

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING:

Laws Against Communism

We think we're about as anti-communistic as they come, but we view with alarm, this being our week for viewing with alarm, the proposal by Secretary of Labor Schwelmbach that the Communist Party in America be outlawed.

The individual Communist, when he pledges allegiance to a Red-baiting law would provide every sensation-creating democratic government, by force if peaceful methods fail. This pledge is seditious in thought and act, and constitutes grounds for prosecution of a real Communist under existing statutes.

Another law aimed against Communists would prove the beginning of the end of civil liberty as we know it today. The Dies and Rankin committees persecuted many an honest and able public servant with their smear sessions. To his party, pledges himself to the overthrow of the ex-student or agency in this whole union with fuel for the fires of intolerance and bigotry, and the excesses of the Un-American Activities Committee would prove mild by comparison.

Writing another law at this time will not end Communism. Let us end the evil by enforcing existing laws—and by correcting abuses which provide the Reds with their present talking points.

Toward a Better Life

The question of mechanizing farming in general and cotton production in particular, as set forth on the front page of The Record this week, is paramount with farmers in this area.

Labor costs last summer cost many a farmer with a small family his profit on the 1946 crop, this blow coming at a time when his living expenses rose to the highest level in the history of North Carolina. The average farmer can expect no relief this summer, since there is still a flow of workers from rural to urban areas; this process is accelerated in the Piedmont because of the construction of many new factories — for example, we have in the last couple of years had a furniture factory built in Wendell and a veneer plant in Zebulon.

The average veteran in this community, except for the seventy or so workers in Ed Ellington's agricultural class, has little desire to return to the farm. Most of them wish to continue their education under the G. I. Bill of Rights, or take training or employment in the more highly paid mechanical professions. Thus another possible source of help is closed to the farmer.

The prospect of a high price for tobacco this fall is not good. England at this moment is not living up to the spirit of the loan made to that country by the United States. English purchases of weed will hardly be made on the American market this year; instead England will take the bulk of her tobacco imports from her colonial empire. Most agricultural leaders, including Commissioner of Agriculture Scott, express fears that tobacco will bring 35 cents a pound or less. The prospect of the average farmer — especially the average tenant — making a profit on his tobacco crop this year after having to pay cash for his help is frankly poor.

Cotton has long since ceased to be a profitable crop for this section for the very reasons given for the prospective decline (for this year at least) of tobacco as a cash crop. Most farmers during the war did not plant their full quota of cotton; last year they did not plant cotton at all.

We can make farming more profitable by making the machine take the place of the man. (And we can make farming possible by the same method.)

It is probably too late to do much about mechanization for this year's crop. Farmers already have decided what they are going to plant and where it will be planted. But we can plan for the future. We can help get a mechanical cotton picker for this community.

All that is necessary is for you to sign your name to the card you received earlier this week saying that you wish a picker allotted to Zebulon. The picker can be used in any county, for any farmer. The unit will save you money this year. It will show you how you can make more money next year.

The Zebulon Record

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Editor Ferd L. Davis
 Publisher Barrie S. Davis

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo B. Davis

Not often do I bother to correct mistakes in this column; but it is May 20 and not May 10 when leaves are supposed to be grown where I came from.

Mrs. A. R. House has given me some information about the organization which preceded the Parent-Teacher Association here. She said Mrs. Helen Whitley, Mrs. Annie Belle Hoyle Ayscue and Miss Edith Royster met one hot, dusty late summer afternoon at the schoolhouse in Wakefield to plan the work before the opening of school. Mrs. Whitley and Mrs. Ayscue walked to the place of meeting, and Mrs. House thinks Miss Royster came down from Raleigh on the train. Active in the projects of these days were Misses Mary Kilpatrick, Cleo Scarborough, and Anabel Newton, who is now Mrs. F. E. Bunn, and still active in the P.-T. A.

It is well to have a family not too particular about one's house-keeping; but when something special has been done, appreciation is good. One day recently I had a woman put in nearly eight hours cleaning our diningroom—which doubles as an office, winter livingroom and nursery. Every inch of woodwork was washed, as were the windows, walls were brushed, the floor was waxed and

furniture polished. When the menfolk came in at night I waited for comment. None came. I asked how they liked the room. With puzzled looks they surveyed it, then spoke as one man? "What has happened? I don't see any difference."

When I went to the Singer Store in Raleigh to see about getting a motor for my sewing machine they told me no separate motors were for sale; but they would put my machine into a new case, installing a motor, for seventy-five dollars. I must have shown surprise at the price, for the saleswoman began to explain that their work would make the machine look like a piece of furniture instead of what it is. She gave me a pitying glance when I replied that I'd as soon have it look like a sewing machine as anything else, and repeated that no motors could be sold separately.

To me there is something odd in trying to make so many things look like what they are not. If an article, implement or utensil is useful, there is reason for its existence, without necessity for disguise.

My son Ferd is telling these days what a neighbor of years ago would have called a "rackmus tale." He speaks of mechanized growing of cotton, no old-fashion-

ed hand work being done, from start to finish. I can go along with him till he reaches the place where weeding is to be done with a flame thrower, the cotton stalks supposedly being tough enough to endure heat that kills weeds. From there on I'm slightly dazed, and when the plants are sprayed with something to make leaves fall and all cotton bolls open at once, and the fleece is removed by a mechanical picker, with only one going-over, I am too far behind to have any opinion on the matter, save to agree that the cotton thus grown and harvested may be of somewhat inferior quality.

Because several persons have asked me how one gets into a Crosley automobile, I offer advice as follows:

You don't really get into a Crosley. The best plan is to back up to it carefully and sit down, having made sure the door is wide open. Then swing the feet and yourself sideways till you face front. That's all there is to it.

When it comes to getting out, I still don't know how to proceed, never trying the same way twice in succession. No way yet tried is satisfactory, but if you open the door and wriggle hard enough the law of gravity will take over and you'll come out. But, if you are past fifty, you'll probably feel a little silly.

Veterans Advised to Keep NSLI

Congress has liberalized the National Service Life Insurance Act to make it possible for veterans to reinstate lapsed term policies until August 1, 1947, without medical examination.

NSLI term policies, which have lapsed at any time, may be reinstated between now and August by payment of two monthly premiums and the signing of a statement that the insured is in as good health as at the time of lapse. Until the new law was signed by President Truman last week, the deadline for such reinstatements was February 1.

Term insurance, it is explained, is the type issued to veterans while in service, and which has not been converted to a permanent plan of NSLI. It may be reinstated, up to the top amount of \$10,000, in multiples of \$500,

with \$1000 being the minimum amount permitted.

The liberalized provisions of NSLI come at a time when the Veterans Administration has begun a nationwide program to inform veterans of their rights and benefits concerning "G. I. insurance." One feature of the new law is that veterans may obtain any permanent plan of NSLI from the administration without having previously held term insurance, which was a requirement of the old law.

Despite heavy publicity given by newspapers to the advantages of "GI Insurance," many ex-servicemen and women have not yet had their term policies converted. The term policies have a maximum life of eight years, and as long as they are up-to-date, may be converted.

As an example of the low cost of government insurance, one local veteran converted his entire \$10,000 policy to the 20-pay-life plan. At the end of 20 years his policy will be paid in full. The monthly cost is but \$20.50. A similar policy with a civilian company for \$2,000 costs over \$70.00 per year.

Complete information, including the new features, and assistance in reinstating lapsed term policies can be obtained by veterans from the Veterans Administration at Winston-Salem. If veterans have any questions concerning their eligibility for National Service Life Insurance or about the procedure to follow in converting from one type of NSLI to another, they are urged to write the Winston-Salem office at once.

So He Leaves the Switch On Now!

This week, unbeknowing to our subject, we will discuss 18-year old James Mitchell Debnam, junior at Wakelon School, a member of the Bulldog basketball and football team, Zebulon's only Eagle Scout, and Junior Assistant Scout Master of Troop 40.

Two years ago the Zebulon Scout Troop was without adult leadership, and interest in the Scouts among the townspeople was practically nil. It took real effort to keep things going. James supplied that effort.

So he's a pretty hard worker. But our story this issue will not be concerned with what a swell guy James is—though 'tis rumored that his gal would be well-

pleased if we did concern this whole column with such stuff.

As the story we heard goes, James has made rather frequent use of the ignition switch on the family auto when arriving home late from a date. He'd cut the engine off and coast into the yard, slowing to a quiet, gentle halt, and nobody would wake. Our reporters say that it worked very nicely.

But, on one occasion, James arrived home in the Ford which he was not exactly used to driving. From force of habit he cut the switch as he turned into the yard, removed the key, and put it in his pocket.

But, as those who have steered Fords know, the steering wheel

has to be locked before the key is removed!

That's what happened to James. So instead of straightening out after he had made the turn, he kept turning. Luckily, the wheels were at such an angle that the Ford neatly sailed between the trees in the yard, coming to a stop without even a scratch—the James' knees were shaking for days afterward.

And thereafter, our reporters conclude, no matter how late his return at night Eagle Scout James Mitchell Debnam never cuts off the engine until his car is completely parked.

You don't have to believe it, but that's the story that was told to us.
 —Barrie S. Davis.