

### NOT FAIR TO THE FARMERS

Returning from Wendell during Tuesday's heaviest rain, we decided to follow the dirt road south of the rock quarry to Zebulon, by way of Maupass Bridge. Object: To see for ourselves the condition of that particular road during inclement weather.

Confidentially, it was terrible. No blame is attached to the highway crews who labor—efficiently, we think, and so do most of the farmers we have talked to lately—to keep dirt roads in shape; bad weather simply tears the road to pieces, and it stays in pieces until it can be graded by a machine.

Other local roads, such as the Hopkins Chapel and old Raleigh roads, present the same difficulties to transit in time of snow and rain. Assuming that the State Highway and Public Works Commission is surfacing these secondary roads as rapidly as possible, there seems to be nothing to do except wait.

The only question remaining in the minds of most of us from rural areas is whether it is fair for vehicles owned by farmers living on these roads to have to pass the same mechanical tests as vehicles owned by city dwellers. Even if a car is in shape to pass the examination, the beating it takes on the way home from the state inspection lane may very well reduce it to its former unfitness for use on the highways of North Carolina—according to the North Carolina Legislature of 1947.

In effect the Legislature has failed its main purpose in enacting this measure, that of keeping improperly maintained vehicles off the highway; it is the opinion of local automobile mechanics that brakes will not stay properly set for longer than one week on unpaved roads such as ours.

Certainly some restrictive measure is necessary to prevent our highways from being overrun with brakeless vehicles with improper lights, but some concession should be made to people who live on dirt roads.

### STEEL UP, FARM PRICES DOWN

The day that steel rose \$4.25 a ton, hogs dropped another 25 cents a hundred. The steelmaker's dollar grew larger, while the farmer's dollar grew smaller.

It is of little immediate financial concern to the farmer whether the mill owner or the steelworker gets the extra \$4.25 a ton for the steel. What is of concern is the fact the farmer will have to pay more for his nails, his plows, his cultivators, his tractor. And this must be done with less money, no matter what his chief crop is, because all farm commodities have dropped sharply in the last few weeks.

It is high time the Truman Administration started spending less time thinking about our southern social life and more time thinking about our economic life. If another project of the administration—the Marshall Plan—is to succeed, our system must suffer no further dislocations such as a price rise in steel and a price drop in farm commodities.

### WE WILL MEET OUR QUOTA

The 1948 Red Cross Campaign for funds in Zebulon will be a success, with the quota of \$725 being attained and surpassed, if early efforts are criteria by which to judge. Vance Brown, for example, in his canvass of the business district, collected personally nearly half of the local quota, and other workers on Chairman Ralph Talton's staff are laboring with equal enthusiasm.

People of devastated areas who receive aid from the Red Cross will be grateful for our contributions, and there are many of us who were helped during the war by the organization—we are grateful to our neighbors for their help.

We remember the Red Cross camp we visited after a year of being shot at every day, and bombed every night. We remember the Red Cross gifts when we spent Christmas in an Espiritu Santo hospital. We remember the lunches the Red Cross made for long, dreary tactical air missions. And after the war we remember the starving Filipinos who blessed America for the Red Cross help given their starving children.

Yes, the Red Cross campaign in Zebulon will continue to be a success long after it is completed, when we think of the vast good our dollars and dimes are doing.

## The Zebulon Record

Ferd Davis ..... Editor  
Barrie Davis ..... Publisher

Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the post office at Zebulon, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.  
Subscription rate: \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on request.

## This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

It is astonishing to look around and remember how short a time has passed since everything outdoors was frozen stiff and covered with snow. When the snow melted there were hundreds of pointed buds of daffodils left sitting baldheaded and pale. They speedily began to expand, and on Saturday morning I picked the first blossom from our yard. By Sunday morning there were more than two dozen open. The yellow jessamine that lost its first blooms to the freeze has come again and the winter honeysuckle we call first breath o' spring is perfuming the air with its small white flowers. Flowering quince is glowing redly, though, like the jessamine and honeysuckle, it has no green leaves yet. Spring is almost here; but whisper it, or winter might hear and turn back to give battle.

This is the fourth leap year since this column first appeared. Sixteen years ago I published in it a list of bachelors of this community. I still enjoy remembering that Mr. Guy Massey helped me compile the list and how he came in chuckling one afternoon and told me to put the name of his son, G. C., Jr., with the others. When I said that G. C. might be

too young to be counted, Mr. Massey replied "Oh, he thinks he is a grown man. Put him in."

Unless my statistics are wrong, G. C. is the only living man on that list who has not married. Mr. Jesse Kilpatrick died a bachelor. But would you believe that of all those marriages not a bride ever said one word of thanks to This, That and the Other?

It seems that Catholics are doing more than others in emphasizing their censorship of moving pictures. The latest American Legion Magazine has an article in which the writer tells of a priest standing near the door of a theater taking down names of those he knew who were going in to see *Forever Amber*—and I thoroughly agree with their disapproval of showing this book on the screen. The priest's action must have brought results, for only sixteen dollars' worth of tickets were sold that night.

Just at the time I find myself more interested in Hawaii's plea for statehood than any other governmental matter. For so long this territory has wanted to be one of the United States and has been thought by our Congress unready for that privilege. I am wondering how we shall feel if Hawaii does this year become the

forty-ninth state; for we have persisted in regarding it as foreign soil. At least, that goes for us who have not been there. Should we have the new state it will mean two senators and two representatives from Hawaii in Congress; and I am not quite sure how much added responsibility. I know the stars on the flag will need rearranging; but seven times seven will look most symmetrical.

When do you suppose Alaska will expect to become a state?

As political pots in this state begin to go from simmering to a bubbling boil I find it all more and more puzzling. How in the world does a candidate or a would-be candidate have any definite idea of whether he will come out ahead? That would be hard enough for me to judge, if we had two strong parties instead of one too much in the lead to pay much attention to the other. And with nearly all the hue and cry in the Democratic ranks the situation is confused beyond my understanding. Although knowing fairly well how my own vote will be cast, I shall have little notion of what the majority wants until election returns are made public. Which helps to prove me no politician nor the daughter of one.

## Around the Town

With the Democratic primary rapidly approaching, conversation centers more and more of the political races that are developing in our county and state. It is interesting to walk about and question friends about their choice of candidates for various offices. The answers are sometimes other than definite. For example:

Monday I asked a friend of mine who he thought would be our next governor. He meditated a minute and thoughtfully answered: "I think he'll make a good one."

"Who will?" I asked. "Do you mean you're going to vote for Scott, or Johnson, or Albright, or Barker, or whom?"

He thought a bit longer and then answered, "Well, yes."

"Yes, what?" I asked, slightly confused.

"Yes, I think you're right," he replied, and then walked off toward the drug store before I could say anything else.

That's just about as close as I have gotten anyone to definitely commit themselves. Seems like most people are satisfied to sit around a while and keep their

opinions to themselves and avoid a lot of arguments.

I knew one candidate who thought the best way into office was to offend no one. So he decided to take no sides, avoid all controversies, and generally keep as quiet as possible, depending on his Pepsodent smile and Ivory handshake to win the election. "I'll meet the issues as they arise," he proudly announced. So far the only issues he has met have been the latest issues of *Esquire* when it appears on the newsstand. And he didn't get elected.

Heard at Raleigh the other night: a statesman wants to do everything he can for his country; a politician wants his country to do everything it can for him.

Willie B. Hopkins quoted Pou Bailey as saying that an excellent rule for conduct is the following: Before doing anything ask yourself these two questions, "How will it affect me?" and "How will it affect my neighbor?" Willie B. says this world would sure be a lot better place if everybody would just do that.

The Red Cross Drive is now in

full swing, with volunteer workers giving their time and effort toward collecting money for the wonderful work Red Cross is doing all over the world. Thinking of Red Cross reminds me of the Red Cross girl who would drive 65 miles up from Foggia to deliver doughnuts to us as we returned from a mission over Austria. Still in our flying clothes, we would wolf down the doughnuts and scald our throats with black coffee. Both the doughnuts and coffee were delicious, but what we really appreciated was a chance to look at a real honest-to-goodness American girl! After we had disposed of all there was to eat, the Red Cross girl would pack up the cups and boxes and bounce back to Foggia. Your contributions to the Red Cross made it possible for weary flyers to find a bit of brightness after a grueling mission. Your contributions made the plight of wrecked families easier. Your money is helping the victims of tornadoes and floods. The work of the Red Cross must go on. It's your money and my money that makes it possible, so dig, brother, and let's keep it going.

—Barrie S. Davis

## Farm Home Hints

By Ruth Current  
State Home Demonstration Agent

See your house as others see it. Try looking at the back, front, and sides of your house from the outside and see what others see. Do the windowshades and curtains need straightening? Are the grounds neat? Next, enter the front door as if you were a stranger and take a quick but all-inclusive glance around. Thus in actually seeing your house as others see it, you may at the same time note some changes

which you, seeing through their eyes, will want to make.

Shoe pockets, when hung on the inside of a cleaning closet door, provide a useful container for many small articles such as dust-cloths, whiskbrooms, and clothes brushes.

To prevent chipping china a rubber mat placed on the drain-board of the sink will act as a china protector.

Nails and screws can readily

be seen and found if stored in glass jars. Small boxes equipped with divisions are splendid also for separating different sized nails and screws.

A shopping bag hung on a hook in the pantry may be used as a container for folded pieces of wrapping paper, paper bags, balls of twine, and a pair of scissors. The contents of such a bag moreover, are surprisingly useful if placed conveniently at hand.

(Continued on Page 6)