

Avoid Rush, Worry And Doctors, Aunt Anna Dotson Suggests For Long Life

By CHRISTINE BAERMANN Staff Writer

The secret to a long and full life is "not to worry about things you've not got" according to Mrs. Anna Dotson, better known as Aunt Anna, who just passed her 88th birthday.

"I've always worked but never tired, and I ain't worried in my life. I taught myself to be content with what I had even though we had many hard times," Aunt Anna said serenely in the living room of her niece, Mrs. Ida Anderson, at 205 N. Pine St., Hazelwood, with whom she now makes her home.

"I'm the powerfulest person to know you ever saw," Mrs. Dotson commented when asked how she spends most of her time. In all her 88 years she has only tried to dress once, and gave them up as an unnecessary luxury for her blue eyes.

The result of her reading is evident in Aunt Anna's knowledge of local affairs and the world around her. Although she never goes out more and had only a limited school education, she has read the New Testament through times (and is on the 4th), has read a history of World War II and likes to read about current events. She reads all newspapers that come into the house, and many books, especially religious stories, which a neighbor brings her from the library.

Sixty-six years ago Aunt Anna had typhoid fever, and that is the last time she went to a doctor until a month ago when she was suffering from a serious sore throat.

Aunt Anna is the widow of Philetus V. Dotson, who died 23 years ago. They had a 50-acre farm at the lower end of Crabtree Township, almost on the Fines Creek Township line. "If the house were a few feet farther on, we could have slept in Crabtree and eaten in Fines Creek," Aunt Anna jokes.

Her husband was born and raised in Iron Duff, although Aunt Anna was born in Davison County in the eastern part of the state, then lived in Polk County, where she had to walk 3 miles to and from school, and finally came to Haywood with her family when she was about 13 years old. Her parents were farmers, her mother, Emily McCrary, English, and her father, William Fry, was brought from Germany at the age of 3.

Nine years ago Aunt Anna sold the old farm and moved to a little house she owns in Hazelwood. There she kept house for a bachelor brother, John Fry, who died this past April at the age of 76. It was then that she gave up her active life to live a more leisurely one with her niece.

Aunt Anna has been a member of the Methodist Church for 67 years, first in the old Fines Creek church, and more recently in the Hazelwood Methodist. Since she



"AUNT ANNA" DOTSON, who celebrated her 88th birthday September 6, reads constantly and without glasses and looks life straight in the face out of her clear blue eyes. "You can't worry about things you've not got," she says. (Mountaineer Photo.)

Classified Ad 'Grandpa' Of Modern Ads

Consider the little want ad.

Classified pages of U.S. newspapers are the market place of the nation — the town crier for wants and needs, the clearing house for everything from cluttered attics to clobbered lives, the business index of any community.

Advertising has grown to big business in America. But it all started with the little want ad. When America was young and a man had something to sell, he announced it in a few lines of type. Today he often does it in a few hundred lines, maybe in several colors with pictures and glowing descriptions. But the great-granddaddy of his ad is still around—still selling goods, finding lost dogs, renting vacant houses, making myriad announcements, public and personal.

No modern invention is the want ad. Two thousand years ago, in the city of Pompeii one Antonius had this inscribed on a stone: "A copper pot is missing from the shop of Antonius. Whoever brings it back will receive 65 sesterces. If anyone shall hand over the thief he will receive an additional reward." Later, in Rome, ads announcing public sales, absconded debtors and things lost and found, were written and distributed in the form of Libelli, or bills.

So when you place a classified ad in your local newspaper, you are following a custom of long standing. You are engaging in a business deal that has been producing results for man longer than anyone knows.

Why has the classified ad endured through all the years of changing habits, conditions and know-how? Why do YOU read the want-ads? It's because in those

NEWSPAPERS

Newspapers are the eyes, the ears and the voice of a free and uncensored press. America's free press, however does not belong to the newspapers. It belongs to

everybody—you, your family, your neighbors, your friends. America's free press is the property of the American people. It is a freedom to be protected and cherished.

When you pick up your newspaper you hold in your hands the work of thousands of people who are working, the world over, and at home, too, so that you may KNOW.

Some chop the trees from which the paper is made. Others manufacture the paper. Some make ink, others type, others the machinery that prints your newspaper.

Perhaps those are not the glamorous jobs that go into newspaper making, but without them you'd have no newspaper. No local news, no comics, no advertising.

And of course there are the others—who gather the news, who write the news, who bring your city, county, state, country and the world to your doorstep.

Pressmen, Linotype operators, delivery boys take over from there to complete the circle—to print the news and bring it to you—so that you may KNOW.

Events at home and abroad must be reported, explained and understood if we are to act with intelligence. It is everybody's business to help keep our press unfettered.

Readers also have a responsibility—to READ their newspapers, to THINK about events reported, and to help protect this freedom that protects all of our freedoms.

Serving as a cog in the big wheel that is America's free press is YOUR business, your neighbor's business, it is OUR business, together, to keep a strong, free and uncensored press.

pages of any newspaper, large or small, is the heartbeat of the city. Few "Employment Wanted" ads, and many for "Help Wanted" means that business is good. Few "Houses for Rent" means the population is holding its own. Numerous "Houses for Sale" means there's building going on and home ownership is popular. A good classified section means the town has a wide-awake newspaper—a healthy sign in any city.

Then there are the special announcements, with a possible news story between the lines of every one. Here a man and his wife, of sound financial standing, who have no children, want to give a home to a child who has no parents. And Jimmy's black dog with a spot on his tail, is lost. Please return to Jimmy who is lonely. Mrs. Franzetti wishes to thank her friends for their thoughtfulness in her bereavement. And ever present is the man who wishes it known he will be responsible for no debts other than his own.

The little want ads in your local newspaper are a chronicle of life as it is lived in your town. They are your best market place, your means of announcing to your fellow citizens that you have something to sell, or want to buy, that you perform a service, or have lost a valued article, or have a home to rent, or want a job to do. When historians gather material to chronicle the story of our age, they should be sure to include the classified sections of America's newspapers. There, the story of the people, their needs, their desires, their economic circumstances, their wars and their peaceful periods are written.

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Smartly Styled

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AP Newsfeatures

NEW YORK—During every hour of National Newspaper Week — as during every hour of every week—thousands report the news that millions read and hear.

Oldest and largest of the world's news gathering organizations is the Associated Press. Tracing its beginnings to 1848, the AP is owned by its members on a cooperative basis. It has no stock, makes no profits and declares no dividends. More than 6,000 newspapers and radio and television stations throughout the world share its news. Of this total 3,000 are in the United States.

The AP has about 3,000 full-time employes throughout the world, some 900 of them in the foreign service. There are nearly 100 bureaus in the United States and 550 more overseas manned by AP staffers.

Every 24 hours over 350,000 miles of leased teleprinter circuits in this country flow approximately 1,000,000 words of news—equiva-

lent to seven or eight average-length novels. Over 25,000 miles of a high fidelity network are transmitted photos to on-the-spot news events.

If you read, for example, of a train wreck in the Rocky Mountains a few hours after the accident, this is what happened:

Reporters and photographers from AP member newspapers or the nearest AP bureau were among the first at the scene. By telephone they report the casualties and eyewitness accounts which a fast rewrite man in the AP Bureau whips into a readable news story within minutes. The story flashes out over the wires which go to your newspaper and local radio station. Pictures move almost as quickly.

Today an AP man's creed is the same as that of Lawrence A. Go-

bright, AP Washington correspondent during Abraham Lincoln's administration:

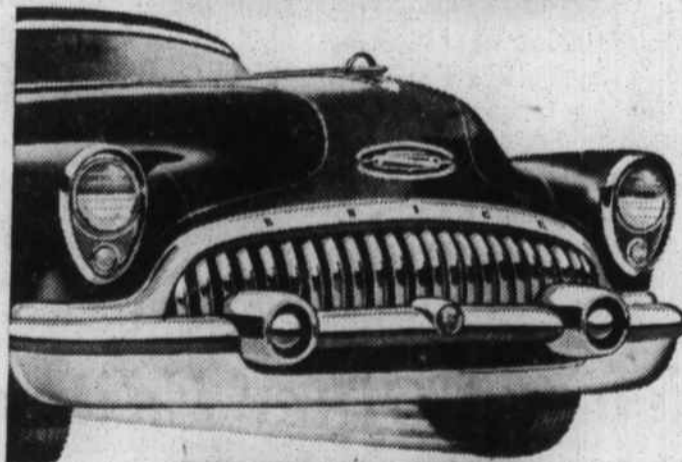
"My business is to communicate facts. My dispatches are sent to papers of all manner of politics. I therefore confine myself to what I consider legitimate news, try to be truthful and impartial."

Signs Miss Mark

OKEMAH, Okla. (AP) — The Okfuskee County Livestock Association is willing to reward persons who help catch cattle thieves and arsonists — but the signs distributed to members are a bit misleading.

The signs read: "\$100 reward to be caught stealing, \$50 reward to be caught burning."

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