

The Watauga Democrat.

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BOONE WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1918.

NO. 7.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

Communicated.

In the greatest war in history the battles have been fought and the victory won. The greatest issues in the history of human government have been decided. The decision is that democracy and not autocracy shall rule in the governments of earth. What America wrought out for herself in her early history has been wrought out by her and her Allies for the world. The old autocracy had grown powerful in its own regions and became boastful and ambitious for the domination of the world. But the little nation across the sea had, almost unconsciously to herself and the rest of the world, become a mighty giant, and dared to deny to autocracy the attainment of its coveted goal. The wonderful story of the recent achievements of this giant for democracy and the good of the human race are well to the world at large. Her friends and foes stood aghast at her sudden transformation from a peace-loving nation to a mighty military organization. Her efficiency and that of her great leaders was displayed in a most extraordinary manner. Her decision had been made and she stood firmly to it. Henceforth 'might will not make right,' but right shall be might. Going forth with this spirit she has willingly and evergladly rushed into the great struggle asking no remuneration for her efforts. Her sons and daughters have lavishly poured out of their wealth and heroically given their own lives for the great cause for which she stands. The reward of self-sacrifice has come. Right has triumphed over wrong.

Now comes the time of triumph and joy. But, "lest we forget," it is imperative that our great nation and our allies ask ourselves whence has come the means of our triumph and where is the source of our mighty strength. Not by our own power have we conquered. An unseen Ally has stood by our side and an Almighty Hand has been our help. In no other way could we, in so short a time against such odds, achieved so much.

In our triumphant joy, therefore, there should be no spirit of boastfulness, but one of joyous gratitude and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His favors vouchsafed to us. America from the beginning of her colonization by the white race has looked to God as the source of her help. Her history, her coins, her songs, and her customs bear testimony to this fact. Her custom of observing an annual thanksgiving is unique among the nations of the world, with the sole exception, so far as I now recall, of God's own peculiar people, Israel, whom, in other respects, America very resembles in some of her laws and customs.

In spite of these facts, however many of us failed to render due reverence and service to the God of Heaven. During this war the writer with many others felt that the war would not end until we should go to our knees. Our President called us to special prayer; and our Governor with some of other states designated certain hours for the success of our arms. Not until then did the armies of America and her allies begin to attain signal success over the armies of the autocratic powers.

But even though many of our own leader and people and those of our allies thus acknowledged the true source of our power, there were many who yet lacked this true spirit of reverence. So an epidemic of disease came

to further show us our own weakness and prepare us to undergo with a proper spirit the test in this hour of our triumph. We had to be conquered that we might know how to deport ourselves in a triumphant hour. This hour has come to us. It should be a glad hour to all. No land has greater cause for thanksgiving than America. While we have poured out our wealth freely and many of our boys have given their lives and many more have been named on the field of battle, and pestilence has taken a large toll of our population, yet said it all we have been happily freed from the terrible suffering and disaster that have come to millions across the waters. Hence in this glad hour to display anything other than a true christian, submissive spirit would show us grievously wanting in our sense of obligation to the Divine Hand and woefully lacking in that spirit which alone will enable us to go forward to greater things before us.

But again, in this hour we should remember that our work is not done. The foe on the field of battle has been conquered, but there are still others that we must meet and over which we must triumph if we are to perform our full share in the adjustment of the affairs of the world to meet the conditions that are now to prevail. As the writer said some years ago, America seems destined to be the great servant nation of the world; not in a low and menial sense, but in that higher and nobler way of self sacrifice whereby we are to raise to truer heights the principles of government and life until they conform to those laid down by the Savior of men for the upbuilding of the world. America has performed her part nobly thus far under the leadership of our great President who seems to have been destined under God for these strenuous times; but now comes the cruel test of her efficiency, when all the world is to be adjusted to these new conditions.

Again, as I have said in former occasions, to meet these conditions will require men of great intellect, high thinking, noble christian character and exalted purpose. No little, sectional men will suffice. They must be world men, whose sympathies are as broad as the human race. No other can meet the test of these times. These superior men as leaders will largely have in their hands the destinies of the nations of the world and of all coming generations. Here is a part of America's task as a world power. Will she meet this with the same decision and broad humanitarian spirit that she has displayed in the past? Let us hope and trust that she may.

J. M. DOWNUM.

A. T. S., Boone, N. C.

Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War 1861 to 1865.

[BY L. N. PERKINS.]

(Continued.)

During the latter part of the year '62, Gen's Bragg's and Rosencrans' armies were camped respectively at Murfreesboro and Nashville, Tenn; preparing for a big battle that came off about Christmas. To Gen. Morgan was assigned the task of cutting off communication for the enemy's by stopping traffic over the L. & N. Railroad, which then was the only line of communication for them except the Cumberland River, and if Gen. Bragg could have gained a decisive victory and have driven them back from the river, they would have been in bad shape. On about the 23rd

Financial Report of Watauga Co. Chapter A. R. C.

Following is the financial report of the Watauga County Chapter American Red Cross from June 17, 1917, to November 14, 1918:

RECEIPTS:	
June 17, Membership dues.....	\$48 00
30, From ice cream supper.....	36 75
Aug. 13 Forest Grove Church.....	5 35
Sept 19 Membership dues.....	4 05
Oct. 28 Matney school.....	8 00
Dec. 5 Donations.....	13 70
10 Poplar Grove School.....	56 00
10 Membership dues.....	45 00
15 From Valle Crucis Auxiliary.....	32 00
15 Donated by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stringfellow.....	50 00
15 from Beech Creek.....	20 60
21 Windy Gap School.....	13 45
22 Membership Dues (A. T. S.).....	29 00
31 Forest Grove School.....	42 10
Jan. 4 Membership and donations.....	30 50
4 From Mast.....	59 00
4 From Mabel.....	52 80
5 Bethel School.....	39 42
30.....	42
10 Valle Crucis Auxiliary.....	75 00
19 Donations.....	7 00
19 Membership dues.....	6 00
Feb. 1 Membership dues.....	2 00
1 Donation.....	18 50
4 Timber-d Ridge School.....	10 00
Feb and March Membership dues.....	37 00
Mar. 4 from Headquarters.....	12 71
April 6 Donation from Walnut Grove School.....	48 00
Apr. 6 & 23 Membership dues.....	29 00
23 donation from Silverstone School.....	80 00
May 6 Watauga county fair Association.....	19 71
June 1 & 4 Membership dues.....	99 25
June 4 & 10 donations.....	20 00
June 12, 21st Membership dues.....	19 75
15, Supper in Elk township.....	40 45
20 Donation by Meadow Creek School.....	91 00
19 donation by Cool Springs.....	317 45
21 Supper at Mrs. E. O. Greer's.....	41 00
21 Donation.....	8 00
24 donation by Chestnut Grove.....	158 00
24 Box supper, Sandy Flat school.....	475 58
28 Donation from Blowing Rock Auxiliary.....	227 49
29 Laurel Creek Railroad Camp.....	95 91
July 1 Meat Camp Auxiliary.....	59 34
8 Rich Mountain School District.....	54 33
9 Membership dues.....	22 00
9 New River School.....	28 67
15 Howards Creek School.....	115 70
15 Concert by colored people of Boone.....	62 80
15 by church of colored people of Boone.....	19 53
16 Liberty Hill School.....	41 05
20 Cove Creek Cheese Factory.....	57 74
23 By colored people of Boone.....	10 65
Aug. 1 Donation.....	85 35
1 Donation by Grady Bradley.....	5 00
19 by colored people of Boone.....	8 00
29 Membership dues.....	29 00
Sept 2 Cove Creek cheese factory.....	55 84
30 Donation by Roy M. Brown.....	25 00
30 Donations.....	25 50
Total deposits.....	\$3,328.18
Total checks.....	1,000.54
To the credit of The Watauga Chapter Nov. 14, 1918.....	\$2,327.64

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Total checks.....1,000.54
To the credit of The Watauga Chapter Nov. 14, 1918.....\$2,327.64

DISBURSEMENTS:

July 2 To Mrs Chapin for supplies.....	\$12 00
26 to M. B. Blackburn for cloth for sheets.....	17 90
30 to D. J. Cottrell for cloth.....	3 25
Aug 20 to Robt. W. Pulliam, expenses for ice cream supper.....	25
Sept 8 J. S. Winkler for cloth and other materials.....	1 95
Sept 8 Watauga Printing Co., for printing posters.....	35
8 for sugar for ice cream supper.....	50
8 12 yards of cloth.....	1 80
15 to division headquarters for membership dues.....	47 00
15 Watauga Printing Co., for printing.....	1 75
Dec 4 for cashier's check.....	16 74
Jan 4 and 7th for Red Cross yarns.....	64 68
28 Postage, express, etc.....	6 90
23 Red Cross Supplies.....	71 95
Feb 6 Yarn.....	54 00
15 Outing flannel.....	9 40
23 and 14; Postage.....	4 70
28 Red Cross Supplies.....	4 85
18 To Headquarters for Membership Dues.....	123 00
Apr 8 Testaments for soldiers.....	2 80
11 Relief check to G. W. Austin who lost house by fire.....	10 00
12 Membership dues remitted to headquarters.....	25 75
23 Express, postage, etc.....	10 00
May 10 Right for play.....	7 50
May 13 & 14 Outing flannel and yarn.....	14 55
8 for yarn and dues remitted to headquarters.....	66 81
20 for Red Cross yarn.....	142 50
Jun 4 Outing flannel.....	8 41
Jul 9 Expenses for representative to Charlotte.....	18 55
8 Red Cross yarn and express charges.....	56 20
Sep 30 for Postage.....	3 00
Nov 9 Membership dues remitted to headquarters.....	86 50
14 for sweater yarn.....	105 00
Total checks.....	\$1000.54

(Signed) (Miss) PEARL HODGES,
Treasurer Watauga Co. Chapter A. R. C.

Note: The foregoing exhibit does not include the amount of \$4,800.57 collected in the Red Cross War Fund Drive, formerly reported. 25 per cent of that amount (\$1,200) is in the Valle Crucis Bank to the credit of the Chapter for Home Relief Work etc., the remaining \$3,600.00, with accrued interest, having been drawn from the Watauga County Bank by the Secretary of the United States Treasury.

R. C. RIVERS, Chairman.

of Dec we broke camp and started on the march and in a day or two's time we were completely in the rear of Rosencrans' armies, and we certainly did a thorough job of tearing up the railroad; we burned all the bridges and treated to within forty miles of Louisville, and in many places tore up the track and bent the railing. We were a week in the work and the weather favorable,

cloudy and warm with occasional light showers. We did not encounter any opposition except at one place where there was a small force guarding the bridge close to Louisville, who, on our approach, surrendered without resistance, and General Morgan disarmed them and made them take an oath not to take up arms against the Confederate States during the war and turned them loose. It was the last day of December, and we were far in the enemy's country and without support, as Gen. Bragg had been driven back from Murfreesboro, when we decided to leave the railroad and try to get back to Dixie. About this time we had a skirmish with a portion of Gen. Robson's cavalry, who had been pursuing us for some time, in which Gen. Baird Duke, our senior Brigadier General, was severely wounded by a piece of shell striking him on the head, which necessitated him to be handled in ambulance the balance of the trip back to the Southern headquarters. Gen. Duke, who was a graduate of West Point, was thought to possess the brains of Morgan's command therefore he was put in a closed carriage and closely guarded on the return.

On the 1st day of Jan. '63, the weather suddenly changed to a severe blizzard, with the ground covered with snow, and in order to get back to the Confederate lines, we had to take circuitous route through the Cumberland mountains, over almost impassable roads, also for the first day or two we were followed by enemy troops, but they did not seem to want to push us too closely for fear of getting hurt.

On New Year's night it was very cold, but we rode all night, and to keep from freezing I walked much of the time by the side of my horse with my gun resting on the horn of saddle. We kept on the march for two or three days and nights, just taking time to feed and rest a little, until we were on the Tennessee side of the Cumberland river, when we were safe to proceed more leisurely. The weather turned warmer and much of the time it was raining. One evening, I remember, we took up camp in an old field near a wood. It was still raining and we made fires; got supper and proceeded to go to bed. Every man had to furnish his own bed and do the best he could. It was my custom when on the march to roll up one or two blankets in my oil cloth, to keep them dry and strap them to my saddle, so I could have them ready for use at night. It was still raining when bed time came on, so, to keep off the wet ground and also provide a shelter, I procured a half dozen fence rails, put three on top of the fence, one end resting on the ground, on which I spread wet blanket and oil cloth for shelter, put the other three a foot or two from the ground, spread my dry blankets on them, with saddle for pillow, and turned in for the night and slept well. We had had very little sleep for several days and nights, and it seemed good to get to rest on a rail bed. The next morning the rain having ceased, we resumed the march and when back near army headquarters we took up camp in a beautiful grove near the village of Woodbury, Tenn., where we remained most of the winter, some incidents of which I propose to relate in my next.

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