

July 31 - 1930

The death of Lusias Sanborn Johnson which occurred at the home of his step son in Fayetteville last Thursday evening removes from Southern Pines one of the pioneer settlers of this community. Mr. Johnson was 85 years old and had been in failing health for the past six months. He is survived by his widow Mrs. Clara H. Johnson of Southern Pines, a step-son Frank Holcombe of Fayetteville and a step-daughter Mrs. J. Talbot Johnson of Aberdeen.

Mr. Johnson came to Southern Pines about 37 years ago from Manchester, N. H., and was one of the pioneer settlers in that section, making first his home on what is now known as the Augustine Healey farm, and later moving to Southern Pines, where he was connected with a hardware store until ill health forced him to retire. He was a man of singular strength of character, and greatly loved by all who knew him.

The final rites were held from his home in Southern Pines on Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock, Rev. Stimson, pastor of the Southern Pines Baptist church, conducting the funeral services, assisted by a quartette, composed of Dr. L. B. McBrayer, S. B. Richardson, Shields Cameron and A. L. Adams.

The interment was in Mount Hope cemetery. The Southern Pines Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which Mr. Johnson was a member, conducted their ritualistic burial ceremonies at the grave.

#### IN MEMORIAM

It is a consoling thought that he whose memory we cherish, did not belong to the vast masses whose lives gleamed for a moment and disappeared; who lie in nameless graves—"the meaning, and even the bare fact of their existence is much obliterated from all human record, as though it had been a speck of foam on the unmeasurable sea." The life of a true Odd Fellow leaves an impression upon his fellows which time alone can efface.

Since last we gathered, our beloved brother, L. S. Johnson has gone from our midst, and his body has mingled with the dust. We pause to do honor to the faithful service he rendered the cause near and dear to the membership of our beneficent Order of Odd Fellows. We honor him because he was our brother in Friendship, Love and Truth.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moon,  
And find a harvest home of light.

As we now think of our departed brother, his countenance is no longer defaced by death. He rises to us in the sweetest, noblest expression he wore in life.

Thus the body, through which virtue has shed its light, becomes hallowed and immortal to the memory of the heart.

While we lament the departure of him whom we loved, let us be consoled with the thought that he is better off now, and seek to emulate the shining example of leaving behind treasures, "which neither moth nor dust doth corrupt."

Be it resolved by the unanimous vote of the lodge, that a copy of this memorial shall be sent to each of the following: the widow, the local paper, the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and placed on file of this lodge by order of the committee.

A. F. SWIFT, Sec.