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A BATCH OF PERSONAL ITEMS

Clayton Grant of Wilmington is a native of Onslow County. He traces his descent back to Ottaway Burns and even to George Durant, the first man in North Carolina to receive a deed for land, and the man who gave name to Durant Neck. He promises to write an article for the State's Voice upon Ottaway Burns. The one son of the doughty sea captain was a visitor in the Grant home when Clayton was a lad.

Murray James, member of the Wilmington legal firm of Carr, Poisson, and James, is another who knows his genealogy. His James ancestor of 200 years ago was chairman of the original county court of Onslow County, while his older Murray ancestor (for he has two strains of Murray blood in his veins) was one of the other two members. The James homestead, near Maple Hill, Pender County, is one of the most isolated in the state. Angora bay lies immediately back of the old home and the nearest neighbor to the east was some twenty miles away. Yet every member of the large family of children was well educated. Till the high school at Maple Hill was established governesses were employed to teach the James children. Josh, the youngest and at 27 years of age a candidate for the Democratic nomination for congress in the Third district, lives at the old place. The father was a good friend of the writer's and we have been to that old homestead. Hinton James, first student enrolled at the State University, is also a descendant of Samuel James, chairman of Onslow's first county court, or his genealogy is otherwise untraceable.

If there is a friendlier or more hospitable man in North Carolina than Dr. D. T. Smithwick of Louisburg he is hard to find. I had to decline his insistent invitation to spend the night with him the other day. That night in his home last year was a delight. Within a few minutes he was instrumental in securing us three new subscribers. He told Harry Stevens (for Harry now lives in Louisburg) that the Voice is worth \$10.00 a year. What do you think of that for a commendation, Carl Goerch?

We vote Mr. J. H. Boone, Franklin County tax collector, the cleverest man in the Franklin court house. Like Mr. J. E. L. Wade, of Wilmington, Mr. Boone is a man whose personality attracts one in a minute. That is about how long I talked with him; yet I shall not forget him. It is surprising how generally prevalent are Boones in the State. This was my first knowledge that Franklin has its Boone family. Wades are so scarce in the State that I could easily guess that Mr. J. E. L. is a descendant of the Anson County Revolutionary hero. Just watch and see if Mr. Wade is not heard from in a larger job than his present one, though that one is no sinecure, for his is the job of supervising Wilmington's utilities—a job like that of Mr. J. H. Brown's in Raleigh.

Did you ever hear of R. M. Kerman of Wilmington? Perhaps not, but I take him to be one of the most useful citizens of that city. As a youth he studied electricity and on the day he was 21 years of age opened an electrical shop. He studied law at night and one summer term at Wake Forest, receiving his license in 1927. For years he was county meter adjuster. As an expert electrician, backed by his knowledge of law, he became instrumental in securing two reductions in the Tidewater Power Company's rates, presenting forcible pleas before the State Utility Commission without reward or hope of reward. Mr. Kerman's father, a native of Beaufort County, after participating in the defense of Fort Fisher, tarried in Wilmington. For many years he was captain of the U. S. engineering survey boat, the *Mercur*. Everybody in Wilmington, unless it is the power company folk, should appreciate the service of young R. M. Kerman.

P. H. Wilson of Wake Forest has a unique combination of professions. He teaches French in the college and actively practices law. Mr. Wilson furnishes an illustration of how hard it is for us to get away from home folk. I was baptized by Rev. O. M. Matthews. Mr. Matthews lived in the upper part of the county and I didn't know his family. Mr. Wilson is one of his grandsons. He has five thousand more or less remote kinfolk in Sampson, Duplin, Pender, and New Hanover. Just across the street from Mr. Wilson's office I found the new wife of Dr. John Powers—no less than a niece of ours, and she ac-

companied me out to the farm where John was having a stone tenant house built. As the lad of eleven of my senior year at college has become my nephew I thought I should go a mile or two to see him. Back, I drop in at Mr. J. H. Hardwicke's drug store, and get it more definitely fixed in mind that only six years ago he was located right over there at Buie's Creek as druggist. Mr. Hardwicke is a native of Horry County, S. C., got his education at Charleston Medical College, served an apprenticeship in a Charleston drug store, moved to Charlotte, thence to Buie's Creek's, and six years ago to Wake Forest, where I imagine he is a fixture. Those were the three people whom I sought to see in a few minutes' stop, and they all turned out to be home-folk in a way. John's wife said she never knew John's father. I told her that if I hadn't known him she would never have known me either, as Dr. B. F. Powers pulled me through a seventy-day siege of blood poison when I was a student up there. Dr. B. F. Powers was a real physician. In a lecture before the students about 45 years ago he discoursed on the functions of the white corpuscles of the blood—their gobbling up of hostile germs. Later he kept mine busy for two and a half months fighting, and what a fight they did put up! I have said that my blood developed enough resistance to almost assure me that I shall never die of a germ disease, and last year when our daughter was fatally ill with septicemia how I did wish that she had those veteran white corpuscles of mine to help fight that losing battle. Very few physicians knew much about the function of the white corpuscles 45 years ago. Mrs. John Powers was a nurse at Rex Hospital for years, latterly supervisor of nurses, I believe.—I recall; I did see Dr. Solomon Holding, but he was a school-mate down in Sampson in 1887 and at the old college for four years. He too is home-folk.

I mentioned in the last issue of the Voice spending a night with Mr. Fletcher Herring of Burgaw, father of Dean Herring of Duke University and of the recent bride of Attorney Paul Strickland of Youngville. Within a few days of that visit I was at Paul's home, chatting with his fine mother. The bride was at Auburn teaching, as she had contracted to teach before her marriage. The mother was a Watkins. She came from a line of teachers, and it was her grandfather who taught Dr. Matthew T. Yates his abc's. Reader, if you don't know who Dr. Yates was you have failed to learn of one of North Carolina's most famous men.—And I doubt if half my subscribers do know who and what he was.

New Hanover's sheriff, C. David Jones, is serving his first term, but that he has met the approval of the people is evidenced by the fact that he was nominated over his opponent by a vote of two to one.

I feel almost as much at home in the customs house in Wilmington as in the health department at Raleigh. In the latter at the head is a class-mate, Dr. Cooper is a neighborhood boy, Dr. Branch is an old pupil of mine. In the customs house, Collector John Bright Hill is a Warsaw boy and a not very remote cousin of a son-in-law; Stewart Highsmith, the fellow who has taught all the collectors for a score of years their jobs, is a relative and an old pupil. On the first floor is the office of J. P. Herring, county farm agent, a first-cousin of mine. And thus it goes largely through the city. I called on Winfield Smith, a youthful attorney. He mentioned that his grandmother was a Peterson—all the Petersons in the southeastern part of the state are of the old Sampson stock. He introduced me to his stenographer, a Miss Herring—my mother was a Herring and she was of the same strain, the young lady being some kind of cousin. I walked across the street to Clayton Grant's office and was telling him of the experience of meeting two relatives in one office. The only other man in the room spoke up and said his wife was a Herring, and she proved to be a cousin too. Over at the court house is the all-time chairman of the board of county commissioners—he married a first-cousin of ours, a sister of J. P. Herring. Their son, Addison Hewlett, Jr., has just opened his law office in the room under Clayton Grant. Even one of the two prominent dead of the day was Miss Mamie Alderman, a beloved teacher for 53 years. She was a descendant of one of those fourteen Alderman brothers and sisters of my grandmother Herring, reared

twenty miles north, on Moore's Creek. Apart from the host of my own kin in the city is a raft of Mrs. Peterson's. For instance, there is that youthful attorney of 80 years, Mr. W. L. Smith, a kinsman of the better half, both tracing back to a sister of U. S. Senator Timothy Bloodworth.

Dr. David Sloan of Wilmington is a first cousin of President Frank Graham, and just as genial a fellow. It was his father that Dr. John Wright of Raleigh paid such glowing tribute to as a physician and a scholar. Dr. David confirmed the matter of his father's scholarship. He recalls how he and his mates might be reading their Latin and the father lying resting when he would rouse up and say "Boys, you haven't read that right." If you read Dr. Wright's tribute to Dr. Sloan the elder, you should recall his ability as a diagnostician. Verily, Frank Graham didn't get all his sense from the Graham side of the house.

I hadn't seen Robert Grady in several years till a few days ago in Wilmington. Bob came to Burgaw as a fledgling lawyer during my last year in that at that time young county-seat. It is from him that his nephew, Robert Grady Johnson, candidate for the speakership of the house, got his first two names. Bob Grady had "been thinking of sending a subscription," but, dog 'em, thinking doesn't help the matter. I got that dollar then and there and along with it one from his client in the office, Mr. Riley Jones of Maple Hill. It is fun to go and see the fellows and then make them pay for the visit, but it would be finer for them to actually send the subscriptions in and estop the levy on the visit. But subscriptions have to come if I have to go and get them.

For one I am glad Dr. L. R. Meadows has been elected president of East Carolina Teachers College. As a brother of Dr. and Mrs. Julia Meadows of Haynesville, La., who have given their lives to missionary work in China, you can judge of what type of family he came. Dr. Meadows, I'd bet my bottom dollar, will not be threatening to quit his job because of low pay. It is the job and not the pay that holds a Meadows. That is not saying that he might not accept a position where he deemed he could be more useful, but it will be the latter fact and not that of increased salary that will pull him in such case. By the way, Haynesville is in Huey Long's native parish (county). The worst horseback ride I believe I ever had was from Haynesville out to a country home. The stirrups were too short and couldn't be lengthened. It has been nearly 25 years, but the memory comes back. In addition to the boys' saddle, I hadn't ridden horseback in years. Huey was a mere youth then—I didn't even learn in my eight years in Louisiana that there was such a youth.

One of the most pleasant newcomers to the state I have met is Mr. G. O. McPhail of Henderson. He has been in the state as superintendent or manager of a Henderson fertilizer business only a few weeks, but he is a man who will make friends rapidly and hold them. I met him at Louisburg and shall not forget him. Meet him if you have a half-chance.

When I wrote for the last issue of the firm of Hall and Pearsall of Wilmington I had no idea that the original Hall of the firm was living. He was buried at the age of 92 during my visit to Wilmington ten days ago. You may recall that he was mentioned as a descendant of the original Hall who gave its name to Hallsville, in Duplin County, an uncle of his going to Columbus and giving the name to Hallsboro, from which Sheriff Hall of Columbus derives. The firm of Hall and Pearsall had so long been prominent that I had assumed that the founder was gone. He was most highly esteemed in the City by the Sea. And now I see that my friend W. T. Covington, of Raeford, whose work as a sculptor was mentioned in the last issue of this paper was found dead in his car. I feel a personal loss in his going, and the state has lost a man of unique talent. If he could have studied in his youth he undoubtedly would have risen to prominence as a sculptor. As it is, his works are wonderfully lifelike. If you go to Raeford, be sure to see the bust of Squire McLaughlin in the court house and see if its creator didn't have a real talent.

I visited Franklinton's splendid school the other day and was all the more impressed with the building, a bequest of the late Mr. Vann, and with the

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