

THE COURIER

ISSUED WEEKLY.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXXIV

Asheboro, North Carolina, Thursday, August 14, 1919

NUMBER 32

ON SERVICE

MISS EDNA HILL WRITES OF HER YEAR'S EXPERIENCE IN FRANCE

Mis Edna Hill, daughter of the late Nathan Hill, of Randolph county, has written an interesting account of her year's experience in France. Miss Hill had been in Charlotte nursing for some time prior to offering her services for overseas duty. Since her return she has resumed her work there. She has many friends in Asheboro and Randolph county who will read with interest her article which gives a detailed account of her activities as a Red Cross nurse:

In the spring of 1917 I have a vivid recollection of being awakened very early one morning by the persistent shouts of newsboys on the streets crying their "extras." I shall never forget the thrill or horror that shook me for the moment when I realized that they were saying "America declares war with Germany" and the swift days that followed, while we woke with startling energy to the fact that America was in the war, and there by the help of God, to stay till the Stars and Stripes once more took their high place in the world's triumph along with their glorious allies. The troop trains began their tortuous course from coast to coast while camps were thrown into construction all over the country. Among the thousands of other war enterprises the Brenizer unit was formed. Then came the question who should and who should not go, the usual shake ups and readjustments until finally the summer was gone, and the Brenizer Unit composed of twelve officers, twenty-one nurses, and fifty enlisted men was christened Unit "O," and waiting for orders.

We were ordered into mobilization quarters on November 15, 1917, the nurses of this unit to proceed to Ellis Island to await final orders. In New York, however, our plans miscarried and we were assembled in Hoboken instead, and here we were given our first taste of real war life. We were quartered on the roof garden of St. Mary's Hospital, in Hoboken, point of embarkation, and until the first of February, 1918, we simply endured existence. This roof garden was formerly used by the hospital for tubercular patients and was nothing if not well ventilated. The radiators were large but coal was scarce, and being located on the top of the building practically no heat reached us. Toward Christmas the cold became intense, the thermometer falling to 18 degrees below zero and the Hudson River became frozen over for the first time in thirty-seven years. Our quarters were rained and snowed in by turns and we some times recovered our shoes with difficulty from various pools of water around our beds. The food was very poor and quite insufficient in quality so that practically every nurse in the unit, including the chief, became ill with pneumonia, bronchitis, measles and almost all of the various ills that flesh is heir to. Finally an epidemic of mumps and measles broke out at Camp Merritt and many of the soldiers were brought to this hospital, which at that time was only partly taken over from the Sisters by the military, and we gladly went on duty with them. We were much happier and more comfortable on the wards than in our own quarters. This did not last long, however. About the first of February we were ordered to Ellis Island to await final sailing orders—and oh, what a wonderful hour when those orders came! All the discomforts of the past were forgotten. We were crowded, along with four other units, on a tiny boat and snaked over into New York harbor where we marched silently on board the magnificent English boat, the S. S. Carmania. This boat carried besides our medical corps of 500 officers, nurses, and enlisted men, 2,000 signal corps and aviators and a crew of 600. Of course the soldiers were lined up to see the nurses come on board, dressed in their regulation dark blue serge and blue felt hats and one of them remarked, "Gee, you girls look like underbakers." Then we began our wonderful journey across the sea. With scarcely a sound our majestic boat was loosed from its moorings, every living soul was ordered inside, the port holes and doors were closed, and with never a farewell glimpse of our beloved Goddess of Liberty to cheer us on our way, we were carried out of the harbor into the open sea. Later in the day when well out of sight of land we were allowed on deck and a day and night later we lay in harbor three days awaiting our convoy of Canadian vessels. Finally with no blowing of whistles nor commotion of any kind our eight immense transports loaded to the top rail with khaki-clad Canadian and American troops, gathered around our boat which was the flagship and gave orders of procedure to all the others, and we again put out to sea. This boat, the Carmania, was sister ship to the Tuscania, which had been sunk only a short while before, and was being carefully guarded and all precautions were taken to prevent the Germans from knowing that troops were being carried over on it, as it seemed they were particularly anxious to destroy this beautiful line of steamers—a thought not specially comforting to our souls. On the first leg of our journey, or until we were about half way across, we were protected by our own American man-of-war and I think none of us will ever forget the distinctly sinking feeling we experienced when just at sun-

SUMMER SCHOOL A GREAT SUCCESS

Special Features Each Day—Lawn Party Given the Faculty and Summer School.

The third week of the Randolph County Summer School opened with an enrollment of 108.

This is the first time the teachers of the county have had a four weeks' summer school within their reach.

No effort is being spared by Superintendent Bulla and the summer school faculty to make this one of the most instructive schools in this part of the state.

Great interest is being manifested by all the teachers in attendance and much good is being accomplished.

The lecture given on Sanitation by Mrs. Hargrave, county nurse, in the auditorium each day at nine o'clock, is not only interesting but very instructive.

The ladies of Asheboro are missing a real treat by not hearing Mrs. Hargrave. Some of the other interesting features have been patriotic program by Miss Parker, lectures on school management, Prof. Sentelle, institute conductor, Bible Study, Miss Miller, a model primary exercise, and a lecture, How to Care for the Teeth, Dr. Yokeley, Asheboro. These special features are given each day at 1:30.

Monday, August 11th, Mr. Grady Miller, assisted by Miss Bulla, rendered some beautiful vocal selections.

We hope to have Mr. Miller with us again during the school.

On Thursday evening August 7, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Ross gave a lawn party at their home on Wainman Avenue to the entire summer school and faculty. The entertainment consisted of music and games. Delicious watermelon and grapes were served.

Mayor O. B. Eaton, of Winston-Salem, talks on Thrift

Ex-Mayor O. B. Eaton, of Winston-Salem, who is now organizer of thrift societies over the entire state, lectured to the summer school on Tuesday, the 12th. The school was delighted with the manner in which he handled his subject. To be a teacher in the full sense of the word, says Mr. Eaton, she should instill into the hearts of her pupils four great principles: Service, thrift, sacrifice and self-denial.

Mr. Eaton's talk made such an impression on the teachers as to cause them to feel the need of thrift organizations throughout the schools of Randolph. As a result one hundred teachers of the summer school have pledged to organize thrift societies in their various school rooms.

Mr. Ira Binshaw, who has been recently elected Public Welfare Officer, for Randolph county, met with the teachers Tuesday and discussed plans and ways of compulsory school attendance in Randolph. The public is invited to attend any feature of the summer school.

The following have enrolled since the last issue: S. L. Varner, Mary Horney, Lillie Powers, J. L. Millikan, Pearl Russell, Bertha Russell, J. W. Hall.

set one evening out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, our man-of-war, for reasons we have never known—we never knew anything—turned and with little ado set out on its way "back home." Just as long as we could see we leaned over the rail and strained our eyes for one last glimpse of the steel monster that had been our tower of strength for so many days, and finally it dipped out of sight beyond the horizon and we only looked at each other in silence and truned away. As night drew nearer the big transports slipped silently into our side until we could almost touch them, and so we plodded our way through the dark waters toward we knew not what. But oh, wonder of wonders, when morning came, riding majestically ahead, just as if nothing had ever happened, was a big British warship whose camouflage stripes and clumsy false upper deck led one at first to believe that only an old scarecrow of a ship had replaced our own steel craft but "Oh, boy," she was named and crammed with guns inside and in fact was no less a personage than the British man-of-war, Victoria. She led us through the Gulf stream, along the coast of Ireland, into the danger zone where we were met by eight British destroyers, across the bar and finally into safe harbor at Liverpool. We dropped anchor at two o'clock one Sunday night and at 10 a. m. departed in a heavy fog on English soil. And England! so beautiful and green! so evidently the home of the English speaking race—but, oh! so sad and heartbroken and hungry. It was there that we began to know the real meaning of war in its horrorfulness for they had then seen three years of it and the crippled and wounded greeted us on every side. I shall always remember England as being sadder than even France itself. They were really in far worse straits because, for one thing, the millions of supplies that were daily being literally buried into France by the Americans. In the beautiful and spacious Northwestern Hotel, where we spent the remainder of the day, we had hardly enough food to keep our notably large American appetites satisfied. At night we resumed our journey toward "Somewhere in France," creeping small-like across England in miserable second class trains, sitting bolt upright all night on wooden benches that extended lengthwise of the cars, and arrived in Southampton at daybreak where we ate our scanty breakfast, and were then loaded onto the English hospital boat Warrild, where I first became acquainted

EDITOR GEORGE W. HOLLOWAY AND F. W. PRATHER OF THE HIGH POINT REPUBLICAN DISOLVE

A change in the management and editorship of the Morning Republican, a political daily which was launched in High Point about three weeks ago, occurred last Friday following an argument between Mr. George W. Holloway, who has been business manager, and Mr. F. W. Prather, who has been editor. It appears that following a union meeting which had been attended by approximately two thousand people, an argument arose concerning the labor situation. The result was that Mr. Prather has withdrawn from the business and has gone to his former home at Detroit, Michigan. It seems that Mr. Prather desired to suppress all news regarding the local union organization while Mr. Holloway sought to make public all the happenings in the realm of unionism. They could not agree so made each other the "keep or quit" proposition and cut the partnership. Mr. Holloway, according to the announcement, is now the editor and general manager. He is also the editor of The Bulletin, of which Mr. Prather has been associate editor. The Bulletin for the past month has been published at High Point.

with the quaint English custom of calling all nurses "Sisters." A neat English lad, an orderly, came to where we were grouped in the salon and inquired "how many Sisters are there for dinner?" "One hundred and fifty," I assured him gravely, "but we are not Sisters, we are nurses." He did not get the idea, however, and we continued to be Sisters right along. Later, we learned that this same little boat, with its lovable crew of bonnie English lads, was sunk in the channel, with no survivors, on a return trip from France. We crossed the channel that night somewhat in fear and trembling, for no one was permitted to even lie down a moment without being fully dressed and wearing our life preservers. The captain did not even leave this to the chief nurses. He made almost hourly rounds of inspection himself. At daylight, we anchored at La-Havre and at last we were really in France.

It would be difficult to tell you the mingled feelings with which we stepped upon the sacred soil of France. I recalled the fact that some famous French historian had closed his every description of the many French revolutions by saying, "And once again France was bathed in blood." Little had we dreamed that in our own time France should indeed be bathed, not only in the blood of her own gallant sons, the blood of her once hated enemy, the English, but also the red blood of America's wonderful manhood, all mingled in one common cause—Freedom, begotten of the love of liberty.

Our stay in La Havre was brief and here our struggle with the French language, the chief difficulty seemed to be in convincing them that we wanted, really WANTED, a drink of water. During one meal the landlady brought us every brand of drinks conceivable, from vin blanc to champagne, while we wildly shook our heads and waved our glasses. Finally, a bright French lad suggested a word to her, then they all laughed uproariously and she brought us a drink of water. After our two days' rest at LaHavre the various units with whom we had made our journey were sent in various directions, none knowing what the exact destination was to be. Again we were crowded on tiny cars, similar to those in England, and only slightly better equipped than those labelled, "16 horses, forty men," in which the soldiers traveled. Our three days' rations of brown bread, bully beef, tinned cheese, pork and beans, and jam, were hastily pitched in to us and we were on our way. There was no water on the train, so we opened our cans during the journey without washing and ate with grimy fingers and black faces, but hungry as bears nevertheless. On the third day we reached Bordeaux which the interpreter, who traveled with us, told us was our journey's end and here we found American ambulances lined up to take us out to the hospital to which we had been assigned, also a kindly gray haired lady, the chief nurse of the unit already in charge at this base, welcomed us warmly.

Oh, it seemed good to meet real American boys again too, and I am quite sure those ambulance drivers never looked quite so good before in their lives. I think I had forgotten to state that we had left the men of our own unit at a rest camp in England. A five mile ride brought us to our final destination—Base Hospital No. 6—a full base unit from the M. G. V., Boston. The hospital itself had been a French school for boys and had been taken over first by the French themselves for a hospital and later turned over to the Americans. It was a large rambling stone structure, four stories high and the large school rooms and dormitories had been turned into wards. In addition to this row after row of long wards had been built out from the main building and connected to it by board walks, until it looked like a small camp. The hospital was beautifully situated among the trees and flowering shrubs and we felt as if we had at last reached port. The chief led us all dusty and tired to the nurses' mess hall, and, as it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, they served tea in regular New England fashion, with delicious white bread and blueberry jam. I always knew after that just how that bread and jam tasted to the boys

MR. D. B. McCRARY RETIRING MAYOR OF ASHEBORO GIVES BANQUET TO ADMINISTRATION

On last Friday evening Mr. D. B. McCrary, retiring mayor of Asheboro gave a banquet at the Ashlyn Hotel to the officers of his administration and the Fire Company of Asheboro. The heads of the different departments told of the work in their department. Dr. E. L. Moffitt emphasized the spirit of co-operation which had characterized all the deliberations of the board, resulting in the inauguration of far-reaching and fundamental policies and material accomplishments which would furnish a sound basis for future development of the town.

Mr. W. J. Armfield, chairman of the school board, responded to the toast, "Our Schools," and told of the development of the school the past decade and announced the progress of present improvement and expansion for the near future, a modern steam heating plant now being installed to take the place of the worn out hot air system, and that dirt will be broken at an early date for the erection of a commodious, ample auditorium to be located just east of the present school building and close enough to be heated from the furnace of this building.

The ex-Chief of the Fire Department Sulon B. Steadman and his successor Clarence Rush, who have done a great deal to develop the re department of the town, told in a most interesting manner of the fire equipment and finances of the department.

Mr. McCrary's administration has marked four years during which time the town has made wonderful improvement and growth.

After the banquet, the ex-mayor, in a very happy speech, presented each member of the retiring board of aldermen and officers of the administration with a beautiful gold service pin with their monogram on each, bearing his evidence of friendship and appreciation of the co-operation and support which every one had rendered.

when they came down from the front. After we had refreshed ourselves we were taken some little way from the hospital grounds to our quarters—a most wonderful old chateau it was—large and roomy, with wonderful grounds around it. We were all quartered on the first floor as nearly all the rooms were large enough to hold three or four girls comfortably. So the next day the "Southern Girls," as we were called from that day on, went on duty at Base Hospital No. 6 and with the exception of the two who were sent out on detached duty, one to a hospital camp during the "flu" epidemic, and one to a mobile unit at the front, there we stayed for the duration of the war.

At first, our duties were very light. The Boston unit had been located here already for six months, so the hospital was in good running order. Additions to the same were constantly being made and our final number of wards was 101 with a capacity of 5000 patients.

Our work at this time consisted largely of patients from the neighboring camps—the 18th and 20th engineers, and colored stevedores from the nearby docks. Practically all were suffering from pneumonia and a large percentage of these had to be operated upon for emphysema. However, when I was placed on night duty I was given what we called the "Nut Ward"—epileptics, mostly, who had got by the examining board, through a fit on board ship, and had to be sent at once to the hospital on landing. These patients stayed in the hospital for months some times before a return passage could be secured for them. A noticeable feature of this obscure disease was that when one patient fell into a fit practically all the others followed suit, so that my time was spent largely in stuffing wooden applicators between their teeth and in reviling the astonishing inefficiency of medical boards in general, and in particular, those who made it possible for a nurse to travel 3,000 miles, at endless expense to the government, to nurse epileptics and mental deficient that a trained blind man should have recognized by touch as being impossible for a soldier. C'est La Guerre, however. At this time, April, 1918, very few Americans were actually in the fighting but a little later our first convoy of wounded men arrived from the front and we went to work in good earnest. These boys were mostly victims of hand grenade explosions and were wounded mostly about the legs and hips. One boy, a lad of 17, carried 13 separate wounds, beginning with cuts behind his ears and on his cheeks, the muscles of his left leg were entirely paralyzed. It usually took me thirty minutes to do his dressings. As the fighting grew fiercer at the front our convoys were more frequent and the wounds deeper and more serious, fractures and amputations became numerous and then the Balkan fractures and Dakin tubes became more popular than ever. After the morning dressings the nurse went around every two or three hours with a bottle of Dakin's solution and a large syringe and injected enough of the fluid into the tubes to keep the dressings wet. This was done day and night so that the wet dressings did not adhere to the wounds and consequently caused much less pain, besides keeping the wound clean. It was simply horrible to have to remove the dressings from the badly wounded who had just come in from the field hospital. It took the hospital train two days to bring the men back as far as our base. They were seldom dressed on the train un-

dered. Mr. Elmore was the recipient of many useful and beautiful presents.

Employees of the Spencer Railway Shops Return to Work

Employees numbering from 1500 to 2000 who have been in the employment of the Southern Railway shops at Spencer returned to work Monday. The decision to return to work was reached at a meeting of the federated crafts Sunday afternoon and the workers were promptly notified. One of the employees said that the whistle that blew on Monday morning sounded as good as a brass band to him.

Two Million Blankets to be Sold by the War Department

The war department is offering to the public two million surplus army blankets. Arrangements have been made for their distribution through the postoffice and municipal channels on the same plan adopted for the food stuffs.

For individual purchasers, prices will be \$6 for new wool blankets, and \$5 for reclaimed wool; \$5 for new cotton mixed, and \$3.50 for reclaimed; \$3 for new cotton and \$1.25 for reclaimed cotton. The reclaimed, it is explained, are blankets used less than a year which are renovated and laundered.

These selling prices will be fixed for stocks retailed through municipalities and postmasters. In addition, the department will sell blankets in bale lots of 20 at prices lower than the retail figures. No more than 10,000 blankets will be sold to a single purchaser.

Hamlet Visited by Fraudulent Organizer

Hamlet has been visited by a fraudulent organizer of the Ku Klux Klan, who it seems collected a large sum of money in membership fees. At the hour fixed for organization it happened that a visitor from Athens, Ga., in passing through dropped in at the meeting and recognized the organizer as the person who had pulled a similar trick in his town. He promptly notified the authorities and Mr. Ritchie, the organizer, was forced to refund the money paid in membership fees.

Supprise Birthday Dinner For Mr. J. B. Elmore of Randleman

On Sunday August 10th a supprise birthday dinner was given Mr. J. B. Elmore in honor of his 82 birthday at his home in Randleman by his children and other relatives. Forty six guests were present and participated in the celebration and enjoyed the sumptuous dinner which was served on the lawn. The table was 32 feet long and was loaded with delicious food. Those present from out of the county were: Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hanner and family of Greensboro, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hillard of Greensboro, Mr. C. T. Elmore and daughter of High Point, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fentress and family of Greensboro, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Millikan of High Point and Mr. Shaw of Greensboro.

Mr. Elmore was the recipient of many useful and beautiful presents.

Miss Eula Routh Weds Mr. June Pugh

A most beautiful marriage was solemnized last Sunday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Routh on Millboro Route 1, when their oldest daughter, Miss Eulla, became the bride of Mr. James F. Pugh. These young people are among the most highly respected of the Millboro section as was attested by the large number of townspeople present at the marriage. Rev. J. A. Ledbetter was the officiating minister.

Misses Hattie and Julia Craven went to High Point Saturday for a few days' visit.

Messrs. Russell Parks, Hazel Pilkenton Lige Hancock, Jo-in Sumner and Misses Grace Moon and Sarah Parks went to Greensboro Saturday.

Mr. Garland Slack, of High Point, is spending some time in the city.

Mrs. Mildred Hargrave, county nurse was the guest of Mr. Hugh Parks Sunday and was a visitor at M. E. Sunday school Sunday morning.

Mr. C. M. York, who for some time has been working at Greensboro, spent Sunday with his father-in-law, Mr. York is building a handsome bungalow in Greensboro, on Asheboro street, where he expects to make his future home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Free and H. F. Brady and family, of Ramseur, spent Sunday evening with Mr. Free's brother, Mr. M. W. Free, on Allred street.

Mr. Dennis Hayes and two small sons left for Durham Thursday for a few days' visit.

Rev. S. S. Perry, of Rockingham, commenced a series of meetings in his tent near Rev. J. F. Allred's.

Randolph Mfg. Company is building a swimming pool near the old water tank. R. I. Booth has the contract and hopes to have it ready for use in a few weeks.

Mrs. E. A. Thomas, after visiting her sister near Red Cross Friday, returned home Monday.

Causey Cox, of Greensboro, was a visitor in town Friday and Saturday.

R. C. Curtis and family spent Saturday and Sunday at Randleman.

PACIFIC FLEET AT LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

The Pacific Fleet was at Los Angeles, California August 9th. Secretary of the Navy Joseph Daniels and family joined the fleet at San Diego. They had as their guest Governor Stephens of California.

Kuy Prevo and Guy and June Fields, Alleged Robbers of Climax Postoffice Attempt to Escape by Jumping From Train.

Kuy Prevo, June and Guy Fields, alleged robbers of the post office at Climax while in custody of Mr. C. T. Roan on train 22 enroute to Greensboro for trial effected their escape by diving swiftly through a window Friday. Bloodhounds were sent from Asheville Saturday night and followed them to their hiding place. They were recaptured and are now in Greensboro jail. The facts of the case seem to be that the three boys entered the store of Allred and Allred at Climax about June 1st and robbed the store of about \$200 worth of goods and also robbed the post office which was in the store. Then stole a car from the Pleasant Garden garage and hauled the goods to Kinston where they disposed of this car and stole another and proceeded to St. Louis Mo., where they were located. The Fields boys are the sons of Mr. Lane Fields of the Sandy Creek section. Prevo is a son of Mr. Prevo of Franklinville.

Andrew Carnegie an Aged Millionaire passes

Mr. Andrew Carnegie died in his 84th year at his summer home at Lenox, Mass., on Monday from bronchial pneumonia. Monuments in nearly every city of consequence in the country, which in past years have paid tribute to his generosity, will continue to honor his memory, and Americans, young and old will continue to think of Andrew Carnegie as a man who was happiest when he was making others happy.

Kidnapping Case in Thomasville

Following a divorce case of C. W. Gilliam from his wife Ida Gilliam at Lexington the father was given the custody of their little seven year old daughter. A few days later the mother of the child together with R. W. Vail and Jordan R. Skeen of High Point went to Thomasville and kidnaped the child. Warrants were served on all three of the parties whereupon they returned the child. The three kidnapers were bound over to court under a bond of \$500 each.

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Franklinville News

Tom Tucker, of Asheboro, gave an interesting moving picture show at the academy Saturday night.

Misses Hattie and Julia Craven went to High Point Saturday for a few days' visit.

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Ramseur News

Mr. Waddell and family, of Bonlee, visited T. E. West and family Sunday.

Mr. W. H. Watkins, Jr., and children spent part of last week at Columbia, S. C.

Mrs. S. A. Caveness and daughter, Louise, of Greensboro, spent several days last week here with friends.

Messrs. Glenn Scott and Lonnie Burgess recently returned from Europe.

Mr. E. Y. Steed and family and Miss Pauline Allred visited friends at High Point last Sunday.

Miss Hattie Burgess visited at Randleman last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Marley left Monday for Washington and Baltimore.

Misses Madge Moffitt and Ora Scott returned last week from summer school at Chapel Hill.

Ramseur grocers are ready to be investigated on profiteering on food stuffs. I am sure there nothing to be adjusted by any one here. While everything we eat is very high indeed the retailers of our town handle everything in the foodstuff line at a very close margin of profit.

Rev. W. M. Smith filled his regular appointment at the Methodist church Sunday, preaching two good sermons.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Vestal, of Jordan, were visitors in town Sunday.

J. C. Watkins and family, of Greensboro, spent Sunday here with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Kearns spent a day or two visiting near Farmer last week.

Miss Vallie Scott and Mrs. J. W. Bailey of Greensboro, are visitors at H. W. Scott's this week.

Special services are being held at the Holiness church this week. Evangelist Coleman, of Baltimore, Md., is doing the preaching. Large congregations are attending and much interest is being manifested.

Quite a number from here attended services at Bethany Sunday to witness the unveiling of the monument to the late W. J. Murphy by the Woodmen of the World.

Mrs. Routh, of Bennett, returned home last week after spending some time in the hospital here.

Mrs. Scott, of Asheboro, will leave the local hospital this week.

Mrs. Ol Dicks, who was operated on last week, is getting along nicely.

Miss King, of Asheboro, who was operated on for appendicitis two weeks ago, will go home this week.

Mr. Poole, of Asheboro, was operated on Monday at the hospital here.

Mrs. Charles Allred, who was operated on Monday, is doing nicely and hopes are entertained for her steady recovery.

Joe Ledbetter, youngest son of Rev. J. A. Ledbetter, had his tonsils removed by Dr. Wilkerson last week.

Of all the patients who have been in the hospital here this year only one has died and he an old man from West Virginia, who was dying before he came here.

Dr. Asbury, of Asheboro, is assisting Dr. Wilkerson in several operations at the hospital.

Dr. Wilkerson is proving himself to be one of the most successful surgeons of the state and his hospital is up-to-date and well equipped.

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