

Potter Patter

By Eloise Potter

Jack and I are the world's worst about over-sleeping; we are late to work nearly every morning. Tuesday morning, however, we got off to an early start because when seven o'clock came there was a puddle of water between Jack and the alarm clock.

Yes, a puddle of water! Rain? Not quite. The attic fan had pulled in moist air during the night. Water from the air condensed on the venetian blinds and dripped to the floor. While Jack wiped up the puddles, I cooked breakfast.

Whenever I do anything stupid, I'm always unduly upset until I see the humorous side of my error. Take Tuesday night, for instance. That was the night I learned the hard way that you have to know not only where you are going, but also where you are when you get there.

Having read in the Zebulon Record — bless it — that there would be a meeting to make plans for the United Fund drive, I prissed myself downtown Tuesday a little before 8 pm Foster Finch met me at the door of the Municipal Building and escorted me upstairs where we took seats near the front and chatted about this and that until a large group of men entered.

V. C. Whitley called the meeting to order. "What happened to Mr. Debnam?" I wondered.)

As I listened to Mr. Whitley's preliminary remarks, I began to feel a bit uneasy. ("Was the paper mistaken or did I misread the article?" I debated. "Should I leave now or wait to see what happens?")

No one asked me to leave, so I convinced myself this was just an early meeting which would adjourn shortly. Then would come my meeting. ("After all, aren't these men interested in the United Fund, too?" I assured myself.)

Mr. Whitley and several others talked convincingly about the benefits, to the town as well as to individual investors, which would result from the building of a suitable industrial site here. ("This is

interesting. I'll take some notes for a news story," decided our junior-grade Jane Arden.)

However, as the nature of the gathering became clearly apparent to me, I could no longer delude myself. My piggy-bank-type savings wouldn't go far buying stock in a \$80,000.00 building. ("Eloise, old gal, you've tested the gallantry of these gentlemen long enough. Scram")

Firmly believing my meeting to be in progress elsewhere in the building, I made a hasty, but embarrassingly conspicuous, exit. ("Why didn't I sit on the back row?" I mentally kicked myself.) But I could find no one downstairs. Outside I located G. C. Massey and asked him if he were helping ladies in distress that night. Deputy Massey explained that the United Fund folks had met in one of the offices, but they left when only two people showed up.

TWO PEOPLE. I could hardly believe my ears. (Well, I, by intent, made three.) The Community Chest members voted overwhelmingly for the United Fund; the board members are competent men; the project certainly is worthy of community support. What happened?

When I talked with J. C. Debnam Wednesday morning, he seemed somewhat dismayed that Harold Bronfin and key board members did not attend the Tuesday night meeting. Several conflicting meetings, he and I agreed, probably accounted for most of the empty seats. Since publicity is an important factor in the success of any project requiring community participation, I have volunteered this column as a news organ for the United Fund organization. Beginning right now I am urging all of you to watch the Record for announcements concerning the meetings called by Mr. Debnam; if at all possible, attend them. The united appeal cannot have too many people actively working for it. There's a big job to be done, so lets all do our share.

MORE TEACHERS ARE LISTED FOR WAKELON



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Head Coach
Math



Mrs. Fred Page
First Grade



Miss Blanche Gay
History



Miss Janis Cooper
Third Grade

WAKELON SECOND GRADE TEACHERS



Mrs. Edith B. Hilliard
Second Grade



Miss Lucille Gay
Second Grade



A Stop sign means just that, 24 hours a day. So, think twice and don't ignore it.



DRIVE CAREFULLY . . . the life you save may be your own!

Air-Conditioned Religion

Rev. A. Asbury

On my recent vacation, I was visiting my home in Georgia. During my stay there, my Mother and I drove to Atlanta for a day's visit. It was a hot, sultry day, and it was no pleasure to be on the highway. Hot and tired, we were driving along, and only occasionally was there enough energy to break the silence and monotony of the trip with a few words. And even those remarks were largely confined to the subject of the insufferable heat and the roasting crops.

As we were approaching a town, our attention was suddenly and simultaneously grasped by a road sign. Following an increasingly modern custom, a church in the next town had erected a billboard to advertise itself to tourists. But this was not the usual run of church signs. It did not point the way to the church. It displayed no slogans, such as "Jesus Saves," or "you are in danger of hell." Nothing so commonplace as this decorated this landscape. Rather, the sign read: "Our church is air-conditioned." It then gave the name of the church and the times for services. Yet, it was that "air-conditioning" note that set my sleepy mind to thinking.

"How nice it would be to have air-conditioning right now," I thought as the seemingly endless miles rolled away. Then it occurred to me that it would have been wonderful to have been preaching this summer in a cool church, that more people would have come, and that we should keep up with the times. Then, on second reflection, it struck me that the sign had made no mention of the worship of God. There was no appeal for tourists to stop at that church long enough to acknowledge their Maker, Sustainer, and Redeemer. Jesus Christ's name had given way to the cultural phenomenon of air-conditioning.

Here was a sign that pointed once more to the materialistic nature of our lives. It used the psychology that to be cool and comfortable is a necessity for most people if they are to go to church. In our day the slightest excuse is enough for people to stay away, and the churches find themselves in a plight. Just as movie theatres are offering lavish gifts and prizes to lure people away from TV and back to the cinema, so are many churches resorting to gimmicks and devices of every nature to get the people out. Ministers are racking their minds for new slogans, new contests, and new gadgets, for it is certainly a fact that the church and the lives of the people are becoming separated.

Either "people are losing God," as some say, or else, the church has failed to change and adapt to meet the constantly changing situation in which people live. I happen to believe that it is largely the latter, and the churches are right in seeking to meet the problem — although it is late in the day to be awaking. However, the answer is not to be found in air-conditioning, or gimmicks, or contests, or devices. That is simply beating around the bush, and it is not even getting close to the heart of the problem. You cannot cure a skin

rash by applying external medicine when the cause of the rash is due to an internal illness. So it is with the churches.

It is time for the churches to come forward with new programs which meet the needs of people where they are. It is high time to relate the message of the Christian faith to the hard cold facts of politics, and economics. There is a necessity upon us to reinterpret our faith into the language people speak, understand, and love. This is no time for "air-conditioned religion" and all the apologies for the threadbare church life that accomplishes it. It is the moment to proclaim Jesus Christ in His love and in His demand upon us in such a way that we may believe and know the transformation that He works in us and in our world. Then the lure of air-conditioning will not be necessary, for people will come to hear a Gospel that confronts their lives — and they will leave church and go into the world to practice it. Let's not brush the surface with air-conditioning, for we must dig deep to come up with the answer we need.

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Baptist Services

Sunday morning the youth choir will sing A New Heaven and A New Earth — by Lorenz. Mr. Asbury's sermon title is Stars and Candles.

Sunday night is communion service. The adult choir will sing To Thee We Sing — By Tkach.