

This, That, and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

When I went to Virginia some weeks ago because of the death of my sister's husband, I saw at the funeral many friends whom I had not seen for years before. Two of my brothers told me that among those present was a classmate of girlhood days and he was anxious to see me. After I was in the car to leave the cemetery this friend came hurrying toward us and my brother waited for us to talk a while.

We said it was a pretty day, though the morning had been cool. We agreed that the weather had been dry and spoke of how much good rain would do. He wanted to know whether his sister had seen me that day and I said she had. And then we told each other goodbye.

In those remarks there is not one thing worth remembering — hardly anything worth saying. Certainly nothing to indicate that the speakers had done all their elementary school and some high recitations in the same room, nor that between them had existed a keen rivalry to excell each other's grades. Yet I felt that our friendship had been renewed and the ties of memory strengthened.

I used to think that in transplanting seedlings they should be rushed at top speed from the seed bed to border, staying out of the ground the very shortest time possible. But I have had much better results from placing them in water until they have taken up all they can hold, then doing the re-setting. The first of this week I put out zinnias and African daisies that had been in water thirty-six hours; and, in spite of the dry weather, no one of them wilted. This is true for marigolds, cosmos, snapdragons, verbena — everything I have tried — and also for small shrubs.

In a number of newspaper items I have noticed something like this: "He married the former Mary

Blank." Unless he married a widow, he probably married Mary Blank, who became Mrs. Dash and the former whoever she had been.

That seems to complicate the definition I'm trying for. It's this way: I don't want anyone saying my husband married the former Bessie Farmer. He married me as I was then, with no former about it; just Bessie Farmer. However, it may be said that I am now the former, etc. . .

In connection with my name is the deluge of campaign literature I have been receiving from various headquarters. Double what I ought to have on any account. This is the reason:

Years ago, when I registered here as a voter, they put my name down in two books. One registrar wrote it Mrs. Theodore B. Davis; the other preferred my own name with the prefix Mrs. Whenever I go to vote they have to look me up in two places by two names.

They've become used to it here and the one who has the book with Mrs. Theo. Davis in it calls out to the other to hunt for Mrs. Bessie Farmer Davis, so not much time is lost.

Away from here it is different; and whenever campaign secretaries mail a communication to Mrs. T. B. Davis, they send one just like it to Mrs. B. F. Davis. Maybe I should write them all to save some stamps; but it is too little and too late to bother much about.

One more queer thing about political campaigns is that so many of the candidates choose such young looking pictures for putting in the newspapers and special literature. Why, a few of them look so boyish you'd almost wonder whether they are old enough to be trusted with the family's weekly grocery list, let alone affairs of state. Seems to me it would be better for them to look fairly old and wiser than youth gives the right to appear.

Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

Now there was in the Big City a very great factory over which presided the Big Boy.

And this manager of many servants did enter his exalted room of The Plush Carpet and Brass Spittoons on the first day of June in the present year. And before him upon his shining desk was a Great Report prepared by many girls in the Outer Office.

Then the Big Boy adjusteth his glasses and scanneth the Report for the month called May.

And suddenly he wrinkleth his brow and rubbeth his eyes. For The Chart of sales of the factories wares had leaped and bounded in one marvelous way. And he buzzeth the bells, and ringeth the phones, and wireth the wireless.

And behold ere the sun goeth onward to rest, that the exalted room was filled with much smoke and many men. For far and wide had come the Big Board to consider the Upsurge in the sale of the Product of this factory.

And the Big Boy could hold his

peace no longer but cleareth his throat and speaketh thus, Fellow Laborers of our vast enterprise, the sale of Blue-Blood Aspirins have taken an astounding rise since May 29th. Surely our product will outstrip all other Aspirins including Soothing-Paradise Aspirins, and we shall be The Tops in our noble endeavor to relieve mankind, and increase our dividends.

And there speaketh forth one of The Directors to the Big Boy, And how doth this zip upward happen, and to whom shall we give the bonus if we do give such.

Now theree sitteth within the exalted room a small man wearing a Five and Dime Necktie, Last Year's Suit, and a Pin-Stripe Shirt. And he hailleth from the district of Carolina.

Then the Big Boy did point his finger which holdeth the diamond

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ring at this small man, and he saith, The Rise cometh out of District Carolina, and to Mr—ah—ah—, anyway, to this brother goeth the credit.

And several did exclaim, how was this done, my friend?

And The Carolina Manager did meekly reply, Many are called but few are chosen. And many did run but only a few were elected. And there was much weeping among the pines from Dan to Beersheba as the votes were counted. And aspirins were needed much in those days, thus Blue-Blood sold strongly, but I fear that others sold as strongly too.

Then the Big Boy flicked his ashes on the carpet, and with a deep voice did say, Mr. Ah—ah—ah—, and all you brethren present, learn thou a lesson. The more who run, the more will lose. And the more who lose, the more will have headaches. And the more headaches, the more aspirin sold. Therefore encourage the multitudes to seek high places.

And moreover he saith, Let us draw up a resolution of praise for our Carolina Manager who dwelleth in such a state where many dream of being Governor but only one admitteth it, and where many have learned so recently that the campaign hurteth the head as well as the purse.

And with this he did hit the shining desk with his gavel, and tossed the report in the waste basket.

Birthday Party

Miss Nellie Mae Medlin entertained a number of friends at her home at Zebulon, Route 1, on May 22, the occasion being her fifteenth birthday.

Spring flowers of all kinds were used as decorations. Many games and contests were played, with all guests participating.

After presents were opened, refreshments were served to the guests at this enjoyable affair.

Personals

Mrs. J. A. Strickland of St. Petersburg, Fla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Campen, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Pearce and daughter of Raleigh, have moved to Zebulon. They will live with Mr. Pearce's mother and sister, Mrs. Ollie W. Pearce and Miss Mamie Brooks Pearce.

Friends will regret to know that Earl Horton has been critically ill from an attack of virus pneumonia.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Earp of Thanksgiving were callers in the

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CHAMPION FISHERMAN



Winner of the big fishing contest held during National Fisherman's Week was Sherman Mitchell, of Zebulon, Route 3, announced Haywood Jones, manager of the contest. Mitchell caught the largest fish, a 5½ pounder, with a hook in Clifton Perry's pond.

Mrs. Lionel Bunn won a prize offered for the best string of fish,

bringing in one of the nicest catches seen in this section.

The rules of the contest, which was sponsored by the Zebulon Drug Company, specified that fish must have been caught with a hook from local ponds or rivers.

The drug company featured a special window display during the week of the contest which drew much attention to the Fisherman's Week.

Theo. Davis home Sunday afternoon.

Thurman Hepler was taken to Duke Hospital, Durham, yesterday for examination and treatment. He has been seriously ill for over two weeks.

white icing. Eight pink lighted candles topped the cake. Birthday gifts were opened by the honoree at one end of the table and

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The Zebulon Record

Ferd Davis Editor
Barrie Davis Publisher

Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the post office at Zebulon, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription rate: \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates on request.