

## The Community Is Fortunate

There has never been a community in which all the people could be counted on to contribute their best efforts all the time. No matter what the endeavor, it has been necessary for a very small group to spearhead the work, hoping that others would join in to insure the success of the project. Zebulon is no exception. Here we have a good town with wonderful people, but all our wonderful people do not have the time, money, nor inclination to work for things which make our community a growing and progressive place to live. Most of us are satisfied to sit and "let George do it." And if it were not for a few "Georges" in our midst, we would soon find our town fading away.

One of our best "Georges" is Ed Hales, retiring president of the Zebulon Chamber of Commerce, who returned from overseas service with the army to make Zebulon his home. Somehow he has found time to establish a growing business during years when time has been a substance nobody had enough of. And he has stolen time from his business to give to his community, displaying an unselfishness that others of us can well copy.

It has not been in a single field that Ed has given his best. His church, his neighbors, his town, and his community have benefited. It is impossible to point to any progressive move without finding that Ed Hales helped get it moving.

Men like Ed Hales shame us slackards into doing more than we intended for the community. When we think we are hard pressed and can't spare the cash for the March of Dimes, the rural fire truck, the Girl Scouts, or a church supper, we sort of get spurred along by seeing Ed's example. When we figure an evening at home is worth more than a Chamber of Commerce meeting, we remember that Ed has been attending Chamber of Commerce meetings, Finer Carolina meetings, Wakelon School Board meetings, Legion meetings, Rotary meetings, library meetings, and an endless list of others. And Ed doesn't just attend — he actively participates, and the meetings benefit by his presence.

We're glad to have Ed Hales with us. We hope he is with us for a long, long time; because we know that as long as Ed and a few like him are members of our community, we'll have no fears for the future. He and the other "Georges" will show us the way. They'll be the examples all of us should follow.

## Lessons In Farming

Soil conservation should be one of the easiest subjects to teach, because each day that passes produces more lessons in what results when soil conservation practices are not followed. The sun beats down and the land dries out, and we see farmers lose their crops. The rains come and the land washes down the river, leaving broken terraces, ruined fields, and gullies as reminders of conservation work which should have been done but wasn't. Most farmers refuse to listen, refuse to learn, refuse to follow the path to successful farming. What was good enough for Grandpa is good enough for them — except that Grandpa had better land to work with, because he and two generations since him have abused the land, stolen its fertility, and let its topsoil wash down the river.

The time may come when it will be too late to learn — and, unfortunately, the time may be close at hand. Unless present day farmers heed the warnings nature gives us daily, future farmers will have arid land to till. Soil conservation is not just a matter of making more money now — it is a moral obligation to future generations. It is a lesson which is being taught and must be learned.



## The Zebulon Record

Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the post office at Zebulon, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879. Member of the North Carolina Press Association.

Published Tuesday and Friday of each week at Zebulon, Wake County, North Carolina. Subscription rate: \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on request.

BARRIE S. DAVIS ..... Editor  
JAMES M. POTTER, JR. .... Publisher  
FERD L. DAVIS ..... Fifth Wheel

## Potter Patter

By Eloise Potter

The hot pokers I mentioned in last week's column referred to flowers described in a paragraph that had to be omitted because I was so long winded on the garbage issue.

Just before Jack left for Fort McClellan he mentioned some large red flowers he had noticed at Mrs. Pattie Fuller's home on Gannon Avenue. They turned out to be something I had never seen except in catalogs, although a number of people in and around Zebulon have them: Tritoma, commonly called "Red Hot Poker," which is an apt description.

When I went to work one day last week Pattie Pearl Mullen had a pleasant surprise for me — a large number of summer poinsettia plants. I had never seen any before and had heard of them only through her. The foliage very closely resembles that of the familiar poinsettia, and the blossom does too, according to Pattie Pearl. I'll let you know when mine bloom in case any of you want to stop by to see them — if they live, that is.

You know, the more I look at flowers and try to grow them, the more I realize how very little I know about them. In one short week I saw two plants for the first time although both grow

in the vicinity of my home. And of all the plants in the world I could meet two new ones every week, or maybe every day, for the rest of my life and still not know them all.

Last week someone at the shop asked me how I decide on the form for proper names in my column. I obviously don't follow the style book since I seldom use a title. The truth of the matter is that I write names just the way I use them in conversation. In other words, if I talk to you on a first name basis, I'll write about you on a first name basis. When it comes to spelling proper names, I just do the best I can and try not to make the same mistake twice.

When I finally got around to digging my tulip bulbs I found that field mice had eaten nearly all my black tulips. Now was that just a coincidence, or did I have an epicurean mouse in my yard?

Since this a flowery column, I want to describe a petunia growing in Irene Richardson's yard. It is deep purple with a large white star in the center — most striking.

Our gladioli are finally opening. I think Jack and I were the last in town to have a glad open enough to cut because ours are planted on the shady side of the house, where

I can water them easily. Although they are late this year I am pleased with the blooms which are prettier than in previous years when the pulbs were planted in full sun and watered insufficiently.

During one of the good rains we had recently I planted three gardenia bushes my mother rooted. One of them is only about six inches high and has a fat bud which Jack and I inspect daily for signs of opening. It's the sassiest little evergreen I ever saw.

Just about the first thing Jack asked me when he returned from Alabama was, "How much have they done on the armory?" Since I didn't know, he and I rode by the building site Monday morning. We found Warren Green, Will H. Mumford, and Hilliard Greene working on some tit-tat-toe affairs that will be used for reinforcing the concrete. When Hilliard brought Will H. (who is Gladys Jones' brother) home Monday night he told us that Warren had been injured by a power saw. I certainly do hope his cut leg will heal quickly.

Several mornings recently Brian has had plum jam on his toast. I wonder if any other little boy has ever eaten jam made by his great-grandfather. I doubt it since no other little boy has a great-grandfather quite like Preacher Davis.

## Seen and Heard

Two weeks at summer camp caused one illness among Zebulon National Guardsmen which was cured completely by a return to Zebulon. By Wednesday of the second week nearly every man suffered from a severe case of homesickness.

On the trip down a stop was made at a rural Georgia filling station for a road map. "We got maps of Florida, North Carolina, Alabama, and South Carolina, and even one of Mississippi, but we ain't got a one of Georgia," the station operator said. It seems that folks know their own state so well they don't need roadmaps. Or maybe they just don't go anywhere.

During the trip down, the mess section served at the Atlanta General Depot at 2 a. m., so that an early start could be made on the day's travel. Sergeant Max Williams, first cook, inquired of Sfc. Percy Parrish: "What time are we going to serve breakfast after we get through serving this meal?"

After six days of traveling and training, one of the Battery A Guardsmen was worried about the sanitation of the unit's officers. "I've been watching all week," he

told First Sergeant Sidney Holmes, "and I haven't seen a one of our officers come take a shower yet. We must have the nastiest officers in the whole army!" The Guardsman felt better when he found out the officers had another shower a couple of blocks away which they used daily.

The Guardsmen were saddened by the death of one of their members in the wreck as the battalion convoy entered the Anniston, Ala., city limits. Every battery in the battalion was represented at a memorial service held in one of the post chapels Wednesday evening of the first week.

Only injuries sustained by Battery A personnel were two cases of poison ivy, one cut finger, and multiple mosquito bites. Rapid recoveries are expected.

Following night firing with the 105-mm howitzers Tuesday night, the firing section began cleaning the weapons about 10:30. At 11:45 the work was done, and for the next 30 minutes the cannoneers kept the night air ringing with their cadence as they marched up and down the dusty Alabama road, singing and chanting. Tired but happy, they crawled between

their blankets at 12:15, to be awakened at 3:30 a. m. for another day of work.

Pfc. Marvin Strickland, who had helped chop through layers of rock and red clay in both Georgia and Alabama to dig a kitchen sump, kept his record perfect by helping dig in South Carolina on the return trip. The sandy S. C. soil dug so easy in comparison with that in Georgia and Alabama, that Strickland continued to dig downward until it was necessary for other Guardsmen to reach down, grasp his hands, and help him from the 6-foot-deep hole.

With Mess Steward Percy Parrish leading the hymns, the men in Sgt. Talmadge Pearce's wire section sang until after midnight the last night out. Major Darrell Perry, popular battalion executive officer, walked in to tell the men to hit the sack and not only failed to stop the songsters, but ended up by joining in a half dozen choruses.

"The best group of men I've ever known," was First Sergeant Sidney Holmes comment on the Zebulon Guardsmen during the two weeks.

## Resolution of Appreciation

INASMUCH AS

Miss Carol Smith is severing her relations with the Zebulon Baptist Church as Minister of Music with the intention of accepting a like position with another church, we desire to express our appreciation of her and her services in the church and community,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED:

1. Miss Smith came to our community as a stranger both to our members and others. In her church and social life she has made many friends within and outside

the congregation. Her life has been appreciated by every one becoming acquainted with her and her work.

II. She has shown herself gifted and well-qualified in her profession as organist and choir director, being both faithful and earnest in her duties as Minister of Music.

III. It is with regret that, at her request, she severs her relations officially with us. We hope and pray that God's richest blessings may graciously go with her in her new field of service.

We request that copy of these

resolutions be given to Miss Smith, one to be recorded in the records of the Church, and one given to the Zebulon Record for publication.

Theo. B. Davis  
Mrs. E. A. Chamblee  
Armstrong Cannady  
Committee

These resolutions were read and unanimously adopted by the Zebulon Baptist Church in conference assembled, this the 28 day of June, 1953.

Rev. Beverly A. Asbury, Moderator  
Ruby Dawson, Clerk.