

LOOKING BACKWARD

Taken From the Files of The Chronicle Fifteen and Thirty Years Ago

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
April 10, 1903.
Schubert Trio to give farewell concert at Kirkwood Hotel.

Auditor W. R. McCreight, makes considerable changes in interior of his office.

Confederate Veterans publish resolutions on death of Capt. C. C. Halle. Camden still gay with tourists.

Miss Leila Tiller, a pupil in the Camden graded school dies suddenly. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tiller and resided one mile west of Camden.

New board of county commissioners, consisting of J. W. Butler, B. M. Pearce, A. G. Jones and S. A. West, hold their first meeting.

County officials buy roadworking outfit, consisting of road machine, traction engine, dump cars, dump carts, wheelers, scrapers and steel ploughs, at a cost of \$2,729.

Meeting of Camp Angus McLaurin U. C. V. called to meet at Bethune.

The thirty-five fine horses from the Whitney stables at Aiken being shipped back to Northern homes.

J. D. M. Cantley is the secretary of the South Carolina State Fair Association.

A two-year-old colored girl killed near DeKalb by Southern passenger train while playing on track.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

April 12, 1918.

People of county witness march of soldiers, boy scouts and school children in Liberty Loop parade.

Dr. Edmond M. Boykin, former Camden boy, prominent physician of Charleston, dies in Roper hospital.

John Humphries, of Camden, and Miss Daisy Davis, of Lucknow, married in Bishopville.

W. A. Hinson's residence in Bishopville destroyed by fire.

Herman Dewey Martin, of Shawmut, Ala., married to Miss Bessie E. DeBruhl, of Cassatt.

Davis DeWitt Mitcham, of Camden, married to Miss Eva Mae Sheppard, of San Bernardino, Cal. The wedding occurred at the home of Rev. J. C. Lawson at Greenville, S. C.

Luther Barnes Horton, of Westville, married to Miss Ruth Stogner of Bethune.

Captain Belton O. Kennedy promoted to Major at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia.

Mrs. Mollie Horton, wife of Douglas V. Horton, dies at her home near Kershaw.

Mrs. Mary Hegler, wife of J. H. Hegler, dies at her home in White Bluff section of Lancaster county.

Major John G. Richards presented with old gold watch chain and charm by fellow members of railroad commission.

W. H. Ellerbee, of Rembert, dies and funeral held at Church of the Ascension.

Mrs. Custer Dies in New York

New York, April 5.—Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon Custer, widow of Gen. George A. Custer, who made his last stand at the Battle of Little Big Horn, Montana, in 1876, died in her Park Avenue apartment Tuesday of heart disease. She was 91.

Herself a veteran of the prairie schooner trails and the Indian campaigns led by her young soldier husband in the era following the Civil War, Mrs. Custer spent much of her later life recording the glamor, hardship and romance of those stirring days on the western plains.

Her first book, "Boots and Saddles," was published nine years after Gen. Custer and his battalion were annihilated by the Sioux Indians. In it she detailed the adventure and tragedy of her campaigning days with "the boy general of the golden locks."

Until stricken Sunday night, Mrs. Custer had been in her usual health and had continued her habit of taking occasional drives and short walks through the Murray Hill section of Park Avenue.

Two nieces, Mrs. Charles W. Elmer of Brooklyn, and Miss Lula Custer, summoned from her home on the old Custer farm at Monroe, Mich., were with her when she died. Burial probably will be at West Point where lies Gen. Custer.

Born in Monroe, Mich., the daughter of Judge Daniel S. Bacon, she first met Gen. Custer when he visited his sister in Monroe late in 1862. He was then a captain in the Union Army. They were married two years later, and the young bride followed her husband until the close of the Civil War. She was near him at Richmond, Va., when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox.

After the war Gen. Custer was transferred to the West, and Mrs. Custer remained close to his side as he fought the Indians. She waited at Bismarck, N. D., while he joined an expeditionary force in a campaign which Gen. Phil H. Sheridan hoped would be decisive.

It was not until three weeks after Gen. Custer with his entire command of 207 men were massacred that a slow moving prairie steamer brought the news of her bereavement.

While she viewed the massacre as a terrible tragedy, Mrs. Custer once said that "perhaps it was necessary in the scheme of things for the public clamor that rose after the battle resulted in better equipment for the soldiers everywhere, and very soon the Indian warfare came to its end."

PHILADELPHIA PUMP WATER

HOW AN EARTHQUAKE FEELS

Vivid Pen Picture of Effect on One Man in California Shocks

First hand descriptions of what they themselves felt and did give the best description of how an earthquake really feels. One such pen picture was written to friends of a prominent newspaper man of the Middle West, lately a large orange grower in California, living at Santa Ana where three people were killed by the recent earthquake in Southern California.

C. F. Skirvin tells what he saw and felt and did during that shaky time, and part of his account of the thing is as follows:

It was a night of terror. Major vibrations were followed with minor quakes with such frequency that it became almost a continuous performance. Adjustment of one's nerves was out of the question. Timorous isn't the word. It was a panic.

As I write this letter out in the yard more than fourteen hours after the first shock the ground is crowding itself for a new location, and intermittent disturbances continue.

The earth seemed to be heaving in all directions. Of course it wasn't but the impressions were shaky. The Skirvin household made the move unanimous—the entire population took to the street. And most of it remained there during the night, sleeping in automobiles, rolling in blankets on the ground, sitting in chairs by bonfires. Any expediency was proper. There wasn't any formality. It was an effort to find a place of security, and the safest position was in the open, provided you were not in the business area.

I have had the experience of going through several slight shocks, but this "The Old Boy" just wanted to see one, but if it responded according to my sensations the instrument is still moving.

I am not hesitant to admit my fear. The roar and vibrations were too much for my courageous equilibrium, and was my face red?—no, it was white. I have the statement of the family for this condition. My first sensation was one of helplessness, and a convincing emphasis that the law of human limitations was at work.

I don't like earthquakes; I haven't found any one who does. Even the contractors are opposed to them. Scientists tell us there are rifts and faults in the earth structure which causes "quakes," that new mountains are being formed and in the readjustment some one has got to move. I did. And if the darned things keep it up I'll move again.

For the past fifteen hours I have tried to get some sleep. But the fellow who is managing these "quakes" isn't in favor of it. Just about the time I say "Now I lay me down to sleep," I get up.

I'm not so much afraid of the ground opening up three or four inches and allowing me to disappear, as I am that some one will throw a bunch of plaster in my face, or drop a bridge-whist vase on my head.

Anything can happen, and I think it will. I wish they would get this earthly budget balanced. If this is one of Roosevelt's new deals he can leave my hand for another player. I don't mind people talking about "quakes," old ones or new ones, but I haven't made an application for any such an experience. Once is more than plenty.

I was just acquiring the habit of going to church again. Now I got an alibi. But I'm not going to use it.

Just as I write this paragraph along comes another shock to let me know the strain hasn't been relieved. What a case of topographical indigestion it must have.

An airplane is just passing over. I am a living witness of having my feet on the ground and being up in the air at the same time. In fact I've been in the air for more than fifteen hours.

Earthquakes are terrifying. They take a fellow's nervous system and disconnect it. They defy man. They change the whole mental complexion and set the haughty in the places of the humble. They deal death and devastation. They provoke a prayer, too long silent, and compel an acknowledgment of an Invisible Power incomparable to human helplessness. Some one wrote a poem once about "I shall not pass this way again," or something like that.

That's my recession to earthquakes.

A pipe smoker at Fairview, Okla., filled his pipe with loose tobacco from his pocket. An explosion followed after he had lighted the tobacco. There had been a .22 calibre cartridge in the tobacco. Fragments of the wood of the pipe were driven into the smoker's eyeball.

WHEN WHITE MAN WAS SOLD

In Kershaw District Not Far From Yorkville, He brought a Dollar

(From the Yorkville Enquirer) Believe it or not, a white man was once sold in South Carolina. The purchase price was \$1 and the purchaser his wife.

The interesting account of this unusual sale is contained in a copy of an old newspaper, the Highland Sentinel, which formerly was published in Anderson county.

The incident occurred in Camden (Kershaw district) almost one hundred years ago, and in connection with his chronicle of the incident, the editor of The Sentinel refers to the indignation of "The Carolinian," a newspaper then published in Columbia and the people of South Carolina over similar sales in the state of Indiana during the 'forties.

The Sentinel article which appeared in an issue during the latter part of 1840, read as follows:

"Our Loco Foco friends who have been so much horrified at the sale of white men in Indiana, have now an opportunity of manufacturing a new supply of indignation upon a subject at home. We imagine in advance that we see the tender-hearted editor of 'The Carolinian' struck with speechless horror, his hair standing up like a ruffled hen's feathers, and his eye brows so distended in amazement as completely to burst their gluey fetters. We think we are perfectly safe in promising the readers of 'The Carolinian' at least six columns of indignation in that paper next week, upon this flagrant violation of the rights of white men.

The following letter from a friend in Camden, with the subjoined advertisement, contains the whole history of the affair:

Camden, S. C., Nov. 2, 1840.

"Dear Sir:

"Enclosed I send you a document which may be of some importance to convince the Democrats of South Carolina that white men are sometimes sold in our beloved state, as well as in Indiana. This man was this day sold before the courthouse in this place, in accordance with his sentence, for the sum of one dollar for four years, and bought by his wife, who took a regular bill of sale. The notice I send you was posted at the post office of this place, and the order of sale made by one of the Democratic judges of our state. But this was duty and he could not help it.

FALL TERM, 1840

"The State

vs

"Reuben Bradley

"Conviction of Bastardy.

"The sentence of the court is that the services of the defendant be sold on the next sales day for Kershaw district for the space of four years or any shorter time which may command the requisite amount, according to the law in relation to bastardy, unless the defendant shall on or before that date, enter into the requisite recognizance of the bastard child.

(Signed) J. S. Richardson.

"Agreeable to the foregoing order, I will offer for sale the services of the defendant on Monday next, before the courthouse door in Camden, for four years.

"Geo. Q. M'Intosh, C. C.

"October 20, 1840."

Here's A New Racket

Purcell, Okla., March 22.—A "tall dark stranger" sold several five gallon kegs of liquid here at \$5 each. The bargain-hunting customers learned on opening the kegs that they contained quart jars of liquor sealed neatly inside against the bung-holes. Water filled the remaining space.

Three hours after a gang of seven bandits had robbed a bank at Kansas City, Mo., of more than \$5,000, one suspect was killed and five others arrested, two of them after having been shot by police.

A High Point, N. C., man reports killing a 4 1/2 foot snake in his yard and found a hard lump in its middle. Opening it he found it was a door knob that had been in a basket of eggs.

Chairman W. F. Stevenson of the home loan bank board, has appointed Ivan Allen, of Atlanta, Ga., to the board of the fourth home loan district with headquarters at Winston-Salem, N. C.

The "William A. Moffett hangar" will stand at the Shushan airport, new aviation field at New Orleans, as a monument to the late Admiral Moffett, who lost his life in the crash of the Akron at sea last week.

Three British employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical company, under arrest in Russia on charges of sabotage and bribery, have been granted freedom on posting of bonds in the sum of 55,000 rubles.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt has let it be known that guests at the White House may have cold beer to drink when and if the sale of beer is legalized. Mrs. Roosevelt does not drink beer.

Negro Found Guilty in Second Trial

Decatur, Ala., April 9.—Death in the electric chair confronted Heywood Patterson, 19-year-old Chattanooga negro, for the second time today as a Morgan county jury in the first trial of the "Scottsboro case" found him guilty of attacking a white woman.

The verdict was returned at 10:58 a. m. (Central standard-time) after the jury had been out 21 hours. Judge James E. Horton had ordered the reconvening of court at 10 o'clock to receive a report from the jury, but a delay of nearly an hour occurred until he arrived at the courthouse.

A hundred spectators received the verdict in silence. Patterson himself, who once before had been sentenced to death on the same charge, lowered his head and appeared nervous as the jury made its report. Shortly afterward a squad of national guardsmen escorted him from the courtroom to jail.

Later he was taken under military guard to Birmingham to await formal pronouncement of sentence on April 17. At that time the defense will have opportunity to move for a new trial. If the motion is overruled, the defense then could carry the case to the state court of appeals.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of Gen. George A. Custer, famous Indian fighter, is dead at her home in New York at the age of 91 years. Her husband was killed with 207 of his men in the massacre by Indians near Little Big Horn river in Montana nearly 57 years ago.

The said tract of land was acquired by C. C. Whitaker in two parcels, one by deed of Charles Perkins of date January 29, 1919, of record in the office of the Clerk of Court for Kershaw County in Book "AZ", page 516, the other by deed of Peter Baskins of date January 3, 1925, recorded in said Office in Book "BM", at page 631.

W. L. DePASS, JR., Master for Kershaw County.

FORECLOSURE SALE
Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the terms and provisions of the Decree of the Court of Common Pleas for Kershaw County, South Carolina, in the case of the First Carolina's Joint Stock Land Bank of Columbia, plaintiff, vs. C. C. Whitaker, defendant, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, requiring of the successful bidder a deposit in the sum of one hundred twenty-five and no-100 (\$125.00) dollars, before the Court House door at Camden, South Carolina, during the legal hours of sale on the first Monday in May, 1933, being the 1st day thereof, the following described property:

1. All that piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the State of South Carolina, County of Kershaw, about six (6) miles northeast of Camden, on both sides of the Lockhart Road, containing one hundred two (102) acres, more or less, and being bounded on the north by lands of Mackey and Workman and Schenk and Company; on east by lands of Schenk and Company; south by lands of Lewis, formerly of Belton; on the west by lands of Lewis, formerly of Belton and by lands of Miller, formerly of Savage and Little. The said tract of land was acquired by the said C. C. Whitaker in two parcels, one by deed of W. R. Hough and J. L. Guy dated January 23, 1912, and of record in the office of the Clerk of Court for Kershaw County in Book "AF", at page 53, and the other by deed of G. H. Leclair dated July 31, 1912, recorded in said office in Book "AF", at page 58. The said parcels of land are more fully shown on plat by R. W. Mitcham, Surveyor, of date February 25, 1911, and ALISO.

2. All that piece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying and being in the State of South Carolina, County of Kershaw, in DeKalb Township, about six (6) miles north of Camden on the Liberty Hill road and containing eighty-eight and sixty-six one hundredths (88.66) acres, more or less, as shown by plat of A. B. Boykin, Surveyor, dated November 23, 1925. The said tract of land is bounded on the north by John T. Nettles and of Boykin Rhame, on the east by Liberty Hill road and lands of Charles Holland and by lands of Sanders Creek Baptist Church; on the south by lands of Charlotte Hollis, by lands of Sanders Creek Baptist Church, of T. B. Bruce, of the estate of Mark Anthony and of John T. Nettles, and on the west by lands of John T. Nettles.

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