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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

BY MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

First of all: Don't put paprika in your cottage cheese if you like it better without. The government won't care. I much prefer the cheese that has paprika and so wrote it in thoughtlessly. Uncle Sam's recipe does not mention any seasoning except salt and cream.

So many people seemed to doubt that cows have tears that I asked my brother, Dr. H. T. Farmer, of Richmond, to back me up in what I said about it. I wrote him for two reasons: He knows cows and he doesn't charge me for information.

He says that for tears to flow from a cow's eyes is by no means rare and may be caused by any of several conditions. One of those mentioned was an irritant, which I am sure flies and gnats are, and we can't keep them from a cow in the pasture. Probably they and not homesickness caused the weeping I noticed.

I don't know whether they are uninterested or whether they are too warm to exert themselves unduly, but to date I have had only a few responses to my request for visualization of a hot day.

A young mother thinks it may be because she was once alarmed by her baby's becoming overheated that whenever extra hot weather is mentioned she at once has a mental picture of an infant wearing only a diaper stretched out on a pallet, limp and white, seeming scarcely to breathe.

Another person declares that his idea of the hottest day is walking on paved city streets between tall buildings when not a breath of air is stirring.

Miss Constance Matthews, assistant editor of The Nash County News, sent me her visualization of a hot day, which is as follows:

JULY

The sun broils down
In dancing notes
Of dusty heat.
Each sluggish town
Stolidly totes
The rays that beat
On torpid homes
And copper loams:

Shriveled corn blades.
Rootbound, held slave
To a parched world
Reaching for shades,
Wearily wave
Their sheaths—gray curled,
In meek protest
At the hotness.

Hazy sounds drone
From languid throats—
An indolent
Vague undertone
Over which floats
The restive scent
Of tobacco
Curing yellow.

Fowls spread lax wings,
Or gravely preen

Negro Lynched In Franklin Co.

AFTERMATH OF BRUTAL MURDER OF PROMINENT FARMER

LEADER OF MOB SOUGHT \$400 REWARD OFFERED

Franklin County has now on its records the most gruesome affair of its history—the lynching of Govan (Sweat) Ward, 25 year old negro who Tuesday afternoon went berserk, striking his employer Sturgeon Ayscue with a bottle, fatally wounding his sister with whom he lived and murdering and decapitating C. G. Stokes, 67, prominent farmer of the Kearney's Store section in Hayesville Township section of Franklin County.

The negro's recurring fits of violence that led him into these heinous crimes, was today described as the after-effect of some potent drug or liquor that rendered him crazy mad. He seemed to have no emotion during the series of events save a crazy desire to kill. The drug was believed to have been secured on a trip to Norfolk the day before. Following lynching his body was unclaimed as he came from up north about 8 weeks ago, so burial was made almost immediately in Franklin County Cemetery.

A personal interview with Louisburg elicited small information, but their silence spoke eloquently of feeling that is still running high. However none of this feeling is between the races as the mob of some 30 persons was composed of both whites and negroes from Vance and Franklin Counties. Neither is there any feeling of blame on the actions of the new sheriff John T. Moore, who only Monday had been appointed to fill out the 18 month unexpired term of Fenner N. Spivey, auto victim of the week before, who tried to carry the prisoner to safety in a Nashville or Raleigh jail.

A hearing of the case has been set for Thursday when District Judge Harris and Prosecuting Attorney W. Y. Bickett of Raleigh will come to Louisburg to confer with officers there. Officers are still searching to knit together evidence to arrest the leaders and participants of the mob, who went to the scene unmasked in high powered cars. Their attempts will be assisted by the formal announcement Wednesday by Governor Ehringhaus of the State's offer of \$400 reward (the maximum) for evidence leading to the arrest or conviction of persons responsible for the lynching.

Since 1880 Alaska's gold, silver, copper and lead mines have yielded \$663,600,000 in wealth. The United States Government purchased Alaska from Russia, in 1867, at a cost of \$7,200,000.

And dust their backs.
Puss languidly clings
And lolls between
Two flower rocks.
All hot and dry,
It is July!

Sheriff Massey Captures Runner Single-Handed

Where were you Friday morning? Well, if you missed the fun down between the post office and the Zebulon Supply Co.'s place you missed about half your life as valued in good East Lake Liquor.

But to begin at the beginning: Thursday night along towards its middle Sheriff Massey got a grape vine message that a job was waiting him down Wilson-way on Moccasin creek. So he "set" himself and it was not long before Jack Banks came along in his high geared joy carrier. Now Jack is in business, or was and it is reported that he carries "the goods" with him. So the Sheriff decided he would give Jack a run for his, no, not his money, but his liquor.

And it was a great race while it lasted. The pity was the lack of an audience. Banks was somewhat encumbered by "the impedimenta," as the Romans would say. Massey was travelling light and running in high. But like a fox hunt the pleasures of the chase were all with the chaser. As they went through Zebulon about midnight it sounded as though the whole state highway patrol was on its way to stop a lynching bee.

Jack just couldn't shake G. C. Having no smoke screen, he decided to make one. When he got to the Wake Forest road beyond Edgemont, he turned to the right and "took off" up the dirt road. Tell it not in Gath! The dirt would not dust. The powers that be were for once against Jack. It had rained on that dirt road only a few hours before and the road just would not aid the lone lawbreaker in his dire distress.

Near Robertson's store five miles beyond Wendell the race ended when the Sheriff cut in front of Banks and forced him to the roadside. Jack just sat with motor running, and so did the Sheriff. He had anticipated the next move of the pursued to race away when he left his own car to make the arrest. Then Jack jackrabbited across the field. The officer called, "It's no use running, Jack, I know you. Come on back." And Jack replied, "Dammit, you would!", or words to that effect.

Then they went a-visiting at Sheriff Weathers', who joined the parade and all arrived in Zebulon. Bondsman Crawley was called in Raleigh. He hastened forth and arranged the necessary bond, and soon Banks was on his way again, but empty handed, leaving all his known worldly possessions with the efficient officer of the law.

Now to continue the first part of our interesting story which will be concluded at the courthouse in Raleigh sometime later. Ninety (yes, 90) gallons of good East Lake liquor was poured into the gutters of Zebulon Friday morning. Either the sound or the scents attracted a large crowd of Zebulon's citizenry. Jug after jug was emptied. Someone struck a match to the flowing stream; the heat exploded a vessel; men hollered, laughed, joked and everybody had

State Has Surplus In General Fund

Governor Ehringhaus announces that the state closed the year on June 30 with a general fund surplus of \$712,253. He along with all citizens of the state are proud of the fact that the state is living within its income and that its bonds are selling well.

We are not so proud of the fact that some of this surplus was accumulated by underpaying school teachers and by refusing to repay "loans" deducted from employees' salaries in 1933 and '34. Law suits are now pending against officials for recovery of some of these deductions.

Raising Money And Spending It Both Hard Jobs

Reports from Washington indicate that those trying to raise money for the government by way of taxes and those who are trying to spend the billions already appropriated are both having a hard time. The problem of spending is probably as difficult as the other, if it is to be spent properly.

Where to get the money, the billions needed, with the least injury to business, the least squawk from the taxpayers, is a real problem. Where to spend it so it will do the most good, not necessarily the most actual physical good, but the most political good, also calls for real brain work.

This situation calls to mind the comment made by Marvin Nash, now a High Point attorney, but formerly a member of the legislature from Richmond county. The University, according to Mr. Nash, came to one legislature and asked for money to build a library; said they had thousands of valuable books going to waste for lack of library facilities. The appropriation was made, the library built. Next session the same folks came back and asked for money to buy books, saying they had a very fine building and it was a shame not to have some books to put in it.

Polio Quarantine

The state of Delaware has imposed a quarantine against infantile paralysis. People coming into the state must register and must report for daily examinations for a week or more.

The paralysis situation in North Carolina continues to improve, but the disease is still spreading in Virginia and the District of Columbia.

A good time. Really we never saw a crowd of men with the liquor on the inside who had a better time than that crowd of sober ones did. And some of the best citizens of Zebulon participated in the "dissipation."

"Now," as one good man commented, "There's a Sheriff who knows something about liquor control!"



According to the boys around at the "He Men's Club", 412 Sycamore Boulevard a certain young and tender gentleman known to the unsuspecting as Bob Sawyer, has been mortally bitten by the "Bug of Romance". Not only has the bug bitten Sir Robert, but it has also crawled up in him and is far from dead. George and Bill declare that this is the sole reason for Bob's going around with that look on his map that reminds one of a dying mouse staring at a piece of cheese. Hotcha!

The Bug has evidently smitten another "kid" with a pouch and a wife, for he can be seen now and then in the wee hours of the morning with one of the various and sundry town charmers (?) draped artistically about his neck. Boys will be boys, yuh know.

Incidentally, I've just discovered what became of the kid who used to slip in and sit on the front row at the movies. He's grown up and now slips in and sits on the back row at church.

The madam was humming that catching tune Swanee River recently when I happened to be unoccupied. "That's a pretty tune," I comments to make conversation. "Yeah," she replied, "I wrote it." "You wrote it?" I queried querily. "Yep, I wrote it." "That's funny," I continued the verbatim, "I always thought Stephen Foster had something to do with writing that." "Oh," sniffed the little woman, "He was hanging around at the time." Darn clever, these Chinese.

On second thought I've decided to add "Ha!" to the above quotation. "Darn clever these Chinese. Ha!"

I suppose that the lynching which took place in our neighboring county some few days ago is just another small item in that immense category known the world over as "Southern Hospitality."

I was conversing (I thought sensibly) with a friend when he took out a knife, a very attractive knife. "You know," he said, "This knife was left me by a very rich uncle." "Is that so?" I ejaculated, "What very rich uncle?" "Uncle Woolworth," he continued, "But I had to pay a dime inheritance and one cent sales tax before I could get it." Roll me over easy mother, the bullet's in me laig.

Raleigh Alford brought in the following clipping:

Camper's note written by a high school girl—"And when you get through with your fire, you want to put the fire out good because you don't want to burn up all our forests and make the woods look like hell."

Well, that's one way of putting it.