

The Zebulon Record

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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

The Country Gentleman says that scientists are trying to develop a breed of bees with longer tongues than bees now have. This is in order that they may be of more service in pollination of certain plants. Let us hope that while they are lengthening the bees' tongues the stings may be shortened.

Was there ever an Easter Sunday rainier than the last? It must have helped to reconcile some to not having as many new clothes as usual to wear on that day. By the way, a very good friend of mine always refuses to wear anything new on Easter, even if she has it. She either wears new garments ahead of Easter, or waits later. Her reason is that she is afraid she may seem to be observing the day in a wrong way.

Much as I enjoyed the Music Festival last week I couldn't help noticing how much chewing gum must have been in the auditorium. If only the members of the glee club had been using it, I'd have thought it was a sort of nerve soother, perhaps. But folks in no wise connected with the program were as busy chewing as any of the rest.

Still, I heard a lady say once upon a time that she attended a school commencement where she felt sure she was the only person in the house not chewing gum; so Wakelon audiences seem to be not different from many others.

A neighbor boy about nine years old came over to our house and asked to play on an organ which, at the time, I was keeping for a friend. Without knowing a note, the child pedaled vigorously, pressing down keys at random, and sang at the top of his voice. At the close of the performance, he asked if I did not think he had done well. I told him that I thought his playing and singing both showed strength, but that if I had not heard the words, I could not have told what he was trying to play. "Well," he said, "I've got the words all right, I can sing all right and play all right. The only thing I lack now is the tune." And he went away elated.

Sometimes I wonder if much of the discord in our lives does not come because we have only the words of living and have not learned the music.

I do not know who she was, where she came from, nor where she was going. There was something wrong with the car in which she was riding; it was stopped for repairs right in front of our place and she got out and walked around while waiting. She was young, nice looking, and seemed much interested in the flowers and shrubs. She did not recognize the plum trees and asked what they were. On being told she wanted to know if they bloomed or what. After hearing that they both bloom and bear fruit, she went up to one and looked closely at the tiny green plums, not larger than peas now, and said: "I suppose that these are the seed of the trees now."

Have you ever in your life seen spiraea as lovely as they have been this spring? Van Houttei is my favorite—or has been up to now. But there is a kind that looks like Bridal Wreath gone Van Houttei that has recently won my chief allegiance. The individual blossoms are very double, and grow in clusters. Mrs. Creech has it and so has Mrs. Jethro Stell and probably others. It is wonderful.

Mrs. Joe Tippett told me last week that they have a cold frame in which are growing tomato plants that will probably be in bloom by the first of May. And some folks around here have plenty of lettuce and radishes I'd say they are lucky, if I didn't know that luck in growing vegetables is like luck in many other things and means a combination of sense and work.

Will some one please explain to me why, if beer is not intoxicating, dealers should be forbidden to sell it to persons under eighteen? Having never tasted it, I must depend upon the experiences of others as to its properties—and upon observation.

But, as never before in my life, I am afraid for my country.

"High Frequency" Wakelon Tonight

You'll always regret it if you don't see that show at Wakelon tonight at 8. Besides "High Frequency," a three-act comedy farce, there will be: Todd's orchestra with that imitable John Perkins in a black-face tap that will make you wonder if you can ever stop laughing and last, but not least, Miss Peggy Herring and Elizabeth Yates of Dunn, will be there in a tap duet.

You can't afford to miss this program of over two hours of real, hearty, side-splitting laughter. Look up the Merry Makers' ad on page three.

Robbery And Bank Breaking

On Monday night Avon Privett's filling station was entered. By breaking out a small pane of glass the thieves were able to unbolt the lock to a side door. A quantity of cakes, candy and cigarettes was taken, but was hastily dropped when night policemen Tharrington gave chase. There are several suspects, however, no one has been arrested. Tharrington said he believes the two were boys, but in the darkness he could not be certain. He lost track of them after chasing them about two blocks.

Thieves attempted to rob the Zebulon branch of the Page Trust Co. on two different occasions lately, but failed in both attempts. The first attempt occurred last Friday night. The lock to the front door was removed, but the robbers were evidently frightened away before entrance could be made.

The second attempt was made either Saturday or Sunday night. Evidently they had a skeleton key this time, because no doors or windows were forced. One may imagine their disappointment when they found that the only "stealable" object besides the typewriter was an adding machine which was bolted to a stand. Abundant evidence of their search was seen. Almost everything had been moved and disarranged. No clue as to the identity of the person or persons has been found.

Banquet Honoring Dr. J. F. Coltrane

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Finch was a scene of beauty Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Finch and the young peoples' choir of the Methodist Church gave a banquet for Dr. J. F. Coltrane, their Sunday School superintendent.

The living room, dining room and drawing room were beautifully decorated with dog-wood, wiggelia, spiraea white narcissus and Easter lilies.

At seven o'clock the guests were ushered into the dining room and drawing room to find their places at attractive tables decorated with candles and spring flowers. A four course dinner, consisting of grape fruit, cocktail, cream chicken on toast, English peas, cream potatoes, boiled ham, deviled eggs, candied yams, snap beans pickle and rolls, pear and banana salad, home-made cake and coffee, was served. During the dinner a toast to Dr. Coltrane for the choir was given by Mrs. Waylon D. Finch.

Throughout the evening a delightful musical program was given by the choir, with special numbers by Mrs. Elmer Finch and Douglas Finch and Miss Grace Coltrane, of G. C. W., who was at home for the Easter holidays.

At the close of the program a very interesting talk was given by Mr. Johnson. Then Dr. Coltrane, in a few well chosen words, told how he appreciated the cooperation of the young peoples' choir and what it meant to him to have their support in the church work.

The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. Barbee, Dr. and Mrs. Coltrane, Miss Grace Coltrane, Mrs. Waylon D. Finch and Mr. Elmer Finch.

Sponsor Jig-Saw Puzzle Contest

The Wakelon P. T. A. is sponsoring a jig-saw puzzle contest, which will be held at the Wakelon high school building, Thursday, April 27th, at 8 p. m. Mrs. A. V. Medlin and Mrs. F. E. Bunn will have charge of selling the tables. Those desiring to arrange tables will call upon these ladies. Prizes will be awarded the contest winners. The public is cordially invited to participate, as the proceeds will go to the P. T. A.

Announces For Mayor Of Zebulon

It's been right in the busy season of my work, and I have not been able to see or ask people to vote for me, or either do any canvassing, but I'm running for Mayor of Zebulon.

My platform is non-partisan, purely democratic in principle and action square and fair to each individual and citizen, irrevocable.

There are some things to be worked out in Zebulon, if we are to hold our prestige and our affluence as citizens of a corporated town or city, and it is my desire, if elected, to work in harmony and unity to this end.

I will endeavor to carry out the orders which our aldermen pass and put into effect, to serve the people of Zebulon in an efficient and polite manner also invite the outside people to our town and to create harmony and confidence in our town folks.

I've been a resident of Zebulon 12 years, and as you know me as a citizen, you will know me as an official if I am elected as one.

With my policies clearly stated, if you feel inclined to vote for me and give me your support I will greatly appreciate and serve you.

Myers Walter Page.

Fellow Citizens, Where Do You Stand?

Two Things To Know To Vote Conscientiously And Intelligently.—Let Every Citizen Vote Saturday

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide.

In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right, And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

—Lowell.

Suffrage—the right to vote—is both a privilege and a responsibility. No one should shun or neglect it. From national down to local affairs, every citizen should take a deep intelligent interest. And when we say any citizen, we mean women as well as men. Whether women wanted the right to vote or not, they have it and should exercise it as conscientiously as they do any other duty.

Whether one can vote or not, he should take a deep interest in any election that affects his life, or his family's life, in any vital way. Even the country people around Zebulon should be interested in the character of the governing body in our town, for they do business here and their families are affected greatly by the social and political life. Being vitally concerned in a business and moral way in this community, the Record is much concerned as to the results of the approaching municipal election.

There are only two principal considerations before the voters of Zebulon. We believe the first and most important is the moral character of the candidates. If a man in his personal life is profane, intemperate or immoral, he will likely be that in his public life, or countenance it in others. What kind of safe-guards do the fathers and mothers of this town want for their children? If reports of moral atmosphere do they propose for their children? If reports be true, in the past the town has had officials who were guilty of moral delinquency for which an ordinary citizen would have probably been fined or imprisoned. If there is a man announced for office of this character, to elect him is to invite and pave the way for conditions to continue or even be worse than they are at present. The election of such men would be the approval by the voters of a government by their standards.

There are fifteen men and women who have announced themselves as candidates for commissioners of Zebulon. They are well-known to the community. It is not necessary for any one to deal in personalities to describe their character or qualifications. We believe the voters can find among these fifteen enough "good and true" citizens to fill the positions they seek. Personally, we hope the citizens will elect the two women who are candidates. We believe they have qualities such as are needed in our town board. And we believe the women of Zebulon, since they are citizens, have a right to be represented in our town government.

The second matter the voters should consider is the business qualifications of the candidates. In times like the present, and with the town affairs like they are, Zebulon should have the very best and most conservative business men and women at the head of its municipal affairs. We need to retrench in every way possible. Wherever possible, taxes should be cut. Provision should be made to cancel the town's bonded indebtedness just as rapidly as possible and no new debts contracted. Probably the most difficult and trying times are yet ahead of us in raising revenue and paying debts. Let's put in our best business people.

Among the three men running for mayor and the fifteen people running for the board, we believe the voters may select a set of citizens who are clean in their private life, upright in their public life, and will give us an administration that will make a community environment in which we may raise our children without fear from example or precept of those in authority, and also a conservative, yet progressive business government.

Elsewhere we give the list of candidates as will be printed on the ballots. Look it over, then think over what you know about each candidate. Go to the polls Saturday, vote your own convictions of who and what you believe will be for the best interests of the moral and business welfare of Zebulon. If each citizen will do this, we have no fear for the town's future.

School Board To Be Elected

A bill is to be introduced this week by the Wake County representatives to elect the members of the Wakelon high school board. Since its beginning the members have been appointed. Considerable complaint has been made by patrons living in the country because they had no representation on the board. Most of the members at present live in Zebulon.

Petitions are being circulated throughout the school district, and it is said so far only about a half dozen have failed to sign them. At least two members are in favor of the change. It is reported that 90 per cent of the patrons favor electing the board.

According to the proposed bill, the board will consist of five members as at present. At the first election the two receiving the highest number of votes will serve for a term of six years, the next two four year, and the fifth two years. No other changes, it is understood, are proposed. By popular vote seems to be the most satisfactory way to choose public servants.

Mary had a little lamb.— Oh yeah?

Entertain At Dinner And Bridge

Dr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Flowers entertained at dinner and bridge Thursday evening, from 7 until 11, honoring the Wakelon dormitory teachers. The rooms were quite lovely in the Easter colors of lavender, yellow and green the only lights being the soft glow of the many green tapers in crystal and silver holders. Each table was centered with lovely Dutch irises and snap dragons. Covers were laid for twenty guests who were directed to their places by means of placards, where a course dinner was served. Charles Flowers, Jr., assisted with the serving.

Covers were removed and spirited bridge was enjoyed for the rest of the evening. Miss Coressa Eberhart and Miss Cabell Campen were the winners of prizes.

Those enjoying Dr. and Mrs. Flowers' hospitality were: Misses Pitts Price, Dunlap, Sheron, Alston, Buffalo, Palmer, Barber, Buchanan, Preslar, Hoggard, Winstead, White, Campen and Eberhart, and Mesdames Gregory, Bunn and Cook.

Honey Bees And Baseball

Union Hope played their first ball game of the season last Saturday afternoon. The game was almost too ragged to report, but not being in it, we do not feel embarrassed to say the score was 13 to 1 in favor of Pilot.

It seems the game was not so interesting to Uvell Murray. As it was about to begin, Uvell went to move a swarm of bees which he had sitting near the corner of the ball ground, so they would not be in contact with the players. As he picked up the gum, the bees swarmed in his face and all about his neck, and by chance some got into his clothing.

It was a hot time for Brother Murray for awhile. Before they could be gotten off him he was stung very severely. It was only a few minutes till he was looking very fleshy in the face and about his neck. He was taken to Zebulon to a doctor who gave him some ammonia to apply to the stings.

To get even with the bees, Uvell gave orders for a fire to be made which was done at once and the bees were burned.

Union Hope Correspondent.

Honors Sister At Bridge Party

Lovely in every detail was the bridge party given recently by Mrs. M. McRae Faison at her home here as a compliment to her sister, Miss Justine Davis, of Kinston, whose marriage on March 4th at Bennettsville S. C., to Mr. E. L. Daughtridge, Jr. of Tarboro, was announced during the evening.

The home, which was thrown en suite to accommodate six tables of contract bridge, was artistically decorated with lovely garden flowers with tulips in shades of red predominating. Bowls of poppies, roses, verberna wiggelia and other seasonal flowers added charm to the home and made a lovely setting for the game.

After a number of spirited progressions of contract bridge, scores were tallied and Mrs. S. A. Lee, holder of high, was presented a lovely boudoir lamp. To the honoree the hostess presented a vanity dresser set of Irish lace.

Much excitement was caused when refreshment plates were brought in. Each carried a miniature silver bride's head with "Moon-Justine, March 4 1933" attached. As favors guests were presented miniature old-fashioned nosegays. The bride's plate carried a shoulder corsage of vari-colored sweetpeas. The hostess was assisted in serving by her daughter, Miss Hilda Faison. A delicious chicken salad course with hot coffee was served.

Those attending were Mrs. Daughtridge, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. John D. Davis, mother of the honoree, Mrs. Long Mrs. A. S. Hinton, Mrs. R. H. Brantley, Mrs. J. F. Coltrane, Mrs. C. V. Whitley, Mrs. Foster D. Finch, Mrs. H. C. Wade, Mrs. E. H. Moser, Mrs. W. C. Campen, Mrs. Irby Gill, Mrs. Avon Privett, Mrs. Charles E. Flowers, Mrs. G. S. Barbee, Mrs. L. M. Massey, Mrs. A. V. Medlin and Miss Marion Whitlock of Zebulon; Mrs. J. Harvey Bryan and Mrs. Paul D. Davis, of Durham; Mrs. M. Luther Gift of High Point; Miss Mildred Davis, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Mrs. Thomas Nelson and Miss Mary Nelson, of Raleigh.

Primary Election Here Saturday

Around election time we hear many bad things and a few good things about each candidate seeking office. But in our case each voter has been personally acquainted with each candidate for a long while, so on next Saturday, the 22nd, come out and vote for your choice candidate for mayor and five commissioners. I am a candidate for mayor of Zebulon, and if elected I pledge my best efforts to make Zebulon a better and more prosperous town in which to live. Give us a good mayor and five good commissioners and your cooperation and we can accomplish some good for all. Your support will be highly appreciated.

R. H. Bridgers.

Buy Cooperative Fertilizer Now

The last mixing of the Farmers' Cooperative tobacco fertilizer will be Monday or Tuesday of next week. Farmers wanting to get this special brand tobacco fertilizer at a special low price will have to place their orders with O. D. Massey at the Zebulon Community Hatchery, by Monday.

Seventy-five tons were mixed last week and the farmers were well pleased with it. This is your last chance Mr. Farmer, come on in and get the best food for your tobacco at the best low price.

YE FLAPDOODLE

By The SWASHBUCKLER

That certainly was a good joke on me last week, I thought that someone was after me when I saw the tip of a shot gun appear around the corner of the RECORD office. Consequently, when word reached me that my fears were falsely based, I was down as far as Hertford and still hitting for the tall timber. Better to be that far ahead, than behind—Those poems Mrs. Davis published in her column last week were indeed touching. Now personally, I have nothing against poets in general. But those teachers who are encouraging their pupils to write the stuff should be shot at sunrise tomorrow evening. In this too narrow opinion, all nuts aren't poets, but all poets are nuts! Of course my being off my P's and Q's when it comes to the dark gray matter doesn't make me a poet, not at all, why look at the poor fellow who occupies the cell next to mine, why Whitley is a perfectly harmless maniac, and never has the slightest inclination toward poetry. To be a mail clerk is his greatest ambition (especially after the new postmaster goes in next fall)—Friends, I want to thank you for the splendid way in which you are supporting me as candidate for mayor of our fair city—Why dozens of my friends have informed me that they are working for me in every possible way. Fair or foul, now I appreciate this great support, especially the fair part, but the foul part, that isn't so good. I'm afraid it isn't on the level, I want to get elected to this office fairly and squarely. So if you all must have foul means in getting me into office, I'd rather you'd keep it dark, a dark horse mind you, I am not soliciting your vote, no sir, I'm not that kind, but I would appreciate it if, when you go up to the polls on the morrow, that you refrain from voting for me. If everyone will just do that, I'll win this election by a sweeping majority, that is, if all the janitors of the town refuse to vote for me. So, if I get into office, I promise that I shall put every man back on his feet. Every body within the city limits will be on their feet, even those who have automobiles now will be on their feet. All the men will be on their feet. The women will be on their feet, the children will be on their feet, everyone except the old Swashbuckler, and he'll probably be on his ear. My cohorts were worried about the fact that I did not live in town, that has been fixed up o. k. now though, I slept on the floor of the printing office a couple of nights so that makes me a city resident—Soon's I'm elected mayor I'll move outside the city limits again so I'll not have to pay the town tax.—You people don't know how lucky you are having a general assembly like the one you have now. They certainly know fire when they see it, I am constantly wondering if they don't think that the big corporations of our state aren't some form of fire. They treat them as untouchables so far as making them bear their share of the taxes, etc. and etc. You all remember the old fashioned grab bag. Well, our present legislature is not unlike that. You put your hand in and wonder what you're going to get out. (We put our legislators in and are wondering what and when they're going to get out) The only trouble is, that when you put your hand in, it's likely to get itself bit. Take this last time we put our hand in the bag, a big animal labeled "sales tax" glomed on to us. Good old legislature, weren't they good to us to reverse the great wheels of their politics long enough to give us the sales tax. Our pals!—@-@!! Mark my words, fellow sufferers, when the assembly comes to an end sometime next fall, they will give us the empty sack. Yes sir, we'll be left holding the bag!—I'm still wondering if Barkton Antone is running around right now trying to get dates for his Wilson friends. When last seen, he seemed to be having some little difficulty with the matter at hand—Someone (possibly a disgruntled depositor) made an attack on the Page Trust Company a few nights ago in a puny attempt at robbery. Maybe the robbers had heard that the bank was to pay out twenty per cent when it opened, and wanted to get the other eighty per annum. At any rate they were foiled in their attempt, mainly because they neglected to get the combination from the cashier. The vaults opened at nine o'clock Monday morning automatically. Next time you burglars come to burgle bring along a nice detective story to read while you wait, or better still wait until nine to come around—I shall see you at the school building tonight. They said if I'd disguise myself beyond recognition, I could get in free. I have my costume doped out. I'm getting me a pillow and a blanket and am going as a legislator.

Why dozens of my friends have informed me that they are working for me in every possible way. Fair or foul, now I appreciate this great support, especially the fair part, but the foul part, that isn't so good. I'm afraid it isn't on the level, I want to get elected to this office fairly and squarely. So if you all must have foul means in getting me into office, I'd rather you'd keep it dark, a dark horse mind you, I am not soliciting your vote, no sir, I'm not that kind, but I would appreciate it if, when you go up to the polls on the morrow, that you refrain from voting for me. If everyone will just do that, I'll win this election by a sweeping majority, that is, if all the janitors of the town refuse to vote for me. So, if I get into office, I promise that I shall put every man back on his feet. Every body within the city limits will be on their feet, even those who have automobiles now will be on their feet. All the men will be on their feet. The women will be on their feet, the children will be on their feet, everyone except the old Swashbuckler, and he'll probably be on his ear. My cohorts were worried about the fact that I did not live in town, that has been fixed up o. k. now though, I slept on the floor of the printing office a couple of nights so that makes me a city resident—Soon's I'm elected mayor I'll move outside the city limits again so I'll not have to pay the town tax.—You people don't know how lucky you are having a general assembly like the one you have now. They certainly know fire when they see it, I am constantly wondering if they don't think that the big corporations of our state aren't some form of fire. They treat them as untouchables so far as making them bear their share of the taxes, etc. and etc. You all remember the old fashioned grab bag. Well, our present legislature is not unlike that. You put your hand in and wonder what you're going to get out. (We put our legislators in and are wondering what and when they're going to get out) The only trouble is, that when you put your hand in, it's likely to get itself bit. Take this last time we put our hand in the bag, a big animal labeled "sales tax" glomed on to us. Good old legislature, weren't they good to us to reverse the great wheels of their politics long enough to give us the sales tax. Our pals!—@-@!! Mark my words, fellow sufferers, when the assembly comes to an end sometime next fall, they will give us the empty sack. Yes sir, we'll be left holding the bag!—I'm still wondering if Barkton Antone is running around right now trying to get dates for his Wilson friends. When last seen, he seemed to be having some little difficulty with the matter at hand—Someone (possibly a disgruntled depositor) made an attack on the Page Trust Company a few nights ago in a puny attempt at robbery. Maybe the robbers had heard that the bank was to pay out twenty per cent when it opened, and wanted to get the other eighty per annum. At any rate they were foiled in their attempt, mainly because they neglected to get the combination from the cashier. The vaults opened at nine o'clock Monday morning automatically. Next time you burglars come to burgle bring along a nice detective story to read while you wait, or better still wait until nine to come around—I shall see you at the school building tonight. They said if I'd disguise myself beyond recognition, I could get in free. I have my costume doped out. I'm getting me a pillow and a blanket and am going as a legislator.

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