

Salute the Future Farmers

This week is national FFA Week, set aside to honor the young agricultural students in our high schools of today who will be the farmers of tomorrow.

These young men are an eager lot. They seek information on better ways of farming, and they use the information to advantage. One of our local Future Farmers, for example, was recently given a trip to Texas for his successful effort in raising beef cattle. Others have done nearly as well in beef production and corn growing contests.

Their years of successful study will be spotlighted even more forcefully in years to come, when they produce more commodities with less expense and waste, thereby increasing the wealth of the community. We salute the Future Farmers!

Court Action Necessary

Court action should always be action of last resort, but when such wanton disregard of the safety of children is exhibited as was recently the case with a young man from outside the community, guilty of reckless driving on the Wakelon School grounds, court action is necessary.

This young man who endangered life and limb of countless children by his stupid action can consider himself fortunate indeed to escape the consequences with only a suspended sentence. May he and his ilk take warning, and accept the responsibility given them when they are allowed behind the wheel of an automobile.

The Two-Headed Turtles

In the March 1 issue of Life Magazine there is a pictorial feature on a two-headed diamond-back turtle hatched at the wildlife station at Beaufort. The turtle was named Super-Diamond by the Tar Heel station workers, and was promptly shipped to Washington, D. C., where it lives a life of elegant ease in its own glass pool in an aquarium of the Department of Commerce.

Super-Diamond, according to Life, is a troubled ter-rapin. Each of its mouths tears insects and chopped meat from the other in a vicious fight over which should swallow food for the same stomach. Then the heads, each of which controls the legs on its side, walk off in opposite directions, and the left and right forelegs, straining to follow, threaten to tear its body in two.

When one head is asleep, the other is awake. Thus with two legs moving on one side and two legs stationary on the other, the turtle merely moves in circles.

The wear and tear of this kind of life, the article continues, has told on the turtle. Today after five months, it mostly sulks, glaring at the world from its four eyes and never eating enough. In the turmoil of fighting itself, it has swallowed less than is normally needed, and in spite of its gluttony is now only one and one-fourth inches long.

Another two-headed turtle lives its life of elegant ease in Raleigh, and its name is Super-Machine. Neither of its heads makes an attempt to coordinate its movements, and Super-Machine ends up going around in circles. For example, when one head proclaims the need for a hundred-million-dollar bond issue for farm-to-market roads, the other head is asleep. Then head number one goes to sleep.

Head number two wakes, and feels the need for self-assertion. Unaware of the other's actions, it declares that there is a thirty-million-dollar surplus in highway funds. Small wonder that Super-Machine is a nervous, irritable turtle!

Regardless of the statement of a two-headed turtle or anyone else, the fact remains that farmers need and must have more paved roads. But even the farmers who need all-weather roads the most will hesitate to vote for a bond issue while a sizeable reserve exists in the highway department. To call a bond election while that huge surplus lies idle would simply be a waste of money.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

My sister taught me this trick, and you, too, may find it useful if windy days are also washdays:

In hanging out the clothes do not stretch the pieces tightly along the line, but let them sag between the clothespins, leaving an open space between line and article hanging from it. This allows the wind to pass through without twisting the cloth around the line. Sheets doubled lengthwise, pinned with four pins—one at each hem, two spaced along the length — will dry smoothly although hanging in three loops. Your wash may not look as precise as when pinned the usual way, but there's a wonderful difference when the pieces are taken in.

Last week a letter from Mrs. Fred Turner of Avon, Connecticut told me they are having even worse weather than has been endured here. She said her flower beds were buried under six feet of snow and she hardly expected to see them before May. She went about on some skis, but temperatures of from 10 to 20 below zero made her decide to stay indoors. Here is a quotation from the letter: "What you say about the weather in your column I can't let pass . . . I guess we were disappointed, for when it all seemed too much for us here Fred and I would declare we were going south to our good friends, the George Coxes."

I have very pleasant memories of meeting the Turners when they were on a visit to the Coxes and

other friends in this section, and do hope they come again—say, in the summer.

My little granddaughter's mother went to the hospital Sunday and the rest of us have tried to keep the baby—now eighteen months old—satisfied. But Monday evening her father found her walking the floor and saying tearfully, "Hurts! Hurts!" He searched carefully for a stray pin or a tight binding, but found nothing wrong. She continued to moan "Hurts!" Finally he persuaded her to tell him the trouble. "Mama gone. Hurts."

You may be able better to describe loneliness, but I can't.

CHICKEN PIE

Unless I am wrong, this recipe has already been published in this column; but so many have asked me to give it that here goes again. It is for that chicken pie I've made for years to serve to Rotarians.

Don't try to make this with a young chicken. Take a hen, not too old, but be sure she is fat. And also be sure to take off all the fat you can get easily and dry it out slowly, say in a frying-pan inside the oven. Set it aside till crust-making time.

In only a small amount of water, boil the hen until tender, using either a pressure cooker or the older way of cooking, adding barely enough salt to season lightly. When cool enough to handle, cut into pieces about the size for a good mouthful. Do not use the skin, unless you run it through the meat grinder; then nobody

will be able to tell it is being served and it makes that much more.

You'll need to take some fat from the broth left from boiling the hen, if she is as fat as she ought to be. This pie doesn't want to be greasy. And you want little more than a pint of the broth. To it add a pint of sweet milk and put it on the stove to come to a boil. You may use evaporated milk for this with fine results. Put in a little black pepper, if the family taste permits.

When the milk and broth mixture boils, thicken it with a flour batter. Make it so thick it will barely pour from the spoon. Add the cut-up chicken to this, stirring hard and fast. When well mixed pour it into a pan or pans about two inches deep and place where it will keep very hot until the top is ready.

Proceed as if you were going to make three cupfuls of flour into biscuit, but instead of lard for shortening use the fat dried from the hen; and use enough to make a dough almost as short as for pie crust. Roll it fairly thin, use a fork to stick it full of holes, cut it with a biscuit cutter.

Now, making sure the chicken-gravy mixture is boiling hot, cover it with the biscuit and bake in a medium oven until the top is nicely browned. That's all except the eating, and remembering that this pie is as good warmed over as when fresh.

(It takes three of the largest hens you can find for the Rotarians.)

Around the Town

If I had no work to take up my time, I could enjoy life visiting the stores in Zebulon and gabbing with the workers therein. Soliciting advertising each week gives me an excellent opportunity to check up on how things are going with everybody. It also provides me with a weekly look at the friendliness for which our town is famous.

Haywood Jones was showing a bit of snakebite anti-venom to me Wednesday, and as I tried to look at the container intelligently, he related a recent happening.

Not long ago a gentleman came in quite worried. His little boy's dog had been bitten by a snake, and the little boy was heartbroken over the possibility of losing his pet. Couldn't Haywood do something?

Haywood told the gentleman of the anti-venom preparation, explaining how it should be injected into the dog with a hypodermic. He named several men in town who were skilled at administering the needle.

While the gentleman rushed out in search of one of the men, Hay-

wood studied the instructions on the container. Soon the gentleman hurried back, saying he had found someone to administer the serum.

"I am not sure about the dose that you should give the dog," said Haywood. "This serum is for humans."

"Well," replied the gentleman thoughtfully, "the pup is right intelligent. I reckon that ought to do."

It must have, because the dog lived.

Then there is the true story about the gentleman who, before his marriage, had been used to frequent evenings with the boys. After taking for himself a wife he settled down, spending his evenings quietly at home with his spouse. But as time passed on, he became increasingly restless. Finally, after a period of months, he began to return to his old haunts. At first he managed to get home early, but gradually his return home became later and later.

Finally one night long past midnight he came in. As he undressed in the bedroom, his wife sat

bolt upright in bed and demanded: "What do you mean coming in here at this time of night?"

Without turning his head he replied: "I live here."

Once upon a time (six days ago) there lived a housewife in Zebulon who needed some very nice print material for a bit of sewing. Immediately she dashed out to the family auto, and drove 21 miles to Raleigh where she purchased the cloth after an extensive search throughout the city.

Alas, when she had nearly finished her dress, she found herself a bit short of material. Another trip in the family auto to the capital city proved futile. The Raleigh store had sold out.

Yesterday this housewife was bemoaning her sad state of affairs in McPhail-Farmer (read their ad in this issue) Company. Mrs. Pat Farmer heard the story and immediately laid a bolt of the identical goods on the counter. The price: 10c per yard under the cost in lots of other stores.

Moral: Try the home town first.

Farm Home Hints

By Ruth Current

Excellent dusting cloths may be easily made by placing squares of cheesecloth or soft cloths into a glass jar containing a small quantity of furniture polish. Allow the cloths to become thoroughly saturated with the polish then remove, allow the excess moisture to dry out, and excellent dusting cloths will have been created.

Walls and wood trim should be washed from the bottom up, because when water runs down a soiled wall it leaves streaks. It will not, however, stain a wall that has already been moistened and cleaned.

To be comfortable on house cleaning days dress comfortably; have music from the radio; plan for a rest period if you have lots

to do; renew your energy or change your pace by stopping to eat an apple, banana, or something light, or to drink a glass of fruit juice; change your shoes to rest the feet,

If you have stove-pipes, when taking them down place a paper bag over each end and the soot will not blow out into the room during the process.