

Able, But Not Willing

We covered a large portion of the world's surface during the conflict that ended a short five years ago, our sight-seeing tour being financed by that most generous and forgetful gentleman, Uncle Sam. During our travels we witnessed a large variety of scenes, from men being cut to pieces by machine gun bullets to the shining, smiling faces of little kids as they were given C ration candy by American GI's.

Somewhere between these two extremes we saw a woeful lack of chaplains (those gentlemen on whose shoulders we were always told to cry when things went wrong). At one time or another we were with groups who were never visited by chaplains of any denomination, and the absence of the men of God was evident.

Our pet peeve then was the way some able-bodied ministers took advantage of the deferment offered them by draft laws and stayed safely at home where there were no stray bullets around that might have their names written on them. And at this same time men who had never before so badly needed help from God were fighting and killing and dying. We understand that beds with sheets on them are hard to leave, and maybe the good Lord made special allowances for those poor GI's who had no one to help them straighten themselves out with Him.

We have another pet peeve today which is joining the first in rubbing us the wrong way — this time it's the lack of doctors in our armed forces. In our minds, preachers and doctors are something out of the ordinary, and since they give their lives to help out mankind, a person should search his soul before heeding the call to enter either line of work. Once a doctor and a preacher, his time no longer belongs altogether to himself and his family, but any person who needs his help owns a part of it.

During World War II, thanks to the generosity of thousands of good people who paid their taxes and bought war bonds and gave their lives to keep the Hun and the Jap from coming on this side of the waters, quite a few thousand stalwart young men were given a medical education in our best colleges. Night after night they sweated over their books, burning the mid-night oil, while all that lucky GI Joe had to do was learn to dodge a few bullets and shells that came his way. The college boy wiped the sweat from his brow and waited for his stomach to settle as he hacked away at cadavers while GI Joe was having the time of his life making cadavers out of various Japs and Germans who came within range of his trusty M-1.

But what of these doctors we paid to train? Where are they now? Several thousand of our government-trained medics never saw military service, and now they are badly needed. GI Joe is back at work trying to convince a bunch of communists that our democratic way of life is worth fighting for. The government has sent out an urgent appeal for the help of these doctors so that GI Joe can stay alive and fight a while longer. Do you know how many of the thousands heeded the call for duty? Exactly one!

That's the reason congress is talking about drafting doctors. These boys we helped train just can't see their way clear to repay our kindness and fulfill their obligation. We have drafted thousands of men who will be transformed into an efficient fighting machine. It is only fair that we draft these government-trained medics who never saw active duty to help care for them.

Civilized Population Control

We Americans apparently have found the way to guard our world against the dangers of too much population. In India and China they manage a famine or an epidemic of disease to kill off some of the surplus. We here in America have a more civilized method: we kill them off with cars.

During the past weekend well over 300 people were murdered on the highways. It's high time we made some concerted effort to lengthen the life of the motorist. You never can tell when the motorist killed will be you.

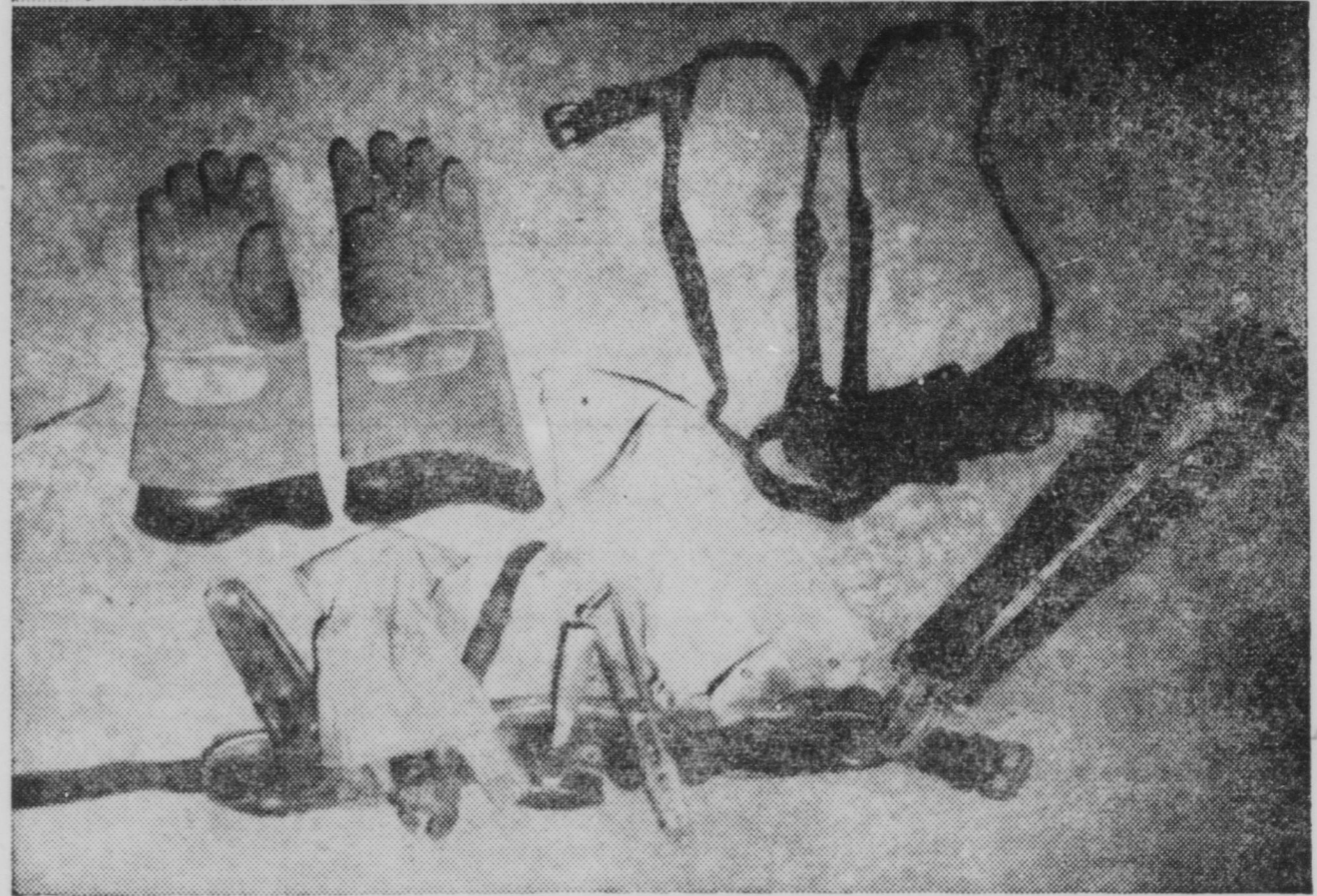
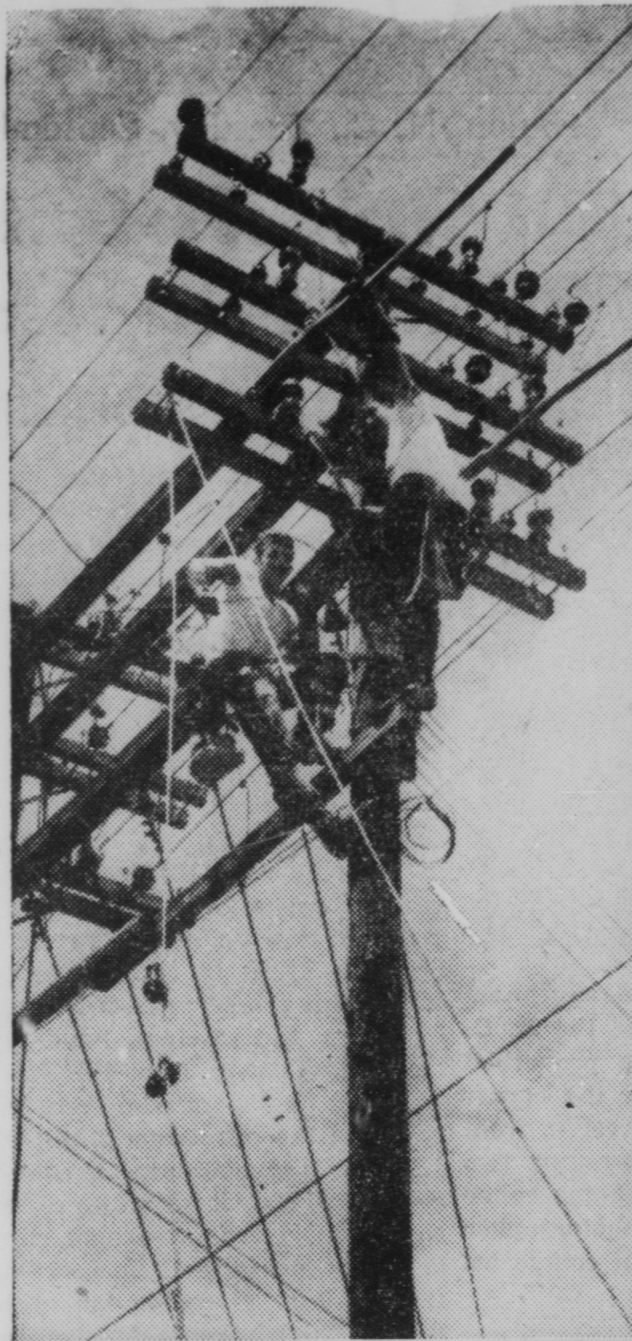
The Zebulon Record

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THEY ARE PERPENDICULAR TRAVELERS — Most of the work of power linemen is done aloft, and it is a dull week which doesn't find a lineman climbing some 30 to 50 poles. At left top, John L. Herring and Sam C. Harrelson, Jr., Carolina Power & Light linemen, are shown at work at Marion, S. C. They have covered nearby "hot wires" with rubber hose. 260

such linemen keep the Company's lines hot.

At right, Allen Ivey, line crew foreman, who has climbed some 200 or more miles in 25 years of working on the hot stuff. Nowadays, he leaves most of the climbing to younger men. Linemen start out as "grunts" (groundmen), and ascend both in altitude and in rank with experience. At right below is a close-up of the line-

man's friend — one of his hooks. Attached to his shoes and leg by two straps, it makes even a monkey's aerial work seem clumsy.

Bottom shows standard equipment of your lineman. It includes belt with tools, safety belt, hooks, and a pair of rubber gloves encased in a paper of work gloves. With this equipment, lineman regularly work on hot wires carrying up to 4,000 volts of current.

Local Personal Items

The family of Theo. B. Davis celebrated his birthday last Thursday with an outdoor supper. Present with members of the immediate family from Raleigh, Middlesex and Zebulon were Pastor Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell and their two children.

J. S. Buffalo is out again after being kept in bed some days by an injury received in an automobile accident. Mrs. Buffalo is able to be up a good part of the time.

Rev. Theo. B. Davis preached Sunday at Morehead City where he was pastor from 1908 till 1913. He made the trip with his son, Ferd, and grandchildren, Leary, Teddy and Ann Davis, returning in the evening.

Rev. R. H. Herring supplied the pulpit at Peaces Baptist Church last Sunday.

Mr. W. R. Whittenton, principal, of Wakelon School, and his family are living at Dr. G. S. Barbee's home until they can locate a house.

Mrs. Mary Pearce Carter went Monday to Rex Hospital where she was to undergo an operation on her ear in an effort to remedy partial deafness.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Bunn and baby son of Greensboro were here for the weekend with the F. E. Bunn.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Chamblee of Norfolk, Va., with their little sons, visited the C. S. Chamblees over the weekend.

Mrs. Clyde Rives of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. C. Daniel.

Mesdames Ruric Gill and Edwin Richardson were hostesses to the

senior Fidelis Class of the Baptist Sunday School on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Pippin of Washington, D. C., left Monday afternoon after staying since last Thursday in the home of their brother, Clifton Pippin, of Wakefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jenkins have begun keeping house in the apartment in the home of Mrs. Edith Freeze.

Lt. Frankie Hall of Norfolk, Va., was home for the Labor Day holiday with her mother, Mrs. Ida Hall.

The 25th anniversary of the Guilford County Board of Agriculture was celebrated August 26, with farm and extension leaders from all over North Carolina attending.