

Clarity Needed

The rhubard raised last week by the Zebulon Board of Commissioners hasn't quieted down yet, and it promises to have some repercussions next municipal election day unless, as is probable, the memories of the outraged citizens remains as short as usual. When the Board recognized the need of a police car for Zebulon, they followed the wishes of a vast majority of Zebulon's citizens. But the unorthodox method used in purchasing the car rubbed a lot of folks the wrong way — and with just cause.

We have no bones to pick with the Commissioners in their choice of a Ford V8, complete with extras, for Zebulon's police car. Fords are goodlooking, they are fast, and there are plenty of people in addition to four members of the Board of Commissioners who claim a Ford is the best automobile for the money on the road. Our gripe is in the failure to advertise for the kind of car that was wanted.

The advertisement, as you must have read, stated simply that bids were wanted on a two-door or four-door automobile equipped with heater. Nothing was said about turn signals, oil filters, oil bath cleaners, or V8 engines. If the town advertised for what it wanted, then it should have based its decision on the bids listing prices on what was advertised. If it wanted the extra equipment, it should have said so and given every dealer an opportunity to include the equipment in his bid. If the Commissioners leaned toward V8 engines, the advertisement should have limited bids to V8 engines, and Plymouth, Chevrolet, and similar six-cylinder vehicles would have been included out.

The purchase is complete now, and Zebulon possesses a very nice police car. However we hope that the Town Board has learned from its experience of the past eight days and in the future will be both clear and open in what is wanted when conducting business for the people of Zebulon.

24-Hour Alert

Fire, out of control, is a tragic thing, especially when it destroys a home. Such a fire hit the Trevathan home two miles East of Zebulon Sunday morning, and within an hour nothing remained of the beautiful, two-story dwelling. Though it is gone, and nothing can bring it back, its burning can mean that someone else's home may be saved.

When the call for help was made to the Zebulon Rural Fire Department Sunday morning, it took some time to contact members of the fire fighting force and a costly delay was the result. It is probable that a prompt answer by the Rural Fire Department would not have saved the house, but it is likely that with its early help more of the furnishings

We have in Zebulon two of the finest fire trucks around. could have been salvaged.

We have well-trained firemen who are willing to give their time and risk their very lives in carrying out their duties. But this wonderful equipment and these skilled fireman are worth nothing unless they arrive at the fire in time to do their jobs. They had no opportunity to do more than save a couple of outbuildings Sunday morning, because they did not know of the fire in time.

The combined resources of the Town of Zebulon and the Zebulon Rural Fire Department, Inc., should be enough to provide someone on the alert 24 hours a day to answer the telephone in case a call for the firemen comes in. This person should know which firemen are immediately available for duty. The minutes saved in answering the phone and summoning the firemen could mean the difference in a minor fire and a heart-breaking loss of a home.

Beneficial Publicity

This month the Zebulon community will gain state-wide publicity when a television show and a feature story in the Farm Bureau newspaper tell of the successful rural fire truck project. This is the type of publicity which does more for us than reams of copy ballyhooing our wonderful industrial possibilities, our growth potential, our unlimited future, because this is the story of real cooperative endeavor on the part of many people in the community, working unselfishly for a better, safer place to live.

The spirit shown in the successful project to purchase a rural fire truck is the spirit that outsiders, whether industries or people, look for in a place to settle down. It shows that the community has resourcefulness and a willingness to work. It proves the real worth of the community.

We congratulate everyone who contributed to the success of the rural fire truck project, and we express our deep thanks for what they have done.

The Zebulon Record

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Potter Patter

By Eloise Potter

A week ago Saturday Mrs. A. D. Parrish gave me an armful of white chrysanthemums like the ones I described in "Potter Patter" a few issues back. At the time I was so surprised and thrilled I'm afraid I didn't thank her sufficiently or coherently. For the first time in three years I had some flowers with stems long enough to look nice in the green Benko glass vase Jack and I bought on our wedding trip!

After several days the stems needed to be cut short, so I rearranged the blossoms in a flat black bowl. Although the blooms are beginning to show their age at close range, Jack and I are still enjoying Mrs. Parrish's horticultural skill and generosity.

Saturday morning I heard John Harris, "Your Tar Heel Gardener" (WPTF, 8:15-8:30), interview the

Fred Cochran, Raleigh chrysanthemum growers. Mrs. Cochran remarked that once you start growing chrysanthemums you haven't time or space for any other flower. Mrs. Parrish seems to contradict that statement since she nearly always has a lovely display to whatever happens to be in season.

Mr. Harris' program, which is sponsored by the Raleigh Garden Club, usually has at least one item of interest to the average home gardener who has little time or money for flowers and shrubs. He also gives much information especially for azalea, camellia, dahlia, and other special-plant enthusiasts. Mr. Harris gladly answers questions sent in by listeners and mails out pamphlets on request. Briefly, I highly recommend "Your Tar Heel Gardener" to anyone interested in growing anything from vegetables to trees to African violets.

Reading of the household show-

er to be given Saturday for the Walter Trevathans, whose home was destroyed by fire Sunday morning, reminds me that Jack's grandmother once mentioned the way people of the Zebulon community helped her family when the Davis home burned. I gathered from the way she talked about the fire that the material and sentimental losses were greatly relieved by the kindness and friendship of her neighbors. Although I do not know the Trevathans personally, I'm sure they are receiving the same assistance rendered in the same spirit of Christian fellowship.

And speaking of assistance, I believe that the United Fund still needs a little more help. Regardless of how much money is pledged, let's be sure that everyone gives something, whether the amount be large or small. Perhaps Zebulon's slogan should be "100% Given by 100% Giving."

Seen & Heard

Zebulon's United Fund is going to be mighty dis-united if the goal of \$5,000 is not exceeded, because our failure to give our quota will just about prove our preference for the multitude of fund campaigns that have followed one another in years past.

Crops have been bad for two straight years, and most of us are hard-pressed for ready cash. This should make our contributions more liberal, however, because with hard times comes a greater need for the services provided by the 13 agencies included in the United Fund.

We can appreciate the reasoning of those Zebulonians who work in Raleigh and therefore feel obligated to support the Raleigh United Fund. We hope they will remember they live in this community and have obligations to assist their neighbors here.

I plan to make my contribution larger this year. Anything to keep

from having to see Vance Brown walk in the door whenever another fund drive is in progress. Of course, Vance probably is hoping that we'll top the goal so he won't have to see me so often too.

I'm glad that Solicitations Chairman Ralph Talton doesn't have the salesman who called on us two weeks ago asking for contributions. That guy gave me a sad story and a rubber check in less than ten minutes. From the way I fell for his line, he could have had a mortgage on the business for some cause like the United Fund.

I pride myself on being a gentleman at least ten minutes every day. Son Michael is following in my footsteps, and is a remarkably well-behaved 2½-year-old. I never have to lay a hand on him — except in self defense.

A friend of ours says he can prove one bottle of beer will make a man drunk. "Go down to the Zebulon's Recorder's Court,"

he said, "and everyone of the men charged with drunken driving will swear on the stand he has drunk just one beer!"

Climbing Zebulon's water tank is nothing special, several of the younger set could tell you. The Rev. A. D. Parrish has reported hearing youthful voices coming from up on the tank several dark nights, and before the tank was painted, initials scratched in hearts could be seen on the sides of the tank.

I've heard that in his younger days Mr. Arthur Ferrell would hang by his heels over a huge, spinning wood saw, his nose barely inches above the flying teeth. He hasn't lost any of his daring, for he claims to be a Republican even in the face of the mess the G. O. P. is making of the agricultural program.

But then, it takes all kinds of people to make the world go round.

Study of Nature

Here is a sparrow that even the rankest amateur will recognize as being out of the ordinary run of sparrows. About 7½ inches long with a wing-spread of 11½ inches and a tail 2½ inches, it could be classed as larger than a Song Sparrow and smaller than a Towhee. The male in breeding plumage looks more like a small blackbird or maybe one might say a sparrow-sized blackbird. The male has large white wing patches. In the fall months the male, female and young are brown with striped breasts and white patches. The bird weighs about one ounce, which is more than a Junco weighs.

The Lark Bunting has been found all the way across the continent from the Pacific Coast to Massachusetts but in spite of this it is essentially a bird of the West. It appears regularly and in good abundance in breeding season from southern Alberta to southwestern Manitoba south to eastern New Mexico, northwestern Texas, eastern Nebraska and west central Minnesota. East of this area it is more or less accidental. The winter months are spent south of southern Texas, southern Arizona on to Sonora and southern Lower

California.

In all its range it is essentially a bird of the open plains rather than of the wooded areas. In its natural habitat it feeds on the seeds of weeds, grass and grain and on grasshoppers, beetles and weevils. In some instances it has been noted that 78 per cent of the food may be grasshoppers so there is little doubt about the usefulness of the bird under these circumstances.



LARK BUNTING

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The bird has won popularity enough in part of its range to have been selected as the State Bird of Colorado. This is probably not due to any recognition of its economic importance because at times it may harm growing grain. Rather the bird offers an appeal because of its appearance. The fact that it destroys great quantities of Russian

thistle seeds is of course to its credit but no matter how much of the surplus the bird might destroy there still would be enough left over to assure survival of Russian thistle.

The nest is built on the ground, often sunk into the ground. It is made of grasses and is lined with down, fine hair and fine dried grasses. In the nest the female lays 4 to 5 eggs each weighing about 1-10 ounce. The eggs are light greenish blue rarely sprinkled with reddish brown spots. There may be two annual broods but this is not always the case. After the nesting period the male loses the black appearance which makes him look like a white-winged blackbird.

I lived in Iowa many years studying birds without ever seeing one of these interesting birds. Yet when a few years later I spent some months west of Nebraska, I got to know them well. Only this year friends of mine reported seeing them east of my home in New York State. I envy them the opportunity they had but am looking forward to returning to the part of the continent where Lark Buntings are an everyday occurrence.

—E. Laurence Palmer