

Saturday Was a Great Day

Saturday was a great day for North Carolina. For the first time in history a man who ran second high in the first primary was nominated with a landslide victory. For the first time since 1900 a Governor was named against the opposition of professional politicians. The people spoke.

We believe that the nomination of Kerr Scott is the greatest forward step taken by the people of North Carolina since the Civil War. The Alamance farmer and businessman has the greatest opportunity for service any Governor has ever had — and Kerr Scott has the brains and intestinal fortitude to carry his go-forward program to completion.

The victory of the People's Candidate for Governor was not the result of support by any particular group or faction. Certainly he received the bulk of the farm vote, but his smashing success resulted from the support of merchants, school teachers, railroad and textile workers, tobaccoists — in short, the people.

No one will deny that a great many honest and respectable people voted for Charles M. Johnson. He need not be ashamed of the 180,000 ballots he received last Saturday. He made a gracious statement when he conceded defeat, saying that he would work as hard for Kerr Scott's election as he worked for his own nomination.

But the fact remains that the greatest single issue of the campaign — whether or not a little group of willful men would continue to name our chief state executive — was decided by the people. By their decision Scott has been given the opportunity for a new greatness, and we know that he will keep the faith.

We Should All Be Proud

Two years ago Wake County held a primary election in which only slightly more than 5,000 votes were cast. In May of this year the county cast something over 19,000 ballots, with the third man in the gubernatorial race receiving more votes than all candidates for sheriff in 1946.

Little River Township did even better, giving the candidates a heavy vote in the first primary and increasing that vote by five per cent last Saturday. Exactly one thousand people came out to exercise their privilege and duty as members of the electorate.

While the Scott supporters are proud that their candidate received nearly three-fourths of the ballots in this township, partisans of both Mr. Scott and Mr. Johnson should be proud of the tremendous interest shown by local citizens in the cause of good government through expression of the will of all the people.

Don't Sell the Democrats Short

The Republicans have nominated a strong ticket for president and vice-president in Governor Dewey of New York and Governor Warren of California. Both governors have good records, although neither is as colorful as Stassen or Vandenberg. They come from the so-called "key states," as does their national chairman, and expect (they say) to carry a few of the traditionally Democratic southern states.

If we were in a position to advise the Republicans, however, our advice would be not to sell the Democrats short. Certainly Truman is unpopular now, but there is a lot of time remaining between the Democratic National Convention and the November elections.

The Solid South will remain Democratic, even if Truman is renominated, if for no other reason than the type of leadership furnished the nation by the Republican party in the persons of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. With the support of organized labor in the east and industrial midwest, the Democratic party may well pile up enough electoral votes to win this fall.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Mrs. Ervin Dizor of Raleigh says one may keep down cobwebs by killing the spiders this way: Place the furniture so the underside may be reached and spray well with a DDT solution strong enough to last for some time. You may need help in overturning your heavier pieces of furniture, unless you have the kind of children or grandchildren that can turn the whole house upside down.

Two of my young nieces from near Lynchburg, Virginia, came last Saturday to visit us. I feel sure the one who never stayed with us before thinks we go through a whole summer like the record-breaking days we have endured since she came. For always first impressions concerning weather in a new place stay with us, and we often feel the local citizenry are merely trying to defend the climate when we are told how delightful it is sometimes.

Sometimes I wonder whether, at the Judgment Day, when all nations shall be gathered together, we shall be called upon to give account of the books and containers for fruit, flowers and vegetables we failed to return to their earthly owners. Being a sinner of this kind myself, and also one who has been sinned against, I know all the arguments on both sides. So well do I know them that I hold no grudge against any who have forgotten to return my belongings—except whoever got the favorite of

all I had, the fine-splint basket which M. E. Shamburburger gave me in Richmond. And I only hope others do not resent too much my carelessness.

It is much better to save up cardboard boxes for sending out fruit or vegetables, for much of the pleasure in receiving a gift of that kind is lost when you think of having to remember to return what they came in. You'd be surprised to see how pretty a shoebox lid can be when lined with grape leaves and filled with peaches or plums. And nothing to be sent back.

Forty years ago this month, when my husband became pastor of the Baptist Church at Morehead City, among the faithful members were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wade. Although young, they had a fairly large family, and there were fairly regular additions to the number. Carita, Rupert, Winfield, Maidie, Jacob, junior, Eudora, Duella—I am not sure of the names of the ones younger than these.

Mr Wade ran a boat between New Bern and Morehead, and his earnings as spent by him and his wife, provided a comfortable if plain living for his family. It is, perhaps, a partial description of him to say that I never heard anyone shorten his name; he was never Jake; always Jacob.

Every Sunday, unless providentially kept away, the whole family came to Sunday school and church services. The children sat between their tall parents, who

kept a careful eye upon behavior, though both ears open for the message from the pulpit. They never failed to give to every cause presented, and many wondered at their liberality. Besides cash offerings, every bazaar the Ladies' Aid put on offered a beautiful piece of drawn work done by Mrs. Wade.

Their religion was a part of everyday living. I shall never forget what Mrs. Wade replied when a friend asked her if she were not afraid she would die from getting up when the newest baby was only a few days old to nurse the "knee baby" through a dangerous illness.

"No," she said, "I was not afraid at all. The Lord knew I had to do it. If I had got up just because I wanted to show off, or to do something not needed, I couldn't have asked Him to help me. But I just told him, 'Lord, you know I'm bound to do this and I believe you'll take care of us.' He did."

Of course the children are all grown now. Ten are living, a credit to their upbringing. And a friend wrote me that on June 20 the Wades celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. There was a thirty-pound cake and golden gifts from the children. The home, at least twice as large as when I first knew it, must have overflowed with friends and relatives.

And I wish I might have joined them, for "Jacob and Love" have strengthened my faith through the years we have known each other.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl Bjork

No mention in the Writ of God is made of the brethren of Joseph, high man of Egypt, being registered Democrats, but the exalted exile from the Nile regions gave the bewildered and astonished Canaanites a few words of weighty wisdom before they took off in their laden wagons for home. He said this, among other things, "See that ye fall not out by the way."

He said, "Stick together, no quarreling, get their safely." That is what he meant that day.

Plastic politicians can easily be bent in the direction of those who vanquish their man, or their hopes. Now the labelled "machine man" of Scott is ready to back Scott in the election. Thus Johnson has become "one of the people" in Scott's sight, and no doubt he will ever be.

But little people may not give up their stand so readily, and there may be some who will go down toward the twilight with

the bitter utterance, "I'm agin Scott, and I'll be thet-a-way 'til I die." Had Johnson vaulted into the swivel chair in the mansion, many would have said the same about him, and branded him a misfit and a nuisance in public servitude.

For instance, over in Chatham county, two men of advanced years who had been friends for all of their lives, met on a main street of their home town and began to describe the virtues of Johnson and Scott. Words failed, and they began to flog each other. Finally separated, they screamed invectives upon each other until removed from each other's sight. Here now the best of friends have become close enemies.

Such antics prompts me to bedevil the linotype operator with a bit of poetry, and to advise all Scottites, Johnsonites, or Anyites, to repeat upon the conclusion, these immortal words, "Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down."

'Twas the week after election, And all through the town Not a cuss word was spoken, Not even a frown.

For Charlie and Scotty Had settled to rest,

And the people decided Which man was the best.

They had bowed to each other, Had curtsied and shook

And the boom-in' fiasco Was closed like a book.

But down at the corners The air was quite blue,

For deacon and parson Forever were through.

The reverend had muffed it; He made the mistake

Of explaining to many The course he would take.

And the deacon was stubborn, Not unlike the mule;

He lit on his preacher And called him a fool.

For a few years at least The church is to swing

While Charlie and Scotty Forget the whole thing.

Odds and Ends

By Barrie S. Davis

The long skirts which efficiently destroy the illusion of beauty that 99 per cent of the ladies would enjoy having are bad enough, but this week I heard a report that oldtime hobble skirts will be the fad when fall rolls around. It is bad enough when the ladies sacrifice their looks and hubby's bank account to keep up with Dame Fashion, but when they make everyday shopping a dangerous adventure, styles have gone too far.

Mrs. Etha Critz, who brightens the interior of Flowers five and

dime store told of a lady who purchased herself a hobble skirt many, many years ago when such were demanded by those who would be up-to-date. She wore it to Raleigh one day, and when she stepped off the curb into the street on the main thoroughfare, she tripped on her skirt and fell flat on her face. Just as soon as she got home, all battered and bruised, she took off that hobble skirt and packed it in a trunk, and swore she'd never wear one again. Twenty-five years later she rummaged through the trunk, found the skirt, and burned it to ashes.

Once I read in a safety manual that the average woman is as good a driver as the average man. Her trouble is that she burdies herself up in so many fancy clothes that she has trouble seeing all she should see when she drives in city traffic.

But the ladies are not alone in hewing the line as regards the decrees of fashion. Men have cussed neckties for ages, and they still wrap them around their throats even on the hottest summer day, making themselves stew in their own sweat. And, because neigh-

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