

T-SHIRT WEARERS ARE SLIGHTED

If, as some politicians say, any publicity is good publicity just so people are talking about you, Senator Umstead, Senator-nominate Broughton, and Mr. L. V. Sutton of the Carolina Power & Light Company must feel terribly let-down. Miss Mary Price, the alleged Communist who heads the Progressive Party in North Carolina, issued this week what she considered a castigation of Senator Hoey and the Duke Power Company, but neglected to make any mention of our eastern North Carolina solons or our local power company.

Obviously Miss Price was angry with Senator Hoey because of his pointed questioning of Witness Bentley at a recent Senatorial hearing, in which Miss Price was identified as a Communist agent. The Duke Power Company operates in Greensboro, where Miss Price located her carpet-bagger offices when she decided to come down from Yankeeland to save backward North Carolina.

We cannot understand the slight to Mr. Sutton. We have in our files two speeches by the utility executive, one made at Virginia Tech and the other at a power station dedication; in both speeches Mr. Sutton praised the American way of life, and pleaded for its retention. It seems to us that this is reason enough for a bitter attack on Mr. Sutton by the so-called Progressive Party.

Miss Price hit at Senator Hoey because he wears winged collars, and hails from Shelby. Really it seems to us that a man can stand for what Miss Price is attempting to tear down just as well in Durham or Raleigh as he can in Cleveland County. Of course the Progressive Party spokesman did criticize the "soft collar" boys, too, and maybe Senators Umstead and Broughton can qualify as targets on this basis.

Come to think of it, we feel a little slighted ourselves. In her rabble-rousing statement Miss Price completely omitted us. She lashed the old and young who wear winged collars and soft collars, but completely omitted us; we work in T-shirts.

MEMBERSHIP LIST GROWING

The response to the current membership drive of the Zebulon Chamber of Commerce has been heartening. Almost every business which joined last year has renewed its membership for 1948-49, and individual membership response has been similarly great. In addition, many firms which did not join last year have paid dues for the new year.

At the annual supper and discussion meeting of the Chamber of Commerce some members expressed the feeling that the directors devoted too much effort to civic improvement and too little to actual boosting of trade. This argument was effectively answered, if membership renewals may be considered a criterion by which to judge.

On the other hand, the directors of the Chamber have made extensive plans to sponsor more local events, among them a Farmer's Day and street dances. At the same time they will continue the program which, if continued for a decade at the same rate as in 1947-48, will increase the town's payroll by \$20,000 a week.

A POSITIVE OUTLOOK NEEDED

We note with interest an article in The Christian Science Monitor which describes the development of the sugar beet harvester, a machine which does mechanically in a few hours what took dozens of men days of backbreaking labor to accomplish. A significant, yet expected statement in the article is, "They said it couldn't be done."

American ingenuity has had to overcome the element of disbelief in the merits of any particular labor-saving machine more often than any technical problem, however complicated. Fortunately saying "it can't be done" has more often than not simply confirmed technician's determination that it would be done.

We are close to this attitude here. Many local residents can remember when people shouted, "Get a horse!" to Mr. Vannie Gill when he'd drive his car, and only last year many farmers questioned the efficacy of machine-picking cotton. This year a gin is being built in Zebulon at a cost of many thousands of dollars to process machine-picked cotton.

A great portion of American strength lies in the belief that no problem is too great for some American to solve, the belief that it can be done.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

When my husband and I with Mr. and Mrs. Herring had supper in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tippett, we had the best biscuit I ever ate, and the only "butter-peas" I ever saw. All the meal was delicious, but these and the apple pie were extra special. Mrs. Tippett said the seed of the butter-peas were given her by her mother in Rowan County. They look and taste a good bit like butter-beans, but are round instead of flat. The biscuit were large, light, crisp of crust. The pie was so different I got the recipe. Here it is, as made in the western part of the state:

Use only a bottom crust. Peel and quarter the apples, though small ones might be merely halved and cored after peeling. Sprinkle a mixture of flour and sugar over the crust after it is in the pan—I guess the amount of flour would depend on juiciness of fruit. I'd use about one-third cup to try it, mixed with an equal amount of sugar. Next, place the pieces of apple in the pan, close together, as only one layer is called for. Over the apples put more sugar, a good many bits of butter and a little grated nutmeg, sprinkling the hole well with water. Bake it very slowly until the apples are tender and the rest of the filling a sort of jelly, the crust dark brown.

This is not a pie that has to be served carefully to keep it from falling to pieces, and eaten with a fork or spoon. It has a character of its own and tempts you to take a wedge in your hand and start at the point biting off gooey, chewy

mouthfuls that stick to your teeth and dissolve slowly as you decide just where to take the next bite. It is wonderful.

Mrs. Ida Hall says she remembers when she was a child her mother made something much like this at Winston Salem, and they called it apple cake. Oh, well; the rose by any other name, etc. Just so it tastes the same.

Lilian Farson was the only girl I ever detested without having seen her and without her having done one thing to or against me. She was the niece of my aunt's husband and Grandma knew her. So did Mother. And Lilian was held up to me as a model of behavior and a paragon of beauty until I hated the sound of her name.

Lilian never went outdoors without wearing her sunbonnet, and she wore gloves, too; not having to be reminded of any of it. In consequence she had what was then the flawless complexion, looking "as if the sun had never shone on her." Notwithstanding the whiteness of her skin, her cheeks were rosy and she had dark, curly hair. Not one freckle marred Lilian's perfection. No matter what, when or where, Lilian was bonneted and gloved, except on Sundays, when she wore a hat and carried a parasol to protect the Complexion.

To me all this was too much, too much for human frame to achieve. Freckled myself, I thought with hopeless envy of Lilian's charms; not the curls nor the cheeks so much as the whiteness of the rest

of her face; realizing that my own carelessness and untimely indifference to looks would prevent my ever looking as if the sun had never shone on me.

As time passed I developed an aversion to over-exposure to the sun, not through vanity, but for a desire to be comfortable. Sunburn hurts a sensitive skin, sunshine makes a glare that is almost blinding; and I enjoyed neither of these. Nor have I ever really admired deep tan skins, be they ever so fashionable, vital, or what have you. Lying out in full sunlight deliberately trying to get brown is caused by an impulse I have never understood. My own darkened skin is the result of other activities, a sort of by-product. And I have often felt sorry for helpless babies whose parents were sun worshippers.

And there are indications that my day is coming. A late issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST contains an article by J. C. Furnas who claims that many of the ills flesh is heir to come from sunburn. He also states that premature aging and wrinkling of the skin are due to the same cause, citing as example the network of lines on the backs of farmers' necks. Most alarming of all, he asserts that excessive suntan may be a cause of cancer.

And in the NEWS and OBSERVER last week a Durham doctor blames the sun as being one cause of polio. Maybe we had better mix fear with our love for the sun.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

TIME FLIES OVER US — and leaves its shadow behind, such was a statement by Hawthorne, and to me who listened in on the noisy Democratic Convention in Philadelphia, the flight of the years and the swift passing of the hours were more noticeable than ever. One could hear once more the tumultuous shouts of the conventions of previous years; the throb of anticipated victory with the men nominated for leadership. The enlarged pictures of Roosevelt and Truman above the speaker's platform emphasized the changes brought by the tolling of the minutes: the picture of a dead man, and the picture of a living man.

I SAW ROOSEVELT—for the first time in Philadelphia. It was

in 1936, and he was running for a second term. Always popular with the populations of big towns, one could hardly get a glimpse of him from the Market Street walks: the people literally jammed every available inch of space. So I climbed the nearest lamp post, and wrapping my legs around it, waited the arrival of the president. He passed me about ten feet away, his big bronze face, deeply lined, showing a sparkling smile as he waved a worn hat toward the people. He was riding on to victory upon victory.

ON THE SUNDIAL—in his garden, Walter Scott had engraved the pungent words, "Night Cometh." A constant reminder, so he is supposed to have said, of the absolute fact that life's little day

ends, and we die. The words, of course, are from the lips of Jesus when he said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, the night cometh when no man can work." For one to save time is better than to save money. Next to life, it is our most precious possession. It is the thing that life is made of. Horace Mann, great American educator, said, "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!"

THREE THINGS NEEDED—in every Sunday School are a bell, a calendar, and a clock. All of them deal with time. Most of them possess a bell. The superintendent (Continued on Page 3)

Speeding? I Got Proof!

Late last Friday evening I started off down the highway to Carolina Beach, traveling in our rattling good, old Oldsmobile. With me were Hilliard Greene and Mrs. James Creech. Mrs. Creech planned to spend the weekend with the Robertsons, who occupied an apartment at the beach. Hilliard and I planned to sleep under the stars. It was the start of what turned out to be a very enjoyable but expensive weekend.

We were rolling merrily along the road near Clinton remarking on the darkening clouds in the skies when I noted a black Chevrolet apparently trying to pass. I did a double-take, and sat bolt upright when I saw a patrolman behind the wheel. His siren brought me to a screaming halt.

You can guess what happened. Some how or other that Oldsmobile had found energy enough to shatter the established speed limit of the State of North Carolina to the tune of 65 m.p.h., and, unfortunately, the patrolman furnished me with proof in the form of a citation to appear before a Justice of the Peace.

The patrolman, one W. T. Felton by name, proved to be an asset to both Colonel Hatcher of the Highway Patrol and to the various recipients of the \$5 fine and the \$19.25 in costs which I had to shell out. He was more than patient as he waited for me to fumble through the cards, keys, four-leaf clover and such stuff that I carry in my billfold. When finally I found my operator's license, he courteously informed me that in

North Carolina the maximum speed on the highways is 55 miles an hour. (and though he really did make a nice talk, his words didn't impress that speed limit on my mind half like the \$24.25 I paid.)

If you're heading for the beach any time soon, study my case carefully, because the highway patrol doesn't play fair down around Clinton. They drive around in jet black Chevies rather than in the gleaming, silver-trimmed Buicks which cover the rounds in this neighborhood.

I've learned my lesson. I'm poorer but wiser. Hereafter my middle initial stands for "Slow," and I'm gonna drive with one eye on the speedometer and one on the rear-view mirror.

—Barrie S. Davis