

News As Reported In The Enterprise Forty Years Ago

May 27, 1910

At the Methodist Church on Wednesday evening Mr. Joseph Paul Simpson and Miss Nora Julia Fowden were married. Mr. C. L. Read performing the ceremony. Mrs. Wm. Henry Crawford rendered the wedding March. There were no attendants. The bride wore white tulle and carried lilies of the valley. Mrs. Simpson is the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. R. Fowden, and is very popular among a host of friends and acquaintances. The groom has been engaged in business here for a number of years, and is the son of Mr. John D. Simpson. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson will occupy the Moore residence on the corner of Main and Broad streets.

On last evening a delightful birthday party was given at the beautiful country home of Miss Hilda Knight, "Oak Dale" in honor of her seventeenth birthday. The parlor was very attractively decorated and made a most inviting scene during the evening. The dining hall was artistically decorated in white roses and evergreens. Games and contests were indulged in during the evening, and the most enjoyable was one in which Miss Annie Mooring of Robersonville, won the prize, a box of stationery, while Mr. Hubert Morton was presented with the "hooby." At eleven o'clock

the guests were ushered into the dining room where tempting refreshments were served by Misses Margaret Lloyd, Myrtle Robertson and Myra Fleming. The hostess was presented by the guests, which numbered about seventy, with some token of the day, showing the esteem in which she is held by all whom know her.

Miss Carrie Biggs was hostess at a supper after the play on last Thursday evening in compliment to her cousins, Misses Ruth and Fannie Matthews. Those present were: Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Lenoirville-Spray and Messrs. E. A. Council and Robert Baker, of Hamilton, Harry Biggs and Buras A. Critcher.

The following is a reprint from the Reflector.
Runaway Marriage
Mr. Oscar H. Peelle and Miss Katie Wells, of Martin county, arrived here early this morning on a matrimonial mission. They went at once to the office of Register of Deeds Moore to obtain a license, and after this was issued Justice C. D. Rountree was called in to perform the ceremony, which he did in his usual good style. The groom gave his age 23 years and the bride as 21.

The musical recital and Old place Tuesday night at the Masonic Opera House proved to be an entertainment which was most enjoyable. There was a large crowd in spite of the severe rain. The musical recital was given by the members of the Lettie E. Critcher's class, the class being composed of the following: Misses Sallie Hadley, Mittie Walker, Lorene Davis, Fannie Biggs Martin, Glenwood Ellington, Martha

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Hugger Mugger in the Automat Cleared Up by a Patient Cop

By BILLY ROSE

As a burglar, I've done a considerable amount of hanging around police stations lately, and I've made a highly edifying discovery—the average New York detective is plenty smart and, considering how few of them there are, gets plenty of results.

To give you an idea of what the ordinary cop can do once he gets going, let me tell you the classic story of Detective Patty MacVeigh and how he solved the case usually referred to as "Hugger-Mugger in the Automat."

One morning in August, 1933, two people died suddenly and within a few minutes of each other in the slot restaurant at Broadway and 104th street. One, a dowdy old dame named Lillian Rosenfeld, keeled over in the restaurant's mezzanine, and the other, a middle-aged garage man named Harry Jellinek, was found outside the little boys' room in the basement. The coroner certified that both deaths were caused by a powerful dose of cyanide of potassium.



Billy Rose

Was it a case of double murder? Was it double suicide? Or was it murder and suicide?

Detective Patty MacVeigh was nuzzing this sizzling spud, and went about cooling it off not like a Sherlock Holmes but like an ordinary policeman. He started by questioning where the victims had lived, inching everyone in the neighborhoods by-inched the tenement flats they had called their homes; jig-sawed together a lot of biographical bits and pieces, and came up with a solution so simple that no one connected with the case could imagine why it hadn't been thought of right away.

Jellinek's past was reconstructed easily enough. Starting as a helper in a garage, he had managed to save enough to buy his own business, and his garage had prospered until the depression hit it. When things got tough, he borrowed \$150 from a bank, and when he couldn't

meet the note on July 1, he was threatened with foreclosure.

Figuring he had nothing to live for, he purchased \$2 worth of powdered cyanide and then, with his last nickel, bought himself a poppyseed roll at the Automat. He dug a hole in it, poured the powder in, bit off as much as he could chew and headed for the men's room. At the foot of the stairs he collapsed and died.

So far, so clear. Next, MacVeigh went to work on Lillian Rosenfeld. She had been a harmless old bat who scavenged around junk heaps, and for 28 years had lived in a \$7-a-month basement room which was filled with everything from old piano rolls to a rusty weather vane.

From employees of the Automat, the detective learned that on several occasions the old dame had parked herself in the mezzanine where she could watch the tables on the main floor, and when someone left without finishing a meal, she would hurry down and eat the remains or scoop them into a paper bag.

That finished the case. Obviously the scavenger had seen Jellinek leave part of his roll and had popped the half-eaten bun into her mouth.

MacVeigh's investigation uncovered an additional irony. While sifting through the hodge-podge in Lillian's room, he found six bankbooks which showed she had \$45,000 stashed in various banks in Manhattan and New Jersey. The annual interest on her nest egg was \$1,200, or eight times the amount Jellinek needed to save his garage and life.

Millions To Wear Poppies Saturday

Millions of Americans will wear bright red poppies Saturday to honor the memory of America's dead in two world wars. Women of the American Legion Auxiliary will be on the streets here early Saturday with baskets of the memorial flowers to pin on the coats of passers-by. They expect practically everyone in the city to be wearing a poppy before nightfall.

More than 35 million crepe paper poppies have been made for the Auxiliary by the disabled veterans for this year's observance of Poppy Day, according to Mrs. Jimmie Taylor, Auxiliary Poppy Chairman, who is directing the observance here. Approximately 150,000 women and girls, all serving as unpaid volunteers, will distribute the flowers throughout the country. Contributions to American Legion and Auxiliary rehabilitation and child welfare funds, given in exchange for the poppies, will reach a total of \$3,500,000, it is estimated.

Employment for thousands of disabled veterans confined to hospitals or unable to do other work has been provided by the Auxil-

ary's poppy-making program. The work has given these men the encouraging experience of earning money again and has filled empty beneficial activity.

Poppies to be distributed here have been made at V. A. Hospital, Fayetteville, where patients have worked in their beds and in occupational therapy shop. The flowers are lifelike replicas of the European wild poppy which Col. John McCrae, Canadian medical officer, made into the war memorial flower of the English-speaking world with his poem which begins:

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row . . ."

"Here Saturday," said Mrs. Taylor, "we hope to see the poppies blooming over every remembering heart."

Girl in the Dark

Boy: Why were the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?
Girl: Because there were so many knights.

Woman (to tramp) — If I thought you were honest, I'd let you go to the chicken house and gather eggs.

Tramp—Lady, I was manager of a bath house for 15 years and never took a bath.

Any Elephants Lost?

Mrs. Bensinger has become a golf widow—and she didn't like it! The explosion came three weeks after Mr. B. had taken up the game, the evening he arrived two hours late for dinner.

"Well," challenged Mrs. B., "I suppose you'll have another cock-eyed excuse for showing up here after the dinner is cold and the cook gone home! What is it this time?"

"Lost my ball," Mr. B. groaned.

"And it took you two hours to find it?" his wife snapped.

"Oh, no," explained the weary golfer, "I found the ball in a little less than an hour."

"Then, why the long delay getting home?"

Blushing painfully, Mr. B. mumbled, "By the time I found the ball, I discovered I had lost the golf course!"



SAM M. CAMPEN

Pamlico County Farmer and Merchant.

Is Seeking Re-election to the

NORTH CAROLINA SENATE

Since it is customary to give a man a second term, Mr. Campen is offering himself once again to the Democratic voters of the second senatorial district. He stands on his record in the last senate—a record which shows him a worker for better schools, more adequate hospitals for the mentally ill, and more efficient government.

A practical man, Mr. Campen attended college, but his experience in farming and in business and his understanding of the needs of our people combine to make him a candidate of the people.

A fine progressive man, a leader, and a proven servant of the people, Senator Campen is asking for reelection. His many friends in Martin and adjoining counties will appreciate any help and support that you may give. But most of all Sam Campen will be grateful for your unselfish help and support. Let's keep a good man there!

Signed:
MARTIN COUNTY FRIENDS OF SAM CAMPEN

Senatorial Announcement



To the People of Martin County:

I aspire to the State Senate from this District, which includes your County. This is to give you a brief picture of my background and platform.

At 43, I have already been in the General Assembly from Pamlico County where I still live. I have also served as county school superintendent. I am a teacher by profession, having taught in both college and high school.

I am also a farmer having both tobacco and cotton acreage allotments and living on a farm. My main course of study as a student and as a teacher has always been rural life, its problems and its people and I distinctly have the rural and small town point of view.

I am very serious about this matter of trying to represent the people in their legislature. I want to go to Raleigh because I feel there are certain things which should be done or the log started rolling to get them done.

Among the things I think there is a crying need to be done at once are:

(1) Enact a comprehensive PUBLIC safety law, to provide a workable system of motor vehicle inspection, require all adults to study public safety especially all drivers, and make the subject a required one with unit credit in high school.

(2) Set up an adequate program to train a sufficient number of doctors, dentists and nurses by the State providing at least ten scholarships or loans each year per county for the next ten for needy, capable young men and women with the requirement that they practice a certain number of years in the State.

(3) Provide assistance to our farmers where they need it most—in providing adequate marketing facilities, storage and freezer locker facilities, curb markets, and transportation facilities, especially refrigeration for perishable products.

(4) Do something sensible and realistic to help our Eastern fisher folk who are in the worst plight in this century.

(5) Modernize our state mental and correctional institutions to the point where they will treat adequately and humanely all our unfortunates.

(6) Give a new emphasis in our new education program to the equipment of our schools, especially in lunchrooms, libraries and enough school buses.

If the people choose me for State Senator, I solemnly promise to work faithfully for each of these objectives.

Dallas Mallison

and Della Kate Ward, and Frances Knight. The Old Maid's Convention was a very laughable playlet which dealt with a meeting of the "Young Ladies' Single Blessedness Society." Miss Lettie E. Critcher as "Josephine Jane Green" acted as president, and Mrs. C. M. Lanier as "Priscilla Abigail Hodge" played the part of Secretary. These two leading parts were splendidly taken, and Mrs. Lanier scored a hit when she read a list of the eligible bachelors. Mr. John Henry Thrower as "Professor Makeover," the only man who knocked the door during the meeting of the Society, was very good, and he was warmly received by the young ladies of the "Society." The other members of the play, each dressed as an old maid of the long ago, each being graciously applauded, were: Misses Hannah V. Fowden, Delha Lanier, Delha Ray, Hattie Kirby, Emma Deans, Annie K. Thrower, Eva Wolfe, Mattie Waters, Mary Dare Brown and Lilla Wynn; Messdames C. L. Ellington, A. T. Crawford, A. S. Coffield, L. C. Harrison, A. R. Dunning, and J. S. Turner.

Misses Bettie Morton, Hannah Victoria Fowden and Susie Purvis spent Sunday with Mrs. J. H. Purvis near Hamilton.

Misses Annie Mooring and Lois Parker, of Robersonville, accompanied by Johnnie Gardner and Frankie Crofton, spent Sunday afternoon in Parmele.

Miss Allie G. Little spent Sunday in Robersonville with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Roberson, Jr. Mr. Thomas House, of Robersonville, spent Sunday in Bethel.

Misses Lillian Stokes and Louise Fleming, of Greenville, spent Sunday with Maree Roberson in Robersonville.

Messrs. W. R. Bullock, and Robert Lloyd, of Bethel, spent Sunday in Robersonville.

Miss Delha Lanier is at home from the Southern Conservatory at Durham.

Mrs. J. G. Staton and Miss Hattie Trower returned from Wilmington Wednesday.

Died at his residence on Thursday of last week, John C. Getzinger, an honored citizen of the county. He was born on October 14th, 1839. His father was a native of Germany. All of his life had been spent on the farm. A wife and seven children survive him; Messrs. N. A., J. A., C. F., Thomas, P. E. and Samuel Getzinger.

Wheeler Hassell, colored, drew the free dinner set given away Saturday by J. A. Mizell and Co.

Lewis C. Bennett has accepted a position with the S. R. Biggs Drugstore.

Several days after his father, died little Johnny was stopped on the street by a neighbor.

"And what were your poor father's last words?" asked the neighbor.

"He didn't have any," Johnny replied. "Mamma was with him to the end."

Now, Will You Be Good?

Young husband: "I suppose you will threaten to go home to mother after this?"

Wife: "I'll do nothing so foolish. I'm going to invite her here."

ATHLETE'S FOOT

No Alcohol — No Acid — No Sting
For quick relief and good results get the famous VICTORY OINTMENT. Designed for the boys in the Army, now for the home folks. Get VICTORY—Get Results. Also for First Aid and Itching. Safe to use on any part of the body.
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YOUR VOTE And Support For

Howard B. Gaylord

For

BOARD OF EDUCATION

In the Coming Primary Will Be Appreciated

We, as a group of citizens of Jamesville Township, are asking the Voters of MARTIN COUNTY to help us elect H. B. Gaylord as a member of the COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION for the following Reasons:

1. He is one of the best qualified candidates that we have ever offered from this township.
2. He is a high type Christian Gentleman.
3. He is a college graduate, and a former School Teacher.
4. Past President of our Ruritan Club and for the past 3 years has been president of the local P.T.A.
5. He has had experience in working with others.
6. He is a man that can accept suggestions as well as offer them.

We feel that your vote for HIM in this Primary will be highly Justified.

Paid for by Friends of Howard B. Gaylord

VOTE FOR BUCK HOLLOMAN WE MUST HAVE HIM



Buck Holloman is a true and reliable representative of the people. At Saturday's primary vote for this man who, at all times, performs the duties of his office without favor or discrimination to any person.

He Is Reliable And Dependable

This Space Contributed By a Williamston Friend