

The Zebulon Record

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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Not having known cypress trees in my youth, I have never become intimately acquainted with them, and it seems to me that they should be evergreen. I am always surprised when they shed their leaves in the fall. Nor can I quite forgive them for loafing half the year in mud and water with their naked knees sticking out.

A few hours after that terrible explosion in the oil mill at Hertford on January 13, I was walking on the main street of the town. The last mangled body had just been discovered. A messenger boy in uniform passed, walking rapidly. He called excitedly to some one near by: "Boy! Won't this make one fine story to wire in!" He must have a real newspaper man's point of view.

One day last week I saw seven men and one small boy standing in a group, and there was only one of them who did not have both hands in his pockets. He had only one hand pocketed and was making gestures with the other hand as he talked. And they all looked occupied and satisfied.

"Mother", said my son-in-law's small nephew, "I know that God made man first, and then made woman. But who invented ladies?"

There is in my mind a prejudice against the indiscriminate use of the word "lady."

It reminds me of a time when I asked about the wife of a certain Negro man, and was told by the Negro girl whom I had questioned that his wife was not in town. I began to say that I thought the woman I wanted to find was the wife, when the girl interrupted with "O, yes, he do live with that lady, but she not his wife. The lady where he married, she lef' him some time ago, an' now she livin' with another gen'leman."

It is always cheering to learn that one's own views are held by others far more important. For that reason I am feeling "mightily help up", having read several articles on the advantages of living in small towns. George Beasley, Jr., claims that Monroe is a little too large for the ideal small town. The editor of the Dunn Dispatch thinks Dunn too large, since no man can hope to know all of its 5,000 people. One of the prominent citizens of Carthage is quoted in the Moore County News as preferring that his town remain small and friendly.

Those are my ideas, expressed for me, and I thank the gentlemen who did it.

Confesses Murder

Luther Peden, 20-year-old white youth of Selma, has confessed that on Monday night he killed James Sanders, Negro taxi driver of Selma. He claims that he committed the crime in a drunken rage while in an argument over liquor. Peden has been arrested and is in jail at Smithfield.

Message From Bruce Brantley

An old Zebulon boy who has been living in Durham for some time, but for several months has been in the State Sanatorium at Sanatorium, sends a message to the editor. He says for us to put something real funny in the next Record. He reads it regularly. The editor appreciates this personal word, and hopes Bruce will soon be well again and back with his family.

An O-Be-Joyful Combination

A few days ago a farmer from over in Nash county started to Zebulon after provisions. A 17-year-old colored boy in the neighborhood came along with him to see the sights of the city. While waiting for the farmer to finish his purchases, he went out to see what he could see and find what he could find. He found it—in Zebulon, too. Walking was too slow and the sights too great to be footing it; so he became both chauffeur and passenger on his benefactor's car. Around one corner he went and at the next he made connection with a wagon, but managed to disentangle and go on his wobbly way till he met the obstruction the policeman put in his way. The officer put him in the lock-up till some one bonded him out till next Recorder's court.

Solve this one: How can a 17-year-old negro boy come to Zebulon and in so short a time find enough liquor to get drunk on? Some smart boy, I reckon.

To Give Recital February First

Mrs. G. S. Barbee presents Jocelyn House, Mary Barrow and Margaret Lewis of the class of '34 assisted by Lorraine Bridges, Elaine Robertson and Ruth Massey of the class of 1935, in Piano Forte Recital.

The program for the evening is as follows:

Song: Lullaby Thurliew Liewrance
Class of 1934-35
Solo: Revolutionary Air Chopin
Jocelyn House
Duo: For-get-me-not Rowe
Lorane Briges, Ruth Massey
Solo: To A Wild Rose, MacDonald
Mary Barrow
Duet: Charge of the Uhlans, Bohm
Elaine Robertson, Lorraine Bridges.
Duo: Humoresque A Dvorak
Mary Barrow, Jocelyn House
Solo: Warbling at Eve: Richards
Margaret Lewis
Reading: Up In The Garret. Eldridge
Mary Barrow
Solo: Poet and Peasant Soupe
Jocelyn House
Trio: Gypsy Rondo J. Haydon
Margaret Lewis, Mary Barrow,
Jocelyn House

Dramatic Club Meets Monday

On Monday night, January 29, at 7:30, the Zebulon Community Dramatic Club will hold its second meeting in the Woman's Club Building. At this meeting Miss Cabell Campen will direct the reading of the play, The Trysting Place, by Booth Tarkington. All those interested are invited to be present.

A Word To Record Subscribers

With 1934 The Record subscription price was put on a strictly cash in advance basis. We regretted having to drop a number of our readers' names from our mailing list. Many had not paid their subscription in years. To induce them to again become subscribers, we are, for a limited time, offering The Record a year for \$1.00. Send us a dollar and we will send you the paper one full year.

In revising our mailing list, the names of some paid-up subscribers were omitted through copying. We have checked our records and as nearly as possible corrected such mistakes. But it is possible there are other errors. We shall appreciate any one showing them to us, and we shall gladly adjust any mistake or complaint.

Send us \$1.00 and let us give you a weekly news letter through 1934, from this section.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Mark Wall Beaten By Unknown Men

On last Saturday afternoon as Mark Wall was walking between Phillip White's and the Blue Parrot filling station, a car with four young men passed him. After going a short distance, the car backed to Wall, the men jumped out and with oaths, attacked him. He was beaten badly about the head and face. One eye is yet closed. He got away from them and ran to the filling station. When the car came up, it was stopped by citizens. The four young men were rrested and carried to the town jail in Zebulon. Later they were removed to the county jail at Raleigh. Later two of them gave bond, the others are still in jail, it is reported.

It seems that Mark did not know the men, nor did they know him. They were from the Wendell community. The only possible explanation for their unprovoked attack is said to have been that they were too drunk to know what they were doing. And so another black chapter in liquor's history is written and the conduct of young men otherwise who were probably gentlemen is explained.

Carl Goerch At Wakelon

Carl Goerch delighted his audience at Wakelon on Tuesday night. The small admission fee charged, all of which went to the local P. T. A. could seldom have brought so much entertainment. Born in New York, Mr. Goerch is now devoting his time and talent to helping North Carolinians know and appreciate their state. His informal address was along this line.

Before the speaker was introduced by Supt. E. H. Moser, Wakelon's band rendered several selections, directed by Mr. Gerow; Mr. Gerow gave a trumpet solo accompanied by Miss Buffaloe at the piano; Ruby Bridgers gave a tap dance; a quartet composed of Mesdames J. F. Coltrane and E. H. Moser, Dr. Barbee and Dr. Massey sang, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Barbee.

Mr. Burris: "Do you like Lamb's Tales?"

Chester Smith: "No sir, but I am crazy about beef stew."

City Manager For Wendell

Partly as an experiment the commissioners of Wendell have decided to try the plan of having a city manager administer the government of the town. He will report to the board and be subject to their orders. H. V. Andrews, local citizen, has been chosen for the position and has assumed duties.

The experiment will be watched with interest by other towns of about the same size as Wendell.

Demonstration Club Meets

The Home Demonstration Club of Wakefield met on Wednesday afternoon for the first time since the November meeting. Officers were elected for the year as follows: President, Mrs. S. H. Hoyle; secretary, Mrs. Percy Pace; assistant secretary, Mrs. A. S. Bridges; treasurer, Mrs. D. S. Joyner; librarian, Mrs. A. S. Bridges; assistant Librarian, Mrs. J. A. Kemp; leaders, Mrs. Mahlon Temple, Mrs. K. P. Leonard. Hereafter officers will be elected in November.

Mrs. McInness announced that six meetings of this year will have programs based on Household Management. She discussed Household Accounts, showing a chart which illustrated the spending habits of sixteen families which had kept accounts of spendings for food, clothing, etc.

Emphasis was laid on proportionate budgets for all family expenses, the need for this being probably evidenced by the fact that of the families listed on the chart, the one which spent least for food spent most on bills for medical care.

Wise Appointments

Governor Ehringhaus has received universal endorsement on his selection of Dr. W. L. Poteat and Dr. William Hanft as associates of Commissioner Winborne on the Utilities Commission. He is said to have forgotten politics in his appointments. We rather think that it was pretty good politics to select the man who, as chairman of the United Dry Forces, buried a hundred politicians under a deluge of votes. We do not mean to say that the Governor was playing politics. He selected men who are unquestionably qualified. But he could not have done better if his only concern had been politics. If we were in politics today we would rather have the support of Dr. Poteat and Dr. Hanft than a cow pen full of local politicians who guessed wrong last November 7.—Charity and Children.

Send In Poems

Please send in your poem as soon as possible, if you want it printed in our special poetry edition.

Do not send one that is too long, or we may not have space for it; be sure not to send one that has been published before; let us know whether you want your name printed with your poem.

Finally be sure to go over it carefully before sending it to us, that you may be certain it is just as you want it to appear in print.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

Mae West has exploded some theory this week. She states that the loveliest distance between two points is a curved line.

And now Mae takes the seat to the rear when the two gents step forward. Their bid for the medal of honor for the most brilliant and startling attempt at something, comes as a package wrapped in celophane. I rise to mention the two gents, who, while in an inebriated state, were trying gleefully to put a brassier on one of the city's fire plugs. Not only does that, in my humble estimation, take the cake, but it also takes the whole darn pastry shop.

My! I question you about the little lady who "treated" James O'Neal of Wendell "dirty" last Sunday night? After asking the advice of another girl as to whether she should write him and ask his forgiveness, she managed, on notepaper, to tear the confession from her heaving bosom. "James, I done y' wrong." Will someone please page Frankie and Johnnie. This time it is Dorothy and Jimmie, or is it?

Martha Bailey Flowers, Jr., informs me that she does not like anyone who has been in the Navy. Why gel, how can you say that about the only navy Uncle Sam's got? Don't step on your own toes, young lady, you know Leslie is waiting to be shipped to Norfolk for a cruise. Ah ha! Me proud beauty.

Lib Cook informs me that she was in the car that trailed the car mentioned last week where Grandma had such a long tongue. I believe that Dizzy was present too, however, he and Lib were not dating each other.

Some one, I regret that I have forgotten his name, informed me that Carl Goerch's lecture was better than a dime novel. Well! He might have at least made it a joke book. Eh, Carl?

What I want to know is, how many of the Wakelon band were tooting a tune last Tuesday night, and how many were just tooting? Blow the saliva out of your horn, dear.

Fine Fish Catch

A few days ago, one of the coldest we have had, Berry Williams went down to Hilliard's Pond (Taylar's Mill) fishing. And did they bite! Well, since the fish were not hungry enough to get out of their warm bed, that is most of them, he only caught 165. Not much luck, you say. Well, the first day it is too cold to work, just go down and try yours.