

Thank You, Mr. Cooley

Southern farmers are gratified to know that at long last a vote will be taken in the U. S. House of Representatives to determine whether the unjust and discriminatory tax on margarine will be ended. Local farmers are pleased that the guiding light in this action has been the Honorable Harold D. Cooley of the Fourth Congressional District.

Mr. Cooley has labored long and diligently to obtain the signatures of 218 members of the lower house on a petition requesting the vote—this after the Republican members of the House Agricultural Committee had acted to prevent the bill from coming to a vote of the representatives. He has proved himself to be representative of the people in name and deed.

In the event of repeal of the present discriminatory tax law, Southern farmers who grow cotton and soy beans will be placed on the same competitive basis as northern and western dairymen, and our economy will be considerably strengthened. Small wonder that we expect Senators Umstead and Hoey to be as zealous in working for the repeal of the tax by the Senate as Mr. Cooley has been in the House.

Home Building

Construction of new homes in Zebulon continues, not at a phenomenal rate, but nonetheless soundly. And still practically every new home is to be owned by its occupant; we are remaining free of the opprobrium of a "tenant town."

It takes some little courage to build just now, with building costs high and strong prospects of reduced farm income this year and next. Certainly anyone willing to pay today's prices for a structure wants a home and not just a house.

In any event we are glad to see the new buildings. More property is being added to the tax books, thereby providing more revenue for civic improvements, and the value of existing property is enhanced by the present construction. And there can be little real business progress in Zebulon without an increase in population.

Rotary Club Honored

The Zebulon Rotary Club received a double honor at the recent 189th District Conference in Raleigh when Ralph Talton, local president, was selected to speak at a plenary meeting of the participating clubs, and the Zebulon unit received the Governor's Award for Club Service, which committee was served by J. Raleigh Alford as chairman.

These twin recognitions speak well for the high regard in which the local club is held by other North Carolina Rotarians, and speak well for the community as a whole; for a civic club which has service as its theme cannot help itself without helping the community.

A Poet Turns Uncommunist

Some people hold that poets are by nature antisocial. Certainly they are rebels against the routine, the complacent, the dogmatic. They dream the dreams society rejects. To this degree their poetry is, in Matthew Arnold's words, a "criticism of life."

Which brings us to the young Czech poet, Ivan Blatny, who recently deserted the Communist Party because it gave Czechoslovak poets "a list of themes for our poems." Like others of his kind, Mr. Blatny wanted a revolution and got a police state. Allowed by an imperfect democracy to protest its imperfections, he finds that his dreamed-of new order has arrived with all of the imperfections and none of the freedoms of the old. Rebellion, it appears, now leads to the right instead of the left.

Men of action on both the right and the left will find this skittish game of now-I-am-now-I-am-not-a-Communist arrantly irresponsible. They may be right. Yet society needs its gadflies—even a Socrates could rejoice in that name and pay the price for it in the condemnation of the outraged Athens. To criticize the actual in the light of the ideal is one of the important functions of the artist and intellectual, but Mr. Blatny, like many another, has learned his mistake in confusing the ideal with the actual.

—Christian Science Monitor

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davs

The very loveliest flower arrangement I have had this year from our yard has some sprays of apple bloom from the winesap tree that needed pruning, but didn't get it, some white blossoms from the pearl bush, some of the very first pale yellow Banksia roses and four purple lilacs. Either to look at or to smell it is wholly satisfying.

Mrs. J. K. Barrow has azeleas, rhododendrons and other shrubs in that pine grove back of her home and they are beautiful. She has lily of the valley blooming there, too, and is putting out spring flowering bulbs under the trees. Where the Whitley and Barrow grounds join at the back of the houses, each complements the other in a way that makes a lovely picture.

Mrs. Barrow was having cottonseed meal put around all the flowers Tuesday, saying it is about the best fertilizer she has tried.

For some reason the waxwings were unusually late coming by this year. I've seen them in February, but they stayed south this spring till April, except for a few that hurried back earlier.

Last Saturday they arrived in full force and cleared the berries from the ligustrums before the mockingbird really got to fighting. When the waxwings went to work on the hollies the mocker was frantic. He flew back and forth, shrieking with rage and swooped down like the day of wrath. At first the timid waxwings would flee to a distance; but they must have held a caucus and reconsidered.

On Monday they divided forces, one group thronging the largest holly tree, which is at the side of our house, the other flock taking the tree between the woodshed and garage. No mocker could efficiently patrol two trees such a distance apart; so while one lot of waxwings fed the others would be flying from the attack. They got so they would go only a little way—to an apple or pecan tree—and would hurry back as soon as the coast was clear. By Tuesday morning all the berries were gone from the big tree except the ones nearest the kitchen windows, and by ten o'clock all those were eaten and some birds were even feeding on berries that had fallen to the ground. I had never seen waxwings do that before.

In the early afternoon they cleansed the smaller tree and departed. I saw the mocker, tired and frazzled looking, sitting on

a low branch of the crabapple tree. He was not singing nor quarreling, but distinctly drooping. I think he had a genuine case of combat fatigue; but I wasn't mean enough to laugh aloud at him. He turned, gave me an indignant look, and flew wearily to another tree. I haven't heard a sound from him since.

You may have heard the expression, but I had not; and when Edna Allman jokingly used "sprung clean" as the past tense of spring cleaning it amused me greatly, though I have not sprung clean this year.

If you want to try some of those new cake recipes that are coming out in advertisements in many magazines, don't be afraid to substitute a mixture of butter and lard, melted, for any of the patent shortenings named in the recipe you use. The one calling for orange and lemon juice and soda instead of milk and baking powder is very good indeed.

Hearing me speak several times of "new" recipes, my youngest son asked how often one uses a set of directions before they are not new. I am not certain, but think it is when you have become enough accustomed to it to go ahead with part of your mind on something else.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl Bjork

To the passer-by who never enters our business district, the most imposing building in the town is the Baptist Church. A sentinel without voice but expressing thought and imposing the weight of the touched conscious, the stately pillars rise and the windows glisten.

I like to think of the hand that laid the first brick in the building.

Upon and around that lone brick appeared others; rising, ever rising, until by industry and design the beauty formed and the dream stood in solid materials.

Nations rise like that. In lone hearts the throb of liberty excites to zeal; the voice cannot be silent, and others hearing add to the cry for nobler things. They stand together, and at last the kingdom is born and seen. Our nation arose like that.

Only a few at first. Then added thousands; millions, and at last a people molded by a common purpose, explicit to the world, and a glorious consumation of hope.

We are the people that attract the passing nations of the earth as the lovely church catches the eye of the motorist.

"A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty." -Franklin.

The fine catches of fish in local ponds during the past few weeks causes me to wonder why the local streams are not stocked with some species of trout in this area.

While in Mississippi, I caught a species of trout out of small spring fed, sandy bottomed, tributaries to the river. In Florida, they had a species of fresh water trout in many of the streams that flowed into the Gulf.

Some of our streams look clear enough, cool enough, protected enough, pure enough, and large enough, to propagate brown or black trout.

Moccasin Creek, especially between Wakefield and Pierces looks like a likable spot to try a few hundred fingerlings. If they can catch trout on Staten Island; in Philadelphia; on Connecticut marsh lands; an attempt should be made to secure a planting near Zebulon of this fish which cannot be surpassed for food or sport.

There are six different kinds of soil within a radius of two miles from Pilot. Pilot Village itself rests entirely upon Durham Sandy Loam. So does Social Plains also. But the large variety of soils are all sandy but of several kinds of texture and adaptability for crops.

I heard recent that there was only one type of insanity that could be inherited, and if some of the rulers of the earth continue to follow in The Austrian's Footprints, it may have been hidden in some Russian families.

The price of gasoline to run our gasoline-eating third rate cars seems too high to me. In some places, I understand that it is over thirty cents per gallon. I have paid twenty-nine, which was the high-test variety.

Some states sell gasoline for considerably less than other states.

For instance, states with lower gasoline tax, and speedy accessibility to refineries, sell for less.

However last summer I bought gasoline for twenty-three cents a (Continued on Page 5)

More Scout Patrols

A year ago Troop 40, Boy Scouts of America, had one Scout from south of the railroad. And when Life Scout Rod Horton started working late each day and could not attend the meetings, not a soul from south Zebulon was taking an active part in Scouting.

Gradually Bobby McGee, who carries the News & Observer in the wee small hours of the morning and the Raleigh Times in late afternoon, became interested in Scouting. Hard work brought him his Tenderfoot Badge and he was taken into the Wolf Patrol.

As the weeks went by, Bobby

took a greater interest in Scouting. He went on overnight camps, returning to Zebulon in time to travel his newspaper route before Sunday School on Sundays.

But, because he lived across town from the other Scouts in the Wolf Patrol, he found it hard to find time to work with them. So one day he decided to organize his own patrol.

Today Bobby McGee heads the Rebel Patrol, a hotbed of Scout activity in Troop 40. Lawrence Liles helps as assistant patrol leader, and new recruits include Charles Hardison, H. H. Bryant,

Lowell Liles, and Doug Cooke. Alton Temple, who started in Scouting with the Rebels, recently was released for transfer to the Wolf Patrol.

Somebody ought to get together with would-be Scouts in Wakefield and organize a patrol or, better still, a troop. There are five Scouts of the Zebulon troop who live in or near Wakefield who could form the nucleus of a new outfit. No better leaders can be found than Billy Joe Bailey, John Phillips, Johnny Joyner, Ben Allen Rhodes, and Wayne Bobbitt.