

*This, That and
The Other*

BY MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

The idea of leaving home and going to Florida for the worst winter months has never appealed to me. My idea of comfort is to outwit the cold by sitting cozily by a war fire while snow or sleet reigns outside; by going to bed under blankets enough to ward off a blizzard; by eating quantities of food so hot as to be almost scalding; never by running away. But I've never known temperatures much below zero and I do dread hot weather.

When I had a kind of outline for housekeeping January was the month for going over sheets and pillowcases, replacing where needed; for sorting out quilt scraps and piecing as many as possible at night while the children were asleep; for catching up on the family sewing and on the reading that had been neglected in the stress of Christmas preparation. A stay-at-home, miscellaneous paragraph in the year's history, clearing the way for activities to begin a little later. But going places in January? Never, on my calendar.

My youngest grandson now two, has an odd habit of speech. When he likes or wants a thing he says "Mine," meaning that he admires it and would love to have it. But when, as often we hear him, he says "My mine" he means the article in question belongs to him and should be let alone by all and sundry.

Headlines in the papers tell us the Germans are jittery over the coming invasion, which will presumably be from England, which is not to be wondered at; many of us on American soil are also jittery over that same invasion. We know that for the invaders it will not be a pleasant little excursion before a morning coffee-hour. We know, too, where many went from to take part in that mighty effort; and we wait in agonized suspense while the plans are being perfected. But we are not jittery over the actions of our soldiers. We trust them.

Add the invasion of Germany to the campaigns in the Pacific and in the Mediterranean area; pile on that the sum of problems of transportation and shipping; add the casualties already listed, then, if you go out and grumble over what you can't buy, I hope you are struck dumb for a season.

And now the labor union leaders are whining because it has been said that their threats to strike delayed or prolonged the war and gave aid and comfort to the enemy. An investigation has been mentioned to determine who could have been so unkind.

Well, here's one who said it and who would prefer repeating it to the faces of those leaders to re-printing it here. Of course I may be both ignorant and hard-hearted. Perhaps I should say "Poor little labour union. Did somebody hurt its feelin's by sayin' ugly things 'bout it Don't cry; you'll be taken care of. Mustn't mention nassy ole war to good little union boys."

Cotton Reports

Government crop reports on the 1914 cotton crop will be made on the 8th of July, August, September, November and December. The October 1 condition and other information will be given on October 9.

THE ZEBULON RECORD

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Kemp Promoted

The promotion of Tech Sergeant Carl G. Kemp to the grade of master sergeant has been announced by his commanding officer at Fairfax Airport, Kansas City, Kansas, where he is stationed with the 2nd Ferrying Squadron, Fifth Ferrying Group, Air Transport Command. The promotion was made because of excellence in the performance of his duties.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. James Bennett Kemp of Zebulon, Master Sergeant Kemp attained the highest rank held by a non-commissioned officer. He entered the army on August 15, 1941, and has been stationed here with the 2nd Ferrying Squadron as chief clerk in the operations office since February 4, this year.

He is a graduate of the Knightdale High School.

Master Sergeant Kemp wears both the American Service and Good Conduct ribbons.

Wakelon News

On Wednesday of last week we resumed work after a week and a half holiday. Apparently our measles and flu epidemics have reached their peak and attendance is beginning to be fairly normal. By Tuesday of this week there was a very noticeable improvement.

Thursday of this week marks the middle of our school year. School has been in progress then 4 1-2 months. Examinations are over for the high school. Some of the elementary grades are still taking them. Report cards are scheduled to go out Tuesday of next week.

Friday of last week Mr. Miller conducted the high school assembly. His Scripture lesson and discussion was on Bible standards of thinking.

Please note a change in the next P. T. A. This meeting will be held Wednesday night January 12 at 8 o'clock instead of Tuesday. The home economist from the Carolina Power and Light will speak at this time.

Thursday, January 6, a Physical Education Clinic for Wake County High Schools will be held in the gymnasium at Garner High School. Wakelon has been asked to take part in the clinic and demonstrate some of its rhythmic program. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Miss Lois Parker, and Mrs. Eugene Privette will attend this meeting and will take with them a rhythmic class of a number of girls and boys.

For two or three weeks now anyone within hearing distance of the stage of our school has been tightly claspin their hands over their ears every period just before lunch. These odd antics are not prompted from within—oh, no! But from without, such banging as you would never hope to hear. The reasons for all this are: Ronald Greene balancing dangerously on a stool upon a chair and adjusting ropes just any way you desire; Graham May and "Buster" Simpson trying (but never succeeding) to screw a

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Dr. Ralph Herring On Baptist Hour

Dr. Ralph A. Herring of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, will be heard on the program of The Baptist Hour next Sunday morning, 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock EWT over Station WPTF of Raleigh and WBIG of Greensboro, according to Dr. S. F. Lowe, Atlanta, Georgia, Chairman of the Radio Committee of the Southern Baptist Convention. His subject, "The Primacy of the Spiritual,"



RALPH HERRING

will be of special interest to people everywhere in these crucial days through which we pass, according to Mr. Lowe.

Dr. Herring, popular pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, is a trusted servant of the Baptist Denomination, being past Vice President of the Southern Baptist Convention, now President of the North Carolina Baptist Convention, and also serving as Trustee of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky, and North Carolina member of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The Baptist Hour Programs are broadcast over an independent Southern network of 32 stations, covering the territory from the East Coast to the far Southwest, and are sponsored by the Radio Committee of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The speakers for the following three Sundays of January will be:

Wakefield News

It is with fear and trembling we stand upon the threshold of a New Year. In our hearts is the one question "What will the New Year bring us?"

Our one New Year's resolution must be to keep our chins up, for life is but a vale of tears, if that's the way you take it; Rainbows stretch across the years, if that's the way you make it.

Several cases of Influenza have been reported in and around Wakefield, among them Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Tom Kimball, Jr. and babies also Mrs. Mamie Kimball.

James Bunn, from Baltimore spent Christmas holidays with his mother, Mrs. E. H. Bunn.

We are glad to learn Mr. O. H. Massey is better.

We wish to extend to Vivian and Frank Kannon our sincere

Church News

BAPTIST CHURCH

10:00 Sunday school
11:00 Morning Worship. Sermon: "Allegiance to the Church"
7:00 Young People meet
7:30 Evening Service. Topic: "Facing Choice"

Because of the prevalence of illness added to inclement weather, the regular monthly meeting of the Baptist Senior Fidelis Class was postponed Monday.

Perry In Navy

Leyburn Perry of Perryville, Md., who was reared in this section and was until a few years a resident of this community, has enlisted in the U. S. Navy. He has just completed his basic training at the naval training station on the shores of Seneca Lake. He will take further training which may qualify him for a petty officer rating.

Allotments For New Growers

The provision of the Tobacco Marketing Quota Law Provides that a certain percent of the Nation's allotment shall be set aside for New Growers Allotments, that is, new allotments on farms that do not already have a tobacco allotment.

A new tobacco allotment will not be given unless the operator or the person growing the tobacco has grown tobacco in at least one of the past five years and the operator or the person growing the tobacco must be living on this farm and largely dependent on this farm for his livelihood.

If a person does not meet with the above qualifications, it will be useless for him to file an application but if he does meet with the qualifications and does wish to get an allotment for 1944; he is urged to file an application with the County Committee before February 1, 1944. The Committee has the regular application forms now.

congratulations. We hope for them a long and happy life.

Wakefield will suffer a great loss when Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harris and daughters move to Wendell. Our loss will be gain to Wendell and we wish for them good luck.

Pvt. Bill Whitaker and Pvt. Paul Garrigan of the Marine Corps at New River spent the week-end in the home of Mrs. Mamie Kimball. These boys trained with Robert Lee Kimball (who is now in Ireland) in Parris Island, S. C.

Visiting their mother, Mrs. Mamie Kimball at Christmas were Mrs. Keith Hinnant (Louise) and Mr. Hinnant of Baltimore; Mrs. Jack Bunch (Cornelia) Mr. Bunch and baby, Fayetteville; Mrs. Wilbur Biggs, Wendell; John

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If You Don't Like The Work You're Doing — Try This

By Ted Davis

A few days ago a friend of mine surprised me with a question that had never occurred to me.

"Why is it," he asked, that you are always in a happy frame of mind? How do you derive so much pleasure out of everything you do?"

I fear I gave him a lame answer, for I was taken aback. I had never thought about whether I was happy, or not, and then it occurred to me that I had been, for the past few years engaged in personnel work where the personal interview determined in many instances whether or not an applicant got the job for which he was applying. In interviewing the prospect, it was a part of my job to analyze, by observation of the applicant's mannerisms, appearance, and general disposition, whether he was suited for the position for which he was being considered.

I found that by making a sort of game of the interview, and by starting off with something as far removed from the job in question as the weather, I could set the applicant at ease and lead him to talk about his likes and dislikes, his hobbies, and prejudices. Sometimes the work in the job wasn't mentioned in the whole interview. It wasn't really necessary, since a complete work history of the applicant's experience was usually submitted with the original application.

And, yet, in all the analyses I had made, I had never analyzed myself. It just never occurred to me. It was for the best.

For since my friend mentioned it, I find that to me, like a child, I make a game out of everything I do. The more disagreeable the job, the better the game and the greater the odds. For instance—when my daughter was very, very young, I couldn't afford a maid, nor a nurse, (not that I can now), so it fell my lot to wash out the diapers. And brethren, there were plenty of them. I found out that when I washed diapers, my hands usually would come clean of the ink I had burned in at the printing office that day. So it became a game of seeing how many diapers I had to wash before the ink would come out of the cracks in my hands. Only once did the game fail to amuse. I had washed forty-eight necessities one evening and pinned them on the line. It rained that night and when I went out next morning to take them in, the line had broken and all were in the loamy Goldsboro dirt. I sat down on the back steps and created such a racket that Jo came to the door and said "Hush, Ted, or the neighbors will think you're crying."

"Cuss it," I replied, "I am crying."

If you ladies do most of your worrying about your lot (and I grant you it is far from an easy one) as you wash the children's clothes, or the dishes. (And contrary to the soap advertisers, it isn't dishpan hands, that break up homes, it's dishpan thoughts!) Try

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