

The Daily Record

DUNN, N. C.

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Hopeful Signs

Hopeful signs of a reaction against the dreadful slaughter on North Carolina's highways are shown in a report put out by the Motor Vehicles Department.

The department said that Easter week end deaths this year totalled eight, as compared with 28 last Easter—a national record of which we may well be ashamed.

Bad weather for driving was cited as the chief factor in keeping down the death rate over the holiday. But we prefer to think that the drivers of this State, finally sickened by the ghastly toll in lives, injury, human suffering and property, have decided to drive as though they have sense enough to control their machines.

Comparative figures show some hope. Some 217 persons have been killed on North Carolina's highways through this morning, as compared with 214 for the same date in 1950. The Department of Motor Vehicles, in predicting the number of persons to be killed or injured in automobile mishaps for any year, usually add about 10 to 12 per cent of the previous year's total.

So far, we are running well below that prediction figure in both deaths and injuries. Perhaps the situation will remain that way. And perhaps—although this is so unlikely as to seem fantastic—drivers will become so cautious and careful that the death and injury rates will enjoy a decline.

Considering human fallibility, all this seems highly unlikely. Still, the performance of our drivers over the past holiday week end may be a sign of better, saner times on our Highways. We fervently hope so.

Senate Gets Liquor Bills

RALEIGH, March 27 — Administration leaders opened a drive to put teeth in North Carolina's liquor laws today with a flurry of bills introduced in the state senate.

Sen. Rivers Johnson of Warsaw brought in five anti-bootlegger measures which he said were requested by Gov. Kerr Scott. The bills were written from the recommendations of a special committee Scott created in October, 1949, to study enforcement of prohibition laws.

Scott himself sent a special message to the lawmakers with the bills, saying that the demand for more effective liquor traffic curbs "is not confined to the so-called dregs of our state, but is shared by

the so-called wet element."

One bill would provide 25 new ABC officers, and would give all members of the ABC force statewide jurisdiction. Another would make it a felony to transport more than five gallons of whiskey into or through the state, and would provide a payoff for informers leading law officers to illegal whiskey dens.

The third bill would provide a \$100 minimum fine for any liquor law violation, and the fourth would memorialize Congress to prohibit issuance of federal liquor licenses in states where it is unlawful to manufacture, transport or deal in alcoholic beverages.

The last bill would make it unlawful to hold a federal license.

Funeral Directory

Dennis H. Parker, 80, of Clinton, died Sunday afternoon at his home near here. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 3 p.m. from McGee Methodist Church. The Rev. Dennis Kinlaw and the Rev. Frank Hurley officiated. Burial was in the church cemetery. He was the father of Mrs. Joe Strickland of Dunn.

Braxton C. (Bud) Barefoot, 70, of Four Oaks, Rt. 2, died Monday at 4:30 p.m. in Dunn Hospital after a long illness. Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 3 p.m. from Barefoot Memorial Free Will Baptist Church by the Rev. J. R. Vann and the Rev. Mr. Simmons. Burial will be in family cemetery on Benson, Rt. 2.

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These Days



By

Sokolsky

INDEPENDENCE HALL
One Sunday recently, I took my children to Philadelphia to look at Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell and other historic evidences of the founding of our country enshrined in that building. I think that parents would strengthen their children's love of country if they, even for once in their lives, walked the floor upon which Washington and Jefferson and Franklin stood on the occasion of the founding of this country. It gives one a feeling of continuity, of belonging to a grand tradition. It relates one to the great spiritual strength of America.

I was, however, disappointed by the environment. The streets are narrow and shabby. There is a little park in front of the building, but not an impressive one. My little girls wanted to see Betsy Ross's house, where our first national flag was sewn, and we drove through narrow Arch Street where we stopped in front of 239.

The house is buried in a mass of buildings and is perhaps best recognized by a replica of our first flag that hangs on a pole from it. We wanted to see where Benjamin Franklin was buried in the Christ Church Cemetery and even to enter Christ Church itself, but parking was difficult. Yet it was in that church that the fathers of our country prayed for guidance on those occasions when they wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

I am told that a plan is afoot to turn this invaluable historic area into a national historical park. Since Jan. 1 of this year, Independence Hall and the group of historic buildings adjacent to it are under the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior.

More than that is necessary to preserve these monuments. They should be restored. Independence Hall, for instance, needs a coat of paint on the interior walls. Peeling ceilings are not impressive, particularly to young children. Could not the grand dining room of this building, which also served as a hospital, be restored, so that when the hall is visited, children can see, in their keen imaginations, the great figures who risked their lives that this might be a nation of free men?

With all the billions of dollars that the United States has been spending all over the world for every variety of boondoggling, why has nothing been done until now to restore the entire area, from Spruce to Arch Street, from Second to Sixth Street, into a shrine to American patriotism? I look at a map of the "Independence National Historical Park Project" and I cannot help wondering why it is still a project after 175 years. Why do we have to wait so long to do the fine things when we can waste so much on the meaningless?

Are Americans so lacking in sentiment, so impotent in their love of tradition that it has taken them this long to rescue the most sacred spot in all this country from obscurity and vandalism? How shall we instill in our children the ideals of our nation if we fail to show any interest in our national monuments?

In a way, I must say that I came away hurt, because my children, who said it was all wonderful, betrayed their own disillusionment. The rooms were so bare. They had been to Plymouth where they saw the pilgrims' houses and Plymouth Rock. They have not yet been to Williamsburg in Virginia or to the Lincoln Shrine in New Salem, Ill. When they are taken to those places, their imaginations will roam among living things. Here at Independence Hall that feeling of the living is missing and children must have that if they are to understand the quality of a place.

No millions are too many to spend upon a complete restoration of this area, until an American child can see in his mind's eye the grand flourish of John Hancock's pen and the aged Benjamin Franklin being assisted to his seat, and the philosopher Thomas Jefferson writing: "When in the course of human events..." And realize that it was to this place that George Washington rode to assume a leadership that is never to be forgotten. Perhaps if we made much of our national shrines and brought our children to them, they would be more truly bound, in these queer and disconcerting days, to our great national traditions.

Girl Friend His Employer
Spokane, Wash. — Frank, a young retriever, can blame his chains on a female. He wound up shackled when his owners discovered he was bringing back the neighbors' milk after visiting their female cookey spaniel. The spaniel's owners buy milk for 11 children.

Balloon Goes Far
Rhyolville, Ark. — Roy Brown blew up a balloon and turned it loose. It was found two days later 600 miles away.

Mister Breger



"I warned you—the Bregerers are the toughest people to say good-bye to..."

Little Old NEW YORK

By ED SULLIVAN

PACIFIC REPORT
Hollywood, Cal., March 24—At Hillcrest Country Club, my old vaudeville accomplice, Patsy Flick, is getting laughs with his story of the grammar grade school teacher investigating her young pupil's knowledge of animals.

Teacher exhibited the picture of a deer. "Identify this animal, Johnny," she cooed. Johnny, perplexed, said he couldn't. "O, come now, it's a name your father often calls your mother," prompted the teacher.

"A Schmo?" screamed the kid.

California golf handicaps will continue to be one of the unsolved mysteries which quiz shows refuse to tackle. A few hours back, your roving correspondent played a four-ball match with partner Marvin Schenk of MGM against producer Sidney Lanfield and Danny Kaye. Kaye, with a handicap of nine shots, won all the dough with a 74.

This is not so sinister as it sounds, actually. Kaye, playing golf for six years, has long been on the verge of playing great golf. But he never could sustain his scoring beyond nine holes, when fright would overcome him. On the last nine, he'd go completely to pieces.

Yesterday he came of golfing age and from now on, since the jinx has been laid to rest, he's going to be mighty dangerous.

Lanfield, not long back, played as a partner of Lloyd Mangrum against Kaye and Ben Hogan. All the way 'round, Hogan kept coaching his partner Kaye, until Lanfield became quite incensed to Mangrum. "Why don't you give me some advice?" Lanfield finally popped off. "O, K," said Mangrum, "I'll offer you the best advice in the world—give up golf because you just don't have it and you're not gonna get it."

Charlie Correll of Amos 'n' Andy wonders if you've heard this switch on an old story:

A guy decided to visit Russia and got a passport, despite the advice of friends. "All right," he told them, "if things over there are bad, I'll write my letters to you in red ink; if things are fine, in black ink."

Two weeks later, his pals got the first letter, in which he raved about Russia. "The only thing you can't get," he wrote, "is red ink."

Hollywood continues to be bewildered by television. Most bewildered would be Jerry Fairbanks, producer of shorts, who plunged into the TV film production field as a pioneer.

Fairbanks made 26 film shorts for TV. On the advice of someone at NBC-TV who persuaded Fairbanks that TV would split the hour into three sections of 20 minutes, he made 18-minute reels. These would be preceded and followed by one-minute commercials, accounting for 20 minutes in all.

His adviser, of course, proved wrong. TV continued the radio pattern of splitting the hour into four 15-minute sections. So Fairbanks has on his hands, unless they've been sold in the meantime, a whole flock of 18-minute shorts.

As I understand, each of these 18-minute TV shorts cost about \$14,000. There are no "names" in these reels, so it would seem the price is exorbitant.

Which brings up the fallacy of Hollywood thinking in relation to making films for television. These studios, for years, have been rolling up enormous costs which TV advertisers could not possibly absorb. On movie studio payrolls are hordes of people who should be dropped, all adding to the overhead.

The wastefulness of Hollywood studios never could be accepted by TV advertisers. If films are to be made, studio production costs would have to be slashed radically. It seems to me that TV networks and agencies may solve this by bypassing the studios and engaging expert directors and technicians to set up an operation divorced from the fixed overhead of movie corporations.

Hollywood's dream of stepping into TV, on terms and at a time to be fixed by the studios, has serious flaws in it.

Where Hollywood's major studios fit into the TV pattern perfectly is in respect to the studio vaults, bulging with pictures made by such stars as Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Irene Dunne, Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Shirley Temple, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Fred Astaire.

TV can use this sort of film and would be in position to pay for it. Inasmuch as the studios have squeezed all money possible out of these old films, the TV revenue would be pure velvet.

But I don't see how Hollywood studios can make new film for TV, and do it within the budgets now prevailing. The studios aren't set up for lean and careful production. The fixed charges are staggering and TV is in no position to absorb these appalling costs.

It sounds like the perfect cliché to marvel that American commercial airlines make it possible for a reporter to spend a week in Hollywood, easily and comfortably. But each time you leave New York on a Sunday night, arrive in Los Angeles the next morning, meet numerous people on business, then fly back to New York on Friday with an enormous number of things done, the boon of airlines is accented anew.

It Says Here

by Bob Hope

The Met has a sideline. Yes, she opens Mar Astrid Varnay has announced that she is available for busy sitting at \$50 dollars per session, the proceeds to go to the Metropolitan Opera Fund.

If this catches on, opera singers will have to study voice... diction... and diapers.

And when the news gets around, kids may insist on choosing their own sitters. I can hear one saying: "I refuse to stay home with Mary Jones any more... I want Dina's Sister."

Picture Edie Pirsa as a baby sitter. At 500 bucks a throw, he'd probably lull the kids to sleep by singing "Some Expensive Evening."

Of course, one singer might not always be able to do the job. Large families would hire the Andrews Sisters.

But as baby sitters, such glamer gals as Astrid Varnay, Lily Pons and Rose Stevens might cause complications. Ruby might say to mom: "You ran along to the movies... I'll sit home with the sitters."

Frederick L. OTHMAN

WASHINGTON—Now it turns out that James J. Carroll, one of St. Louis's richest men, makes \$110,000 a year for having nothing to do with a business in which he owns no interest. Only the money's real. The business is a little hazy, like the non-proprietor's vocabulary.

As an old St. Louisian myself, I was particularly interested in Carroll's rags-to-riches rise. Fact is, via telephone, I used to know him well.

When I was a 20-year-old reporter and, or, copy boy in the old home town, one of my jobs was to phone Carroll and ask him what were the odds on who would win the election. Any old election.

He always knew, exactly. He was polite and helpful about it, while the rewrite man treated him in print with respect. Always identified him as James J. Carroll, the betting commissioner. As if there were no other oracle. And in that line I suppose he had no rival.

So the Kefauver crime committee hauled him into public view in the Senate Caucus Room. He was a small, gray-haired man with brilliant blue eyes behind rimless spectacles; he looked like a banker. He said he was scared. "Why?" asked Senator Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.).

Carroll looked at the 11 movie and television cameras staring at him with one-eyed intensity, glanced at the flood lights in the crystal chandeliers, observed the 16 photographers popping spent flash bulbs on the red velvet carpet, gaped at the rubber cables spread more thickly than on a MGM movie sound stage, and looked nearsightedly at the seven microphones in front of him. He shrugged his shoulders. He said he had miked fright. He couldn't think.

The Senators were not sympathetic. So Carroll replaced his eyeglasses with dark-colored ones and thought as best he could. The result was what you might call confusing.

Twenty-five years ago he used to accept bets on horse races and, since he had learned to know and respect the law of averages; he did well. Then he retired.

So now a couple of fellows named John Mooney and Michael Grady run a little business on the second floor of a beaten-up store building at 318-A Missouri Avenue, East St. Louis, Ill. Here they have 18 telephones, which they use so much their annual phone bill runs to \$120,000. They're friends of the Hon. James.

In their seedy sanctum \$20,000-

track at any time. If anybody wants to bet on anything else, including which way a particular frog is likely to jump, they usually are pleased to oblige.

Carroll said he was not convinced their business—not his—was illegal. He did know it was necessary.

"A biological necessity," he said. This sounded sexy to the standing-room-only audience, which pressed forward, but Carroll had no such meaning. He meant that people like to gamble.

"It gives substance to their daydreams," he said.

Fair enough. Their daydreams certainly have given substance to the commissioner. And I suppose he's the only man I know who became a millionaire by ignoring a business in which he owned no part. I'm doing a little daydreaming myself.

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