

The Daily Record

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Britain Boils

Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler has brought on himself a hurricane of popular indignation with the supplementary budget he submitted to Parliament Wednesday.

Britons have been enjoying a boom for quite a while. As one result, they've been buying so much of their own manufactured goods that their export trade has suffered. Since Britain must export or die, this home consumption has to be cut down somehow if the British economy is to stay sound.

Butler and His Budget

So Butler wants to jack up sales and dividend taxes, cut housing subsidies, raise telephone and postal charges, and slap sales levies on a lot of household appliances and textiles which haven't been taxed up to now. He does not, however, propose to reduce government spending enough to satisfy most of his fellow countrymen.

The result is that Butler is being cursed far and wide as a kitchen raider, a friend of the rich, and all the rest of it. His party's Labor (Socialist) opponents are happily making political hay, and although there's hell to pay.

Yet Butler's program is obviously sound in principle, though politically dumb in spots.

To us, the whole episode seems a striking illustration of how tough life can get for statesmen in a democracy, whenever they do something which has to be done but which irks most of the people. Sometimes, you can hardly help feeling sorry for politicians in general. — From The New York Daily News.

Wicked Editorials

Membership in churches of all faiths in the United States is reported at an all-time high — nearly 100 million, or six out of every 10 Americans. This prompts The Greenville News to inquire whether anyone has noticed a corresponding decline in wickedness.

The News and Courier has noticed no such decline, except in the editorial columns of some of our South Carolina daily contemporaries. — Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

Washington News Notebook

Host's Toast Pops Up With Full Cargo At Nicaraguan Embassy's Brunch

BY DOUGLAS LARSEN AND KENNETH G. GILMORE
NEA Staff Correspondents

WASHINGTON—(NEA)—Perle Meza is back in town and Gwen Caffris has her invitation printing press going, but Nicaraguan Ambassador Sevilla Saenz continues to run first in the party-idea department. Other morning-repeat, morning-he threw a champagne party at the awarding of some medals or other. That's accomplished enough. But he managed to cram a whole brunch on one hors d'oeuvre. It consisted of three kinds of cheese, a quarter of a stuffed egg and a tiny piece of bacon all piled on one piece of toast.

AT THE FLOSSY black tie opening of the National Symphony season Norwegian Ambassador Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstjerne, dean of the diplomatic corps, arrived at Constitution Hall late and caused a small crisis. There's a standing rule that late-comers must remain outside until the first number is completed. "We should have skipped the last course," cracked de Morgenstjerne. "Besides I ate too much."

NO ONE at the Soviet embassy claims he can break 100 at golf. But somebody there knows all about the "19th hole"—the duffer's term for a bar. Other night at a movie cocktail party we picked up one of their match books. It has a slick gold cover with "Embassy of the USSR" printed in black letters. And above that is a neat little picture of a golf bag leaning against a 19th-hole sign.

Official explanation: "They've been around for a long time. And we're not giving up the symbol of the hammer and sickle." IN CASE YOU'RE CONFUSED about the formal White House winter social season, the technical status of it is now "suspended." First reports saying it was

"concocted" have been denied. He might be recovered enough to go through a reception or two later, they still hope.

YOUNG GENIAL BOB HILL, who just returned from troubleshooting two ambassadorships in Central America to become assistant to Undersecretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., rushed away from a few minutes after he arrived the other afternoon. He explained: "The State Department rule is that the official car can only wait 15 minutes and I detest hitchhiking."

SOME OF THE FANCIEST entertaining in this town goes on behind the scenes in private homes or clubs. It's usually a small dinner party with plenty of intimate conversation and a selection of food that would be impossible to offer on a mass scale. Other night, for example, former ambassador Robert Guggenheim laid out a little spread in honor of Dr. George Yeh, Nationalist China's foreign minister. Try it on your husband sometime.

Caviar, sour cream and vodka, turtle, quail, French peas with water chestnuts, shoe-string potatoes, tossed green salad, pate de foie gras and wine souffle for dessert. Also three kinds of wine including La Fache, Romance Cont 1949 which goes for eight bucks a bottle. THEY WERE HASHING over football at a cocktail party when one "expert" began to orate on the famous game between Ohio State and Notre Dame in 1936. He described how the Irish scored two touchdowns in the last three minutes of the game. "It was there," he said, "that a betty individual."



Molly Mayfield

DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD: About four years ago I met a most-attractive girl. We were working in the same office at the time. The thing that appealed to me was her honesty and sincerity and sweetness. She was the type of person you'd swear could never do a wrong thing. Well, to make a long story short, I married her, bought a home for her and settled down to what I thought was going to be an idyllic life. We have two children now, two little girls, and I've been so proud of them, thinking someday they'd grow up to be like their mother.

Now all my dreams are crashing. Yesterday I got home a little early and my wife was entertaining a visitor, a woman of about her age. I joined them and pretty soon this visitor told me she had known my wife when she was in a girl's reformatory. I couldn't believe my ears—but the truth will out. It seems that my wife had been in a reformatory for stealing. She confessed the whole thing afterwards. I told her I was going to divorce her and she packed up her things and left last night. I don't know where she has gone and I cannot see that it matters too much considering what a wicked person she has been and how she has cheated by letting me marry her without confessing all this to me.

I know that you will agree with me about her, but am writing because I would like to get this off my mind. DEAR TOM: You utter fool! Do you actually believe that anyone is perfect? That there is anyone who can do no wrong? Oh, you're probably a saint—in your own estimation. But I see you as a cheap, tawdry little imitation of a man. You found a girl you admired. You married her. During the years you've lived up to everything you thought. And now because you find she has committed some grievous mistake, made some terrible error in the past, you condemn her and literally throw her out.

Do you honestly believe that if a person sins that person can't grow beyond or expiate that wrong? Don't you realize that great goodness can grow from wrong? Haven't you ever heard of a very remarkable and holy man who bade those without sin to cast the first stone? And yet you would set yourself above Him?

I'm horrified when I think of your wife alone and an outcast. For heaven's sake man, see the light and find her. If you love her—and if you can see this way I don't believe you're the character to know real love—take her back and prove your love. Personally, I'd prefer a thousand reformatory records to a despicable, unchristian hardness such as you're showing. M.M.

No Smokes, No Drink, No Husband! DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD: I am very much disturbed about my husband. When he was courtship me he swore that after we were married he would give up smoking and also give up drinking. I took him at his word. I'm sorry to say, well, we've been married over a year now and he is addicted

to long black cigars, and I don't think a day ever passes that he doesn't have a "smort." I told him he could not drink at home with the result that he spends most of his time after work in taverns. I also told him he couldn't smoke at home, but he does anyway. But whenever I find cigars in his pocket I throw them away and the same with cigarettes. His loathesome habits are extremely distasteful to me. And yet I do feel I could love him. The trouble is he doesn't act very much as though he loves me any more. I think it is too bad for a marriage to crack up after just a year, don't you?

EMMY DEAR EMMY: First of all, it's a bad idea to marry a man with the idea you're going to reform him. If there is any reforming to be done it should be done BEFORE you marry him. And not afterwards. I've noticed over and over again that men who swear to all sorts of reforms during the courting days are pretty negative about them later on. Secondly, I do think you're being terribly strict. I mean, if your husband wants a drink now and then and a smoke now and then, and if he's bound and determined to have them, then you'd be a lot wiser to let him have his freedom around home than in forcing him to resort to taverns.

The truth is you're literally driving this man out of his home with your narrow, stubborn attitude. And it should be perfectly obvious you aren't accomplishing the reforms you wanted. If you're one whit smart you're going to try some other strategy now. As it is now, your marriage is heading toward the rocks. You're losing your husband's love—and accomplishing just exactly nothing in the way of changing his habits.

I'm perfectly frank with you when I say you're behaving stupidly. M. M.

Cards For a Dear Old Lady DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD: My 78-year-old mother suffered a broken pelvis recently and will be in bed for sometime to come. She is very uncomfortable and restless. I know she would appreciate cards and letters from any of your kind readers who would care to send them. Her name and address are: Mrs. N. J. Daffron, Filippa, Arkansas. HER DAUGHTER

Scots Guards Pipers To Play

Harnett County with its largest percentage of persons of Scottish descent are interested in the announcement made recently in Charlotte that the regimental band and massed pipers of the Scots Guards will give a performance on Thursday, Dec. 1 at 8:30 p. m. in the new Charlotte Coliseum.

The new auditorium, called the world's largest "dome" bids to be the bid to be a particularly effective setting for the performance of Queen Elizabeth's Buckingham Palace Household troops. They will share the program with Highland dancers in a program of marching music and dances.

This will mark the first time that the Scots Guards have ever come to America. The present tour in the United States follows directly from their appearance at the Edinburgh Festival.

Pamphlets announcing the performance were distributed recently at performances of The Highland Call by Scottish sponsors from Charlotte who attended in wearing their own kilts.

The Worry Clinic

By Dr. George W. Crane

Millicent's shock is typical of the popular viewpoint about this widespread problem in America. Scrapbook these cases this week, for they offer you the true picture of typical love affairs. Many homosexuals have changed into the more adult heterosexual category, for you aren't "born" to love any specific sex or person. Case P-303: Millicent G., aged 43, is the mother of a college son who has been dismissed from Military Service for homosexuality. "Dr. Crane, I can't understand why my son would ever become interested in such a thing," she protested with hurt pride. "Do you suppose he is losing his mind? One of my uncles went insane, so could he have inherited this abnormality?"

ACT YOUR AGE No, he didn't inherit his homosexuality. And it has no connection with insanity. Furthermore, thousands of high ranking officers in Military Service, as well as enlisted men, have been washed out of service for homosexuality. Furthermore, the public must quit affecting such exaggerated horror at the sound of this word. Many Americans still act as if the term is synonymous with the cry of "leprosy" in Biblical days. Anything is "abnormal" which isn't practiced by the majority or even 51% of the general public. But this type of abnormality is statistical and not connected with loss of sanity.

Millicent was indirectly responsible for her son's problem, for she was a society woman who left her boy alone a great deal, except for the company of household employees. And my interview with her son brought out the fact that he had learned his homosexuality originally at the age of 13 from the butler in his home. "But how could he be fonder of a man than of a lovely girl?" his mother asked in surprise. Well, love is love, whether of your own sex or the opposite sex.

FACTS ABOUT LOVE God Almighty designed us human beings so we would be receptive to love as well as to carbohydrates. But we were not predestined to crave shredded wheat in contrast to puffed rice or granenuts. Advertising and training have conspired to make us prefer one cereal instead of another. In like manner, we were created to be receptive to love. But accidental events in the childhood environment still predispose maybe 10% of people to a form of emotional life that is not typical of the other 90%.

When a person is ardently in love, he naturally doesn't want to break up his own romance, even on the orders of his parents. For example, suppose a boy had proposed to his girl friend and was so devoted to her he felt he couldn't live without her. But his parents then told him she wasn't good for him, so he should jilt her. How would he feel? Would he accept the advice with delight? And would it be easy to break up his romance?

Well, the same situation exists regarding homosexual romance. The homosexual "lovers" have no interest in breaking up, even though their parents and other relatives may be horrified at the affair. The only way such a romance can be terminated is for one or both parties thereto to decide that such a romance is not proper. By sheer will power, such homosexuals have often broken their attachment for their own sex and developed happy marriage to members of the opposite sex.

But they must resolutely date eligible members of the opposite sex, just as they would take medicine for an ultimate cure. Bitter though it may seem at the start, if they will go through the proper motions, including dates with the opposite sex, compliments and kisses, they can evolve the more mature emotional type of love which is represented by heterosexual romance between male and female. But the victim's relatives can't cure him by their desire any more than they can change a confirmed alcoholic. The victim himself must WANT to change, and then shun his own sex while deliberately cultivating the opposite sex.

An estimated 10 to 15 per cent of the crop land harvested annually in the United States since the end of World War II has been used for producing export commodities.

EARL WILSON ON BROADWAY

NEW YORK — My mother and Gorgeous Mother-in-Law were invited out to Detroit recently to look at the new 1956 refrigeration gimmicks . . . and it set them to talking about cooling devices in the supposed "good old days." I don't mean merely "the pan under the icbox" -- that's recent.

"Do you remember on the farm in Ohio," my mother said, "how some people would hang their milk cans down inside the well to keep the milk cool in the summer?" It was something I'd only heard about, but of course I remembered the community ice houses -- how we cut the ice out of the lake or river in the winter, covered it with sawdust -- and then used it up pretty fast in the summer. "We were rather advanced in the 1918s and 1919s," my mother remembered.

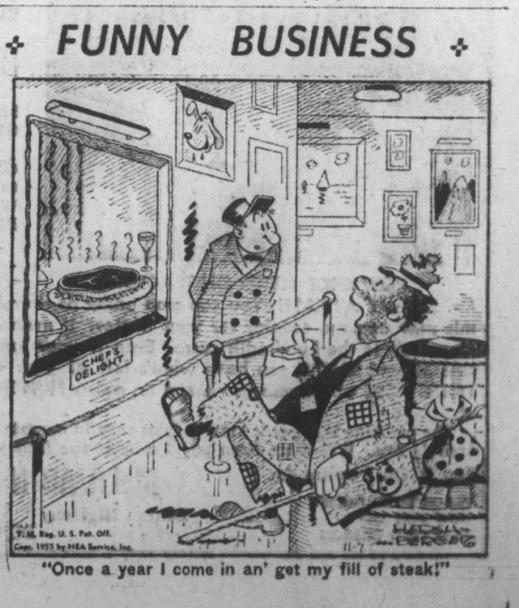
"We had what we called a cement-block cellar three steps down into the ground. And in that we had a trough where we kept butter and milk. "We had a windpump which pumped water through a pipe into that trough, and that kept everything very cool." "I remember it all now," I told my mother. "Because when there wasn't any wind, I would have pumped the water. And I was a very delicate boy as I used to tell you." "You were only delicate when you were supposed to pump water, or hoe shistles out of the corn, or chop weeds," Mother said.

"Oh days when you had a ball game in town, you were very rugged!" My Gorgeous Mother-in-Law remembered when housewives used to put food on the window sill to be kept cool, and how tramps stole it. Sometimes it was the neighbors' children. Sometimes it was your own children. And now some refrigerator people have gone so far as to claim that for 1956 they've developed a built-in Ice Ejector with no levers, ramrods, pickaxes or derricks, which'll eject the cubes simply by sliding the tray into the ejector. You don't have to touch the ice with your pinky or even get your finger wet.

Sounds like a little bit o' heaven, and I wonder if it's true. It seems a long time since ice was such an aristocratic luxury that some of us felt we should only have it on Sundays. THE MIDNIGHT EARL . . . Dick Haines'll apply for U. S. citizenship shortly in California and put up a hard fight for it. Jackie Gleason's "Honeymooners" may switch to 8 to meet Perry Como head-on . . . Bob Mitchum'll sing and hoof on this week's Stage Show . . . Rubi and Zsa Zsa've been loving it up at Del Prado in Mexico City. Eleanor Helm's back from a happy-time with that rich Amarillo admirer and she also saw her ex-before-last, Art Jarrett . . . Jayne Mansfield conferred with Top Man Dore Schary about an MGM contract . . . The Duchess of Windsor poured at least part of her memoirs into the ear of Milton Little Speight.

Mr. Speight was a native of Green County, but had resided in Harnett for the past 30 years. He was a member of Prospect Church, but his retirement because of poor health, he was engaged in farming. Surviving is his wife, Mrs. Flossie Little Speight.

FUNNY BUSINESS



"We'd better take these back to the art dealer and find out which is 'The Battle of Jutland' and which is 'Cows Coming Home at Eventide.'"