

## Meet Some Raleigh Citizens

Raleigh, both as the county-seat of Wake and as capital of the State, has a host of folk who are worth knowing. Many of them have been abundantly publicized. You know such gentlemen as Ehringhaus, Maxwell, Stacy and the other four justices of the supreme court. For The Voice to echo their fame would advantage neither you nor them to any great extent. But there are scores of worthy men, not so well known, whom I shall seek to introduce to our readers in the next few issues, and others whom I shall casually or incidentally mention as a reminder that they are still in the land of the living and playing the game of life.

### Two Patriarchs.

For instance, on recent visits to Raleigh, I have had the pleasure of chatting with the two patriarchs, Captain S. A. Ashe and Major Olds. The younger generation can hardly conceive of the long period of activity of the former. Go way back to the sixties and see the gallant young Annapolis cadet playing his part in the War Between the States. Come on up twenty years and find him one of the leading journalists of the State. Come up to the Wilson regime and see the veteran given as a reward in his old age the clerkship of the Federal Court. See him outlive his chief and by the grace of the Republican administrations still hold on to the job, outliving both Harding and Coolidge and passing again into a Democratic administration after living through the Hoover regime. And at 93, I find him at his desk, ready to talk or ready to write. But I must not forget to remind you of the achievement of a magnum opus of his old age—his History of North Carolina in two great volumes.

The names and exploits of the men of North Carolina for almost a century are imbedded in his subconsciousness and may be drawn to the surface most unexpectedly. Thus, the other day, I caught the crigin of the once quite notable Strudwick family in North Carolina. The Strudwicks, according to our informant, were London merchants. One son married an actress and thus put himself out of caste. The owner of the famous "Stag Park" plantation between Burgaw and Rocky Point owed the London merchant a considerable sum. The son who had married distastefully to the family was sent over to take charge of the "Stag Park" plantation. He came with a lot of merchandise, or got the remnants of his father's debtor. Unfamiliar with the conditions of a slave-holding community, the story was told that he sold his goods to the slaves on credit.

I gathered, also, that the grandfather of Captain Ashe through this neighborhood residence of the young Strudwick found his wife—niece of Mr. or Mrs. Strudwick, who had come down from Hillsboro or elsewhere to visit her uncle's family. She was a Shepperd (sic), and gave the middle name Shepperd to Captain Ashe's father, Wm. S. Ashe. Rocky Point was in those early days the center of one of the aristocratic communities of the State. Lillington Hall, for instance, was just across the North East Cape Fear from Rocky Point.

When Captain Ashe's memory becomes quickened one might listen to interesting traditions for hours and write pages, and that I am about to do, though only a casual mention, more or less, was intended. That I give here to Colonel Olds. He came into a cafe as I ate a snack and joined me at the table. He is eighty years young; completely enlisted in building up the Hall of History and in escorting the school children of the state to various points of interest. I have just read how Colonel Olds, 50 years ago, had constructed a Gargantuan kite, with which he amused himself and the kite. Bob Gray tells of it, and was presumably one of the kids glorying in helping work the windlass that let out and draw in the cord of the monster affair. It is a wonder with kites and the hurled cylinders that the principles were not discovered earlier.

And here I would mention meeting Colonel J. R. Young, also an octogenarian. Long he was insurance commissioner and one of the best the State ever had. He told me that he had not been well for some weeks. However, that he is better was evident from the fact that he was on the streets.

But the Raleigh citizen who has come in for most praise recently is Mrs. Barbee, whom I have never met, but who must be a wonderful woman and teacher, continuing, as she is, her work as classroom instructor at the age of eighty. Long may she wave.

Great praise has been extended the memory of Dr. White, long pastor of the First Presbyterian church. I did not know Dr. White, but for years I have been impressed with the independence and strength of his character and ministry through reports of his work.

But let's meet some of the younger men of the Capital City.

**A. L. Purrington.**—When I first met this young gentleman a year ago I soon became convinced that he is a young man who does his own thinking. He described himself the other day as a "Tory." Mr. Purrington is a native of Scotland Neck. He received his bachelor's degree at the University in 1921, taught a year or two in Greensboro, and returned to the University for two years of law. He came to Raleigh as secretary of the organization campaigning for Governor Morrison's Terminal and Water Transportation scheme. For six years following, he was associated with General Cox in the practice of law. For the last three years he has been going it alone. And he has clients, for I catch one in his office.

**W. Brantley Womble.**—The original North Carolina habitat of the Wombles is western Wake and Chatham county. Brantley was reared in western Wake, a few miles from New Hill. He has been a lawyer for thirteen years, having secured his law training at the State University. He was chosen one of Wake's three representatives in the last legislature in a race in which more than a score of candidates was enlisted. As a member of the House finance committee he was pronounced by Chairman Doughton as one of the hardest-working new members of a legislature he had ever seen—and Governor Doughton has been seeing them a long time. Mr. Womble is much pleased with the successful operation of the sales tax, for which he readily assumes his share of the responsibility. He has little love for the Hindsdale select commodity tax. Brantley will be a candidate to succeed himself and will not hedge on the sales tax, despite the fact that Mr. Leonard's brigade will be gunning for him and others of his ilk.

**Henry G. Holding.**—Let's go to the county court house and look over the personnel therein. I begin with the dean of Wake officialdom—Henry G. Holding—who is serving his 12th 2-year term as auditor. "Mr. Holding," I said, "you were a farmer when I was a student at Wake Forest—where did you learn to audit or haven't you learned?" "Well," he said, "I knew double-entry bookkeeping and when one balances a book by that old scheme, it is balanced. They have had \$25,000 audits, but they haven't got me yet."

If Willis Holding, father of Henry G., did not have his own picture taken with his six stalwart sons, he should have had. An Abe Lincoln in stature and with a similar beard, Willis Holding owned a farm in what is now the corporate limits of the town of Wake Forest. No daughter, but six sons—count them: Newton, Henry G., W. W., Thos. E., Otho, and Solomon—were reared in the old homestead—a regular old country home. All six of them were allowed to graduate at the college, several of them taking the master's degree. But they had to work on that farm and help the father make ends meet. Monday and Tuesday of commencement weeks, Mr. Henry says, they worked all day or till the exercises began and after the day program—Wednesday and Thursday, particularly if one of them was graduating, they might have off for commencement.

When I write about the Holdings, I am on familiar ground. I attended W. W.'s school at Harrell's store in lower Sampson. He was an A. M. graduate. Big school there now, but I bet you there is no W. W. Holding. Solomon was a school mate there. I spent my first night at Wake Forest in the Holding home. The Holding association made me a Euzelian instead of a Philomathesian, contrary to the Sampson county tradition. Mr. Holding was a widower. There were six of us he-males in the home without a woman at all—the father and four of the stalwart sons. Newton was already a prominent Raleigh lawyer, practicing with his uncle, W. H. Pace, one of the big-uns. Henry was married and on a farm over on the Neuse.

All are dead now except Auditor Henry and Dr. Solomon, the baby, who lives at Wake Forest. Tom's son, R. P. Holding, is the well known Smithfield banker. Henry's son, Clem B., is a promising Raleigh lawyer—in fact Clem seems to have already arrived. He has the stalwart form of his grandfather and father. Graham, Clem's brother—well, he is an insurance adjuster at Charlotte, Salisbury or some other depot. Mr. Holding's daughter, Mrs. McSwain, lives with him and Mrs. Holding.

While in the Auditor's office, meet Mr. Holding's two right-hand men—Messrs. T. B. Yancey and Stone Adams—both with him for about twelve years.

**Treasurer J. Milton Mangum.**—Mr. Mangum is a native of Granville county, a son of D. G. Mangum and kin to the upper Wake county Mangums, famous through Priestly for the invention of the Mangum terrace. He served thirteen years as a deputy in the treasurer's office before becoming treasurer himself. He is serving his fourth term and the fact

that he beat three opponents in the last primary by more than two to one—the whole bunch of them—rather assures him a clear field the coming campaign. At least there has been no declared opposition.

**Sheriff Numa F. Turner.**—Eight years ago N. F. Turner was a Panther Branch farmer in lower Wake. Deciding that he would like to be Sheriff Turner, he went out and corraled the number of votes necessary to give him that title. A clever fellow and a fine officer Sheriff Turner is, as is indicated by the fact that he has won his majority in four primaries. Another race looms and opposition is in the offing, but the fellow that beats Sheriff Turner will know that he has been in a race. The sheriff's right-hand man in the office is Mr. C. L. Haynes. He has ten field deputies, and all of them, I believe, have been with him since his occupation of the office more than seven years ago.

**E. Lloyd Tilley, Clerk of Court.**—Two or three times Mr. Tilley, while deputy clerk under the veteran clerk, Vitruvius Royster, came over to Pittsboro when Chatham juries were to be drawn for Wake cases. I was not surprised on Mr. Royster's death that Mr. Tilley was appointed as Mr. Royster's successor. He had served as deputy clerk for twelve years and was thus thoroughly prepared to fill the responsible position of clerk of the Wake court—which is no mean task. He has not yet had to seek the votes of the people and it will not surprise me if he doesn't have to do so this year. Who has the grit to run against a man so thoroughly equipped for the job and as yet having served only a portion of a term? If he is in Wake, he hasn't yet announced his purpose. Mr. Tilley is a native of Durham county.

**Register Hunter Ellington.**—Hunter Ellington, serving his second term as register of deeds, was born and reared right there in Raleigh. He had been a clerk or deputy in the office before he was elected register of deeds. He is facing his third test before the people, but what he did for two opponents two years ago will probably give caution, for he beat both of them by more than two to one. Mr. Ellington has in Mr. W. F. Booker and E. T. Beddingfield, and a number of fine ladies' most capable assistance.

**Supt. J. C. Lockhart.**—Here is a gentleman of long and successful career in the educational realm—long for a man of his middle-age. He is a native of Orange county. He graduated at the University, and has since attended summer sessions at Columbia University. After graduation, Mr. Lockhart launched straightway into teaching, serving as principal at Apex, Dunn, and Wakelon. From the latter position he came to the superintendency of the Wake county schools in 1918, and there seems likely to remain. His administration covers all the schools of the county except those of Raleigh, which operate under a special charter, will be well known educator, Mr. Daniels, as superintendent.

Mr. Lockhart has a particularly capable and accommodating trio of office assistants in Misses Isabelle Haynes and Janie Blue, and Mrs. Mary Holdford Abbott. They have grown up with Mr. Lockhart in the office and are, it is evident, mighty convenient persons to have around where so much work is to be done.

**Mrs. Bickett.**—But let's run up to the third story and speak to Mrs. Bickett, county welfare officer. She needs no introduction—she is simply Mrs. Bickett. Her name is a household word not only in Wake, but largely throughout the State.

**Theodore K. Fountain, Lawyer.**—T. K. Fountain was a toddler of a year down at Falkland, Pitt county, when the new century was born. It was his father for whom the town of Fountain was named. He attended State College one year and Washington and Lee University three years, graduating in law at the latter institution in 1922. After receiving his license in 1922, he attended Harvard University the session of 1922-23, where he took a special course in law. He opened his law office in Raleigh in the summer of 1923.

Mr. Fountain, in addition to being a lawyer, is a big-time farmer, at least by proxy. He is in charge of about 2,000 acres, 1,000 in cultivation, in the counties of Pitt, Edgecombe, Green, Gates, and Wilson. The largest of the tracts is the "King farm" between Fannville and Fountain, which contains about 700 acres. Cotton, tobacco, peanuts, and the other field crops are grown under Mr. Fountain's supervision. Accordingly, you may not be surprised if you occasionally find him absent from that law office. But he will not always be at one of those farms, for he had just returned the other day when I saw him, from New Orleans, where he spent a week at the Mardi Gras.

Theodore Fountain is a second cousin of R. T. He is a likable gentleman and a capable lawyer.