

Progressive Projects

The first two projects tentatively selected for entry in the Finer Carolina Contest mark the 1954 effort of this community as ambitious and progressive. There is certainly room for increased growth and beautification of the Zebulon community, and the establishment of a factory and beautification of the armory site are two big steps in the right direction.

Sam Berry, southern manager of the National Association of Manufacturers, cites the value of a little factory to a community in an editorial which appeared in the Atlanta Journal:

"What does a little factory that employs 150 do for the community where it functions?"

"That little factory will call for 300 homes in the community.

"It will support 33 stores and will allow 24 professional people to live in and serve the community.

"It will pay \$53,000 to the local transportation facilities to transport the goods produced by the factory.

"It will buy the produce of 6,000 acres, involving the farmers of the area and giving them a market for their produce.

"It will lay down a revolving payroll of over \$200,000. And it will establish a tax foundation of \$2,500,000.

"In ordinary times, this factory will put 320 automobiles in the community. It will fill 18 rooms of a schoolhouse, calling for teachers to take care of the children."

Maintenance Needed

We thought at the time they were erected that the street markers for Zebulon streets were a good idea. We still think they are good things to have, but we also think a bit of maintenance is in order. The erection of the markers distinguished Zebulon as a progressive community and incited compliments from those passing through. The present weather-beaten and broken condition of many of the markers set the town off as a lethargic cross-roads typical of the poor South featured in books.

It will take time and money to maintain the markers, but if we are going to continue to use them, the time and money will be well spent.

60 Second Sermon

By Fred Dodge

TEXT: "Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much use 'til they are seasoned." Oliver Wendell Holmes

A professor of sociology was talking with several eminent scholars when his son swaggered into the room, interrupting the discussion, saying,

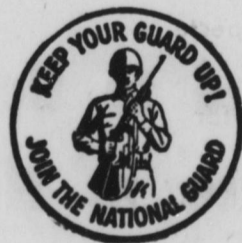
"The trouble with you older folks is that you don't see things properly. Now the way I see it—" He paused for breath. His embarrassed father broke in with an apology to his friends.

"Don't mind my son," he said, "He is 18 years old — going on 40."

* * *

Some parents excuse bad manners in their children by saying that youth should not be restrained as it seeks to grow and develop. The fact is that such parents are either lazy or unequal to their responsibilities. It takes time, effort and skill to teach a child good manners, kindness and consideration for others, including his parents. It is much easier to let the child "express himself."

A double danger arises when parents mistake youth's "expression" of bad manners and self importance, for knowledge. It is then that both parents and children approach the greatest fault, which is to be conscious of none. Bad manners stamped on a child having a way of leaving the same label on the parents.



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Pass It On

By Theo. B. Davis

Centuries ago, when the mummy of a prominent Egyptian was laid away in one of the pyramids, with it were placed both common and precious things. Among them was a hermetically sealed tube of grain—the very best. There it rested with the dead—a thing of living possibilities, unused and finally forgotten. From its planting harvest after harvest might have sprung to feed the hungry and probably save the starving. For the time it might as well have been dead.

For centuries it waited, holding within its shell life, till an explorer, digging deep, found it. Was the seed dead, or was it just sleeping? It must be lost to save it. The test brought out life, which after ages smiled again as it looked up with hope into the face of its Creator. It brought forth an abundant harvest which in the centuries since had multiplied itself a million times, functioning and fulfilling its Divine mission. Seed or son, God expects, demands, that they do two things—"do good and replenish the earth." He says "pass it on."

Some weeks ago a friend expressed the wish that she wanted cornices made for some windows. Having shop equipment and material, I volunteered to make them for her. On delivering them, she expressed her pleasure with my work and insisted that she pay me. That I refused, saying, "I found satisfaction in making them and also pleasure in giving them to you. Some of my most happy experiences in life come from such

favours. In this way I have found a joy and happiness not to be had otherwise."

Then I continued: "If you want to compensate for the gift, then just pass my favor on. Do something for another who needs or would appreciate it. Then tell that one to please "pass it on," and the next on and on to the end. Then, when we all get home to heaven, there will be quite a crowd of us. Each will find that his good has been multiplied and passed on and transmuted into heavenly treasures—ours, laid up to await our coming."

More than forty years ago there came to my town a young man from Mississippi. He was what was called then, a book agent, now known as a salesman. Being of the same faith as myself, he came to our church services and also visited my home. One day he came to me in great trouble. His father and mother were old. He had no brother or sister. His parents were wholly dependent on him. A letter from them, he said, brought word that the landlord was about to dispossess his parents and they were desperate. So was the young man. He insisted that he did not come to me for financial assistance, but for advice, since he had always sought his pastor in his needs. He had taken a number of orders for books, but delivered none. He had little money, not enough to help in the emergency.

I told him to wait a minute. I went back to the kitchen where my wife was preparing dinner and told her about the young fellow's predicament. She asked, "What

are you going to do, Theo.?" I replied, "He says it will take \$50.00, and I am going to let him have it." She heartily approved. I got the money from the bank and let him have it. He rode the first westbound train homeward.

For two weeks I waited to hear from him. Once my wife remarked that it was about time that we heard from our friend. I agreed. Three days later I got a letter from him. With it was a cashier's check for \$50.50. Gushing with appreciation, he thanked me over and over. Later he returned and delivered his orders and went on his way.

That experience taught me one of the most practical lessons in trust and service to others I have ever had. From that time till now people have been good to me, even going out of their way to do favors for me. I have tried in each instance to "pass it on"—to do something for others that would relieve need—a word of sympathy, comfort, encouragement; a deed of service, relief, a gift—so many things to be done, so easily done, to pass on, as we journey from earth to heaven.

Jesus said, "Lay not up treasures on earth, but in heaven, where neither doth rust or moth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." Every day I remember something I have done on which God has put His heavenly seal, guaranteeing my deposit. I have already received more than a hundred per cent interest on my saving's account. Every time I count my bank balance with God I (Continued on Page 5)

Uncle Ferd's Almanac

Four years ago today "The Mighty Mo," as the U. S. Navy referred to the 45,000-ton battleship named Missouri, was aground in Chesapeake Bay and had been for two days. Navy faces were getting redder every hour on the hour, and rumor had it that the navigator and first officer had gotten the Missouri stuck in the mud by mistaking a gin rummy score written on the chart for the channel depth. That shows you that sailors should never play gin rummy, only innocent games, like poker maybe. I'm a rook man, myself.

I am not only a rook player—I am also an honest rook player. and have been since one unfortunate night back in 1948. Loomis Parrish was my partner, and had arranged to wink his right eye if he had the rook, and his left eye once for each fourteen. I thoughtlessly blew a puff of Tampa Nugget smoke toward him, and before the air cleared he had signaled every high card in the deck. I bid a conservative 300, but we made only ten points (from a card in my hand). Today I believe in keeping a game clean — no signals for me.

Not long after that, Loomis and I played for the Zebulon Record office championship against two co-workers, one of whom is currently an all-state basketball player, and the other of whom cries like a baby when State College loses. That match found our opponents engaged in signals refined to a point that the boys in Los Vegas would like to know about. They were about a thousand points ahead of us, when we got onto them, and even then it took a week to catch up.

They would separate their cards by colors, and pop fingers behind them to indicate high cards held. They were so efficient they could have flashed their pulse rate and

blood count if they hadn't run out of figures. It would have been foolproof if it hadn't been so funny to see me sweat that they had to tell it. The story got back to me, and thereafter everything was easy for Loomis and Uncle Ferd. We not only knew what they had; we knew which one had it. Three weeks and \$28.50 later, they too had decided that honesty is the best policy.

I like card games of all kinds, since dealing is about the only exercise I get nowadays, outside of repairing the furnace every Tuesday and Saturday. Incidentally, I don't have a bad furnace; it's just temperamental. If the outside temperature is above 60, it turns out

about 120,000 BTU. If it's around 18 outside, it carries a flame about the size of the pilot light on a butter melter for the dining room table.

This past weekend I was also bothered with water in my basement, which is just large enough for the furnace, a water bucket, and me. Not that my basement leaks—I finally got it waterproofed—but I now have a spring in my chimney. It isn't much of a spring compared to Seven Springs or Old Faithful, but I never before saw two gallons of water a minute running out of a chimney. If any of you anti-soil conservationists know of a good way to lower the water table, please let me know.

Personal Items

Harry Bissette is a patient at Veterans Administration Hospital in Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Lee and children of Middlesex visited the Charles Hawkins Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Daniel returned to Zebulon Sunday after being away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hales have moved into their new home. On Sunday their guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hill and Mrs. Celia Garris of Ayden, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Strickland of Smithfield.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Medlin of Greenville spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Carsey Tippet.

Dr. C. E. Floyers and Mrs. Wallace Chamblee were dinner guests of Mrs. Irby Gill Sunday.

The A. C. Dawsons of Southern Pines spent the weekend with Mrs. A. C. Dawson.

Donna Faye Stallings is sick with a virus infection.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt R. Brantley

and Mrs. W. H. Land of Wilson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ferebee.

Mr. Maultass Alford was carried back to Mary Elizabeth Hospital Saturday night.

Diana and Coe Chamblee are both sick with a virus infection.

Mrs. Sidney Holmes returned from Mary Elizabeth Hospital Saturday following an operation. Her sister is staying with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Studdert of Greenville spent the weekend with Mr. Pittman Stell.

Willard Gill is in Rex Hospital following an operation for the removal of the pin in his leg.

Note of Thanks

I wish to thank everyone for the gifts, flowers, visits, cards and all other deeds of kindness during my husband's death.

Mrs. B. M. Price