

A Good Work

Almost all of the Protestant churches through this section of North Carolina are having vacation Bible Schools during the month of June. Timed to take advantage of the break in tobacco work between setting and barning, these schools are staffed by volunteer workers who, without exception, find their efforts richly rewarded.

One of the most appealing arrangements made for any local school is the plan of the Hopkins Chapel Baptist Church, which serves a large rural area. At many points through that community the church has arranged for vehicles to pick up and carry children to the daily classes.

The schools themselves are designed to make the study of the Gospel an interesting, understandable work. While we must own to believing that principles are too often glossed over, many times where younger people are concerned, church work resolves itself into a dreary repetition of platitudes. The vacation Bible schools have a place in our community life, and it is a strong one.

A New President

The Zebulon Chamber of Commerce has selected a new president, a young and able man. In Ralph Talton the local merchants and professional men have for the next year an unselfish leader who will work as hard for their best interests as he works for the company whose local office he manages—and by any standard, that is quite a statement.

The coming year will make or break the local better business organization. Undoubtedly there are some local merchants who believe the group should have done more this year. Many feel that the Chamber of Commerce has set its sights too low, that a full time executive secretary is what they need. But there are many visible results of local progress for which the Chamber of Commerce can take full credit.

In an effort to aid in local diversification of agriculture, the Zebulon Chamber of Commerce promoted (and financed with the aid of the Peoples Bank and Trust Company) a program whereby \$3500 worth of feeder calves was placed in the community. Eventually a livestock market may be established here through this beginning, which was accomplished at a cost to local merchants of approximately one hundred dollars.

In connection with livestock, the Chamber of Commerce sponsored two breed hog shows, attracting buyers from as far north as Ohio and as far south as Orangeburg, South Carolina. It is safe to say that Zebulon has never received so much favorable publicity with so little expense as was accomplished through this promotion of hog shows and sales.

The Chamber can claim the major portion of credit for establishing a home-building firm in Zebulon. This firm is in competition with no other local industry, and has a payroll of \$1300 a week, which is spent with Zebulon grocers, dry goods store operators, and other businessmen. In addition, the firm has added already a great deal to the tax listing of the municipality and county, both through its own investment and through construction of new homes.

Other successful projects were sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, including placing street markers (with which project the Rotary Club and Town of Zebulon assisted). The following year will have to be a good one, if this year's achievements are duplicated.

We are confident that this progress will be continued. Whether it will be through the efforts of a paid secretary or through the continued free services of an elected president and board of directors is a matter for the membership to decide, but surely Zebulon will go forward in the years to come.

The Zebulon Record

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This, That and the Other

Let no man or woman say I am not a loyal Tar Heel; and dear to this heart are many of the manners and customs of our section of the state. Yet, if I were a traveler from another country, it well might be that I should observe with wonder some of the things we do. And of all these none is more strange and wonderful than the chicken barbecue "banquets" we serve in the name of education, politics, good fellowship, or for no special reason.

A banquet is in my mind associated with best clothes, flowers, linen, silver, china, and the nearest to elegance that may be attained. Not so with one of these chicken affairs.

You are seated at a table covered with any sort of cloth or uncovered, and before you is placed a paper plate, usually one divided into compartments. The smaller divisions hold cabbage slaw and potato salad. On or in the largest is half a chicken, its one leg and wing sticking out defiantly, its flat side reposing in a little pool of greasy, peppery sauce. You are given corn bread and loaf bread, coffee or iced tea, and are ready to attack that section of dead chicken, your only weapon being a small paper fork.

About the time you have prodded into meat and against bone

until the fork has completely wilted you realize it was meant for the slaw and salad, not for the barbecue. From then on you must do the whole job with fingers alone. It may be a grand and glorious affair for those taking part; but for onlookers it has its weak spots. Among the weakest are paper napkins that are reduced to a pulp by the first wipe and get lost somewhere, either in the food or the scraps. Sometimes you fear you may have eaten part of one.

After the barbecue is eaten there is a program of speaking with some listening. Everybody is slightly tired and more than slightly greasy; but fun has been had. And who knows? It may be that good has been done.

The only thing I have experienced comparable to a chicken barbecue is one of the stewed crab dinners we had at Morehead City years ago. "Aunt Mart" Wade, Cattie Wade, and Mrs. Luther Leary and Mrs. Teresa Willis were my guides in cooking while we lived there. They taught me how to clean the crabs and to take extra care in removing all the "dead man," as the gills were called. Salt pork was fried crisp in an iron kettle, the cleaned crabs were dumped in and the kettle covered closely: Though the cover was

lifted time and again to stir the crabs or add seasoning, of which black pepper was an important part.

When done the crabs were placed on the largest platter in the house, and we gathered around the table. Knives were no good at all, but forks helped rake meat from the body sections of crabs. With the big blue or brown claws, however, procedure was different. Like the wise virgins some had made provisions by taking possession of all available nutcrackers. The rest of us used the handles of knives or forks to crack the claws, resting them on the table. The meat was most delicious of all and we learned how to get it out with a sort of sucking scoop of the lips that was at times rather noisy. From time to time coffee cups were refilled and this became hazardous as hands grew slippery.

When the meal was over we were all tired as well stuffed, with our faces feeling puckery where gravy from eyebrows to chin-top, we had begun to dry. But nobody made a speech. We used hot water to remove traces of the feast and staggered off to rest before beginning the task of clearing up.

This was never called a banquet. That would have scared us out of the proper enjoyment of our meal.

Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Bjork's Tips

Frequently the newspapers in metropolitan areas carry clear-cut accounts of law violations committed by those entrusted to enforce the laws of the state.

I am thinking in particular of highway patrolmen.

Not being above the sinful tendencies of the human race nor the weakness to yield to practices contrary to society, the pinions of the law ought not to be reckoned as men in whom no guile can be found.

Common sense places them on the same level with all men.

Yet the state does select certain men assuming them qualified by intelligence, character, and ability to act as the protectors of life and limb on the many miles of busy highways in our state.

They are required to take ample time in preparation too.

The citizens expect those men trained and equipped to be above the average when the matter of adherence to the law is concerned, and many are mildly shocked when one reads of accounts in

which the name of the highway patrol is printed for all within, and many without, the state to read.

Why is this?

I feel sure that the head of the department must spend anxious hours over the same question, and wonders why many a promising young man has suddenly caused the prestige of the patrol to be lowered by some base deed.

The public sits in judgment on the entire patrol.

And the judgment of the public is more likely to be colored, more biased, more slanted, than the cool deliberation of the man who must see that his officers are the very best to honor the uniform of the law.

Should the public know of highway patrolmen's misdeeds?

Their actions may be considered news, and some newspapers may feel as if they should be printed; but, is it the best thing to throw light upon those men for youth to see all of their sins? Does it help to elevate the dignity of the law?

Does it breed lawlessness by disrespect of the law?

Somehow there seems to be a solution somewhere.

We might suggest that by mutual agreement, without infringing the liberty of the press, all state newspapers resolve to shun such ugly news. Or that the head of the highway department be even more exact in his search for prospective officers of the law. Or that the training period be prolonged, and probation added, before full status is allowed for the men.

What do you think of this state's idea?

One state has a special court among its own highway officers. There all crimes or misdemeanors among the patrolmen are tried, and punishment meted out. If the case is of a very serious nature, it is handed over to the county or state courts. No newspaperman can attend the highway court's sessions, and no one ever hears of a "bad officer" in that state.

Is that the answer?

Odds and Ends

The little old lady who lived on the wrong side of town had been trying for months to join a church on the other side of town. The pastor of the church was not too anxious to have the lady in tatters sit among his well-to-do parishioners. When the lady approached him to inquire about membership, the pastor replied, "Well, you go home tonight and have a talk with God about it. Then come back and tell me what He says."

The old lady departed, returned home across the tracks. Weeks passed but she did not return. The pastor, thinking by this time that his psychology had worked, chanced to meet her on the street one day.

"Well, did you have your talk with God about your desire to join my church?" he asked.

The little old lady smiled sweetly, replied, Yes, I had my talk with God."

"What did he say?"

"God said, 'Don't be discouraged. For twenty years I, too, have been trying to get into that church. I haven't been accepted, either!'"

That story has no application in this community, I'm happy to say. But it fits so well in some other towns and cities that we might well take heed—we don't want it to happen here.

Figgering out how to fit a Ford V-8 engine on a Crosley frame proved no problem to Allen Cawthorne. He designed his own motor mount, tore down and rebuilt a radiator, and did things it will take the Detroit engineers years to figure out—but the V-8

engine sat in the Crosley and ran smooth as silk.

The problem of how to convert all that power into speed didn't slow him up at all. He just took a model A transmission, turned it around backwards, and installed it in the Crosley. It worked swell, running the little automobile faster than anyone cared to drive. Only trouble was, whenever Allen took his foot off the gas, that second transmission would give a whine that could be heard over five counties.

Undaunted, Allen ran the little black and maroon speedster back into his shop, yanked out the noisy gears, put in a call to Borg-Warner for some high-speed gears for a model A Ford—and now he's busy cutting down a model A rear end

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