

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Some prayer-books have a special titillation for "those that go down to sea in ships," and last week it seemed to me it might be well for a similar prayer to be made for those who go down to the sound in trains. I know the Norfolk-Southern has a stretch of track across Albemarle Sound, and had even crossed it twice—once from the north and once from the south—and I do not remember its length, nor the seeming depth of the water below, and it is six miles that passengers ride above the rippling swells of the sound—slow, careful miles that have pace for considerable thinking.

Another unusual feature of this ride is the fact that sea gulls swoop and circle around the train as it creeps along. These birds have for years been given scraps of food by the train crew and passengers who know their habits, and follow every train that passes, waiting on one side for the next train and crossing with it. They pick up food from the surface of the water.

Most sea gulls are white and gray-blue or slaty gray, but one of these was brown, and the largest and darkest I ever saw. As I was looking at him I heard a man a few seats back of me say to another man: "I bet that big old brown fellow is thirty years old; for I know I have been feeding him for twenty-one years."

In a last week's magazine Carolyn Wells, well known writer, says that her physicians have told her she has only two years to live. She speaks of the effect this announcement has had upon her, and asks that others tell her what they would do, if they, too, had only two more years of life. And I've been thinking about it. Personally, I believe that one thing I'd do would be to get together some burial clothes. Experience has taught me that it is a harrowing ordeal to have to go searching through the belongings of a dead neighbor, hunting for garments suitable for the body's last clothing. I should like to spare my neighbors that trouble, if it should so be that my folks were not here to see to it.

And I should try to have the sewing and mending done for as long a time ahead as possible, that the family might be presentable until the necessary adjustments might be made. I'd try to have enough canned goods and preserves put away for daily meals to be prepared as easily as possible for some time. I should certainly put my desk in order and clean out my bureau drawers. And I should probably not worry so much when chickens or stray dogs scratch up my flowers. My disposition might be better—but I don't know. It will probably irritate me on my dying bed, if I hear anybody pop gum or crack strawberry seed. I might try to make myself over into a noble character; but in that case the strain would probably shorten my time to less than two years. And I should doubtless keep hoping that the doctors didn't know what they were talking about when they numbered my days.

What would you do?

And, after all, not one of us is sure of even two years.

Woman's Club

Department Meeting of Woman's Club

The Civic, Literature and Music Departments of the Woman's Club of Zebulon met on Tuesday afternoon at the clubhouse. Mrs. T. B. Davis, of the Literature Department, presented Margaret Bunn, who gave an amusing reading, following which different members of the club gave the name of a favorite author, some of whose work they have read this winter.

Mrs. H. C. Wade, in charge of the program on Civics, gave an explanation of the organization of our state legislature, and of the introduction of bills before House and Senate. Prof. E. H. Moser spoke of some of the more important bills that will be considered by the present legislature. Mrs. G. S. Barbee, of the Music Department spoke briefly of The Value of Music to the Individual. She was followed by Mrs. F. D. Finch, who told of Edison's appreciation of music.

In a short business session Mrs. C. V. Whitley was elected to take the place of Mrs. G. S. Williams, who resigned her office as club treasurer. A rising vote of thanks was given Mrs. Williams for her faithful, efficient work in the club as member and officer.

Mrs. H. C. Wade asked that the general meeting on next Tuesday begin at 3:00 o'clock instead of 3:30, and her request was granted.

Daughter of Woodrow Wilson Dies

Mrs. Jessie Sayre, wife of Francis B. Sayre, Harvard professor, and daughter of former president Woodrow Wilson, died on Jan. 15 at the city hospital, Cambridge, Mass., after having undergone an operation on Saturday morning.

Wife Wanted

To Some Wealthy Ladies pretty girls who need a husband and wants a nice man must have 1 or 2 thousand Dollars to match.

Write to Zebulon, N. C. R. F. D. 1, box 14.

Wood Shop Under New Management

The Debnam Repair shop has been leased by A. S. Hinton. This shop is one of the best equipped for general repair work to be found. It is equipped with machinery to repair anything for a mule or machine.

Mr. Hinton is well known in the community and has special talent in repairing furniture and tools. He has a Mr. Rittenbury in charge of the blacksmith department. He is an expert horse-shoer. Farmers should get out their farming implements now and if they need repairing, bring them to Mr. Hinton, so they may be ready for use when needed. Under existing conditions, a little cost will make a tool last another year, when a new one cannot be purchased.

Mothers Should Croon

A Vienna doctor claims that the failure of modern mothers to sing or croon cradlesongs to their babies is responsible for many ills that afflict the little ones. He regards a need for music as one of the natural demands of infancy, and says that failure to meet this need may bring disaster.

Paul A. Tillery Power Pres. Dies

Head of Power and Light Company Dead

Paul A. Tillery, president of the Carolina Power and Light Company, died at his home in Raleigh on last Saturday morning, after an illness of five months. A native of Halifax County, he was 43 years old, and leaves a wife and two children. He had been an employe of the Carolina Power and Light Company for 22 years, and its president for little less than one year.

Brief News Items

"Feeding and Care of the Dairy Cow" is the title of Extension Circular 193 recently issued at State College as a practical manual on dairying. The publication was prepared by John A. Aray and A. C. Kimrey, dairy specialists.

A bank and hardware store in Newton, Catawba County, is financing 175 complimentary subscriptions to a poultry magazine for the coming year for as many poultry growers of the county.

Locke White of Sherill's Ford keeps the rats out of his meat house by covering the dirt floor with a layer of fine sand. As fast as the rodents dig holes into the house the sand fills the burrows. The plan works, says Mr. White.

Carroll James, a 4-H club boy of Haywood County produced 95 weighed bushels of corn on 73-100 of an acre during the past season.

One argument in favor of the new Lespedeza sericea as advanced by Rowan growers is that the variety stands drought somewhat better than the annual varieties.

A group of farmers in Richmond County has organized a savings and loan association to aid the farmers in supplying their own financial aid.

R. E. Brantley Fertilizer Agent

R. E. Brantley, former Zebulonian, has returned here to handle the Armour and Gold Bond fertilizers. Mr. Brantley will be located in the Gill building, across from the Zebulon Drug Company. Any patronage you send his way will be greatly appreciated by him.

Club Announcements

On Wednesday p. m. will be held the regular monthly meeting of the Wakefield Home Demonstration Club. It is earnestly requested that all members be present, since the election of officers will be in the order of business for the day.

The general meeting of the Zebulon Woman's club will be held on next Tuesday afternoon at the clubhouse. The president urges that all members attend. There is much important business to be transacted, and a full vote is essential. The program will be given by the Department of Music. Hostesses, Mesdames A. V. Medlin and S. A. Lee.

Raymond Alford Called by Death

Raymond Alford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mallie Alford, of near Zebulon, died on Sunday at Duke Hospital after an extended illness. He would have been twenty-two years old yesterday. Funeral services were conducted from the home on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock by his pastor, Rev. Theo. B. Davis, of the Wakefield Baptist Church. The burial was in the cemetery of Social Plains Church. Pall-bearers were Worth Kemp, Rodney Murray, Henry Hoyle, Wallace White, Herman Eddins and J. C. Mitchell.

Besides his parents, the deceased is survived by thirteen brothers and sisters. His was the first death in the immediate family.

Quiet, unassuming, always gentlemanly in bearing and manner, this young man will be greatly missed. His sorrowing family and friends have the deep sympathy of all who know them. "Death cannot come to him untimely who is fit to die; The less of this cold world, the more of heaven; The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

H. S. Chamblee Burned to Death

News comes to Zebulon that on Sunday evening H. S. Chamblee, who lived about seven miles from here in the Rocky Cross community was carried home drunk. Those carrying him, built a fire and placed him before it and left. Later in the night the house was found to be on fire and when the fire had burned out, his skull, heart and pieces of bones were found in the fire place.

Chamblee was a man about 45 years old and lived alone. Rumor is that the position of the bones indicate that his body was placed in the fire place and the house set on fire. It is supposed that some one knocked him on the head and then fired the house to cover the crime. The motive is presumed to have been robbery.

Third Biscuit Causes Fatality

In Randolph County a supposedly mysterious shooting has been explained by the survivor. Wilbur Yow and Clyde Cranford, 15 year old cousins were left at the home of the Yow boy's parents while their elders went away on some business. Upon their return they found their son dead from a gunshot wound in the throat. The Cranford boy was found about a mile away in a cornfield, wounded in the shoulder and faint from loss of blood. He was taken to Randolph Hospital for treatment. He has stated that he and his cousin became angry over who should have the third biscuit, which were all that were cooked, for their lunch. The quarrel resulted in the shooting and one boy's death.

Pitt County took first prize in the use of rat poison in the recent campaign to reduce the rat population of this State. Over 1100 pounds of the prepared bait was distributed.

Seventy Five Foot Whale Sighted

Morehead City, Jan. 14.—While fishing off the coast of Atlantic Beach Tuesday of this week, William Riley Willis and his crew sighted a whale which looked to be about seventy-five feet long.

The boat was about half a mile off shore and the fish was between them and the shore. At intervals it would rise to the surface of the water and spout and then immerse again. It was a fishing whale which had followed a school of fish. The crew of the boat made every effort to frighten it away for fear tearing up their nets.

Wendell Boy to Speak

Lonnie M. Knott, Jr. will represent State College in the annual American Legion oratorical contest to be held in Raleigh next Friday night.

Mr. Knott is a senior in the chemical engineering department of State College, and is a native of Wendell. He has won a number of honors during his time in college.

Must Make Gardens

The Mississippi Board of Public Welfare has announced that all applicants for relief must have gardens, if they are to be helped by public funds. This plan has been adopted in order to teach the unemployed to take care of themselves.

Will Loan Money for Seed It is expected that the seed loan bill will make available for farmers approximately \$120,000.00 this spring. This amount is thought to be necessary. North Carolina is said to have repaid about 93 per cent of the amount borrowed last year for this purpose, and the repayment over the country as a whole has been high.

Dirty Dishes Deal Death

In Marshall, Ill., Hubert Moor, schoolteacher, has been sentenced to death for killing his wife last August. He claims that he did it because she was such a poor housekeeper and the sink was always full of dirty dishes. The wife was also a teacher.

N. C. P. T. A. Convention

The North Carolina Congress of Parents and Teachers will hold its annual convention in Greensboro, April 19, 20, 21, 1933. The theme for the convention chosen by the Board of Managers at its two days meeting just held in Greensboro is "Education for Citizenship" in the home, school, community, state, nation, and world.

Club Program

The Wolf's Head Club met last Friday Night at its club house, in the basement of its president, Charles Flowers, Jr. The members were entertained by the following program: Jokes — Elmo Bunn Talk — Ralph House Why I Supported Roosevelt in the Last Election — Fredrick Chamblee Book Report — Charles Flowers

Twin Calves

Union Hope, Jan. 19. A very unusual thing happened in this community last Thursday morning. Twin calves were born at the home of Mr. Barley Brantley. He had been expecting his cow to come fresh since Christmas (but not this fresh) and now he says that he feels he isn't much better off than he was before the blessed event(s), since it will require the larger per cent of the milk to feed the yearlings. Both calves are well developed and appear to be in the best of health.

This is the second pair of twins to arrive at Mr. Brantley's home, however, the first were his and not of the bovine variety. (A. D. B., Correspondent).

Mrs. Luiza Driver Passes Onward

Mrs. Luiza Driver was called to rest last Wednesday Jan. 11. She had been confined to her bed almost six years and had been a patient at the Nash County Home for two years. She was a faithful member of Lees Chapel Church. The funeral was conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. A. Pippin. And interment was in the church cemetery. She was born in this community 72 years ago and had spent most of her life here. She is survived by four sons, Mallie, Theophilus, Jimmie, and Rayford all of this community, and three sisters, Mrs. Lynda Lewis of Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hales of this section and Mrs. Joe Ann Bunn of Wilson county.

Mrs. Driver was highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends, and the family have the sympathy of the community.

The floral offerings were beautiful.

Founder's Day at Campbell

Buie's Creek, Jan. 14.—Campbell College celebrated Founder's Day here Friday, on the beloved founder-president's seventy-first birthday. Forty-six years ago when Dr. J. A. Campbell opened school here with 19 pupils, there was a big snow on the ground then. Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, Furman University president, who was guest speaker Friday, began by saying: "Dr. Campbell surely has been treating me 'white' since I came."

Presiding at the morning program was Rev. E. N. Gardner, of Dunn, who arrived here safely on foot, having walked a mile in the snow after his car left the highway and went over a 10-foot embankment, with little damage to car and none to the occupants.

At the birthday dinner in the college dining hall Prof. J. E. Asycue acted as toastmaster. Greetings were brought from Southern Baptists by Dr. McGlothlin, for three years head of the Southern Baptist Convention; from the faculty by Prof. B. P. Marshbanks; from the alumni by Secretary G. G. Page, and from the student body by John Lambert and Grace Pickard. The birthday cake was brought in by little Misses Catherine and Betsy Campbell, ages five and three, two of Dr. Campbell's grandchildren.

YE FLAPDOODLE

Folks—There's a girl in this town who turned "thumbs down" on me last week because her name had never appeared within the columns of this newspaper—O. K. Chicago, here goes, I shall try to so place the young lady's name that never again will she have to wish for free space in a newspaper of any description—Don't blame me Edna, you asked for it—But what has that to do with the fellow who was that a Methodist when sober and a Quaker when under the influence of some intoxicant—And the youngster who had the fight at a local basket ball game the other night—After the fray, the victor was telling how the fight began—"We fought because he said I hit him on the head with a piece of tin foil"—"Well," questioned I, "Did you?"—"Naw," quoth the infant, "It was a rock"—Edna Bunn, folks look at that name good, you will see it often within this column—For the first time Lancelot has failed me—I was coming home from the vast metropolis where North Carolina's non-working class gathers when the general assembly meets, last Sunday night, and had covered some ten miles in this direction when Lancelot gave a feeble cough and died a death as only one of such noble heart could—Alas, Alas, What to do—Lancelot! Why hast thou failed me in mine sixty minutes of need? Hast thou no pride, no pity, no Listerine—but Lancelot needed no Listerine, for she had breathed her last breath—So I opened the gilded portal that once had been the door of the most noble of nobles and crawled slowly forth into the cold, cruel world—Gently but firmly I grasped what once were the handles of her hood, and lifted the cover to an approximate height of sixteen inches more or less, thence west thirteen chains, twenty minutes to a stake in the corner of O'Quin's pasture. Recorded in book 246 in the office of the register of deed I would like to tell you the rest of that story, but we must return at once to Lancelot, poor girl. After looking the paraphernalia under the hood over thoroughly, and being unable to discover anything that could be wrong with its internal anatomy, I looked into the tank and found my gasoline was a minus quantity—After years of waiting, a good Samaritan named Weathers, from Bunn, came along and helped me get Lancelot into the nearest auto restaurant. (I've had my secretary place your name in our files Mr. Weathers, and if I can wake my congressman up, you too shall have a thumb in the pie of politics, providing you'll keep the other one in your pocket)—After arriving within the clinic grounds, I was unable to wake up anyone and after tearing down some ten doors and windows, and falling over countless unseen obstacles, I took my poor shins and limped into the rear of Lancelot for a good night's rest. But wait—What is that noise I hear—Ah! foot steps approaching on horse back, rising wearily from my bed of roses, I looked in the general direction of the sound—What is that?—It's—No—Yes—Why it's a head, a human head, protruding from one of the doors I had previously demolished—Said the head, "Whadyewant?"—"A little gas if you don't object," stammered I, "Wakened shossend", muttered the head and withdrew from the range of my stanning vision—Soon (twenty minutes to be exact) the boss arrived and placed five gallons of "what-after-dinner-speakers-thrive-on" within the stronghold of Lancelot's feed bag—Taking out my trusty persuader, I wound the once Knightly Lancelot (feminine gender) up to the breaking point—A cough, a sputter, and we're off—Ah Lancelot! You didn't fail me after all—I told you you shouldn't have eaten all those Tums for your indigestion, they do away with too much gas—And now, if Miss Bunn will be so kind as to hand me my folding cork leg, we'll browse in greener pastures—Still, it's like the barber said, as he began to put on a boncilla massage, "Well, here's mud in your eye"—Oh Edna, the smelling salts—One of our Occidental governors once said, "My best friends don't know me" That's true with me too, why everyone's my good friend until they meet me—Quick Miss Bunn, hide my new spring straw, here comes a man with an ox—Yes sir, here is one man who is going backward and picking up prosperity where he first found it—Year before last he had a car, last year he had a mule, this year he has an ox, now I ask you gentle readers, is that progress or not?—No?—Well paste this on your 1933 motor vehicle and read it awhile, His ox is paid for!—A woman (of the weaker sex) asked me the other day why I didn't publish an ode on "Man"—So after countless hours of tireless searching (for) my brain, I remembered this poem that was taught me by a ten foot man eating shark that I caught and tamed while sailing southern waters years ago—If my memory hasn't played me one of those tricks that memory often plays on people of my intellect—the lyric runs something to this effect;

Man (Question Mark) MAN—Compare him with serpents, demons or toads A man can be found on all life's by-roads; He holds fear for nothing, if you hear him talk But when danger approaches, he's taking a walk.

(Continued on page 2)

ODD BUT TRUE!

A MULE
AT THE TEXAS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE, COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS, IS THE MOTHER OF A COLT, Sired by A MULE — BY C. C. LUSH, DECATUR, TEXAS

AN ORDINARY DRINKING GLASS MAKES AN EXCELLENT RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

IN 1869
THE AURORA BOREALIS WAS SO STRONG THAT THE TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS IN THE MIDDLE AND EASTERN STATES WERE OPERATED WITHOUT BATTERIES.