

### MORE MONEY FOR OUR SCHOOL

Wakelon needs a public school music teacher. How many times in the past few years have we heard this refrain? Wakelon needs a refurbished laboratory to remain on the accredited list. How often do we hear this statement? Only at each Parent-Teacher meeting, each gathering of the school committeemen, each time any of the school patrons settle down to a constructive critique of the local school.

These embarrassing questions are not asked of our local school only; they may be asked with equal pertinence of any patron of any school in Wake County. We are proud of our school systems, but they are far from what they could be—indeed, they are not even what they should be.

The simple answer to all such questions lies in two words: adequate financing. But these two words bring on more talk—a lot more talk.

Many local citizens maintain that the State of North Carolina is morally bound to support the local school program with adequate finances to provide for public school music training, physical education directors, laboratory equipment, and all the rest of the facilities not now available. The fact is that, regardless of moral considerations, the legislature feels that it has done enough for local education in increasing teachers' salaries. In any event, nothing further can be done until the next session of the legislature, and the need for more school funds is immediate.

At a panel discussion held at Wakelon School earlier this month the district school committees of Wakelon, Wake Forest, and Wendell voted unanimously to promote a supplementary tax for Wake County schools similar to the tax now being paid by citizens of Raleigh. Since this method of providing additional funds for our county schools appears to be the only feasible plan, we await action by these committeemen.

### WEAR THE RED FEATHER

Of all the non-sectarian charitable programs, the most appealing is that of your local Community Chest, because of the truth of its slogan "Everybody gives; everybody benefits."

The people of this community are asked to give only to the phases of the Community Chest program that benefit them. These benefits are from the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Wake County clinic, the Salvation Army, and county welfare work.

Your support of the Chest program will result in direct returns to you—give as liberally as you can. Wear the red feather!

### HEARTBREAK REMAINS CONSTANT

The return of bodies of war dead to the United States from foreign battlefields is the occasion of reopening of old wounds in the hearts of parents of these fallen heroes. In an attempt to ease the heartache of a mother who lost a son, the following lines were written:

My heart aches for you, my dearest mother, in this overwhelming sorrow! Your loss is indeed a great one.

It is true that this son was one of the most worthy that could be; and this was recognized by all who knew him. But is not this very fact a great source of consolation? Your son, my dear mother, had already made a voluntary sacrifice of his native land to go and serve his God, his king, and his country, in another and a newer world. His generosity of spirit induced him to undertake this, and yours to consent to the carrying out of such a noble resolution. And now, by the good pleasure of Divine Providence, he has left this new world to go to that other world, which is the oldest and the most desirable of all, and where you will see him much sooner than you would have done, had he lived on fighting and struggling as he intended to do.

Be comforted then, dear mother, and let your troubled spirit be at rest, adoring that Divine Providence which does all things sweetly; and though the motives of its decrees may be hidden, yet the manifest truth of its goodness obliges us to believe that it does all things in perfect love. Meanwhile, until the hour for your departure strikes, calm your motherly heart with the consideration of that blessed eternity into which he has entered, and upon whose very brink you yourself stand. Pray to God for him, and he will soon receive the help which your prayers and desires have obtained for him.

Written yesterday? Not quite. That letter was written by St. Francis de Sales in 1547—four hundred years ago—to Madame de Peysieu who had a son killed on a battlefield in America, the New World.

The real human problems of life and death never change. Heartbreak remains constant.

## The Zebulon Record

Ferd Davis ..... Editor  
Barrie Davis ..... Publisher

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## This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

### You Meet Such Interesting People

I was in Cincinnati early Monday morning that I next saw the passenger who was so much concerned about the young mother and baby, on the train for the first time. The train had stopped and we were both in the dressing room, I remarked that I wanted to get off the train to mail a letter and she said, "I'm going to get off, too, for breakfast. What say we go together." This we did, I following her as she strode briskly along, wearing brown moccasins, blue socks, black slacks, white blouse, a biege coat

with a big gold flower on the lapel; all of this topped by a most elaborate hairdo. She wore no hat, but later on I fancied at times I caught glimpses of a halo, worn at a jaunty, non-angelic angle.

When we went back on the train she asked the young mother about going out to breakfast, adding, "I'll show you the way, and this lady will keep the baby till we get back." I was the one referred to, and did as she said I would.

On the way to Chicago our leader's questioning revealed that our companion had no idea of how to transfer to the Union Station, nor of whether she had Pull-

man reservation from there to Tacoma, where her husband was stationed. She said, "Papa rode on the train once, but he was just a boy, and he didn't go far, so he didn't know how to tell me what to do, but Joe sent me a telegram and I started." "Well," said our leader, "we'll straighten all that out when we get to Chicago. What say we get some coffee from the diner and eat lunch right here? This lady and I will bring you some."

We bought three big cardboard cups of boiling coffee in the diner and started back through five cars, the leader in front to open doors with the hand that didn't  
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## Information for Veterans

Q. What benefits does the disabled veteran receive under the vocational rehabilitation program that are not available to him under the G. I. Bill?

A. The disabled veteran receives several additional benefits under the Vocational Rehabilitation Act (Public Law 16). During his vocational rehabilitation and for two months after his employability has been established, he receives at least 105 if he has no dependents, or \$115 if he has a dependent, plus \$10 for one child, \$7 for each additional child, and \$15 for a dependent parent. He may receive more than these

guaranteed minimums if his disability compensation, pension or retirement pay, plus the standard allowances of \$65 or \$90 a month, is higher than the amount guaranteed under the act. Other advantages include certain traveling expenses, other than daily commutation; availability of a \$100 government loan; extension of training entitlement under certain conditions, and personal guidance and attention by VA training officers. Additional details may be obtained at any VA office.

Q. Does VA help the disabled veteran get a job after he finishes his training?

A. Yes.

Q. Will the disabled veteran's disability compensation be reduced if he goes into training under this program?

A. No.

Q. What happens if a veteran in training under this program becomes ill or is injured?

A. Under certain conditions, if the veteran is injured, suffers a relapse, or if his disability is further aggravated during his training, he may be granted an increase in the rate of his disability compensation. If he requires hospitalization, it may be furnished at Government expense.

## Wanna Buy an Egg, Joe?

By Barrie Davis

Stories of the rough times members of Uncle Sam's armies had in acquiring a bath have been told and retold throughout the world. To make the record complete, we'll bring a couple of these fables into print on this page.

There are all types of shower baths provided by the army. Some were rather ritzy, even by post-war civilian standards. Such were the type we had at Maxwell Field, down Alabama way.

But up in Missouri we had a latrine and shower built for every four barracks, necessitating a long walk to take a bath. On a dusty day you'd be dirtier by the time you got back to the barracks than you were before you left, bath or no bath. To save trou-

ble, we'd often wrap a towel around our hips, grab the soap, and make a mad dash across the area to the shower. To our disgust, an order came down from headquarters forbidding such things. It seems that the colonel's wife happened by one day just as a gust of wind lifted the towel above the knees of a fast-moving cadet.

Over in Tunisia we built a shower for use of the whole outfit, which made the wait for a bath sometimes long and tiresome. The water had to be hauled in from the wells four miles away, and was pumped from the tank truck. Usually when I was all soaped up from hair to toe, the water would give out. I'd have to stand there twenty minutes, soap burning my eyes, until the truck could pick up another load

of water.

But the best shower of them all was the one we built in Italy. And it was also the one which provided the most embarrassment for newly arrived recruits from the States. We stole enough pipe for the affair, and heated the water with 100 octane aviation gasoline burning in a drum. But all we had to keep the cutting wind off our nude bodies was an old dilapidated canvas tent. This was all very fine, and the new arrivals would be commenting on the wonderful shower when—without warning—the side of the tent would part, and in would push the head and shoulders of an Italian woman. "Hey, Joe," she would call to the nearest GI, "Want to buy some eggs?"

Usually, no one did.

## At Home on the Farm

Travelin' around over in Columbus County last week, Charley Raper and myself pulled up during a rainy spell to visit with Jack Walters—one of these "all-round farmers" you hear about.

Being county agent for the State College Agricultural Extension Service, Charley knew Mr. Walters pretty well. I was tellin' the agent before we got there that since it was cold and rainy, we'd most likely find the farmer sittin' around the house.

"No," says Charley, "I believe you're wrong there, Cousin. Jack's like a lot of us—he gets mighty fidgety when he's confined too close."

Sure enough, we found the friendly farmer out in his tobacco barn, pattering around with

packing up his tobacco sticks and cleaning things up in general.

"Makin' room to put tools and machinery in under the shelter," Jack says, after we'd had a very casual introduction. "I'm one who believes in wearin' 'em out—instead of lettin' 'em rust or rot."

When we got around to talking about the balanced farming principles at work on Mr. Walters' farm, he said he just couldn't get along with his cow. Agent Raper passed the word along that Jack has one of the few registered Jersey cows in the county.

In the spring, Jack seeded a pasture for his cow, using Dal-lis grass, lespedeza, and white Dutch clover. By next spring, he expects to have plenty of grazing. From the ensuing conversation,

I learn that Jack also takes a lot of pride in his sow. "Just can't get along without my hogs" is the way he put it. He admitted he'd made some money on hogs this year, besides providing meat for his table.

The rain was about to stop as we got around to leaving Jack to his work. When we were down the road a bit, the agent told me:

"Cousin, now there's a farmer who doesn't believe in depending on tobacco alone. He's a good tobacco grower, all right, and his sales on the warehouse floor are good, but you certainly can see that Jack wouldn't be content without his milk cow and his hogs."

"Lots of farmers are, though"—I says.  
—The City Cousin