

# The Zebulon Record

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## JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER

—BY—  
CARL GOERCE

1931 has passed into history and 1932 is coming up over the hill. Most of us are holding our breaths to see what the new year has in store for us.

The past year has been a rather strenuous one from more than one point of view. It has left us rather bedraggled. The chances are that it will go down in history as the Year of Patched Pants.

And we'll be darned lucky if 1932 doesn't go down in history as the year of No Pants at All.

What we need is a change. We've had the same old crowd running things, and they've made a jolly mess of everything. Republicans and Democrats don't seem to be able to accomplish anything at all. They're just running around in circles, chasing each other—except when they join forces to chase the general public. I repeat—what we need is a change. A drastic change.

I'm in favor of making Aimee Semple McPherson president during the forthcoming year, with Al Capone serving as vice president and Bishop Cannon acting as speaker of the House. Don't laugh. You've got to admit that they couldn't possibly do any worse than the crowd that has been in charge during 1931.

Let's make Frank Grist Governor of North Carolina, and by all means let's elect Estep to the United States Senate.

If we all join in and do our part, we can make 1932 a great year. It's the Bicentennial year, you know. Two hundred years since the birth of George Washington. Suppose old George could come back and take a look at what he fought for so vigorously. He'd never forgive himself for having been born. He was first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He and the early colonists of this great and glorious nation threw off the British yoke and went to war with the slogan "No Taxation Without Representation."

In those days they only had Taxation to worry them. Now we've got both Taxation and Representation to worry us. In other words, with only one burden upon our shoulders, we fought for the privilege of carrying two burdens.

And did we succeed in getting them!

However, the chances are that things will turn out all right. All of us right at this particular moment, are busily engaged in shouting "Happy New Year!" Our pockets are empty, our clothes are rather frayed, there are past-due installments on the furniture, notes to meet at the bank and nothing to meet them with—and but what's the difference! It's a we didn't have the Depression to kick pretty good world after all, and if about, we'd find something else. So Happy New Year, just the same.

## PREACHER'S WAY TO RID GARDEN OF NEIGHBOR'S CHICKS

In Upperville, Va., Rev. Everette Hinks was annoyed by neighbors' chickens eating the flowers in his garden. Chicken-owning neighbors of Mr. Hinks denied their fowls had committed the depredations. Mr. Hinks, ingenious, got many pieces of string, tied one end of each to a kernel of corn and the other end to a placard, left them in his flower garden. One day his astonished neighbors heard their chickens crowing lustily found hanging from their beaks placards bearing the legend: "I Have Been In Reverend Hinks' Flower Garden."

## WEDDING BELLS

On last Saturday afternoon Mr. Worth Horton and Miss Maggie Marshburn were united in marriage by Rev. Theo. B. Davis at his home.

Three things to cultivate—courage, affection and gentleness.

## Frank Jeter Writes His Appreciation

The Record is in receipt of this fine letter from Frank H. Jeter, who writes the fine agricultural news we carry each week. We appreciate the news, too, as well as he appreciates the space we allow him, because we want to see this section grow in fertility, productivity and prosperity. His letter follows:

Dear Mr. Editor:  
Again I wish to thank you for the fine way in which you have cooperated with this office during the past year. Every week you have received this package of news material from us and I have been gratified at its reception. I feel very humble that you should find the items of enough news and informational value to use them as you have. As in the past, we have tried to play fair with you and to send you only short stories that daily newspapers have not had. The way you have used these stories has been largely responsible in our getting the people of the state the timely facts which have been developed here at the college. I don't believe any other agricultural college editor in the United States has had any better cooperation. The people at Washington who gather facts from all over the country have been kind enough to suggest as much.

And so I extend to you my sincere good wishes for a happy Christmas season. I am not unmindful of the debt I owe you in giving so freely of your space to promote the agricultural welfare of our state. Some people laugh at the idea of service—perhaps you do, but I know that down in your heart you get a thrill and a glow of delight from knowing that you are helping. No one knows how much you are helping as I.

I wish you good luck,  
Sincerely,  
J. H. JETER.

N. C. State College  
School of Agriculture.

## Hatchery To Open Monday, Jan. 18th

We learn through Mr. Oren D. Massey that he will start the Zebulon Mutual Hatchery on the 18th of January. He is moving the hatchery to his home just beyond Wakelon school, and will be conveniently located to serve the public.

Mr. Massey has been interested in the poultry business for sometime, has had experience that assures the public of his success in operating the hatchery. He has a fine flock of poultry from which he expects to supply the chick needs of those who wish to buy. He will also be in a position to supply chicks of all standard breeds if the demand justifies.

The earliest spring chickens bring the best prices. They also taste the best! So get your eggs ready by January 18th, and put in at least a tray. Watch for Mr. Massey's ad in next week's Record.

## Galvanized Still Taken In Raid

One never knows nowadays just what he is drinking if he is inclined to the juice that intoxicates. There are two ways of finding out, however. One is to drink it and then see what the result will be. That is highly dangerous. The other is to see what the sheriff brings in after a raid. Deputy Sheriff Guy Massey and Chief Baker took in a still and four barrels of mash Wednesday night on the Little River farm rented by Oscar Todd, colored. The still was a galvanized iron drum affair—the kind which turns out perfectly nice poisonous liquor—with the fire still going under it.

## AMONG THE SICK

Mr. Furney Southall, formerly of Zebulon but now of Clayton, continues seriously ill.

Mrs. P. L. White of Wakefield, we are sorry to learn, is confined to her home with sickness.

Mrs. J. M. Knott who has been sick for several weeks, is improving.

Mr. J. E. Gill is home after a stay in Rex hospital, but is still confined to his room.

Mrs. L. W. Fuller on the Hales Chapel road continues quite ill.

## What 5 Cows On Farm Will Do

Since the establishment of a butter plant in Albemarle, and, for that matter, prior to that time, this newspaper has continually called the attention of the farmers of the county to the importance of keeping cows on the farm. Although many farmers contend that keeping cows is a losing proposition it still remains that dairy farmers throughout the world are the most prosperous.

The newspaper at Allendale, S. C., recently carried the following editorial telling what five cows on the farm would do. We believe that the facts given below are about right:

Much has been said and written concerning the advisability of keeping a few good cows on every farm. General statements advising such a course are more or less effective, but a more definite illustration recently set forth by a country banker is even more convincing.

He declared that if each farmer in his county had five good cows, and sold the milk and cream which they produced, the cash returns would do these things in a year:

- Pay the farmer's state and county taxes.
- Pay his automobile license and buy two new tires.
- Provide a \$40 kitchen cabinet, a \$50 sewing machine and a \$40 suite of furniture for the farm home and school books for the children.
- Clothe a farm family of five persons.
- Buy \$50 worth of paint for the farm buildings.
- Besides this the fertilizer produced would increase the soil fertility of the farm, and the farmer would in addition have all his calves for sale or for keeping to augment his herd.—Stanly News and Press.

## PIPPIN—CARMICHAEL, JR.

The following interesting announcement has been received here:

Mrs. John T. Pippin announces the marriage of her daughter Margaret

to Mr. Neil J. Carmichael, Jr. on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of December nineteen hundred and thirty one Zebulon, North Carolina

At home January 15th. Rocky Mount, N. C.

Three things to command—thrift, industry and promptness.

## "MONEY MADNESS" Fires Destroy

## Fires Destroy Beautiful Homes

The author of this article was reared on a cotton farm and has worked on newspapers in Georgia, South Carolina, New Jersey and New York. In recent years he has engaged mostly in investigating and writing about economic subjects, including agriculture. In the last four months he visited several hundred farms in the Carolinas and talked with many kinds of farmers in all parts of the two States.

BY A. H. ULM

"While I believe they are better off than they think they are, farmers around here are in a terribly depressed state of mind," said an editor of a newspaper in the eastern section of North Carolina. Statements like that had been made to me almost everywhere and most emphatically, as to the depressed state of mind part, by farmers themselves. This editor's locality was a good background for a query I often had wanted to propound.

"I've seen a good deal of farming in this and a little in other countries," said I. "But I never have viewed a farming community that appeared to the eye better off than yours seem to be right now. Your farmers have made record crops this year; their storehouses are bulging with food and feedstuffs as never before. They undoubtedly have more of everything except perhaps money, than they ever before possessed. Why, this depressed state of mind?"

## "Money Madness" vs Bulging Cribbs.

"Money madness," the editor replied. Continuing, he said: "In the war days of rising prices, farmers around here made greater profits than they ever had deamed possible. Land values rose but not disastrously. But most of the farmers turned plungers. They operated as if high prices and big profits would continue indefinitely. Then came the period of falling prices and the plungers got caught. Most of those in real difficulty are burdened with debts incurred in the hope of making lots of money. Money madness is the main trouble."

What he said reminded me that not one of the several hundred farmers I had talked with in all parts of the Carolinas had evinced the least fear of distress for lack of means to meet future needs. Everyone that talked dolefully, as did even most of those who were getting along all right—spoke of distress in terms of money only. "I won't make any money this year." "I have lost money now for two years." "When are we going to make money again?" Such are sam-

ples of their expressions. The most doleful wails I heard were on the score of money that had been made in farming and lost in spheres other than farming.

## Supplies for Creature Needs.

There is no ignoring the fact that farmers, like everybody else, must have money and that many of them, like millions of others, are having a hard time getting the money they need. But I haven't heard of any campaigns like ones carried on in the cities, for funds to relieve creature distress in farming communities in the Carolinas. In every farming community where I thought to ask about it, I was told that there were adequate local supplies to carry every creature in the community through the winter.

"I was chairman of the Red Cross Relief Committee for this county last winter," said a prominent man in one of the worst "hit" farming communities in the Carolinas. "There was practically nothing for me to do. There were a few cases of creature distress, but they were taken care of by neighbors of the persons. I'll have less to do if I am relief chairman this winter, because there are more food and feedstuffs on the farms."

## No Place for "Money Madness"

The fact that economic depression does not necessarily portend creature distress in farming communities, as it does in cities, gives inverse illustration of the out-of-placeness of "money madness" among farmers.

Of course money madness is not indigenous to farming circles, which, after all, probably have been less affected by it than urban communities have been. But, being more out of place there, it may be more productive of lasting harm in farming than in other circles.

Farmers are not especially blamed for becoming infected with the "money making" fever, which, however, has put upon farming a load of burdens that probably constitute the most difficult obstacle to complete recovery of America agriculture.

A good deal of the actual fever still prevails. I ran into symptoms of it, everywhere I went. Many so-called farm relief proposals and measures tend to stimulate it.

Eliminate the burdens that were incurred out of money madness that was made epidemic by the skyrocketing of prices during the war period with all the remaining fever for more "money making", and farming in most

The home of W. A. Carroll, with all its contents of household effects and clothing, burned Saturday about one o'clock leaving the family nothing saved except their meat which was being salted down a short distance from the house. A defective chimney is thought to have caused the fire. This home was located near Thanksgiving, on Selma, Route 1.

Lonza Richardson, Wendell Rt. 1, lost his beautiful home by fire Tuesday morning, between the hours of 5 and 6 on account of a defective flue. By quick work, the most valuable of his effect were carried to safety.

The fire siren sounded here Monday evening about 7:30 o'clock and away went the engine to Ruric Gill's home out towards Wakelon and next door to M. T. Debnam's home. Everything in the house burned. The fire was held in check to the extent that the framework of the house still stands.

## Local Boy Writes For Navy Paper

Under the title "Ye Flapoodle," and signed "By the Swash Buckler," Ted Davis contributed the following bit of humor for The Observer, regular publication of the U. S. Aircraft Carrier Lexington, Ted is a son of Rev. and Mrs. Theo. B. Davis and is a member of the crew of the Lexington in Uncle Sam's Navy. Here "he":

Miscellaneous, according to the magazines I have been reading, is still the greatest man in Italy—Still, the speakies of Seattle aren't where they used to be—And when the visiting "sweet young thing" asked a hospital corpsman if he was a doctor, he answered, "No, I'm a fizzician"—And when he kissed her once, she cried, "My lips are for another!" "Another what?" he yells. "Another kiss," she says—I always did like parrots, because they can repeat just what they hear, without trying to make a good story out of it—Saw a couple of young men the other night, who, by the way, were well under the weather. One points to a street lamp and says, "Do you see that little lampsh?" "That ain't no hic-lamp," says the other, "thatsh an arc lampsh"—And I know a fellow who is wall-papering his house with rejected green chits—And then there was the football star who slowly turned around after each play, so that the reporters could see his number—Nevertheless, Methusalem lived to be nine hundred sixty-nine years old. Boy, think how old he would have been if he had had a physician—And once upon a time there was a Captain who was holding quarters for inspection, when there arose a disturbance in the rear ranks. Said the Captain, "Will you gentlemen please quit passing those pieces of paper around while I am inspecting?" "That ain't paper," replied one, "that's dollars; we're shooting craps!" "Oh," said the Captain, "I beg your pardon"—But when better dates are made, they won't be blind; ask the man who phones one!—Still, when a fellow trades his tailor made blues in on a girl, there must be something wrong with the blues—Then there was the sailor who had just returned from an extensive cruise, and was telling his girl about when he was in Egypt. "And," says he, "I saw the Sarcophagus of King Tut." "Oh," she says blushing, "You'd better not tell me about that"—But I still can't see the point to the one that goes like this, "Did you ever hear about the girl in the cotton stockings?" and the other guy says, "No, what happened to her?" and the first one comes back with "Nothing!" Yep, it's beyond me—"Hangar deck secure, Sir!"

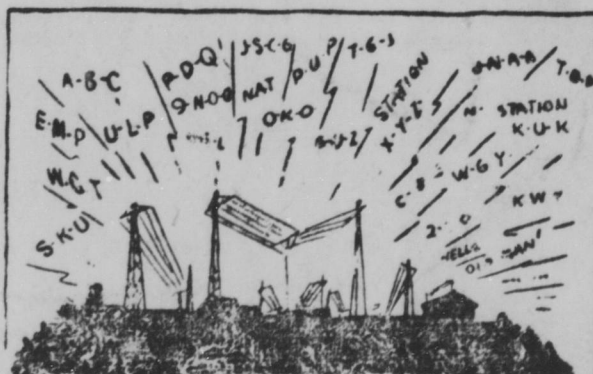
Two demonstrations in killing and curing pork for a home supply were well attended in Bertie County during the past week.

J. G. Staton of Martin county killed 190 hogs that dressed out over 34,000 pounds of pork in middle December. The hogs were grown and fed on home grown feed largely.

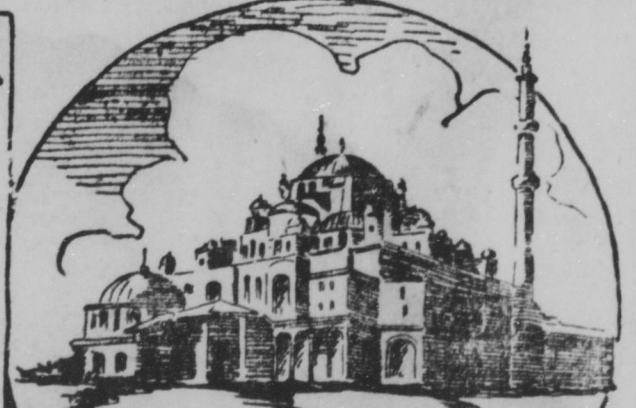
of the South, and particularly in the Carolinas, will be on a good footing—especially so in comparison with farming in other big areas of staple crops and, now, with urban business and industry in general.

## Odd — but TRUE

DURING THE CHRISTIAN ERA, MANY DAYS HAVE SHARED THE HONOR OF BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR WITH THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY — IT WAS LATE IN THE 15TH CENTURY THAT THE FIRST OF JANUARY WAS UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED AS THE FIRST OF THE YEAR — AND, MAY THIS ONE BE A PROSPEROUS AND JOYFUL YEAR FOR YOU!!



OF THE MORE THAN 40,000 RADIO STATIONS ADAPTING SETS AND RECEIVERS IN THE WORLD NEARLY 50% ARE IN THE UNITED STATES



THE FAMOUS MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED WAS DESIGNED BY A CHRISTIAN