

## It's Not Valor - It's Foolishness

Representative Thurmond Chatham had won for himself a great deal of nation-wide acclaim for his thrilling jeep-ride through Soviet-occupied parts of Germany. According to newspaper accounts, the North Carolinian accompanied a Russian friend, recognized in a Berlin night club, on a dangerous tour of a Soviet airfield and infantry compound. He brought back vivid stories and photographs of Russian jets and unique tanks, which he said he would turn over to "proper military authorities in Washington."

This was probably a lot of fun for Mr. Chatham, and it makes exciting reading for us folks back at home; but it appears to us that the lush publicity given the escapade will do sufficient harm to more than offset the good that might have come from the behind-the-scenes reports on the planes and tanks.

One of the most valuable parts of military intelligence is learning things your enemy does not think you know. The Russians know now of Mr. Chatham's trip and the things he saw.

For espionage to be successful, our agents and their sources must be protected. We can expect the Soviets to intensify their security measures because of Mr. Chatham's peek behind the scenes. It will not be surprising to find it increasingly difficult to secure information through channels heretofore reliable.

It is likely that Mr. Chatham has seen his Russian friend for the last time alive, for the Communists are famous for awarding their free-talking citizens with death.

And if Mr. Chatham had been apprehended, his fate could have been death, which would have left us with a situation hotter than Korea and a whole lot costlier — an expensive price in pay for a sight-seeing tour.

We feel that Mr. Chatham has done a great deal to safeguard his political future, but at great peril to our nation. Isn't that a commonplace action for politicians?

## How Guilty Are Trucks?

Accepting the comments of a Greensboro reader who like many other plain persons had become hot and bothered concerning motor trucks on Tar Heel highways. The Greensboro News' editor up and says something.

In a recent letter to The News, C. F. Eicher, is quoted as writing:

"Truck drivers seem to be the worst offenders . . . Their maximum speed on any road is supposed to be 45 mph, while they usually go anywhere from 50 to 60. The drivers of big trucks often have a bullying attitude . . . Not directly involved in most accidents, indirectly they may be very important factors—causing worry and recklessness in drivers of ordinary cars."

Then too, The News' editor says:

"It is largely trucks which upset the pattern of traffic . . . If trucks complied with the 45 mph limit, it would be possible for cars generally with a 10 mph higher average to pass them on level or straight stretches . . . We suggest to the Highway Safety Advisory Chairman and others driving at passenger car speeds to see how many trucks are passed on straight or level stretches; and how many trucks, despite their 45 mph limit, pass and then pile up other traffic on the next hill."

In fairness to attentive members of the North Carolina Motor Carriers Association it should be noted that despite occasional tendencies for NCMCA drivers to become careless, the usual offenders are pilots of motor vehicles from outside the State.

Those outsiders usually are the boys who underbid regular motor lines, accepting overweight cargoes at cut rates, dodging Tar Heel weighing stations and proceeding pell-mell as quickly as possible to destinations. There are plenty of drivers, good and bad, who are tempted by bonus payments to go fast and frequently, regardless of speed, over-weight or others factors.

The ultimate remedy from this corner seems to be closer spection by plenty of competent highway patrolmen with consequent crackdowns in our courts on violators driving passenger cars as well as trucks and buses.—The Raleigh Times.



## The Zebulon Record

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## This, That, and the Other

My thinking is lamentably inclined to be fuzzy around the edges, with frequent deviations from straight lines; but even my mind could never conjure up a queerer idea than that which suggests that the new president of our greater university be paid only one thousand dollars a year "because he is already rich." What does the amount he owns have to do with what he gets paid for working at a hard job?

Trying to gauge salaries by what is already owned would inevitably lead to gross injustice in one form or another. It is really more unfair than the suggestion made some years ago that no man be permitted more than a certain sum yearly. Twenty-five thousand, wasn't it?

In a little while we shall be forced to decide which plants we want to carry through the winter; and then shall have to take inside the ones chosen. Always I am tempted to go beyond the limits of strength and space when it comes to potted plants. There's little sense in working over too many of them, unless one has a special room in which they may grow and thrive. Still, everyone enjoys having a few blooming plants or some with attractive foliage when there is nothing growing outside.

My biggest problem, literally and figuratively, for this fall is a poinsettia, which Mrs. Antone gave me last spring after it had been used for Christmas decoration. I repotted it and sank the pot in the ground. It has grown finely and is now so tall that lifting and carrying it is the first difficulty.

Then, I don't know where to put it. Sun is a necessity if it is to bloom, so it needs southern exposure. Maybe I'll give it an upstairs bedroom, and that means I'll be climbing steps almost daily from now till Christmas—or until I find that poinsettia is not going to bloom.

If there's anything lovelier in the mails than spring flower catalogues, it is those that come in the fall, with narcissus, tulips, hyacinths and hardy perennials brightly blooming all through them. If moles were not so fond of tulip and hyacinth bulbs, I'd be tempted to buy far beyond my means; but they make highly expensive mole food, not to speak of the disappointment entailed. Some gardeners have succeeded in outwitting the burrowers by planting bulbs in a sunken bucket or tub; and catalogues advise using fine-meshed wire netting under and around the bed, below the surface. But I have an idea our moles would find a way, over, under, or through whatever we might devise. We try traps, poison, and digging; but "the cry is still, they come"

Can any reader help me locate the poem from which I give herewith some quotations? I have never seen it except, years ago, in the *Youth's Companion*, and do not remember the name of the author. In fact, when I read that poem I was too young to care much about who wrote anything. The lines themselves were my only concern. They deal with an incident of the Revolutionary War. They began:

"'Twas Lady Ashe of Albemarle,  
 She'd heard proud Tarleton's boast

That he the British flag would set

O'er every planter's house he met

On Carolina's coast."

That sounds rather queer in spots, but it's the best I can do now. Anyway Lady Ashe of Albemarle also heard that Gen. Tarleton had declared he would after his victories along the coast hold a celebration at her home and drink wine from the cut glass "bowl of Albemarle," a prized possession of this family. She resented this deeply, but, it seems, did not immediately let Tarleton know her feelings. Instead she had him as a guest at dinner, where the bowl of Albemarle filled with roses was used as the centerpiece. It was a gay meal and at its close Lady Ashe lifted the bowl of roses and held it as she spoke to her guest of honor.

"The bowl, the bowl of Albemarle,  
 She turned it in the air;

And here a rose and there a rose  
 She spilled upon her hair—" And she told Tarleton his promise that the wine of victory should be drunk from "our old bowl" was one that could not be fulfilled. To make sure she spoke truth she threw the bowl on the floor, shattering it into fragments. Tarleton must have been impressed!

Surely somewhere in North Carolina's history this story was recorded; unless the poet made it up out of whole cloth. I shall appreciate hearing from anyone who has read it.

## Seen and Heard

At Wakelon the other day Herbert Privette and Tommy Temple were discussing a certain lassie who passed them on the hall.

"I don't see how you can say she's got legs like Betty Grable," said Herbert.

"She has the same number," Tommy replied.

Vance Brown says a democratic state is a country where men can do anything their wives let them.

Rect. Loomis Parrish reported from Ft. Jackson, S. C., that in the army a wolf is a man who

takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.

Our observation that we believed no one in Zebulon could name all the residents of certain streets in town brought us a prompt and emphatic reply. Both Sgt. J. P. Arnold and Chief of Police Willie B. Hopkins retorted that they could not only name all the residents on Arendell Avenue, Sycamore Street, and Horton Avenue, but that they could name every resident within the city limits of Zebulon. Willie B. said that he and G. C. Massey sat in the town office one day and took a census

of the Town of Zebulon from memory. Three weeks later the official U. S. Government Census report was given, and their total was less than 20 different from the government total.

Not only did these two gentlemen call me down on understanding their knowledge, but they informed me that one of the people I said lived on Church Street had moved before the paper got in the mails — a long time before, in fact. Jerry Hagwood now lives on the corner of Arendell Avenue and North Street beside Ed Ellington.

## Local Personal Items

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bunn and children called at the Harvey Parrish home Sunday. Mrs. Harvey Parrish's brother, Luke C. Allen of Raleigh, was also a visitor.

Miss Phillis Ellington spent last Saturday night with Miss Stella Bunn.

Rev. Bruce Hartsell of Middlesex was a business visitor in Zebulon Wednesday.

Rev. Theo. B. Davis conducted mid-week prayer service at the Wendell Baptist church Wednesday evening. The pastor, Rev. Earle Rogers, was absent in a revival meeting.

Mrs. G. C. Weathersby was called to Clover, Virginia, Monday by the death of her mother, Mrs. A. L. Williams. Mrs. Williams has frequently visited her daughter here and made many friends in Zebulon.

Mrs. M. E. Shamburger came from Richmond, Va., Sunday to be with her mother, Mrs. Pittman Stell, who remains critically ill.

Mesdames Robert Edd Horton, Norman Screws, Carlton Mitchell, C. S. Chamblee, K. P. Leonard, and Horace Gay attended the District Baptist W.M.U. meeting in Burlington Tuesday.

Mrs. Noah Fowler is improving after an acute attack of illness.

Rev. R. H. Herring and Mrs. Herring are leaving Saturday for a trip to Baltimore, where they will visit in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Merle Showalter; and to Northfield, Mass., where they will be the guests of the other daughter, Miss Annie Mildred Herring. They will be away two weeks.

Mrs. Ruric Gill, Jr., has enrolled as a pupil at Hardbarger's

Business School in Raleigh, going from home each day to classes.

Avon Privette, Jr., is to have his tonsils removed at Rex Hospital on Friday of this week.

Mrs. A. S. Hinton is expected home this weekend. Since leaving the hospital she has been with her sister, Mrs. Bryan, in Durham.

Mrs. Howard Massey has done some supply work this week in Corinth Holder School.

### Family Reunion

The annual reunion of the descendants of Sidney Chamblee was held last Sunday at the old homeplace, now the home of C. S. Chamblee. Each year large numbers of the family connection assemble for a day of fellowship, an important feature of which is a picnic dinner in the yard.