



## The Nation's Responsibility

We have done our share of fuming over Federal expenditures, and we plan to do a great deal more — not that it does the slightest bit of good, but because it makes us feel better to blow off steam occasionally. Now we are riled because one of our pet projects is being by-passed.

National Guard units, such as Battery A here in Zebulon, are organized primarily for federal service, rather than for the protection of the community or state in which they are located. They are first to be called into active service whenever a national emergency arises, and the National Guard is trained according to regulations set forth by the Army.

It stands to reason, then, that the problem of housing National Guard units should be solved by the Federal government. If they are under Federal control, organized and maintained for our national safety, local and state governments should not be required to finance the construction and upkeep of the buildings which serve as armories.

It is our understanding that Battery A is considered high on the list of units needing armories. We believe that Wake County and the people of Zebulon will be generous if they are asked to match a Federal appropriation in order to have a armory constructed for Battery A; but the expense should be borne altogether by the Federal government.

## Let's Go Scouting

Tonight at 7:30 Scoutmaster Gordon Temple will register boys of this community for membership in the Boy Scouts of America. We hope that parents of boys 11 years and older will urge them to join the scouts and participate in the varied program of camping, handicraft, and character training which is carried on by the organization.

There is no finer pledge that a young boy can take than the Scout Oath, in which a Scout pledges to do his duty to God and country, to help others, and to keep himself mentally, physically, and morally fit.

From talking with members of the Boy Scout Committee and with Scoutmaster Temple, we know that a lively and enjoyable summer of activity is ahead for Boy Scouts in Zebulon.

## A Message of Cheer

In spite of laudable efforts by doctors and nurses, hospitals are dreary and lonesome places in which to spend time. The days and weeks drag by and friends seldom find time to pay a visit or write a note of cheer. Any word of the folks back home brightens the life of a patient and increases chances for recovery.

With this in mind, we will mail the Zebulon Record free to anyone from this community who is in a hospital for as long as they are confined. If you know of anyone hospitalized by sickness, notify us immediately and we will place them on our mailing list.

One word of caution — please be sure the address is correct. A paper that is never delivered because of an incorrect address can never be a word of cheer.

## The Zebulon Record

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

Ferd L. Davis ..... Editor  
Barrie S. Davis ..... Publisher

Staff Writers: Mrs. Theo. B. Davis, Mrs. Ferd Davis, Mrs. Janice Denton, Miss Bonita Bunn, Mrs. T. Y. Puryear, Mrs. Polly Fuller, Mrs. Iris Temple.

## Seen and Heard

Philip Bunn has a Farmall Cub equipped with as sharp a pump for spraying and irrigation as we have seen. If you have a tractor, it would pay you to run out to the airport and look over his set-up.

We will not reveal the names of the parties involved, but we will say that it happened on a recent trip to New York City.

When the driver of the car got back to Zebulon, somebody remarked that he had made mighty good time.

"Of course I did," declared the driver. "The boys on the back seat had a high-powered set of binoculars and could spot a highway patrolman two miles away!"

Mr. Arthur Ferrell, the most noted Republican (and just about the only Republican) in Little River Township, startled folks at the Zebulon Airport last Sunday by spending a total of twenty cents of his own money for Coca-Colas.

"I've seen a lot of folks spend money foolishly," Mr. Jessie Bunn declared, "but I never expected to see this!"

Graham Bunn stated that Mr. Arthur must have thought that S.

D. Stallings' money had run out.

"Mr. Stallings has been buying drinks for him for years," Graham explained, "because he couldn't bear the expression of pain on Mr. Arthur's face when he had to spend a nickel."

"Well, I thought Durwood had been buying me those drinks so he'd get to saw my timber," Mr. Ferrell countered, "and after I started hauling those logs up to Duke's sawmill, I figured he wouldn't buy me any more. I bought him a drink once, too, and gave a dime for it. It was at a church dinner."

"That's right," Mr. Stallings agreed. "And I was so impressed that I bought you one and gave a dollar for it. Any time you feel a cause is good enough for you to give a dime to it, I know it's so good that I've got to give a dollar."

The talk then shifted to politics and religion (as it always does when Mr. Arthur gets to talking).

"Did you see where those two elephants got loose out in California and cleaned up a whole town of Democrats?" he asked. "That's the way we Republicans are. Give me one more and

clean up this whole township of Democrats."

"Those elephants were Republican, all right," said Mr. Stallings. "They didn't have any idea where they were going, and neither does the Republican party."

Mr. Arthur then resorted to scripture.

"Well, I just want you fellows to take down your Bibles and look in Romans where it says that there are publicans and sinners. I did that, and decided I wouldn't be a sinner any longer — now I'm a Republican, just as the Bible says."

"You're not a Republican," somebody declared. "You're just a mad Democrat."

"Yes, I am a Republican," Mr. Arthur averred. "My long memory would make me a Republican, if nothing else. You know an elephant never forgets."

Somebody allowed that the only reason an elephant never forgets is because it is too dumb to learn anything to forget. Mr. Arthur made a rejoinder, and so it went on and on — and will continue to go on until the Republicans elect another president (if they ever do).

## Speaking of Fishes

We're having to make the food dollar stretch a little further at our house now, what with nine more little mouths to feed. The stretching will not be excessive, however, since the nine mouths belong to tiny tropical fish, whose soulful eyes captured our fancy in a Raleigh pet shop last Friday. Judy and I went into the establishment planning to buy a pair of gold fish, and we came out with an aquarium, nine small exotic fish, sand for the bottom, plants, fish food, and some little capsules which were guaranteed to condition our city water to the needs of tropical minnows.

The aquarium was placed on the kitchen table, filled with water, and all the pretty green plants were planted in the sand. Then Judy went in the front room and I went out to work on the yard until the water had warmed enough for the delicate little characters to stand it.

Luckily, Judy grew impatient, and back to the kitchen she went to check on the temperature of the water.

"Barrie," she screamed. "Come in here!"

I feared one of the inch-long guppies (we have two pairs of them) had latched on to her finger, so I dropped the shovel I had been leaning on and bolted in the

back door. There Judy stood ankle deep in water and fuming. "It leaks," she said, pointing to the aquarium. And she sure was right. Every bit of the water was on the floor.

After the floor had been mopped, we filled the scrub bucket with water and dumped the nine fish in that. A couple of them flattened their noses trying to get out, but finally they settled down. Everything would be all right, we thought, until we could exchange our aquarium for something watertight.

We were wrong.

Friday night Judy had gone visiting and Loomish Parrish was helping me pass the time of night by engaging in a canasta contest (he won handily). I decided to show him our new fishes. I led him into the kitchen and snapped on the light. There is no telling whether it was the light or Loomish that scared him, but one of those little guppies jumped clear over the side of the bucket, off the table, and on the floor. I made a wild grab and scooped him up in my hand. When I dumped him back into the water, he seemed none the worse for the experience, except maybe a little shaky.

But later in the evening I checked on the fishes, and one poor little wiggler was lying sort

of dried out in the middle of the kitchen floor. I dropped him into the water again, and he wiggled around, so I thought maybe he was not too much hurt.

Next morning Judy checked the fish, and the second little rascal that had hopped out was pale around the gills. Judy took him out and gave him a salt bath, which is what our book of instructions advises for anything from halitosis to lumbago. He did not improve, and after taking his pulse and finding it non-existent, we tossed salt water, fish, and all out the back door.

Saturday I had to journey to Raleigh, so I exchanged the leaky aquarium while I was there, and when I returned home, we replanted all the vegetation and poured the little fish in. There were now five guppies, since one of the little mama guppies has given birth to a daughter. And we had two Mix Moons, and a lonesome lady fish whose mate had been the one that passed on earlier in the day. Also in the aquarium is a 1 1-2 inch long catfish whose duty it is to clean up after all the other fishes.

Come on up and see them some time. Just don't pet them while Lucky, our dachshound dog, is around, because she gets terribly jealous.

—Barrie Davis

## Farm Home Hints

By Ruth Current

**Ironing Musts**—Points to remember: When ironing rayon crepes or jerseys always iron with the grain. Iron rayons on the wrong side. Do touch-up jobs on the right side using a pressing cloth over the fabric. If you don't, you will have shine.

**Avoid sprinkling**—You will have better results by ironing your rayons as soon as they have dried to the right degree of dampness rather than waiting until they are bone dry and then sprinkling.

**Rayon sharkskin**—These crisp fabrics usually contain acetate rayon. For good results iron while noticeably damp. Iron slowly to

Watch the temperature of your iron or ironer carefully. Iron with a WARM iron or ironer. (Rayon setting.)

**dry out the fabric as you iron.**  
**Rayon jersey**—rayon jerseys usually contain acetate rayon, so be very careful that your iron doesn't get too hot. Iron lightly to avoid pulling the garment out of shape. Iron while slightly damp with a WARM iron or ironer.

**Rayon satins**—iron heavier rayon satins while noticeably damp. Iron till the fabric is dry. Some rayon satins need a cooler iron or ironer than others—test temperature on a seam.

To prevent ironing from drying

out when you don't complete as much as you have sprinkled, I have several suggestions for you. Purchase a plastic pillow cover that will allow ample room for a large family's ironing. You will find that you will use less moisture for your clothes if they are wrapped in plastic and that they will not dry out as much while waiting to be ironed.

When you have a few pieces left over or pieces that are hard to iron, place them in refrigerator. They will not dry out and due to the coldness they will be much easier to iron.

To clean your iron use a very fine steel wool or whiting.