

The Zebulon Record

THE FOUR COUNTY NEWSPAPER—WAKE, JOHNSTON, NASH AND FRANKLIN

VOLUME XV

ZEBULON, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1938

NUMBER 25

THIS, THAT, & THE OTHER

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

What do you do with Christmas cards after admiring the colors used, and the bright pictures, reading with enjoyment the varied greetings and the names of those who sent them, maybe making a private list of those who thought of you and to whom you sent no message at Christmas? Console yourself by thinking New Year's greetings are appropriate in return.

It seems a shame to discard such pretty things as the cards are; yet where can you put them after the holidays are over? After you have kept them all on a tray to be admired and read by callers and re-read by the family for at least two weeks. Usually they are put away in a box on a closet shelf, there to stay until practicality overpowers sentiment. By that time a silver fish has probably nibbled at them, their gold has become dim, the corners are curling, and much of their glory has departed. This makes practicality's job of overcoming much easier.

One member of our family always insisted on keeping the Christmas cards two years. I am personally undecided about it and never know quite what is the best procedure. But this Christmas brought me one card I know what to do with. It came without a mark on it, in an envelope bearing the postmark of an office in another state. It is a lovely folder, and I can find a new envelope to fit it. Please tell me what you think should be done with the rest.

Does the road lead uphill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the journey take the live-long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

The lines quoted above are from a poem by Christina Rossetti, and have been much in my mind lately. Day follows day so swiftly that even when one year dies and is succeeded by another, there is no second of stopping.

I used to have an idea that for a breathless instant on the night of December 31 there was a pause registering the fact of one more year's becoming part of the past; but later noted the steady ticking of clocks across what I had fancied was a chasm, narrow but deep and definite. Time would go on just the same, if man had never made a calendar or an almanac.

Nor can we ever wholly fold up and put away a year that is finished. Something it brought us has become too much a part of life to be dropped or forgotten. The past is heavy and either hinders us or anchors in times of storm.

One thing I have learned: we need not hope too much or be too much afraid of any twelve months, no matter what their date. Today I read a sonnet beginning, "The strong go on . . ." It reminded me of Paul's admonition, "Quit

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CHURCH NEWS

Christmas Programs Given

The Christmas program at the Methodist Church was given on Thursday night of last week. That at the Baptist Church was on Friday night. As has been for some years the custom at the Baptists Church, offerings for the needy were given at the close of the exercises as a part of the program. These were later distributed by a committee.

Prize Winners Named

The Young Women's Class of the Hopkin's Chapel Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Milton Brannon on Saturday night, December 31, for their annual New Year's Party. Members of the class are invited to be present.

Mrs. J. G. Bunn

Fidelis Matrons Class Meeting

The January meeting of the Fidelis Matrons Class of the Baptist S. S. will be held on Monday night of next week with Mrs. Robert Jenkins as hostess and Mrs. G. J. Griffin in charge of the program.

Carolers Sing Friday Night

On Friday night a group of carolers from the Baptist Sunday School, lead by Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Griffin, sang in the residential streets of Zebulon, giving a number of favorite Christmas songs.

Baptist Church Program

The services to be held in the Zebulon Baptist Church on Sunday, January 1, are as follows:

9:45 Sunday School
11:00 Morning Worship. Sermon—"Gates Closing and Opening."
7:00 Young People's Groups
7:30 Evening Worship. Sermon—"Each Day—God"

G. J. Griffin, Pastor

Methodist Church Service

Beginning with Christmas Sunday, the time for our evening services will be changed. When there is a morning service at Zebulon, the evening service will be at Wendell. And, when there is a morning service at Wendell, the evening service will be at Zebulon. This will enable the pastor to meet each congregation each Sunday.

You are cordially invited to worship with us 2d and 4th Sunday mornings and 1st and 3d Sunday evenings.

May this Christmas season bring great joy and happiness to you—each of you—and to your home.

B. F. Boone, Pastor

The Durhan Life Insurance Co., owners of the radio station WPTF, have turned the station over to the National Broadcasting Co., which has had an option on the station for some time. A North Carolina corporation is being formed to take it over. The NBC, it is understood, is offering to turn the station over to state owners without profit. Ed Wynne, the builder, sold it a few years ago for \$5,000. The last sale was for \$210,000 and it is understood that much more has been offered for it, but the NBC offers to resell for the price paid.

1938 ————— 1939

From Year to Year
The Record Publishing Co.
and
The Zebulon Record
with
its printers and publishers
wish
everyone happiness.

DEATHS

George Carter Dies

George Carter, who lives about five miles east of Zebulon near Union Hope church died last Saturday afternoon. He was helping his brother Arthur and others in preparing a hog for barbecuing, when suddenly he collapsed, calling Arthur's name as he fell. His funeral service was conducted at Union Hope church Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. Theo. B. Davis, pastor. Burial was in the cemetery a short distance from the church.

Mr. Carter was about 57 years old. He is survived by his wife and five children, five brothers and three sisters and an aged father. He is a brother of Bertis and Herman Carter of Zebulon. Neighbors say he was an unusually fine neighbor, being one of the kindest and most helpful to others in troubles of all kinds. Such men are greatly missed in any community.

Mrs. Luther Buffaloe

Mrs. Luther Buffaloe of near Zebulon died Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock at Rex Hospital following a lengthy illness.

Funeral services were held at Bethany Church Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and burial followed in the church cemetery.

Surviving Mrs. Buffaloe are her widower and the following children: Lettie Lou, Maybelle, Blanche, Ronald, Lee, Johnnie Webb, and Luther Buffaloe, Jr. Three sisters, Mrs. Ila Buffaloe of Zebulon, Mrs. B. D. Marshburn and Mrs. W. T. Johnson, both of Raleigh, and two brothers, R. C. Watson and Zell Watson, both of Wendell, Route 2, also survive.

London's "Cinderella Subway," the Waterloo and City Tube railway, is at last to don expensive new garb.

The City Tube is not part of the underground railway system, but is under control of the Southern Railway. While other London tube lines have been treated with modern coaches, easy seats, pneumatic doors, the City Tube has had to get along as best it could with antiquated coaches and hard wood, or cane seats. After all the City Tube has only two stations—Waterloo at one end Bank at the other—in its whole length, and although it carries many passengers, the great expense involved in modernization has not hitherto seemed worth the cost.

But plans for modernization now announced include complete replacement of rolling stock to give faster and less crowded travel, and also welded rails to reduce noise and noise-absorbing tunnel shields to make the journey comparatively silent.

CLUB COLUMN

Zebulon Rotary Meets

Robert Daniel Massey, had the program Friday night. The subject was Rotary Magazine. John Parke of Raleigh was speaker. Of course, he gave a good talk on the value of this magazine. It is one of the best informal magazines published. His talk was both inspiring and informal. Those absent were Vance Brown, Albert Medlin, Judd Robertson, and Howard Bunn.

In the absence of our sweetheart, Miss Jocelyn House played the piano for us.

New Year's Party

The Christmas Decorative Contest which was held on December 23 was a perfect success and was enjoyed by all.

The judges, Mr. and Mrs. Homer H. B. Mask and Mrs. Martin of Raleigh, and Mr. Herring of Richmond, Virginia, awarded the prizes to the following persons: Mrs. H. C. Wade, general effect of decorations as seen from outside; Mrs. C. G. Weathersby, decorations on the outside of the house; Mrs. C. E. Flowers, general effect of the house as a whole; Mrs. L. E. Long, best decorative feature, mantel.

Mrs. Foster Finch wishes to thank the judges and all who participated in the contest for their hearty cooperation.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION

A Shreveport, Louisiana, man recently inserted in the classified columns of a local daily the following notice: "For Sale: German Shepherd Puppy."

The sun had set, and darkness was shadowing his garden when he returned home from his day's work. As he approached a side entrance he was greeted by the dog he had decided to sell. He sought to pass the animal and enter the garden gate, but the dog stood firmly in his path insisting in his best dog language that the master must not pass.

The man heeded the dog, turned aside from the path, and switched on a porch light. As the light flooded the pathway, there was revealed just inside the garden gate on the path the reason the dog had not permitted him to enter, a coiled snake.

The classified advertisement was withdrawn.

Page Horatio Alger!

J. L. Beven, son of a veteran Illinois Central railroad man and an employee of the line since he was 12, became president of the Illinois system on December 14. The Board of Directors, following its regular meeting, announced the appointment of Mr. Beven to succeed L. A. Downs, president since September, 1936, who becomes chairman of the board.

Mr. Beven is the second Illinois Central president to rise to that office from the ranks; Mr. Downs was the first.

According to United States Census reports deaths from cancer and other malignant tumors in the United States have increased 76 percent since 1900. The population has also increased approximately this amount; so there is small cause for worry.

Ye Flapdoodle

Last week I flew in an airplane. You might have seen it flying over town. It was a small monoplane. I was so excited while up in the air that I can hardly remember all that occurred. I know I went up and that I came down but other than that I know nearly nothing (as usual).

I guess that since I am determined to tell you about it the best place to start is the beginning.

Well, I went out where it was landing and also taking off, along with mine brother and three nephews (podden spelling). When we came to the spot we had the idea in mind that we would just watch the creature. But by and by we (mine brother and I) decided to give Jack Potter (a nephew) a Christmas present composed in whole of a ride on the plane.

"Heh-heh," he said, his knees shaking like a reducing machine, "That's alright. I would not want to put you guys to that expense. How about you?"

I won't go into details, but when the conference ended I was in the plane with Jack in my lap. The pilot warned me to stop shaking because it made the plane rock so much he was getting sea-sick on the ground.

He (the aviator) taxied down the field and as we gained speed the bumps made it feel like we were in a model-A Ford on the road to Wake Forest.

We rose so slow that as we crossed the road the wheels picked "Nearer My God to Thee" on some telephone wires. We gave every tree we passed a haircut but the guy who drove the plane finally made some altitude and I gave a sigh of relief and blew the windshield out.

Suddenly we heard a loud knocking. "That's funny," said the pilot, "I never heard my cylinders knock that loud." "Cylinders nothin'," sez me, "That's my knees!"

I wouldn't swear that we ever came down, but Jack says we did, so I'll have to take his word for it. In fact, from the time we left the ground I was so occupied at swallowing and reswallowing my heart I didn't have time to enjoy the trip my 50 cents worth.

I've always wondered why it was that on a head for a marriage the groom's name was placed before that of the bride. The only answer I can figure out is that that is about the only time the groom comes first in his whole married life.

I'd love to see girl's basketball games done away with. Half of every game is played on the floor and tho the girls playing may be ladies off the court they are she-wolves on it. The females' game is more like wrestling than basketball.

Sincerely yours,
The Swashbuckler