

The Tabor City Tribune

“SERVING THE TWIN CITIES & SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES”

Tribune Founder, Publisher Dies

by W. Horace Carter

I died on September 16, 2009 at 3 p.m. I was 88 years old. Believe me, although I lived a long and some would say productive life, I would like to have hung around a few more years. Wouldn't we all?

But God was good to me in every aspect of life. There were some heartaches that I would like to have escaped. But he was far better to me than I ever deserved. No good works would have earned the vast array of blessings that I enjoyed from childhood until death.

I made my share of mistakes and sinned on more occasions than I care to remember. Some of those mistakes hurt my loved ones, some who are dead and others who still walk, talk and live in God's great universe, Tabor City and Loris being the best part of it all.

I owe a lot to my dear parents who were poor and made great sacrifices to raise and council three children about Christian living and service to others. I have wished so many times that I had done more for them in their late years when I could have helped them, but I was so wrapped up with my own growing family that I paid little attention to their needs and hopes. That unthoughtfulness was forever a guilty crevice in my mind.

Then there was my marriage to Lucile Miller when I was in the Navy in 1944. A beautiful young lady she was, second to none I ever knew before or since. I loved her as much as any man can love a woman, but today I feel that I should have done more for her and let her know more definitely how important she was in my life. We came to Tabor City poor and we both worked hard and long to make The Tribune succeed while trying to put food on the table, clothes on our back and a roof over our heads. We came to Tabor with our six months old daughter, Linda, and then added Rusty and Velda to the family in those hard-to-make-a living early years.

I could not have succeeded without her. She ran the household, working like a slave. She raised three wonderful children almost by herself and even sold advertising one day a week to help keep us financially afloat. At times she even was a substitute teacher in the school to earn a few dollars we so desperately needed. There is nothing I can say or do now to express how great she was. I should have done that before God took her away from me with a terrible cancer. I do so hope that I'll come face to face with her again so I can make amends for being so self-centered that I failed to appreciate her enough. Lucile was a wonderful wife, mother and friend.

Even though I was growing old. God gave me two other wives after Lucile passed away.

I married Brenda Strickland, of Clarendon two years after 'Cile died. Brenda was another pretty woman and we lived in Florida together for a dozen years before finally deciding that there were circumstances that kept us antagonized. We divorced as friends and I have forever wished for her the best that life has to offer. She was my helpmate during the years when I was concentrating upon writing books and magazine articles and The Tribune was being run by associates. We traveled the world over and she did most of the driving and packing. She was a great help and some of the most productive years of my life were when Brenda and I were together.

I wrote most of my 2,000 outdoor magazine articles, 20 of my 23 books and really learned how to fish successfully during our marriage when some years we were on the water more than 100 days. We caught thousands of fish and wrote hundreds of stores about the out of doors from the Caribbean to Alaska. God bless her!

Then at the senior citizen age of 75 and divorced from Brenda, I married a much younger lady whom I had known for more than 30 years.

She was Linda Duncan (Moore), a native of the Bethel section of Columbus County. Linda had managed the office of the old Loris Sentinel that I started in the 1950s.

After Lucile and I moved to Florida, she lived in Wilson, N.C., got two college degrees in accounting and worked with the N.C. Dept. of Revenue for 19 years before returning to Tabor City to take care of her mother after her father passed away. She then began working as an advertising saleslady for The Tribune, a talent with which she was blessed.

Despite our age differences and a series of maladies that affected both of us, my years with Linda were all wonderful. She not only is beautiful, she loved me and we reveled in our affection for one another. The Tribune had gone down and our readership and advertising while I was in Florida had nosedived. Coming back and marrying Linda was a challenge to rebuild the newspaper and with her help and the encouragement of the people of the area, we did.

At this writing The Tribune is the most readable, has the most advertising and largest number of pages that it has had in its 52 years of history. I owe a lot of that success to Linda Duncan Carter.

Then there are my beloved children - Linda Metzger, Russell Carter and Velda Kay Hughes. No father could be more proud of his offspring than I am. All three have been a great blessing from birth until today. They have raised fine families of their own. They have been successful in every avenue of work and business that they have tackled. They are hard-working, civic-minded, compassionate, Christian Americans - real examples of success that can overcome every obstacle with effort, ethics, motivation and determination.

I have not always been the best example that a father should be and for that I am sorry. I hope I have done more good things for them than bad. And as Rusty told his mother a few moments before she died in a hospital bed, "Mother you raised us and whatever we amount to will be because of your teaching and raising us." And it was so true!

Then there are my ten wonderful grandchildren. They make life even at an old age worth waking up in the morning. At this point in time, everyone has been a model young person and every one of college age has a degree or is in the process of getting one.

Considering that I was the first of the Tom Carter family ever to go to college and considering that my dad only went to school three months in his lifetime and my mother got only to the seventh grade, the determination and early success of my second generation family is nothing short of miraculous. I have high hopes that somewhere in that ten talented young people there is a man or woman who will choose to own, manage, edit and run The Tribune for generations as yet unborn.

Everyone likes to leave something in this world that survives after he has gone. My hope is that this weekly newspaper will live forever and have as its goal service to mankind without fear or favor.

Finally, my thanks to the great Americans in the Tabor-Loris communities who love the area and for generations have read what we wrote, advertised in our columns so that we might make a living and made it possible for us to at least be a tiny bit of service to a wonderful little corner of God's world.



Walter Horace Carter
Newspaperman

January 20, 1921 - September 16, 2009

What They Said About The Man...

It was a privilege for me to have Horace as a friend.. I always viewed him as one of the most noble of North Carolinians. He took up a fight that was hard and never flinched and was not flag waving about it.. He just stood his ground and did what every good, honest, hard working American believes should be. Horace Carter was and is an enormous credit to our state and to the country.. I deeply valued his friendship.

Bill Friday, President Emeritus, University of North Carolina

Not many folks win a Pulitzer Prize. Even fewer small town editors get them. That Horace Carter was willing to share the credit with Jay Jenkins and the N&O tells you a lot about the character, and the values, of this small town editor. *Columnist Jack Betts, The Charlotte Observer*

We North Carolina newspaper wretches owe a huge debt to Horace Carter, for paving the way and for reminding us that newspapers always have and always will be a crucial member of every community. – *Beth Grace, Executive Director, North Carolina Press Association*

"Despite potential harm for him and his family, plus his young newspaper, he took the right stand against the Klan, a move that propelled him to national prominence." – *Attorney Richard Wright,*

For more than 60 years I have been proud of my friendship with Horace Carter.

I was exceedingly proud of Horace when he won he Pulitzer Prize for public service, the first weekly newspaper in the nation to do so! He brought honor to his family, his adopted hometown, and his Alma Mater. And I will miss him as much as any other classmate I ever had. – *Clarence Whitefield, retired Director of Alumni Affairs, UNC*

"His community and the world will always be a better place because of his contributions. Horace Carter has not passed away, he's just passed on. – *Jimmy Garrell, Tabor City Businessman*

"Horace was a well known outstanding individual who had a great impact on my life. He was my Sunday School teacher in high school, and he followed and supported my professional and political career.

"When I got out of line, he didn't hesitate to kick my butt, but always in a positive manner.

"I was particularly touched during the recent turmoil in my life, he wrote a column that said I was the best senator

the area had ever had. We will miss him greatly. – *State Sen. R.C. Soles Jr., a Tabor City attorney*

His true greatness as a human being was in his incredible ability to love, and give all of himself to everyone who knew him, and to the many more who never got the chance. To be born into his family is an honor I am only now beginning to understand. *Wes Carter, Grandson*

Horace Carter was a true hero because he loved his community and fought for what was right for the people who lived there. It is easy to be anonymous and have courage. It requires a great deal more courage to stand up for what is right when you eat lunch at the local cafe and go to church with your readers, as Horace Carter did. The journalism school at Carolina displays his Pulitzer with pride as an inspiration to all young journalists. *Jean Folkerts, Dean UNC School of Journalism*

"Horace was one of the greatest and most courageous journalists ever in the history of North Carolina. And anywhere. He knew in his heart that what the Klan was doing was dead wrong, yet he fought it with all the strength he could muster, even though he could have been killed. "If anybody ever deserved a Pulitzer Prize, he did. And he won the biggest Pulitzer of all: the one for serving the public. "Personally, he was a generous, thoughtful, caring man with a heart as big as all outdoors. He did an enormous amount for our School. And all our faculty and students are the better for him." *Richard Cole, Dean Emeritus UNC School of Journalism*

It's hard to believe today that night-riding and private violence were once taken for granted as an inevitable part of the social landscape here, but no matter how much they differ on other issues, the vast majority of North Carolinians today completely reject such things, while state and federal authorities are ready to enforce the laws that they previously neglected. Horace Carter deserves immense credit for the part he played in getting us there. I am deeply gratified that we now very close to completing the film that will document that truth for the people of the state.

*Harry L. Watson
Director
UNC Center for the Study of the American South*

"I'm not sure that Tabor City will immediately realize its loss. Mr. Carter was a giving employer, a charitable citizen, and a true friend to many in this

community and far beyond.

"Mr. Carter well represented what Tom Brokaw called 'the greatest generation.' Like this community, I've been blessed that he passed our way." - *Deuce Niven, Associate Publisher and Editor of the Tribune*

"He was one of the giants in community journalism, as evidenced by the early and continuing work he did to champion justice and community improvement. "He gave back to journalism by his gifts to the UNC School of Journalism, and the museum established by his son to perpetuate the small newspaper business. "I will miss him, and the ideas we exchanged. I had the opportunity to read his editorials and columns, and I saw them first for so many years because we print his newspaper. "I would sometimes call and express my opinion – either pro or con – and he always accepted my views. This was always followed by good conversations about many subjects." - *Jim High, Publisher, The News Reporter*

Horace was a great and a good man, a patriot, and what I think he would regard as the highest accolade, a newspaperman in the finest tradition and meaning of that word.

Tom Terry, Historian and Carter Biographer

"Our father Horace Carter ran an amazing race, actually many, during his 88 years with us. He was an inspiration to many, and friend to everyone he met, and a legend in community journalism for over 50 years. His commitment to social justice, God and country, his family and friends never wavered regardless of the challenge."

"Freedom of the press had no greater friend than our dad who just happened to be the Tribune's founder. He was that one person who believed he could make a difference and who used his life and talent to make the world a better place. We will miss him mightily. His loss will be felt far and wide but he gave us all gifts to carry on for our lifetimes." - *Rusty Carter, son and President of Atlantic*

Mr. C, You are my hero! Many people come and many people go but very few remain in the fabric of your heart and soul. You will remain! The good ship "Atlantic" with its "Tabor-Loris Tribune" will sail on with your spirit and zeal in her sails. Much love, Linda J
PS: But I still think you were a rascal, as I told you one time in the past! - *Linda Jacobs, 43-year Atlantic veteran who was once Social Editor of The Tabor City Tribune*

Services Held For Newspaperman W. Horace Carter

by Deuce Niven

Publications across the country have recounted the life of W. Horace Carter, our editor and founder, since his death last Wednesday of a heart attack – at least the third attack in a week – he died onboard an ambulance on the way home to his beloved Tabor City.

A man of simple roots, an Eagle Scout, Pulitzer Prize winner, mayor, business leader and philanthropist, all describe Carter, who was 88 when doctors at New Hanover Regional Medical Center in Wilmington pronounced his life ended.

For his family, and his extended family at this newspaper and our parent company Atlantic Corp., Carter was much more.

A family man, outdoorsman, more than affectionate toward his beloved dog Chad, business leader and civic legend, Carter was also a husband, a father, a brother, and to countless who crossed his path, a friend.

On these few pages we will attempt to tell the story of a life well lived, an example of "The Greatest Generation" . Services

A celebration of life service was held at 11 a.m. Saturday, Sept. 19, at Tabor City Baptist Church, where he was a member.

Carter is survived by his wife, Linda Duncan Carter, of the home; a brother, Mitchell Carter of Albemarle; three children, Linda Metzger of Lumberton; Russell "Rusty" Carter of Wilmington, Velda Kay Hughes of Greenville, SC; ten grandchildren, Scott Burleson, Doug Burleson, Jeff Burleson, Wes Carter, Leigh Carter, Jackson Hughes, Anne Carter Hughes, Harrison Hughes, Ellen Carter, Scott Carter; and six great-grandchildren.

Carter was pre-deceased by his parents, Walter Raleigh Carter and Waulena Florence Lowder Carter; and a sister, Betty Herlocker; and wives Lucile Miller Carter and Brenda Strickland.

Memorials may be made to: Cape Fear Council, Boy Scouts of America, P.O. Box 7156, Wilmington, NC 28406; the W. Horace Carter Professorship, UNC School of Journalism and Mass Communication, Campus Box 3365, Chapel Hill, NC 27599-3365; or Tabor City Baptist Church, P.O. Box 126, Tabor City, NC 28463.

Civic leader After moving his family to Tabor City in the 1940's, Carter immersed himself in its business and civic life, leading the Merchants Association, and joining the Tabor City Rotary Club.

Carter was an honored member of the Rotary International, said fellow member Don Hughes.

"Horace is in the Rotary Hall of Fame for having been a member for over 50 years," Hughes said. "And he was a Paul Harris Fellow."

The Paul Harris Fellow is the highest honor awarded by Rotary International.

The W.H. and Lucile Carter Rotary Youth Trust Fund, established many years ago, continues to provide for a variety of civic projects in the Tabor City area. One of the more recent projects funded by the endowed fund was equipment for the weightroom at South Columbus High School.

Carter was generous to a long list of other causes and projects, including Tabor City Baptist Church and Lower Cape Fear Hospice. He also funded pilgrimages to Israel for a number of pastors, seminar students, and others.

His honor

Carter also served as Mayor of Tabor City for a single term, from 1954 to 1956, winning election while in New York City receiving an award related to his Ku Klux Klan crusade.

In those days a big part of the job was holding Mayor's Court, dispensing justice on cases that involved a maximum \$50 fine or 30 days in jail.

"If you put him in jail or charged him \$50 it takes the food right out of the mouths of that wife and those kids," Carter wrote a half-century later. "It was a no-win situation."

"I was mayor for two years and believe me I was glad to get rid of that job. The pay was \$100 a year. I told the council it should pay the mayor \$10,000 a year. But, of course, they didn't have the money."

W. Horace Carter

Defining Moments: Klan Crusade Brought His Newspaper A Pulitzer

By DEUCE NIVEN

Earning journalism’s highest honor, the Pulitzer Prize, defines some.

But W. Horace Carter, the crusading publisher who earned the first Pulitzer ever awarded to a weekly newspaper, seemed more to define the award.

Accepting the Pulitzer in 1953, just seven years after earning a journalism degree from The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and establishing The Tabor City Tribune, Carter talked of values. “Right is right, and vice-versa” he said then.

It was an attitude and philosophy Carter never abandoned. He tackled everything in life with passion and enthusiasm,



directing his newspaper to stand tall for principles he held dear, patriotism, God and country, fiscal conservatism combined with social liberalism that made Carter a champion for civil rights.

W. Horace Carter exemplified the highest ideals of journalism represented in the award that brought him international accolades. He was proud of what the prize represented, but not jealous of it, donating his Pulitzer Prize to The School of Journalism and Mass Communications at The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it remains on display.

His legacy is much broader than the crusade that brought him the Pulitzer. But that crusade remains a turning point in the history of Tabor City, and of Columbus and Horry counties.

A newspaper, a crusade

Two days after graduating from UNC, Carter came to Tabor City and accepted a job as executive secretary of the newly formed Tabor City Merchants Association. His employers clearly understood that Carter was planning to launch his own weekly newspaper.

The Tabor City Tribune published its first edition on July 6, 1946.

In those early days, Horace would recall often, “a dollar looked as big as a wagon-wheel.” Horace, with help from his wife, scraped for every advertising dollar and subscription sale.

A trip to the barber in 1950 would set the stage for a dangerous crusade that could have ended the newspaper, even the life of its young publisher.

“One morning I went in to get a haircut, and my barber, Frank Young, said, ‘Horace, you ought to be uptown Saturday night early because there’s something you’ll want to write about,’” Carter said during an interview that is part of an ongoing documentary project. “And he wouldn’t expound on that. He wouldn’t give me any explanation other than that.

“I kept it in mind, though, and that Saturday night—it was a Saturday night and I only lived a block off the main business district Tabor City—and about dark I heard a siren blow.

“I didn’t see anything but I heard the siren again and I walked on uptown—which is about a block and a half. And about the time I

got uptown, a car, with a red cross on the hood and the dome lights burning eased up the highway from 701. And the guy was going just four or five miles an hour, just barely creeping along and he did have a loudspeaker telling people to watch out, that this was the resurrection of the Carolina’s Ku Klux Klan.”

For Carter, it was a time of decision, one he shared with his wife, and considered over his children, two at that time.

“I’ve got to, to make a momentous decision between now and next Wednesday when the next paper comes out,” Horace told Lucile. “Because I can’t approve of this intimidation of people by an outfit that’s organized outside the law.

“You know, it may be very

unpopular, but I have to do what I think is right and what my conscience tells me to do.”

From Georgia to Carolina

Events in Georgia and an ocean away in Europe had evolved rapidly in the late 1940s, and would help bring the KKK and its terror tactics to the Tabor City area.

Georgia Klan leader Samuel Green, putting his best spin on the racial bigotry that was defining the Klan there, told reporters that his group’s principles included character development, protection of the home, the chastity of white womanhood, and pure patriotism to the United States.

Green was a harsh critic of the press, people like Carter, whom he saw as a barrier to the Klan’s advancement.

In Eastern Europe, meanwhile, communism was on the march with nation after nation falling under Soviet domination.

In this war of ideas, the United States promoted freedom and equality, ideas inconsistent with the “separate and unequal” reality of segregation.

“I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures,” President Harry Truman had told a joint session of Congress on March 12, 1947.

“There is no justifiable reason for discrimination because of ancestry, or religion, or race, or color. Many of our people still suffer the indignity of insult, the harrowing fear of intimidation, and, I regret to say, the threat of physical injury and mob violence. But we cannot, any longer, await the growth of a will to action in the slowest state or the most backward community.”

Equal rights for all, regardless of race, became a rallying cry from the federal government.

KKK organizations gained traction in the South. In Georgia, an understudy to Green, was passed over as his successor. He walked away from the Georgia Klan, moving to Leesville, near Columbia, and establishing klaverns in both South and North Carolina.

It was Hamilton who led the

first Klan demonstrations through downtown Tabor City on a sultry Saturday night in July 1950.

Fighting back

Horace Carter’s editorial in the face of that first Klan rally was blunt.

“At exactly 9:22 last Saturday night, the much discussed Southern Society of the Ku Klux Klan made an infamous tour through Tabor City with some 30-odd cars and with three to four occupants in each vehicle,” Carter wrote.

“The trek wound around through the colored sections as well as down the main streets of town, sirens blew and some blank shots were fired. All in all it appeared that the KKK was putting on some kind of a recruiting drive, but in the meantime they monopolized the streets, created a general confusion, and caused many persons to believe there was a fire.”

Carter was no less subtle in later editions.

“In this democratic country, there’s no place for an organization of the caliber of the Ku Klux Klan,” Carter wrote. “Any organization that has to work outside the law is unfit for recognition in a country of free men. Sanctioning of their methods of operation is practically as bad as if you rode in their midst.”

Carter would recall that he had “almost no favorable reaction” to those early editorials. Many seemed to agree with John W. Hardee, who offered his thoughts in a letter he challenged Carter to run on the front page.

That’s where the letter ran.

“According to your editorials, the Ku Klux Klan organization was lawless, hoodlums organizations,” Hardee wrote. “If I have been informed correctly the Ku Klux Klan has as their Law and Guide the Holy Bible.”

Beach battleground

A nightclub in Myrtle Beach owned by Charlie Fitzgerald would become a Klan battleground, raising the level of violence significantly.

Fitzgerald promoted interracial dancing in his black nightclub, despite a visit from three Klansmen who warned him to keep whites out.

That brought swift reaction from the Klan, and a motorcade to the club on Aug. 26, 1950. Gunfire rang out, bullets filled the business, gunshots were returned, and one Klansman fell. He had been shot.

Rushed to the hospital, the injured man was quickly identified. The man was a Conway police officer, his uniform underneath the Klan hood and robe.

Fitzgerald fared a little better. He was thrown into the trunk of a car, driven into the countryside, beaten and robbed. He fled, hiding in a ditch and thickets until the Klansmen stopped looking.

Horry County Sheriff C. Ernest Sasser took Fitzgerald into protective custody. Twelve Klansmen were arrested, though none were tried.

“It’s my understanding, that after they arrested them they didn’t have enough good, concrete evidence to try them,” Carter recalled later. “And it’s my understanding that they turned them all loose and they laughed about it.”

Thomas Hamilton was one of the men arrested in the beach club shooting.

Federal scrutiny

With news coverage of the Fitzgerald case claiming front pages of major American newspapers including The New York Times, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) took notice. Leaders Walter White and Thurgood Marshall brought Fitzgerald to Washington, DC and the Department of Justice.

The FBI, tasked with finding out if Fitzgerald’s civil rights had been violated, could not find

evidence for a federal case. But their attention was directed to the Carolinas.

Hamilton staged major rallies in the Green Sea area, and near Whiteville. There he would “attack just about everything, from the United Nations flag to the YWCA,” a newsreel narrator would say at the time.

A crowd estimated at 8,000 gathered off of Hwy 917 in Green Sea.

“Hamilton blasted the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and charged that it was dominated by the Jewish people of America,” Carter wrote in his next edition. “He charged that the Communists are taking over the churches and schools and that forced mixing of Negroes and whites could be dictated by Washington.”

A later rally in 1951 was held near Whiteville, attracting the attention of The News Reporter, which stepped up its coverage of the KKK. Florida Grand Dragon Bill Hendrix was the featured speaker, and he launched a diatribe linking Communism, Jews and blacks.

Journalist Thomas Terry would later define Hendrix’ logic.

“Hendrix and Hamilton’s logic flowed like this,” Terry said. “Jews are Communists, Communists want civil rights. Civil rights means desegregation. And desegregation leads to the mongrelization of the white race.”

Fear and flogging

The floggings of two white men and a black woman one night early in 1951 would set the stage for federal intervention.

Accused of neglecting their families, the men were beaten in Horry County. Both were disabled, unable to protect themselves.

Then there was Evergreen Flowers, wife of Willie Flowers, who the KKK believed was having an affair with a white woman.

Willie Flowers wasn’t home when the Klansmen entered the home, without hoods and robes. He had fled to his brother’s house, seeking help.

“And the Klan came in and said, ‘Listen, we came here to punish your husband,’” Carter wrote of the incident. “He’s been running around with another woman, and we came here to get him.” And she said, ‘Well he’s not here.’ And she was scared to death. ‘He’s not here.’ They said, ‘Well in that case, we’ll just beat you.’”

“They bent her over the fender of a car, pulled her dress up, and they beat her with a whip that had wood handle on it and about 4 foot piece of belting that came off a combine.”



Mr. and Mrs. Flowers went to the Sheriff’s Department. Their complaints were taken seriously, but the Klan continued its campaign of terror.

There were threats against Carter too, including one report from a Myrtle Beach physician who said he overheard a hit-man from Florida being hired to kill the Tabor City publisher.



Law enforcement

One of Hamilton’s chief lieutenants in Columbus County was Early Brooks, a former police chief in Fair Bluff. Carter knew there was significant Klan infiltration in law enforcement, and Brooks has many willing to follow him.

Brooks helped lead an attack that would help break the back of the KKK. Their targets were Ben Grainger and Dorothy Dillard, an unmarried couple living together. Grainger was also believed to be making moonshine, and the Klan believed Dillard had aborted Grainger’s child.

Brooks, in an interview recorded much later, described the Klan’s plan for justice.

“We transported them across the South Carolina State line... a violation of the Federal Lindbergh kidnapping act,” Brooks said. According to the traditional plans, it was appropriate to hold a prayer before a victim was lashed, as well as to allow the victims to say a prayer for himself. When one of the Klansmen asked Ben if he wished to pray, he stated that he did not know how to pray.

“The strap was then... used... on Dorothy’s legs. Grainger and Dorothy were later ordered to begin walking in the direction of their home and not to look back.”

Reign of terror

Floggings increased in the months that followed, two in October 1951, three more each in November and December, two more in January 1952. Ten of the twelve victims were white.

“Masked, night-riding mobsters enticed a Columbus County resident from his home and then severely beat him, about ten miles from Tabor City last Thursday night,” Carter wrote in the Tribune. “At the same time, the sheriff disclosed an almost identical flogging that occurred in the Olyphic section late last month.”

With the violence, the tide of public opinion began to turn.

“Fair Bluff has been in considerable turmoil recently because of the Klan activities,” Carter wrote. “Threats made to a minister there, and allegedly coming from the KKK, have stirred up the citizenry to an extent that the little town is practically an armed camp. It is reliably reported that guns and other weapons are available in

just about every residence, and that the slightest incident might set off fireworks.”

The FBI was also at work, and Carter reported the promise of arrests.

“This is our greatest hope,” Carter wrote. “If arrests are not made and the organization is not exposed to the public it can only end one way. That is mass tragedy with several persons meeting their death.”

A swarm of agents

Federal agents swept across Horry and Columbus counties on Feb. 16, 1952 as FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover announced the arrests of ten Klansmen for the kidnapping of Ben Grainger and Dorothy Dillard Martin.

Carter was grateful, at home and in print.

“Thank God there is still law, courts and justice in Columbus County,” Carter wrote.

“Our biggest hope is that those individuals who have taken part in the other floggings also feel the strong arm of the law reaching out for them, wherever they are. We want to see each of them ferreted out from behind this mask of cowardice to face the world and pay for the crimes he has committed against his neighbors.”

By taking the couple across the state line for their beatings, the Klan had given the FBI the ammunition it needed for arrests.

Hundreds more would follow. So would the Pulitzer Prize.

“Back in 1950, when our little paper started fighting the Ku Klux Klan, we certainly didn’t do it with any idea of winning any national awards,” Carter said as he accepted the award in 1953. “We only did what any reputable newspaper would have done had it been located in our position. We fought the Ku Klux Klan because we didn’t feel that any person or any group of persons had the right to inflict their own type of justice on the people. Naturally, I’m very much pleased with the Pulitzer award. It’s one of those things you only dream about. I’m

The New York Times

By BRUCE WEBER

Published: September 20, 2009

W. Horace Carter, the editor and publisher of a small-town North Carolina newspaper whose stubborn, angry opposition to local activities of the Ku Klux Klan helped quell the expansion of the Klan in the Carolinas and won a Pulitzer Prize in 1953, died Wednesday while being transported from a hospital in Wilmington, N.C., to his home in nearby Tabor City. He was 88.

The cause was a heart attack, the second one Mr. Carter had suffered within 10 days, his son, Russell, said.

On July 22, 1950, a Saturday, the Ku Klux Klan staged a parade, cars full of armed and hooded men, through Tabor City, on the border between North and South Carolina. Though without violence, the event was ominous, heralding a Klan recruiting drive in the area. Mr. Carter, the editor of The Tabor City Tribune, a weekly paper he had founded four years earlier, responded immediately. For the next issue, dated July 26, he composed a stern column of opinion under the headline: “An Editorial: No Excuse for KKK.”

“The Klan, despite its Americanism plea, is the personification of Fascism and Nazism,” he wrote. “It is just such outside-the-law operations that lead to dictatorships through fear and insecurity.”

Thus began Mr. Carter’s campaign against the Klan, a fiercely antagonistic opposition to the organization’s policies and methods and its very presence in Columbus County, N.C., and Horry County, S.C. Over three years, his paper ran more than 100 Klan-related stories and editorials that he wrote. They reported and commented on rallies, shootings, beatings and a series of floggings that eventually brought the Federal Bureau of Investigation to the region and ended with federal and state prosecutions of more than 100 Klansmen, including Thomas Hamilton, who was known as the Grand Dragon of the Association of Carolina Klans.

Mr. Carter stood up to numerous personal threats against himself and his family. He was twice visited in his office by Hamilton, who promised retribution against The Tabor City Tribune and its advertisers. And though he more than once published letters defending the Klan in his paper, he found himself somewhat isolated by his community, where many people shared the Klan’s pro-Christian, anti-Communist outlook and were roused as well by its white-supremacist exhortations.

“He was a God-and-country kind of guy,” Russell Carter said about his father. “But he was committed to social justice, and he was not prepared for the fact that other people didn’t see it that way. He had very meager support, especially early on.”

The Tabor City Tribune was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for public service, which it shared with another local paper nearby, The Whiteville News Reporter, whose editor, Willard Cole, was a Carter ally. The citation read: “For their successful campaign against the Ku Klux Klan, waged on their own doorstep at the risk of economic loss and personal danger, culminating in the conviction of over one hundred Klansmen and an end to terrorism in their communities.”

“He acknowledged being scared, especially for his family,” Russell Carter said. “But he was a newspaperman.”

THE NEWS&OBSERVER

Horace Carter Represented The Best In Journalism, And The Best In Enlightened Human Beings

Horace Carter died Wednesday in Wilmington at the age of 88, having lived a long, full and successful life as a newspaper editor and publisher and businessman. As the 1940s became the 1950s, there was some fear that such a life was not ahead of him. Crusading for racial equality through his Tabor City Tribune, Carter received numerous death threats.

The Ku Klux Klan was at that time riding pretty high in North Carolina, spewing its bile at black people and at members of religious faiths with which it disagreed, burning crosses in the dead of night in cowardly anonymity. Horace Carter, who once reckoned he might have held a little racial prejudice of his own as a young man, went to the rallies and witnessed the cross burnings.

And then, in his newspaper, he burned the Klan, time and time again. In the town of Whiteville, another editor, Willard Cole of the News Reporter, was doing the same. The two became used to threats and confrontations, and kept on publishing. For their efforts, they won the Pulitzer Prize for public service, journalism’s highest honor, in 1953.

In part because of the efforts of these men, and of other editors in towns throughout the South, the Klan dramatically faded from influence during the 1950s, though surely racial prejudice remained.

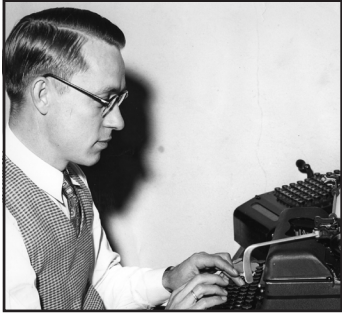
Carter represented the enlightenment of a generation, and he credited, as so many North Carolinians of that generation did, the teachings of Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, with helping him understand issues of race.

It must be said that Carter held all his life the idealism of his youth, as many of his generation in journalism did, and his crusades for right did not begin and end with the Klan.

Always in his newspaper he stood up for the “little guy” and did not hesitate to question the powers-that-be.

The progressive voices in all professions that encouraged people of different races and religions to understand each other helped North Carolina in the mid-20th century avoid some of the damages of racial prejudice seen in other southern states.

Horace Carter was proud of those in his generation who dared to stand against prejudice and hate. He could have been all the more proud that, with immense courage, he helped to lead them.

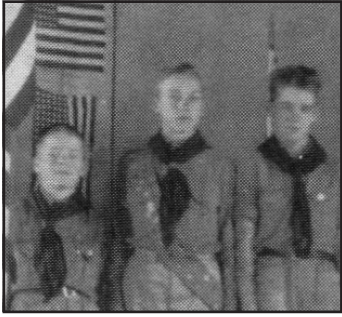


A Life of Meaning

Horace Carter was born the oldest son of Raleigh and Waulena Carter in Albemarle North Carolina January 2, 1921. His family had little financial means during the depression era but a young Carter did have early exposure to education.



The first graduate of Endy High School and first member of his family to attend college, Carter was inspired by his English teacher to write. In his years as an Eagle Scout developed a love of God and Country and established him a lifelong patriot. These two areas of early emphasis would define him most of his life.



Only 17, Carter was accepted to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where he played baseball, worked at the news bureau and became editor of the school newspaper the Daily Tar Heel. He was befriended by then President Frank Porter Graham, a leading national figure of the times. Graham was among the first Southern liberals to address civil rights. Carter’s years at UNC made him aware of social injustice and civil rights.



The second World War interrupted Carter’s college career and during a leave from the Navy he married Lucile Miller. The couple moved their young family to Tabor City where he accepted a position as President of the Merchants Association and he agreed to start a weekly newspaper. It became The Tabor City Tribune.



The first edition of the Tribune was published in 1946 from his office on Fourth Street in downtown Tabor City. Carter was the only employee other than the printers who produced the paper from hand set and hot melt type.



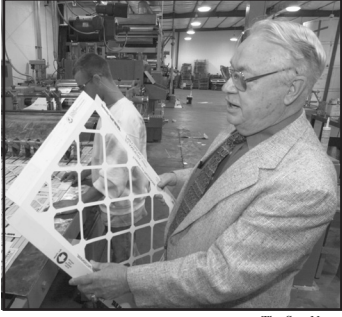
Early in his career the young editor encountered the Ku Klux Klan and the Grand Dragon Thomas Hamilton. Carter rose up against the KKK’s lawlessness and reign of terror and battled the group for two years in his editorial campaigns. Under threats to business and his life, Carter prevailed and numbers of klansmen were imprisoned. The arrests marked the first intervention of the federal government into the South to address the KKK actions.



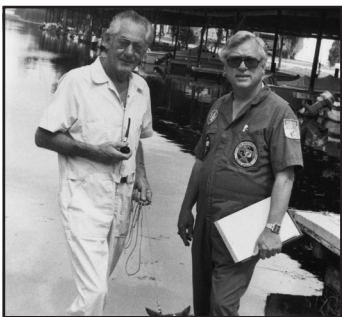
Carter was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Meritorious Public Service in 1953 becoming the first weekly newspaper in the award’s 30 year history to receive the Service Pulitzer. He subsequently received numerous other state, regional and national awards including One of the Ten Outstanding Men of America, and he travelled the country making public appearances.



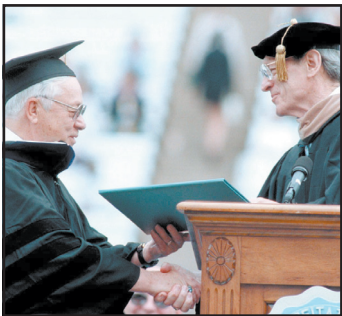
Following the award Carter founded several other regional newspapers and was active in many civic organizations and industrial recruiting efforts to bring economic development to the region. He served as mayor to Tabor City. He founded Atlantic Publishing Company, a printing, office supply and paper products distribution company in 1958. He worked both as editor and businessman until the early 1970’s.



Carter became a prolific outdoor writer after handing over the company to his son Rusty in 1974. He moved Cross Creek in central Florida where he combined his love of freshwater fishing and writing. He wrote 22 books and 2000 magazine articles mostly related to fishing. He became a member of the US Outdoor Writers Roundtable and the Florida Outdoor Writers Association where he served as chairman. He travelled the BASS fishing circuit for over ten years in his writing role.

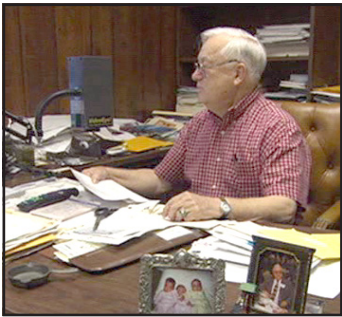


Carter returned to Tabor City and the newspaper after his outdoor writing career. In 1990 he gifted his Pulitzer Award to the University of North Carolina School of Journalism for permanent display as an encouragement for future students to embrace community journalism. He was awarded an Honorary Doctorate Degree by UNC in 2000 and was named One of the 100 persons who made the most impact in North Carolina in the 20th Century. He further received an honorary degree from Campbell University, and Coastal Carolina University.



In 2007 Governor Mike Easley presented Carter with the state’s highest civilian award, the Order of the Long Leaf Pine and the site where the Tribune office resides was officially dedicated. An endowed professorship was established in his honor at the School of Journalism in 2007. Other scholarships and funds established by Carter continue to benefit students and faculty at UNC, Campbell, Coastal, and Southeastern Community College.

Walter Horace Carter continued to give tirelessly to his community and to write and work for the Tribune at his office on Fifth Street, Tabor City until one week before the day he died September 16, 2009.



Celebration of Life

Remembrances Of Horace Carter From His Family...September 19, 2009

“For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love and of a sound mind.” II Timothy 1:7

Horace Carter often quoted this his favorite Bible verse that he learned as a child in Canton Baptist Church 10 miles from Albemarle North Carolina. He must have taken Paul’s message to Timothy to his own heart when he left that small Endy community headed off to Chapel Hill and the Navy and then landed here in Tabor City over 50 years ago.

This short verse defined the young, but mature man in 1948.

Walter Horace Carter was a friend to so many. He was a source of inspiration and of energy giving his life’s work to making his community and the world a better place. He left us this week at 88 and left us his legacy of courage, hard work, friendship, community and most of all goodwill.

In many ways Horace was a simple man. He grew up poor and was proud of it. He wanted everyone to know if he could do it, so could they, and if they needed a helping hand, call on him. He believed in the American dream and wished to share it with all he touched. Generosity was his pleasure and in giving he fully received. To so many known and unknown he offered his assistance, time, and support throughout his life to the very end.

His philosophies were also simple yet quite clear ... right is right, wrong is wrong. Do good, not harm, obey the law, work hard. Be a friend to all. Love your family, give to the community where you live, and go to church on Sunday. It will likely do you some good if you give it a try. But, he followed his father’s belief that Sunday service ended at 12:00 noon. His father, Raleigh, walked out of church one Sunday as the preacher continued to 12:30 and beyond. After the service the pastor showed up at his door and ask why? To get a haircut, Raleigh responded. Well couldn’t you have gotten it before church the minister asked. “Sir, I did not need a haircut before church”. It was one of Horace’s favorite yarns and was told to roaring laughter hundreds of times.

From his early days as and Eagle Scout Horace developed a true love and devotion to country. He believed you should be thankful to be so lucky to be born an American and you should give her your full honor and respect. Stand up for the flag, you take off your hat, cover your heart and be proud. He scorned politicians who wanted to separate God from country whether in the school house, the court house or the ball field. He was a true patriot and a member of the greatest generation. Though his government frustrated him mightily in recent years, he was proud to be a free American and would defend her to the end.

Horace was a God and Country kind of guy.

He believed passionately in hard work, trust, honesty, and the golden rule. He insisted on equality and fairness. He felt the courts were not always fair to all races, so was actively committed to social justice under the law. He believed all men were created equal in God’s eyes so surely they should be in his.

Like his dad, he disliked hospitals, and cats but loved buttermilk, and dogs. Strangely enough, he loved little babies but never changed one diaper that any of us recalls. He adored the women in his life, all of them and told them how beautiful they were, always. He indeed was powerfully frugal and said anyone who would not pick a penny off the floor, even in the bathroom, had too much money.

He never liked to buy on credit.

He measured the economy by the price of bananas. If bananas were more than 10 cents a pound that meant we were in an inflationary cycle so do not buy them. If you are elderly never buy green tomatoes or bananas for you may not be around to see them ripen. He lived by simple beliefs and a few others like be kind to animals, and old people, wear your ball cap forward not backwards.. earrings are for women, not men. He chose clothes poorly and always insisted that stripes and plaids looked fine together if they were close to the same color.

Horace, too, was a witty man and a wonderful story teller. He did not care or remember that he had told you the same joke a dozen or more times, you should still laugh . He always thought his father would have been the first Will Rogers if he had gone to

school more than a total of 3 months. Horace’s humor was born in his dad. His favorite was the story of his dad filling out a Sears Roebuck credit application for a set of tires for his T model Ford. One question was Mr Carter “Do you own a refrigerator?” He responded yes I do, Mr. Roebuck. But the tires are for my car, I do not plan on keeping them in the refrigerator even in the summer-time.”

He always had a joke or a tale, even if it was an old one.

He played freshman baseball at UNC before he had to work full time so the Tar Heels making it to the College World Series the last four years in a row excited him beyond words. A disappointed Cleveland Indians fan for a lifetime, he finally switched to the Braves at age 75 and watched them every night if TV allowed. He loved his Tar Heels, Frank McQuire, Dean Smith, Roy Williams and more lately Butch Davis who he thought might rival Jim Tatum. He held fast that his classmate Choo Choo Justice was the greatest player in UNC history in spite of his son claiming his classmate Don McCauley was better.

To his family’s dismay and lack of understanding, he never really hated Duke. He had two surgeries there and would say.” “They kept me alive for God sake and what’s more my son was born there while I got to go to the Durham Bulls game. How can I hate Duke?”

He had many passions, fishing and friends, work and writing.

He did like to catch the biggest one and catch the most. He always kept count and never were two poles enough. He used six or eight at a time. He did like to eat the little ones though because he could eat bones and all. He professed to be the world’s greatest crappie fisherman, just see my book he said, and he claimed that he had caught over 100,000. A cane pole was his favorite weapon when he put down his writing pen and he attacked the fish with the same conviction as the bad guys.

Rods and reels were for fancy fishermen, or bass fishermen and he preferred pan fish always, bream, shellcrackers, crappie.

He never really like salt water fishing for he got sea sick so fast that his Orange Crush never had time to change colors before coming back up... or so he said. Fishing was an all day event with Horace, daylight to dark, It was not time to come home just because they were not biting, it rained or you were tired. He met many friends anchored over a bedding school of fish in Florida sunshine on his beloved Orange Lake.

He liked food and loved to cook breakfast and to fry fish. He felt fish and chicken should only be fried , preferably with Crisco but later he succumbed to peanut oil. When either the fish or the chicken were broiled or baked they had no taste. The real number of fish he fried over an open fire or a gas stove for friends and neighbors is likely more that those numbers he claimed he caught. He had eggs and bacon or sausage for breakfast, ice cream, not ice milk, on pie and hotdogs (all the way) from CM’s Grill or Dock’s Place were his chosen lunch. Unfortunately, for us, the extra onions always remained with him through the afternoon and he never chewed gum or liked mints.

He drank whole milk, ate white bread and real butter.

Those eggs and hotdogs, fish and buttermilk finally stopped his heart at 88, it seems. He felt about his cholesterol rich diet like his dad felt about his smoking. “I only knew one man who died from cigarettes,” his dad would say, “Yes, he got hit by the American Tobacco truck.”

Too much exercise he said made you sore or kept you from your work or caused you to miss the first pitch of the ball game.

He loved to write and loved to work. It was his life. From his passion came unmeasured energy and when it was directed to a cause that energy was limitless. He slept little and rose early. He encouraged all around him to work hard too and if you were moving or walking fast he felt you were working hard. His work was most often a cause.

Work was a joy to Horace Carter.

Before age 32 he had founded a newspaper, fought the Klan, risked his life, put them in jail and won the first weekly Pulitzer.

All only four years after he started that tiny newspaper. It never occurred to him that he could not do what he sought to do.

He was simply fearless.

Beyond this character of a man, Horace was a serious and grateful man who felt his life had been charmed. He was immensely proud of his accomplishments from his meager origin and the success of his paper, his company his children, grandchildren and employees. He remained indebted to his high school teacher, Miss Hartsell, for encouraging him to go on to be the first in his family to go to college, the first even from his school.

He valued education.

Horace helped many young people finance and achieve their degrees during his lifetime. The University of North Carolina he felt was the single event that changed his life’s direction. He fondly remembered Roy Armstrong the Admissions Director who let him live in his basement at UNC when he had no money to pay rent. He said to Armstrong as a freshmen, “Sir, I have only \$110 to go to school this semester.” Armstrong said, “Son, it has been done with less.” Because he was given a chance at education, he wanted everyone, no matter of means, to have the same opportunity.

He rejoiced that Atlantic Corporation became Tabor City’s largest employer and that he could give the original building to the town for a new police station and city hall. He was proud of his newspaper and his writing career and could recite the number of magazine articles and books he had written anytime, or maybe every time you talked, but especially to a stranger. He would recall all the 57 countries he had travelled, the thousands of fish caught the 23 books written. He was a friend to exaggeration or at least to rounding off his numbers to the high side. We all knew it, but it did not matter.

He was never good at math.

Horace never met a stranger, white, black, brown, red and every man or woman was his friend if they wished to be. He was on a mission to make this a better place, to aid his fellow man, to do right, and to give back. He dearly loved work but he loved people and friends far more. Sharing his time, talents, or treasure with them was not a vague concept but a duty and an honor. To all he was a teacher especially to his employees whom he mentored, and to his children and grandchildren whom in loved unconditionally and encouraged constantly. Most often he would leave them with a message of his support and his belief and confidence in each one. He spoke to each directly, not as a group. He would also challenge them to do good. Help others, work hard. He never failed to say he was proud of a child or grandchild before he departed their visit. And he would say, “ do the right thing and remember always find a way to give to something bigger than yourself. It is important that you do this.”

In his last hours he praised and commended each one of his children and grandchildren. As always, he was purposeful in his statements. He had few words left, so he wasted no words in his specific messages of praise and confidence, and then his charge to them to go and do good works.

He would likely want to leave to all of us this day one of his messages. He would say, to young and old “ I do not want you to forget me for we have given to each other and I will forever be apart of your journey. Begin today to better yourself, to embrace your friends, love your family and your country. Walk humbly before your God and give a hand to others always.”

He would say, especially to the young people, “Be confident, you can accomplish whatever you work to do and always know if you need it, my hand will be there on your hand when you are anxious, or fearful, or unsure. You can do much with your life, so go do it, do it with joy and passion.” And he would say “Thank you, my friend,“to every single one for the times your path crossed his, however brief, for he knew you truly enriched his life.

He leaves to us his full life today as an example and he leaves also his warmest blessing in all our days ahead, sunny or dark.

We honor our Walter Horace Carter this day. We honor his life and his gifts to us.

We will miss him...

For A Moment, Bigger In Death than in Life

Horace Carter, the man we knew as our father, we always knew was heroic in his fight for social justice years ago. We had heard the stories and we had lived in the midst of his newspaper our full lifetimes. We knew about his fearlessness, his bravery and his accomplishments. We could see that just living with him.

He was big in life, we knew but we mostly knew him, not for his works, but for his tender heart and his boundless generosity. We sought his approval because somehow we always understood he had credibility. His shadow did indeed always fall long wherever he was, home, work, or at play.

His death last week was painful, like other deaths faced by someone each day. We understood his death was not a unique event for everyone loses fathers, grandfathers and friends and each one is special to those who are close to them, just like our dad to us.

He lived 88 great years and he was ready, if it was his time. He was very much at peace with his life and his works and his faith. He never had to wonder or question if his life had meaning or purpose or made a difference. He and we knew it had.

The unusual nature of our dad’s death was that for a few short days it seemed he was bigger in death than he ever seemed in life. In life he was a dad, a boss, a friend and a newspaperman. He was a man who sought to do good works and be fair like so many others in the world. But suddenly in death, in addition to the kindness of so many friends there came the sudden outpouring of affections, respect, sorrow and recognition from practically every media outlet across the country. It was unexpected to us who lived with this man our dad, and it was emotionally overwhelming.

Members of the journalism fraternity swarmed the web, the phones and the roads to walk where he had walked, to understand the fear and the challenge and to relive the times and understand his courage. They were relentless in their need to know and most were decades younger than he.

It was actually comforting to witness their interest, passion and intrigue about Horace Carter and how he stood against the dark side. It was as if it was an era whose time had passed long ago before today’s endless news cycle.

While certainly unexpected, the frenzy was enormously heart warming to us his three children. The New York Times, the Charlotte and Raleigh Observers, the LA Times, NPR “All Things Considered” and many more regional and national outlets called or visited. All were generous with air time, tribute, ink and overall kind recognition of this small town editor and his long ago story. He would have been proud that his brotherhood of writers, reporters and broadcasters remembered him and his story. He would have been equally overwhelmed as we. He would have been moved well beyond his nostalgic tears.

His wish would have been that by touching his past, these seekers were renewed in their passion for the press, his first love and lasting nourishment. He would have hoped his younger counterparts be energized enough by his old story that they too would want to make the world a fairer place. Mostly, he would have been proud of his profession and encouraged that his beloved journalism was in the good hands of a younger team taking his place as he moved on.

