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THE ZEBULON RECORD

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THEO. B. DAVIS, Editor

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A GREAT INSTITUTION -0-

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, teacherage, 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.

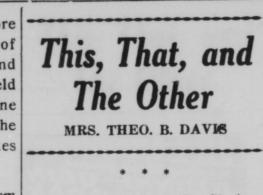
I rode for more than a mile across the farm and it was yet almost another mile to the far side on the Neuse river. A big Farmall tractor was turning three furrows at a time, making ready for peas. (This was Monday morning and not Sunday!). Another big tractor, a combine that threshed 500 bushels of wheat 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, maks 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 tht fit him well for the position he fills so acceptably to the Baptist people of North Carolina.



Then Monday morning about 9:30 a 10cts show in Zebulon and the just as I entered Goldsboro, judg- ponies were going to act that night ing from the noise and cars, there so I took the children to see them, must have been more than a thous- and that still small voice told me and people watching a ball game that night I was out of my place, and I haven't carried them any -on Monday morning too!

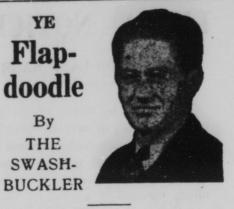


It may have been the Glorious Fourth all right, but if I were a gambling man, I'd bet my boots it wasn't Independence Day for a number of Zebulon husbands. Quite the contrary, to judge from a casual saunter down some streets of what we hope may some day be our fair city. It was impressive to see how 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 fish. 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 here is that one Badger Johnson 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, more. If we will listen at the ball have a right to pride.



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

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 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 If you have a tender place on a swim as well as the envied one

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 last Tuesday. 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 morial for your loved ones. 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 there.

SIGHTS SEEN SUNDAY AND MONDAY

night about nine o'clock on my lead. way from church services, I noticed that the street was lined with cars on both sides as far as I could see, 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 ence, I will tell you when I only

where he is recovering from a sinus operation which he underwent

MEMORIALS ... I am representative for Warner Memorials, Raleigh, N. C. . Let me advise with you for a suitable me-

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

Open Forum

SUNDAY BASEBALL

When I would read about the baseball games on Sunday several see the pipe or black gum brush in years ago in other cities I wonderher mouth but feel sure it was ed if it would ever be in our home towns and just hoped it would not. But it is here. Whe are the church people and citizens of the towns letting such things come in- Can't they be stopped some way? The As I drove around the corner in- pool rooms, movies and so many to Queen street in Kintson Sunday other things it seems Satan has the

Back to the baseball again. There are church members, even leaders in the church, and Sunday school east and west. I asked what could teachers, that go to church on Sunbe going on in Kinston on a Sunday day morning and then to the ball game in the afternoon. I call that Page 141; Registry of Wake a damper on the church and Sunday school service. People are so busy and noisy now they do not hear that still small veice that whispers you are out of your place.

If you will excuse a self-experi-

James Creech is in Rex hospital 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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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 de-2 lots Sycamore Street, For more complete description see Book 563, 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.

toe-or it may be a corn-try and maybe better. sticking a piece of adhesive tape over it before putting on your hose. Or, if a new shoe feels stiff at the when a few weak, amateurish 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,

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 luns should feel it your duty to who send us original poetry and see that they are among the fail to understand why it does not first to register with Mr. John appear in print.

it and we fear that if we print stated, is absolutely free and as 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 scribed lands and premises to-wit: been set. Linotypists and compositors are not enthusiastic enough to donate their services in printing bit as had as a fear of fire, and 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 list. have rhythm and meaning with or

without rhyme, hold on to them. As Septimental Tommy would say, "We'll find a w'y," and that poet-

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

Who knows, that hour a day may and, if used long enough, it will keep the cold, clutching, strangling hand of death from pulling you across the river Styx.

You parents who love your chilson or Barrie Davis at the Record We do not have space for all of office. The instruction, as before far as possible, arangements 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 often worse.

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

Australian crawlingly yours, The Swashbuckler.

P. S. Johnston has some help from