

# Ahoskie Lady Writes About Trip To Shrine Ceremonial

**Hertford County Shrinedom Has Increased To Large Proportions In Last Two Years. Many Of Them Learned More About The Mysticism Of Their Order At Washington, D. C., Two Weeks Ago**

Shrinedom in Hertford County is of approximate recent date. Two years ago a mere hand full of 32nd degree Masons made up the representation from this county. Within that period numbers of persons from Ahoskie, Murfreesboro, Winton and Harrellsville have journeyed across the "hot sands" to the Sudan Temple at New Bern, and have emerged unscathed but for the ceremonial period. So numerous are they now that sentiment for a club of Shriners is fast growing.

Recent successful candidates have learned still more about Shrinedom through their visits to Washington, D. C., upon the occasion of the International Ceremonial. For four days two weeks ago the Capitol City, brilliant as it may be, was completely outshone by the sparkling lustre of the visiting Shriners from all corners of the Globe. That the publicity given the Ceremonial and its attendant features was not overdone is pretty well shown in the article published in this connection.

Mrs. A. W. Greene, wife of Dr. Greene, himself a Noble, has written voluminously about the trip to Washington, and for its peculiarly local coloring, the HERALD is publishing it below.

**Our Trip To Washington**  
I have been asked to write an article about the recent Shriners' Convention in Washington City and something about the city itself for HERALD readers. As some of you were present at the Convention and many have read the excellent accounts of it in the daily papers, I shall confine myself to some personal impressions. As to the city itself and its wonderful and systematic planning; its magnificent public buildings, its many parks, great and small; see the National Geographic magazine for June, 1923. It's all there in pictures and written description. Get it and read it and keep it for reference, whether you've been sight seeing in Washington many times or not at all.

We left Ahoskie Saturday morning on the 5 o'clock train, and after a wait in Suffolk, boarded the Norfolk & Western for Richmond. Stepping from this train to the R. F. & P., we found crowded cars. Our train was a very long one and no seat in a chair car was available. We finally found seats in a day coach about midway of the train, and were soon congratulating ourselves that on account of the hardness of the roadbed and distance from the engine we were entirely comfortable. Alas! Conditions soon changed, and on our arrival in Washington we found ourselves quite grimy and travel stained. However, our cordial reception soon made us forget our discomfort.

Bright-eyed and eager Boy Scouts clamored for our baggage, and after registering we were directed to an automobile with the sign, "Hop in Noble", pasted on the windshield. This sign, as we found out later, was on the majority of the cars in the city. We were whisked to St. James Hotel, the headquarters of Sudan Temple. To the uninitiated, we might explain that there are two temples in North Carolina; Sudan in New Bern and Oasis in Charlotte. Most of the Sudan folks stopped at the Sudan, though another hotel was also put down as headquarters and many others were residents of Pullman cities during their stay, or were quartered in private homes. We were a day ahead of the crowd, but found the streets and most of the buildings a riot of decorations in the gorgeous Shrine colors.

After an hour's stay in the city a thirty minute's trolley ride brought us to Mt. Ranier, Md., just outside the District of Columbia and our final destination in the home of relatives. Mt. Ranier is a town of about 4,000 people, and the many city workers. It is quite hilly here, and cooler than the city. Many massive oaks and the tame squirrels scampering about remind us that not many years ago, this growing town was the site of the picnic grounds.

After resting and having supper we and our host turned our faces cityward again, and soon found ourselves back on Pennsylvania Avenue, which to Washington people is simply the avenue.

Myriads of electric bulbs in the Shrine colors, red, green, and yellow which were arranged to form the Shrine emblems, the crescent, scimitar and star in the centre were strung across the Avenue at regular intervals. The effect was beautiful. We walked from the Capitol where floods of lights played upon the dome of the sublimest building on the western continent, making it the purest white, down to the White House and the Garden of Allah. The feature of the Garden was then huge Egyptian columns with symbolical paintings representing Purity, Hope, Faith and Love. These columns looked massive, but in reality were frail, being temporary structures. This frailty is instanced by the fact that a day or two later an electrician was on top

of one of them repairing an electric wire when a gasoline truck bumped into it and he fell to his death. The Garden is in Lafayette Square facing the White House and forms a Court of Honor. Near by have been the homes of many of America's great, Blaine, Webster, Decatur, Dolly Madison—and all the presidents of the Republic have trodden its paths, and most of the great who have appeared upon the stage of public affairs in the National Capital. Its beautiful lighting, its color, its music, its atmosphere, and its memories, combine to make an impression on the mind that will last forever. Down the Avenue at regular intervals were many amplifiers and as we walked we listened to a splendid radio concert. Thousands of seats had been built on both sides of the Avenue, and tonight they were free, so when the promenaders tired of walking they rested here. The scheme of street lighting was known as "split necklaces," first used at the recent Buenos Ayres Exposition, this being its first use in North America. Sixty-two of these arches spanned the Avenue. On each lamp post is a banner surmounted by a shield and two flags. The banner is a streamer in Shrine colors and each shield bears the name of a temple of the order. The band, I know not how many miles away, strikes up "The Star Bangled Banner." The throng rises and with bared and bowed heads and reverent hearts does homage to our great country—America.

Sunday morning the Shriners were on hand early to greet their Imperial Potentate, "Sunny Jim" McCandless, the multi-millionaire sugar king of Honolulu. The rest of the day was given to worship and rest, special services and special music being arranged in many of the churches. I choose to worship with my hosts in their own church, a pretty little suburban Presbyterian one. It was Children's Day and the primary children gave a good program in costume. It was vigorously applauded, which sounds rather strange to southern ears. There was an intermission between Sunday School and church services during which the deacons changed the song books and put things in irreproachable order. The song was a good, practical one, the subject being "Love's Alarms," from a city pulpit a sermon that in originality and depth of thought and especially in heart searching power equalled some that have been delivered in my home town. The song leader who was also assistant superintendent of the Sunday School is a woman and impressed me as being very capable. On our way to church that morning we met a youth in baseball togs going into the city to play ball and a man in overalls painting his house. I'm glad Ahoskie has not gone so far on the road to disregard of the Sabbath!

Early to bed and early to rise we reached the St. James early likewise and find a number of friends and acquaintances, among them some from Ahoskie, the Camps and Chapins. Of course we must visit some of the beautiful Washington stores and do a little shopping, and then we are off on a sight-seeing tour. There is so much to see in Washington we visited only a few of the places of interest this time. Of course the Zoo came first. It is so restful after the noise and the crowds, and so cool. To me the Zoo is a wonderful place, for here I see so many and varied forms of my Father's handiwork in so small a space. The flora as well as the fauna, takes on varied forms. At last we came to the great chimpanzee's cage and saw him beating his long hands fiercely against the iron bars. I thought he was enraged, but the keeper informed me that he was merely ringing his supper bell, and presto! his supper appears.

Of course we visit the Congressional Library at night. The Capitol, the Library and the Pan-American Building, are said to be the three most beautiful buildings in America, and to these may be added a fourth, the Lincoln Memorial. The Library is the repository of three million books and many other treasures. We toured the building, sat on the steps and watched the fireworks, and mingled with the good-natured, fun loving but well-behaved crowds.

The big parade began Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. To adequately describe it one should dip his pen in the dye pots of the rainbow. It was a riot of oriental color, splendidly conceived, faultlessly carried out. Almas Temple of Washington led followed by Mecca of New York, the mother temple. I think the temples came in order of their organization. Sudan is young and came near the last, but she made a fine showing and we were proud of her. How those Tar Heels did cheer when she passed! Patrols, drum corps, bands, glee clubs, make-believe elephants and real camels, gun corps, Indians, dancers, with many other special features followed each other in bewildering succession. Everybody sat up and took notice of the mens' clothes for once! They were garbed in every conceivable combination of bright colors and fine fabrics—velvet, satin, and cloth, elaborately braided or gold embroidered, for the most part baggy trousersed, some wide sashed, some caped or half-caped, and all topped by a fez or a turban—no suggestion of pastel shades, but bright gorgeous colors. Then for variety's sake a somberly clad, helmeted gun corps, most of who had been wounded in the World War. You felt a catch in your throat and they were gone. The bands were splendid. One bandmaster from Ohio is millionaire, and we were told that the baton he carried contained 2506 diamonds! The Imperial Potentate rode in a snow-white car. The Arabian patrols, the thoroughbred horses and the chanters were noticeable features. Many great names were represented in the Shrine hosts that day from Noble Warren G. Harding down. Noble Harding reviewed the great parade from the grandstand which was reached by stepping out his front door. It was a blistering hot day and the ambulance corps had plenty to do.

After dinner we wanted something restful. What should it be? Arlington? I love Arlington and its quiet city of glorious dead. I love that beautiful marble amphitheater where memorial services are held, and I love the dignified Lee mansion but the neglect of the interior saddened me. Not yet have the women of America restored it and there is nothing here to remind you of that great soldier sans peur et sans reproche, who bore no malice in his heart and whose watchword was devotion to duty. This is playtime and one if sad is out of tune. So we turn our faces to Mt. Vernon. There is a boat pageant on the Potomac and we are held up a long time at the draw. We watch the decorated boats go by and the bombs explode and after many delays reach Mt. Vernon. I guess "Tommy", the motorman, and the youthful conductor who so good-naturedly took the crowd's chaffing were as glad as we.

We make a rather hurried tour of the mansion which has a perennial charm and then visit the old coach. Eighteen years ago when we were in Washington on our honeymoon, the coach stood in the open and a guide informed you that it was the original coach in which Washington rode to church. Today it is indoors and a card states that it is of the style and period of Washington and he may have rode in it.

The body of Washington remained in the old tomb 31 years before it was removed to its present resting place in accordance with the provisions of his will. I am glad they did not put it in the vault beneath the Capitol prepared by orders of Congress. Many flowers covered the sarcophagi and stood against the walls of the tomb. They varied in age from one presented by Joffre and the French Mission to one placed there the day before by Jerusalem Temple.

The flower garden was a new delight, since it is our first visit to Mt. Vernon in summer. Modern roses far surpass those of Martha Washington's time in form, texture, and coloring, but not in fragrance. One may buy white rose plants said to be lineal descendants of the original bush planted by Martha and named by the General, the "Mary Washington" in honor of his mother.

From old to new, that night we turn to the movies and see "The Village Blacksmith," not a great picture, but as clean and wholesome as Longfellow's poems on which it is founded. When will the American people be clever enough to demand and get more of such pictures? The avalanche of sex stuff has disgusted lots of good people and made them for-

swear all pictures.

By Wednesday we are very foot-sore, but a smile goes with the fez, so we are up early for more sight seeing. The Monument is our first objective. Hundreds are in the waiting line, so we give up going up and turn our attention to the surrounding aeroplanes of various types. Obliging sailors are on hand to give information, and we are interested in all of them, but especially in the N-C-4, the first plane to cross the Atlantic. The champion carrier pigeons of the Navy and their records also came in for a good share of attention.

Three museums were visited and many new things noted. I was interested in the dresses worn by the different mistresses of the White House. They are on wax figures, are very beautiful and show the fashions of the different periods.

Wednesday morning after the big parade the Shrine spirit was rampant. An electrician from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving took us in his car from Mt. Ranier to the White House. He also took another Noble from Panama, who was our companion during our tour of the White House and Treasury. He has been in the Canal Zone since 1906. "What's the limit?" my husband asked a White House guide. "Why, sir, the sky's the limit this morning," the man replied with a smile. We really went over two floors, but didn't find the Hardings at home.

Beautiful Lincoln Memorial with its reflecting pools was seen for the first time. We walked through the State, War and Navy Buildings, drank ice water all along the way and saw a complete model of the Leviathan.

The Pan-American Building is unique, its patio and its garden with its prehistoric idol and four colors of water lilies in the pool is beautiful. Here, too, is a delightfully humorous guide. As you stand in the guest room where so many important conferences have been held in recent years, you feel that you are almost witnessing history. The beautiful D. A. R. building is nearby. Here the Disarmament Conference was held. More history in the making. The Baptist Memorial, though not large as buildings go in Washington, is dignified and has beautiful lines. I hope to visit it when completed.

Wednesday night the Shrine hosts paraded again. This time there was a complete change of costume and the outstanding feature was the electrical display. The rain, by turns hesitant and insistent did not daunt the brave paraders. We soon found out the secret of their light-hearted stepping and the source of their energy—electric batteries up their sleeves. There were many new features and for more than four hours we watched the beautiful thing, then made a rush for the cars.

We knew there were splendid things on for Thursday and the wonderful historic pageant for that night, but our feet were blistered, and swollen, so Thursday morning we bade farewell to Washington in beautiful Union Station. We had had a wonderful time, had learned something of the origin of the Shriners, their aims and ways. We were impressed with the personnel of the Shriners, their capability and hospitality.

The trip to Richmond was pleasantly made. Governor Trinkle sat across the aisle from us. We crossed a beautiful clear stream which I told my husband was the Rappahannock, I thought. The governor's companion told me that it was the Potomac, which I thought we had left behind. When we reached Fredericksburg he said, "There's your Rappahannock." I beheld a muddy, sullen stream, and I quite forgave him his rather supercilious smile as I thought of one's mistaking my beloved Chowan for the muddy Roanoke.

The Tadlocks of Windsor with (Continued on page 7)

## TAYLOR-WOOTEN

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to  
Mr. Hoyt Patrick Taylor  
on Thursday, the twenty-eighth of June  
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at sunset  
Baptist Church  
Chadbourn, North Carolina

Mr. Taylor is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Taylor, formerly of Winton, now living at Ocean View, Va. He is a prominent member of the bar of Wadesboro, having located there soon after his graduation from the Wake Forest College law school in 1916. He is now associated with the leading law partnership of Wadesboro.

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