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### Outstanding Act of Citizenship

One of America's far-reaching organizations, the Boy Scouts of America, is marking its 44th birthday during Boy Scout Week, Feb. 7 to 13. On this notable milestone we find the Boy Scout movement at its peak in membership.

Today 2,440,000 boys are enjoying the "game of Scouting" in its three distinct programs, Cub Scouting, Boy Scouting and Exploring, each appealing to boys of various age levels.

We seldom stop to think that this great work is made possible largely through the active sponsorship of the church, the school and other community institutions. But perhaps even more significant is the fact that some 860,000 adults share their time as volunteer leaders with the boyhood of America.

Their is a devoted service. A large number have served for many years.

Boy Scout Week this year has been dedicated to honoring the Cubmasters, the Scoutmasters and the Explorer Advisors — the men who bring Scouting directly to the boys.

To them has been entrusted the care and guidance of our boys and young men. It is their influence upon the Scouts of today, with whom they work and play, that help mould these boys and young men into better citizens and better proponents of the American way of life.

These unselfish men who give leadership in Scouting are performing an outstanding act of citizenship. Our nation owes them much.

## Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON — I was sitting there, red-handed, when I was strolled by George P. Larrick, deputy commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. The man responsible for my crimson paws.

So I told him my troubles. The other night Hilda was in a hurry to get the dinner cooked and she asked me, please, would I wash a few sweet potatoes, dry 'em in grease and place same in the oven to bake?

Well sir, they were the prettiest sweet potatoes I ever did see; a deep scarlet like the map of Russia. So I put 'em in the sink and the water turned pink. I dried 'em and got red on the cup towels.

I put cooking oil on 'em and it dribbled red on the stove and the floor. Quickly I slammed 'em in the oven and was in the first of cleaning all over the place. Then she looked at my hands. They were the color of raw beefsteak. This shocked her, and as I told Larrick, his Food and Drug Administration is responsible.

Why in the name of all that's honest does he allow the dealers in sweet potatoes to dye them red?

Larrick said I'd pounced on him at the exact, psychological moment. Even as he examined the stains remaining on my hands, he said he was worrying about the colors going to the red — in particular — onto foods.

On January 19, he said the Administration would open formal hearings on the subject of whether orange growers would be allowed to continue tinting their fruits orange color with coal tar dyes.

The trouble is, he said, that some oranges, particularly in Florida, are still green-colored when fully ripe. Citizens in other parts of the land refuse to buy 'em that color, so the packers have been dyeing them to make them look as sweet as they actually are. This has been perfectly legal. Each orange has born the stamp: artificially colored.

"Some of these dyes used on oranges and in certain cakes, candies and soda pops," said Larrick, "were approved 10 years ago as non-injurious. Our chemists got to thinking a while back that perhaps they should take another look. So they have been experimenting with animals, mostly rats, feeding them quantities of the colors mixed in their foods. They've gone about one third way down the list of chemicals so far."

Most of the colors proved still to be harmless to the rats, even when eaten in large quantities, but three of them made the animals sickly-eyed. Or at least sickly.

Larrick said these three dyes happened to be among used on some oranges. He said even so he doubted whether anyone eating such a dyed orange would suffer any possible ill effects. The dye doesn't penetrate the rind and such a small amount is used that even anyone eating the peel probably is perfectly safe.

"But it is a matter of principle with us," he said. "We don't like the idea of injurious chemicals being used on food, even in a non-injurious way."

"He went on to say that there were number of treatable colors which might possibly serve the same purpose, except that nobody yet has figured out a way to apply them to oranges. His chemists, in any event, will testify what happened to the rats; then the dye makers, the packers and the orange growers will have their say. Should be an interesting session.

### Rites Are Set For Mr. Goins Tuesday

John Henry Goins, Jr., 27, died Sunday morning at his home, Spring Lake, Route 1, after a lingering illness. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Betty M. Goins; one son, Charles Henry Goins; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Goins, Route 1, Spring Lake; one brother, Joseph T. Goins, Spring Lake, Route 1, one sister, Mrs. A. D. Tew, Fayetteville; his paternal grandmother, Mrs. J. R. Goins, Sanford; his maternal grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Creed, Sanford, Route 6. Funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 p. m. at Mt. Carmel Pentecostal Holiness Church in Fayetteville. Services will be conducted by the Rev. A. B. Howard, pastor, assisted by Rev. March. Burial will be in the Antioch Baptist Church in Manners.

### Robert Strickland Died in Charleston

Robert D. Strickland of Charleston, S. C., formerly of Four Oaks, died Friday afternoon in Charleston following a heart ailment. He had served as chief of police practically all his life in different cities in North Carolina and South Carolina. He was born and reared in Four Oaks. Funeral services were held Sunday at 2 p. m. at U. Henry Shubert funeral home in Charleston. Interment was at St. Stephens, S. C. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Gladys Barbour Strickland; two brothers, William of Benson, and Jesse of Macon, Ga.; eight sisters, Mrs. Everette Dupree of Four Oaks, Route 3, Mrs. Arthur Stevens of Fayetteville, Mrs. Millie Bowers of Reidsville, Mrs. Witer Campbell of Dunn, Mrs. Carl Johnson of Durham, Mrs. James Arveta of Smithfield, Mrs. Warren King of Allen-town, Pa., and Mrs. Fred Hair of Norfolk, Va.

### Services Sunday For Mrs. Hargis

Mrs. Clyde Pollard Hargis, 55, wife of W. R. Hargis, died at her home in Four Oaks at 7:10 Saturday night. Graveside services were held Sunday at 2 p. m. at Rehoboth Church cemetery. Surviving in addition to her husband are five stepdaughters, Mrs. B. R. Ballance, Mrs. Leo Johnson and Mrs. John Johnson, all of Four Oaks, Mrs. James Benson of Benson and Pearl Hargis of the home; three brothers, Robert Pollard of Mebane, Palmer of Benson, Route 1, and Ralph Pollard of Pink Hill.

**CITIES**

**By Sokolsky**

"Guess what, Mother—George wants me to marry him!"

**The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**  
 by DEW PEALSON

**GOOD ROADS**

The decay of a civilization is always marked by a deterioration of means of communications. In older countries, these means were limited to two, land, roads and waterways. The Roman Empire, for instance, was knit together by a system of roads, remnants of which still stand; the great British Empire was held together by control of the seas, a control now lost and perhaps no longer necessary.

The United States from earliest times was road conscious and as the population moved westward, the roads and trails were expanded, never failed to play an anomalous role in this expansion and at one time, numerous canals were built. The dramatic development of the American railroad filled earlier generations with pride of accomplishment. The "Good Roads" movement followed the popularization of the automobile, which required surfaced roads for greater efficiency. In this movement, counties, states and the Federal Government played an important role. It could be said at one time that the United States possessed the best road system in the world.

Today that road system is disintegrating. Many factors enter into this condition, wars, the large number of cars, the enormous size and weight of trailer trucks, bottlenecks that were not foreseen, bad planning, wasteful covering of ancient roads without adequate engineering, corruption, etc., etc. It is estimated that it will cost \$40,000,000,000 to modernize the entire Federal road system which is beyond the national capability which we are expanding our wealth on past and future wars.

Now along comes a very wise man, P. W. Litchfield, Chairman of the Board of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, who knows more about roads, automobiles and rubber than any man I know. He says:

"We need to organize at the local level. Let's go after an adequate cure for the bottlenecks we know about through our personal observation. Let's concentrate our efforts on getting roads built and bridges and streets widened in our own neighborhoods, in our own cities, in our own states."

Many of our great efforts need decentralization. Our people have become so accustomed to expecting the Federal Government to do everything on a vast scale, involving billions of expenditures that we forget the old Chinese adage that the place to start cleaning up is on one's own doorstep. While we are making huge demands on the Congress, much more can be done in municipalities, counties, states.

Litchfield added:

"And there, I believe, is an important missing key to a program of immediate action — an aggressive organization at the local level so that the public demand for action can be aimed at specific rather than general targets. We should switch from the scatter gun to the rifle."

The lesson Mr. Litchfield teaches can be applied to many of our current problems. President Eisenhower is reported to have said that FEPC, for instance, is a local problem. If that report is correct, it represents a sound position as regards the constitutional relations between the Federal Government and the states. Many of the functions adopted by the Federal Government in recent years have been and still can be more efficiently and more expeditiously handled on a local level where citizen's groups can bring direct pressures on their representatives in State Legislatures and local councils. The Tugwellian concept of the abolition of the separate states and the totalitarian centralization of a national government have not been accepted by the American people.

The Federal Government, for example, can do nothing about the streets of our cities. As a result of automobile parking, the streets in many cities are becoming filthy because they cannot be cleaned, fire hazards are increased, ambulances cannot approach the curb, pedestrians are imperilled. The Federal Government can do nothing about that. It is a matter of municipal management, often a response to local public opinion. In many cities, the local shopkeepers oppose any real improvement because it would keep the out-of-town trade away from the city shopping centers. But questions of this sort are always subject to local public opinion.

In many cities parked cars are hauled away and put in a pound to be reclaimed at considerable cost. This is one way to handle the problem; another is the building of municipally-maintained garages, sensibly located and operating at reasonable fees. This is now being accomplished in some cities by locating garages underneath the sod of parks. It is a practical plan.

**WASHINGTON** — The "Vigilant Women for the Bricker Amendment" have been swarming over Capitol Hill corridors, buttonholing congressmen, beleaguering senators, and planting "news" bulletins in automobiles.

One of them accosted Wisconsin Senator Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who—though she did not seem to know it—has been leading the fight against the Bricker Amendment.

"I'm sorry, Madam," interrupted the kindly Senator after the "Vigilante" had extolled the virtues of crackerism. "But I can't change my mind on this subject. I've made my position clear and I'm going to stick to it."

"I just wish you were my husband for a few days," scolded the lady, shaking her finger. "I'd soon change your mind!"

"Madam," replied the Senator-diplomat, "if that situation should ever develop, I'd show you that I'm a real cave man at heart."

**VANISHING BILLION?**

Treasury Department chiefs are hopping mad at the man who's piloting the Eisenhower program through the House of Representatives—amiable, hard-working speaker Joe Martin. Joe came out with a compromise plan for dropping excise taxes which will lose the Treasury a cool billion dollars and both Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and Assistant Secretary Randolph Burgess are most unhappy.

Furthermore, they have communicated their views vigorously to the President, who is having a session with Speaker Martin.

The issue involved is much more important than any clash between important personalities. It illustrates how closely the present government deficit has been figured, and how carefully the Treasury will have to tax in order not to go deeper in the red.

What happened was that Uncle Dan Reed, 78-year-old ruler of the House Ways and Means Committee, proposes ending excise taxes. Excise taxes which now bring in three and a half billion a year are due to expire in April and Reed would not renew them.

However, the Treasury feels that this money is desperately needed in order not to throw the budget further out of balance. So Secretary Humphrey proposes a continuing these taxes after April.

Hoping to keep peace between the Treasury and the man who dictates over the tax-writing committee on Capitol Hill and who, incidentally, is not the easiest man to get along with.

**LADY IN THE ELEVATOR**

Secretary of Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby, the only lady Cabinet officer, dropped over to the Senate the other day and stepped into the private elevator, marked for "Senators only" but used also by cabinet members, congressmen, and other dignitaries.

The elevator operator refused to budge.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This elevator is for senators only."

"I'm Mrs. Hobby," jolly announced the Secretary of Health, Welfare, and Education.

The elevator jockey studiously examined the list of senators, tacked on the elevator wall.

"There's no Mrs. Hobby on here," he shrugged.

"I'm a member of the Cabinet," snapped Mrs. Hobby impatiently.

The operator reflected for a moment, then whisked the lady cabinet officer up to her destination.

**HOW TO HEAL WOUNDS**

Harold Russell, the armless war vet who played the part of sailor "Homer Parrish" in the movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," was telling President Eisenhower the other day about some of his problems as Rehabilitation Director of the World Veterans Federation.

"We embrace all nations not dominated by Moscow and you can well imagine the diplomacy that must be employed at our conventions when you consider that we have war vet delegates from such unfriendly nations as Israel and Egypt, West Germany and France, and Italy and Yugoslavia," said Russell.

"Very interesting," commented he. "I suppose the competing groups sit on opposite sides."

"Oh, no, on the contrary, we try to seat them together, but first we try to arrange luncheons where delegations from antagonistic nations can air their views on a subject of mutual interest," Russell explained. "At one of our meetings we arranged a luncheon between Egyptian and Israeli delegates, at which the mutual problem of rehabilitation was discussed."

"It proved highly successful, because both delegations naturally were interested in improving the

**Walter Winchell**  
 In  
**New York**

**The Worry Clinic**  
 By Dr. George W. Crane

**Man About Town**

Ingrid Bergman's daughter Pia has a grownup crush on a U. S. Col. Freshman. Cary Grant and writer Joan Harrison have resumed an Old Habit. Paullette Goddard's bodyguard is a Swedish femme who packs a rat. The J. Dimaggio (Marilyn Monroe) will try for custody of Joe D. Jr. Paul White-man (who is rich) inherited another \$10,000 from a sister. Evelyn Knight expects a little girl (but definitely a Knight) about April 9th. The James Roosevelt divorce story was columnized here on Dec. 18. Scripps-Howard writer Mary Frazer converted to Catholicism Friday. Jack Webb's ex-wife Julie London and horn-tooter Phil Gray are in tune. The Erskine Caldwell's (author of "Tobacco Road") are reported detouring. The Rome-to-Hollywood wires blush every 11 p. m. when Frankie and Ava long-advance.

Tommy became a problem child because he was a poor reader. Yet his parents remedied the difficulty inside of 6 weeks by using the "flash card" method. You parents or grandparents should help keep your child up to par, so send for the vital bulletin named below.

Case K-304: Tommy R., aged 9, is a problem child in school. "I don't like school," he blurted out when I had a talk with his mother. "The kids call me dummy and make fun of me because I can't read."

So I get even with them and pick fights. Now they are all afraid of me in my room," he boasted.

**WHY BAD BOYS**

Various surveys have shown that poor readers tend to become problem children in school. These youngsters may finally become so delinquent that they enter our juvenile courts.

Tommy's simple story is duplicated thousands of times in all large cities. For the child who falls too far behind his classmates, then he is humiliated.

That's doubly true if his thoughtless comrades tease him or pick fun at him for being a "dummy."

Since nobody enjoys being inferior, Tommy tries to "compensate" as we term it in psychology, and thus acquires distinction, even if it comes from being a naughty boy.

If a child can't be famous for brilliant marks, then he will often sell out for notoriety. This desire for the social limelight is behind great deal of criminality.

**TUTOR YOUR CHILD**

A child may have a good I. Q. and still do poorly in his school subjects, especially if he has been out of the classroom due to illness.

Other youngsters, whose parents move frequently, don't get settled in any one school long enough to become acquainted with the teacher and her methods.

And if they are shy or timid, they may hesitate to ask questions, they go along in ignorance about current arithmetic methods, etc.

All parents should tutor their children at home if the youngsters begin to fall behind the average of the class.

But this tutoring should be sugar-coated heavily. Make education a game. Inject fun and rewards into the process.

Construct "flash cards" on which you print nouns and verbs from his current reader or spelling book. Then "flash" these in front of him for an instant, and let him try to identify the word.

**FLASH CARD GAMES**

Start with two cards, each of which contains a very different word such as "door" vs. "window." Shuffle them; then hold up one card at a time.

Add a 3rd and a 4th, etc. as fast as he can understand them. So you will have several hundred words right out of his reading book which he can identify in a flash.

Let his Daddy compete with him. But always see that the children at least 3 out of 4 times to keep his morale high. And don't let him win such educational games very long.

You can also use multiplication combinations on flash cards, a thus permit him to become speedy in just a couple of weeks with the arithmetical combinations.

Children learn rapidly when you sugar-coat the process in a manner. Be liberal with praise and stingy with criticism when dealing with youngsters.

For further advice on making flash cards, send for my bulletin "How to Raise Your Child's School Marks," enclosing a stamped return envelope, plus a dime.

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## Mary Haworth's Mail

**Rejected by Parents, Husband and Sons, Woman Says Divorce Is Like a Curse.**

**DEAR MARY HAWORTH:** A broken marriage is like a curse. When I was very young, my husband cheated on me and had several affairs. Once he left me when I was five months pregnant; I never felt secure with him.

We have two sons (a third child was stillborn). When the younger boy was 18 months old, I took the children and went home to my parents—a childish mistake in judgment. They couldn't support me, as I should have known; and as a result of so much insecurity I had a nervous breakdown. My husband had committed to a mental hospital, and after six months my parents took me out. Meanwhile John had taken the children and was keeping company with a woman who was later married.

It is 20 years now, but my heart is heavy with memories most of the time. My elder son is nice to me, though he doesn't put out his hand to me. My younger son has asked me to never write to see me. Both sons are married and have two children. My former husband has prospered and can give them more and better gifts than I can, which hurts me. Instead of providing for me, so that I could look after our children, he gave their stepmother the life that should have been mine.

**DISOWNED AS GRANDMA**

My eldest son's two little girls asked if I were ever married; and when I started to tell them, they were once married to Grandpa, and lives in another town, my son is very angry. The children regard my successor as their grandmother. Why should I deceive them? I am always pushed into the background, a make-believe grandmother. Divorce can be really hell.

Lately I sit in the business world and I try to improve myself in my work; but I don't like job-changing, and a person slows down as they get older. Although I am physically attractive and look ten years younger than my age, I am not as bold

**TO WIN LOVE**

Give concern after his reformation in romance. He married a wise, tough, shrew who, in any case, he settled into traces with her and found comfort in taking care of his children—was less much of a burden for alone.

So much for the cause of a split divorce. You've been more and more against than sinning; more victim of circumstances than a sinner, as wife and mother. You've been severely rejected by parents, husband, and even dating of men. The remedy for your situation is love. And in adult years, the sure way to get the best of God's love is to minister to those more helpless, lost or distressed than oneself. Read "Cleanse Your Heart," published quarterly, 1371 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. The fee is a dollar and

**TO FEEL BETTER**

DEAR L.V.: In your long letter, you were "very young" and married—and of the shattering cognition that your parents' affliction washed their hands of you.

Actually your life has been a ken for lack of love, from a responsible source. Your story is a sign of emotional rejection, I am sure. You were not the present in your parents' weren't the sort, you, to give you warm back and interested guidance. Even if they were, themselves, too tired and frustrated in their longing to accept you comfortably and cherish your growth.

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**MISTER DREGER**

**"JUST the thing for your wife—it's called 'Settled', for happily married women NOT interested in attracting other men..."**