

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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GAINESBORO, TENN., THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1919

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

CONCLUDING ARTICLE FROM JIM DRAPER—SEE GENOA IN COMPANY WITH American Girl.

(continued from last week)

This cook has a mania for throwing animals around. One day in Bordeaux (on our last trip) while in a saloon fight, he threw a bull dog at another man and knocked a woman down with the "purp." The woman was the barkeeper's wife, so he and she and the dog and the cook's original combatant engaged him collectively and inflicted a crushing defeat upon him, inasmuch, in fact, that he came out of the joint on his ear and had to be hauled to the ship. However, next day, he came back with some cronies and descended upon that saloon like the "Water at Lodore," or the Assyrian upon Sennacherib, and when they were through with the place, it looked like a cooked hat, and defenders had been utterly routed and put to disgraceful flight.

The boat leaves in half an hour for shore, and if I don't get this off, it will have to wait till next mail, a week hence, so I'll close and "crumb up" a little (N. B. "Crumb up" means the same as "slick up" or dress up usually said by sailors when they wash and clean up preparatory to going ashore on liberty.

Dec. 14, 1918.

Have just returned to the ship after an interesting day and evening sightseeing. Spent the day looking over the city, most of which we have seen before, but which was worth seeing again.

The day wound up in a cafe where about a dozen Americans, a few Scotch, Irish, Swedish and Portuguese civilian sailors and about twenty-five or thirty British sailors were congregated. As usual it almost wound up in fight, and certainly would have if the English had called our bluff. A big Britisher stood up in the middle of the room and said in a loud voice that the London White Horse Regiment was the g-r-e-a-t-e-s-t regiment in the world. He had no more than gotten the word out of his mouth, and an American sailor called him a d-n-lair, and said that the American 69th had it all over the famous White Horse Regiment. Then a Scotchman got up and said that the American was right, and that he never saw an Englishman who had sense enough to be a fool. The Irish sided with us, too, and were ready to pitch into the "limies" tooth and toe nail. Both the Americans and British kept silence from then on, while the others rubbed it into the British for allowing themselves to be "called."

A few days ago, I made another trip to Genoa's famous Cemetery, in company with an American girl, who is a member of the Smith's College Red Cross Unit, and is on her way to Paris to do canteen work. There were six girls in the party, three soldiers, two sailors and myself, besides an Italian Marconi man who was on the ship that brought the girls over. He was accompanied by a Mrs. Ewing, of Philadelphia, who was chaperoning the bunch. He could speak good English and was thoroughly familiar with everything about the place; therefore, we learned

a great deal about it that we never would have found out otherwise. Some of those statues were a year in the making and cost a modest fortune. I can't see how in the world a man could ever have the patience to chisel one of those things out. They seem perfect, even the toe nails and finger nails are as natural as life. Every little detail has been worked out.

The girls had been pestered to death by Italian army and navy officers. There were a hundred and fifty-two of the girls, and while here they were quartered in the Italian Officers Club. They are naturally quite popular with the dagoes, for a dago knows a good thing when he sees it, sometimes, at any rate he did in this case. The girl I was with and I, were having a cup of hot chocolate in the "Y" when a dago captain came up and butted in and asked her to let him show her around the town. She turned him down cold, but he hung around, nevertheless, and later, she said he told her he couldn't see why she should prefer a common sailor to an OFFICER. I left the table to get some more chocolate, and could see him arguing with her, but it was all to no purpose, and presently I steered her out and away right under his nose, and he glared after us like he would like to eat me. We saw him several times during the afternoon, and if I could have done so without getting in jail, I would have landed on him. I can imagine how he felt, for the girl was really good looking and very entertaining. When we got back to supper, he was still "laying" for her, but I had a lease on her till ten o'clock, and within thirty minutes, we were out exploring the city again.

We had a very pleasant evening prowling around those narrow dark streets, eating in an obscure little restaurant, seeing Columbus' birthplace and statue and everything else that could be covered in an evening. People looked at us as if they had never seen an American before, and dirty, ragged little brats followed us all the time. When some dropped out, others fell in, and I'll bet we headed one of the most "curious" processions that ever graced Genoa. The girls left town this morning for France, and I don't suppose we shall ever see them again.

I feel safe in saying that since coming here, I have seen more beggars than in all my life put together before. The streets are full of them and they are all hollering for a handout. They know the Americans are generous, for it is the truth, and they reap a rich harvest off of the boys. I haven't the heart to turn one of the poor things down, and they are so grateful for so little. One or two pennies looks like a fortune to them, and will set them to bowing and scraping as long as we are in sight.

Most of the fellows are already investing in souvenirs of all descriptions, from post cards to foo-foo, and I might as well tell you that "foo-foo" is the naval term for perfume of any kind, although some of the higher-toned fellows call it "Collosion Water" (Cologne, I venture to say.) Only last evening one of the boys told me that he had about a quart of "Collosion" to take back to "me" sister and another quart to "me" girl (Said he didn't believe in stintin' em). It is all cheap stuff, and the boys

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JACKSON COUNTY HEROES "WITH THE COLORS"

Boncourt, France,
Dec. 22, 1918.

Dear Editor:

With your permission I will write my dear friends in Jackson county thru the Sentinel.

I am thankful that I am well and enjoying the best of health. As the saying goes, I am as fat as a pig. Hope all my friends at home are well.

Christmas is very near, and I sure would be glad to be home. But, of course, that is impossible, and I will make the best of it I can.

This is Sunday and I have been indoors most all day. Sunday always recall the pleasant time I had at home attending church. It is my earnest prayer that God will spare my life, that I may return to my dear wife, whom I left behind, after a short, but a very happy married life.

Among the seventy boys that left Gainesboro when I did, May 28, 1918, Isaac Savage is the only one that is with me now. The others are scattered throughout every department of the army.

I hope that my wife, aunt Minerva Bailey and Big Bottom friends will read these few lines.

As I don't know much to write I will close, and tell the rest when I come home.

James M. Richardson,
Co. F, 140th Inf.,
35th Div. Am. E. F.

Boncourt, France,
Dec. 22, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I take pleasure this Sunday morning in writing a short letter to the Sentinel.

I sailed for France July 18 and arrived here July 30. I came over here to do my bit in helping defeat the dirty Boche, but after training hard for this task, and was ready to go over the top when the glad news was flashed to us that the armistice was signed. I was sure thankful to the Lord that the end came when it did, but if I would have had to go over the top I would have done all that was in my power to do, even of giving my life to help free the world from the damnable power of the hellish Huns.

I am at Boncourt, France now, but don't know how long I will be here. I hope to be back home in time to make a corn crop.

There is one other boy from Jackson county in this Co., with me, James M. Richardson. We left home together and have been together ever since.

With best regards to all my friends I close.

Isaac W. Savage,
Co. F, 140th Inf.

Somewhere in France,
January 5, 1919.

Dear Father & Mother:

This being a rainy Sunday evening will write you, and as the censor is somewhat removed will tell you something of my experience in France.

I landed at Brest on Aug. 18, 1918. The 1st Battalion was left on the ship to unload. We were here three days, and then went ashore to a rest camp, but not to rest. We left the same night and we have been going ever since. We come from Brest to the St. Mihiel, where stayed for quite a while. I well remember the St. Mihiel drive. It was their we were chased out one

morning at 3 o'clock without breakfast. We were carrying ammunition to the front, and when we reached there it was dinner time, but of course there was no dinner. I went without support, and worked all night long. We got mess next morning, and I certainly did enjoy it. We then went to bed and sleep for several hours. After remaining there several days we were called out to build a railroad, and had to hike for several miles. When we reached the place we pitched our tents on a hill. That night Jerry paid us a visit after most of us had laid down. He begin to fire his machine gun, when we were ordered to get to cover, which we did. We scattered in every direction, some without shoes, some in their night clothes. That night I sleep in a dugout for the first time. It was small, but I was glad to be in it.

We were relieved the next day and began our march back. We could only hike at night, but the noon was bright and we could travel at a fast gait. The first night the Boche airplanes sighted us, and as they began to fire we jumped into ditches and so scattered that they lost sight of us and flue away. Soon after this we passed an amunation dump that Jerry was trying to blow up, and we had to get off the road again. The anti-craft and machine guns turned loose, and they made it so hot for Jerry that he had to go.

We arrived at camp after a hard hike. After a few days rest we started for the Argonne front. We hiked for three nights, and it was raining h-l. Some of the men fell out and were away three weeks. I suppose I am tough, as I have made every hike yet. The third night we reached the woods, where we rested until the next morning. At daybreak the drive started on the Huns. Our advance was through the woods, and we had only gone a short distance when the shells began falling all around us. We were filling shell holes, and about the time we would get a hole filled, another shell would fall near and tear out another big hole, and our work would have to be done over. At times Jerry would send his shells over so fast that we had to run for a dugout, ditch, or any cover we could get to. We continued this work until the armistice was signed, and through it all I came out all O. K.

Will close for this time.

Your soldier boy,
Dow Langford,
Co. A, 53 Pioneer Inf.

Teachers' Examination.

The next State examination for teachers will be held March 13th and 14th. Please have all who expect to teach next year, and do not hold certificates, take this examination. The July examination is too late for all who expect to begin work before September 1st.

Sincerely,
S. W. Sherrill.

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.

WHY SHOULD WE HAVE A STOCK LAW IN JACK- SON COUNTY?

It makes a land owner fence against his own stock, against a stock law, makes him fence not only against his own stock, but against all the stock in the community. Before we had a stock law, did you, ever speak to any one about his stock getting into your field, and have him smilingly say, "Fix your fence."

We should be for a stock law, because in making the roads a few years ago, the Good Roads Commissioners took the right of way, and in many instances, left fields outside, and they are outside yet, without paying for the right of way fencing.

Every farmer is not rich. I know a man in this district, that is not out of debt, but has a small farm, and he told me that it would cost him \$400.00 or \$500 to fence his farm, that he would have to mortgage his farm to get money to fence it, if the stock law failed. I suppose we can find others over the county in just such condition.

Who pays the Good Roads tax, which is 60cts, and has een 85c on the hundred dollars? It is the farmer, the business man, or the man who has more than \$1000.00 of personal property. The man who pays only a poll tax does not pay a cent of it. Is it fair? Is it just? To have those who pay this Good Roads tax, and those whose fences are in a run down condition, to go to an enormous expense of fencing their farms, while wire is so high, labor and everything else high. Besides we have just gone through a crisis, helping to support and supply the army.

Some one will say it is against the poor man. Let us see. There is not a land owner in the 14th civil district, that charges a tenant anything for pasturage for the stock he uses in cultivating his land, for a milk cow, or two milk cows, if he has a large family, stock hogs, or hogs to make his meat—watch a land-owner that would charge for these things. He would let his shoats get into his tenants corn, destroy it, and not pay him for it, hence a stock law is best for the poor man. It makes the land owner take care of his own stock. It will also, cause him to put his thin land into pasture, and give the tenant better land to cultivate.

If a poor man has his house or barn burned, or a long seige of typhoid fever, or loses his last cow or horse, who do they go to for help? Then how can you, by your vote, place a burden on those who are willing to help you, and whose deepest sympathy you have.

I am for the stock law, because stock running at large on the public high way, is not only a nuisance, but dangerous. I believe there 12 are or 15 mules in the county, to where there was one, fifteen years ago. A number of these mules on the public highway, (and there is where they would be, without the stock law) would make it dangerous for women or children to be on highway, especially, if they are horse-back, and we have them in this part of the county, that go to church, to the store, and go visiting on horse-back. All are not able to own an auto. That man who has some old surplus "Jocky-street-stock" and wants them to run at large during the summer and fall, will manage to carry them thru the winter in some way, I leave it to you to surmise.

That man who wants his cow to roam up and down the country, cares but little if she gets into your cornfield and stuffs her old hide till it almost bursts, and then he will set back and say he has the finest cow in the county.

It is true that in some parts of the county, there is a lot of timbered land, and these people think it a hardship on them to have a stock law, but they with their timber at hand, can much more easily, and with less expense, fence a lot or pasture, than those who live on the creeks and rivers can fence their corn and wheat fields, and often times have their fences torn away by head waters.

Some will say I write this because it affects me. It does affect me, as it does many others. The good road commissioners took a strip of very fertile land off of my farm, and some rock fence. I did not receive a dollar for either, and did not charge anything. I offered a donation for the road to be put on the other side of creek. To fence this it will cost me \$100 or more, and if I am not allowed to put a gate across the road, it will cost me \$400 or \$550 to do my fencing. It does seem the time has come, when all gates should be taken from across the public roads, especially the main highways.

I spent three months in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Illinois a years ago. I do not remember seeing a cotton, wheat or corn field or a meadow under fence—they knew it was cheaper and better to fence the stock, and not fence the fields. Many counties in Tennessee have a stock

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Is Interest Working For You or Against You.

In nine cases out of ten the questions as to whether a man is or is not advancing financially depends on whether he has interest working for him or against him; whether he is paying interest to somebody else or has interest coming to him. A man can afford to live very close and make a great many sacrifices until he can get over the line from the interest-paying class into the class where he has a little money working for him. When we borrow money, when we pay "time prices," the law of interest is working against us; and we are likely getting poorer. When we save money or invest it wisely, the law of interest is working for us; and we likely getting better off. Of course if we can borrow money at 6 or 8 per cent and so invest as to get 10 or 12 per cent out of it—as a man may frequently do by buying an extra work horse or improved machinery or using money for "a productive purpose" we have the law of interest working for us even through we are also borrows. But it must be for a productive purpose.—The Progressive Farmer.

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.