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This, That And The Other

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Last Sunday just before services began Mrs. John Broughton whispered to me some news that thrilled me and set my mind to looking both ways at once; also stirring up memories that flew around inside my head like English sparrows in church. She said: "They turned on the light for our line yesterday."

It was not merely the thought of electric lights instead of lamps that got me all excited; it was thinking of power to bring water in the house; power that would enable a woman—or a child—to turn a spigot instead of a windlass. Back where I came from it would in many cases have meant spring under a hill. (Yes, I do mean to, not carry. You may carry anything in a conveyance; when you tote it you have to furnish all the power yourself.) And if there is any harder labor than bringing big buckets of water up a hill on which the heat waves dance in summer and which in winter lives intimately not only with rain, but with snow and sleet—well, if there are worse tasks, they surely ought to be "agin the constitution."

I used to feel that if grown-ups remembered what it meant to bring fresh water they might be willing to drink some that had stood a while; and I also recall the bitter resentment I knew when an uncle picked up a bucket half full of water and threw the contents on the ground before handing me the bucket and telling me to go get him a fresh drink.

For years I felt that an indelible blot had been made on my record for house-work because on a blistering hot day in childhood when it was my time to wash the dinner dishes and the water bucket was nearly empty I used the water roasting-ears had been boiled in, scared all the time Mother might catch me at it. I kept that secret a long time, and this is confession, not true repentance.

While home on a visit after we were married my husband thought that water might be brought to Mother's kitchen door from a small "spring branch" in nearby woods, and with the help of my brothers a dam was built to raise the water level, troughs were made of rough lumber to stretch on high supports across deep gullies and supplement a trench that started at the little pond and finally, after being covered over for a distance, emerged a few steps from the back door to spill into a tub and thence overflow as the basis of the neatest little irrigation system that ever watered a red clay soil garden. It was the talk of the neighborhood and people came for miles around to see "Lou's waterworks", as my step-grandmother called it. That water was not drinkable, but did away with the carrying of thousands of buckets from the spring.

I think there are few springs around here. They are not an unmixed blessing anyway, and draw

CLUB COLUMN

The Department of Literature of the Woman's Club will hold the first meeting for the present club year on Tuesday afternoon of next week. Mrs. A. N. Jones, in charge of program announces that Mrs. Mary Peacock Douglas of Raleigh, Library advisor for Wake County, Women's Literature. Mothers are especially invited to attend without regard to club membership. The meeting will begin at 3:30.

The Home Demonstration Club of Wakefield will meet for September on Wednesday of next week in the Genia Joyner Clubhouse.

Mrs. McInness will be present to give the demonstration.

The first general meeting of the Woman's Club for the year was held on Tuesday p. m. with Mesdames R. E. Pippin and C. V. Whitley hostesses.

During the business session Miss McCullers, playground director, presented her plan for a kindergarten for pre-school children, for handicraft classes for adults and for community meetings, all to be held at the clubhouse. The use of the building was granted with the understanding that other organizations will furnish fuel and needed equipment.

Miss Grace Coltrane delighted her hearers with two piano numbers by Beethoven and Brahms.

Mrs. J. Wilbur Bunn of Raleigh, guest speaker, took as her subject The Club Collect, explaining the depth of meaning in each of its petitions and especially emphasizing freedom from pettiness, serenity and kindness as desirable possessions for a clubwoman. She showed that while women's clubs are not organized for social, political, religious nor charitable purposes primarily, they are concerned with all.

Refreshments were served during the social hour.

Mesdames R. E. Pippin and C. V. Whitley were hostesses.

Harvest Festival October 5 - 10

Large and small signs and cards are being seen now in all the display windows and on posts and buildings and on auto bumpers.

The reason is that the big free Merchant's Harvest Festival to be staged October 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10th will soon be here and more and more people are asking about the Festival.

Seven Rides have already been secured and it is thought that by the time the show arrives, there will be five more which are now pending signatures. Ten shows and 200 people will be on the lot besides those necessary for concessions and eating places.

There is no main gate admission so there's no reason why everyone can't come and have a great time.

ing water is easier. Still, as I said in the beginning, turning a faucet is easiest of all, and that's why I rejoice whenever I hear of a new electric line being completed. And I wish tobacco and cotton might bring enough this fall for everyone who wants water in the house to be able to afford it. Amen.

Public Character

Practically a native son of the town is this week's Public Character. He is becoming known as one of the community's most alert men of business as well as in his chosen profession. He is a Rotarian and is vice-president of the P. T. A. at Wake. He attended Wake Forest College with summer school work at Harvard University and Emerson College. Taught school one year.

Name—Irby Dowe Gill.

Native of Nash County. Come to Wake in early childhood living at Wakefield before the family moved to Zebulon, when he was seven years old. Has made his home here since that time.

Domestic Status — Married Miss Rhoda Winstead of Ransomville, August, 1930. One daughter, Joellen.

Church Affiliation—Baptist. Profession—Practicing Attorney. Licensed 1925.

PTA

The first meeting of the Wake PTA for the school year was held on Tuesday night in the school auditorium with a fine attendance.

New teachers of the faculty were grouped in the hall and were introduced to arrivals by other teachers.

Mrs. Victoria Gill, the new president was in the chair and her speech of greeting was well received. She asked for cooperation of the community and mentioned that she was once a pupil at Wakefield Academy and that not only her children, but her grandchildren have been taught at Wake, which explains in part her deep interest in the work of the PTA.

Supt. Moser spoke on plans for the year. The goal set for the school this year is the standardization of the school libraries. During the past year the requirements for school libraries have been raised and it is essential that Wake reach the new standard. In this aid of all concerned is earnestly desired. A list of acceptable books may be obtained on request. Old textbooks are not counted in the list required for a standard library.

Mr. Moser concluded with a plea that all feel the responsibility for developing character in children.

Dr. L. M. Massey, chairman of the school board spoke briefly defining the work of the board and pledging their continued interest in securing the best possible equipment for the school.

A social hour was enjoyed after adjournment and refreshments were served. The list of committees with chairman will be published in a later issue of this paper.

MAINE VOTE

In the election Tuesday Maine went Republican by a large majority, electing U. S. Senator, three representatives and state officials. Much money is said to have been spent in the state. Both made strenuous efforts to carry the state, since it is claimed from its record that "as goes Maine, so goes the nation."

Church News

CLASS MEETING

On Sept. 10th the Philathea class of Wakefield Church held its regular monthly meeting with Mrs. Elbert Rhodes, there were nineteen present.

Mrs. Harris program leader.

Devotional by Mrs. Andrew Jones; an interesting talk by Mrs. F. E. Bunn of Zebulon; duet by Mesdames Ormand Massey and Percy Pace.

Mrs. H. H. Hood presided.

Hostess served refreshments.

Mrs. Willie Bullock, Sec.

The general meeting of the Baptist W. M. S. was held at church on Monday p. m. Mrs. A. S. Hinton in charge of program was assisted by Mesdames Raymond Pippin and Wallace Temple. Treasurers of circles are requested to turn over to Mrs. E. C. Daniel before the close of the month all mission funds collected during the quarter ending with September.

Pastor Herring is engaged this week in revival services at Bailey, being aided by Rev. Leslie Newman, pastor at Wendell.

The regular worship services will be observed at the Baptist Church Sunday followed at night by the ordinance of baptism.

The Young Ladies' Class of the Methodist Church met Monday night with Miss Nellie Bordeaux in the home of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Stell.

Rev. J. N. Stencil, pastor at Hales Chapel is conducting a revival there this week, assisted by Rev. Richard Collins of Rocky Mt. Large crowds are attending and interest shown. The meeting will close on Sunday.

Homecoming at Pilot Saturday

Last year Pilot Baptist church observed Rally Day in September by having a special address and a big barbecue dinner served on the school grounds. On tomorrow, Saturday, September 19, the church will again have a big rally or Homecoming day. Senator W. L. Lumpkin of Louisburg will deliver an address at 11:00 o'clock. Following a big barbecue and runswick stew dinner will be served. The dinner will be for the benefit of the church and a cover charge of 25 cents for children and 50 cents for grown people will be made. The dinner was so bountiful last year that few were able to eat all that was served for fifty cents. The public is invited and there will be dinner enough to feed everybody that comes.

War Still Rages Among Spaniards

Rebels are said to be marching on Madrid capital of Spain. Although the socialistic government claims it is resisting successfully the rebel army, yet it is said 25,000 more men are marching on the capital and its fall is imminent.

YE
Flap-doodle
By
THE
SWASH-
BUCKLER



You know, people are funny critters. The same things never make them mad twice in a row. A man who cusses rarely does so when he's badly hurt. But let him mash his finger with a tack hammer, or bump a shin on an unseen chair and the fireworks start.

Then occasionally you run into a man who uses profanity to impress someone with his worldliness or a girl who cusses to shock.

Lots of people like to bust things when they are angry. Others pass the buck of anger on to the next in command and so on.

Then you run into people who can give you the worst tongue whipping you ever had and never use a profane word or phrase.

I know a person who can never say a word that cuts worse than the look in his eye or the expression on his face.

I thoroughly enjoy sitting, unobserved, and watching people pass on a busy street. You can see supreme happiness on the faces of children and dire distress too when one is lost.

You can almost tell which foot and toe a corn is on by the lines in a woman's face. Occasionally one will pass whose girdle is too tight and the lines increase around the lower portions of the face.

The men too have corns, etc., but never let it be said that the lines in their faces are caused by girdles too tight. Many is the man who is envied by his wife for his rotundus abdomen, which, had he taken the trouble to hold up, would not be a thing of the present. Still, lines of mental worry are more in evidence with the males. And it's easy to take one look at hubby when he reaches home for the day, and tell whether he had a good day, a hard day or a perfect terror. The only trouble is, that he is subject to take it out on the kids if there be any. Or maybe he takes it out on the wife in the form of grumbling about the supper.

I recall having heard of a man at a co-operative farmers' meeting who invariably disagreed with every suggestion brought forth. Finally the speaker, who was also chairman, spoke to the gentleman with: "Mr. _____ you remind me of the drunk who was trudging his weaving way homeward and for lack of company, was talking to himself. 'When I get home' he mumbled, 'if the old lady ain't got supper done, I'm gonna raise hell, and if she has, danged if I'll eat it.'"

Lots of times I let my temper go and say things, or take it out on something that has no feelings. But there's one time I don't say anything. That's when I get mad with the madam. No matter how angry I become, I have learned it's best to be Sphinx-like until she is out of hearing.

Philosophically yours,

The Swashbuckler.