

The Zebulon Record

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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

The son who does the milking called to me inquiring what yellow flowers those are which grow nearest to the corner of the house and I told him they were California poppies. Then he said for me to come out there and see something funny. I left the dishes and went to where he stood, milk-bucket in hand, watching a big bumblebee trying to get honey or pollen from the shallow, satiny cups of the poppies. You know what slender stems they have. Well, the bumblebee would alight on a blossom, it would begin to sway under his weight, go farther and father over, and then would right himself, spread his wings and fly just high enough to settle again on that blossom or another, and the swaying and the fall would be repeated. We watched him until he had landed on the ground at least a dozen times and never once did he seem at all worried. His body was upset over and over, but not his mind. Finally he flew slowly off with his load and I came back into the house still smiling, but admiring his persistence. My husband suggested, when I told him about it, that perhaps the bumblebee realized he was contending with a natural law and that there was nothing personal about his being thrown out so often. I am sure that if I had knocked him out of the flowers, he would have retaliated, but I am not enough of a naturalist to know how well a bumblebee understands physics.

When you make meat balls of hamburger steak and object to the meat's packing tightly together and being hard when cooked, try adding to the raw, seasoned beef all the sweet milk it will absorb without becoming too soft to handle. You'll be surprised at the amount it takes. This will keep it soft and help in making the most satisfying of brown gravies.

Down at the far edge of our lots last Monday morning the north-west breeze brought to me a delicious fragrance. It was familiar, yet elusive and it was perhaps a minute that I stood there sniffing like a pointer dog before recognizing the scent of sourwood blooms. And at once my mind's eye saw a plate bearing a slice of green apple pie, not too sweet, and on its top a wedge of sourwood honeycomb, the honey oozing slowly out to blend with the juices of the pie. That was the standard July dessert where I was raised; and, if you have eaten it, you don't forget it.

There were nearly three hundred persons at the meeting of the W. M. U. of the Central Association at Harris Chapel last week. The day was stiflingly hot and fans and ice water were at a premium. But it was a wonderful meeting.

We listened to Dr. John Lake tell of his work in China as one having both knowledge and love; and I was more than ever convinced that while Mrs. Pearl Buck's Chinese may be so well satisfied with their own religion that it is a pity to disturb them, Dr. Lake's Chinese need the gospel of Christ and want it.

Every part of the program was good. The hospitality of the church was delightful. Knowing by experience the endless amount of work required to make ready the building, the tables, the food and all the rest that makes such an occasion pleasant, I always stand just as tall as I can when the committee on resolutions calls for a rising vote of thanks to those who have labored so faithfully.

Not least among the enjoyable features of the day was meeting a number of ladies who said without being prompted: "I am glad to meet you, because I read the Record."

Fifty of the 600 inhabitants of Waynesville, Ind., are widows.

The Dry Forces Make Challenge

To Men and Women Voters of N. C.

On May 27, 1908, the people of North Carolina voted against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor by a majority of 44,196. We are again called upon, on Tuesday, November 7, 1933, to do battle in this righteous cause.

No family, high or low, rich or poor, has escaped the galling curse of the liquor habit. It is the cankerworm that has eaten into the heart of the body politic. It has made the sweet water of life bitter. The tears that have been shed by an army of mourners speak to our heads as well as our hearts.

"In the sweetest bud the eating canker dwells."

No race is exempt; especially is it injurious to the Negro workman. Neither the employer nor employee wants about him in their daily tasks those who drink. The people of North Carolina, in the generations gone by, have resisted to the last ditch tyranny and oppression, cruelty and wrong.

This issue appeals to men and women in all parties; to men and women of all creeds; it is above party, above creeds, above nationalities; it is a matter of conscience.

Be not deceived with false arguments, and let no foreign hand—the predatory wealth gained and to be gained from this evil—dictate to North Carolinians, a free and independent people. The economic waste of money spent for intoxicating beverages is appalling. Millions of dollars that should be devoted to home-building and economic recovery will be siphoned off from this State by Liquor Lords living in the cities and states outside of North Carolina. Our birthright shall not be sold for a mess of pottage, a tax that in the end comes from a wreckage of those made in the image of our Maker. We call upon you in this contest for the mastery to be temperate in word, language, and action. WE ARE AGAINST THE EVIL, NOT AGAINST THOSE WHO DIFFER WITH US. In other vocations and duties, we would wish them God-speed.

We would regard the repeal of

the Eighteenth Amendment as a calamity to our Nation. We believe that prohibition at its worst is better than the legalized sale of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes at its best.

Let's not mix liquor with machinery and the automobile on the public highway. It is our duty to be temperate, but to destroy the pitfalls, to protect the innocent. Shall our boasted uplift and civilization in North Carolina be turned back by foreign Goliath Liquor Barons?

We earnestly appeal to the young men and women of the State to enter this contest; they may not be aware of the tragedy of this evil until it is too late.

We call upon men and women in every community, township, and county of the State to forget past differences and enter into this contest. It is non-partisan, non-political, and non-denominational as a fight. Organize under the United Dry Forces of North Carolina at once, and do it yourself. Do it now! The battle is on until sunset on November 7th. Be sure and see that these community, township, and county organizations have the men and women registered and at the polls election day.

The National Act submitting the repeal of the 18th Amendment makes no provision against the return of the SALOON and its TRAGIC EVILS. It provides for NAKED REPEAL. Therefore, vote on November 7th "No Convention." This is in keeping with the pledge of the State Democratic Party platform on which the present officials were elected: "The Democratic Party always has been responsive to the will of the people, and in obedience thereto has SPONSORED AND ENACTED ALL THE PROHIBITION LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA."

The National Democratic platform says: "Believing that a party platform is a covenant with the people, to be faithfully kept by the party when entrusted with power, we urge the enactment"

(Continued on Page Two.)

Revival At Local Baptist Church

Beginning next Sunday morning, July 2, a series of services will be held daily at the Zebulon Baptist Church and will continue for a week or more.

It is planned to make singing a special feature of all the services, and the attendance and co-operation of the people of the entire community is sincerely desired.

Pastor R. H. Herring will be in charge of the services and Mr. Furman Betts of Raleigh, will be present to lead in the singing. Surely in times like the present we may expect the prayerful interest of all members of the church and all christians of our community.

Services Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Each week-day at 8:00 p. m. Day services for the week will be announced Sunday.

R. H. Herring, Pastor.

The Boy Problem In Our Industry

By P. G. Holden

Field Director, Agricultural Extension Department International Harvester Company

It takes two things to make a great nation—a great people and a fertile soil. I was holding a meeting once in Iowa and I asked the audience to name the two greatest things on earth. I do not remember all the things that were named, but I do remember what one man said: I can never forget it because it seems to me his answer struck the keynote of all development. He replied, "Home folks and farms."

It takes a great people and fertile soil to make a great country. Where there is a desert there are no cities, no homes, no industries. On the other hand when this country belonged to the Indians, the soil was fertile and productive, but it was not worth much.

Mexico possesses some of the most fertile valleys in all the world but what a difference there is between Mexico and the United States. When Brazil declared war on Germany, the Kaiser didn't tremble, but when he heard that America had declared war against him, he turned pale and was much cast down. Japan is a world power but China, with nearly three times the population, does not occupy a prominent place among the nations.

The Lord has given us these millions of acres of rich, fertile land. It is ours for a short time and we must guard and protect it or we shall destroy it. And we cannot preserve it unless we are a great people.

How are we to make great people? By breeding? We have not yet accepted the breeding methods we apply in improving our corn and live stock. We have just one way—education and direction.

When shall we begin—when the boy becomes a man? Theodore Roosevelt said: "If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy, and not with the man."

That is a truth we will all have

to admit. There is a responsibility that is our; a responsibility we cannot escape or shove on to others. We must make it possible, and not only possible, but imperative for all children—not merely the majority of children—but all children to get this education and direction. Are we doing it?

The child is here. He has no choice but to be here and to be what he is. He cannot help himself. He is not to blame for conditions, nor can he change them.

It is up to us to make conditions what they should be, and this can be done only by concerted action. We must make a beginning with one boy—or perhaps a dozen boys. We cannot help all the boys in the world at the start. The successful duck hunter is not the one who shoots blindly into a flock. He picks out a certain duck and aims at it. Often he brings down two, but he knows if he shoots at the whole flock, he is apt to miss them all.

So we must begin with one boy or a few boys. In all probability we will help all boys. And not only must we begin at the boy end of the problem.

We must direct his activities and we must direct all his activities including his work, his play, his health, his civic and social activities.

To my mind it is not a curfew law we need—it is not restrictions or repressions that boys need, it is direction, education and encouragement, and not only is this what the boy wants, it is what our factory wants, what the community wants.

I have received letters from several industrial corporations and concerns regarding what is being done for the boys between 14 to 18 years of age in their employ. These letters show they have no definite plan for helping boys in industries or anywhere else. This is probably the weakest spot in our whole economic system today. Fitting boys for industry is the one thing we must depend on more than anything else for our future business, for future America, and yet we have given it no conscientious study—

(Continued on Page Two.)

Meets Death In Collision

A collision between a car and a truck on the highway between Zebulon and Wendell at about one o'clock on the night of June 26 resulted in the death of the car's owner, Charles A. Clarke, of New York, and the injury of five others who were in the car with him. Two men in the truck were unhurt. E. M. Vick and Miss Minnie Denton of Bailey were said to have been most severely hurt among the injured.

Coroner Waring held that Clark's carelessness caused the accident and that the truck driver was not to blame. The young owner of the car was said to be only 18 years of age.

Peculiar Accidents

W. C. Stallings, Guilford County sanitary inspector, was burned severely on last Monday while examining the septic tank of a school near Greensboro. The tank had not been in use since school closed and was tightly closed. The inspector took a lighted lantern for use in the inspection, having no flashlight with him. At the instant the top of the tank was lifted an explosion occurred, burning Mr. Stallings on the arms and face. He managed to push back the cover, extinguishing the flames which had already scorched the sleepers of the schoolhouse. His injuries are thought not to be fatal.

Dr. Tassilo Schultheiss, of Berlin, Germany, can read, write, speak, and understand 140 different languages. He also has mastered many dialects.

Temple-Hoggard

The following announcement has been received:

Mr. John H. Hoggard announces the marriage of his daughter Rachel Pritchard

to Mr. Wallace Gardener Temple on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of June nineteen hundred and thirty-three Rocky Mount, North Carolina At Home Zebulon, North Carolina

After July 1. Mrs. Temple is a graduate of Meredith College and has taught in Wakelton School for two years. Mr. Temple, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Temple, attended Wake Forest College after graduating at Wakelton, and is now employed in his father's market and grocery store.

After a short honeymoon, they will make their home in an apartment at Mrs. J. E. Gill's home.

What To Grow In The Fall Garden

There are five vegetables that should be grown in every fall garden. These are snap beans, turnips, collards, cowpeas, and Irish potatoes. Other desirable ones are cabbage, beets, kale, tomatoes, sweet corn, and lettuce. A complete list of these fall vegetables together with planting dates is given in Extension Folder 31 and copies of this folder will be mailed free upon application to the Agricultural Editor, State College Station, Raleigh, N. C.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

Notice To Loan Applicants

To those who are more or less interested in Farm Loans, I wish to give you the following opinion in regard to Joint Stock Land Bank Loans that every one is trying to have transferred to the Federal Land Bank so the terms and interest will be cheaper. The Federal Land Bank is not willing to take these loans up at face value for the reason the stock is selling so low on the market. If they will scale down to some where to present values then they would take them over. For instance: when these loans were made a present day dollar was worth about forty cents. The Farm Loan Bureau is not willing for the Joint Stock Land Banks to profit on the farmers, but they cannot make them accept the reduction. I am of the opinion that within fifteen or twenty days there will be something doing. Possibly, they will throw the Joint Stock Land Banks into the hands of receivers. All this is my opinion, but there is something in the air. I am suggesting to those who wish their loans to be transferred to wait and if any one wishes to redeem his loan, I can make out his application and can make loans to take up individual loans, etc. Remember, I am on the job always to write your insurance so when you think of insurance see me and I will be glad to help you decide on how much you can carry. Insurance is the most important thing for every one who owns property.—D. D. Chamblee, Manager Record Agency.

Rain Relieves Rural Worries

The rain on Tuesday afternoon is said to have amounted to .66 of an inch at Raleigh, and was probably about that here. Other sections had fine rains on Sunday night and Monday. Pilot, Rolesville and Bethany all reporting improved conditions thereby.

Active Baptist Laymen

At the Baptist Religious Institute at Meredith College we had a deacons' day, when there were three addresses delivered by deacons, one by Judge L. R. Varsar, one by J. M. Broughton and one by R. N. Simms, all lawyers, all good speakers, and men who are gladly heard in any assembly in North Carolina. Judge Varsar, we believe it was, speaking of the duties of teachers said that there is only one side to the Eighteenth Amendment on which a deacon can stand. The deacon must preach and practice total abstinence. We hope every Baptist deacon in North Carolina will take this one sentence to heart.—Biblical Recorder.

First Cotton Bloom

J. B. Holder, Wendell, R. 2, who lives in Johnston county, brought the RECORD the first cotton bloom of the season last Saturday morning. Then Tuesday Will Tippett came in with two blooms which had shedded from the stalk. He said they were in bloom Saturday, but he was too busy to come to town.

If you sell 'em, you have to tell 'em

Revival At Bethany Slot Machine Owners Fined

The annual revival meeting will begin at the Bethany Baptist church, six miles northwest of Wendell, next Sunday morning July section, at eleven o'clock and will extend through the following week.

Services will be held each day at three o'clock in the afternoon and at eight o'clock at night. Rev. L. R. Evans, the pastor of the church, will do the preaching. Ralph Moore, a ministerial student, will preside over the services. Mrs. C. R. Weathers and the local choir will have charge of the singing. The public is very cordially invited to attend the meetings.

Wake County Cow Sets New Record

Raleigh—A cow in the herd of the North Carolina State College has just finished a new official record for production which entitles her to entry in the Advanced Register of the American Guernsey Cattle Club. This animal is the six year old Cherry Bell of Hygeia Farm 3d 207013 with a production of 13274.3 lbs. of milk and 627.9 lbs. of fat in class A.

Earpsboro Gets Best Of Middlesex

On last Saturday afternoon a very interesting game of ball was played at Middlesex between Middlesex and Earpsboro. Earpsboro won, by the score of 12 to 1.

Franklin Lewis pitched for Earpsboro, and pitched a good game of ball. Leonard Lewis drove in seven runs with a homer, a double, and a single.

This makes six games the Earpsboro boys have played and they have won all six. They are trying to arrange a game with Wakefield and believe that they can beat that winning team or put it to its best to beat them.

Slot Machine Owners Fined

Gatesville.—L. K. Smithson and P. M. Morris entered a plea of guilty to ownership and the placing of slot machines with filling station owners in Gates county for the purpose of operation, at the regular term of county court held here this week. The defendants had placed six machines in the county—three penny machines and three nickel machines and classed them all as merchandise vending machines, but all contained jackpots. They were found guilty, and fined \$50 each and one half of the costs. The machines were ordered confiscated, the disposition of them to await further orders of the court.

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The State of California allows automobiles traveling its highways to use nine lights on the front of the car, all of which must be of amber or white color.

YE FLAPDOODLE

By The SWASHBUCKLER

I have been approached with different offers from time to time, but a young lady of our fair city brings me the most generous of all offers. She proposes that for one week I allow her to write this column. What she writes not being subject to my censure nor to the editor's. That anything she puts in about me is to ride "as is," so long as the thread of truth runs thru it.—Now this is indeed a pleasant thought at first glance, but closer scrutiny reveals slight defects that were not noticed upon first inspection. Consequently, Mary Barrow will not be allowed to write this Flapdoodle for some days to come. However it would be nice to have someone to lay things to when belligerent patrons come around with whys and wherefores of this and that statement. Imagine their surprise when I said, "I cannot tell a lie, she done it."

—Did you set eyes upon that colored class of "Sun Beams" who were seen to be roaming about the streets of our fair city on Monday last? Of all the little pickaninnies (incidentally I am an authority on pickaninnies) I have seen, I have never seen quite so many so near the same hue of darkness, the same size and with the same degree of expression upon their faces. "Howdy," I said, and immediately some twenty black, shiny faces split across the lower halves and twenty some piping voices replied in unison, "Howdy." Well, there is one consolation in looking at Negro children, you certainly don't have to wear dark glasses.—Geron

Gay was seen imposing upon a small Shetland pony last Wednesday. The pony was hitched to a Hoover cart (which would have pulled him over backward had it not been for weights under his stomach) and Geron was riding upon the seat. Where, oh where are the S. P. C.'s, or whatever they are. I would have delighted in seeing Geron between the shafts and the pony on the seat.—Sobering up for a moment, I find myself wondering just how many of the people who spent so much time in earnest prayer for rain, will spend half that much in thanks now that they have it.—Carl Goerch seems to be falling into some kind of a rut now. Is it that he will drop from his editorship back into the realm of a weekly newspaper columnist? Let's hope for the best, even if it be the latter.—Lancelot has contracted a most irksome habit of late, that of running out of gas in some of the most out-of-the-way places. She has done it twice within the fortnight. Now when I put within the spacious confines of her tank five precious gallons of petrol, on the night before, and park her under a tree at the back of the house until day doth arrive, and then cranking up her wheezy motor, begin my daily trip. I am indeed surprised to find that ere I have traveled eight miles her tank is like unto the limey structure of the body. As this has occurred twice, I am inclined to believe, much as it grieves me, that someone is withdrawing the much to be prized gas from said tank and using it to further his own pleasure. In other words, someone is stealing my gas!—There is no scandal this week dear mongers except that a certain young lady with a permanent was seen riding in a southerly direction with a gent who might have just returned from the beauty shop himself (if I am to go by the waves in his hair.) His intentions so far as I could see were quite armorous. At any rate she didn't seem to mind the fact that he used only one hand to maneuver the auto, the other was about her shoulders (?)—Also I wonder who the young lady was who rushed quickly into the house on bared feet after ascending from a gas chariot on Tuesday night in the wee hours of the morn.—And the gent who openly admitted that he breathed a sigh of relief upon finding that the whole family was asleep when he returned from a

(Continued on Page Two.)