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Rocky Mount Is Large Leaf Market

This, That And The Other.

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Since Wednesday of this week I have been fifty-five years old. Mention of this fact is not made boastfully. To boast would be unseemly since acquiring years is among the things not done by one's own efforts. Indeed, the efforts are usually made in the opposite direction, most of us dreading to be known as "old folks."

Therefore, I am glad to be able to announce that being fifty-five is not nearly so bad as it looks.

By the time one lacks only five years of three scores there is no need to remark that the women of the family all have prematurely gray hair—or most of them. Nobody ever paid much attention to that remark anyway. Dental plates and spectacles are regarded as a matter of course and are not commented on. If the sermon or address is long and one becomes fidgety, references to neuritis or rheumatism are accepted at joint value and one is spared the stigma of having misbehaved.

A woman past fifty is not expected in a small town to pay too much attention to fashions; by that time her mind is supposed to be freeing itself from all such bondage. It is held to her credit if she keeps herself in hearing distance of styles that are not too loud. And it is a lesson in tact to watch how the sales-women, especially the younger ones, try to steer us oldsters past the gaudier prints toward those that are more subdued; to hear how they say, "Yes, that is pretty, but I think this piece would be lovely for you" Slight accent on you.

At fifty-five you find that while you can work about as fast as ever and can probably plan your work better than when younger, you can't rest as fast. But you may have found also no one person can do everything and you may be able to choose the more important tasks. You may be surprised to know that after fifty you are not too old to learn. (I detest that saying about not being able to teach old dogs new tricks. Persons are not dogs.)

And while your taste in reading may be different from that of years ago, it is probably better.

You are not yet too feeble to take an active part in church and community work and from experience you know that too much should not be counted on as to results; so you will not be disappointed often.

You have more freedom from some cares than you have known since the first baby arrived; that is unless you are one of those martyr souls that are happiest when harnessed to all the duties that

Known for years, not only in North Carolina and the United States, but also in foreign countries as one of the world's great tobacco markets, Rocky Mount has set out this fall to better an already enviable record.

A great season for Rocky Mount warehouses has begun. During last week, the first of selling this year's crop, nearly a million pounds of tobacco were sold in the city's warehouses at prices that compare most favorably with those received on any other market. The average for the entire week was more than \$23.00 per hundred pounds. It is no wonder that the tobacco market is the pride of the city. Nor is it strange that boosters for the market there are not only the warehousemen themselves, but the citizenship as a whole.

Watch the official reports and see Rocky Mount's place on the list.

On Monday of this week tobacco sold in Rocky Mount averaged \$25.39 per cwt.

Woman's Club

The first meeting of the fall of the Woman's Club will be held in the club house at 3:30 on Tuesday afternoon of next week, Sept. 15.

Mrs. J. Wilbur Bunn of Raleigh has been asked to speak to the club. Miss Grace Coltrane will give a program of musical numbers.

Mrs. R. E. Pippin, president, requests that every member be present and bring with her at least one prospective member.

should be divided among the other members of the family.

You know again what it means to go to bed and stay there all night, never getting up to fetch some one a drink of water or more cover, rub a chest with camphorated oil, pat the back of a colicky baby, warm a bottle of milk, or assure a young dreamer that mother is right there and nothing can hurt him. To be sure, your own aches may keep you awake sometimes, but that doesn't mean anything special.

I am truly thankful not to have lived when elderly women wore little shoulder shawls and felt out of place among current events.

Of course young persons think any one past fifty must be decrepit. My grandmother died at fifty-nine, when I was fourteen, and I thought it no wonder the poor soul was worn out; she had lived so long. Now I realize it was disease and not old age that killed her.

I'd never say life begins at forty having too much proof that it begins long before then; but neither does it end at fifty-five.

Still, the fifties are sort of neglected. Just try to buy a hat that doesn't look like either seventeen or seventy.

Public Character

The subject of this week's sketch is among the town's alert, enterprising young men of business, and the progress of the community depends largely upon such as he is. He attended King's Business College. During the World War he was for eleven months in France with the 81st Division. Name—Williard Allen White. Native of Granville County.

Came to Wake in 1902. Domestic Status—Married Miss Hoyer Jones, Dec. 28, 1926.

Church Affiliation—Methodist Member of Board of Stewards in local church.

Business—Manager of Chevrolet Co., in Wendell. Partner in J. M. Chevrolet Co., in Zebulon.

Came to Zebulon in 1927 as buyer on Tobacco Market.

PTA To Meet

The Parent Teacher Association will hold its first meeting for the present school year on next Tuesday night. A full attendance is much desired. Mr. Moser will speak on the school program for the year explaining things and outlining plans.

Church News

Repairs to the Methodist Church here are about completed. With a new roof and new timbers replacing old where needed, with fresh paint in soft shades, the building shows remarkable improvement in appearance.

Next Sunday is the regular time for worship services and it is hoped that many visitors may join the membership as a whole in attendance.

Pastor Read announces a conference of the membership at the night service.

Pastor Herring filled his pulpit last Sunday at the Baptist Church for the first time since his recent illness. There were five additions to the church membership at the morning hour, three of these being for baptism. Revival services are planned for the congregation in the near future.

Large Lithographs Of Harvest Festival Soon To Be Posted

Large lithographs and cards advertising the Merchant's Harvest Festival in Zebulon to be staged Oct 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10th, have arrived and will begin making their appearances in all communities within the next week or so.

The Greater Atlantic Shows owned and managed by Brownie Smith who is famous for his great exhibition shows, rides and good clean rides and concessions will be on the midway for your entertainment and amusement. Twelve rides and shows will be on hand and there will be no main gate admission. Free entrance to the grounds will be allowed everyone. Don't forget the date, October 5-10th.

828 Pupils Register Monday For 1936-37

Wakelon Begins The Year's Work

With 247 at the portals of the high school and 581 lining up before the elementary building Wakelon's doors opened Monday morning for the work of the school year. The total, 828, exceeds that for last year's first day. More have enrolled since Monday, but the week's total can not be given yet.

In his address on opening day, Supt. Moser stressed character building as the greatest work of the school. He emphasized the fact that all factors of a child's environment — radio, moving pictures, the farm, business enterprises, the professions, and especially the home and the church—must hold to high ethical standards or the school is hampered in its task. The school, he said, is the center of life for the child.

Mr. Moser stated that the book rental system appears to have found high favor. This rental varies with different grades and does not include pencils, paper, etc., but does pay for the book rent for the entire school year. It also includes laboratory manuals for high school pupils; the use of 36 new dictionaries by grammar grades; all drawing books; Palmer writing; 160 books in four groups of 40 each of the Progressive Song Series or the Public School Music; six new supplementary readers for 1st grades; 3 supplementary readers for each of the grades from 2nd to 7th, inclusive. Pupils will be responsible for rented books.

Public School Music classes will meet in the gymnasium this year. This gave an opportunity to enlarge the lunch room which occupies the west wing of the elementary building. When the work now under way is completed, Wakelon will have an unusually large and attractive place where pupils may be served lunches or may eat those taken from home. Carpenters and painters are doing their best to finish their labors and Mrs. Jones, again in charge, is much pleased with the prospect.

Mrs. Dowtin of Spring Hope has taken the place vacated by Mrs. Patie Harris at the dormitory and will doubtless give entire satisfaction.

Supt. Moser is delighted with the way the new teachers as well as those better known here have taken hold of the situation and all things point to a good year for Wakelon.

Suits and Coats are now being sold at Lucielle's Dress Shop in Wilson, N. C. at prices from \$5.95 to \$9.50. Purchase yours there and get the 1937 styles.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jenkins announce the birth and death of a morning, Sept. 6.

YE
Flap-doodle
By
THE
SWASH-
BUCKLER



I was just thinking today about what a time our guardian angels must have.

I remember passing a house one day which was built on the side of a hill. When it was built, no excavation was made at the back for various reasons and consequently the front porch was some twelve feet from the ground.

On the porch was a swing and in the swing, which was of the ordinary porch variety, were eight children, two of whom were standing up "pumping" in an effort to make the thing go higher. How their guardian angels must have sweated keeping all those children in that swing and at the same time holding the rusty chains together.

Then I heard a man tell of how, when his parents were away from home, he had when a child, with a brother and sister, dried wet gun powder in a frying pan over an open fire.

And I myself, forgive me for bragging, once pounded a dynamite cap for half an hour between two bricks in an effort to hear the explosion. I also used a hammer and a hatchet on the cap with no avail. Finally building a fire I placed the cap among the embers and still got no result. As a last resort, I started for the house to procure some kerosene with which to intensify the heat and flame. As I reached the back step an explosion rent the air and I found that my cap had indeed gone up and with it the dirt from a foot deep hole. No trace of the fire was left.

Yes, sir, I doubt there being one person on earth who but at one time or another, took just such chances when a child.

Some of us grow up though and would be grossly insulted if some one insinuated that we had no better sense today.

Of course we put our wives, our children, brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, and other kin in an automobile and tear down the highways at sixty-five and seventy. We pass on hills and curves. We ride on white side wall tires, but the sidewall in down the center of the tire. We speed on wet pavement, we drink and drive and drive no more. We put six on a seat. Dim our lights? Never! But who says we haven't good sense? Darn fools, we may be, but we still have good sense.

Gray matterly yours,

The Swashbuckler.