

Fighting Mud with Truth

The best that can be said for Senator Rivers Johnson's radio attack on the People's Candidate for Governor, Kerr Scott, is that it indicates the extent of Scott strength; for if the worst true statement the ring can make about Kerr Scott is that he is a dairy farmer instead of a tobacco farmer, they are hard up for campaign ammunition.

Certainly the malignant attack indicates that the Johnson backers have decided they cannot win the campaign on the basis of merit; instead they are mudslinging and issue-dodging. The state's leading Democratic newspaper yesterday was moved to remark:

"Candidate Johnson's decision to depart from his first primary style of campaigning apparently has been recent. Certainly it has occurred since May 30, the day after the first primary, for on that day he issued the following statement:

"I still contend that the people of North Carolina are more interested in good government than mud slinging. In my opinion the vote recorded last Saturday proves my position."

Two other accusations made by Senator Johnson against Scott are that he used gas during the war to drive from Raleigh to his farm at Haw River, and that he lowered the state restrictions against importation of milk so that milk might be shipped to North Carolina from the East and Midwest.

The Senator from Duplin stuck his neck out there, and asked that it be chopped off. He should have looked before he leapt; he could have very easily checked with the Raleigh YMCA to see how many nights during the war Kerr Scott spent there instead of driving to his farm on Haw River.

But he did not make this simple check.

WE KNOW HE DID NOT, BECAUSE WE DID. KERR SCOTT STAYED AT THE RALEIGH Y.M.C.A., OR A RALEIGH HOTEL EACH NIGHT THAT HIS SERVICES WERE NOT REQUIRED AT HAW RIVER, ROUTE 2, TO HELP PRODUCE MORE FOOD FOR OUR ARMED FORCES DURING THE WAR.

We know from personal experience that every man with land ought to have been producing more food during the war, because we have had to live on sea-biscuit and C-ration hash for weeks at the time — while fighting 18 to 20 hours a day. At the same time every issue of this newspaper carried advertisements and editorials asking farmers and gardeners to produce more food for themselves and their servicemen.

As for the other question, the restrictions against importation of milk were lifted because North Carolina was not able to produce enough milk to serve the Army and Marine camps at Fort Bragg, Camp Butner, Camp LeJeune, Camp Davis, Cherry Point, and other military installations in this state. We know about this situation from experience, too, because as \$21.00-a-month buck privates at Fort Bragg, we were mighty grateful for that half-pint of milk for breakfast each morning.

Even last year North Carolina consumed 60,000,000 more pounds of milk than the state produced, and Kerr Scott has labored incessantly to try to get Tar Heel farmers to produce more milk.

The whole matter boils down to a fighting of the smear brigade's tactics with the truth, and the free voters of North Carolina can rest assured that Kerr Scott will give them the truth. He always has, and he always will.

Be Careful with That Count

In the official counting of the ballots in the first primary, the State Board of Elections turned up a little error of 900 odd ballots in the report from Haywood County. The error was just a little mountain mistake in addition, the Board says. And nobody from the mountains to the sea wants to make any mountain out of a molehill about it.

Indeed, it may be just as well that it happened. A good many mountain men seem to be coming down to Raleigh to take a special interest in the second primary and it is good in advance to have this innocent error disclosed. It emphasizes the necessity that in the next counting the mountaineers and everybody else spit on their pencils in determination that there be no mistakes in counting the votes. The News and Observer

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

A household expert, giving advice last week, suggested that once a week we look around for cobwebs on walls, saying this will be often enough to keep the house clear of them.

Not our spiders! Why, if the ones we have didn't spin any faster than once-a-week cleaning would take care of, they'd be so ashamed they'd drop down to the floor and not bother to climb back up. And if I paid no attention to them save on seventh days, we'd all look as if we were wearing tattered and soiled veils.

Another of life's smaller worries is almost as hard to deal with as are cobwebs. I refer to those light, fluffy masses of lint that form from pity knows what all and float just ahead of the broom when you sweep. Some persons call them "dust kittens". My brother-in-law's mother called them "house moss." I call them a complete nuisance. A little moisture, a little oil on a dust mop, or a great deal of effort goes to the removal of these; and then more will be under bed and dresser by the time you get your hands washed.

But I have learned one thing that you may find helpful, though you probably will not like the idea. You know how hard it is to keep on hand enough wooden clothes hangers to take care of all

garments needing to be hung up in hot weather. You know, too, how prone the wire hangers are to leave spots of iron rust where there was perspiration around a collar. And the wire hangers are hardest of all to cover, as they slip out of place so badly. Some time when you are in a hurry and simply must have a covered hanger, slip and old sock over the wire, sticking the hook part through the heel. You'll be surprised to see how it fits, and you can poke in some stuffing if you fear lack of padding will leave marks on the clothing. Later, a neat cover can be made to take the place of this emergency aid, which is a sight to look at—or you may comfort yourself by saying pretty is as pretty does.

We have worried considerably about our premises this year; neither my husband nor myself being able to do very much toward keeping things in good order; and when a friend remarked one day this week that everything looks much more overgrown than formerly, we realized afresh how it all looks to passersby. And so when a young man, a stranger, tapped on the front door, and being admitted, asked solemnly, "Do you ever think of doing anything to your house?" I answered fervently, "Often and earnestly." What he wanted us to do was buy asbestos siding from his company. I felt

better to learn he had a reason other than curiosity for asking.

It was somewhat surprising to read that the harmonica is now recognized by composers as a real musical instrument, and that harmonicas are being used in symphony orchestra. They have a wider range of notes than the ones sold around here, and I suppose the orchestra will not use that number which imitates a train coming into the station; but the mouth harps will be there all right.

I wonder if those of us who lost loved ones overseas in the war have somehow held the feeling that if they had lived to come home, they would have been safe, and with us all the rest of our lives. Yet only last week my youngest son was called to Roanoke, Virginia, by the death of an Air Force comrade, Captain Jack Dunn, who went through the war as a fighter pilot, came home, enlisted with the Air Force as a reserve, and was killed in a collision with a plane piloted by another experienced flier when they were putting in time practicing. Since both were killed, no one knows what caused the tragedy. And he is lost to his wife and babies, his parents and relatives as surely as if dead in combat. Truly, wherever and wherever we may be, there is but a step between us and death.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

There was a certain man who dwelt nigh on to the Busy Village, and he falleth upon poor pickings. For behold he worketh one day in his tobacco barn and suffereth a deep scratch upon one of his good fingers. And the finger did grow by reason of the swelling, and he was in much pain.

Now there came by his farm one day a Poultryman by name, and he did sit down, and crosseth his legs.

And the man with a painful digit opened his heart unto him, and leaned upon him for sympathy.

And after he had unfolded his woes, the Poultryman did enquire as to why he did not visit a physician and seek the Balm of Gilead for his wounds.

Three reasons have I for that, saith the Farmer, and the last reason is the Big One.

Say on, saith the Poultryman. Friend, I may have a flat tire whilst speeding to the Docs, and it will hurt my sore finger to repair the blowout. Then I cannot leave

this tobacco barn, it may burn down while I loiter on the Village streets. But I am also thinking that the Doc doth charge me too many shekels. Yea, I think the last thought is the lost gear in my trip to the Dispenser of Pills.

What thinkest thou, Friend, he asketh the Poultryman.

Now the Poultryman had many a line on his brow, and he pointeth to the deepest one, and saith, Many years ago I desired to cull my Egg Bearers but I knew not how to do it. I heard it did cost many shekels to seek out good advice, so I did ask my best friend, the Hograiser. And he suggesteth to me that I listen to the Egg Bearers, and those that did not cackle should be sold.

Say on, saith the Farmer.

And so I sitteth upon the shady-side of the Henhouse day unto day, and each evening I gathered in the non cacklers for the morning market. And one day did I sit all day near the Henhouse and heard no singing within and I am highly happy for I have culled out the non Egg Bearers. But lo, and

behold, when I openeth the door to see the faithful carriers of The Egg, not one can be found.

And how is that, asketh the Farmer.

Friend, I had culled out all of the flock. I was no longer in the Egg Business and my wife was very wroth indeed and my whole year was given over to much misery. Ah, how sad, how sad it was.

And the Poultryman goeth his way after a few more words, and the Farmer sat in silence before the tobacco barn.

And not many days later there cometh by his barn the same Poultryman and he calleth, How farest thou, oh suffering man?

And the Farmer held up a finger much better, and with smiles did call back, I first did find advice in your lesson and the Doc has relieved me of a few shekels instead of my whole farm by reason of a severe case of blood poisoning, and I am much better.

Moreover as the Poultryman driveth away, he heareth the Tobacco Man singing, I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover.

He Was a Good Boy

By Barrie S. Davis

Lots of people, at one time or another, enjoy the friendship of a very close friend, someone in whom they can place special trust, can tell their troubles to. When I first enlisted in the Air Force, I was fortunate to be thrown in with Jack Dunn. We sweated our way through Cadets, won our wings, and took training in planes together. We marched, argued, flew, and looked over the women from Missouri to the southern tip of Florida.

When finally, over our loud protests, we were sent our separate ways, he to the Pacific and I to

Africa, we lost contact except for infrequent letters.

But I never forgot the debt of gratitude that I owed Jack Dunn for his help to me in the army—for being a wonderful guy.

Well, we both got through the war. And we both made plans for a reunion, a real get-together.

It never came about. Last week I received a telegram stating that "Captain John F. Dunn was killed in a crash in Roanoke, Virginia."

Like everybody, I refused to believe bad news at first. This couldn't have been Jack Dunn, the best doggoned pilot in the air! But it was. Two planes had crashed

together in the air. Two pilots had been killed as the battered pieces struck the ground. Captain John F. Dunn, flying with the Air Force Reserve, had been one of the pilots.

His folks came down from Laffin, Pennsylvania to help Kathryn, Jack's wife, straighten up his affairs. I flew to Roanoke last Thursday to see them. They were as I knew they would be. Very Irish, very nice, and marvelously brave. Having known their son, I felt that I had known them also.

As I played with Jack Dunn's two-year-old daughter, I talked

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