

The Daily Record

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Dunn Will Miss Norman Suttles

Dunn is losing its 1953 Young Man of the Year — Norman J. Suttles. But the projects which he has supervised and seen grow during his term as manager and executive secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce will tell the story of his work for many years to come.

Management of the Chamber of Commerce is a full-time job and requires the quick thinking of a versatile person. Suttles has met these qualifications in a remarkable way.

A Chamber of Commerce that does not record progress is losing ground for there is no such state as status quo in that field. Suttles has worked with the local Board of Directors to not only keep the Chamber out of the status quo classification, but to double its membership as well.

Norm, as his friends know him, has endeared himself to those with whom he has worked. He is that type of person. But while doing so, he has also been able to keep the wheels of progress turning and the work of the committees going strong.

Suttles has used the committee type of Chamber of Commerce and with the assistance of an active Board of Directors, has carried out many important projects.

It was through the Tourist of the Week project, begun by the Tourist Bureau, that Dunn gained national prominence. Work of the United Fund Committee was re-echoed throughout the State. The fat stock shows were attended by citizens from five or six counties.

Not only were new projects begun, but old projects were given a shot in the arm and revived under the supervision and guidance of the active manager.

Finer Carolina projects were begun and the town placed honorable mention once, and third place last year. Two nationally known industries have located here, and the Curb Market was established.

Suttles came to Dunn from a Boy Scout post. He served as District Scout Executive in Fayetteville for three years, in South Carolina one year; and in Tennessee two years. He was also an educator. He had taught school two years and served as principal of a rural school.

In the sales field, he was connected with Brown and Igelow of St. Paul, Minnesota, for some time. Suttles swept them all, to use an old saying. In every organization with which he was associated he took top honors. He served as State vice president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, was vice president of the Highway 301 Association, a former Scoutmaster, served on the board of stewards of Divine Street Methodist Church, and has been a member of the Rotary Club.

All of these things add up to one thing. Dunn is losing a good man. And a man not soon to be forgotten by members of the local Chamber of Commerce. Our loss is Fayetteville's gain.

Time Heals Love Wounds of Both Young and Old

There is stark tragedy and the folly of romantic young love in the affair at Bentonville in which a pretty young girl was shot to death by her jilted fiancé who committed suicide by turning the gun on himself.

The young man came to see the girl to attempt a reconciliation and when he was spurned whipped out a gun,uffing out an innocent life. The mother of the girl unding helplessly witnessed the shooting. The young man was a freshman at Atlantic Christian College and a boy who had served four years in the Navy, was to have entered State College in the Fall.

Young love affairs are terrible serious business during tender years. Romance comes riding out of nowhere moonbeams and does funny and crazy things to the ung in heart. But will young people never learn the sons for which their elders have paid such a high price experience and sometimes money and suffering. Disappointments to the young seem tragic at the moment, but time heals all things. Broken hearts when they pulse with the fervor of youth somehow get put back together and the world goes on as before.

These Days By Sokolsky

THE CONNECTICUT STORY
Governor John Lodge of Connecticut is up for re-election in the Nutmeg State. The Democrats have nominated Abraham Ribicoff, who ran for United States Senator in 1952, was defeated but produced 90,000 votes more than the rest of the Democratic ticket.

It is not questioned that John Lodge has been an effective governor. Also, he is an inept politician. As one of the functions of a man who chooses elective office as a career is to get himself re-elected, John Lodge is in trouble. He has not kept his party together; in fact, he has purged it of most of its tried leaders, some of whom were Taft men and others were too old-guard to please him.

Into this picture steps the vicious and forensic Vivian Kellems who is running for governor on the Independent Republican Party ticket. Estimates of what Miss Kellems can poll run from a low of 25,000 to a high of 100,000. Miss Kellems can draw votes only from Lodge, none from Ribicoff. Even the low figure, in this election and for this state, could defeat the Republican. Prescott Bush was elected to the United States Senate in 1952 by only 29,000 votes.

Abraham Ribicoff has the reputation of being an extraordinarily competent person, handsome, a brilliant orator, with no personal liabilities. He had served in the House of Representatives. He and his wife and children were born and educated in Connecticut. He is a Jew by religion.

John Lodge is also able, handsome and a good speaker, who can use Italian as well as English which is an advantage in Connecticut. He is an Eisenhower Republican. He had served as a spot on picture actor and in the Navy. His wife is of Italian origin and a beautiful woman.

All things considered, Lodge should have the advantage. Unfortunately the Republican Party in Connecticut, while strong in the counties, is split state-wide. I shall cite an example: The chairman of the Republican County Committee of Fairfield County, one of the most important in the state, is Bill Brennan. He is a powerful politician with a wide following. On the eve of the 1952 Convention, Lodge purged Brennan as National Committeeman because he was for Taft.

The purge was swift and unpleasant and left a permanent mark upon Brennan and his followers. I happened to be present at the public testimonial dinner in honor of Brennan shortly after official, including the Lieutenant Governor, was called upon to make a few remarks. It was a demonstration of continuing power. While whenever I have met Republican politicians in Connecticut they speak well of John Lodge personally, they seem to go out of their way to praise the Democratic candidate, Abraham Ribicoff. It is an unusual demonstration of lack of partisanship in a campaign year. Its significance cannot be missed.

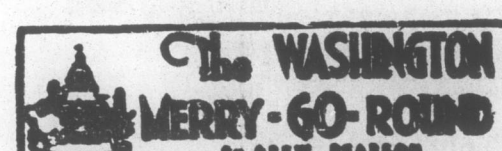
Certain areas of Connecticut are bedroom towns of New York. Here New Yorkers have established homes which, at first, it has been advantageous to make the Connecticut home for the permanent voting address. The New York influence has been of considerable importance in Connecticut.

But population-wise this influence is not as important as is generally assumed because the state has a large number of good-sized cities, highly industrialized, peopled by those who are deeply concerned with local affairs. Connecticut is principally populated by industrial workers whose mills and factories are within the state and by farmers, Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, Syrians, and peoples of many other national origins have settled in this state.

The principal problem that faces these people is how to keep industry from moving away from Connecticut to the South. The recent haters' strikes in Norwalk shocked the entire state because it involved, and still does, the danger of important cities becoming ghost-towns. To the local people, this is more important than Guatemala and Indochina and the United Nations. Ribicoff, as a native, has already grasped this as his issue. It is to be presumed that when the time comes, Lodge and Ribicoff will use the same speech material on the subject, but Lodge remains an outsider from Massachusetts, while Ribicoff was born and bred in the state.



Case L-359: Marvin L., aged 20, is a 2 - miler on his college track team.



WASHINGTON — One thing to be learned from our headaches in Guatemala is that the seeds of Communism are seldom planted in a hurry. They take time to sprout and are almost always nourished by a wave of Anti-Americanism.

In Guatemala, the Red seeds began sprouting in the days of President Jorge Ubico's harsh dictatorship, and the tragedy is that his nephew and secretary, Col. Carlos Castillo's Armas, is now one of the new would-be dictators, currently rowing with the other colonialists for supreme power. If he shows the other colonialists it's a safe prediction there will be more trouble in Guatemala, and eventually Communism will boom-brang back again.

An entirely different, though dangerous, situation is brewing in a country which long has been the best friend of the U.S.A.—Brazil. And now is the time for us to do something about it—not later, as in Guatemala.

Brazil is not threatened by Communism or revolt. But it's been swept by a wave of anti-Americanism, thanks largely to one thing—coffee. And if it's true that anti-Americanism usually precedes Communism, then now is the time to mend our fences in Brazil. Furthermore, it isn't healthy to have a country which has gone down the line for us in crisis after crisis suddenly become bitterly sore.

NO BRAZILIAN PRICE SUPPORTS
Brazilians have long known the U.S.A. as a country with high farm price supports; where the farmer is guaranteed a reasonable price despite a slump. Brazil up until a few months ago did not have such supports. Its coffee prices went up and down, with the coffee grower sometimes using his coffee to pave roads because it was such a glut on the market.

Last winter there was a frost in the great coffee-growing states of Panama. Coffee bushes were killed. Some farmers went bankrupt. Luckier farmers made a killing. Coffee growers in other countries were especially lucky—because the price of coffee zoomed. American housewives had to pay more, but Brazil, which suffered the frost, got all the blame.

U.S. newspaper editorials condemning Brazil naturally are read in Brazil. Speeches by congressmen criticizing Brazil have been published widely there. And they all add up to just one thing—resentment against the United States by a country which has been our best friend.

Today there's a development which may make things worse. Some U.S. coffee importers are boycotting Brazilian coffee for African coffee. Brazilian sales have dropped alarmingly. This will mean only one thing; Depression. And depression is the surest breeder of Communism. If the latter ever gets started in the biggest country of Latin America, the U.S.A. will really be out of luck.

HERE IS SOME COFFEE INFORMATION YOU MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT: For about 75 years a hot trade has raged between colonial Asia-Africa and Latin America. This dates back to 1876 when an Englishman smuggled the seeds of 17 rubber trees out of Brazil to Asia. Thus began the rubber empire of the Malays and Indonesia. Somewhat the same thing happened with quinine, chocolate, coffee, tobacco. All were developed in Latin America, except tobacco, but, taking advantage of slave-labor in Asia-Africa, big European exploiters moved to develop those areas. That slave labor has now revolved, which is one reason for Communist success in Asia, one reason why Indo-China is falling so rapidly. The social revolution came earlier in Latin America. Wages, though still not high, were much higher than the African-coolie slave labor of the European colonies. So Africa and Asia flourished in the race to grow tropical products—except for coffee. In Latin America, and especially Brazil, coffee remained king. Today we might as well kiss off South-east Asia as any steady supplier of quinine, tin, rubber we fought to get back from the Japanese after Pearl Harbor. Arab restlessness in North Africa will soon put that area in the same uncertain boat. Also it's a long way from these areas in case of war, and the atomic submarine is going to make wartime shipping almost impossible. So it will pay us not to forget our good neighbors in Latin America, even if frost sometimes increases their prices. They are close at hand and dependable—unless we let depression and communism get a foothold.



The WORRY CLINIC By Dr. George W. Crane

Marvin is like the persevering frog in the story told below. It is his kind of struggle that gave us the electric light and moving picture machine and the airplane, etc. So we should glorify such admirable traits in the stories recounted in grammar school readers. And we need to mix "horse sense" with our political philosophy for youth.

Case L-359: Marvin L., aged 20, is a 2 - miler on his college track team. "He's a faithful plodder," his coach informed me. "But that very perseverance paid off and enabled him to win his letter."

"During our last track event, Marvin was far behind. It looked as if he wouldn't place at all, for a couple of stars were way out in front.

"Some of the other runners got discouraged at being too far out-distanced by these two stars. so they dropped out. "But Marvin kept on. He didn't place, but he finished the race. Then it was later shown that one of the star runners was ineligible, so that moved everybody up a notch. Marvin thus placed and won his letter."

"It certainly pleased me and proved that it doesn't pay to quit, even if you are far behind."

..... TWO FROGS
Maybe you modern teen-agers aren't acquainted with the old story that was popular a generation ago. It dealt with two frogs who happened to jump into a farmer's can of milk. But when they tried to get out, the slick metal sides gave them no footing.

And they couldn't spring clear up from the bottom of the can, for 10 gallons of milk were above them. After several unsuccessful attempts, one frog told the other that it was futile to try to get out, so he crunched on the bottom and ultimately died.

On several occasions he was almost ready to give up, but he'd take a new breath and again start kicking.

Just as he was about exhausted he felt something solid against his hind feet. And when he looked back, he discovered that his kicking had churned the cream layer into a large pat of butter had formed. It floated atop the milk like a raft on a lake, so the frog climbed aboard and then sprang over the side of the milk can into freedom.

The moral of this lesson is the same as that which Marvin reveals: **MORALIZING READERS.**

In previous generations, our school reading books contained many such dramatic stories to laud virtue and stimulate youth to struggle and work hard.

Horatio Alger also wrote a large number of short novels which encouraged poor boys to persevere. During the past generation, however, we have often ignored that early American philosophy and have allowed an alien viewpoint to contaminate our youth.

Instead of teaching them to rely on themselves, we have encouraged them to wait for Uncle Sam or some other welfare Santa Claus to nurse-maid them.

"All any American should ever ask," said Woodrow Wilson, "is a free field and no favors."

But that staunch motto has gone somewhat into the discard, and we have indirectly urged youth to expect favors and to hope for something for nothing.

We have even told youth that Uncle Sam would ultimately free them from fears.

Yet, fears are the best goods we have in life. Without fear, few kids would get to school on time or study for examinations. And few parents would punch a time clock or buy insurance.

It is high time we got back to "horse sense" and good Applied Psychology even as regards the reading books in grammar school.

We need to laud heroes who struggled and worked and refused to give up in the face of apparently insuperable odds.

When we fought Spain over Cuba, trying coming to our side. She had just taken delivery on two new cruisers in London, and though they had not even been in Brazilian waters, they were ordered put at the disposal of the U. S. Navy. Six days after World War I was declared, Brazil came in too, immediately amalgamated her entire fleet with the U.S. Fleet. World War II could not have been won in the same length of time had not Brazil given up key bases on the "hump"—the part of Brazil that sticks out nearest Africa. In these days submarines were sinking U.S. Carsons with tragic regularity, and the airlift across Brazil to Africa was vital. We couldn't have gotten along without

Walter Winchell IN NEW YORK

Definition of a Fast Buck: George Shearing's "Lullaby of Bird-land," which was just recorded by the 22nd singer (Ella Fitzgerald). He wrote it in one minute (in 1949) at Lindy's waiting for his coffee. . . . "Hey There!" from "Pajama Game" is attractively rendered by Sammy Davis, Jr. The top disc version is by Rosemary Clooney. . . . Jazz is hotter than greek at the bus-office. At least 15 strip spots in the Midwest (Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit) have switched from G-Strings to B-Flats. . . . Th Hillbillians love their songs sad. One of the latest tearjerkers is "Mashed Potatoes." A tune alike the recent number one "The Bitter Side" and 1949 "Wait For Mr. Goodby" Down By the Riverbank. . . . Startling Rita's records. . . . I got out on an interview, I was . . . more reporters that way!

The Arthur Godfrey Show is still the toughest-ticket-in-town. All requests for duets must be six months in advance. . . . Winy Manone's "If I Could Be With You" (at the Metropole) is the Big Attraction there. . . . The gal named DeeDee Jackson is a highspot at the new Briggs night place, opposite Mad Sq. Garden. Sexotic dancing. . . . Add Show-Oafs: From the Times: "A style she has already used with flamboyant success in her historical pastiches." (He means writings) . . . The new ditty, "The World Is My Oyster," was composed by Frieda Glam. (Something's fishy around here!) . . . Correction: Yesterday's d'm reported the assault charges against Marion Colby's husband were discharged. They were postponed. . . . The Italian-filmed "Indiscretion of an American Wife" shows a Philly wife regretting her fling in Rome with an Italian. . . . Mike Dunne, the society band pilot, has written a touching new ditty titled: "Who Threw the Ledoors in Mrs. de Puyster's Vichyssoise?" . . . Those Summer teary replacement shows will never replace a moonlit night. . . . Things That Keep Me Awake: Why Variety spells it Theatre but the N. Y. Times spells it Theater. . . . Item: "The Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Elsa Maxwell Reconciled" . . . The feud's on again. They snubbed an Elsa party after accepting the invite. . . . That aristocratic looking dowager, who dines almost every sundown in a Lindy's corner booth, is The Countess Geneski. . . . Genyovine Rerity. She presides over the handwriting concession at the corner Penny Arcade.

Midtown Quickie: It happened around midnight on W. 55th Street. . . . The scene was a restaurant. . . . "Proceed quietly," said the police call, "robbery in progress." . . . The 18th Precinct prowl-cars were there in 18 seconds. . . . The burglar (who tossed \$900 into an ash-can) managed to get out before they got in. . . . He joined a small group on the pavement. . . . One of the cops studied them and picked out the one who appeared most calm. . . . "How did you get in there?" he queried, as he gave the suspect a fast frisk for a weapon. . . . "Who, me?" he shrugged. . . . "Yes, you!" was the snapper as they locked him up. . . . "I got an alibi!" he insisted. . . . But he was The One. They wanted . . . His pockets were loaded with that restaurant's match-books.

Isn't "Monique," the new singer breaking in an act (in suburban places), Julia of Darvas & Julia? . . . No Business Like Show Biz: Many of the help at the Commodore Hotel (Spruce Lake) are At-Liberty actors. . . . Mike Dunne, the society band pilot, has written a touching new ditty titled: "Who Threw the Ledoors in Mrs. de Puyster's Vichyssoise?" . . . Those Summer teary replacement shows will never replace a moonlit night. . . . Things That Keep Me Awake: Why Variety spells it Theatre but the N. Y. Times spells it Theater. . . . Item: "The Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Elsa Maxwell Reconciled" . . . The feud's on again. They snubbed an Elsa party after accepting the invite. . . . That aristocratic looking dowager, who dines almost every sundown in a Lindy's corner booth, is The Countess Geneski. . . . Genyovine Rerity. She presides over the handwriting concession at the corner Penny Arcade.

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DEAR MARY HAWORTH: George and I are parents of a four month old son, and the problem is my mother, who concentrates on holding the baby—not once in a while, but all the time.

If I say to mother in a nice way that babies have to cry occasionally, she calls me cruel and snatches up the child. Naturally he won't go to sleep without being held, if he learns to expect it, so he fights sleep, and I have great difficulty trying to correct this.

George is busy at his job five days a week, and when he is home on evenings, generally the baby is sleeping. So weekends are his only opportunity to get to know and enjoy the baby; and recently he is so aggravated with mother that he actually hates her, because she won't even let him touch his son.

When friends or relatives come to visit, Mama sits holding the baby as if he were her own; and naturally George feels left out. Also when mother brags how cute her grandchild is, she always says he resembles me at the same age. But when she and I are alone, together, she tells me the baby is the exact image of his dad.

Mother gets angry when I talk against holding the baby too much; but still she doesn't put him down: "Please give me some idea of what to do—or I am going to have the most spoiled brat in town. I certainly don't want that. — V.L."

SPELL OUT HOUSE RULE

DEAR V.L.: Because you aren't sure what is good for babies, and don't

know your rights in the circumstances and feel somewhat in awe at your mother's bossy character, you and George are letting yourselves be pushed around mistakenly.

All you need do, in George's behalf, is to establish a house rule that on weekends the baby is his special charge—for as long (at a time) as he wishes to play nurse-maid. If you and George agree on this policy, and loyally uphold each other in adhering to it, your mother will have to stand aside.

This program doesn't mean that George has to keep the baby in his arms, or on his lap, or under his immediate scrutiny, continuously, on these designated days—in order to insure first-class to his son's company, for getting acquainted purposes. Rather, it simply puts all interested parties on notice that Saturdays and Sundays are "father's day" in your household—when George has top priority if he wants to visit with or show off the baby.

TO BE SURE STUDY SPOCK

It sounds good on paper, you may say. But what if Mama tries to blitz the system, by scornfully finding fault with George's baby-tending, or by crying "Cruel!" if her suggestions are ignored? Or, perhaps, by rudely pushing in to forcefully "rescue" the baby from allegedly "bumbling parents? What then?

In that case you will have to be firm and strong in demonstrating your special authority over the baby—even if your adult rally makes her mad. She is a problem to you because she is acting childish, greedy and grabby—treating the baby as a snatched toy, in blind disregard of vital human values at stake.

For long-term help in safeguarding your son's development, study Dr. Benjamin Spock's wise, sympathetic, wonderfully detailed "Pocketbook of Baby and Child Care" (Pocketbooks Inc.). The paperback edition costs 35 cents, and is worth millions in peace of mind to beginner-parents. — M.E.

Mary Hawthorth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview, because of the raw over coffee and Africa.