

Wake Forest R#2

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C. B. Hodges

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

BY MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

One night last week I had a great time looking over two new seed catalogs. But after a while it seemed that something was wrong with them and I sat and studied over it until I realized that neither offers mustard seed. You see, they are Northern firms and probably don't know how good mustard is for spring greens. Those misguided Yankees eat spinach instead.

Just any day now it will be all right for us to go out and begin pruning the fruit trees. Only it might be well to choose a day when our neighbor doesn't want to use his shears himself.

Plum trees are not bad except for thorns. About all you have to do to them is to clip off the water sprouts and see that no limbs are left so that they rub together when the wind blows and skin each other—or themselves. And most plum trees shape up nicely, though damsons do at times get crooked notions and act accordingly.

But when it comes to pruning apple trees I'm willing to stand back and watch the men work, though I do give them the benefit of a good deal of advice without waiting to be asked. This appears to supply them extra vigor for sawing and snipping. Queer how hard it is for two to agree exactly as to how much pruning should be done to a tree. When my husband starts out with energy and enthusiasm and the longhanded pruning shears I tremble for any tree that stands in his course, and fear he may leave only a stump, while he feels that I don't know one thing about it and that woman's place right then is in the home—with shades down.

And it doesn't do one bit of good for me to recite: "Woodman, spare that tree." I can't protect it. His eyes get a wild, fanatic gleam and he saws wood and says things.

Peach trees are so short-lived these times that I fear they may be turning to annuals. Why, I can remember when a peach tree was looked upon as a permanent possession. What has gotten into them? Maybe they get tired of being pruned so severely in our efforts to secure finer fruit.

And can anyone tell me how to keep a cat from sharpening her claws on a young tree? We have a nice young peach tree that has been damaged in this way until it has begun to exude that sticky gum that means disease. I believe I'll try putting fine-meshed wire around it, not too close to its trunk.

We've not been able to do anything here with any cherries except the sour kinds. The others get some kind of root sickness that always ends in a slow death, though they start out beautifully at first.

From some source I gathered the opinion that cherry trees have roots that go specially deep into the ground and that they must not strike water if they are to thrive. That may be the reason for their doing best in the mountains or hills.

Another disappointing experiment here was with the currants that northern catalogs praise so highly. Climate again. And the

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR POLITICS

(EDITORIAL)

1. Thou shalt put thine own country first; thy party shall come second. Thou shalt be loyal to thine own country and her rulers and to none other.

2. Thou shalt seek to reduce the expenditures of government and throw out sucker job holders that there may be economy and prosperity in thy land.

3. Thou shalt balance the budget that the treasury be not empty when depression cometh.

4. Thou shalt make the dollar to be 100 cents, and no more nor less; he that inflateth it shall suffer thereby.

5. Thou shalt not take unto thyself any private business in the name of thy country, but prosecute that only which pertaineth to the government thereof.

6. Thou shalt remember the helpless and aged and make ample provision for them in their distress and poverty.

7. Thou shalt not make any law that putteth drink or any other evil in the path of thy fellow man to bring sorrow on his head.

8. Thou shalt neither muzzle nor bind the tiller of the soil or other artisan by which the one receiveth unjustly that which belongeth to the other.

9. Thou shalt not pass any law nor permit any combine by which the little man is robbed and the big man enriched.

10. Thou shalt not go to war nor aid and abet other men or nations in acts of violence for selfish gain or interest that thy days may be long upon the earth which thy God giveth thee.

Club Column

HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB

The Home Demonstration Club met at Wakefield on Wednesday p. m. Mrs. McIness discussed Foods for the Family, which is the subject for study during this year. She wishes to have each member make a food chart for her own family.

Plans were made for the Study Course, which will hold the next meeting with this club at an early date, the exact time to be announced later. This will be a meeting of members of the church societies, woman's clubs and PTA, one of the series already begun.

JANUARY MEETING

The general meeting for January of the Woman's Club was held on Tuesday p. m. In her report Mrs. Whitley, treasurer, urged the collection of all dues yet unpaid and announced that with this addition to the fund in hand it might be possible to reduce the club debt to \$400.00 in the near future.

Little Miss Jean Flowers, a pupil of Miss Campen's class in expression, gave two readings—"Mrs. Long Distance" and "Evolution"—which were enjoyed by her hearers.

Mrs. R. H. Herring, chairman of the Welfare Department, gave the program based mainly upon her experiences with various phases of welfare work. She reported donations made by the club at Christmas to those in need, the work done in the sewing room here, and concluded with reading extracts from an article describing the same type of work in another state, showing the similarity of both methods and persons in varying sections of the country.

The Department of Literature of the Woman's Club will meet on next Tuesday p. m.

The country to be studied is Greece, with Mrs. R. E. Pippin in charge of the program. Mesdames F. H. McGuire and C. V. Whitley will be hostesses.

Within 24 hours of the time set for the execution of Bruno Hauptmann, Governor Hoffman granted a stay of execution to Hauptmann for 60 days. He claims he did it "for divers reasons known to me." Severe criticism has followed his act.

thing to brag about. Down here there are lots of wild berries that

Public Character

This week's public character is another of the community's "native sons" and as such has a double gratification in seeing the growth and development of the town. He is a member of the Masonic Order the Rotary Club, American Legion, and Young Democrats Club, being also a member of the Township Democratic Executive Committee.

Name—Luther Malcus Massey.

Native of Wakefield, Wake County.

Domestic Status—Married to Miss Vivian Massey, June 24, 1927.

One daughter, Carolyn Vivian. Church Affiliation—Baptist. Is Superintendent of Sunday School and Deacon.

Profession—Dentist.

Has been in this Profession—16 years.

Came to Zebulon from Wakefield in 1920.

People Believe In Advertising

"It pays to advertise."

An advertising specialist, Chas. A. Stech, has made a canvass of 5,000 persons in 21 states and 122 occupations. Here is what he found:

Eighty-five per cent believe newspaper advertisements are more reliable than men elected to public office.

Eighty-eight per cent said they believed the statements in newspapers more reliable than those of salesmen. The salesmen themselves agreed that this was true.

When asked if they were misled in their beliefs and purchases by such advertisements, 59 per cent said "no", 11 per cent said "rarely" 26 per cent said "occasionally" and 4 per cent said "frequently".

Eighty-five per cent said they believed a concern that spent money to advertise would keep its product more nearly up to standard, and 80 per cent said advertisements made newspapers more interesting. It's no joke; it pays to advertise.

Prof. Albert Einstein has paid \$250 for his first papers toward American citizenship. He is a Jew and all his property in Germany was confiscated by the Nazis. He is now lecturing at Princeton Uni-

Church Column

Methodist Church Services for Sunday, January 26th.

We are fortunate to have with us for the 11 o'clock church service Dr. J. M. Ormond.

Dr. Ormond is one of the most popular men in our conference.

Mrs. Ormond will accompany Brother Ormond on this occasion Mrs. Ormond is a sister of our presiding Bishop, Dr. Kern.

It is hoped that a full attendance of the membership of the church may be present. And a cordial invitation is extended to the public generally.

Worship service at 7:30 p. m. conducted by the pastor.

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.

Because of weather conditions there was no service at the Baptist Church on last Sunday evening.

The Circles of both the Baptist and Methodist Missionary Societies will meet on Monday p. m.

Mrs. Shearon Dead

After a long period of poor health Mrs. J. W. Shearon died at her home in Wakefield on January 16. Funeral services were held at the home on Saturday, conducted by Rev. A. A. Pippin assisted by Dr. C. L. Read.

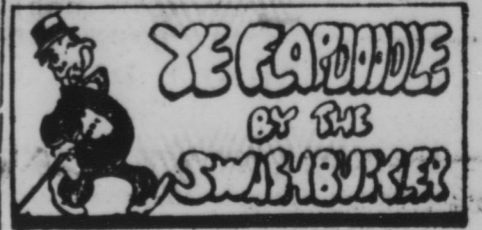
Surviving are the husband and seven children: Mrs. W. A. Tucker, Mrs. E. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Alex Carter and W. R. Shearon of Wakefield; Mrs. C. W. King, Durham; W. T. Shearon, Wendell; W. S. Shearon, South Carolina. There are also twenty-three grandchildren.

Mrs. Shearon will be greatly missed, not only by her family but by her many friends.

Basket Ball

Wakelon High School girls basketball team met Corinth Holder girls in Corinth Holder gymnasium Friday night and were defeated by a score of 17 to 11. The lineups were as follows: WAKELON—Kay Kemp, Ruth Green, Frankie Hall; Merryl Massey, Mary Frances White, Dorothy Winstead;—Subs., Mary Gray Pippin. Eunice Outlaw, manager.

CORINTH—Mamie Dean, Gladys Driver, Eula Pearl Davis; Margree Davis, Virginia Manning, Katie Bunn. Mamie Dean and Margree Davis starred for Corinth while Ruth Green and Merryl Massey were outstanding players for Wakelon.



In my opinion nothing could be more amusing than the following account of a birthday party I pass on to you as it was passed to me. Verbatim.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

(By David Sink, the hostess's papa in The Lexington Dispatch.)

Last Wednesday afternoon little Jane Kirksey Sink celebrated her second birthday by inviting a number of friends to a party at her home on Martin Street.

The little hostess, dressed in a charming rump-length Singer creation of yellow cotton from beneath which peeped a pair of ruffled panties, met each little guest at the door with a graceful glare of disdain and an aloof air of hostility. After considerable persuasion, she was moved to admit them, but, it appeared, in deep doubt of their moral turpitude.

The guests reluctantly presented attractive birthday presents which were joyfully snatched and re-snatched. Tears on the part of the givers and the recipient were assuaged by promises of spankings or candy.

There followed a delightful hour of play, during which Miss Sink charmingly collected one toy after another, despite wails of protest. She at times appeared distressed as her short and chubby arms would be filled yet there remained other toys with which her guests might play. However, her delightful personality asserted itself and she determinedly "carried on", as the phrase goes.

Following the social hour, mothers and nurses felt that it was time to "eat and drink for tomorrow we may die" and some of them hoping they would, agreed that refreshment would be welcomed; to be perfectly truthful, were even necessary.

The hostess' mother then invited the guests into the dining room where on the table had been placed a beautiful birthday cake holding two lighted candles in a depression in the center of the cake. The depression was occasioned when the hostess had scooped out a handful during the icing process in the making of the cake. On her sixth attempt, Miss Sink was successful in extinguishing the flame of the second candle. Some of the trouble may have been that she used the "in" method as well as the "out" in expelling her breath. The cake and the ice cream were consumed amid astounding harmony as spoons were applied with great rapidity. There was, perhaps, a mite of suspicion that each aspired to finish his or hers first in order to dip into another's, but this suspicion is doubtless unfounded.

As the hour for departure approached, each guest collected the gift he or she had brought under the impression that it had been only a loan. The disillusionment process was somewhat painful but very thorough. Several thought it would be nice to spend the weekend or at least the night, and here again they came upon the hard school of experience.

Before departing, however, all joined in singing "Happy Birthday to You" in which the little hostess was triumphant in that she sang louder than any of the others.