

VOLUME LIII, NUMBER 88.

NEWBERRY, S. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1915.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR.

A WORD PERSONAL.

This Fiftieth Anniversary edition has grown beyond my expectations when I began the work of getting it up. It has been a strenuous undertaking. I feel relieved that it is now through the press, or nearly through, as this is being written. I wrote very little for it. To those who have contributed the articles that run through its fifty-six pages, I am grateful. They are all well written and contain much valuable information and are worthy the careful attention of the reader.

The advertisements all contain those things the public should know. Read all of them. Each section is complete in itself. No article continued from one section to another and seldom from one page to another. The merchants of Newberry have been liberal in their patronage and I believe they will receive results from their ads. Never before has any edition of a newspaper in Newberry carried advertisements from more than fifty different firms in the town of Newberry. Some of the larger stores did not feel that it would pay them to carry an ad with us. We regret this, but as we have said, we have only solicited the business on the basis that we felt we were giving value received. And don't forget to look at Whitmire, Little Mountain, Pomaria, Prosperity and Kinards.

To those who have labored with me in the office in the getting out of this immense paper, I wish to express my appreciation for their faithful and loyal help, without which it would have been impossible to get it out.
E. H. AULL, Editor.

The Aull Boys of The Herald and News



COL. JOHN KINARD AULL.



ELBERT HERMAN AULL, JR.



COL. ELBERT H. AULL, 30 YEARS EDITOR HERALD AND NEWS.

Col. Elbert Herman Aull, for thirty years editor of The Herald and News. Col. John Kinard Aull, Secretary of State Warehouse Commissioner John L. McLaurin, Columbia. Mr. Elbert Herman Aull, Jr., who died on the 3rd day of August, 1902, at the age of sixteen years. Mr. James Luther Aull, linotype operator on The State, Columbia. Mr. Humbert Mayer Aull, linotype operator on the Intelligencer, Anderson.



JAMES LUTHER AULL.



HUMBERT MAYER AULL.

THE IDLER.

I received the following note just the other day, and it is awful late for me to do justice to the occasion, but I reckon I will have to make an effort to do the best I can:

Newberry, S. C., Nov. 20, 1915.

Dear Idler: I would be glad to have you write an article for the Fiftieth Anniversary edition of The Herald and News. I am sure the readers of the paper would be pleased to have an article in that edition from your typewriter.

Yours truly,
The Editor.

Well, I reckon I will have to try to comply with this request, but it is giving me a very little time. On so important occasion as the fiftieth anniversary I would like to have time to think and to try to evolve something worth while. There are very few people who have the privilege of celebrating fifty years of active life. But I reckon the editor is talking about fifty years of the paper, and not fifty years of his own life. After all, fifty years is not long looking backward, and when you come to think about it, it is not so long ardy way you look at it, and, yet, many things can be crowded into a half century. It is more than a life time, and while some are permitted to live longer, the average is far below fifty years. "How long we live, not years, but actions tell."

And that is true of a newspaper as well. Judged by that standard the old Herald and News may well feel proud at a half century of existence.

"I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree Upon the school-house playground That sheltered you and me; But none were there to greet me, Tom, And few were left to know Who played with us upon the green, Just fifty years ago."

"Well, some are in the churchyard laid, Some sleep beneath the sea, But none are left of our old class, Excepting you and me; And when our time shall come, Tom, And we are called to go, I hope we'll meet with those we loved Some fifty years ago."

But I reckon this is not what the editor wants me to write. I have only been writing for the paper now for about six or seven years, and, of course, could not be expected to say very much about the old paper prior to that, except what I might know from memory, and what other people have told me, and my memory is not very good any more. Now, don't misunderstand me, I can remember way beyond fifty years, but I don't know much about newspapers away back there. I believe that it was old Cicero who said, "But to my mind nothing seems long in which there is any 'last', for when that arrives, then all the past has slipped away—only that remains to which you have attained by virtue and righteous actions." There should be no "last" to The Herald and News except as there is a "last" to all things temporal, but otherwise I trust it may be as Tennyson's Brook, go on and on forever. So far as I am personally concerned, as now I have grown old I feel

Like some brave steed that oft before The Olympic wreath of victory bore, Now by the weight of years oppressed, Forgets the race, and takes his rest—

And yet, I somehow take a pleasure in writing for The Herald and News, such writing as it is. Seems to me that during this fifty year period that there were some such men as Editor Wallace, Dr. Geo. B. Cromer, G. G. Sala, among those whose names appeared at the masthead as editors, but as I roam among the halls of memory during that period, the man who wrote the most beautiful sentiment and was, therefore, in much demand as a writer of deaths and marriages, and such things, was R. H. Greneker, Sr., and you know I have often taken the position that in this world—cold and hard as it is—that we needed more sentiment, more of that thing which would make us think more kindly of one another, and then we would speak and write more kindly of each other. Mr. Greneker belonged to the old type of journalist

An Intimate Sketch of the Life of The Herald and News

The Story of a County Newspaper is the History of its Community Epitomized—The Old Order Changeth—Brief Review of the Files and Personal Recollections of Later Years, by One "Reared in The Office."

(By John K. Aull.)

A gifted writer, in a graphic description of the recent accession of Yoshitomo, son of Mutsuhito, to the throne of Nippon, said that the story of this epochal event was the history of old Japan epitomized. Borrowing his language to clothe a different thought, it may be stated that the story of a county newspaper is the history of the community epitomized. Yea; it is more than that; in its varied and various ramifications, it is the history of a people and a state, in its relation to world annals. But primarily and particularly, the county newspaper deals with home affairs; with the heart throbs and the pulse beats of the town and the county which it serves; with the joys and the sorrows, the successes and the sacrifices, with the lives and the passing of those in the circle around it; with their business and with their pleasures; with their loves, and, alas, too often of necessity with the hates and animosities of some of them. For a true newspaper is a mirror held up to life, and pictured therein is the procession of life passing before it. Lights and shadows must flit across its face, for life is made up of lights and shadows. There is the strength and the weakness; there is humanity drawn true.

It saw and recorded the struggle of the Southern armies to establish a nation; it heard and recorded that nation's death gasp. It suffered with its people through the troublous night of Reconstruction, and rejoiced with them in the dawn of that glorious day when, under the leadership of Hampton and Gary and Butler, white supremacy was restored—such a dawn. I have sometimes thought, as Bob Taylor must have had in mind when he pictured "a thousand bugle calls from rosy fires of the east heralding her coming; a thousand smiling meadows kissing her garments as she passed; ten thousand laughing gardens unfurling their flower-flags to greet her, and the heart of the deep forest throbbing a tribute of bird-songs, and the bright waters rippling a melody of welcome." For on that day Anglo-Saxon supremacy was vindicated, and world civilization received a new inspiration.

It labored along with the people of South Carolina and of the South in the rebuilding of the structure which had been swept away by the war; and it has seen and recorded the coming of the South into her own.

Of course it is only through the files of the paper, which I have often studied, that I know of those early years of The Herald and News, and of its later history up to some fifteen or twenty years ago. My connection with it, in one way and another, began about twenty years ago, when I was about ten years of age, and I have been asked by the editor to write some recollections, for the anniversary edition, of the paper during those twenty

Some Personal Recollections.

When I first began work in The Herald and News office as galley-boy, or "printer's devil," Mr. W. P. Houseal, now of Columbia, was a partner with Mr. E. H. Aull in the business, under the firm name of Aull & Houseal, Mr. Aull being editor of the paper and Mr. Houseal being manager of the office. The Lutheran Visitor was at that time published by Aull & Houseal. The office was in a frame building on the northwest corner of the present Central Methodist church property. Here it was that Mr. W. H. Wallace, editor of the Observer, was welcomed back to Newberry from the meeting of the South Carolina State Press association at which he was elected president. Later Mr. Aull, of The Herald and News, was chosen president of the association, and remained its president for some fifteen or sixteen years.

A few years later The Herald and News office was burned, and what was left of the plant was moved into the two store rooms on the west side of the two rooms now occupied by the Southern Express company and the Newberry Coca Cola Bottling works.

The building put up by Mr. I. C. Pool and used by Mr. L. M. Speers in his undertaking business for several years, now occupied by Mr. Henry Adams, was erected after that. The Newberry Observer occupied the two rooms now used by the Express company and the bottling works, and Newberry's two newspaper plants for a good many years were side by side.

In those days Gus Fulmer was foreman of the mechanical department of The Herald and News. He later left Newberry, going to Columbia, and is now the efficient foreman in the big press room of the Columbia State. John Wicker, who passed into final rest several years ago, and Hosea M. Barger, who is still with The Herald and News, were both setting type. They had been with the paper since the war, and Barger had worked for the paper even before the outbreak of

hostilities. Kuhns Blats and Pearl Rikard were the "swifts" on the case. Pearl Rikard later sought other and larger fields, and I think is now in Atlanta. He has made a fine record as one of the fastest linotype operators in the South. Kuhns Blats died not long ago in Wilmington, being cut down in the vigor of a promising life. Sam Cannon, now a linotype operator on the Columbia State, was an "A 1" type-setter, and Will Werts was "devil No. 1," being one degree higher up in the scale than I was. Will, after learning the linotype in Newberry, and working for the paper as operator for some years, left the paper and is now in the up-country.

In this connection, I would like, in passing, to pay a simple tribute to the memory of John Wicker. There are many in Newberry who will recall him as he was when he brought them the paper every week, acting as city carrier. He was faithful unto the end, and he bore up under adverse circumstances and afflictions which required a good and a brave heart. I trust that in another and a brighter world he has found that true happiness and everlasting peace which I believe must be vouchsafed to the weary and heavy-laden of earth.

Mack Davis and Bob Bass came into the office later. Both of them afterwards went to larger cities. Mack is now with the Bryan Printing company in Columbia, and the last I heard from Bob he was doing well in August.

John Lee Davis began to learn the trade in the office comparatively a few years ago. He became a "swift" on the linotype, and then he, too, left. He went to Columbia, and is now one of the fastest operators who ever graced the machine. He has become prominent in labor union circles and was one of the arbiters instrumental in settling the recent street car strike in that city.

Billy Hunter, printer and fireman, was with the office off and on from my first recollection of the paper up until the time of his death. There was no better job printer than Billy Hunter, and his ability was recognized in the government printing office in Washington during his employment there. He was faithful and true to his chosen vocation.

Mr. John W. Earhardt, now with the

Observer, and city recorder of Newberry, was with the paper, both in the reportorial and mechanical departments, during several years, and is one of the most efficient men in a newspaper office I have ever known.

And, during all these years, at various intervals, Mr. Richard H. Greneker was with the paper in one capacity or another. He has served it as typesetter, in the editorial department and as reporter, and he was the founder of one of its predecessors. He is now with the Observer, having recently severed his connection with The Herald and News. He is a fine news-gatherer. He keeps up with the movements of people, and he can always find something pleasant to say about them, and he knows how to say it.

The Herald and News, up until October 20, 1903, was a four-page, seven-column paper, semi-weekly. Some years before that it had been changed from an eight-column four-page weekly into a seven-column four-page semi-weekly. On October 20, 1903, the first issue of the eight-page semi-weekly made its appearance. At that time there were five columns to the page. Since then the size has been increased to six columns to the page.

The Evening Telegram.

Later we ventured into the daily field—not under the name of The Herald and News, which maintained its identity as a semi-weekly, but establishing The Evening Telegram—Newberry's first and only daily newspaper—that brave little bark which, with a stout heart, put out upon an unknown sea and rode the tempestuous waves for seven months and one day. May 11, 1904, it began its voyage; December 12, 1904, it was wrecked on the breakers of non-support. The Telegram fought a good fight, and it kept the faith. I had the honor of editing it, and we struggled hard to establish it firmly. During its fight for existence, the few weeks before it died, it might well have pinned to its masthead the words of the Roman gladiators of old, "Morturi te salutamus." But its columns sought to be bright and cheerful, and it went down with its colors flying and all hands saluting. Requisite pace, until the work which it attempted shall find fruition in a greater Newberry made possible by the public-spirited co-operation of all

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