

## Macclesfield and Zebulon

The town of Macclesfield used to be a pretty drab place. We never realized just how much room there was for improvement until the improvement was made. Today Macclesfield is as pretty a place as we know, and the town has received national recognition for its face-lifting effort.

Zebulon has considerable room for improvement, too. We already have many of the things that Macclesfield sought, but one thing we cannot cite with pride is our municipal street system. With our beautiful homes and our handsome stores, with our fine churches and remarkable school campus, we still have nothing to be physically proud of on our back streets except some homes that would look mighty good if there were only a paved street in front of them.

We would probably receive no national publicity if we paved all of our streets, but we would have the same feeling of satisfaction over a job well done that the residents of Macclesfield must certainly have. We have an opportunity equally as great as that of our neighbors in Edgecombe.

On August 2 we shall have an opportunity to register our desire for a better, more beautiful town. Let us make the most of this opportunity and have the second most improved town in North Carolina.

## The Whole and the Part

Our Catholic friends—and we have many of them—are at present engaged in a violent attack on the Barden proposal to give federal aid to our state schools and upon the congressman himself. Some of the Catholic arguments make sense, but the leaders of the fight against the North Carolina congressman's bill for educational benefits for school children of every state have committed the error of arguing by syllogism—and that by a group which in the past has prided itself upon its intellectual, logical approach to its problems!

The Barden bill proposes that grants shall be made to all states upon the basis of all school children enrolled in parochial and secular schools, but does not allow any funds to be turned over to parochial schools.

The opponents of Mr. Barden's effort have seized upon this inequity to demand aid for their church schools. Herein lies, we believe, their error. Though all crows are black, all black birds are not crows. Though aid should not be based upon the total number of school children in both public and parochial schools, it does not follow that aid should therefore be extended all of these schools.

The untenable position of those who would have no aid given to school children unless it be extended to both types of schools is well illustrated by the public action of a man who recently branded Congressman Barden as a bigot because he seeks to adhere to his typically American idea of the separation of church and state—that critic only a short time applauded the action of Franco in barring Protestant church schools in Spain.

The place for the particular inequity mentioned here to be removed is in congressional committee. It would be tragic if federal aid to public schools should be defeated on what amounts to a technicality. The opponents of this portion of the Barden Bill would better confine their attack to the questioned article itself rather than the entire proposal to give federal aid to our public schools.

## Another Essential Program

A standing comment by a man who buys a new car is that he didn't realize how much he needed it until he bought it. The same thing is true of our softball program; we didn't know we needed it, and now we cannot do without it—although at best it is but a small beginning of the attack on our local recreational problem.

A sadder observation is that while we have little, our Negro friends have nothing. We note the complete absence of even a softball league in the colored community. Why does not some interested Negro in this community take hold and establish such a means of recreation for his brothers?

## The Zebulon Record

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## This, That, and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Don't let the ads fool you. Duz doesn't do everything. It does not season onions worth a scent. This is knowledge gained by accidental experience, because the small glass jar in which I had put some Duz for kitchen use was exactly like the one which held salt.

Mrs. Raleigh Alford remarked to me that she has never seen so many persons tired of snaps as are now. She does not understand why, saying they couldn't even give away a lot a few days ago; just pulled them from the vines and threw them on the ground. I think I know why this important vegetable is not more popular at present. We have learned to can snaps and freeze snaps till there's not a month in the year—hardly a week—that they are not on the dinner table. Nobody has a chance to get really hungry for them, and the first mess in early summer is so little different from the ones we've had all winter and spring that there's no thrill to eating them. We can't expect all advantages and no disadvantage.

Out in our garden seven Mort-

gage Lifter tomato plants are growing lustily. Following directions given by Mrs. Joe Tippet, the donor, I have pruned them to two branches each and am carefully tying them to stakes as they grow. Mrs. Tippet says they bear large, almost seedless tomatoes, a few plants being sufficient for a family of average numbers. Her father, Mr. Corriher, has grown Mortgage Lifters for years and thinks them superior to all other main crop tomatoes. I do hope they don't forget their name here.

For early tomatoes I still like the old Bonny Best, that is thrifty and dependable, bearing medium sized fruit in clusters. We had our first for this year yesterday; but they'd have been earlier except for the dry weather.

Do not fail to read "Jimmy John" by Anna Perrott Rose. A condensed form of the book is in Ladies Home Journal for July; but I mean to read the whole thing when I can. There could hardly be too much of it for me. The writer tells of three children she took in to her home at different times and brought up along with her own three. The three, not adopted, were

partially supported by the State; but nobody paid for the years of training they got. For a sane and sympathetic outlook on life; for clean humor and wholesome sentiment combined with tiptoe-high ideal you'd certainly give this book high marks.

Some housekeepers have asked this season for the eight-day pickle recipe that has been published in this paper several times. The truth is that my copy has been borrowed and not returned and I am going by memory myself now. This is what I am doing:

Wash the cucumbers and slice them into pieces which depend for size upon the cucumber. Very small ones may be cut into inch lengths, large ones not more than one-third inch. Place the slices in a container and soak overnight in cold water. Next morning drain them and cover with a solution of one cupful salt to one gallon water, boiling hot. Let stand twenty-four hours, drain and pour on another mixture of a tablespoon powdered alum to the gallon of hot water. (or you may use lime water instead of alum, using about three (Continued on page 5)

## Local Items of Interest

The Service of Worship of the Methodist Church, to be held at the Wakeon School, will be at 10:00 o'clock next Sunday. Paul Carruth, pastor of the church, announces that his sermon topic will be, "Christianity and Freedom."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Debnam and little son have come back to Zebulon since Mr. Debnam's recent graduation at State College, and will make their home here. Mrs. Debnam's mother, Mrs. Julian Horton, is with them.

Rev. R. H. Herring and Mrs.

Herring are spending this week at the beach.

Amos Wells spent a very enjoyable vacation in Baltimore, Md., with sisters and friends.

Esten Corbett, Hilda Martin, Red Davis and Lucy Huskins plan to spend this weekend at Virginia Beach.

Louise Hood spent the weekend in Raleigh with her sister, Mary Alice.

Miss Mary Neal Fowler spent last week with her uncle, Thomas Fowler of Corinth.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenwood Fowler had as guests Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Jim Phillips of near Zebulon.

Mrs. M. D. Hood spent last Saturday with her father, W. A. Adcock, at Wendell. Mr. Adcock is ill. In the afternoon Mr. L. L. Browning, Mrs. Vera Rhodes and Mrs. Fred Hood called and brought him many lovely flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hood had as dinner guests Sunday Mrs. E. W. Hood, Mrs. Vera Rhodes, and Mrs. L. L. Browning.

## Seen and Heard

Barker Kannon had a Syrian cucumber weighing one pound twelve ounces this week, which he grew in his garden behind his home on the corner of Sycamore and Liberty Streets. The vegetable was 28½ inches long and over seven inches around. Barker says this variety of cucumber is more easily digested than others.

From our Record files of 17 years ago this week: Claude Baker brought in the first cotton bloom. J. C. B. Ehringhaus, candidate for governor, spoke at the local clubhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wade returned from their bridal trip, taking an apartment in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Finch. Misses Mary Elizabeth Kemp and Doris

Horton left for New York, where they enrolled at Columbia University. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Baker announced the birth of a daughter, Ila Cleo.

Merritt Massey bought the building supply business operated by Massey Brothers, and announced that he would move it to the Farmers Warehouse building. M. P. Chamblee of Oxford, brother of Mr. Billy Chamblee and Mrs. Pattie Harris, died in Duke Hospital.

In a practice game at the softball diamond Saturday afternoon one of the infielders on Jack Mitchell's team had booted what should have been an easy infield out—for the third time in one inning.

Jack took a deep breath and informed the erring one: "Before the

season began, you told me how good you were. Now tell me again—I'm getting discouraged."

The other day Charles Creech was telling about some of the treatment he received in the army. He had some peculiar experiences, but none worse than a friend of ours who was ordered to the infirmary for an eye examination. There the doctor ordered him to strip.

"But, doc," he demurred, "I don't need to take off my clothes for an eye check."

"Shut up and get in line," the doctor ordered.

"You should gripe!" said another soldier who stood in line, also in the raw. "I just came here to deliver a telegram."

## Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text: "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing."—Psalm 100:2. Scripture lesson: Psalms I; 67.

Next Sunday, July 3, we begin again our study of the Old Testament as an instruction for a better life. The first Old Testament lesson of the year is taken from the songbook of the Bible, the Book of Psalms.

Psalm I tells us of two ways of life. Blessed are those who believe

in and live by the law of the Lord; doomed are they who are ungodly. They are, says the psalmist, like chaff blown by the wind.

Psalm 67 is a prayer, a program, and a promise. The psalmist asks that God be merciful to all, and encourages people of every nation to engage in righteous living. If we attain righteousness, he declares, then shall we be blessed by the Lord, who will cause us to prosper.

The first of the two psalms emphasizes our personal responsibility

to God; this consideration was enlarged upon by Jesus, and forms a basis of all Christian belief.

The second is a logical sequel to the first: if each of us is individually an active believer, our nation shall prosper—and so will those peoples to whom we extend our missionary efforts.

May we study these psalms further, and may they be the inspiration to us that they were to our Saviour, who studied and loved these devotional lyrics.