

The Zebulon Record

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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Another Chance

For years—ever since I was a little girl—I have meant to eat some pokeweed shoots. Some folks used to cook them where we lived, but my mother never did. I believe they took the thick shoots before the leaves formed, par-boiled them, then fried them in the fat from salt meat. Anyway, I mean to try it this spring.

"Pusley", Too

Another plant I've planned to try is purslane. That, too, is an idea held over from childhood, when I had to help pull it for the pigs. Their gluttony may have helped make the "pusley" look to me like food for humans. The next time I find some growing green and succulent from the small root that one would never believe could support such a mat of stalks and foliage, I'm going to pull it up and cook it—I'm not sure how.

During the World War our governmental investigators began to instruct us as to the nourishing properties of various weeds—lamb's quarter, plaintain and such—and some of us experimented a bit with them. But the war ended before we got to eating weeds in earnest and we've never really formed the habit.

The Flowers of Yesteryear

To many of us one of the greatest tragedies brought about by the winter's cold was the ruining of so many cape jessamines. The bushes look pathetic, either brown and withered or cut back almost to the ground. We are all hoping they will sprout again, but they are sad looking sights.

Gardeners' Vocabularies

As long as you talk merely of seeds, slips, scions, roots and bulbs you are not speaking the language of expert gardeners. It is only when you discourse of corms, rhizomes, stolons and such that you are really working toward the vocabularies of the elect.

Thrashers Have Come

I saw the first brown thrasher of the season last Friday—at least the first to me. He was on Mrs. Raymond Pippin's fence. You may prefer calling this bird a thrush, but I learned him as a thrasher and always call him that. He is said to sing sweetly, but my personal relations with the breed have been mainly confined to arguments over cherries, of which they are extremely fond, and to being the recipient of frenzied scoldings if I chance to go near their nests. Still, I like them.

Spring Song

When it comes to real melody I'll put the song sparrow near the head of the list. This bird is a migrant and I seldom hear the song except in spring. You might at first sight confuse the song sparrow with the English sparrow; though the latter is a bit larger and has darker plumage. Nor does the English variety really sing. And you'll be amazed to

HERE THEY ARE!



HAROLD D. COOLEY

There are five candidates from the Fourth Congressional district. Here's the list:

1. Palmer E. Bailey, of Raleigh, son of a Methodist preacher and a lawyer, decided before the death of Congressman Pou that he wanted the job. Mr. Bailey was secretary for some time to Senator Bailey. He is making his appeal directly to the people, being his own campaign manager and secretary. With hitch-hiking, a mimeograph sheet and a pair of overalls, he expects to win.

2. Harold D. Cooley, Nashville attorney, friend and ally of Dick



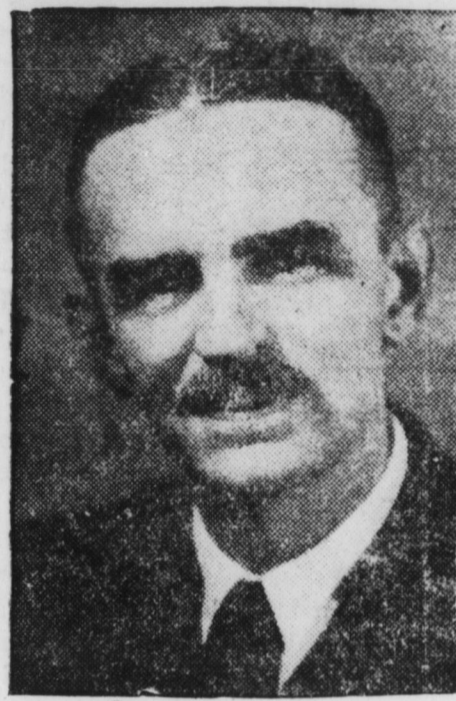
GEORGE ROSS POU

Fountain, Baptist deacon and orator, thinks with his friends that he will be the next Congressman from the Fourth.

3. William F. Evans, a fighter, ex-solicitor and dry who bucked the party with Simmons. Mr. Evans knows politics and the people and expects a big vote on his own merits.

4. Jere Zollicoffer is another lawyer and better known in Henderson than elsewhere in the district and for that fact expects a solid vote from the home folks.

He lays claim to no obligation to any political power and appeals



JERE P. ZOLLICOFFER

directly to the voters for support.

5. George Ross Pou, who may also be a lawyer, but has worked for the State for years, was one of the last to announce. He knows politics and politicians. He lives in Raleigh though enters from Johnston county. With his acquaintance with people and public life naturally he hopes to go to Washington.

So the voters have one choice among five. All are "good and true men", and no matter which one is elected, no doubt but that he will do his best to serve his constituency.

Spring Hope Commencement To Close Friday

The culmination of commencement for the Spring Hope High School will be Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock when the seventh grade will have its exercises and certificates will be awarded to over forty graduates from grammar school. An out of town speaker will make the address.

Hatchery to Close on May Twentieth

On next Monday, April 30, the Zebulon Hatchery will receive the last eggs for this season. Those having eggs to sell or desiring custom hatching must bring them next Monday if at all.

There will be chicks for sale till May 20 when the hatchery will close for the season.

No More Hambone

James P. Alley, of the Memphis Commercial Appeal, is dead after a long illness. Mr. Alley was a cartoonist, the creator of Hambone, whose meditations have delighted thousands. Through this quaint character the cartoonist will be greatly missed by many who perhaps have not even known his name.

hear such bursts of music from so tiny a throat as the song sparrow's. It seems to hold both rapture and reverence and reminds me of that line of a hymn—"lost in wonder, love and praise."



D. STATON INSCOW

candidate for solicitor of the seventh judicial district will speak at the Town Hall in Wendell, Friday night, April 27th, at which time the issues of the campaign will be discussed.

Harvey Hood Painfully Burned

Harvey Hood, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hood, is recovering from burns sustained on Easter Monday when he dropped a car containing a small amount of gasoline near a fire in the back yard. The gasoline splashed on his clothing which caught fire and his overalls were nearly burned off before he was rescued by his older sister, Magruda. The burns are not deep though very painful. Harvey appreciates the kindness shown him by friends.

Johnston Ass'n Inspirational Meet

On Tuesday, May 2, there will be a meeting of delegates from the churches of the Johnston Association at Four Oaks. The meeting will begin at 10:00 in the morning and last all day.

M. A. Huggins of Raleigh, O. J. Smith of Goldsboro and pastors in the Association will make addresses. All members of churches in the Association are invited to come.

Rolesville School Commencement

May third at seven-thirty, p. m., the seventh grade of the Rolesville school will give a play in the school auditorium. The play, "Patty Makes Things Hum" is a comedy in three acts. The admission will be 10 and 15 cents.

Friday morning, May 4, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Huggins will make an address. At 2:00 o'clock the recitation contest will be held. Everybody is cordially invited.

P. T. State Meeting

In the meeting of Parent-Teacher Associations last week in Durham State honors were carried off by the Wendell organization. Not only in work done during the year did Wendell shine; but her singers in the Mothersingers' choir won much praise. Both Wendell and Garner furnished four singers each there being twenty in the choir.

Mrs. W. B. Aycock, of Raleigh, is the new state president of P. T. A.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The

Swashbuckler

Besides seeing and believing, I have been doubly informed that four of our up and doin' young pipples who were sunnin' themselves in front of the Post Office Tuesday afternoon. They were, I believe, a waitin' for the five-thirty mail to be distributed. Believe it or don't they sat there from 5:15 to 6:00 o'clock (aproximately, not figured accurately because of absence of my slide rule). Uhuh four great lovers who could panic the Queen, (of Sheba), Cleo (the patriot), Don (aw-gwan), and Beau (bath taker) Brummel, respectively. Just in case you don't savvy who the big four are, these are they, reading from left to right: Jimmie (not Schnozzle) Gerow, Rudolph (Gripe) Daugherty, Guarica (Reek ' sho't) Ferebee, and that two-legged blonde sensation Mary (Giggle) Cockrell. Thank you too much.

The local commencement activities seem to be making most of our b'ys and gels lay off the night life for the present. At any rate, I haven't observed quite so much parking as was the case before said activities began taking place. Oh well, ther's a time for every-thing.

Who was the young man trying out the speed of his(?) new car quite recently? Actual Speedometer reading of the car behind read well over the eighty mark. These heah straight eights can lead to straight jackets. In other words, eighty m. p. h. is too darn fast on any North Carolina highway.

Speaking of embarrassing moments, imagine my em-so an so (I don't like to spell that word) the other night when I reached the top of the stair that leads to our apartment. Here's how th' whole thing happened.

The wife had two large weekend bags she was bringing home in the back of the Austin. When I reached home, I took out the two bags, set them down, and went around the car to help my wife out. Upon completion of this feat (abnormal to men married much longer than me be) I proceeded back around the car and picking up the two suit satchels, proceeded up the stair. The em— part of it is—that when I reached my apartment door and set down one of the grips, I found that it was the AUSTIN!! In the dark I had picked up the wrong thing.

Well, with the little Chinese gel's remark, when she was getting the matrimonial knot tied, "It won't be wrong now", I retire until the Spirit of George W. doth haunt and drive me forth again into the public's eye.

Good evening, Bottle!