

## Balanced Progress

Of the five projects selected by the Steering Committee and entered by Zebulon in the Finer Carolina Contest, the most interest and enthusiasm has been generated by the rural fire truck. The Zebulon Farm Bureau grabbed the ball and is running like everything, and in the right direction, too. The rural communities are boosting this project like nothing else except possibly the Democratic Party.

These Finer Carolina projects are supposed to be sponsored by the people of Zebulon. The folks in surrounding communities are rallying round to help, but we townspeople cannot depend on them to do all the work. The purchase of a \$10,000 firetruck is an ambitious project by itself, and if the Farm Bureau is successful in this venture, Zebulon citizens should not be satisfied with anything less than success in the projects they are responsible for; and this includes the community building over at the park. It will take plenty of work, but the final result will be worth all of it.

## Give Them Cause to Buy

Ask the many, many people of this community why they travel all the way to Raleigh to buy clothes, food, and supplies and you'll get a variety of reasons; but the main excuses will be a larger selection of merchandise and lower prices on some items. Even though our small town excels in courtesy and service, the attraction of the city stores is hard to combat.

What's the answer to the question of how to attract these roving dollars back home? Let the customer know what wares you have to sell. If you've got name merchandise, be proud of it and tell the world. The largest stores invest thousands and thousands of dollars in singing their own praises. The little merchant can follow this successful example, because if a person does not blow his own horn, nobody else will blow it for him.

## Help Wanted

When Armstrong Cannady came in the other day and asked hopefully if we would serve on the Boy Scout Troop committee, we could not refuse after hearing his troubles in getting assistance in his work with the Boy Scouts. Three men are carrying the heavy load of providing leadership for the sons of their neighbors, and precious little reward is offered except the personal satisfaction of knowing some kid will grow to be a better man because of the time and effort they have invested in him.

We've worked with Boy Scouts for years, and we've experienced the lack of cooperation parents give the movement, especially fathers who have time for everything except their sons. Many a man will trust his business to no one else, yet they will delegate the tremendously important task of teaching their children how to live to any one.

When the time comes that parents take as much interest in their children as they do in their business or church or social life, then we'll see the juvenile delinquency rate diminish to zero.

## 60-Second Sermon

By FRED DODGE

TEXT: "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."—Stevenson  
A Santa Claus appeared at a spastic children's Christmas party. Wheeled into the festivities was a 17-year old boy. He was strapped to his chair because he had no control over his arms, legs or even his head. Santa Claus bent over him and asked what he wanted for Christmas. His uncertain words were interpreted by his mother. "All he wants," she said, "is to go out in the rain."

Seventeen years old, able to watch other boys and girls from his window, he had never felt the rain on his face or arms. He didn't ask for bright gifts. He could never hope to walk or move like other boys. He simply wanted to feel the rain.

We, with health and strength, enjoy the Christmas season among our friends, giving and receiving, entertaining and being entertained. How great is our good fortune, even without a single ornament or gift on our Christmas tree. Especially at this season we should be humbly thankful that we do not sit where that boy sits — with our greatest Christmas wish that we might feel the rain. Santa, himself, counts his blessings as he remembers this occasion. I know. I was that Santa Claus.

## The Zebulon Record

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## Seen and Heard

D. D. Chamblee is apparently enjoying his usual good health nowadays, but Mrs. Chamblee is now suffering from *herpes zoster*, which is a ten-dollar, or scientific, name for shingles.

Mr. Chamblee says that his better half is not yet suffering from the skin irritations that accompany shingles, and for her sake, we hope that she never does.

Uncle Ferd once tried, carelessly enough, to stand up under a printing press, and made it, all except a spot right over his liver. Apparently he injured a nerve or maybe several nerves. Anyhow he broke out with *herpes zoster* from head to hip, and thereafter had his worst experience since the Rocky Nine scored nineteen runs off his pitching in one inning.

Dr. Flowers first treated Uncle Ferd's shingles with zinc oxide

ointment, then gave him some kind of pituitary shots that cleared the trouble up in a hurry. Syvon Edkins said that the shots contained female hormones; it may not be relevant, but Uncle Ferd's next child was a daughter.

Wade Privette says most folks think that if shingles go all the way around a person's body, it's sure to kill the victim. Uncle Ferd's shingles went around him seven times in an ascending spiral — he looked like a mangy zebra.

Anyhow we sympathize with Mrs. Chamblee, and hope that she soon gets well.

Smokers up and down Arendell Avenue had a field day last Friday when Gilmer Parrish distributed the traditional stogies in honor of the newest addition to his family. Gilmer must have been

proud, since he didn't wait to be asked but gave out his Muriels as his own voluntary act.

For a study in contrasts, we suggest the look Ed Ellington was wearing on his face after the first Wake Forest-State basketball game, and the look he was wearing Sunday morning. You would think that Ed was really sold on the State College team — of course that is, on its face, an understatement.

The look on Ed's face on Monday morning was something else again. He made a trip on church business Sunday, and yesterday he was wearing a pair of very dark glasses. We are not suggesting any connection between the business and the need for dark glasses; we are merely reporting the facts.

## News and Views

Theo. B. Davis

Two Sundays ago I heard a soul-stirring sermon by a young preacher on "Communism and Christianity." He did not more than give a partial definition of Communism by saying that it denied the fact of God's existence. However, he said this modern mental giant among us had been less than a century from its birth in covering most of the earth. Christianity began its leavening 20 centuries ago. Yet Communism in less than one-tenth of the time has outstripped it in permeating the race of men. Carl Marx, the founder of Communism, died in 1883. He would wipe out capitalism to save labor and incidentally get rid of God.

I have read Marx's theory of labor and capital as expressed in Communism, and also all that I could find in contemporaries and later supporters and nowhere have I found a definition of Communism

either logical or sensible. I have failed in books, newspapers and from people to find something on which to place my hope of a better life here and hereafter. This modern monster fabricated from government and religion appeals to no one except him who would find a freedom that ends with this life. With all its errors and evils I am almost persuaded that the greatest danger to so-called Christian people lies in our getting so excited and alarmed over what Communism may do to us and our institutions that we may become the agents of our own destruction.

The United States has perhaps a million of people engaged in ferreting out the nests of Communists in almost every department of government. Billions are being spent in fortifying and strengthening our national defenses against a shadow and little substance on which to base our actions and expenditures. The word "commu-

nism" is a red red rag that drives us well-nigh into a state of panic and stampede. One-tenth of the wealth that is being spent for war and war propaganda would bring ten times as much worth to the causes of peace if spent in the interests of peace in the world.

On the other hand, England, whose government and religion is little different from ours, has adopted a much more sensible course in dealing with Russia and Communism. England still trades with Russia and her satellites. Communists still fill positions of great responsibility in the English government. Nobody seems to be excited or minds very much. One may hear everywhere people damning American policy, both foreign and domestic. The people of England are against America's way of bringing peace again. Churchill and his supporters are for America chiefly because Eng-  
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## Study of Nature

An elementary science course of study written by some educators for an important city in the East says that the mountain lion and cougar disappeared from the nearby hills at about the same time. This might be elaborated to say that the mountain lion, cougar, painter, puma, panther, catamount, mountain devil, red tiger, mountain screamer, silver lion, purple panther, brown tiger, sneak cat, king cat and varmint also disappeared at the same time. They are all the same animal no matter what you call them nor where you find them. While some eight races have been recognized the animals are unquestionably all the same species, *Felis couguar*.

Originally the cougar ranged over practically all of the United States with a few specimens reported from Maine and along the southern border of Canada. They are still to be found rather regularly in southern British Columbia and Alberta. The range extends south to Patagonia. Except for Florida, parts of Louisiana and southern Texas, these cats have probably been exterminated in the United States east of the Plains states.

A cougar may measure 9 feet with a 3 foot tail. The weight goes up to 200 pounds. The sexes are colored alike a uniformly yellow brown except that the under parts are lighter. The fur is short, close and uniform. The whiskers are rather prominent.



Cougar

A cougar is an animal capable of dragging a 900 pound moose 300 feet over snow. It can jump straight up for a distance of 15 feet and can leap safely down a distance of 60 feet. An individual usually claims a territory that may be 60 miles across and in a single night may travel 20 miles. While black bears are known to relish pigs, wolves are known to favor cattle. Similarly coyotes seem to enjoy killing sheep but the cougar definitely favors horses and deer. In the rarest of instances it has been known to attack man.

They may serve a useful function in keeping the multiplication of deer under control. The fa-

mous story of killing off the cougars of the Kaibab forest only to have the deer multiply so that they starved in the resulting competition for food is a standard story in all conservation programs. It illustrates definitely that predators, whether they are fish, birds, insects or mammals, serve a useful function in the economy of nature.

Cougars are usually hunted by dogs with the hunters following on horses. When possible a pursued puma takes to a tree to escape the dogs. There it is shot, photographed, lassoed or otherwise used to satisfy the whim of man.

Cougars pair possibly for life. The one to five spotted young may be born at any time of the year, usually 91 days after breeding took place. The young are blind for about 9 days, crawl at 7 weeks, eat their first meat at 3 months, are weaned at about 4 months, retain their spots to 18 months and remain with the mother from 1 to 2 years. With exceptional luck a cougar might live to a ripe old 20 years of age.

It would seem that these animals under ordinary circumstances should not be completely deseroyed in a given area suitable to their needs. This may be questioned by some, of course. But even those who think of cougars only as varmints should recognize that men do get sport from hunting them and sport is quite important in the lives of many people.

—E. Laurence Palmer