

Scott's One Great Promise

One of the many good reasons we have for supporting Kerr Scott for Governor is the fact that he does not engage in double-talk, making a promise of a job here and a road there in return for political support.

The one great promise Kerr Scott has made is that he will be the Governor of all the people, and will let some fresh air into the dusty, rusty state Capitol offices in Raleigh.

No one knows better than the people of Little River Township the absurd promises made by the machine. If they were all carried out, then the State of North Carolina would be bankrupt.

But the people will not be fooled. As Abraham Lincoln said, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

Most of the people are tired of extravagant promises and extravagant spending of their tax money to make good on a few of the most binding of the ring's commitments. This fact we know, and we believe that enough of the people are disgusted with machine politics to come and vote for their candidate, Kerr Scott, in the primary tomorrow, and let our State go forward with Scott.

The Machine Strips Its Gears

Visible evidence of the disintegration of the machine was given last Saturday when Don Elias, who came down from Asheville "to buy the election" — and we are quoting Johnson supporters there — threw up his hands in disgust, put on his hat, and went back to Asheville.

Wednesday night the Johnson headquarters said that Elias was working for Johnson in western North Carolina, but a check-up showed that the Asheville man had actually gone to Nova Scotia on a fishing trip, after a big fight among the ringleaders themselves.

A similar situation is visible in Charlotte. Mecklenburg County was carried by Johnson in the first primary, but now the people are mad because Jim Vogler was sold out by the machine. Several unbiased and able Charlotte farmers, newspapermen, and merchants told us Monday night that Scott will carry Mecklenburg County Saturday.

Another sign of the machine's despair is the urgent plea to banks for funds for Johnson's campaign this week. Banks with state money on deposit have been requested to send as much as they can to aid in the closing hours of the ring's effort.

A third indication of the ring's belief that the campaign is lost is the vicious mud-slinging the machine is trying to win with. The ring has good reason to worry, to despair; for tomorrow, if the vote is large, will be a great day for the people of North Carolina when they win with Scott.

The Republican Convention

The Republicans are holding quite a convention up in Philadelphia this week. Many people, including some of our staunchest Democrats, believe that Republicans are naming the man who will become the next President of the United States.

Be that as it may, we face with trepidation the thought of a Republican president. The depression and the dark days of 1931 and 1932 are too well remembered.

We feel much the same as a friend who listened to the Hoover address Tuesday night, and stated that the ex-President had made a good speech. Then he declared, "It's a pity the big Republicans can't do as well as they talk."

The Zebulon Record

Ferd Davis Editor
Barrie Davis Publisher
Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the post office at Zebulon, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription rate: \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on request.

This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

We frequently see evidence of jealousy in persons, in the lower animals, and in fowls. But I am beginning to believe that a garden, a peach tree and a plum tree are the most jealous and demanding of anything around a homestead. They want unceasing attention, and failing to get it, sulk and pout or pine away.

Just try to forget your garden while busy about other matters, and what happens? Every vine runs around complaining, every bean hardens, the cucumbers get seedy, the corn refuses to keep its ears clean, the greens all become regular toughies.

Peach and plum trees are even worse. They declare if they don't have spray it's a rotten shame; they are tired of holding on to a twig any longer and are ready to drop; that their feelings are hurt beyond repair, because they had a real crush on you—and they do, if you touch them.

Apples are much more sensible and less temperamental. They understand you can't be all things to all the place all the time, and do their best to wait their turn. For that reason, if for no other, they are my favorite fruit. That is, if I do the growing.

My husband has killed the five frogs that lived in and around our pool. And tiny insects are damaging the waterlilies dreadfully. We are wondering if the frogs could

have kept down bugs while they were in the pool. And too, we wonder what to use to prevent further damage. The goldfish complicate the problem, for we are not sure how sprays would affect them.

We have learned that two hills of squash are enough for a small family. I mentioned this to neighbor Whitley, and he said they, too, had found two hills furnish all the squash they want. Ours are the golden summer straightneck, but others would probably do as well.

And what is the use of gardening all over the place, when much less ground, made very rich, will answer the purpose? One might even water a few hills or rows of vegetables, if necessary for growth and balance it against time saved in hoeing. I am more and more in favor of a little plot, well tilled rather than a big one partially neglected.

In preparing for our family reunion last Sunday I was given three tips by men. Two proved most helpful.

Claude Dunn at City Market told me to cook potatoes separately when making brunswick stew and to mash them smooth. Then, when the really hard part of the job comes—that stirring at the last to prevent the meat and vegetables from sticking and scorching in the pot — stop the cooking and stir in the mashed potatoes till the

mixture is quite thick. It worked like a charm. The stew, when warm, could be eaten with a fork.

Son Barrie gave me the second tip when he saw me wrestling with the lid of a half-gallon jar of tomatoes meant for the stew, and suggested that I substitute tomato soup, which would do away with a good bit of liquid, since the canned soups require the addition of water before serving. Three cans of Campbell's saved a lot more boiling.

The third bit of advice was offered by grandson Jack Potter when on Saturday I asked that all mail be sent promptly in order for me to know who of the family were coming ahead of reunion day. He and Barrie didn't see why I needed to know, and when told it was that sleeping quarters might be made ready, Jack said: "You could save yourself work not fixing anything beforehand. Then, as they come in you could get beds ready and not have to make any unnecessary preparation."

That sounds altogether logical and efficient. But every housekeeper would know my reaction.

Finally, my friends, if you have not had a family reunion, have one. The older members have precious memories of past association and the young need to acquire them, if you would have the sense of family solidarity that I believe essential for our homes and our country.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl Bjork

Now it came to pass in those days that The Farmer who farmeth along the River Bottom did sit down with his wife at the morning table, and by and by he speaketh to her on this wise, I verily believe that our good province hath suffered long enough at the hands of servants too feeble to lay the corn away, and I also do believe that a youth should be the next Governor of this Tetrarchy of North Carolina.

And his good wife saith unto him, But how can this be done? Thou knowest not the age of those rushing toward the Mansion, and who can tell thee?

Now the River Bottom Farmer sippeth his coffee and smacketh his lips, and smiling replied, Does not the Camera tell the truth? Behold, here in the newspaper are the pictures of the men who aspire to a dizzy height in the affairs of the state. I shall scan the faces of them and together we shall judge the one youthful enough to have our vote.

Now his good wife made as if to open her mouth, but he raiseth his hand for silence, and she re-

membereth that she was to love, honor, and obey this Farmer, and she shutteth up like unto a clam.

And election day came, and the River Bottom Farmer voteth for the young looking man in the newspapers.

Now, not many days later, this Farmer is seated in the Corner Store doing a heavy day's labor on his farm, and another wearied man did ask him as to how and for whom he did vote.

For a young man, was his swift reply.

Ah, then Bill it was, saith this Wearied Man, for he is the only man of tender years in the race.

Indeed not, replied the River Bottom Farmer, it was for Phil. He is younger by many years than Bill, Gill, Paul or Saul.

Now this Weary Farmer did exert himself by leaning forward, and he saith, What causeth thee to think that Phil is the youngest in the whole outfit?

And the Voter-for-Phil answered, His face is the youngest of them all, and the camera lieth not, Bill Gill, Paul and Saul are much older looking than Phil.

Now this Weary Farmer laughed, and the Storekeeper laughed, and others might have laughed too had they been there for this Farmer saith in a loud voice to the River Bottom Man, My friend those faces belong to the runners but many years have passed since most were taken. Phil is the oldest man running, and he doth sport the oldest picture too.

And the River Bottom Farmer laughed a little, and thought a lot on how man can be fooleth by the passing of time.

So he returneth to his home.

And as he sat at the supper table that evening, he saith unto his good wife, Wife, learn thou a lesson. One must watch the egg, then the tiny bird, then the grown bird, to know its age. I did vote for Phil because he did publish a picture made when a youth, but behold, he is now an old man.

She smiled patiently, as she had done some seventy times seven times before, and her inner man held back the words which she should have said, I tried to tell thee but thou didst wave me down.

Odds and Ends

One of the chief topics of conversation here lately has been, of course, the weather. We have had quite a bit of hot weather, and the rain Tuesday was heavy and general enough to help crops considerably.

Another conversational piece has been the appearance of tobacco lice. As yet not many farmers are doing much about them, but they are scattered over a consider-

able area. What effect they will have on the crop this year remains to be seen.

The size of the vote tomorrow will probably determine who the next governor of North Carolina will be. Most Johnson and Scott supporters agree that if the vote is small, Johnson will be nominated; if it is large, Scott will win. In the first primary, when the

local township cast one of the largest votes in its history, Scott received 493 ballots, Johnson 238, and Albright 207. The Johnson supporters are trying to hold on to their original number and gain what they can from Albright, while the Scott workers are hoping to retain the decisive margin they held on May 29.

Most predictions of the total State vote run to about 350,000.