

News and Comment From Raleigh

CAPITAL LETTERS

By

THOMPSON GREENWOOD

WRECK—Around 10 o'clock last Thursday morning Ralph Howland, editor of the Raleigh bureau of the Associated Press, called me at my office in the Agriculture Building and asked me to go down into Robeson county with him to take pictures of the wreck. The "wreck," developed, was the worst ever known in North Carolina—around 75 people lost their lives.

Since I was eager to return to the Associated Press many of the fine favors it has rendered me during the past year, I accepted the assignment immediately. Grabbing my speed Graphic camera, a half-dozen packs of film, a dozen flash bulbs, and my light meter, I skidded over the ice to the Associated Press offices in the Raleigh Times Building.

TROUBLE—John Park, editor and publisher of The Times, Howland and I—after narrowly escaping being wrecked ourselves on the ice-covered highways—arrived at the scene of the disaster at 2:30 Thursday afternoon. Army planes throned overhead and we knew there was going to be trouble getting pictures. Two of the cars of the train were crushed—these were wooden—and the others looked as if somebody had taken a huge axe and had slashed them and then had driven them into the ground.

A throng of people were milling about the scene. As I approached, a tough sergeant asked where the hell I was going with that camera. Why, to take a few pictures as special representative of the Associated Press, I replied. Do you have permission? Oh, yes, see this Associated Press card. Okay, then, move along.

Next came an official of the railroad. No pictures, he stormed. Finally he agreed for me to take one picture. I told him I wanted to get a view of the whole wreck, then. A little corporal from Brooklyn accompanied me to see that I only made the one photograph. As I prepared for the shot, I found that my camera was not functioning properly—these high-priced cameras are delicate instruments—and that there was no certainty that the picture would be any good.

In fact, the odds were that it would not be. Well, nothing to do but try—so I took a shot. The day was clear and the ground was white with snow and the glare was terrific. By glancing at my light meter, I found that the day was brighter than mid-day in summer—and the shadows were peculiar.

The corporal and I were walking up the track when a lieutenant and a sergeant came rushing at us. The lieutenant grabbed my camera—no use arguing with the Army—and threatened to destroy the picture, saying all the while that the railroad had no right to give me permission to shoot even one picture. I told him the shot was no good, but that he could have it if he wanted it.

Upshot of the whole thing was that I left the scene of the wreck with that one picture and 11 more which I had taken while pretending to be working with my camera. But I felt that not one was any good. Meantime, Ralph Howland had been asking everybody a thousand questions and had a good story forming in his mind. We drove to Red Springs, six miles away, and Howland phoned his story to Charlotte.

The funeral home at Red Springs was full and a nearby garage contained 45 bodies, many of which were mangled beyond recognition. The Army ambulance brought in arms, legs, a head. And one time as they were moving the bodies, two feet with shoes barely hanging to them, dropped out of the sheet. I raised my camera to take a picture and a military policeman leveled his sub-machine gun at me. No picture.

I believe he meant business. I don't think he was in his rights, but evidently he did.

About five o'clock Thursday afternoon, the Atlanta offices of the AP notified us at Red Springs that George Skaddings, crack AP picture specialist, had been sent by plane from Washington to put MY pictures on the portable wirephoto machine which he was bringing with him.

BLIND SIDE—When we arrived within 500 yards of the wreck, our car was stopped. No pictures. I got out and said I was going on back to Red Springs by foot. About a half-mile up the road, I took off through the woods and through the snow, over barbed wire fences and across ditches, through the briars. But I was gradually coming up on the blind side of the wreck . . . on the side that was covered with broom straw, stubby pines, and off over there to the right, hay stacks. Cold, feet wet, shivering, I made for the hay stacks after traveling for about a mile-and-a-half.

Night was coming on fast, and there were only a few people around the wreck now. The wind whistled, blowing the snow. From a distance of 300 feet, I started taking pictures. I knew I was too far away, but I had to have something. I shot a pack—12 pictures—and put the pack in my hat, in case I was searched. I moved up about four more hay stacks—and then 12 more pictures. Although

Jesus Begins His Ministry

HIGHLIGHTS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By **NEWMAN CAMPBELL**
(The International Uniform Lesson on the above topic for Jan 2 is Mark 1:1-22. The Golden Text being Mark 1:15. "Repent ye, and believe in the gospel.")

FROM THE time of Jesus' birth until He was 12 we have no record of His life, and from then until He emerged from His home to commence His ministry, we have no word about Him.

Jesus was about 32 years old before He began His mission, presumably the time He had spent in His home as boy youth and man—the carpenter—He had been preparing for this.

His second cousin, John the Baptist, had become a prominent figure in Palestine however, preaching the repentance of sins and baptism—the sign of repentance and a willingness to lead a good life.

Luke tells us of the birth of John, and the prophecy that "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall be turned to the Lord their God."

Lives Like Hermit

John lived the life of a hermit, dwelling in the wilderness of Judea, dressed in the skins of wild animals and eating locusts (still a food served in various ways by eastern people) and wild honey, presumably the honey made by wild bees and stored in trees.

He must have been an impressive figure and people flocked to hear him and many were baptized by him. Mark tells us that he was as a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." The wilderness into which John went covered the eastern part of the territory of Judah, the sloping down of the limestone mountain range of central Palestine into a deep valley of the Jordan. It was in the Jordan that John baptized his followers.

All John's preaching led to the statement that "There cometh One mightier than I after me the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose."

"I indeed have baptized you with water, but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."

Then it came to pass as Mark relates "that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan."

"And straightway coming up

out of the water. He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon Him.

"And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Why Jesus Was Baptized

Many have wondered why Jesus, the blameless one, should have been baptized, as He had no sins of which to repent. John himself was troubled by this problem. Our commentator suggests that first it gave divine approval of the ministry of John the Baptist. Next, it testified to the reality of the need of mankind of a turning from sin and a washing it away. And thirdly it may have been done to more nearly identify Himself with humankind.

Immediately after His baptism, Mark states that Jesus was "driven" into the wilderness and there tempted by Satan. The "Spirit" drove Him there, says Mark. His own heart and mind were "quicken" by the Holy Spirit, "driving" Him into the wilderness to face temptation and come out victorious.

When Jesus came out of the wilderness John was put in prison, but Jesus came into Galilee, a beautiful part of Palestine, where He spent most of the time of His teaching and performing of miracles.

Walking by the Sea of Galilee, He saw Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother, casting a net into the sea.

"Come ye after Me," said Jesus, "and I will make you to become fishers of men." These men were undoubtedly successful fishermen, but they "straightway forsook their nets and followed Him."

And when He had gone a little farther thence, He saw James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets. At His call they too left their work and went with Him.

And they went to Capernaum, and on the Sabbath Jesus "entered into the synagogue and taught."

And they were astonished at His doctrine for He taught as one that had authority and not as the scribes. The years of preparation for His great mission were accomplished and He was indeed "One having authority." He was not like a scribe who read from the old prophets, but He preached His own message of joy and repentance of sin.

Distributed by King Feature

I had taken 36 shots, I felt not one was good. I put these last pictures in the top of my sock and brazenly trotted on up to the wreck.

A nice looking lieutenant approached slowly. I saw he had a camera just like mine. He asked me very nicely if I had a permit to take pictures. Oh, yes, but my camera is on the blink. How about shooting this last pack in your camera, I asked. Finally, he agreed. His camera worked like a song, and I felt as if I had discovered the lost chord.

I shot with all the light I could let in, and the speed was one-twenty-fifth of a second, comparatively slow. While I was shooting one of the pictures, I looked over in the direction I had come and there wrestling through the briars came a man with a movie camera about the size of your two

fists. I introduced myself, and then found that he was Hugo Johnson, special Paramount news cameraman, who had been sent to Raleigh by plane and had caught a taxi in Raleigh (fare \$45).

Although terribly cold and feeling quite pneumoniaish, I felt when I left the wreck at 6:10 that I had at least 12 good pictures.

Back in Raleigh at 9:30, the AP man was waiting. We developed 36 pictures before we hit the right pack. There was general rejoicing. At 11 o'clock the first wet print was wrapped around a small cylinder about five inches long and two inches in diameter. The cylinder turned for 11 minutes, and at the end of that time one of my pictures had gone to every city in the United States carrying the wirephoto service. A Greensboro Daily man was there waiting, so he carried two of the pictures to Greensboro around midnight.

The Acme News Service had a wirephoto machine set up at the News and Observer building. Their man came in around 11:30 and obtained two of the prints. Hugo Johnson, Paramount ace, sat around while the pictures were being developed. He was tremendously interested, for he had shot with exactly the same light, the same type of film, and the same speed that I had, as it happened. When the pictures came out good, he was delighted and immediately sent his 300 feet of the film to New York by plane for processing and sound.

And so this is how most of the wreck pictures you have seen and will see were made.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS

In the Superior Court
North Carolina,
Haywood County,
Richard Howell,
Vs.
Glenda Howell.

The Defendant, in the above entitled action, will take notice, that an action has been started in the Superior Court of Haywood County, State of North Carolina, for the purpose of securing an absolute divorce from the defendant upon statutory grounds.

That the Defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear before the undersigned clerk of the court for the County of Haywood, at the court house in Waynesville, North Carolina, on the 4th day of January, 1944, and answer or demur to the complaint filed in said cause or the Plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

KATE WILLIAMSON,
Asst. Clerk of the Superior Court
for County of Haywood, State
of North Carolina.
1934—Dec. 9-16-23-30.

Lapel Buttons For Veterans Of World War II Available

Veterans of World War II may obtain lapel buttons indicating service with the armed forces by applying to the nearest army installation in the Fourth Service Command, except ports of embarkation.

It is preferred that application be made through mail to the commanding officer of the nearest post, camp or station. Enlisted men must send their discharge certificates, not a copy, with their request for a button, and the letter should be sent by registered mail as maintaining the certificate is important to every discharged man. Officers must mail two true copies of their orders separating them from active duty. Notations will be made on the certificate or orders by the issuing officer, stating that the request for a lapel button has been filed. Applicants may also apply in person to the commanding officer of the nearest army installation.

Honorably discharged officers, enlisted men, WAC's and members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, who have been discharged since September 9, 1939, are eligible for the lapel button.

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Do you expect to let the other fellow pay your taxes? Your neighbor, of course, will pay his taxes to provide better schools, to protect his property rights, obtain police and fire protection . . . to help defray the many other services provided by city and county governments. You too, must pay your pro-rata part for these services.

Redeem Your Property!

The real estate market is firm. Property is increasing in value every day. Real estate is considered one of the safer investments. Investors and speculators are buying tax foreclosed property. You should consult the tax collector today about your property on which you have neglected to pay taxes. Tomorrow may be too late.

If you do not pay city and county taxes, penalties and costs accrue at a terrific rate and you will eventually lose your property. So, pay your delinquent taxes now—since you know they will have to be paid some day!

REMEMBER—City and county taxes prior to January 1st may be deducted from your state and federal income taxes. A worthwhile saving!

HAYWOOD COUNTY

Town Of Waynesville

New Year's Greetings

American Enka CORPORATION
ENKA, N. C.

When Your Back Hurts—
And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par

It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous acids to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. There's a reason for that. Doan's Pills have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

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