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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

A five-year-old boy, in telling the story of the creation of the world, said this: "And then God made some men, and then He made some folks."

I wonder whether the smoking done by women increases fire hazards—and I am talking about this present world.

Some one told me recently that chrysanthemums always bloom before frost; but both Mrs. Ballard Ferrall and Mr. Clarence Chamblee told me they saw frost Sunday morning; and who has seen a chrysanthemum bloom this fall?

On Sunday morning when the teakettle began to boil it also began to sing; and I was so delighted to hear it that I called my husband to come and listen. I asked him why the kettle does not sing in summer and he gave me some explanation that had to do with currents of air and their temperature. I have an idea that the use of oil-stoves discourages singing by kettles; and I use one of them in hot weather.

But to me there is no sound more exquisitely homelike and comforting than the music made by a boiling kettle. And the first prose poem I can recall is that which is in Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth" and which gives words to the kettle's song. The cricket had a part in a duet with the kettle; but I prefer to leave the cricket out when the music is made in my home.

There are so many sounds which remind us of home whenever we hear them—the slow ticking of big clocks; the crackle of flames in a fireplace; the satisfied cheeping of little chicks as their mother hovers over them; the creaking of a windlass as water is drawn from a well. (And wouldn't anyone, reading this list, know that I was raised in the country?)

There are also nagging, irritating sounds which can drive one nearly frantic—a fly buzzing around the room; a mosquito singing as it hunts for a place to alight; the creaking of a rocking-chair as its occupant sways slowly back and forth; the banging of a door or shutter, especially at night; the popping of gum by an industrious chewer. Finish this list to suit yourself. It will vary with the individual.

Why is it that demonstrators of furniture polish invariably arrive on the days when the furniture is dusty and you have been too busy with other duties to do much about it?

And the demonstrator manages to imply, without saying one word to that effect, that the reason your house looks as it does is that you do not use the polish she sells. Before you can prevent her she moistens a cloth and rubs it over a corner of the piano or a table and shows you how bright that place at once becomes and how dull the rest of that piece looks. You are somewhat embarrassed, but it does no good to say that you do dust and rub the furniture once in a while.

The demonstrator is so cheery and helpful that the chances are good for her to make a sale, if you have any money. If you don't have any, you may be able to convince her that you are truthful when you say so.

In any case, as she leaves you register a vow to do the cleaning from that day forth before doing another thing that could wait. And your only consolation is that after a day or two the spot polished by the demonstrator is very little, if any brighter than the rest of the surface of whatever it was she rubbed the polish on.

Next Wednesday p. m. is the regular time for the meeting of the Home Demonstration Club of Wakefield. Mrs. McInnes requests that members bring in advertisements that they have found interesting or striking.

Injured Girls Are Improving

On last Friday morning in the Apex High School an explosion of chemicals being used in an experiment conducted by the science teacher painfully injured nine pupils and their teacher, Miss Kate Allen. Two girls, Marie Finch and Lucille Allen, were seriously hurt. They were rushed to Raleigh for treatment and for some days it was thought that each would lose the sight in the right eye. Later news, however, gives hope that the vision is not destroyed and that both girls are improving rapidly. Their eyes were badly cut by the glass container used in the experiment.

Such explosions are by no means rare, but are always dangerous to a greater or lesser extent.

Marie Finch had moved from Zebulon to Apex only a few weeks ago, and her friends here are deeply concerned over her condition.

The Woman's Club

The Literary and Music Department of The Zebulon Woman's Club held its regular meeting Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 in the Club building. Mrs. C. E. Cooke, program leader, having as subject for the afternoon, "Trail Blazers," presented a program that proved unusually interesting to all present.

Three papers, The Life of Lucy Stone read by Mrs. McRay Faison; Sarah J. Hale read by Miss Pitts and Lydia Sigourney read by Mrs. Raymond Pippin. Mrs. Sam Lee, in charge of the music for the program presented Charles Winstead, who sang two of Clara Bond Jacobs compositions Perfect Day and I Love You Truly.

After the program Mrs. McGuire and Mrs. Lela Horton hostesses, served hot chocolate and wafers.

—Mrs. H. C. Wade.

A Loose Screw

I want to say to begin with, that I feel like a small potato to discuss such a large problem. But I feel like something ought to be said in plain English to bring these facts before the community. Our moral standard is lower, and there is less respect for law and order, than I have ever known.

Right here at home, we have a young man serving on the road for taking up with another man's wife. We have people making liquor near by, (and we don't make any bones about it either.)

One negro killed another in defense of his home, less than two weeks ago.

Another negro charged with cutting some of his own people and general disrespect for the law. Killing our own sheriff and having to be killed in self defense.

And the Scripture says: Be not over come with evil, but over come evil with good. Are we doing it?

Go to the churches, and they are empty; but the roll books are full of what?

I say this with due respect, and thank God for the few consecrated Christians. Liquor dicks, moonshiners, bootleggers, fornicators, adulterers, liars, and profaners of God's holy name, and hypocrites of all descriptions.

One of the first things our present administration did was to open up the beer shops, which means the return of the saloon. I had a minister of the Gospel tell me he was in favor of the saloon, so that the government would get money from it. Scripture teaches us that such money is an abomination of God.

And our statistics show us that for every dollar the Government collected from the saloon it cost five. So that kind of money seems to be an abomination to the Government as well. And since March there seems to have been practically no effort to curb the liquor traffic. And a big lot of our supposed to be best citizens are either making it or having it made, right under our nose.

One of the next acts of our administration was to cut our schools and the salaries of teachers, who have spent their time, and money

New Fish and Oyster Market

Mr. W. T. Whitley has opened up a first-class fish and oyster market in the building of J. D. Horton on the highway where Mother's Cupboard was located. Mr. Whitley will carry a full line of fresh fish and oysters in season. This is a good location, and we are glad Zebulon is to have a market handling these sea foods regularly, since no merchant makes a specialty of these articles of diet.

Pork for the People

Raleigh, Oct. 14.—The county allotments of pork for relief purposes were announced today by Mrs. Thomas O'Berry, relief administrator. A shipment of 607,500 pounds has been made available to North Carolina from the Federal Emergency Relief Administration in Washington. This shipment is being allocated to the counties on the basis of their relief case load.

The pork, which is dry salt-cured, is put up into small cartons containing three and six pounds each. It will be shipped into North Carolina in car load lots of approximately 30,000 pounds per car. It is expected that delivery will be made early in the coming week.

In order to avoid small lot shipments the state was divided into 18 convenient shipping points of Salisbury, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Aberdeen, Raleigh, Fayetteville, Wilmington, Goldsboro, Rocky Mount, Washington, New Bern, Ahoskie, Sylva, Asheville, Morganton, North Wilkesboro and Charlotte.

One full car load will be shipped to each of these points with the exception of Charlotte and Raleigh where two cars have been consigned. The various counties have been assigned to some one of these shipping points and will themselves transport their allotment to their own county.

Wake county will receive from this shipment of pork, 15,869 pounds; Johnston, 11,142; Franklin, 5,754; Nash, 5,325. The three first counties will be served from Raleigh, while Nash will be served from Rocky Mount.

Jew To Speak Baptist Church

On next Sunday night there will be special services at the Zebulon Baptist church at which Rev. A. C. Fellman will speak. Mr. Fellman is a native of Jerusalem, living there till he was 16 years old. He is a member of the Baptist denomination, having been a missionary among the Jews for 18 years. At the present time he is a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention, working all over the South among the people of his blood.

The public is invited to come out to the service Sunday evening and hear this eloquent christian Jew. A number of year ago he spoke in the local Baptist church and many remember the impressive story of his life as told by him.

Hoey To Speak

Hon. Clyde R. Hoey, of Shelby, will speak in Raleigh next Sunday at three p. m. The City Memorial Auditorium has been secured for the occasion and a large crowd is expected to hear Mr. Hoey, who will represent the Dry Forces of the state.

preparing themselves to teach our children; below the wage of the mechanic who was paid while learning his trade. That is poor inducement to our young people to seek higher education. I say to loosen up on the liquor and cut down or tighten up on education in our return to prosperity—it is a long way to Temperatory. So I say there is a loose screw some where, and who is going to tighten it? And how?

I say a good dose of old time religion is what we need. Return unto me and I will return unto you saith the Lord, which may be applied to the individual or the community and nation.

C. B. HODGE.

Washington Current Comment

On a stormy day about a century ago, a skipper named Thomas Sumner was having a hard time of it near the Irish coast. He did not know the position of his vessel, he suspected that he was off a lee shore, and so far as established rules went, he had nothing to guide him. In his extremity, he tried some experiments. His specific doings are well known to navigators, and they would interest no one else. Let it suffice to say that he not only steered his ship directly into the haven where he would be, but also laid the foundation for a system of navigation which has not been bettered in principle during a hundred years.

There is no occasion to preach a lengthy sermon with Captain Sumner's story as a text. Indeed, the text is often better than the discourse that is based upon it. It is enough to state simply that the present economic gale will be ridden down, and that the future will profit by the methods of Captain Roosevelt.

One hears less and less about the mysterious thing known as inflation, as the days pass, and it may safely be regarded as dropping into disfavor, both with the public and with those having the say in such matters. The time is not remotely in the past when plenty of cheap money was looked upon as a cure for many, if not all of our economic ills. The demand for inflation was based on a process of pure reasoning, but experience sometimes is the most effective means for questioning what appears to be a bit of perfectly sound reasoning.

The instructive experience to which the people in general have been treated is the increase in prices that has occurred during the past few weeks. Although the minimum wage has risen from \$7 to better than \$14, there is an undercurrent of opinion that incomes taken by and large, have not risen in proportion to what consumers are called upon to pay for what they buy, and naturally enough, the purchaser cannot see clearly where he is going to get off, if he trades through the medium of a depreciated dollar.

The foes of inflation include such respectable organizations as the war veterans group and organized labor, backed by many who have no particular affiliation which they can use as a mouth-piece. As their demands took on an audible tone, the friends of inflation replied with increased vigor. The tumult was met by proposals tending to accomplish all that was claimed for inflation, with no corresponding risk. Chief among these were the placing of the banks in a better position to extend credit, the loosening of deposits locked up in closed banks, easier credit for the farmer, and the purchase by the government of staple products. Without presuming to take sides, or to condemn either the inflationists or the anti-inflationists, it seems certain that the curtain has been drawn, temporarily and perhaps permanently, before the inflation figure, which a little while ago held the center of the stage and spoke so clearly that no one in the house missed a word.

The talk at a doctors' meeting generally is of little interest or profit to a layman. A notable exception is found in a remark let fall by a speaker at a convocation of American College of Surgeons in Chicago. "It has been said that men fear thought as they fear nothing else in the world. This is a way of saying that many are too lazy to think and would rather have it done for them by others, or that they are unable to follow their thinking through to a logical conclusion."

A newspaper notice that a three pound nugget has been found at AjoRiz may lead to a study of geography, or to better type-setting, but it will hardly give direction to a new gold rush.

According to a troubling Soviet-propaganda romance, a person who

Stedman Store New Location

The Stedman store has moved into the Robertsons building lately vacated by the Progressive store. This store was refurbished some time ago so as to give a fine distractively. Whether you wish to play of staple groceries, and Mr. Finch has his stock arranged at-buys something or not, visit the store and see one of the finest displays of groceries in our community.

Mail Robbery

On Wednesday at Wilson there was an attempted robbery of the mail which is puzzling officials. Hugh Hawley, contract mail carrier, told police that he met the Coast Line train at about four a. m., received the mail pouches and started with them to the postoffice. He said that a man with a pistol in his hand jumped into the cab of the truck, disarmed the mail carrier and forced him to drive out on a country road, where he was met by another man with a car. Hawley stated that the men demanded to know which of the pouches contained money, and when told that he did not know, selected three from seventeen on the truck and carried them to their car. One of the robbers was said to have gone off in the bandit car, while the other drove back with the mail carrier for about a half-mile. Hawley stated that he was again forced to stop, get out of the truck and submit to having his hands tied behind him, the second robber then disappearing down the road in the direction the first had gone. Hawley made his way to a nearby farm house, aroused the occupants, and asked that police be called. Officers rushed to the scene, but efforts to trace the bandits were unsuccessful.

Later in the day the three bags of mail were found in a deep ditch partially hidden by weeds. They had not been opened. A check of all registered mail, including that in the stolen pouches, showed that none was missing.

Hawley is being held pending a complete investigation by police and postal officials, but no charges have been made against him.

did right by the state went bravely to his death and had his grave marked by a red flag. It is to be suspected that at heart the Russians are practical enough to prefer to be alive, with a suit of red flannel underwear.

Such matters as economic recovery, progress in the arts and sciences, and neighborhood news, get a chance in the papers if too much space is not required to chronicle the doings of someone who goes by the name of Two-Gun, the Beer King, or some similar significant title. Gangster news is depressing on account of its mere quantity. It is doubly so when subject-matter is considered. A plain every-day murderer too often merely is inconvenienced by being accused of tax evasion or running past a traffic light, and then set free. It is clear that either the laws, or their enforcement is at fault. This is a day of codes, a time of direct and effective methods, so far as the conduct of the peaceful citizen is concerned. For the handling of the law-breaker of the gangster type there is no effective code. It is reported that in a locality in which racketeering on a certain Asiatic race was begun, several racketeers were picked up in out of the way places with knives in their backs. Thereupon racketeering ceased. Private vengeance of course cannot be countenanced, but it is evident that in-the-rough and ready method referred to, there was some element that did the work. The program presented is how to identify that element clearly and embody it in the lawful and regular administration of the statutes of the land. Those who favor shooting gangsters at sight and on general principles cannot be given their way, yet it is no more than just to admit the effectiveness of that plan. It is not beneath the dignity of the science of criminology to try to segregate from the bumping-off process, the step that the law can employ justly and profitably.

W. R. Patterson Killed Thursday

Thursday morning about 10:00 o'clock W. R. Patterson was killed at the Privett mill about one mile west of Zebulon on Highway 90. He was at the mill trying to catch a ride to Wendell. He flagged a car down and ran to catch it, being on the opposite side of the road. Willard Gill of Zebulon was coming from Wendell when Patterson ran across the road to the car which was stopping for him. Apparently his attention was fixed on his objective and he did not see the coming car. Gill's car struck the upper part of his body with the windshield, crushing in his skull, breaking his neck and mutilating his body otherwise.

No blame was attached to Gill, since the accident from his responsibility was unavoidable. Patterson came to Zebulon a number of years ago from Wake Forest and operated a cafe here for a long time. At the time of his death he was running a small store. He was 65 or more years old and his wife survives him.

P. T. A. Conference

The Parent-Teacher Conference for the Central District was held in Raleigh on Wednesday of this week, with Mrs. Roy Wilder presiding. A feature of the day was an address by Mrs. Henderson, State president, on "The Child and Community," emphasizing the cost of lawlessness and the importance of training for citizenship.

Mrs. Martin, field representative, declared that next to government itself the P. T. A. best represents the people.

Attending from Wake County P. T. A. were: Mesdames R. H. Bridgers, C. M. Watson, W. P. Lewis, A. A. Pippin, M. T. Debnam, R. E. Pippin, D. C. Pearce, Oren Massey and Mamie Kimball.

Frost on 17th

Frost on Sunday morning was seen by a number of early risers, but no special damage has been reported. Again on Monday frost was seen. The light shower on Monday night and Tuesday did much to revive parching vegetation.

N. C. Is Greatest Producer of Mica

North Carolina leads all the states of the Union in the production of mica, with about 4,900 tons last year. New Hampshire comes second with less than half the amount of N. C.

Announcement

The Woman's Club will hold the regular business meeting for October on next Tuesday p. m.

Mrs. J. D. Davis, chairman of Civics, has been promised by J. I. White of the J. M. Chevrolet Co., that he will address the members of the club on the subject of beautification of the town.

Following the program there will be a social hour in honor of the new members. The Carolina Pines Co., will donate ginger ale for the occasion.

Withdraws

Germany has withdrawn from the League of Nations, following a dispute over a disarmament decision decided upon by other members of the League. Proclamations have called upon the German people to stand fast for their rights to equality among other European nations. The Reichstag has been formally dissolved and a new election called for Nov. 12. Votes on that date will register confidence in national policies of the administration. President Hindenburg and Chancellor Hitler are said to be in agreement on the course being pursued.

The results of Germany's withdrawal may be far-reaching. Some foreign diplomats assert that it has wrecked the work of two years striving for world harmony.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

You should have seen the look on the face of a palmistry artist after I had finished with her. She looked into my palm and decided that I should commit suicide immediately if not sooner. (I couldn't do that by myself though. You ask, "How am I going to do with somebody else?" Well, you made your bed, now answer it.) After reading the right hand, I decided to see what she could find in my left. Boy, was her face red! Yes suh, she didn't know I'd rung a road map in on her! Next time I'll let her read the lines around my eyes.

I understand that the undefeated bridge undefeatables of the Wakelon faculty have been vanquished. In that case, further comment would be supererogatory.

And that famous cluck of the fourth estate who, when asked if he could write a short novel on a moment's notice replied, "Yes, but I prefer to write it on paper." You hit him some, I'm tired.

They tell me that Mr. J. K. Barrow was singing a verse of "Barnacle Bill's" song. You know the verse that goes: "Who's that knocking at my door?" One of our good friends of the town spread around and played a little "scratch-on-the-window-pane" and "knock-on-the-door." Outside of scaring about half the female population unto tears, no damage was done.

My dear friends and patrons. It certainly did my heart good to see other Simple Simons at the fair besides the old Swashbuckler. When I drive up in the drive of the fair grounds next year there will be a moving van following with a load of blankets and overcoats. I have fought the cold my last round. Next year I'll have the edge on him, I may look funny to others, but I'll be at least be almost comfortable!

Went in the dog show to look around. Was having a fine time until a bull-dog made some dirty remark out of the corner of his mouth. Of course I being human, jumped some thirty or forty feet away. The attendant (to the dog of course) who was standing nearby dribbled these words from the lower lip of his face: "He won't hurt you stronger, he's just grinning at you." "In that case, my good man," I replied beseechingly, "please don't let him begin laughing out loud!"

Is there a slight shade of romance in the air or is it just Indian summer all about? At any rate, I saw that new linotype operator of the RECORD force speecing his way toward a date (?) with that good-looking bookkeeper of the Zebulon Supply's furniture department. Tsk. Tsk. What next?

People keep remarking with undue surprise about the vast amount of room in my Austin. The room inside is truly great, but think how much more room there is outside. There is really more room outside an Austin than there is outside a big car. Yes, I make an interesting discovery every day.

Ben Horton pulled a rank one on a lady visitor the other day. Says Ben, "That's a lovely coat you have on Marge. Where'd you get it?" "Belk's," replied Marge. "Where?" asked the Big Ben. "Belk's, Belk's, BELK'S", vehemently repeated the lady. "Pardon me," said the indomitable Ben, "but a spoon of soda would remedy that. Now once more, where did you get the coat?" Funeral services will be held next Tuesday.