

The Zebulon Record

VOLUME IX.

ZEBULON, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19TH, 1934

NUMBER 30.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Doctors are telling us that coffee is the best remedy yet found for drunkenness—the condition, not the habit. They say it will “sober up” an inebriate quickly, neutralizing alcohol to a great extent.

However, there are other and pleasanter reasons for drinking hot coffee.

Once more little boys are going around offering garden seed for sale, hoping to earn a prize. Frequently it is a watch they want—and many times the watch they receive fails to run as long as the boy did working for it.

On my way from Hertford last Monday I saw what was to me something new: When the train stopped at the station in a certain town, it was boarded by a pretty young woman in whose arms was a baby only a few months old. The mother settled herself on the seat, adjusted the baby's wrappings, told it tenderly how much she hoped they would get a letter from Daddy that day—then stuck a pacifier into the baby's mouth and a lighted cigarette into her own. They sat there, pulling on the pacifier and the cigarette and both appeared content. But it gave me a what's-wrong-with-this-picture feeling.

A correspondent in an exchange cites as examples of husbandly consideration and devotion the following instances: One man brought the Ford to the porch and had his wife ride to the barn lot to milk the cow, because the weather was so bad. The other man seemingly had no car, and his wife had a sore foot. He took her on his back, carried her out to the milking lot and when she had milked the cow, brought her back to the house in the same way.

All well and good, and, perhaps, loving. The thing that puzzles me is why these men didn't simply go out and milk their cows, letting their wives stay in the house. Maybe that wouldn't have been news.

Here I go again giving warning and advice that is little likely to be heeded and that may even be resented.

But I get so frightened for children who persist in roller-skating on Highway 91, which runs clear through our town, that it is almost impossible to keep quiet about it. Only yesterday as I came from the office I saw a group of children having a wonderful time, all unconscious of the peril from motor vehicles. One little girl wobbled, swayed, recovered her balance by swinging round in a half circle and went laughing on her way. And a big red truck likewise swung sideways to keep from hitting her. It, too, went on—but the driver was not laughing.

A few days ago I was alarmed at another child's daring and called out before I thought. The reward for my concern was what many children call a “snooty look.”

It is wholly natural for them to feel that it's none of my business where they skate, and I don't resent it. I know that we have few good skating places and that the lure of new skates is well-nigh irresistible. But I am also afraid of

Proceedings Of Recorder's Court

While there have been two days of Recorder's Court lately, not much business was done. Among the cases disposed of last week were the following:

Luther Ellington was accused by the court of illegal possession of home brew. Not being a lawyer, we do not presume to define legal possession of anything intoxicating in good old Carolina. Anyway, Luther was asked to give the highways a 60-days' service. Then on second thought the court told him if he would pay the cost and be good a year he could go home.

Jim Twitty and Aaron Wright were both accused of not being able to distinguish between their own property and other peoples', but proved they could, and were permitted to go their way.

Ennis Mangum assaulted something or somebody. The court heard about it, called Ennis in, and told him to work 60 days on the road and the account would be settled. In mercy then, Judge Rhodes told Jim to pay the court for all its trouble, go home and behave himself 12 months and the account would be settled.

Caesar (no relation of Julius) Carpenter was accused of being drunk and celebrating the repeal of the 18th amendment in Chicago. He seems to have damaged no one but himself, so paid \$5.00 fine and costs and got his freedom.

Among the more important cases coming before the court Wednesday were:

C. R. Combs was sued by his wife for support of their two children. After hearing the evidence, the judgment of the court was that as a father, he should contribute to the children's support. He is to pay \$15.00 each month from February 1 to September, and afterwards \$20.00 per month—how long we do not know.

J. H. Bunn, who of late months seems to have let an old enemy demoralize his life, was before the judge for joy riding with King Alcohol. The state law does not permit such association and conduct, so Mr. Bunn was required to contribute fifty iron men to the state's working capital. Believing it would be better for all concerned, the court also told him either to walk or let some one else drive his car for the next three months.

The next case was like the last except different. About the only difference was a name, that of James Brantley. He, too, went for a ride with the King. The only trouble was the King was on the inside—not of the car—but of Brantley. The judge said \$50 fine, all costs and walk or ride with the other fellow for the next 90 days.

seeing a child's body crippled—or lead—and of hearing some grief-stricken adult wondering why the Lord sent such affliction.

Layer cake with filling made with freshly grated cocoanut is a favorite in our family. But how I do dread grating that cocoanut! I sometimes make my fingers bleed, tear my fingernails, and get so out of patience that it's a shame. But I've learned a new trick. The last time I made cocoanut cake I took some pliers and held the pieces of nut while rubbing them on the grater. It was a wonderful help. The pieces could be grated until only a tiny piece was left—and my hands were left whole.

Carl Goerch At Wakelon

The patrons and students of Wakelon have a rare treat awaiting on the evening of January 23, in the school auditorium, at 8:00 o'clock.

Carl Goerch, one of the best known and most popular platform speakers in the state, will give one of his varied and humorous addresses. While Mr. Goerch comes without expense, yet a small admission fee will be charged. This will all go to the benefit of the P. T. A., under whose auspices the evening's entertainment is given.

Before Mr. Goerch speaks, a musical program will be given by students and teachers of the school.

Local Postoffice Shows Big Gains

The receipts of the Zebulon Postoffice for the quarter ending December 31st, 1933, show a large gain over receipts of the same quarter ending December 31st, 1932.

Receipts for quarter ending December 31st, 1932, were \$21,281.43

Receipts for quarter ending December 31st, 1933, were \$69,554.65. This represents a gain of \$48,273.22. This represents all moneys handled by the office from stamps and stamped paper sales and money orders issued and all other items handled by the office.

Hatchery Sold

Owing to the failure of the local bank, the Zebulon Mutual Hatchery was sold under mortgage the 12th of this month. One of the stock holders bought the plant. He proposes to let any old stock holder come into a reorganization and pay only his proportionate part of the purchase price. Should each one who held stock in the old hatchery take his pro rata part it would be less than \$10.00, otherwise, the fewer who come in, naturally the more each will pay.

The hatchery should be worth \$2,000 as it stands. So those coming into the new organization, will get from three to four times as much value as he puts into the new organization.

Any old member wishing to take advantage of the generous offer of the purchaser may do so by seeing Mr. Oren D. Massey at the Massey Lumber Co.'s office any time between now and Saturday afternoon at 5:00 o'clock, January 20th. Otherwise, there will be no recourse for such stock holders after that time.

Earthquake In Asia

An earthquake in North-Central India on Monday is thought to have killed thousands of persons. An airplane survey disclosed the wreckage of whole towns, corpses being strewn among the debris. The shock laid waste a territory of 100 miles and was followed by disastrous floods.

Notice

At the general meeting of the Woman's Club on next Tuesday p. m., Mrs. T. W. Bickett and Miss Lois Dasher will be present to speak on Welfare Work, the subject for the day's study. Not only members of the club, but others who are interested are urged to attend.

The meeting begins at 3:30.—Mrs. R. H. Herring, Chairman.

New Department Store To Open

The friends of Mr. Stanley Shorr and the people generally will be pleased to know that he will, in a short time, open a new department store in Zebulon. He will be located in the building next to the Zebulon Drug Co., formerly occupied by the M-System store. He will carry a full line of dry goods and notions and men's and women's hats and shoes.

Mr. Shorr was for a number of years manager of the Jacob Deitz Department store in Wendell, and is well-known in this section. He is an experienced buyer and salesman in his line, and promises Zebulon and the communities around one of the best department stores in Wake county and merchandise as reasonable as can be purchased.

Watch for his special announcement in an early issue of The Record.

City Bastile Burns - Almost

When the town siren screeched Wednesday afternoon, almost every place of business in the center of Zebulon emptied to find the fire. Alonius Hinton came like a race horse from the chair factory. The crowd came back with broad grins on their faces, saying it was just the jail, as though all was a joke.

Inquiring the cause of the fire, one wag informed us that 12 dangerous bad men confined in the jail, went on strike. Failing to break down the walls of this strong guardian of the peace, they set it on fire. However, it is not known how the fire originated. Presumably some one absent-mindedly or otherwise, threw a cigarette stub through the window and set a mattress on fire. The only damage seems to have been to the mattress, and a strong smell of smoke left behind. The fine assortment of boot-leg confiscations—jars and jugs—escaped injury.

Business Change

Wallace Temples has bought out the grocery and market of his father, and hereafter will operate the store. He says he expects to carry a full line of groceries and fresh meat, and asks that the people of the community remember him when in need of any article in his line. Wallace is one of our very finest young business men, and we congratulate him on what we hope will be a successful venture into the business world.

About Town License Plates

For those tardy persons who have not bought their town auto plates, the Mayor issues the following statement:

“Everyone living within the city limits, not having 1934 plates before February 1 will be subject to arrest. Police of the town will be instructed to arrest every person without 1934 tags, who live within the city limits.”

Tell me when he turns in, and I'll tell you how he'll turn out.

Be sure to praise your child as often as you find fault with it.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

Well, here I am just back from the stone yard. Saw several nice tombstones but the one that struck me as being most true to life had this epitaph, “Come Up To See Me Sometime.” You guessed it.

They tell me that Leslie Garner is that way about Martha Bailey Flowers. Martha got after me one day because I never mentioned enough names to let the public know who I meant. You know, this time, don't you Miss Flowers?

From all reports and observations, the school grounds and nearby log-roads are the places for petting and what-not.

Evidently Wendell doesn't have the nice parking places nor nice young ladies to park with that our fair city offers. A certain young man by the name of Robertson (living within the city limits of Wendell) and a certain young lady of our community were necking up the proverbial storm recently on the school grounds. Of course they were in an auto.

Oh grandma, what a long tongue you have!

Who were the two young gents seen following, without lights, a certain auto on a certain night last week?

Hell-o Hell-en. What is this I hear about Zebulon Supply's smaller stenographer? She kissed a coffin salesman square on the buss. I hereby find the young lady guilty of smoozing on the high sea, and sentence her to two nights in irons (arms). The strange thing is, that she lived to tell the tail.

Carl Goerch made mention of the fact that Zebulon had the nicest looking paint of any town its size in North Carolina.

This sounds very nice until we remember that Mr. Gulch is scheduled to speak here in the near future. I believe that's termed as “paving the way!” Moonlight and roses, Mr. Golfch, moonlight and roses.

You can have your General Johnson, President Roosevelt, or even Governor Ehringhaus, but Popeye, the Sailor, is still my hero.

W. H. Catlett Dead

On Tuesday, January 16, W. H. Catlett died suddenly. He was out with a son, and the two were cutting wood when Mr. Catlett sank to the ground, dead. He was buried on Wednesday, at Prospect church, near Bunn.

The deceased left a wife and a number of children, who have the sympathy of many friends.