

# The Zebulon Record

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## This, That And The Other.

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Did you ever eat Cush? Webster defines it as being bread or crackers boiled or seasoned in water in which meat has been cooked. And he locates it as being a Southern word.

My first serving of cush was eaten at the Kennedy Home and was made with canned salmon. It is another of those dishes that come in handy to know about when in a hurry or when the housekeeping budget is partially crippled and needs a crutch. You open a can of salmon and drain off all the liquid into a saucepan—or a frying-pan or whatever you happen to have handy or like to cook in. Set it on the stove and as it heats chop into it a small onion. Next add the salmon from the can, having removed any skin and bone that may have been put up with it, and breaking the fish into small pieces. Gently stir in enough bread to thicken the mixture. It should be about half cornbread and the rest may be cold biscuit or what is left of a loaf, and it, too, should be in small pieces. Use black pepper to suit your taste. Put in a little butter and set the container where the cush may have time to get used to itself before being served. You might bake it until it is brown on top. Don't try to call it salmon loaf or anything fancy.

It may be that Thanksgiving makes me think specially of the orphanages and cush, though, as I said, they are already connected in my mind. When an extra effort Record galley TWO is made to provide plenty of nourishing food at low cost you'll find orphanage workers lined up to learn about it. Which is quite as it should be. It is our place to provide funds as we are able and their place to stretch them as far as possible. The results are frequently such as to make us all proud.

My oldest grandson, not quite nine, amused me last summer by his manner of speaking of "The Poor." He used the words as if meaning some nationality and one could tell that they were capitalized in his mind. One day I asked him who were The Poor and he gravely answered: "I am not quite sure who they are nor how they look, but they live in some part of Philadelphia, and we are asked to send them things to eat and to wear." I asked if any were in Swarthmore where he lives and he said he thought not; that if so, he had never seen them.

His mother explained that social workers called on Swarthmore often for help, since it is a residential section with no acute problems of its own and that Jack had thus acquired the idea that the poor were a race separate and apart.

While they lived in the South the child had frequently gone with his mother, who was chairman of personal service in her church, when she took food or clothing to destitute families or to sick persons; but to him they were neighbors one wanted to be nice to. Nobody referred to them as charity cases

## THANKSGIVING

O Give Thanks Unto the Lord; For He Is Good:  
For His Mercy Endureth Forever.

The Kings of the earth may set themselves and the rulers take counsel together saying: Let us issue proclamations calling upon the people to give thanks upon a certain day for all the blessings which have been conferred upon them during the days of the year. And commands may go forth that this be done and many may seem to obey.

But He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh and the Lord shall hold them in derision if this coming together be done for outward

show and if in their hearts they feel not such depths of gratitude that they are not only willing but eager to share of their substance with those who are deserving and in need.

Knowing, then that the eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good and that He sees even the thoughts in our minds and the desires of our hearts, let us assemble ourselves together realizing that no earthly proclamation has power to evoke thanksgiving; that it comes as the tribute of love to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Bearing in our hearts gratitude and in our hands an offering, let us enter into His courts with praise.

### Club Column

The Home Demonstration Club met on Wednesday p. m. of last week with Mrs. E. H. Bunn in charge of the program. She presented Mrs. Wiley Valentine, who spoke on Home-Making to the pleasure and edification of her hearers. Mrs. Willie Bullock gave a demonstration on making Tomato Puffs. She also explained the requirements for an Award of Merit and discussed Food for the Pre-School Child.

The election of officers resulted in the re-election of all now serving. A list with chairmen of committees will be published when complete.

It was decided to hold the December meeting on the thirtieth of the month since the regular date—the 23rd—would probably mean a poor attendance. Mrs. McInness will be present at the time set.

Plans are rapidly taking shape for the Womanless Wedding to be staged at Wakelon on the evening of Friday, December 11. At that time leading citizens of Zebulon and community will act as bride, bridesmaids and flower girls as well as taking the places of bride groom, ushers and best man. An evening of rare amusement is promised and a full house is expected. Proceeds will be used for playground equipment and other essential expenses of the recreation work.

Mrs. H. C. Wade and Miss Evelyn McCullers are at work with the preparation incidental to presentation. Grace, beauty and charm will be supplied by the characters themselves. Watch next week's paper for the cast.

At the last regular meeting of the Junior Woman's Club, Thursday, November 19, Dorothy Barrow presented an interesting program on women in politics. Esther Lee Cox, Marie Watson and Dot Jones discussed highlights of Eleanor Roosevelt's life and political activities. Jo Dunlop talked on Frances Perkins.

and he had a very personal interest in them.

Many of us seem to feel about orphans as Jack did about The Poor, that they are a distinct class to themselves and not just children who need homes. If we could really know them personally, it might touch our pocketbooks as well as our hearts, which is a definite and practical touch.

### Public Character

Coming to Zebulon only last year, the subject of this week's sketch has become well known and takes an active part in civic affairs of the town and community. His work is with the only organization of its kind in Zebulon. He belongs to the local Rotary Club, is a member of the Masonic Order, a Royal Arch Mason, belongs to the Knights of Templar. Name—Robert Vance Brown Native of Madison County Domestic Status — Married Miss Ethel Jean Hitchcock of Davenport, Fla., Jan. 5, 1927. Two children. Ruth and Robert Vance, Jr.

Church Affiliation—Methodist Profession—Cashier of Peoples Bank and Trust Co. of Zebulon.

Has been connected with banks for twenty years.

Came to Zebulon from Asheville, Sept. 1935.

### Seen and Heard

#### OLD MAN HAPPY IN NEW ROLE?

The latest gyp comes from the colored section of town where a man declaring himself to be "Old Man Happy" of birthday party fame over WPTF told a local colored woman in town that he could prove he was Old Man Happy with magic. In fact, he would change \$20 into \$40. The colored woman got the necessary \$20 bill and gave it to our friend. He placed the money in an envelope before her eyes and gave it to her to seal. She sealed and placed it on a shelf out of his sight as directed. He informed her that he would be back in an hour to open the envelope for her and give her the \$40.

Alas, at the end of two hours the good man had not returned so the colored woman opened the envelope to find a blank piece of paper. Nor has she seen her "Old Man Happy" since.

#### LESS TEMPTATION

The young Zebulonian who found \$1100.00 Tuesday of this week remarked that there might have been more temptation to keep the amount if it had been in cash instead of checks. Anyway, it was restored to the rightful owner.

### Church Column

Special services will be held at Wakefield Baptist church on next Sunday at the morning hour under the auspices of the local Junior Order. Dr. C. E. Brewer of Raleigh will preach and an offering for orphanage work will be taken. The public is cordially invited to attend.

On next Sunday night at Hopkins Chapel church a pageant, "A Dream That Came True", will be presented at 7:00. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Rev. C. L. Read, for three years pastor of the Zebulon Methodist church, will not have the charge again, having been placed upon the superannuate list. His place will be taken here by Rev. J. W. Bradley.

The conference at the Baptist church on Sunday night was deferred because of the lights going off. The new date set is the first Sunday in December.

A special Thanksgiving program will be given at the Baptist church on next Sunday morning with an offering for the Orphanage work of the denomination.

The season of prayer for Foreign mission will be observed by the women of the Baptist church. On Sunday night Mrs. Edna Harris of Raleigh will speak. Mrs. Harris is corresponding secretary of the State W. M. U. and all women of the church and community are invited to hear her.

On Monday afternoon the final lesson in the Life of Basil Lee Lockett will be taught as a part of the program.

On Wednesday night the Central Circle of the W. M. S. will give the program which will conclude the series.

Rev. Theo. B. Davis preached on Sunday morning at Kenly in a special Thanksgiving service under the auspices of the Junior Order. The offering was divided equally among the four churches of the town to be sent to the orphanages they help to support.

On next Sunday morning Rev. Theo. Davis will preach at Micro in a union meeting for that and adjacent Baptist churches.

On last Sunday Wendell Baptists worshipped in their new building, which is nearing completion after several months of intensive work led by the energetic and enthusiastic pastor, Rev. Leslie Newman.

## YE Flap-doodle

By THE SWASHBUCKLER



Customs certainly do change. No older than I am, I can remember when a girl smoking a cigarette was almost as bad as one was taking a drink of liquor a couple of years ago. Of course, all of us who are broad-minded don't mind seeing a broad even take a chew of tobacco or a dip of snuff.

Somehow, a drunk lady (?) is rather revolting. Maybe I haven't been out enough, or something. At any rate, I'm darn glad my wife doesn't get pie-eyed for a thrill.

Even words change from time to time, take for instance, the word "Fizzle" a perfectly good word used by radio announcers and in the headlines of our leading newspapers. Yesterday, to say Fizzle in society was unpardonable.

Most anyone can remember when to be on relief was something to be remorseful about.

Old customs, however, are quite intriguing. Take the custom followed years ago in the monarch eras. Once a year all the king's subjects brought fine gifts to the king.

One fine gift day the king was on the end of the receiving line and his dear people were bringing him the best of their all. One brought a nice gold set of goblets, another a set of fine silverware and so on until an uncle of mine brought in a bunch of bananas. Now my uncle didn't know it, but this was a pretty stiff breach of etiquette, and the king was very very angry.

"Spitting out his chew of Apple, the king shouted, "Take that man out behind the barn and jam every one of those bananas down his throat!"

The guards grabbed my uncle and proceeded as directed. When halfway down the bunch, uncle fell to laughing as though he would die.

The guards, naturally quite curious, questioned him thus:

"Whyfore laughest thou whilst we rammest these bananas downst thy throat?"

"Oh" said my ancestor, "I was just thinking about my brother, he's bringing the king a load of watermelons!"

And the drunk who brought the skunk home with him was questioned by his wife—"What about the odor?"—"Oh," replied our hero as he tied him under the bed, "He'll just have to get ushed to it like I did."

Mrs. Simpson is certainly being taken for a ride these fine days by the local jokesters. Hey. Hey. Some fun.

Well, that Thanksgiving dinner, whether it be the most priceless of meats, or drifts and dravey; may there be no mouths that will go hungry, nor any backs unclad this Thanksgiving day.

Sincerely,  
The Swashbuckler.