

## Why Big Oil Fights Better Roads

Since we believe in better schools and roads, we are naturally doing a little talking as well as editorializing on the subject. The question we encounter most often is this: "Why are the big oil interests fighting the bond issue?"

The reason cited to local oil dealers, so one informed us, by the eight big refining companies is that farmers and other road users will burn less gasoline on paved roads than on dirt roads; hence oil dealers' profits will be cut.

**This propaganda comes from the refiners who have cut local oil dealers' profits on a statewide average of 18 per cent in 1940 to 8 per cent in 1949!**

While they were cutting local dealers' profits, the big oil interests were showing record incomes. In 1948 Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, one of the leaders in the fight against better schools and roads, netted more than one million dollars per day!

But the real reason for the oil interests' fight on the road bond issue is revealed by the recent action of the big refiners who simultaneously raised prices on gasoline in North Carolina.

**These oil firms ship their products into North Carolina by rail, steamship, truck, and pipeline. Each method of transportation represents a different freight cost.**

The eight big oil companies pay different royalties, and their refining costs vary. Some of them use refineries purchased from the War Assets Administration at something like ten cents on the dollar. Some have refineries built years ago at nominal cost, and others use refineries built since the war at great construction cost. Yet, no matter what brand of gasoline the consumer buys, he must pay exactly the same price per gallon.

This practice constitutes a monopoly in fact, and it follows that the big oil interests are charging the consumer all the traffic will bear.

**The price that the traffic will bear is made up of two factors: the oil interests' take and taxes. The aggregate price cannot exceed a certain amount, figured by their experts, one of whom they have brought from New Jersey to tell us how to vote. Naturally the million-a-day boys don't want their share of the total cut. (Their share was 66 per cent in 1940; it is 75 per cent in 1949.)**

Hence the ultimate, if not immediate, effect of the affirmative bond vote on June 4 will be, so the big oil interests believe, one cent per gallon less for their companies. The one cent per gallon will go to build North Carolina an all-weather system of secondary roads, which will increase value of North Carolina farms.

**How much will the bond issue increase farm values? A disinterested observer with the Federal Land Bank tells us that it will cause an increase of \$384,000,000, which he considers a minimum figure.**

Good business? Farmers and merchants think so. The president of Wachovia Bank & Trust Company thinks so. We predict that the voters of North Carolina will agree with an overwhelmingly favorable bond vote on June 4.

## No Comment Necessary

Of 41,814.79 miles of roads traveled by North Carolina school buses, only 13,973.54 miles (33.4 per cent) are paved. County figures for this division follow:

	Total Mileage School Bus Routes	Total Bus Mileage Paved	Percentage Bus Route Paved
Franklin	805.7	156.71	31.0
Johnston (estimated)	895.68	295.81	33.2
Nash	578.5	228.72	38.5
Vance	254.2	93.75	36.9
Wake	991.7	322.87	32.5
Wayne	653.7	201.3	30.8
Wilson	464.5	158.13	34.0

## A Good Man for a Hard Job

Ashley Murphy is going to make a good Scoutmaster. He brings to his difficult, sometimes thankless, task as leader of a portion of the youth of our community an ability and disposition seldom found in any community, much less one the size of ours. He has willing hands and a willing heart. We wish him well, and predict a successful career as Scout leader.

## The Zebulon Record

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## This, That, and the Other

By Mrs. Theo B. Davis

There are two kinds of picnics I really enjoy. One is small enough for every person there to have a chance to speak to every other person; a gathering of those who are already friends, or who can be friendly. The other picnic is so large that you don't try to go outside your own group for eating or talking, letting everyone else do the same. In between these kinds there is a sense of strain in being continually on the lookout for friends or acquaintances who must be greeted. And, if a picnic is not a relaxation, it is a strain on mind and muscles.

The very brightest rose I have seen is Florodora. Mine was sent by Annie Dizer of Durham, and is a delight. The color is hard to describe; a combination of cerise and orange with touches of several more tints. My bush has flowers of medium size; they would be larger, of course, if some buds were removed while small; but I hate to sacrifice one, preferring a good many small roses to one very large specimen.

The last issue of *Cosmopolitan* has a strange story, a feature of which is an insane asylum where one patient thought he was Jesus Christ. Even as an inmate, his ac-

tions and personally had a wonderful effect on those around him, bringing repentance for wrongdoing and a desire for right. Reading it leaves one with a feeling that it all may have happened, and that a great deal was left untold.

And, speaking of books, Marquand's latest, "Point Of No Return," is probably too deep for me, as I can't see why it is considered a very powerful effort. It is nice, pleasant reading, but nothing to get all wrought up about.

Not long ago a small boy was invited by small girl to be her escort at a party. There was to be dancing and the little girl had taken lessons in this. The boy had not. However, he seemed willing to go, and his mother made preparations, including a corsage for him to take the young lady. To her horror, when the time came for him to dress for the party, he suffered an acute attack of bashfulness and flatly refused to go. Neither fear of punishment nor hope of reward moved him, and at last his mother faced the fact that she would have to call the girl's mother and explain as best she could what had happened. I didn't know which to feel sorriest for; the girl deserted at the last moment, the mother of the deserter, or

th boy who could not face the music; but I am inclined to believe my sympathy goes most fully to the last. He's liable to be reminded of it oftenest.

**TRUE STORIES:** An elderly lady went on a long trip with her two grown daughters. Since they had to change trains in a big city, the girls instructed their mother as to the procedure.

"We'll take the baggage" they said, "and all you'll have to do is to follow us. Be sure to keep right behind us so we'll not be separated." When the train stopped the daughters collected the luggage and hurried across the station platform. The mother, anxiously hurrying after them, was stopped by a yard official, who asked where she was going. Flustered and fearful the girls might get out of sight, she stammered, "I don't know." Patiently but with definite conviction in his tone, the official said, "Well, lady you'd better find out."

Then there was the dear old lady who was much concerned because a young man had been arrested for reckless driving. "What did he do?" she asked, and was told that he had crashed a red light. Wonderingly she inquired: "How did he ever hit it?"

## Seen and Heard

For obvious reasons we will not mention the name of the man in question, but he does live in this community. He and his wife were having it out because of his liking for the demon rum.

"I'll give you just one day to stop drinking," the wife declared. "Okay," said the husband, "I'll take the Fourth of July."

Sunday afternoon we were sitting in the front office, and we noticed Charles Allen Weathersby out on the lawn in front of the shop. He was catching something very efficiently. We investigated, and found he was capturing bees which were getting nectar from the clover in the lawn.

Well, we have spent Sunday afternoons in idleness — and we'll continue to do so rather than use our time capturing bees with our bare hands.

We note from a recent industrial news release that midwesterners drink the most coffee, closely followed by southerners. We reckon that we bring up the South's average quite a bit, what with our new percolater and hot plate in

the back shop. Average runs about a dozen cups a day for printers: three for breakfast, two for lunch, three for supper, and three or four more between supper and going to bed.

Of course, some printers drink beer instead of coffee. Or so we are told.

From our *Record* files of twenty-two years ago this week: A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. R. "Coley" Arnold.

Mr. Charlie Weathersby went to Tifton, Ga., on tobacco business. Dr. L. M. Massey and Misses Vivian Dawson and Fannie Lou Wiggs were Raleigh visitors. Mr. J. K. Barrow returned from a lumber trip to Canada.

Deputy Sheriff Guy Massey in company with Riley Privette discovered a still on the property of Jake Richardson, colored.

Little Miss Margaret Bunn and Master Elmo Bunn had their tonsils removed in Raleigh. The Jr. Baracas and Jr. Bereans held a picnic at Lake Myra. Present at the picnic were E. C. Daniel, Jr., C. B. Eddins, Jr., John Barrow, Ted Davis, Aubrey Kavanaugh,

S. P. Gill, Bennie Horton, Robert Dawson, Clarence Morgan, James Creech, and Mr. and Mrs. Grote.

Mrs. S. G. Flowers and little daughters, Martha and Jean, visited relatives in Elm City.

Mrs. Vera B Rhodes, our Wakefield correspondent, is now in California, but she is sending us her weekly report just the same. This week's report follows:

If you want to have real fun, come out here to Ghost Town and meet Sad-Eye Joe in his jail. He'll tell you things you never thought anyone knew but yourself.

Sad-Eye actually greeted me by mentioning my name. Phychic I suppose.

When I looked through the bars, he said, "Howdy, Vera Rhodes. When did you come to California?"

I said, "Last Friday."

"When are you going back to North Carolina?"

I said, "I may stay a month." "You would make a good foot warmer," he declared.

"I need my love to keep me warm," I said.

He answered with "You sure do."

## Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text: "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak."—Mark 14:38. Scripture lesson: Mark 14:32-42.

Next Sunday, May 29, we study the experience of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. Here he underwent a greater spiritual trial, many believe, that he underwent on the cross itself; for in Gethsemane he still might have had made a human choice and avoided his death by crucifixion.

Jesus went with his disciples to Gethsemane. There he left all save Peter, James and John, and went into the garden to pray. These three disciples were left to guard the entrance while the Savior

talked to his heavenly father.

The classic prayer of all time was prayed by Jesus that night: "Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt."

When he returned from prayer, Jesus found the trio asleep. He chided them for their negligence, but then excused them in part, at the same time urging them against again succumbing to temptation.

Again he prayed, and again the disciples failed him. The third time he told them the hour of betrayal was at hand, and the Master went forth to meet the traitorous Judas.

How often do we pray as the

Master prayed? Do we ask the Lord to spare us tribulation or do we ask for strength to endure tribulation should it be our lot? The difference between these two prayers is the difference between prayer for material things and prayer for spiritual strength.

And how often do we fail our Lord and Master as did the disciples at Gethsemane! But he is forgiving, and will forgive us our misdeeds as he forgave Peter, James, and John—if we are truly penitent.

May we possess the strength to face our hour of trial as did Jesus, and failing this, may we have the heart to rise again to the battle for good, as did the forgiven disciples.