

# The Zebulon Record

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## This, That And The Other.

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Mrs. Clarence Chamblee was kind enough to write me from Orlando, Fla., and tell me she enjoyed reading what I wrote about my age. Not only that, but she enclosed a note from a lady I had never heard of—Mrs. Tasker Bosworth—and Mrs. Bosworth also commended that column and sent me the following verses by Karl Wilson Baker, which I truly appreciate and am passing on for others to enjoy:

### Growing Old

Let us grow lovely, growing old,  
So many fine things do;  
Laces and ivory and gold  
And silks need not be new:  
There is healing in old trees,  
Old streets a glamour hold;  
Why may not I, as well as these,  
Grow lovely, growing old?

Wasn't it good of them both to take that much trouble to make me feel happier!

The next time you read one of those landscape gardening articles that insist upon your sitting down and making a definite plan before setting out shrubbery, pay some attention to it. I speak as one who didn't. When we had practically to start anew on shrubs, it seemed that the main idea was to get them. Few could be bought, but friends were generous with slips and cuttings. I thought we wanted a border of shrubs at one edge of the yard around the new house and worked to that end. And, folks, we have that border! By actual count it has three forsythias, two clumps of lilacs, two altheas, two deutzias, two white spireas and one red, a clump of wistaria, an Indian currant, a beauty berry, a pomegranate, a clump of bamboo, and a tamarix. It's a sort of double row—and it's a mess. The fault is chiefly mine. I can't learn moderation in planting and always forget how things spread when they grow. Now the problem is how to remove enough of those bushes to give the rest a chance. I failed to say I put iris and bulbs among the shrubs and that I've let that gray plant called artemisia—a form of tall growing dusty miller—spread all over one section of the border. No wonder my husband gets outdone with me; he said I was planting twice too much out there.

It's even worse at the back of the house. In a place only a little more than fifteen feet long I have a spirea billiard, two clematis—different kinds—a woodbine, a euonymous, a syringa, two hydrangeas and a Van Houtte spirea. Most of these were rooted there with the idea of moving them to a permanent position. But a supply matron at the orphanage once told me, "I'm a permanent worker as long as I stay here," and it is the same way with my shrubs. My meaning to move them and not doing it gives the same effect as permanence.

I am willing to admit my mistakes, but it will take more than that to remedy the situation.

Last Sunday a lady from Ral.

## Club Column

The Home Demonstration Club met at Wakefield on Wednesday p. m. Mrs. D. S. Joyner was hostess for the day and was also in charge of the local program, which was quite enjoyable.

Mrs. McInness gave a lecture and demonstration on Diet in Prevention of Diseases, Especially Cold and Sinus Trouble.

The judging of jars of fruit canned by club members was scheduled for this meeting and highest honors were won by Mrs. D. S. Joyner and Mrs. S. H. Hoyle.

Mrs. McInness asks that in October each member bring in her report of work done this year in canning, in yard improvement or house improvement, whether this be much or little.

The club apron, which is being passed around for the sewing on of patches under which a coin is placed, was brought in and put in care of another member.

The hostess served delicious refreshments.

## DEATHS

### RHODES

Mrs. Addie Rhodes, formerly of Wakefield, was buried in the Wakefield cemetery at 11:00 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, Sept. 24. She died at the home of her daughter in Wilmington, where she had been for some months.

C. M. Rhodes, aged 79, died at his home near Wakefield on Wednesday at 3:30 p. m. after a long illness caused partly by the infirmities of age. Besides his widow, who formerly was Miss Vera Hood, he is survived by one daughter, Mrs. H. A. Hodge, Jr. The funeral will be held at the home at 4:00 p. m. Friday.

## NEWS BRIEFS

Mrs. Lennie Beard and Miss Bertha Gray, matrons at the Caswell Training School near Kinston, were killed when a train struck the car in which they had started to town. The accident occurred at a crossing only a few hundred yards from the school.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde suffered a broken leg on Tuesday when she ran to enter her car which had gotten out of control and which she wished to stop. Her husband in the car was not hurt when it hit an obstacle and stopped.

Twenty eight additional drivers licenses were revoked Tuesday bringing the total within the state up to 5,532 since last November. One was from Zebulon for driving while drunk. In fact most of the revocations were for this offense.

Eight stopped by to ask for some artemisia. I was lying down, but my husband went out to get it for her and I heard her ask, "Who is it here that is crazy about flowers?" And I had a guilty feeling that only politeness made her add the last two words.

Landscape gardeners do have their uses.

## Public Character

Though far from being an old man, the subject of this week's sketch has one of the oldest businesses in town, having succeeded his father as its head. It is his purpose to give the same good service as to weight, quality and courtesy that has always been the motto of the establishment.

After graduating at Wakefield he attended Wake Forest College where he belonged to the Glee Club.

Name:—Wallace G. Temple. Native of Zebulon.

Domestic Status — Married Miss Rachel Hoggard of Lewiston June 27, 1933.

Church Affiliation— Baptist. Business— Grocery and Market.

Has been in this Business—As proprietor 3 years. Had helped in store since childhood.

## SEEN & HEARD

### YES, IT IS ENGLISH

Small Betsy Pope Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Simpson, was three last Monday. But she told us that she was waiting to have her party on Saturday, when Buddie would have a birthday, too. Betsy recited for us a poem which we have reproduced according to phonics: "I habber bowler dole fiss Upon my winner thill; Dey zus yike me, my Daddy chay, Dey nebber tan cheep chill." If you can't decode this, Betsy's mother can help you.

### THE PULL OF ADS

Little Billy Brantley can't read yet, but is much interested in pictures. In a magazine he found a picture he did not understand and asked his mother what it was. She told him it was an advertisement for whiskey. He looked at it earnestly and inquired: "When are we going to start drinking whiskey?"

### NOT GUILTY

A small boy of Zebulon was accused by an older brother of having failed to wash out the tub after a bath. He denied the charge vigorously and clinched his denial with: "Why, I don't know when I ever did take a bath."

### THE DIFFERENCE

I wanted to hire some boys last Saturday to pick crowder peas and went down in the "red line" section of town to find them. The first boy I saw said he did not want to work. The next one said he did, but when his mother learned the pay, she said she had rather he'd stay at home than to work a half day for that. The first boy overtook me and said he would work, that his mother sent him. In about three hours he made 25 cents while the other made nothing. The difference in children sometimes is the evidence of the difference in parents.

## Church News

At the close of the evening sermon at the Baptist church last Sunday four candidates were baptized into the membership of the church. Promotion exercises will be held at this church next Sunday and the revival is scheduled for beginning on the third Sunday in October.

On October 10 members of the Baptist church at Pearce will have a barbecue dinner, tickets for which are now on sale at fifty cents and twenty five cents. Proceeds will be used for the building fund, the Pearce church having been badly damaged recently by a storm. All patronage will be appreciated and good value is promised.

Revival services at Hephzibah church closed last Sunday with 23 additions to the membership. The pastor, Rev. L. R. Evans, was assisted by Rev. H. O. Baker of Rolesville.

There were 5 additions to Hales Chapel during the revival which closed there on Sunday night.

The Central Association is in annual session this week, meeting with the church at Wake Cross Roads. Wakefield belongs to this association.

Pastor Reed announces regular services at Methodist church here Sunday, with the evening service at 7:30.

The revival meeting at Wendell has been postponed and will begin Oct. 25 with Mrs. Steedly assisting.

Rev. Theo Davis supplied at Social Plains last Sunday morning and at Union Hope in the afternoon.

Social Plains Church will call a pastor and elect deacons next Sunday morning after the 11 o'clock service and all members are urged to be present.

## Many Rides On Zebulon Midway October 5-10

"There will be at least ten rides on the midway of the Harvest Festival in Zebulon, Oct. 5-10th," stated Mr. Davis, Secretary of the Fair, to the RECORD Editor last night. "This festival," he continued, "is not only for the people of Zebulon and Wake County, but for all the surrounding territory. We do not intend to let anything get by us in the way of good clean amusement and entertainment. No end of telephone calls to New York, Iowa, Virginia, South Carolina, West Virginia, and dozens of other places have been made in securing the best rides and shows for this gigantic festival.

We are expecting people from every section of eastern North Carolina to attend. And there is no admission at the main gate of the Midway. Don't forget the dates, October 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10th in Zebulon.

Success has turned many a man's head; in fact, it's a long head that has no turning.

YE  
Flap-doodle  
By  
THE  
SWASH-  
BUCKLER



M. A. Armstrong, the Singer Sewing Machine manager for this particular section, afforded me a dainty bit of pleasure last Saturday with the office telephone.

A brother of mine had in his own inimitable way prepared a somewhat crude bit of humor that I was supposed to lead into with my chin.

In preparation, he'd gotten the name of a colored cook who worked for a lady in town. To this he had added the lady of the house's telephone number. On the pad which is supposed to remain on the desk for important matters were these words—"Call 3501 and ask for Sarah".

I had an insurance policy that was being changed and thinking the number was the agent's, I didn't bother to call, since I had seen him that morning. I paid no attention to the Sarah part thinking Ferd had merely added it for fun.

All went quite well until about four p. m. when Armstrong strolled into the office. Coming up to the desk, his eye fell on—"Call 3501 and ask for Sarah".

"Uh huh!", quoth Mr. Armstrong, "got a gal. No wonder you moved the wife to the country. I think I'll check into this heah matter at once."

So—he dialed 3501 and someone answered. "May I," requested Senator Armstrong, "speak to Sarah?"

Without a moment's hesitation a perfectly lovely voice honeyed to the Nth degree replied:—"DIS HEAH'S SARAH".

Brother Armstrong hung up in the gal's face.

Personally, after his face has cleared from a crimson tint to normal, I don't think anybody will be bothered with his called and asking for anyone!

I bought him a drink to appease his wrath, but it was worth it.

Since that time, Sarah has gone to Chapel Hill. I don't know whether the call had anything to do with her sudden departure. At any rate, I'll bet two to one her employers didn't know she was going.

I know some colored folks who are dependable, but usually the girls who work as nurses, cooks, maids, etc. are about as reliable as a sea-going monkey.

The madam had one girl who was an excellent cook and house keeper but who couldn't get to her work before 8:00 to save her life. One day when sick, she sent her sister who was much faster. We came down after lunch that day and had hardly gotten to work when the girl came down. "Are you through already?" my wife asked the girl. "Yassum", was the reply, "Ise faster dan Louise". And indeed she was! All dirty dishes had been inverted so their clean bottoms would show. All accumulations on top of cupboards, vanities and dressers had been dragged into the top drawer. Her speed, to say the least, was amazing.

Reliably yours,  
The Swashbuckler.