

The Letter Got Results

We have recently been forcibly reminded of the parable of our Lord in which a foolish servant was condemned for not having used wisely a sum of money entrusted to him by his master.

The people of North Carolina are now aware of the sorry state of affairs which long permitted millions of dollars of the people's money to stand idle in North Carolina banks, serving chiefly the purpose of the enrichment of the fortunate few in order to advance the campaign of the self-proclaimed "rich man's candidate."

Despite almost universal criticism of his conduct, the Treasurer of North Carolina failed to take any action which might correct the situation, and, incidentally, effect a saving for the taxpayers of North Carolina, apparently being adamant in his belief that a few wealthy supporters might offset at the polls the influence of North Carolina's millions of little men.

Action more direct than criticism of the State Treasurer therefore was necessary. The following letter was sent last week by the editor of The Zebulon Record to Mr. Charles Johnson:

We notice that you have turned over to a Republican leader of this State certain data relative to where you have deposited funds belonging to the people of North Carolina, and the conditions under which they were deposited.

We would not wish to impose an undue burden on you, having read that you went to a lot of trouble in compiling this data, but you undoubtedly kept a copy of this compilation, and we would appreciate it if you will furnish us with such a copy.

If you have the time to spare, we would also appreciate your explaining briefly what steps you took to get the General Assembly to direct that all State funds, with the exception of those necessary to pay current operating expenses, be invested in interest paying bonds, after the Federal Reserve Board directed that interest could not longer be paid on demand deposits.

And, again, if you have time to devote to it, please point out which of the deposits listed have been carried as inactive deposits—that is, have been permitted just to lie in the banks, insofar as the taxpayers are concerned, without any withdrawals over a long period of time.

What, in the light of your experience, has been the length of time required to convert a government bond into cash, and what loss, if any, is involved in turning government-interest-paying bonds into cash.

Mr. Johnson's reply was unsatisfactory. The requested figures were disturbing. Both the reply and the factual information are presently being carefully studied.

The visible results of the letter, on the other hand, have been gratifying. Almost immediately after the release to the press and radio of the letter to the State Treasurer, Governor Cherry called an executive session of the Council of State. The Council of State thereupon directed Mr. Johnson to invest \$15,000,000 of the idle cash of North Carolina taxpayers.

The effect of this action on the pocketbooks of the people is even more gratifying. If, as stated in the original press release of the action of the Council of State, the fifteen million dollars returns 1.8 per cent interest, \$270,000 is saved the people of North Carolina each year.

Admittedly \$270,000 is a small sum in comparison to the millions of dollars of State money on deposit in North Carolina banks, but it is a lot of money to us ordinary folks.

For example, \$270,000 would provide a ten-dollar a year raise for 27,000 North Carolina school teachers, enough to buy a pair of good shoes, even in these days of inflation.

\$270,000 would do a lot of other good things. It would provide North Carolina with 27 such buildings for vocational agriculture students and veteran farm trainees as is now being erected at the local school—after months of effort by the Wake County Board of Education to find the necessary funds for its construction.

\$270,000 would provide home economics students with 2,000 electric stoves for five years on the same basis as the newest range placed in the local home economics building. (A local citizen had to donate the stove in this case; no state or county funds were available for the purchase of this range.)

\$270,000 would even diminish to some extent the sales tax, a levy about which Mr. Johnson has said nothing can be done.

But the most striking use to which \$270,000 might be put this year—and the use which most impresses and appalls the free voters of North Carolina—is the attempted purchase of an election.

The Zebulon Record

Ferd Davis Editor
Barrie Davis Publisher

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This, That and the Other

Mrs. Foster Finch was kind enough to check the hot milk cake recipe by the one she kept when it was first printed in this paper; and she says it is correct as given last week, except that the original called for two teaspoonsful of butter. So it goes: One cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, two eggs, one-half cup boiling milk with the butter melted in it. Any flavoring preferred may be used, and you may or may not use the pinch of salt.

Will some one who knows more than I tell me whether flour may be mixed in an angel food cake with an electric mixer, or if it must always be folded in by hand. I do better on devil's food than angel food.

It is with real gladness that I mention the plant exchange which will be held at the Woman's Club at the May meeting. They will not hold a flower show this spring, but plan to resume this later.

Knowing Zebulon gardeners as I do, it is safe for me to say there will be many, many flowering plants and shrubs at the clubhouse for giving to those who want them. Every person who is interested in growing flowers in plants and shrubs at the club-others. If you do not have anything to exchange, you are the one most wanted there; for those whose gardens are well on the way want to help you begin. The date is May 18. You will find further mention of this from week to week until the appointed day.

The paragraphs above were written before tonight — Wednesday. Just as I had finished the supper dishes and was coming to the typewriter our phone rang. My nephew, Ross Nichols, was calling from Rustburg, Virginia to tell me of the death of my sister's husband, Giles Thomas of Gladys, the oldest member of our family since our mother died.

I was not eighteen when Giles and my sister were married; and tonight, thinking back through the years it is good to be able to say that not once since he became my older brother did he ever say or do one thing that might wound or hurt. More and more I am realizing that memories may be pleasure or pain; paradise or purgatory. —Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

Should I be seated for sometime, and think hard enough of certain characters, there are several who produce some form of acid stomach within me.

There was one undertaker.

His name was Gerald, and he surpassed other embalmers in doing the worst thing at the best moments.

I had one mortician who fell through the floor of a front porch because he was too headstrong and insisted on carrying one end of a huge casket. Kind friends lifted the heavy box from his prostrate form.

And another who failed to place planks about the rim of the sandy grave, into which the sober pallbearers plunged with their late relative; one grotesque combination of scrambling and clinching.

But Gerald came to me one day requesting that I bury from a town church a fellow townsman of whom I knew little save his name and age.

Very deftly, and with skill, I advised Gerald not to bolster his nervous tantrums with spirits; no, not even a few sips.

He solemnly promised to be stone sober.

Came the day of the funeral, and from Gerald came the odor of divers liquors and breath sweeteners.

During the funeral services, he retired to the basement.

Sometime while the service was in progress, there appeared one of the casket bearers before me to inform me that Gerald was about as sunk in gin as he ever was.

After some consultation, I asked him to find three certain men in the church. To these I gave instructions to lock Gerald in the church basement, and we would get along without his professional aid for the remainder of the day.

Thus we carried the casket to the cemetery, and thus we set it in its place for coverage.

And after the usual handshaking and visiting among many kin, all returned to their respective homes.

Gerald sobered up enough in a few hours, and was loosed from his prison.

In fact he sobered up enough to swear that he would have more than words with me.

Somehow or another, time cooled the incident, and at the very next funeral with Gerald, I rode in his car and we had to actually push it out of several mud holes while he insisted on steering it for us.

Yet Gerald was to his profession what some apples are to an orchard; just rotten in a small part.

Three names in this week's headlines:

(1) Harold Stassen.

I heard Stassen at a Baptist Convention in Pittsburg. He is a

Deacon in his local church, and thoroughly active there. Somehow he occupies the liberal trend in his party, which carries a true measure of progress for the ordinary citizen. He may be the next President of our nation. I believe that he would make a better chief executive than the other Republican candidates.

(2) John L. Lewis.

Frankly, John L. was not in the error during this recent miner's fracas. The decision, all in the miner's favor, shows that the operators have admitted their failure to play fair with the men who toil beneath the earth. He has done the wrong thing often as far as national expediency is concerned, but rarely as far as his fellow miners are.

(3) Charlie Johnson.

His family down Pender way thoroughly believe that he is to be the next Governor, and quite a few Burgawans have spent money on him. Yet even in Burgaw, which he rarely visits, there are many who question his success. Despite the effort to dislodge the accusation, most still think of him as the "machine man."

One cheerful aspect of the spring atmosphere beside turned soil, pretty trees and blooming flowers, are the new homes being erected in Zebulon and vicinity.

They add a cheerful and optimistic cosmetic to the face of the town.

Seen and Heard

We went out the other Sunday to see W. O. King, who was kind enough to show us around his farm. King, who has served the Whitestone A. F. & A. M. Lodge as secretary for some time, purchased the old Stanley Horton homeplace about ten years ago, and has made the farm a joy to behold.

We were certainly impressed with his methods and his equipment. Diversification has a real meaning for this farmer and his wife, who grow their own food—and plenty of it!

He discussed at some length, with Mrs. King agreeing, the advantages of rural life over city life; they have both experienced city life with all its pleasantness (Mr. King is the son of a former Durham city engineer, and she—to use her own words—is a "city girl").

We'll have to go along with them

in their belief that they are enjoying life to its fullest just now; it was a pleasure just to look over their farm. To have and hold must then be wonderful.

L. R. Temples told of an interesting experience on his farm the other day. He noticed a group of guineas acting peculiarly in a honeysuckle patch, and decided to investigate. There he found a guinea nest with 36 eggs in it.

"I've found guinea nests with over 40 eggs in them," Mr. Temples said, "but every single one of those three dozen eggs were good."

In our opinion that's something of a record in these parts.

Having printed *Old Gold and Black*, Wake Forest student newspaper, for a dozen years or so, we had had a splendid opportunity to observe the students in action.

One thing has impressed us through the years: the intense interest in student politics. Just this week they have concluded a campaign in which stunts and deals have been pulled which make mere laymen like ourselves gasp. If you think Wake County politics take their politics seriously, you ought to see some of the Baptist students in action! They put all their energy into their task, whether they are for some candidate or merely ag'in him.

We might even go so far as to say that the school has served as a training ground for some of our ablest politicians of today. Certainly the list of Wake Forest men who now are active in this phase of public life is long and imposing: To mention only a few, they are J. M. Broughton, "Stag" Ballentine, J. Wilbur Bunn, Brandon Hodges, Leroy Martin, the elder and younger R. N. Simms.