

Pity the Weatherman

As pointed out in the Record last week—before the big snow—the weatherman is not exactly on the ball these days. Last Saturday night he predicted sleet, freezing rain, and moderate snow flurries. The snow flurries turned out to be about as moderate, comparatively speaking, as a de luxe model atomic bomb.

The weatherman, poor fellow, is more to be pitied than scorned. He is just as upset about the snow as we are. His attic got just as full of snow as ours did; for he put no covering over the louvres—he actually believed the stuff he was putting out about moderate snow flurries.

He left his car out in the street instead of putting it in his garage, and he took two days to dig it out—he had no idea that North Carolina's biggest snow since 1927 was going to follow that hail and sleet Saturday night.

Finally he had to sneak around, red with embarrassment, fearful lest his identity be discovered and he be exposed to the ridicule of his fellows.

And the worst part of it all is that the blame really does not belong to him. His miscalculations resulted from insufficient data, faulty communications, and critical understaffing of key observation stations. Such conditions can be alleviated only by increased congressional appropriations, which certainly are in order. Two billion dollars for an atom bomb and nine billion dollars for fuel oil research! We cannot afford not to spend whatever it takes to find out when we are going to need that fuel oil.

We know from experience that the very men who are now forecasting weather for the government possess the brains to do a good job, for we flew by their predictions with highly satisfactory results. That was back in the days when they were in the Army and Navy, and had all the equipment they needed to do their job properly. Apparently their lots are not so good as civilians, but take our word for it: Freezing to death in mufti is no more pleasant than freezing to death in khaki.

The military recognized the need for weather information as a basis for operations; what a pity that our senators and congressmen do not see that same need for agricultural business, and manufacturing operations!

Maybe we should be thankful that at least we knew it was going to be cloudy, but our corns could tell us that much just as well as the weatherman—and much more forcefully. When and how long it's going to rain or snow is as important to us as whether it's going to rain or snow. The only way we will ever get this information is by providing the meteorologist with proper equipment, and that takes money. Best we give it to him this year.

Good Samaritans

One thing, if no other, was proved by the storm that hit us last weekend: Both in Zebulon and in the country surrounding the town Good Samaritans abound. Here on Main Street Ralph Talton, Ed Kitchings, Charles Creech, and the rest of the fellows from the light company labored with a power winch to pull stalled cars out of the drifts. Oil trucks, doctor's conveyances, ambulances—the line-men got them all.

Down south of Zebulon W. H. Moss opened up a path to Zebulon for people living along his road, working with two mules and an improvised snowplow.

The Town of Zebulon sent its road machine to Wendell Tuesday morning to help open up streets closed since Friday. (The previous Thursday Wendell had sent its truck to assist in fighting the Lucas Milling Company fire.)

Probably the most Herculean labor of all was that done by Millard Duke and his son, Mayon. Working with a farm tractor each, the father and son cleared a path to the Zebulon-Wake Forest highway for some two hundred families isolated in the Hopkins Chapel area. In the process they managed to get to a doctor a resident of Hopkins Cross Roads who had fallen Sunday, breaking a rib.

And all of this, mind you, was done with no thought of gain or even repayment for time lost from work while helping. It took both a warm heart and a young heart to render this assistance. And it makes one proud to live in a community where people act the way they do here.

The Zebulon Record

Ferd Davis Editor
Barrie Davis Publisher

Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the post office at Zebulon, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rate: \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on request.

This, That and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

While all decorations were lovely at the tea Mrs. Frank Kemp gave last week for Doretha Parrish, nothing to me equalled the blazing logs in the big fireplace of the clubhouse. They must have been tailored to measure, as it was the first time I have seen that fireplace filled with logs of exactly the right length. Someone told me that Mr. Parrish, father of the bride-elect, went to his farm in the country and brought in that fuel for that special occasion. The mantel, with its large bowl of

white tulips and carnations, was much admired, but as a real center of interest, the open fire took precedence.

Some years ago a reader of the Record urged me to advise my husband, then editor of the paper, not to speak in his columns of any crimes or infringement of laws occurring in town. He felt it might make outsiders think we were living in an undesirable place.

That is pretty much the way I feel about the weather we've had for the last few weeks. I hate for readers in other states to know just how bad it has been. When

schools in many counties have had to close for nearly two weeks, when church services are called off, when bus schedules are cancelled, when Bobby McGee fails to make his twice-daily rounds with morning and evening papers for Zebulonians, then we realize that Winter is doing for us what we hope is his worst.

It always surprises me, after such a snowfall as we've had, to find how it can blow in around windows, under doors that have seemed to fit tightly, and in thru louvres up under the eaves. You'll

(Continued on Page 5)

Neighbors

Forty-five years ago when I was a student in Wake Forest College, I first heard of Rev. George Duke, a plain consecrated Baptist preacher. He was greatly beloved among country folks in his day. I had heard of his most famous sermon on Mother, Home and Heaven, and when he was to preach this sermon at nearby Forestville one night, I went to hear it. It was a wonderful eloquent message.

Perhaps it was because I was then far from home and had not seen my mother in months, and was preparing myself to tell others about heaven that the sermon impressed me as few sermons ever have. Even after a half century home seems to stand at one end of the journey, heaven at the other, with mother brightening and comforting all the way between with her loving care and service.

But sometimes when all these wonderful things of life and God seem to pale in the pressing duties and painful experiences that come to all, I have learned to my heart's joy and mind's contentment that God has wrapped up in one word all the best things of the preacher's beautiful and appealing sermon. They are vitally, satisfying and practically revealed to my heart in that simple, yet expressive word *neighbor*. Our Lord clothed it with earthly

comfort and heavenly glory in the parable of the good Samaritan. Forever he answered the heart searching question of all mankind, "Who is my neighbor?"

All I have said is to lead you to this: Jesus' conception of a neighbor and ours of a Christian are little if any different. I was three thousand miles from home and neighbors. God only knew how far I was from heaven. Mother slept on a red hill-side far away. These precious things seemed to pass as shadows. But day after day and month after month came comforting, encouraging messages across a continent from friends and neighbors, yet far beyond their personal ministry. God only knows the help they gave me—sympathy, prayers, encouragement, gifts and expressions of love. In all these—friends, neighbors, of mine—I felt God had gathered together some of the best of home, mother and heaven and sent them to me in my time of need that I might not forget that the world was still full of love and strength and faith. And all this help came through a postcard or a 3-cent stamp!

I am saying all this to you, my neighbor, to help you know from my own experience how much neighbors and Christian neighborliness mean. Not just to one who has met with misfortune miles and miles away, but any

one your hand or heart may reach needing a word of sympathy or encouragement. Once I asked a little Negro girl in an orphanage who was her neighbor? And she replied: "That woman that lives right over there." Next door, block, town or country lives our neighbor.

Today, while I am yet confined to my home, every time I hear of those sick or who have met with adversity, my first impulse is to send a message of comfort or a gift for their needs. I have learned anew the fuller meaning of neighbor and neighborliness. I hope I will not forget and that I may help my neighbor to understand our common interests as Christians and neighbors, as Jesus saw people everywhere.

A young man, a friend of mine, came to see me a few nights ago. He brought me something very appetizing outside the pleasure of seeming glad to see me. As we talked, I told him about the wonders of the West—the plains, rivers, mountains, fields, crops, people, and many other things. As I paused, he asked: "Would you like to live out there?" My answer was ready: "No, Wade, I would not. I had rather live right here than any other place in the whole world. This is my home and here are my friends and neighbors." —Theo. B. Davis.

Enuff Is Too Much

—Barrie S. Davis—

Here I go writing about what everybody has been talking about. If the snow that fell last weekend was not the biggest that has come for sometime, it has proved to be the best topic of conversation. From what I have heard, it has been cussed far more than it has been discussed.

It was surprising to me how much the women folks seemed to enjoy the snow. Sunday night when I walked downtown (for the second time in a year) I saw dozens of the fairer sex strolling along, and none of them were complaining. But you should have heard the men!

Judge Irby Gill didn't miss a trick. Just as soon as he managed to have a path shoveled to his Atlantic Service Station, he brought an armload of shovels from the Firestone Store and placed them out front ready for sale.

One young swain rushed out to heave snow balls at Laura James Sexton and Lady Talton. They re-

sponded with such enthusiasm that they forced him back indoors faster than he went out. Who said anything about the "weaker sex?"

I would have been far happier if the white stuff had never fallen. By now the snow is dark with soot and stuff and very much in the way. Saturday morning Hilliard Greene went with me out to check on the airplanes, and we broke off all the ice we could from the wings of the planes. And then it snowed and snowed and snowed. All of which made for lots of worrying.

But when finally the roads were opened and we could go have a look at the damage, we found that the planes had made out much better than we had. The wind had blown the snow off and the planes were squatting happily waiting for the rest of the snow to melt so that they could get in the air.

Our neighbors over in Wendell had a far rougher time than we did in Zebulon. The Town of Wendell is not blessed with a road machine, and their streets

were closed when they gave a call for help Monday afternoon. Zebulon sent its machine over to aid them, and Ray Gainey spent the entire day pushing snow off their streets. When he returned to Zebulon, he remembered that he had never opened the street that runs from Irby Gill's past Preacher Carlton Mitchell's house. So he ignored the cold and the dark long enough to open up that street.

All the employees of our town have been more than busy this week. And no matter how they do things, somebody offers suggestions. When they worked to clear the roads as rapidly as possible by pushing the snow from the middle of the streets, everybody said it was wonderful. But as soon as folks began to circulate, complaints came in. The snow, they said, should have been pushed to the middle of the street, and then when it melted, the gutters would have been open to drain off the water. Next time I'm sure Willie B. and Ray will be more than happy to let some of the complainants have the job of clearing the streets.