

THE POLK COUNTY NEWS and TRYON BEE
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"Long May It Wave."

WOMEN'S LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Earle Grady, county chairman of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee, has appointed the following persons for township chairman:

- Mrs. L. Hutcherson, Columbus.
- Mrs. Weldon Miller, Greens Creek.
- Mrs. J. M. Lewis, White Oak.
- Mrs. Marion T. Whitesides, Cooper Gap.
- Mrs. Frank B. Stevens, Saluda.
- Tryon committee: Mrs. Holden Miss Martha Jackson, Mrs. Lubeck, Mrs. Bray and Mrs. Kennedy.

THE WOMAN'S LIBERTY LOAN LEAGUE.

As Governor Bickett said this war is for women to win, it is more important to them than to us. One means in which every woman can help is in the purchase and sale of Liberty Bonds. Think it over, can't you buy one, haven't you an unawakened friend whom you can persuade to invest in one?

The subject of the Belgian sufferers was presented to the children of the public school. They promptly raised nearly eight dollars and one of their number, a scout, says that he is going to try to bring the sum up to ten dollars. Many donations of clothing were brought in, one boy suggested the possibility of having the shoes on his feet mended so that he could have them to take, another, a large boy who works in the mill at night, while going to school by day gave one dollar and twenty cents to the fund.

We hope that these young people will never have such gigantic war problems on their hands, but who doubts their willingness and ability to meet whatever comes to them?

GOV. BICKETT'S ADDRESS.

The crowd at Columbus, last Saturday was not large owing to the threatening weather, clouds overhanging the sky all day, and it looked as if a downpour might be expected at any time. But those who did attend were certainly the gainers.

Gov. Bickett was presented to the crowd by Hon. T. T. Ballenger in a few timely words. The Governor began his address at 11 o'clock, and for two hours and twenty minutes proceeded to tell the people "how it happened." He spoke from every angle of the war situation, and many new phases were taken up and dwelt upon at length. Politics was touched upon but lightly, but firmly, and no one need misunderstand Gov. Bickett's position. As he has said in his speeches all over North Carolina, while being a Democrat, yet he would not vote for any man on the Democratic ticket who did not stand square upon the war issue; he might be nominated in the most regular way, and by all the different nominating bodies, but he would vote him in hell before he would vote for him.

The women were given a generous share of the glory for winning the war, also their responsibilities and influence were shown. "One woman, especially if she is fairly good looking has more influence than ninety-nine men." He told how the American women exerted a great influence upon the situation and begged them not to exert it in the wrong direction. He paid great stress upon the Selective draft law, showing that it was the best and fairest law ever enacted. As he said, everybody from John D. Rockefeller up were shown the same consideration, and had the same chance.

It was a wonderful address, delivered in language that everybody understood.

At the close of his address subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty Loan were called for, and over \$30,000 were subscribed.

Music was furnished by the Fifth Pioneer Military Band, from Camp Wadsworth, and was highly appreciated.

A regular old-fashioned picnic dinner was served at the close of the exercises, which was greatly enjoyed.

It was truly a great day for Polk county.

WILL YOU HELP OUR BOYS ABROAD?

Every Man, Woman and Child Can Join to Send News of This Town Into the Front Line Trenches.

WHOLE NATION MOVES TO BANISH SOLITUDE

Our Heroes Are Calling From Over There—Give What You Can to Help Those From Home.

Every citizen interested in the boys of his home town now at the front, and in the brave women who equally are serving their country abroad, has an opportunity to show his appreciation of the sacrifice they are making. The opportunity comes as a result of the generosity and thought of Colonel William Boyce Thompson of New York, who has conceived and put into execution what is known as the Home Paper Service.

Under the plan, every man and woman in foreign service will receive the town newspaper, and so be kept in constant touch with the places and the people they know and love.

Every branch of the United States Government is interested in the plan. The Government realizes the importance of keeping those in the service happy and constantly in touch with their home ties and associations. Nothing is more depressing in a national emergency than the spirit of loneliness in those serving their country, and officials know that nothing can dispel this feeling more effectively than reading the home town newspaper.

Publishers of newspapers in all parts of the country—this newspaper included—have grasped with pleasure the plan outlined by Colonel Thompson, and they have agreed to co-operate in every way.

Under the ruling of the War Industries Board newspaper publishers are forbidden to send their newspapers free, even to soldiers. The newspaper must be subscribed for in the regular way, the only exception being soldiers who formerly were in the employ of the newspaper and who left that service to enlist. Colonel Thompson therefore proposes that the public in each community contribute to a fund so that the home newspaper (in our case this newspaper) may reach every man and woman now in the service of his country.

Anyone may contribute to the fund, and any sum may be contributed. It is not necessary to contribute the entire amount of one subscription. It does not matter whether the rich man sends in one hundred dollars or the poor boy or little girl sends in five cents. Each gift will be a message of love and helpfulness to the home town folks "Over There." The money will be lumped into one fund, out of which subscriptions will be entered as fast as the money is received.

Contributors who send in the full price of a year's subscription may, if they wish, designate to what particular person they wish the newspaper sent, but if the name given is already listed as receiving the paper, then the publisher reserves the right to apply the subscription to some less fortunate soldier boy or noble woman who is just as lonely for news of home and home folks.

The name of every contributor to this home paper service will be published in this newspaper, and the name of everyone entered for a subscription will be published as well as the number of those remaining whose subscriptions have not been covered.

If the amount of money received shall be more than is necessary to send the paper to every person from the town now in the service, then the balance will be turned over to the Red Cross.

The plan is endorsed by the publisher of this newspaper without any thought of profit, either directly or indirectly, but with a sincere desire to help keep the home fires burning and to send to our heroes and heroines news of our town, to keep their hearts warm for us and to let them know they are constantly in our minds.

The publisher, of course, cannot make a profit on circulation, and additional circulation such as this will be circulation from non-purchasers sent far across the sea—can have no added value to the advertiser.

These facts are stated so that every contributor may feel that every cent contributed goes to the good cause.

The mothers of our boys are facing an ordeal with a bravery that commands respect and admiration. Here and there tiny stars are turned from blue to gold, where anguish grips the heart, the nation stands in silence and honors the women who have given of their blood, the very bone of their bone, to their country. To them, home has lost its meaning—the soul of it has fled—there is no home, it is just a place, and no place is quite so lonely, unless it be within the hearts of those brave sons in far off France who long for just a word of home. There cannot be a man, there cannot be a woman, no, not even a child, who will fail to contribute just a little to make the hearts of these patriots lighter. Not one, Not in our town.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

plans, and never knows where he is to go. Back here where the plans are made is the interesting side of warfare. And the plans are truly wonderful. For 10 days now, the preparation has been going on. Say days, for the ideas are worked out in daytime and half the night. The work goes on night, for nothing is done on the roads in the daytime. Motor cars can come and go, but behind the trees in barns and sheds, you find countless thousands of camouflaged motor trucks of ammunition, from small pistol cartridges to big shells, bigger than Martha in height, and round as a barrel, millions of them it seems. Then trucks full of food, guns of all sizes from revolvers to cannon, 75mm, 108, 204, 240, and all the paraphernalia of warfare, all camouflaged by tree branches and big tarpaulins. The cavalry hides in the woods, and when the Boche plane comes over every thing stops right where it is. No one fires a shot except the forts, for no one dares disclose where he or anything else is. Under the trees and wagons and trucks the men hide. In the small villages the officers and men lurk in the houses and Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross, or in churches, all smoking playing cards, shaving at the town pump, or else eating, for the American soldier eats all the time.

Soon supper comes, and with darkness then the hell begins. For the past week it has rained every night, until the roads are seas of mud. It is so dark on these tree lined roads you can't see your hand before your face. The road, deserted, apparently in the daytime becomes a bedlam of swearing men and sweating animals. No one can tell what is a foot ahead. The men on the trucks send one man ahead and another on the side. Trucks with cut-outs open; men yell, horses neigh and puff, and the thousands of vehicles push on. Then one truck slips into a ditch. Everything stops; officers and men go forward to see what the trouble is; a hundred men get hold of ropes, chains and everything else they can catch hold of, and the truck is pulled out. On they go; a horse falls and breaks a leg. Bang, he is shot and 40 men pull him into the woods; another truck breaks down, and off goes the ammunition into the ditch. A soldier stays with it; along comes the caterpillar, pulling the big guns, and at the turn of the road they go into the ditch. There are no lights except the glowing ends of cigarettes. The men feel their way around. The pure, unadulterated cussing that goes on is wonderful. It apparently helps get the machines out and on they go. A motorcycle dispatch rider comes along, feeling his way. He pulls into a machine, wrecks his car, picks himself up and asks for a ride, and on he goes. Then the return traffic begins to meet the upgoing traffic, for they are going back for more loads. And the infernal racket and struggle continue until daylight, when the world becomes peaceful again, except the curses are not yet still. The men are miles away from breakfast, and they go down the road in the shadows of the trees sometimes four or five miles before they get anything to eat and a place to rest. And a place to rest is anything from a place under a tent or in a barn, generally in a barn.

It is almost impossible to describe the night's work, for all branches are on the same road. Infantry marches where it can, cavalry and artillery. The only people who are peaceful are the balloon men, for they take the balloons in at night, but they get out at daylight in hopes of seeing Fritz at work. And now today up comes our ambulance men, the salvage men, grave registration men and doctors, and every conceivable machine from the searchlight outfits to the water sterilizers. All this week these outfits have poured into town until we can hardly walk about, and the excitement is great. The staff and the Generals have all left the front, only a few miles away, and have a pleasant home in a big quarry. The excitement will start soon, and believe me I have located a beautiful "abri" where I shall go when the fun starts.

To have seen all these preparations is really wonderful, and something which the average soldier doesn't see. The finishing touches are over and now we all wait for the signal for the start. Just how carefully everything has been planned is shown by the fact that no plans have been made for defense. Every known rule of warfare has been broken by the Americans in their preparatory plans. In other words success is the only thing looked for, and I guess from what I have seen it is going to be a real success. The rain may interfere with some of the plans, but by the time this reaches you the big show will be on.

IN TRAINING IN FRANCE.

The following letter written by Henry Reich, Jr., son of Henry Reich of Tryon. It tells how the boys are taken care of in the training camps in France:

August 20, 1918.
Dear Papa, Mama, May and Robert: Am still at St. Maxient, and take another opportunity to write to you as I may have less time for writing after I am transferred. Received no mail yet, but have notified the postmaster at the central office, Tours, and should get my mail soon. Wrote to Fred yesterday—addressed him at Shram, not knowing whether he has been transferred "overseas" or not.

I am fortunate in being stationed for the present at one of the best American camps in France. The climate here is excellent. It is warm during the day and very cool at night, but I have plenty of blankets and sleep like a top. Our duties here are not very heavy, and when not on detail I have had several passes to town.

St. Maxient is a quaint old place, dating back fifteen centuries, and has proven very fascinating, with its narrow, crooked streets and its ancient buildings. The chief point of interest is the cathedral, which I visited last evening. It is over 1,000 years old, and is a beautiful piece of architecture. I hope to go through it

again with a guide, as there were numerous paintings, carvings, etc., that I would like to know more about, not being interested particularly in the bones of the saints. Beneath the cathedral are tunnels, said to have been used in more modern times by Napoleon's army as an exit to the hills. Beside the cathedral the other points that seem to be of particular interest to the boys are the various cafes where good wine and food are to be had at reasonable prices. Although the American soldiers were not permitted to drink in the States, and can get all they want here, it is worthy of note that there is no drunkenness whatever. Perhaps some of our prohibition friends back home could explain this better than I can.

Last Saturday our squadron marched into town and attended a military festival in the city square. There were some good races, tug-of-war and bayonet contests by French soldiers. Practically the entire military and civilian population was present. Our band played American rag-time, which seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the audience. The French show a remarkably fine spirit in spite of their four years under the yoke of war, and I admire them more every day for their wonderful courage.

Here in camp we get the continental daily editions of New York and Chicago newspapers, and are kept in touch with what is going on at the front by daily bulletins posted in our barracks. At this writing the American and allied armies continue their rapid advance. I guess you have read of Gen. Pershing's statement, "It will be Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas." He is supposed to have said this at LaHavre, France. I hope you are all enjoying the best of health. With much love and many kisses to you all I remain,

Yours affectionately,
HENRY REICH, JR.
Private Henry Reich, Jr., 1102 Aero Repl. Squadron, A. P. O. 725, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

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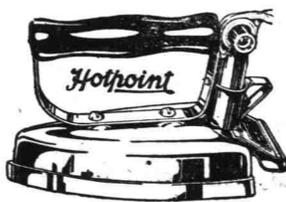
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JAMES LEONARD, Tryon, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1918,

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Will have a good lot of the best of meats, your patronage solicited and will be appreciated.

CARRY YOUR BUNDLE AND SAVE MONEY,

as we will be compelled to charge more where we deliver. Our prices will be as low as possible, considering quality.

Also want to buy good beef cattle, hogs and chickens, for which I will pay the highest market price.

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