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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

An ad in one of our dailies amuses me. It offers "used mules" for sale. Personally I should never be willing to buy a mule that had not been used—and then I'd watch my step.

A colored girl was sweeping the porch when a baseball bat fell and rolled noisily across the floor. She caught it at it saying: "Whoa, dar, keep in' all dat great lamentation."

Again scientists have made a discovery: Airtight containers for growing flowers are better than porous clay pots. The new containers must have holes in the bottom and are now offered for sale; but many of us will go right on making airtight containers of old tin buckets and cans, which will do as well so far as usefulness goes.

When you see folks going around with big dictionaries clasped in their arms, or sitting studying those bulky volumes, don't jump to the conclusion that they are yearning for a larger vocabulary for its own sake. Most probably it is not learning, but the reward of learning that they're after. These contests that offer money prizes for the longest lists of three-letter words made from the letters found in slogans are surely an incentive to study. When all the easy words are listed one begins searching for ernzo, epi, fid, vap, xat, and others as little used. And it is amazing how many can be found.

Even though one does not win a prize, the study is worth while. And prizes really are won. I have seen, one time, the husband of a woman who was last week notified she had won second prize—one hundred dollars—in one of the contests. She lives in Raleigh, which is near enough to be encouraging to us.

To your dictionaries, oh, word builders.

One of my beliefs is that if a teacher is not worth more than the salary paid, he or she is worth far less than that salary; there is hardly such a thing as striking an even balance. And the teachers who are worth more than their salaries are the ones who are going to keep right on teaching as long as they are paid enough for necessities, and very simple necessities at that. The other kind will probably quit anyway as soon as they find jobs that pay more.

I sincerely hope that teachers' salaries will not have to be cut again; but I resent people's saying that good teachers will all leave the state if their pay is reduced. Right here let me remark that in all my years of being a patron of our schools I have never had children taught better or more conscientiously than were the two who had for teachers Miss Mary Dunford, Miss Anabel Newton and Mrs. Helen Whitley. And, unless I am mistaken, not one of them was paid more than fifty dollars a month. To be sure, they were worth more, and I could mention others who were likewise worth far more than they received. Miss Newton—now Mrs. F. E. Bunn—is the only one of the three mentioned who has taught in Wakefon School since salaries went to their highest mark. And I shall never insult her by believing that she worked any harder for the biggest check she ever received than she did for the smallest. That is why I hate to hear arguments that would measure a teacher's efforts by her pay. A real teacher will do her best regardless of salary; one who merely teaches for money will save herself as much as possible no matter how much she gets.

All of which does not imply that salaries should not be adequate.

Egg Laying Contest

Chicago, Feb. 16.—(Special)—An egg-laying derby in which hens from all parts of the United States and from foreign lands will compete for honors will be one of the features of Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—A Century of Progress Exposition.

Champion hens from twenty-eight states of the Union, the Dominion of Canada, and four nations abroad have already been entered. This contest, the first ever to be held in connection with a world's fair is sponsored by the National Poultry Council.

The egg-laying contest will last for six months. The birds will be housed in the exhibit the first week in April. The actual egg counting will begin May 1, or one month before the formal opening of the Exposition. It will end October 29, two days prior to the closing of the Fair.

One hundred pointed arch houses each divided into two pens will accommodate the 200 entries. In addition, thirty houses and pens near the contest buildings will house specimen flocks of unusual varieties of domestic and wild, land and water fowl.

It is planned to hatch out baby chicks each week as long as they are salable. Thereafter they will be purchased by Chicago hotels and housewives. The sale of chicks and eggs will help defray the expenses of the contest.

They Know A Good Place

On last Friday evening there were a number of cars piled up in a wreck on and just beyond the bridge across Neuse River, between here and Raleigh. Traffic was considerably delayed, since none could pass because of the narrow space. Two traveling men who had to wait for a while turned around and came back to Zebulon to spend the night at Hotel Clayton. The moral of the story is that they passed several good boarding places on the way to Zebulon.

A hotel that draws folks that far in such weather is a worthwhile ad. for a town, as well as for itself.

COMPANY NOW OFFERS FERTILIZER GUARANTEE

Norfolk, Va.—Announcement was made recently by Oscar F. Smith, president of the Smith-Douglas Company, Norfolk, Va., that henceforth his company will guarantee their brand of Orange tobacco fertilizer to tobacco growers, causing widespread interest in tobacco raising and fertilizer circles.

A guarantee of any kind as to results with fertilizer has been carefully avoided by fertilizer mixers. It is said. Guarantees have been limited to chemical analysis, and a guarantee of results was heretofore unheard of in the history of the fertilizer business.

"There has been lots of talk about helping the farmer," Mr. Smith said "but not enough action. We want to help the farmers and we want the farmers helped, and we have found that one way we can be of real help to them is by making this guarantee.

"The reason for this is, that the tobacco grower will prosper only with high yield and high quality leaf.

"For a long time all the gamble in growing tobacco has been on the farmer's side. Now we are going to take some of the gamble off his shoulders, by enabling him to use a better fertilizer without any extra risk to himself.

"We are especially proud of being able to do this, because we were the first to sell direct to the farmer, we were the first to guarantee him against price decline, and now we are the first to make it possible for him to use a premium quality fertilizer without risking any extra cost of expense to himself."

The guarantee which was announced reads:

"If, after using Orange tobacco fertilizer and marketing your crop, you are satisfied that Orange is not worth the premium we charged you for it above the cost of other fertilizers, we will cheerfully refund that premium to you in cash."

LINDBERGH'S MAY GO TO FRANCE TO LIVE

It has been stated that Col. Lindbergh and his family may go from the United States to France, to make a home. The tragic circumstances of their first child's death, the threats to kidnap the second son, and the frequency of such crimes in this country are well calculated to keep their grief ever before them.

SWALLOWER WORK

Even more unusual than the case of the man who swallowed his teeth is that of Margaret Santell, 19, of St. Paul, Minn. She tried to hold her tongue down with a fork handle and swallowed the fork, which was 8 1/2 inches long, and had to be removed by a surgical operation.

BOY TO RIDE TO INAUGURATION

Toby Cook, seven years old, will ride his ponies from Chula, Ga., to Washington to see Roosevelt inaugurated. He started on Feb. 13, riding one pony, while three others are carried along on trucks in order that the rider may change mounts every five miles of the 800 he has to cover. His father and three negro servants are going with the child, and they are to pass through Raleigh.

DEATH RESULT OF BOXING BOUT

Ernie Schaaf, prize-fighter, 23 years old, died on Feb. 14 as a result of hurts sustained in a fight three days before. His opponent, Primo Carnera, has been arrested, charged with manslaughter. Schaaf fought 13 rounds, then fell unconscious from a slight blow, which caused many to think he was shamming. He suffered a cranial hemorrhage. An operation was resorted to in an effort to save his life.

Cult Sacrifice Mother Slain

Out in the mountains of Kentucky seven members of a family are in jail charged with the murder of their aged mother, and a son-in-law is held as a material witness. The murder came at the culmination of frenzy following fasting, and mystic rites which belong to some cult. The persons arrested claim that they were divinely commanded to offer a human sacrifice and that the mother was chosen. One of the sons is said to have strangled her and preparations were being made to burn the body when officers arrived on the scene, summoned by frightened neighbors. One of those arrested told officers that the mother was a willing sacrifice, hoping her death might help cure her son in an insane asylum.

COMING TO WAKEFON WHAT'S COMING TO WAKEFON? FUN AT WAKEFON!

WANTED

Everyone in Little River Township interested in Tax Relief and delaying foreclosures on Real Estate to be at Wakefon School Building, Tuesday night, February 23rd, at 7:30.

There will be a short farm meeting with a talk by Mr. Arey from State College and immediately following that meeting the other matters will be taken up for consideration.

C. H. Chamblee,
D. D. Chamblee,
R. E. Pippin.

TANK DEALS DESTRUCTION

The explosion of a huge tank wrecked a large portion of Neunkirchen, a town in Germany, and killed nearly 200 people, injuring hundreds of others. The tank was 270 feet high and 150 feet in diameter, and its explosion was heard 150 miles away. Telephone lines were broken and debris was thrown across railroad tracks so that trains could not reach the town.

MUTINEERS KILLED

Like a story of old-fashioned piracy is that of the Dutch cruiser De Zeven Provinciën, whose crew mutinied last week, seized the vessel and departed while her master was ashore. For five days they kept the ship. Pursued by war vessels and airplanes, they refused to surrender, and an airplane dropped a bomb which killed three Europeans and fifteen Javanese natives. Fire started in the cruiser and some sailors went into the lifeboats while others signaled surrender. The fire did little damage. The mutiny is said to have been caused by cuts in the pay of the crew.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Civics and Literature Departments of the Woman's Club will meet at the clubhouse next Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 3:30 p. m. The topic for the afternoon is The Executive Department of the State, with Mrs. C. V. Whitley in charge of the program. Mrs. J. G. Kemp will direct the music for the meeting.

Attempted Assassination

President-elect Roosevelt narrowly escaped an assassin's bullet in Miami, Fla., on Wednesday of this week. He had just completed a short address when Giuseppe Zingara, an Italian fired at him. Roosevelt was unhurt, but Mayor Cermak of Chicago, was seriously wounded, and four others were also hurt. Six shots were fired.

Zingara was arrested and protected from those who would have lynched him. He said he bought the gun that day with the purpose of killing the president-elect; that he made, ten years ago, an attempt to kill the king of Italy; that he hated all kings and presidents, but would not try to harm laborers. He blamed the dense crowd for his failure to hit his mark. A woman standing by him saw him raise the gun and tried to stop him, but could not. It is thought that this saved the life of Roosevelt. He expected to leave for New York on Thursday.

Mrs. Roosevelt is said to have taken calmly the news of the attempted assassination, and to have remarked that it was the sort of thing that one might expect.

Hooverized Depressionized And Oxized

"Uncle Gus" Weaver, well known and respected colored farmer, has been "Hooverized," but will not give up. He has recently purchased a steer to team with this year. He has given up his team and land to his creditors. (He having been the owner of thirty-six acres of land, a house and lot in Zebulon and a pair of mules which he paid six hundred dollars for in days of prosperity.)

"Uncle Gus" says he was married forty years ago, and started out farming with an ox, living in hopes of having mules to farm with and a home of his own. After many years of hard work his ambition was reached, only to be thrown in day of depression.

After raising a family of six children and at the age of 61 he has started out again, just as he did forty years ago, with nothing but an ox.

Hatch Chicks Now

Zebulon and the surrounding community is indeed fortunate in having the convenience of a well managed hatchery, namely, Zebulon Community Hatchery, Mr. O. D. Massey has his breeding flocks well selected and approved. The baby chicks he has for sale are the best and the prices are very reasonable.

Poultry raisers have found it to their advantage to buy chicks from their local dealer, rather than have them shipped in. They do not take a chance in having them over-heated or chilled. The community is also fortunate in having custom hatching for the poultry raiser that wants his own eggs hatched. He is protected by the most rigid sanitary precautions used in hatcheries. In planning a farm program, a well managed flock of chickens, be it large or small, has an important place on your farm. During this time of depression when prices of all other farm commodities have dropped to the bottom, poultry and eggs have shown a profit at the end of the year. The old slogan: "Cow, Hog and Hen," is the surest policy for the farmer to follow.

Hens, and hominy—with a good milk cow thrown in, will provide against the worst times and prices, for these are home products that any farmer may have.

If you have not had any eggs hatched, now is the very best time. Take some next week and get those early fryers on the way.

Water cannot rise higher than its source, neither can human reason.—Coleridge.

THE WENDELL FLORIST

A few years ago Mrs. H. F. Tunnell of Wendell, began in a small way to supply funeral designs to the Zebulon and Wendell communities. She is in a position now to furnish designs of any kind required. Some of the most beautiful we have seen were made by Mrs. Tunnell. Her prices are reasonable, and we hope the Zebulon people will patronize her when in need of flowers for any occasion.

COMING TO WAKEFON WHAT'S COMING TO WAKEFON? FUN AT WAKEFON!

Important Meeting For The Farmers

Mr. Kimery from the dairy extension department of State College will be at Wakefon School, Tuesday, Feb. 21, 7:30 p. m. This meeting should be of interest to all the farmers and business men of the community. Mr. Anderson the county agent will be at this meeting and we are hoping he will be able to tell us something definite at that time in regard to seed and fertilizer loans for this year.

F. H. Massey.

THREATS MADE TO KIDNAP LINDBERGH'S SECOND SON

Two young men, Joe Bryant, 19 and Norman Harvey, 28, have been arrested in Roanoke, Va., charged with having threatened to kidnap the second son of Col. and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh. One of the men cashed a marked check which had been deposited as ordered in the letter from the writer of the notes demanding money. Federal authorities have taken charge of the case, and Harvey's wife is thought to be implicated in the matter.

DR. SHORE DEAD

Dr. C. A. Shore, for more than 25 years director of the State Laboratory of Hygiene, died last Thursday in Rex Hospital after a short illness from mesenteric thrombosis. He was a native of Winston-Salem, and had won many honors in his sphere of work. Research work in hydrophobia won him fame in Europe as well as in America. His work in purification of drinking water and in preparing anti-toxins for use in the state have been of untold good to North Carolina.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Home Demonstration Club will meet in the clubhouse at Wakefon next Wednesday p. m., Feb. 22. All members are requested to be present.

"Male Cow" Causes Climb Says Reporter

Rocky Cross, Feb. 16.—C. A. Brantley's "male cow" is getting "mamish" lately. A few nights ago Brantley went down to the pasture to get him, and found that the bull was fighting stumps and tearing up the earth in general, not to mention the way he was romping on some scrub pines. After several attempts to pacify the bull enough so that a halter might be put on him, Mr. Brantley gave up, and called to his assistance Mr. Percy (Demp) Strickland. Evidently Mr. Percy (Demp) Strickland was very poor help, for when Demp entered the pasture, the bull went for Demp, and Demp for a tree. Even the squirrels would envy the speed in which Bro. Strickland shinned up that tree. According to the owner of the bull, "Billie De Bull" just felt good and wanted to have some fun, but personally we hope that when we are called on to render assistance, that the bull is not feeling bad.

Incidentally, the "male cow" is a fire Jersey and is in line for some blue ribbons at the next fair, (after a rope has been put on him.) If you need any trees shinned up, or bulls bulldozed, call on Demp, he can shinn up a tree faster than anyone I have ever seen, and I ain't so bad myself. (E. D. B., Correspondent.)

MORE POWER TO HIM



YE FLAPDOODLE

By The SWASHBUCKLER

I want to begin this bit of concentrated idio-peregrination among the good people of our fair city (including those who have gone bankrupt and also the few running for postmaster) I want to make a correction in last week's Flapdoodle.—The lady seen riding toward Middlesex was not riding toward Middlesex, but toward Coarh.—She's considered a good business woman too.—And a friend of mine was telling me about a friend of his who had blood hound feet—"Blood hound feet?" I questioned, "Sure," he replied, "They're strong smellers."—Oh yes—Who is the young lady that Dame Rumor says is to be married soon?—Incidentally she was seen riding around in a yellow roadster from Greenville, on Sunday last.—Still, most of the houses on easy street are for rent.—And all well that ends solvent.—And Colonel John Hill was seen in the fair city of Wendell Sunday afternoon.—Er, added to the last line of act two, of those old "melledrammers" "Don't sell the old homestead pap—give the darn thing away"—Still I think that good credit could be defined as a bank account.—And any woman who asks ten thousand dollars for her husband is profiteering.—And now the legislature has had a bill brought before them to put a bell on all cats so that the birds can hear them coming.—It's bad enough having to put the cat out every night now, without having to tie a bell on them in the morning.—Maybe the Senator who introduced the bill was referring to catty humans—and the birds were the ones who run about telling people secrets.—But I was dumfounded when the young lady of near Wendell demanded to get out and love a telegraph pole in lieu of a man, when she saw the moon rising last Sunday evening.—A telegraph pole wasn't handy, so the young lady was offered a sign board (she refused)—And "Little Caesar" Antone again takes that choice bit of pastry, when he was being shown off by Romeo Davis (that little black-eyed boy with the long eyelashes, Oh Deah) Davis had been instructing Antone for sometime about how he was to act, finally finishing the instruction, the finished product was put before the audience—"Here," said Master Barrie, "I have a robot, all I have to do is mash a button and he'll say what I want him to. I'll now mash the button." Upon mashing the button the robot solemnly said, "What I want him to"—Oh boy, Oh boy, Oh boy, did you see those two Don Juans out again last Tuesday night—Man they were dressed to a "T", and I'm not referring to Fords—Not to be content with shirring as to clothes and the correct aptitude that lovers have they were in a brand new Pontiac, now I wouldn't give the names of the gents for the world, but everyone knows that Mr. Bunn is the only man in town who has a new Pontiac, and that Sprite Barbee always runs around with Elmo.—Not only are our younger members of the city stepping out, but so are some of the elders.—What we're wondering is: Will we be like them when we grow into our second childhood.—But then every dog has his day, and I suppose the married gentlemen (?) think that their day is almost here.—Now, what I would like to know is—Who dropped that handkerchief in the pasture last week.—I think that I have a faint suspicion but I can't be sure, anyway, the young lady jumped out of a car and ran in and out very quickly.—The handkerchief has an "E" in the corner and lipstick all over the center.—Later the same young lady was seen bidding a young man good night in a very affectionate manner.—At least I think it was good night, it was about hat time.—The lady I have in mind eats and sleeps on that street which runs parallel with Sycamore, it may be Sycamore for all I know.—The "Sweet young thing" just mentioned, isn't the only one of the old Swashbuckler saw last week.—A little blond, very blond, was also telling her boy-friend good night while in his fond embrace.—And another blond was two-timing her dear lover while he was "away to school".—And a certain brunette was seen with a sailor one night last week before he returned to his navy.—And another lady (was she the same?) was seen leaving the bus station in Raleigh with a sailor (the same?) on that bad night of last week when sleet froze on the windshield so fast that lovers couldn't love and drive at the same time.—And one of our young business men went over "Smithfield way" for the week-end.—And one of our High-School-High-Lights was out trying to borrow a dollar before a basketball game.—Try as I might, I couldn't find whether he wanted to take his girl, somebody else's girl, or just bet on the game.—If we know our tear-making-vegetables that young fellow is certainly tied up within the red tape of a fair lady's charms.—And the gent who drives that Chevie cabriolet, and hauls young ladies to and from school, he isn't so bad at the art of lovemaking if we are to believe our eyes.—And who is the fellow who is going to beat up a certain young fellow if he goes to see his sister again.—Nope, he doesn't live in town, so don't begin casting a suspicious eye toward your neighbor's parlor.—By the way, who is the young man who is seen over in

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