

# The Smithfield Herald

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## PLAYS TO FEATURE CAROLINA SCENES

**Carolina Playmakers  
On State Tour Will  
Be Here Thursday  
Evening, Feb. 14.**

### 3 PLAYS ON PROGRAM

By G. Y. RAGSDALE  
(Special to The Herald)

Chapel Hill, N. C., Feb. 8.—The Carolina Playmakers, appearing for the first time in Smithfield in the High School Auditorium next Thursday night, February 14, this being the seventh State tour, will present three plays written and acted by students of the University. Two of the plays are comedies; one being a comedy of farm folk, the other of plantation days in the South. The other play is a tragedy of the tenant farmer, a subject dealt with frequently by the Playmakers.

The Carolina Playmakers is one of the few organizations of its kind in the United States. The organization is based on folk lore almost entirely, plus the native ability, energy and the desire on the part of the young people of North Carolina registered in the University to dramatize these very things so that the people of the State may actually visualize the things which they have long been told about their state and communities. Every community in the state has its traditions. The Playmakers have capitalized these traditions; hence the plays that they write and present every quarter of the year save in the summer.

The Playmakers are amateurs, and in the strictest sense of the word. They do the thing themselves down to the minutest detail of dramatic craft. First they write the plays from their own experiences preferably, or those of others. They are publicly read and try-outs for the cast are held. Every piece of scenery is made and painted by them. Costumes are arranged and designed according to the needs they must fit. Every piece of stage machinery is made by them. Those that do not already know from long experience learn the art of "making-up," and essential in the art of drama. Even the stage hands are students of the University, trained in their work as are the others, purely because it is a detail that every player should know.

After several weeks of practice the Playmakers present their plays to the students and townspeople of Chapel Hill in the Playhouse, the term they have applied to the High School auditorium of this town. Here is where the final test comes. These plays which are especially good are carried on the State tours, provided they can be easily staged in almost any theatre.

These one act plays are not to be compared with the finished drama that one sees in the regular theatre, backed by big money, and all the other accoutrements of the modern theatre. But they are good for amateurs. They are better than the average "home talent" productions, and when one considers that these plays are written, staged and acted by almost inexperienced North Carolinians zest is added to every performance. They please the theatre goers here, they have pleased every where they have been North Carolina, and should do so again on this tour, Mr. Denny, Manager of the Playmakers, and also an actor of no mean ability, said Wednesday, "I believe this is the most representative and best all-round group of plays that we have ever carried on tour." One may expect to laugh, and one will laugh, for some of the situations in the two comedies are hilarious; but one may expect in "Fixin's" something of a far more serious nature, something that the people of Johnston County have to contend with themselves every day, and something that admirably depicts the condition in the tenant farmer's life.

In Tuesday's issue we will carry a

## A Proclamation

Our nation and all the civilized world mourns at the demise of our great ex-President Woodrow Wilson. He was the most significant figure of the world's history, an apostle of peace. His constructive policies of better human relations with all mankind will ripen into reality. He was preeminent in every sense of the word, over his contemporaries. He possessed that rare sense of international understanding and brotherhood, that towered above all great men of his generation. He was almost a superhuman in mentality; in moral convictions he clearly stood above his fellows, his spiritual understanding was far reaching in its benefits for mankind. Woodrow Wilson is dead in the body but his spirit and lofty ideals will forever be foremost in the conscience of the American people.

Now, therefore, I John A. Narron, Mayor of the City of Smithfield following the previous action of our Governor of North Carolina, Cameron Morrison, do hereby proclaim and set apart Sunday the 10th day of February as the day and time for fitting memorial services to be held in the Court House and to give expression of our reverence and appreciation for the unselfish service rendered to his countrymen and all of the civilized world, by our beloved ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

Done in the City of Smithfield on this the 8th day of February, 1924.

JOHN A. NARRON

By the Mayor:  
W. L. Fuller  
City Clerk.

## WINNER OF PEACE PRIZE ANNOUNCED

**Dr. Charles H. Levermore Receives \$50,000 Offered by Edward W. Bok**

Philadelphia, Feb. 4.—Dr. Charles Herbert Levermore of New York City, Secretary of the New York Peace Society and former President of Adelphi College of Brooklyn, is the author of the Bok peace prize plan.

Disclosure of his identity was made here tonight at a meeting at the Academy of Music, when John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain, representing Edward W. Bok, giver of the award, presented to him a check for \$50,000. The second half of the \$100,000 offered by Mr. Bok will be awarded to Dr. Levermore if the "referendum" on the plan, now in progress, shows that it has sufficient popular support to fulfill the condition of "practicable" in the opinion of the Jury of Award.

References to the death of Woodrow Wilson leading American advocate of the League of Nations, in Dr. Levermore's plan, co-operation with which is advocated, were made by all the speakers. Mr. Davis asked if it were not possible that Mr. Wilson's legacy to this country would not be a realization of his vision of world wide and perpetual peace.

**Crowd of 3,500 Sees Award**  
The presentation of the check by Mr. Davis was made in the presence of a crowd of 3,500 which filled the academy and the appearance of the winner was greeted with applause.

Other speakers were Charles W. Norris, President of the Philadelphia forum, which joined with the Policy Committee in arranging the meeting; Melville E. Stone, who presided; Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War; Miss Lape and Dr. Levermore himself.

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brief review of the three plays which are to be presented. By some stroke of fate, we believe that there are certain things about this group of plays and their authors which will interest Smithfield people especially, but that is another story.

## Nation Bows Its Head in Grief

Woodrow Wilson, the Great War President, has passed on to an earned and honored rest, and the Nation bowed its head in grief, as the last rites were said over his dead body. At 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the funeral was held at the home in S street in accordance with the wishes of the late ex-president.

The following extracts from the Associated Press dispatches of yesterday give some of the details of the last sad service.

Washington, Feb. 6.—A bugle, calling softly in the fading day told that Woodrow Wilson had passed today down "The Way of Peace" to his earned and honored rest.

It sang the same soldier requiem that once before, at the lips of the same loyal comrade, it sang to lull America's Unknown to his sleep in glory.

And as the bugle called out over the hills that look down on the city, a stricken woman turned away from the entrance of the stone crypt down in the dim chapel, leaving her dead to the mercy of God.

Tonight the somber casket of black steel lies in the western niche of the great vault below Bethlehem chapel. Above, towering from the hillside, looms the gray mass of the cathedral. Below the lights of the city that has turned back from its day of sorrow to the crowding cares of life twinkle through the dark of an overcast night.

And on that casket where the great dead lies alone at last for his endless rest, beside the plate that sets forth only his name and the days of his birth and death, there still lies the handful of soft white blossoms that were the last touching gift of the grief worn widow.

Singly and in groups the little company that could be admitted to the house came and passed within. Thus came President and Mrs. Coolidge, the honor guard saluting as their Commander in Chief passed to stand beside the bier of a dead colleague. Thus came others who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Woodrow Wilson in his days of greatness and came also those few humble ones who could not be forgotten at such a moment, the faithful friends of the old days.

In the study, where a great vacant chair before the fire place stood untouched since last he had sat there to ponder in the warm glow, the casket had been set. On the walls about clustered the old trusty friends of many years, books ranking row on row from floor to ceiling save in the spaces where old pictures made sacred by ties of memory looked down. At one side stood the piano brought from the quiet scholarly home at Princeton of those other years before greatness had found Woodrow Wilson out and called him forth to battle and to death.

It was among these surroundings of a quiet, home loving thinker, the precious memory-laden things of home, that old friends were now gathering to pay him last honors. The mellow chime of the great hall clock beat three solemn strokes through the stillness. As the last tone dwindled and died, Dr. Taylor, the pastor in Washington under whom Woodrow Wilson sat in all his years of Presidential greatness, raised his voice:

"The Lord is my Shepherd," he read,—the old, comforting words of the twenty-third Psalm carrying out through all the rooms and up the stairs to the tearful women waiting there in deepest black.

The solemn words of the funeral service followed, and then eight men,

soldiers, sailors and marine comrades, bore the casket from the house to the waiting hearse.

Behind the casket came Mrs. Wilson in deepest black, with a thick veil guarding her sadness from curious eyes. She leaned on her brother's arm, and was helped into a waiting car that moved off at once down the hill behind the hearse. The honor guard was formed in rank on each side.

Next from the house came William G. McAdoo. The daughters of the dead President were supported on his arms as he helped them to the car awaiting them. Behind these came the other members of the family, the brother and nephew and those less closely kin to the dead. There was but one vacancy in the immediate family circle left by the place Mrs. Sayre, the third daughter, and her husband would have filled had time permitted their arrival.

### Coolidges Attend

Behind the family came President and Mrs. Coolidge, heading the group of distinguished men and old comrades who made up the funeral party. They were taken in the slow moving row of waiting cars and gradually the funeral train reached down to Massachusetts Avenue and swung around to the right for its slow journey up to the cathedral.

There are few houses along the broad street in its two-mile tree-lined length to the cathedral close. Police and soldiers along the way to keep back the crowding thousands who stood in deep ranks on either side all along the way. Military guardians were without arms, but they and the police, as the cortege passed, silent but for the noise of its own motion, each rendered his stiff salute to the dead. Behind them in the ranks of citizenry that had waited so long, standing five and ten deep at every vantage point, heads were bared and there was weeping among the women.

The service at the cathedral, was in keeping with the home service in its simplicity.

None but the eyes of the dear ones and closest friends and of the religious comforters and the loyal comrades of the sister services saw this last moment. The vault entrance lies in the very center of the chapel floor and below it in the place of utter rest many feet down. It was not until the great stone had been put to one side and the honor guard men stood ready to lower the casket gently into the hands of the comrades waiting below to lift it to its secluded niche in the western end, that the family came back for that last farewell. The clergy men stood at the head of the entrance, while Mrs. Wilson took her place at the foot, facing the chapel altar.

At the last the Presbyterian ministers whom the dead man had worshipped with in life joined in saying over him the form of burial service his church knows. Bishop Freeman concluded the service, repeating verses from Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," with its message of resignation and faith in God's goodness. Then the casket sank slowly into the stone work and from outside, beyond the double walls and where the gray end of a gray day was coming swiftly, the bugle rang out in "taps." The soldier farwell to a fallen comrade. There were only a few remaining about the chapel entrance as that last, clear message was sounded. They stood bareheaded and the soldier and marine guards at salute until the last note died.

## Wm. G. McAdoo, Presidential Candidate, to Testify in Oil Case

Washington, Feb. 5.—William G. McAdoo, a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, is expected to appear next Friday before the Senate Oil Committee at his own request to tell of his employment as counsel by the Doherty oil

interests after his retirement from the office of Secretary of the Treasury in the Wilson Administration.

Mr. McAdoo, who is to arrive here tomorrow from California to attend the funeral of former President

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## Memorial Service

The following program in memory of Woodrow Wilson will be given at the Court house here Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock:

1. Hymn  
How Firm a Foundation
2. Prayer.  
Rev. S. L. Morgan.
3. Hymn By the Choir.
4. Solo. Miss Frances White.
5. Address by Hon. Charles R. Ross of Lillington, N. C.
6. Hymn  
Onward Christian Soldiers.
7. Benediction  
Rev. D. H. Tuttle.

## MAMMOTH INDOOR CIRCUS HERE NEXT WEEK

Smithfield National Guard Indoor Circus all next week, featuring the following high class circus and vaudeville novelties:

Todd's Trained Dogs, featuring the world's greatest leaping wolf hounds, and the world champion high diving dog.

Alma Fern on the flying ladder. The Juggling Taylors, expert hoop rollers and novelty jugglers.

The Giant Frog, presented by William Todd.

Bozo, the south's funniest black face comedian.

Miss William Todd, dainty singing and dancing soubrette.

Spark Plug, the greatest of kicking mules.

Bessie Herring on the flying rings. Ollie Brothers' European novelty.

Todd Duo, dancing, running and jumping upon the silver thread.

Doors open at seven o'clock. New show each night. Dancing every night. Season tickets \$1.00.

## 2ND BATTALION WINS BY BIG SCORE

**Defeats The First Battalion  
From Youngsville By A  
Score of 57 to 15**

In a loosely played game here Tuesday night the Second Battalion of Smithfield defeated the First Battalion from Youngsville by the score of 57 to 15.

Youngsville scored the first point on a foul and it was quickly tied when Smithfield shot a goal. Smithfield registered again and took the lead, holding it throughout the game. In the beginning of the second quarter Smithfield led 25 to 4. Eleven of Youngsville 15 points were registered from foul line.

The Second Battalion's offense was decidedly superior at all stages of the contest. The Smithfield men were more adept at passing and were faster to recover. They held the ball better and showed more experience in the game. Youngsville fought well but with not much judgment.

Holland and Parrish were the great scorers, Holland ringing up 24 points and Parrish 14. Stephenson, C. played a good game at guard.

"Mack" Parrish, who is well remembered by basket ball fans, as being a stellar performer on Smithfield's team during 1920 and 1921, was in the game for the Second Battalion and played a hard game, accounting for 7 of his teams goals.

Harris was the outstanding performer for Youngsville, he scoring on fouls practically all of his team's points.

All the men of both teams played hard, though with a friendly spirit and although many fouls were chalked up against both sides, most of them came without intention for the most part. Each side suffered about the same in the matter of penalties.

### Services At Court House

Rev. H. R. Faircloth will preach at the court house Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock. Everybody is cordially invited to attend this service. Music will be furnished by the Johnston Union choir.

## TOWN FINANCES ARE DISCUSSED

**Mr. James A. Wellons,  
City Lawyer, Makes  
Instructive Talk Before  
Woman's Club.**

### A TOPIC OF INTEREST

The Woman's Club of this city has undertaken a series of studies in town government, a part of the regular monthly program being devoted to this feature. A month ago Mr. F. H. Brooks made a talk Wednesday afternoon the second talk in the series was given by Mr. J. A. Wellons on "Town Finances." Mr. Wellons is the city attorney, and is well qualified to discuss this subject. His talk was such that we feel that all the citizens of the town will be interested, and we are herewith publishing it.

By reference to Book W. No. 1, at page 206 of the Registry of Johnston it will be seen that in 1797 Lovid Bryan, John Brayan, Matthew Handy, and Robert Gurley, Trustees and directors of the Town of Smithfield conveyed by warranty deed to Harvey Bryan, James Bryan and Rhenue Sanders, John Bryan, Sr., and Robert Gurley, Sr., Commissioners, Lots No. 53 and 54 to be used as a court house square.

These two lots comprise the court house square upon which now stands our beautiful court house.

The exact date of the birth of Smithfield as a town, is unknown, however it will be seen by reference to the above book W. that this town was an incorporated town prior to 1797, and for many years it was only a little burg upon the banks of our beautiful Neuse River.

It is said that the land upon which the Town of Smithfield was first established was given by a man named Smith, and at that time there was a small cleared field on the tract of land deeded by said Smith and which was known as Smith's field, and that is the reason that the town was called Smithfield. Of course this unwritten history of the name of our town, I am not sure, but I was told this by Sheriff Jesse T. Ellington.

For many years the corporate limits of the town embraced quite a small area, but from time to time the corporate limits of the town were extended, until now the corporate limits of the town begin at the mouth of Buffalo, where said branch empties into Neuse River near our power plant, and runs up Buffalo to a point just North of the residence of R. O. Cotter, and runs thence a straight line to the Selma Road, thence S. W. with Selma Road to Hancock Street, at the store of J. W. Alford, thence about East and extending along Hancock Street to a point 65 feet East of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, then a little South West 65 feet of said Railroad 1.7 miles to a point East of the Fair Grounds, thence about West through the Fair Grounds a direct line to a big ditch East of the residence of S. B. Johnson, thence about West with said ditch about 850 feet to a point opposite First street, thence about North with the extension of First street to a big ditch west of what is known as the A. Vermont place, thence down spring branch to Neuse River, and up Neuse River to the beginning. This comprises the corporate limits of the town of Smithfield, as it now stands. And, it is governed by a Mayor, John A. Narron and seven commissioners. Two commissioners from each ward, except 1st ward. The town is divided into four wards. All that territory lying between First and Second streets is known as First ward. All that territory lying between Second and Third streets is known as the second ward. All that territory lying between Third and streets and Fourth streets is known as the Third ward. All that territory lying between fourth and the corporate limit is known as the Fourth ward. We have one commissioner from the first ward, Mr. Will

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