

Zebulon's Man of the Year

Zebulon salutes its man of the year, chosen by the citizens of the community. Any one of the men nominated as the outstanding citizen of the community might have been selected without fear of criticism, but the man selected by a majority of voters is interested in all the civic, business, and religious enterprises the other nominees promote; hence his selection is fitting.

Sunday School, the church, the chamber of commerce, the zoning board, the county board of education, fraternal and civic groups, all of these units count C. V. Whitley among their members willing to contribute money and time to the success of their particular movement. Certainly few of us have been so generous with any organization as has he in all these undertakings.

We join our readers in acclaiming the efforts of this citizen to make our community a better place to live — financially, socially, and spiritually.

Opinion Is Not Always Fact

Recently a non-veteran minister, making an address in Zebulon spoke in passing on the danger of a military caste arising from a system of universal military training, stating flatly that selective service had been proved the chief contributing factor in the rise of every powerful group of military men.

Fact in this case is exactly the opposite of the statement the minister presented. The Junkers in Germany came into being not through conscription but through the maintenance of a standing professional army. The warlords of pre-Chiang China came to power through their standing armies — not through universal service. And the militarist Peron controls Argentina not through the power of a selective service armed force, but through the power given him by a group of professional soldiers as steeped in tradition as officers and enlisted men of a young nation can be.

Because of the peculiar position occupied in any community by a Protestant clergyman, he should be extremely careful of what he says. In our democratic twentieth century there is plenty of room for disagreement with the interpretation placed on facts by any man, but what is presented as facts should be fact — not opinion, even when, as in this instance, the statement is not made from the pulpit.

Benefit Suppers Labors of Love

The success of the Parent-Teacher Association in raising funds for its 1947-48 laboratory improvement project completes a year in which a new high has been set locally for number of benefit suppers held — and in funds raised by these suppers.

Some days we are prone to grumble a bit when approached by the fifth or sixth vendor of benefit tickets, especially when the funds run light toward the end of the month. But we will admit that we had rather buy a supper or even a chance on a bed quilt than to make an outright contribution to the particular organization selling tickets. It's the Scotch in us.

One thing that baffles us is how these clubs and societies manage to give so much for so little. The best barbecue and the most barbecue we have had all fall happened to be served at a church supper — for one dollar. There is no question about the preparation of these dinners being a labor of love for the women involved, and we commend their civic spirit.

Socialization Not for Germany

Recent dispatches from Germany indicate that German miners expect to receive better food and clothing and more luxury items such as tobacco than other German workers, but they still expect socialization of the coal mines — because it was promised them by the British. The miners are due for disillusioning reality; they need only to look to the wretched condition of Britain to see why the United States, now shouldering the bulk of occupation costs, will permit no socialization. Efficiency just does not come from socialism — it comes from free enterprise.

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This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Palisades, Washington

Heretofore when hearing tumbleweed sung about I pictured in my mind a lazy, airy, lightsome progress over sunlit fields. But at this time I rise to remark that whoever is "drifting along with the tum-ber-ling tum-ble-weed" is doing a piece of traveling.

Not having met the weeds before they dried, I can say little of their lives, either public or private. But when they die, the branches all curl toward the center, the root, or part of it, comes from the soil and twists inside; the whole thing forming a big, light, spiny brown sphere with plenty of open spaces. These roll over and over, driven by wind. They form regular barricades along or across a road . . . they bound between trees in orchards, or venture up to your doorway. Today I stood by one that was hip-high — and I'm a fairly tall woman — and was told that some tumbleweeds grow four times that large. They are Russian thistles and people here wish the Russians had them all.

If you think it hard to hire help for housework in and around Zebulon you ought to come to Palisades. Out here there just ain't no such animal as a maid,

in the meaning of the word as a paid helper. My sister says if you are sick neighbors come in and do some of your work out of friendliness; but, if you're well, why they have their own work to do. There is no servant class as we understand the term.

It was amazing to hear of a foreign born woman who came to Palisades with her husband and, after some months, discovered that American women did not work such long hours as she had known. She said "I made up my mind I'd stay in bed till six o'clock on Sunday, no matter what."

She also decided not to wait on her husband so slavishly and reported having "told Mister he could put his clothes on cold; she wasn't going to hold them to the fire and warm them for him." Such independence!

There have been times here, before the irrigation system was as well developed as at present, when the scarcity of water created serious problems. One woman told of seeing the school teacher who boarded with her, take a glass of water, drink only half of it and throw the rest away. She said, "I sat down and cried about it."

In contrast with such carelessness,

my sister told me of a visitor in her home who was fond of walking. After each walk she washed the dust from her feet, using only a little water; afterwards pouring it carefully about the roots of flowers in the yard.

It is a bit confusing, not to say discouraging, to find that in the minds of some westerners we southern church members are all grouped more or less with the snake-handlers. That is because the snake-handling cult has had so much more publicity in secular papers than any conservative denomination. Even emphatic denial may not be wholly convincing; but the truth is that I'm not right sure I ever had religion enough to make me take hold of a harmless snake, let alone a poisonous one. And, of course, I've never felt my religion called for any such demonstration.

By the time this in print it will be in order to wish all readers a happy New Year. Consider it done, heartily and sincerely.

When speaking of my husband's condition I feel like a cracked phonograph record that has gotten hung and keeps repeating the same words; and there is nothing new to say yet.

New Year's Greetings - 1948

Christmas Day came and went last week, and I slept it in and slept it out. I wandered home well before midnight Christmas Eve, built fire enough to take the chill off the air in the room, and crawled between the covers. The telephone woke me up at 12:00 noon Christmas Day. I stayed up long enough to eat Christmas dinner at my brother's, collected the mail from the post office, and tucked away my supper. At 7:00 I was flat on my back, sleeping again. And I didn't wake until 7:30 Friday morning, when it was time to resume work.

So I remember Christmas Day 1947 as one of the most enjoyable of my life. Sleep — it's wonderful!

Old Santa didn't pass me up in the hustle and bustle of seeing everybody. I know that the presents I appreciate the most are the pajamas given me by the folks

that work with us here in the shop and the neck tie Scouts Robert Lee and Herbert Privette gave me. They were unexpected and made me realize what a doggoned lucky guy I am.

Lots of Christmas cards came too, reminding me what a swell way the cards are to keep in contact with distant friends. There was one from Bill Murphy in Winston-Salem, whom I haven't seen since the morning he was shot down over Hungary while chasing an ME-109. And one from Hank Greve, who we all thought dead after he was shot down. He's far from dead now, with a wife and a baby on the way. And another from my old tent-mate, "Shorty" Burman, out in Hollywood, Cal., who was the biggest guy I ever saw fly in a P-39.

Most all of the guys checked in. "Doc" Marquardt, the flight sur-

geon; Major Oliver Kaufman, the exec officer; Ray Langer, who honored me by giving his first son the name of Barrie; Wayne Lowry, who saved my life by shooting a Jerry off my tail; Jim Simmons, from Alabammy way. Just a look at the name signed to a card and a guy can re-live a million memories.

There were those from Zebulon, too. The John Terrys, the Morris Hoods, the Norman Screws, the Bridgers, and lots of others; Bill Brantley, James Debnam, and many of the other local Scouts. There's just not room to name them all.

All my thanks to all of you. And may this new year bring to each of you the best that life offers. And may it bring to the world a lasting peace.

—Barrie S. Davis

Wakefield Community News

The reason I didn't write any news last week, I was sick in bed four days and it was too late to send any in before I got able to be up. I got out the first time Xmas Eve and went to the Christmas Tree and Play. It was just grand and I wish all could have seen it.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hodge and Jimmy and Mrs. Vera Rhodes went to Raleigh Christmas Day and had turkey dinner with the T. H. Mims and H. A. Hodges, Sr. It's wonderful to get off once in a while to have dinner. We all enjoyed it immensely. All the family was together for the first time since the war ended. I guess this was the case in lots of families and the merriest Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Winstead and family were at church Sunday. We were glad to have them. We are always glad to have our girls and boys back after they have gone and reared a family.

Mrs. Mamie Kimball bloomed out with a beautiful corsage of red roses Christmas Eve night at the Xmas Play. They were sent by her daughter Doris from Chicago. She looked wonderful in it, most like a bride of the late 40's.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Gal and little Don, Mrs. E. W. Hood, Mrs. Vera Rhodes, and Mrs. Leathy Kellums all left Friday after Xmas for a week end in the western part of the state. We had a wonderful trip and a big time. We could see the mountains from his home, so we didn't make the trip up on the mountains this time like we did last time we went. The Pilot Mountain is not far and we got a good view of it. Edgar Jr. and C. W. Hood are Boy Scouts and they hiked up on the mountain and spend the night on the nose of Pilot. We had a nice trip and came back Sunday p.m. I spent the night in Raleigh and went over

to Durham Monday and spent the day with Mrs. R. H. Hunt, my aunt. Two of my aunts went with me, Mrs. L. L. Browning and Mrs. Leathy Kellum. I spent Monday night with Mrs. E. W. Hood and Mrs. Donnie Gay. We had a call from E. E. Hood at Booneville to tell us that his wife's brother was dead, Opa Triplett of Winston-Salem. He died of a heart attack Monday morning before breakfast and we had just seen him the day before and his wife. We should think about how short life is and be prepared to go any time the Lord should call us. I don't know much that happened last week because I was gone most of the time.

It's nice to go away and still nicer to get back home, for there is no place like home no matter how humble.

By the way, Mr. C. W. Reaburn, (Continued on Page 6)