

Wendell Market Opens Tuesday

The Zebulon Record

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This, That And The Other

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

We need sympathy or knowledge at our house.

We have a volunteer watermelon vine and on it grew a big melon that the family went out singly and in groups to admire. It was twenty three inches long when we began to think it might be ripe. The youngest son declared that when the stem curl dies melons are ready to be pulled. The head of the house believes in pressing them. I belong to the school of thumpers. But none of us was willing to take the responsibility of pulling that nice melon and finding it unripe when cut.

So on a day last week we found our melon had grown too ripe and had burst and fermented. And not even the chickens would eat it.

There was another smaller melon on the vine. We pulled it the day after the big one burst and it was green.

A writer asserts that with regard to relief Harold Hopkins has gotten hold of the widow's cruse. Which may be fine for those relieved, but is liable to make it mighty hard on the widow later on.

Do not write my name as one opposed to the churches giving pastors vacations. It is a noble gesture and should be made more often. Nor do I desire to be numbered with those who claim that the members need a vacation as much as the pastor does—that they have to listen while he preaches. Listening is much easier, even when you are really paying close attention; and there is hardly a person going to church services who can't fix an interested expression on his face and let his mind slip off behind it in any preferred direction, while the preacher dare not let his wander for a second. Then, too, members can be absent a few at a time without disorganizing the work.

What I'm getting at is that four Sundays in succession with no preaching services at either church in our town makes one of the most unsatisfactory experiences I've known. I am reminded of a remark made years ago by my oldest son. He said that Sunday school with no worship service to follow made him feel like he had eaten nothing but his cereal at breakfast and needed something to come after it.

If I didn't believe in Sunday School work I'd never make the effort required to try to teach a class; but I honestly believe the preaching more important. Added to that is the fact that it's embarrassing to explain to visitors on Sunday that because both churches were barely generous enough to grant vacations there's nowhere to hear a sermon unless one leaves town.

Let's offer our pastors leave of absence next summer; but in addition to making that gesture let's make another and secure sup-

NEWS BRIEFS

On Tuesday night 200 prisoners in the Georgia state prison at Milledgeville tried to smash their way out with iron beds as battering rams. One was killed and 15 sprinkled with bird shot. The rioters were subdued.

Counties Ask \$56,000,000

A number of counties in N. C. are asking the state to refund moneys spent on county roads. Carl L. Bailey was given the job to see what could be done about it. Requests and claims have come in to the amount of \$56,000,000 and in all probability more will follow. The figures fall only \$30,000,000 short of the total state road debt, and the requests equal, we are told, the entire county road debt. If Uncle Sam can, the counties seem to say, why can't the state?

The New Deal seems to be getting the approval of the voters if the victory of Senators Pat Harrison of Miss. and J. F. Byrnes of S. C., over their opponents is any sign of the way the vote will be cast in November.

No Text Book Rental System

There will be no text book rental system in Wilson County this year due to lack of sentiment favoring the system in that county, it was announced at Wilson Monday. The County Board of Education said that to date not a single request for the plan had been received and described the plan also as still in the experimental stage. In five counties including Wake 17,000 school books are now available for rental.

Roosevelt Leads in Straw Vote

According to a nationwide pre-election poll now being conducted if the election were held now President Roosevelt would win by a vote of 274 electoral votes to Landon's 257. The popular vote would also be carried by Roosevelt, as he would receive 52.5 per cent of this. Earlier in the year Landon was leading Roosevelt by about the same margin. The reason for this change is supposedly that Frank Murphy has returned from the Philippines to campaign Michigan, his home state, for Roosevelt. At present the country is watching the trend in the borderline states; namely, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. These states hold the balance of power in the national election, having 157 of the 531 electoral votes.

Japan's Manchurian army headquarters announced Monday that nine Russians were tried and executed last Friday at Hailar. Other Russians were given long prison terms. They were tried for espionage.

plies for the pulpits at least for mornings on the Sundays that might otherwise be sermonless. It will not cost much; ministerial students would come for little more than expenses, glad of a chance to practice on us; and we shall look much better to ourselves and to others, though we might not feel better nor do better. Yet there's a chance we might.

Public Character

Not so well known here as he will be when more years have passed is the subject of this week's sketch. One of the town's younger business men, he helps supply the wants of those who buy food. He is interested in the progress of the town and community. He graduated at Bunn High School and attended Campbell College. Name—Rondal Lee Phillips. Native of—Pilot, Franklin Co. Domestic Status—Married to Miss Sadie Corbett of Spring Hope, Sept. 1935. Church Affiliation—Baptist. Business—Grocer and Market. Has been in this business 2 1/2 years. Before coming to Zebulon to establish own business worked in Pilot and in Wilson.

Wiley Broughton Hurt By Spray

Wiley Broughton, son of John Broughton was very painfully injured last week when a spray solution he was using on tobacco got into his eyes. He was carried to Rex Hospital and it was feared at first that his sight was ruined. Later reports, however, state that his eyes are not permanently injured. Unfortunately the arsenate of lead in the spray has poisoned Broughton's system and this adds to his suffering. He is at home now.

Harvest Festival To Be Bigger Than Planned At First

A wire to the secretary of the Merchant's Harvest Festival to be staged in Zebulon Oct. 5-10, received early this week stated that in addition to the regular equipment, there would be more than twelve big shows and at least ten rides including a double ferris wheel, whip, merry-go-round, etc.

Mr. Smith, manager of the Greater Atlantic Shows sent his special agent, Mr. Small, down from Lawrenceville, Va. to make sure adequate space could be had before signing for the Festival.

The fair, which up to this year, has been held in the edge of town, will be staged as a Harvest Festival on the streets in the heart of the business section. There will be no main gate admission as there will be no main gate.

Zebulon merchants, as a body, feel that by furnishing entertainment of the better kind free to the people of Wake county they can better the community by giving better merchandise at better prices and that when the people come to the Festival, they will also come to shop.

SEEN & HEARD

HENS FLYING HIGH

"Bob" Sawyer was showing us the quotation on poultry and eggs on the northern market the other day. Strange as it may sound, old hens were selling for more than fryers, and eggs were as cheap there as on the local market. The explanation probably is that most people last spring sold all their hens except what they needed for home use. Great numbers of fryers were raised, so there is a lack of hens and a superabundance of young chickens. As to the eggs those on the northern market were bought last spring and put in cold storage and lately put on the market. Eggs sold locally are fresh. That's the difference. If you have no choice, then there is no difference, maybe.

GOING AFTER THEM!

Sometime ago the Wakefield Baptist church put a truck on to carry folks who had no way to get to church. They are still hauling them—35 or 40 each Sunday. Deacon T. C. Pippin makes the round every Sunday morning bringing the children to S. S. and then carrying them home again.

TOBACCO CURING OVER SOON

Going over the road from Zebulon to Nashville Tuesday we noticed that some fields were cleaned of tobacco, others had from two to four leaves to a stalk. Owing to government work and other public works some farmers have been short handed this season and their families have had to work double time occasionally. We have heard of a number of farmers who say their tobacco has cured well but that it is under weight.

DO MEN ENJOY TALKING?

After talking with another man for an hour a few days ago, I said to the stenographer in the front office as I went out: "Now we are through and perhaps you may be able to work." Her remark was, "I think men enjoy talking just as much as women do." I hardly think so. Perhaps they talk as much, but I doubt seriously if they enjoy it so thoroughly.

PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT

Have you seen the Nash County court house? It sits in the center of the square and instead of a big bare space running around the four sides, the grounds are laid off in beautiful curved walks and set with beautiful shrubbery. Off near the sides are two or three office buildings and are owned by the county. These are rented to lawyers and a few other business men. The jail is to the rear of the court house on the upper floors. An enclosed walkway runs from the court room to the jail. It is the most convenient and practically arranged courthouse and offices we know of in the state. And we would believe Nash County derives a nice revenue from rentals.

YE
Flap-doodle
By
THE
SWASH-
BUCKLER



Sister Janet up to Carolina Power and Light's main office gave me a few definitions the other day from a drunk's dictionary. Mr. Janet states that these are quite correct. Maybe he should know. Absinthe—Makes the heart grow fonder.

Argument—A conversation between drunks.

Bigot—Anyone who disagrees with you.

Burp—Explosion of the larynx, caused by drinking champagne or beer.

Casa—A drink on the house. (See Miracle).

Friend—What the girl you telephone to brings.

Gentleman—Any one who drinks. Plural: Washroom.

Gutter—Meeting place for acquaintances.

Here's—Looking at you.

Jitters. Shake, Pal!

Joint—Place where the elbow bends.

Knock-Knock—Nuts to you.

Nightcap—The last ten drinks.

Pal—The guy next to you.

Quartette—Four drunks.

Refuse—What a drunk never does.

Soap—Material used for writing on mirrors.

Supper—One who sips.

Tooth—An article of jewelry.

Them—Anybody else.

Water—Liquid of which ice is made.

BEDTIME STORY NO. 666,321,211

Well, I have been through Central American Jungles many times and been scared stiff when I heard wild animals voice their dissatisfaction at the world in general. And I have faced snipers in Nicaragua. But the other night when prowlers were walking on my roof I was scared half to death. I had a stiletto with which to defend myself. When I first heard them, I put a pan in front of the bath-room door so that if they came through the sky-light in that particular cubby hole I would have a good start on them (or him). Around twelve o'clock my sister-in-law, who is staying with us while the wife is sick, woke me up with "There's someone on the roof again." Of course I grabbed my knife and in order to put up a good front before her and the wife, I staggered forth to do murder if need be. My in-law says, "Listen, they must have a machine gun. Hear them shooting?" "That ain't no machine gun," I replied, "that's my teeth chattering." Marge had in some way set some bottles out in the hall and as we passed, I knocked them over with my foot. Without a moment's hesitation, I knew what to do and did it. As Marge passed me at the Drug Store she said, "Here are your pajamas you ran so fast they were unable to keep up". By the time we got to Wakefield we were over her fright and feeling badly about leaving the wife to fight it out alone, walked back to face the music. Luckily the battle-axe hadn't waked and after putting the front door back together, we decided to look again about the burglars. This time we turned on a three-hundred watt bulb and were careful not to find anyone. Everything went well until about two a. m. when I awoke with a start that would have put me in Raleigh but the better-half had tied me in bed. Seeing a big tough looking bird peering over the foot of my bed in the gloom, I drew my trusty dagger and threw it with all my might at the exact center of his head. That's about all except that I cut off three toes and split the mirror in the vanity. Believe me, the next time anyone wants to burgle my house, if they will only notify me, I'll be glad to vacate the premises until they have burgled to their heart's content. P. S. I've nailed the sky-light down—P. S. Number 2—I would have printed this in larger type but I didn't like to boast about my experiences. Prevaricatingly yours, THE SWASHBUCKLER.