

SERMONETTES

Two Editorials From The Fayetteville Observer of June 27.

RUSSIA EDUCATING ITSELF BACK TO GOD

Russia's atheist society, the Society of the Godless, is bemoaning the fact that despite the official abolition of the Deity by the Soviet Government, millions of Russians continue to worship God.

To counteract the worship of God the Society of the Godless is calling for more atheistic education in Russia. They are battering their heads against a stone wall, because the more educated the Russian people become the more and more they will turn back to belief in a Supreme Being.

Educated men may differ as to the nature of God, they may differ in their belief as to the extent of God's interest in humanity, but their very education brings them to know that behind everything that exists, behind the universe, behind the sun, behind the moon, behind the winds and the tides, behind the earth and the metals, behind the salts and the acids, behind the atoms and the molecules, behind the neutrons and the deuterons, behind space and behind time, there is a Mind.

Astronomers catch a glimpse of the rhythm of the stars, chemists perceive the rhythm of the elements, and they know there is somewhere a Plan of which they have uncovered only the outer fringes.

Plain men see the hand of God in the rising and setting of the sun, in the alternate phenomena of summer and winter, and they hear His voice in the song of a bird or the rustle of the wind through the pines.

Only fools, half-baked with a little dangerous learning, cry in their ignorance: There is no God!

Russia, officially Godless, in making education compulsory and efficient, insures the return of the recognition of God.

THERE IS NO DEATH FOR THOSE WITH FAITH.

It were trite here to recount the delightful personality, the unselfish character, the kindly interestedness, and the maternal and wife-like devotion of Mrs. Charles G. Rose, whose untimely passing yesterday morning bereaved Fayetteville.

Mrs. Rose was essentially a gentlewoman of a type all too rare in an age and era which apparently temporarily has lost its hold and its true conception of fundamental truths and values.

For twenty days during most of which time she was in complete possession of her unusually fine mental faculties, Mrs. Rose lay on a hospital bed knowing that she was fatally injured, and that it was only a question of a few days before she would be called away from this world to a world which she had never seen, but a world in which she had faith.

That journey Mrs. Rose faced without fear and without hysteria, regarding it not as an expedition into a land of uncertainty from whose bound no traveler returns, but rather as a trip home where a pleasant reception awaited and a happy reunion.

With a faith that was genuine and unforced Mrs. Rose preached during her last illness as fine a sermon on faith as Fayetteville has ever known. She had gone through life taking it for granted that people basically were good, that kindness was normal, and that God's graciousness permeated everything, and she faced death with the same faith.

To such as Mrs. Rose the natural phenomenon of death is but one simple step nearer the great glory of God's love which they reflect and diffuse in the mundane walks of life.

THE WEILL FAMILY OF GOLDSBORO

The names and achievements of Lionel, Leslie, Miss Gertrude Weill, and others of the tribe of Goldsboro Weills are more or less familiar to readers of the State press. But when the name Weill is seen or heard by me before me arises, in vision, a page of J. A. Bonitz' "Transcript and Messenger" of fifty to fifty-five years ago. The Messenger, as it was called for short, was a real paper. J. A. Bonitz was one of the best newspaper men of his time or any time in North Carolina. I grew up reading it, every line of it, including advertisements.

In every issue appeared an advertisement of H. Weill & Bros.. I can see the advertisements in outline with that signature almost as plainly as if upon a paper before me. In Goldsboro, the other day, I found the identical firm name upon the huge Weill emporium.

I talked to Mr. Lionel Weill, but I was really more interested in learning more about my old-newspaper friends of fifty-odd years ago than about the present extent of the business.

Three Brothers From Germany.

The fathers of the present Weills who are so prominent in business and civic affairs in Goldsboro today came from Germany over sixty years ago and settled promptly at Goldsboro. They turned to merchandizing as promptly as ducks to water. Precious little capital they had, but they made immediate progress, as I have always judged by their advertisements. They were Herman, Sol, and Henry. Later Emil Rosenthal became a member of the firm. Each of the three Weill brothers reared families, also Mr. Rosenthal. Lionel is a son of Sol; Leslie, Herman, and Miss Gertrude of Henry. Sisters of Lionel are Mrs. A. Oettinger, of Goldsboro, and Mrs. Leon Strauss of Cleveland, Ohio. The children of Herman seem to have scattered to other parts of the country.

Herman Weill, son of Henry, is a Goldsboro banker.

Present Members of Old Firm.

The present members of the old firm are Joe Rosenthal and Leslie and Lionel Weill.

The size of the mercantile business may be estimated from the fact that the stores embrace 52,000 square feet of floors. A fertilizer factory has been established during the past year. The business office is a hive of busy stenographers and bookkeepers. Nothing more is needed to suggest the magnitude of the Weill business. But I can but recall that the foundations were laid away back in the old "Messenger" days when the Weill advertisement was a regular feature of the paper.

Perhaps I shall be able to present a picture or pictures of one or more of the Weills in the next issue.

I have later seen the Weinstein family of Lumberton come almost penniless to Lumberton and within thirty years reach a place of prominence in Lumberton life, and the sons become stalwart business and professional men. I ran up with one of them, a young lawyer, at Smithfield sometime ago.

I sometimes wonder what the United States are losing in cutting down immigration. Even the once despised Italian immigrants have given us a LaGuardia and a Pecora. The Baruchs, who settled right below us in South Carolina, like the Weills, began their American career as merchants. The mogul of the family, on retiring from business the other day, after much helpful service in governmental affairs, declared against allowing anybody to pile up profits in case of another war.

Lionel, Leslie, and Miss Gertrude Weill, to mention no other, are playing no mean part in the business and civic affairs of North Carolina.

Some Goldsboro Folk

When I was at Goldsboro in the spring of 1933 getting up a list of subscriptions to The State's Voice, it was court week and a rainy one at that. Consequently, I did not get to see the busy clerk of court. But it happened differently the other day.

When one meets an Aycock, he instinctively feels that he must be meeting somebody. The Wayne Aycocks have now a name that gives them something to live up to. C. R. Aycock is Wayne's clerk of court. Evidently, the people of Wayne think he is the straight Aycock goods. After serving out a partial term to which he was appointed in 1929, he was reelected and in the recent primary was renominated by a big majority.

We had failed to meet the sheriff of Wayne and missed him again the other day. But we did meet three fine fellows of his official family. Mr. H. B. Gardner has been office deputy for ten years, beginning his service under former Sheriff Grant. R. W. Precise has served as field and office deputy almost as long. J. A. Whitley has been field deputy for ten years. Evidently, those fine fellows are good officials to stick with so long under two sheriffs.

A Large Mortality Percentage.

Of the score of subscribers in Goldsboro secured on that rainy day in the spring of 1933, three fine men have died—Col. Freeman, Dr. Hollingsworth, and David Prince. A heavy mortality that.

Over at the Prince place of business I found his son William and two sons-in-law in charge and carrying on. One of those sons-in-law of David Prince is a son of Mr. L. M. Nash, the printer who for thirty years was responsible for making the Sampson Democrat one of the best printed county papers in the State. I found another of the Nash boys as assistant auditor. Evidently, Mr. L. M. Nash thought the three Nash brothers enough printers for one family, as he did not bring up any of his sons to the trade. J. W. Nash, the owner of the plant which so long printed the Sampson Democrat, is the only one of the printer brothers living. The linotype operator, one of



GRAHAM A. BARDEN
Nominee for Congress from the Third District.

the best I ever saw, wore himself out and is gone, though he was the youngest of the trio. The other Prince son-in-law is a son of Rev. H. D. Hood, who used to come down preaching in Sampson. Here are three fine young fellows in charge of the Prince business. Success to them.

Across that broad street, probably the broadest main street in the state, due to the town's being built up and down the railroad and the road's being later compelled to move its tracks, I found my old friend Dennis W. Cobb, still running his mercantile business, but now assisted by a fine young son. Dennis's mother was one of the Sampson county Parkers. He is a first cousin of Mrs. R. C. Bridger of Bladenboro and of Mrs. J. A. Turlington of Salemburg. His father used to be well known as a hotel man.

Up in the Edgerton Building I visited Goldsboro's lone Republican lawyer, Mr. Julian T. Gaskill. He is actually a candidate for the State senate on the Republican ticket, though he knows he has not the remotest chance



A. O. DICKENS
Wilson, N. C.

Mr. Dickens was defeated for the Congressional nomination by Congressman Kerr by only 300 votes.

of being elected. But won't that one Republican attorney have a fine show one day if the Republicans ever come back into power in the nation! Pie will be sure to come his way. But Gaskill came from Carteret county where Republicans are plentiful, and is not of that political faith because of hopes of political pie.

The Democratic candidate is that well known and highly esteemed lawyer S. F. Teague, a brother of my friend D. B. Teague of Sanford, and if he is only as fine a man as D. B., Wayne will be well represented in the senate next winter. I just missed an interview with him, as he drove off from his office just as I was arriving. Wayne and Johnston are yoked up in a senatorial district, though each practically possesses its own senator. But, you see, Johnston sometimes goes Republican, and those wily Democratic legislators up at Raleigh guard carefully against such a contingency. Notice Wilkes county tied on to a string of Democratic counties reaching to the South Carolina line, as far east

as Scotland county I believe. There is an example of gerrymandering to make a safe Democratic congressional district.

David Bland is evidently rejoiced that he did not have the temerity to enter the judicial race in the Fourth district. He saved his time and money too. He and Mr. Dickinson make a strong team in their new partnership.

Dr. J. N. Johnson is a brother of Senator Rivers Johnson of Warsaw. He may not be able to talk like Rivers, but he is as good in his own profession as Rivers is in his. The father of the fine group of Johnson boys was for many years Atlantic Coast Line agent in Warsaw and was known by thousands of people and esteemed by practically the same number.

So many of the Goldsboro readers of The Voice were out of town that it will take another trip to see them, when I hope to find another batch of new ones. Five or six new ones were added the other day, though the most of the time was spent in looking for and talking with old subscribers. I am giving considerable space this time to the Weill family, of Goldsboro.

Davidson county growers are showing more interest in obtaining wheat seed known to be of good origin in order to maintain a high quality of grain. Fulkaster wheat and Lee oats do well in that vicinity.

Fertilizer For Lawn

Top dress the lawn with bone meal or other commercial fertilizer. The rains will soak it in and get the grass ready to withstand the coming dry hot weather.

PAINT CLEAN SURFACE

When painting, be sure that new coats are now applied over blistered paint. The surface should be scraped clean before the new surface protection is put on.

Foreman: "You ain't one of them blokes 'ot drops their tools and scots as soon as knock-off whistle blows, are you?"

Bill: "Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put me tools away before the whistle goes."—Sydney Bulletin.