

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

VOL. 21, No. 3

GAINESBORO, TENN., THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1919

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Soldiers and Sailors Urged To Hold On To Uncle Sam's Insurance.

Approximately four million officers and men of the Army and Navy are now insured with the United States Government for a grand total of almost thirty-seven billion dollars.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance. It is the strongest, safest, and cheapest life insurance ever written.

For your protection Uncle Sam has established the greatest life insurance company in the world—a company as mighty, as generous and as democratic as the United States Government itself. Just as Uncle Sam protected you and your loved ones during the war, so he stands ready to continue this protection through the days of readjustment and peace.

The privilege of continuing your Government insurance is a valuable right given to you as part of the compensation for your heroic and triumphant services. If you permit the insurance to lapse, you lose that right, and you will never be able to regain it. But if you keep up your present insurance—by the regular payment of premiums—you will be able to change it into a standard Government policy with out medical examination. Meantime you can keep up your present insurance at substantially the same low rate. The Government will write ordinary life insurance, twenty-payment life, endowment maturing at age 62, and other usual forms of insurance. This will be Government insurance—at Government rates.

The United States Government through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department—will safeguard you and your loved ones with the spirit and purpose of a Republic grateful to its gallant defenders. To avail yourself of this protection, you must keep up your present insurance. Carry back with you to civil life, as an aid and an asset, the continued insurance protection of the United States Government.

Hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance.

W. G. Meadoo, Secretary.

No Time For Idleness.

The production of food is a prime factor in giving freedom to the world. All able-bodied persons should contribute their full energy and service at all times. Idlers are a rebroach upon and a menace to the safety of any locality.

Now, as perhaps never before, the world food needs are going to call upon the United States. We must do what we have been expected to do all a long—feed others and ourselves too. This is the only safe farming program, and will be the safe program as long as the world stands.

With this fact in mind let everyone buckle down to hard work that will be productive. Destruction has long enough taken the time of the peoples of the countries. A much greater work lies ahead in construction, and a much harder work.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The David Loftis town property, consisting of dwelling, barn and the best garden spot in town. Good well water. Good location. For further particulars, call or see Dr. H. P. Loftis Gainesboro.

A. C. Whitefield Enjoys Army Life—Expects To Be Discharged Soon.

Camp Mead, Md., Jan. 8, 1919.

Dear Editor:

Will you please give me space in your valuable paper, as it has been some time since I last wrote.

How are all my friends and relatives in Jackson county? Fine and dandy I truly hope. I am well and enjoying life to the fullest extent, for a soldier wanting to go home.

Will give you a brief sketch of my army life. I left Clayton, New Mexico on Aug. 31 for the State College, where I enter the S. A. T. C. school for special training. I took up the Radio and remained there two months. I was then transferred to the 224 Field Signal Corps, arriving at this camp Nov. 5. Our company was to have gone over seas in a short time after our arrival here, but the signing of the armistice on Nov. 11 knocked our trip in the head, and of course I was not one bit sorry of it. In a short time I was transferred to Co. F., 13th Depot Bat., of the F. S. Corps, and have been here ever since waiting to hear the good news, "go home."

Everything has been dead with the boys in camp since the armistice was signed. All say, "the war is over, I want to go home," and no one can blame us. But of course the government has to have time to discharge us. But it seems that boys at other camps are already home, why not us? Fell sure our time is close at hand, as some from our company leave tomorrow for Camp Shelby, Miss. Fifteen of us boys from New Mexico are expecting to be sent to Camp Cody, N. M., soon to be discharged.

I would give an outline of the army life, but you have already been told all about it, and your relatives and friends can tell you as much, or more, than I can, when they return from camps.

There are many things in the army that is pleasant, and some that are not so pleasant. Some will say it is the only life for them, while others say, its a dog's life. Its all in how the soldier looks at the army life and how he tries to obey orders. It is in his power to make it hard or pleasant.

I have had a great experience, and do not regret the time spent in the service. It has taught me a number of things I could have never learned in civil life. The meeting of boys from all sections of the U. S.; the different work I have done; the different parts of the country I have seen—all have done me good.

Since arriving at this camp, I have had the pleasure of visiting Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York city, and it certainly was a treat; to visit these cities.

I thought that the boys on this side had a tough time, but after seeing and talking to the boys from the front I have decided that I didn't know one thing about army life.

Hope to meet my Tennessee friends again some day, but wont get to come by on this trip. I'm hoping to be at my home in Clayton, N. M., soon. If any of you are ever out there, be sure and call on me. I will be delighted to see any from Tennessee, especially Jackson county

A. C. Whitefield.

JACKSON COUNTY HEROES "WITH THE COLORS"

JIM DRAPER WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF LIFE IN THE NAVY.

The following letters from Jim Draper to his homefolks will be read with interest by our readers. He is the youngest son of W. W. Draper, formerly of Gainesboro, now living in Chattanooga. Young Draper volunteered his service eighteen months ago, and had quite an experience. His letters will appear in the Sentinel during the next four or five weeks.

U. S. S. Quincy,
Off Bermuda,
Nov. 12, 1918.

Dear Dad:

It was announced this morning in our wireless press that Germany had signed the armistice, and that in consequence, all America was in a state of jubilation. I am only sorry that I am not there to jubilate with 'em, but I suppose now that it will be at least four months before we see America. You may not get this letter until I return, but then again, I may mail it at Gibraltar or in Italy. It all depends upon the censorship regulations.

We have had a holiday today, and since nobody has anything in particular to do, they are doing it in the neighborhood of the ship's office. Talk about writing under difficulties; well, this is the word. Imagine something like this, if you can: Just outside the door, a big nigger cook is singing "The Curse of an Aching Heart;" (his favorite) several others are arguing religion; half a dozen sailors are loudly telling what they are "gonna" do when they get back and "out-en" the navy; and in here with me in the ship's baker (the galley is next door) telling about "chick" back in Iowa, "way out West. He is worried about her nyw, for fear that some of the soldiers will beat him back, and that she will succumb to the charms of one of them and be "up and spliced afore he gets back to home." I tried to cheer him, and am ignoring him now, but he keeps it up. He just remarked that some d-d slacker always gets the best of everything, at which I was moved to point out to him that that any soldier who was back from the trenches was not necessarily a slacker. But that didn't feaze him. He said that the son-of-a-gun would have been a slacker if he hadn't afraid the draft would get him. He happens to know this particular soldier, and rather modestly admits that at one time in days not long gone, the afo-said "chick," or the "kid" as he calls her, belonged to this certain soldier, but that he (himself) had "tuck" her away from him. Now, however, he informs me, that he has been informed, by a mutual friend (I don't quite get the meaning of the word "mutual" here) that she is corresponding with the doughboy, and that he, the baker, had better look to his fences. He said: "I ain't in love with her, see! but I just don't want to let her slip anything over on me, see!" Of course, he isn't in love with her, that's plain to see. He's plumb past that stage, and is laced now. I told him that if he didn't want to get that one pulled over on him, he had better cable her from the other side and ask for an armistice (since they are in style) until he got back, or, if he believ-

ed she wouldn't call his bluff, send her an ultimatum, at which he said he'd be d-d if he'd send her anything, not even a Christmas present, as he had spent fifty dollars on her already in the two years, and if she didn't think enough of him—well, she would be sorry some day, or words to that effect. At present he is in a state of mental calma, apparently, but I know that presently, he will get up, cuss, spit, kick the waste-basket and get back to work. I have many such interviews with him, and invariably about his girl. One day he asked me if I had ever been in love, and when I told him "naw," he said, "well, you will be some day, (sighed) and you are just the kind of an ombray that some women will make a damphool of."

Life on the ship has been somewhat strenuous ever since we left Texas, and somebody is scrapping half the time. Yesterday, the Filipino cook chased one of the firemen three or four rounds of the deck with a cleaver, all because the coal heaver called him a "goo-goo," which is the name common applied to Filipinos everywhere in the navy. This goo-goo objects most violently to any one calling him that, and says that murder is going to "git commit" if they keep it up. Any kind of a foreigner goes by some such name in this outfit. Hawaiians and Japs ere called "Spicks."

Am getting my camera ready for a snap-shot of Gibraltar, but like as not, it will be midnight when when we get there. On this trip, I hope to get some views Venice, and possibly Rome and Marseilles. Above all, I want to go to Rome.

Many thanks for the cake I received in Galveston. I suppose you sent it, but it had no name on it, and was addressed with a typewriter. It was great eating while it lasted, which was about thirty minutes, with about thirty sailors into it.

You must have had a great time when the news of the armistice came in. I can image what happened all over the country. It's to the tall uncut now Bill Hohelzollern, of Potsdam—just plain Bill now. I wonder how it sounds to him. The next thing to do now is to get him and give him a trial by a jury of his peers—if he has any. I doubt if he has.

Will write from time to time.
Jim.

U. S. S. Quincy,
In the Mediterrean.
Nov. 28, 1918.

Dear Lucy:

I have just gotten up from the table with that uncomfortable good feeling that comes from eating that luxury of luxuries, a good dinner at sea. As a rule, one never gets one of those more than twice a year, but today the cook simply outdid himself, and we had a real feast. Instead of turkey, we had fresh pork. At the last minute in Texas, we brought nine hogs along with us, and consequently, have had fresh meat all the way. We also had a correct imitation of an Xmas fruit cake, nuts, pumpkin pie, and numerous odds and ends and whatnots as fillers-in. For once nobody kicked, everybody was happy and gave his entire attention to scoffing everything he

could get hold of. I hope to eat my birthday dinner and Christmas dinner in Genoa (pronounced Jen oah) We shall be there in two more days. If an opportunity affords it, I am going to Rome next week. Now is the time it pays a fellow to be a Catholic, and I am almost sorry I am not one. The church bays the way and expenses of all Catholics who want to visit Rome, and already a number of the boys are making plans. When I go, through, I am going unhampered, and where I please.

You probably never heard the word "scoffed" used as above. In the navy, it is the equivalent of stuff, gorge, cram, gobble, ravenously devour, lay waste and all that, and then some. A scoffer is one who has all the qualities of a pig and an ostrich combined, and when a sailor speaks of something good to eat he says he would like to scoff a mess of it (or of something to drink—liquid scoffers are called soup-hounds). One old sailor here, an old gunner's mate who has put twenty-two years in the service, and has seen every land under the sun, was telling me the other night of the South Sea Islands and of how the natives there admire to scoff a missionary. He there one day right after one of their picnics and says he almost got scoffed himself, before the fun was over. He was sent in a member of a landing party to punish the cannibals, but he added that the boor cannibals had already been punished enough, for nearly everyone of the malready had a helleface of tuumyache for his indiscretion. Then he said, "Them cannibals has got awfully weak stumaicks; you wouldn't think it, would you? and I had to admit that I wouldn't have thought so. The old boy and I are great friends, and I get a new story out of him every day. I believe he is the most entertaining man I ever met. To be sure, I take a great many of his tales with the customary grain of salt, but I never let on that I do to him, but rather, encourage him to see what flights he will attempt, and he makes some good ones. One of his favorites is of a girl with whom he corresponded, but never seen. She confided to him, before he saw her picture, that she had just seen twenty-three summers, but when he saw her, he said she reminded him of the bustin up of about forty hard winters and that he made knots getting away from her.

Was interrupted a minute ago to see another fight. Do you remember in a former letter where I told you, or some of the family, of a goo-goo who chased a fireman with a cleaver? Well just a few minutes ago, he made a pass at a man by the name of Goldeberry, from Memphis, this time he had a knife (the goo-goo) but Goldeberry dodged him some how, and knocked him as cold as a cucumber, and when he came to, he proceeded to throw about half a dozen fits, one right after the other. But he learned his lesson, and looks meek enough now. Arguing with a spick or goo-goo, is a rather laborious and often futile process, because they don't savy English any too well, and the usual way is to knock them out and let the meaning soak in later. They are always ready to pull hardware, but the only thing to do when they start this is to lay 'em out. In due process of time they learn.

The other day, two big negroes

tangled because one, as the expressed it, "done give my toilet-ical artick-les de deep six." You'd never guess what the "deep six" is. It is nothing more nor less than the ocean.

When you throw anything overboard, you give it the deep six, as we express it. Those toiletical artick-les consisted of a safety razor and various bottles of pomatum and cheap perfumes and "sich" bought in France, but they were precious to this particular "Cullud German." The razor, of course, was of no use to him for social purposes, but it had, I suppose, a sentimental value far above mere dollars and cents on account of its being purchased abroad.

I expect to be over here five or six weeks, and may be longer, and will write you again soon, as well as other members of the family. Dropped all of you a card the other night from Gibraltar. Did you get it? Gibraltar was a great sight, in the early morning, before Sun-up, and I didn't get a picture of it as I hoped, but look for better luck coming back. We stopped there for about two hours only.

Got a bunch of good war news in Gibraltar which was very welcome. It was the first we had gotten since leaving the Bermudas, and we were in utter ignorance of what was going on in the world for nearly two weeks.

Jim.

(continued next week)

Why Pay Subscription To The Sentinel In Advance.

You ask the question, "why pay subscriptions in advance?" Here is the explanation.

Let a farmer place himself in a similar position and see if he would not do likewise. Suppose he raises a thousand bushels of corn, and his neighbor should come and buy, and the price was one dollar, or less, and says, "I will pay the amount in a few weeks." As the farmer does not want to be small about the matter, he says, "All right." Another comes, and so on, until the thousand bushels of corn is trusted to a thousand different people and no one of them concerns himself about it, for it is a small amount they owe the farmer, and of course will not help any. He don't realize that the farmer has frittered away his entire crop of corn, and that its value is due in a thousand little dribbles, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business, because debtors treat it as a little matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could as well as not, it would be a large sum to the farmer and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. Isn't it true?

Steamed Corn Bread.

3 cups corn meal, 3 cups butter milk, 3 tablespoons melted shortening, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, a few raising if desired. Put in cans that have been well greased. Steam in boiling water for two hours. Set in stove to dry if not brown enough. This recipe makes four loaves.

FOR SALE: Pair number one work horses, 6 year old, and a better a team can't be found. One of these, is a good saddle horse. No better pullers in the county. If you are looking for a good team, see or call,

B. L. Quarles,
Gainesboro Tenn.