



RED HENRY'S KISS OF DEATH

Mr. Henry Wallace has just administered the kiss of death to a considerable number of Democratic candidates for the United States House of Representatives. Last night he announced the withdrawal of an even dozen Progressive Party candidates in favor of their Democratic opponents, who—Red Henry declared—had shown themselves sufficiently liberal to be worthy of his support.

The real object of Mr. Wallace's communistic supporters, if not the object of the presidential candidate himself, is revealed in this action. The Progressive Party leaders, failing in their attempts to rule the responsible majority of the Democratic Party, are determined to ruin the greatest liberal organization in history.

If there is one thing most Americans require to make them vote against a Democratic candidate, it is for him to be endorsed by the rabble-rousing Wallace crowd. Accomplished as the Progressives are at communistic political techniques they fully realize the effects of their action. They are seeking to defeat the Democratic Party this fall with the forces of reaction, hoping thereby to further their cause of chaos, come 1952.

COOLEY TO BRING STRONG MESSAGE

Congressman Harold Cooley will bring a strong message to the farmers of this community next Thursday in his usual impressive manner. The Nashville representative has just returned from a trip to Europe, where as a member of the House Committee on Agriculture he investigated the sale of tobacco under the Marshall Plan.

Immediately upon Mr. Cooley's return from abroad, in company with Congressman Barden he made strong representations to the federal government against the Marshall Plan policy of buying foreign tobacco stocks for Occupied Europe and our allied nations. He can be expected to give the Zebulon farmers an informative message on future plans of buying tobacco for export.

THE WOMEN AREN'T SO DUMB

Our recent publication of a list of bachelors in and around Zebulon brought forth many comments not the least of which was the remark by one confirmed bachelor (age 43) that there was no use putting his name on the list, since no woman would ever get his name off same.

"I like convivial bliss better than I'd like connubial bliss," he declared, "and I know darned well I can't have both." We won't argue the point with him, but we have tried both, and we prefer the latter.

There is a lot to be said for women, you know, in spite of their new look. They never waste two dollars worth of shells to shoot a two-bit rabbit. They never give a waiter a fifty-cent tip just because he smiles at her. Furthermore they never pay twenty-five dollars for boat hire to get where the fish are not.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Coming in from some work in the yard, I heard the telephone ringing and stopped washing my hands, drying them so far from clean that dirt-streaks were left on the towel. Hurrying to pick up the receiver and say hello, I heard an unknown voice ask "Who's speaking?" On giving my name I listened to a gasping "O lordy," followed by the click that told me connection was broken.

Since all numbers on telephones in Zebulon districts were changed some weeks ago we have the number formerly assigned to Dr. Barbee's office; and I suppose that is why I have to answer so frequent-

ly when some one else is wanted. It is not much trouble, and I do not mind explaining when given a chance.

Waking later than usual last Saturday, I found the morning paper had been brought, and read headlines while preparing breakfast. When my son came downstairs I was sinking deeper and deeper into gloom. He wanted to know the cause of my depression and I told him the Education Commission could not agree on a report; there were new cases of polio; a county superintendent of school was being indicted for misuse of funds; the Russian situation

was perhaps, worse than ever; and a man had been killed only a few miles from us.

"Anything you can do about any of it?" Barrie asked briskly; and I admitted there was no way I could change anything. "Well," he said, "dismiss it from your mind and concentrate on something you can do."

But if I don't at least worry, I feel like a slacker or shirker.

Promotion Day at Sunday school is one of the year's important occasions for me; and the fact that I cry happily through a good part of the program means merely that
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Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

(Excerpts from Kerr Scott's recent speech at Pittsboro.)

Ladies and gentleman, there is yet another election coming in November, and I want you to be out there pulling for me then.

And ladies, keep an eye on your husband's vote this time; there is a lady running for governor this year.

And she's a good looking lady, too!

I was on my way down to Carthage to address a meeting, and I stopped at a service station to buy gasoline because I had to drive back home that night.

I introduced myself to the gas station operator, and asked him to vote for me.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Scott," I replied "Kerr Scott."

"Did you ever run for some other office once?" he asked.

"I ran for Commissioner of Agriculture, and was elected."

"Well let me shake hands with you," he said, "I voted for you the first time just for the hell of it, and I'll do it again."

Of course I am glad to get your

vote even if it has to come that way!

What I would like to see is rural representation on the committees in this state.

There ought to be a farmer on the Highway Commission; the roads of this state are in the country.

There ought to be a farmer on the Educational Commission.

The farmers have never been represented as they should be in the government of North Carolina.

There was a colored man who was janitor in a Carolina courthouse. Everybody called him George. But one day the occupants of the county building heard him being called Deacon.

One lawyer went to him and said, "George, how is it that people are calling you Deacon now?"

"Well, suh," said George, "I has been made a deacon at mah church, suh."

"But George," said this lawyer, "you know that you cuss, and play cards, and get drunk once in a while. You know that you are a pretty bad fellow George. How did

they ever elect you anyway?"

"I just reckon the rough element riss up and put me in," said George.

I believe that the rough element just riss up in North Carolina and elected me as their choice for governor too!

There was a woman over in the western part of the state who wrote to me and she said that her whole family were going to vote for me. She asked me to be sure and stop by and see her when I arrived in that county.

Why did she vote for me?

Well, in her letter, she wrote that she had been looking over the full page articles written on the candidates running for the office of Governor. She saw a picture of the wife and myself in front of the fire place in our home. It was printed with that article. She said that she saw a clock on the mantle piece of the fireplace, and since it was like one that they had in their home, decided that I was the best man for the governorship.

So she voted for me because of that clock.

Sunday School Lesson

Isaiah states in the fortieth chapter of his book of the Bible that "the word of our God shall stand forever." This true statement serves as the Golden Text in next Sunday's lesson.

The scripture lesson is taken from both the Old and New Testament: Psalms, John, and Timothy. Both sections of the Bible illustrate strikingly the need of written moral laws and the efficacy of the Hebrew scriptures as applied to living through the centuries.

Scientific investigation of the holy work indicates that it is

amazingly accurate as far as historical fact is concerned. Similarly the Bible is remarkably conservative, never going off on a tangent as do the Koran and the Pitakas. Therein lies the strength of the Christian Church, especially the Protestant branch.

The great Reformation of the Christian Church began about the same time that the Bible was first made available to all the people. Prior to the invention of the printing press by Gutenberg only the priests and professional scholars were able to read and interpret

God's Word. But today even grammar school students can read the Bible for themselves and discover the beauties of His.

Of course such widespread publication of the Bible has resulted in the futherance of many sects, but the good the dissemination of the Word has brought about far exceeds its harm.

Let us study the religious literature made available to us, and help the people of heathen lands to know the true way of life through such missionary efforts as the American Bible Society.

Readers' Forum

To the Editor:

A Baptist minister who recently declared openly that he believed "temperance can best be obtained in legal control," caused such a stir in his locality and elsewhere, that he was removed from his position as president of the minister's conference in his area, but was given a vote of confidence by his congregation, though he gave the same an opportunity to ask for his resignation.

The above mentioned minister would doubtlessly receive a similar backing in most of our Baptist

churches today, and by a much larger majority in some, as one stands self-confessed 75% wet membership. It is true that much is expected of our leaders, but Baptists who vote for, or favor the sale of intoxicants, are violating the church covenant "To abstain from the sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage." The Methodist covenant probes more deeply into this evil.

The source of the liquor evil lies not in one or several denominations, but in the church wheresoever found. ABC stores and wine

and beer joints could not operate a day with profit without the patronage of church members, nor could they have been established without their vote.

The papers herald daily some crime, consistently attributed to liquor, wine or beer, and North Carolina is learning from bitter experience that the false promises of financial boosts and simultaneous sobriety inscribed upon the wet banners are but a veiled invitation to death and destruction.

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