

**FIFTY YEARS OF CAROLINA PROGRESS**

Fifty years ago there wasn't a solvent bank in North Carolina.

Fifty years ago a furniture factory was an unknown quantity. What little there was of a lumber industry at that time was represented in small saw mill operations, a few small planing mills here and a few small wood working plants.

In those days the furniture that Carolina people had in their homes (and this didn't amount to a great deal) was made in the north and west.

Fifty years ago a fine yarn mill in the south was a physical impossibility. It simply couldn't be, because of "climatic conditions," and also because of unqualified labor.

There were a few woolen mills and the wool from the native sheep was sent to the mill and exchanged for yarn, and mothers of those days knit wool socks for the youngsters.

Fifty years ago a pall of poverty hung over the Carolinas. Water power was undisturbed by developing agencies. Forest wealth remained intact. Minerals lay buried as they had been for centuries. The clay we walked upon meant nothing more than "mud," and no one dreamed of great plants making wonderful builders' brick. The quarries of granite slept where nature had placed them at the creation.

In those days North Carolina ranked with New Mexico as the most illiterate state in the union. The laborer had little more of earthly goods than the peasant. You could hire a washerwoman for 25 cents per day. You could hire a day laborer for 50 cents and his dinner and a day meant 12 hours.

Roads were impassable because of deep mud through a greater part of the year.

The civil war had left the state well nigh bankrupt, but upon the ashes of desolation brave men, with vision, began with crude tools to utilize the raw resources about them. Streams were dammed up and mills and factories were started. Cotton mills began to spring into existence. Tanneries, lumber mills, and then furniture factories, until in this good day smoke stacks raise their heads to the heavens from almost every hill from Hatteras to the Tennessee line.

Six thousand industries add their payrolls to the sum total required to feed a great army of honest American workers. These workers no longer eke out a weary day of 12 hours at small pay, but they make good wages, live in good homes, have the best of food on their tables, and send their children to handsome brick schools. Most of them go to their work over fine paved highways in flivvers or big cars.

A half century of achievement! Mountains of wealth piled up where once poverty stalked abroad. Developments of water power, forest resources and minerals involving the spending of millions upon millions.

And so it comes to pass that Carolina, once pointed to with the finger of shame as the most illiterate and backward of states, has come in to her own, and vies with any state of the Union in any of those pursuits which go to form progress and to make prosperity.

Not only have we snatched from New England her supremacy in cotton manufacture, but only last year our furniture factories turned out more furniture than was made in any other section of the entire continent. Somebody should write a book on this story of achievement against heavy odds and this book should be taught in our public schools to every child in the land.—Charlotte Observer.



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**Our Seniors**

Sometimes when watching for the progress and development of high school students, I am not sure that I can detect any. At times there is a question whether the high school is really educating.

Then comes along June, I compare the handsome and beautiful SENIORS with the gawky boys and giggling girls who had entered the eighth grade four years earlier. All doubt disappears. High school is most certainly worth while. Each wonderful class of joyous, aspiring, promising high school graduates proves it.

Whether Smithfield is to grow and prosper according to the prophecies of all our good Kiwanians I do not know, but I do have the strongest faith in the future of the Smithfield High School students. There are none finer in the world.

THOS. H. FRANKS, Superintendent.

**CLASS PROPHECY**

(By Leo Ennis)

One warm afternoon in late May, I was slowly wending my way homeward from a long, tiresome day at the office. Passing a small shop, I glanced at a calendar just inside the window and was suddenly reminded that it was the twenty-ninth of the month. Almost time for another pay check—how good that seemed! For though I loved my work for its own sake, I also welcomed remuneration for it.

Then like a bolt out of a clear sky another thought made itself clear in my mind—this was the twenty-ninth of May, and surely that was a milestone in my memory. How on earth could I have forgotten? My own High School graduation! This was 1924—just nine years ago I could have sworn that I'd always remember—and now it had almost slipped by me unnoticed.

I hurried on homeward, thinking of old pals and classmates, and wondering what had become of each one.

Opening the door on reaching home, I was greeted by my two little nieces, Clara and Rose. Excited over my coming, they both shouted at once. "Oh, auntie, we're glad you're here, 'cause mother's busy and we're so tired of playing alone. Please tell us a story before supper, oh, please."

This was their usual greeting, and I had told them so many that my supply was completely exhausted. Moreover, I was tired and not in the

mood for story telling. But just then I had a happy idea—an easy way to entertain them for a few minutes.

"Run Clara, and get a bowl of soapsuds and we'll blow bubbles, and that will be more interesting than a story."

I sat by the window with one niece on each side of me. Then against the rainbow colors of the sunset I blew a large bubble. It floated toward the window and I blew another. How beautiful they were—opalescent, iridescent, changing, I could almost see air castles and fairy princesses in them. Another idea—I should tell what I saw in each bubble and that would be a story after all.

I blew a bubble and looked. In it I thought I pictured—not a castle and a fairy princess as I thought—but instead a very familiar sight—a school room. At the blackboard a dignified dark-haired girl was standing. She was writing. Explaining what I saw to my nieces, we together tried to make out the words. In a few seconds we could see that they were French. "And the teacher, children, is an old classmate of mine—Maude Blackman."

"Maude Blackman a French teacher," I mused. This was indeed exciting and interesting. I would blow more bubbles and more and more—and perhaps I could find all my old classmates.

I blew again and again—and as if it were a story indeed I peered into the heart of each bubble as a true

seer might, and told my eager listeners what I saw.

"Look, children, with me. I see an opera house—a great audience. On the stage seated at the piano is a slim little girl whose profile is somehow very familiar. She is turning this way, and she is smiling at her audience. It is Sarah Adams, the 'Goat' of the class of '25 and our most musical member.

I started with surprise at what I was seeing, then peered eagerly into another bubble. "See, there's a football game! No, it's only a practice, for there's Worth Boyette giving orders—my he is swift! His manner of giving orders reminds me of our old coach, Rice. He's getting them in trim for the championship series."

"Oh, horrors! Here's a hospital ward—a whole room full of cots. And do you see that dark haired girl in a nurse's uniform, bending over the man with the Rudolph Valentino face? That's Pauline Rand. Well she's happy, I know, for that's exactly what she wanted to do."

"Another opera house? Yes, that's just what I see, and a beautiful girl with dark wavy hair is walking down the stage. She is going to sing. Oh, that is Arah Hooks!

"And now children, look closely and see the small girl with curly hair and a smiling face—that's Rose Grantham dressed in a long white apron and cap. She's standing in the door of a famous physician's office. Evidently she is his private nurse."

"In this one I see the interior of a train. There—do you see that man with the Boston bag and the notebooks on the seat beside him? That is Ben Baker. Judging from appearances he is a traveling salesman."

Here in this one I see another school room. Presiding over her pupils with dignity is Carrie Young. She is teaching History in a "Penny" manner.

Another bubble, and this time we have a book—a very popular novel. Do you see the name Marjorie Johnston? She was editor-in-chief of "The Eagle." Her genius has reached a very fitting climax.

A large enclosed car is approaching. The "Driver" is Carrie Parrish. She is coming home I suppose and I guess she has been shopping. What has this to do with what she has become? As the car passes out of sight

I see the name "Driver Co." on the back and then I know.

Here is a lecture room at Harvard. Before the class stands Henry Royall, a professor of History. This was always his highest ambition. I am abreactly surprised at this; I always thought he would be an English instructor because he used to make our heads swim with his big words.

Next is a large sign painted in brilliant colors. Down at the left hand corner I see the words "Caudill did it," and I am again surprised for I thought John would surely be a farmer.

A radio! Someone is flashing the news on a screen as it is sent forth. Look, on the screen we see that Juanita Woody has become the star basketball player of the world and this is her fifth game.

Here we have a newspaper. In it I see that Edna Hildebrand has resigned her position as drawing instructor in Boston and has opened her own studio in New York. There is a great demand for her sketches from life.

Another school, just like yours—only this is in Raleigh. There they are—two girls who were the quietest in our class. They are Lillie Daughtry and Myra Hill. They are teaching school as they wished to do.

Here is the office of the North Carolina Mutual Building and Loan Association at Wilson. At the desk I see a sleek, bob-haired girl chewing gum. She has a pencil and paper and is making funny little quirls all over the page. This must be shorthand as she—it's Nolia Gurley—is now pounding away on a typewriter.

Ah, how beautiful! I see a vast stretch of land which is being cultivated and cleared. Many acres of waving wheat and green vegetation can be seen in the distance. But look—over there by that building is Millard Stallings and of course he is the owner of it all.

What is this gigantic piece of machinery? It is all bolts and screws. By its side is a tall, slim man whom I recognize as Willard Lawrence. Judging from appearances he has become a mechanical engineer.

In this bubble I see a large kindergarten. On the grounds are children playing. In a group of small tots I see Lucy Rhodes and know that she is what she wanted to be, since to teach children was her ambition.

Another newspaper. There's Nell Meacham's picture. She is in the Ziegfeld's Follies. She is considered one of the best classic dancers of America, and has gone to Europe in the interest of her profession.

Here is something else, very interesting from the newspaper—Miss Mattie Lassiter recently sailed for foreign fields as a missionary.

Now Clara and Rose, look at the pretty bungalow in this bubble. Isn't it a dear? I wonder who is the fortunate mistress of this precious little home. Let's look in the window. Oh, there's a group of girls around a tea table and Irene Page Stevens is presiding over the table. I guess she's married and undoubtedly happy by the look on her face.

Next—see the Stencil Drug Store. And there's Lawrence Stencil standing in the door. The owner and proprietor, and boss of the whole thing. He's smiling as ever and still Lawrence.

But look at this bubble, kiddies. There's a sign that reads 'Carolina Power and Light Company', and over near the building are two boys that I believe I know. They are Eli Lee and Edwin Turnage. Of course, they

are civil engineers.

Now look at this teeny weeny bubble. I wonder if we can see anything inside. Yes, I see a doctor's office, and I know that he must be quite noted by the streams of people waiting outside. In the office talking to a patient I discover Sam Booker, who was the class baby, and also one of the most intelligent members of our class."

The little bubble burst and I looked at the bowl that had been full of suds. It was almost used up. I could not imagine how long I had been blowing these fairy fortune tellers I only knew I had been so interested I had forgotten how late it was. But the children begged for just a few more and so I found the fates of four more of my old school mates.

In one bubble larger than the others, I find a crowded court room, with all in it eagerly awaiting the speech of the judge, and when he arises to deliver it—Thomas Watson—what a surprise!

Another, and what a beautiful building under construction. Looking closely I am able to see the name of the architect and find to my great surprise that it is James Hill.

Ah, a room in a hotel, and two men sitting across from each other with a table covered with papers and documents between them. One is Marvin Adams, a well known merchant in the town of Smithfield and the other is Carlton Adams the owner of one of the largest venter plants in North Carolina. They are great friends and seem to be engaged in an interesting conversation.

There, all the bubbles have vanished, every one of them. But I looked out at the gathering dusk, I sighed happily for my brief glimpse at each dear old pal. The bubbles had vanished, one by one, but nothing could take from me their memories.

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**CLASS STATISTICS**

Name	General Appearance	Aim in Life	Always	Chief Virtue
CARLTON ADAMS	Happy	Talk	Smiling	Willingness
MARVIN ADAMS	"So-So"	Learn Latin	Studying	Hardwork
SARAH ADAMS	Neat	Musician	Chewing	Contentment
BEN BAKER	"Happy-Go-Lucky"	Teach French	Helping	Friendliness
MAUDE BLACKMAN	Reserved	Education	Active	Silence
SAM BOOKER	"Babyish"	"Cake-Eater"	Rivaling	Good Lessons
WORTH BOYETTE	Fair	President	Arguing	Dependability
JOHN CAUDILL	Good	Farmer	Apleasant	Honesty
LILLY DAUGHTERY	Serious	Home-maker	Diligent	Disposition
LEO ENNIS	Gypsy-Like	Man	Posing	Intelligence
ROSE GRANTHAM	Dainty	Home	Adorable	Sincerity
NOLIA GURLEY	"Don't Care"	Operator	Jovial	Agreeableness
EDNA HILDEBRAND	Promising	Nurse	Cheerful	Optimism
JAMES HILL	Stalwart	Engineer	The Same	Kindness
MYRA HILL	Prim	Teacher	Serene	Energy
ARAH HOOKS	Attractive	To Charm	Talking	Singing
MARJORIE JOHNSTON	Dignified	Service	Dependable	Conscientious
MATTIE LASSITER	Independent	Social-Work	Optimistic	Pep
WILLARD LAWRENCE	Awkward	Engineer	Discussing	Enthusiasm
ELI LEE	Sleepy	Farming	Working	Pep (minus)
NELL MEACHAM	"Flapperish"	To Direct	Noisy	Sympathy
CARRIE PARRISH	Graceful	Keep House	Indifferent	Frankness
PAULINE RAND	"Tres bien"	Nurse	Tardy	Gentleness
LUCY RHODES	Trim	Teach	Calm	Cand'ness
HENRY ROYALL	Commanding	Professor	Prompt	Determination
MILLARD STALLINGS	Handsome	Sport	On Hand	Feardness
LAWRENCE STENCIL	Striking	Surgeon	Genial	Trust-Worthy
IRENE PAGE STEVENS	Stylish	Society	Giggling	Leadership
EDWIN TURNAGE	Mischievous	Engineer	Unusual	Pliability
THOMAS WATSON	Distinctive	To Impress	Disagreeing	Courtesy
JUANITA WOODY	Pleasant	Athlete	Just Right	Lovableness
CARRIE YOUNG	Efficient	Missionary	Willing	Will Power

Smithfield, N. C.  
May 27, 1925

Dear Friend:

We wish to announce the attraction which is to play at Victory Theatre, Smithfield, N. C., Wednesday May 27, Matinee and night.

This stupendous production, "Who is to Blame," featuring Gaston Glass and Constance Binney. Never in the history of subject been offered to you. The reader may not be in the habit of attending theatres, or may have a prejudice against same, but we feel that it is the duty of every mother and father to witness the above attraction. Special Matinee at 3:30 p. m. for ladies only. Evening 7:30 for men only.

No children under 14 years of age admitted unless accompanied by parents or chaperon. Yours truly,

DR. E. D. BALDWIN,  
All Doctors admitted free.