What They Said About The Man...

It was a proud day for the city of Tabor Beach. Arthor, who was one of the most notable public figures in the municipality, had founded the Tribune in 1845.

Elected as the mayor of the town, Arthor had been celebrated for his dedication to public service and his commitment to community development.

His contributions to the Tribune had been invaluable, and his legacy would continue to inspire future generations.

And so, as the sun set on a beautiful day, the people of Tabor Beach gathered to celebrate the life of Arthor, a true hero and champion of the community.
Steve had failed to define the award. He was a crusading publisher who earned journalism's highest honor just seven years after earning his first Pulitzer Prize for coverage of the Ku Klux Klan. Carter wrote in his next edition. “And it’s my concrete evidence to try them,” he wrote. Cartersaid that he had seen enough of the Klansmen to believe there was a general confusion, and caused many of those same people to believe there was a罪行.

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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 East High School and first member of his family to attend college, Carter was inspired by his English teacher to write. In his early years as an Eagle Scout developed a love of God and Country and established him a lifelong passion. Those two areas of early emphasis would define him for the rest of his life.

The second World War interrupted Carter’s college career and during a two-year period he worked at the San Diego Shipyard. 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.

Following the award Carter founded several other regional newspapers, using the same format as his Tabor City Tribune to report the Ku Klux Klan’s activities. In 1953, he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Public Service in 1953 becoming the first weekly newspaper in the award’s 30-year history to receive the Service Pulitzer. He subsequently made him aware of social injustice and civil rights.

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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. 
—Timothy 1:7

Horace Carter often quoted this his favorite Bible verse that he said would be “the world’s last line of defense” with any adversity he might face. He was the son of Walter and Lucile Horace Carter who lived in the small town of Tabor City, North Carolina. His father, Walter, had been a newspaperman before Horace and had been the editor of the local Tabor-City News. Horace was born and raised in Tabor City where he lived his entire life.

His father, Walter, was a newspaperman who had worked at the Tabor-City News for many years before Horace was born. Horace grew up surrounded by the news and his father’s dedication to fair and accurate reporting. He would often listen to his father read the news stories and would learn about the importance of journalism from a young age.

Horace was a man of many passions, including sports, fishing, and writing. He was a former UNC baseball player and later became a sportswriter for the Charlotte Observer. He was known for his love of the outdoors and his passion for fishing. He was also a dedicated family man, always putting his loved ones first.

Horace passed away suddenly last week, leaving a void in the lives of those who loved him. He was a man who touched many lives and will be deeply missed. He was a true gentleman, always treating others with kindness and respect.

The Celebration of Life service was held in his honor, with friends and family gathered to celebrate his life and remember the man who was loved by all. The service was held in the beautiful Chapel Hill and the funeral then held in Tabor City over 50 years ago.

His death last week was painful, like other deaths faced by someone each day. His passing was unexpected and caught everyone by surprise. He was very much at peace with his life and his works and his faith. He had many passions, fishing, and friends, work and writing. He did love to catch the biggest one and catch the most. He always kept count and never were two equals. He used to work on it or on it. He did love to work on it, and he did love to work on it, too. He loved to work on it, and he did love to work on it. His work was most often a cause. Work was a joy to Horace Carter.

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Before age 32 he had founded a newspaper, the Klan, risked his life, put them in jail and won the first weekly newspaper. All four years after that started that tiny newspaper. It never occurred to him that he could do what he set out to do.

He was simply faithful.

Beyond this character of a man, Horace was a serious and grateful man who felt his life had been charred. He was immensely proud of his accomplishments from his major origin and the success of all his children and grandchildren and employees. He had remained indelible to his high school teacher, Miss Hartsell, for encouraging him to go on to be the first in his family to go to college. He never forgot his school from his childhood.

He valued education.

Horace helped many young people finance and achieve their degrees during his lifetime. The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill was the single event that changed his direction. He had remained Horace Armstrong the Administrator Director who let him live in his basement at UNC when he had no money to rent a place. He said to Armstrong as a freshman, “Sir, I have only $10 to go to school this semester.” Armstrong said, “Yes, it has been done with less.” Because he was given a chance at education, he worked everyone, no matter of means, to have the same opportunity.

He was never at great age.

Horace never strove a stranger, white, black, brown, red or any man or woman was our 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. He dearly loved the work and loved people and friends for many. Sharing his time, talents, or treasure with them was not a vague concept but a duty and an honor. All too his was a teacher especially to his employees whom he mentioned, and to his children and grandchildren whom he loved unconditionally and encouraged constantly. Most often he would leave them with a message of his support and his belief and confidence in each of them. He spoke to each directly, not as a group, but as a group. He would always challenge them to do good. Help others, work hard. He never failed to leave them with a message of his love and knowledge.

And he would say, “do the right thing and remember always a way to give 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 prepared in his statements. He had few words left, so he was warded or ward in his specific messages of praise and confidence, and then his charge to go and do all good works.

He would likely want to leave all of us in this day of his life. He would remember you that we would come to the end of this life and that you will end your life with our friends and with our friends and with our friends. We would never forget to forgive us for having given to each other and I will forever be grateful for you do work and always know if you need it, my hand will be there when you are anxious, when you are discouraged, when you are feeling the storms of life, it do it with joy and passion. He would say “Thank you my friend and remember always a way to give something bigger than yourself. It is important that you do this.”

He leaves to 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 Death In Than Life

Horace Carter, the man we knew as our father, we always knew was hero for his fight for social justice years ago. We knew him as our father who lived the life of his newspaper. We knew him as our father who never forgot his roots, his honesty 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 we somehow always understood he could admire. His shadow did indeed always full long wherever he was.

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 each one is special to those who are close to them, just like our dad to us.

You have gone to the Lord and we know he is in your heart. He was our father and he is our father.

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He was very much at peace with his life and his works and his faith. He was very much at peace with his life and his works and his faith.

He was a man who sought to do good works and be fair like so many others.

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Because you were a hero to all. Love your family, give to the community where you live, and go to church on Sunday. It will likely do 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 and the pastor showed up at his door and asked “What’s up with this fellow? He couldn’t have gotten in church before the minister asked.” “Sir, I did not need a banana.

He was very much at peace with his life and his works and his faith. He was very much at peace with his life and his works and his faith.

While certainly unexpected, the family was greatly heartwarmed to us his three children.

We will miss him...