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1936—1937

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Time is a small segment of eternity by which men may be able to estimate the endlessness of eternity. Birth and death are the two points between which each one decides his destiny. The passing of the years are the mile stones by which we measure life's value to the race with which we march.

Yesterday—1936—is forever gone. Tomorrow has not yet come. The present is a shadow where the present and the past meet, and it is so fleeting that it becomes an imaginary line between what has been and what may be. The future is yet a part of that which God alone knows. Within a year or a moment both it and we may be swallowed up in eternity.

The year 1936 was a good year, better than any other for a decade or more. The New Year holds promise of even better things to come. But today, as was spoken four thousand years ago, "Ye have not passed this way before". No one knows what the new year may bring forth. It may be sorrow that overwhelms us, or it may be joy that lifts us to the heights. We should each walk and work as though this life would go on forever. We should, too, live and serve as though tomorrow would reveal a new life beyond time.

With all our hearts the editors of the Record wish for our friends everywhere the very best God has in store in the passing years; we wish for them faithfulness to all the trusts of earthly existence; and, should the call come to pass over into the land of eternal things before another New Year's day that they may pass the last mile stone with a shout of victory.

Nineteen-thirty-seven—we welcome you into our lives!

God of the ages—give thy grace and guidance!

SCHOOL BUS WRECKED

The account of the wrecking of a school bus down in Cumberland county in which four children were killed has filled the press with all sorts of suggestions about how to make transportation safe for the thousands of children who ride to school. As a result it appears that thousands if not millions of dollars will be spent in providing pullman car-like constructed busses, men to drive them, waiting rooms for children at almost every wayside home and improvement of little travelled country roads. Much of this is needed, but we do not believe that the state can afford to do it at the expense of our school funds which are already too little. We see no other source from which to draw.

As it is, we believe our children are as safe and that facts will prove it so as the parents and other people of the state. The school buses have a schedule and as a rule a child does not have long to wait. If parents would provide them with warm clothes and rain coats they would be

about as well off waiting for a short time as they would be in an open shelter. If the people of the community would cooperate, they could with little expense build boxed rooms that would keep out the rain and shut off the wind. We believe most of the young men who drive the school buses are just as safe drivers if not better than a mature man. When one considers the number of wrecks in relation to the number carried and miles traveled he will probably find that we have fewer accidents in this department of our state government than anywhere else.

GO, WENT, GONE

Raleigh Times headline: Lawyers of State to Go to Sea Again. Wouldn't it be swell if they could go before the meeting of the General Assembly and get lost in a storm so a Legislature not composed mostly of lawyers might do a bit of legislation for the people?

CAN'T HAVE CAKE AND EAT IT TOO

The proponents in the liquor dealing counties seem to take it for granted that the continuance of this evil is already assured, and that the only point now not settled is whether they may both keep and eat their cake. Our own opinion is that if the present setup is continued, the revenue therefrom should go directly into the State treasury, or at least not less than fifty per cent should go to the state. But so far as we are concerned, we don't want to ride on a road or send our child to a school that is built or supported by such blood money.

PRESIDENT GRAHAM & HUNK ANDERSON

The present flareup among alumni of State College seems to be a new attack from a different source against President Graham's attitude towards athletics in the Greater University. We said before and affirm again that we believe the president is right. It seems that the modern trend in everything from King Edward down to President Graham is either to be a figurehead or strong enough to be dictator. So far as athletics is concerned, President Graham's business is to see that it is kept clean and made secondary to the University's chief function. Our hat off to him! More power to him in his effort to do what others feared to try but should have done long ago.

FRANKNESS

Last Tuesday the editor had a part in the funeral service of an unusual woman. The big country church was filled to almost overflowing with the people of the community and others. Though of a prominent family well-known, we do not believe the people were there so much for that reason as they were because of the character of the woman herself.

We knew her well in her home, the church life and the community in general. In her character there was little of deceit or hypocrisy. She was frank in her views and opinions at home and abroad. Had she not been a good woman one who was loved and trusted as christian, remarks and criticism of hers might have been construed as bordering on gossip. Her criticisms were made because she loved her friends and neighbors and desired to help and not hurt them.

In this day of superficial living, fictitious culture, deceiving hypocrisy, people need above all else one who loves humanity and God that will speak out frankly and fully on many matters. We have far too few like this woman who looked first of all to her own household and then forgot not that she was her neighbor's keeper as well. Such people are needed today in every walk of life. She will be missed, but her frank outspoken words against wrong and error will live in that community for many a day. The lips that spoke from a heart of love and a life of service will yet speak for many a day in that community for the people's good and God's glory.

A Two Dollar Value for ONE DOLLAR!

turn to page four of this issue of the Record.

Seen and Heard**HIS GIFT TO HIS WIFE**

A friend was telling us with apparent proud satisfaction the other day that he had given a brand new Pontiac to his wife for a Christmas present. About the second or third time he told us about the gift to his wife, his thirteen-year-old daughter said in a tone somewhat different from her father's when speaking of the car: "And you know mother doesn't know a thing about driving!" It reminded me of the time somebody's wife gave her husband a nice new rug for a Christmas present.

"FRUIT BASKET"

A man from the country was telling me a short time ago that many tenants would change landlords this winter and already quite a number had moved to different farms. We knew a farmer in the Green Level community of Wake County who told me that he usually changed tenants every year and never kept one more than two years. He said he found that they worked better and were more profitable if kept only one year. Our own opinion is that if a landlord would seek to make the tenant permanent, as a rule it would be more profitable to him and renter. Moving is usually expensive for all concerned.

NEW MODEL AUTO

Have you seen the new model automobile Walter Richardson, a colored boy drives, pulls and rides around town? If you see it once you will never forget it. To describe the body is made of undressed boards, the front axle is a small rod the rear is a broom handle, the wheels are discarded discs, the lights are old auto parking lights, the hood is a piece of tin, the fenders strips of galvanized metal, the steering wheel is a bucket lid, the "spare" wheel has a rubber tire and wire spokes, The "car" has a rumble seat with a various assortment of "tools". The radiator is decorated with a piece of rabbit fur which is supposed to be a fox tail. It seems to be the latest model of its kind and probably there will be no more like it, so you had better see it at once. It goes like all get-out.

THE LAST LOAF

Last Saturday evening the wife of all work asked me to bring a loaf of bread from one of the stores down town. Luther Long was on the same sort of errand. We asked for bread at every store up town. Some one said perhaps Paul Brantley had some, so we both hurried there. Luther asked first and got the last loaf. As a last chance I went across to Strickland's store and bought the very last loaf for sale in town. Saturday's trade and less holiday baking made an unusually scarcity of bread in Zebulon that day such happens only once a year.

A BOY AND BEER

One morning lately I was standing in the bank talking to Cashier Brown when a six-year-old colored boy came in with an empty beer bottle and asked us for some beer. We asked him if he had any money. He dug down deep in his pants pocket and brought out ten cents. He said his pap had sent him for the beer. Right or wrong, we told him beer could be bought at the second door beyond. And that reminds me that when asked about advertising, the young man a business place said everybody knew what they sold. And then as an afterthought he said they might put an ad in the paper about some extra strong beer they had got in. And we had to inform him that our paper did not ad-

vertise beer, wine, liquor, nor anything else that was intoxicating.

A QUIET CHRISTMAS

A citizen said the other day: "I have never seen a more quiet Christmas nor as little drinking in Zebulon. And chief-of-police Cone told me Tuesday that not a single person had been arrested in Zebulon for drunkenness during the Christmas holidays. He said one man had been put in the lockup, but that Sheriff Massey brought him in from the country. A short time after Mr. Cone became an officer in Zebulon he jailed fifteen people for drunkenness one week-end. The only thing that disturbed the quiet of Christmas time among us was the constant noise from fireworks. A great many people among the older ones especially wished heartily that the Commissioners had ruled this dangerous and inappropriate method of celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace outside the town limits at this holiday season.

MERRIEST CHRISTMAS

A young man of Zebulon remarked that this has been about the best Christmas he remembers. He added that it may have seemed so because he not only did not taste liquor during the holidays, but did not go with any who did drink.

Strange Accidents**The Busy Bee**

In Ovid, N. Y., Miss Elizabeth Jolly, a nurse, in trying to kill a bee, swerved her car, hitting another and that still a third and fourth till all four cars were wrecked.

Moral: A wreck is more dangerous than a bee sting.

Some Kicker

In East Hampton, Conn., Mrs. Henry Schledit was playfully kicked by her baby as she put it to bed. She went to the hospital with a broken jaw. Moral: Beware of any kick. One never knows what is behind it.

Effective Medicine

At Loysville, Pa., Farmer Dewey Boughman tried to give medicine to his cow. She objected, struck the farmer on the chin with her head and broke his neck. Moral: Sometimes a punch is more dangerous than a kick.

Who Has The Key?

In Triesto, Italy, a man complained at a hospital that he had swallowed his doors key. X-Ray revealed not only the missing key, but also pencils, cigarette holders, spoon, pen-knives, can opener and other articles. Moral: Better let your wife lock you out. There may be less risk.

The Wrong Step

A thief in New York City tried to crawl into a vacant house, got his head wedged between the second and third stair-steps, and strangled to death. Moral: Be sure your sins will find you out.

No Bait Needed

Mrs. S. D. Covert, Cashiers, N. C. made a wrong drive with her golf club, the ball landed in a brook and killed an eight-pound trout. Moral: Sometimes a miss is better than a hit.

LOST—EITHER ON STREETS of Zebulon or steps leading to Zebulon Beauty Shoppe, a 1938 Wakelon Class ring initialed R. D. set with onyx. Liberal reward for return to Ruth Duke, Zebulon Rt. 1 or to the Record Office.