

His Standard of Values

Last night Mr. Charles Johnson, the candidate for governor who is still holding on to the office of State Treasurer, took to the radio to assure the teachers and parents of North Carolina that he believed in better schools.

Such an assurance was certainly needed. Mr. Johnson did not even register in the recent special election held in Raleigh for the purpose of providing funds for educational improvement in Raleigh schools.

Mr. Johnson attempted to explain away his abandoned duty by stating that he was out of town campaigning for governor when the election was held, and did not want his vote to count against the proposed improvement. (The election carried, without his ballot.)

Under similar circumstances another candidate for North Carolina's highest elective office drove many miles to place his vote for better schools in Alamance County in the ballot box. Actions speak louder than words.

Which then does Mr. Johnson consider more important: his duty as a citizen or his campaign for governor?

Others Have Our Problem

Experience is a dear teacher, we were told this week, because one seldom learns from his own experience; he must see the success of others, and observe their failures in order to gauge properly the efficacy of his own efforts.

We were, then, impressed yesterday when we read of the trials and tribulations of the lettuce growers of the Salinas Valley of California. The growers there produce roughly a half of the lettuce sold in the United States and receive an average annual income of \$100,000,000 from the leafy vegetable.

The crop is a gamble. The farmer waits out rainfall there, hoping for dry weather in the east where his competitors operate; for if the weather is dry here, agricultural experts say, we eat more lettuce — and our own lettuce crop is poor.

This year the Salinas Valley farmers are losing their shirts. The eastern and southern lettuce crop has been better than usual, and the California growers are not able to realize production costs for their "green gold."

The situation was reversed last year, when a heat wave virtually wiped out the lettuce yield in New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina. California farmers realized \$108,000,000 from their crop. According to one agricultural expert, the folks out there had never had so much money in their lives.

"The expected then happened," the Californian continued. "The farmers made so much money last year, that they planted nothing but lettuce this year. The Salinas Valley is going to be a valley of desolation in 1948 as far as ready cash is concerned."

When asked what might be done to help the situation there the expert replied:

"The farmers out there are going to have to stop putting all their eggs in one basket. Diversification is the best answer to our problem, and so far as I can tell, it is the only answer."

The parallel which may be drawn in North Carolina is an exact one. We have long put all our eggs in one basket — that of tobacco. When tobacco sells high, we are rich; when it sells low, we are paupers. And as Californians must buck the competition of New York farmers and the farmers of eastern North Carolina, so we must fight the ever increasing competition of Canadian, Kentuckian, and British Empire tobacco growers.

Diversification is the answer to our problem, too. It is not yet too late to make a beginning this year. Put those acres to work — don't let us face the spectre of financial ruin as we have in the past, and as California farmers are doing today.

Business Helps Business

Home Builders Corporation, according to its management, is now open and ready for business. The company has, in fact, already begun work on three new homes, and has orders for many more.

The company represents a considerable investment, a creditable addition to the municipal tax books, and will help the community by providing jobs. This week, for example, twenty-six men were employed by the construction firm.

A more subtle asset provided by the concern is the providing of a means whereby other local businesses may grow. Many a local firm has been hampered in its expansion, not by a dearth of people willing to work for them, but by the lack of housing facilities for these employees.

The end effect is the same. Businesses remain small because of a lack of personnel required for expansion. With the construction of new homes in Zebulon for rental or sale, local manufacturing firms may be expected to increase their activities, with a resulting increase in volume of business and profit for local retail and wholesale outlets.

This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Every year the birds eat what few cherries our young trees bear, though every year I try to outwit them. It seems that even a bird brain is superior to mine, for they always see through my strategy.

This time I am following a suggestion that the trees be hung with something shiny that will rustle in a breeze; and the results look like abortive efforts at a Christmas tree. I made bows and rosettes of cellophane and hung them to the branches with strings, so that they dangle. The birds have scolded me roundly, and I have a feeling that before long I shall see them ignoring the decorations and concentrating on the cherries as usual.

Once more the daily papers are full of Mother's Day ads. Readers are urged to buy everything from garden tools to jewelry for the dear, sweet old ladies who bore them and guided their childish footsteps. I saw one plea for Mother to have a "neckless" — in which case she could hardly have any place for a necklace — and one advertiser advised "sandles."

Speakers next Sunday will have my sympathy as they try to talk or preach appropriately and steer a sane course between sentiment and sentimentality. This is hard

to do, requiring far more study and effort than it takes to get up and pour barrels of sloppy praise over all mothers. Anyway, I wish they'd talk specially to the young ones and leave alone those of us who have in some manner finished the task of rearing a family. It's too late to do us much good and those just beginning might be helped.

But who am I to tell a preacher how or what to preach or a speaker what to say? Go right on, brethren, and do as you please.

With the weather what it is, I keep thinking about the fish-pond on my brother's farm up in Virginia. It covers an acre of what used to be dry land and is fed by no spring or stream; only by the rain that falls in and around it. On three sides the land slopes and woods are on two sides and part of another. Depth of water varies from two feet at the edge to six or more in the center. The dam was built with soil scooped from the surface of the acre taken for the pond.

My brother said he was at first dubious when the State experts selected the site for the pond, but their judgment seems to have been vindicated. Rain water filled the pond and has kept it full, and the fish are thriving. But I still wonder whether the sandy soil of this section would hold water as does the clay of Campbell County.

Occasionally one or more lines of poetry will fill my mind and the words say themselves over and over until I can't see any peace for them. Today it has been the refrain that goes "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

In the poem the gentleman tells how he has roamed far afield, dancing, drinking, buying kisses, flinging roses riotously; he says he has forgot much, gone with the wind, (which is said to be where a certain long novel got its name), and generally misbehaving. Yet at the end of every stanza he declares to Cynara that in his own fashion he has been faithful to her. And that is what worries me.

I keep wondering whether Cynara forgave him, hoping that her shadow and her "pale lost lilies" might stay with him next time he felt like straying. I'm afraid she did. The Cynaras stand little chance against those who so poetically confess and entreat forgiveness; although one feels they are as much boasting as confessing. "In my fashion" is the big excuse for too many sins by those who claim to be individualists; and we are prone to offer it even when our fashion of being faithful is being unfaithful or our fashion of doing good, doing wrong. This kinship in spirit to Cynara's lover may be the reason I can't stop saying the lines in my mind

Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

The North Carolina press releases carry too often the sordid details of many cases involving self murder, or suicide. Such occurrences constitute news and may have a tendency to deter others in destroying self, but again too they may lead frustrated people toward the same solution for their seemingly insurmountable problems.

The word "suicide" is a combination of two words, "sui" and "cide", meaning to kill one's self. Thus suicide is as much murder in the moral law as homicide or fratricide.

True also that sympathy moves deeply upon those who have destroyed their earthly life but the biblical injunction that one should not kill ought to be thought of,

and the suicide noted as a vile murderer and a rebel against the giver and taker of life.

I have known several persons very intimately who have gone the way of self destruction, and I have buried quite a number with whom I was acquainted.

One winter's day there came to my home an elderly man. He introduced himself to me as the son of a minister who had been in the local church many years before. His request was that I give him the keys to the church that he might go in it, and see the familiar surroundings of his youth.

I drew aside the curtain and watched him ascend the church steps, unlock the door, and enter. Sometime later he returned the key, thanked me, and departed with no other word.

In about an hour I walked down

the village street and saw someone wandering through the town cemetery. Upon closer scrutiny I recognized this man. Of course, I supposed he was renewing the sights of his childhood, and went on my way.

The next day there came to my home a woman who told me that this man had been her brother, and that after returning to his home some fifty odd miles away, had committed suicide.

It seems that he had gone down to the village station when the passenger train was due to arrive. When the train was almost ready to halt, he leaped in front of it, and was literally ground to shreds.

She requested that I bury him from that church wherein he had been, and in the cemetery wherein he had walked.

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Mother

By Pattie Rue Denton, March 9, 1928

How sweet is the name of the one whose love
Is infinite and tender like His above;
Whose hands are willing tools to work for another;
Whom all mankind and creatures delight to call
Mother.
With reverence and tenderness that dear name is
spoken
With its power to comfort and heal hearts that
are broken.
In every land by every people her praise they unfold
Yet, the extent of her love can never be told.
Her brow is deep furrowed by long years of care;
Her bright eyes grow dim and gray is her hair;
The roses are gone from her cheeks and every day
She is one step nearer the time she'll pass away.
Perhaps she is young and filled with vigor and life,
And makes a wonderful mother, a sweet ardent
wife,
But her love is still there, unequalled by another;
For who loves and who suffers for mankind like
mother?
All mothers of bird, and beast, and the rest
Always are loyal and for their young do their best.
The instinct to protect in a true mother lives,

And she's quick to forget, every act she forgives.
Oh mother, who has often wiped baby tears away;
Oh mother, whose friendship will last away
Till the death angel calls and life's work is done;
The praise of thy name has only begun!
Thy name, it is sacred and the sound of it falls
On ears that shall love it 'til the death angel calls,
And thy dear form is laid beneath the damp sod,
To make beautiful and enrich the soil thou hast
trod.
To mother we owe our life and our pleasure,
To mother we owe all our joy without measure.
For she cares with a heart that is pure as gold,
With a tenderness, infinite, wonderful, untold.
Through all the dark days filled with longing and
care;
The comfort of Mother shall always be there,
And the earth shall be blessed where-ere she is
found
For her spirit of cooperation cannot be bound.
So here's to the mother, the lover of men,
And here's to the mother, the bar against sin.
May her life be a blessing to the world every day,
And grow stronger and deeper her love live away.