

## A MODEL SOCIAL SERVICE PLANT

The writer was most agreeably surprised when in Clinton recently to find what he deems the most complete county social service center he has discovered in his travels through a large part of the state.

The social service center occupies the second and third floors of the Caison Building on the most prominent corner in Clinton. It houses the welfare department, the relief agency, the County Home Economy quarters, and the County Health department.

No costly equipments have been purchased, but it is a marvel how many things of practical importance and convenience have been supplied with little outlay of cash.

In fact, one of the marvels of the social service center is the cheapness of it. Mr. Caison gave the county, through the Welfare agency, the rental of those two floors for the nominal sum of \$20.00 a month. However, the agencies had to go to the cost of clearing up and remodeling the floors for their own purpose. The outlay for that work was \$1,000, which came from relief funds.

The development has taken place under the direction of Mr. A. W. Daughtry, the efficient county welfare officer, assisted, particularly, by Miss Garrison. The latter has provided in her department many conveniences which serve not only the department directly but as illustrations to visitors of how such conveniences may be supplied at little cost in their own homes. Those conveniences are too numerous to mention.

The relief business has recently been divorced

from the county welfare department and is now under the charge of Mrs. James Buffer.

Dr. Wilson, who served acceptably as county physician, recently gave up the public work and moved to Angier, where he is associated with Dr. Young in his extensive practice. Dr. Plato Starling, a young physician of talent, has been chosen as county physician to succeed Dr. Wilson, but is now taking a special course at the State University in preparation for taking up the work the first of April.

The writer feels that Mr. Daughtry deserves the highest commendation for the achievement. Nor would he withhold commendation from Miss Garrison and the other co-operators in the fine undertaking. Mr. Caison's public spirit is also to be commended.

### A Marvelous Contrast.

This social service center, with its various agencies for social service, contrasts greatly with conditions of a few years ago in Sampson or any other county, when the county commissioners each first Monday would grudgingly grant from \$1 to \$3 a month for upkeep of the aged and decrepit. It had to be a peculiarly aggravating case if the appropriation amounted to three dollars a month.

Nothing more clearly illustrates the change in social consciousness and conscience that has taken place within a decade and a half than does this center and the American Legion's Community Center, pictured in another article.

## North Carolinians In Striking Minority At State Schools

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In conversation with a young college graduate the other day she wanted to know who the heck John Charles McNeill was. She knew even less about Carolina history, but could rattle off facts about pioneers playing tag with Indians and runaway slaves and the birth of the Republican party. Why was this? The answer is easy. Our tax-supported colleges are still filled with foreign missionaries who came here and dug in during the State's extravagant educational program. With the probable exception of Carolina, I question if there are a half dozen Tar Heels in positions of administrative and directive responsibility in any of the others; and in the college libraries and departments where patriotic sentiments are born, there are even less. One may study calculus in the moon, but I should like to see the historian developed anywhere except beside his hearth. I doubt even if there are teachers in some of our tax-supported institutions competent to teach the State's social, economic, and literary history.

Let's take the Woman's College at Greensboro as an example, since I happen to know something about it. Here is the proportion according to departments: biology, 12 in the department, no Tar Heels among them; chemistry, 4-1; Education, 27-1; Languages, 17-1; Health, 18-1; History, 11-0; Home Economics, 9-11; Library, 9-2; Mathematics, 3-0; Music, 15-2; Physics, 2-0; Psychology, 2-1; Social Science, 3-0. In every instance except one in the foregoing classification, Tar Heels occupy a most inferior and subordinate position in every department. Only the department of English shows a comparable and representative ratio. The State College and Carolina—the former especially—are mightily supplied with educators, specialists, and high-degree men who came here when the pastures were greener. As a State we may have all sorts of complexes and ignorant superstitions, but when it comes to spending money in our state colleges

xenophobia is not one of them.

And not that it matters, but here are a few more educational facts that should be educational to some of the citizens. . . . Free textbooks do not necessarily mean books at less cost. Unless there are rigid provisions it means simply that book publishers will sell to the State and get, of course, their full price. In California grammar school texts cost on an average of 40 cents a child, state-printed; but this is not California. . . . A newspaperman who certainly had no pretty little axe to grind estimated recently that the state depository of school books in Raleigh does an annual business of \$100,000. . . . Many of the teacher-salary figures published in daily papers are based on yearly and not school-year wages. Naturally the monthly wage is lower. But salaries in public schools are much too low at that. . . . Carolina wants \$10,000 to continue her engineering school at Chapel Hill while there is a perfectly superb engineering school at State. Combining the two would be sensible. . . . There are summer schools in full blast at Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Greensboro with a director for the three in addition to heads for each. That does not look much like economy. . . . Appropriations higher this year (as usual) asked for by the Greater University authorities, the subtle plea being better salaries. A popular theme just now, but nothing is said, or very little, about making curricula conform to general academic standards in other institutions like Hopkins, Virginia, and other universities. . . . Too many courses, that are thin, not germane and basal—in every one of the units. . . . Too many departments, deans, duplicating functions. . . . They are still talking us for a ride. *By all means tax the corporations. . . . pay better salaries to teachers everywhere. . . . get the money where the money is BUT make those who spend it account rigidly for its wise and economical use.*

## A FEW REMINISCENCES

### A Dunn Attorney a Great-Nephew of Alexander Graham Bell and of General Robert E. Lee—Beaman Dared Yankee Threatening to Shoot

I was talking with Charlie Beaman, in Clinton, a few days ago. The Beaman family in Sampson is a small one. It must have originated in one of the more eastern counties, where there are Beamans today. If I remember correctly there is no Beaman listed in the Sampson census of 1790. But my mind is running back to John R. Beaman, long-time chairman of the county board of commissioners and advisor-general to the citizens of the county. John R. Beaman's name was a household word throughout the county fifty to sixty years ago. He was Charlie Beaman's uncle and the grandfather of Morris Reagan Beaman, so well known in this state and others as an expert in railroad rates and now expert advisor for the Morehead City port promoters.

#### Dared Yankee to Shoot

I recall as a tot hearing the late Rev. J. L.

Stewart, sitting by the fire a winter's night at the old farm home, tell of John R. Beaman's defying a Yankee soldier in 1865.

Mr. Stewart was talking with Mr. Beaman on his piazza when a group of Yankees rode up in front of the house and asked some insolent question. Mr. Beaman told them to "go to hell," or something of the kind. Anyway, the Yankee threatened to shoot him. Beaman replied: "Shoot, damn you." The Yankee took him at his word but probably purposely aimed high. The bullet lodged in the piazza column against which Mr. Beaman was leaning, just a few inches above his head. The Yankees rode on, leaving Mr. Beaman unphased.

I recall the exact words—"Shoot, damn you"—because the preacher had shocked me by re-

peating the word "damn."

The late Annie Chestnutt shared with Mr. Beaman the respect and confidence of the people of the county. Neither had had more than a few months schooling. In one of the frequent rangles about school district boundaries brought before the board of county commissioners for settlement, one of the patriarchs remarked to a complainant about the distance his children had to walk to school that he had to walk three or four miles when he was a child. The other patriarch retorted: "But you walked it devilish few times."

You noticed that "Reagan" in the name of Morris Reagan Beaman above. It is significant, Morris Beaman's mother is a niece of the renowned Senator John H. Reagan of Texas. Morris was telling me the other day of an incident that I had utterly forgotten, and Morris himself was too young to remember but it has been told to him so often that he apparently remembers it. It was in 1890, and the writer, not yet quite 21, was "taking the census." He reached the home of Morris's parents, down on a big Six Buns plantation, late in the evening, and just in time to save the toddler Morris from onslaught of a playful calf which seemed to want to butt him around a bit.

Morris's father John R. Beaman, Jr., had taught school for a few years after a season at the State University, and possibly I missed being an orator by not getting to attend his school when he taught on one side of the old district one winter. When the new central school building was built and the Pugh boys who had attended the Beaman school joined us again in the school, those boys surprised everybody by their ability to rise on Friday evenings and declaim most oratorically. Jim's forte was "Ye Call Me Chief"; Willie's, "I Come to Bury Caesar." John R. Beaman had actually taught those boys to declaim as well as I have ever known boys.

The Beaman family is still small. Charlie, who like his uncle, has been a county commissioner (during the recent Democratic regime in the county) has no children. Only the descent of William Beaman of "Beaman's Cross Roads" on the Dunn-Clinton highway, seems likely to keep the name alive in the old county. John Ed. Beaman, a grandson of the patriarch of my childhood, has been a prominent contractor in Raleigh. His brother lives in Greensboro, I believe. The children of the late James K. Morrissey and Mrs. Bettie Beaman Morrissey, have the unique distinction of carrying in their veins, and only they, strains of the Richard Clinton, the Richard Herring, and the Beaman blood. Richard Clinton sold or gave the land for the county seat, Richard Herring was the chairman of the county court to whom the deed was made, and John R. Beaman was long the most generally esteemed citizen of the county. Yet I was talking with one of the Morrissey daughters the other day, and she was unaware of the intimate relations her ancestry had with the early history of the county, 150 years ago.

#### A Niece of General Robert E. Lee.

For a generation a niece of General Robert E. Lee, if Attorney Claude Bell of Dunn has his genealogy straight, was living in the woods of "high Sampson" and few of the citizens of the county aware of the fact. Not only so, but her husband was a nephew of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

I had thought that Attorney Bell was some of the old Sampson stock of Bells. It was only the other day that I was inquiring into his relationship to the Bells I had known, and to Chester Bell, auditor of the state prison, when Claude told me that his father was born in Pennsylvania. Inquiries elicited the following information: Dread Bell, a brother of Alexander Graham Bell, had settled near Smithfield. He didn't marry. His nephew Willis Bell came down to live with him. The uncle died just before "the war." The nephew and heir soon sold the estate and had \$30,000. He expected to go back to Pennsylvania. The war broke out before he departed and he went into the army. After the war young Willis Bell was broke. He went to upper Sampson and bought a farm. He was married twice, but Claude's mother, according to that gentleman, was a daughter of Col. Joe Lee, brother of General Robert E. Lee.

The Bell family prospered in the remote backwoods. Willis Bell really became wealthy, as wealth went in the 80's, 90's, and the earlier part of this century. Willis Bell's life seems to have been a model one. And our friend Claude has a heritage of ancestry that he should guard most carefully.

As a great nephew of General Robert E. Lee and also of Alexander Graham Bell, and a great grandson of Light Horse Harry Lee, he could join any of the Patriotic groups of the country.

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