

Our Own Destiny?

Out in California an archeologist, digging in the Mojave desert, has discovered the remains of a building 8,000 years old, not a lean-to or primitive teepee, but a large wooden structure. According to historians, this house dates back to the period in which the Mojave desert existed as a fertile valley.

There is a blood-chilling discovery, when one considers what the Mojave Valley once was, and what it is today. Erosion has dealt even more harshly with that area than with Palestine and the Near East. What can we expect for North Carolina and the South?

Our green hills and valleys may some day be as bare as the Rockies themselves. Our streams may be permanently dry, and the drought of last month may be the harbinger of one lasting for centuries. Our fate is in our hands; sound soil-saving practices will save us and our descendants, but if we turn our backs upon soil conservation, our children will have to leave their homes.

Farmers' Day Promising

Zebulon's Farmers' Day, now scheduled for Thursday, October 7, should be one of the greatest days in the history of the community. If plans are successfully carried to completion, attendance should be numbered in the thousands rather than hundreds.

The two main features announced thus far — the appearance of Governor-nominate Kerr Scott and a concert by the Wake Forest College Band—will draw a good crowd. Scott is immensely popular in the four counties served by Zebulon, and he has not made a public appearance in this vicinity this year.

The success of the undertaking now rests on the individual merchants, who may pay its expenses with their ticket purchases. Participation in the program has been restricted to members of the Chamber of Commerce, but membership in the Chamber has not been restricted — hence all may participate in making the day a success.

Supply and Demand

Regardless of what Messrs. Wallace, Taylor, et al had to say about the economic situation up in Philadelphia last week, the old law of supply and demand still works. On the same day the Department of Agriculture announced an increase in the 1948 sugar quota because of heavy June consumption, the price of New York raw sugar advanced again, being one fourth of a cent per pound higher than one month ago.

Zebulon housewives know how the law works, too. Some have bought sugar heavily because of canning, and others have made purchases because it seems to be the thing to do when war is threatened. But all have paid more for their sugar, or soon will.

Zebulon farmers will admit the effect of the law on cotton this year; cotton futures have consistently registered losses during the past several weeks. On July 23 the Department of Agriculture announced 1,947,000 bales had been exported during 1948; by the same date in 1947 3,352,009 bales had been exported. A large 1948 crop prediction further adds to the cotton future losses.

The obvious lesson is that if you want to make money, choose a field in which there is no overproduction, but a consistent demand. By the mechanics of the quota system, tobacco has been held to this point; but with the cut in acreage local farmers must seek other fields of farm income.

Just now the two best bets locally are the proposed alfalfa dehydration system and the beef feeder project undertaken by the Chamber of Commerce last year. The alfalfa program is reasonably sure of fulfillment next year, and the feeder plan has already met with moderate success. Another carload or two of feeders this fall will put the law of supply and demand to work for local farmers.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Efficiency experts are saying that if you will use a wide ironing board you can save more motions than I can remember. And, though no expert, I can tell you that if you have a table the right height, ironing on it will save both time and motions for most pieces. You can do better with a board for dresses, but all flatwork and even men's shirts as they are made now, are done more easily on a table. At least by me.

If your sheets are wearing thin, don't hang them on the line with the fold in the middle and hems down. Instead, put the hems together and lay the ends of the sheet about six inches across the line, letting the middle part hang like a hammock. This puts the strain on the strongest part of an old sheet and adds a little to its weeks of service.

I was a guest at the Young Matrons Circle last week. After the program our pastor's wife directed some games and I took part with the young women. When Mrs. Mitchell went around and whispered to each of us the title of a song, explaining that at a given signal we were to begin singing and were also to find all others who had the same music, I felt a burden of doubt and responsibility. It was going to be hard for me to

find four others singing "I've Been Working on the Railroad" while fifteen more sang three different songs. But, wanting to be a good sport, I meant to try.

What I hadn't realized was that the looking and listening was not all my job. I had hardly turned around before Rachel Privette caught my arm saying "Let's find the rest." And in a minute or two we were lined up nice as you please, with Sadie Braswell leading Red Holmes, Rebecca Hinton, Rachel and me in swinging the railroad.

That was an example of one of my major faults: feeling the weight of things as if I were the only one concerned, when others are equally interested and much more capable.

My editor son said last week the fund for providing lights for the local ball park is "growing by leaps and bounds." That is an appropriate way for such a fund to grow.

On my way to the garden on Monday I congratulated myself and the world in general because I hadn't seen a snake all summer. On Tuesday after supper I decided to pick butterbeans for next day's dinner, took my basket and went to the vines. About halfway down one row I saw an unusual looking piece of vine about

six inches in front of my face—and it was a little green snake. We stared in each other's eyes for an instant, then I was the one who jumped back. The snake did not move. I believe he wouldn't have blinked an eyelid, if he had owned one. He was a perfect picture of calm, green composure.

I kept telling myself that science and my grandson Robert declare that green snakes can't hurt you; and I tried to keep on picking beans. But every vine tendril that touched me gave me the shivers; and when a pear fell from the tree and plopped on the ground behind me, I gave up and left.

For a mayonnaise that will keep well — try this recipe, sent me by my sister, Mrs. Giles Thomas.

Beat one egg slightly and add a cupful of salad oil. Set it aside and cook together one-fourth cup vinegar, three-fourths cup water and four level tablespoons of corn starch. Better use a double boiler for this. When the mixture has cooked until thick and transparent, pour it over the oil and egg, beating thoroughly. If it has cooled in handling, it may be put back in the double boiler and cooked a little more. Use any seasoning preferred. We like salt, mustard, and paprika.

This will not separate and may be kept in refrigerator as long as wanted — if you like mayonnaise.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

Solicitor Jack Hooks, as a portion of his argument before the jury in Harnett court when Lonnie V. Davis was being tried for sundry causes, based much of his appeal on the fact that individuals employed in the capacity as guardians of children should have suitable moral characters. To that end he drew out the school teacher as an example, and inferred that the teacher in the public schools, as the molder of character, ought to have a character himself or herself fit to mold others.

No one doubts the solicitor's principle; school teachers ought not be allowed to teach unless undergirded by a mature understanding of the rules of living before and among others in regards to the moral laws of God.

Neither does anyone argue the point that many North Carolina school teachers "live like the devil" from day to day. We know that the teachers are subject to like passions such as all men are, but in the main they are zealous in their works toward the church and the community.

But some communities are wrapped in a persisting idea

brought about by an isolated religious background, or a wave of sudden righteousness through the medium of a quasi-factual evangelist until they suppose that all men must either do as they do or else be classified as indecent and evil.

There are communities in North Carolina where teachers are hired on their word that they will retire at ten o'clock, attend Sunday School every Sunday, never smoke or dance, and refrain from excess in attire or dress. The moral principles of such communities are cut to the pattern to suit that community, and you either confirm, or else—

The weightier and less weighty questions of moral conduct are left unasked and unanswered. In other words, you can lie like a trouper as long as you don't wear your skirts above the ankle; you can be as selfish as an ape as long as you don't puff on a cigar; you can be as covetous as Scrooge as long as you get in bed at ten each night.

There may be some teachers that fit into such a situation in a town of that type, but I partly believe that they are almost as rare as dodo birds. Advanced education

has the tendency to advance the mentality of its disciples and does pretend to lift its adherents above the boundaries of thought in which human freedom of action is sorely suppressed. One must have some measure of advanced education to be a school teacher in North Carolina.

Communities of that type tend to place the school teacher in the category of job seekers having first become thoroughly disappointed in the profession to which they turned as worthwhile and wholesome.

On the other side of the ledger are the school teachers who know no restraint and advertise to all or any that they are not to be fenced in. Without any feeling toward God, or moral conduct because of this feeling, they are prone to announce their intentions of doing everything possible to ruffle the social pond and create waves of public scandal.

We should be thankful that this order of instruction is not of great number, but constant weakening living toward man as one should of home or community bonds of live toward God, may cause this tribe to increase. A departure from
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Line Up the Bachelors

By Barrie Davis

Since last week we've had a bit of help in driving the single males from their hiding places and out into the open where the gals may look them over. With the aid of our able assistants, we've listed a few names as a starter. Anyone who knows others are invited to send 'em in.

Of course, all we can do is publish this information. We downright refuse to hog-tie any of these guys, since numerous of them are bigger, stronger, and a darn sight braver than we claim to be.

With the wiles, intuition, second sight, hindsight, and numerous other assets the ladies carry around with them, they shouldn't have much trouble.

As promised, the deputy sheriff's name heads the list:

G. C. Massey
Fred Corbett
G. C. Brannon
Wade Privette
Warren Liles
Braxton Eddins
Philip Bunn (by request)

Dave Finch
Dabney Gill
Billy Greene
Fred Page
Craven Parrish
Worth Kemp
Joe Tonkel
Harold Ferebee
Whisker Medlin

There are other happy guys around or over 21 years of age, and we've got over 1,000 subscribers to this paper. Some of them ought to be able to lengthen this list.