

THE ZEBULON RECORD

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PECULIAR POLITICAL PROFITEERING

About a year ago we were in the office of one of the State's departmental heads in Raleigh. Every thing was excitement. We learned that some one with more zeal than sense had led a campaign and raised funds from employees in that department to purchase a fine automobile for the retiring head. Clerks and stenographers, the lowest paid employees, had been asked to contribute \$7.50 each towards the cost of the new car. This same gentleman, and a gentleman he is, has just resigned his position. And again another intensive drive is on to buy Mr. So-and-so a nice present to show everybody's appreciation of his services.

Our own opinion is that this gentleman should stop such a movement at once; that probably it would be more fitting for him to give his office help a tangible expression of appreciation if such a thing was expedient. The State has compensated him for his services probably more than it has those employed under him. We heartily agree with many who believe it is both foolish and improper to solicit funds for such an object.

WAR AND CHRISTMAS

The Jap army marches unhindered across China. They are at the gates of Nanking, the capital. The rest of the nations sit and wait. Probably when Japan has accomplished her purpose, they will cry "stop" and make a great pretence of promoting peace and justice among the little yellow men. The world's sense of right seems to be impotent in the face of its selfish interests. It would be far more in keeping with the times to celebrate the coming of Beelzebub into the world than that of the Prince of Peace at this Christmas tide.

CHRISTMAS AND FIREWORKS

I yet remember as a 12 year-old boy the package of Chinese firecrackers bought for a dime at Christmas time. It was the last package I ever bought as a boy. The other children had already "shot" theirs and I was saying mine till I could make the whole show. In a make-believe act of firing them all at once, I lighted the main fuse, aiming to smother the spark out. But it would not smother and soon it seemed my whole body was a sparkling, exploding thing. When the noise and darkness came, all that I had to show for 144 good Chinese firecrackers were two badly blistered hands. From that day to this, I have been afraid of even the little two inch roll of red paper.

Zebulon has an ordinance against fireworks being exploded in the corporate limits. We understand that little effort in the past has been made to enforce the law. Like the "likker" law, we say it can't be done. Perhaps not. I am not sure it would be best. It would rob an age long custom among boys and even men of a pleasure not to be easily denied. However, I believe the shooting of fireworks should be confined to vacant lots in town and to other days than Sunday. By segregating the sport to definite bounds possible danger from fire would be lessened. By permitting it on other days, those participating would be less disposed to disturb the quiet of Sunday with exploding noises. We hope the town authorities will let the boys and men, too, who wish, have their fun with firecrackers under

reasonable restrictions. But when Christmas day comes, let's occupy the time with something making less noise and more pleasing to others.

WORSE THAN BLOOD MONEY

When an appeal was being made to the Wake County Commissioners a few days ago for help for the poor, the ABC Commissioners handed them a check for \$15,000 as the county's profits so far from the sale of intoxicating drinks by the county to its citizens. What a boon! Money needed to relieve the distressed families of Wake — \$15,000 of it, and like the answer to a prayer, here it comes. Fifteen thousand dollars, representing countless tears, heart aches, suffering bodies and bruised souls. The dregs of dollars wasted by men, women and youths for drink.

Then out of the generosity of its soulless heart and its heartless hand, the grand old county of Wake gave the poverty stricken wives and children of those people who spent many more thousands to produce this magnificent sum of \$15,000, yes, Wake gave \$5,000 of it back to sweet charity. Talk about blood money! If our county would by one quick thrust, speed the spirit of life on its way, it would not be so bad. But when it robs whole families of bread money, and breaks innocent hearts and by a devilish process destroys body and soul, it is worse than blood money. And in spite of their will there are many citizens of Wake county who are a party to this dastardly, deadly and damning business. At this time good citizens need to pray to be delivered from "the powers that be", for surely the selling of drink to its citizens by Wake county and other counties is not "ordained of God."

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

When President Roosevelt called the special session of Congress the country was virtually in a boom stage, as compared with today's conditions. Stocks were at high levels. Re-employment was going ahead on a comfortable scale. Though unfavorable signs existed, they were few and apparently insignificant, and almost everything pointed to a highly prosperous winter season.

Now, in two months, the picture has changed completely. Stocks, in spite of occasional flurries, are holding stubbornly at levels close to the October lows. With few exceptions industrial production continues to sag. Unemployment is increasing alarmingly. And it is very likely that this winter's relief problem will be as grave as in any year since 1929.

One result of this is a complete change in the attitude of Congress—and, to a lesser degree, a change in the attitude of the Administration. The special session was primarily called for three purposes—the wage and hours law, the farm relief proposal, and the bill to create seven new regional electric authorities similar in nature to the TVA. It was assumed that these matters would absorb the undivided attention of the session, and that nothing else of moment would be brought up on the floor or in committee.

The farm bill is in a similar predicament—it seems almost impossible that a law satisfactory to the various opposed factions in House and Senate can be prepared for months.

The seven regional authorities bill is, according to last reports, completely moribund.

Congress is almost wholly occupied with the business recession, and with proposals designed to prevent it from becoming another major, long-lasting depression. Tax reform seems nearer to achievement than at any time in the last four years. There is definite sentiment in favor of a more conciliatory general policy toward industry. There is a growing feeling that we have gone too far with regulation, especially as it affects the security markets and exchanges. There is a movement on foot to encourage business to spend on a big scale—of which the most significant development is the President's announced policy of a more friendly attitude toward the electric utilities, and his recent talks with utility executives.

The Letter Box

BINGO

A friend asked what I thought of Bingo as a means of raising money. I rather hated to appear so innocent, but had to tell her that I was like the woman who was asked if she liked novels. Her reply was, "I don't know. I never ate any." I have not eaten any Bingo! But in the Christian Century for December 1, I find this paragraph:

"The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Milwaukee did the right thing when, a few days ago, he forbade the use of games of chance in money-raising entertainments in the churches of his diocese. The particular game at which his order was directed was bingo, which is rdescribed as 'a hilarious type of gambling game that has recently grown so in popularity that it was used to add to the finances of many of the church societies.' It was noticed that the church's employment of this gambling device had become one of the stock defenses adduced by slot machine and pin ball operators when haled into court for violation of the anti-gambling laws. Apart from such considerations, the moral effect of such gambling on parishioners who are lured into participation in them for the sake of God, surely the church is not so eagerly protecting its own good name when it refuses to allow its members to furnish a front behind which commercial operators of gambling (and swindling) can defend their own nefarious operations."

W. R. CULLOM.

SEEN AND HEARD

THE DENTON DERBY

Staley Denton's derby probably the most unusual-looking object brought to light by last week's snow. Placed atop his head of reddish curls, it was startling because so few ever see him wearing any hat. He has owned the derby for many years; that the reason he still wears it is that he is never allowed to wear it more than twice in the same town; that he can't lose it, because whenever he leaves it somebody is sure to come next day, handing it to him and saying, "here's that old derby of yours." It looks like Staley is hatted for life.

I HAD MY PICTURE "TODAY"

Going up Main Street the other day, I stopped to see the newly opened Lywood Photo Studio, under the direction of Messrs. H. E. Bridgman of Raleigh, and B. F. Barker of Louisville, Ky. The studio is an unique affair made by the owners.

When I asked Mr. Barker how it was operated, he said, "I show you better than I can describe you." He had me sit in a room, then shut the door. A bright light flashed on, I heard a click, the light went out and the door opened.

He then invited me into a very small room and closed the door. Red lights flashed. Two small blank appearing on a board of cardboard fell from a chute. An operator caught them in an enclosed hand. Then he invited them in a yellowish looking liquid, and the bust of what appeared to be a negro appeared. He dipped the cards in water and then transferred them to a chemical solution. They were rinsed a second time and then placed again in the solution. The pictures appeared, this time looking like a white man. They r

third washing in water and were then placed on a hot stove to dry. All this process took about three minutes.

This studio hopes to do a thriving business during the holidays. They make one picture for a dime, or two, different positions, for fifteen cents. They also make enlargements and do tinting. They use an amplifying system that makes music while you wait to "get your beauty struck."

AN INTERESTING TRIP

By R. L. Isaacs

Last Sunday Mr. Joseph Speed Williams of Fuquay Springs, who was reared in Warren County, and I went by way of Louisburg to Warren County to visit the homes of the parents, grand parents and great grand parents of Mr. Williams. This was one of the most interesting trips that I have ever taken. We saw where the first Methodist Conference was held in the South, Green Hill, near Louisburg; where the first Confederate flag was designed and erected on the court house square in Louisburg. Where Miss Annie Lee died, the daughter of Gen. Robt. E. Lee,