

We Must Not Fail

"People in our town are proud of their Lions Club, their Rotary Club, their Masonic Order, and Woman's Clubs," we heard a speaker say the other day. "People here sing the praises of their churches and their school. They are proud of each individual organization and group, but NO ONE IS PROUD OF ZEBULON!"

This statement did not impress us when it was made, but we could not forget it. We found ourselves turning the thought over in our minds. The statement is true, we decided.

So we turned from the statement to consideration of the community. We found that organizations can and do accomplish a great many things, but these are limited by the comparatively small membership of the sponsoring groups.

We found the Rotarians glorying in their ideals of Rotary service, and the Lions taking pride in their accomplishments, and many other groups smug in the knowledge that the past years have been progressive years.

But nowhere have we found anyone taking pride in the community. We have no community spirit!

This week Zebulon has a wonderful opportunity to prove us wrong. There is a community-wide project underway in which we can all take a part and to which we can all contribute both our time and our money. Success in this undertaking will encourage us to bigger things. It is larger than any one organization. Its purpose encompasses the aims of any group.

If we believe in helping those in our community who have suffered misfortune; if we believe in the tremendous value of Scouting for our boys and girls; if we believe in a community recreation program to build character and discourage delinquency in our youth; if we believe in the value of community-wide participation in worth-while projects then we believe in the Community Chest.

This week public-spirited citizens are canvassing the town, taking contributions for Zebulon's first Community Chest. The funds received will be used locally. There will be no question about the administration of the Community Chest because everyone who contributes becomes a voting member with a voice in its operation.

Success in establishing our first Community Chest will encourage us to continued effort toward giving our community the many things it needs — a community center, maybe; or a library, or a playground, or anything else we set as our goal.

Failure must be avoided at any cost. Failure will result in discouragement and if we fail we will be unwilling to try again to harness the combined effort of all our people for the welfare of the whole community. We must not fail!

Is This Patriotism's Reward?

Two days ago we heard a member of the National Guard tell how last week he lost a chance for advancement in his business because he is serving his country. He had a hatfull of highly complimentary recommendations from officers of the company. He had passed all the examinations with flying colors. He had an enviable record as a salesman. It seemed that everything pointed to his immediate promotion to be district manager — until he met the personnel manager.

"Uhhmm," said the personnel manager as he perused the records, "Very good. Uh-what organizations, clubs, and such do you belong to?"

"Well, I'm a member of the National Guard, and—"

"National Guard!" exclaimed the interviewer. "There's no need to go any further with this because we need somebody who will stay with us a long time, and you may be called into Federal Service at any time."

The interview was over then and there. So were chances for a promotion. This case is not the worst, however, because we know of many instances where qualified men could not obtain employment because they are members of our army of citizen-soldiers. Is this to be their reward for patriotism?

The Zebulon Record

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This, That, and the Other

Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

When I called Mrs. Kermit Combs at Wakefield, asked her when her husband expected to come home from Camp Rucker and explained that I was getting some items for the paper, she said: "Why, I wrote that up for the paper last week and it was printed." Then, when I said I hadn't seen last Friday's *Record* she began laughing as at something almost incredible.

But it is really true that my son Ferd's wife and I have had a hard time trying to see the paper. The son and grandson faithfully assemble mail from the post office and see that it is brought to us. But the *Record* is not mailed to us and they forget all about it much of the time. We have threatened to have our names put on the mailing list, but it would look silly to do that. Still, it wouldn't look any sillier than I feel when people take it for granted I know all that was published in an issue. The boys are busy in the shop, and we understand. If we were outside town we could have our paper mailed and delivered. As it is, we do see most of the *Records* — after a while.

My sister received two pairs of nylon hose from a son's wife last Christmas. She was given more pairs by others at different times. In the summer, she said to the daughter-in-law: "Those hose you gave me are about the best I ever saw. Neither pair has a run

or a worn place yet." Her son said to his wife: "What she's telling you, Shirley, is NOT to give her stockings next Christmas." It is disconcerting to have sons who catch on quickly and interpret in words different from those the speaker would have chosen.

Long ago I learned that the plaids—or tartans—worn by Scottish clans had special significance as to colors and weaving, and that by this means the wearer showed to which clan he belonged. But I did not know that for a while it was a criminal offense for any one in Scotland to wear tartan. This was a little over 200 years ago. And, originally, the use of plaids was to show the wearer's rank. Servants wore garments of one color only; tenant farmers might wear two; chieftains were allowed five colors and the King had the right to wear seven.

Some of the arbiters of fashions are already concerned with what women will be wearing fifty years from now. That is one question which leaves me absolutely cold. By that time, if I'm wearing anything, it will be fragments of burying clothes. And, if living women haven't changed greatly by then, they'll wear whatever fashion decides upon.

When making some artichoke relish Monday by the recipe our home demonstration agent gave the Wakefield club years ago, I found

there was no turmeric in the house, and I had no time to send for more. I used curry powder, knowing that has a large proportion of turmeric in it, but forgetting that curry powder also has a lot of pepper. The substitution is all right as to flavor, if you don't mind blowing a bit as you eat the relish; but, all the same, I've bought some turmeric.

There are times in extremely cold weather when ice will disappear without melting. Sleet on suspended wires is about the best example of this that I have seen. Yet, when grandson Jack Potter asked me if I remembered the word for this process, I could think only of evaporation, transpiration or liquefaction, not one of which could have been right. Several times in the days following I went to the dictionary and hunted aimlessly through its pages, not knowing what I wanted to find. Then Jack called me to say he had taken time to get out his textbook on physics and look for that word. It is sublimation. And the intransitive verb for the changing of ice into vapor without melting is sublime. It might be impressive during a bitter cold spell to say, "I think the sleet will sublime." But chances are that hearers will believe you should have put *is* in place of *will*.

As for me, I know so little of physics that I am not far from that stage of my childhood that thought the word had to do with medicine alone.

Personal Items

Mrs. Morris Hood received a very welcome Christmas card from her son, Cpl. Royce Hood, who is stationed with the army overseas.

Mrs. W. A. Adcock of Wendell is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Morris Hood.

The W. R. Whittentons and son have moved into the house on Gannon Avenue recently vacated by the J. G. Terry family. C. G. Weathersby, owner of the property, had extensive re-decorating done before the new occupants moved in.

The J. G. Terrys are now at home in their newly completed house on Arrendall Street. Attractive in design and convenient in arrangement, this is a most desirable place in every respect.

Going from Zebulon Sunday for the funeral of W. F. Winstead at Ransomville, were Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Massey, Miss Ruby Dawson, Mrs. Wallace Chamblee, Mr. and Mrs. Ruric Gill, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Pippin. Mrs. Irby Gill and Mrs. Robert Dawson and their husbands were already at Ransomville.

Dabney Gill was brought home last Friday from the Veterans' Hospital at Fayetteville. He is able to be up a part of each day,

but must still spend considerable time in bed.

Mrs. Cebum Harper is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Exum Chamblee.

Mrs. Kaddar Brannon has suffered another attack of illness and is confined to bed in her home on Sycamore Street.

Rev. Theo. B. Davis supplied for Pastor Turner Sunday at Clydes Chapel for the morning service, at Holly Grove in the afternoon and at Bethany at night. Mr. Turner, who lives in the Hales Chapel community, is suffering from complications following influenza.

Loomis Parrish, formerly with the *Record*, called up friends in Zebulon while in Raleigh on short leave from Fort Benning. Loomis does not enjoy life in Uncle Sam's Army as much as he did living in Zebulon, but accepts it as a duty and does not complain.

Joyce Temple was home from Henderson for the weekend with her mother, Mrs. L. R. Temple.

Mack Hocutt, home for the week end from the State School for the Blind, was guest organist at the Baptist Church on Sunday night.

Dr. and Mrs. George J. Griffin of Wake Forest visited friends in

Zebulon Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Loomis Burke and Mrs. T. B. Burke, all of Goldston, came Wednesday to visit the Robert Edd Hortons. The Loomis Burkes has returned, but the elder Mrs. Burke is remaining for a longer stay with her daughter, Mrs. Horton.

Invitations have been mailed for the wedding of Miss Florence Elizabeth Shamburger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Madison Elsavon Shamburger of Richmond, Va., to Mr. Richard Alcide Eggleston, on Saturday, the 23rd of December at four o'clock in the afternoon, in Ginter Park Methodist Church, Richmond. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the Hermitage Country Club.

The bride-elect is a granddaughter of Mr. Pittman Ste'l.

Mrs. M. G. Crowder is confined to bed by an attack of pleurisy.

Mrs. Mamie Kimball, recently returned from a visit in Atlanta, Ga., reports that she never saw weather so cold here as she experienced in that southern city, where the mercury stood at six degrees above zero.

Mrs. John Broughton has been confined to her home with a severe cold.

Agricultural Facts

Breeders of purebred sheep in North Carolina formed a State association at a recent meeting at State College. President of the group is J. W. Norris of Watauga County.

PMA committee elections will be held in North Carolina on December 14. The committeemen who

are elected will help administer the 1951 Production and Marketing Administration programs of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, including the Agricultural Conservation program price supports, acreage allotments, marketing quotas, and Federal crop insurance.

A net profit of \$168.61 on one

acre of corn was made this year by Curtis Ward, Negro 4-H Club boy of Halifax County.

A total of 55 high-grade Hereford beef heifers have been placed with Lenoir County farmers during the past few weeks, according to Assistant County Agent R. C. Upchurch.