

The Zebulon Record

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This, That And The Other

In Sunday's News and Observer there were in the society section twenty-four pictures of women and girls. And of them all only one had her teeth showing. It seemed such an improvement. Is it all due to fashion or are some women learning to keep their mouths shut?

A recent mail brought me a letter from a political candidate whom I have never seen and who most probably found my name on a list of some sort. His letter begins: "Realizing your keen interest in public affairs and your splendid services to the Democratic party", and goes on to ask for advice or suggestions during the coming campaign, and also expresses the hope that he may have my support in the primary.

I have a pretty strong suspicion that the letter is one of a great many just like it except for the address, which keeps me from feeling as puffed up with pride as I might otherwise be. And even after strenuous efforts to recall my so-called service to the great Democratic party I am unable to remember anything I've done politically except to attend a very few meetings, vote in elections and sign my name occasionally to some petition or other that the men members of our precinct committee had put their own names to first. That doesn't sound very splendid. I am keenly interested in public affairs, but that does not mean that I understand much about what's going on nor what ought to be done about it. Therefore, "suggestions and advice" from me will be conspicuously absent.

I wish the candidate had not been so flattering. I don't like sweetening in my coffee.

And as to being one among those deeply loyal to the Democratic Party, "the great mother of the South politically", there's something else to be said. As I understand them I am loyal to the great principles of democracy; but at times I greatly fear that does not mean altogether the Democratic Party as it stands at present. (Or does it stand?)

Frequently during the past three years I've had the pained, puzzled and embarrassed feeling of a child who sees a loved, elderly and erstwhile dignified relative embark on a course of action — or actions — so different from what she had always before held right and proper that one wonders if she can possibly be the same person. Seeing Mrs. Democratic Party stroll down so many untried paths with so many great lovers and publicly embrace so many daring theories that are not even friendly to each other compels one to think that if she is deeply enamored of them it would be wiser to make a choice and settle down though that meant changing her name. Her ways may be all right, but might lead to scandal.

"New occasions teach new duties" is quoted often these days. The danger is that some occasions may teach other things than duty.

It is my sincere wish, plainly ex-

Body of H. K. Baker Recovered Out Of River Monday A. M.

The body of Henry K. Baker was found in Neuse River on Monday morning.

Four weeks lacking one day had passed since Mr. Baker disappeared on his way home from Raleigh at night and his wrecked car was found on Neuse River bridge. An unceasing search had been kept up and a deep sense of sad relief was felt when the message concerning the discovery was received.

Jack Taylor, young man of Raleigh, who has been trapping on the river this winter and who had sought unceasingly for the body, was in his boat and saw on a pile of driftwood under the water the floating hair of the corpse. Officers and members of the family were notified at once, and hurried to the spot, about halfway between the highway bridge and the Norfolk-Southern railway bridge. Examination disclosed that Mr. Baker's jaw had been broken and there was a deep gash over one eye. The undertaker stated that the body was in a surprisingly good state of preservation considering the time it had been in the water.

The corpse was fully clad and in the pockets of the suit were found \$71.00 in bills, \$2.00 in silver, a watch which had stopped at 11:05. It was judged that there was no slightest indication of foul play.

After the body was brought to Zebulon an autopsy was performed by Dr. C. C. Carpenter of Wake Forest College Medical School at the request of the Baker family.

Dr. Carpenter said he found that a hemorrhage of the brain was the principal cause of death and not drowning. There was little water in the lungs and the blow which broke the jawbone and cut the forehead most probably started the hemorrhage.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at the home with burial in the family cemetery.

Rev. H. O. Baker, Mr. Baker's pastor, was assisted by Rev. C. B. Howard, a former pastor, in the services. In spite of a downpour of rain all the afternoon there were hundreds of people from all sections of the adjoining communities present to pay their respects to the memory of a man greatly respected by all who knew him. He was a deacon and also Superintendent of the S. S. in the Baptist Church at Pearce.

The Masoni Lodge of Wakefield of which Mr. Baker was a member, took part in the service.

Small Boy Shoots Self

Billy Best, three-year-old boy of Concord, shot himself with a gun belonging to his father when the child was left in the car with a small companion and the gun. He died on the way to a hospital.

pressed, that any candidate desiring my vote this year state in words as simple and definite as possible his principles and policies. And may the shades of my ancestors forgive me if it does not matter so much as it might what party the candidate belongs to.

PUBLIC CHARACTER

For the first time in the list of public characters presented from week to week we give the sketch of one not a native-born American. Since becoming a citizen of Zebulon he has shown his interest in the development of the town and community by sharing in all efforts made in that direction.

Name—Abdallah D. Antone... Native of Mt. Lebanon, Syria. Domestic Status — Married Miss Betty Samara. Two daughters: Miss Evelyn Antone, Mrs. Johnny Joseph; two sons, Barkton Antone, Earl Antone.

Church Affiliation — Roman Catholic.

Business — Dry Goods Merchant. Has been in this business 19 years.

Came to Zebulon—In 1917.

Because it was a good business town and seemed to be very prosperous. It also has some mighty good people in it.

GENERAL NEWS

ADMIRAL BEATTY DIES

Admiral Earl Beatty of the English navy, one of the few remaining World War Figures and naval hero of the Battle of Jutland, died on Tuesday night after a three week's illness.

BANK RESOURCES BETTER

Resources of all banks in North Carolina on Jan. 1 totalled \$418,990,884, the highest mark since the depression gained a footing in 1930 states Gurney P. Hood, State Commissioner of Banks.

WAKE POPULATION GAINS

Wake county's population gained during February according to Dr. A. C. Bulla, county health officer. There were 172 live births and 143 deaths. There were 78 births and 61 deaths among negroes.

UNANSWERED PRAYER

Nashville, Tenn.—Three churches held prayer meeting Sunday asking for more relief jobs. The county's allotment of 539 was cut soon after to 365.

GERMAN CRISIS WAITS

With Russia taking her stand with France against Germany, England fears the results. The League of Nations is meeting in London. France has assured England that she will make no move to war. The whole of Europe seems to be on the verge of war and any day the gun may be fired that will set the nations at each other to the death.

TOBACCO GROWERS OPTIMISTIC

Claude T. Hall, Chairman of the Tobacco Growers Advisory Committee, has just returned from Washington and says the outlook is encouraging for the tobacco growers. He has the assurance from Washington that a state compact will be worked out in time for this year's crop. He expects to return to Washington in a few days to confer further with Senator Bailey and Congressmen.

CLUB COLUMN

Next Tuesday is the time for the regular business meeting of the Woman's Club and all members are urged to attend.

CHURCH NEWS

The W. M. S. of the Baptist Church met on Monday p. m. with the Central Circle in charge of the program. The devotional was led by Mrs. J. B. Outlaw. Others taking part were Mesdames A. S. Hinton, Allan Pippin and F. E. Bunn.

Mrs. Outlaw announced that a group from the society will give the program before the Hephzibah society on Friday p. m. at the home of Mrs. J. P. Winston.

Regular preaching services will be held on next Sunday at the Baptist Church with Pastor Herring in charge.

Of deep and special interest was the meeting in Raleigh this week of the State W. M. U. of Baptist women. The fiftieth anniversary of this organization was celebrated as was the fiftieth anniversary of Sunbeam work in N. C.

Committees will be appointed from the local Methodist church to interview members and learn whether they prefer to build a new church or to remodel and repair the present structure. Pastor Read announced that the congregation might secure from the Duke fund \$3,000 to aid in building a \$10,000 house of worship, should a new building be decided upon.

The Methodist W. M. S. met on Monday p. m. Mrs. Foster Finch had the program and was assisted by Mrs. Fred Page and Miss Irene Pitts.

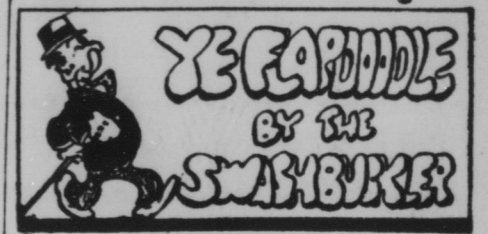
Our Hen Contest

Our Big Hen Contest now on in full swing, and promises to be the biggest campaign we have ever conducted. Any size hen gets a full year's subscription to the Record. If you win any of the cash prizes you get the paper just the same.

The one bringing the largest hen first gets the \$25.00 and the next largest gets the \$10.00. So bring you hen early, or you may miss \$10.00 or \$25.00 in cash.

Only 33 more days in this big subscription contest. Read our big page ad in this paper. There is a store near you that receives hens and gives receipts for us. Read the list over for your nearest store. Then hurry with your hen and don't miss getting one of our cash prizes. If you don't get first, there are a dozen other chances for you.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair.



Saw a young fellow travelling at a speed that wouldn't miss sixty two miles, recently. He wasn't on a straightaway stretch of highway, but coming through our own little town.

Of course that couldn't do anything but remind me of a trip the wife and I took with Bernice Bunn and his wife last summer.

Bernice said he would like to drive (holding the steering wheel) some, so he could shift the strain from himself to me. Well, having plenty of insurance on me, the wife, and the car, I consented to let Bernice take over the duties of general manipulator.

In that particular section of Florida the roads have very few curves and are exceptionally level. We were cruising along around eighty and having a good time (?) doing it, when who should pop up behind us but a motorcycle copper. He must have popped from behind some bunch of palmettos as we passed. Anyway, with shrieking siren and voluble comment, he commanded us to pull over to the curb. Being quite bold, Bernice talked right back to him and said, "Yes, sir."

After he brought the car to a halt, Brother Bernice asked, "What's the matter? Was I running too fast?"

"Oh, no," returned the officer, "You weren't running too fast. You were just flying too blankety-blank low!"

The wife has a horror of low backed dresses—that is, those that are so low they have to be pulled up a trifle before the wearer can sit down. She says she's afraid if she wears one, she'll turn around too quickly some day and the dress won't turn with her!

Mrs. Garter Snake and Mrs. Rattle Snake had no place to live until one of Mrs. Rattle Snake's uncles died and left her two lots. One of these she took herself, and the other she gave to her friend, Mrs. Garter Snake. They lived happily side-by-side for a number of years until one day Mrs. Garter Snake moved to the estate of a millionaire. After that she became more and more aloof whenever she saw Mrs. Rattle Snake. And, finally it got to the point where she wouldn't even look at Mrs. Rattle Snake.

One fine morning Mrs. Rattle Snake met her erstwhile friend on the street and cornered her. "Hiss, hiss," said Mrs. Garter Snake, "Get out of my way." "Humph," came back sister Rattle Snake, "You needn't be so high-hat, I knew you when you didn't even have a lot to hiss in."

And the moral is: "Some snakes are almost as big fools as people, sometimes."

"Beauty and the Beast" will be a midway sensation of the Texas Centennial Exposition opening in Dallas, June 6. According to showmen. It is an attraction imported from Europe featuring a nearly nude dancer performing in a cage of lions.