

The Zebulon Record

OL. VIII.—

ZEBULON, NORTH CAROLINA Friday, January 13, 1933.

NUMBER 30

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

I have had a new experience, and most pleasant one. Just after dinner one day last week there was a knock at our front door—a gentle one. I answered it and there stood a young man, black-haired, smiling and smiling. He said he had come to see me. I resigned myself to an agent's talk and tried to help him more youthfully than I could. But what do you know happened? That boy said his name was Lux and he had a package for me. He didn't ask me to sign anything, nor to pay a penny—nor even to promise to pay the mailing charges on anything. I actually called him back and asked him if he were quite sure he was doing the thing right, and he said he was. But I have not yet recovered from the shock.

During the years that we lived in Zebulon the fire trucks used to pass our door whenever an alarm was turned in from that district. That was because there were no street cars on Fifth Ave. while they ran on both Fourth and Sixth. The fire trucks were drawn by horses, three abreast, and the dash to a fire was the most thrilling thing I saw in those days. Even after twenty-five years my pulse quickens when I recall the way those horses ran, eyes wild and glaring, nostrils flared wide, iron-shod hoofs pounding, the whistle sounding as loudly as possible all the while. In these days the thrill that comes nearest to that afforded by the fire horses is furnished by the state highway patrol. They flash by, eyes straight ahead, badges gleaming, motors humming, with a look of desperate resolution to get to some place immediately and for some set purpose. And my imagination races with them long after they are out of sight, then comes reluctantly back.

It may be because I grew up in the country where light outdoors at night was a rare and pleasant thing; but I do love to see window shades left high enough for some gleams to shine out into the darkness. It adds a touch of comfort when one is traveling after day is done to see lighted windows in homes that are passed. And it is not all carelessness that causes me to leave the shades at the sitting-room windows up; in the back of my mind there is always the feeling that there may be some one outside who needs those rays of light.

Here is a receipt for a cake that is named Delicious Cake. That name is all right, but, if you don't tell those who eat it, they'll call it pound cake. These directions were given to me by Mrs. Mary Kemp. Note the use of soda instead of baking-powder, and the cream of tartar. You can buy at the drugstore for five cents enough cream of tartar to last a good while.

One cup butter
Two cups sugar
Three eggs
One cup buttermilk
Three cups flour
One-half teaspoonful soda
One teaspoonful cream of tartar
Cream butter and sugar together.
Beat the yolks of eggs and add to sugar and butter. Beat whites and add. Dissolve the soda in the buttermilk and add this to the mixture. Sift the cream of tartar with the flour three times, then beat it into the other ingredients. Beat it long and hard—Mrs. Kemp says, "beat it until you can beat it no more" flavor as preferred, and bake as a loaf. One of those "cake-moulds" with a spout in the middle is best. And don't bother to ice this cake. It is good enough plain—that is, if you are nearly as successful with it as Mrs. Kemp is. You can use fresh clabber in place of the buttermilk, if it is more convenient.

Attempted Robbery Fatal To Victim

Morganton, Jan. 8—David H. Shuping, filling station operator, of Drexel was a victim of a daring hold-up and attempted robbery in his own yard about midnight last night. Starting home about 11:30, with \$550. on his person, just before he turned into his driveway, he saw a man in the rear of the car. They grappled, and Shuping was shot three times. Hearing his cries neighbors came and the man ran without the money. The wounded man was carried to Grace Hospital here, where he died about an hour later. No clue has yet been found as to who the assailant was.

The nice thing about being a man is you don't have to stay home after you wash your head.

And so the earth is losing speed, well, that sounds hopeful. Perhaps it is on the up-grade.

U. D. C. Meeting

The Finch-Bissette chapter of the U. D. C. met on Thursday of last week at the home of Mrs. J. B. Outlaw, the recently elected president. This was the regular monthly meeting. There was no definite decision as to the place of the February meeting, and the name of the hostess will be announced later.

Club Has Social Meet

The Wakefield Home Demonstration Club held the December meeting at night, with the husbands of members as special guests. Business was postponed until January, and a program of stories, stunts and games substituted, under the direction of Mesdames A. S. Bridges and S. H. Hoyle. Refreshments of hot coffee and cake were served. The fact that each member had taken some cake—her own choice as to kind gave a wide variety, so that each guest might be sure of getting a favorite flavor. Although the weather was exceedingly bad, the club house was most comfortable, with a good fire burning in the open fireplace, and the meeting was thoroughly enjoyable.

Wake Has 27 Students at N. C. C. W.

Wake County has 27 students at N. C. C. W. at present. Of this number Zebulon furnishes more than any other town in the county. While strictly speaking, these do not all live in Zebulon, they have this for their postoffice address, and are so listed in the college publications. The nine listed are: Misses Lila Cahoon, Hilda Faison, Clarice Fowler, Ethelyn Greene, Doris Horton, Jane Hoyle Erveane Massey, Inez Pitts and Ruby Temples.

N. C. News In Brief

Washington, N. C. Jan. 10—Dr. David H. Taylor, one of the most successful and popular physicians and surgeons in Eastern Carolina, died here tonight. He was 69 years old and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Raleigh—A. L. Fletcher, Commissioner of Labor and Printing, has announced the appointment of F. H. Shuford of High Point as director of the Division of Standards and Inspections of the Department of Labor. To succeed E. F. Carter. Gov. Ehringhaus approved the appointment.

Raleigh, Jan. 7—Effective with today all Union shops in Raleigh following a nation-wide poll by the typographical union, go on a five day week. This is done in order that all employed printers may share their jobs with those not employed. Commercial plants will be likewise affected as soon as present contracts expire.

Sparta, Jan. 7—the larger part of the business section of this little mountain town was destroyed today by a fire that was brought under control by dynamiting a building in its path. A number of stores and other business buildings, and the court house were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$200,000 or more.

Raleigh—Solicitor J. C. Little announces that the trial of V. E. Drake, former Raleigh banker on charges of issuing false reports and embezzling of funds of the defunct Raleigh Banking and Trust Co., will not be called before the February term of Wake Superior Court.

Rockingham, Jan. 9—Labor troubles broke out anew here today. Twenty-five men tried to force a strike and block the gates of the Hannah Pickett mill. A half dozen deputies dispersed the small crowd and arrested the leaders, Numa Stonger and Howard Davis. Garland Canipe, the leader of the strike here last fall, was in charge.

Raleigh, Jan. 10—Mayor Isely announced today that he had arranged for an early date the refunding of the \$112,000 bonds which the city defaulted on recently. He also has made plans to pay \$75,000 in interest which is also past due. The old bonds will be replaced with new bonds which will mature in thirty years instead of five the time of the original.

New Bern, Jan. 9—A. W. Walston, negro fish dealer of James City, was robbed of \$1,850, by two men as he returned to his home after receiving the money in New Bern as payment of insurance on his home which was destroyed by fire recently. The two men demanded the money or his life. Getting the money, they sped back towards New Bern. He has offered a reward of \$200, for information leading to the recovery of his money.

Those German philosophers were nearly right. War won't make a people tough, but grubbing to pay for it will.

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Wakefield Fire Very Destructive

Sunday morning about 1:00 o'clock a man passing through Wakefield, discovered the old post office building on fire. He gave the alarm, and soon most of the people in the community and many from Zebulon and the country were there. But in spite of bucket brigades and the use of chemicals, five buildings were in ashes when the fire had burned out.

The three stores, close together, were soon in flames. Elbert Rhodes occupied the two story residence joining the C. E. Pippin store house. All his household goods were removed before the fire reached the house except some jars of jam, which were forgotten, we presume.

The wind was blowing eastward and soon the old T. L. Honeycutt store across the street was aflame. Dr. G. M. Bell's old home was almost ablaze, and the J. A. Kemp store house was on fire. Had the wind not shifted and but for the use of chemicals by the Zebulon fire department these buildings and perhaps others would surely have burned.

It is not known how the fire originated. The store rooms had been used for storage purposes and grading tobacco in season. All belonged to C. E. Pippin except the one across the street. No insurance was carried on the buildings except one store and the residence, and that only covered a small part of the total loss.

Carteret County Bridge Planned

Leading business men of Beaufort N. C., have organized a company, the Cape Lookout Highway, Inc., which is seeking to secure a loan of \$610,000, to build toll bridges, causeways and roads from Lenoxville, a point on the sound a few miles beyond Beaufort, to Cape Lookout. This project would connect highway No. 10 with a roadway directly to Cape Lookout. Already the Government has spent a million and a half dollars on the harbor of refuge at Cape Lookout, and should this appropriation be made, it would likely result in making this one of the most famous resorts on the Atlantic seaboard.

More Federal Aid Rendered

Dr. Fred W. Morrison, the Governor's Director of Relief, announces that through the help of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation \$2,573,877, will be spent in relief work in North Carolina during the months of January and February. Local sources will provide \$677,070.

One million and eighty-six thousand dollars has been secured for the months of Oct., Nov., and Dec., making a grand total of nearly four million dollars.

Wake county is to receive of the amount allotted for January and February, \$35,000 for Jan., and \$45,000, for Feb. It is probable that the sums will get smaller with the passage of winter.

Every minute four babies are born in Japan.

State Pay Cuts

Raleigh, Jan. 11—All State Constitutional Officers were asked to accept a cut in salaries today by a resolution introduced by Senator McLean in the Senate, under suspension of the rules. If the House concurs, the reduction will be worked out by the joint committee on salaries and fees. It affects all constitutional officers down to Superior Court judges.

Other reductions proposed affects all highway employees, school superintendents and other employees of the state and counties.

Lawrence Gwyn Dangerously Hurt

Burlington, Jan. 8—Lawrence Gwyn a brother to senator Gwyn of Reidsville was dangerously hurt here today in an aeroplane accident. He is an aviator, and was hurt while trying to take off without enough speed, the plane stalling and taking a nose dive. One arm and both legs were broken. When told that both legs would have to be amputated, he said he would rather have his legs than his life. A transfusion of blood was made and he never lost consciousness. He shows most wonderful will-power and vitality and while most men would ordinarily give up, it is believed he has a chance to recover if no serious complications set in.

Big Profits of Tobacco Co.

Winston Salem, Jan. 11—The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., reports net earnings of \$33,674,800, in 1932. This is a slight reduction under the net profits of 1931. The company's financial condition is declared by the president, H. Clay Williams, to be the strongest in its history. The year's earnings, after all charges, taxes and depreciations were deducted were \$3.36 per share of common stock.

Negro Murders Two With Axe

Stantonburgh, Jan. 9—Sunday morning, about two o'clock, Haywood Croon, a negro who lives near here, murdered Gray Spell and his wife, negroes, and tried to kill their three children. He used an ax and a shot gun. It is thought the crime was to rid him of the others in the family so he might have Lorene, a 16 year-old girl, with whom he was infatuated. He is in jail in Snow Hill.

Y. W. O. Meets

The Y. W. O. of the Zebulon Baptist Church held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday night at the home of Mrs. Julian Horton with Misses Dorothy Jones and Helen Mullen.

Mrs. Lawrence Tracy was in charge of the following program: Song—Revive Us Again. Scripture—Mrs. Willard Gill. Opportunity Door—Gurica Ferebee. To deal with God directly—Ruby Dawson. To Stop! Look! Listen—Revie Medlin. Enjoy Fellowship through Sharing—Helen Mullen. Prayer—Mrs. Herring. After the program we elected officers to serve for the coming year. We always have very interesting programs and we will be glad to have new members come and join us. Our next meeting will be held with Mrs. Willard Gill.

New Store Opens Here

The Progressive Chain Store system has opened up its store in the Robertson building. The interior has been repainted, new shelves built and a very artistic arrangement has been made of the interior. Mr. D. H. Cooper of Sanford, general manager of the twenty-two stores in Zebulon helping to arrange stock and get the business going.

Mr. J. G. Crissman also of Sanford will be in charge of the local store. Additional help as needed, we are informed, will be secured locally. The store arrangement is very good, indeed, and the management invites the public to visit the store and see the display of groceries and prices. A full line of all staple groceries will be in stock at all times both for retail and wholesale trade.

NOTICE

You are cordially invited to become a member of the Fidelis Class of the Zebulon Baptist Church. Let's start the New Year right by going to Sunday School every Sunday. We'll see you next Sunday.

Wakefield Bapt. Church News

On last Sunday morning in Sunday School, Mrs. C. H. Chamblee gave a beautiful morocco bound copy of Hurlbut's Story of the Bible to Mary Spright Mitchell, for faithfully trying to be on the honor roll. She failed to make the honor roll because the quarters failed to come one Sunday, and so she could not prepare her lesson.

To be on the honor roll, one must have a prepared lesson, be present on time, bring an offering and stay for preaching each Sunday during the year.

On the fourth Sunday in January all members of the church are asked to be present. At this service, the church covenant and articles of faith will be read and a special study made of them by the church. This promises to be a very interesting and helpful service, and each member of the church is urged to be present.

Liquor Captured

Wilmington, Jan. 7—\$18,000 worth of choice liquors were poured into the Cape Fear river here today. There were 600 cases. The liquor was seized on the British ship Zebedah off Core banks in December. The nine men on board are waiting trial at the spring term of the Federal court. A negro wearing a silk hat several sizes too small, led the gang in carrying the gunny sacks containing the liquor and breaking the bottles.

ODD BUT TRUE!



AT ONE TIME IT WAS LEGAL TO CUT A STAMP IN TWO AND USE IT FOR HALF ITS VALUE

AND I'D GLADLY SELL FOR 30¢

MAN'S CHEMICAL VALUE HAS NOW DROPPED TO BELOW 59¢

JAPAN RANKS SECOND TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE PRODUCTION OF MOTION PICTURES

YE FLAPDOODLE

I've just completed a survey of the most "un-thought-of" things of the day, similar to, how many squirts in a squirt can—and how many turns in a turn key—and how many hoots in an owl—Oh it's very interesting work, but people are always coming around during the course of the experiment asking foolish questions—I have found a perfect way of getting rid of them though—All I have to say is, "No spik Inklsh"—and they vamoose immediately—if that doesn't bring them to their senses—Treat for shock and send for a doctor. Nope, that's lesson four—Better try "Flit"—And a giraffe, according to Mr. Webster, is a camelopard—That's funny, I always thought it was some kind of an animal—On page two (2) 11, of this issue, there is a picture that has certain wording denoting the fact that most of the great men in the world have had blue, gray, or blue-gray eyes—It certainly appears that they are going to make a great man out of me in spite of all I can do—Did you ever look closely at the people about you and compare them with the comic characters you see in the papers every day?—Try it, you'll get a kick out of it whether they do or not—For instance—Beverly Issues reminds me of Ella Cinders—Thais Medlin looks like "Boots"—Craven Brown acts like Washington Tubbs—Mr. John Robertson—Major Hoople—Joycelyn House—Orphan Annie—Charles Flowers—Blackie Cinders—Sprite Barbee—Harold Teen—Think them over—Maybe you have a comic celebrity in your own family arb—Just read an article stating that all nurses in Japan are being equipped with gas masks—Now don't try to tell me that they haven't heard about Listerine over there yet—And the Treasury closed its books at the end of the first half of the present fiscal year with a deficit of \$1,150,000,000—A board will be appointed to find out where this slight bit of change went and while they are attempting to find out where it went, I wish they'd look up that dime I lost in Buffalo's last week—The papers say that no man who worked his way through college could be found in Sing Sing—That's nothing—Probably no man could be found in college who worked his way through Sing Sing—And that company who is putting out four hundred custom built V-16 cars with the coat of arms mounted on the radiator—I was going to take the four hundred and first one but since they are only making four hundred, I suppose I'll begin putting the tenth "five thousand" on Lancelot—One of our leading weeklies ran an article headed "Year 1932 A Bad One"—Humph—They're telling us?—By the way—Had you noticed that this weeks RECORD is dated Friday, 13th?—Uhuh (Pronounced Oink-Oink-Huh) Official data has it that a one dollar bill's average life is seven months—I can not say whether that be true or false—in fact, I've never been able to keep a dollar bill seven months—Now—I don't profess to know anything about candid candidates and candid cameras—but candid candidates and candid sweet potatoes certainly go over hugely together, if I'm to believe my eyes—I saw one of our (numerous) aspirants to the "postmaster job" downing some two or three gallons of said spuds the other day—And while we're on the subject, the question that pops to every person's lips right now is—"Are you running for postmaster?"—If you want to be different from the general populace, all you have to do is, "Choose not to run"—I am the only candidate in the race who doesn't want the job—And I want to take this opportune time to ask you people, who are my friends, not to sign any petition that anyone brings you in order to put me into the Postmastership—Now I know that you people would all like to see the old Swashbuckler in such an officious position, but again I ask your undivided support in getting me "NOT" elected—Still—in 1932 there were 78,000 fewer dressmakers and seamstresses than in 1930—Maybe that accounts for the fact that there are so many pansies roaming the streets today—Incidentally—One third of the world's postal revenue comes to the United States—That's all and well, but what we're asking is, "Where does it go, after it comes?"—And—I was going to suggest to our Governor that he change his phrase from "Balance the budget" to "Budge the balance", but I see by the papers that there is no balance to budge—And a company in Greensboro is manufacturing nose drops that put a cold out in three hours—That's not so exceptional, remember the gum drops that used to put you out of the class room in three seconds?—Was just listening to the radio and Bing Crosby as he warbled one of his current song hits—Well—Personally I had nothing against Crosby until I found that my pet cat was pining away and dying from listening to Bing's sentimental melodies—From now on it's me and Bing—Mostly me—I've reverted to one of our old navy customs lately, of course you've heard of it—The trick of lowering your ears instead of getting ye hair cut—Efficiency plus, that's me—One of our local beauties was telling me about one of the sheiks (Zebulon variety) who had taken her for a ride in his father's car—"You know," she pouts, "His clutch is terrible."—"His clutch?" gasps I—"No,

(Continued on page 2)