

CHATting WITH RAEFORD FOLKS

I introduced quite a batch of Raeford people to our readers a year ago, but the number of Voice readers has considerably increased since that time. Let me introduce you to my old friend Edgar Hall, acquaintance dating back to my Lumberton days when Mr. Hall was a resident of Robeson. He became a citizen of Hoke in 1908 without moving. Hoke got old Blue Springs township of Robeson. They have cut it up into three or four townships in the baby county. He is clerk of the court and, I believe, doesn't even have any opposition to his re-election.

While I am talking to Edgar Hall in comes the chairman of the board of county commissioners, Mr. F. F. McPhaul, a fine farmer who is giving Laurie McEachern a lively race for the position of representative. The latter would stand a fair chance to become speaker if renominated, but that is to be settled June 2—tomorrow by the date of this paper.

How to Pronounce "McEachern"

Carl Goerch and Wade Lucas have both tried to give their readers the pronunciation of "McEachern," but have utterly failed. Wade's attempt made it "McCairn." Boys, I am an authority. I took lessons in pronouncing that name under the patriarch of the clan more than thirty years ago—Archie Johnson's brother-in-law—was it D. S. McEachern? He wrote under the nom de plume of "Snyder" and I recall him rather by that name. He was long a resident of Red Springs and his pronunciation of the name was probably derived from Gaelic speaking Scotch or from those whose parents spoke Gaelic. Laurie was reared in Georgia and probably never really learned his name. There are three syllables in the Scotch pronunciation. The nearest I can illustrate the pronunciation in cold type is thus: Ma-ke-hern. Those letter combinations must be pronounced with a nasal twang, which, in my case, actually makes my nostrils quiver. Accent the second syllable. On the last two syllables is where the nasal twang comes into play.

Well, Laurie has got to win May 2 before he can begin to count his speakership chickens. R. Grady Johnson down in Pender has the same problem.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Upchurch were over at Hot Springs, Arkansas, last year and I had the pleasure only the other day of meeting those fine people. Mr. Upchurch is one of the largest property holders in Hoke and has one of the most lovely homes in eastern North Carolina. He came from Wake a poor half-orphan lad with the support of his mother largely upon him. His first task at forty cents a day was to pay off the mortgage on his mother's little home in Wake. His success is well deserved, but is doubtless due in part to that fine wife of his. She is one of the Fuquay Springs Johnsons, a double-first cousin of that splendid Wake citizen, K. B. Johnson of Fuquay, father of the two Johnson teacher men in the Dunn school.

Mr. Covington, the sculptor, was not at home. Mrs. Covington said that he had created a number of things during the last year, but never has corraled ex-Governor McLean to get the final touches on his bust.

The Colored School Sends Out First Class of Graduates

I am in Dr. Brown's office when Supt. Hawfield comes in and I learn that Dr. Brown is president of the town school board and has been a member of it for years. He directed the throwing of the first dirt for the erection of the colored high school building ten or twelve years ago, and Mr. Hawfield had the diplomas in his hand for the first class of fourteen. They had already been passed at commencement to the members of the class, when by mere chance Mr. Hawfield picked up that for the daughter of the first colored man who appeared on the scene that day a dozen years ago to help prepare the ground for the building. A most fitting happening that. The diplomas were back in hand to receive the signature of Dr. Brown. That is the one colored high school in the county and some of the pupils walk several miles to attend it. Mr. Hawfield says the attainments of

some of the graduates compare favorably with those of the graduates of the white school.

I met the chairman of the county school board—Mr. Louis Parker, another staunch farmer and a man of fine economic sense, as I discovered in a chat with him. Dr. Fairly, the scholarly pastor of the Presbyterian church, was just off for his vacation. I was much impressed with that gentleman when I met him last fall. Dr. Cromartie, one of Raeford's fine physicians, was ill. He, of course, is one of the Bladen Cromarties. I failed also to see my old Robeson friend W. B. McQueen. I found him at Raeford at the time I met Dr. Fairly last fall. He is a good one. I have never introduced you to Mr. E. B. McNeill, Raeford's biggest merchant. You should know him—he is a real man. And in the dry goods department of that huge store is Mr. A. K. Stevens, another fine gentleman. Ryan McBryde was off at his sawmill in Cumberland. He has one at Raeford also. As Hoke does not have the senatorship this year, Senator McBryde is not going through the throes of a campaign. Mr. Baucom, merchant, was out of town and I failed to show him that pair of shoes I got from him last May 17, which, worn every day since, hasn't a break in them, though they have scuffed the pavements of probably 50

North Carolina towns and cities and had had no repair at the date of my visit except a pair or two of strings. Probably I shall show them to him next May, as they look good for another year. They cost \$1.85 and a year's subscription to The State's Voice.

In the Baucom store I met a nephew of his, Young Weaver, who has been teaching at the Six Runs school over in Sampson. He had been teaching the ideas of some of the young Petersons over that way how to shoot. He is another of the legion of Wake Forest men in the school business in this State.

Raeford boasts its sculptor, its excellent editor, Paul Dickson, and long-time editor and witty anti-monkey legislator, D. Scott Pool, its senator and representative, but one of the most interesting characters there is Dr. A. C. Bethune, steeped in Scotch history particularly. He even visited Daniel McNeill, descendant of Neill McNeill, up in Canada, to learn of the first appearance of that pioneer of the Scotch in the Cape Fear section. One of these days I hope to have an article from Dr. Bethune on the early settlers of the Cape Fear section. As an example of what he can tell is the statement that the first man to get a land grant at what is now Wilmington was the ancestor of our old friend, John Maulsby, long a resident of Fayetteville and dealer in real estate over

several counties.

Dr. Bethune is of course a descendant of Moore's great land-owning congressman, Lauchlin Bethune, who owned largely the Fort Bragg lands of today. Fortunately for his descendants they did not acquire those barren acres and have to try to make a living upon them after turpentine ceased to be a source of considerable income. It may astound our friend Bion Butler to pronounce such a heresy—but about the only thing those sand hills are good for is to shoot over and to afford room for golf courses. It is the very place for Uncle Sam's greatest infantry camp or fort. I refer to those areas in which the nearest clay is across the next creek.

Dr. Bethune is a double-first cousin of L. A. Bethune of Clinton and of the Harnett county Bethunes. The Bethune name is as old as French or even Gallic history, Caesar spelled the name of the present town of Bethune in France "Bethunia," which is almost identical with the present name, for 'th' and 't' are interchangeable in all the Aryan tongues. The first Bethune went to Scotland so long ago that the French strain is so thin that the Bethunes may be accounted full-blood Scotchmen.

I shall tell you of other Raefordites another time. But here and now let me say that Raeford is one of the most delightful communities I know.

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