

# JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONEDOLLAR A YEAR

## JIM DRAPER RELATES SOME INCIDENTS ABOUT HIS SHIP MATES.

(continued from last week)  
U. S. S. Quincy,  
Genoa, Italy,  
Dec. 12, 1918.

We have been here since the first, and don't expect to see the States before late in March, or April. Our mail is following us over, and we hope to get it by Christmas, at the latest, (that is the first batch) and I presume they will continue to send it right up to the last week or two before we start back.

The first night ashore, the majority of the ship's company proceeded the first thing to disport themselves after the time honored custom of deep sea sailors on the first liberty after a long trip, and as a result, a lot of them had to be brought back in a dray. While waiting at the dock to be taken to the ship in a boat, two sailors walked right off the dock and hit the water with a big splunk, and it was all the sober ones could do to keep the rest of them out of the brink. The first sailor thought the ship was alongside the dock, when it was half a mile away, so he proceeded to walk aboard as if there was no obstruction in the way. He must have gone to the bottom, for he remained under for fully thirty seconds, and someone was on point of diving after him, when he came up with a rush just like a mule and pulled for the shore. One of the sober chaps asked him why he wanted to get lit up like that, and he indignantly replied that he wasn't lit up at all, in fact, didn't even have his running lights out, the latter statement being as true as the former was false. In the old navy, so I'm told, it used to be a disgrace for a man to report back from liberty sober, and he was usually given a day or two to sober up; but while things are not exactly the opposite now, times have changed a great deal. I speak from hearsay, of course, not knowing anything of the old navy. Now, if a man reports aboard drunk enough to raise a disturbance, he faces a court-martial, and to habitual offenders the punishment is rather severe, often involving solitary confinement on bread and water (angle cake and white wine, they call it) and no liberty for long periods. If this doesn't cure them, in the end they are kicked out of the service. Restriction of liberty is usually sufficient, for if there is anything a sailor dislikes it is staying aboard when he has money in his pocket which he is itching to spend. Very few of them save anything.

The average sailor is a funny proposition. When he doesn't like anything, he is intolerant of it to the last degree, and is not slow to show it. He is reckless and generous with his money, and the phrase "He spends his money like a drunken sailor" is not without a foundation. He likes a he-man, and hates a sissy without reserve, and he would rather fight anything than eat. This ship's company has an enviable reputation, and maintains it wherever it goes. Ask anybody in New Orleans, or Pensacola, or Philadelphia, or Charleston or Galveston if they have ever heard of the Quincy, and I'll add to that list any foreign port where she has been for as much as a week. They are all

ready well known here. The other day, one of them (nicknamed Bolsheviki on account of his personal appearance and habits) swiped from a cathedral here the coin that is reputed to have boured John the Baptist, but he was persuaded to return it. He would have carried off the priest if he had thought of it. He is one of the worst bar-roaches we have, and the other night he came aboard with a correct imitation of a mule track in his forehead which had been inflicted by a bottle in the hands of an Englishman. He said it didn't hurt him much, only "stunted" him a little. He said at the place where he spent the night there were roaches as big as overcoat buttons with feelers on 'em three inches long, not to mention thousands of "harmony" beaters and straddlebugs which galloped over his bed in company with rats as big as jackrabbits; in fact, said he would have taken them for fuckrabbits if their tails hadn't been a foot long and they had wiggled their noses like a rabbit. He remarked that they "fit" and squeaked all night and between them and the "cooties," he didn't get much sleep. (Do you know what a "cooty" is? I have never seen one, but am informed that it is a louse, and was so named by the soldiers who became quite intimately acquainted with him in the trenches.)

I hope to get a few days off the last of the month to visit some inland towns, such as Milan and Florence. Rome is not far, and I want to go there most of all, but am not sure I can get time enough for in one leave. Last night a ship load of nurses came in from the States. I talked with one or two of them, and asked one what she thought of Genoa, so far, and she replied that she thought it was a hell of a place, except to die in. I didn't cross examine her further on that subject, but simply said, "take the witness."

The women of Genoa are very good looking, far ahead of the French, I think. Most of them are dark eyed (the dreamy kind) but a few have blue eyes. The boys are not trying to get acquainted, but they are not easily met as the frogaters.

Like everywhere else in Europe they rob the Americans. We pay twelve liras (\$2.00) for a meal, and a dago comes along and gets it for two bits. I haven't bought a meal here for less than a dollar and sixty cents, and have paid as high as two and a half. The average Italian doesn't make more than two dollars a week (I am reliably informed that \$2.00 is a good weekly wage here) and yet they eat at the same places we do. They look us over when we come in and figure out what we will stand for. I have seen Italians buy a glass of wine and pay therefor a big copper coin (bunker plate, we call them) worth two cents, for it, and they charge us a franc for the same thing, and most sailors are glad to pay it, since it isn't every day that one can get all the booze he wants for even that price. There is a superstition in the navy that water rusts iron pipes, and sailors don't use it much, except to put out fires and wash ir occasionally.

The truth of the business is that we spoiled the people in both France and Italy. An American gets a ten dollar bill changed and has enough money to paper a house with, not to mention perhaps half a pound of coppers, and he proceeds to spend it fast and furiously.

(continued next week)

## JACKSON COUNTY HEROES "WITH THE COLORS"

The following are excerpts from letters written by Henry Trisdale to his brother and mother, dated Oct. 30, 1918.

The time of a soldier is not his own, for by the time he stands several formations, drills and a dozen other things, that go along the line of duty that we owe to God, our country and ourselves, we have but little time left for anything else.

This is a wonderful farming country, the ground lays well, and the soil is rich. If these people were only half as advanced in improvements as the people of the U. S. A., they would be far beyond anything we could imagine in the way of grain and feed of all kind. We have not been in the corn section, but the wheat fields are far beyond anything I ever saw at home.

We have been in the land of weeds and underbrush for the last two months pushing back the Hindenburg line. This has given us all we wanted to do, but it is great sport to have things going our way, with the Huns on the run. It is hard to see our boys going back wounded, but their heads are up, and they say its all for a good cause. Its wonderful the way the Americans display their nerve—there has never been anything like it. Our advance has been so fast that supplies could not keep up with the fighting force, and at times we only had bully beef, hard tack and a small allowance of water.

I am certainly thankful to the good Lord for guiding us safely through the big battle, and that there is some talk of the war coming to a close soon. Hope it will close, and we can all be home together again. There is no place like home, and nothing would make me happier than be there and tell what I have seen and done since I have been gone. Then to tell pa about a real war, were men used guns that shoot for miles. (One negro was telling another negro about these big guns. He said they could shoot twenty-five miles, at which the other one replied, O! Lordy, a man could run all day, and then get killed at supper time.) All so the air battles are a new phase of this war. These things were never thought of in the olden days, and I know pa will be interested in all I will have to tell him.

The happiest people I have ever seen, are the civilians who were captured four years ago by the Huns and forced to do their bidding, and no have been liberated by the Americans. There is nothing too good for us. Of course we appreciate their treatment, but we the things we are after is to finish this job, and rejoice with our folks at home.

We have been in the front lines for twenty-one days, and hardly had time to eat. Each day we made an advance. Some days it was over the top two and three times, but when we struck things hard, we only went over once. We reached all objects, and helped out the other regiments some to reach their's. War is certainly what Sherman said it was, and if he could have been here I think he would add "hell fire" to it, for things look sometimes like the world was on fire.

We are out now for a rest of sixty to ninety days. The boys

are all due a leave now, and you may hear of me being in gay Paree (Paris) some time soon, or some other large city.

I am having the best of health and enjoying my rest. We are in a nice French home were we can have fires, hot baths and plenty to eat. There are very few civilians here now, but the town looks like there were about three thousand living here before the war. They are moving back every day, and as they do, the boys have to move out, but we have permission to stay, and wont have to move.

Henry Trisdale,  
Medical Dept., 117  
Inft., 3rd Battalion,  
A. P. O. 749.

France,  
Dec. 6, 1918.

Dear Edna:

Just thought that probably no one in France has written you a letter, and thought you would like to receive one from where the big war, only a few weeks was in full swing.

Well, the Huns are down and out, licked good and proper, and now all we have to do is work, day and night, just the same as when we were right in the thick of battle.

I am very glad I had the privilege of coming over here, and sometime when I get back home will tell you of some of the things we have gone through with, including sharpnel and other things.

Of course all of us that have been over here will tell things much bigger than they really are, but still, if some people were to pass through only a little of what we have had a lot of, they would raise quite a howl.

Have had plenty to eat all the time, but still would like to have a good piece of cake, some home made candy and a few other things I could mention. But will just wait patiently until I get home, then you and your mamma, grandma, aunt Jose and Tenn will all have to cook to fill them up one more time.

You tell your grandma, mamma and daddy, that I very often think of them and would write, but don't have much time to write, except to the ones that I have to. I wrote Luke not long ago, so this time will let you tell them that I am well, happy and getting along first rate.

Next summer I hope to be home, probably sooner and it might be later, if we get to go to Germany. Am of course anxious to be back at home, but don't care if we do go to Germany.

Be good Edna, and some day when you get older have your daddy send you on a trip to France.

Your soldier friend,  
J. M. Draper,  
Co. E. Supply Train,  
Am. E. F., A. P. O. 742.

### HE GOT WISE.

There was a man, not wondrous wise,  
Who said he wouldn't advertise.  
His register, it told the tale;  
They key most used announced  
"No Sale."

You action need in such a case,  
He took some advertising space—  
He got results. Now blithe  
and gay  
He rings up \$\$\$\$\$ all the day.

### INTERESTING FARM ITEMS.

The roads were so rough in a neighboring community after the mud dried up, that folks with false teeth were compelled to take them out of their mouth before starting to town in a wagon. This was before the county voted bonds to build pikes, however. The road commissioners of each civil district should see that the roads are kept in good shape, so the older ones could travel in ease.

Increase the small grain acreage until you have established an orderly four or five-year crop rotation with one year of grains, one or two of grass and clovers, one of corn, of beans, peas, cotton, peanuts or tobacco, etc.

Then you have reached your limit and there is danger ahead.

Certain upper East Tennessee and Central Basin counties are over balanced with wheat. When the present urgent need has passed, they will wisely decrease the acreage of wheat and increase the acreage of pasture and hay crops to save the soil, to feed more livestock, and to use labor to best advantage.

For the State as a whole, the war-wheat program has been of real benefit to the farms.

It is surprising that all farmers do not use a checking system to pay farm bills. It is much the best to pay as few bills by cash as possible, and to keep little cash around the house. The sum estimated to cover all bills for the month can be sent to the bank by mail, and checks drawn against the account.

Every check stub is a good mean of "keeping track" of what has been spent. And the endorsed checks serves as a receipts for the payment of the bill.

As the endorsed checks come back from the bank from time to time they should be kept as receipts that the bills have been paid. It is well to keep these for two or three years and to keep important ones even longer.

The less money handled the less likelihood of mistakes, and the more business—like the account will be. Efficiency in keeping money is judge by the small amount in the farmer's own purse. The simplest, surest and best plan is to deposit in the bank all money received and check it out for expenses.

FARMERS—When you have anything you desire to sell, run an advertisement in the Sentinel. It wont cost you but little, and will save you trouble of hunting a buyer. Remember, the Sentinel is read by thousands each week.

FOR SALE—Pair good work mules 7 year old, and 5 head, coming 3 year old. Also, farming implements, consisting of 2 disc harrows, 3 turning plows, cultivator and corn drill. About 500 bales meadow hay. All the above mentioned, can be seen on the J. B. Dudney farm in Free State. These implements are practically new. See me at once for particular.  
R. S. Dudney, Gainesboro.

### 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.

## JACKSON COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL DOING EXCELLENT WORK.

The enrollment of the high school department for the year 1918-19, is now 44. The enrollment for both elementary and high schools is between 240 and 250.

The high school pupils in attendance, Jan. 27, were as follows: Mary Tom Quarles, Alvis Johnson, Edith Anderson, Mary Smith, Landon Anderson, Margaret Tinsley, Mark Dudney, Joe Reeves, Gainesboro; Ed Johnson, Flynn's Lick, Lee Saddle Darwin, White's Bend; Joe Myers, Will John Butler, Zanda B. Dixon, Salt Lick; Edna Gains Rosa Gains, Nola Quarles, Mai Page, Whitleyville. Other out of town students present were, Georgia Flynn, Vallie and Josie Roddy, Willie and Reba Smith, Lillian Meadows. In the afternoon thirty-one high school pupils were present.

A glance at the names will show that the school is drawing from different parts of the county.

Another remarkable thing about the high school body, is the fact, that a very few are under sixteen years of age, which fact shows that these pupils are capable of doing good high school work.

By estimation, the writer has come to the conclusion that the average high school student, who carries four studies besides spelling, should spend about two hours daily in home study. In other words the high school pupils should include seven and one half, or eight hours study, if he or she is to do the work which should be done. The parents cooperation will be very helpful in seeing that the home-study work is done.

There are two kinds of success. One is the kind that comes to the man who has the power to do what no one else has the power to do. That man is a genius, Thomas A. Edison is a genius. Only a very limited amount of the success of life comes to persons possessing genius. The average man who is successful, the average statesman, public servant or soldier, who wins what we call success, is not a genius. He is a man who has the ordinary qualities, but who has developed to a more than ordinary degree. Success does not depend upon the prominence of the position.

The public high school is the people's college, in this institution the ordinary qualities are to be developed. The elementary schools purpose is to give the tools of knowledge. As one man tersely put it: "The purpose of the high school is for the pupil to discover what he is good for."

It goes without saying that every county should have a good first class high school. The taxpayer, however, must be convinced that the pupil is getting something from this institution, if he continues to support it. Each pupil will get out of the school a development of the ordinary qualities in direct proportion to what he puts in. There is no royal road to learning. It will take work on the part of the pupil to develop and to prepare himself for success. This school business is a very important one.

The school at this place is in a condition to accomplish something worth while. Will not each one do his or her best to help the interest going till the last day of school? Outside cooperation, regular and punctual attendance, studious pupils, enthusiastic teachers, will make the school a success.