



**TOO DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH**

In Saturday's paper we read of another death caused by contact with an electric fence which had been connected directly to a 110-volt power line. A small boy, in swimming, accidentally fell against the fence wire and was electrocuted. Another life has been snuffed out because of gross ignorance or carelessness.

Electric fences for farms can be perfectly safe, provided the necessary equipment is used to make them safe. They make excellent boundaries for pastures, and we have seen some portable fences that are mighty fine.

Improper electric fences are instruments of death, however, and we believe it is a crime for anyone to install an electric fence that does not employ safeguards necessary to protect the lives of persons or animals that contact it. We should have laws enforced which will do away with improper and unsafe electric fences. Human lives are too valuable to waste.

**PUTTING OUT THE FIRE**

"How come we have to fight Korea alone?" is a question we have heard over and over since the United States rushed in to help the South Koreans and stem the tide of militant Communism. With the United Nations pledged to support the cause of justice, only the Korean and American armies face the Reds. "How come?" is the query, and many of those who ask the question are ready to pull out of the battle for Korea unless help is immediately forthcoming.

When fire is destroying our neighbor's house and threatens our own home, we don't wait to see if the rest of the town is going to help us put it out. We heave to and start to work immediately, else the fire may spread and consume our own place. Just so it is in Korea. We do not wait until the flames of war are so big they spread to our own continent. We move in to extinguish them immediately, even though our neighbors must wait a short time before joining us.

**THE NEGRO IN COMBAT**

U. S. Negro troops in past wars have been criticized, without full justice, as unfitted for combat duty. The First World War found them pretty much in labor battalions. Their opportunities in the Second World War were improved, but not greatly so. The Korean war, however, is showing the American Negro soldier in a new character.

When the North Koreans threw everything they had against a Negro regiment of the 25th Tropic Lighting Division the other day they expected to find a soft spot in the American lines. They were badly fooled. The Negroes stuck to their guns against terrific odds. One company fought on long after it had been surrounded and apparently was doomed. Another unit from the regiment fought through to enable the cutoff company to withdraw to a better position. The obstinate stand of the Negroes enabled other defense units to organize a new defense line and to inflict heavy casualties on the Reds.

Earlier in the Korean fighting units of the regiment assaulted and captured the town of Yechon, in the first American offensive on Korea. The troops turned the town over to a South Korean force and moved on to a new front.

The Negro unit has distinguished itself under the worst possible fighting conditions and the country is proud of it. It has earned respect and recognition the hard way.

—Fort Worth Star-Telegram

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

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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.

Office personnel: Mrs. Ollie Pearce, Mrs. O. C. Mullen, Mrs. Barrie Davis, Mrs. Jack Potter, Bobbie McGee, James M. Potter, Jr., Hilliard Greene, Jr., Jimmie Greene, Loomis Parrish.

**Reversing God's Order**

By W. R. Cullom

If there is any one item in the plans and purposes of our God that stands out as high as heaven above everything else with which I am trying to deal in this series of papers it must be that of evangelism. It almost causes me to shudder when I observe the attitude and the example of many Christian workers in this crucially important matter. It seems to me, and is carried on very much after the manner of one who has started out to dig a few quarts of beans or to dig a mess of potatoes. If I understand the real "burden" of evangelism, it is to be found in the earnest desire and the strong purpose to bring people into firsthand knowledge of God. It is so easy, alas, to make this a merely nominal and superficial matter as we stand and sing:

Shall we whose souls are lightened,  
With wisdom from on high;  
Shall we to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?

Is it not true that much of our communication of this "light of life" is merely in words, or formulas that treat them in a cold, headless, formal, meaningless fashion? How much of our knowledge of God is communicated by such evangelism? If we look carefully into the life of the great Christian movement, do we not find that these first disciples were imbued with such an overwhelming sense of God's presence and power in their own souls respectively as to send them forth with a compelling urgency to share their joy and blessing with all with whom they could find. For example, we read that after the stoning of Stephen, "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." Nor was this preaching of the word confined to any special group. In the days when women were supposed to "keep silent in the church" and in every other place, a timid soul of the feminine gender felt the call of God in her soul to go "far hence to the nations" to tell of God's goodness, mercy, love, and of his earnest desire to help and bless all who would turn to Him in penitence and faith. Some one asked this woman whether she had been "ordained." "No," said she, "but I have been foreordained." So it was with these early Christians. They went out under a compelling sense of God's immediate presence, guidance, and leadership. Nor did they have any "firstlies," "secondlies" etc. in their message, but went forth speaking out of their own souls the abounding joy and the inexpressible blessing that possessed them. I am not here criticizing our formal preaching. It has been my privilege to share in this blessed task for almost seventy years. Nor am I criticizing our formal Kingdom enterprises: I believe in them and am trying to do what I can in my humble way to promote them. I am insisting that the mere formal presentation of the message is not sufficient. Perhaps a crude illustration of what I am trying to suggest may be had from a ludicrous experience that comes to memory from my boyhood days. I was picking cotton in the field with a Negro boy who must have been twenty years of age. I must have been something like ten or twelve. On Mondays this boy would give me detailed accounts of his courting experiences on the day before. We called him "Ras." His name was Erasmus. I thought "Ras" was the greatest man I had ever known and persuaded him to give me a model "courting" speech. I would give almost anything I possessed to-

day for a copy of that speech. The newspaper who took down this story asked whether that was the way I got my wife. I asked that she answer that out of her own experience when her husband courted her. No, when I fell in love with Frances Farmer in Louisville, Kentucky, while a student in Louisville, Kentucky, while a student I needed no memorized speech to tell her about it. On the other hand, my heart was bubbling over and I could never get through with my message. We lived together here at Wake Forest for forty-seven years. She left me for her eternal home on March 30, 1944. It seemed to me at that time that my message to her had just begun.

Surely, my meaning here is so clear that "he who runs may read." If we expect the world to nearken to our gospel message, we must somehow catch arresn the experience of the early Christians and go forth every where proclaiming the word in its pristine glory and in its vital power. Instead of our evangelism being of this sort, have we not reversed God's plan at this, the most vital and crucial point in all our Kingdom work?

**Charming Book**

The lamented Dr. L. P. Jacks, the founder and long-time editor of the *Tribe* Journal, wrote a charming little book some years ago which he called, if I mistake not, *The Lost Radiance of the Christian Faith*. Do we have in what I am here trying to say the clue as to how this fatal loss came about? Shall we go on reversing God's plan in this important matter, or shall we return to our Lord's method and follow it in his way until that "lost radiance" shall again become a happy and compelling reality? Such a return to God's method of evangelism would not only bring back that "radiance;" it would also bring the Kingdom of God into the earth with a power and a glory that has not been seen since the days of the Apostles.

**Hayseed**

By Uncle Sam

Boost the lawyers,  
Boost the doctors,  
Boost the buildings,  
Boost the streets,  
But don't forget  
To boost  
The country  
All around.  
Boost the preachers,  
Boost the teachers,  
Boost the churches,  
Boost the schools,  
But don't forget  
To boost  
The country  
All around.  
Boost the mayor,  
Boost the merchants,  
Boost the trading,  
Boost the stores,  
But don't forget  
To boost  
The country  
All around.  
Boost your bankers,  
Boost your builders,  
Boost your spending,  
Boost your banks.  
But don't forget  
To boost  
The country  
All around.  
Boost everything,  
Boost everything,  
Boost your cities,  
Boost your towns,  
But don't forget  
To boost  
The country  
All around.

**Seen and Heard**

Jack Potter, newest member of Theo. Davis Sons, almost made home news on his own last Saturday when he took our camera up to the bus wreck to take a few pictures for the *Record*. The bus driver threatened to break the camera if he took any pictures. "Did you take any?" we asked. "I had to," Jack replied. "Too many people heard him tell me not to!"

So the bus driver picked up a brick to break the camera, but after taking a second look at Jimmie Greene who happened to grab his arm about the same time he grabbed the brick, he thought better of it.

Then he threatened to sue the *Record* if he should run the pictures. Being of the opinion that you cannot get blood out of a turnip, we will run the pictures as soon as they are developed and come back from the engravers.

If nominations are in order, we respectfully submit the name of Herman "Bubber" Eddins as the world's champion bench jockey. He seldom, if ever, misses a softball game, and outyells Eugene Jones and Vance Brown, which is no small accomplishment. Take our word for it, what Bubber doesn't say is seldom worth saying.

Last Saturday night about the time the Scribes had run up a 25-0 score against a Raleigh softball team, Bubber was really giving the boys from the capital city a going over. They couldn't do anything right, and he was telling them about it.

Finally he got under the skin of the Raleigh shortstop who was at bat, who turned to shout an answer. Unfortunately the shortstop turned his head just as Dexter Stell pitched the ball, said ball hitting the shortstop in the back of the head, bouncing approximately eight feet and five inches straight up.

That didn't end the ball game, but it did teach the shortstop not to argue with Bubber Eddins while he was standing in the box.

**Looking Backward**

From our *Record* files of two years ago this week: Dismantling of the old Methodist Church structure, purchased by M. J. Sexton, was begun. The opening of Wake-lon School was postponed on account of the polio epidemic. Jacob Smith was named coach at Wake-lon. Oscar Corbett underwent an appendectomy.

Dr. Richard J. F. Coltrane returned from a trip to the Black Hills of South Dakota and Winnipeg, Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Bernice Bunn returned from Oklahoma. The names of Barrie Davis, Philip Olive, Fred Corbett, Harvey Hopkins, Jimmy Wiggs, and Allen Pippin III were included in a list of eligible bachelors published in the *Record*.

**Capital Reporter**

(Continued from Page 1)

to see what his chances are for either the gubernatorial race in 1952 or the senatorial race in 1954.

He picked a good spot for an easterner to test the validity of the old east-west rotation tradition. The next governor by tradition is supposed to come from the west.

North Carolina probably will lose one seat in Congress, despite early reports to the contrary.

Although the state picked up from 3,500,000 to more than four million noses counted this year, the percentage of gain is a flat 13 per cent. The national average gain is 14.3 per cent.