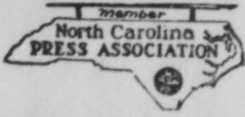


THE ZEBULON RECORD



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THEO. B. DAVIS, Editor
MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS, Associate Editor

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TIMES CHANGE. SO DO WE

How many of us remember the days when a snowstorm or even what we called a blizzard was not something to be dreaded, but a chance for the deepest and fullest enjoyment of home life? The hurry of preparation after the head of the family felt sure snow was coming — no weather forecasts then, but weather prophets in the home —, fuel made ready, exact feedings measured out for stock, stores of food estimated against the days when going to buy more might be impossible. Then the quiet restfulness of sleeping late, eating heartily of hot meals, reading everything readable in the house, older members of the family going outside only when duties to the "creatures" demanded, such as milking and youngsters coasting, building snow forts or hunting. Snows then were welcome interludes. How is it now?

A GREAT TEACHER

In the passing of Dr. B. F. Sledd of Wake Forest College a truly great teacher went to be with the Great Teacher.

As the editor takes a backward glimpse and sees himself 40 years ago a freshman sitting before this English teacher, he recalls that Dr. Sledd was not much of a teacher so far as helping him in the mechanics of the language. Much of the class hour was spent by him in reading or quoting choice fragments from ancient and modern poets and authors. No, we did not learn much from text books under this teacher.

But Dr. Sledd with his love for the beautiful, painted with words and enabled us to see beauty, led us to an appreciation of English literature and all literature, as no other teacher did. After all, the test of the great teacher, of any teacher, is it not his ability to lead his student to a deeper appreciation of his subject rather than of imparting knowledge of it? Judged thus, Dr. Sledd was truly great and thus he will live in the memory of the thousands of boys who sat at his feet through the years. Though gone he yet speaks through pens wielded by men who love poetry and prose and all the good and true and beautiful in literature because their teacher loved it and gave them a beautiful introduction to this hand maiden of man.

"MINISTERIAL MOUSE"

Thus the Raleigh News and Observer heads a very sensible editorial on the effort of Raleigh ministers to close business places for an hour on Sunday. Ignoring the fact that almost without exception the businesses the ministers seek to close on Sunday are morally wrong, at least from a christian's conviction, neither reason nor religion could well argue the benefits derived from one hour's closing. The whole matter resolves itself into whether it is right to carry on secular affairs on Sunday, such as cold drink dispensaries, gas stations, drug stores (outside necessary prescriptions for medicines) and similar concerns. If a minister concedes that such business is proper for even one hour on Sunday he has lost any basis for appeal to the authorities to close them for any length of time, from a moral or religious consideration.

As christians we are opposed to the operation of any business on Sunday unless it is ab-

solutely necessary to life. There is less reason for the sale of gas on Sunday than almost any other popular commodity. If we give our consent to this violation of Sunday as a holy day, then we see no logical ground for protesting the sale of anything at any time on Sunday.

It appears to us that the Raleigh brethren are handing out a sop to the public and making a salve for their conscience in asking that one hour in a day be observed. The Book says, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy," which means, if it means anything, to keep it wholly.

WAR AND THE WARS

From reports over radios and in newspapers it is difficult if not impossible to know what is actually happening in Europe and China. Not only are such reports conflicting but they are one-sided. For a time reports came from both sides, but now little is heard from Germany, Russia or China. On the other hand if reports are true, then one wonders why the war has not already come to an end.

According to its reports Japan has just about finished its job of conquest in China and is ready to establish a permanent government according to Japan's idea of what China needs. Little or no war news comes from Russia since it announced that new and hardened troops were being sent to Finland so as to subjugate that country quickly. Constant news pours from Finland telling the world that 18,000 Reds were annihilated in a day, scores of airplanes have been destroyed or captured, many trucks and tanks have been seized and much war material possessed.

No one believes all he hears about war, especially the ones now in progress. Even if half the reports were true, the end is in sight. But no one believes half what he hears about what is actually taking place on the battlefields of Europe.

The United States is providing a \$65,000,000 loan to Finland. There is opposition to this loan. If we extend help to one country in this way, why not to all, they ask. If help goes to Finland, why not also to France and England? Outside sentiment is the solid business principle that Finland did meet her payments on a previous loan as they became due while neither of the other nations did. It is poor business to make new loans to a defaulting customer. And it is equally good business to make a new loan to the one that pays.

No one can predict with any degree of certainty the end of the present conflict in the Old World. In the end it is likely that Japan will be the loser with China. Unless other nations take an active part, it appears impossible for Finland to win, for like Japan, she is fighting against too great numerical odds.

In Europe, should Italy or the smaller countries join in with either side it would hasten the end. But this does not seem likely. Italy and Hungary have just made a treaty of defense. The last war was largely won on water. England is trying futilely thus to win again, an apparently impossible thing. Though she shut Germany completely up by water, Germany has for years been self-supporting. She has agreements or treaties to the east that will enable her to secure needed supplies for both civil and military needs. Experts tell us that a land battle will not decide the issues. Two lines of fortification stand between France and Germany, either of which if not invulnerable, cannot be taken except at the sacrifice of perhaps millions of men—a thing that neither is willing to make. "So what?"

Germany may continue to wage a defensive war while England spends millions a day, and ultimately win with approximately little loss. Unless something new and untried develops to give one side an advantage over the other, the war may be a stalemate. The contest may go on and on till both sides have exhausted all resources. Then, of necessity, a peace may be patched up to last till boys are men and new resources are produced. Then the death struggle will begin again.

Open letter to County Agent:

My tobacco akerage was cut down from 9 akers to 4 akers, and if is left like they left it, I will be ruint for life or shall have to be put on direct relief ansforth.

it seems that my farm was measured with a airplane, but when they took its pitcher from up in the air, they were too high and included joe moor's cow pastor. i want his stuff took-off my map at once.

when they cut my tobacco akers down to 4 i can't produce enough to bacco on this small territory to make a good chew, and besides that they included my water-milian patch and the children's baseball dimont in my farm but these improvements is on my wife's land which she inherited from her uncle when he died with flues in 1921.

we don't want no airplane measurements, but send a short-legged government man down to step my akerage off, or let him measure it with a 5-foot rule or a plow line. i will help him free of charge. i can't stand this cut in our family. we guess you all know we have to eat, don't you? how can we exist without akerage?

one of my nabors allotted 13 akers, and last year he growed 12. we work adjoining farms. why this favvor-rite-ism? he is no more dimmercat than i am. he voted for al smith, as a matter of fact. i have stood by the new deal but if can't work but 4 akers you bout as well not lookout for me at the noses when the next election comes. i won't be run over.

if they want to they can send me my soil erosion and rental and parity check right away and i will not ask them to give me more akerage. as a matter of fact, if they will give me about 5\$ per aker, they can have the land and we will move off of it, and go back to the w.p.a. where we should have stayed while there in the first place.

D. D. CHAMBLEE.

RALEIGH ALFORD WITH NORFOLK CONCERN

Raleigh Alford who has been manager of the furniture department of the Zebulon Supply Co. for sometime has accepted a position with a big fertilizer concern whose headquarters are in Norfolk, Va. This company, the Robertson Chemical and Fertilizer Corporation, has branch offices in Raleigh and South Hill, Va. In addition to producing a fine grade of fertilizers for all crops, they also produce and sell to manufacturers of fertilizers sulphuric acid, acid phosphate and other fertilizer materials and commercial fertilizers.

Mr. Alford will contact dealers in this part of Wake and adjoining counties. He will also travel among the farmers much of his time and assist them in every way possible in getting the best results from plant foods. Whitley and Scarboro are the local representatives for Mr. Alford's company, and keep a full line of fertilizers for truck, tobacco and other crops.

HOUSE WARMING NEAR

The beautiful home of Mr. and H. E. Mann nears completion. It is a design different from most houses in town and is one of the most attractive. The house itself is nearly finished and the grounds are being leveled in front. The Mann's expect to move within a short time. The home of banker Brown appears to be completed and his neighbors may expect to see him leveling lawns and cutting kindling before long. Oh, yes, Brown works well with either a pen or a plow. He has been seen at it unashamed of what others thought or said about his living by the sweat of his brow.

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