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Aycock Memorial Unveiled at Raleigh

Statue of the Great Educational Governor Stands Forth in Bronze On Capitol Square. Work of Borglum. Sculptor

Raleigh, March 13.—Charles Aycock, education embodied and immortalized, stood forth today after 12 years, a heroic figure in stone and bronze, a noble spirit revealed by men who loved and were proud of him.

On the square on which Guttenberg's handiwork of Aycock stands was the stage on which the memorial exercises of the day were held. Charles Aycock, Sr., of Greensboro, grandsons of the dead governor, pulled back the drapery which hid the wonderful work in stone and metal, and Secretary W. Everett, in the absence of Governor Morrison, received the effigy of Aycock on behalf of the state in the name of the children's governor.

The ceremonies coming in the state assembly of teachers brought an understanding of him to many citizens. Every child and every citizen knew what it all was about. For North Carolina has never produced a son more universally loved in educational circles than Charles B. Aycock.

Dr. Alderman, classmate of Aycock, and Hon. Josephus Daniels, long friend, both delivered addresses, honoring this great man in glowing tributes to his memory. Great crowds attended the exercises.

Few children into his early life Charles Aycock, the great educational governor of North Carolina, was the youngest son of a family of nine children, born to Benjamin and Serena Aycock in Nahant (now Fremont), Wayne county, North Carolina, in 1859.

Born a little more than a year before the outbreak of the Civil War, Charles Aycock was nearly six years of age at its close, and he grew to manhood during the period of Reconstruction. He was, therefore, of age to receive vivid impressions of the events of both periods, yet old enough to imbibe the bitterness to which they gave birth.

He had frequent and effective use of the impressions of the conditions under which he passed his boyhood in his campaign speeches, and for injuries which, taken altogether, reveal the vividness of his recollections of those days. He remembered, he said, "the closing days of the great intestine strife which swept over my (his) country like a cloud of destruction," and he recalled how his own elder brothers, and other Confederate soldiers, returned from the army weary, worn and sorrowful, to find their farms gone to ruin, their flocks slaughtered, in too many instances their houses burned.

There was neither food nor raiment, and those who had in the past labored for them were free, and enjoying their new freedom under a license which imperiled life and property, and their fields were left to waste. They were without capital and without material with which to begin the struggles of peace. They had neither teams nor agricultural implements with which to begin the work.

Mourning is everywhere in the land. Universal poverty, actual scarcity, real suffering, genuine want were in the air. But worst of all was the hatred which had been engendered, not only between North and South, but even among neighbors and families of the same community. He remembered "how the people hated Lincoln, and how the Yankee folk hated Jeff Davis. Their pictures appeared in all the papers, they were caricatured and cartooned on one end of the country to the other. Abe Lincoln's face was everywhere made monstrous. And they traded them over the country, to the profit of either side." It was a time when father had lost his base, when men almost forgot God, when they became familiar with death and the laughter, and lay down to sleep in their souls.

To young to take any part in this struggle, Charles Aycock was old enough to be profoundly impressed through a clear understanding of it.

His first went on around him. His home became a favorite rendezvous for the Nahant farmers, who, of a summer's evening, gathered on his broad piazza and discussed politics far into the night. Frequently their discussions were centered on their hearing of an unknown auditor; for though Charles was always early ordered off the back window in his nightgown, and hiding under the front porch steps, lay there as quiet as a mouse, eagerly listening to the words of his elders.

Civil War and Reconstruction had passed and the public school system which Calvin H. Wiley had built up

Mr. B. A. Anderson Dies at Fair Bluff

Widely Known in Columbus County And Adjoining Counties; A Widow and Seven Children Survive Him

Mr. B. A. Anderson, one of the most influential citizens of Fair Bluff, died at his home last Saturday evening at four o'clock following a brief illness from Paralysis.

Mr. Anderson was 72 years of age and is survived by his wife and seven children by a former marriage. The children are Messrs. H. H. Anderson, of Dillon, S. C.; B. B. Anderson, and E. L. Anderson, of Spartanburg, S. C.; B. P. Anderson, of Lexington, Ky., and Mesdames, J. E. Dick, A. P. Powell and J. B. Jones, of Fair Bluff.

Mr. Anderson was a native of Horry county, S. C., he came to Fair Bluff fifty years ago to engage in farming and the mercantile business. He enjoyed a wide acquaintance in Columbus, Robeson and Horry counties and was greatly loved. The funeral took place from the Baptist church in Fair Bluff, Sunday afternoon and was in charge of Rev. F. T. Wooten, pastor of the deceased. The interment was in the Fair Bluff cemetery with Masonic honors.

Toss Coin in Court

A dispute in a separation suit over whether a man should pay his wife 35 or 40 shillings a week was settled in an English court by the lawyers tossing a coin. The woman's lawyer called "heads" and won.

Lapland Women Small

The women of Lapland are among the smallest in the world, averaging only four feet nine inches in height.

In North Carolina, and young Aycock was forced to pursue his education in a haphazard sort of way at such private schools as chanced to be conducted within his reach. The first of these schools was at Nahant, where the people of the community, by uniting their small means, had employed a teacher. Here Charles Aycock, under the chaperonage of his six older brothers, first entered school.

From Nahant to Wilson, thence to Kinston, the ambitious lad pursued his search for an education.

Young Aycock entered the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1877. His appearance made a distinct impression upon his fellow-students, and many of them "recall vividly" the strong, sturdy-looking country boy, upon his first touch with a world somewhat larger than his own neighborhood. Says one of them, Hon. Francis W. Winston: "I recall vividly my first meeting with Charles B. Aycock. He was sitting in a hack in front of Watson's hotel on his arrival in Chapel Hill to enter the State University. A crowd of Sophomores were present to greet the newcomers with yells and cheers and other evidences of fraternal solicitude and school-boyly welcome. Aycock was yet a boy in appearance and bore about him the simplicity and naturalness of one who has just left the plow handles on his father's farm. He looked as modest as a girl, but unafraid and self-reliant. He stepped out of the hack with as much composure and as little self-consciousness as if he were alighting from a load of wood at his own home. The boys yelled and cheered. I stepped forward, grasped his hand, looked into the clear, honest blue eyes of as true a man as ever lived, and felt for him the thrill of friendship that is akin to love."

Among Aycock's fellow students were not a few of those who have since led the way to their solution.

He strove for college honors against such men as Charles Duncan McIver, Edwin A. Alderman, James Y. Joyner, Robert P. Pell, M. C. S. Noble, Henry Horace Williams; against Francis D. Winston, Robert W. Winston, Rufus A. Doughton, Lock Craig, Frank A. Daniels, Charles R. Thomas, James S. Manning, and Robert Strange. It was no slight achievement for the raw country boy, fresh from his Nahant farm, even to hold his own with these students; to become, as Aycock quickly did, an acknowledged leader among them, marked as no common youth.

Early in life Aycock began to devote his energies to the cause of education, his first public address being in the interest of education in Durham county in 1879, one year before his graduation. He began the practice of law in Goldsboro in 1881, and on May 25th of that year married Miss Varina Davis Woodward of Wilson. Ten years later he was married to Miss Cora L. Woodward, younger sister of his first wife, who died the previous year. After serving his state in many other ways he was elected Governor in 1900, when he led the state through that memorable struggle for white supremacy. He dropped dead in Birmingham, Ala., while delivering an address on his favorite subject, "Universal Education."

Three Weddings But It Was Not Good Day

Farmers About a Month Late With Some of Their Work; A Forest Fire; Many Weddings During a Day

Clarendon, March 18.—A few days since we were talking to one of our oldest citizens, who has nearly rounded out his four score years, about the unusual weather during this month. He said that never in his memory had March been so cold as this year. In our boyhood days nearly all farmers planted their corn crops in March, and a great many of them were through planting by the middle of the month. Very little, if any, corn will be planted in this community this year during this month. Everything appears to be at least thirty days late at this time.

The monotony of the times was broken in the Needmore section last Monday afternoon, so we have been informed, by a forest fire and fight. No damage of any consequence is reported by either.

Mr. W. N. Jolly and family, of Wilmington, motored over to Clarendon last Sunday and attended services at the Baptist church. After spending a few hours in the afternoon with friends here, they returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Jordan, of Wilmington, arrived Sunday and are spending a few days with relatives near Mollie this week.

Mrs. C. W. Long, of Wilmington, is spending a few weeks with the parents of her husband, Rev. and Mrs. J. Q. Long, who are both in very feeble health.

Rev. Joshua Harelson will preach at the Methodist church here next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The public is invited and will receive a hearty welcome to this service.

Three weddings are reported among the young folks in this part of the county last Saturday, and it was not a good day for weddings, either. Mr. J. J. Garrell, Jr., of Clarendon, route one, and Miss Bertha May Todd, were married in Whiteville; Mr. Jabe Hardie, of Mollie, and Miss Ruth Ward, of Tabor, were married in Conway, S. C., and the third couple to enter upon the matrimonial voyage was Mr. Leon Mills and Miss Beulah Coleman, of Tabor. All the above are popular young people in their communities, and have the best wishes of their many friends.—J. D. Frink.

BIG LOT LIQUOR CAPTURED

Lancaster, S. C. News, 11th. Two hundred and thirty-three quarts of liquor.

Man giving his name as I. P. Price arrested.

Buick roadster confiscated.

Time—Sunday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock.

Place—On the hill-top curve just this side of the double trestle.

A Buick roadster, bearing a North Carolina tag and driven by a man who gave his name as I. P. Price, fell into the hands of the local authorities here Sunday night as a result of a collision on the Camden-Charlotte highway near Jacob's Hollow, just below town, when the car ran into a Ford driven by William Reeves of Rock Hill section.

The Buick car was transporting a load of imported bottled-in-bond Scotch whiskey said to retail for \$10 per quart.

The haul is said to be the largest and most valuable ever captured by the local authorities. It consisted of 233 quarts valued at \$2,300. The lot contained 178 loose quarts and the balance in cases.

The roadster was being piloted by a party of parties driving a Cadillac who escaped and the man in custody has not revealed the names. Price was arrested by Constable Huey Montgomery of Magistrate W. T. Williams' court and lodged in jail, where he is held pending the making of a cash bond.

Both cars were more or less damaged, the Ford car belongs to William Reeves being rather badly smashed. The whiskey cars are reported to have been headed for points in North Carolina and are thought to have loaded at Augusta, Ga. The car will be confiscated and the liquor is in the custody of Sheriff Hunter.

Labels on the bottles, it is said bore the name of Haig & Haig, well known manufacturers of high grade bottled liquors. Inscriptions on the labels, it was said, carried information that the fluid was the product from a formula designed especially for royal personages, such as kings, princes, dukes, etc., though it is believed it would be acceptable to many of our plain every day citizens. The first and last questions asked now by everybody is, "wonder what they are going to do with it?" With the big batch of liquor right in our midst it was easily noticeable that "some" were rattled, not having been treated to such an avalanche of the real stuff in many moons. With the entire catch under lock and key "where a rat could not get to it," said Sheriff Hunter, "all may rest assured that it will be disposed of through proper channels."

Mr. Hinson's Residence Had Narrow Escape

Mr. Ward Laying For Groundhog With Murderous Intent; Dr. Currie Succeeded Postmaster at Tabor

Clarendon, March 18.—Pink Ward says that on next groundhog day he is going to watch for the little rascal and when he comes out he is going to do his dead level best to kill him. If his going back into his winter quarters is going to cause all the bad weather we have had since February Second, he certainly must not be allowed to go back.

Former Postmaster W. C. Graham, of Tabor, was in town one afternoon last week. Mr. Graham is now traveling for The Raleigh News and Observer. He was succeeded as postmaster March 1, by Dr. N. K. Currie.

The rural mail carriers of the state were pained to learn of the death last week of Mr. R. F. Gore, who has been in the R. F. D. service, as carrier from Wilmington, more than twenty years. Mr. Gore was host of the North Carolina Rural Letter Carriers' association at its convention in Wrightsville, last July, and won the friendship of every carrier who attended the meeting. He spared neither time nor money for the comfort and enjoyment of the carriers, and he will ever be cherished in their memory.

Rev. W. E. Hinson's residence on his farm near here is wearing a large new patch on the roof as the result of what might have been a serious conflagration, but for the heroic work of some of his guests Sunday afternoon. The wind was high and sparks from the chimney lodged on the dry shingle roof and took fire, which was gaining headway rapidly when discovered. There was no ladder close at hand, but fortunately about a half dozen of his friends were visiting him, who soon reached the fire with water, by climbing on each other's shoulders, and extinguished the flames.

The graded school here closes Friday and an interesting program will be rendered at night.

On account of illness of the pastor, Rev. W. A. Coleman, the pulpit at the Baptist church was filled by Rev. J. Harelson, last Sunday morning, who delivered a most interesting and helpful sermon.—J. D. Frink.

HOW TO BED SWEET POTATOES

Raleigh, March 18.—Sweet potatoes should be bedded in a manure heated hot-bed about six weeks before it is time to set them in the field, recommend horticultural workers of the Agricultural extension service.

To make this hot-bed, an excavation 12 to 18 inches deep should be made under the frame and in this should be placed stable manure to a depth of 8 to 12 inches. This should be watered if dry and well packed. On this should be placed 3 to 4 inches of clean sand in which potatoes have never been grown.

After heating has reached the highest point and dropped to 80 or 85 degrees F., the potatoes should be firmly placed in the bed leaving at least an inch of space between them. If the potatoes are too close, the sprouts will be so crowded that long spindling plants will be produced. After placing the potatoes, cover them with sand to the depth of about an inch, and the sprouts begin to force their way through the surface, apply two inches more of sand.

The temperature of the bed should be between 70 and 75 degrees F., until planting-out time. The bed should be thoroughly watered after the potatoes are put in and later waterings should be given whenever the soil becomes dry. The water should be applied lightly using a sprinkling can for purpose.

Only disease-free seed should be bedded and this is secured by treating the potatoes in a solution of corrosive sublimate one ounce to eight gallons of water for eight to ten minutes.

Most Valuable Handkerchief.

What is believed to be the most valuable handkerchief in the world belongs to the Queen Dowager Margherita of Italy. It is made of the purest old Venetian lace and it is in perfect condition, in spite of the fact that it was made in the fifteenth century. It has been appraised by experts to be worth at least \$15,000.

Well, Shirts Are Higher Now.

Col. Henry Branson Varner, of Lexington, does not seem to be splitting his shirt for Senator Underwood for the Democratic nomination for President this time. Wonder why?—Union Republican.

Evil Human Nature

No doubt, as Freud says, there is evil human nature in all of us. But civilization consists in holding it tight rein on it, instead of letting it go like a savage.

"Uncle" John Narrates Wonderful Ghost Story

Interviews Citizen Who Has Communion With A Heavenly Visitor

Clarendon, March 18.—The Bible times we read frequently of angels visiting many of the earthly inhabitants, among them Sarah, the wife of Abraham, her name and that of her husband later being changed by the Lord to Sarah and Abraham. Gideon was also visited by an angel of the Lord, as well as Gad, Zechariah, Moses, David, Joseph, Mary, John and many others. In more recent times we have heard people, whose veracity we had no cause to doubt, talk of seeing spirits in different form. While we have never had this experience ourselves, we have ever been an attentive auditor, and unlike many people, who claim that all such visions were nothing more than imagination, we have contented ourselves with the belief that everybody is not endowed with the gift.

For many weeks different people of the community have told us of the experience a gentleman has been having with visits, from what he is fully convinced is angels from Heaven. Since first hearing the report, we have been very much interested, and were anxious to give the story to our readers, but have refrained from doing so until we could get the information first hand. Several weeks ago, we went to this gentleman's home for the express purpose of an interview, but he was away from home, and not until last Saturday afternoon, did we have the opportunity of hearing the story direct from his own mouth.

This man is Mr. Frank Edge, a farmer of about sixty years, who lives two and a half miles from Clarendon, and is known in his community as a man of truthfulness. His second wife was an invalid for about five years, and about a year and a half since, she became insane and was taken to the State Hospital for the insane, at Raleigh, and she is still in that institution. During the illness of his wife, Mr. Edge was continually by her bedside, and gave her his undivided attention, until he, himself, was nearly a physical wreck. However, after he was relieved of the great task of caring for his wife, his health improved very much.

We began our interview with him Saturday by telling him what we had done once a week. He said that he finally told the public, but wanted his permission to do so, and also desired the information direct from him. He replied that we were at liberty to publish the story in the newspapers, and expressed his willingness to tell us all about his experiences with the heavenly visitors.

He began by saying that a short time before his wife went away to the insane asylum, he had seen on two or three occasions, an object near his house, that had the appearance of a woman dressed in white. He said very little about it at the time. After his wife went away the same object was seen around the house, and sometime afterwards he awoke to find this white-robed object standing by his bedside. This happened several times occurring about once a week. He said that he finally decided to find out if he could, why he was being visited in this manner, so the next time he awoke and found his heavenly visitor present he asked, "What in the name of the Lord do you want?" The angel answered him sat down on side of bed and conversed with him for some time. He sat up on the side of the bed, placing his feet on the floor, beside his visitor, holding out his hand in her direction, but feeling nothing. After conversing for several minutes, she asked him to go with her out on the porch, which he did. She preceded him through an open door, which he had closed upon retiring. On the porch she talked with him some more, and told him she was going away, but would come again, and made her ascent into the skies. He describes his visitor as the most beautiful object he has ever seen. Her robe is pure white, and her features are whiter than snow and most handsome. Her form glitters in the dark. He remembers distinctly all that she told him the first time she conversed with him, and on each subsequent visit, for she pays him a visit every Friday night, and has told him that she will continue her visits as long as his wife lives. He says that instead of feeling any embarrassment or fear, he welcomes her visits and is glad to see her come. She now spends about fifteen minutes with him on every Friday night, or Saturday morning between 1 and 2 o'clock. She has explained to him the reason of her coming, and he says he would not take thousands of dollars for what she has told him, pertaining to himself and wife only, which she told him not to tell, and he says the only fear he entertains is telling anything she has told him not to tell. She has told him some things to tell other people, which

Five Miles of Road Are Finished Daily

North Carolina Is Carrying On And Completing Enormous Amount of the Road Work

Trinity College, March 10.—"Approximately five miles of good roads are being finished per day in North Carolina by the State highway commission," Frank Page told an audience in the West Duke building at Trinity college last night. The speaker, who is head of the commission, also stated that 3,500 miles of improved roads has already been finished in the State. Over two and one-half miles of hard surface are being finished in the state each day.

"The efficiency of the commission can not be attributed to any one individual, because road building is a collective work, and the success is due to the united action of the men who compose the commission," Mr. Page declared in disclaiming individual compliments for the success of the system. Mr. Page came armed with a book of figures which he presented during his talk. He reviewed the early conditions of the State's roads and also the late system preceding 1915. He declared that between the years 1921 and 1925 the commission will have handed over eighty million dollars for the improving and building of roads in the state.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the lecture was the statement that the system, only covering 6 per cent of the total mileage of the state, will when finished serve 85 per cent of the State's traffic. The automobile and gasoline taxes were discussed fully, and he presented conservative figures to show that the State is saving over one million dollars per year by using the automobile and gas taxes as a basis for issuing bonds for the roads. By 1930 at the present rate the state will be able to issue bonds for the amount of two hundred million dollars safely.

LET ME COME IN

Let me come in where you sit weeping; aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly
loosed.
Their pressure 'round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss; such arms, such hands, I never knew;
May I not weep with you.

Fain would I be of service, say something
Between the tears, that would be comforting;
But ah! so sadder than yourself am I,
Who have no child to die!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Meat-Eating Peoples

The inhabitants of the Argentine are great meat eaters, then come the Australians and their neighbors, the New Zealanders. Americans come fourth on the list. It seems the rule that the great meat-producing countries are great meat-consuming countries.

he has done. One thing she told him, that he had never known was, that the wife of one of his neighbors had tried, during the illness of his wife, to induce his daughter who was living with him, to leave home. He asked the neighbor lady about it, and she said she could not deny it.

He moved from the place where he had lived during the illness of his wife, and where he had been visited so many times by the angel, to another place about half mile away, which he traded for recently, and he still has the regular weekly visits as before.

It seems that no other person has even this week visitor, but himself, but a few weeks before he moved, to his new place, he saw out in his field a small figure dressed as a little girl. This was also seen by his daughter twice, and by a Mr. Todd, once. The night it was seen by Mr. Todd, Mr. Edge went out on the porch for some water and calling to his daughter and Mr. Todd they both came out and saw the phantom. Young Mr. Todd started towards it, but when it moved away he did not advance further, but retreated. Mr. Edge, however, followed it for some distance, finally stopping and asking what it wanted. The reply was "Do not let Mr. Todd bother me," which was heard by both young Todd and Mr. Edge's daughter. This visitor has not been seen since he moved to his recent acquired property.

Mr. Edge said that some people say that it is the devil after him, but he takes an entirely different view of the matter, and contends that nothing so beautiful and pure as his weekly visitor could in any way have any connection with His Majesty.