

The Daily Record

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What Is 'Elderly'?

One of our good Dallas newspaper friends is perturbed over the question: When is a woman elderly?

Seems a story about a 59-year-old woman in Washington State, in which she was referred to as "elderly," had repercussions clear across the nation.

When the matter got to the Associated Press in New York, a rule-of-thumb formula for describing age was advanced:

A person is young until 35, middle aged from 35 to 65 and elderly thereafter.

That's where our newspaper friend, Mason Walsh of the Times-Herald, took up the cudgels by writing:

"Those under 35 may accept the designation of 'young' willingly. But there are a lot of folk, men and women, in the 35-to-45-age bracket who'll resent being called middle-aged, including, naturally, this newspaperman."

"It's not just the adult age brackets that pose a problem of terminology, either. Anyone can get by calling a youngster under two years of age a "baby" or maybe an "infant." But what 3-year-old will stand for it? Not any we ever knew. They're "big" boys and girls by then, and they barely tolerate the designation of "child." By the time they're 12, "child" is an unwelcome term. And so we get "sub-teen-ager" and "teen-ager," evolving, at mid-teens, into "youth" for boys, while girls (for this limited period at least) don't seem to object to being called simply "girls."

"Is an 18-year-old male a teen-ager, a youth, a boy or a young man? Ask any 18-year-old of your acquaintance!

"Under a federal legal definition a boy is a juvenile until he's attained the age of 18, a girl until she's attained the age of 18. Under Texas state definition, a boy's a juvenile until he's 21, a girl until she's 18.

"Legally, too, of course, a man is a man at 21. And, as any man knows, a woman's a woman all the time."

—From The Sherman, Texas, Democrat.

A family went hunting for the first time. None of them had ever fired a gun before, but they were out after some game. After a while the father came out of the woods, his arm in a sling. Next came his older son, limping. Then came his daughter with her head bandaged. An old friend met them and asked how the hunting was. The father said it was terrible. "But what about the bag?" the friend asked, pointing to the younger son who had just come out of the woods with a bag over his shoulder. "That," said the father, "is the dog."—Foot Myers (Fla.) News-Press.

A real outsider is a person who can interest you in his confidential explanation of why there is nothing to a rumor you hadn't heard in the first place.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

SHRINE TO COW
YOKOHAMA, Japan (AP)—Japanese orphans today completed a shrine erected in honor of a cow. The crew of the U. S. transport General J. C. Breckinridge, learning that the orphans at an American-sponsored orphanage did not have fresh milk, purchased the cow in 1953 and had it sent from the United States. The cow died last October after giving birth to a calf and the heart-broken orphans immediately began plans for the wood and stone shrine which was completed today on a meadow near the orphanage.

FUNNY BUSINESS



"I must be a bus driver, I wanted to be sure we left home in time to catch the early show!"

Unless There's a Miracle



EARL WILSON ON BROADWAY



NEW YORK—I've recently become a restaurant pest—a guy who makes the chef mad and messes up the place conducting his own sauce at the table.

These fellows are lucky they don't get poisoned. Because they are implying that the chef's a lousy sauce-maker.

It was at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas that I made my mistake.

"What's in this delicious meat sauce?" I asked, foolishly.

Beldon Katelman, the proprietor, not only told me he brought me a recipe handsomely typed up by Albert Miranda, the maitre d'hotel.

I sent the B. W. around N. Y. looking for the ingredients for his "Sauce Diable." It took her two weeks of shopping, during which she bought 5 dresses and 6 pair of shoes.

"Give the idea up," she advised. "That sauce would cost \$20."

For four people, you need a full bottle of Escoffier Sauce Diable, 1-3 bottle Escoffier Sauce Robert, one teaspoon English mustard, two tablespoons of chives, 1-2 teaspoon of fresh ground pepper, 1 demitasse cup of heavy cream, 1-4 pound melted butter. Mix in chafing dish, stir well, serve very hot.

"This is for millionaires and although I know many millionaires, they don't know me," I said—and gave that up.

I went hunting a cheaper sauce. One night at Totts Shor's, I heard Don Ameche ask for "that hot box sauce."

You know how reticent chefs are about telling you their recipes—well, I found out that this one is:

"Half catsup, the rest divided between English mustard, Worcestershire sauce, beef sauce and butter. Let the butter sizzle, then dump in the rest—serve very hot."

The Gorgeous Mother-in-law avoided the kitchen while I was creating. She couldn't stand to see the havoc in the kitchen—me surrounded by a dozen dripping bottles.

"And I can't eat that sauce, and you shouldn't either," the B. W. informed me. "Because of the butter—I'm on a diet. And I thought you were, too."

Record Forum

March 22, 1955

To the Editor,
I am afraid that this letter will be a little late, for it takes a few days for news from home to travel to Georgia, but as a former student of Dunn High I feel that I should at least do as much as the present students are doing in defense of Coach Paul Waggoner.

If fielding a football team that is in top physical condition and having them dressed in up-to-date equipment is "dirty football," then Coach Waggoner practised it. But, if this is not (and surely it isn't), the Dunn Jaycees have failed in their solution to this "rough tactics" answer. Before Paul Waggoner came to Dunn High, the football teams were playing in helmets that were cracked and a hazard to the boys wearing them. I feel that I know a little of what I'm saying for I had been out for football for one year when Coach Waggoner came to Dunn High, and played under him for three years.

Evidently the other members of the AA Conference are afraid that Dunn High may come up with a powerhouse. For I know of no basis for all the slams made at Coach Waggoner. And I can well understand the Rockingham position in not voting to re-admit Dunn High. Not after the way the fans mobbed the Dunn team in 1949 when DHS defeated them in a play-off for the conference title. And perhaps Laurinburg is still "sick" over the loss to Dunn some years back when DHS came from behind in the last four minutes of the game to score four touchdowns to win the ball game. And they were able to do this not through "dirty football" but because Coach Waggoner had his boys in top shape and the Laurinburg team just wasn't up to the game. And I'm sure Coach Pecora of Erwin hasn't gotten over his last game with Dunn—the score was something like 55-6, with Coach Pecora's boys on the short

side.

However, this thought is abhorrent to civilized adults, so they often grow neurotic as a result of the internal emotional conflict that is soon set up in their minds.

end of the score. No wonder he wouldn't schedule Dunn. Because for the past few years Dunn has been out of his class.

But all this isn't the answer to the charges made against Coach Waggoner. And my answer to all these charges can be summed up in one word "Hogwash." I played under Coach Waggoner for three years. And during this time, and it was his first three years in Dunn and we were playing in the conference at the time, I never at any time heard Coach Waggoner tell any of his boys to play "rough and dirty football." If Coach found any of his boys practising "dirty football" he pulled them out of the game right then. He wanted his boys to play to win, but not "dirty," and that's exactly what every coach expects of his football team.

If each and every boy that has played football under Coach Waggoner were asked, "Did Coach Waggoner want his boys to play 'dirty football,' or did he allow you to play 'dirty'?" There is no doubt in my mind that all of them would reply with a very firm "NO."

Coach Waggoner has been more than a coach and teacher at Dunn High. He has been a personal friend to all the students. Very few teachers can have this said of them. And the citizens of Dunn should realize their loss in Paul Waggoner.

Sincerely,
CPL. GEO. S. WILLOUGHBY,
Class of 1950, Personnel Section,
29th Inf. Regt., Fort Benning, Ga.

Wish I'd said that: "Figures don't lie," says Jimmy Ko-mack, — unless sometimes they happen to be public figures."

TODAY'S BEST LAUGH: "Texas is so rich," notes Dorothy (Em-bers) Donegan, "they're thinking of air-conditioning the whole state." Murray Goldstein tells of his friend, a hospital orderly, who joined the Army as a semi-private. That's earl, brother.

CLEVELAND, Ohio (AP)—Wes Santee, the cocky Kansan who blamed the altitude for his upset defeat last weekend in the Pan-American Games, heads the field of stars entered in tonight's the Knights of Columbus track meet at the Cleveland Arena.

MIAMI BEACH, Fla. (AP)—British Open champion Peter Thomson of Australia carried a one stroke lead over three others today as the Miami Beach Open golf tournament moved into the second round.

The WORRY CLINIC

By Dr. George W. Crane

Maria demonstrates why parents should be sure they do not play favorites among their children, for lifelong animosity may then develop. Maria already shows the "death wish" but it likewise attacks many pampered wives who resent playing second fiddle to their first baby. Study this case with double care.

Case N-386: Maria M., aged 12, offers a viewpoint that is widely held by children.

"Dr. Crane, I'll admit I am not a model child," she began, "but it seems my parents think I should be. So they constantly pick on me and criticize me all the time.

"I was the only child for 8 years and I realize they babied me an awful lot.

"Then I received a baby brother. After that, I just did not count around our house. My mother and father gave all their attention to the baby.

"Well, I thought maybe that was because he was still a baby but he is now 4 years old, and things haven't changed a bit.

"When my brother tells lies on me (and that is all the time), my parents always believe him and I get all the blame.

"So I am sure my parents don't love me any more, and it is all due to my little brother. If he weren't here, everything would be nice again."

DEATH WISH
Maria has very frankly indicated the "death wish." She blames her little brother for having ousted her from the spotlight on her family stage. Her parents should correct this situation quickly.

But many older people likewise hold such a veiled dislike for some member of their own family that they subconsciously wish he were dead.

However, this thought is abhorrent to civilized adults, so they often grow neurotic as a result of the internal emotional conflict that is soon set up in their minds.

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MIAMI BEACH, Fla. (AP)—British Open champion Peter Thomson of Australia carried a one stroke lead over three others today as the Miami Beach Open golf tournament moved into the second round.

Thomson carried out a six-under-par 65 in Thursday's opening round to hold a narrow lead over Bob Inman of Tulsa, and Bob Rosenberg of San Francisco.

WASHINGTON NOTEBOOK

Cotton's Crocodile Tears Help Put Over Stamp Deal

BY PETER EDSON
NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON—(NEA)—Sen. Norris Cotton (R., N. H.) claims it's a major operation these days to get the Post Office Department to issue a commemorative stamp.

"For three years now," complains Cotton in a letter to his constituents, "we of the New Hampshire delegation have been butting our heads against a stone wall."

What they want in particular is a stamp commemorating the 150th anniversary of that famous New Hampshire landmark and tourist attraction known as "The Great Stone Face."

When Senator Cotton went to the White House to discuss plans for a Presidential trip to New Hampshire this summer, he was finally able to put over his deal.

"Immediately I began shedding crocodile tears on the subject of the stamp, reciting some of the lesser events that had been commemorated, protesting that New Hampshire had been left out in the cold, and insisting that if the President is coming we should have a stamp which would honor him as well as the other 'Old Man.'"

"It worked," the senator reported proudly. "The White House called Postmaster General Arthur Sommerfield, who thought it could be done."

A committee came down from New Hampshire to give the Post Office Department the background facts, and it looks like we're in."

THE DEMOCRATIC 84th Congress is off to a much better start than the Republican 83rd Congress record of two years ago on the number of bills passed. It's twice as good, in fact.

From Jan. 3 to Feb. 28, 1955, eight new laws were approved by the President. During the same period of 1953, while the new Republican majority was trying to get organized, only four bills were passed.

In the first two months of 1954,

however, the Republicans checked off 12 new laws, 50 per cent better than this year.

Most important measure passed this year was the authorization for the President to defend Formosa with U. S. forces. Among the tricky-track bills that scooted through this year were an invitation to hold the 1960 Olympic games in Detroit and the correction of a clerical error in the Internal Revenue code which abolished penalties for violation of the narcotics laws.

AMERICAN FEDERATION of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations are also going to have to get together on who's responsible for and who's sponsoring Labor Day.

In answer to a recent U. S. Chamber of Commerce questionnaire on special days, weeks and months observed in the United States, CIO disclaimed sponsorship for Labor Day and claimed it was Uncle Sam's responsibility. In response to the same query, AFL proudly asserted it had sponsored Labor Day for 71 years.

A WIDE OPEN and unblinking appeal for a return to old-time political spoils and patronage systems has been made by Assistant Secretary of Commerce James C. Worthy.

"I think that in our enthusiasm for extending the scope of the Civil Service merit system, we have come dangerously close to denying our political parties the sustenance they need to retain their health and vitality," he declared in a speech to personal administrators.

"Under the American political system," he continued, "some unifying and sustaining feature is necessary. Historically, this factor has been patronage. . . . Many difficulties of the Republican party today are directly traceable to what may best be described as 20 years of main-tenance."

Glorying in Christ's Cross

BY WILLIAM E. GILROY, D.D.

IT was an English Unitarian layman, Sir John Bowring, who wrote the well-known hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," a hymn that has long outlived his death in 1872.

Sir John was a very remarkable man, whose official life in the service of the British Empire seemed in various ways at variance, as someone has recently pointed out, with the Christian expression of his hymn. For example: When, in an incident in which the British flag was fired upon, Sir John in revenge bombarded Canton, China, without consulting the home government. He was severely criticized under a motion of censure in Parliament.

He was a phenomenal linguist who was said to have had a knowledge of two hundred languages, and the ability to speak a hundred of them.

But religion seems to have triumphed in his life, for though he wrote much and was a very active man of affairs, it is upon his hymn that his fame chiefly rests.

There is much about the hymn to occasion deep thought. First, there is the picture of a Unitarian, glorying in the Cross of Christ, and glorying in a very vital and personal way. The hymn reveals how much the Cross meant in his life, despite its apparent discrepancies—the Cross never forsaking him in the presence of life's woes, deceiving hopes, and annoying fears; glowing with peace and joy, and adding lustre to bright and radiant days, with a peace that knows no measure and an always-abiding joy.

It ought to remind us that the quality of personal faith and living cannot be judged by a person's attitude toward dogmas—the dogma that others

might consider most sacred and necessary. Here was a man who did not accept the orthodox conception of the metaphysical nature of Jesus, but who responded in vital faith to the Jesus of the Cross, the eternal Christ.

One might meditate, too, upon the hymnbooks in which Sir John's hymn appears, and on the congregations by which it is sung. Here in the hymnbooks is the great symposium of faith and life. Those who sing, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," sing equally the hymn of the Roman Catholic Newman, "Lead Kindly Light." And between those extremes are the hymns of saints and believers of all sorts, whose common experience was devotion to God.

If we were realists, the use of the hymnbook should make us lovingly tolerant and very humble, rebuking all narrow and sectarian ways in recognition of the true, wholeness and completeness of the unity in Christ.

What does it mean to glory in Christ's Cross? Some glory in it as something external to themselves. It is Christ's Cross, not theirs—"Jesus died and paid it all." It is something done for them; not a symbol of a cross that they themselves bear and share.

Really to glory in the Cross of Christ is to be bound by that cross to Him. A great Christian has told us what it means, and all that it means: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Galatians 6:14). Paul set glorying in the cross against the attitudes of those who would make religion a narrow and circumscribing thing, a matter of ritual observance.

The Cross of Christ is what Sir John Bowring called it—"Towering a symbol of eternal greatness and grandeur."

For example, many a spoiled daughter who marries and then enjoys a year or two as the monopolist of her new home, may find herself demoted as soon as the first baby arrives.

"How are you feeling, Honey?" her husband will routinely telephone from the office every day prior to the advent of the baby.

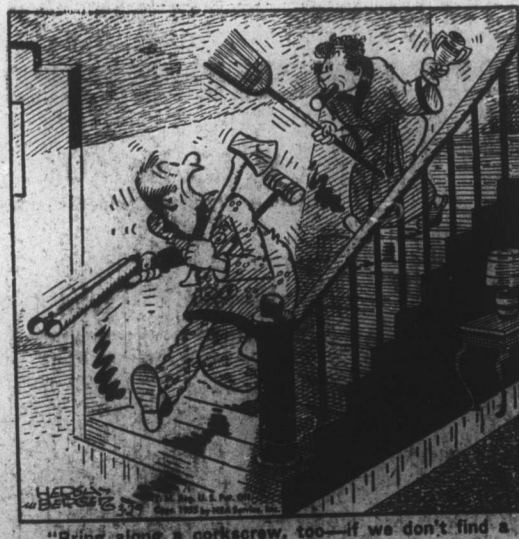
So she is still the "big shot" on the family stage, even till her visit to the hospital.

But from the moment the baby is born, her husband, as well as the new grandparents, no longer inquire as to her own health but ask: "How's the baby today? Let me hold her (or him), etc."

If the mother has thus been addicted to grandstanding, she often grows resentful at this lack of attention.

"Oh, it used to be so peaceful and pleasant before the baby arrived," she will then confess to the psychiatrist.

That's about as near as she will come to phrasing the secret wish that frequently evolves, namely, "I wish the baby were dead."



"Bring along a corkcrew, too—if we don't find a burglar, I'll need a bracer!"