



No Time Like the Present

Anyone who has attempted a step forward has heard the wailing voice of the defeatist crying. "It can't be done. It is not the time. We're much too late. It's just no use." Those are the words of the weak-hearted who are defeated before the battle is begun, and pessimistic souls are not silent now that Robert Ed Horton and the Zebulon Farm Bureau are beginning a drive to purchase a rural fire truck for this community.

There is no question that the truck is needed. Two costly fires in recent weeks have shown the need. There is no question that rural residents want the protection offered by a rural truck. Just ask them.

The objections we have heard — and they are not objections to the truck, but rather to the project to obtain the truck — are these: 1) the money (about \$9,000) needed to buy the truck cannot be raised; 2) a program of maintenance and operation of the truck cannot be worked out; 3) other community needs are greater; and 4) the truck will cost less next year.

We can answer these objections in the order listed. First, the amount of money required for the truck, whether it is \$5,000 or \$50,000, can be raised if we are willing to make the effort necessary. It will take work, but what worthwhile goal doesn't take work to attain?

Second, the Zebulon Farm Bureau has shown itself equal to any task it has attempted. Its members are rich in experience, initiative, and ingenuity, and forming a rural volunteer fire department and maintaining the truck will present no problem.

Third, it is true there are other important community needs. We're planning a community building. The Parent-Teacher Association wants to buy an activities bus. The library needs books. The needs of this community are numberless and will continue to be so, but there is no reason why we should concentrate our efforts on supplying one need to the exclusion of all others. It's the busy man we see to get something done, and it's the busy community which progresses most.

Fourth, maybe the truck will cost less next year. Maybe the inflationary spiral will end and prices will tumble. But while we wait for lower prices, how many homes, how many barns, and how many stables will burn that might have been saved had this community had a rural fire truck?

It's easy to fill page after page and month after month with excuses for putting off work. It's hard to tackle a real task knowing the road to completion is long and hard. But when the promised reward is as great as that offered by a rural fire truck, there is no justifiable reason for delay. There is no time to begin like the present.

The Zebulon Record

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Uncle Ferd's Almanac

Did you go to church last Sunday? If you did not, you probably figure it's nobody's business but your own. In England during the sixteenth century, however, it was the government's business — parliament passed a law 373 years ago today imposing a fine of 20 pounds (then about \$100) on anybody who stayed away from preaching services. If English sermons were as dry and as long as I suspect, it is no wonder that so many of our ancestors moved to America.

That action was not the only one the English parliament took on January 16 relative to religion; 410 years ago today that body passed a law making it a crime for women and apprentices to read the New Testament. They could read the Ten Commandments if they wished, but woe betide any woman who sneaked a look at the Sermon on the Mount!

The New York subway system was begun (at least the contract

was let for its construction) 53 years ago today, and four years later it was opened for use by the public. Eight and one-half minutes after it opened its turnstiles, the first Boweryite was arrested for dropping a lead slug in the slot.

Sixty years ago today there was an explosion in the Hawaiian Islands that dwarfed any eruption of Mauna Loa; the government headed by Queen Liliuokalani was overthrown and a republic under Sanford Dole was established. Some of the residents, however, didn't even know that a revolution had taken place; they thought all the shooting was an Irishman trying to pronounce the queen's name.

Sanford Dole, the president of the Republic of Hawaii, was the son of America missionaries. After the United States annexed Hawaii, he was named governor. Aside from being governor, Mr. Dole is famed for his pineapple

juice, which you probably have drunk a lot of; and if you even know what pineapple tastes like, you are bound to have eaten some of Mr. Dole's produce.

Marshall Field, the merchant prince, died 47 years ago today. Mr. Field started out as a clerk in a Chicago dry goods store in 1856 (at the age of 22), and became the leading merchant of the midwest. He prospered to the extent that he was able to give \$8,000,000 for a museum in Chicago as casually as you or I give a dollar to the March of Dimes.

Mr. Field had such a demand for cloth that he started his own mills in Rockingham County, North Carolina, where another poor but smart young fellow went to work, saved his money, and showed us again that ambition and ability pay off. The last success story is, of course, that of Luther Hodges, who took the office of lieutenant governor of this state last Thursday.

Potter Patter

While Jack was reading the copy for last week's column I remarked that the Jones' baby would probably arrive before the paper was out. Sure enough the birth of their little girl was announced in the very same issue of the *Record*. Now comes the funny part of the story — I didn't even know Gladys had gone to the hospital until five or six hours after the baby was born.

When I tried to follow the pin cushion directions I gave last week I realized they are inadequate. My enthusiasm over-powered my better judgment. In the first place satisfactory results can be obtained only with 4-ply yarn. Using 2-ply yarn I made a cushion that was so soft it couldn't hold its shape, and I nearly knitted myself to death trying to get it big enough. I'm still not sure what size needles to recommend. Let me suggest that you knit an experimental first section using numbers 1, 2, or 3 depending upon how tightly you usually knit. However I believe No. 1 needles will be preferred in most cases.

Revised Directions: Using 4-ply yarn and stocking needles, cast on 16 stitches. Knit 1, purl 1 for 2 inches. Cast off all stitches. Double your work like the cuff of a sock and fit it around a thimble. The other sections should fit correctly if you use 28, 30, 42, and 52 stitches respectively. (I say "should" just in case I miscounted the stitches on the original.)

Sometimes my reading habits both amaze and amuse me. Right

now, for example, I am reading *The Silver Chalice* by Thomas B. Costain and *I Go Pogo* by Walt Kelly.

While grocery shopping recently I discovered something new (to me at least) in the way of animal-shaped cookies. The Strietmann Biscuit Company now makes "Circus Animals" which are packaged in cellophane bags containing 3¼ ounces of cookies for 10c. The circus wagon boxes of animal crackers baked by another company sell for a penny less but contain only 2½ ounces of cookies. The price difference made me try the Strietmann product, but the taste appeal of the cookies made me a regular customer.

Every time I look across the street and see the Baptist parsonage empty and lonely without a family to fill it with happiness and activity I feel compelled to pay tribute to the Mitchells. However, I cannot put into words my personal gratitude to them, and others know better than I how constantly and how willingly they devoted themselves to the people of Zebulon as individuals and a community.

As much as I regret the Mitchells leaving Zebulon, I am still enough of an optimist (and a Methodist) to believe that an occasional change of ministers more often than not is a healthful influence upon a church. Many no doubt disagree with my opinion, but when changes are inevitable we should make them work for

us rather than against us.

A neighbor some years my senior has expressed doubts about my enjoying visits with her. That is why I am publicly stating my views on the relationship of age and friendship: there is no relationship whatsoever between them; an age difference is no barrier to friendship; a person warps his personality when he forms friendships in only one age group.

To me friendship is the delicious fruit of shared experiences. If two people looking at a flower see beauty in it and enjoy discussing the blossom, they have a foundation for friendship whether they are a couple of teen-agers or a bride and a grandmother.

Have you noticed the yellow jasmine, quince, and first-breath-of-spring in bloom here in Zebulon? Wednesday afternoon was the first time I saw anything more than a few scattered blossoms of the last mentioned shrub. As soon as Brian and I came home I started peeking at spots where bulbs are planted. Some daffodils that were left in the ground all winter are several inches high already, but they are the only brave souls in our yard. The feeling of spring in January certainly is exhilarating.

I don't know why I even bothered to mention my poor little daffodils. Mrs. Ray, who lives just around the corner from us, had Narcissus blooms galore the week before Christmas. She says they never fail to bloom in December, and I intend to see them in bloom every year from now on.

Seen and Heard

A Harnett County friend advised us the other day that an acquaintance of his was being hailed into court of what appeared to be a false charge simply because he had a prison record. "Just because a dog has sucked one egg doesn't mean he's sucked them all," our friend observed.

Speaking of kids reminds me of First Sergeant Sidney Holmes' small Tim, who likes for his dad to be home all the time except during working hours. The only time he'll let Sid out of the house is when the veteran First Sergeant is going to a National Guard drill, which Tim heartily approves. So when an American Legion meet-

ing or some other activity arises which Sid has to attend, he tells Tim he is headed for the "National Guard" and all is well in the Holmes household.

There is a monthly booklet called "Folks," which is published by the National Editorial Association for rural newspaper correspondents. The *Record* sends it to the energetic writers who gather the news from the ten or more communities around Zebulon. In the booklet is a coded "Hidden Rule." Correspondents who succeed in solving the code and submit the correct answer to the NEA have their names printed in the booklet. The January issue includes

the names of Miss Katie D. Houghton and Mrs. Iris Temple as correspondents who found the solution to the code.

"We ought to have a good year ahead," a friend remarked Tuesday, "because Eisenhower is appointing a lot of big, successful businessmen to his cabinet." Our hope is that these big businessmen do not forget that it takes a whole lot of small businesses for big business to be possible.

The new Esso station is growing almost like Topsy down at the stoplight junction of 64 and 96. Neighbor Fred Chamblee will be moved in before spring, it seems.