

## A Challenge

Members of the Wakelon Senior Class stirred up considerable discussion with their open letter to the community published in Tuesday's Zebulon Record. The teen-agers cited the great need for some place for wholesome recreation in Zebulon, accusing adults of talking about the conduct of young people without doing a thing to improve it.

On the other hand, the teen-agers should not expect adults to do all the work. For the young people to say "We're going to accomplish our recreation in parked cars and roadhouses unless you get us a better place" is no good. This problem of a place for recreation is so big everybody's help will be needed to solve it, and the young people are not excluded.

If a sound plan for a youth center is presented, and the young people give a sincere promise of their complete cooperation before and after the youth center is completed, we believe the adults will meet the challenge to help the young people and will get things done.

## A Stitch in Time

The members of the North Carolina Legislature who are supporting the measure to roll back the weight limits on Tar Heel highways to what they were two years ago are to be commended. Tests and past experiences have demonstrated repeatedly the destruction done to our public highway system by motorized mammoths, which are loaded too heavily for the road surfaces to support.

With money, men, and material all in short supply, the task of maintaining our present highway system becomes more difficult with each passing day. The action proposed by the Legislators will do much to extend the life of our roads in the days ahead.

## Through All the Days

By Carl M. Saunders  
Editor, Jackson (Mich.) Citizen Patriot

\*At Anzio and Okinawa, and Inchon and Taegon — no man asked of his comrade on his right or on his left: "Are you Catholic or Baptist; Jew or Episcopalian?" No man asked aught. All had faith — and understanding.

A wounded comrade cried for help from the battle zone. Those two, or half dozen, who bravely crawled through enemy fire to rescue him never paused to question his religion, his color or his race.

In Korea, too, as in the battle zones of that last World War, fighting men paused in the rear lines to listen to the "Mammy" singing of a man now dead — Al Jolson. Nobody called Al Jolson a Jew though his father had been a cantor in the synagogue. They called him great — a great American.

Yet back home there are those who divide themselves from others who are as loyal to democratic ideas, as faithful to American dreams. They mentally point a scornful finger to say: "They are not like us; they are Jews," or Methodists or Catholics.

That is where brotherhood must begin — in the minds of men and women. Superficial surface fraternizing is meaningless. It serves no lasting purpose to gather once a year with arms entwined and to dwell vocally upon the virtues of brotherhood — if what is said and done then ends there.

The true spirit of Brotherhood Week is based on understanding. It must be deep in the heart and in the mind, functioning not just today or in Brotherhood Week but through all the days and weeks — functioning for America in the American pattern of tolerance and understanding.

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## Seen and Heard

A barn burned down a year or so ago and the farmer called a local insurance man and told him of the accident.

"All right," the insurance agent assured him, "we'll build you another barn."

The farmer had expected to be paid in cash. "Well," said the farmer, "if that's the way you do business, you can cancel the insurance on my wife — I won't want another."

There are all sorts of stories circulated about newspapers. Some are printable and others are naughty. We overheard a new one the other day. Seems that a Duke graduate was applying at the News & Observer for a position on the reporterial staff. The city editor was not entirely sold on the new grad, but the boy seemed to show promise and was hired anyhow.

That night the city editor peered over the office for a reporter to cover a high society wedding to take place in Durham. Nobody was around but the new cub.

"Jeffrey," he barked. "Go over to Durham and cover that wedding. When it's over call in all the details, and don't miss a thing."

When press time rolled around,

nothing had been heard of the reporter, and the N&O, we are told, had to be printed without the important wedding story.

The next morning the young reporter wandered in, threw his hat across the room, and was promptly confronted by a fuming city editor. "Where," exploded the editor, "is the story on the wedding?"

"Oh," said the reporter. "There was not any story about a wedding. The roof of the church fell in, killed the groom-to-be, put the bride-to-be in the hospital, and knocked out the preacher; so they did not have a wedding for me to write about. I went to the movie instead."

Away back in the days when I was working with the Boy Scouts, I was examining a candidate for the Merit Badge on Home Repairs. "Robert," I said, "why does a faucet drip?"

"Because it can't sniff," he answered.

The average income of a college man is about midnight.

Up in Iowa a cub reporter wrote that a local farmer had been robbed of 2,025 pigs. The cagey

night editor thought the figure pretty high and phoned the farmer to check up.

"Is it true you lost 2,025 pigs?" "Yeth," answered the farmer.

The editor thanked him and changed the copy to make the loss read, "two sows and twenty-five pigs."

Lela Young, who works for my brother's wife, told us once that kissing a man without a mustache was like drinking coffee without cream and sugar. It brought to mind an old saying: "Kissing a man is like cooking a rabbit—first get the man."

One of the new Privates of Battery A came back from camp last summer and had this to say of Sidney Holmes: "A first sergeant is a source of information that can always give you the details."

The lost-and-found department of a certain transit system got a telephone call from a girl who said she had left a package containing a brassiere on a bus.

"What bus?" asked the transit company employee.

"Size 36," replied the girl.

## Uncle Sam Says

Freedom does not bring security for slavery may bring the greatest amount of security. The free man is living a dangerous life. He is in danger of losing his freedom by violence. He is in danger of losing his freedom by enemies. He is in danger of losing his freedom by living a life of ease and complacency. He is in danger of losing his freedom to his friends. There is no freedom but what has cost blood and suffering and heartaches. The free man is in danger of losing freedom all the time.

The free man is in danger of losing his freedom in a world of ideas. A world of freedom allows all people to choose their mode of government and ways of living and doing things so long as this does not interfere with the freedom of other people. There is danger in the thinking which only runs in one groove and becomes narrow and biased. To retain freedom a person must be resourceful and self-reliant. It is easy to lose freedom by leaning and relying on others.

On one side there is danger of a person becoming a slave to wealth on the other side there is danger of becoming a pauper. There is danger that a free man may become dissipated, drunken and vile. The nation that would maintain freedom must use constant vigilance because it is continually beset with danger. The individual who would remain free is beset with danger in every avenue, walk and channel of life. Those who are free must live dangerously.

## Through the Mist

By Forrest W. Seymour  
Chief Editorial Writer, Des Moines Register

It just happened that during recent days there drifted into our acquaintance, long enough for brief chats, an Anglican from Australia, a Moslem from Pakistan, a Catholic from Austria, a Lutheran from Sweden, a Moslem from Iraq, a Protestant from Holland, a Jew from Israel, a Catholic from Argentina.

In every case these persons had been reared and educated in cultures quite different from our own — some of them markedly different. Yet as we recall these pleasant conversations now, we realize that we found ourselves immediately "at home" with the visitor, and talking about the simple things which all human societies face in common — problems of health, and better education, and security, and respect for law; personal family problems; the values in our respective traditions and historical experiences, as nations and peoples; and so on.

The whole world is akin in these things. Differences of religion, of color, even of political creed, dissolve and are forgotten because they are but mists that sometimes blur our vision of the common hopes and common characteristics of the human family.

If this is true of peoples as diverse as the globe at its farthest reaches can provide, how wide is the area of agreement among us who live in the same environment of freedom, who respect the same laws, who worship the same God, who enjoy incomparable comforts and conveniences together, and who have toiled and fought side by side for so long to preserve our common security and ideals?

In this Brotherhood Week, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, let us all take the opportunity to step through the mist of prejudice and fear and shallow habit, and see our neighbors for what they truly are — Americans, family groups, humble citizens, as anxious as we for their children and their ideals, as willing as we to sacrifice and share in our common purposes.

By Hank Greenberg  
Manager, Cleveland Indians

Brotherhood, which is apparent in all facts of American life, is nowhere more apparent than in the sports world. There is nothing more democratic than a football summary, a baseball box score. In these only the record is printed — not the social prestige (or lack of it) of the individuals involved, not the standing of the player's

family, but only what the contestant did in competition. Brotherhood is something that is part of the sports creed. It is something that is taken for granted.

We in Cleveland have adopted the motto that ability counts, not race, color or creed. It is only natural, therefore, that the Cleveland "Indians" lead the way by judging players on performance only. Our daily line-up includes two Irishmen, an Englishman, a Scotsman and two Mexicans, Protestants, Catholics and Jews, Negroes and Whites, and all Americans who work and play together in perfect harmony. This speaks for itself.

Cleveland Line-up: Roberto Avila, Ray Boone, Lawrence Doby, Luke Easter, Mike Garcia, Jim Hegan, Bob Kennedy, Dale Mitchell, Al Rosen.

Substantially more dairy products moved in international trade in 1949 than in any other year since the war as larger supplies became available from rehabilitated European countries that were important in dairy trade before World War II.

Grade A milk purchases by North Carolina distributors were nearly one-fourth higher in 1950 than in 1949.