

# A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

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### THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

It is rather astonishing to me to hear so many people say that Christmas belongs to children. Of course it does, but it belongs to old folks, too, and to the middle aged ones, and to young people. Christmas belongs to everybody, and those who do not feel the thrill and the sweetness it brings have missed something very precious. True, it means different things to different ages, but it is still Christmas.

When I was a child a neighbor of ours was much given to quoting a verse that seemed to express his idea of the holiday season. It was this:

Christmas comes but once a year;  
Drink egg-nog and 'simon beer;  
I git drunk then, I don't keer.

And that seems to be what a great number of men do at Christmas. Their idea of celebrating a holy day.

Another memory of Christmas is connected with "Aunt Lazarine," an old colored woman who lived on our farm. Like all the rest, she tried to say "Christmas Gift" first when she saw anyone during the week beginning December 25. This time, however, I beat her to it. To my dismay she replied: "O, well, honey, Chris'mus gif ain't nothin' but er kiss. Come on an git it." It wouldn't have been bad for me, if the family had not overheard. And our family could never resist teasing each other.

To everyone who remembered us this Christmas in any way, I should like to write a personal, private message of thanks. Each card is appreciated and has already been read several times; each gift brought forth gratitude that I could not wholly express. And for all I am wishing the best that life can give.

There are others to whom my heart goes out at this season and to whom I would; if it were possible, speak words of sympathy. They are those whose family circle has been broken during the year, and those whose families are too widely scattered to be together for Christmas. Nothing can quite take the place of being with our own; but time and life death are often relentless and must have their way.

Age has many penalties as well as privileges, and memory belongs to both. When one has lived long, there is so much to be remembered, and so much that cannot be forgotten. We have to learn to guard against "re-calling other days remorsefully"—times when we were children; times when our own children were small; times when we had more for ourselves and for others; times when—and this is the time when it is best to tell memory, kindly, but firmly, that we are really too busy today to spend another minute with her, as much as we'd love to. For the New Year is coming and we must make ready. We may not like Markham, "laugh and lift hands to the years ahead"; but we are going to put on a brave front, and, if we are scared, we're going to hide it just as long as possible. Besides, who knows? The New Year may be kind and generous. At any rate, it's coming, so we shall not go to meet it with dragging feet, but as one who greets a friend. Smile, then when 1933 taps on the door.

### THE CHILD CRIMINAL PROBLEM

The ever-busy but never-satisfied reformers, after getting a lot of laws passed forbidding children to work and extending the amount of leisure that they have are now worried because crime is on the increase among this class.

What did they expect? Can you pass laws which make honest labor a crime, which take the care of children away from parents and give it to the police, and which turn the children out in the streets with no place to go and nothing to do, and then expect that they will grow up ideal citizens?

Certainly nobody would defend the overworking of children, but results have shown that far more harm results from idleness than from working. Satan is still an efficient manager work for idle hands to do. And he can be depended on to find the Almighty has decreed that this shall be a world in which the way not only to salvation but also to worldly peace, comfort and health, shall lie in "the sweat of thy brow." Taking work and the chance to work away from human beings, whether young or old, without offering something to take their place, is suicidal.—Pathfinder.

### Carey Pearce Shoots Wife

Carey Pearce who lives near Pet Horton's about 2½ miles west of Zebulon, is said to have decided to help along his Christmas joy by imbibing quite freely of Little River liquor, or a kindred drink. Now Carey is a pretty good fellow, and his friends say he only gets drunk occasionally. But on this occasion, Christmas day it is reported that he got "besides himself." His celebration involved his wife. A colored man came in and helped to sothe his troubled spirits. Reports say that in a final splurge Carey got hold of his shot gun, his wife ran for the door calling for help, latching the door behind her. Carey followed, the door gave way, and he emptied the gun's contents at his fleeing wife, at a thirty yard aim. The shot scattered, but some took effect in her shoulder and other parts of her body. She was carried to the hospital and expects to be home with her two children soon if complications don't occur.

Deputy Massey went to arrest Carey Sunday night, but he was in bed asleep, so the officers did not disturb him. Monday morning he was arrested and carried to Raleigh where he awaits the outcome of his wife's injuries.

### Bridgers Child Badly Burned

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bridgers went to Sanford on Monday to visit Mr. Bridgers' mother. During their absence their little daughter, Ruby, went down into the basement to see to the furnace fire. Her father had banked the fire before leaving, and when she opened the door to stir the coals, the flame flared out, burning her face very painfully. The doctor who bandaged the burns stated, however, that the injury is superficial and it is hoped that no scars will be left.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

The Garden Department of the Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. C. H. Chamblee on Tuesday, January 10 at 10:00 A. M. Members are urged to attend and others of the club who are interested, are invited.

### Fire At Manteo

A fire at Manteo on Christmas day destroyed two buildings that housed six business establishments and caused a loss estimated at \$35,000. The fire which raged for two and one half hours was thought to have originated when an oil stove in a restaurant exploded, the courthouse and jail were damaged and a steel storm warning tower owned by the government melted and collapsed.

### Warmest Christmas

Last Sunday was said to be the warmest Christmas Day known in the 45 years the Weather Bureau in Raleigh has recorded temperatures. The mercury rose to 73 degrees. By contrast with the unusual cold of the preceding ten days, the warmth of Sunday was more noticeable.

### EARTHQUAKE ON WEST COAST

On the night of December 20 the western area of the United States was shaken by the strongest earthquake since 1925. The shocks began at 10:10 p. m. and lasted more than an hour. It seemed that the center of the disturbance was in Nevada. Windows were broken, but no serious nor extensive damage is known to have been done. California is said to have felt the earthquake, but the shocks were light. Motorists in Utah were inconvenienced by the trembling of the earth, and said it seemed as if their cars were being pushed over.

### SOME PAID; SOME DID NOT

Of the nations owing money to the United States, and due to pay interest last week, England led in paying, Italy paid her quota and so did Czechoslovakia. France defaulted as did other smaller countries, and paid nothing. It is now said that France is trying to arrange for further discussion of the debt and many promise to pay if assured that the debt will be revised downward.

### Raleigh Church Third Largest

Statistics sent in by associations in the state show that the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Raleigh is, in point of membership, the third Baptist Church in the state, and has the largest Sunday School of any North Carolina Church of its denomination.

### To Our Subscribers:

For a year now we have been sending the RECORD to many of our readers who have not paid. We have tried to give them the best paper possible at the price charged by all country weeklies—\$1.50 per year.

Interest, taxes, insurance, bills are now due and, the RECORD must meet these or suspend publication, unless our subscribers pay up. That part of our paper giving the news has been published this year at a loss even if our subscribers pay up. If they do not, we cannot continue the paper.

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### Good Pageant At Wakefield

The Christmas Pageant at Wakefield was presented in the church at 7:30 p. m., directed by S. H. Hoyle. The spirit of Christmas took those present back to the Bethlehem Inn and the time when Christ was born. The conclusion of the program was the bringing of gifts to the King from various departments of the Sunday School. The performance was excellent and was appreciated by the audience that filled the house.

### Bit Cat; Got Term

Because he broke with his teeth the tail of a poor unsuspecting kitty, Leo Hamilton, Raleigh man, must serve ninety days on the county roads. Leo pleaded guilty last week, saying he was tanked up on booze and knew nothing of his actions. Judge N. A. Sinclair decided Wednesday that Leo should be severely punished, giving him the maximum sentence for cruelty to dumb animals. It was reported that the cat died of its wound.—Raleigh Times

### Program Given At Hephzibah

On Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock a Christmas program was given at Hephzibah Church under the direction of Mrs. Dewey Martin and Mrs. Oris Horton. A large crowd attended and were much pleased with the exercises. Those taking part were the children and young people of the church. The rendition of their parts showed their own interest and the careful training of the directors.

### Seen And Heard

Did you see them? Well, if you didn't, you missed something well worth pausing to admire. And it would have added to your Christmas joy, too. It was Christmas eve. Seeing a number of men loafing on the street corner, we went over and asked them if they did not want to make some money. One said the pay was too little, another that he had something else to do, and so on. So we decided that no one wanted to work on Christmas eve.

After a half hour or so, a little black shining faced negro stuck his head in at the door and said, "Mister, don't you want that pile of wood moved?" I told him that I did but he could not do it by himself. He said wait, he could get some help, and away he ran, and was soon back with three more boys, all smaller than he. And they went at that wood pile like Turks! They did not ask how much I would pay them, nor even look to see how big a pile it was.

And who were these work eaters? I asked my son, "Why," said he, "don't you know them? They are Uncle Henry's boys." Now we all remember Uncle Henry who used to work at the depot. Let me introduce this team of two teams or a double team, to you, this is Gerah; and that one Vamine. Here is Cecil and this little fellow is Edsel. If you need a boy, or boys, to do a piece of work at lightning speed just call on Uncle Henry's boys. Now it was Christmas and they wanted some change mighty badly. Perhaps they would not work quite so hard on some other day, but anyhow, I think it would be worth trying.

### YE FLAPDOODLE

By The SWASHBUCKLER

Hey! Hey! Everybody! . . . I've just returned from a call on Mrs. Sant A. Clause . . . Our call was cut short when Sant returned . . . He came back before we were expecting him. . . Yes sir, he'd forgotten his sleigh . . . You want to know what I said when he walked in? . . . My dear, What could I sleigh? . . . And these young fellows who run around during the Yuletide kissing females under mistletoe . . . From the looks of some gents who have been sworn into the honorable order of "Ball and Chain" I take it that they must have smacked the gel who stood under the poison ivy . . . Maybe I'm wrong . . . In fact, I know I am . . . Ivey is something that grows on elephants, and enterprising people make piano keys and such from it . . . I'm reliably infamously that a governor is what the governor's wife is called . . . Do you have head aches? . . . Do you see spots before your eyes? . . . Well, don't worry, those aren't spots, they're periods I use to separate my thots . . . Oh yes I do have thots occasionally . . . Yes, occasionally . . . Most of the time I run around in a fog tho . . . Speaking of fogs . . . They tell me that fogs are terribly dense . . . But you ought to see them jump, some of them can jump for ten or even twelve feet . . . I knew all you people would like to know about these coltich people tho about our fair metropolis, so I personally interviewed them for you . . . (of course, unbeknowingly to them) . . . The first interview I had was with Mr. John K. Barrow, Jr. . . . Said Mr. Barrow, "The town is dead." . . . Second, Miss Doris Horton, "The town is dead." . . . Third, Miss Bev Isaacs, "The town is putrid" . . . Miss Earvane Massey, "It's worse than that" . . . Miss Ann Kemp . . . But then we won't go into that . . . Now I want to ask the citizens of this city this question . . . Is this Zebulon, or the county morgue? . . . I thot that this city stacked up pretty well against a hick town like Greensboro or Raleigh, but then I might be wrong . . . I can't keep up with these youngsters like I used to . . . Have to get me a cane pretty soon . . . Maybe it's these college students who are dead . . . No, that doesn't sound right . . . How does this sound? . . . "Maybe they're alive" . . . Hey Podner, pinch them and see if I'm awake . . . Was in a night club the other night and did they have a good orchestra! That is, if loudnes denotes goodness . . . Reminded me of a friend of mine who handled foreign goods and ran a night club in his spare time . . . Now I hung around there quite a bit and in the course of my stay, I noticed that at times the orchestra played soft (at times) and at other times so loud that you had to scream at the blimp sitting by your side in order that she might be able to hear what you said, whether she understood you or not . . . Now right after one of these pieces had been played, I went up to George and bellows in that part of the anatomy known as the ear and says, "Why does that orchestra of yours play some pieces so loud?" . . . "Oh that?" he comes back, "Why when the bouncers wish to extrude someone, the orchestra acts as a blind so that the shouts of the victim will not be heard." . . . One thing I liked about George's bouncers tho, They always asked you which was your favorite ear . . . And then tossed you out on the other . . . Mighty nice gentlemen and very polite too . . . Why they even handed me my hat before extricating me from a bill I forgot about until after I had eaten a very hearty meal . . . Yes, George and I were very good friends . . . And those two gents as got stuck in the terra (less) firma over the railroad tracks . . . They were mud from port to starb'r and stem to stern . . . When last seen, they were looking for a boot-black . . . What about the little lady who couldn't start her car without a push by the RECORD office force . . . but then she did look so . . . well . . . You know . . . Sorta . . . Well anyway, we helped her get her car started and she seemed thankful . . . Boy, them eyes . . . And at last I've discovered how you can look a gift hoss in the mouth . . . All you have to do is make him gargle Listerine for a couple of days . . . I'm asking you, "Have you seen that pop bottle cap basket out in front of Medlin's Cafe?" . . . If you've never seen one, drop by some time and look it over . . . And that blond whose hair is trying (is trying) so diligently to change into some other shade, sitting in the "Mint" puffing at a cigarette . . . from the way she puffed it, I rather think it was more for show than for enjoyment . . . Funny how people think they're "daredevilish" when all they need is a good spanking . . . Of course when the femme I'm referring to reads this, she will be highly indignant, but that's quite natural, and no balloon (Continued on page 2.)

## Balancing The Books

