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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

There are times when we do not realize that we had hoped until we suffer the pangs of frustration; and there are times when we do not know that we have doubted until we feel the gald amazement fruition.

If you want a glitter and sparkle on your Christmas evergreens that you bring into the house try this: Dissolve Epsom salts in warm water, making the solution quite strong. Dip the sprays of holly, cedar, or whatever you have, into this and let them dry before arranging. They will look almost exactly as if covered with ice.

More than twenty-five years ago my husband and I were driving several miles from the town where we lived. It was almost noon when we were urged by a hospitable matron to come in and take dinner. The weather was cold and by the time we were warmed by the fire dinner was ready. While enjoying the appetizing meal I remarked that it must be lots of trouble for our hostess to entertain as many guests as she did.

She replied: "O, no. I have learned how to make it easy. In cold weather I always keep a boiled ham on hand. I always keep sweet potatoes baked, and I always keep two kinds of cake ready—one plain and one layer. As soon as either gives out I make another. With these things ready I can quickly add whatever vegetables I have for dinner, or cook eggs for supper, and by opening a jar of pickle, one of preserves and one of canned peaches I can offer my guests a presentable meal in a few minutes. It's simple enough when you know how."

She was quite sincere; but with me the hard part has been getting hold of the items mentioned for making unexpected company wholly a pleasure.

If Miss Carraway had known when she came back to Wakelon last September that her time with us was limited, she could hardly have done more than she did. Having known many of us years ago, she did not have need to wait to become acquainted, but at once threw herself into the life of the school and the community. The P. T. A., the Woman's Club and the churches were all helped by her being among us. There are many who will treasure in memory the stories she so charmingly told. My own last meeting with her was at Wakefield Church on the night of December 10th, when she gave the story of Blind Bartimeus. She seemed positively radiant as she spoke, and I sat there listening and thinking of what a wonderful gift she had and how generously she used it.

I am glad that when she went from us she went quickly; for with her energy and enthusiasm lingering would have been hard.

Her swift and sudden transition from one world to another brings grief to those who are left; but not to her.

Now is the time for all good men to **Subscribe to The RECORD!**

Teacher Is Killed In Wake Accident

Miss Daphne Carraway Fatally Injured; Negro Truck Driver Held For Hearing

Miss Daphne Carraway, 44, teacher in the Wakelon school at Zebulon was instantly killed late yesterday afternoon in a collision between the automobile she was driving and a truck owned by the Godwin-Smith Furniture Company of Raleigh. The accident occurred on the Raleigh-Zebulon highway near the Neuse river.

James Ingram, Negro, of 506 Smithfield street, driver of the truck, was held in jail pending a preliminary hearing.

Five other Zebulon women were in the automobile driven by Miss Carraway, but none of them sustained serious injuries. They were: Mrs. James Pulley, Miss Irma Carraway, sister of the dead woman; Miss Bertha Barbour, Miss Frances Sherron and Miss Mary Lucy Palmer. They had been to Raleigh on a Christmas shopping trip.

The accident occurred on a curve on the road. The front wheels of the two vehicles struck and parts of the truck body were driven thru the windshield of the Carraway automobile. Miss Daphne Carraway sustained a fracture of the skull and injuries about the shoulders and chest.

Dr. W. B. Pettiford, Raleigh Negro physician, drove up just after the accident and helped remove Miss Carraway from the wrecked car. She was dead when removed from the automobile. Ingram and Dr. Pettiford called an ambulance to the scene of the accident.

Ingram came to Raleigh to report the accident to his employers and was arrested by city police.

Miss Carraway's home was at 207 North Pine street, Wilson. She was a supervisor in Wake county schools before she became a teacher in Zebulon. She was one of the organizers of the North Carolina Story Tellers' League and was widely known for her activities in this connection. Her body was carried to Wilson last night.—News and Observer.

Xmas Program At Wakelon

A beautiful program of Christmas music was presented by Miss Buffaloe's class at Wakelon School on Sunday afternoon.

The stage, with a scenic background depicting the Nativity made a striking setting for pantomies accompanying many of the songs. Shepherds, Wise Men, Angels, Kings and Beggars in praise of the Babe of Bethlehem. A reading by Miss Cabell Campen added enjoyment to the occasion. Miss Dunlap at the piano was a sympathetic accompanist for the singing and for trumpet solos by Mrs. Gerow.

The children, a great number of whom were in costume, entered into the spirit of the season and seemed to find real pleasure in singing.

The audience which filled the auditorium bore witness to the deep interest of the community in this annual celebration of Christmas.

If you can't do the right thing at the right time, don't worry, we're only human too.

R. J. SMITH OF SELMA



Awarded A Gold Medal; 35 Years Service

Smith is his name. They tell us the first man's name was Adam Smith. Anyway, there are Smiths and more Smiths. There are 300 Mary Smiths in Chicago, they say. But this particular Smith is R. J. of Selma. He was born over a half century ago in Charlotte or some other burg which he has helped to make famous. Then he added laurels to the horns of the Bull City for a number of years, next on to Raleigh and finally he landed in Selma. Naturally we expect Mr. Smith to finish up at the top by ending his career in Zebulon.

But what we started out to say is that this particular Smith is a talking man's mainstay: For 35 years he has made doctoring telephones as his business, and he knows his business, too. He also attends to it. As construction foreman, he built the phone line from Raleigh to Selma and later was put in charge of the Selma division. He has built or heaped build some of the leading telephone lines in Va. and N. C.. At present he has charge of the plant department of the Selma, Wendell and Zebulon division.

Altho 58 years old Mr. Smith can climb a pole almost as easily as he can crawl under a house to find your phone trouble. He is still going full speed ahead and looks good for another half century or two. He is courteous in his dealings with the patrons and does his work so well and obligingly that he is a good will getter for the Southern Bell Company.

He has lately been awarded a gold medal in recognition of his fine record of 35 years with the telephone interests. We hope ere long he will be promoted to a less strenuous job or retired with a comfortable pension in recognition of more than a third of a century in helping folks to talk better to each other.

Christmas Entertainment

There will be a Christmas entertainment, a treat for the children and a treat for everybody at Hales Chapel Saturday night. An interesting program is being prepared.

Our pastor and his wife will be present, and Mrs. Davis has been asked to give some Christmas readings. Everybody is invited to the exercises.

Mrs. C. M. Bunn Dead

After months of illness Mrs. C. M. Bunn died at her home on Sunday afternoon, December 17, at one o'clock. Funeral services were held at the Zebulon Baptist Church on Monday afternoon, conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. H. Herring. Burial was in the Zebulon cemetery. There was a large attendance of friends from other sections as well as from this town and community.

Pallbearers were: E. C. Daniel, M. B. Chamblee, W. C. Campen, Dr. J. F. Coltrane, P. H. Massey and G. Massey. A choir from the Churches of Zebulon and Wakefield sang. A Sunday School class of young girls carried the many beautiful designs.

Mrs. Bunn is survived by four children: Miss Mary, of Chapel Hill; Thomas C., of Wendell; Mrs. V. T. Scroggin, of Atlanta; Mrs. W. A. Allman, of Zebulon.

She leaves also five sisters: Mrs. S. J. Lawrence, Apex; Mrs. A. L. Honeycutt, Raleigh; Mrs. Herschel Mitchell, Wakefield; Mrs. E. H. Bunn, Wakefield; Mrs. G. H. Winston, Jackson Springs; one brother, Roy Honeycutt, of Raleigh.

Mrs. Bunn had for some years been manager of the lunchroom of Wakelon School. A devoted mother, a faithful member of the Baptist church, a good neighbor, she will be sorely missed by many who with her immediate family mourn her death, yet feel that with her husband who preceded her six years ago she is now safe where there is no more pain.

Mule And Hog Day In Zebulon

Tuesday was a sure-enough mule and hog day in this community. The Zebulon Supply Co. put on a well-advertised sale of fat hogs, cows and fine farm mules. And the farmers bought them, too. That well-known man-about-town, Seymour Chamblee was master of ceremonies. And did he sell mules? We say he did. A score or more of mules went out among the farmers to make cotton and tobacco next year. We have not seen the evidence of so much money in a long time. While they naturally sold for less, yet more hogs were sold than mules. So, with mules to make bread and hogs for meat, the outlook for prosperity another year gets better and better.

The Zebulon Supply Co. and M. C. Chamblee, we understand put on this auction sale of stock.

This was one auction sale in which everybody was pleased.

P. S. We forgot to say a lot of good milk cows were sold, so milk will be added to hog and hominy in 1934.

Fire Monday Night

Fire of unknown origin on Monday night about midnight destroyed the home of Sam Hicks, colored man living near the Baptist church in the Negro section of town. The spread of the flames was checked before any other property was burned.

Little was saved from the fire.

Sixteen Caswell County farmers are competing in a farm forest contest this winter for cash prizes offered by business organizations.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

Miss White, I apologize. You were not one of those taken for a ride in the snipe hunt last week. Miss Price is the teacher I meant to mean.

Fan dancers aren't anything new. We used to see them in Cuba, but the Cubans added a "nie" to the fan and called it the Rhumba!

One of my unmarried friends (or is he?) was telling me about his favorite girl. Said she was like a radio. The less there was on, the better the reception.

Most of my friends have the most honest of honest faces. But I'm finding out that after all, beauty really is only skin deep.

By the way, Mr. Brantley, if that invitation to dine with you had come a day earlier, I would have accepted most heartily. As is, I can only lick my lips and think of immense joy that could have been derived from potatoe custard and a luscious brown apple-jack. Merry Christmas to you and yours!

One of the younger set informs me that he has been trimming his nails for ten years and has never bitten himself yet! Whatta man!

Carlyle said, "Every day comes into the world like a burst of music etc.," In that case, Monday morning must be the cue for a torch song!

Gertie, the family skeleton, wants to know if pansies will be included among the Christmas fruits! Here's the axe, you do the honors.

And my dear, did you see that sweet young thing riding around in a big automobile in Wilson last Sunday. She was driving her father's car, but evidently, a simply gu—rand time was being had by all. Incidentally, everywhere I go, she's voluntarily voted the cutest girl in this town.

May I question the audacity of a statement which came to mine ear not two days ago concerning one of our local young women (still in her late teens or early twenties) who has the rep of being the hardest drinker and the swearingest "respectable" girl in the county?

Here's wishing you the merriest of merry Christmasses and may all who spell Christmas "Xmas" slip on the ice before another rolls round.

A number of Hertford County landowners who have grown no tobacco for the past two or three years are inquiring of the county agent if they can grow the weed next season.