

The Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XXX.

BOONE WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919.

NO. 14

Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War 1861 to 1865.

[BY E. N. PERKINS.]

For the last six or eight months of prison life the absorbing question with the prisoners was something to eat. There was a great number of wharf rats in the prison, and some of the men caught rats, cooked and ate them. I did not taste any of them, but I saw them cooking and they looked and smelled good, and those that ate them said they were good. The wharf rat is much larger than any other rats and two or three of them would make a full meal for a man. One day there were some visitors looking over the grounds, and a nice fat looking little dog was following the party. Some of the men noticed the dog in the barracks, killed and ate him. The officers heard of it and came around to the barracks and inquired about it and the men told them they cooked and ate him. They asked why they did it and if it was good. The men told them because they were hungry. The officer remarked "I'll feed you on dog meat then." They told him all right if he would just give them enough of it. As well as I remember they did not punish the men but reprimanded them and warned them not to do so again.

One reason for the rigid discipline we had enforced upon us was the restlessness of the prisoners, hungry men are always restless and more or less desperate. There was no hope of an exchange of prisoners, and the men were continually plotting and planning to get out of prison. There were a few men lost their lives attempting to scale the walls and get out. The most feasible plan for an attempted escape was for the prisoners to some night arise in mass, overpower the guards, take their guns, then storm and capture the city arsenal, arm themselves capture a steam boat and cross the lake into Canada. This plan was discussed and I think generally known among the prisoners, and I believe if things had gone on as they were till warm weather the plan would have been attempted to be carried out. There was a small number of the guards (perhaps not more than two hundred) and there were about 12,000 prisoners, and it looked like it might have been a success, but this plan was suddenly thwarted by an unexpected event which occurred on the 19th of Feb. '65, for on that day Morgan's old command who had been in prison longest time, were ordered to form a line in front of barracks and all that remained to be checked up until they secured the number wanted, and then we understood we were to be taken out, we did not know where or why but expected to be exchanged, and would start the next day. I do not remember the number called out but it was about a car load. My name was one among the fortunate ones. There were some well pleased men and some disappointed ones that day. Those who were checked up for the trip made all preparations possible for traveling and as was natural there was a great deal of speculation as to where we would go and what disposition would be made of us. The night following I was privileged to ride "Morgan's mule" for the first and last time. The men were not permitted to talk after taps at night and if they were talking and were caught at it they were punished, but about midnight that night two or three of us were talking in a very low tone about

Sergeant Livesay Writes From France.

Sergeant Charles R. Livesay, with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has written the following letter to his sister, Miss Julia Livesay, of Tom's Creek, Va., which she sends us with special request to publish:

"DEAR SISTER: I received your letter today and was sure sorry you all have the influenza, but hope you are better by now. I knew there was something wrong for I have not had any mail for two months. I hope I will be at home soon.

I was in Paris the day President Wilson arrived. There sure was some time that day. I never saw as many people in my life as was in Paris that day. That was my first trip there since I have been over here. It certainly is a beautiful city. I was talking to some boys today who were on their way home, who had not been over here more than two months, never having been to the front, and I call that good luck. I hope the next trip I take will be to a boat, but I think I will be in Verazone some time yet. There is but a few of us here at present. I am well satisfied, and do not have to work but three or four hours per day, and some days we have nothing at all to do. I will close. With love to all, and hoping you all will soon all be well soon, and that I may soon return home, I am your loving brother,

CHARLES.

our expected departure, when two guards who had slipped into the barracks, tapped on the bunch and said "get out of here quick," and we were informed we would have to ride "Morgan's mule" a spell before starting on our journey. We got up quickly and told them what we were talking about and that they could not blame us much under the circumstances. They agreed with us but said they would have to punish us some as we had disobeyed orders. From our barracks the distance to the mule was about three hundred yards. So we marched out, mounted the mule and took our farewell ride. Our guards were very reasonable and I do not think we were more than a half hour on the ride and back home. There were two men on the mule when we were put on and we left them there when we were released. We did not learn the nature of their offense but it must have been worse than talking about going home.

The next day, which was the 20th of February, three of us who were numbered were called out during the afternoon, marched to the commissary and three days rations issued to the main, consisting of hard tack and raw bacon. I was one of the last ones waited on by the sergeant and he being in a hurry said to me when we came to the hard tack, "fill up your haversack, fill up your haversack" and I proceeded to fill up my haversack in short order, and I feasted on those hard tacks for some days and nights and they certainly did eat good to me, for I had been hungry for more than six months.

By the time we got to the depot in Chicago it was after dark, and we were put on a fast passenger train and started on the way back to Dixie. We came by Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Baltimore, where we arrived on the evening of the 23rd and were marched from depot to the boat landing on the Chesapeake Bay and put on a steamboat by the name of "Charlotte Vanderbilt."

[to be continued.]

A Marvelous Career.

In 1807 a County-Down youth named James Wilson landed in Philadelphia, got work as a printer, that old craft of adventurers and wanderers and small purses stuffed with hope. He married an Uster girl, who had "come over" in the same emigrant ship. He thrived as a printer and editor in Pittsburg, whence his son, after learning the trade, went to college, became a Presbyterian minister, after the fashion of so many Ulsterites, "Black Mouth Presbyterian" as a phrase of mysterious origin and race recalls them took for a wife in 1849 Jessie Woodrow, daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian minister settled at the famous English border town of Carlisle. The Woodrows emigrated to Canada and thence to Ohio.

The younger Wilson was mostly a professor. In 1855 he became pastor of a church in Staunton, Va. There, sixty-two years ago, was born the child who, by whatever various gifts of will, of genius, of destiny, of energy, of industry, of ambition prudently and fortunately directed, is now the guest of Kings, the hope and favorite of many peoples, perhaps the foremost man of all this world.

Descendants on both sides of immigrants of the early nineteenth century, on both sides of that acute, intense, metaphysical Scotch Presbyterian brainy race which has filled libraries with theories of the universe and man, fought as stiffly as it argued, added not too much, perhaps, to the grace of life or the amenity of controversy, but in State and Church shows tenacity of moral purpose, capacity for public service, solidity, a sort of basaltic salient character, Woodrow Wilson inherited an intellectual tradition, high standards of life, the modest or narrow circumstances that are among the best spurs to manly endeavor.

He was born a professor, so to speak. The variousness of his academic environment in his early years seemed to bespeak for him that subdued but far-spreading influence which came to him as the head of a renowned university. He studied government and politics. He wrote history before he made it. He fitted himself, consciously or unconsciously, for the marvelous career that no man can have dreamed of ten years ago. It seems like a story from fairyland, his sudden rise, but he had long prepared himself for it. He was equal to the highest posts and duties. We knew him as a politician of surpassing acumen and success, a wielder and master of Congress, a thinker-out and maker of great policies, a speaker and writer of golden words, but nobody knew him in his first term. Not till he had led a peaceful people to war and filled them with the ardor of his own conviction, not until his long patience, his unyielding courage, his large perception of essentials and general principles, the passion and the power of his speech had filled the world with his fame, did we begin to see the measure of the man. There are few enough to pick in him, and the bitterness of censure has been equal to the fervor of the praise. This, at least, no one will deny him, that before he has reached the grand climacteric of age he has reached that of fame. More applauded, more illustrious, more powerful he cannot be, nor can he inspire a more sympathetic interest or kindle a wider attention in the world. On this birthday anniversary it is his shining merit, his unique position among

Watauga Boy Writes of the Fight.

Mr. A. J. Ward, of Watauga Falls, has received an interesting letter from his son, Linnell, with the American Expeditionary Force in France, which which we are publishing in part:

DEAR FATHER: Tonight I will answer your kind letter received yesterday. I was glad to hear from you, but was very sorry to hear of so much sickness around home, but hope all are better by now. This leaves me enjoying good health, and I am sure glad the war is over and I can give you some details of my trip overseas.

On May 12th we sailed from Boston, Mass., and arrived at Liverpool, England, on the 27th went on through England to the Channel on the train and caught a boat over to a port at Callail, France, arriving there on June 1. There we took a few weeks training, and about July 12th we went over into Belgium, and on the 14th we went to the front near Ypres, for our first trip, and there we took part in a big drive in which we took Camel Hill and then our division was mad shock troops, and of course we had to drive where other troops had failed. On Sept. 1st we were called to France to prepare for a big drive near Saint Quintin, and on the 29th of Sept. we smashed the Hindenburg line and captured the town of Belcart and Neyray and other towns and villages. We kept up the drive for nearly one month, and what we went thru was enough. We went over roads where they had driven, back the Huns in the morning and we would go out in the evening with the transport, as you see our kitchen always went with the transport, and the roads would be full of dead Boches and we would be in such a hurry that we could not take time to get them out of the way, so we just drove over them. I saw numbers of them so badly mangled up that you could hardly tell they were men. We had to keep in touch with our company, for they had to have hot meals if there was any chance. When the drive ceased and we got released and started back I saw a burial detail taking up the bodies, many of them being handled with shovels they were so mangled. So you see I have seen real war.

I have seen men blown all to pieces within ten feet of me and it seemed almost impossible for me to escape, and surely it was God's will for me not to be killed. Our division has gained quite a name. It is now called the Flying Div, that is what the Australians called it, as they were our artillerymen who put up such a good barrage for us.

I saw cement dug outs which were 60 feet under the ground, which were the work of the Huns. They had electric lights, spring beds, and everything comfortable.

the leaders of democracy, the plenitude of his fame that strikes the mind.

The emigrant returns, bringing his sheaves with him. He paid a pious visit to Carlisle, the home of his mother. The dissenting minister's grandson goes back to the old home, "the pillar of a people's hope, the centre of a world's desire." He found in the United States an opportunity which he had memorably used. To millions "who had inherited nothing but poverty and health," opportunity still offers itself itself, in this country of infinite hope and occasion. Within the light of his powers every immigrant, every emigrant's son, can make himself useful, honored successful.—New York Times.

ble. In one there was a small gasoline engine, which, if we had touched it, would have set off enough mines to have blown our division all away, but we were not as crazy as they thought we were. We soon learned to touch nothing that belonged to Fritz, for I saw men blown all to pieces by picking up things. The Germans did some dirty things while retreating. He was mean enough to mine some of his own dead and when our boys started to bury them they were blown up.

When the armistice was signed we came out of the lines and are now in France at a place near Leman. We were not out of range of shell fire for over five months, and you know I feel good now back here having a nice time, and expecting to go home soon. I want to remind you of my friend Oscar Mast, who is a first class sergeant. He belongs to G Co., 117 Inf. He was made Sergeant while at the front. He said tell his folks that he was getting on fine. I also want to mention Private Lacy Lane, another Watauga boy, who came over as a member of Co. G, 120 Inf., and went to the front as a stretcher bearer and he done such efficient work while at the front, that, when he came out of line, he was transferred to the Medical Department of 125 Inf. by request of high officers. And also Marsa Harmon, of Vilas, N. C., a son of Mr. Andy Harman. He put up a good fight in the Hindenburg drive and was wounded there. He got a machinegun bullet through his hip and was sent to King George Hospital in London, England. I received a letter from him yesterday stating that he would be with his company in a few days. So you can see that the Watauga boys put up a good fight. Your loving son,

LINNEL A. WARD.
Co. G, 120 Inf. A. E. F.



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