

The Randolph Bulletin.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY PAPER FOR RANDOLPH COUNTY PEOPLE.

VOL. 6. NO. 32.

ASHEBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1911.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

History Cut in Eternal Stone.

A Wonderful Autograph Album in a Remote Corner of New Mexico that Our County Should Preserve.

(Written for the Bulletin By M. J. Brown, Editor Little Valley, N. Y., Hub.)

If a fellow only had time and money enough what a lot of wonders and strange tales he could dig up in this unknown part of American—the wonderland of the southwest.

But when he has to count his money every night before he puts his pants under his pillow, and re-count it every morning, to see if dreams came true—well, then history has to shorten up a bit.

It costs six dollars a day and expenses to dig for forgotten history in the southwest. The expenses are a dollar and a half for a team, the same for a driver and a little more for the digger. Eleven dollars at the least, and when you turn the driver back and relay to some interesting, unknown spot, it costs at least \$20 per day. And what man outside of the Smithsonian, and doing business on his own account, can lay over for a week or two at places of interest and history?

I have an idea that every fellow who ever came down here to review history was about as short as I am, and that he measured long ago events by how long his treasury cloth would pay livery rigs. (I'll except one newspaper man from this class—the late Frank Cushing—the newspaper writer who was adopted by the Zunis.)

From Zuni back to Gallup there was nothing but sand hills, an occasional pine tree (called the forest reserve on our maps) a lone trading store, and a few scattered Navajo Indians. I had been over this lonesome waste once, and I didn't fancy a return trip. From the trader at Zuni I learned that one could turn the driver back from Black Rock, relay at a ranch, and see records of our history of 370 years ago that but few white men have ever seen.

So I sent the driver back and started for those sentinel rocks of our early history—the rocks where early explorers wrote their history—an autograph album that should be preserved by our country—a record written on eternal stone.

Twenty miles east from Zuni these history rocks stand in the sunshine today—ancient as the sun. Wind, sand and erosion have tried to erase the records of these men who first made a path from Mexico to the Rio Grande, and who wrote their efforts on these rocks. But the climate of the southwest has dealt more kindly with them than has our country and they yet stand—to be seen and read by any man who can stand the hardships and six dollars a day, expenses included.

From the pueblo of Zuni to the Rio Grande runs an ancient trail, obliterated by years, and now a thoroughfare. Back in 1540 it was the only trail thru New Mexico to Santa Fe and the Rio Grande, and it would seem that almost every Spaniard left his card there—often a last message to history.

El Morro is the great historic rock that rises from the prairie—two hundred feet high and thousands of feet long—a wedged shaped mass of solid stone that will long remain a monument to our first civilization, and on whose face is the brief record of many a pioneer, whose daring exploits

opened New Mexico to the world. El Morro was the one common camping place for the venturesome Spaniards and each man registered at Nature's great hotel, little thinking the register would some day become a part of our country's history.

The inscriptions read little to me. They were all in Spanish (the old ones) and in abbreviated Spanish, that has taken years to translate.

But I had read of this famous Inscription Rock, and while I could make neither A nor Z from the lettering, I knew it was the inscriptions of men who never hoped to come back from the unknown, trackless, waterless, foodless, country ahead, filled with savages, wild beasts and countless dangers. And I looked with awe at these old registers, at the writing of men who wrote their own epitaphs.

Later I found a book at Santa Fe which translated these rock writings, and they mean much more than I thought. One of the oldest, and one well preserved, is that of Onate, which translated reads:

"Passed by here the officer, Don Juan de Onate to the discovery of the sea of the south, on the 6th of April, 1605."

Another one is dated 1526, but it is claimed this was an error in registering, as no white man had ever set foot in New Mexico at this date. reads:

"By here passed the Ensign Don Joseph de Payba Basconzelos, the year that he brought the town-council of the kingdom (N. M.) at his own expense on the 18th day of February of 1526 years."

And here is one that has romance and tragedy:

"They passed on the 23d of March, 1632 years to the avenging of the death of the Father Letrodo."

Father Letrodo was the first missionary to Zuni, sent to that lone parish and to his death. He worked hard with the sun worshipping savages, but they did not want his religion. He was brutally murdered, and terribly mutilated—literally hacked to pieces. And the expedition of Letrodo was to avenge his death.

I had three hours at this wonderful stone register—only three hours, or sleep out—and count my money again. On top of this great rock they say are the ruins of a people who lived there many years before our history began—ruins of which there is not the remotest history or tradition. But the driver said "we must beat it," to reach the railroad at Grant's that day, so there was nothing to it but regrets, while the driver pounded the ponies on the back for fifty miles.

The time will come, when vandals have half destroyed the many wonders of the southwest, that our country will take notice and throw protection around what is left.

I wish I could take a half dozen of our leading congressmen down into this country and show them around a bit. I wish I could make them feel what I feel, and see what I see—make them actually know something of the valuable history that will soon be lost to us unless protected.

I'll bet they would favor cutting out a battleship once in a while, and establishing a custodianship

over some of the greatest wonders on earth—our country's earliest history.

When you look up at the inscriptions on the faces of these ancient cliffs, and see where "J. H. Johnson" or C. L. Howard" has scratched his name over that of a man who gave his life to discover this country; when you see "John Jones of Kansas City" crowd out an Onate and stick his name up beside a Coranodo—well, it makes one's blood boil. Why I can see a picture of a commercial meat packer of 1911 hanging a penny weiner to the first discoverer of New Mexico.

I got in with a bunch of moving picture makers south of Santa Fe, and became well acquainted with the two managers meeting them at four different places. There were six in troupe four cowboys, who traveled with them all the time and the two managers, both New York fellows.

The managers told me that the east was simply crazy for the Indian, Mexican and cowboy stuff and that they name their own price for the real western pictures. He said the public was now educated so that they could tell the difference between a Tammany Hall brave and a Moqui Indian, and that a Coney Island cowboy wouldn't pass any more, even in a country town.

But the picture men are up against it hard down in the southwest.

The Indians simply won't back the play. They can't understand it and they hate a camera. They don't care so much about having a camera snapped on them, but they won't act, and of the many motion pictures you see mighty few of the red men in action, few, very few are Indians.

The Mexicans take to the game, but they can't act. Give them a few pieces of change and they will obey all orders, but they are wooden and unnatural and act much like the bridegroom having his picture taken.

The cowboys go into the business for the fun they get out of it—if they play at all. The manager said the best picture he got was by taking the punchers into a saloon and getting them into just the right spirits, when they would cut loose and furnish the most real cow pictures that could be had.

At Lama Junction is a cowboy, whose photo is on hundreds of post cards in the southwest. He is said to be the most picturesque personage in New Mexico and he is one of the few fellows left who backs his plays. Picture men pay him big money, when they pay him anything.

Lloyd, the manager, told me he found this puncher and made a bargain with him for three days. They put on a west doings, where the cowboy was to hold the stage. A Mexican girl betrayed him and the sheriff got him before he got the stage.

He said the play was getting nicely started, when he found the cowboy had a quart of whiskey and his jag was getting the start of the play. Every time he took a drink things look different. In the final, when the girl confronted him and when the sheriff protected her by keeping a .42 automatic at the head of the highwayman, he winked and leered at the girl, put his fingers on his nose to the sheriff and then walked off. He broke up a splendid finish, and some night, when you see this reel, and the machine quits just where the stage coach gentleman is going to get his—you'll know that it isn't the

Only Woman United States Marshal.

Miss Myrick of Greensboro Holds that Distinguished Honor.

Greensboro claims the only woman deputy United States marshal in the United States. There is probably no other case of this kind on record in the history of our country. The worthy possessor of this unique distinction is a very modest, retiring young lady, Miss Nessie Myrick; who has been a duly commissioned deputy United States marshal for the last five years. She has gone about her work so quietly and unostentatiously that many of her closest neighbors are not aware of the importance and responsibility of the position she holds.

Miss Myrick is a young woman of most attractive and prepossessing appearance, quiet, unassuming and calmly alert. While her duties are chiefly those of a clerical character, yet she is commissioned and has the authority to make arrests, and has actually done so in a number of cases. Her duties pertain to those of the Federal court, over which Judge James E. Boyd presides. Her position is not only an honorable and responsible one, but withal it is a lucrative one; and it is not to be doubted that many a hungry politician looks on the position she holds with an anxious, jealous eye. Miss Myrick possesses very unusual powers of physical endurance, is fond of outdoor exercise, and that she is capable of engaging in it is shown by a recent 20-mile walk which she took through the country, a feat to be envied by those who are not blessed with equal health and strength.

Miss Myrick is the daughter of eminently sensible people. Her father was Joseph A. Myrick, who was born, reared, lived and died in Randolph county. He was one of the best and most lovable of men. He was by trade a machinist, and possessed talents of such an unusual order that he was offered a position by a prominent northern house as consulting machinist for their factory. Mr. Myrick died 17 years ago, leaving Miss Nessie, then a little tot, to the care of her mother, Mrs. Annie Myrick, who now resides in Greensboro and conducts a boarding house of South Green street. Mrs. Myrick is the daughter of the late John E. Bain, a prominent citizen and Mason of Randolph county, who spent his later years in this city and died three or four years ago. The subject of this sketch, Miss Nessie Myrick, is also a niece of Lee Bain and brothers, of this city; also of the late Mrs. Millikan, whose husband, J. M. Millikan, was for 12 years the United States marshal for the western district of North Carolina, and now holds the position of clerk of the United States Court.—Daily News.

Nearly thirty thousand million dollars have been the cost to Europe of the armed truce of the last twenty-five years, and to this country the cost has been proportionate. What a parody upon our vaunted Christian civilization.

machine, but New Mexico booze that broke up the show.

Next week I'll tell you something about the southwest Indian—something of his real life and habits.

Prominent North Carolinian To Speak in Atlanta

Washington, D. C. Feb 15—J. Elwood Cox, President of the Commercial National Bank of High Point, will speak for the State of North Carolina, before the Southern Commercial Congress in Atlanta, March 8th, 9th, and 10th. Mr. Cox was appointed a member of the State Committee for this occasion by Governor Kitchin. He has had honorable connection with business affairs in North Carolina since 1883. His speech before the Southern Commercial Congress will be to the topic "The Solid South of Business". Equally distinguished men from each of the other Southern States will speak to the same topic, thus bringing together the latest authoritative word regarding the business status of each state in the South. Each of these speeches will later be used for national distribution.

Mr. Cox was born in Northampton County. He received his education in Guilford College, the Business College of Baltimore and at Earlham, and the Friends College of Indiana. He taught for a short time and in 1883 he associated himself with Captain W. H. Snow at High Point in the manufacture of spokes, handles, shuttle blocks and bobbin heads. Some years ago Mr. Cox sold out his spoke and handle business, and has confined his factory to bobbin heads and shuttle blocks. Although he has laid the basis of his large fortune in this business, Mr. Cox has been interested financially in many of the successful enterprises of his native City and State. He is a director in the Greensboro Loan & Trust Company, director in the Virginia Trust Company of Richmond, Director in the First National Bank of Thomasville, the Jefferson Life Insurance Company and is Trustee of the Guilford College endowment fund, the latter position carrying with it much responsibility.

In 1891, Mr. Cox with Dr. W. G. Bradshaw, organized the Commercial National Bank, now the largest bank in the county. At the beginning, the capital stock of the bank was only \$50,000, but it has continually grown in strength and usefulness. Mr. Cox has been President of the Bank since it was chartered and has been ably assisted by Dr. W. G. Bradshaw, either as Cashier or Vice President. He is President of the Globe-Home Furniture Company and owns stock in other factories.

He is a man of great public spirit, and his acquaintance extends widely outside of his native state, having among his

HONOR ROLL NEW HOPE ACADEMY THIRD MONTH.

First Grade—Annie Shaw, Clell Loflin, Hiram Chandler.
Second Grade—Lloyd Sheet, Earl Shaw, Laurin Cranford, Herman Russell.

Third Grade—Kathleen Chandler, Velna Hill, Nellie Baldwin, Gladys Loflin, Paul Seabolt, Lewis Varner, Johnie Loflin, Maston Baldwin, Lindsay Strickland, Hallie Shaw, Noah Morris.

Fourth Grade—Eulah Loflin, Frank Morris.

Sixth Grade—Bessie Seabolt, Mada Loflin, Bertie Chandler, Lala Russell, Robert Russell, Dyle Cranford, Roy Shaw.

Seventh Grade—Jessie Seabolt, Bettie Lyndon, Crate Loflin, Reid Loflin.

ASHEBORO GRADED SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

The following students have neither been absent nor tardy during the past month. They have also made a recitation grade of 95 or more per cent. Quite a number fell short of this month by a small margin. There names are not included. So far 95 students have neither been absent nor tardy during the year. A certificate of excellence will be given these students who are not tardy nor absent during the entire year.

FIRST GRADE SECTION A.
Fred Pamch, Fred Cranford, Bertha Hunsucker, Martha Penn Julia Ross, Margaret Sikes, Eleyse Calicut, Everette Nance, Bessie Ledwell, Evelyn Presnell, Elizabeth Skeen.

SECTION B.
Harold Moore, Lenard Ward, Dock Kivett, Alleen Norman, Annie Cox, Elizabeth Grossman, Maud Miller, Virgel Redding, Albert Bean, Richard Lassiter, Mary Small, Edward Gattis, Mary Loflin.

SECOND GRADE
Eddie Beck, Alexander Burns, Neely Hunter, Charles McCrary, Fannie Phillips, Ben Humble, Buren McPherson, Jim Clark, Baird Moffitt, Walter Betts, Mary Carter Auman, Josephene Smith, Frances Hall, Iris Turner, Wilmer Russell, Kate Spoon, Mary Ellen Cox, Bessie Kennedy, Eugenia Plummer, Ethel Aldred, Hazel Miller, Edith Pearce, Adelaide Armfield, Ruth Skeen.

THIRD GRADE.
Flossie Phillips, Clarabel Morris, Lillian Stella, Lottie Newby, Kate Bulla, Stella Auman, Nettie Ward, Frances Pearce, Nellie Fox, Lucy Lovette, Blanche King, Zelma Miller, Bertie Way, Lennie Beane, Ruth Cox, Lola Beck, Carrie Brittan Roy Foster, John Hunter, Clarence Smith, Sam Small.

FOURTH GRADE.
Ben Bulla, Alice Hunsucker, Donalee Loflin, Margaret Rush, Clela Rich, Elsie Presnell, Arthur Burkhead.

FIFTH GRADE.
Vallie Jones, Mary Moffitt, Eunice Bulla, Alice Burkhead, Candys Deaver, Kate Newby, Rubye Wright, Martha Evelyn Morris, Lillian Hunsucker, Grace Presnell, Faye Ferree, Lucile Morris, Hallie Ross, Eva Lewallen, Urslie Clark, James Burns, John Lackey, Edgar Black, Colin Spoon, Garland Lowdermilk, Sidney Wood, Roy Berry, Banks Richardson, Curry Loflin.

SIXTH GRADE.
Clarence Lovette, John Miller, John Plummer, Colon Richardson, Pearl Miller, Mary Wade Bulla, Bertie Kivette, Fleta Lewallen, Margaret Morris, Nannie Plummer, Ethel Presnell, Nancy White, Nancy Johnson, Jewel Glasgow, Edna Norman.

SEVENTH GRADE.
John T. Moffitt, Earl Bulla, Cortez Norman, Wiley Rush, Earl Kendall, Kate Walker, Beatrice Lewallen, Mable Parish, Jessie Wood, Edith Hunsucker, Vrtle Caviness, Rilla Spoon, Jessie Redding, Lula Pritchard.

EIGHTH GRADE.
Lillian Hendricks, Louella Lowe, Fannie Newby, Everette Kendall.

NINTH GRADE.
Mildred Burkhead, Harriette Hammer, Myrtle Hockette, Eugenia McCain, Blanche Miller, Ulnah Rush, Mary Spencer, Ray Hayworth, Byron Richardson.