



The Zebulon Record

Volume XVII

ZEBULON, N. C., DECEMBER 27, 1940

NUMBER 24

This, That, & The Other

By MRS. THEO B. DAVIS

One of life's oddities is how a boy in his teens can go unabashed most of the summer garbed in little besides shorts or swimming trunks; and then, come Christmas, be outraged when a pageant director asks him to roll up his trousers so they will not be seen below the hem of a Wise Man's robe or a shepherd's coarse tunic. You'd think someone had suggested he rob a bank or otherwise bring down his parents' gray heads in sorrow to the grave.

It is late to offer this as a suggestion for Christmas, but you may bake coconut cake some other time. Before you try to break the coconut open one of its eyes and drain the milk out. Then put the nut into the oven to heat through. You will find the meat may be removed whole and you will not have to gouge it out in pieces at the risk of slicing off hunks of your hand or wrist. Mrs. Sam Horton told me this.

And Mrs. Cleve Chamblee had another idea. She wants to waste as little as possible and says when she goes to transplanting shrubs or perennials she always tries to have something smaller ready to put in the hole left by taking up the plant. Bulbs, for instance. With a nice soft hole, provided it's easy to find something to set out.

With all due credit to every other member of the family and to those who assisted in greeting and serving callers at the Pittman Stell home last Sunday afternoon, my opinion is that Mrs. Stell was the prettiest thing in the house. With that long dress of deep blue velvet, a corsage of yellow rosebuds, her white hair, as always, beautifully arranged and her eyes shining, she was a picture of a gracious lady. And Mr. Stell was, no doubt, prouder Sunday than on the day they married fifty years ago.

But why shouldn't couples enjoy their golden wedding more than their first? By the time fifty years have passed there are usually children and grandchildren to take much of the burden of celebrating, leaving the couple nearer free to enjoy the occasion. And last Sunday morning Mr. and Mrs. Stell went to Sunday school and church just as if nothing extraordinary were on hand. They knew their daughters and daughter-in-law were both capable and willing to see that all things were ready.

Sometimes I wonder if Christmas programs are really worth the work they cost. For nobody can stage anything without much planning and at least a little rehearsing; then at the last it is all over in a few minutes.

But when I saw the very small children hurrying to their places Sunday night that they might be ready to sing in the primary chorus I knew that they would never have felt the same concern if no

History of Town of Zebulon

The original settlers of our town and nearby community, most of whom have died, were Mrs. Martha Horton, William H. Chamblee, Wiley Broughton, Spencer Wheeless, Charlie Whitley, J. A. Kemp, M. C. Chamblee, W. R. Brantley, C. S. Brantley, Bennett B. Brantley, C. D. Bunn, E. H. Kemp, Ruffin Carroll, S. C. Chamblee, Mrs. Francis Whitley, J. M. Whitley, R. J. Whitley, Geo. Temple, Billy Liles, Black Horton, Jack Pearce, Mrs. Lena Liles, Frank Pearce, J. M. Price, Dr. G. M. Bell, S. L. Horton, E. W. Green, Opsom Gupton, O. L. Strickland, Garry Wall, Frank Brantley, D. G. Massey, Mrs. Annie Chamblee, K. D. Chamblee, Jim G. Pearce, Tom Chamblee, Alex Pulley, and W. L. Wiggs.

They were all well known to the first comers of Zebulon, and will be remembered by them, and the generations, as well worthy of their calling, as among the worthy citizens of our community.

They leave their descendants to fill their places and grieve their loss.

Zebulon was first surveyed and laid off in a pine forest having only one road nearby, which was the Wakefield and Earpsboro road going by the west edge of town, but soon the street was opened leading by Wakelon school to Wakefield, then the road going by the cemetery to the Raleigh and Tarboro road. Then the road leading by J. T. Bunns to the Johnston County line, and then the road leading to the ice plant. Afterwards highways were established, and today we have the most unique system of any small town in the State, 91 leading from Wake Forest to Wilson, 64 leading from Raleigh to Rocky Mount, 95 leading from Zebulon to Rocky Mount, 23 leading from Smithfield to Louisburg, besides the county roads extending in all directions which make Zebulon a center for trade, and available by the nearest route.

Post Office Established

The postoffice was soon established at Zebulon, about 1907, being located in A. G. Kemp's store, M. S. Chamblee being postmaster and A. G. Kemp assistant, and remained there for 5 or 6 years, until larger quarters were needed and the first post office building was built on the lot now occupied by Page Supply Co. Afterwards the Duke Building was built and a modern, up-to-date post office was put in the corner building.

A few years after the post office was established two RFD routes were moved from Wakefield to start at Zebulon, and later RFD No. 3 was moved to Zebulon. Then the post office at Wakefield

part in the program had been theirs, nor would we older ones have had the same interest in them. And whatever helps them to learn and to remember the Christmas story is worth working for—even harder than we work.

May the deep joy of God's unspeakable gift abide with us all always.

Here's What's Bought for Christmas

According to a survey of consumers in many cities for this and last year, there was determined a list of commodities that men and women preferred for Christmas. Here are the preferred items almost in order of preference:

- Wearing apparel
- Jewelry
- Automobiles and accessories
- Household goods
- Radios and musical instruments
- Sporting goods
- Cameras and accessories
- Travel
- Leather goods
- Riding material
- Liquor
- Books and magazines

Does your business fall into any of these categories? If so, don't overlook a golden opportunity to take advantage of every possible chance to get your sales message across.

"It pays to advertise."

Surprise Party

Members of the Senior Fidelis Class of the Baptist Sunday school surprised their teacher, Mrs. Theo. Davis, with a party on Friday night. They announced their arrival by singing a Christmas carol at the window. Not only were refreshments and all needed for serving brought by the class; but in addition they brought gifts to the teacher, who deeply appreciated such evidence of class spirit and personal friendship.

JAMES GOES TO CALIFORNIA

Harmon James, for some years manager of Wakelon Theater, leaves Zebulon this week for Los Angeles, California. His going is regretted by this community. Able and alert in business, a member of the local Junior Chamber of Commerce, he will be greatly missed.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

We who hold Christmas dear unto our hearts
Must share its sweetness and its mystery.
For, if unshared, all happiness departs—
May every blessing bide with thine and thee.

was discarded and now Wakefield is served from Zebulon, which is a third class post office. M. J. Sexton is postmaster and there are two assistants, Miss Ruby Dawson and Miss Marie Watson, who are very efficient, accommodating and well liked.

Finch Richardson Co., one of the first supply merchants of Zebulon, dissolved partnership, Richardson, Hales, and Whitley organizing the Zebulon Supply Co., now owned by C. V. Whitley.

M. C. Chamblee and Sons moved from Wakefield to Zebulon, also J. A. Kemp and Sons, where they did business fifty years ago, and now their descendants are doing a thriving business in the town of Zebulon.

Golden Wedding Celebrated

Of widespread interest was the reception last Sunday afternoon celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Pittman Stell. Approximately three hundred friends called to express good wishes with congratulations.

The Stell home was elaborately and artistically decorated, the wedding motif being combined with that of Christmas. In the front hall where guests were greeted by Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Flowers, Anne Merriman, grandniece of Mr. Stell, and Collins Pippin, grand-nephew of Mrs. Stell, played an old-fashioned music box under a Christmas tree. The Reverend George Griffin and Mrs. Griffin presented boutonnieres of tiny bells to men and miniature Christmas corsages to women.

In the receiving line with the host and hostess were their sons and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Jethro Stell of Zebulon; Mrs. Rex Duckett of St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Shamburger of Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Johnson of Gaston; Miss Ruby Stell, Zebulon. In another line were the grandchildren: Miss Estelle Duckett, Miss Betsy Shamburger, Van Shamburger and Miss Louise Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Whitley directed callers to the gift room where Mrs. J. D. Horton greeted them and where Mrs. F. D. Finch asked all to register, names being written with gold ink.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Merriman of Wake Forest showed the way to the dining room.

At a perfectly appointed table centered with a three-tiered wedding cake Mesdames Pattie Harris and J. K. Barrow, Sr., poured punch while sandwiches, cakes, confections, mints and nuts were served by Mesdames Fred Page, Helen Gregory, Robert Dawson, W. D. Spencer, Misses Mary Barrow, Mary Gray Pippin and Alma Doris Jones.

General News

The War

The Greeks claim continued advances against the Italians in Albania. They are approaching Lona, an Italian port, and are within 30 miles of it.

The English continue their drives in Egypt and Libya. The Italian marshal is trying to explain to Mussolini reverses in Africa. The R. A. F. has raided Axis bases from Norway to the Adriatic. The Germans continue to bomb Liverpool.

It is believed that the Axis reverses in Greece and Africa will spur Germany on to a supreme effort to invade England before American help to any considerable extent can arrive. With England's navy forces unimpaired to any great extent and her air forces growing stronger, it is believed that the possibility of a successful invasion by Hitler's forces becomes more difficult each day.

The Kind Lady

It was Christmas Eve in a big city when a little boy probably twelve or thirteen was walking toward the slums of the city. He had no cap on his head, he had no gloves on his hands, and his shoes were worn out and much too big. His pants were tattered and torn and patched with many colors. He had no coat, only a thin sweater and that was worn out at the elbows. But he was so used to the cold that he never noticed that the wind was blowing the snow into his face. There were tears in his big brown eyes and a sad expression on his face. Was it not Christmas Eve and had he not been out all afternoon looking for a job without success? Putting his hands into his pockets he thought, "What will Jim and Jo think tomorrow if Santa Claus doesn't come to see them tonight?" And little Jane; he could see the tears in her eyes. She had been father's greatest joy, with her long golden curls lying on her shoulders and her big blue eyes always twinkling with laughter. She had been different from the beginning and he knew that she would be great some day. Santa Claus had always been before, but that when daddy was living. Now mother was sick and so was little Jane. The only joy in his home. The only one who could make them forget their sorrow. She had been like a ray of sunshine, with her laughter and smiles. Now she was sick, and what could he do?

As he neared a small dilapidated house, he stopped and looked up as if to breathe a prayer. Then he walked into the house. He was met by a little girl and boy. The girl was about four years old and the boy about six. Little Jo threw her arms around his waist and as he lifted her into his arms he saw that there were tears streaming down her face. When he asked her what was wrong she said, "Mama said Jane was dead, but she's not, is she Johnny? Mama said she was asleep and that she had gone to live with Jesus. She said she would wear roses in her hair and sing with other children and walk in streets of gold. Mama said she would be happy all the time and that if we'd be good we'd see her some day. But she's not dead, is she Johnny?"

Johnny could hardly realize that little Jane was dead. "She couldn't be! It was like a bird flown in one window and out the other, like the sunshine rising in the morning, then going down at night. So was little Jane passed away from him."

He walked into his mother's room and there stood an old broken heater, but no fire. On a broken bed lay his mother, a woman with a sad expression on her face. He lay the little form on the pillow and her two eyes closed forever. He thought her Johnny said and is she, mother herself and she said, "No, she's not, she's only asleep. She's with Jesus and—"

—More of