

GIVE YOUR OLD BOOKS AWAY

Forty-three schools in rural Wake County will begin collection of books for shipment to war-devastated Europe next Tuesday. On Friday, October 31, these books and magazines will be collected by the Wake County committee in charge of this work, and they will be shipped overseas by plane and freighter.

It would be easy to write this drive off as just another campaign, but it is not much harder to cooperate with its backers. For does not everyone of us have a few books around home that can no longer interest us, or do us any good at all? To give these books to the soliciting school child merely cleans up the home, and it does considerable good — both to the conscience of the donor, and the morale of the recipient.

You are again asked to do your bit toward European rehabilitation by bundling up old magazines and discarded volumes, and sending them to your local school next week.

THE NEED FOR DIVERSIFICATION

We have finally realized the worst of our fears. The British have completely withdrawn their buyers, and the bottom has dropped out of the tobacco market.

Fortunately for our local economy the government stabilization program will cushion the blow, but many farmers who have not yet been able to get the bulk of their tobacco crop to market will not pay out.

The need for diversification is brought home to us in a way that hurts. Next year each local farmer will have a third more acreage in non-cash crops than he had this year. Used properly, that land will still not make as much money for the average farmer as it would planted in tobacco; but it will mean the maintenance of his present standard of living all the same.

We must use our county agents and our own ingenuity as never before. Then anything that Mr. Hutson and Mr. Cooley are able to do for us — and God grant that it be enough — may be considered a windfall.

LET THEM REST IN PEACE

The first shipment of bodies of war dead from the Pacific included no one from this community. The first shipment from Europe which arrives in New York next Monday will have no one from Zebulon. It is our constant prayer that not one of the fallen will be returned for the heartbreak of reburial. Let them lie where they have fallen; let them rest in peace.

FOLLOWING UP PRESENT GAINS

After several weeks of negotiation the first major project of the local Chamber of Commerce has gotten under way. The fall showing of the North Carolina Poland China Association will be held in Zebulon on Friday, December 12.

There is no reason why this event should not become an annual affair — and bigger and better each year. All that is necessary is a suitable show place. This year C. V. Whitley, president of the Chamber of Commerce, has offered the use of his barn; but he cannot be expected to continue this exclusive support permanently.

The solution, of course, is a local stockyard. The town will soon have enough beef in its trade area to support the market, because of other efforts of the local chamber of commerce. We must have a stockyard, and we will.

A SERVANT OF THE SCHOOL

The Wakelon Parent-Teacher Association began what will be another successful year last Monday night. In the long history of our school the PTA has constantly been a rod and a staff to the faculty and the general school program.

The consistent success of the PTA can be attributed to the capable leadership it has been fortunate enough to receive. This year is no exception, since Mrs. Ola Mitchell is guiding the group for a second year.

Mrs. Mitchell has given unstintingly of her time, and has led the parent-teacher group well, especially in financial matters. She has earned the gratitude of the school board, the faculty, and the school patrons at large.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Monday In Cincinnati Waiting
With the engine pulling and me pushing, we are on schedule, though both of us pant at times.

We are an oddly assorted lot, to judge from appearances. There is the northern looking, western speaking woman to whom travel is an old story and who is volubly concerned about the plump young mother with the fat, placid baby six months old. This is the mother's first train ride—and she is going to Tacoma, Washington, where her sailor husband is stationed. If I were more experienced, I might be of more help to her. Anyway it's good for me to have some one along to

worry over.

There's the elderly couple who seem to have been around considerably. He is unusually attentive to her, and I don't see why he doesn't tell her that her pink slip shows more than four inches at the back. Maybe he has tried that, though. They do crossword puzzles a good bit of the time, then he reads and she dozes.

There is the tall, thin, fairly young major, who ate steadily from the time I went into the diner till my order was filled and I had eaten. As I came out he was sucking chicken bones with an air of deep concentration. In contrast is the short young private whose wide eyes grew wider as he studied the menu with

prices attached. I know how he felt.

In the drawing room, just next to my section, is a young Negro woman who was brought in on a stretcher and laid on the bed. At intervals I hear low voices, then one grows higher and the other says soothingly, "Now, now, you just keep quiet."

There is the tall, dark haired young woman who is so beautiful one can't help staring at her. Also two or three of the quietest men who ever left home.

And there's I, probably the oddest passenger aboard, still flut-tery inside, but quite composed externally—I hope—and leaving the train now to breakfast outside.

Uncoordination in Cooking

I have always believed that the housewife has an easy job compared to the breadwinner. That is, I always believed it until the head cook, chief boss, and author of *This, That & The Other* left for the far west to be with her husband, who is recuperating from a five-foot drop off a ladder. I hated to see her leave, but since I had camped numerous times with the Boy Scouts and had observed closely their cooking methods, I had no fear of preparing my own meals.

Monday evening I went home, looked around the kitchen and decided that bacon, eggs, toast, and coffee would make a delicious supper. There was ice cream left in the refrigerator for dessert.

I turned on the electric stove and put on water and frying pan.

Then I dropped four slices of bacon in the pan and busied myself looking for bread. The bacon cooked to a crisp, but I saved it from the pan before it burned. As I expected, there was plenty of

grease in the pan for eggs. So I broke the eggs, dropped them and about half a shell into the pan, and finally found the bread.

The bacon smelled so good that I ate it while the eggs were cooking. No harm in that, I thought, because toast and eggs by themselves are good.

But the eggs were done first. With a sigh of resignation, I pushed them out of the pan into the plate and sat down to eat. And the eggs went down the hatch before the toast was ready.

Fact is, the toast took a lot longer to brown than I figured, because I had forgotten to turn the heat up! To kill time while it browned, I got the ice cream out of the refrigerator and ate it all. To tell you the truth, the meal was rapidly becoming uncoordinated.

Just as I snatched the toast out of the oven in time to keep it from being burned to cinders, I remembered that I had never put water in the coffee pot. Coffee

grounds may be good to chew, but they are awfully hard to drink!

So my fourth course of the meal consisted of dry toast.

When finally I poured myself a cup of coffee, thick like molasses, I took time to meditate on just how easy a life the housekeeper lives. Nothing to do but clean up the house, buy the groceries, watch the budget, settle arguments between whatever children there are in the house, and be sure that the meal is steaming hot whenever the men of the house chance to come in to eat. Could anything be easier?

I won't tell you what I finally decided about that, but one thing I'd like to know. How in the heck do you get everything to finish cooking at the same time? I got plenty to eat last Monday night, but it sure was a complicated process.

Well, once is too doggoned much. From now on I'm doing all my eating with my brother and his wife.

—Barrie S. Davis

Seen and Heard

We want to find out all the details about the episode down at the stop-light corner the other day when a little school girl was hit by a car and Chief of Police Willie B. Hopkins caught her before she hit the ground. We understand no serious damage was done to girl, car, or policeman, but we do want the details.

One of the commissioners (you guess which) was telling Tuesday night about how cool it had been the previous morning. He and his

wife had gone to bed with too little cover, and he woke in the wee small hours of the morn shivering like a leaf in the breeze. He waited and waited for his wife to get out of bed and find more cover, but she didn't. Finally, overcome with impatience, he rolled over — and found his wife so cold she couldn't move! We never did find out who finally got the cover.

One continual debate going on now is which is better — 6-man

or 11-man football. In the 6-man variety, as played by Wakelon School, any player is eligible to receive a pass, and the whole game is fast, like basketball. But, say others, the 11-man version of the gridiron sport is more fun to watch. There's a game this afternoon at Wakelon, so here's your opportunity to decide for yourself.

You should've seen Ed Ellington, Fred Chamblee, and Robert Horton chase that loose calf yesterday!

At Home on the Farm

By The City Cousin

"Who would ever have thought that two little bushels of corn could make such a big difference," I says to "Dean" Schaub, genial Director of the State College Extension Service this week.

He'd been telling me that an average corn yield of two bushels per acre — which has been forecast for this year's crop over last year's — would mean nearly eleven million hard dollars in the pockets of Tar Heel farmers, if it was sold at present price levels.

"Yes, Cousin," the head of one of the South's most progressive Extension organizations said, "the

extra four million bushels of corn, which is expected to be produced this year, could hardly come at a better time." He was referring to the worst Middle Western corn shortage since 1936.

He went on to explain that last year's average of twenty-seven bushels per acre brought total production to near the 60-million-bushel mark. This year, on approximately the same acreage, more than sixty-three million bushels would be raised.

"But North Carolina is still a feed-importing state, Cousin," the Director says. "And we're still urging our farmers to supplement their feed by producing more for-

age crops, and hay, and encouraging them to plant more temporary grazing crops. Unless farmers get rid of the laggards in their herds and flocks, and make the best use of available land for producing more feed for their livestock, they may be faced with a serious feed shortage this winter. Your Zebulon farmers are no exception."

The "Dean", a man who likes to have facts on a problem before he talks or acts, was giving it to me straight. Through his influence, Tar Heel farmers will somehow manage to meet this crisis. They have faith in Director Schaub's planning, and in the men who carry out these plans.