

A Good Example

A principal's pay in a school the size of Wakelon is considerably less than the income of most other members of the community who are possessed of equal training and education. Hence the gift of Fred Smith in the amount of one hundred dollars to be used in installing lights at the local playground — which is used by many organizations other than the school — is especially impressive.

His example should lead many other citizens to make larger contributions to a campaign for lights, should his public spirited action inspire such a drive, than might otherwise have been expected.

We are not likely to fail in such a campaign if a full-fledged drive be undertaken. We cannot afford to fall behind other communities, and we shall unless we provide for profitable recreational facilities for Zebulon. Other towns are growing by leaps and bounds in this respect, and a few such contributions, whatever their size, made in the spirit in which Mr. Smith made his gift will insure our progress.

Understanding Their Position

Characterization of the Dixiecrat campaign against Truman as an attempt to hold the Negro race in subjugation in the South is basically unfair. There are other questions more pertinent to the issue, not the least of which is the past tendency of the national Democratic leaders to treat the South like a red-headed stepchild.

We feel that the best way to settle the issue is through the mechanics of the Democratic Party, and believe this possible should Truman be reelected. But he cannot succeed himself as chief executive without the Solid South, and the South is by no means as solid as it once was.

We are not still fighting the Civil War; the North is. War penalties, such as discriminatory freight rates, still hamper industrial and agricultural growth, even in North Carolina, and we are still engaged in a reconstruction of our section of the nation — reconstruction along sounder lines, to be sure, but hampered reconstruction nonetheless.

The civil rights issue is not the cause of the schism within itself; it is basically a symptom. The South as a whole feels that progress is being made toward better race relations, and that most progress can be made if we are allowed to continue our admittedly slow but certainly sure efforts toward this end.

The Dixiecrats will gain little by insuring the election of Dewey; his stand on civil rights is essentially the same as the President's position, and his views on more important matters are necessarily unacceptable to thinking southerners. But your neighbors may be likened to camels, whose backs were broken by the straw of civil rights.

What Are They Afraid Of?

Most political observers regard the special session of Congress called by President Truman as a frankly political move, designed to favor the President's candidacy. Many have condemned Mr. Truman's action on this basis, but the fact remains that the die is cast; we shall have our special session, no matter who opposes it.

The important consideration is now what use will be made of the special session — will it be used to serve the people or the politicians? If time is consumed in jockeying for position and seeking momentary political advantage, then only the politicians will be helped.

Most of the criticism has come from Republican sources, but why are they saddened? Can it be that the Republicans do not expect to make good on their platform pledges and prefer that the people know nothing about their secret intent before the November elections? They should remember that in this case they are in the same boat as the Democrats — they will be subjected to close scrutiny by the people.

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This, That and the Other

by Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Last winter at my sister's home in Washington I ate some unusually good sour kraut which Louise herself had canned; and she gave me the recipe. It sounded so simple I was afraid it wouldn't work well here, climate variations often causing differences in keeping quantities of vegetables. But it does all right. Here is all you have to do.

Shred fresh cabbage and to five pounds of it add two ounces (four level tablespoonfuls) of salt, mixing it well. Fill pint jars with the cabbage, then pour in cold water to come to the top. Put on a rubber ring and screw the lid tight. Set the jars away for at least two weeks before using any.

If you don't care to weigh shredded cabbage and salt, fill your jars and to each pint add one teaspoonful salt. Pouring in the cold water will do the mixing.

When Exum Chamblee said he was curing tobacco and I asked whether he "struck" it, he didn't know what I meant. But years ago, where I lived, this was a word

often used by farmers. In those days up there tobacco was cut, not primed, and the split stalks were placed across sticks for curing.

After fires had been kept low during yellowing period, and the curer decided it was time to begin the drying process, the heat was increased greatly and rapidly in an effort to dry the stalk enough to keep it from spoiling the color of the leaf. This was called "striking," and was a critical part of the work.

An ad offers plastic clothes pins in colors, with doll heads. They are said to brighten up the clothesline and make the wash look more attractive. Really clean clothes are all the ornament my line needs.

Parents of young children deserve much sympathy these days as they anxiously scan the columns of daily papers for latest news of the infantile paralysis situation. The new cases listed add to alarm already felt. It is mothers on whom the burden of anxiety and child care falls heavier; since theirs is the task of keeping

the youngsters at home and entertained.

This job is hard enough under normal conditions; but with outside privileges curtailed, there may be times when it seems impossible to keep little ones happy.

Station WNAO has begun a series of afternoon programs planned especially for children and this will make your radio a big help with all children old enough to listen.

Difficult as it is to act as entertainer while serving also as cook and housekeeper, one couldn't be satisfied to run the risk of contagion by ignoring advice from our county board of health and that of the state.

Articles in magazines and papers telling of new styles and materials for fall wear, together with advertisements of fur sales, leave me cold—but hardly anything else does, with the weather what it is. Every summer I swelter and wonder how we are going to endure the heat; but, so far, we have managed.

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Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

And so it came to pass as I journeyed here and there about my business, that I did sit down by The Corner Store, and many of the Sons of Men were there at ease, and not a few were gossiping.

And there was One Man there who by reason of his relation to an elephant; being of great size, and by reason of his relation to the mule; being of great stupidity, did say much both loud and dull.

And he sweareth upon his word that beyond the Mason Dixon Line dwelleth no men, save Foreigners, and Mongrels, and Damn-yank-ee's. And had The Corner Men been more religious some would have said, Amen, but otherwise they did only smile and nod their heads.

And I could hold my peace no longer, and I saith unto the men, Surely we are fearfully and wonderfully made, also some are made most miserably. Contain thy mirth until I relate unto thee a tale.

And they were most polite, and did listen.

Once upon a time there traveled northward to work in A War Plant a very naive young damsel from North Carolina. And the farther she went, the more she did become frightened, for Ohio seemeth like China to her having gone no great distance from home before, save to Zebulon or Raleigh.

And by and by, she cometh to The City wherein she was to work. Moreover her Aunt and Uncle dwelleth hard by the town, and she was to dwell with them.

Now she worketh each day, rising early and returning late, but in a few weeks she becometh lonely and sick at heart for corn fields and tobacco barns, but really for young men.

And her Aunt spake unto her Uncle about This Matter, and he knoweth A Young Man who worketh in The Glue Factory with him who might drive out to visit Mary, and perchance paint the clouds with sunshine.

So Mary, the girl from the Tar Heel State, meeteth Mack, the boy from the Buckeye State, and by jeepers, if they didn't stick together until that Glue Factory Boy didn't take that Farm Girl for better or for worse.

And for the Honeymoon Time, they did whiz down to The Tar Heel State and Mary and Mack are very happy under the Carolina Moon.

So by and by The Community did gather together in the local church-hall and they did bring with their families many cakes and gifts, for it was a reception they planned.

And by reason of the press, Mack becometh separated from Mary, and he standeth afar off in a corner and watcheth for his

wife. And he stood thus he over-heareth one woman who resembl-eth a clothes pin save she is dressed, say, Did you meet her husband? I hear that he is from the State of Ohio, which I understand is full of Bums and No-goods, and other Trash. My daughter, Obelia, will never marry a yankee.

Moreover she sayeth other things which are out of this world about all who dwell in sundry places save Wake County.

And Mack findeth Mary, and they went home rejoicing because of the good time they did have. And the next morning they hie back to Ohio, which now seemeth closer than China to Mary, indeed it was like as if it were just over The Hills.

And Mack and Mary continued to stick together, and are still sticking to this day. And many little marys and macks are grown in Ohio, and Mack is still Mary's Glue Factory hero, and she loveth him very much.

And is that all, saith the big boy. Didn't he tell her about that woman, saith the big boy.

That is all, saith I. No, he was a man, I saith quietly.

Now silence was in the Corner Store for the space of ten minutes.

So I taketh my eggs, cabbage, and cheese, and goeth homeward.

Line Up the Bachelors

by Barrie S. Davis

With Jack Tippett and Bobby Pace, I putted down to White Lake last Sunday on a trio of motorcycles. 'Twas an interesting trip all the way down and the clear water in the pond was nice for swimming. We had a swell time until we headed back for Zebulon.

The return trip wouldn't have been so bad if our sitters hadn't gotten tired of supporting us. I reckon we provided an interesting show for folks as we shifted from shank to shank trying to find a soft spot on the seat.

It was just yesterday that I could sit down with wincing.

Leap Year is half way through now, and still a lot of bachelors tread their merry way, unattached and happy. It might be that the single males are a wary lot, wise in the ways of women and eager to continue their solo journey through life. On the other hand, it might be that ladies are not aware of the great number of prospective meal tickets in the vicinity and need help spotting the wild critters.

Some years ago This, That and the Other ran a list of bachelors in the neighborhood. Mr. Guy

Massey requested that G. C.'s name be included on the list, and it was, along with Zollie Culpepper, Steve Blackley and a host of others. With some it caused results—but not with G. C.

To remedy this one failure, we are going to run another list of names, as suggested by our readers, and we can assure you that G. C. Massey's name will head the list. So, keep a look-out for the jolly gentlemen around, because they're bound to be the single men. Get their names, and send 'em in. We'll do our part by publishing them in the paper. The rest is up to the girls.