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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

One of the most amusing sights afforded by the summer is the half-triumphant, half-pained, wholly surprised demeanor of a frying-size chicken that has just swallowed a June-bug.

When I told the colored boy who helps at the shop that some one—or ones—stole nearly every plum from the Red June tree while we were gone to prayer-meeting last Wednesday night he said he just bet some of the folks goin' to the 'vival meetin' at the warehouse stole them plums to eat while they lissened at the preacher. Well, stranger things have happened.

One day recently I wanted to give a friend a few plums and could find nothing except an oatmeal box to put them in. I asked her if she thought her social standing would be imperilled by walking down street carryin an oatmeal box full of plums and she replied that of all her worries her social standing is the very least; that in all her life it has not concerned her, and that she is sorry for those who find it a problem.

After she left I was thinking of her words and decided that there are two classes who never worry about social standing: Those whose position is so secure that it needs no bolstering and those who are so low in the scale that they feel there's no use trying to rise. Between the extremes, however, there is a good bit of uncertainty, of squirming and striving.

In some communities position depends upon money. Back where I grew up it was based mainly upon family. There are places where requirement is learning. And there are communities where the standard is Christian living. What would you say it is here?

Here's an idea for an emergency dessert that you may find convenient to serve some day when unexpected company comes, or when you are too busy to fix anything more pretentious. I have never seen it anywhere except on my own table, where necessity had placed it.

But two or three eggs till smooth then add about one-half cup of thin cream, or a smaller quantity of sweet milk. Dip soda crackers in the mixture letting them remain a few seconds, removing them to a frying pan that has hot fat in it. Fry until brown on one side before turning them over to finish browning. Serve with a jam or jelly that is rather acid. To my taste they are much better than the jelly omelette that is so beloved of cooking school experts—and far easier to make.

Within ten miles of Auckland, the largest seaport in New Zealand, there are no fewer than 89 volcano craters. Aso San, a town of over 2,000 population in Japan, actually lies in a volcanic crater with fire-blackened walls rising 800 feet.

Farley Says "Thank You"

Postmaster General and National Chairman Farley has written letters to both Senators Bailey and Reynolds thanking them for their support of President Roosevelt and his recovery program. The North Carolina senators have both voted against the President in some instances, but in the main they have loyally supported him.

Blalock Reunion Is Very Unique

Nothing unusual about family reunions this time of year, but there was something unusual about the reunion of the children of the late Hugh Blalock, which was held at the home of Mrs. A. E. Adams in Panther Branch Sunday.

There were nine children in the family; all are living, the youngest being now 63 years old, and all attended the reunion, together with about 150 of their children, grandchildren and other relatives.

New Tammany Ch'f

James J. Dooling, 41-year-old attorney, has been elected Big Chief of Tammany. His election entirely eliminates from control of Tammany the group which has supported John F. Curry. Tammany is trying to regain its lost prestige, both in political power and in the esteem of New Yorkers.

Harwood Trying For Law License

Former Judge John H. Harwood, who forfeited his law license when sentenced to state prison for destroying state records, is trying to come back. He has applied for permission to take the bar examination in August. Harwood was discharged from prison in November, 1932, and cannot get his citizenship restored until November of this year, so it is hardly likely that he will be allowed to take the examination in August.

New City Account't

Mayor George Iseley of Raleigh announces the appointment of Geo. Adams to be accountant for the city of Raleigh, effective August 1, succeeding W. R. Price, who becomes cashier of the tax department. C. G. Stone, acting cashier, goes to the tax collection division, and J. B. Williamson is retired from the pay roll.

Mr. Adams has been for a year or more connected with the State Local Government Commission. Before that he was a public accountant at Charlotte and ran against Baxter Durham for State Auditor in 1932. He is said to be one of the best municipal accountants in the state. His salary will be \$300 a month.

The ox slaughtered at Sassari, in Sorisina, apparently had suffered no ill effects from the three inch iron spietainshrdlu cmfwyp vbkg found in its heart.

DEATHS

MRS. G. C. COLLINS

Her personal friends and friends of the family in this section were deeply grieved to learn of the death on Monday of Mrs. G. C. Collins, of Nashville. Mrs. Collins was formerly Miss Lola Greene, of Wakefield, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Green. Her final illness was sudden and short. She was buried at Nashville on Wednesday of this week, leaving besides her immediate family, her mother, sisters and brother a host of relatives and friends who realize that their loss means her eternal gain.

MRS. MARY E. DAVIS

Mrs. Mary E. Davis, of Zebulon widow of the late John D. Davis, died on Sunday night after an illness of some weeks. Funeral service was conducted from her home on Tuesday afternoon by her pastor, Rev. C. L. Read, with burial in the Maplewood Cemetery Durham. Surviving are her children who are: Paul D. Davis, and Mrs. Harvey Bryan, of Durham; Robert V. Davis, of Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. M. McRae Faison, Mrs. A. S. Hinton and Miss Mildred Davis, of Zebulon; Mrs. E. L. Daughtridge, of Kinston; and seven grandchildren.

Faithful to her church, active in the civic life of town and community, Mrs. Davis was a leader who did not yield to discouragement. She had served as president in the Woman's Club, and had held office Association. At the time of her in the Parent-Teacher Association. At the time of her death she was chairman of the Department of Civics in the Woman's Club.

While in Seven Springs in hope of bettering the condition of her health Mrs. Davis was stricken with paralysis. She was brought to Zebulon to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Faison, where she died a little more than a week later.

Church News

There was no preaching service in Zebulon Sunday. Pastor Read was at his post of duty in Wendell and Pastor Herring was sick and unable to preach at the Baptist church.

The Young People's Department, with Miss Dorothy Jones, Supt., had charge of the opening exercises at the Baptist S. S. last Sunday. Taking part were Misses Geraldine Jones, Olive and Margaret Lewis, Mary Barrow and Russell and Geo. Henry Temple and Wiley Broughton. Each number was well presented and of interest.

The Intermediate Department will have charge of the opening exercises on next Sunday.

The main feature of the Workers' Council at the Baptist church on Monday night was a round table discussion of the value of visiting absentee members of classes and the best methods of doing this. After the meeting Mesdames Percy Lewis, C. M. Watson and Julian Horton served iced lemonade and cookies.

The Northside and Central Circles of the Baptist W. M. S. will

Midsummer Heat

The whole country has been suffering extreme heat during the past week. Local thermometers registered close to all time records and in the arid southwest temperature of well above 100 degrees has prevailed.

Japs Cutting Out U. S. Cigarettes

Another excuse for the tobacco companies not to pay a good price for this year's tobacco crop may be found in reports of reduced consumption of American cigarettes in Japan. The Japs have been encouraging the production of Virginia type tobacco over there and the home manufacture of cigarettes. Home production and manufacture have steadily increased, while importations from America have fallen off during the past few years.

TB Hospital?

County and city officials are trying to find some way to build the tubercular wards at the county home, as planned during the CWA era. The county has the land, the city has given the material, and CWA was to furnish the labor. The project was approved but was not reached before CWA expired. It is hoped to get FERA interested in carrying on the proposal. There will be 20 beds in an annex to the present county home building.

Finds Mule In Bed

A farmer at Newberry, S. C., lost a mule colt. After looking all over the place and failing to find the colt, he decided to go to bed—and found the colt. The young mule had climbed into bed and gone to sleep.

Negro Saved From Mob Sun.

Courageous action on part of two Nash county officers prevented a lynching Sunday. Booker Watson, 17-year-old negro shot and killed H. T. Williams, well known farmer of the county line section near Bailey. Williams' neighbors were highly incensed, formed a mob and started after the negro. Officers captured him and rushed him to Nashville, and a few hours later to State prison at Raleigh for safe-keeping.

meet on next Monday p. m.

Regular preaching service at the Methodist church on next Sunday morning. At night there will be a special program by the children of the church. Missions will be the topic. Directors are Mrs. Wayland Finch and Mrs. Sexton. The public is invited.

On the fifth Sunday in this month there will be an all day service at the Methodist Church with a basket dinner on the grounds. This will be a day of special interest to young people. Watch next week's paper for announcement of the program.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

I'm dedicating this week's issue to all the good Scotchmen of our city.

Hot Mon
Sandy McShorr wanted to know why I didn't stop being foolish enough to write something about his once in a lifetime sale.

Hot Mon
Sandy McFarr of the CP&L certainly did have the gentlemen of the city fooled to the nth degree.

It appears that McFarr would leave the Drug Store supposedly for home and bed.—But instead,—hit out for one of the many beautiful young ladies' homes in and about Zebulon. He probably would still be pulling the sheep's clothing over the boys' eyes were it not for the fact that one of the gang cotched him one night as he was returning.

McPharr, I hereby knight thee "Great Lover Number 249,172,834."

Hoot Poppa
Who, By the way, is the young gentleman who wouldn't go to camp for fear someone else would date his girl. Don't give your gal's dates away, lad. Hoot-cha!

Hoot Momma
Gat McBailey was in town last week and said he had noted my question in the Record relative to station W E E D (Rocky Mount). McGat said he hadn't had W E E D on his radio, but he certainly had G R A S S on his farm!

Hoot Owl
Allan McCawthorne often relates how well his McAustin saves gas. He was relating to Owen McMedlin last Wednesday how he'd run out of gas after burning five McGalons on a three-hundred-mile trip. "All I had to do," continued he, "was to drive on the leaning side of the road and the vapors in the tank drifted down into the cobra-tor enough for me to come on in."

Hoot Stuff
The McCharlotte Observer brings to light a new trimming to the old news joke in the following form:

It appears that a young man had been employed by one of the leading dailies as cub reporter. He had been given many, many instructions among which was the old, old, one "If a dog bites a man, that isn't news, but if a man bites a dog, that, being quite out of the ordinary, is news." Taking in all that the city editor told him, the lad went forth in search of news.

Along toward the last hours before the great daily was to go to press, the youngster came in and sat wearily down to his typewriter. Weary though he was, he began to peck out his first "scoop." Some of the older reporters becoming quite curious as to what the kid's story might be, crept up behind him and peeping over his shoulder read these head lines: "DOG SPRAYS HYDRANT"