

The Zebulon Record

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This, That, and The Other

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

My sons much prefer loose-leafed lettuce to the pale bleached heads, and like to take a leaf, double it crosswise, roll it into the shape of a cigar, dip it in salad dressing or salt and eat it, repeating the process over and over.

At first I was a bit ashamed of such table manners but when I mentioned it to Mrs. Ida Hall she surprised me by saying why, yes, she likes lettuce best that way, too; that it doesn't get slick and taking one leaf at a time, you never fix more than you want to eat. I'm still dubious as to what Mrs. Emily Post would say, but don't mean to write her about the matter, and she never comes to our house.

The Gardener and I have been arguing about the beets which are too thick in the row. His idea is to pull out the smallest and reset them. Mine is to pull out the largest and cook them stalks and all. His plan sounds more sensible, but mine tastes better. Eaten hot with butter or cold with dressing or vinegar the leaf stalks of young beets taste fine. And the leaves themselves are useful to tone down a pot of mustard greens that are beginning to show their strength.

My husband's brother, Jake Davis, down at Delray Beach, Fla., sent us a few mangoes last week. He said if we liked the samples he would send us a box of them.

I had never before met a mango, and it was with considerable curiosity that I tasted one. A mango, in case you don't know, is about the size and shape of a nest-egg gourd and is yellow both as to peel and pulp. It has a seed that resembles a large, flattened peach seed, if the peach seed were white and nearer smooth. But mangoes are not freestone; they cling to that seed. After several experimental tastes I announced that I thought I could make a mango, and the married son replied, "We all know you can." Sometimes I detest his taste in puns. What I meant was that I could compound the flavor of the fruit. I'd mash together an apricot, a ripe persimmon and a May-pop with a few drops of pineapple flavor and a bit of butter, not exactly fresh, that had been worked with a lightwood paddle.

It's the sort of taste that makes you want to keep going back to see if it really is as you remember it. I've an idea that a mango taste could be cultivated more easily than the fruit itself.

I think the editor plans to ask for the big box. If you are interested drop by the Record shop soon after they arrive. Even should there not be enough for you to eat one, you could certainly smell them. You could do that at a considerable distance from the shop.

The most delightful article I've read recently is The Progressive Education of a Parent in FORUM for June. The writer, Mary Olive Jones, holds that a great danger in teaching children to express themselves freely at all times and on all subjects is that they may in

Wakelon Officially Enters League; First Game Scheduled June 10th

Saturday, 29, To Be 1st Poppy Day Here

Poppy Day will be observed in Zebulon this year on Saturday, May 29th. The day when once each year we of America pay tribute to those who gave their lives in America's service during the World War, by wearing their memorial flower—the Poppy.

The Zebulon Post of the American Legion under the leadership of A. S. Hinton, Poppy Chairman, will distribute the poppies on that day. You will be aiding the war's living victims by the contribution you make for the flower.

The flowers offered for sale on Poppy Day are not, of course, natural flowers. Their petals are only paper and their stems wire, yet in to them have been breathed the spirit of patriotic sacrifice as they bloomed under the hands of the disabled veteran and his family.

The money which is dropped into the box in exchange for your flower goes entirely to the welfare activities of the Zebulon Post.

A crew of local girls will conduct the Zebulon sale. After thinking of the uses to which poppy funds will be put, I am sure that no one will be able to turn a deaf ear to the sales-girls. A poppy on every lapel is our aim Saturday, May 29.

K. P. LEONARD, Cmdr.,
Zebulon Post No. 131, A. L.

CHURCH NEWS

Revival services will begin next Monday night at Wakefield Baptist Church. Services will be at 3:30 in the afternoon and at 8:00 at night. The Rev. L. R. Evans of Knightdale will assist the pastor in the meeting. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Memorial Services will be held at Wakefield Baptist Church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Rev. A. A. Pippin will speak. Come and bring flowers. We will go from the church to the Wakefield Cemetery after services and decorate the graves of our loved ones.

The Daily Vacation Bible School is now in progress at the Baptist church. Hours are from 9:00 to 12:00.

The playground activities including special work in Arts and Crafts are under the direction of Mrs. Hunter Bell, playground director.

Afternoon playground hours as usual.

The Circle of the Methodist church met on Monday with Mrs. Fred Page.

thinking for themselves think only of themselves. And she tells of a child with particularly good manners whose mother said: "I ain't got time to wheedle when she's bad. I just wham." Few of us would recommend whamming as regular procedure, but at times it gets speedier and more definite results than wheedling does.

FULL LIST OF PLAYERS TO BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK. FIRST HOME GAME JUNE 12th.

At the Tuesday night meeting of the Tobacco State League Wakelon was officially admitted to the League.

Manager Jones stated that a complete list of the players trying out for the local team would be published next week. Position for each man has not, as yet, been decided.

Wakelon's first two games will be played away from home, probably with Angier and Clayton while her next two will be played on the local diamond at the school building. The first two bouts are scheduled for Thursday and Friday, June 10th and 11th. The second two are to be played here on Saturday and Sunday, June 12th and 13th.

Probably the toughest teams in the state outside the Piedmont comprise the Tobacco State League and a class baseball that only the best can stay with, will be played.

After the record set last year by the locals, there is little doubt about where Wakelon will be at the end of the season.

Rainey Hayes, Allan Green, Boss Robbins and two more good men will complete the local's pitching staff. Hayes won 29 out of a possible 32 games last season and with relief pitchers, will probably average better this year.

The local diamond will be fenced in before the series begins and a grandstand built to accommodate the large crowds expected to attend.

The Tobacco State League takes in four teams, Angier, Clayton, Erwin and Wakelon.

CLUB COLUMN

CLUB PICNIC

On Thursday afternoon of last week at 4:00 o'clock one-half the members of the Garden Club acted as hostesses to the other one-half and a few guests at a lovely picnic at "The Rocks". Mrs. G. E. Gaither, whose husband teaches Agriculture at State College, had secured Dr. Murray Buell instructor in Forestry at the college, to address the club. Dr. Buell told the club in an interesting manner of the flora in that locality. He acquainted those present with the following plants found on and about The Rocks: sedge, fetter, arnica, arrowroot, Solomon's seal, sedum, lichens, alum root, chickweed, buckthorn.

After this most interesting talk, all were invited to a table laden with delicious food. The meeting was one of the most enjoyable of the year and an appreciation was extended to the hostesses.

Fifty years ago and the average small town family felt it had reached the top when the family exchequer permitted the purchase of an ingrain carpet for the parlor. Now families in the same relative circumstances are not satisfied unless they can have a car, a radio, and an electric ice box.

GENERAL NEWS

ROCKEFELLER DEAD

John D. Rockefeller, aged 97, died at his home at Ormond Beach, Fla., on last Sunday morning after a coma that had lasted some hours. The funeral was held on Wednesday at Tarrytown, New York and burial was in Cleveland.

Immensely wealthy, Rockefeller, had retired from business years ago and said his remaining ambition was to live to be a hundred years old. He held that a man should make all the money he could and give away all he could. His gifts total more than a half-billion dollars.

At one time many persons in the country thought they hated Rockefeller because of his monopolies; but his last years were spent in peace and with the friendship and good will of those who had formerly abused him. Those who lived near him declare he was always "a good neighbor."

BILLIONS FOR TAXES

The amount of tax money collected in this country per year is twelve billion dollars and another half-billion for good measure. The average person pays \$100 a year in taxes, though not all of this is paid as such directly nor does he know just how much of what he spends goes for taxes.

C. M. T. C.

The Citizens' Military Training Camp will be held again this year at Ft. Bragg. Those who attend will have no expense and will be assured of a month's vacation and training that should be pleasant and beneficial. This year the camp will be named for Sgt. Daughtry of Sampson County, who was killed in France during the World War. The date for this year is Aug. 3-Sept. 1. Only a few more applications will be accepted from this section.

ANOTHER LINDBERGH

Many persons in this country find the announcement of the birth of a third son to the Lindberghs more interesting than the approaching wedding of another American to a former king. The latest arrival in the aviator's family was born May 12. The second son, Jon, is now four years old. The baby's name has not been announced.

CHURCH CONSOLIDATION BELIEVED NEAR

It is believed by many ministers of the Methodist church that consolidation of the Northern and Southern branches of the denomination is now more probable than at any time since the division about the time of the war between the states. Some, however, fear that uniting with the northern church might jeopardize the ownership of property held by Southern Methodists.

YE Flap-doodle

By THE SWASH-BUCKLER



Recent thefts of tobacco plants is coming to a dire point. Farmers are sore on the point and shotguns are to be seen on all hands as night draws on. That brings to mind one night years ago in the watermelon patch of the late Will Wiggs.

With one of Mr. Wiggs' neighbor's sons, several of the nearby friends set out with well laid plans to appropriate a few of the aforementioned gentleman's choicest melons.

Mr. Wiggs, anticipated the robbery and prepared himself, oh but definitely!

That night after numerous thumpings and pluggings the boys picked the fruits of Mr. Wiggs' labor and started to take leave via the path. Hearing a noise, they turned off and started for the other side of the field. Just as they neared a stump our friend raised up and fired at the boys, who by that time were far away, but not too far to derive full benefit from a shell loaded with peas.

Of course I wasn't on hand, but a very vivid description was related to me by some of those in the party.

On another instance, a gentleman had been missing melons from his patch, but never caught the thief. Later it was learned that the thief was his son who would take girl friends for a ride and with their aid, swipe the luscious meaty bits from the vine.

And of course we have all heard of the night that Tom Chamblee was running from the school house to elude an oncoming principal and ran into a cow completely flooring him. Not pausing to find out what he hit he moaned, "Oh Lordy, I've done killed Guy Massey." And he took off again.

(Mr. Massey was then sheriff.)

Another night the pranksters included one W. A. Allman, Robert Dawson, Willard Winstead and yours truly. After ringing the school bell for some ten minutes we heard a noise in the back of the building and promptly left via the front door. Willard was left in the rush. One Bill Allman and myself were hitting the ball down the middle of the highway for town when we heard a steady clop-clop gaining on us. Adding our reserve speed to what we had, we were unable to leave the clop clop of the person running behind. As the figure drew abreast, we recognized Willard. He was running in a freshly plowed field, miring up to his knees every step and passing us up!

Another night Willard jumped from a moving car in a "getaway" and landed astride a chicken wire fence. He tore down seven posts and a hen roost before he could get out in the clear to do some real running.

Out-of-breathily yours,
The Swashbuckler.