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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Easter was such a beautiful day that it made everybody feel better. Folks around here may not be as determined to wear new clothes Easter as they used to be; but corsages seem to be even more important. Why is it that nothing makes one look so dressed up as a shoulder corsage? Is it because we know the flowers are for that special occasion and will not last long? One of the nicest things about corsages is that not only the wearer, but all who see her, can enjoy the beauty of the blossoms, if not their special meaning, which is for one alone.

It Might Have Been Worse

One of my young friends was telling me of a series of misfortunes which befell a friend of hers. As a kind of climax I was told that "the poor thing actually had to go down street without any powder on her face." How did she manage to live through it!!!!

What Should We Do?

It appears that in trying to do good I have done harm. Our cat has for several years presented us with kittens in March. Heretofore a box in the corner of the woodshed has been used as the maternity ward but there was only one kitten this year and the weather was so bitter cold that we let the two occupy a basket in the bathroom for more than a week. The cat had been quite the best we ever owned, working faithfully to keep down rats and mice in the outbuildings and requiring very little food from the table. While she was in the house so much we had, of course, to give her all she ate—and that's what did the mischief. Since taking her and the kitten to the woodshed we find she seems ruined as a mouser. Mice are in the garage; mice nibble at the dairy feed; I fear there are even mice in the woodshed. And that cat spends her time meowing at the kitchen door for food, and is even "choosy" about what she eats.

I believe in emergency relief and in aid for the unemployed who can't find work; but there are limits.

A child asked me recently whether a washrag and a washcloth are the same thing. I explained that there is quite a difference.

Washcloths are used by the well-to-do, the fastidious and young folk who have not been house keeping long. They are bought, are knit or woven of porous material, and are supposed to harmonize with other bathroom accessories as regards color. A set of them makes a nice little gift. When soiled they are to be carefully laundered.

Washrags are not bought; they are really rags, and accumulate, especially in the homes where heavy underwear is worn. Except for looks they answer every purpose of washcloths. When they become dingy from use they are merely discarded. Those torn from an old tablecloth are the softest and nicest of all and should be saved for bathing the baby. Washrags don't feel wholly at home in bathrooms, being more accustomed to being hung over a washpan on a nail on the back porch.

New Case Worker

Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Wake county Welfare Superintendent, met the local welfare advisory committee in Zebulon Wednesday. Those in attendance were Messrs. R. H. Herring, A. A. Pippin, Chas. E. Flowers, R. E. Pippin and R. H. Bridgers, E. H. Moser, Theo. B. Davis, and E. C. Daniel. Mrs. C. H. Chamblee was absent owing to the serious illness of her father.

After discussing certain applications for help with the committee, Mrs. Bickett introduced Miss Elizabeth Frye, the new case worker for this community. Miss Frye made a few remarks about her work and asked for suggestions or other information from the local committee. Mrs. R. H. Herring was elected chairman of the advisory committee, and Mrs. R. E. Pippin, secretary.

Miss Frye comes to the welfare work in this section from Hopewell, Va., where she was engaged in similar work. She asks for the sympathetic support of all the people of this community in her difficult work.

Young Journalist Promoted

The writer here tardily congratulates E. C. Daniel upon his promotion to a position upon the News and Observer staff. The youth as associate editor of the Dunn Daily Bulletin has served a remarkable apprenticeship. In fact, if the Bulletin should be discontinued today, its six months career would be well justified by the unique apprenticeship it has afforded Editor H. G. Tilghman and Mr. Daniel. Each has received training which they could not get as new employees of a large paper. They have had practically every problem of the larger journal and some of its own. We congratulate Mr. Daniel upon his promotion, but more upon the splendid talent that he has demonstrated as a member of the Bulletin staff.—Dunn Dispatch.

Weiner Roast

On Tuesday afternoon after school pupils of the tenth grade at Wakelon enjoyed a weiner roast given to them and to some friends by Mr. Paul Robertson, of the Bethany section, grade-father for the school year. The place of meeting was the parked area on the bank of Little River near the ice-plant. The grade arrived filled with enthusiasm and departed filled with food and gratitude. Some wholesale grocer probably owes Mr. Robertson a vote of thanks for putting on such a feast. One member of the class said that he was not very hungry and only ate four "hot dogs," but that other boys ate as many as nine. And no mention was made of the young ladies having delicate appetites.

Dr. Flowers Taking Post-Grad. Course

Dr. Chas. E. Flowers left on last Saturday for New York City, where he will take a Doctor's Post-Graduate Course in General Medicine at Columbia University. Dr. Flowers will also take a course in Obstetrics in the Manhattan Lying-In Hospital. He will be away at least six weeks, if no longer. It is needless to say that he will return better than ever prepared to serve his patients.

Dramatic Club

The Community Dramatic Club will meet Monday night at 8 o'clock in the Woman's Club building. "Now Don't Laugh" will be presented at this meeting. All interested are invited to be present.

College Teacher Commits Suicide

John T. Nelson, teacher of history in State College took his life last Sunday by inhaling monoxide gas from his car. He left notes directing the disposal of his effects and saying, "I am a nervous wreck."

Democratic Meet

Young Democrats of North Carolina met last Saturday night in Raleigh. Senator Bennett Clark, of Missouri, was the chief speaker. More than a thousand attended.

Cow Has Triplets

Revel Aikens, of Valdese, N. C., has a grade Guernsey cow which on last Saturday gave birth to three heifer calves. Each one is well-formed and healthy.

Rich Young Man

Dick Reynolds, son of R. J. Reynolds, became one of the richest young men in the world on Wednesday of this week. He reached his 28th birthday and under the terms of his father's will came into possession of thirty million dollars.

Elections To Begin

Illinois begins next week the elections for the "off year" in politics, by voting in primaries. Such balloting will continue for seven months in the various states of the Union.

Class Meeting

Baptist Philatheas met in the home of Mrs. J. M. Whitley on Monday night of this week. Nine members were present. Mrs. A. N. Jones, teacher of the class, had charge of the program, which was based on Prayer.

Ostrich eggs, estimated to be 1,000,000 years old, have been found in China.

White - White

On Thursday, March twenty-ninth, Miss Gladys White, was married to Mr. Joseph Gerard White, of State College, Raleigh. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. L. Read, pastor of the local Methodist Church and took place in the Teacher's Dormitory of Wakelon.

After a short bridal trip, the young couple are at home in Zebulon. Mrs. White is the daughter of Mrs. William Franklin White, of Richmond, Va., and has for several years taught first grade in Wakelon School. Mr. White is a senior at the State College unit of U. N. C. and did practice teaching in English and History here since Christmas.

Dr. Newell Locates Here

Dr. J. O. Newell has located his office in the office next the bank building. He brought his office and operating room equipment on Monday from Franklinton where he has practiced medicine for a number of years.

Dr. Newell's father, Rev. Geo. W. Newell, was well-known to the older citizens of this community. He lived in the Mapleville section and was pastor for years of churches in Franklin and Nash counties.

Dr. Newell and the editor of The Record were class-mates at Wake Forest College. He comes to our community highly recommended as a christian citizen and successful physician. His family consists of Mrs. Newell, three daughters and a son. The family will not come to Zebulon till the close of school. One daughter will assist her father in his office. Another is a student at Louisburg College, while the other two are in school in Franklinton.

Zebulon welcomes the Newells to her religious, social and business life.

Oxford Orphanage Singing Class

The singing class of the Oxford Orphanage will give a concert at Peaces' school house on Monday evening, April 9. This class is always heard by the public with great pleasure. Probably no entertainment that has come to this community in years affords so much good wholesome enjoyment as this group of children brings from the Masonic Orphanage at Oxford.

The class comes this year under the auspices of the Whitestone Lodge. Many of the members live in the Pearce community, so they asked that the class come to them for the concert. It is hoped that many from Wakefield and Zebulon will attend this concert Monday night. Admission will be 15 and 25 cents.

Sixty Gallon Still Raided

Sheriffs Weathers and Massey made a raid on a liquor distillery in the Shotwell section, near Lake Myra this week. There were six negroes and one boss white man either helping or well-wishing this new though primitive local industry. All escaped.

The still was made from a 60-gallon oil drum. The cap was made of a 10-gallon runlet and the worm—well, the officers forgot to say what sort of a worm it was.

Two barrels of mash were destroyed and four or five gallons of liquor destroyed. If any reader regrets missing this concoction, he might get together a lot of the filthiest and most poisonous ingredients he knows and make himself a drink—having many of the properties of this Shotwell stuff.

The voice of the late Enrico Caruso, famous tenor, was one of the most powerful ever heard. In making records he often sang with such volume that, although standing 20 feet away, the needle on the recording machine would be jarred from the disc.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

Saw 'Wonder Bar' last Monday night and thoroughly enjoyed parts of it. One scene depicted an old negro going to heaven on a mule. In fact they had a song by that particular name. I enjoyed the scene up to the point where he reached the pearly gates. It was fine, but when they took him inside and made a musical comedy out of heaven, I couldn't enjoy it. In fact, it ruined the entire preceding scene. I suppose I haven't gotten away from all I was taught in Sunday School yet, or maybe I'm not sophisticated enough for such shows. I may be from the country, so far back that the owls have to be shooed from the top of the clock each morn but I still think I know a-riplege when I see it.

Frank Wiggs wants an apology for taking him for a buggy ride some few weeks ago within the spacious confines of this tiny column. The following is something with a slight resemblance to our conversation:

Frank—"What th' (censored) do you mean by smearing my name all over the (censored) page of your paper?"

Swash (Personification of innocence)—"What do you mean? my good man?"

Frank—"You know (censored) what I mean."

S—"Can you possibly mean my innocuous comment of last week?"

F—"When you say that, smile."

S—"I mean, did you take to heart what I said about you?"

F—"No! I merely wanted an apology."

S—"What do you want me to say?"

F—"Anything, just apologize."

S—"Then how does this sound?"

Mr. Frank Wiggs, states that he was not himself when he went for a moonlight bath with the lady.

neither was the young lady herself.

"In that case, it is bound to have been someone else in both cases."

"The censored blanks were words that could not be found in an unabridged dictionary. May I request that you please do not say "Don't he look natural" when you gaze upon my mangled body after Frank finishes with me.

Martha Bailey Flowers seems to be doing right well without Leslie. I had an idea that she would pine away and die when he left. That's the time young lady, peep a stiff upper lip. I could forget anyone with a new Hudson, provided I had the Hudson. Hey, Hey!

Sprite Barbee has more women than the proverbial passenger train can haul. He picked up several Monday night and "rode 'em" home in his car. How do I know? He drove in front of me for three blocks.