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THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

BY MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

If ever anybody believed in work, I do, and I should certainly hate to feel that I had made it harder for anyone to earn a living. But every now and then some agent makes me so angry that I don't get over it for days. For instance:

It was a hot afternoon. I thought I had done all the household tasks that called imperatively, had bathed and lain down for a few minutes when I remembered the rolls for supper were not set. It would take only a few minutes to make the dough, so I didn't dress—merely slipped my feet into a pair of Japanese sandals that have only soles and two straps that cross over the instep. These and a printed cotton nightie were my sole items of apparel and my hair hung down my back in a gray plait. Still, the doors were all closed and I was alone in the house—our house.

My hands were in the dough as I stood behind the kitchen table and someone knocked at the back door. "Who is it, please?" I called, thinking it was a neighbor's child. Instead of answering my question a large face surmounted by tousled hair was thrust close against the screen of the casement window and a voice announced: "I want to come in and talk to you about magazine subscriptions." (That window, by actual measurement, is 66 inches above the floor.) In vain I protested that I could not talk to him at that time; that I already get the magazines he mentioned. He insisted that I let him in even after I said in scandalized exasperation that I simply could not talk to him—that I was not even dressed. I should have left the room had it not been that my appearance was a bit more respectable back of the table. Finally he shook his head and asked: "Do I understand you to mean that you DO NOT INTEND to give me a subscription?" Warily I replied that I had done my best to make that meaning clear from the first. "Well," he declared, "I hope sometime somebody goes out and tries to get subscribers for your paper; and I hope they get treated just like you've treated me." And he stamped down the steps and away.

It was an unpleasant experience from several standpoints and later information showed that the young man had succeeded in making himself highly objectionable at another Zebulon home that same day.

A few days later a member of the youngest married set told me of a woman who came to our town trying to secure agents for a line of cosmetics. My son's wife, easily persuaded to help others, consented to take the stranger to see a few prospects and drove to several homes. It was unsuccessful. One trouble may have been that she wanted only pretty women to represent her firm. Another was that she told them it didn't matter what their husbands thought about their doing the work; that husbands don't need to know what wives are doing all the time. The chief reason was

Church Column

At the Baptist Church on last Sunday morning Rev. R. H. Herring made mention of the day's being the eighth anniversary of his coming as pastor. He cited briefly some of the changes that have occurred during that period and declared that the suspension of classes in Sunday School for children was the greatest blow the church has suffered, overshadowing the financial depression in its effects. He spoke of the growth in membership and commended the interest that has resulted in painting the walls of the auditorium, carpeting the rostrum and aisle and cleaning and waxing the seats, in which the Philathea Class led with the Fidelis Matrons taking charge of the minor project.

Pastor Read requests that it be announced that regular services at the Methodist Church will be held as usual on next Sunday morning, Sunday School at 10:00 and preaching at 11:00. Announcement of the evening services will be made at the morning services by the pastor.

Hard for Lawyers

The state board of law examiners making it harder every year for would-be lawyers to take the bar examination. It is proposed after next January to limit applicants to those with full law college work to their credit. Heretofore it has been possible for a young man to study under any reputable attorney and take the examination. If he made the grade he was licensed. That will not be possible after next year, according to the board's plans.

probably that one who lives here knows it would be almost impossible to make a worth while job of selling cosmetics in Zebulon at this time.

Anyway, the would-be employer became furious at our town and at us. She declared it to be pathetic to see a place so blind to beauty and charm and to the opportunity to simply coin money. She bemoaned our ignorance and our satisfaction with our benighted condition. Her young chauffeur (I don't know the feminine for that word) became more and more embarrassed and could not truthfully say at parting: "I'm so glad I met you."

The final scene was in Zebulon Drug Store when she who condemned us was waiting for a bus, which she declared she would gladly board, hoping it would take her so far away that she would never see this town again.

And I find in my heart no censure for a girl in her early teens who, hearing this emotional farewell, remarked: "And I hope so, too."

It is comforting to be able to state that the above are examples of the agent at his - and her - worst. Some of the most pleasant and polite persons I have met were agents. But I suppose that they were, first of all, ladies and gentlemen.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WAR AND LEMONS

Geneva, Switzerland.—Diplomatic backing and filling continues over the Italo-Ethiopian question. The League Council has ceded to Italy's demands and no steps have as yet been taken to make war seem any less inevitable. Meanwhile the price of lemons rises in America. Mussolini is sending all he can to Africa to stave off dysentery among his troops.

NOT NOW—IN NOVEMBER

Washington, D. C. — The huge \$4,880,000,000 work relief program has so far put only 100,000 to work. Controller General John R. McCarl watches New Deal expenditures with an eagle eye. President Roosevelt took him on a week end fishing trip and McCarl promised to do all he could to expedite distribution of the money. With McCarl cooperation the President hopes to have 90 to 95 per cent of the country's employable idle at work by November.

"BORE FROM WITHIN"

Moscow, U. S. S. R. — At the Third International's seventh congress, Earl Browder, Kansan secretary of the American Communist Party, announced that his 30,000 followers were busily sowing propaganda among 1,000,000 laborers. Delegates instructed Young Communist Leagues to join all groups and societies, athletic, cultural, religious to "bore from within." When Washington cocked its ear for violation of the 1933 agreement, Moscow quickly appended the dictum: No Soviet meddling in the domestic affairs of individual national Communist parties.

TEMPTATION

Lakehurst, N. J.—Flyers over darkest Africa and wildest Asia expect casual fire from ardent natives. But in civilized America riflemen can resist anything but blimps. After a fight along the coast off Point Pleasant, N. J., hangar men found the hole of a high-powered bullet in the stabilizer fin of the navy's all metal ZMC-2. Twice previously this ship has suffered direct hits. Pilots of blimps dread unsettled country in the hunting season.

BRITISH INDIA BILL UNSATISFACTORY

London, England.—After 15,000 words of oratory, 50 days of debate and 300 amendments, the India Bill emerged, a 100,500 word document. To the delight of English diehards, practically every group in India objected to the bill on one ground or another. Establishing a federal government in India and granting the franchise to 29,000,000 men and 6,000,000 women, the bill pleased neither conservatives nor radicals in either country, but all agreed that it gave the Indian Empire a chance

S. A. Horton

After an illness of 18 months S. A. Horton, well-known farmer of this section, died at his home here at about 5 o'clock Tuesday morning.

He was 51 years old, the son of Blackman Horton, and was highly esteemed. He was a deacon in the Baptist church.

Mr. Horton married Miss Veronah Jeffreys of Johnston county, who survives with two children, Robert Ed and Rebecca. A son, DeWarner, died 13 years ago. Also surviving are four brothers, Nathan Henry, Earl and Cliff Horton, all of Zebulon; two sisters, Mrs. Alonzo Chamblee of Zebulon, and Mrs. L. E. Johnson of Tennessee.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on Wednesday at 4 o'clock by Rev. R. H. Herring, assisted by Rev. Theo. B. Davis, Burial was in the Horton family cemetery.

Active pallbearers were: W. P. Lewis, K. Corbett, J. T. Robertson, Pittman Stell, Ivey Narron and P. G. Curtis. Honorary pallbearers were E. C. Daniel, J. L. Barrow, Dr. C. E. Flowers, L. R. Temple, Dr. Z. M. Caviness, Dr. B. J. Lawrence, Millard Alford, Graham Conn, Mahlon Temple, C. S. Chamblee and the board of deacons of the Baptist church, W. N. Pitts, J. G. Kemp, F. E. Bunn, Dr. L. M. M. Massey, C. V. Whitley, J. M. Whitley, John Broughton, P. F. Massey and A. C. Dawson.

Brief News Items

100 Below Zero

The Dupont Company announces that in the making of synthetic rubber they use the lowest temperature yet known to industrial science—100 degrees below zero. This intense cold separates from other gases the material which is the basis for synthetic rubber, turning it into a liquid. Needless to say the handling of materials in this cold is done by machinery.

Pork High

Hog prices on the Chicago market have reached the highest point for five years. Choice hogs sold on the hoof Aug. 5 brought \$11.35 per hundred-weight.

Two Apologies

The Department of State at Washington has been twice called upon in the past week to make apology to foreign powers. The first was for the defacement of the Nazi emblem from a German liner in New York harbor. The second was for a caricature of the Japanese emperor in an American magazine and which was deemed offensive by the Japanese.

Franklin Lynching Still Not Solved

Following an all day investigation last Thursday, Judge Harris, Solicitor Bickett and Attorney General Seawell adjourned the hearing to some future date without finding out anything about the lynching party in Franklin county last week.



My one ambition is to tell one (ONE) joke, good, bad or otherwise, that before the last word is from my lips, "Mac" of the Carolina Power and Light Company's super (suds) salesman will not bleat out with—"Woh! Woh! Woh! I done heard that one. Woh! Woh! Woh!"

Lost, Found, Stolen or Something.

Somewhere between Carolina Beach and Zebulon—One Large, Juicy Romance Bug. If found or sighted, please notify Bob Sawyer, Stedman Stores Building, Metropolitan Square, Zebulon, N. C.

It appears that one fine day last week—one gentleman referred to in these columns as "Wee Bill the Fletcher", was lying abed rather late. As chance would have it, one or two of the two pigs owned and operated by the Young Men's Club got out of the well-constructed pen. Now this is quite a common occurrence around at the club and the several interested gentlemen counted upon their fingers and found that it was Bill's time to go a-pigging. S-o-o-o-o Bill was called by the cook and informed that the hour had come. Drowsily Bill opened one eye and flapping his lips in a muttering way said, "Just get a tub of slops and when the pig comes up to eat the slops—grab him before he knows what it's all about and into the pen with him, my good man." Wherewith, William rolled over and back to sleep he went. Z-z-z-z-z-z.

Now the several young men talked and discussed, thought and rediscussed the matter and finally drew up plans for sweet revenge.

At a later hour Billious awoke with a rare and buxom smell in his nostrils, also a healthy snore was in his ear. "What ho!" thought Bill out loud, "What manner of man be this?" Rolling over for a view of his bed fellow of two hours or more, Bill came face to face with the pig!

Bill needed no pictures drawn to prove that his advice as to how to catch ye piggy had been quite successful.

Why has a certain John suddenly begun talking marriage in a really serious manner? Before a recent trip to Wilson this young man treated marriage as very delicate matter even in conversation.

Three Die in Rare Sort of Accident

Almost an entire family was wiped out in an unusual accident near Durham Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Gatchett of Ohio, show people, were driving from Henderson to Durham. Near the latter city a tire blew out, the car skidded into a high tension power line pole, throwing the wires onto the car and electrocuting Gatchett, his wife and one child. A nine year old boy escaped injury.