

Learn To Swim

It will be a matter of only a few days before some family you know is saddened by the tragic death of a son or daughter. The loss will be more heart-breaking because the death could be avoided, because it will be caused by drowning. With more and more farms having ponds and lakes, the danger of drowning is greater than ever, and the growing danger brings with it an increased responsibility for parents to protect their children by seeing that they learn to swim as early as possible. The younger a child is when he learns to swim, the better chance he will have to grow old.

Those of us who used to walk the 2½ miles to Little River to swim with older brothers were fortunate. Generally the older brothers forced us worry warts to dog-paddle 50 or 100 yards before they would let us play by ourselves, and pleading and crying availed nothing. As a result, we learned to swim and today are alive to have little worry warts of our own.

The world changes and time is becoming a more valuable commodity of which nobody has enough. So the older sons somehow don't get around to walking to the river with their kid brothers anymore. Somebody has to replace them as swimming instructors. Somebody has to teach the little kids to save their own lives.

Happily, the Wake County Chapter of the American Red Cross has stepped in with learn-to-swim classes held annually at lakes not far from here. Happily, there are people willing to give transportation to take non-swimmers to the classes. Happily, each summer more children will learn to swim and the number of deaths from drowning will grow smaller.

If you are a parent or guardian and your child cannot swim, you have a tremendous responsibility to see that the child learns to swim. Next week is your opportunity, for next week the Red Cross classes begin at Lake Glad. What your child learns in the ten classes could be what he needs to know to keep living. Unless he can attend the classes, he cannot learn. If he does not learn, his death by drowning may lay heavy on your shoulders.

Let the kids learn to swim—and live.

Excessive Speed

There's a new law in North Carolina which says that a driver who exceeds the 55 miles per hour speed limit by as much as 15 miles per hour will lose his license to drive. It's a good law and one which should help in controlling those who add danger and death to our roads by tromping heavy on the gas pedal.

The law doesn't go far enough, however. It should make the loss of license mandatory for those who exceed any stated speed limit by 15 miles per hour. It is frequently more dangerous for an automobile to come through Zebulon's crowded streets at 50 miles per hour than it is for it to travel the open country at 70.

The present law is a step in the right direction. Another step is in order.

Which Way Is Up?

The proper conduct of international relations is a complicated, confusing, and controversial matter. It is made that way because what affects one people or one nation affects all peoples and all nations, and there is no quick, easy solution to any problem.

Those who think that there is a simple, straight line answer to international questions can try this experiment. Were we on this side of the globe to point down, the line extended from our finger would pass downward through the earth to the center, but from that point on would pass upward out of the earth on the other side.

Similarly, if we point up on this side of the earth, we are pointing in the same direction as a person pointing down on the opposite side of the earth.

Bewildering, isn't it? So are international relations.

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Potter Patter

By Eloise Potter

"We're going to try to give you the best possible service, and we'll do it too, if you folks will just cooperate with us by getting those garbage cans and putting them as near the street as you can," said Town Clerk Willie B. Hopkins when I called him yesterday morning for definite information on the matter of garbage collection in Zebulon.

Mr. Hopkins went on to say that he and his assistants have made a survey of the residential sections of Zebulon to determine the needs of the housewives and to urge their help in establishing and maintaining efficient garbage service. The survey truck made 362 stops and found only 160 approved garbage pails and 38 sites suitable for burning trash. The 202 householders without metal cans having covers and handles were using everything from huge oil drums and bottomless barrels to fruit baskets, washtubs, and cardboard boxes. Many of the cans were placed at the very back of the lot, thus requiring the men to walk an unreasonable distance.

"A number of cans have been purchased since the survey was made Monday and Tuesday," said the Town Clerk. "We hope the rest will do so before we have to force them to comply." Mr. Hopkins pointed out that the Town does not specify the size of the can, but only the type. When I priced cans in mail order catalogs and local stores, I found that one of good quality and ample size costs less than five dollars. The one Jack and I purchased three years ago is still in fairly good

condition, and we expect it to last another three years, barring accidents.

On the basis of the survey and complaints that have been voiced the Commissioners are trying to write a new ordinance that will not require the sorting of household refuse. Mr. Hopkins could give me no positive statement about the wording of the new regulation, but he assured me that it will try to make garbage disposal as simple as possible for householders without overworking the men on the truck.

Now as one housewife to another I beg those of you who have not bought approved garbage cans to do so immediately. Less than \$5.00 is a small investment to make in promoting top-notch trash collection for Zebulon. The men on the garbage truck have done some favor, large or small, for nearly every one of us; let's all join together to help them do their work the best they can with the minimum of effort.

In the course of conversations with folks in Zebulon about garbage collection, I have picked up some suggestions others might find helpful. Here goes!

1. If dogs turn over your can, drive two lengths of pipe in the ground so placed that the handles fit over the pipes. Jack and I tried that one, and the men were always very nice about replacing the can properly.

2. Another way to discourage dogs is to place the can against a building, preferably in a corner.

3. If there is a carpenter in the

family you might have him design a stand or frame of some sort that will keep the dogs from upsetting the can.

4. Someone suggested that an ordinance requiring dog owners to keep their dogs shut up at night would put an end to upset trash cans. Of course there are problems involved in that, too.

5. If your household refuse is too much for the can and you have no suitable place for burning, tie newspapers and magazines securely and place them on the street just as if they were limbs. Other heavy or bulky objects may be placed on the street, too—large boxes and discarded furniture, for example. Mr. Hopkins says Wednesday is the day to put excess trash on the street.

6. When putting small boxes and cans in the garbage pail, either fill them with smaller waste or collapse them so they will take up as little room in the can as possible. Fold paper instead of balling it up. A combination of these procedures should make it possible for most people to get everything in one can, but a few people I know have bought two cans to be sure there is no waste put in improper containers.

7. If you should clean out the attic on Thursday and not want to junk around the yard for a week, you could haul it to the trash pile yourself. Many business firms already haul their own regularly rather than burn it down town.

Whether you follow these suggestions or not, the main thing is that you cooperate. Without your help the drive for improved garbage collection will fail. Are you doing your share?

Seen and Heard

A growing topic of conversation likely to equal the weather is grocery bills. A couple of years back most folks preferred no mention of the size of their grocery bills, apparently feeling that their inability to hold the bill down placed them in a bad light. But as everybody has come to realize that everybody else faces the same problem and has a similar-size bill at the end of the month, the topic has been brought out in the open for discussion.

It's sort of like they say about the weather — everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it.

Want to live a long time? Then don't get divorced. A recent survey showed the mortality rate of divorced men to be twice that of married men.

The trouble with people who say what they think is that usually they say everything they think.

We often think that bus drivers, airplane pilots, and such people have tremendous responsibilities placed on them for the safety of their passengers. But the everyday motorist, driving down the highway, has as great a responsibility, for his careful driving may mean the difference in life and death for the thousands of people he meets on the highways.

A friend of ours was suggesting ways of turning out a better paper for the community. He realized that time is limited, everybody being allotted the same amount by our Maker. "But," he asked, "couldn't you find somebody to help you by writing all the news and soliciting the advertising for

something like \$125.00 a week."

We told him is we could find a job running a weekly which paid \$125.00 a week, we'd take it instead of hunting for somebody else to fill the job.

When folks ask when the armory is going to be built, it is good to be able to tell them it is under construction.

Our dark room is in operation on a limited scale. You will have to be patient with us on the quality of our pictures until we get the knack of finding the right exposure for the enlargements.

It is discouraging to think the home finances are getting on an even keel, and this discover an insurance premium notice in the mail and find that the tires on the car are slick.

Study of Nature

The naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton in his book, "Lives of the Hunted," wrote a delightful story on the kangaroo rat. It may have conditioned many people in their subsequent understanding of this animal. Unfortunately it unjustly conditions people to believe that kangaroo rats can suffer at the hands of such a harmless creature as a spotted salamander. Somehow as the years go by and we have experiences both with kangaroo rats and with spotted salamanders, we come to believe that we should depend to a considerable extent on what we see for ourselves.

If you have had the opportunity of keeping some of these delightful animals in captivity for some

time, you come to feel that somehow the name "rat" should not be applied to the kangaroo rat. A rat is a despicable critter, and it is difficult to apply that term to this animal of our Southwest desert lands.

The kangaroo rat comes in a variety of species. In fact there are approximately a hundred kinds and in suitable territory there may be a population as high as 1,000 animals to the square mile. Because of the different kinds it is difficult to limit the territory occupied, but they seek hot, dry lands where coolness may be reached by burrowing a short distance underground. Some species are to be found in damp lands and

some in forested areas but usually the ground is of a loose type, such as sand or clay, in which excavating is relatively easy.

A nest den about 8 by 10 by 5 inches is built some 3 feet underground and lined with fine plant material. It is kept free of dung and waste food and there the two to four young of a litter are born. The rats are social but the families live in separate tunnels. However, if the animals are confined in a cage they will fight to the death, and, while one may survive out of a group, even the survivor may become so wounded in the process of proving his superiority that he too does not live out his normal life span.