

The State's Voice

Issued Twice a Month

"Peterson STATE LIBRARY

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year

VOLUME III.

DUNN, N. C., AUGUST 15, 1935

NUMBER 15

A PAGE OF SCRIBBLINGS ABOUT THIS AND THAT

This page was loaded with heavy matter the last two issues. Let's make it light this hot August weather. But, first, let me call your attention to an article by one of the State's leading citizens, based on a paragraph from the Beasley article on this page in the August 1 issue. And then here is what Clyde Hoey has to say about the two articles:

"Just a line to tell you that I read with a great deal of interest your leading article of July 15, and have also enjoyed Rowland Beasley's comments on this article in the issue of August 1. Both articles are well worth reading and digesting. I use the word "digesting" advisedly, because articles of this character need and deserve more than a casual reading."—Well, it takes the reading of mighty few men of the calibre of Mr. Hoey and the other gentleman referred to to make the writing of an article worthwhile. But it is not easy to forget that the article of July 15 got by with quite a number of typographical errors.

And here comes that intelligent gentleman, W. M. Pearson, teacher and merchant of Chalybeate Springs, with a sweeping approval that makes a fellow feel good after working hard to make the paper. Mr. Pearson simply says that he enjoys the Voice more than any other paper he reads, and that is saying enough. But while there is one like him, we know there are scores that have no taste for the Voice material. Yet, that is no more than I expected when I began the publication, but I did really expect more of the kind who would not only read, but, as North Carolina's superb orator and statesman says above, digest. The time is at hand when thinking must be done by somebody. Without plenty of straight thinking by those who can think, the people are likely to fly the coop at any moment. The definite principles of the new deal must be stated in one-syllable words and a check-up made upon the various activities and the people shown plainly wherein and why these activities conform to principles that the average man cannot afford to oppose. Old fetishes will be brought out for display and they can be successfully combated only by showing that new deal principles are in accord with true democracy and that the new deal activities are in accord with those principles. It seems that President Roosevelt should lose no time in making clear-cut enunciations of principles. However, radical they are, the sooner told the better, for the re-actionaires do not have to await their enunciation; while the real new-dealers are at a loss to reconcile all the activities with each other, they should be able to reconcile each with the accepted principles upon which they are based.

If the new deal is to prevail against the rapidly arraying interests, the millions whose interests are involved in its fate must adopt the sentiment of Miss Henrietta R. Smedes in her recent poem, as follows:

STAND BY

(Exodus, Chapter 17, v.10-13)

A nation's leaders—wise and earnest men—

Looked down from heights that showed them
all the land;

Observed and studied, sought to understand
The scene evolved and brought within their ken;

Saw, scattered round through all the wooded glen,
Men gripped in mortal strife, the chosen band

Prevailing only when their chieftain's hand
Was raised, but wavering, breaking, falling when

His weary arm dropped back. Thus it was long
Ago, and thus today it is. Our guide,

Wayworn and weary, sinks upon a stone.
The Amaleks are pressing hard; but strong

His buoyant faith, and, stalwart at his side,
Upholding friends can keep this land our
own!

Yes, sirs; the task is no less than "keeping this land our own." There has never been a period in American history when the average man had more at stake than he has in the issue that will stir America from coast to coast within fourteen months. And that issue, in its nakedness, is, Shall

our government control all industry in the interest of all the people or shall exploiters control it in the interest of themselves? If it is answered right, the people must think as capably as they can and then "stand by" the man who dares disregard every age-old fetish that is thrust forward to embarrass him and to distract the attention of the people from their real interests.

Capt. Ashe Publishes New Book

Captain Ashe, though within about a hustrum of his century mark, is still determined that the Yankees shall have an opportunity to see the events of the sixties through a Southerner's eyes. He has just published a new book, "A Southerner's View of the Invasion of the Southern States." The Captain came nearer convincing the writer in a recent article that the hotheads of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama were justified in their secession program than I had ever been convinced. At ninety-five, or whatever it is, he writes as vigorously and as convincingly as ever and it will be interesting to read his views of the Invasion of the South in the sixties.

In a letter before me, among other sentiments expressed by the patriarch, is the following, which we commend to every reader: "We ought to inculcate all of our citizens with the theory that the real purpose of our existence is to be of benefit to others of our race. Except that, what are we here for? We know that cows are here to supply us with milk.—Now what are you here for?"

Three Pender Articles

You will fool yourself if you think there is naturally nothing in those Pender articles to interest you. Take the village of Point Caswell, of which Mr. Utley writes in this issue. Let your mind run back long before the days when there was a railroad into Wilmington and Point Caswell was right there on the bank of the Black. And those two brief sketches of Capt. Paddison and Mr. Vollers will long memorialize two unique and versatile characters. At least Captain Ashe and I enjoy them; but he was born and bred on Pender soil and I have been familiar with it ever since I was a babe. In one of the early numbers of the Voice, I told you of Capt' Paddison's scheme to build a railroad from Point Caswell to Clinton, and how while Mr. O'Hanlon, the engineer, was boarding at our house we marveled that he should be getting \$4 a day. And there was Dock Holland, the boss of the grading force, a devilish kind of fellow. I was afterward to teach his nieces at Enfield. And see how the personalities in my experience and in Mr. Utley's "Reminiscences" interweave. The buxom Pat Holland of those Enfield school days is now the wife of Mr. Utley's Evangelist Crumpler. There is hardly a name in Mr. Utley's articles that does not call up some kind of recollection on my part. Only last year I ran up with Mr. George Moore at the Battle Ground and found him still a good talker, as Mr. Utley suggests. Thus far Mr. Utley has dealt chiefly with dead people, but there are some real live ones down that way whom he used to know and will doubtless reach sooner or later. But Robert Grady Johnson, and others of a later issue, he does not know as he did their parents. Turn and read the article.

An Awakened Interest in Family History.

Just too late to be able to recover definite facts about pioneer ancestors, many people have become much interested in their family histories. If people of the writer's age had had the interest when boys they could have learned from the ancients living fifty to sixty years ago many facts that are esteemed valuable now. But we let the middle links between the pioneers and the new generations pass without pumping them for facts of their own day and of their fathers' days. Here, for instance, is a letter from Mr. T. R. Orrell, a first cousin of Congressman Graham Barden, and a man who has had a successful career abroad, in which I discover that no one of possibly a thousand descendants of James Vann, in

his day one of the leading citizens of Sampson county, knows whom James Vann married. James Vann, the great-grandfather of both Graham Barden and Mr. Orrell, died three years before I was born. Yet without effort I know the progeny almost by heart to the third generation and even to Mills Butler Barber of Sanford, great-great-great-great-grandson of James Vann. But I am stumped when it comes to the question of whom James Vann married. Mr. Orrell is prepared to pay money to the man who will help him secure definite information about the earlier Vanns, Bardens, and their wives. And to think I knew James Vann's brother "Uncle Jacky" well when I was a boy, and he was born, say, about 1790—James was born in 1786. From Jacky Vann a man could have learned every lineage in a fourth of Sampson county. But we missed our chance.

Mr. Utley touches on the ignorance of the people as to the burial places of the Revolutionary soldiers. Family reunions are becoming very popular and are serving to acquaint many people with their ancestral backgrounds. Unfortunately, this year many of them are not being held because of the infantile paralysis epidemic. But Mr. Utley informs me that the Utley reunion to be held at Holly Springs, Sunday, August 26, and that the speaker will be Judge J. S. Utley of Little Rock, Ark. I fear I cannot accept the invitation to be present this year, as I was last.

North Carolina As A National Seedbed Again

I mentioned again on the above page the seed pile in Claude Moore's story of the Kings how the kindred of Vice-President King largely helped people Alabama. And here I have the copy of a letter written in 1876 by Daniel L. Kenan of Quincy, Fla., to his cousin, Dr. Spalding Kenan somewhere in Georgia, it is assumable, though the address of Dr. Kenan is not given on the letter, the copy of which is kindly furnished me by Mrs. Lane of Statesboro, Ga. In that letter one is shown how the Kenan family virtually deserted Duplin county for Florida, Georgia, and Alabama. Only the fact that Owen R. was married before his father moved to Alabama left prolific seed in North Carolina, and now even his descendants are scattered far and wide.

The writer of this letter came close to old Duplin on one sad occasion. He fought over here at Bentonville, where he lost a leg and received other wounds. He tells his cousin, the Doctor, whom he had never met, that his two brothers and three sisters had died of consumption "inherited" from their mother, and that when he saw them die one after the other he decided to follow a manual trade and became a carriage maker. Yet when the war came on he owned a big plantation and about fifty slaves. He says that the loss of the slaves was virtually the loss of his lands, as agriculture had not paid him, which statement is in perfect accord with a premise in my article of July 15 to the effect that southern land owners found themselves poor men, though they owned fertile plantations and simply because the production of wealth is a year-by-year business, and is produced by labor.

As another indication of the value attached to genealogical data these days, note that Mrs. Lane, the Bullock county, Georgia, historian, after subscribing for the State's Voice, wrote that she would like to secure all the numbers printed. Fortunately, we had a spare file and sent it to her and got a check for the price. It was unbound, but Mrs. Lane writes that she has already had it bound. Mr. Orrell also subscribes that he may catch any items that may occur in future numbers. I have told you that a volume of the Voice a hundred years hence would be worth a hundred dollars, but I didn't expect that one would be sold so early and away down into Georgia. However, the price hadn't yet reached the \$100 mark. Later.—Mr. Orrell also has bought a file — as as nearly complete as we had.