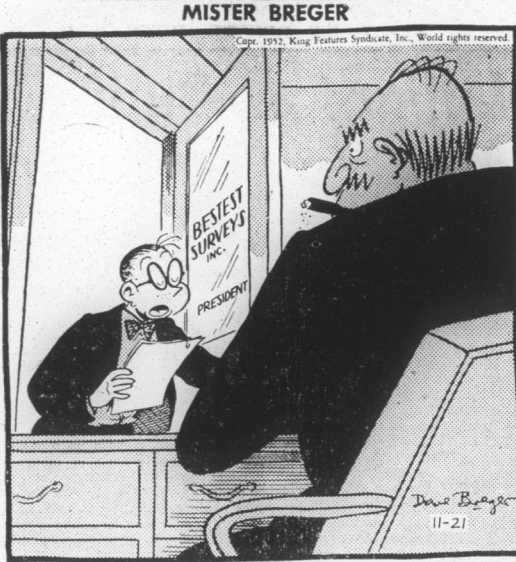
The hearing on Harris closed in the following colloquy: "Senator O'Connor. . . Speaking as a member of the committee, I am not impressed. I am convinced that you are a member of the Communist Party. I am convinced you are bent upon upsetting the United States Government, and I think that is all that needs to be said at this time."

Nobody "indiscriminately smeared" Harris, as Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations said when Abe Feller committed suicide. He and other witnesses smeared themselves by refusing to take the American people into their confidence.

ational scene, ruined the spell. That red thing turned out to be a large sign. It said, Tome Coca Cola. That's what the people were doing; taking it.

The savage singers have into view; a duntout loaded with children on the way for their afternoon slugs of Farley's fizz water. Hilda relaxed. I let go my club, a brave hero no longer.

And, as I say, Farley has gone too far. The sooner he takes down his sign from the eeriest jungle in all Mexico, the better he'll please me.



"Boss, our latest survey shows that if all the cars in the country were laid end to end, it would be a summer holiday week-end . . ."



WASHINGTON — General Eisenhower's recent conference with military chiefs at the Pentagon did not lead to much hope that he could end the Korean war on his forthcoming trip.

The picture given him on the whole was gloomy. In fact, considerably more casualties may be necessary before there can be any conclusion in Korea.

In general, the president-elect was told that the Communists had built up their strength to a peak of 1,200,000 men. They took advantage of the truce talks to put across this build-up and it now develops that the Chinese were weak and crumbling when they asked for a truce — apparently for the purpose of stalling for time. From our point of view the truce talks were one of the crucial mistakes of the war.

Eisenhower was also given the rather ominous news that signs of a Communist offensive have been reported. The forward placement of enemy artillery along the Korean battle front looks like an approaching large-scale attack. Also there has been a build-up of light bombers just across the Yalu River, which is a bad sign. For light bombers are chiefly used for offense.

There was no indication that an offensive was being timed for Eisenhower's visit to Korea — though that could be the case.

The president-elect was told that, if an offensive does come, U. N. troops were sufficient to hold the line, though the line might be dented in spots.

Eisenhower asked each member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff the same question. Of Admiral Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations, he asked: what kind of shape is the Navy in Korea? Fine shape, Fechteler replied.

Eisenhower got about the same answer from Gen. Joe Collins, Army Chief of Staff, and Gen. Nate Twining, vice-Chief of Staff for Air Force.

He did not discuss his trip to Korea with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, though he told Secretary of Defense Lovett that he would let him know about the trip in two or three days.

FAME IS FLEETING
General Eisenhower and Freeman Gosden, partner in the team of Amos and Andy, were playing golf the other day and discussing the question of fame.

General Eisenhower complained a bit that his new-found fame restricted his movements and his normal way of living. But Gosden assured him that fame is very fleeting.

Gosden went on to explain that for a good many years he was supposed to be one of the biggest figures in the entertainment world.

Another sour grape is Sen. Wayne L. Morse, Oregon's bolting Republican. He grumbled: "Eisenhower fooled the people and won the election. . . . An editorialist replied with this well-squelch: "What he means is—the people fooled Sen. Wayne L. Morse."

Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball) sent Eisenhower this wire: "We Like Ike!"
He wired back: "I Love Lucy!"

Moore is in the Public-Relations business. He will get some of the big accounts once given to Democrats.

Tom Stephens, probable new appointment Secretary to Eisenhower. Former assistant to campaign manager Herbert Brownell during the Dewey try for the White House. Stephens has been with Ike most of the time since he arrived from Paris, is efficient, hard-working, good team-work.

SEN. "WILD BILL" LANGER of North Dakota. For years Langer has been something of a GOP step-child. Republicans once tried to bar him from taking his Senate seat, since then he was voted frequently with the Democrats, especially on domestic issues. Now Langer moves into one of the most important spots in the entire Senate — Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Republicans have been doing their best to persuade him to take another post, but their hands are tied. For all Langer has to do is vote with the Democrats and this one vote would permit the Democrats to organize the Senate.

"Well—GO home to your mother, then! At least YOU'LL get good cooking!"

Walter Winchell

In New York

The Election is over and hooray for that—and Ike. And Adlai, too. The victors are elated and the defeated are dejected. Both are wrong. . . . Electing a new captain never stopped a hurricane and our Ship of State is in the middle of the worst storm it ever faced. . . . All hands are needed. . . . I, for one, am sick of the idea that an election unites the nation. It does nothing of the kind. . . . It divides the country into an Administration and its Loyal Opposition. The Electoral Vote is bunk. Eisenhower did not win 4 to 1, at all. . . . He won by the close margin of 11 to 9. . . . 33 million to 27 million. . . . Under our system that's a great deal. But the General couldn't have won without all those swing Democrats, Independent voters and some of us FDR guys and gals. . . . Honeymoons do not make marriages. Mature people do. . . . It is just as silly to talk of elections setting problems as it is to talk of moonbeams lasting for 50 years. Only children think so—and we are not kids. . . . No one mentions at a wedding how the rent will be paid. But the rent comes due nevertheless in 30 days. . . . We have the same problems, as a nation, this week as last week. And they cannot be solved by majority Republicans or minority Democrats. They must be solved by Americans. . . . All week the newspapers have harped upon Eisenhower's need for your support. An important part of your support is your criticism. . . . Knowing him as I do, Ike is the kind of a guy who will turn your criticism into profit for himself and the rest of us. . . . The most important thing to remember is this: Eisenhower is only a man, and not the man you pray to. . . . But the man you include in your prayers.

Ike should not go to Korea. He should send his Sec'y of State and his Sec'y of Defense instead. . . . The reason: Anything he might gain by going there would be small indeed compared to the paralysis of the country—if he didn't come back.

The same week Josephine Baker was responsible for two more tirades against the United States (including a vicious attack against Eisenhower) INS reported the Justice Dept. is studying ways to bar Miss Baker from re-entering this country. She also ranted: "I shall count it an honor to be barred from the United States."

After Josephine Baker's initial anti-American statement, the N. Y. Post editorially defended her. This former newspaper, however, has maintained editorial silence ever since—despite her subsequent anti-American statements. The N. Y. Post has abused such Americans as J. Edgar Hoover and Dwight David Eisenhower—but it refuses to criticize anti-American Josephine Baker. Its cowardly silence is more meaningful than any of its words.

The sour grapes award of the week goes to Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the New York Post. She wrote the other day that Truman wanted Ike to run for President as a Democrat and if Eisenhower had accepted the Democratic nomination "he could have carried every state in the Union."

The "former Communists" on Mrs. Schiff's paper condoned Truman's dirty campaign against Ike—and that sheet's attacks against Eisenhower were even filthier than the Truman mud barrage.

Ike doesn't require the defense of the New York Post, it's left-handed compliments or even its apology. All he needs and desires is the support of Americans.

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The Worry Clinic

By Dr. GEORGE W. CRANF

Here's a vacation test. If you are past 30, take your holiday in the same setting where you grew up as a child. For this will rest your heart and break your tension. No vacation is a real vacation unless your heart has obtained a rest meanwhile.

Case F-323: Ivan Pavlov was a great Russian psychologist who died in 1936 as an octogenarian. He did some excellent experimental work that has had great value in psychology. For example, he showed that if a dog was offered some meat, while at the same time a bell was sounded, and if this process was repeated a few times, ultimately just the sound of the bell alone would cause the saliva to flow profusely from the dog's mouth, though the meat was absent.

Thus, an external stimulus in the form of a sound, which is normally unrelated to salivary flow, can be habitually linked with the action of the salivary glands as to be an adequate stimulus for a shower of saliva.

This type of habit formation is called "conditioning." We say that the dog has become "conditioned" to the sound of the bell.

Your blood pressure likewise becomes conditioned to the office tension where you are normally employed.

Thus, even if a pensioned worker just returns to his office for a social visit, his blood pressure will tend to rise because of this same law of conditioning.

The converse of this example also holds true. In childhood, when we have father and mother to worry for us and to take the responsibility for major decisions, we are usually carefree and happy.

Our blood pressure, therefore, is relatively low and our heart is not laboring under the great strain that comes with assuming adult responsibility.

After we reach adulthood and marry, we get caught up in the tension of parental obligations, plus our factory or office duties.

We must then meet various deadlines in our work and assume financial worries. No longer can we

pass the buck, at least to our earthly father and mother. We are then on the receiving end of America's most popular sport, namely "buck passing." And this fellow on the receiving end of the "buck" gets the high blood pressure and premature graying at the temples.

Employers and teachers and all those who have responsibility for directing their fellow men are thus under psychological strain. Their employees or pupils can slough off such strain by passing the buck upward to the "boss" or superior officer.

VISIT YOUR PARENTS
On your vacations, therefore, visit your aged parents, if they are still living, or at any rate return to your former childhood environment.

Since your relaxation and carefree mood were conditioned to such a carefree surroundings, you will then relax more quickly and completely.

Even if you are a captain of industry with 10,000 employees, as soon as you re-enter the old home-stead, you will unconsciously experience a throw-back to your former childish and carefree outlook.

You will again defer to your parents and let them boss you around or scold you, as when you were a 10-year-old.

For you will psychologically become a boy again, and subconsciously pass the buck to your father or mother. Thus, you will relax and feel under less strain.

If you were reared on a farm, then a vacation in the country at the end of a fish pole beside the creek where you used to play, will lower your blood pressure more than a similar holiday at the seaside or at a mountain resort.

And if you went to church with your parents each Sunday, do the same now. For you will find that the lower blood pressure conditioned to such Sabbath activities will tend to return.

Church attendance lowers your blood pressure! The safest place to be as regards your health, is not lines in our work and assume financial worries. No longer can we

that Bill is a ladies' man, an accomplished flirt who has your head in a whirl, without committing himself to anything. The fact that he has your hero-worship without trying to promote a more confidential relationship suggests that he is flattered by, though defensive against, your intense desire to make a big thing of his casual gallantries. I think your dramatic sense of heartbreak and frustration is largely one-sided, not shared by him.

It is absurd to imagine that Bill was predestined for you but got sidetracked by a fluke of fate. Given opportunity for extensive social activity, you probably would meet half a dozen men in the space of a few years who would appear to you as strongly as Bill does now—and maybe a good deal more. It is my guess that you go for Bill chiefly because he pays you insinuating attention of a type that implies, and stirs, sexual feeling—and I daresay it is a novelty in your widely experience to be complimented as "desirable" by another man.

It occurs to me that your essential problem has to do with emotional frigidity, or psychosexual immaturity, which accounts for your impersonal orientation to marriage and inspires your "romantic" day dreams about Bill. Your history of ill health, nervous tension and habitual worry, also your partisan coddling of your son, all suggest the neurotic wife organically starved for a real relationship, for which she is disqualified.

SHRINKS FROM LIVING A LIE
I am prepared to wait forever for Bill, knowing God meant him for me, despite hindrances that developed before we met. But the problem is that I cannot continue to live a lie with my husband. He is practically blameless in the matter and I don't want to hurt him. If he knew my feelings for Bill he wouldn't expect conjugal intimacy, and I can't be at peace living with him when my heart is with Bill. Easy to say "Get back to normal," but hard to do when one's pillow is tear-soaked every night. Sure I know what is right but I cannot persuade my heart.

I have suffered from an incurable ailment for some years; and am just naturally tense about any difficulty, hence this problem is taking a toll. If I continue to worry and lose weight I may be heading into serious physical trouble. Won't you please try to help me?

HEAD IS TURNED BY SMOOTH FLIRT
DEAR E. L.: It is my impression living.

E. L. A. Overstreet's new book, "The Great Enterprise" (Norton, publishers)—a lucid guide to rational living. M. H.

A Chance To Do Good

On Sunday afternoon, members of the Senior Girls Tri-Hi-Y Club of Dunn High School will tour the town to collect clothing for the needy of the community.

This is a very worthwhile project and deserves the support of all citizens.

You are requested to leave the clothing you wish to give to the needy for Thanksgiving on your front porch. We hope you'll cooperate.

You'll enjoy your own Thanksgiving more by giving the less fortunate something to be thankful for, too.

We're Willing For Wisconsin To Have Sen. McCarthy

A Senate committee is still investigating and trying to decide whether or not U. S. Senator Joe McCarthy should be expelled from that great law-making body.

We thought that Joe's smashing and sensational victory in Wisconsin would silence even his most rabid enemies.

In the Wisconsin primary, Sen. McCarthy received more votes than all the other Republican and Democratic candidates put together.

This newspaper is not the greatest admirer of Sen. McCarthy. We approve of his Communist-chasing, but not always the methods he uses. There are some things we do not like about Senator McCarthy.

But the point is that he pleases the people of Wisconsin and they have re-elected him. We're quite content for the people of Wisconsin or any other State to elect who they please to represent them. That is their privilege.

We certainly would not want the people of Wisconsin trying to tell the people of North Carolina who to elect to the Senate.

The Constitution provides that each state shall elect and send to Washington two Senators to represent them. Until the Constitution is changed—and we hope it never will be—we'll stick by Wisconsin's selection of Senator McCarthy.

We hope that the individual States will always have the privilege to elect who they please to this or any other office.

Any other way would not be the American way.

Frederick OTHMAN

PUERTA MARQUES, Mexico — Jim Farley, in my opinion, is a great man. As chairman of the Coca-Cola International Co., he advertises his soda pop on the sides of gondolas in Venice and on the stands of the traffic cops in Zurich Switzerland, and I don't care. But now he has gone too far. On account of him I doubt if Hilda ever believes another word I say. We tooted down to this native village south of Acapulco for a look at le selva del diablo—the jungle of the devil. A green hell if ever there was one.

Here we hired a raffish-looking Indian to take us into this tropical no-man's land aboard his dugout, a kind of canoe held hollowed from a mahogany tree. The channel cut in and out of mangrove islands and most of the time the foliage was so thick overhead it was like gliding through a tunnel.

The water was the color of engine oil, the bugs were pestiferous, and the silence was intense, except for frequent loud splashes in the forests on either side of us. Alligators, maybe.

I rode up front with the stub of an old oar for a weapon in case any of these walking handbills climbed aboard. Mrs. O. clung close while our Indian kept on paddling, no telling where. All the conversation I got from him was grunts. If he knew Spanish, he certainly couldn't understand my variety.

This spooky situation continued for nearly two hours. Like snakes the roots of the trees twined around each other. Hilda was certain some of them were snakes; I gripped my paddle tighter. Each splash into the water caused Mrs. O. to jump. This was bad business; carved-out logs carry no keel and they are inclined to rock. Our Indian gritted his teeth and kept on paddling.

In some of the trees were great, brown objects, somehow resembling sleeping bears. Upon closer examination these turned out to be the nests of tropical termites, which had built their channels of mud down the trunks of the trees to the muck below.

As we penetrated deeper into the morass, came howls and muted screams. These could have been anything, but Hilda was getting scared (I wasn't, of course) and so we settled on birds. They looked like parrots, except they mostly seemed to be blue. The splashing became more frequent.

We finally discovered what made them. A large black bird with a long neck and a big, yellow beak would sit on the end of a limb until he spied a fish. Then he'd drop straight down, like Newton's apple, spear his supper and be on his way. Hilda tried her Spanish on our Indian. What kind of birds were these? Ducks, he said. And what were the blue ones? Ducks, he repeated, disgustedly. On he paddled.

You couldn't see the forest for the trees. Every turning seemed exactly like the last one. Ahead we heard voices in savage song. Hilda figured our Indian was lost. This was adventure for sure and also far, far from home. There were ripples in the water now and bubbles, from something swimming below the surface: something we never did see, but which probably was 20 feet long, with long, white teeth. And still that Indian paddled.

Through the leaves around the next bend we spied something brilliantly and horrifyingly red. Our Indian quickened his stroke. Now we heard mysterious voices.

Then, blooie. Then Hon. James Aloysius Farley, one-time chairman of the Democratic National Committee and now the hardest-hitting salesman on the interna-

tional scene, ruined the spell. That red thing turned out to be a large sign. It said, Tome Coca Cola. That's what the people were doing; taking it.

The savage singers have into view; a dugout loaded with children on the way for their afternoon slugs of Farley's fizz water. Hilda relaxed. I let go my club, a brave hero no longer.

And, as I say, Farley has gone too far. The sooner he takes down his sign from the eeriest jungle in all Mexico, the better he'll please me.

NEED SOMETHING? SEE THE WANT ADS



"Well—GO home to your mother, then! At least YOU'LL get good cooking!"