

So Much with So Little

Next Tuesday at Wakelon School Dr. A. C. Bulla, Wake County Health Officer, together with Mrs. Ida Hall and other associates in the Health Department, will conduct another pre-school clinic for the benefit of children expected to enter school in September.

Dr. Bulla began this work more than twenty years ago, and has continued each year to see that Wake County school children are physically and mentally fit to start to school—to the little folks an undertaking which appears of gigantic proportions.

Many of us who have children attending the clinic on March 16 were ourselves examined and vaccinated by Dr. Bulla before we entered the first grade. From actual experience then, as well as from observation, we realize the value of the project undertaken and to this day successfully carried on by the Wake County Health Department.

Knowledge of what has been accomplished with so little in the way of financial support makes us wonder how much might be accomplished if adequate funds were available for the promotion of better health!

The Two-Headed Turtles

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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 sizable reserve exists in the highway department. To call a bond election while that huge surplus lies idle would simply be a waste of money.

Hats Off to the Ladies

The Wakelon girls' basketball team, runners-up to Cary for the Wake County championship, damaged not at all our feeling of pride in them by their loss in Gore Gymnasium Monday night. Rather we were pleasantly surprised that a team which last year was only run-of-the-mill should do so well. They lost only to an older, more experienced team.

Even more evident than their ability has been their sportmanship, which in itself is reason enough for inter-scholastic sports. We doff our hats to the young Ladies—spell it with a capital 'L'—of Wakelon School and their capable coach, Fred Smith.

The Zebulon Record

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Robert Davis, my husband's brother, has a method of serving apples that is different from that of any one else I know.

Robert peels and cores the apples, slices them crosswise on a plate, sprinkling the slices very lightly with salt. He gets tooth-picks for those who prefer sticking them into slices for eating; but you have the privilege of using your fingers; and if you're like me, you'll never know when to quit reaching for another slice as you read or play a game or just talk.

Did you ever try grating Irish potatoes for frying? Handle them as lightly and gently as possible and fry them before they have time to turn dark. Drop a spoon-full at a time onto a hot griddle that holds about 1-4 deep fat. They brown quickly. Turn them once and sprinkle with salt as they are put on the serving dish. If carefully done the little cakes are thin and lacy-looking at the edges, and have a really different taste. Use no flour or meal; just the grated potato.

My husband and I have an intermittent argument about gardening. He has always had a garden when he had even sand to put seeds in and feels it would be unthinkable to try doing without one of some sort. I say if we have to

hire all the work done, it will be a costly project and we'll lose money on it. Why, one time it cost us nearly ten dollars to get our butter-bean vines equipped for proper climbing and running, and that's only a small fraction of making a garden. Plowing, planting, cultivating, staking, will add up with frightening speed and to frightful totals with wages what they are now.

It is not that I don't want our own vegetables, or am unwilling to help grow them. But I do hate to work myself to a frazzle and still lose on it.

However, I do mean to have a few tomato plants, some broccoli and some winter squash.

While sugar was rationed my one and only cake pan with a spout rusted. It was a cheap one, and too small anyway. But when I decided to bake a loaf cake recently there was no suitable pan. I had a casserole of just the dimensions the recipe called for, and thought I might use a small tin can in the middle to serve for a spout. The can would slip as the batter was poured in, so I partially filled it with little rocks. All should have been well; but the cake rose higher than directions called for, and when it was taken from the oven the top was smooth all over. I had to slice off enough to find my can—and all the little rocks were buried in cake, and I

hated losing that much.

We have been trying to find one of those spouted pans, but have failed. We used to call them cake moulds. Some were fluted, some eight-sided and some plain round, but nearly every house-keeper had several. I hope they come on the market again.

An expert on cakes told me that sometimes angel food falls because the sides of the baking pan are too smooth. She said this cake is so delicate in texture it needs something to cling to when rising; and that it is a good plan to rub the mould lightly with rough steel wool, if it seems perfectly smooth inside.

Some women, aided and abetted by some men, are clamoring for equal rights in drinking liquor. They declare that a woman has as much right as a man to enter a saloon, or whatever name it bears, and stand there drinking the intoxicant of her choice. One of the statements made is that woman's appearance in such places has a "refining and ennobling influence."

All right, or all wrong. However, I stand by the assertion that the few drunken women it has been my misfortune to see showed very little of either refinement or nobility. Of course I didn't see them in saloons, and that may make a difference.

Readers Forum

One of Kerr Scott's most ardent supporters for Governor is his preacher, the Rev. N. N. Fleming of historic Hawfields Presbyterian Church, which Kerr Scott joined as a boy 40 years ago and of which he is now a ruling elder.

Just as soon as the Reverend Fleming heard that Kerr Scott had consented to run for Governor he sat down and wrote a letter to many of his friends in the church. He has kindly consented to publication of this letter in order that people all over the State may know how Kerr Scott stands in his church.

His letter follows:

Recently one of the leading Presbyterian Ministers of our southland, a resident of North Carolina, asked this question, "Is this man Scott who is running for Governor an Elder in your church?" We replied, "He is." "Then I'm going to vote for him."

It occurs to me that some of your friends might ask something of the same questions, so I just wanted to furnish you with an answer as to how "good he is."

Well, he is Presbyterian by in-

heritance. Over a hundred years ago one of his grandparents was clerk of Hawfields Session. His father, Robt. W. (Farmer Bob) Scott was Deacon, Elder, Trustee of this church, originator of our Cemetery Endowment Fund, and leader in all forward work of our church. Kerr Scott's mother was a Presbyterian by birth from Eno, sister church of Hawfields.

W. Kerr Scott joined Hawfields when he was just a boy, over 40 years ago, has been Deacon, Church Treasurer, has taught a Sunday School class, Trustee of the Church since 1929, Ruling Elder since 1933, Trustee of our Endowment Fund which he started in 1929, Chairman of our Fellowship Building Fund in which he was the prime mover.

He has repeatedly represented our Church at Presbytery, of which he was Moderator in 1941, at Synod, and was sent as Commissioner from Orange Presbytery to the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church in 1939.

When he became Commissioner of Agriculture I expected his interest to somewhat diminish. I

have been gratified (and so wrote him several years ago) at his regular attendance upon Sunday School and Preaching Services, and especially that he seldom misses our monthly Business Meeting of the Officers. It has been during this time that he has been Moderator, has gone to the Assembly, and has started and promoted our Building Fund.

For the benefit of the women I would like to add that Mrs. Scott, (whose father, Mr. J. R. White, was for years a Ruling Elder in our Church) has been a partner with Mr. Scott in the work of the Church. She has served as President of our Woman's Auxiliary, as Historian of our Church, as a teacher in the Sunday School, has been a member of the Executive Board of the Presbyterial, and is now a member of the Synodical Executive Board.

I personally thank you for any support you can give Mr. Scott and believe you will be doing the State a service when you help elect him to the office of Governor.

I am, Sincerely yours,
N. N. Fleming

Farm Home Hints

By Ruth Current
State Home Demonstration Agent

A large market basket provides a handy container in which to keep cleaning supplies. Soap powder, polishes, cleaning cloths, small brushes, and other articles are conveniently stored in one place.

To keep tools and nails from rolling off the top of a stepladder, simply nail a strip of inner tube around it in such a manner that it will form a shallow tray.

It is always a shock to look at the calendar and realize that

some friend's birthday or anniversary has just passed and you have neglected to send a gift or a card.

Here then is the solution: Before tacking up a new calendar at the first of each year, go through and encircle in red the dates for all the special birthdays and anniversaries. Then as the days and weeks and months pass, the red circles will serve as reminders and no friends will have been forgotten.

The bottom of the scouring powder can will not leave rust marks

on bathroom fixtures if it is dipped in hot paraffin.

A yearly weeding out of worn-out kitchen utensils, and other odds and ends, will get rid of dust collectors, save extra work and valuable storage space.

The hardy climbing varieties of roses, those which bloom only in the spring, should be pruned immediately following the period of flowering.

Turkeys are usually kept in a brooder house during the first six to twelve weeks. After that time they may be placed on the range.