

# The Daily Record

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## Symbol Of Vast Change

Every phase of human life has been revolutionized in the last century. And nowhere have there been more spectacular changes than in the oldest industry of all—agriculture.

One hundred years ago four out of five people worked at the job of producing raw materials for food, clothing and shelter. Today these basic needs are supplied by just one out of five. And even that doesn't tell the whole story—for we have far better and more varied foods and other products of agricultural origin than in past times.

This is very largely the result of the application of the machine to farm jobs that were once accomplished slowly and laboriously by hand. It is not an exaggeration to say that, on the modern farm, the machine has displaced labor. It does the work much more economically and efficiently than is possible with human muscle. And its usefulness is not limited to the production of crops. The machine makes it possible for the farmer to conserve and improve his soil and to fight successfully against such old natural ravages as floods and erosion. The machine gives more food from fewer acres today, and at the same time assures that the soil will be fertile and productive to morrow.

The plow, the seeder, the baler, the cultivator, the tractor, the combine and all the other machines symbolize the amazing advances agriculture has made in the span of a long lifetime. And they symbolize, as well, farming's present-day status as a business and a profession.

## Excellent Selections

Selection of Mrs. Grace Swain as Dunn's "Woman of the Year" and Waite Howard as Dunn's "Man of the Year" will meet with hearty approval on the part of all citizens familiar with their good work and service to this town and community.

Both of these citizens have rendered invaluable service to their town. They give freely of their time and means to every worthwhile cause and movement in the city.

The average person would be amazed to know how many hours a week these two citizens give to serving their fellow citizens.

It is needless to enumerate their various services and achievements in these columns because they are well known to the public.

Both of them go far beyond the call of duty and they serve gladly and willingly.

We are happy to see this well-deserved recognition come to them and we offer our heartiest congratulations.

### NEW MUSICAL REVEALS MARCH KING WANTED ONLY TO COMPOSE BALLADS

John Philip Sousa, America's most famous bandmaster, was a frustrated ballad composer it is revealed in "Stars and Stripes Forever," the nostalgic band-musical which Twentieth Century-Fox has produced in Technicolor and to be presented at the Stewart Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

In the picture, which traces the life of the immortal "March King," two of Sousa's little known ballads are played, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" and "When You Change our Name to Mine." When the former song was

first sung in a small theatre in Washington, D. C., the singer was given the hook because the audience demanded the next act, which happened to be "Matt Morgan's Living Pictures," a tableaux of the meeting of Caesar and Cleopatra.

One of Sousa's most famous marches, "Semper Fidelis" began as a ballad but when the band leader sang it for his wife she played it faster and faster on the piano and it came out in march tempo. Later it became "Semper Fidelis." Six of the bandmaster's famous marches form the musical background in the film.

Clifton Webb is Sousa in "Stars and Stripes Forever" and Ruth Hussey plays his wife, Jennie.

## Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON. — The bravest man I know are the Federal Trade Commissioners, husbands every one. Despite the experience thereby gained on matters feminine, these heroes of our bureaucracy at this moment are investigating the millinery trade.

You could have knocked me over with a greased ribbon and stuffed me in a felt cloche when I learned of their temerity. Investigating milliners is only the beginning.

On Thursday the commissioners are calling the architects of female hats into Washington for a conference to draw up fair-play regulations for the millinery industry. Forvently, I wish the commissioners luck. I have had some dealings with milliners, myself, and I further hope the gentlemen escape without getting their faces clawed.

There are some man milliners in the business and I guess maybe the Federal lawyers can talk to them reasonably. But most milliners are ladies and so are their customers and any man who tangles with them is inviting mayhem.

I know about this because I once bought my bride a hat from a large, large milliner with banquets on her ears and a gleam in her eye. She indicated that a man who'd walk alone into the plush-lined emporium to look at hats was a fool. Still and all, she wanted my money.

And what made me think she demanded that I could buy a suitable hat for the madam? I said the madam was a smallish lady with blue eyes and brown hair and if she could produce a model of these specifications I'd like to see her try on some hats.

Eventually the milliner put on the model a hat that looked elegant to me, except for a long pink feather. I said I'd take it, if the ladies would give me a better looking feather. That made 'em so. They said what was wrong with their pink feather? I said I thought it was silly. They said if I was so smart, I could choose my own feather. They took me down the cellar to the feather department and there in a bin I picked a gray ostrich plume. The boss milliner said this was no good, I said I wanted it. We glared at each other.

She gave in and I got the hat with the gray feather. It was a feat, but I got it. Nice-looking hat, too. I figured the way milliners inflated their prices, this one was worth about \$10. I said wrap it up. It came in a magnificent box, covered with expensive wallpaper.

So did big-shot me, casually asked at this juncture, what was the price? The milliner, smiling for the first time, said \$45. Well, sir, as I see I am a coward, I paid. I brought this hat home and presented it to Mrs. O. but I never did tell her what it cost.

She said it was the most beautiful hat she ever owned. She wore it twice and after a year or so of not seeing it in use, I asked Hilda what had happened to my hat. She said it was out of style. She said in fact, that it was almost out of style when I bought it.

You see what I mean, commis-

## These Days



By

### Sokolky

#### DUE PROCESS OF THE LAW

Freedom of thought, speech and expression are guaranteed by the American Constitution; freedom to steal is permissible nowhere. In the case of the spies, the Rosenbergs, their crimes were treason and theft. Advocates of the spies even sought to find a moral basis for stealing.

Thousands of letters, telegrams and telephone calls came to Judge Irving Kaufman of the United States District Court in New York from agitated persons. In court, the Rosenbergs' lawyer put on a melodramatic show designed to melt the heart of the judge. One might melt over a youth caught stealing his first car, but never over a spy.

The Rosenbergs were convicted by due process of the law. They had 21 months of stays and appeals. They may still try the President of the United States for what they call justice. As Judge Kaufman said in his decision: justice is what they got. They cannot get themselves to ask for mercy, for being Marxists, they must be atheists. Mercy come from God. A Communist does not put his trust in God but in Stalin.

About 5,000 letters, I understand, were written in response to a solicitation by counsel for the Rosenbergs. This lawyer, an officer of the court, who should put his faith in the American system of jurisprudence, seeks to put pressure on the court, to frighten the judge, by asking prominent persons, particularly those with a penchant for publicity, to write the judge without having read the evidence or even the judge's decision. It is amazing how easy it is to get some people to sign their name to anything.

Irving Kaufman is a fine jurist with a capacity for philosophy and a reaching for fundamental moral principles. He is a Jew by religion and if that matters at all, it is that the moral basis for conduct is, for him, steeped in the laws of God. Truly American, he could say with emotions arising out of his own life:

"The defendants were born in America, reared in America and educated in the public schools of America. They had lived their entire lives among us; they had all the advantages of our free institutions and had enjoyed the privileges of American citizenship. They have been allowed to progress and develop in freedom and self-respect. As citizens of America, they numbered as one of us, they chose the path of traitors and decided to abandon those who had nurtured and fed them in favor of a nation whose ideology was repugnant to everything we have learned, lived for and to which we have been dedicated."

Everything has been tried by the Rosenbergs except the only step that can justify their existence as human beings: they have never confessed. They have shown no penitence. They have been arrogant and tight-lipped.

Their counsel has pled that the judge have mercy on their children. But they have forgotten mercy for their own children. They have imperiled their children's lives. They have brought such disgrace upon them, sinning without a thought that such disregard for human decency embarrasses children who suffer more than the parents do.

What is the name for a son of a spy? Did Julius Rosenberg think of that when he headed a syndicate of scoundrels to steal from his native land its most guarded military secrets? He forgot his children when he negotiated with the Russians. He and his wife, Ethel, were not, as Judge Kaufman points out, "minor espionage agents; they were on the top rung of this conspiracy."

He was always the principle recruiter for scientists and technicians and the guiding spirit of the conspirators. And at all times Ethel Rosenberg, older in years, and wise in Communist doctrine, aided and abetted and advised her husband.

It is impossible to forgive these spies; it would be possible to commute their sentences, if they told the story fully, more than we now know even after these trials. They can still serve America by revealing the nature of this plot, its instigation, how much was spent on it, how the money was transmitted, Klaus Fuchs confessed, Harry Gold confessed. The Rosenbergs remain adamant in their loyalty to the devil, Joe Stalin. Then let them go to the devil.

Milliners? A mere man hasn't got a chance with a milliner. I believe you'd be wise to forget this one, Mrs. O. If you insist on going through with it, I wish you'd check on the item, namely: has any woman anywhere, aside from Mme. Fanny Perkins, the one-time Secretary of Labor, ever worn the same hat more than one season? If not, why not? That gets, is the nubbin of this inquiry, as seen by a husband who has sworn off buying his wife's hats. He just pays for 'em now.



"Hold on a minute, Gertrude—I think somebody's at the door..."



(Ed. Note—Continuing his series on the Eisenhower cabinet, Drew Pearson hands the brass ring and a free ride to the new secretary of commerce.)

WASHINGTON. — Most of the businessmen in Eisenhower's so-called business cabinet are of the modern, high-powered, up-and-at-'em school. In contrast, a conservative, genteel Boston blue blood Sinclair Weeks, will be the new secretary of commerce.

The first Weeks landed at Portmouth in 1850 and the Weeks family has been fighting for his country, helping to govern the country, and making a goodly living from the country ever since.

Most of the family business during this time has been on the safe side and stodgy side. John W. Weeks, father of Sinclair, served inconspicuously in the Senate, assisted in the Harding Cabinet as secretary of war, and organized the private banking firm of Hornblower and Weeks.

His son also filled the Cabinet vacancy in the Senate while Lodge was in the army and now follows his father's footsteps by serving in a Republican cabinet. Put on one important respect—banking—Sinclair has refused to follow in the footsteps of his father.

FASTENER KING  
Instead of occupying the private and public offices of Hornblower and Weeks, Sinclair Weeks branched out into the less orthodox business of fasteners. He has become the fastener-king of the United States: makes buckles, and fasteners for harnesses, purses, radio tube pins, soldering irons, fasteners for carpets, curtains, auto tops, motorboat upholstery, raincoats, overalls, caps, suitcases and glove-snaps.

Only one thing the new secretary of commerce doesn't make in any of fasteners are zippers. He is death on zippers—which gives a clue to Mr. Weeks' economic philosophy.

Fasteners are plenty good enough for him, and he is going to stick to good old-fashioned fasteners. As a matter of fact, Weeks has made a lot of money from his United-Carr Fastener Company. Today, he operates plants in England, Canada, Australia and Luxembourg, with earnings of around a half-million dollars a year.

The new secretary of commerce doesn't put all his eggs in the fastener basket, however. One of the wealthiest men in New England is a director of Gillette Safety Razor, the Pullman Company, Atlas Plywood, Pacific Mills, the First National Bank of Boston, Reed and Barton, a silverware company; to say nothing of Harvard University and the National Association of Manufacturers.

HEADS UNIQUE LOBY  
Weeks' most interesting sideline.



"They're COOLING my soup!"

## Walter Winchell

In  
New York

### NEW YORKERS ARE TALKING ABOUT

The young son of a famed family (once in the White House) who was found rigor mortis in his apartment on the swank East Side. The blatts listed it "sudden." The police (and family) know sleepills and liquid sleeping medicine were found near him.

John K. McCaffery (one of our favorite commentators), who burp'd audibly during his news-cast. The sponsor is the swanky Nat'l City Bank. Haw!

The panel star, now At Liberty, for preferring hooch to security.

The new gadget called Ulliscope, the practical version of phonovision (now on the market), which will be the subject of a Congressional probe to determine if it is a violation of privacy. The top Private Eye agencies use it. Wire-tapping is considered obsolete compared to this fiendish thing, which takes photos—mit sound, yet—in the pitch-black dark of your boudoir manners.

Jack Whiting's remarkable soft shoe number, "Every Street's a Boulevard in Old New York," in the new musical, "Hazel Flagg." The high spot of the show.

The top lawyer for the news-poor suing us (for being a Reporter) who was Judy Holliday's lawyer when she was before the Red-probers.

The upcoming Internal Revenue's list of tax returns. High on it for microscoping will be some top theatrical and adv. agencies.

The Midnighter's bodyguard who is flirting with Dept. of Immigration trouble.

The femme weirdies (in G'wich Village) who have a new fad. They doub luminous makeup under their eyes and in the candlelight spots they look like a lotta cats' eyes dining out for the eve'g.

Inside Advertising's current issue with the details on why The American Legion's Ad Man's Post rejected Borey Lemon.

This coincidence: Of the 8 films reviewed in the Dec. 28th Compost, the highest rating went to the Russian-made movie.

Roney Plaza hotel owner David Schine, in his early 20s, who will be head consultant for the Senate Investigating Comm. chief'd by Sen. McCarthy and Roy Cohn, the Comm. Killers. (No salary).

The recent Reader's Digest piece by Roy Norr attacking ciggies. The double-shock comes when you remember he was the public relations man who coined the greatest single selling line in cig history: "Reach for a Lucky instead 50¢ a Sweet." (For a non sequitur, Mr. Norr is Swiftly Morgan's brudder).

The not-too-surprising news from the Zoo: That lions are among the few animals that'll eat their young, turn on their parents and bite hands that feed 'em.

The testimony of Harvey Matusow (an undercoverman for the gov't) before a Senate investigating group. . . in New York today there are approximately 500 dues-paying Communists working in the newspaper industry. The N. Y. Times Magazine has 76 Communist Party members working in editorial and research." (Confirming What I Said For Years!)

## School Group Will Meet At Shawtown

Next meeting of the county-wide Kelllogg school committee will be held on January 26 at 7:30 p. m. in the Shawtown School, Dr. Arnold Perry and Dr. Allen Hurlburt of the University of North Carolina School of Education will be present. The latter two were in Harnett two days this week making arrangements for the meeting.

Funds from the Kelllogg foundation are financing a three year study in Harnett County designed to stimulate and improve community leadership for schools. Each of the county's school districts has representation on the county-wide committee which meet at a different school each month.

## The Worry Clinic

By Dr. George W. Crane

Our courts should distinguish between the various degrees of rape, just as they differentiate between first and second degree murder. These fool women who frequent taverns and date strange men, should be called accessories to the crime of rape, if their half drunken companions later assault them.

Case F-361: Irene M., aged 20, works as a clerk in a dime store. "I want you to arrest two men for assaulting me," she telephoned one of our Chicago police stations recently.

A squad car was immediately dispatched to her rooming house. The police officers learned that she had accepted a pick-up date in a tavern the previous night. She said she had accepted a few drinks from the men before she left the tavern. But they were total strangers!

Then they all decided to visit another tavern, where all three of them drank some more liquor. Finally, her two escorts suggested taking a drive through our Forest Preserve.

It ended in a deserted region where she was assaulted by both men. She described the latter to the police, who soon arrested them. They are to be tried for rape. And Irene is very indignant over her mistreatment.

If Irene had been a bank messenger, however, with a large sum of money in a satchel which she was carrying, wouldn't she have been stupid to have accepted a date with two strange men?

And if, after foolishly accepting such a date with them, she had then consumed their liquor and even accompanied them to a second whiskey joint for more alcohol, what would society think if she then woke up to find the bank's money stolen?

The men would still be legally culpable of theft, in that event, but wouldn't she be almost as guilty? By her fool behavior and lack of horse sense, she should be considered an accessory to the crime.

DEGREES OF RAPE  
We have gradations in the seriousness of murder charges, run-

ning from first degree to third degree.

Modern discerning judges are also beginning to differentiate similar degrees of rape.

A moral young woman who is viciously assaulted on the street as she goes home from work, should be catalogued as a case of first degree rape, and the punishment should be severe.

But a fool woman who frequents taverns and associates with strange men, certainly doesn't deserve much sympathy when her half drunken companions rape her.

Nor should our courts be as severe in administering punishment to the offenders, for such a half drunken woman ought to be considered an accessory to the crime of rape.

For she has been guilty of criminal carelessness, which, when it leads to a death, is called involuntary manslaughter.

ALCOHOL VS VIRTUE  
The male habitues of taverns tend to fall into two groups. First, there is the older man who tries to anesthetize his brain so he can slip into unconsciousness and thus hide from his fear of impotence or other feelings of inferiority.

Even among normally respectable men, it is uncommon to find them develop the liquor habit when they reach the male menopause and are terrified at the thought they are losing their masculine virility.

The second group of male tavern habitues is made up of men who are waiting, vulture fashion, to pounce upon any female whom they can entice into taking a few drinks. For then she loses most of her moral inhibitions.

Any girl who will take one drink of liquor can be stampeded into taking two.

And after two drinks, she'll accept a third. Then she is putty in any designing male's hands.

(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.)

## "Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

Family Doctor Tells Woman That Her Husband Is A Paranoiac Who Refuses Any Treatment  
DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am writing to you in desperation. After conferring with our family physician, I was told that my husband is paranoiac; but he does not realize the extent of his illness and refuses to get treatment.

SOME years ago he underwent psychiatric treatment for about two years for a physical ailment and was helped considerably. My problem is that I don't know how to live with him. I find my ego taking a beating.

At times I am tempted to leave him but I realize such a move would only be creating new problems for myself and the family. I have tried to follow our doctor's instructions to the letter, although I'm not always successful. And I try to be a good wife to Henry (I'll call him), but now I don't know if I am succeeding in that.

How can I keep up my spirits in the circumstances? I enjoy taking part in civic activities, but Henry is so jealous that I feel perhaps it's better just to stay home. If I am in need of special treatment, please tell me, and I will get it — even if it means going against Henry's wishes. I must know how to live with him and myself. Any help you can give me, or any advice on reading matter, will be much appreciated. G. B. DEAL SANELY WITH ANXIETY

DEAR G. B.: Inasmuch as paranoiac is a form of emotional illness in which the patient is anxiously suspicious without cause, and inclined to be particularly antagonistic towards intimates, you have a difficult assignment.