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MARION LIBRARY HAS RARE PRIZE.

Original Grant for Land the Town Occupies Presented by Miss Kate Blue.

Marion, Sept. 27. — The original grant from George III of England for the land upon which the town of Marion now stands was donated Saturday to the Marion public library by Miss Lily Blue, of this city. The parchment, which has been carefully framed for a number of years, is in an excellent state of preservation and constitutes a valued acquisition to the historical relics possessed by the library.

The grant was made to James Godbold, the first settler in this immediate vicinity and is dated 1769. The "History of the Old Cherokees", by Bishop Gregg, has this to say of the Godbolds who early came to this section:

"About the time of the Welsh immigration to Pee Dee, settlements were made lower down the river in what was afterward Liberty precinct, now Marion district.

"John Godbold was among the first who came to this region. He was an Englishman and had long been a sailor in the British service. Though advanced in years, at the time of his arrival, such was his enterprise and energy, that he accumulated a large property. He settled in 1735 about half a mile below the present site of Marion, being the first adventurer to that locality.

"He was a member of the Church of England and died in 1765 at the advanced age of more than 100 years in the faith of his fathers. His three sons, John, James and Thomas, received grants of lands as he did from the king of England."

It is the grant of land to his son, James, which has become the property of the library. History says that when a site for the court house was to be decided upon in 1798 it was first intended to put it three miles below the present site and call it Giesboro for a Revolutionary hero, Capt. Hugh Giles. But Thomas Godbold, the son of James offered to give four acres of land upon which to put the county building and that is why the town was built where it is.

He also asked that the town be named for Gen. Francis Marion under whom members of his family had fought during the War of the Revolution. He asked for no recognition for himself, but when the town was laid off the principal street running east and west was called Godbold in his honor. It is feared that not many of the residents here know that the beautiful public square was a donation from one of the first landowners of this section.

The old faded parchment presented to the library by Miss Blue should be of personal interest to many in the town of Marion as James Godbold has many descendants among the most prominent families of the town and county, among them being the Evans, Blues, Ellerbos, Haseldens, Miles, Mannings and others, as well as Godbolds.

UNKNOWN MAN KILLED BY TRAIN

Letters in Pocket Addressed to "R. C. Applewhite, Delco, N. C."

The following dispatch was sent out from Mullins Thursday:

Mullins, Sept. 29.—The body of a well dressed young man apparently about 30 years old was found near the Atlantic Coast Line trestle on the west side of the Pee Dee river at an early hour this morning. The only identification found on the young man was the name, Creedle, sewed in the inside of the coat. An envelope addressed to R. C. Applewhite, Delco, N. C., was also found on the body.

The dead man had red hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion, good teeth, weight about 135 pounds and was dressed in blue serge suit and overalls. The skull was crushed and the left arm broken just below the shoulder. The body was carried to a Dillon undertaker where it has been embalmed and is now being held for identification. If no one is found to identify the dead man the body will be turned over to the Atlantic Coast Line railroad tomorrow for disposition.

The verdict of the coroner's jury investigating the young man's death was to the effect that the deceased apparently came to his death by being struck by the train.

(Local Coast Line officials have no knowledge of the tragedy. The body was not sent to Dillon, but must have gone to some other place. The only information local officials have is what they saw in the papers.)

Teacher's Reception.

There will be a reception given at the residence of Mrs. E. L. Moore tomorrow (Friday) evening beginning at 8 o'clock. This reception under the auspices of the Improvement Club is given in honor of the faculty of the Dillon High School. All parents and young people are cordially invited to be present, but no children, and it is hoped that a large attendance will greet and welcome the teachers to our midst.

OPENS BRANCH IN GREENVILLE.

Moore Motors Co. After Business in Big Piedmont City.

The following from the Greenville News will be of interest to Dillon citizens:

Seven years ago E. L. Moore, with his son, D. L. Moore, and his two brothers, J. W. and R. S. Moore, began business in Columbia and Dillon, as state distributors for the Liberty Six automobile. The firm, known as the Moore Automobile company, has distributed the Liberty Six since it made its first appearance in this state, in 1915, and few automobile distributors in South Carolina have made greater successes of their business than has the Moore company. Known from one end of the state to the other as one of the most substantial and at the same time one of the most progressive automobile concerns in the state, it has enjoyed a business that has, in many ways, been phenomenal.

In today's News the Moore Automobile company announces the opening of its Greenville sales and show rooms, together with a service station and parts department that will adequately take care of the requirements of Liberty Six and Jordan owners. For, in addition to the distribution of the Liberty Six, the Moore Automobile company is also now the state distributor for the Jordan automobile.

A large number of the new models of both the Jordan and the Liberty Six will soon be on display and the automobile fraternity of Greenville welcomes the coming of this progressive and successful new distributor—that is, new to Greenville.

Mr. S. T. Atkinson, who has been connected with Mr. Moore as general sales manager in the distribution of the cars he has handled since he first began business in 1915, has arrived in Greenville and will have complete charge of the business here. This is not simply to be a branch, but will be the distributing point for not only this section of the state, but for that portion of North Carolina formerly handled from Charlotte. Mr. Atkinson is an experienced automobile man, knows the business, and especially does he know the two popular cars he will handle, and he comes to Greenville with the idea of making his business one of the big factors in the city's business life. Mr. Atkinson has recently won seventh place among several hundred Liberty Six salesmen through the country, running 112 per cent. in his sales, and this is a pretty fair indication of the manner in which he may be expected to do business in Greenville.

TAKE RIGHT STEPS.

Florence Daily Times.

The announcement that the delegations of Florence and Marion counties have brought the Pee Dee bridge matter to a definite head will cause rejoicing throughout the Pee Dee section. The fate of the bridge has been hanging in the balance so long that many had come to fear it would be lost and the people denied a boon they have long dreamed of. Under the plan adopted by the delegations in their conference yesterday the two counties will build a toll bridge of their own. They will not seek nor expect assistance from the State Highway Commission nor the Federal Government. The bridge will be built with the proceeds of bond issues authority for which will be procured through legislative enactment. There is no question of doubt about the fact that the tolls will pay the interest on the bonds and eventually retire them. After that the tolls will prove a source of revenue that will build and maintain good roads all over the two counties. The Marion and Florence representatives have taken the right step. It is sincerely hoped that no obstacles will be thrown in their way and that they will go about the business of getting the bridge definitely and without delay. The bridge will be built at the Mars Bluff ferry site. We have no reason to believe the State Highway Commission would ever have consented to this site and it is clear that the Federal Bureau of Roads does not care to cross swords with the engineers of the highway commission. The difference of opinion between the engineers of the highway commission and the engineers employed by Marion to survey the projected sites and pass upon their merits are too rooted for agreement ever to be reached on this point. As a matter of fact it is stated that the highway commission engineers and the federal bureau people had already decided against the Mars Bluff ferry site and would offer a compromise proposition. This being the case it is well that the two counties have decided that it is useless to wait longer on them and have cut loose. As far as we are concerned we are ready to accept the assurances of Col. Johnson that the bridge can be built at Mars Bluff with county funds cheaper than it can be built at the upper site with government aid. We are also ready to accept his opinion as to the practicability of the Mars Bluff ferry site. Col. Johnson's ability as an engineer is unquestioned. It has been gained through wide and varied experience. His regiment of engineers

FAVORS NATIONAL PAY UP CAMPAIGN.

Advises Farmers to Sell at Least a Part of Cotton Crop—Other Points.

Wilmington Dispatch.

So interesting was the article by W. S. Jones, manager of the credit department of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company, on "getting back to normal conditions," as reproduced in this paper from the Jackson Progress-Argus that request has been that it again be printed so that those who failed to read same before may have another opportunity. The article is as follows:

Of all the suggestions made to bring about the restoration of normal business conditions none is more timely than that of a national pay-up campaign. Such a movement, if put into effect throughout the country, would help business and relieve conditions wonderfully. It would be the electric spark needed to fire the fabric of the nation's business life.

The wheels are locked. They have been locked for months. Nobody has paid anybody else. Credit has been extended to the limit. The country has done all the business on paper that it can afford to do. Some ready cash is needed to unlock the wheels and start the procession to moving. The south learned a bitter lesson these past 12 months. While Texas and he states west of the Mississippi river sold their cotton, the eastern belt held. The price fell from 40 cents to 10 cents. The banks loaned money to their capacity. They even strained themselves to accommodate the farmers who wanted to hold cotton. Even now the banks are loaded with cotton paper. The merchants are carrying thousands and millions of unpaid claims on their books.

Nobody who cares anything about his reputation can afford to give advice about holding or selling cotton. Naturally, in the face of a short crop, the growers want all they can get for the staple. On the other hand, remembering the lessons of the past season, it seems to be the part of common sense to sell at least a part of the cotton crop and pay up some of the old debts.

Once a debt paying campaign is started it will have a far reaching effect on all lines of business. Like a stone thrown in a pond, the waves will reach the furthestmost shores of business. Buying will result. The wheels will be started to moving. Better business will result. Everybody will feel the stimulating effect. The depression will be lifted and we will be on the road to normal conditions.

One thousand dollars turned loose in Jackson would settle many debts. From sunrise to sunset the money would travel, performing the useful mission of making easy many who are now hard pressed. A half million dollars would settle still more debts. The 8,000 or more bales of cotton held in Butts county, together with the 4,000 or 5,000 that will be made this year, at 20 cents a pound are worth more than a million dollars. The seed will add thousands to this total. The farmers and business men of Butts county are to be congratulated that they are in such fortunate circumstances. When this cotton is sold it will wipe out many old scores.

There is no doubt about it the two things needed to put business on its feet in this territory, are first, a debt paying campaign and second, a buying movement. Put these two forces to work and everybody will soon be happy and smiling and business will be well on the road to normal.

Fork.

Mrs. Carrie Lewis is spending the week at Latta with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McQueen and children and Mesdames Jack McDonald and Ruby Fort Carmichael spent last Wednesday at Fayetteville, N. C.

School opened Monday with the following corps of teachers: Mr. Sammie Edwards, of Mullins, principal; Misses Annie Weatherly, of Minturn; Mollie Williams, of Ruffington and Miss Playour of Elliott, as assistants. Mesdames L. M. Rogers, Grace Carmichael, Gilbert Carmichael and Mrs. Oliver Carmichael spent Wednesday in Mullins with Mrs. John Sinclair.

Master Boyd Fort Carmichael entertained a large number of his little friends Monday afternoon with a birthday party. After many games had been played they marched into the dining room. On the center of the table was a white birthday cake decorated with five pink candles. After each child made a wish to the little host they blew out the candles and pink and white ice cream and cake were served.

As the guests were making their departure they were presented with cones of candy tied with pink ribbon, and they left wishing the little host many more happy birthdays.

under his direction wrote history in France. The State Highway commission is useful in many ways but we believe the bridge proposition is better off in its present shape; federal aid or no federal aid. The Times is glad that the matter has come to a head and believes that the plan of the county delegations is the best solution of the problem.

WOODROW WILSON AS HE IS TODAY

Lives by 8-Hour Day and Follows Ways of a Retired Gentleman with a Lively Interest in the World's Affairs.

Woodrow Wilson fell a sick man two years ago on September 26th. Since then he has passed under the shadow of death and out of the White House. An Associated Press dispatch from Washington, with that beginning, goes on:

Thousands of Americans of whatever political faith recalled the anniversary of the beginning of the former President's illness and wondered what he was doing. Although he no longer figures in the daily headlines as he used to, Mr. Wilson still is "news."

Therefore, it seems appropriate on this occasion to tell the late news about him.

Mr. Wilson, besides following the ways of a retired gentleman, with a lively interest in the world's affairs, lives by the eight hour day which he once told Congress was "adjudged by the thought and experience of recent years a thing upon which society is justified in insisting, as in the interest of health, efficiency and contentment." He aims to have eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for relaxation, and keeps to the schedule pretty fairly.

Shaves and Bathes Alone.

Seven o'clock in the morning is about his rising time. He once again shaves and bathes alone and then takes some calisthenic exercises prescribed by his physicians as beneficial in restoring the use of nerves and muscles which were impaired during his breakdown. He has breakfast in Mrs. Wilson's boudoir and finds that two years of illness and slow convalescence have not affected his appetite. The morning papers never are neglected whatever else may demand attention. Half a dozen of them are delivered early and Mr. Wilson reads them thoroughly.

Then comes the morning's work. About that time the mail carrier six days a week delivers quite a packet of letters. They come from a variety of correspondents. Old friends of the administration days write in formal friendly notes or discourses on the politics of the day. Schools and colleges ask for donations; individuals who feel the pinch of times ask for some personal financial assistance. Others discourse on the shortcomings, as they see them, of the Republican party. Autograph hunters are represented in large numbers. Various gentlemen who think their ailment is the same as Mr. Wilson's want to know the names of his physicians. Mr. Wilson invariably goes over the morning's mail with her husband; some letters are turned over to a secretary for reply, most of them the former President answers personally dictating to a stenographer who comes from his law office every morning for the purpose. All of them he signs himself.

The morning's work is done in the library. The old desk and chair and table Mr. Wilson used in his study at Princeton are there. Thousands of volumes which were packed away while he was in the White House are there. Through the windows may be seen the indigo blue strip of Virginia hills where he used to go golfing, and not far away hangs a bag of golf sticks, a reminder of better days.

Likes to Take Motor Drives.

The former President and his inseparable companion always have their luncheon served in the dining room. Then comes a nap of an hour and then, unless the weather is most inclement, a motor drive. Mr. Wilson while in the White House became attached to a certain automobile. It went back, as is the custom each year to the manufacturer from whom Mr. Wilson bought it as a "used car." He had it painted black with orange trimmings—Princeton colors—and in this day which he regards as an old friend, he goes driving into the countryside. He dislikes exploring new routes but rather enjoys driving over the same ground at about the same time. Many folks in the country look for him; one quaint old lady recently held up the car and presented a sweater which she had knitted; a little girl gave him a knitted lap robe. Frequently the car stops at a farm and takes on a load of fresh vegetables, eggs and fowl. The party is always home before dark.

Dinner is an informal affair; sometimes there are guests, always old friends or associates. Mr. Wilson no longer dresses for the occasion as he always did while President; it is in a simple, but no meal in the Wilson household ever proceeds until grace is said. Mr. Wilson has always said it himself, and months ago when he was so weak he could hardly stand without aid, and his voice was almost inaudible, he staidied himself on his chair and whispered the plea for Divine blessing.

Friends remember him even at meals. Frequently a Potomac river fisherman sends him a rare specimen from his catch. Once, another friend sent him ducks out of season and paid the game warden a handsome penalty. After dinner he goes in for reading

(Continued on Page Four.)

WEIRD MURDER STORY.

Negro Avenged Death of Unknown Kinsman Upon Instigation and With a Few Drinks.

For the sake of avenging the death of a kinsman whom they had never seen, Will Boyd, Mineral Springs, negro, is a raving maniac in the South Carolina insane asylum, and Abraham Lincoln, Monroe negro, faces a life sentence in the penitentiary. A voluntary confession made to Sheriff Grant, of Chesterfield county, will save his life, believes J. C. Sikes, of Monroe, who represents him.

Their uncle, old man Steven Seegars, well-to-do Chesterfield farmer, who is charged with being the instigator of the murder, will face a Chesterfield jury along with Lincoln at the next term of court beginning Monday, September 26. He, too, will be tried for his life but it is thought that the state will be satisfied with a sentence of life imprisonment for both him and Lincoln. Boyd, unless he regains his sanity, will never be tried for the offense.

Mean whiskey and the appeals of his uncle, Steven Seegars, for the avengance of his son's death, who was shot by Ganson Funderburk while he was attacking an officer who was attempting to arrest him, are assigned by Lincoln as the cause of his deed.

"They just wouldn't let me alone," Lincoln told Mr. Sikes, in speaking of the efforts made by Seegars and his boys to get him to go down to South Carolina to kill Ganson. "He told me," he continued, "that if I had been killed like his son that he would have come to North Carolina to avenge my death."

For days, said the negro, he resisted the combined efforts of the liquor and his uncle, but when the widow and children of the dead man were brought to his house he yielded.

Lincoln and Boyd went to the home of Seegars for the purpose of killing Ganson but on their first attempt their nerve failed. However, their uncle continued to give them liquor and at first, he stated, worked them up to the point where they shot the two Funderburk brothers while they were working in the field.

He denies there was a money consideration involved. "The \$5.00 bill given me by Uncle Steven," he declared, "was to pay my railroad fare from Bethune, S. C., to Monroe."

Lincoln says they were carried to the scene of the killing by one of old man Seegars' boys. Shortly after daybreak they approached Ganson, Relias and Lancy Funderburk he continued, while they were plowing in the field. Pretending to be fleeing blockaders, they explained to Ganson that they were cold and hungry. Atlanta, Georgia, they said, was their destination. "You needn't be afraid, we won't hurt you," is the salutation they made when they first greeted the Funderburk brothers.

Here Lincoln explained that it was their intention to kill Ganson as he started to his field, but that this plan was abandoned when they saw that there were three in the party, and besides the Funderburks had spotted them before they could kill them unawares.

On hearing their story, Ganson said to his brother, Lancy Funderburk, "Go and get these men something to eat; we may be away from home some time and these very men may feed us." Lancy started on his mission, as theretofore related.

After Lancy's departure Lincoln exhibited his pistol to Ganson, who likewise showed his. They fondled each other's guns, admiring their good qualities and making various comments upon them. Lincoln's pistol barrels were highly polished he stated further, causing the sun to reflect upon it is the faces of the pair. "I don't like a shining gun," Ganson is alleged to have said.

Boyd also showed his pistol, handing it over to Ganson for examination. Lincoln and Ganson began firing at a stump, causing all four of them to cross a low place to view the target. Boyd and Lincoln, however, held back, and as Ganson and Relias were bending over the stump fired several times. Looking around they saw the Funderburk brothers prostrate upon the ground.

Leaving the men for dead, they hastened back to the woods. By slow degrees, dodging all roads, they made their way back to the home of Seegars, who promptly ordered them to go into a stretch of woods in the rear of his home, saying that he feared that the officers might discover them if they stayed about the house. When told of the success of their plan, Lincoln said that Seegars shook their hands, congratulating them as follows: "Boys, you have made a good job of it."

They remained in the woods near Seegars' home the remainder of the day. Food, he said, was sent them from the house. During the day while discussing the killing, Lincoln remarked that Will lost his nerve, but "I had them niggers fall right and left." To this gruesome sally Seegars replied: "I knew you'd do it, I knew your daddy."—Gastonia, (N. C.) Daily Gazette.

THE UNCHANGED GIRL

Is in Danger, Especially in Automobile at Night.

Mrs. W. N. Hutt, editor of the woman's department of the Progressive Farmer, writes as follows:

One night about eleven o'clock I sat on the porch enjoying the stars and the cooling breezes. All was dark about the house and I noticed the approaching light of an automobile on the public road. As the car reached the front of the place it slowed and a girl's sweet, refined voice said, "But I don't want to get out and walk. We don't even know where we are."

"Yes, we do," said a boy's voice, "I can see the lights of A-B. I'm tired of riding so let's walk a few minutes."

"Why A-B is forty miles from home. Let's turn around and start back."

The car stopped and the pleading continued. Presently from the dark came a scream and "Don't don't Stop! Tom! Behave yourself!"

I started toward the road but before I could reach the boy and girl, the car had gone off down the road at a furious rate. That boy and girl were types of young people all over the country and the newspapers and court records prove that when rides in the dark are necessary some older person should be there.

The lonely midnight ride should be considered a risky adventure and parents should so recognize it. There was a sensational case recently, called the Hollman case. For months a vicious minded young man of good family schemed and plotted, as the trial showed, against a young lady concerning whom there was never a word of reproach. Being brought up in a home of rugged honesty where distrust and suspicion were unknown, there was never a thought on her part that harm could come to her at the hands of her escort, yet so dastardly was he that the jury hesitated whether to give him death or the limit of the sentence in the penitentiary. The fault was not in the girl's going to the party but in being unaccompanied by an elder person late at night on a lonely road.

The automobile has a thousand advantages but there are possible disadvantages. Nothing in all the instruments of world progress is so fine that it cannot be used for baser purposes. It is for us to utilize it for good and use the common horse sense with which we were born to protect our young people from the evils of it.

The value of the old-fashioned chaperone is illustrated by the following recent incidents. There was a dance at a small summer resort. Sweet young girls and boys came from all the neighboring towns. There was a long intermission about the middle of the evening. I observed that while mothers, fathers or other older people were part of a group of young people they spent the time on the great veranda or walking on lighted paths. Young people alone without exception, as far as I observed, sat in the dark in their cars parked in the deep grove.

The second incident was where three or four carloads of people were in the habit of attending church in town Sunday nights. They went for a year or more without a mishap worse than a punctured tire. On this particular night it happened for the first time that no older person was with them. One of the boys proposed that since it was such a glorious night, they ride awhile. All welcomed the suggestion with glee. A drunken man met and crashed into one of the cars on a narrow strip of road several miles from anywhere. A ruined car, a broken leg, painful cuts, and bruises were the results. Had there been just one older person in the party the suggestion to go is likely to have met with disapproval.

The fathers and mothers of the country might well wake up to the often neglected responsibility of protecting young people from dangers of which, because of their lack of experience, and trusting natures, they cannot be aware. It is the chick that strays from its mother's protecting wing that is the victim of the hawk. Young people want not less pleasure but more; but they want that type of it which results in intelligent and uplifting exhilaration, not that from which they find themselves precipitated into painful or humiliating mixups.

To protect their young is a duty, and no father can still his conscience by passing the responsibility to the mother nor any mother leave the burden of it entirely on the shoulders of her husband. In fact the sentiment of every community should be against the unchaperoned ride in the dark because it is a social menace. And the danger is to be considered with boys as well as girls and with your children as well as your neighbors' for neither the social nor financial position is a safeguard.

The cynical Bachelor observes that most marriages are prompted by a fear that some other fellow may get the girl.