

The Zebulon Record

THE FOUR COUNTY NEWSPAPER—WAKE, JOHNSTON, NASH AND FRANKLIN

JME XIII

ZEBULON, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JANUARY THIRD, 1936

NUMBER 26

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MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

More than once during the year I have said that my special prayers were offered for Sunday afternoon. Without them it seemed as if I could never have lived. At it, Sunday mornings were filled as any others, what with having ready for Sunday school in church, seeing to dinner before leaving and having to finish it before returning. And if I slogged myself afterwards, it was my lot. And then—the afternoon! I had time for rest, reading

In the manner I felt that last Christmas was worth extra gratitude. I had breakfast my husband asked if I meant to go to Sunday school. I told him that I was sort of out of judgment by staying at home such a day; but that, being a teacher, it would never do to be absent if it were possible. I dressed and stood, red and galoshed, while the wife made strenuous efforts to get out of the garage and into the car. They say our car is the best of its kind. I am the youngest son of a family of better than Dr. Massey, and whether there was any snow going out. He reported that Massey had been to the church, thought best not to try the service. I unwrapped with a sense of relief. I'm too old to go out in the snow merely for the sake of the trip.

I thought I'd have just two meals a day. But my family have an inborn habit of preferring three. I wonder how late breakfast may be when noon comes. I am sitting down to a table, even though it is much on it. So I am quite satisfied about twelve. I scrape enough scraps from the turkey to make a cream. I take a biscuit and do a few more such things. Then back to bed. Again, at night we stopped for a moment for food, some of us reading as we ate.

The head of the house, in the latest day. He had been reading goodbye, Mr. Christmas. We had it since a long time. He asked it in a few days. Sunday, when he called for me to read, I thought him "The Song of Bugle" and he read it. Then, when he didn't have time for all of it, I found it in the "Digest" of it in the "Digest" of it. He finished it before going to bed. These things are worthwhile and he had them; yet a snow storm hit him the next day. And he was for some time studying.

Years ago I used to feel that the most precious part of the twenty-four hours was after supper when the smaller children had been put to bed and the rest of us were all at home with books or lessons. And I still feel that it is a blessing for families to be together and alone at times — though that sentence sounds scrambled. There is a peaceful relaxation that is not destroyed

News Briefs

Hauptmann has seen six doomed men pass by his cell on their way to death but he still hopes. He is scheduled to die on January 13, and it seems there is no hope for him. Yet he still insists on his innocence.

Mrs. Roosevelt Becomes Columnist

Mrs. Roosevelt is probably both the most voluminous writer and the greatest traveler of all president's wives. She has signed a contract to write a column each day for newspapers entitled "My Day" in which she will tell of the incidents of her daily life. The Raleigh Times will publish these.

Lindenberghs Land in England

Although trying to get away from American publicity, the Lindenberghs found a "mob" waiting to welcome them to Merrie England. The press of newspaper men caused them to "hole up" in Liverpool. One must pay the price of fame and fortune no matter where he may be.

Eleven Die In Chile

Eleven people were killed and many injured in a landslide in Chile. The victims were on a train passing through a mountainous region.

Auto Plate Sale

Despite snow and cold the state auto license bureau had five lines of waiting men and women in Raleigh all day Tuesday seeking tags. At this time last year 90,336 tags had been sold. Up to today 108,442 have been sold during the year, or 18 per cent more than last year at the same time.

Marriages in Wake

Register of Deeds Hunter Ellington has issued 488 marriage licenses in 1935. He issued 368 in 1934, or 36 fewer.

Santa in the Sky

Residents of Philadelphia and suburbs saw Santa Claus in the sky on Christmas Eve. The Philadelphia Record, hearing that Santa was in difficulties up North sent to Labrador to meet him. They found one of the reindeer had split a hoof, it was reported. With airplanes they brought three of the reindeer and Santa and he was towed over the city, 1500 feet in the air. One plane pulled the sleigh, one flew along to keep spotlights trained on it, while a third plane played Jingle Bells and Merry Christmas. Preparations took three weeks and the result thrilled even grown-ups, while children were ecstatic.

by even an occasional disagreement.

The only fly in the ointment of contentment at such times is the fear that there are those who may be cold or hungry or both. And the fear that we may have only said to our needy brother, "Be thou warmed and fed," without making an effort to relieve the distress or remove its cause.

Public Character

The Record presents as this week's public character one who is indeed well known. Attentive to the demands of his profession he is also ready to take part in worthy projects for the betterment of the community.

Name—Chas. E. Flowers.
Native of Pamlico County.
Domestic status — Married
Miss Carmen E. Poole, Durham, N. C. Has one son.
Church Affiliation— Methodist.
Profession—Physician.
Has been in this profession— Since Graduated at Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, May 27, 1913.
Came to Zebulon—June 28, 1919.
Because—A very prosperous town, and community.

Schools Open Next Monday

The rough weather caused another announcement concerning the opening of Wake County schools, already postponed once for this cause. The date now set is Monday, January 5, 1936. The schools will be in session for the first time since the opening of the school year. However, unless there is considerable improvement, it may be well to pay attention to radio announcements on Sunday afternoon and evening. Tuesday P. M. of next week is the time for the study class of the P. T. A. Because of weather members are asked to wait further announcement.

Hatchery Pays Dividends

After years of struggling along, sometimes at poor dying rate, as regards the hatch the Zebulon Community Hatchery seems on the road to becoming a profitable enterprise. As managed by O. D. Massey the business has paid a dividend for the past two years. The one in 1934 was no big percentage, nor was the 1935 profit so much in dollars and cents. But when it is remembered that the equipment had to be paid for, the management provided for, and other expenses met, there is cause for congratulation that so much has been done.

Not three years ago there seemed grave danger of losing this business from our community. There was a mortgage that had to be paid if the hatchery continued to function. A number of those who first took shares declared themselves unable or unwilling to invest more. Others felt sure it would be worse to lose what had been invested without further effort and among themselves made up the amount due.

Just before Christmas Manager Massey made visits to the stockholders carrying checks for the amount of their dividends. And fifteen dollars and some cents coming in just at Christmas time—or any other time—is rather conclusive evidence that the concern that pays it is a going affair.

For the sakes of all concerned in any way it is to be hoped that this

Burial Of Mrs. Flowers

Funeral services were held on Friday afternoon at two o'clock at the Methodist Church for Mrs. Della Alford Flowers who died on Christmas morning. Rev. C. L. Read, pastor, was assisted by Rev. E. H. Davis, a former pastor, and Rev. R. H. Harris of the Baptist Church. All the children arrived before the burial. Mrs. Daniel and her son coming from Mass., Mrs. Strickland from Florida, Mrs. Mitchell and Fred Flowers from their homes in this state. Four of the children — S. G. Flowers, Mrs. Campen, Dr. Chas. Flowers and Mrs. Barbee — live in Zebulon. The bitter weather kept away many who would otherwise have shown their respect and affection for this friend and neighbor by attending the last rites.

Unusual Weather

It is not news to any one to say we have had snow—One of the biggest snows and the longest cold spells ever known in this section, but for the benefit of those who come after and may read our files we mention the snow that has been on the ground now for twelve days. On Saturday, December 29, a snow four or five inches deep fell. Very few people attended church in the morning and there were no services in town at night. Little of this snow melted up to the following Saturday night when a second one fell. It was about the same depth as the first. There were no religious services in the churches on that day or night. The water pipes in many homes froze and stock suffered in the cold snow. At this time few birds are seen and it is feared that many of the smaller birds have frozen to death or starved. As we go to press the weather has moderated some and rain is falling while a dense fog is everywhere.

General

Extortion Case

Caleb Milne, 4th, member of a wealthy New York family, has confessed that, spurred by a desire for publicity, he planned his own disappearance to resemble a kidnapping case and tied himself after taping his eyes and mouth closed then rolled down a hill to be discovered by passing motorists. He had sent to his grandfather a note demanding \$20,000 ransom. Federal officials working on the case secured a confession from the young man after he was confronted with evidence already in hand. He said he wanted to get into moving pictures and to be kidnapped seemed a good idea. The grandfather will not prosecute, but the United States government may not be so lenient.

"How fortunate are the student and teacher who are privileged to work in an institution where both can come together from morning to morning for a period of worship and prayer."—Dean Marshbanks.

This year will be the best yet for The Zebulon Community Hatchery. In another column may be found Mr. Massey's notice as to opening date for the season of 1936.



I have definitely decided not to run for the legislature this year. I have recently gone into partnership with a friend and want to stay off relief.

Yessir, I want to make an honest living as long as possible.

The reason we have been having such inclement weather of late is, that the elements realize that after all the candidates for the various and sundry offices begin frothing at the mouth, there will be so much hot air around, they wouldn't have a chance.

Holloway is beginning to get a tiny touch of poly ticks under his collar and now and then waxes eloquent until it runs over the top.

This week he says of Clyde Hoey: "Clyde Hoey, the Sage of Shelby, will employ the eloquence of Demosthenes and the logic of Plato in his presentation of his political philosophy—Et cetera, et cetera, and at cetera, of course you must know."

Holloway might have continued, "Logic of Plato, strength of Hercules, thunder of Thor, wisdom of Solomon,—" why, he could have continued for hours.

I see where the Burlington Liars' Club is presenting their "diamond medal" this week. We have plenty of boys around here who could and do qualify for that medal each and every day and capably, too.

Santa Claus was mighty good to me this year, but I wish he wasn't so darn prompt in sending out his "Statement of accounts".

By the end of January I'll have enough to paper the living room. We papered the kitchen in pink last year, and the bedroom stays in "red".

Take a letter, Miss Blah. Dear Santa: Please put all my accounts on the right hand page in red ink. It will save transferring them later.

Sincerely,
Swashbuckler.

Anne Kemp is the only woman I have seen who could park with her wheels against the sidewalk in front of the Post office and then back out without assistance from pushers. No chains required either.

Few men could do it, and many didn't during our snow. Anne just had the right idea and used it. Perfect control, I call it.

Well, as I nasally bid you a gurgling good-bye through my latest cold, I see it begin to rain and fog and whatnot. I can stand the rain and fog, but the whatnot is slowly but surely getting me down.
Yours,
The Sniffbuckler.

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