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YOU MAY STEAL A STILL WORM AND COMMIT NO CRIME

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THIS ROOSTER NEVER GOT ENOUGH FIGHTING

A game rooster out on Lonnie Fowler's farm arose early Sunday morning and put on his fighting clothes. He had already licked everything in sight that wore feathers and was spilling for more fight. But there was nothing in sight that he could jump on and for hours he strutted about the place with his head up, his spurs sharpened, and his voice loudly proclaiming that he was master of all.

Somewhat later in the morning than the rooster got up, Mr. Fowler arose and took out his brand new Buick and drove about town awhile. Then he went out to the farm. Now the paint on a new Buick is highly polished and the side of the car makes a first-class mirror before the dust accumulates. When the car was stopped at the farm the belligerent rooster was still looking around for an object upon which to express his fighting inclinations. He circled around the Buick a time or two as if he expected a rooster to be hidden somewhere about it. And sure enough there was. He saw that new rooster plain enough, right on the side of the car. And no sooner did he spy him than he went for him. He picked his spurs, dropped his head, ruffled his feathers and made a terrific leap for the intruder. It was the most peculiar bird he had ever tackled, but he was not daunted. Bounding back from his first assault, he made another, and another. Every time he planted his spur on the spot that seemed to be the head of the other rooster, it jarred his heels fearfully because it was so hard and unyielding. But he scratched and pecked and clawed, but there before him stood his opponent as undaunted as he himself and just as ready for fight. Directly he noticed that the other rooster showed blood signs and he went after him all the more viciously. By Mr. Fowler could not longer stand to see the scratching and pinning that his new Buick was getting, and so he forced the game cock to cease. That individual, compelled to withdraw from the fight before he had completed it to his entire satisfaction, gave first a cry of defiance, and then one of victory after the manner of his kind, and called it a day.

The fearful fire near Camden Thursday night in which seventy-five men, women and children lost their lives on account of a faulty arrangement of a school room, will set the people who have responsibility for buildings to thinking. "Could such a thing happen at our school?" many people ask themselves. "Could a thing of this kind happen in a school building in Union county?" Superintendent Ray Funderburk was asked. "Yes," he said, "it might have happened at Unionville Friday night when five hundred people were in the house, but it can't happen in any of the new buildings because the first principle of construction of these buildings is to allow sufficient exits."

Mr. John Goodall of Camden, who was in Monroe for a short time Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. W. M. Gordon, told many interesting incidents of the fire not covered by the newspaper reports. At least one family living in the school district did not hear of the disaster at once. The day after the fire had been set for the school picnic. One of the families from which children were lost in the fire is named Hinson. Some time on Friday a couple of small boys in overalls, driving the old family mule, pulled up slowly at the Hinson home and the boys called for boy members of the family, saying that they had arranged to go to the picnic with them and had come for them. They were told that the Hinson boys had lost their lives in the fire last night, and that was the first time the little visitors had heard that there had been a fire.

When Mr. J. D. Warren heard about the game rooster fighting his picture on the side of Mr. Fowler's Buick car, it reminded him. "Only time my Dad ever got on me good and hard," he said, "was when I thought to have some fun by taking a billie goat in the house and standing him up before a mirror. My scheme worked and I had lots of fun for the old gille went at himself in the mirror like all possessed and left it in splinters. But the fun didn't last."

Rev. J. A. Hudson, a young man who preached at the First Baptist church Sunday morning, is a conscientious man. Before beginning his sermon he read his text and said: "I do not claim any originality for the thoughts that I am going to give you from this text. I wish to say that I am indebted to Dr. Paul Bagby for them for I heard him preach a sermon from this text." It is rather unusual for a man to give credit for his thoughts he uses. It is not uncommon to hear a Spurgeon sermon, a Billie Sunday conglomeration, a Talmage

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HORROR OF SCHOOL FIRE IS TOLD BY PRINCIPAL

Miss Ina Mae Stephens, principal of the Cleveland school, gave the International News Service, her account of the fire on Saturday, telling the fearful story as follows:

It is all so very, very terrible that I almost lose my mind when I recall the tragedy of Thursday night. It seems as though months have passed since then.

If it had not been for that human dam, holding a turbulent and surging tide of humanity from the only avenue of escape, not a life would have been lost and that dam was all so unnecessary.

The other two teachers and I, with several of our pupils, were on the stage giving the last act of "Miss Topsy Turvey" when the lamp fell. It was in one corner of the stage near the curtains.

Screams Start Panic
I do not believe the lamp exploded, but the oil spread quickly and blazed rapidly. Some one attempted to smother it out but to no avail. But I did not think there was any danger of any one being injured, let alone the seventy-seven dead.

At the moment the lamp fell one of the most piercing screams I have ever heard arose from the entire audience. I fought the fire for a minute or so, hoping to conquer it.

After that I turned and found myself alone on the stage with the 300 persons getting more desperate in their attempt to reach the stairs. I then decided I had better follow, not thinking even then that there was any danger.

What's the matter? Why don't they move on?" I asked Thomas Humphries, who happened to be standing near me. Then he saved my life.

Bodies in Mass
He picked me up bodily from the human wedge, took my feet and gave me one hard shove right over the sea of heads toward the door. (Humphries himself died of his burns in the Camden hospital today)

The awful sight at the door, men and women were lying there piled so high that I hardly had room to pass over their heads under the door. They were wedged in there like dogs in a jam, some standing erect, others on their heads, while many were lying under the entire mass, twisted in all sorts of positions.

I ran around begging men to get a hold on them and break that deadly lock. They tried but they couldn't. Three men pulled with all their might at a man's leg but could not extricate him.

By this time, fire was falling on the heads of the mass. Even when I was shot over their heads, the clothing was burned from my shoulders and I was severely burned. Then fiery tongues of flame began licking out between the writhing mass like some fiend was blowing fire through a human basket.

See Dozens Burnt
How horrible to stand there helpless and see dozens of friends die before our eyes. And when the building caved in and the fire died down, in front of the building at the door way there was that same mass, only it moved no longer. They were heaped almost ten feet high and extended the length of the narrow hall back of the door.

That was the ending of our school, the termination of our commencement exercises. I pray God I shall never be compelled to go through such an experience again.

News From Brief
Brief, May 21.—Mr. A. W. McMann has been visiting in Badin recently.

Ellene, attractive little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Clontz, spent last week as the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Ross of Charlotte.

Mr. Dewey Morgan, who recently returned home from Albemarle, has been confined to his bed with measles. Most of his father's family are to have the measles yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Mollie Dorton of Riverton visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Dorton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Morgan of Stanfield spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Clontz.

Mr. W. A. Tarlton of Concord spent the week-end with his family here.

Rev. Mr. Ledbetter preached at his regular appointment at the school house Sunday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Hill of Concord will assist Mr. Ledbetter next Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Roy Long of Concord visited relatives here during the week-end.

Owing to the cold rains, farmers through this section have had to replant right much cotton, most of which was done during the past week.

School children from Brief attended the commencement exercises at Unionville high school, filling the school truck to capacity.

Thoughtless People Rake in the Ashes For Ghostly Relics

"Never in my life have I seen or dreamed of seeing so many automobiles at one time as I saw on the scene of the Cleveland school fire near Camden Sunday," said Mr. J. W. Lathan, who drove with his family down there. There were automobiles from every town of any size in South Carolina and apparently from everywhere else," continued Mr. Lathan, "and at one time I got in a jam a mile long and it was an hour before the jam moved so that we could get out."

Mr. Lathan saw several people of the neighborhood but could not get much information from them about the fire. They all seemed to be dazed still and had been so shocked that they seemed to be unable yet to realize just what had happened. It is the second great tragedy which has taken place in that school district. Some years ago thirty or forty children from the district were drowned while picnicking at a mill pond when a large boat in which they were riding capsized. This disaster, like the great fire, was the result of a panic. Some one on the boat cried that it was leaking on one side and all the children rushed to the other side and overturned it. Children who were drowned that day were members of the same families who suffered so in the fire Thursday night.

It seems that every time there is a tragedy there follows a gathering of morbid relic hunters, strangers who are obsessed with the idea of securing some ghostly token to exhibit. Mr. Lathan said that relic hunters had been so bad on the scene of the fire that it had to be roped off yesterday. Men were scratching in the ashes for teeth and bones to be carried off as relics. Mr. Lathan himself saw a man pick up and carry off a human shoulder blade.

At the foot of the stairs where the jam was so great the remains of some fifteen babies were found trampled.

The fact that the news of the disaster was so slow in getting out to the world must have been due to the fact that the location of the school was somewhat isolated. It was about a mile from the highway and apparently had no roads leading up to it. It is supposed that the fire must have taken place about nine or ten o'clock, yet it was not known in Camden at twelve that night. This accounts for the fact that the morning papers of Friday did not have the news. The fire is supposed to have lasted twenty minutes.

The school house was about eight miles east of Camden. It was the third building that had been burned in time. The church where the remains were buried lies about a mile from the school. All that country was flattened out on Sunday by the automobiles. Mr. Lathan said that he saw cars driving through fields of oats waist high and mashing them flat.

At last accounts the number of dead had been run up to eighty-two. Sixty-one unidentified bodies were first buried in the huge grave, twelve by forty feet. Five were afterwards added. The bodies were not placed in coffins, but wrapped in cloth and placed side by side. A huge mound was made when the grave had been filled and this mound was banked with flowers. So huge a grave gave one a terrible impression of the overwhelming calamity.

There are many, many stories of heroism, as well as stories of panic and despair. It is said that persons on the outside made such an effort to get in to try to rescue loved ones that this added to the impossibility of getting out. One man made frantic efforts to get into the building and could not be restrained. He said that he had an only daughter in there and he was going to rescue her or die with her. He succeeded in getting in but never came out.

Calls on Country For Help For Camden School Fire Sufferers

Columbia, S. C., May 21.—Help of the people of the United States in caring for the newly-made widows and orphaned children, whose husbands and parents were among the victims of the Cleveland school house fire last Thursday, was asked today by Camden, the little resort town in the heart of South Carolina, which has assumed the burden of providing for the stricken.

Governor Thomas G. McLeod, immediately upon the receipt of a telegram from the Red Cross advisory committee at Camden that outside assistance was needed, issued an appeal to the country at large for funds to provide permanently for at least four widows and 43 children, robbed of their means of support by the school house tragedy. Contributions, he announced, should be sent to the American Red Cross, which has undertaken to manage the entire relief program.

Broad Program for Relief
The telegram to the governor from the advisory committee declared that previous estimates of the needs of the community, where scarcely a home was spared the loss of at least one of its occupants, had been greatly underestimated. The program of relief contemplated, the governor was informed, would result in every orphan securing an education, and in arrangements being made to protect the widowed.

Tracing down of rumors yesterday by Sheriff G. C. Welsh of Kershaw county, resulted in the announcement that Ellen Barnes, of Lucknow, and Francis Bowers, of Kershaw, undoubtedly perished in the fire that followed falling of an oil lamp on the stage during a commencement play at the school.

Reports were current here that a Miss Blackmon and a Miss Thorne, both of the Thorne Hill section of

this county, had attended the play and had not been heard of since. This is a remote and inaccessible part of the county and a more thorough search was planned to definitely ascertain their fate.

Ellen Barnes, according to statements made to the sheriff today, went to the play with her brother, Frank. He escaped and made his way home. Relatives saw the girl in the burning building but could not save her.

Fannie Bowers went to the play with members of the Dixon families, twelve of whom were lost. Relatives saw her in the burning building, but were unable to make their way to her. Her mother has been unconscious ever since the fire.

The list of dead given out after a check up on Friday and Saturday included only the names of those known to have been in the building, according to statements of persons who aided in the work of checking up. There was no possibility of checking up the names of strangers who may have been in the room, and it is probable, it was said, that some bodies were entirely consumed in the flames.

"We mourn 77 dead today," said C. W. Evans, Camden undertaker, who took care of the bodies, "but the world will never know the exact number that perished in that awful blaze."

Carter Taylor, director of disaster relief for the Southern division of the American Red Cross, to which all relief work was turned over last night, today was searching out injured not heretofore listed. He had found a number who were badly, although not seriously hurt.

Miss Pearl Woodham, who was among the five brought to the hospital here, was discharged yesterday, leaving three still under the care of the institution.

Goose Creek Gossip

(By C. W. Clontz.)
"I have seen the time when ghost stories and tales of witchery formed a large part of the talk in old Goose Creek," quoth "Squire George Long." "But within the last few decades Dame Improvement has simply established a precedent in that famous section of Union county. They are now enjoying increased prosperity," he continued.

Milk trucks, school trucks, bread trucks, oil trucks, road trucks, and various conveyances bringing in and carrying out; farm tractors and other modern machinery; good schools, (with better ones in the making); good roads, modern churches; and a progressive-spirited people are identified.

Although his name is not always in the papers, he nevertheless has been of inestimable worth in the building of his community. He is the father of seven children, four boys and three girls. All the children own automobiles, all except one own farm tractors, all own farms, all except one resides in Goose Creek, all except one reads The Monroe Journal. Two of the four red-headed children married red-headed people; hence every member of the two families are red-headed. The father beams with enthusiasm at the mention of good roads and good schools. Can anyone in Goose Creek guess who it is?

Mineral Springs Items

May 21.—Mrs. W. A. Howie has returned home after spending several days with her son, William, Jr., who has been in the Ellen Fitzgerald hospital since his narrow escape on last Thursday. Mrs. Howie states that her son is improving slowly.

Mrs. Herbert Hunnicutt is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Broome.

Miss Bernice Winchester has returned home after spending several days in Charlotte.

Among those who attended the commencement exercises of the Waxhaw High School were: Mr. and Mrs. Crowell Doster, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Broome, Mrs. J. L. Polk and daughters Viola and Helen, Misses Nellie and Sadie Helms, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Krauss, Mrs. Mary Howie and children.

Mr. Everett Alexander spent the week-end with Mr. Henry Polk.

Miss Sadie Helms is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. H. Broome.

"The Social Workers' Club" will meet with Mrs. W. L. Motes, Saturday, May 23.

Miss Viola Polk is visiting in Wadesboro this week.

Insects and diseases frequently destroy from 50 to 80 per cent of the fruit crop in an unweeded orchard. Sometimes the trees are so weakened that they die later. Spraying keeps the trees vigorous and the fruit unblemished, say horticultural workers of the Agricultural Extension Service.

CYCLONE DIPS DOWN IN GOOSE CREEK TOWNSHIP

A cyclone passed over sections of Goose Creek township Sunday afternoon, dipping here and there, tearing down timber and small grain and damaging two tenant houses on the farm of the Griffin boys, sons of the late E. J. Griffin, and blowing Jonah Simpson's barn from its pillars.

The storm was a regular twister and several thousand feet of timber were blown down, trees piled across each other, on the lands of the Griffin heirs, Jonah Simpson and Thos. Haigler. One of the damaged tenant houses on the Griffin estate was occupied by eleven people at the time of the storm and those who witnessed the thrilling event state that the funnel-shaped cloud rose above the house which probably saved the lives of those in it. The Griffin boys' crib was slightly damaged by the force of the storm which struck the roof.

The storm passed within fifty yards of the Griffin home and was plainly observed by Boyd, Carl and Charlie Griffin, who state that it rose and fell rapidly and that where it struck the ground a clean sweep was made. Growing oats were snatched from the field and hurled into the air until five o'clock in the afternoon when the storm broke.

People in the neighborhood heard the roar of the storm and came immediately to learn the results. It is stated that within a few minutes after the storm had subsided something like a hundred people were there in automobiles. Fortunately the dips did not hit any residences and no injuries to persons resulted.

The path of the storm followed closely the big cyclone in that section a few years ago when numbers of residences were blown down and several people killed and injured.

FREE LABOR AND TAX AMOUNTED TO \$91,000

Advocates of the proposed bond issue for the continuation of the road building program in the county have figured it out that the present road tax does not exceed very much the amount paid before the first bonds were issued, if we consider free labor worth \$1.50 per day.

The books on file in the register of deeds office show that in 1919, before the bond levy was made, the road tax paid in money amounted to \$48,792.50. There were in the county at that time 5366 polls, all of whom was required to give six days' free labor on the public roads. Counting six days each for the 5366 men of road-working age, at \$1.50 per day the amount reaches the appalling figures of \$47,394.00 which added to the \$43,792.50 paid in taxes, gives a total of \$91,186.50, an amount about equal to that said since bonds were voted and some real roads built.

The conclusion, therefore, must be that there is no way around road tax. It must be paid in one way or another—by taxation, by free labor or by driving and hauling through mud. The public roads are the arteries of commerce and we can no more get along without them than our bodies can get along without blood vessels. We must, therefore, have roads of some kind, and the question is whether we shall pay for them in cash, in free labor or through the loss of time and the wear and tear of automobiles, buggies and wagons and live stock.

Of course few people care to go back to the old free labor system, which is a disgrace to civilization as it is a form of involuntary servitude. In this day and time, we don't want to use mud beds and call them roads and we cannot afford to "shell out" enough direct taxes to take care of the situation. The bond route is the only alternative left.

Some argue that free labor on the roads is the thing, because it was given at a time of year when farmers couldn't be doing anything else, but with a good road system they can now put in the leisure days getting produce to the markets and realize much more than \$1.50 per day, the figures at which the free labor on roads is figured. And anyway, all will agree that the free labor was a failure and if inaugurated in this day of progress and intelligence the people would not stand for it.

And, furthermore, we are told by those in authority that if the proposed bond fails to carry, the maintenance tax rate will have to be fixed at 30 cents, whereas if it does carry 20 cents will furnish a sufficient maintenance fund for roads not under construction and pay interest and provide a sinking fund to take care of the bonds and pay them up as they come due, making the tax levy next year ten cents less than it will of necessity be in case the issue is defeated.

GOOD ROADS MAN.

Recorder's Court Yesterday.
John and Tom Rushing, assault with deadly weapons, \$50 each and costs.

Eck Martin, operating car while intoxicated, \$50 and costs.
Newton Horn; drunk on public highway; cost. The Judge stated that he would never be let off again for same offense, but if again found guilty he would be sentenced to the roads.
Horea Pressley; drunk; costs; possession of liquor (had about 2 ounces) \$15 and costs.

Don't penalize the fast growing vigorous, healthy chick by using it for a fryer. These make the early layers and best breeding stock, say poultry workers of the State College and Department of Agriculture.

WOULD RATHER PAY A ROAD TAX THAN ANY OTHER

Price Says He is Tired of Seeing Little Plank Bridges on Lateral Road

LANES CREEK MAN NOW WANTS HIS PART OF HELP

By L. E. Huggins

"I would rather pay road tax than any tax I pay," remarked Mr. Lum Price a day or two ago. He then explained that when a man pays for good roads he is making an investment. Mr. Price is of the opinion that the county cannot afford to stop the road work where it is. He has a good road from his house to Monroe, but he is a prosperous farmer and a business man who realizes what good roads mean to the county.

The Griffin Boys Favor Issue
Messrs. Boyd, Carl and Charlie Griffin, sons of the late Mr. E. J. Griffin of Goose Creek township, are among the most enthusiastic good roads boosters I have found, and if anybody thinks the farmers of Union county as a whole are against the proposed bond issue he has another thought coming. "Why," said Carl Griffin, "the farmers are the people who need roads most and we would be cutting our own throats to vote against the proposed bond issue. He explained that many of them have lumber to haul and that it is now a pleasure to haul it, whereas a few years ago it could hardly be gotten to market. He also mentioned the fact that he now hauls twenty sacks of fertilizer at a load instead of eight, which made a full load when there were mud holes in the road between Unionville and Monroe big enough to bury a horse in. He has traveled over the State extensively and he is proud to tell folks he is from Union, the best county in the State, whereas a few years ago he was afraid to say anything about Union, because the fellow to whom he was talking might pass through some time, if he could get over the roads at that time."

Zack Will Vote For It
"Yes, I am going to vote for the bond issue," said Zack Traywick of Marshville township a few days ago. "I live on Rev. A. Marsh's land," he continued, "and he is going to vote for the bonds, and he is unselfish enough to vote bonds and pay tax to build roads for people who need them, I would be a fool to vote against them." And there you are. It appears that a large part of the property owners of the county can readily see what good roads mean to their property and to the county as a whole and if they are willing to pay tax to build good roads for the good of all concerned, then those who own little property cannot afford to vote against the measure.

Wants Something Substantial
"I am sick and tired seeing one plank bridge after another placed over this little drain," said a farmer a few days ago as he gave a sweep of the hand across a lateral road that has not yet been reached in the road-building program, "and I am going to vote for the bond issue and see some permanent culverts placed on this road and see the road drained so it may be maintained." He used some mighty sensible argument when he explained that a plank bridge won't last more than a few months with automobiles passing over it every day, and that a road must first be located and drained before it can be maintained. He figures that it will be much cheaper in the long run to vote bonds and locate and drain the roads and place culverts on them than to continuously place plank bridges, throw in a lot of mud to be replaced within a few months with more and pay enough direct tax each year to keep up the boomerang stuff. In fact, he agrees with those who have figured it out that it will require less tax to pay the interest on the bonds and create a sinking fund with which to pay them up than to make necessary repairs on the old worn-out roads that we have in certain sections of the county by direct taxation.

Mr. Billy Hilton of Lanes Creek township is a big tax-payer who realizes that good roads are cheap, even though they cost a lot of money. Mr. Hilton is 64 years of age and has been paying tax for 40 years. He owns 650 acres of land and has paid tax to help build the roads of the county and now declares that he can hardly get to market. He hopes the people of Monroe and Marshville, his principal market towns, will join in the movement for bonds to build lateral roads in order that he may enjoy the same privileges that others have.

As evidence of the fact that a great many people don't realize the number of miles of top-soil roads that have been built in Union county, Mr. Carl Broome of Buford township has recently taken a job selling cigars and has been traveling over the county extensively, and he expresses himself as being surprised at the number of miles of good roads in the county. He didn't realize what had been done until he got out and saw for himself.

There are times when a broken window from a stray baseball is cheaper than the broken health of the child. Sunshine and outdoor exercises make young folks healthy.