

## The Sin of Omission

By Thurman Sensing

Southern States Industrial Council

It is with some temerity that I take a text for this article, but I do so with the full consciousness that so far as I am concerned — and I think it is true of most of us — it does us all good once in a while to hear repeated some of the fundamental truths by which we live.

I shall therefore use as my text the words of Jesus when He said, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

We all know how true these words are and we all profess our complete belief in them, but at the same time most of us are very apt to forget them in the busy transactions of our daily lives.

As we seek to increasingly accumulate material goods in this world, we need to repeat to ourselves every so often the old expression, "You can't take it with you." We need to fully realize that there is no need of saying, as someone who inordinately loved his material goods said, "If I can't take it with me, then I just won't go" — because we are all going!

It is the lot of some people in this world to accumulate a larger than average share of material goods or occupy a greater than average position of influence. What we also need to remember is that even though we attain this status by our own individual efforts — which is usually the case and which is entirely to our credit — there still goes along with it a responsibility of leadership that cannot be ignored if we are to fulfill our obligations to the cause of humanity.

The French have a phrase for it, "Noblesse Oblige." It means that those who have been fortunate enough, in one way or another, to attain positions of leadership have a moral obligation to accept the full responsibility of that leadership.

That responsibility extends to the members of our families, to our friends, to our employees, and to the public generally. More than that, it applies to ourselves, and as we consider our responsibility to ourselves, we would do well to remember Shakespeare's admonition, "To thine own self be true, and it follows, as the night the day, that thou canst then be false to no man."

This responsibility of leadership is nothing new; it has existed since the days of Adam. We must accept it or our lives shall have been wasted and shall simply have been "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The wise men down through the ages have realized the obligations that rest upon persons in responsible positions. I would remind you of what some of the wisest of them have said through the years:

Plato expressed it long ago, when he said, "The penalty good men pay for indifference to public affairs, is to be ruled by evil men."

Then along came the Apostle James, who expressed it another way, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is a sin."

Dante, by the time of the Twelfth Century, put it a little more pungently, "The hottest places in Hell are reserved for those who, in a period of moral crisis, maintain their neutrality."

Another six hundred years went by, and we hear Edmund Burke saying, "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing"

And then less than a hundred years ago, our own Abraham Lincoln said this, "To sin by silence, when they should protest, makes cowards of men."

Men of leadership in a free nation must accept their full share of the responsibility for preserving this freedom, else they don't deserve freedom and will eventually lose it.

Think on these things, for, after all, as the old proverb said long ago, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The president of a large bank always wore his hat to cover up his bald head. One day in his office, he met the janitor, an old timer with the bank. "Say, Bill," the president said jokingly, "you've been with us thirty years. Why haven't you ever taken out an account with us?"

"Because, boss," the janitor replied, "you always look like you're going some place else."

## The Zebulon Record

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## Potter Patter

Right in the midst of North Carolina's "June in January" weather that really reminds me of April (but I'll string along with the radio announcers) Jack and I received a letter from a classmate of mine who is now living in Alaska with her soldier husband. Paragraphs of general interest I am quoting below.

"No matter what the temperature is, activities continue in full force. As for the temperature, for the past three or four days it has been -30 degrees and below. Once or twice it got up into the 20's but not often. Last night it was -44 degrees when we went visiting next door. Wasn't half as cold as I expected. Of course, you aren't supposed to stay out over 15 minutes at a time when it is this cold. Sunday when we went to church it was -37 degrees . . . It is okay if you are here in the summer, but to come in the mid-winter would be hard."

"We are now settled in a six room apartment here on the base. It is government quarters and the only things we have to furnish are sofa, bed, lamps, rugs and curtains. The furniture is really quite nice."

"The other night we picked up Salt Lake City (on the radio) and just about all the big cities along the coast. Surely made home seem closer."

Mrs. Clifford Foster, Jr., who wrote the letter, is the former Alice

Collier of Raleigh. Lt. Foster is a native of Burlington.

Last Friday I was very pleased to find in the *Record* a column written by one of the young people in the community. It has been my belief that teenagers should report their own activities and express their opinions in the local paper. Ever since I can remember the *News and Observer* has had student reporters from all the Raleigh High Schools. The society page of that same paper has carried "The Younger Set" every week since Julie Fulghum started it in 1949. For many years a weekly paper in Culver, Ind., permitted a group of high school students to edit one page at least once a month. That page was more or less a school paper within a community paper.

Now I'm not suggesting that the *Record* adopt the policy of the N&O, the *Culver Citizen*, or any other paper. However I am trying to point out that young people can make important contributions to their local newspapers. The January 16 *Record* was a better than average issue because it contained "Teenage Chatter" written by Katie Joyce Eddins.

Gladys Jones tells me that Lou Ellen was born on the same day as R. H. Herring. This is a rather special coincidence since Gladys and Haywood are the first couple

married by Rev. Herring to have their first child on his birthday.

If you have trouble keeping Junior in his high chair you might try the trick I use three times a day: strap him in with a web belt. Web belts, which are worn by the National Guardsmen (and others) are washable and can be purchased at a war surplus store for practically nothing if you don't have an extra one around the house. The one I am using is 33 inches long and should be several inches longer for easy fastening.

An English teacher of mine who dearly loved the works of Edgar Allan Poe insisted that the most beautiful words in the English language are "cellar door" if you are able to disassociate them from their material counterpart. Mr. Poe probably would agree with her since his writings show partiality to the letters I and o. If he liked any letter better than those two, it must have been u, the saddest letter in the alphabet.

It was during a study of Poe that I began forming mental pictures of people's names. There is one person in Zebulon whose name is unusual and very lovely to me. Every time I think of her name I see in my mind ivy leaves against a background of polished wood. Simplicity and gracefulness characterize the picture as well as the name — Ivy Wood.

## Seen and Heard

The need for the rural firetruck in this community brings to mind the story about the farmer who wished to insure his barn.

"What facilities have you," asked the insurance man, "for extinguishing a fire out here on your farm?"

The farmer pondered a little while. Finally he answered, "Well, sometimes it rains."

A paper salesman came into the shop the other day with a look of awe spread over his face. "This must be a rich man's town," he said, "because I just saw a traffic jam on the street out there and six out of the seven cars were Buicks."

We told him that our friends down at Gill Buick Company were good at making this community Buick conscious, and he agreed.

When a reporter on a mid-western daily was sent out to round up opinion of the man on the street concerning the modern woman, the first person he queried on the subject was a man who had just passed his 101st birthday.

"I'm afraid I can't be much help to you," replied the centenarian regretfully. "I quit thinking about women almost two years ago."

Met a friend on the street the other day and told him how sorry I was for his wife the other Sunday when she had a terribly coughing spell in church and everybody stared at her.

"Don't be too sorry," the friend replied drily. "She was wearing her new hat."

If you think the bathing beaches are crowded in the summer, just take a look at some of the bathing suits.

You can bet and win that Reddy Kilowatt himself is no more sold on the merits of Carolina Power & Light Company and "private power" than is Ralph Talton, manager of the Zebulon office.

It was reported to us, although the reporter is noted for prevarication, that a Wakelon first grade teacher read her pupils some nursery rhymes last week. Then to find out whether they had been paying attention, she asked them questions concerning the rhymes.

"Why did the cow jump over the moon?" she inquired of an overalled farm pupil.

He answered quickly: "Probably because the milker had cold hands."

Remember the March of Dimes. Give liberally.

## Behind the Business Scenes

By Reynolds Knight

Self-service, night shopping and suburban stores were the big topics of discussion at the just-ended convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association in New York. While most attention was devoted to the problems of the big department stores which sell most merchandise, some of the suggestions advanced were of the kind useful to merchants of every kind and size.

Self-service, if limited to things about which there can't be more choice than is indicated by the price tags, was proposed as releasing scarce sales help for explaining and demonstrating goods where decisions are more complicated. This would mean putting stockings, for example, in packets of one and three pairs, in racks, and moving the stocking to the blouses.

PECK ORDER UPSET — Sociologists have had lots of fun with

"peck order" in the barnyard, since they observed that one hen is able to peck all those "below" her No. 2 pecks all but No. 1, and so on. As if to provide much-needed reassurance of the superiority of human beings to other animals life, the Sheaffer Pen Company has systematized the claims of its employees to parking space, so that there need be no battling over the peck order of fender-fighters.

The oldest-on-the-payroll driver gets the parking space closest to the factory door at the Sheaffer Pen Company's Fort Madison plant. In case of a tie, the man who brings other employees with him gets a closer spot than the one who drives alone, and the man who drives every day gets a break over the one who uses his own car only in bad weather.

Each of the 522 lots has an employee's nameplate. It's expensive, but the company says it's worth it.

BUILDING OMEN — Lumber prices in the Pacific Northwest are rising in advance of their customary seasonal upward move. At a time when there is much dispute over whether the million-and-more pace of home building of the last few years can be kept up in 1953, this is a vote of confidence in prospects by the contractors themselves.

Not only have prices gone up farther, sooner and faster than most observers expected a little while ago, some sellers even refuse forward business at today's prices, hoping the spring rise will come on top of the present one.

Rough framing lumber has had more of an increase — although from a lower base — than has the more expensive kind which goes into outer siding and trim. This is the traditional sequence; the house must be framed before it can be finished outside.