

# The Zebulon Record

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## THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

BY MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

On Thursday night of last week Page Bros. came into the RECORD office about 11 o'clock and asked if anyone in there knew astronomy, adding that there was something peculiar to be seen in the sky. Out we went—Ferd and I—to behold a whitish band stretching across the southeastern heavens, faintly luminous, resembling the final fringe on the tail of Halley's comet years ago. Not one of us could tell what it was.

On Sunday I read of the discovery of a new comet and jumped to the conclusion that we had seen it; but further reading told me that the new comet is tailless, is seen from another continent, and then only with a powerful telescope. I still have no idea what phenomenon we saw.

If there is any other berry, fruit or vegetable that has the infinite capacity of the huckleberry for musing up kitchen and dining table, I have not made its acquaintance. One huckleberry pie is fully capable of soiling a tablecloth, napkins the clothing of every eater, the teeth of each mouth it enters, at least two pans of dish water and a dishcloth. It even makes on the dishes a stain hard to wash off. Yea, verily, the huckleberry getteth even with him who devours it.

For the last day or two a quotation from Thoreau, the eminent New England naturalist, has been running in my mind, though I have not read it since last summer. He was speaking of the joys of contemplation and told how he often left off some task of his simple housekeeping for the greater work of musing, forgetting for more than an hour to resume what he had been doing.

Continuing, he says: "Nay, I often did better than this . . . I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work—head or hand—and often sat in the door from sunrise till noon rapt in a reverie."

Pretty reading for this weather and season, isn't it! Especially for those of us who have to sacrifice the bloom of so many moments to toil. But we may recall that Thoreau "never married; never went to church; lived alone; never voted; refused to pay taxes; ate no meat; drank no wine; used no tobacco." And he could live on nine cents a day. Perhaps he was so wrapt in reverie that he needed little other wrapping.

I'd be glad to have known Thoreau, but am reconciled to his not being a member of my family. I should probably have become so irritated at his habits that I'd have detested him, and he in turn would have had a horror of seeing me. Geniuses seem so often nicer to read about than to have around.

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## Deaths

J. G. GREEN

Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist Church Sunday 3 p. m. for Mr. J. G. Green, 69, who died at Mary Elizabeth Hospital June 22. He had been in declining health for 2 years, but was taken seriously ill on Wednesday before he died.

The services were in charge of Rev. Edwards of the Durham Methodist church and Rev. Read of the Zebulon Methodist church of which Mr. Green had been a faithful member for many years. Interment followed in the Zebulon cemetery.

Surviving are his wife; two daughters, Mrs. H. A. Kimbro of Durham and Mrs. J. A. Driver of Middlesex; four step-children Mr. L. G. Turnage of Louisburg, Mr. J. O. Turnage and Mr. G. H. Turnage of Bailey, and Mrs. R. A. Watson of Wendell; one sister, Mrs. Geneva Lester of Rocky Mount; and one brother, Thomas Green of Spring Hope.

Pall bearers were Merritt Massey, Dr. J. F. Coltrane, A. R. House, W. S. Horton, G. C. Massey and Robert Daniel Massey.

## MRS. WOODROW RICHARDS

Mrs. Woodrow Richards of the Hopkins Chapel community died Monday night and was buried Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Alf Parrish at the Hopkins Chapel church and burial was in the church cemetery.

## Roosevelt Asks Tax on Wealth

President Roosevelt has gone a considerable distance toward Huey Long's share-the-wealth program in his recent recommendation for higher income taxes. The schedule proposed by the President and said to have an excellent chance to be enacted by congress levies as high as 80 per cent on the highest incomes. At present the highest rate is 59 per cent.

## 15 Die in Air Crash

Fifteen persons were killed and four others seriously injured in an airplane crash in Colombia, Central America, Monday.

## TO HIM THAT KNOWETH

The prevalence of infantile paralysis with more than 200 cases in the state is a matter for grave concern. So little is known of methods of combatting the disease that parents should feel particularly helpless and ignorant.

But typhoid fever is quite another thing in more ways than one. Inoculation is so nearly 100 per cent effective in preventing typhoid that it should be a shame for one to have it, unless he had lived where it was not possible to take preventive treatment. Once more Wake County comes to the front. As in cases of paralysis so with typhoid fever; Wake County is ahead in the list of those sick.

## County Planning School Additions

### ADDITIONS CONSIDERED IN WAKE'S PWA PROGRAM

Plans and estimates for three new school buildings for negroes in Wake County and plans for seven additions to other negro and white school plants are now in the hands of the County Board of Education. The Education Board will submit the drawings to the County Commissioners at an early date.

If the Commissioners decide on the improvements it will mean that they will secure 45 per cent of the sum required for their construction from the Public Works Administration as a direct grant and the remainder as a loan.

Among the group of improvements is an addition to the negro school at Zebulon. This change will be welcomed by local citizens as the present amount of space at the colored plant is insufficient for the large number of students accommodated there.

## Highway Robber

Driving up to Raleigh Tuesday we picked up a colored boy near Knightdale. He said he was from Greenville, S. C. and told this story: Leaving Wilson about noon that day he was within a mile of Zebulon about eight o'clock that evening. Near the junction of the Rocky Mount and Wilson roads just below G. C. Hicks, a colored man came across the road and demanded his money. The boy tried to run, but the man caught him around the neck and began choking him, at the same time trying to search him. He told the fellow he did not have any money. The man drew a knife and tried to cut his throat, but the boy threw his arm up and the blow struck his hand just above the wrist, cutting a rather deep cut.

The boy jerked loose and ran, saying he was going to call the police and began running and yelling at the top of his voice. The man followed, but the boy outran him. He kept running till he got to the Phil-ette filling station where he told another colored boy about what had happened. They went after Sheriff Massey and he went down the road and looked for the would-be robber. No sign of him could be found.

The rest of the story is the boy's own words: "Detectif Massey took me down to a doctor and he dressed my hand. Two fellows gave me a nickle and a dime to get some supper and the policeman took me to the jail and let me sleep there. I didn't have nothing to fight with, not even a straight pin. My mammy never would let me have a knife and after she died I never toted any. I didn't have any money at all."

The boy was very well dressed and used better language than the average colored person.

## Postponement

Poplar Spring revival meeting scheduled to begin next Sunday has been postponed due to infantile paralysis scare.

C. E. Crawford, Pastor

## Church News

There will be preaching services at the Methodist Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Membership will take notice since this is not a regular service. The public is cordially invited to attend. There will not be any services Sunday evening.

Dr. F. S. Love, presiding elder of this district, filled his last appointment at the local Methodist Church on last Sunday, preaching a strong and helpful sermon at the morning hour, after which quarterly conference was held.

The Circle of the Methodist Church met on Monday p. m. Mrs. J. L. Stell was leader in discussing Finding One's True Relationship to the Church. Mrs. J. D. Finch was hostess at her home.

The Northside Circle of the Baptist W. M. S. met on Monday p. m. with Mrs. Julian Horton as hostess and Mrs. Victoria Gill presiding. The lesson for the day was presented by Mrs. Theo. Davis, a study of Personal Service being begun at this meeting.

The Central Circle of the Baptist W. M. S. began on Monday p. m. the study of The Gate to Asia, the day's lesson being taught by Mrs. Mary Outlaw. Mrs. Riggsby Massey was hostess, and the meeting was held on her lawn.

All the circles of the Baptist W. M. S. are asked to take as their special personal service for the present month the task of assisting in every way possible in keeping the children of the Sunday school abreast with the series of graded lessons assigned for the quarter.

### District No. 2 B. T. U. Meets

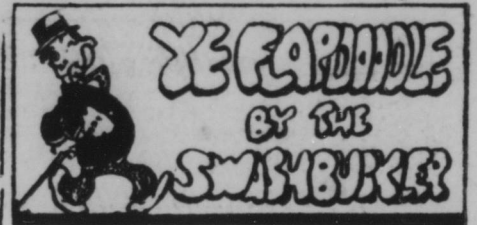
District No. 2 of the Raleigh B. T. U. Association will meet with the Hephzibah Baptist church next Sunday afternoon, June 30, at 3:00. This district is composed of the following churches: Bethlehem, Central, Hephzibah, Knightdale, Wendell and Zebulon. The Wendell B. T. U., under the direction of Mrs. John Stokes, will have charge of the program. Each B. Y. P. U. is urged to send delegates to this meeting along with a quarterly report of the work done the past quarter.—E. W. Puryear, District Leader.

### WAKEFIELD CHURCH NEWS

Beginning Sunday night the Baptist Training Union of Wakefield church will sponsor a series of studies in the life of Christ. The discussions will be led each Sunday night by the pastor. The public is urged to attend. Services will be at eight o'clock.

Rev. C. L. Ousley, pastor of the Wakefield Church will be conducting a revival next week at Mountain Grove Baptist church near Louisburg. In case he is needed he can be reached by calling C. T. Hudson's residence at Louisburg.

Mrs. Alvin Bridges' S. S. class entertained Mrs. P. P. Pace's Tuesday afternoon at Granite Lake. About fifty were present.



Agnes Gresham, that lady of color who does good washing, scrubbing, etc., in town, brought to the wife's mind that old joke of the man who was too lazy to even chew his own food. Doubtless you recall it, but a good joke is worth repeating every twenty years—

The gentleman had no kin and was living on what people would bring him. Finally, he became too lazy to even say "thank you", so the good people of the town decided to bury him alive, and get his carcass out of the way. Furthering this intention they placed him in a crude coffin and loaded him on a wagon bound for the grave yard.

Enroute, they passed some kindly soul who said, "Don't bury him alive, I'll give him a bushel of corn." The old man raised his head and asked, "Is it ground?"

"No."

"Drive on," said the old man, and lay back down.

Pretty soon they passed another pitying soul who having heard the first conversation said, "Don't bury him alive, I'll grind the corn for him."

"Will you cook it?"

"No."

"Drive on."

Ere long another helpful neighbor said, "I'll cook it for him."

"Will you chew it for me?"

"No."

"Drive on."

Finally someone commented, "I have a food chopper at home, rather than see him buried alive, I'll chop the bread up into a digestible state."

"Tain't no use," said the old gentleman, "I'd have t' swallow it. Drive on!"

A farmer living near Zebulon recently was lamenting that the depression was still raging for him. "Do you know," he asked a pop-eyed audience, "That I've had to sell three of my mules? Why I ain't had a new suit in two years and the old woman ain't had a new dress in three. Times is so hard that I ain't been able to buy shoes for the children and if they get much worse, I swear I'll have to let the credit company have my car."

The things this government does are wonderful. If I were making five million a year and Norman Screws four million, then, according to the U. S. government figures 40% of his salary goes to the government in income tax and 60% of mine goes to Uncle Sam. By a bit of rapid calculation I find that after I pay my tax I'll have a nest egg of two million left from my five million, and when Norman pays in his toll he'll have two million, four hundred thousand, or four hundred thousands more than I, and yet he makes a million less than yours truly per year. Boy, no wonder they called in the brain bust. You figure it out while I drive on.