

Lucky You

by Dick Shaw



Lucky you—your children played in the streets and lived to play again

Honesty In Politics

With the revelation that Senator Nixon has a private campaign fund and Governor Adlai Stephenson, Democratic presidential candidate, earned nearly half a million dollars during the past ten years from lawful enterprise, optimistic columnists and commentators are hailing a new era of political campaigning. Now, we have heard and read countless times in the past week that we'll know who are the honest politicians and we're going to find out if Senator Whillpedoff stashed away a cozy grand for getting Schmoie Industries, Inc., a tax-deduction by proving Mr. Schmoie's Nylon Hose and Panty Factory is an essential war industry because the Wacs and Waves bought thirty-nine pairs of nylons during the fiscal year ending June 30.

We've developed a very agreeable sense of humor. We can laugh when the Department of Internal Revenue tells us we got to pay \$600 in income taxes because the joke's on the tax collecting boys — we ain't got \$600. We smirk when rumors come in that the National Guard is going to be activated, because if it is then the joke is on the United States government which is going to lose a prime source of revenue, because Theo. Davis Sons hands over numerous social security, withholding, income, and gosh-knows-what-other-kinds of taxes monthly, quarterly, and annually, and once we start soldiering fulltime the United States government is going to be paying us instead of us paying them.

With our agile sense of humor, we can laugh at the joke being made by the writers and speakers when they talk about income-revelation promoting honesty in the bosoms of politicians. It isn't that the average politician is not honest; it's just that his idea of honesty differs a touch from what some of us taxpayers profess to embrace. The run-of-the-mill politico figures that accepting a token of appreciation for his services is fine and dandy — the sin is in getting caught. With our sense of humor developing like it is, we'll soon be laughing at this too. Oh, our sides will be splitting.

Revealing every source of income is not going to make a politician any more scrupulous. The gentlemen who don't mind accepting a little assistance on the side will not mind forgetting about it when filling out a report for the voting public. The only thing that will promote honesty is fear of losing his place on the public payroll, and us voting taxpayers are the ones who can instill that fear in the politicians' breasts.

Maybe this is not the way we like it, but it's the way we have made it. And no report of income is going to change it for us. It will satisfy our curiosity and become a topic of discussion, but make a politician honest? — it makes us laugh.

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Uncle Ferd's Almanac

There seems to be a popular belief throughout the South that Yankees used mercenaries throughout the Civil War, while the Rebels used only volunteers. This belief carefully fostered by some elements of the UDC and similar groups, is erroneous, although it was possible in some northern states to hire a substitute to serve in the army.

But even in the South, which to my certain knowledge is the most militaristic part of the entire world, not even excluding Prussia, it was necessary to draft some of the soldiers. Ninety years ago, for instance, the first southwide draft bill was passed. This is of course the democratic way for soldiers to be obtained,

and always has been followed in America, with even the Indians using the draft before the white man moved in and followed the same plan.

A railroad running between Moscow and Archangel was completed fifty-five years ago today, and the residents of the two towns have not been able to tell much difference between Tsarist and communist rule so far as railroad service is concerned — there has never yet been a train run on time over this particular road.

Menedez, the fighting Spaniard, accepted the surrender of 150 Frenchmen 387 years ago today, after promising them that if they surrendered, they would be safe from the perils of this world.

Mr. Menendez immediately killed every last Frenchman, apparently deciding that the best way to keep them safe from perils of this world was to put them into the next.

Wakelon beat Catholic Orphanage's football team 14 years ago today, with Willard Morris and Robert Lee Kimball scoring for the Bulldogs. That same day Shirley Temple (remember her?) was playing at the Wakelon Theatre in "Little Miss Broadway." Twenty years ago today Miss Coressa Eberhardt of the Knightdale faculty was visiting Miss Aileen Chamblee of Zebulon, and 264 years ago today the first American ship ever to sail around the world started on its way.

Seen and Heard

I appreciate the flat country around here all the more immediately after returning from a trip to the mountains such as I made this past weekend. No curves on curves to navigate, no long, steep hills to heat up the brakes, nothing but good homefolks to make me glad to be back home.

Before trying another trip through the hills, I'm going to hunt up an old-fashioned auto with high-pressure tires. My nerves are frazzled from the screaming of low-pressure tires on mountain twists and turns. At 20 miles per hour the tires sounded like sixty.

The wares for sale at roadside stands reminded me of a trip made through the mountains to Bristol, Va., some four years ago. Time after time I passed kids along the road trying to sell some type of nut. Finally I stopped, and a long, gangling teen-age mountaineer ambled up to the car.

"Do you wanna buy any chinky-pins?" he asked.

Never having tried chinquapins, I fished a quarter out of my coat pocket and took the bag of nuts from the boy.

"Oh," he drawled. "Yuh can't have my poke."

"Huh?" I questioned.

"Yuh can't have my poke," he repeated.

I had to reach back in my memories 15 years to remember what a poke is; and then I poured out the nuts and gave him back the bag. How long has it been since you heard "poke" used in conversation?

Wife Judy used to be able to sit quietly as I drove, sometimes even falling asleep and snoozing peacefully as the miles road by.

Then I taught her to drive.

Now she helps me watch for the road, making sure it does not get away from me. She never says a word about my driving, except for an occasional compliment, but she pushes hard on the floorboard to slow the car when we pull up close behind a truck and she leans to steer us around curves she doubts my making alone.

There's a moral in that story somewhere.

These cool mornings have caused me to fire up the oil heater at the house. As usual, I went about it the hard way. It refused to burn when I first tried to light it, so I gave up and decided to call for somebody to fix the stove. "The fuel line may be stopped up," Judy told me. I ignored such a simple remedy. After two days I remembered the stove and went to the telephone

to call, but decided maybe the oil was out of the big tank in the rear of the house. Two days later I checked. The tank was full but the stove still would not burn. "Maybe," Judy said, "the fuel line is stopped up."

A day later I rushed back to the job of getting a fire going, and at 9:30 last Thursday night I applied myself to the task. Had a wonderful time taking the carburetor apart and putting it back together. About 11:30 I struck another match — and the stove still would not burn.

Wife Judy, huddled in the corner wrapped in a blanket, meekly suggested I check the oil line from the tank. "It could be stopped up," she said.

I snorted, but just to prove how silly her suggestion was, I took the line loose at the tank and at the stove, fastened my lips to the tank end, and blew. Trash and dirty oil flew all over the living room, Judy screamed, I got a mouth full of kerosene, and the fuel line got hastily hitched back to the stove and the tank.

I shouldn't admit this — but since cleaning out the fuel line, a task which took all of four minutes, the stove has worked beautifully. And wives who see the happy smile on Judy's face will recognize it as caused by having proved her everloving husband wrong again.

Turpentine Drippings

Liberated

(Asheville Citizen)

Some months ago State officials disputed the claim that Highway Patrolmen could not marry without first getting permission from their superior officers. Apparently such a rule did exist, for now it has been revoked.

It was a silly rule. It invaded personal privacy. It made North Carolina look a little ridiculous in the role of duenna to the strapping lads who patrol the highways. We are relieved to find that they do not need protection from themselves or from designing females who are willing to share their hazards and their low pay.

A Long Way

(Winston-Salem Journal Sentinel)

Turning back to the record, we find that in 1899-1900 we had an average school term of less than three and a half months. Today it is nine months.

Then we paid teachers an aver-

age annual salary of less than \$100. Now we pay them nearly \$3,000.

In 1899-1900 the State's total school enrollment was 400,452. In 1949-1950 it was 893,745. The total average daily attendance 50 years ago was 206,918; now it's nearly 800,000. The enrollment in public high schools at the beginning of the century was about 2,000. Now it is nearly 200,000.

Fifty years ago there were only 30 public high schools in North Carolina. Now there are nearly 1,000. Then there were about 200 high school graduates. Last year there were over 31,000.

Then the record revealed an average daily attendance of less than 52 per cent of the children enrolled. Today the average daily attendance is nearly 90 per cent of the enrollment.

The total expenditures for the support of public schools in 1899-1900 was only a little over \$1,000,000 in the entire state. In 1949-50 our total expenditure for schools, including state and local

funds, amounted to over \$147,000,000.

When friends of public education remember this record, they should get new inspiration for the work still to be done for better schools in North Carolina.

It Didn't Work

(Sanford Herald)

Mabel Blue tells about a friend who had been one of those nagging wives. Then one night, she attended a lecture on the subject, "The Smiling Face Always Wins Through."

The lecture so impressed her that she decided to try an experiment. Thus, when her unsuspecting husband came down to breakfast the next morning, he was met by a beaming wife, smiling but silent. Not a nagging word did she utter over his being late.

In a moment he stood dumfounded in the doorway then collapsed. "Holy Cow!" he mumbled. "She's got lockjaw."