

Invitation to the Ladies

Most Record readers can remember the days when American women were crusading for the right to vote. They received that right, and ever since getting them out to vote has been a problem.

This year at the Wakelon Parent-Teacher Association's meetings a healthy outburst of expression of opinion on various community matters by the local women has been noted. Apparently the ladies are breaking out of the somewhat cloistered limits of the woman's club and missionary society work.

Some time during March there will be another meeting of the entire membership of the Zebulon Chamber of Commerce. Thus far not a single woman has attended a chamber meeting, either as an observer or a member, although several local businesswomen belong to the organization. We never saw an organization yet in which women took an active part that was not a better unit for their efforts.

So we issue a special invitation to the women: come to the chamber of commerce meeting next month, and let's talk about business!

More Explanation Required

Like most North Carolinians, we have not yet decided whom we shall vote for in the gubernatorial primary this spring; but we do look askance at Candidate Johnson's suggestion that bonds be issued to pay for more farm-to-market roads.

First of all, bad winters in North Carolina are like poor crop years: they simply do not come twice in a row. Even if they should, simply paving a road does not insure that it will be open in all contingencies. Yesterday, for example, the Carolina Coach Company cancelled its entire schedule over roads presumably the best in North Carolina—and as good as any in the nation. Out on the road from Wakefield to Rolesville, which was paved last summer, there was no rural mail delivery yesterday—and there was mail delivery along some dirt roads.

A far sounder plan, it seems to us, would be the purchase of more equipment for snow removal; equipment that would double for improvement of existing roads. Personnel to serve in emergencies is also needed; there is no reason it could not be on a volunteer basis. Mr. Moss and Mr. Duke certainly worked on that basis in opening up roads during the last two snows, and had they had adequate equipment available, they could have completed their work earlier.

We admit and second the desirability—and necessity—of more paved rural roads, but we question the bond issue suggestion. Mr. Johnson proposes the bond issue as an alternative to a higher gasoline tax; how, then shall the bonds be redeemed? Through a state land tax? Deliver us from that!

The possibility of the leading candidate's opposition to a higher gasoline tax because of supposed support of his campaign by the North Carolina Truckers Association has been suggested. That possibility has not as yet been denied by Mr. Johnson.

Much further information concerning his plan is required of the state treasurer, or North Carolina farmers will consider his proposal as merely an attempt to swing their support from Kerr Scott to himself.

Better Telephone Service

The manager of the Raleigh office of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company made a good spokesman for his organization last Friday night. Speaking to local Rotarians concerning his company's plans (on request of the Zebulon club), he explained in detail reasons for delay in expansion of local telephone facilities.

Mr. Byers pointed out that difficulties in obtaining a site for a new building had thus far held up improvement of service in Zebulon. The local circuits, he declared, are operating with a capacity load. This situation will be improved when the larger building, with ample room for equipment, is completed upon the lot now held by the company. Then everyone desiring a telephone will have one.

Certainly all engaged in manufacturing and merchandising establishments appreciate the problems of the telephone company, while looking forward to improved service.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

It has been asserted that one's age may be determined by his reaction to snow; if he dreads its coming, he is old. If that be true, I am at least three hundred today; I could have cried at sight of more snow falling on top of remnants of what has been here for so long.

It is not mainly for myself I want good weather. The school buses can't make their rounds till roads are passable; and that means school will be open so late in spring that the older farm boys will be badly needed at home before commencement. We make an effort at such times to begin class work extra early in the morning and let pupils go home in time to get in a half-day's farm work. But, take it from me, no boy is capable of doing his best work both in school and in the field. One or the other will most probably be neglected.

However, everyone is trying to act for the best interests of all concerned, and we'd much rather have school all summer than one funeral because of an accident on our roads.

The preceding paragraph was written on Monday. This is Tuesday and I am older than I was yesterday—and the snow is deeper.

The youngest son reminds me occasionally that I used to declare cold weather was more agreeable than hot. It still is, in many re-

spects; but not when fuel is such a problem and there are in the home no youngsters who welcome excuses to run outdoors in the snow.

Partly because we hear so many pleas by radio to help save fuel, and partly because wood, coal or oil costs so much, we do not try to keep more than two rooms really comfortable warm; and for the first time we are using an oil heater.

To me the best thing about an oil heater is that there are no ashes to be taken up and carried out; for all my life I have detested working with them. We've never had the kind of fireplace that has an opening in the bottom for dumping ashes, so they have had to be scooped up from either fireplace or stove; and nobody can keep this process from leaving a residue of dust over everything in the room. In addition there is the danger that ashes may still hold enough heat to set fire to a container, or to grass, if poured on the ground. That's one reason I so often leave the kitchen stove ashbox alone till some cold morning I find it must be emptied before a good draft can be had.

Can't some brainy inventor come to the relief of housekeepers or firemakers? Find us something to put on ashes to keep down dust, or some way to remove them without letting air strike them.

On days like these I know no better plan for cooking than to make the biggest pot full of soup, using a bone and some of your canned soup mixture with more appropriate vegetables on hand; and to bake the oven full of sweet potatoes. With these to be reheated as needed, you can cook whatever else you manage to get, as you want it. Try grating Irish potatoes to put in the soup. They thicken as well as flavor.

I do hope your sweet potatoes are good. Ours were mostly cold hurt or other spoiled when we came home; but we are thoroughly enjoying some of the best we ever ate, donated by a friend. And sweet potatoes are one thing in which this section beats the West. I wish Westerners could see and taste a smooth, cured Porto Rico, well-baked, so soft you have to be careful in taking it up, and so sugary sweet the sirup is oozing out of the skin.

Probably the only mice really loved in this country are Mickey and Minnie; but we are told that in England raising mice is a popular hobby and that mice shows are held frequently and some breeders ask as high as one hundred dollars for an especially fine mouse. Forty colors are recognized in fur and for best specimens prizes may go up to fifty dollars.

All I can say is the English are welcome to their hobby.

Here's the Guilty Party

I'll take the blame. It's my fault that the weather got all fouled up again. Things were looking pretty good last Saturday afternoon. There was only a slight drizzle of rain marring an otherwise nice day. The weather man said that Sunday would find the skies clearing and things getting warmer. Then he heard that I bought a motorcycle.

You know the rest too well. I rode my motorcycle down to work last Monday morning and parked it out in front of the shop. That was tempting fate in a big way, it seems, for about ten o'clock the snow started. And it didn't stop until umpteen inches littered the ground. So now my popcycle is resting in the rear of the shop, where it'll stay until fair days come along.

Don't ever get the idea that you have it worse than anybody else

when it comes to living. I came down to work Monday night through the white, and I cursed my luck. But about 9 p. m. Haywood Jones plowed in the front door on his way home from the drug store. It seems that somebody had a prescription that had to be filled and Haywood walked out of a warm house and through the storm to do the job.

Lloyd Evans, one of our fellow workmen here at the shop, remarked Monday night that it had stopped snowing and had begun to blizzard. It kept right on blizzarding all night and through Tuesday, too.

When Preacher Carlton Mitchell announced from the pulpit Sunday there would be no school this week, you could hear everybody under 17 breathe a sigh of satisfaction. Then they groaned when they realized how late in

the summer they will have to attend school to make up for the lost time.

I went through the first big snow on my feet. In fact, I became so sure of my ability to walk in an upright manner that I was rather overconfident when this second big snow fell. Anyhow, when I raised my foot to step across the snow piled in the middle of the street the other day, I ended up skidding toward the gutter on my face. I evened things up by falling two times on my other end before I reached safety indoors.

I'm tired of snow. I don't want to see any more of it even in pictures. I'm tired of reading about it in the newspapers. So if any more falls and you don't see me for a while, you'll know that I'm buried under the covers of my bed until summer comes.—B. S. D.

Accidents May Be Avoidable

The condition and operation of the hundreds of tractors with plows, cultivators, discs and planters which Tar Heel farmers will be using during the spring planting season will be an important factor in determining the 1948 farm work accident toll, according to H. M. Ellis, in charge of Agriculture Engineering for the State College Extension Service. Every farmer should make preparations for safe and efficient machinery operation, Mr. Ellis said.

See that all farm equipment is thoroughly checked before field work starts. Defective hitches, seats, clutches, wheels, brakes, steering and unguarded gears, chains or shafts mean accidents can take free reign. Equipment that does not operate properly is irritating and fatiguing to the

operator. It helps reduce his alertness and increases the temptation to take chances. Well conditioned machinery saves time and costly field breakdowns and makes farm work easier, Mr. Ellis declared.

The National Safety Council points out that careful operators will also take time to equip tractors with fire extinguishers and provide secure holders for grease guns or other servicing tools carried on a tractor. Loose accessories on tractors may cause falls or other casualties. Provide a secure step or grab bar if it is easy to slip getting on or off your tractor.

Mr. Ellis also advises a careful check of the fuel lines and the fuel servicing equipment. A leaking hose or valve can easily lead to a costly fire, he said. If the

fuel supply is too close to farm buildings for safety, take time to move it before the start of spring work.

Meat output in each quarter of 1948 is expected to be smaller than in the corresponding quarters of 1947. During the first 9 months of the reduction will be in beef. In the last quarter, output of both beef and pork will be lower.

Relatively large stocks of 795 million bushels of wheat were stored in all positions January 1, 1948, despite near-record disappearance since July 1, 1947. Rye stocks of 14.4 million bushels, though relatively small, were larger than on January 1 in the 2 preceding years, according to BAE.