

# THE ZEBULON RECORD

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THEO. B. DAVIS, Editor

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## A GREAT INSTITUTION

It was the privilege and pleasure of the editor to be present last Sunday at the 25th anniversary of the opening of the Kennedy Home, the eastern branch of the Baptist Orphanage in North Carolina. Twenty-five years ago 16 children were transferred from Thomasville to the Kennedy Home. There were two buildings for children at the time. One had been erected by Mr. Noah Biggs of Scotland Neck, and the other by citizens of Lenoir county. Today there are six buildings for children, a modern infirmary, teaching, and cottages for employees with families. Today 120 children live there with matrons, teachers, and others who minister to their needs and nurture.

In addition to the buildings, there are a church and school building, office, storehouse, recreation building, laundry, water system, modern dairy and stock barns, shop and other necessary buildings to an orphanage and big farm. On the farm I saw a herd of Hereford beef cattle, nearly a hundred of them in grass almost as tall as they were. The offspring of 30 fine brood sows along with the beef cattle furnish much of the meat used at both the Mills Home and the Kennedy Home. There is also a fine herd of Holstein cattle for dairying purposes

The farm has over 1,200 acres, of which about 750 are in cultivation. About 400 acres are

planted in corn and soy beans. There are more than 30 acres in the garden. I saw rows of beans, peas, okra, strawberries, collards, and other vegetables that reached across the field nearly a half mile. The cane "patch" had nine or ten acres in it. A power mill grinds out the juice for molasses and a modern cannery takes care of the surplus vegetables.

I rode for more than a mile across the farm and it was yet almost another mile to the far side on the Neuse river. A big Farmall tractor was turning three furrows at a time, making ready for peas. (This was Monday morning and not Sunday!). Another big tractor, a combine that threshed 500 bushels of wheat from one field this year, mowing machine and a number of fine mules along with the boys are the power that operates this big farm.

A dozen artesian wells scattered over the farm and grounds furnish an abundance of pure cool water. One well is so strong that Mr. Hough the Superintendent, has harnessed a water ram to it and it pumps the water where it is needed. The stalks of the ensilage corn were almost as large as corn grows around Zebulon and it was planted very thick in the row. It must be planted so to keep the stalks from growing too large to cut for ensilage. This corn with soy beans will be preserved in large tile silos holding many tons and fed to hogs and cattle through the winter.

If one has never been to the Kennedy Home, it would be both interesting and helpful to see it. It is just a little over 60 miles from Zebulon and I drove it in an hour and a half. To see the growing crops, the fat stock, the spreading meadows, the avenue of pecan trees, the grove of large pines, the orchard of 800 peach trees, makes a prospect that pleases and must remind one of what the garden of Eden was. Mr. J. C. Hough, the Superintendent, is not just a jack of all trades, he is a king of trades. Raised on a farm, educated at Wake Forest, first school teacher, then a preacher, he has had an experience and training that fit him well for the position he fills so acceptably to the Baptist people of North Carolina.

## This, That, and The Other

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

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It may have been the Glorious Fourth all right, but if I were a gambling man, I'd bet my boots it wasn't Independence Day for a number of Zebulon husbands. Quite the contrary, to judge from a casual saunter down some streets of what we hope may some day be our fair city. It was impressive to see how grass was being uprooted from around rose bushes and in flower beds; how awnings were being put up or replaced or readjusted at windows; how little jobs of painting couldn't wait another day. No wonder some men went fishing!

Justice demands the statement that the wives of the busy husbands were not idle, nor were they merely bossing the jobs; they were doing a worthy share of the work. And I really believe that in most instances the man of the house is as proud of attractive premises as is his helpmeet.

On day this summer I heard a young woman say she had noticed all the towns on the highway between Raleigh and Hertford when making the trip by automobile and that Zebulon's Gannon Avenue was the prettiest street she saw. Next day I looked around more carefully than usual on my way down town. And was proud of what I saw. Had you noticed how those young trees on the sidewalks have grown until they make a shade that looks cool even on the hottest days? And nothing is more beautifying to residential streets than trees. And have you observed the dozens of crepe myrtles now beginning to bloom at the edges of yards and on the sidewalks?

When a person who has seen our town but once remembers it because of beauty, all of us, including Fourth of July husband-men, have a right to pride.

If you have a tender place on a toe—or it may be a corn—try sticking a piece of adhesive tape over it before putting on your shoe. Or, if a new shoe feels stiff at the heel, put a strip of the tape where it rubs. You'll be surprised to find how much relief it gives. The tape is not thick enough to make any difference in the way the shoe fits, and, if used long enough, it will soften a corn until one may get rid of most of it, unless it should be quite large.

This is a personal word to those who send us original poetry and fail to understand why it does not appear in print.

We do not have space for all of it and we fear that if we print some and not all, some one may take offense.

Some time ago we got out a special edition with ever so many poems contributed by local writers. I enjoyed the work of helping with it—but, folks, it cost us something. I am promised that some week we may have another poetry special and am saving some contributions for it already; but no date has been set. Linotypists and compositors are not enthusiastic enough to donate their services in printing extra pages of poems; they have to keep an eye on their pay envelopes, even as you and I. Still, if you can write some verses that have rhythm and meaning with or without rhyme, hold on to them. As Sentimental Tommy would say, "We'll find a w'y," and that poet-

YE  
Flap-  
doodle  
By  
THE  
SWASH-  
BUCKLER



A Badger game is about to be played upon the people of our community. Not the old one, but a brand new type that will be popular with both old and young.

In olden days, (not too olden) a city slicker would tear into town, take up with all the ready cash and dodge out, badger fashion.

The badger game descending upon us is conducted by one city slicker, Badger Johnson. Not the rube he appears to be, but a smooth tongued salesman on whom Carolina Power and Light places their faith for the future.

The game has nothing to do with money. The new badger fun has to do with water, and plenty of it.

It seems that all you have to do is place your name in the pot and be present at the appointed times and presto! you can swim like a fish.

A lot of people go around waving their arms uselessly, commented Mr. Johnson, with a little instruction, they could be swimming two laps around the family bath tub each morning and save that wasted energy.

What I'm really trying to plug here is that one Badger Johnson is graciously giving of his time and knowledge in cooperation with the Red Cross to teach youse guys and gals as don't know how, to swim. There is no charge for the instruction and it will only take an hour a day for about ten days.

Doubtless you've stood on the shore while some kidlet paddled about the mud-hole and envied the little brat his floatative powers. Here is your chance to learn to swim as well as the envied one and maybe better.

Many a person has drowned when a few weak, amateurish strokes, or knowing how to hold his breath would have saved his life.

Who knows, that hour a day may keep the cold, clutching, strangling hand of death from pulling you across the river Styx.

You parents who love your children should feel it your duty to see that they are among the first to register with Mr. Johnson or Barrie Davis at the Record office. The instruction, as before stated, is absolutely free and as far as possible, arrangements have been made for transportation to and from Lake Myra for those whose names are entered.

The management of Lake Myra has kindly consented for the class to use the lake FREE OF CHARGE during instruction hours. Don't let your child be one of those unfortunate ones who never get around to the place that they aren't afraid of water. A fear of water, is every bit as bad as a fear of fire, and often worse.

P. S. There is still time to get yours, or your child's name on the list.

Australian crawlingly yours,  
The Swashbuckler.

P. S. Johnston has some help from

## SEEN AND HEARD

### MAKING THE MOST OF IT

Have you seen that stalk of corn growing in front of M. B. Chamblee's stables? It is as tall as a man and grows right out of the concrete sidewalk in a small crack or opening between the concrete and a light pole. Nature does pretty well sometimes without a chance or help.

### A REMINDER OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

Driving on the highway below Goldsboro Sunday morning I met an old colored woman in her Sunday best. She wore an old-fashioned splint bonnet. Her straight bodied dress struck the ground at her heels and she carried a long stick for a cane. I was going too fast to see the pipe or black gum brush in her mouth but feel sure it was there.

### SIGHTS SEEN SUNDAY AND MONDAY

As I drove around the corner into Queen street in Kinston Sunday night about nine o'clock on my way from church services, I noticed that the street was lined with cars on both sides as far as I could see, east and west. I asked what could be going on in Kinston on a Sunday night that would bring so many people to the business section. Mr. Brogdon said: "Moving pictures." Judging from the cars I would say there were ten times as many people at the movies as were at the union church service, the only service in the town that night, which we had just attended.

Then Monday morning about 9:30 just as I entered Goldsboro, judging from the noise and cars, there must have been more than a thousand people watching a ball game—on Monday morning too!

James Creech is in Rex hospital where he is recovering from a sinus operation which he underwent last Tuesday.

### MEMORIALS

I am representative for Warner Memorials, Raleigh, N. C. Let me advise with you for a suitable memorial for your loved ones.

REV. LESLIE NEWMAN  
Phone 5 Wendell, N. C.

## Open Forum

### SUNDAY BASEBALL

When I would read about the baseball games on Sunday several years ago in other cities I wondered if it would ever be in our home towns and just hoped it would not. But it is here. Who are the church people and citizens of the towns letting such things come in? Can't they be stopped some way? The pool rooms, movies and so many other things it seems Satan has the lead.

Back to the baseball again. There are church members, even leaders in the church, and Sunday school teachers, that go to church on Sunday morning and then to the ball game in the afternoon. I call that a damper on the church and Sunday school service. People are so busy and noisy now they do not hear that still small voice that whispers you are out of your place.

If you will excuse a self-experience, I will tell you when I only had two small children. There was

a 10cets show in Zebulon and the ponies were going to act that night so I took the children to see them, and that still small voice told me that night I was out of my place, and I haven't carried them any more. If we will listen at the ball games that voice will tell us we are out of our place.

As I heard a preacher say in a sermon a few days ago we haven't launched out in the deep. We are just ankle deep, trying to hold God in one hand and Satan in the other. Let's get busy and do away with the things in our community that should not be on Sunday.

Mrs. T. Y. Puryear.

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Consult

R. L. HARPER  
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### NOTICE OF LAND SALE

Under and by virtue of the powers contained in and in execution of the duties imposed upon me by a certain judgment of the Superior Court of Wake County, North Carolina, entered in an action therein pending entitled "Wake County vs. Mrs. T. M. Conn and Husband," I will on Saturday, the 10th day of July, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Courthouse door of Wake County in the City of Raleigh, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the following described lands and premises to-wit:

2 lots Sycamore Street, For more complete description see Book 563, Page 141; Registry of Wake County.

The above property is sold subject to all taxes that have accrued since the year 1932.

This 7th day of June, 1937.

L. S. BRASSFIELD,  
Commissioner.