

Going Some Place?

By Theo. Davis

An old man said to a young man, "A man can't go anywhere unless he's going some place." The old man had known the other as a youth in earlier days. He was now a "rising" prize fighter with nothing to do but stay "fit" and win. This he was doing very successfully and satisfactorily to himself. Beyond making money and spending it he had no objective in life. A choice for youth, but none for old age.

This story reminds one that every day one sees both boys and men just going along. Direction and speed do not count. Nothing is planned except the temporary. I recall a young man I knew years ago. He was then 26 and had a year or two in high school. I had just graduated from Wake Forest College and was teaching in a school in Person county. He said to me, "It's time that I decide on what I'm going to do." A few years after apparently he had not yet made any decision. The last I heard of him he was a book agent out in the mid-west.

Especially do I remember two young fellows in college with me. One was the son of a rich cotton mill man in the Piedmont. This boy spent more in one year than I did in the four years of college. He "went through" college and returned home where he continued to live a wasted life. He finally died from dissipation. I never heard him make a serious statement of his future. He had neither a care or purpose in life. He just drifted the way of least resistance on the current of time into eternity. Each of us is going "some place" whether we plan it or not.

The other young man was from S. C. One would believe he came from a good yet poor family. He roomed alone and almost starved. He subordinated everything to a consuming desire and purpose to have an education. He burned the midnight oil. He graduated with one of the highest marks ever made in Wake Forest. What he planned to do with his life, no one knew. It seems that when he had

reached one goal he had no other. The last time I heard of him, he was plowing a mule in a cotton patch. No wrong in that. His mistake was that he never decided what he would do with his life.

The Apostle Paul was ambitious. He had plans of his own, not forgetting God. His consuming passion and purpose is definitely expressed in these words, "This one thing I do!" And then he goes on to amplify which brings in many other subordinate plans. He never turned from his chief objective he went "preaching Christ" everywhere. He "went places and somewhere."

No man or body is headed right till he makes at least one definite decision or choice for life. Then all others will be secondary and supplemental to that. Would be lawyer, minister, or any other, to assure success, victory, must outline the course and purpose of his life as it relates to all else. One sets his ideal then with ideas transformed into realities, he goes on "conquering and to conquer." The secret of success lies in having one big purpose ahead, of failure is having none.

Our community has both youth and age that time thus far have never yet made a choice of vocation or profession and many of them probably never will. Again, I repeat the words of one who had "some place to go and something to do:" "If any man will, he shall." Ask that boy or man, "Where are you going?" And he will doubtless say, "I don't know," or "to get a job," "to get married," to have a

good time," "to college" or some other indefinite reply as to the future. Like Jesus said of the poor, "ye always have them." Many of these die without ever deciding where they are going when they drift into eternity. We are admonished, "Choose ye this day."

What are you doing? Where are you going? Have you a great desire, or a high purpose? Better start now while it is today. The old man was as right as right can be, "You can't get anywhere unless you are going some place."

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our deepest appreciation to everyone who extended their sympathy and friendship by visits, cards, flowers and gifts, during the recent illness and death of our husband and father.

Family of W. K. Tippet

Appreciation

I wish to thank my many friends for the cards, letters, visits, and prayers, during my long stay in the hospital and at home.

Allan Pippin

Preacher Herring's Eighty-Three

On Thursday of last week the members of the Dora Pitts Circle of the W. M. S. of the Zebulon Baptist Church, gave a birthday supper to Rev. R. H. Herring in the home of Mrs. C. S. Chamblee, one mile east of town. On the 9th of January he was four score and three years old.

An even score of his friends were present to celebrate this occasion and congratulate him on an occasion few people reach in the passing of the years.

An old-fashioned supper (or dinner as some would say) with all the modern improvements was served. The food and the fellowship gave the occasion a festive air. Mr. Herring with all the zest of youth and the skill of age cut the cake, while a single candle symbolized not a year, but a long

life lived for the good of mankind and the glory of God.

Those present besides the honored guests, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, were Pastor Bev. A. Asbury, Theo. B. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Smith, and Mesdames C. S. Chamblee, M. G. Crowder, L. C. Pearce, M. T. Debnam, Reppie McGee, Fred Hales, R. R. Creech, Ashley Murphy, Eldred Rountree, Julian Horton, Ralph Lewis, R. G. Privette, K. P. Leonard and Ben Kemp.

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CELEBRATE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY



Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Weaver began the New Year in an unusual fashion, celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary at their home. Their six children and a host of relatives and friends helped them observe the beginning of a second half-century of married life. They are shown just before cutting the beautiful and delicious cake.

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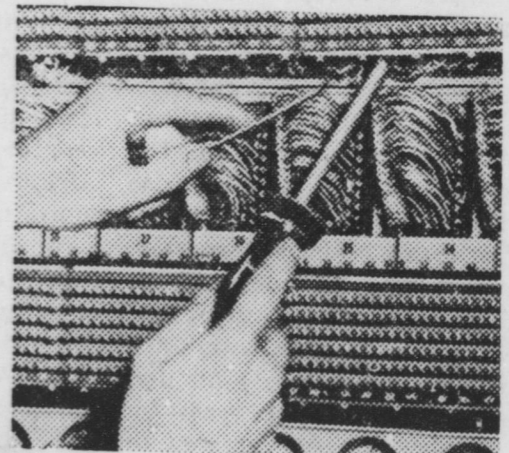
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