

The Daily Record

These Days



By

Sokolovsky

TO RECAPITULATE

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"Sorry, sir, but we MUST respect the fact that Mr. Smithers used to be a blacksmith!"

Engineers Wanted

The American Engineer recently carried an article entitled "The Engineer—Key to Coal Progress," by Representative Augustine B. Kelley of Pennsylvania, who is also a coal operator of long experience. Mr. Kelley went into some detail as to the opportunity coal mining offers to young and ambitious engineers. At the end he summed his views up in these words: "The coal industry is one of the most progressive of all industries, both from the standpoint of the mine operator and the mine worker. The producers of bituminous coal are constantly investing in research and development, and mine organizations welcome new machines and new techniques that tend to increase productivity. Under such conditions, and with the increasing dependence that the nation will place upon bituminous coal in the coming years, it is obvious why the young graduate in mining engineering who joins the coal industry can look to the future with confidence and enthusiasm." What gives this significance is the light it casts on the tremendous changes that have taken place in the coal industry in the last 20 years or so. Many of us still think of coal mining as an excessively arduous and dangerous job, where the principal tools are the pick, the shovel and a strong back. The fact is that modern mining is accomplished with exceedingly costly and complex machines, and the miner is the skilled craftsman who guides them. Along with this, coal has made new safety records after new safety records and won the unstinted praise of the Bureau of Mines and other authorities. Coal is a lively, vital and versatile industry. It looks to the future, not to the past. And it offers unlimited opportunities to young men who are qualified and ambitious.

Your Meat Dollar

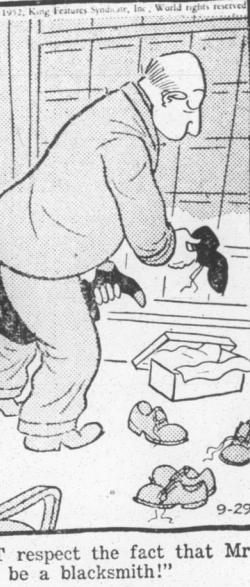
Many seem to feel that most of the money taken in by large industries disappears into the pockets and bank accounts of a small, vaguely-defined group of people known as "owners" or "stockholders." This group, the reasoning goes, is the final recipient of a very substantial proportion of all the average family spends for goods and services. That belief is sheer illusion. As a general rule, the money which the owners of a business can keep—the profit—is one of the smallest items in the financial picture. The meat packing industry is a good example. This industry is made up of 4,000 companies comprising the world's largest food manufacturing group. And here's what happened to each of the dollars it took in last year from sales: First of all, 79 5-10 cents went right out to the farmers and ranchers in payment for livestock and other farm products. Second, 9 9-10 cents went to the employes, in the form of wages. Third, 1 1-10 cents went to government in taxes. After all these unavoidable bills were paid, 7-10 of one cent was left on hand. And that 7-10 of one cent was packers' profit—the "wage" they earned for operating a complex and essential business. Put another way, this profit worked out to about one-third of a cent for each pound of meat sold. So, if the packers had earned nothing at all in the way of profit, the saving to the consumer would have been so small as to be practically invisible in his budget.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON—Ah, the irony of it. Or would you rather believe 1,000 mothers on what is fit television fare for their children, or one Congressman? Television, as you doubtless know, now is under investigation by Congress because Rep. Ezekiel Guthings (Democrat, of West Memphis, Ark.) looked at it and decided its moral tone was lower even than its mechanics. What particularly pained the gentleman was a peanut-butter program, entitled, "You Asked For It." You want to see a performing alligator, the top of Mt. Everest, a horse that sings, the interior of an atom bomb, or a Hottentot drinking bottled milk? Just write the producers and they'll knock themselves out bringing it to your tiny screen. Way back last winter, a viewer wrote in that he'd sure like to see a Samba dancer, dancing the Samba. This was easy for the producers of "You Asked For It." They delivered at once. Well, sir, it happened that the gentleman from West Memphis saw this dance on his own TV, and it didn't look like art to him. He testified that it was the hootchie-kootchie. For the photographers present he demonstrated, while sitting down, what he saw. Then he stood up, with hands clasped behind his neck, and demonstrated again. The gentleman is long and lean; the resultant photographs were among the funniest ever printed in a newspaper. Guthings' denunciation of "You Asked For It" resulted in a full formal investigation by the Commerce subcommittee of Rep. Oran Harris (D., Ark.) into the morals of TV. This has been going on for months. It's still going on—and here we were to go to see Mrs. Harris, a handsome

housewife of Falls Church, Va. Mrs. Smart told the gentleman that she and her fellow mothers felt that something was lacking in the TV programs designed for their tots. So Mrs. Smart, as past-president of the St. James Parish Council, undertook to make a TV survey among 1,000 mothers. She brought the results along. They were enough to give the ears of some of our leading TV performers. The ladies were sincere and they were honest. They leaned over backwards to be fair. Among the welter of programs in the early evening were a few of which they heartily approved. In particular did they like "You Asked For It." This, their vote showed fine educational program. It was the one show for which they allowed their youngsters to sit up late. "B-b-b-b-but," expostulated Rep. Arthur G. Klein (D., N. Y.), "that's the performance that brought on this inquiry." The blonde Mrs. Smart gasped. "Yes," said the Congressman, smiling, "one of our witnesses, a fellow legislator, described it for us. He objected to a dance that appeared on this program. It just illustrates further the danger of hasty conclusions." Rep. Klein didn't say whose hasty conclusion. Mrs. Smart, who is a diplomat, said it may be that some programs she didn't mention which ones are good only nine times out of 10. Then she changed the subject. She said she did not believe the lawmakers should worry too much about the kind of commercials shown to children. Their mothers don't worry at all. "When the commercial comes on," Mrs. Smart said, "is when the children go out for a drink of water, or something."

MISTER BREGER



"Sorry, sir, but we MUST respect the fact that Mr. Smithers used to be a blacksmith!"

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND by BREW PEARSON

Walter Winchell In New York

BROADWAY HEARTBEAT Celebrates About Town: Joe DiMaggio, who isn't secretly married to Marilyn Monroe (yet) breathless over the theater-teeny version of the Walcott-Marciano brawl at the Guild. The Paul Lucas's (one of the actors with Class) in the Stork Club. Sophie Tucker presenting Betty Hutton with her original manuscript (in longhand) of her life story, "Some of These Days" Patricia Marand, the "Wish You Were Heroine" swanking by Olin's on Central Park West. U. S. Senator Homer Ferguson giving Billingsley's Table 50 some dignity. Spencer Tracy and Morton Downey (Shure a Little Bit of Ireland) in the Pierre elevator.

Sallies in Our Alley: Some reporters in Lindy's last night were gabbing about the brawl between this column—and an editor who once was an official of The Young Communist League. "WW was fighting the commies," said a scribe, "when that peenk was in kneepants!" "You mean," said another, "when that punk was in kneeped?" Leo Durocher, guest of the Friars' at luncheon, said he read in this column that one of his team had flung a bottle at a Negro's car. "It couldn't have been any of my pitchers," he said. "They couldn't hit a car." Ask the Hudson River Highway motorcop who reported it to the 50th Precinct!

Times Sq. Roundup: The David (Holiday for Strings) Roses (Betty Bigelow) expect their 2nd blessed adventure... Archibald MacLeish (the frantic poet) is malpreeting words for Stevenson. Jim Piersall, the Red Sox rookie (he blew up at baseball fans and got in fistfights), has been released from Westboro, Mass. State Hospital. Inside the hearing that Pearl Bailey was beaten up by the brother of one of her girl companions that night... Despite the exciting Walcott-Marciano fight photos and the Nixoner in the Wednesday papers, the 50th St. & B'way newsstands got stuck with scads of the N. Y. ImPoster.

Benson Methodists Methodists Group Convenes In Benson

More than one hundred women from missionary societies in the Raleigh district of the Methodist Conference assembled Tuesday, September 23, at the Benson Methodist church for the annual sub-district meeting. Registration of the visitors began at 9:30 and continued until 10 o'clock when the meeting was opened with the singing of the hymn, "The Kingdom is Coming" and prayer by Rev. Ivey T. Poole, pastor of the local church. Mrs. M. M. Person of Lenoir, president of Raleigh District officers introduced Mrs. H. C. Turlington, missionary education secretary of Dunn, who announced the program of the day and its purpose. Home missions and human rights were discussed and Mrs. Frank Spruill, secretary of youth work of Dunn and Mrs. T. A. Collins, secretary of children's work of Raleigh, presented youth and children's materials on Missions and human rights. Mrs. L. A. Watts of Selma presented the Preface to Bible study and Mrs. P. C. Perdue, secretary of promotion, of Lenoir, discussed the value of correlated programs and the importance of monthly and quarterly meetings for detailed planning of work. Mrs. L. D. Gill, secretary of literature and publications, of Wake Forest was heard in relation to her work at the morning session was closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Poole. From 12 noon to 1 o'clock luncheon was served in the basement of the church by members of the Benson church and immediately thereafter the group re-assembled in the

The Worry Clinic

By Dr. GEORGE W. CRANE

While in Manitowish, Wis., during the spring I addressed 1,290 high school boys and girls. They wanted to know how to carry on an interesting conversation. There is a psychological trick that will help you become a popular conversationalist. Be sure you learn it. Better paste this Case Record in your Scrapbook. By Dr. George W. Crane. Case E-368: Diane D., aged 17, is a high school senior. "Dr. Crane, my problem is very critical," she began seriously. "But several other girls in my class are troubled by it, too. "When we are invited to attend a dance or go to a movie with a boy, we don't know what to talk about. "And the boys seem worse than we are. Do you have any hints on this subject? "For it is really very embarrassing to sit beside a boy for several minutes without a word being said by anybody!" DIALOGUE TECHNIQUE Diane's problem is not limited to high schoolers. It troubles people of all ages. Diane is correct in saying that the male usually is less talkative than the female. The average boy, however, senses that it is his responsibility to entertain his girl when they are on a date. But his conversational skill is generally limited. He has only two or three "openers" for getting their dialogue started. "It's certainly been hot (or cold or rainy) hasn't it?" he may say. He leads off with one of his few conversational trump cards. "Yes, it has," his girl friend may timidly reply, as she fails to pick up his lead and advance the dialogue a step further along the road to easy, effortless conversation. But the proper dialogue technique involves giving a cue to your partner by asking a question. HOW TO START CONVERSATION Launching a conversation is much like starting an automobile. You first get it in low gear; then move it into second and finally into high. Even then you must get it up

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

NEWSBOY NOVELLETTE: It happened some time ago. We just counted. And if a newspaper publisher was rising some editorials in his apartment one hot, humid night... He decided to take a stroll around the block for some fresh air. He went out coatless, no hat, his shirt opened at the collar, wearing old trousers and his slippers. He walked half-a-mile and paused to buy the midnight editions of the morning papers. "Oh," he told the newsboy a kid of about 13. "I left my money at home." So saying, he put the papers back on that stand. "That's all right," said the kid, "you have an honest face." "But," said the man, "you can't always judge by a face, you know." "Well," said the kid, "yours looks all right to me, mister." This touched the Old Boy so deeply that when he got home he phoned one of his top brass and instructed him to get the boy's name and address. "But don't tell him why!" Shortly after that newsboy was sent to a military prep academy and then to college. He is now an officer in the Army. He never knew the name of his benefactor. William Randolph Hearst. VOICES RISE TO DEFEND IN SYMPATHY SEEKERS WANT TO STAY SICK, SAYS ONE DEAR MARY HAWORTH: On September 9 you published a letter from a woman who takes you to task for lacking "humility and humanity." That's her opinion, voiced to a psychiatrist friend, who suggested she tell you about it, she says. I wish to offset her view with mine, which I am sure is more widely held than hers. Usually I don't find your columns comfortable reading either. This is because you discern the pattern of endemic emotional disorders behind and beneath the specific problem. Consequently your insights are a bolt to the reader, as well as the person with the problem. You hit the whole audience in a most sensitive spot, namely, the unconscious. That is why you are so helpful. Each time you illuminate our common unconscious negativisms, we see the springs of motivation a little more clearly, and the way is prepared for healthier feelings to take over. Your searching candor could incur the dislike of those who feel "exposed" which includes most of your readers, of course. But you are strong enough to speak the truth (which hurts because it is true)—so that the reader will gain improvement may begin. In this respect, you show a vital concern for humanity. As for humility, it can be carried to a fault. I have no use for its craven aspect, when it says in effect, "If I run myself down, you don't need to believe me, and can like me better." Ingratating hum-



"Pardon me... do you happen to have a match on you?"