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Millions Of Capitalists

Real progress is being made in the campaign to create a nation of share owners—of people with a personal interest in maintaining and strengthening the system we call capitalism, as opposed to the liberty-destroying systems we know as communism and socialism.

The Brookings Institution recently issued the first comprehensive study of share ownership in America. And several extremely encouraging facts stand out.

First of all, one-quarter of all the owners of shares in publicly-owned corporations made their investments in the last three years. Second, six per cent of all the owners either became share owners in the single year of 1951 or acquired additional shares during that year. Third, the report thoroughly debunks the old idea that stocks are only for the privileged few. Investors include clerks, farmers, small shopkeepers, salesmen, skilled and unskilled workmen, housewives, and members of just about every business and profession and trade you can think of. And the legions of share owners include those in every income bracket, right down to the under-\$2,000 level.

The bulk of our share owners are in the medium-income category. They are thrifty, representative Americans who managed to save some money and invested a part of it in the stocks of companies in whose future they have faith. A great many of them own shares in the concerns for which they work. These are the kind of people who made this country strong and have kept it free—and who mean to do exactly that in the future. The fact that their number is swiftly growing should hearten everyone who believes in America and what it stands for.

They Were Wiser In 1788

As the old adage says, history has a habit of repeating itself. The following quotation is an interesting example of that truism: "It has been found by experience that limitation in the price of commodities is not only ineffective for the purpose proposed, but likewise productive of very evil consequences, to the great detriment of the public service and the grievous oppression of individuals."

Save for a slight archaism in the language, that could have been written today. Actually, it is a resolution which was passed by the Continental Congress way back in 1788—a period when Americans valued liberty above all else, and held fast to the philosophy that that government is best which governs least.

When will our modern Congress show a little of the wisdom displayed by the Continental Congress?

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON — S. Claus can't possibly take care of all my wishes by next Tuesday, but his memory is long and I figure it won't hurt to jot down my hopes for Christmas, 1953. Such as a little money left from the revenue collector's vacuum cleaning.

My taxes don't have to be much smaller to make me smile, oh wise men of Congress; I know the size of the bills you must pay and I'll settle for a token reduction. Just to show you've got my interest at heart.

Any bureaucrat who so much as dares suggest a new scheme, no matter how high-minded, to spend more of my money, I want stuffed in my stocking. I'll take care of him personally.

By Christmas next year I expect a five-cent cup of coffee and I'll not be satisfied by any more Senatorial investigations of the high cost of the cup that cheers. When the gentlemen start asking questions, seems like the price goes up.

I want fewer cups and a little more dignity around the White House, which is a symbol to me of all that is good. It may sound as though I'm cutting off my nose, but I'd appreciate fewer scandals to write about.

It is no fun to bang out items about thieves in high places, since they inevitably have their paws in my own pockets, and I'll be pleased to take my chances on finding pleasant subjects. Still and all, there are a couple or three who have followed these dispatches know the ones I mean, and I'll give me some satisfaction to see them there.

That sounds like a sour yuletide wish, but my charity goes only so far. On December 25, 1953, if not before, I trust I'll receive words of a few Federal agencies razed and turned into parking lots. I mean outfits like the Reconstruction Finance Corp., which was established to cope with depressions. I don't

These Days



By

Sokolsky

THE DEPRESSION LOOK

Men are as they think and those who are products of the Great Depression are likely to think in an atmosphere of fear. They take on a clerk-like disposition whether in government or business, recalling that courage and enterprise and thrift were forced down in the ugly days of the 1930's. Those who risked most, seemed to suffer most.

This, perhaps more than any other cause, produced the lust for security in place of the vision of self-made career based on initiative and thrift. A few enterprising individuals risked greatly, even in the worst days of the Depression. Picking up businesses that had collapsed or were on the verge of collapse and building them into mighty enterprises. Other brave souls started new ventures and many of them did well. And some of the older ones were rescued by new management.

But even among these people, the fear of a recurrent Depression had the effect of penurious thinking, not so much in the definition of penny-pinching as in the sense of keeping one eye always peeled for the worst that never happened. A people that has not the courage to fail, never reaches Olympian heights of enterprise, because the view is narrowed; the mind is small. The depression attitude expresses itself in all strata of society in the desire for a guaranteed life in the form of government-provided social securities, in pensions, in fringe benefits and similar devices to eliminate risk.

In government circles this has been particularly true and has been responsible, in no small measure, for the fear of Russia, the dependence on Britain, the appeasement in policy and the acceptance of such insults as we take in our stride, for instance, in the United Nations.

We did experience the historic fact that we could win a war and lose it simultaneously and that frightened our statesmen as much as the Depression frightened our generation. If that could happen, anything could happen. Yet, the explanation is so simple that it should have been understood; we were cowardly in negotiation. When we fought we were old-fashioned Americans; when we negotiated, we lived in the depression-born atmosphere of fear. We thought that we could buy peace by dollars as we gained prosperity by subsidies.

Those who inherited great or even small fortunes were particularly affected by the fear psychology of the Depression. They saw their fortunes diminish, the loss in values and the depreciation of currency. They witnessed the effect of taxation, especially inheritance taxes, on the rich. They concluded that there would be no more rich men in America. They hoped to mitigate the force of the revolution.

Many of them joined Roosevelt, not because they believed in him. Actually, in private conversations, they ridiculed him shamelessly. But they did believe that the techniques which he evolved in the New Deal averted the revolution before which they cowered during the Depression years. They believed that he had saved them from the barricades and the guillotine. They put on the masquerade of a hardly understood liberalism, in the hope that when the revolution did come, they would not be taken for reactionaries.

Many men and women of this segment of our society worked their way into the numerous agencies which, since the war years, have been associated with the conduct of our foreign relations and the development of our foreign trade. There was no courage in their hearts. All that they could permit themselves were such ideas as "the containment policy," or the support of socialist parties in Europe, or appealing the Russians in the hope that they might become good Christians by imitation. They were always afraid because they were conditioned by the Depression years to be afraid, to live in fear of the very revolution which they always saw before them as the only future possible for them.

I write not of Republicans or Democrats but of a sick generation that had lost confidence in a way of life that had given them greater benefits, even during the Depression, than any other people enjoyed. They were without hope, expecting at best to stop the tide of revolution before it completely engulfed them. They were willing to give up most to save something.

Maybe Eisenhower, through his personality, can revive his courage. Maybe a new generation will now take hold.

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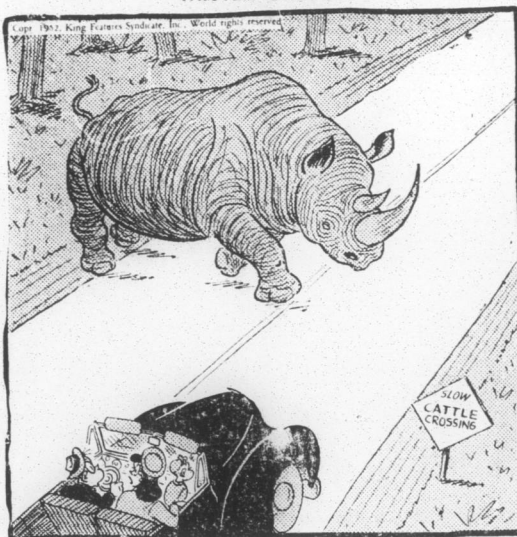
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MISTER BREGER



"Sometimes I just don't understand these highway signs at all!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND
BY BLEW FEARSON

WASHINGTON, — Bob Anderson of Vernon, Texas, who takes over the job of riding herd on the Admirals as Secretary of the Navy next January has ridden herd on thousands of cattle as one of the biggest farmers in the world.

He is manager of the 570,000-acre Waggoner ranch in Northern Texas, second largest in the United States, where he runs a farming operation which makes an Easterner rub his eyes in bewilderment. There during the shipping season, entire freight trains back into his railroad siding to carry steers to big city markets. There, also, Maverick cattle, if they have to be driven too far, are lassoed, tied, and carried by jeep. One of the most modern farmers in the world, Anderson converts his alfalfa into pellets so as not to waste stems and leafage when cattle eat it, and each year he sends a sample of pellets to St. Louis to be tested for moisture content.

Nothing is left to chance on the Waggoner ranch—except possibly cowboy luck. Modern as it is, the ranch still uses cowboys; in fact, finds them indispensable. Cowboys use six horses each in the winter when the horses are fed grain, and 14 to 16 horses each in the summer when they forage for themselves. One cowboy will sometimes wear out two or three horses a day.

The new Secretary of the Navy got acquainted with Eisenhower through Ike's Texas friend, Sid Richardson. One day, speaker Sam Rayburn, Anderson, and Richardson were riding together when someone asked Anderson how much he got when he sold his calves. He replied 41 cents.

"Forty-one cents!" exclaimed Rayburn. "Who would be fool enough to pay that much?" Anderson replied that the buyer was Howell Smith.

"What!" roared Richardson. "He's my partner and brother-in-law! You mean to say that he paid 41 cents a pound for calves?"

Since the Waggoner ranch had produced about 7,500 calves, the deal involved over a million dollars.

SOFT-HEARTED SECRETARY

Horses, steers, and alfalfa seem a long way from Battleships and Submarines, but Bob Anderson's chief know-how is in handling men. He has handled some tough characters on the Waggoner ranch. But one day during a board of directors meeting, Anderson received a message, excused himself, came back later to say that a town character, "Rabbit" Nye, who had lived in a shack by the river, had just died.

Knowing the old man had almost nothing in the world, Anderson took time off to arrange for his funeral. And at the funeral services, almost no one was present.

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Walter Winchell
In New York

The Big Time: "Music for Lovers Only" (Capital) with Bobby Hackett's trumpet-smooching setting the groove on fire ... Sandy Sokolsky's version of a new ballad, "Close Your Dreamy Eyes" ... Don Corrallo's "Corralled" ... Ted Saucier's "Bottoms Up" (1908 of recipes for Getting Gooft ... "The Suby" (RCA-Vic disc soon), which'll launch a sensational new rhythm for Perez Prado, the Daddy of the Mambo.

New York Novelty: A local bar heeked one of our lulus and falsely testified: "When I make a mistake I never hurt anyone!" ... Ask Sugar Ray Robinson When the champ was idolized in Paree the newspapers (here) reported than an American Country Club (in France) had barred Sugar. "Because," said the report, "he is Negro." ... The columnist denied it. He noted the "real reason" was Sugar's "arrogance," etc. ... Weeks later, the champ met the chimp in Lindsey's and said: "I thought you were a friend of mine. How could you hurt me that way? I was very late and that's why I didn't play. I wasn't stopped at all!" ... "I have friends," said Sugar (trying to disguise his age), "who, for years, warned me that you are a heel but I didn't believe them until now!"

The Broadway Bus: We promised to debunk Tide mag's complaint that Life's circulation had not dropped over a million copies on the newsstands. Inside Advertiser's next issue (out anyday) using the trouble and space and confirms what we reported. That Life lost a million in circ on the stand period ... Harold P. Richardson's definition of Striptease: "Where the Morons watch the More-Ofs" ... Ooops! We suggested a cookbook titled: "What's Cookin'" and Helen Dunn titles her column that way in her N. Y. Coysun in Daily Sports Bulletin. (Free ad over) ... Add nifty book titles: "Please Excuse Johnson," by Truman officer Florence MacGeehe ... Lew Carey heads the cast of the Chateau Martin Fashion Revue. Over WJZ Sat. Nights ... G. M. Cohen, Jr., is now prez of the music firm publishing all his famed father's great songs ... except "Over There," for on WJZ got him a medal ... Latest on O'Dwyer: He may co-chief (with ex-Pres. Aleman) Mexico's new gambling empire. Their Agua Caliente setup to compete with Las Vegas and Reno.

The Times Square Circle: Champ Rocky Marciano holds a big family and your party kindly leave quietly? home on Dec. 11th for his baby night. Who will finance the party is The Big Riddle because the Heavyweight Champion is so broke he asks any inquiring interviewer: "How much do I get paid for this?" ... Dade County, Florida (Miami) has a new ordinance prohibiting males from working in female apparel. This means the switch spots won't open. There'll also be a curb on strippers ... Tom Swell, the star of the new smash, "7 Year Itch," jerked sodas in an 8th Avenue drug store not too many years ago ... Agnes Johnston's sentence containing "irrelevant," never forgets! ... Agnes, will you and your party kindly leave quietly?" ... During the last World War the new word "Cinerama" was a scrambled code word for "American."

Sounds in the Night: At the Poincane: "Typical Fraudwayite. His friendship slips from a pat-on-the-back to a kick-in-the-pants" At Colombo's: "She a chorus gal he's married. Their story started about '75Gs ago" ... At Downey's: "Trouble with fighting little people is they get in ya teeth when you chew 'em up" ... In the Bronx: "Hormone, schormone — turn out the light!"

supposed to be shipped back to his homeland. As a result, the young woman would have been exiled to Malta, a strange country that she had never known, if Langer hadn't intervened.

These are typical of the favors the big, affable, North Dakotan has done for Aliens. However, a Judiciary Committee agent, in search of something to pin on Langer, is secretly checking the list of Aliens that Langer has aided, with the House Un-American Activities Committee files to see if any of them has a subversive background.

Most active in the backstage maneuver to unseat Langer is the man who is next in line to rule the Judiciary Committee, "Michigan's windy, white-haired Sen. Homer Ferguson. Like the bridesmaid who never becomes a bride, Ferguson is second in seniority to both the Appropriations and Judiciary Committees.

He hopefully pestered the office of New Hampshire's Sen. Styles Bridges, the senior appropriations member, hoping Bridges would give up the appropriations chairmanship to serve as majority leader. However, Bridges won't budge. This leaves the judiciary chairmanship

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The Worry Clinic
By DR. GEORGE W. CRASS

Wives, vaccinate your husbands against this disease of the male menopause. The best remedy is phophytaxis, for when a man gets into the muddled state of Luke today, you can seldom influence him by logic. He is emotionally intoxicated and headstrong. So, if your husbands are past 40 years of age, you wives better send for the bulletin described below.

Case F-250; Luke B. aged 57, is a prominent Chicago business man.

"Dr. Crane, we have been happily married for 35 years. His smartly dressed wife informed me early last week he told me he is in love with a grass widow only 25 years of age."

"He doesn't want a divorce or even a separation but feels I should bear with him as I have with his other affairs throughout the past 10 years."

"He is frequently seen dining and dancing with this woman, for he has taken little if any precaution to be discreet."

It is the Ponce de Leon complex, wherein the aging male is terrified lest gray hair and especially impotence be attacking him.

Notice his wife's comment to the effect that Luke is all confused and unable to think clearly. That is just one of the usual symptoms.

Such men act as fools as if they really had syphilis of the brain, which is sometimes true of them, but in most cases there is no organic germ to account for this sex panic of the male in the menopause.

His trouble is chiefly psychological and based on fear. In his terror he acts like other panic-stricken creatures.

He loses his sense of social perspective. He cannot even be discreet in his misconduct, but flaunts it before his family and friends.

EMOTIONALLY INTOXICATED

"Why waste time on such a husband anyway?" many of you young women may irritably exclaim. "Divorce him and leave him to the news; he'll soon realize he is in."

That is easy to say but not so easy to follow out, especially if you have been married to the man for many years and still love him.

Besides, you realize he is so emotionally intoxicated that he can't think straight, so he might dissipate the fortune you have helped him earn and further besmirch his good name.

If you have also been socially prominent in the community and have grown children living in the same city, you will try to solve the problem quietly, even if you suffer a great deal in consequence.

The use of a rolling pin on his head might help but probably not unless it knocked him entirely unconscious.

The best remedy for this tragedy is to prevent his fear originally. Send for my medico-psychological bulletin, "HOW TO PREVENT IMPOTENCE IN THE MALE," enclosing a stamped return envelope, plus a dime.

And fight fire with fire! A wife of 55 doesn't need surrender her husband to any 25-year-old siren if she will use the advice in the bulletin named above.

OLD FOOLS

"I've learned that another man sees her on week-ends, but he is out of town Monday thru Friday. If he and my husband ever find out about each other, there will be a terrible scene."

"Should I tell my husband of this other man? If I do so, he may attribute my remarks to jealousy. If this were ever known a public scandal, it would hurt my husband in business, as he is quite prominent in Chicago civic affairs."

"Our home is now just a parking place for my husband. I don't know what to do."

"My husband gives this young woman large sums of money, too, and is financing an art course for her."

"He feels she is simply interested in a career, and not a gold digger. Indeed, he thinks all confided in his mind and unable to think clearly, for he says he doesn't want a divorce."

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Mary Haworth's Mail
By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

HAVING BUILT UP HUSBAND'S SELF-CONFIDENCE, WIFE COURTS PARTNERSHIP FOR HIM IN BUSINESS

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My son Gene married a girl who has been good for him up to a certain point. She has been a fine wife and mother. She has given Gene confidence in himself and he has enjoyed her and their children very comfortably, since he married seven years ago.

However, Hestw isn't satisfied with this. She wants my son to reach for and try things that are beyond his ability—mentally and emotionally, as well as educationally. Specifically, she wants him to get a supervisory job in my husband's office, on a partnership basis.

My husband feels that our son can't handle such a job. Further, he isn't disposed to give any part of the business to Gene, because he (my husband) doesn't want meddling from our daughter-in-law. He resents her demands.

We are fairly well off, enjoying many luxuries that our son and his family don't have. We give them large and lavish gifts and we pay emergency bills, for hospital care and the like, and we have established a trust fund for the children.

There is hostility now between my daughter-in-law and myself. She even accuses me of trying to cheat my son because I cannot prevail upon my husband to give him a partnership now. What should my course of action be? I would appreciate your advice. L. V.

rest and so on.

There is an insensitive, brow-beating quality of feeling implicit in your husband's claim that Gene isn't fit for any kind of break in the family business and that Hester would be maneuvering for progressive control, if Gene got his foot inside the door as a member of the firm.

I believe if your husband were capable of minimum decency in his family dealings, if he were less puffed-up with pride about his own accomplishments and less selfish and pretentious in his handling of money, he would be a more successful father. He might have a son to gladden his heart and add luster to his name, in later life.

WISH TO CONTROL ALL RELATIONSHIPS

One wonders about your true position in the situation. It is possible, of course, that you have no influence with your husband, business-wise. Yet if you had the power to swing a partnership deal for your son, I am not sure that you would.

It strikes me that you and your husband are similarly opposed to Hester's striving, not so much because you think she overestimates Gene's potentials but because you instinctively challenge her power-drive. You and he have an anxious compulsion to dominate, and hold others subordinate, in all your relationships. Hence the disposition to squelch Hester—just as you've always hamstrung Gene, until he's almost too discouraged to be a man. Since the facts of the case are so obscure, the best advice I can offer is to try to be helpful and generous, rather than devious, in your personal exchanges with Hester.

M. H.

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

FATHER SEEMS HOSTILE, VAIN

DEAR L. V.: Inasmuch as Hester is a fine wife and mother, a helpmeet who has developed new strengths in Gene, giving him self-confidence and an earning stability that he lacked before, should think good-hearted parents might feel that she understands him better than most. And that such parents would wish to help her promote his growth, by providing him, if they can, with real opportunities for "getting ahead," increasing his self-esteem as Ferguson's last chance.

BACKSTAGE MANEUVERS

The GOP leadership would rather reward faithful Ferguson than the maverick Langer, but it can't be done under the Senate's seniority rules unless Langer can be forced to step aside. As a result, the Republican old guard is working with Joe Bridson of Grand Forks, N. D. to bring charges that might possibly block Langer from taking his seat.

Note — if Langer takes over as judiciary chairman next month, his first move probably will be to fire the investigator who has been trying to dig up dirt on him. And if he doesn't know the investigator's name, this column will be glad to supply it.

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