

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day reminds us of the terrible wars the world has suffered . . . of sorrow, devastation, poverty . . . of those who left this community to battle for a better life . . . and of nine who can never return.

Curtis C. Critz
Eric F. Davis
Richard J. Hoyle
William C. Moss
Warren G. Pace
Joseph R. Pearce
Louis Poythress
Charles V. Whitley
Albert G. Wiggs

The Fight Not Won

Once again the hunt for school teachers is on. Wakelon School, for so long minus a public school music teacher, finds itself again without one. Other schools in the community are encountering similar difficulties in completing their teaching rosters for the coming school year.

The school teachers have been given an increase in salary which will entice more of our college students to the teaching profession, but that proposition is a long term one. Men and women who are graduating from college this June have not for the great part prepared themselves to teach, and the full benefit of higher salaries for our educators will not be realized for some years, possibly not until the times are normal once again.

We must give our school boards and our faculties fullest cooperation during the next school term, and that cooperation must start during the so-called vacation period. The fight for better schools, at least in our community, has not ended with the salary increase granted by the 1947 state legislature.

To be specific, we must be prepared to make contributions, chiefly of time, to obtain a better athletic plant at our local school. We must be prepared to offer subsidies, if they are required, to coaches and music teachers. Other improvements, not to be realized in the near future, are needed. Our children are our salvation, and our schools are their salvation.

Need for Aggressiveness

The newly elected mayor of Zebulon and his board of commissioners will have their first business meeting next Monday. All of the citizens of Zebulon, whether their supporters or their opponents in the recent election, will be watching their actions closely.

A trend apparent to all observers has been in being for the past several months—that of putting new blood in public office. This trend is the opposite of that found during the war, when public sentiment favored incumbents; a policy of keeping tried and tested public servants in office was generally followed throughout the nation.

The political fate of the new officials—in the town, in the county, in the state—will be determined by their actions during the next two years. As one local citizen expressed it, "The new crowd got in by saying they would do something. If they do it, they will all be reelected next time. If they don't, they'll get beaten."

One important item which must be considered immediately by the mayor and commissioners if they are to do their duty is the adoption of the 1947-48 municipal budget. Last year this budget was adopted and published two months after the legal time limit had expired—and that action came only after long prodding by the local newspaper.

Only by prompt and proper action will our officials retain the favor indicated by the electorate in April.

The Zebulon Record

MEMBER NCPA AND APA

Editor Ferd L. Davis
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This, That and the Other

—Mrs. Theo. B. Davis—

The Russians are said to be treating cotton plants with chemicals that make possible the production of lint colored in the boll. Only a few colors have so far been managed: green, yellow, rose, and brown. But they are said to be color-fast. Think of the confusion if cotton-pickers got the crops from different fields mixed. The cloth woven from it would probably be a hit-or-miss plaid.

Never have I seen so many hems coming out and down as are being looked after these days. The main trouble is that once a hem has been put in, worn and washed or pressed a number of times, the mark of it is there to stay. The only way to make the changing look right is to make the new hem exactly half the width the old one was; or if facing has to be done, be sure the stitches at its top are along the old hemline.

If you dislike having to hunt all through the pages of a magazine to find on disconnected pages the columns of a story, you might try the method one woman says she uses. She begins on the first page and reads straight ahead, as in a book. No matter if it's an advertisement or part of another story

or article, she does not worry, saying when she does come to more of what she was reading she can make the connection in her mind. I couldn't keep up with anything that way; but that reader does have the advantage of knowing when she has finished reading all that is in her magazine.

Once more the birds have eaten nearly all our cherries, unripe though they were, and in spite of my best efforts to frighten away the eaters.

Don't come near me calling birds "our little feathered friends" until I am in better humor. I'm leaving out the second letter of the word, and am calling them feathered fiends.

When the cherries on our four young trees began turning red I began a campaign of protection. Before I made much headway the birds had eaten all the fruit from two trees. I placed a length of brown rope and two old ironing cords, one brown and black, one black and white, on the branches of the trees that still had cherries. They looked scary; in fact, they scared me when I forgot about them and saw them unexpectedly. They scared Leary, who yelled as loudly as a five-years-old could. They scared his mother, whose yell was ladylike, but sincere. But they did NOT scare the birds.

Mr. Needham Pitts came along and helped my husband place a piece of small rubber hose on a high branch of one tree. That made no difference.

I tore a piece of an old sheet into narrow strips and festooned them back and forth around what cherries were left. And I give you my word I saw with my own eyes what follows:

A catbird paused only an instant, then gave a harsh cry and dashed in, grabbed a cherry, and flew off.

A thrasher sat for a minute or two on a nearby trellis, then hurriedly flew by the tree, picking a cherry in passing.

A redbird sat on a twig of the Delicious apple tree, considering the situation. He finally alighted on the ground, hopped under the cherry tree, then flew up into the lower branches where he feasted without much sight of white strings.

A robin stood on the ground peering at the tree. He stood on one foot and scratched his head with the other, (so help me, he did), then he, too, went under the tree first and up it next, to feast on forbidden fruit. A mocker gave the final insult when he swung back and forth on the string of cloth as he picked a cherry.

I give up! And we have not had one pie yet.

Seen and Heard

All the editors had the same idea about last week's rains. We saw no less than four of our exchanges that called the rain a "multi-million dollar" shower. Well, we like to be conservative; so we just called it a "million-dollar" rain.

David Massey is either a glutton for punishment, or likes to grow tobacco. He was in the shop last Saturday telling about the several acres he and his son set last week, a total of about ten. And they were back at it again Monday, setting another acre on his father's place.

If you didn't get up to last Wednesday's baseball game between the Rotarians and the Scouts, you missed something special. Not many of the Rotarians, old men that they are, fell flat on their faces; but enough of them accom-

plished similar deeds for you to have had bellylaughs a-plenty.

Around the Record office we're treating compositor Andrews with new respect these days. After Bobby Bridger's had held the elderly Rotarians hitless for two innings, Andrews got a hit—and what a hit! It was only good for a single, but the bat broke half in two, and the big end just missed sending Willie B. Hopkins back to the hospital again.

Willie B. declared he had a sore throat, and could not play for his fellow Rotarians; but he did decide to umpire. Right after H. V. Andrews almost conked him, Dr. Ben Thomas, playing second base, tried to throw a Scout out at home plate. He threw the ball high; but Willie B. is a pretty tall man, and it almost decapitated our esteemed chief of police.

Willie B. says that next time, no

matter how sick he happens to be, he's going to play and not umpire. It's safer, he says.

The Rotarians struck out more often than they got hits; but that third strike was hard for the Scout catcher to hold. More runs were scored that way! Finally the teams decided to change the ground rules so that when a man struck out he was out, regardless of how far the catcher had to chase the last strike.

If you're not too busy with your store or your tobacco next Wednesday afternoon, come out at 4:30 and see another ball game between youth and age—and we do mean age. Those fellows you see limping up and down Main Street haven't been in an automobile accident; they played ball Wednesday.

As Dr. Thomas said yesterday, "I haven't been making calls today; I've been making crawls!"

Fun with the Telephone

I guess that at one time or another everybody has fun with the telephone. Usually it's just a worrisome "Guess who this is" that consumes time and patience. But some years ago it took the following form:

A young gentleman, so our story goes, possessed a voice which had not yet changed. It was pitched at a sweet soprano and was often mistaken when heard over the telephone as that of a girl.

Picking up the telephone, our hero would dial a number.

"This is the telephone company," he would say when someone answered. "We have had reports of trouble in Zebulon and we are making a routine checkup. Will you say 'hello' into the mouthpiece."

Always glad to cooperate, the person called would say "hello."

"Now repeat 'hello' about three

feet from the mouthpiece."

"Hello!"

"Now, if you don't mind, about six feet away."

"Hello!!!!"

Usually about this time the patience of the person called was running short, and the telephone was slammed down on the hook with a resounding bang. But on one occasion, a doctor in town was called. The doctor was in a very cooperative mood that evening and cooperated throughout the test.

He said the hello's three feet away, then six feet away, and even repeated it with the telephone behind his back.

Chortling, our hero asked: "Now, once more, if you will. Stand on your head and say 'hello.'"

Undoubtedly the good doctor's face blanched as he gasped:

"Good Lord, lady, how do you expect me to do that?"

A salesman who has been calling on Zebulonians during the past week has riled quite a few of the housewives. He represents himself as a veteran in various states of disability caused by (1) years of internment in a Jap prison camp; (2) wounds suffered while battling for the glory of democracy in Europe; or (3) injuries sustained while in the Army which caused him to be discharged but provided him with no compensation.

This so-called veteran sells magazines to accumulate points to pay for a college education. He prefaces his spiel with: "Lady, don't you want to help a disabled veteran?"

One lady in Zebulon explained (Continued on Page 4)