

Our Great America ☆ by Woody



THE THOMASVILLE TRIBUNE SAYS

The Urge to Escape

London and Paris and Moscow . . . but not Zebulon, North Carolina. Washington and New York, and Independence, Mo., but not Zebulon.

Who ever heard of Zebulon before Margaret Truman discovered a man who was born there?

Until yesterday Zebulon was a quiet, rural community where the Davis brothers run a newspaper, inherited from their father. A place where Mr. Daniel, Sr., has a drug store, where there are a few filling stations. The other side of Raleigh from here, Zebulon is a way station on the way to the

coast. Vacationers have hurried through it in the dead of the night. But now, some of them will stop and wonder about a boy who was born there; who hated the drug store business and who dreamed of the far away places that a successful newspaper correspondent could be assigned to. The nearest way out was the University at Chapel Hill, and he took it as an open door, with the News and Observer at Raleigh as an outside push up the ladder, away from Zebulon.

But there isn't too much difference between Zebulon and Inde-

pendance, Mo., and the still smaller farming community near there where Miss Truman's grandmother lived and died. There is in today's story of an engaged couple, something that is fundamental in the American way of living, so much so that the former President's daughter gains more than a husband in the process.

The urge of a boy to escape from Zebulon has brought that community more fame than he could have dreamed of behind the drug store counter.—The Thomasville (N. C.) Tribune, Tuesday, Mar. 13, 1956

But A Stanhope Resident Retorts

I've Heard of Zebulon

Mr. Tom Shaw
Editor of Tribune
Thomasville, N. C.
Dear Mr. Shaw:

In reply to your editorial in the Tribune of March 13, 1956, entitled "The Urge To Escape" you asked the question, "Who ever heard of Zebulon?" Well, I have. That quiet, little rural community (it's a town in my language) you spoke of or just a way station for people who are hurrying to the seacoast in the dead of the night is only a hop, skip and jump from my home community of Stanhope, located on Route 95 (and Stanhope is just a community) but it like Zebulon has been around a long

time, much longer than Margaret Truman.

Very true Margaret and Clifton Daniel are about to make it nationally famous — all well and good, but a lot of Eastern Carolina citizens (including me) who have moved to this section of the state (and I love the Piedmont) know and have known about Zebulon.

These fast moving people who hurry to the seacoast in the dead of the night would do well to change their schedule and travel through Zebulon during the daylight hours. They have been missing something. That something is a lovely residential street (Highway 64) lined with lovely shade

trees and well kept lawns and beautiful flowers that present a good front to many lovely homes. A very peaceful and soothing scene on a hot summer day. Zebulon has several stores, too, including dime store, clothing stores, hardware and grocery stores, feed and implement stores and of course drug stores and many other types as well as filling stations.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Clifton Black,
Nee, Imogene Strickland,
of Stanhope, Nash County, N. C.
located 13 miles East of Zebulon,
N. C.
Thomasville, March 19, 1956.

The First Step

Uniforms are assured for Wakelon's rapidly-improving band, and with the purchase of the gold and black costumes for the enthusiastic musicians, a giant step will have been taken toward winning a prize for the Zebulon Community in Carolina Power and Light Company's "Finer Carolina" contest. Four more similar steps and success is sure.

As frequently is the case, the major portion of the work in the band uniform project was done by a very small group of people. The fact is that Steering Committee Chairman Frank Kemp was saddled with not only the responsibility of the undertaking, but an unbelievable amount of the work as well.

If the rest of us in the community will contribute to the remaining four projects one small fraction of what Lion Frank Kemp has given toward the first, this will prove a year of progress toward a truly finer Zebulon.

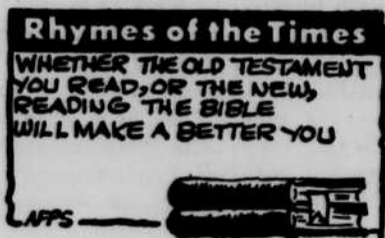
Rotten Plank for the Platform

Few North Carolinians believe that segregation can be continued forever in the State. Most Tar Heels expect that, no matter what our personal desires, segregation will end. All North Carolinians foresee unhappy situations and unfortunate incidents as a result of coming integration in the schools. These are things few honest people will dispute.

However there are many who, for personal gain will play upon the pride and prejudices of both Caucasian and Negro races during the present political campaign. The air soon will be filled with harrangues as candidate seeks to outdo candidate in his views on handling segregation.

The result will be increased friction, heated tempers, antagonism, and over-emphasis of one plank in a platform where there are so many others which should be examined.

If we concern ourselves solely with the segregation issue during the 1956 elections, we're cutting our noses to spite our faces. Consider segregation, certainly, but hold it to a sensible, safe proportion. Don't make it the rotten plank in the platform.



THE ZEBULON RECORD

Published Tuesday and Friday of each week; Subscription rate: \$2.00 a year. Advertising rates on request.

Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the post office at Zebulon, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879. Member of the North Carolina Press Association.

Barrie S. Davis Editor
Scottie Brown News Editor
Jack M. Potter, Jr. Publisher
Ferd L. Davis Fifth Wheel

Uncle Ferd's Almanac

Happy Friday the thirteenth to you! Today is the second Friday the 13th this year, and we'll have one more, come July. The first one was in January.

Of course you know that Friday the 13th is an unlucky day; all intelligent, educated people know that.

Thirteen is an unlucky number, and has been for quite a spell. Many Christians believe that the Last Supper of Christ and His twelve apostles gave rise to the superstition, but it is much older than Christianity, dating back to the evil Loki making the 13th guest at a Valhalla banquet and tragedy resulting — and maybe it dates back beyond that.

Friday has always been a day of significance, especially for murderers. Practically all death sentences call for execution on Fridays.

Adam was created on a Friday, and he was expelled from the garden of Eden on a Friday; anybody know what day Eve was made?

Adam repented on Friday, and he died on Friday. Christ also died on Friday, and the dead will rise for the last judgment on Friday.

You can see that Friday is quite a day, even without its falling on the 13th day of the month. And when it does, look out!

It is bad luck to spill salt on Friday; if you happen to spill salt today, be sure to toss a little over your left shoulder, turn around twice, and recite the 23rd Psalm backwards.

It is also bad luck to drive a car faster than 55 on a Friday, especially if a highway patrolman catches you at it.

It is bad luck to call an Italian

a "Guinea" on Friday the 13th, and it is bad luck to make disparaging remarks about Robert E. Lee to a Virginian on Friday the 13th.

You should never take a shower and then cut off the bathroom light without first drying yourself on Friday the 13th; and you should not take long bus trips (without a ticket) on Friday the 13th.

My other suggestions which may get you safely through Friday, April 13, follow:

Make sure any mushrooms you eat today are not toadstoods.

Don't slide down lightning rods in thunderstorms.

Don't argue with your wife when she has a meat cleaver in her hand.

So much for Friday the 13th; now I can start worrying about Saturday the 14th.

A Pretty Proud Fellow

Your average Tar Heel car owner — and there are a whale of a lot of them in North Carolina — is a pretty proud fellow when it comes to the family car. In fact a family is often judged by the type car it drives — or a business by the appearance of its fleet. The automobile has become a yardstick of success — a badge of distinction.

It's no wonder, then, that automobile owners keep them groomed to the teeth, interiors swept and garnished, chrome and glass polished to dazzling perfection.

But unfortunately there are too many motorists who are mainly interested in the shiny outside. They don't realize that the mechanical condition of the vehicle is much more important than its beauty. Important not only because locomotion is its basic func-

tion, but because an unsafe car is a dangerous car.

A motor vehicle with unsafe brakes, lights, or steering mechanism may not cause its owner to lose face, but it can easily cause him to lose his life.

Because too many drivers are not sufficiently aware of this, they neglect vehicle maintenance. As a result countless unnecessary traffic accidents occur in North Carolina each year.

Just how many the State Department of Motor Vehicles is unable to say accurately. The true case against inadequate vehicle maintenance can never be fully presented because in many fatal accidents the car or cars involved are so badly smashed that preexisting repair needs cannot be determined.

However, the National Safety

Council has established from an extensive gathering of figures that nationally about six per cent of the vehicles involved in fatal smash-ups were mechanically unsafe.

In North Carolina there is reason to believe that the figure in last year's fatal accidents was greater than six per cent.

The facts indicate there is a relationship between mechanically unsafe cars and accidents. The obvious way to check accidents caused by unsafe vehicles is to have them checked periodically.

Does your car get the mechanical attention it needs?

Let's take a closer look at . . .

BRAKES: Do they take hold evenly on all wheels? . . . Do they stop in at least 30 feet from 20 mph? . . . Find out by inspection.

(Continued on Page 8)