

The Zebulon Record

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THIS, THAT, & THE OTHER

MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

Last week had among its tasks for me putting up some apple sauce and some unpeeled, sliced apples for frying next winter. I cold-packed the latter and processed the jars in the stove. While working over them I got to thinking how much better dried apples are than canned ones, and decided I simply must dry enough to have fried pies occasionally. The sun-dried ones are so much better than evaporated. Because I was so busy it seemed reasonable to take account of the time used in drying the apples.

Picking up a pail of Delicious windfalls, peeling and slicing them took nearly an hour. Hunting up an old window screen to use for a dryer, a clean chicken-feed sack to spread the sliced fruit on, and an old window curtain to place over it to keep flies off, took the rest of the first sixty minutes. Giving the whole thing a place in the sun, taking it in nights, putting it out mornings, running to put it in again when a shower threatens, have all helped swell the total.

I'm going to have a good pound—about enough for one stewing. If my time had money value, dried apples would be too expensive for us. There will have gone more than two hours by the time that handful of dried fruit is ready to store. And the apples I used were big ones. No telling how long little, knotty ones would have taken. Of course one can snatch a chance while dinner is cooking to peel and slice apples for drying. We used to do the work after supper where I grew up; but down here the nights are too hot for them to be at their best next morning, if any quantity be prepared. But it's work no matter when you do it.

Next winter, if love should offer thee a little gift of sun-dried apples, be sure it is received for its true worth and speak your appreciation. Nothing personal in that reminder; mine are going to stay right at home, though I might be hospitable to the extent of giving a special friend one fried pie. I'm going to dry as the apples possible, but fear they'll be few.

The older I get, the more firm is my conviction that all too few are they who have any idea of the incredible amount of work to be done by farm men and women. It's "by the sweat of the brow" for them both—and for the children, too, usually. That's why I'm liable to act ugly some day when I hear the city-dweller's oft-repeated remark: "You are so fortunate to be out here where all your fruit and vegetables don't cost you anything."

By Way of Explanation:

Because several have asked why I have recently changed from one side of our church to the other, and because others who have not asked looked somewhat puzzled, it is hereby explained that I most positively had no disagreement with any former seatmate, but am following doctor's orders.

My eyes were giving some trouble, and glasses need changing. In addition to this the specialist thought some treatments were

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Successful Bootleg Raid In Zebulon

For some time a prominent citizen of Zebulon has been away from town much of the time. Consequently his garage has been empty. The garage being near the center of town and owned by a reputable citizen led a band of bootleggers to establish themselves in said garage. A fish net and old sacks formed a sufficient screen, behind which they went to work, manufacturing their distilled nectar! They were seen going in and out frequently but the owner made no complaint until they became very threatening. Others joined the original band and they became so dangerous that the gentleman appealed to the authorities.

Chief Shannon enlisted Sheriff Massey and they raided the garage. We do not know the procedure of their attack nor how many casualties there were. The first the Record knew of all the excitement was when passing by the town jail. Sheriff Massey was standing some distance away from others assembled. In one hand he held a sack carefully as though it contained something precious or not! Chief Shannon stood some distance away. Page's bookkeeper Ed Hales seemed anxious to render all the assistance possible. I made inquiries but could get no satisfactory explanation of a peculiar situation. I waited to see Sheriff Massey empty the sack and break the bottles.

Then things began to happen. The chief began filling the heavy wire frame in which Antone burns paper. He filled it half full of boxes. Hales rushed to the pressing club and returned with a bucket of gasoline. The sheriff approached and carefully placed the sack with its contents in the container. The gasoline was poured copiously over all. A match was struck and soon flames were rising nearly ten feet high.

In almost a death-like stillness save the roar of flames, I again repeated my question: "What is in that sack?"

Unsmiling, Sheriff Massey answered, "Bumblebees."

Donkey Baseball

One of the funniest things we ever saw was the Donkey baseball played on the Wakelon diamond a year or two ago. Any one who saw Jud Robertson sweat, Vance Brown double up and pitch, and that ice man Bridgers boil, will never forget what fun it was, that is to the spectators. On August 31, to celebrate our birthday which happens to be the day after, or for other good reason there will be another donkey ball game at 8:00 o'clock in the evening by electric spot lights on the Wakelon battle field. While it is called Donkey baseball, we suppose the donkeys will team up against the jackasses.

That all-round sportsman in heart, at least D. P. Bridgers is scouting town and country for the fattest and tallest, the lowest and leanest, fellows he can find to make a team the like of which not even the Giants could boast. In selecting the players, Scout Bridgers is using the greatest care in choosing men who know "Donkey Psychology" from bray to kick.

The Bar-X-Ranch team of Mountain Donkeys will pair with the local "donkeys" and talk about To-

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CHURCH NEWS

METHODIST CHURCH
Ben F. Boone, Pastor
Services for Sunday, August 20th.
Church School — 10:00.
Young People — 7:00 p. m.
Worship Service—8:00 p.m.

SOCIAL PLAINS

Social Plains Baptist church wishes all its members to be present at a membership meeting Sunday, August 20, at 11:00 o'clock. Bring a picnic basket since dinner will be served on the church grounds.

NEW ROAD FOR ZEBULON

The State Highway Commission will widen the highway from Zebulon to Nashville sometime soon. The present 18 foot roadway will be widened by 4 feet, making the road 22 feet, the same as the road is from Zebulon to Wendell. This has needed being done for years and will make the road both better and safer. The Commission is already widening the road to Wilson, having it completed from Zebulon to below Middlesex.

The survey has been made and we understand work will begin on the road from Zebulon to Wake Forest this fall or winter. This is a needed and important link in the state's road system. Not only will it give a needed road for the farmers north of Zebulon to the Zebulon market, but it will also give through North to South travel a more direct route. Northern travel can leave the present road at Wake Forest coming by Zebulon and enter another direct north to south road at Selma. This will, we understand give a more direct route north to south than the present roads either by Raleigh or Rocky Mount.

The Poet and Peasant

By DOCK

"Good morning," said the Poet as he greeted the Peasant yesterday morning for the first time since last week. "What's on your mind?"

"Tobacco," said the Peasant. "I have been as busy as a Negro at a hog killing, trying to save that extra tobacco that I planted. Labor has been shorter this year and tobacco has ripened faster than I have ever seen it before."

"You mean to tell me," said the Poet, "that labor has been short this year when there are 10,600,000 people in the United States unemployed. That doesn't sound reasonable."

"Whether it sounds reasonable or not it is so," stated the Peasant. "But I guess that it was all for the best. Labor shortage, barn shortage and rapid ripening has cut the crop at least 20 per cent which will leave only about a 19 per cent increase over last year. Maybe the Lord and lazy folks were taking care of us farmers anyway."

"I have heard quite a bit of comment about our little conversation last week," stated the Poet.

"I ain't had enough time to hear anything," said the Peasant, "but I have been thinking of some of the other departments of the county. You know what, it costs the 100,000 people in Wake county \$372,739.00 every year just to op-

Bob Clarke Killed; B. Johnson Held

Robert Clarke of the Zebulon community was killed by a hit-and-run driver at Cooper's filling station near Knightdale Saturday afternoon. He had just alighted from the Raleigh bus and started across the highway when the car struck him. One leg was torn from his body and thrown across the filling station into a field more than a hundred yards distant. He was thrown to one side. Dr. Weathers of Knightdale gave emergency treatment and Mr. Clarke was hurried to a Raleigh hospital where he died that night about 10:00 o'clock.

Burial was at Knightdale. His funeral service was held in the Methodist church there. It was conducted by the pastor, M. M. Walters, assisted by Revs. J. C. Williams of Fayetteville and B. F. Boone of Zebulon. Surviving him are his wife, who was Mrs. Lizzie Strickland, and nine children; also three brothers: John of Zebulon, Charlie of Knightdale, Badger of Lyons, Ga., and L. O., of Mullins, S. C.

Officers claim they have uncovered considerable evidence linking Brown Johnston of Raleigh with the killing. He left Raleigh a short time before the accident driving very fast. He passed through Wendell running perhaps 80 miles an hour, when he was arrested by an officer from Wendell and taken to jail.

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that Clarke came to his death through an unknown person and turned Johnson loose. Solicitor Bickett had him rearrested and held under a \$2,700 bond for manslaughter, hit and run driving and drunkenness. Two of his uncles gave bond and he was released.

Wakelon Faculty For 1939-'40

There are 265 white teachers and 172 Negro teachers employed in the schools of Wake county. This is four more than last year. The increase is chiefly in the high school department.

Below the Record gives the list of teachers in Wakelon High School for the next session. It will be noted that few changes have been made in the faculty. Three very fine teachers had better offers elsewhere and accepted them.

Neil C. Hartley, English teacher, goes to Durham. Mr. Decker, Middleton, N. Y., succeeds Mr. Hartley. He has had five years in Columbia University.

Miss Esther L. Ooze goes to North Wilkesboro, and is succeeded by Miss Mary Emily Woodard of Wilson, a graduate of Duke University.

Mrs. Oleta Chamblee Smith has moved to Fayetteville. She is succeeded by Miss Gene Cannon, a graduate of the Woman's College, Greensboro.

In the last three years Wakelon has had only three other changes: Mr. Pepper to Wilmington, Mr. Gerow to Raleigh and Miss King to Durham.

Wakelon will open on Sept. 6th.

Here is the complete list of Wakelon teachers as selected by Supt. Moser and the School Board.

Wakelon: E. H. Moser, principal; Steuben James Austin, Lawrence Crosby Decker, Martha Mae Glazener, Ronald Irving Johnston, J. E. McIntire, Mary Lacy Palmer, Mrs. Mary Meacham Thompson, Dorothy Elaine Tolar, Mary Elizabeth Woodard, Annie Lou Alston, Ena Dell Anderson, Frances Moseley Barrett, Mrs. F. E. Bunn, Jean Kittrell Cannon, Mrs. Coressa Eberhart Chamblee, Mrs. Mildred Winstead Dawson, Josephine Elizabeth Dunlap, Mary Clarice Fowler, Mrs. Helen Stewart Gregory, Mrs. Myrtle Folger Moser, Mrs. Eva Harris Page, Ada Lee Sitton, Mrs. Jessie Thurston Spencer, Ruby Louise Stell.

The following is a list of colored teachers in the Wakefield-Zebulon School:

Garland L. Crews, Sara Elizabeth Allen, Annie Hawkins Carroll, Leslie H. Harris, Arthur Allen Jones, J. T. Locke, Dorothy C. Rutledge, Minnie B. Stanley, Catherine Edgerton, Leon B. Greene, Rochelle Hall Malone, Cecelia R. Miller, Virginia M. Morgan, Cora C. Shuford, Marie Smith Wilcox, George H. Young, Mary Jones Marable, Lena F. Marriott, Mamie Atwater Perry, Ruth Price Scales, Eredena High Young, Christine C. Locke, Lizzie B. Foster, Gracie Roberta Richardson.

NEW STORE TO OPEN

For the last two weeks carpenters and decorators have been busy renovating the store formerly occupied by Fank Kannan. Merchandise is being placed on tables and shelves and Mr. Greenburg, the proprietor, expects to open for business Saturday morning. The Greenburgs come to Zebulon from Louisburg. They will carry a full line of ready-to-wear, millinery and shoes and notions. Zebulon business people welcome this new firm to our town.

Duke University, located at Durham, N. C., is one of the heaviest endowed schools in the nation.