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MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF ALBERT M. COATES

Delivered at Turlington Graded School, Representing the Citizens of Smithfield at the Exercises Held in Memory of Edwin Smith Pou.

The school house in which we have gathered, the churches about us, the court of justice that has grown up, are living testimony that the people of this place have something in common, and that out of these things in common there has grown up a community life and a community consciousness. This we call Smithfield. It is this realization which brings us here today in the name of one of Smithfield's finest exemplars: to pay tribute to the man and to the cause for which he died.

The story of Edwin Pou is the story of a Smithfield boy for eighteen years a member of this community, for one short year a student in the University of North Carolina and Georgetown University, for one year a soldier in the service of the United States on the Mexican border, for six months a soldier in the service of humanity on the fields of France.

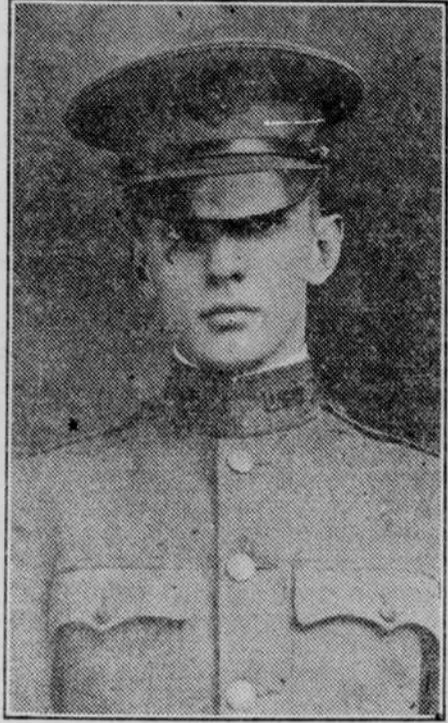
We knew him here as a boy, frank, pleasant, open-hearted, sincere and honest as only open hearts can be; a boy with a quality of self-possession and a poise who stood for ability without display, who could be determined without being mad, who could be earnest yet keep a smile; with a nature which saw life not as something to be tolerated while waiting for another world, but as a beautiful and happy thing to live; a free and wholesome force in his relations with others. The stern requirements of army life revealed in him the presence of a discipline which enabled him to focus his whole powers on the work before him. It caused his country to invest in him while yet a boy the duties and responsibilities of a man as a commissioned officer in her service.

A nature expressing itself in such qualities as these cannot be little; can not be limited in its interests to a family circle, to a community's life, or to a nation's boundaries. Sincerity, fairness, good fellowship, are as broad as the world, and it is their forces which are making for a league of nations today. Such qualities as these, rooted in the nature of a man, lead him to transcend himself, to break over the limitations of his person, and to feel a consciousness of his relationship with other men, a oneness with his kind. It is this quality of fellowship, deep as the nature of man, which has led in successive steps to the formation of the family, to the growth of the community, to the creation of a nation, and which today struggles to express itself in a league of nations of the world. When this relationship exists between a man and his family we call it a family tie. When it exists between a man and his community we call it community spirit. When it exists between a man and his country we call it patriotism. In the end it makes one music as before, but vaster.

There are men who never hear the note, nor feel the throb, whose hearts do not beat in rhythm, with this vaster music. One man does not recognize his relationship to his community and feels only a family tie. We say he has no community spirit. Another man goes a step farther in his growth, feels his relationship to his community and meets its obligations, but does not feel the stir of the nation's life. We say he has no patriotism. Another goes a step farther still, feels a strong sense of citizenship in a nation and a stirring sense of patriotism, but feels no relationship to a common humanity, and cares nothing for the welfare of those outside the national pale. This group of men, on the frontier of nationalism, is today giving battle to those fine spirits who have pressed on to that high consciousness of obligation to the interests which mankind hold in common, at present without form and void, but which is seeking to express itself in a league of nations.

It was because the spirit of Edwin Pou had traveled the inner highway of experience until it led him into a consciousness of his unity with this larger life, that as a gay hearted boy he left the comforts of a pleasant home at the appeal of a cause which because it was his country's was his own. It was this that carried him on an autumn morning to that proud height where the life of man and the life of country lose themselves in inseparable union; where he who had been the embodiment of his country became the incarnation of his country's life. They both live on. Their places only are reversed, for he who carried his country in his heart, has become a precious gem set in his country's life. He lives there: a bright star in the brightest moment of his country's history; loved by his

EDWIN SMITH POU.



family for himself; loved by his community for his inconquerable fellowship and undefeated faith; loved by his country as only a country can love him who is faithful to her even unto death.

He lived briefly but imperishably. And from this we know that human life is not a creature of time and cannot be judged in terms of its length. By this we are taught that: "In small proportions we just beauties see, And in short measures life may perfect be."

And this is not only because he has left living testimony of a life unselfish in its high devotion to mankind's highest cause; not only because he widely magnified the possibilities of twenty-one short years and wrote his name high in his country's annals; not only because on a hundred fields he left immortal testimony to a bravery that offered to death his beautiful youth in red-handed trophy of his courage.

It is because of the supreme spirit in which he made the supreme sacrifice which it is given to men to make. It is the spirit which offers itself unreservedly and wholeheartedly, which keeps no accounts of debit and credit against a day of settlement. It is the spirit which recognizes that the only reward for a noble act is to have done it. It is the spirit that outruns duty and is itself a call unto itself. After a generation of self-seeking, of materialistic ambition, of life which bears the stamp of the dollar mark, we see emerging in his example the epic paradox: He who saveth his life shall lose it and he who loseth his life in a great service for my sake shall find it. Life's Calvary becomes its Mount of Transfiguration!

In this high moment of history our souls are above the blinding mists of lower times. We, who have been accustomed to think of great days as days that are passed, of great men as men of other times, of great deeds as deeds of other lands, have seen the slumbering powers of pain and inarticulate people rise up in overflow, and intermingle in a tide which has lifted men and women out of the narrow ruts, out of their fixed habits of thought and life. We have seen boys who have played about our streets show the stuff of manhood and the mystic fire of heroic souls. There is one among us, Edwin Pou, who rose with the crest to a height from which he would not descend, and there wreathed himself in the glory of a people's affection. To those who are now on the crest descending there is the challenge to take with them into their everyday life with its simple tasks the same exalted thrill which those high moments brought and so dedicate this country we love to the high life which this man lived.

REV. J. M. BENSON DEAD

Funeral Services Held Monday at Nashville Methodist Church.

Nashville, March 12.—The funeral services of Rev. J. M. Benson, who died here Sunday morning, March 8, were held yesterday at Nashville Methodist church, conducted by Rev. L. B. Jones, of Nashville, and Rev. C. P. Jerome, of Kenly.

In the death of Mr. Benson the North Carolina Conference loses one of its most beloved preachers, and one who had served faithfully and well in the active ministry for twenty-three years.

He is survived by one daughter and three sons, Miss Sallie Benson, Mr. C. L. Benson, Mr. H. E. Benson, of Nashville, and Mr. B. B. Benson, of Raleigh.—News and Observer.

Sixteen flying fields and three balloon fields are to be maintained permanently by the War Department. Actual instruction in flying, however, will be conducted at only two fields. The others will be held in reserve.

FINE TRIBUTE TO EDWIN SMITH POU

Address of Judge Brooks Delivered Tuesday Morning at Memorial Exercises at Turlington Graded School, Representing School Board.

Turlington Graded School is more than a great pile of brick and mortar. It is a beacon light in this community, sending out its rays into the four quarters of the earth. It's a living thing with a spirit. We see that spirit in the boys and girls as they leave old T. G. S., and go to the University, to the A. and E. College, Meredith College, Peace Institute, Greensboro Normal, as well as Oxford, England, and other colleges and institutions of learning.

Turlington Graded School is an institution of which all Smithfield people feel justly proud and which is looked upon by all people of the county as a school with high ideals and aims, builded upon that solid superstructure laid by its founder, the late Prof. Ira T. Turlington, whose picture adorns these walls and whose influence still permeates the atmosphere around this school.

We look to the great State of Texas to the Edlington Field, named in honor of Lieutenant Eric Edlington, who gave his life in the service of his country and recall the great achievements of a T. G. S. boy. We look to the battle front of yesterday and note with pride the achievements of T. G. S. boys in the great war for Peace and Freedom.

Today we rejoice in the achievements of another son of old T. G. S., Ensign Edwin S. Pou, youngest son of Congressman and Mrs. Edward W. Pou. A young man in the bloom of young manhood, with life before him and just beginning to unfold like a rosebud in spring time, heard the call of his country, and like the true patriotic American lad that he was, he turned a deaf ear to all entreaties of father and mother and loved ones, the call of pleasure and fortune, and cast himself a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country. He first enlisted in the cavalry while at Washington and at the outbreak of the Mexican trouble went with his company to the border rapidly rising to position of First Lieutenant.

Before America got into the war he looked far down the distant vista of time and saw that the great world war would be won in the air and that America needed aviators in order to be prepared when she should enter the great conflict, as he doubtless saw and felt must be done, sooner or later. He therefore applied for transfer to the aviation service.

After training in America he was sent to Canada with the Royal Flying Squadron for further instruction. He graduated and received his commission and returned to the United States. Upon his return to Washington, his father with that paternal love and feeling for the security of his son (who was a mere boy under twenty, and who had just married a sweet young wife) plead with him that he give up flying, as it was so dangerous, and accept a less hazardous position such as a paymaster in the navy, as he thought Mr. Daniels would be glad to give him such a position, and he could be near his wife and loved ones.

Edwin had been to Mexico with the cavalry, and to Canada with the aviators, and had caught the spirit on "Bob" Service, as expressed in his poem "The Quitter," which Edwin was so fond of reciting and which he wrote from memory upon his return from the Mexican border, as follows:

"When you are lost in the wild,
And you are as scared as a child,
And death looks you bang in the eye
You're sore as a boil,
It's according to Heyle,
To cock your revolver—and die.
But the code of man
Says "Fight all you can"
And self dissolution is barred,
In hunger and woe,
It's easy to blow,
It's the hell-served-for-breakfast
that's hard.

"You've had a raw deal,
Well, I know, don't squeal,
Buck up, do your damndest and
fight!
It's the plugging away
That will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, Ol' pard,
Just draw on your grit,
It's damned easy to quit,
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's
hard.

"It's easy to cry
That you're beaten and die,
It's easy to crawl and crawl,
But to fight and to fight,
When all hope is out of sight,
Now that's the best game of them
all,

And though you come out
Of each gruelling bout,
All beaten, broken and scarred,
Just have one more try,
It's damned easy to die,
It's the keeping-on-living that's
hard."

He sat with dropped head and staid for a few minutes and then rose and said: "Father, any man can pay out money. The government has spent lots of money to train me as an aviator and I can fly and love to do it. Then some one might say I had a y: low streak in me and it ain't there—I must fly."

Soon after this he left for the coast of France as a Hydroplane pilot, where he rendered heroic and valuable service, and there met an untimely death when his plane collided with a spar buoy as he was attempting a landing, and his body is buried on the Ile of Tudy. But we are not met here today to speak of his achievements but in a simple memorial service to his memory, and while we rejoice in his achievements yet we mourn his untimely taking away in so tragic a manner. Though sleeping under the sod of France, made sacred by American blood (as well as the blood of our allies) and we shall miss his genial smile and interesting conversation, yet his memory shall never perish from old T. G. S., for his father, on November 18, 1918, wrote me the following letter:

"Mr. F. H. Brooks,
Smithfield, N. C.
"My dear Friend:

"My son Edwin, who died in discharging his duty near Brest, France on October 28, received all his preparatory schooling at Turlington Graded School. I think he graduated with the class of 1915. It is my wish to offer, through you to the Board of Trustees to give a gold medal worth not less than \$25, to the member of the graduating class delivering the best original oration or preparing the best original essay. The medal to go alternately to the young man delivering the best oration and the young lady preparing the best essay. Those competing as orators to be boys exclusively and those competing as essayists to be girls exclusively, all to be members of the graduating class.

"If this Board accepts this offer and decides to give the medal to the 1919 commencement to the best orator (original), it would, of course, be given to the best essayist (original) in 1920, and vice versa.

The medal will be given as long as I live and it to be known as the Edwin Smith Pou medal.

"I make no other requirements, but leave all details to the Board of Trustees. The orations and essays should have a prescribed length, I should think, but the Board can decide.

"Sincerely your friend,
"EDWARD W. POU."

This offer was quickly and gladly accepted by the Board of Trustees and Mr. Pou notified, and this medal will be given at the approaching commencement—details of the contest to be made known later by Prof. Morrow. Mr. Pou offers this medal as long as he lives (and God grant him long leave of life that he may continue to serve his country and reflect honor upon his county and town) and I doubt not that some other relatives of Ensign Pou will continue the medal and that the boys and girls of the school for many generations will continue to strive to win the prize established in memory of the hero of T. G. S., Ensign Edwin S. Pou.

In the death of Edwin Pou I feel a personal loss. He was very close to me. I came here to work for his father January 23, 1898, and Edwin came very soon after, and we grew up together, as it were, as I was a stranger and sojourner here then. He was a noble fellow; clean and pure in his life and habits and as gentle as a woman. As a soldier he was a manly, soldierly-looking fellow, courageous and heroic, and though he met a tragic death like he would have met the enemy, like a soldier and without flinching.

God only knows why he was taken; so young, so brave, so heroic; with so much to live for; a sweet devoted young wife; fond parents, and legions of friends; we cannot understand, we dare not question the act of the Lord Almighty, but bow sorrowfully in humble submission to His will.

In the solitude of his suffering over the tragic death of his son, his father wrote these lines in his memory:

"Through tears I see our baby boy
Prattling, laughing, sweet and coy,
His eyes of brown
And his little white gown;
Oh, the angels had made us a loan.

"And now he's paid the great price
Like Calvary his sacrifice,
And he's again robed in white—
In the heavenly light,
For the angels have taken their own."

And now, Edwin, in the name of

Turlington Graded School, we say
ur revoir, and may,

"God send you Sleep, tired lad—
Tired lad—stretched still and straight
Beside the road shell-ploughed for
Death's grim harvesting—
The tumult has passed on,
The day is done—
God send you Sleep.

"God send you Peace, tired sleeping
lad—
Across the clear green spaces of the
wood
The birds call drowsily, the setting
sun
Kindles a glory in your hair;
Slowly, on your shut eyes,
The daylight dies—
God send you Peace.

"God send you Life, tired, sleeping
peaceful lad—
From your little world blurs into
nothingness;
What matter now the fury and the
pain?
Worthy the price you paid, worthy the
laying down
Of all you had, worthy the strife—
The last great Gift you gave, cleansed,
purified,
Lies at your feet again—
God's Gift of Life."

NEWS FROM SELMA.

Selma, March 13.—On Friday night in the school auditorium, Miss Ruth Folger, the efficient music teacher in the Selma High School, will offer the first of a series of recitals to be given by her music class this spring.

Mrs. J. R. Covington, of Laurinburg, is visiting her sister, Miss Blanche Mitchiner, in Selma this week. Saturday Mrs. Covington and Miss Mitchiner spent the day in the city of Raleigh.

Mrs. E. H. Moser and Miss Ruth Folger, her sister, spent the day in Raleigh Saturday, shopping.

Mrs. W. A. Edgerton and Mrs. W. E. Smith, formerly of Selma, now of Wilson, are visiting relatives and friends in Selma this week.

Mr. M. C. Winston spent the last week-end visiting his daughter, Mrs. Wm. G. Broadfoot, in Wilmington.

The girls of the Selma school played two games of basket ball this week. One played in Kenly resulting in a victory for the Selma girls, the other played in Smithfield resulting in a victory for the Smithfield girls. Both games were played in the most friendly spirit. The sport of playing seemed to be the dominant idea and not win or show an ugly temper in losing. The games were played for the fun of playing.

Rev. R. R. Lanier has moved his family to Greensboro, where Mr. Lanier has gone to take up new work. The Selma people regretted to see Mr. Lanier leave our town. But we wish him well in his new charge and believe that the new work offers Mr. Lanier better opportunities to work in his chosen field of labor.

M. F. Beasley, the editor of the Johnstonian, Selma's classy newspaper, has recently moved his family into Mrs. Georgianna Tuck's cottage on Anderson street.

Robert Waddell, a Selma boy who served in the overseas division of Uncle Sam's army, has returned to Selma. Robert was greeted warmly and is kept concerned most of the time by anxious friends who desire to hear the experiences of the overseas boys.

The Odd Fellows have been holding a convention in Selma this week. A number of visitors have been in town as a result of this convention.

Selma is making big preparations to entertain the Shriners when they come to Johnston county on May 22. This should be a big day for the county. Selma and Smithfield will do their parts to make the visitors welcome and at home in Johnston.

Selma boys' basket ball team had ambitions toward the State championship for a few days last week after they beat Red Oak in Raleigh, but when they went up against Wilmington their hopes took the wings of the morning and flew away. But the boys did have a good time and were treated royally by the Wilmington boys in every respect except piling up the score. The score of 80 to 8 left no doubt in the minds of the Selma boys that they were the losers in the game.

The Sixth Grade, under the direction of Miss Eunice Keel, dramatized the Wild Swans in school, and offered it to the public Tuesday night for the benefit of the library. The play was most pleasingly presented and charmed the audience. A large number of Selma folks attended the play and as a result many books for sixth graders to read will soon be on our school library shelves.

Will you please correct an error in my last week's report. I read that the Selma school gave \$5 to the Armenian Relief Fund and it should have read \$25.

A number of improvements are going on in the town. House painting, cement floors in several stores and

FRED BATTEN GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Killed Charley Fleming Last August. Draws a Sentence of Twelve Months on the Smithfield Roads.

The trial of Fred Batten, who killed Charley Fleming last August, was the most important case heard at this term of Johnston County Superior Court. The trial was begun Wednesday morning and consumed all the time of the court for two days, the verdict being returned yesterday evening about six o'clock.

The following jury was selected in a short while: J. Q. Tart, A. G. Powell, J. H. Johnson, J. T. Davis, R. B. Ellis, H. G. Hall, A. C. Penny, Oscar W. Sasser, Wyatt T. Hinton, W. H. Etheridge (Boon Hill), J. A. Wilson and H. H. Hinton.

After the selection of the jury the remainder of the day Wednesday was taken up in hearing the evidence. Thursday morning the argument of the lawyers was heard. Mr. Ed. S. Abell and Mr. S. S. Holt defended the prisoner, while the Solicitor was assisted in the prosecution by Wellons & Wellons.

The case was given to the jury soon after five o'clock and a verdict was brought in about six o'clock. At the tap of the bell quite a number of people assembled in the court room to hear the verdict, which was manslaughter. Before sentence was pronounced the attorneys for Batten asked for leniency on account of the good character he proved in the court, on the ground of the character of the man slain and on the ground that he had already served seven months in jail. Judge Kerr gave Batten a sentence of twelve months on the Smithfield roads.

The case was a hard fought one. The prosecution of the case was ably presented while Batten was no less ably defended. The jury was one of the most intelligent that ever sat on a murder case in Johnston county. The verdict was no surprise to those who heard the evidence.

At the conclusion of the trial the court adjourned the term.

STUDENTS ARMY CORPS MEN TO GET \$60 BONUS.

Washington, March 12.—Although the original announcement was not clear on this point, it was learned here today that student officers of the students army training corps in the various educational institutions of the country are entitled to the soldiers' \$60 bonus provided in the war revenue bill for discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the present war.

This information was obtained from the war department by the Greensboro Daily News' correspondent, following inquiry from North Carolina regarding student army officers.—Greensboro Daily News.

Rainbow Boys to Prepare to Sail.

Washington, March 11.—General Pershing cabled the War Department that he had issued orders for the Forty-second (Rainbow) Division to prepare for embarkation.

This would indicate that the Forty-second may be expected to sail between April 10 and 15, as the average period between such orders and embarkation has been one month.

The Emperor and Empress of Japan recently contributed 1,000 yen each a year for ten years beginning with this year to the Salvation Army in recognition of the effective charity work in which the army has been engaged in the Empire.

Some building are in evidences. Now we need the Civic League to get busy and clean up the town. We need the commissioners to do some street work. It would not hurt to have the road from Selma to Smithfield worked on a little.

The new guano factory in Selma, established by M. C. Winston and son, is doing business. This is a real fertilizer plant, an asset to Selma and a blessing to the county. This is not an advertisement to sell the goods of this firm, but mention that is justly due the promoters of such a valuable concern.

E. H. Moser went to Thanksgiving last Saturday night to talk to a gathering of the folks in that community at the school house. After the speech ice cream was served. He talked to the farmers who were present about the crops for the coming season. He found them in the notion to raise hog and hominy and less tobacco and cotton. If all the farmers in the South would do this we would soon be independent. We can raise "anything" in the South. Why not something to eat and feed on first? This is the road to independence.