

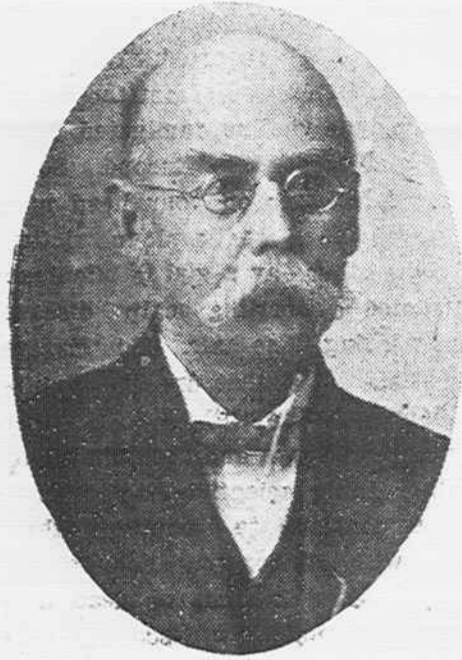
ONE OF THE "OLD GUARD" RECOUNTS EXPERIENCES

He Was One of the Founders of the Newberry News, Later Consolidated With The Herald.

(By R. H. Greneker.)

I can write of some things and about other people, but when it comes to myself I don't know what to say or how to begin. Better begin when I was a baby—and the least said the soonest mended.

I wasn't born quite in a printing office, but when I wore frocks I played in one: made railroad tracks and trains of block type and fixtures and



R. H. GRENEKER, JR.

built air castles, dreaming that I was to be an engineer or a conductor.

I inherited my love for the printing office, hence it came naturally. The two families tried to keep all the boy members in line, but one of my brothers and one of my cousins said that there were enough Grenekers in the business, and they quit. Both got to be prominent railroad conductors. I grew up, that is I grew up some.

Before I grew up, though, I inked the roller for that same Guilford Snowden, who is now and for a long time has been janitor at the National bank. He was pressman and kept me busy as he called for "ink, more ink."

Those were my halcyon days, ushering me into the spring-poet time of life. My curiosity to pry into the secrets of the profession at such an early age got me into service at 50 cents a week. They thought I was worth 50 cents a week because I had to climb up onto a dry goods box to do my work at the case, as I was such a little (there was then not a kid that wasn't a goat) boy.

I was a miser at that time and saved my 50 cents a week until I had \$40.00 in a little money box. The pile never got any bigger, because a fire that destroyed the office and the home in the dead hours of the night was the cause of my having to spend the money. All that I saved from that fire was my box of money and a little yellow dog named Penny with a curl in his tail and a hop in his left hind foot. I didn't have time to do anything but dress and grab my money and my dog and rush down-stairs and out into the street in a hurry; and I have been in a hurry ever since. I don't know why I gave my little dog the name of Penny, but it must have been because I was making 50 cents a week.

I played all the roles in a printing office from trash mover and ink-dauber and up, graduating with distinction as a mover from the trash department, receiving honorable mention as a first-class dauber and taking first honor in a class of one as a circulator when the paper was out. Many recollect the carrier of The Herald before the conjunction. But to skip and make a long story short.

At one time Bill Houseal and I thought we were not sufficiently paid for our services. We struck for increase. The strike failed. We left the old Herald. Hence the News. That little sheet was started without a dollar of capital. It was launched on faith, hope and tenacity. Houseal set his fine mechanical and weather-prophet head to work and I canvassed the town for subscriptions. I was not turned down. That is one great reason why I like Newberry. Newberry was "good to us."

We set a date for the first issue and determined to get it out on time or stand convicted. Worked day and night, and all night long before the first day of publication. The dark hour preceding the dawn found us there. So did sun up. And the Newberry News went to press and was issued by the two of us, with the help of Billie Hunter, without mention of whom this sketch would not be complete.

Man never had a better business "pard" than I had in Bill Houseal. What he liked to do I didn't like to do. What I liked to do he didn't like to do, so we divided the work and went at it.

It is local history recorded in the Annals of Newberry, except that the history doesn't record how we once moved the office from one building to another across a flat roof and through the windows. Let it rest at that—the history, I mean.

The News spread for a while. Then it merged. I was in at the merging. Was in and out later. Am in again. So long.

HOW HE BECAME READER OF THE HERALD AND NEWS

Mr. T. E. Wicker, for Sometime a Correspondent of The Herald and News, Writes Interestingly.

(By T. E. Wicker.)

On this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your connection with The Herald and News, it may not be out of place to relate when and under what circumstances I became a reader of your paper.

One drizzly, foggy day, twenty-four years ago my father, W. W. Wicker, and myself, a bare-foot sunburned lad, the proud wearer of a pair of homemade suspenders, were driving in a one-horse wagon on the Pomaria road just this side of the old Pat Derrick place when we were overtaken by a handsome and stylishly dressed young man, who gave his name as Nathan E. Aull and lost no time in saying that he was canvassing for the Newberry Herald and News. Before we reached



T. E. WICKER.

Cannon's creek, a short distance from where he overtook us, he had secured my father's subscription for the paper and was out of sight—shows how quick the trick was turned.

At that time my library consisted of Hostetter's almanac, Guy's astronomy and a copy of the Bible given to me by the venerable and sainted Thos. W. Holloway. I had finished reading through the Bible, and then I set out to read through The Herald and News and lo, I have been reading it these 24 years and I am not through it yet, and judging from the way it has grown and prospered it is not likely that I will ever finish it. I am not going to give up, however, but am going to read right on until the end—of one or the other of us.

A few years later I became one of the several weekly correspondents to your paper—Chips, Nita, K., Lola, Josh Trump, etc.—a constellation of literary lights that dazzled the world with their brilliance. The editor soon became impressed with the tremendous magnitude of our power and worth and invited us to dinner at his beautiful home and of course in order to perpetuate in the minds of future generations so important an event we stood on the front porch and allowed ourselves to be photographed. Beginning with this dinner we had annual dinners for several years. As soon as we quit meeting, the Grid Iron Club of Washington sprang into prominence.

Mr. Editor, your space in this issue is precious so I will bring this article to a close. Here's wishing you another twenty-five years with The Herald and News and as a reward for your faithful efforts to upbuild the town and county, may the grand old paper one day become a flourishing daily.

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WAS THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR PRINTERS

Mr. Jno. W. Earhardt Tells of Many Associates Who Started Life With Us.

(By Jno. W. Earhardt.)

On this, the quarto-centennial celebration of the connection as editor, manager and owner, of the present editor of The Herald and News, with that paper, he has done all who have during that time been connected in any way with the paper the honor to have something to say in the issue of the paper celebrating this event.

Col. Aull is first to be congratulated on the many improvements he has made on the paper from time to time—



JNO. W. EARHARDT.

The Herald and News now ranking among the best semi-weeklies, not only in this State, but in the South. I sometimes think that if the people of Newberry county could see all of the county papers of the State and compare them with their own county papers, they would appreciate and contribute the more to the means of their home papers. It can be said without successful contradiction, that with probably three or four exceptions, there is not a county in the State, whose papers will anything like compare favorably with the Newberry papers. They are simply not in their class. But, do our people realize it?

But I am about to divert. I came to Newberry in 1883, and during the years since have seen among the Newberry papers. During that time I traveled along with The Herald and News, under Col. Aull, from the old Campbell press with negro power, one jobber and a few cases of body and old-style job type, through two fires and other misfortunes and disasters, up to the installation of the up-to-date Mergenthaler type-setting machine, modern presses and folders and electric power, until now he has one of the most thoroughly equipped country offices in the South.

The Herald and News has not only progressed as a newspaper, but has the distinction of having turned out more thoroughly expert printers, starting them on the road to success, than any other office within my knowledge. How could it be otherwise, when back in the eighties, or just after the present editor took charge of the paper, such a man as Mr. R. H. Greneker, Sr., (Col. Greneker, the boys called him), who had given his life to the study of the business, was connected with the office, and imparted his knowledge and influence over the boys for what was right and proper and thorough. Col. Greneker was one of those men of whom it can truthfully be said, the world is the better for his having lived in it. His was a noble life of devotion and his thoughts always of the beautiful. I have in my possession to this day a little box of dried violets with a ribbon on which he printed in February, 1888, the words, "Blest be the tie that binds," which I prize among my most sacred possessions as in this instance the giver making the gift so much more precious. Would that the world had more such men as Col. Greneker.

In the day of the old Campbell press—then The Herald was a weekly paper, shortly afterwards becoming a semi-weekly—Col. Aull would never think of bringing in a line of copy for the paper until the morning of publication. Of course, the boys had to pull out! But, what was impossible with Gus Fulmer on the make-up; John Wicker to feed the presses, Hosea Barger to regulate the mailing list and mail the papers, and such printers as Pearl Rikard, Kuhns Blats, Jesse Coats, John Aull, Herman Aull, Sam Cannon, John Lee Davis, Surry Shockley and your humble servant, at the case. (Not all of these at the same time, but at different times in the history of the paper.)

I shall never forget: 'Twas back in the eighties or early in the nineties; one warm spring morning, Capt. Eugen Greneker, about 10 o'clock in the day, placed his stick about half full of

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