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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

A dictionary-maker has compiled a list of the most beautiful words in the English language. So far as his list is concerned, I have no comments; but to me the most beautiful words vary with the seasons. Right now they are these: "I'll start the fires. You stay in bed till the room is warm."

For various and sundry reasons I did not go to church last Sunday; so when the telephone bell rang shortly before noon, I answered at once. Long distance was calling, and to me it sounded like, "Jonesboro calling Mrs. Davis." Then ensued one of those conversations between the long distance operator and some one—I never did know who—that one can't help overhearing. Upon being told that I was on the line, the person feared I would not do. The operator said in a tone of carefully restrained impatience: "But you told me to get her. You told me to get others, and I found out the Wakefield pastor is six or seven miles out in the country, and that Mr. A. A. Pippin is down towards Middlesex and will not be home till nearly night. Then you said the pastor's wife would do, and I've got her and now you won't talk to her." Then the answer, sweetly, patiently explanatory: "But I told you I wanted either the pastor, one of the deacons or a leading member of Wakefield church; and you have never gotten me one of those." It was quite true. Long distance said to Bennie Horton, "That will be all, thank you." And I hung up the receiver and went back to the kitchen.

Never a Christmas comes around that I do not remember the one of fifteen years ago when we were getting up a pageant for the Zebulon Baptist church. Mrs. Gabriel, Mrs. Isaacs and I were in charge. They did the music and I had the direction of the action and speaking parts—and the costumes. What a cast we had! Philip Massey, Jarvis Brantley and Carl Pearce were eminently wise men. Holmes Bunn, Latta Marshburn and Curtis Land were shepherds—and their own folks didn't recognize them. Clyde Moody was the innkeeper. Annie Dizon, Doretha and Maggie Land, Willa Wiggs, Elizabeth Griffin, Lois Pearce and Maudie Brantley were Bethlehem girls. Maudie knew every word of every part and could fill in either to sing or to speak as necessary. Norman Humphrey, Earl Brantley, Irby Gill, and several others were attendants or Bethlehem boys. But the most important character, by far, was Mr. A. J. Hunt, who came on as prophet, and gave such a setting of sacred solemnity to what was to come that the performance was received by the entire audience as I have never seen one before nor since. Mrs. Hunt had sent the costume—all white—to the church, and I arranged it on Mr. Hunt. And when he was all ready, in long trailing robes, a head-dress that came down over his shoulders, his own long white beard completing the picture, I had the strangest feeling of awe as I looked at him. And when he walked slowly down the aisle to the front of the church, stopped, gazed at the picture background of the city of Bethlehem, stretched out one arm toward it and began: "But thou, Bethlehem, Ephrathah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth—" Well, I was not the only one that felt the spell. It went all over the house. No wonder that John Barrow, Jr. then four years old went home and told his mother that "Mr. Hunt was at church, and he had on Jesus' suit." It was a wonderful performance that the young folks gave.

Not once did they have to be prompted—which was fortunate, because nobody up front had a book, and I was back in the Philathea room. But I shall always feel that Mr. Hunt in some mystic way entered fully into the joy and sorrow and glory of the prophecy he pronounced.

Though I have seen the some pageant several times since then, I have never felt that any one else should attempt the prophet's part.

It is bad enough to be behindhand with getting ready for Christmas, and to be rushed and worried and tired and nervous about it; but the finishing touch is to hear some one else say "Why, I have all my Christmas presents ready, all wrapped and labelled." Folks like that had better watch out or they'll be like a friend of mine who was always so far ahead of the rest with her work that she actually seemed behind. Her fall sewing was finished by the last of August and the children began school in new clothes while their classmates were extending in several directions from faded summer apparel. Then her spring sewing began in January, and her children again appeared in new clothes while all the rest were still in their practically new fall garments. It was the same way with house-cleaning. She did it so early that it looked like she was merely unusually late. Please take the hint, and don't come telling me how well you up are with your work. You might be misjudged.

Over the greatest beauty hangs the greatest ruin.



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YE FLAPDOODLE

By The SWASHBUCKLER

Have you seen the new Chevrolet? . . . It sho' is a honey. . . It's so streamlined that ten miles looks like fifty. . . Twenty looks like seventy. . . Thirty looks like a hundred. . . And when you're riding at forty it takes your breath away. . . So fast that when you start to read the welcome signs in Wendell, you're four miles past Zebulon before you have a chance to stop. . . So streamlined that you can run through a rain storm and never get wet. . . Thru a snow storm and never get cold. . . If you have a bad cold you can get into one of these aforementioned cars and in ten seconds by the clock you'll have left your cold in another county. . . Your shadow can't even keep up with you. . . Had an attack of appendicitis the first part of the week. . . Nothing serious but very painful indeed. . . Doc came up and told me to wrap myself around an ice pack. . . Not bad to listen to, but just try it. . . You can do it if you're a contortionist. . . Sent me some oil in a bottle and the only way I could get the oil down was to swallow the bottle and all. . . Cork came out half way down and had to do it all over again. . . Doc must have known his business. . . He didn't even ask me what was wrong. . . Ate my first ice pack before I found out what it was meant for. . . That it was some kind of medicine fixed up like a cocktail. . . Went to a press meeting the other night. . . They gave away so many souvenirs that I had to send a truck back after those that I couldn't carry. . . Coming back it was snowing so hard that you couldn't see your hand in front of you. . . The ice was so thick on the wind shield that the wind couldn't get to the wiper. . . If the wind wiper had been working we would have made better time. . . Couldn't average over 95 to save my life. But who wants to save my life? . . . That's one time I beat you to the drawer stronger. . . I read your thots before they even came into your mind. . . Me and Houdini but Houdini's dead so that only leaves me. . . No, no competition at all. . . Outside of Whitley Chamblee, I'm the only one in town that can read a fellow's mind. . . of course you already know that I can read your mind and if you want proof that Sir Whitley can read minds. . . Go in and throw down three cents and ask for a stamp. . . Don't even ask for it, just lay down the three cents, and presto Whitley slings out a three cent stamp just like that. . . You see where are you to get the three cents? . . . Don't ask me. . . I figured out the first part. . . You figure out the last. . . Saw a fellow buyin a new car the other day. . . He decided on everything that he wanted about it except the type wheels. . . "Do you like disk wheels?" inquired the dealer. . . "Well," pipes our hero, pointing to a wire wheel. . . "I like disk one just as good as I do disk one." . . . Buffaloe (Solia Shop Variety), wants to publish a tight list. . . But he found out that it was going to cost him some money, so he withdrew the suggestion. . . Saw the city manager, Mr. Sexton, out shoveling snow from front of his office. . . And that colored boy in Buffaloe out Saturday morning cranking away at somebody's car. . . He was actually turning pale when last seen. . . Whether he kicked the car, or vice versa, we weren't able to find out. . . And did you see that one hoss wogan come into town last Saturday morning with the little stove in it. . . Why you'd a thought the fellow was right at home the way he was wropped round that air piece of tin with a hunk, o' wood in it. . . Gonna put one of them things in my car soon as I get the car and when I get the thing. . . Sent three Christmas cards in the mail and they cost me so much that I just dropt all the rest of my friends post cards stating that I had mailed them a Christmas card. . . But it got lost in the mail. . . Forgot to turn the water out of the radio the other Friday night and the thing froze on me. . . Had no idea it was so cold. . . Took it two hours to warm up enough for me to find out that I had been using cooking electricity instead of lighting leetwisty. . . From now on it's lighting only. . . Just finished reading one of Edgar Allan Poe's poems. . . You know, that one about the raisin. . . I kinda liked that part where it says "Quothe the raisin, never more." . . . Now I never knew that raisins could talk, but then poets and politicians are allowed to use words any way they wanted provided them make them rhyme, so I provided that it was all right after all. . . And that young lady we saw the latter part of last week, guess its all right to kiss you' fellow good night, but my deah, not quite so neah the street lights. . . We'll refrain from mentioning the young lady's name. . . But next time we happen on the scene of action. . . Take an old maestro's advice and find a more secluded spot to say your fond adieus. . . Better to run the risk of a mother's scolding than the risk of a neighbor's tongue wagging. . . In other words, my deah child, "Look before you lip", as the old adage goes. . . And down in Johnston county they run on a sceudle kinda like our Sunday Schools up here do. . . You've heard of the six point record system. . . Well, down there they leave out the 0 and make it the six pint system. . . You know, a pint of cawn and a

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Rotarians Have Good Meeting

J. I. White, Reporter

The Rotary Club was indeed lucky at its meeting last Friday night to have as their speakers two men who are vitally interested in the welfare of this community and other communities.

The objects of Rotary are now very well known but to those who may never have known, or have forgotten the following will be both enlightening and informing:

The ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.

High ethical standards in business and professions.

The application of the ideal of Service by every Rotarian to his personal, business and community life.

The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for Service.

The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity for service to society.

The advancement of understanding, good-will and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Prof. E. C. Blair, of State College was speaker at the weekly luncheon of the Rotary Club Friday, Dec. 16. He was introduced by Dr. C. E. Flowers acting in place of Mr. M. M. Faison who was unavoidably absent.

Prof. Blair's subject was Diversified Farming and every minute of his hour's talk was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

He said diversification is the most important thing in farming. To be a good farmer you must have good soil. The old way of farming was

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WAKEFIELD PHILATHEA CLASS MEETS

The Philathea Class of Wakefield Baptist Church held its regular Monday meeting on Wednesday night of last week, at the home of Mrs. R. P. Jones.

Mrs. A. S. Bridges opened the meeting with prayer. Mrs. L. D. Bunn read the Scripture lesson, Luke second chapter. Mrs. Bridges read two Christmas poems.

Mrs. T. C. Pippin, Mrs. P. P. Pace and Mrs. C. H. Massey sang Silent Night.

The meeting was closed with prayer by Mrs. Pippin, Mrs. Bridges and Mrs. Green. The following officers were elected for the new year: Teachers, Mrs. Wilson; 1st Assistant, Mrs. E. H. Green; 2nd Assistant, Mrs. Theo. B. Davis.

President, Mrs. Ed Bunn; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. T. C. Pippin; 2nd Vice-President, Carol Joyner; 3rd Vice-President, Fred Mangum.

Secretary, Mrs. H. C. Mitchell; Assistant Sec., Mrs. E. A. Rhodes; Treasurer, Mrs. R. P. Jones; Reporter, Mrs. W. J. Perry.

The social hour was enjoyed by all.

Woman's Club

WOMAN'S CLUB MEETS

The Woman's Club held the regular December meeting on Tuesday afternoon of this week, with Mrs. C. E. Flowers, president, in the chair. After the business session members were asked to give some Christmas thought or quotation. Mrs. F. D. Finch, in charge of the music, presented Mrs. Haywood Scarborough, soloist, and Mrs. W. G. Smith, accompanist, both of Wendell, who delighted the club with selections of music appropriate to the season. It was not the first time these ladies have honored the Zebulon Club by taking part on the program, and this fact added to the pleasure of the listeners.

The Garden Department will hold no meeting this month, and announcement as to the date of the January meeting will be made later.

News Briefs

Farm Relief cotton grown under demonstration methods in Cabarrus County seems to be well adapted to the country and will likely be adopted by most of the growers.

Ruby Travis of the Taylorsville section of Catawba County raised 102 turkeys as a 4-H club project this year from which she secured a gross return of \$205.84. The pullets were raised from four hens.

Alfalfa planted in Lincoln County during the first week in September has come up to a good stand and is growing nicely, reports Graham Morrison, farm agent.

The Reed's strain of Danish cabbage grown in Alleghany County has produced from one to three tons more an acre than the ordinary varieties returning the growers from \$5 to \$30 more an acre.

Five tobacco curing barns were converted into sweet potato storage houses in Durham County at a cost of \$15 to \$20 each and are filled with the new crop of potatoes.

Surry County poultrymen report that they produced eggs at a cost of 10 cents a dozen this year and sold them for an average of 27 cents a dozen. These poultrymen are keeping careful records.

Twenty-five Alamance County farmers bought 7½ tons of fresh meal cooperatively as poultry feed at a saving of \$112.50.

Johnston County farmers report the largest acreage to small grain ever planted in this cotton and tobacco growing county. The increase in barley planting to help out the short corn crop is especially noticeable, says the farm agent.

Because he called his father a "fool", John Marran of Shirley, Eng. lost a heritage of \$40,000 when his father died.

Three marriages with three different men find Mrs. Rosa Moorehead of Eldara, Ill., still with the same name as she married three brothers.

Tarheelia

Hickory, Dec. 2.—The tariff may be an intricate problem for statesmen but Longview seventh grade pupils explain the subject with ease.

Hiram Balch, teaching at the school spent long hours explaining the tariff then questioned the pupils and received results that included such answers as:

"Tariff is something like tar that they put on foreign goods."

"Tariff is something that you make cement roads with, and used to make the cars run easier."

"Tariff is a kind of gun powder used to fight with, used in guns."

"Tariff is something they make clothes out of."

Hinnant Killed Resisting Robbers

Zebulon, N. C., Dec. 21, 1932.—Ezekiel Hinnant, who lived about five miles south of Wendell near Lake Wendell, was killed Tuesday night at his home about 8:00 o'clock. Some by name one came to his house, and calling him by name, asked him to go to his store which was just across the road. A short time afterwards, his wife heard a pistol shot. She started to the store and saw two men running down the road. Her husband came out of the store with his shot gun in his hand, saying he was shot. He fell in the edge of the yard and was carried into the house. He expired without ever speaking again.

It is believed the motive of the crime was robbery, and that when the men demanded his money, he reached under the counter for his gun, and they shot him as he rose up. He leaves a wife and one child. He was buried at Salem Primitive Baptist church Wednesday afternoon.

Demonstration Club

The Wakefield Home Demonstration Club will hold the December meeting on next Wednesday, the 28th. Instead of being held at the usual hour this meeting will be at night, beginning at 7:30. Mrs. McInness will not be present, but a program is being planned. Each member is asked to bring her husband as guest for the evening.

After being hurt three times in auto smashups, George Kedize of Pallatine, Ill., sold his motor car and now walks two miles to the railroad station.

Mrs. Catherine O'Brien of Luluth, Minn., claimed that Thomas Kelley's dog bit her, but her claim was disproved when it was established that the dog had lost his teeth.

Fred Herron of Montclair, N. J., was badly stung by a wasp that entered an open window and hid in his hair brush.

Death Of

Mrs. B. Cone

On last Thursday night Mrs. Bertie C. Cone died at her home in Zebulon. Mrs. Cone has been a great sufferer for more than a year. She was a most excellent woman and a faithful member of the Baptist Church. Lacking only three days, she lived nine years beyond her husband. The funeral service was conducted at the home Saturday afternoon by her pastor, Rev. R. H. Herring, assisted by Rev. Theo. B. Davis, a former pastor. Burial was in the local cemetery.

Surviving her are two brothers, L. A. and J. E. Hagwood of Middlesex, two sisters, Mrs. G. H. Bryant of Spring Hope and Mrs. S. S. Bunn of Zebulon and four children: Mrs. Kader Dozier and Miss Minnie Belle Cone of Norfolk, Mrs. W. T. Dowd and Ormand Cone of Sanford. Mrs. Cone will be missed by her friends and neighbors and the sympathy of the community goes out to the family.

Service For

Mrs. J. M. Knott

Knightsdale, N. C., Dec. 21—On last Thursday a prayer meeting was held at the home of Mrs. C. Y. Williams for the benefit of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Knott, who is a shut in and is making her home with her daughter this winter.

Mrs. Knott is a devoted Christian and loves any form of worship. She was highly pleased by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Howard, and members of Knightsdale Church. Among a number of other beautiful hymns, Mrs. Knott's favorite hymn, "When The Roll is Called Up Yonder," was sung. This was a real Christmas party and all thoroughly enjoyed the service.

Mrs. Knott will be 80 years old on February 10, and is still "happy in Him" today. Her many friends wish her a happy Christmas and many New Years to come.

The true value of an egg, like a watch, isn't in its case.

Tragedy (Almost)

Last Sunday afternoon, while Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Hilliard were at church, a party from Durham came down to Hilliard's Lake and taking two boats went on the pond. The Hilliards came home while the party was out on the pond. While Mrs. Hilliard was milking the cow, she heard cries for help. Mr. Hilliard got into another boat and went to their rescue. They had turned over both boats and were frozen so stiff that they could not move. He took them to his house and thawed them out with warm blankets. After being given dry clothing, they went home.

—Hales Chapel Corres.