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MORE GRAFT IN CWA

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

I would be willing to do practically any honest work that was necessary to make a living—but I do hope never to have to raise white rats.

Do you get all jittery when a cat winds slithering around your ankles when you are cooking? It drives me almost into a frenzy.

And can anybody tell me why it more often happens that cocoa is spilled on a span clean tablecloth instead of one that is already soiled?

Last Friday night was the first time our group has ever been acutely uncomfortable while serving the Rotary Supper. At that time however, cold weather and frozen pipes did their worst for us and to us. When I reached the kitchen Mrs. Vaiden Whitley and Mrs. Creech had already brought a bucket of water apiece from the Chevrolet place across the street. By having to fry corn fritters I didn't have to bring water, Mrs. Whitley saying that the first Rotarian to arrive would have to take the bucket and go for more. That Rotarian happened to be Mr. Moser, and he went quickly and willingly. The stove in the main room was red hot, the supper was hot and was served on warm plates. The Rotarians were both hungry and appreciative. Their praise of our dependability did much to make us forget that there was only an oil stove back in the kitchen.

And the dishes! Mrs. Whitley is chairman of our group, and with her there is no compromising when it comes to dishwashing. Every piece must not only be washed clean, but must be scalded and dried and put away, even when water splashed on the table freezes as one works.

But after all, such cold as we had last week comes only once in years. We may have a good, warm kitchen in the Woman's Club before it is like that again—or I may be too old to help with Rotary suppers.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that those present are always more religious than some of the absentees. It may be that many mothers were too rushed trying to bundle up small pupils to have time to get themselves ready; and we do need hot food in cold weather, which means that some one must prepare the meals. The real question is what kept folks away. For my own part I never feel justified in staying home from church for any weather that would not keep me from going to a job that paid for my time.

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR A PRIVY

Sometime ago we saw a sign by the roadside reading "men working." A little farther along we saw a number of men at work. Someone said they were working for the CWA and the sign was to inform the public that the men were actually at work, since one could not know otherwise. From later observation, we decided that there was considerable truth in the remark.

Since that time it has been observed and remarked on by the public that those directing this relief work had not yet learned how to get work done. It appeared that the people employed felt that although they were getting two or three times as much as private enterprise could pay, yet, because it was a sort of charity from the government, they were not expected to earn their wages.

The other day we saw the weekly report sent in by the several bosses in charge of building privies for the public in Wake county. Any one wanting a privy, gave his order to the local CWA. The lumber was purchased, the house built and the one giving the order paid only the actual cost of the materials used. Work of this sort is being done at Apex, Cary, Knighdale, Wendell, Milbrook, Wake Forest and perhaps other places. Usually a dozen men with a foreman work a specified number of hours each week. They get from 45 cents to \$1.10 an hour—the foreman's pay. A full report of the number of men, hours worked, privies built and total cost of the same for the week is made. It was the writer's privilege to look over one of the reports a few days ago. And this is what he saw: It took a dozen men over two hundred hours to build one privy in a certain town. But that was good compared to others. In one community it took twelve men two hundred and two hours to build one privy, at a total cost of \$130.00. In a second place, the same number of men worked the same length of time and the privy cost \$135.00 just to build it. The cost of material which was paid for by the one ordering it was paid by him. \$135.00 is what it cost Uncle Sam in good money to build a little rough frame house a few feet square. To Zebulon's credit the report showed that the total cost of building one privy was only about \$8.00.

A carpenter who has done considerable work of this sort told me that he could build houses exactly like these being built by the CWA for \$5.00 a piece and that he could make good money at that price. A great many things might be said further about this extravagant spending of the people's money, but it is not necessary. The facts will ultimately reach the people who pay the taxes that provide funds for CWA work, but it will be too late to save what has been spent wastefully. As news for the serious consideration of our readers we gave these facts. When an ordinary privy costs \$135.00 to build by money provided for sweet charity's sake, there is something wrong or rotten, not in Denmark, but in the whole of the good old U. S. A.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

This great national game is being played by Uncle Sam and most of us. For want of a better name we suppose no better one could be found than "suckers" for the thousands of people in the United States who are being wet-nursed by the government—people who might very well provide for themselves if they were forced to do so. To illustrate: Go to headquarters of these several employment and relief departments and you will find at most any time of the day those who are supposed to be out investigating cases, sitting back in a warm comfortable room with a string of white and colored people waiting to present their appeals for assistance. Visit a place where work is being done and you will find a foreman in charge of less than a half-dozen men. And this foreman is getting perhaps more than a dollar per hour for bossing men whose salaries, when totaled, equal little more than the boss gets.

(Continued on page two, editorial column)

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The
Swashbuckler

"Seed falling in infertile ground", states a nationalist known horticulturist, "seldom grow, especially those seeds which are infertile". Seems as though we heard something about infertile eggs not hatching, and rotten eggs being in a state of decompose. Oh well—

"Warm weather not only favors the nudists," says one young and lovely lady of our town, "but it isn't unwelcome to us neckers." So, to the school grounds she went. Tsk Tsk. Now when I was young—

Bill Fletcher says that is certainly nice now that the cold snap is over and the water pipes have thawed. 'It certainly was cold out behind the barn', comments Helen's Honey-bunny-boo.

Professor Brookbank, of the Wakelon Schools faculty, at Zebulon, North Carolina, U. S. A., NRA and PDQ receives a sugar report every day. The strange thing is, that Brookie has never played the stock-market in his life! Furthering his statement he cooed, "And sugar's goin' up every day." Hotcha!

Who was the young lady seen in the post office one cold morning this week with a goodly bit of her tungs exposed. These Mae West-necked dresses certainly do take your mind off what it should be on.

Little Evelyn, the big moment of my hour told me this one the other night:—

There was a small town office man who loved to grow vegetables, only he couldn't get the vegetables to grow. Every year he would plant his seed in the spring, and when they did not come up, he would dig them up and save them until the next spring and plant them again.

One morning the cabbage seed and the orchid seed happened to be in adjacent bins and were overheard in an interesting conversation.

Said the cabbage, "Is the boss going to plant you again this year?"

Haughtily the orchid replied, "How dare you, a mere cabbage seed, the lowliest of all vegetables speak to me, the aristocrat of all plants? I'll have you to understand that my family are only of the best."

"Well," came back the cabbage, "if you're so darn good, why don't yuh com' up sometime."