

Ann Landers

The Washington Post (1974-); Jul 15, 1977; Boston Globe

pg. B4

Dear Ann:

It's time somebody wrote and told you that great things a spanking can do for a wife who behaves like a child. I speak from experience.

My wife was 17 when we married. She couldn't cook, wouldn't clean house or sew a button on a shirt. Just spoiled rotten, she was. I decided what the little brat needed was a good old-fashioned spanking so I put her right over my knee and let her have it. All it took was twice. Now she's a great little wife. Tell'em, Annie. — King.

Dear King (Kong, maybe?):

Just because you married an immature child who responded to punishment befitting a 5-year-old doesn't

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mean your approach is right. I feel sorry for you both.

Dear Ann Landers:

Recently I gave birth to a stillborn baby. When I was in the hospital very few people phoned to say anything. I received no flowers and not even one sympathy card. I felt so sad and heart-sick, yet I am not blaming anyone for staying away and remaining silent because I'm not sure I would know what to do under the circumstances. Can you tell me the right thing to do in this situation? — Not Over It Yet

Dear Friend:

When a woman gives birth to a stillborn she should receive even more attention than if she had had a living child. Flowers and notes are certainly in order — and phone calls from friends saying "I'm sorry" can do a great deal to lift the spirits of a bereaved woman.

Dear Ann Landers:

I am calling on you to assert your corrective procedures in a friendly family discussion.

While I was visiting family and other kissin' cousins last summer back in Iowa (near Sioux City, as a matter of fact), I brought up the subject of how they

all needed to reverse their paper towels and toilet tissue on the spools since they were placed incorrectly.

The paper rolls should be coming from the wall, up toward the top, over and out. They all disagreed.

Please settle this for all of us. In the meantime, they are calling me — Paper Crazy

Dear P. C.:

There is no right or wrong way to dispense paper towels or toilet tissue. It's strictly a matter of personal preference.

My preference happens to be the same as your cousin. Maybe it's because I'm from Iowa, too, and that's the way my mother used to do it.

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