

THE STATE'S VOICE

O. J. PETERSON, Editor and Publisher

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FOR STATE-WIDE CIRCULATION

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Meditating Upon The State Voice's Career at the End of a Year and a Half.

You know The State's Voice is a one-man paper. Recently I have been thinking what might happen if I should become incapacitated before I should get the paper so thoroughly established that another could carry it on, or would do it. I saw how easy it would be to pick up the publication and locate it at any point I should choose and turn it into a county paper, and was tempted to do it, being confident that I could make as much or more money that way and at the same time put the publication in position to tide over my incapacity on my part. But the idea does not appeal. I enjoy the work on The State's Voice, even if it is very taxing, and realize that it is getting a better and better hold in the State every week.

Therefore, I am casting the die. Any day may see me become incapacitated for the two-man job that I am doing. Yet I am going to risk having a few more years of real activity, within which time The State's Voice should be an accepted institution in the State—one that any live journalist would be glad to continue. But I am saying this to indicate to the public that progress has been made. The paper has passed through a year and a half of the worst financial period of the century, and only some incapacity of its publisher is the only thing now, apparently, in its way to its becoming a real state-wide institution. Thirty or more counties are now fairly well represented on its subscription list, with scattered subscriptions in thirty more.

No special haste will be made in completing the state-wide circulation. Other publications have appeared in the field since I launched The State's Voice with the expectation of having a clear field. Others will probably enter the arena. But let them come. Only a continuance of good health is all I ask in order to win through on a big scale.

The State's Voice is filling a unique niche. Expressions of appreciation multiply. The financing of the publication becomes easier and easier. Our appreciation of the support of our subscribers becomes greater and greater. I know nearly all of them and they know me. It is doubtful if any other editor ever came so nearly knowing personally so large a number of subscribers scattered so broadly over the State.

It is a pleasure to know such men and women and to know whom we are writing for.

Good Crops in Sampson

It was a privilege to cut across the tip-top of Sampson and the lower tip of Johnston the other day into Wayne. The crops were fine. Thursday last we were down at Clinton. They are fine on the Dunn-Clinton highway. At Clinton we had the privilege of looking over the fine farm of S. H. Hobbs, Senior. Every acre of it is fine—just about the finest we have seen in the State. His cotton and tobacco areas have been cut but corn is growing galore. He wonders what he will do with it, as he will not be permitted to sell that grown on the acres vacated by cotton and tobacco.

Mr. Hobbs has had his production gauged on a production of 275 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, while he has made as high as two bales to the acre and his crop this year should go well over a bale. He says that many farmers, including himself, have never made reports of acreage. He "did not believe in the practice," since it was his idea that the speculators should know as little about the crop prospects as possible. But neglect to report, he thinks, is the chief reason why the acreage and production of many counties did not conform to the statistics in the government's possession and why the allowances had to be trimmed down in order to reduce the counties' acreage and production to the scale of production desired. But that process has fixed many farmers. Mr. Hobbs, for instance, is getting rental payments upon the 275-pound basis and a smaller acreage than he actually has cut off, while a bale per acre production will mean that he must pay a 50 per cent tax on the excess over 275 pounds. He thinks he will have to pay the government considerably more than he gets for rentals, but is not complaining at all.

I am going to tell you some day how far ahead Sam Hobbs has been of the procession, and I mean not only as a dirt farmer but as an agricultural statesman.

GETTING ACQUAINTED AT SNOW HILL

The Editor of The State's Voice has for a half century felt an interest in Snow Hill. Moore's story of the Tuscarora wars, centering about the site of the present Snow Hill, has stuck in my mind all these years. But it was not till last week that I saw the old town.

From the name, I rather expected to find it located upon white sand hills. But it seems to be in the heart of a fine farming area.

I was sure that I should like the little town, and the event proved my anticipation correct. There is something about those old county-seat towns whose histories reach back into the eighteenth century that the newer towns seem unable to capture. The atmosphere different, fine and wholesome.

No railroad, probably considerably fewer than a thousand inhabitants; yet Snow Hill has practically all the advantages of the modern city, and many more than the cities of fifty years ago had. The village would seem the ideal home of the small-town man, of which ilk the writer is inescapably one. When I see our Dunn contemporaries speaking of this town of 5,000 people as a "little" town, I almost resent the idea. The little town is one, in which everybody knows everybody else and his business, and most of the dogs. Snow Hill is apparently the ideal little town, what with its paved streets, its water and lights, and good highway and elegant old homes and solid citizenry.



MRS. W. B. MURPHY
Snow Hill, N. C.

As the county-seat of Greene County, one of the smaller counties of the State, it shows you its little county court house right on main street. The county has put on no airs and is still using its tiny old court house, but necessity, due to the unsafety of the building, will force Greene to build another. But you may bet that those sensible Greene county people will not go wild and put hundreds of thousands of dollars in a court house.

Meeting the Citizens.

It did seem that a day would afford an opportunity to meet all the people on Main street, but it didn't. It is almost impossible not to spend an undue amount of time with such interesting citizens as one meets in the course of the day.

As I had already several good friends at Snow Hill whom it was delightful to chat with, the day was all too short to make the rounds. However, I shall introduce you to such as I did really get acquainted with.

My Former Acquaintances.

I was hoping that Judge Frizzelle would be in town, as he had no court the week of the Fourth, but therein I was disappointed. He and his family were off on vacation at some beach.

But right in the heart of town is the elegant home of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Murphy, with his well equipped office hard by. Of course, I was drawn thither as if by a magnet. I never hear or see the name of Tom Murphy of Greensboro, Dr. W. B. of Snow Hill, or any of the rest of the children of Dr. W. B. Murphy the elder without thinking of the first time I ever saw the father—over a half-century ago. In those days it was a long journey through the sands from lower Sampson to Clinton and my parents' friends in the lower area would frequently make their way to our home to spend the night and thus after a six-mile drive the next morning have time to attend to their business at the county-seat and go back home by nightfall. Such was the visit made by W. B. Murphy, Sr., accomplished by one of his neighbors—Mr. Wm. DeVane, I believe. Tom and I were in school together fifty years ago this coming winter. And later the recognition of the binding tie of the same Alderman strain made me feel closer to the progeny of Dr. and his mother, the latter, who furnishes the Alderman tie, still alive and found well and happy at W. B.'s home at Snow Hill—that is,

after she and Mrs. W. B. had returned in mid-day from Atlantic Beach with the children.

Mrs. W. B. Murphy One of the State's Most Highly Esteemed Ladies.

Dr. W. B. Murphy is so well known that he was offered, you remember, the superintendency of the Caswell Training School last year. Some of us were rather surprised that he should decline it. But after last week's visit I am no longer surprised. Of course, the opportunity to serve had its pull. But Dr. Murphy is serving wonderfully where he is. No man can serve to much better purpose than the family physician. And Dr. Murphy evidences the kindly sympathies of the old-time family physician.

It would have been a real sacrifice to leave that elegant home and the fine little town of Snow Hill to shoulder the responsibilities now so ably borne by Dr. F. M. Register. Here Mrs. W. B. Murphy is queen of the home and queen in the affections of the town, county, and much of eastern North Carolina. There are few North Carolina women better known or more widely appreciated than she.

A Leader Among the Daughters of the Revolution.

In D. A. R. Circles of North Carolina Mrs. Murphy's name is a household word. She is regent of the Alexander McAllister Chapter with headquarters at Snow Hill but with a membership embracing several counties. And when one comes to that name "Alexander McAllister," he is brought right back here to the Cape Fear—to Old Bluff church in cannon-shot distance of Dunn. In fact, the monument to Col. McAllister, the great Scotch Patriot of Revolutionary days, was erected directly through her efforts. Perhaps many of our readers recall the great day at old Bluff—in 1926, I believe—when thousands were present at the unveiling of the monument and Mrs. Murphy unexpectedly became the recipient of a silver platter bearing the engraved appreciation of the "Descendants of Alexander McAllister."

And she is one of that clan herself. She was Mary Colvin of Moore's Creek, Pender County, but Col. McAllister's second wife was a Moore's Creek Colvin, and then one of the Moore's Creek Colvins married a daughter of Col. McAllister.

It was she, too, who led in the erection of the monument at Moore's Creek Battle Ground to Mary Slocumb, the heroine of that dark February night's sixty-mile ride from her home near Mount Olive to the battle ground, where she had seen in a dream a man wounded and in need of attention. It was also Mrs. Murphy's privilege once to present to the National organization of the D. A. R. a gavel made from a tree upon the battle ground and to recount the story of Mary Slocumb's ride. In expressing her appreciation of the gift of the gavel and of the story of Mary Slocumb, the northern-born regent of the National organization admitted that that ride in every respect surpassed the famous ride of Paul Revier.

Sought as National Committeeman.

Mrs. Murphy is politically-minded and is recognized as one of the leaders among the Democratic women of the State. She has made no bid for the place on the National Executive Committee being vacated by Mrs. Palmer Jerman, but she has received a number of urgent letters from political friends insisting upon her becoming a candidate. A great member she would make.

The Home Contains a Number of Valuable Antiques.

It is peculiarly fitting that Mrs. Murphy, leader in the erection of the Mary Slocumb monument, should have had the good fortune to secure by purchase the mantel from the old Ezekiel Slocumb home. It is in use in the Murphy home, and a beauty it is. There were real craftsmen in those old days. There are also in the home Colvin heirlooms, even a four-poster brought over from Scotland when the Colvins settled on Moore's Creek 200 years ago, and other pieces nearly as old. My people and hers on Moore's Creek have been neighbors for 175 years.

Mrs. Murphy's garden is another pride of hers. Many ornamental dahlias will soon be in bloom and my remote Snow Hill cousins would just as well be on the lookout for a visit with the wife at the blooming time of those dahlias.

A Sure-Enough Alderman.

The very next visit I made after calling first at the Murphy home was at Supt. A. B. Alderman's office in the court house. There in the little town that day were several of us descendants of the Moore's Creek Aldermans. No; only A. B. and I and his children were of the Moore's Creek branch. Mrs. Murphy, Senior, and Dr. W. B. and children are descendants of another of the three Alderman brothers, settlers in the Duplin-Pender-Sampson area. Mrs. Murphy, Senior, is a niece of Professor Frank Alderman, who taught for near a half-century at Greensboro College and is the father (or is it grandfather?) of Mrs. Earle Godbey, wife of the editor of the Greensboro