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THEO. B. DAVIS, Editor

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PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree is a benefactor to the race. In a moment one may destroy a tree, but it takes years to replace the loss. At this season is the best time to set trees—any kind. With little trouble and no expense the people of Zebulon might dig from the woods the most beautiful shade trees and transplant them now. They would immediately begin growing a root system so when summer comes they would not only keep right on growing, but withstand the drought. In a few years our town might become almost famous for its shade trees.

Any home may have fruit trees. It takes very little space for a few plum trees, a pear tree, two or three peach trees and a grape vine. The cost would be from 10 cents to 35 cents for any of these. Tenants often refuse to plant trees because they win not be benefited by the fruit, yet we know farmers who have lived on another's land for a quarter of a century. Then if every tenant would plant a few trees, no matter where he moved he would likely find fruit.

Let's make 1938 a tree planting year in and around Zebulon. Nothing is better and cheaper to grow than fruit. Most any sort may be grown in this section. On our place of less than three acres we have pecans, walnut, fig, apple, peach, plum, cherry, and a number of shade trees growing. We also grow strawberries, blackberries and dewberries successfully. So no one need believe he cannot have fruit. Good fruit may be grown in this section if one is willing to expend a little time and money. It requires less cultivation and fertilizer to grow fruit, but it does need both as certainly as any other profitable crops grown on the lot or farm.

Yes, plant a tree, several of them.

—“ER-A”—by Dr. Widmer Doremus

A friend once said, “The only thing I cannot forgive is being bored.” The remark was not directed at anyone in particular, but the following sentiments are:

A gentleman giving a talk to the Rotary recently, used up nine of the eighty minutes of his forty-minute discourse with “er-a.” There

were two or three in each sentence. I had met him on the sidewalk just before the meeting and there his speech was fluent, but when facing the audience his sentences scraped against the orifice of their exit with “er-a’s” that sounded like a cart-wheel on a dry axle.

“I—er-a—take great pleasure in—er-a—speaking to you tonight about—er-a—salesmanship.” And so on. Meanwhile we all fiddled with our spoons, hitched our chairs, and looked at our watches under the tablecloth. Here was a man of brains, a man who had written a highly successful book, a professor of a major subject in a distinguished university. How on earth could he teach?

A person who has this miserable habit always tempts me to cup my hand under his chin, slap him between the shoulder-blades, and cry, “Spit it out!”

His trouble is in trying to construct a sentence after it is started, groping in the dark for the other end of the strand. One should cultivate the habit never to utter the first word until the whole sentence is clear-cut in his mind, even when in conversation. Such cultivation produces clear thinking. It may make for slow and deliberate speech, but that is infinitely less exasperating than hesitant speech, with the chinks filled in with “er-a.”

The brain is an obstinate servant; it doesn't like to work unless its owner forces it to. The er-a habit itself provides it with an excuse to be lazy. The brain says to its owner when he emits an er-a, “It's all right, old man, you're saying something anyway,” and, satisfied with its er-a armchair, it sits back complacently and resists all prodding to make it do aught else.

The most polished speaker I ever heard, read his sentences from the air. He printed each one there before he uttered the first syllable. The very thought-out completeness of each sentence gave him time to organize the next. His discourse, in consequence, was sometimes almost painfully slow, but it was decisive, concise, and convincing. You believed him because his deliberate speech was a token of deliberation. His words went from his mouth into the public print without revision. The way he did the thing was not difficult for him, for he had trained himself into what became the easiest way, and can be the easiest way for anyone who will take the trouble. He always finished on time, when he finished he had reached the end, and his hearers had a clear idea of what he had said.

The er-a habit takes all the punch out of personality. I have a professional friend, well gifted, but only a mediocre success. He always says, “Er-a,” before, “Hello,” in the telephone. New patients calling him get the idea that he lacks decision.

All I remember of what the distinguished professor and author said the other night is “er-a.”

—Shining Lines—Mergenthaler Co.

Death Is Coming

By Mrs. Myrtie B-aswell

Text—“But God said unto him: Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”—Luke 12:20.

The year 1937 is passed and gone; it is in eternity. As we are living in such an awful day we wonder what the year 1938 will bring forth if Jesus should tarry. Sin is abroad in the land. The devil is hanging around, seeking whom he may devour. He is devouring souls by the thousands. So many people seem to care nothing about God and His goodness. The devil has them bound. He is telling them to take their ease, eat, drink, and be merry. You have many years yet. Just have your own good time—enjoy yourself—but you must remember the devil is a liar. He will get you in trouble and leave you there.

Death is abroad in the land. Some are shooting and killing; some are drowned; some are over on the highways; some die from heart failure; some die in the electric chair; some commit suicide, and the trains kill some. Some die one way or another. They seem to take no heed to warning that any one gives them and death comes so quickly they don't have time to call on Luke 12: 16, 17, 18, 19, 20:

He spake a parable unto saying: The ground of a certain rich man who brought forth plentiful and he thought within himself, saying: ‘What shall I do because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?’ And he said, ‘This will I do. I will pull down my barns and build larger, and there I will bestow my fruits and my goods. And I will say unto my soul, thou hast much laid up for many years; thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.’ But God said unto him, ‘Thou fool; this night thy soul shall be required of thee.’

So many people today are putting off their soul's salvation, thinking of a good time. Men, girls, mothers and fathers are playing cards, cursing, drinking, and car-riding. Oh, they are going to have a good time. But God said, “Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

How sad to see mothers and fathers wasting their time. Some even go so far in saying they don't seem to care anything. They are saying: take thine ease, we have many years yet.” But God said, “Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

Oh, so sad to see you and girls wasting their time in sin. They seem to think they have plenty of time yet. “I am going to have a good time, on girls, take a drink and a good time we are going to have.”

What a sad sight to see people drinking and some do get drunk. “Come on for a good time—we have many more years yet. Thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said, “Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

How awful it will be for you to come. You will have to stand before God unprepared. You stop for just one moment. Look and see that broad road you are on and where it will lead. And how terrible it will be when you get to the end. It will be hell and damnation, and then you will have to burn forever. When you have been there a thousand years, you will have less time to stay there. Continue on, and on, and on. Then shall I also to them on the left, from me ye cursed, unto eternal fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Poor sinners, Jesus is knocking at your heart. Will you let him in? Or will you turn him away and keep going on in sin, thinking that you have plenty of time, when you have no promise of tomorrow?

Listen to his tender pleading today. It will be sad, very sad, if you wait till it is too late. You owe every minute of your life to God. Will you serve Him or will you serve the devil? You can take your choice. But please remember death is on your track. It is coming to the rich and poor, high and low, free and bound. Death is coming.

God said unto him, “Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”

SEEN AND HEARD

HE WANTED TO MAKE IT RIGHT

Into the RECORD office on Tuesday afternoon came G. S. Ferrell. He wanted to know whether it was the editor's car which had its bumper hit by him as he backed from his parking place on Monday. The editor was not in, and Mr. Ferrell was told that no one here knew anything about any damage to any car. He was worried considerably saying that his wife was with him on Monday, they were in a hurry, and he saw no one around whom he might have asked about the car. It was an old model sedan and he thinks he bent the bumper, which is of the two-piece variety. He is anxious to know who owns the car, and wants the owner to know that he is ready to pay for any damage done. The car was parked in front of the RECORD shop.

Whoever he may be, the owner of that car is probably not nearly so much worried as is Mr. Ferrell,

who wants it understood that he is no hit-and-run man. We are also sure he is not.

I & U

In a letter written jointly to the editor and his wife Mrs. Helen Whitley of Siler City remarked that her father used to say it is no wonder a person always thinks himself right and others wrong; that even in the alphabet all the I's, both capitals and small letters, are straight, while all the U's, both capitals and small letters, are crooked. This proof is new to us, but we can readily see its logic, and pass it on to be enjoyed by others.

A BIG LITTLE PIG

C. F. Wrenn, Zebulon R1, was in the RECORD office a few days ago and told about a pig he had just killed. It was 9 months and 12 days old, and weighed 380 pounds. He said he had not bought a pound of feed for it—home fed and would be home eaten.

ALL MEAT TO BE INSPECTED

As the associate editor of this paper walked in the City Market on Tuesday morning she overheard a part of a conversation between an employe and a representative of some state department. This was regarding all meats to be sold in this and other North Carolina towns hereafter. It must be inspected and pronounced fit for human food or the butcher is liable to prosecution. No more butchering locally and selling the meat. The idea is that it may be all right—but may not be. Zebulon butchers must take their meat to Raleigh, if locally owned, and have it passed upon there and certified before it may legally be offered for sale.

A farmer may still kill his own stock and eat it, but may not sell any part of it, unless it has been inspected.

Local meat markets are glad to co-operate with the regulations.

The first recorded Chinese immigrants to the United States arrived in 1848 in San Francisco.