

Our BUSINESS BOOSTER EDITION

The Zebulon Record

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

VOLUME XIII

ZEBULON, NORTH CAROLINA; FRIDAY, AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST, 1936

NUMBER 7

This, That And The Other.

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

At this time of the year house-keepers who go to church on Sunday's are divided into two classes: Those who fry the chicken for dinner before they go in order to get everything as nearly ready as possible; and those who prefer to wait and do the frying after the sermon so that the chicken may be hot when eaten.

Why is it that we feel so little appreciation when a member of the family remarks in the tone of the sacrificial giver: "I took a bony piece of the chicken for myself so that the rest of you might enjoy the good pieces"?

Do we prefer the frank selfishness of grabbing for the best to self-heralded unselfishness?

Why do people keep diaries?

My father had an account book, or day book, in which he wrote down many and varied items besides business transactions. Unusual happenings in the family or the neighborhood were jotted down little if any comment being made. With the birth, marriage and death registrations in the big family Bible, the history of the family could easily be traced.

To me it seems that every family would do well to keep such a record. The writing need not be scholarly and should not be flowery, but emphasis should be placed upon its truthfulness. And there need be no attempt to write something every day. But important events should all be noted, the date being given in each case.

It will amaze you to find how much enjoyment may be found in reading those pages years later. A few facts are a great stimulant to memory and at the same time serve as an aid to keeping recollections inside the proper boundaries. (Many of us are prone to take in too much territory when roaming through memory land.)

A personal diary instead of a family history seems to lead some persons into the heights—or depths—of foolishness. I began one when in the first of the teens and it got so silly that I could see for myself that it was worse than nothing. The trouble was that I wanted to write myself down in there as I would have liked to be and not as I was; and I longed to moralize, philosophize, sentimentalize, adore, exult and despair all on the same page. And there was not enough of me and what happened to make any showing, even if I'd any real philosophy.

Of late I have felt it might be a good thing if every diary kept by a movie-actress or other widely publicized person were collected by law and destroyed. They are thought to contain such inflammable material that the very knowledge that they exist spreads dread and fear, and they are said to be unfit for publication. Their owners used them in writing down what never should have happened, and certainly should not have been recorded.

However, it is almost impossible

Greetings to our friends:

We wish to express to the readers of the Record and the people generally our appreciation of their business support during the past and solicit it for the future. We have tried to sell merchandise and render a service that satisfied each of you.

We are all truly grateful that God has brought a fair harvest out of what we felt was a failure a few months ago. Soon tobacco marketing will begin and many needs will be filled. Our stores, pressing clubs, garages, shops, bank, and each of the other seventy business concerns in Zebulon are prepared to render the service and sell any article that the average person needs.

We invite you to visit Zebulon and our place of business. Look over our stocks. Compare our goods and our prices with those of other stores and shops.

Here's to you, our friends and patrons, wishing you the best of prices for your tobacco all during the season.

Yours to serve

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NEWS BRIEFS

In the convention of the National Union of Social Justice Sunday the Catholic priest, Father Couglin, while speaking, was taken suddenly ill and had to retire to his hotel. The illness was caused by overwork and hot weather. The Convention came to a quick end. He has been going the paces lately in his campaign against the President.

In the soap box races at Akron, O., a St. Louis boy, 14-year-old Herbert Muench, won first place. Another boy, named Muench, from South Africa, won third place. Harold Henson of New York won second place. The winner of first prize gets a 4-year scholarship to any University he may choose. He sped down the course at 37 miles per hour.

John B. Webb of near Benson was killed Saturday night by Brantley Thornton. Webb called Thornton ill names and wrestled on his going with him to start his automobile. He drew a knife on Thornton and cornered him when Thornton drew a pistol, shot him twice killing him almost instantly.

In the building of the San Francisco bridge, the most spectacular feat has occurred. Men have worked of its kind in history, not an accident hundreds of feet in the earth with the water racing high above their heads, other have worked 700 feet in the air on catwalks with the wind whistling by, but not a single life has been sacrificed or serious injury taken place. Every caution has been observed to make life more precious than wealth in the work.

Clinton Eastman, 17-year-old Simms boy, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart early this week. Despondency over ill health is said to have been the cause.

to realize that we can possibly look as bad to others as they look to us.

Public Character

Living midway between Zebulon and Wakefield, this week's Public Character is claimed by both places. As one of the community's substantial citizens, his interest in its progress is proven by his actions. Name—Oren Daniel Massey. Native of—Wakefield, Wake County.

Domestic Status—Married Miss Lizzie Finch, Dec. 1914. Five daughters: Geraldine, Iris, Meryl, Gloria, Janet; two sons: O. D. Jr., and Ben Finch.

Church Affiliation—Baptist. Business—Farming and Managing Zebulon Community Hatchery. Has farmed since a boy. Has managed Hatchery for four years.

Zebulon to Have Harvest Festival Oct. 5-6-7-8-9-10

In lieu of the annual agricultural fair staged in Zebulon for the benefit and betterment of citizens of the community, the Zebulon merchants have banded together to stage a gala week of shows, rides and other attractions to be known as The Fall Harvest Festival.

The shows and rides will be on the main street of the town and you will not have to go out to the edge as has been the case in previous years. The idea behind this is, to get the majority of people who attend the Festival in the business district of the community.

The Festival will be staged during the week of October 5-10th and the merchants assure you that the acme in entertainment has been secured for that week. Ten rides and shows will be placed along the midway and there will be no gambling or vulgar girl-shows to corrupt the festive spirit of the show.

Roadside watermelon sign: "Our choice, 50c. Your choice 75c."

GENERAL NEWS

THE WAR IN SPAIN

The civil war in Spain continues unabated. Both the Royalists and rebels are accused of the most ferocious atrocities, killing thousands of prisoners and non-combatants. Loyalists are accused of using poison gas and hundreds of prisoners were burned to death when the rebels set fire to a wharf. It is reported that the rebels are preparing to attack Madrid, the capital.

Italy threatens to send airplanes to the help of the Spanish fascists if France does not stop giving open aid to the Loyalists. It is a terrible situation and will take only a very little to draw all Europe into the bloody conflict.

JOE LOUIS WINS

Joe Louis, the black pugilist whom Schmeling defeated not long ago, knocked Jack Sharkey out in the third round in the Yankee stadium in New York Tuesday night. The black man gave Sharkey a terrible beating. When the fight was over Sharkey was bleeding from the mouth, nose and one eye, while Louis apparently was unhurt. This places Louis in the champion class again and he likely will challenge Schmeling next. 35,000 people saw the fight.

PLEADS NOT GUILTY

Martin Moore, self-confessed slayer of Helen Clevenger in Asheville, is on trial for his life. Although having made a full confession, he plead not guilty when placed on trial. Sitting on the edge of his bunk in jail he passed the time in spreading an adventure and mystery story.

CHEATS THE CHAIR

Eighty-five year old John Henry Hauser of Davie county, convicted slayer of his son-in-law, Fred S. Styres, died in a hospital in Winston-Salem Tuesday.



Shades of something!

I see in the latest edition of Esquire, that to be in the best of style and good taste, men should wear one of a half dozen "tummy-holder-uppers", which, when gotten to and looked at are nothing more than girdles very much like those advertised and supposedly worn by the weaker sex.

The ads read to the effect that every man has sagging stomach muscles whether he wants to or not. Therefore, he should have one of their elastic gadgets to hold up those muscles which he cannot control.

Personally, I think that big bellies are the result of too little exercise like pushing one's self away from an ice cream sundae or another helping of strawberry shortcake et cetera and et cetera. Too, I notice that these gentlemen can with a little puffing exertion, pull in their bay windows and hold them at leash, until purple in the face, they release a burst of air and a gasp of pain.

I'm not throwing off, because for one my age, I have a piazza that would put to shame many of those men twice my age.

The finest reducer for large abdomens in the world consists merely of being 'tummy-conscious' and holding it in all the time, even when sleeping. It has been proven that men can reduce their middles as much as twenty inches in six months by sucking 'em up whenever they think of it.

These girdles for men are not new they have been advertised for many, many years as many of the older gents will attest. But I still contend that they all come under the luxury class. Another instance of eating your cake and keeping it too—

Which in turn brings to mind the stomach of Wimpy when he ate an enormous number of hamburgers. Doubtless, you remember his hauling it around on a wheelbarrow.

I remember, however, a fellow aboard ship who also had an enormous bread-basket. I can hardly afford to talk though, for he once saved my life. As I said, his abdomen was so large it practically dragged the deck. He hadn't seen his knees in twelve years. One day we needed some ballast in a balloon and Porgy decided to go along for the ride. When we finally got him aboard it was late in the evening and dark by the time we took off. After climbing to nearly twenty thousand feet we descended and found we had no life belts in the crate. Being over water, we knew the end was near. But, 'Porgy' saved the day. We all clung to him and floated safely in to shore. I don't recall whether Congress ever got around to the Congressional Medal for 'Porgy' or not. He finally got so fat he couldn't reach his mouth and starved to death.

Washington's deciple,
The Swashbuckler.