

The Daily Record

DUNN, N. C.
Published by
RECORD PUBLISHING COMPANY
At 111 East Canary Street

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
THOMAS F. CLARK CO., INC.
206-217 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Branch Offices in Every Major City

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
12 CARRIERS: 20 cents per week; \$8.50 per year in advance; \$2
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Entered as second-class matter in the Post Office in Dunn.
Under the laws of Congress, Act of March 3, 1879
Every afternoon. Monday through Friday

Dunn Election: The Silent Taxpayer Speaks At Ballot Box

Once in a while, but not very often, the American taxpayer scores a silent victory. One such victory was scored in Dunn last Tuesday when the taxpayers spurned a proposed 10-cent levy to finance a program of recreation.

Whether or not the voters were practicing false economy is an open question. But the nature of the campaign on the proposal is somewhat interesting.

Judging from public utterances, everybody was for the recreational tax levy. The Dunn Recreation Commission waged a vigorous campaign in its favor. The Chamber of Commerce gave it hearty backing. The Parent-Teachers Association went down the line for it. School children paraded with placards on election day. No one had a thing to say against it, in public, that is. But when the votes were counted the proposal lost by a 100-vote margin, 368 to 268.

The Dunn voters perhaps reflected the attitude of Fayetteville voters who several months ago spurned a bond issue for a new auditorium. In Fayetteville, however, there was considerable outspoken opposition to the proposal.

Reluctance of 368 Dunn taxpayers to pile more taxes upon their heavy heads, even for such a worthwhile cause as improved recreational facilities, is a small matter in the broad scheme of things. It may, however, be viewed as a straw in the wind as regards the present attitude of the average American citizen regarding increased taxes.

Taxpayers, by and large, have paid and paid unwhimpering, for the most part. They have backed their representatives in Congress and state legislatures in voting bigger and better appropriations which, by the hard rules of arithmetic, resulted in boosted tax levies. But had the public been faced with a black-and-white estimate of how much they, individually, would contribute for each million or billion appropriated, it is quite probable that many of them would have reacted negatively as they sometimes do when tax questions are presented them at a local level.

— From The Fayetteville Observer

Harmon W. Nichols

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS

WASHINGTON — In these modern times, the sleepy-head gets himself gently shaken out of the sack with an invention that turns on the radio, starts the coffee pot working and does about everything else but bring in the paper and let out the dog.

This sort of thing is common to us moderns, but inventors in the old days had other ways of worrying a man out of the shucks.

George DeGnan, a patent lawyer, has a fascinating collection of old-time inventions.

One of these wake-up deals was invented by Adolph J. Nordmann, of San Francisco, in 1885. This gimmick didn't shake a sheep out — it literally ejected him.

There was no ringing of bells or anything like that. The "alarm" merely cut loose a "trip," which gave the bed a sharp jar and the sound sleeper found himself with the back of his night-shirt on the floor.

When I was a kid I had a bad habit of waking up swinging. My old sister, Audley, generally was

sent up to my room — after mom's third call to get me out of the feathers. She learned a lesson one morning after I had a bad night at the roller rink. I swung and scored a direct hit.

I was up, so what the heck! I was in a heap. She learned a lesson and right there decided to be an inventor. After that she would wake me with the butt end of a broom. I would swing at the stick, wake up and go about the teeth-washing. While I was up, Audley would make the bed.

I was up, so what the heck! I stayed up. Maybe she should have patented her system.

DeGnan's collection of old patents, all of them in the files of the patent office here, are fascinating. There is one which was issued to Otto Levinger of New York City which might have revolutionized soup eating.

Otto's gadget was a soup spoon with a handle that tilted sharply to star-board. It was designed for one to sip the hot stuff from the tip of the spoon. This one was supposed to be a "no spill" spoon, and in a day when slipping from the bowl was not uncommon.

The solution, of course, is for hospitals to employ staffs of physicians, specialists and dentists of the highest fitness for the services of whom the patient can pay a single fee to the hospital. This is violently opposed by the various associations as unethical corporate practice. The motivation for the opposition is financial. After all, many of the most important medical institutions in this country, including the Mayo Clinic, do operate that way without being unethical.

The doctors have to recognize that every human being is interested in his own health and while one expects doctors to work for little, doctors cannot afford to overprice their services beyond the ability of most of the people to pay.

KITTY'S RECORDINGS

Kitty Wells' recording of "It Wasn't God Who Made The Honky Tonk Angels" on Decca Records brought her overnight success. Other releases include "South in New Orleans" and "Private Property" and "Don't Say Goodbye If You Love Me."

In addition to Johnnie and Jack, the show will feature — Watty Wells, bright star of Decca Records and the No. 1 girl singer of folk songs on the Grand Ole Opry.

Other stars of the big show will include: Jimmy Dickens and "The Country Boys"; Kitty Wells and Del Wood, all favorites on the WSM program.

There will be two performances, one at 7 p. m. and the other at 9 p. m.

Johnnie and Jack, who parlayed two golden voices and a guitar into a combination which has become one of the best loved folk music duets today, bring their fast-moving, fun-and-music-filled routine for local enjoyment this week.

Folk music fans, who applauded Johnnie and Jack's "Poison Love," "Cryin' Heart Blues," "Aches of Love," "Three Ways of Knowing," "Heart Trouble," and many others favorite sacred songs.

Services Monday For Mrs. Roberts

Mrs. Virginia Mae Roberts, 47, of Angier, Route 1, died at her home Sunday morning. Funeral services were held Monday at 3 p. m. from the Fellowship Primitive Baptist Church. Elder Sheppard Stevens, Elder Sheppard Langdon and the Rev. C. C. Pollard officiated. Burial was in the church cemetery. Surviving are her husband, J. A. Roberts; one daughter, Mrs. Wiley Penny of Willow Springs, Route 1; one sister, Mrs. Ransom Stanley of Angier, Route 1; one brother, W. H. Honeycutt of Angier, Route 1; her father and stepmother, Mr.

DOCTORS NEED SENSE
I heard a story the other day of two young people about to have their first child. The family doctor in their community rejects bringing babies into the world, insisting on an obstetrician. This is, to me, astonishing, for babies have come into life, lo! these thousands of years, with or without the aid of doctors, midwives or medicine men. It used to be the pride of the fine, old American doctor that all the young people in the community and their children were the products of his skill.

However, we live in an age of specialization in which the mechanician who turns a screw does not use a chisel, so these young things were sent off to the obstetrician who is nowadays a specialist in what used to be called midwifery. There were no complications in the case, the fee asked, which was \$750, including prior and after treatment. The young people in the community and their children were the products of his skill.

May this sort of thing is unusual. I have no way of knowing. That it is anti-social is obvious because our society cannot be strong if birth is limited by the cost of doctors. It is also a very band thing for the medical profession, which nowadays has become suspect of fee-splitting but of charging too much of involving patients in the expense of multiple specialists, of operative costs which may not be necessary. The public criticism may be all wrong, but the doctors have not succeeded in establishing their case.

I have become interested in two illnesses, diabetes and hyperinsulinism, which I pursue in the professional literature as well as in the news. I find that too often the general practitioner rarely has knowledge of hyperinsulinism, making no tests for it and telling the patient that he finds nothing wrong, but in the end the patient takes an overdose of sleeping pills out of sheer fatigue. I find, by talking to patients, that too few dentists realize the real danger of phorbia and dislike sending patients to periodontists. I note the literature on the subject and find that reconstructive dentistry is a science that only the rich and poor can afford; the poor in the clinics, rich by paying the enormous costs.

Nevertheless, it is true that a person can afford a combination of periodontist, an oral surgeon and a reconstructive dentist, he is likely to keep his teeth most of his life. If all of us knew about it, whom to go to, and could afford to pay the costs, we probably would never have to use upper and lower plates, which are a curse and an abomination.

The point of the matter is that much that is published in medical and dental journals does not find its way to the people in language which they can understand and that often physicians and dentists are too busy grubbing for a libelhood to keep up-to-date, with the result that unless the patient is sent to the specialist, he does not get the best advice and the best treatment. The specialists costs too much, even if he cures, the patient does not have the money to pay but is too well off to be accepted at a clinic. The various health insurance devices do not solve this problem because the amounts allowed for doctors or hospitals are inadequate and the patient may not have the money to make up the difference. Also, some companies cancel health insurance policies when the insured need their services. This is morally wrong if legally.

Players included Mrs. David Pemberton, a new club member. Mrs. Neill McKay Ross, Mrs. Lewis McKinney, Mrs. W. H. Byrd, Mrs. G. M. Norwood, Jr., Mrs. Frank Paschal, Miss Mary McDonald Atkins and the hostess, Miss Vara Lee Thornton and Mrs. Joe Moss, Jr. were the members absent.

CHARLOTTE VISITOR
Mrs. Dix Sarsfield of Charlotte arrived on Monday to visit her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Shoaf and the Rev. Mr. Shoaf at the Methodist parsonage. Mrs. Shoaf will entertain informally on Wednesday afternoon in honor of the visitor.

FROM WASHINGTON
Colonel Reuben Morgan and Mrs. Morgan of Washington, D. C. spent the week end here with Colonel Morgan's sister, Mrs. John Womble and Mr. Womble. Colonel and Mrs. L. S. Honeycutt of Angier, Route 1; and one grandchild.

AT BRYAN HOME
Mrs. Vernon A. Anderson, Presbyterian missionary to the Belgian Congo, who was the speaker last Thursday at a special meeting of the Women of the Church was the overnight guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bryan while in Lillington. Prior to the meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan had as their guests for dinner Mrs. J. B. Moss, Sr. and Mrs. Dan Parker and the visiting missionary.

TEA AND TOPICS CLUB
Lillington's Tea and Topics Club will meet on Friday, March 12 at 3:30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Allen M. Shaw. Mrs. W. R. Cranford will give a book review and during the business session plans will be made for the club's annual open meeting in April.

IN HOSPITAL
The Rev. T. W. Williams of Mt. Olive, former pastor of the Lillington Baptist Church, underwent a nose operation this week at Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem. He is

CUTIES
In care of this newspaper, enclosing a long & stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

Unconsciously at least, this person has long felt disconcerted in most situations and relationships. This may be a hangover of infantile stress in a family circle where he got the short end of attention in babyhood. Also, innate temperament may have something to do with it.

The naturally shy sensitive character, tenderly susceptible to psychological wounds and bruises, may be profoundly discouraged by a repetitive experience of shyness and frustrations that a hardy extrovert type would combat with feelings barely scratched.

There is a chance that your wartime marriage to a man from another land, who brought you away to his country, was a by-product of habitual doldrums in home surroundings. Had you been well adjusted and forthright there, it is possible the stranger's appeal would have been transient and superficial — not sufficient to swing you into

IMPROVING and expected to return home Tuesday or Wednesday.

FROM DURHAM
Mr. and Mrs. Hubert F. McDonald and young son, Rodney, and Miss Dorothy Vaughan of Durham visited Mrs. W. E. Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ligon on the

WORRY CLINIC
By Dr.
George W. Crane

Martin had been jilted, so he became a cynic and thought all women were fickle. He vowed he would never fall in love again. But read the dramatic outcome of our wager. If you go through proper motions, you'll soon begin to feel the corresponding emotions, so love can be developed.

By Dr. George W. Crane

Case K-351: Martin L., aged 25, had been jilted shortly before his wedding day, so he was soured on women.

"They are all fickle," he grumbled in my office. "I'll never have any faith in any of them again."

But I showed him that he was guilty of the fallacy in logic which we call the hasty generalization.

After just one unfortunate experience with one girl, he was now damning all womankind. That was damnable.

So I suggested he follow the motto of the Air Corps, which urges a pilot to go aloft in another plane immediately after a crash.

"I haven't the slightest interest in any girl," Martin objected. "And I shall never be able to love again."

But I insisted. He was even so sure of himself that he was willing to wager that no girl would ever make his heart palpitate in the future.

LOVE TESTED

So I had Martin look around at the various coeds in one of my psychology classes at Northwestern. It contained about 250 students, of which almost 50 per cent were coeds.

"Well, if you ever SHOULD want to date a girl again," I began, "which ones in this class would be least objectionable to you?"

Reluctantly he designated two girls. I chose the one who had the same religious background, family life and educational interests. Later, I introduced them.

As part of my acceptance of his wager, he had vowed to follow my psychological prescription.

"He was to take the girl to movies and dances and school athletic events.

He was to accompany her to church and the Art Institute in Chicago as well as to concerts.

He was to escort her to picnics and hikes, and he was to "act" like an animated suitor, even though he felt sour at heart.

"Imagine yourself a Hollywood actor," I had warned him. A good actor loses himself in the role he is playing.

"I don't care how cynical you may actually feel. All I ask is that you go through the proper motions as an intelligent actor."

So, as part of my acceptance of his wager, he had solemnly promised me he'd be a good actor.

LOVE'S FORMULA

"Act the way you'd like to be, and soon you'll be the way you act," is one of our axioms in psychology.

"Go through the proper motions and you'll soon begin to feel the corresponding emotions," is another way of stating the same truth.

Martin was a graduate student at the university and preoccupied with work on a Master's Thesis, but he took time to date this coed two or three nights per week.

After one month he told me I was losing the wager. Another month passed and he still boasted that he felt the same as at the start.

But before the semester was over he found that his acting had become the real McCoy.

Now when he kissed the girl, he was so crazy about her by June, that he proposed.

And now they are happily married. He is a high school principal.

So don't worry about love. It will develop. Pick quality stuff at the outset, of your own religion, educational level and mutual outlook on life.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long & stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

AUSTRIAN NATIVE
Died Saturday

Mrs. Mary Marie Valentine, 77, of Jonesboro, died in a nursing home in Southern Pines Saturday night. Mrs. Valentine moved to Jonesboro from Lillington about a year ago. She was a native of Austria and daughter of the late Frederick and Wilhelmina Hittmeyer. Funeral services were held from the Antioch Baptist Church Monday at 3 p. m. with the Rev. L. T. Marsh pastor, officiating. Burial followed in the church cemetery. Surviving is one son, Frank Robert Valentine of the Army at Fort Bragg.

Improving and expected to return home Tuesday or Wednesday.

FROM DURHAM

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert F. McDonald and young son, Rodney, and Miss Dorothy Vaughan of Durham visited Mrs. W. E. Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ligon on the

WALTER WINCHELL
+ IN NEW YORK +

The International Show (A World's Fair of Travel and Vacations) got an application from the gov't of Guatemala. The sponsor of the show wrote us: "I thought perhaps you would enjoy turning Guatemala down for us. We will confirm after you announce it." — S. Buchanan (one of the highest paid models in Movietown) new diets. Devours scads of butter in her baked potato, sweets, etc. No coffee milk or tea. One cup of hot water. Laughs at gags who worry about the figures. Hers rates an Academy Award. Bosley Crowther (film critic for the N. Y. Times) used "Yaks" in an article. Watch her langwid Bosy boy.

From Frank Morrissey's Boston column: "When WW was down in a bout with health a few years ago, the Commissaries and ingrates not only gave him a fast count — but kept punching! He taught them with his gallant victory. Illness took the man out of the newspaper. But it could never take the newspaper out of the man!"

Thanks, Frank! The sugary part of the fight was that when we turned them! Ha!

Suggested slogan for St. Patrick's Day parade: "The Wearing of the Grin". Pearl Bailey tees off at the Apollo on the 12th. Might win up with 11Gs via a percentage deal. . . Add Swlegant Records: Vince Travers' new "Serenade to the Future." 3 publishers are bidding for frenetically. (He means swantickly). Joe E. Lewis is packing the Latin Q. at Miami Beach. (This is a skewp?). Larry Fine's (the door to Macomb, H'wood), Paul Coates, Geo. Putnam and Ben Hunt were the first in Glamourland to build up the new Runyon contest