

THE ROBESONIAN

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WITH ROBESON SOLDIERS FROM THE TRENCHES.

Plenty of Fun Along With Work—Boys Get Good Food, Are Well Cared For and Enjoy Good Health—Robesonian a Welcome Visitor.

To the Editor of The Robesonian:

We are in the trenches, but not being caught right at present on either a wiring or carrying party, my thoughts turn to home folks and I decided to write and try to describe our life over here as I see it.

We have plenty of fun along with our work. When behind the lines we play ball, have field days and lots of other things for amusement, and at no time is life dull to us, and we like it much better than we expected. In part, life isn't at all bad. The Y. M. C. A. sees to it that we are supplied with plenty of paper and envelopes and our government doesn't require us to buy stamps, so there isn't any reason for not writing home. The "Y" also has huts close up behind the lines and all at any one time, and often come right up into the lines with candy, cakes, gum, cigarettes, tobacco, and paper and envelopes. They seem untiring in their efforts.

We get very good food, too, in our ration issue—meat, beef, cheese, spuds, onions, and loaf bread. We get wheat bread, too, having you all beat in that way, ours being all wheat; and we can purchase coffee, cakes, meat, eggs and milk from the civilian population. And in strawberry season we have bigger and finer strawberries than I have ever seen at home. Besides all these the Red Cross comes along occasionally with a nice box of smokes. This week the Times Herald of Dallas, Texas tobacco fund sent our battalion a big box of smokes which we have been enjoying at all leisure minutes.

The people back home seem to be all filled with the idea that we must have everything we can possibly get, and they have succeeded so well that many boys will be loath to leave the service after we have driven "Jerry" back onto his own soil.

Of course we are under fire when in the line but each of us and all the people back home expected that before coming over; but we also know that every shot is aimed at you; so we think that the majority of us will be going back home some day.

The health of the boys is better here than in the States. Rarely do we have a man go to the hospital, and we haven't yet had a serious case of sickness.

Among letters from home comes a big letter to all in the form of The Robesonian, and a good-sized scrap always follows as to who will read it first, no matter to whom it is addressed, and it is always read by every man from that part of the State.

With good luck to The Robesonian and everybody at home, I am, very sincerely,

BUGLER JENNINGS GERALD. Co. L, 119 Inf., A. E. F. (Letter not dated).

Letter From Camp Jackson. Correspondence of The Robesonian.

Camp Jackson, Sept. 20.—Everything is o. k. in old Jackson. It is raining hard now. I am in the hospital and have been here for some time but the doctor told me tonight that he would get me out by Sunday and you may know that I was some glad to hear that. I sure want to get back to my company where I ran get some more good stew. I am tired of

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eggs. I am with some of my boy friends from good old North Carolina and I am not much lonesome, but I rather be back with my company which is 380 bakery Co. That seems more like home to me.

Well, a mmon the sweetest place on my mind tonight is Baltimore, where I have spent the sweetest part of my life, and I wish I could be back there tonight. I can see the boys who I used to be with in my mind, but some of them are "over there" and I long to be with them. I have been in camp one year tonight but it seems like I have not been here that long. I only wish I knew where I will be September 20, 1919. I stood the over-sea examination today and passed and I am glad to know that I am able to go over and help catch old Bill for he is the cause of me not being at home tonight with dear old mother, who is by herself. I am at this camp and my brother is at camp Hancock, Ga., and mother is alone, but I pray to see the time come when we will all be back at home and the world will be at peace once more. I don't want mother worrying about me and brother, we are all right and I hope she is. I believe that the good people in Baltimore section will look after her for there are some of the best people around there that old Robeson has. Well, I think I will spend one day at the fair at Lumberton if I don't be gone from this camp. My company got orders yesterday that we would leave here in 60 days for over seas. I am a cook in the 380th bakery and I think that we will set dinner in Berlin Christmas day.

Well, it is bed time so I will stop for this time as it is my first time. I will try and write one time each week. With best wishes to The Robesonian and its readers.

MARVIN LOVETT, 380th Bakery Co.

A Message to Home Girls. Correspondence of The Robesonian.

Please allow me space in your valuable paper to write a few lines to my home girls of Robeson county.

Girls, remember me. You remember, perhaps, when we would meet together every Sunday morning around the church in Sunday school, when I could see your beautiful bright faces and sing those beautiful songs together, and now I often think of those good times that we used to have together. Hope you girls are having a good Sunday school now and progressing as you used to. Hoping to be back in my home Sunday school some time, by the help of God. So girls, remember this one that often thinks of you.

Private RILEY LOCKLEAR, Company H, 321st Infantry, A. E. F., Via. New York. Son of C. L. Locklear, Lumberton, N. C., R. F. D. No. 2, Box 45.

"Robeson is There and Will Do Her Share"—Interesting Letter From Elwood Whaley of Lumberton, Now in France.

Mr. S. F. Caldwell of Lumberton received a few days ago the following interesting letter from Mr. Elwood Whaley, who is now in France:

Dear Sir: You have been in my thoughts many many times since I bade you farewell in your office on that hot August afternoon just one year ago today, and I intended to write you long ere this, but "just didn't get to it," is the only excuse I can give. You know how we, some of us at least, are prone to neglect the execution of our good intentions. But something has said—militarily speaking—"snap out of it!"—so here goes.

Well, yes—dog-gone well (I don't cuss you know)—we have put another nice one over on Fritz and his barbarous bunch, for the transport on which we sailed, along with several others, steamed safely into a beautiful rock-bound harbor of France loaded brimful of khaki-clad Kaiser-killers. As we steamed into port one of the Victor machines aboard was playing "A Perfect Day"—and as we drew nearer "Helle! Kaiser Bill!" was put on. Then I walked up further on the forward hurricane deck just aft of the big guns and discovered a native Frenchman, an enlisted man in one of the squadrons aboard, standing in the midst of a throng of soldiers singing "The Marseillaise" and other allied national songs. Thus we entered France to lend a hand in stopping the biggest attempts to work wholesale evil a barbarous people ever conceived.

We are not near enough to the front yet to hear the big guns, but hadn't been off the boat long before we saw some Germans. They were prisoners of war, and it is quite satisfying to see them, for once, engaged in a good work. We were told that captains and lieutenants were in the bunch—but they all looked alike to me. A dirty, mean-looking lot, I'll tell you.

I was not the only Robesonian aboard—Lieut. Claud Poole of St. Pauls and one of Pink Campbell's boys sailed on the same transport. So you see old Robeson was pretty well represented aboard our craft, but that's not surprising, for she always has been well represented and always will be when anything really big is to be done. You remember the famous telegram, "Hold Robeson and save the State," and hold she did. Now it's "Hold France and save the world"—a bigger job and across hazardous seas, but Robeson was among the first to respond—and still they come; and will continue to come; you even though in your case it will be a great sacrifice. Yes, I'll tell you, Sir, when this autocratic, Hohenzollern, barbarous bunch of murderers baby-killers which have so seriously threatened the peace and liberty of the world, are buried so deep that the seed of their kind shall never sprout again, it can be said that "Robeson was there and done her share."

We are quartered in a very interesting, historic old fortified camp. They say that Napoleon once had headquarters here, and judging from the aged appearance of the old stone barracks and other buildings hereabouts, I don't doubt it one bit. This

one thing I am sure of: They were here during old Nap's day, we are only taking a little rest here, and will journey on in a few days nearer to the scene of action, I am thankful to say; for you know I enlisted, as afore-mentioned, year ago, but was unfortunately held in New York longer than I should have been. I had about decided that they were going to keep me in the home guard, as it seemed, for the duration of the war, but finally succeeded in getting transferred into an overseas squadron.

I don't know when I will get off to see Paris, but I guess it is not quite as gay there now as it was when you visited it before the war. I don't care much about going anywhere, though, until we finish this little job we came over here to do. I don't mean to underestimate it when I say "little," for I realize that this is no small undertaking we have shouldered, but we are going to see it through—and by "through" I mean we are going through the German lines, and over the German lines, and take the German lines, so to speak, and tie Old Glory so high with them that the whole world, and the German who survive, will realize what she stands for.

Duty calls now and I must close for this time. I will write you from time to time and will expect to get some good old United States news from your pen now and then. With very kindest regards to you and yours, I am your old pal of the peaceful days—Elwood.

ELWOOD L. WHALEY, 281st Aero Squadron, American E. F. in France.

August 29, 1918. Mr. W. A. Rice, of R. 4 from Lumberton arrived home Friday from Camp Wadsworth. He was given a 60 days agricultural furlough. Others from this district who went to camp with Mr. Rice are already in France. He was sick in a hospital when they left for overseas.

Robeson Boys in Fine Shape.

In a letter ordering the address of his Robesonian changed to France, Mr. Fulton O. Floyd, formerly of Fairmont, adds, "All the Robeson boys are in fine shape and we are 'somewhere' in France." Mr. Floyd went over with the eighty-first division, to which several hundred Robeson soldiers are attached.

Mr. A. V. G. Wishart of the U. S. army stationed at Camp Sevier, S. C., came home yesterday on a short furlough. He will return to camp tomorrow.

Lieut. Jack Skipper's Negro Gunners Riddled Enemy Plane.

The following dispatch of the 27th inst. to the Wilmington Star is of special interest to Robesonian readers as Lieut. Skipper is a son of Clerk of the Court C. B. Skipper and Mrs. Skipper of Lumberton:

"Lieut. Jack Skipper, son-in-law of Carl W. Pridden, register of deeds here, in a letter to Mrs. Skipper encloses a German two-note mark with a history. The money belonged to a German aviator. It was printed in August, 1914. The aviator attacked an American balloon in the rear of the lines held by Lieutenant Skipper's regiment, an outfit of colored dough boys from the South. He had to fly low to get his gun to bear upon the sausage. The machine gun company of the negro regiment opened up on the Boche and brought him hurtling to the ground. Lieutenant Skipper is an officer of the machine gun company. They saw the observer in the balloon's basket descend by means of a parachute, escaping with a scratched nose. They then saw the enemy machine riddled by their bullets. The Hun pilot was dead when the Americans got to him. Among the things in his pockets was the two-pound note, a flimsy paper thing of cheap appearance."

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

Impartial Justice to All Nations and to Secure it There Must Be a League of Nations.

The price of peace will be impartial justice to all nations, the instrumentality indispensable to secure it is a league of nations formed not before or after, but at the peace conference; and Germany, as a member, "will have to redeem her character not by what happens at the peace table, but by what follows."

This was President Wilson's answer given Friday night before an audience of fourth Liberty loan workers in New York, to the recent peace talk from the Central Powers, although he did not refer specifically to the utterances of enemy leaders. Peace was not a question, declared the President, of "coming to terms" for we cannot "come to terms" with them as they have made it impossible. "Peace must be guaranteed or there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement to remove that source of 'insecurity.'"

"It would be folly to leave the guarantee to the subsequent voluntary action of the governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Kumania," continued the President.

MARIETTA NEWS ITEMS.

Annual Meeting of Red Cross—School Begins October 7th—Thursday Clean-Up Day—Personal.

Correspondence of The Robesonian.

Marietta, Sept. 27.—The Red Cross held its annual meeting at the school building on Wednesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: Mr. C. T. Harrington, chairman; Mr. W. M. Oliver, vice-chairman; Mrs. T. C. Parham, secretary; Miss Laura Scarborough, treasurer. Miss Mae Oliver is acting for Miss Scarborough until she arrives. It is time to pay our dues again. We hope you will do it promptly. We would like to see more present at our meetings.

Prof. W. T. Jenrette and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Page were Lumberton visitors today.

We are very glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harrington to our little town. Mr. Harrington purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. Wells. The wedding was very quiet on account of the recent death in the bride's family. We wish for them happiness and success.

Mr. Paul S. Oliver left Saturday for A. and E. college, Raleigh. He only spent two days at home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Page and Mrs. Florence Oliver carried Mrs. Lilly Oliver to the hospital in Fayetteville Wednesday to have an operation on her nose.

Mrs. J. M. Connelly's condition continues about the same. She had a very weak spell last Saturday.

Our school will begin on October 7th. We want all the children who possibly can to enter the first day. Also all the little ones who expect to start before Christmas, so we can arrange the classes. We have our same teachers except Miss Cherry.

Miss Lula Pace has the grades she taught. Next Thursday afternoon has been appointed to clean up the school house and grounds. Now don't depend on some one else to go and do your part or clean it up for your children. You go and help. Go early so we can get through before night. Don't forget to carry something to clean up with—brooms, hoes, etc. If it is a rainy day so we can't work, go Friday afternoon.

Messrs. Craven Harrington and Forest Hamilton left this week for Trinity Park School.

CASUALTY LIST

Killed in action—Privates John S. Doty, Clemmons, N. C.; Carl Driver, Raleigh, N. C.; Joseph N. Murray, Blackville, S. C.; William L. Sheets, Ludez, N. C.; Wade Thompson, Sellers, S. C.; Dudley B. Brantley, Middlesex, N. C. (marine corps); Sergeant Harvey M. Ledwell, Randleman, N. C.

Died of wounds—Private Furman D. Stribling, Columbia, S. C.

Died of disease—Privates George W. Alfred, Franklinville, N. C.; Preston Robinson, Anderson, S. C.

Died from accident—Thomas H. Mitchell, Lillington, N. C.

Wounded severely—Sergeant Raleigh R. Wall, Henrietta, N. C.; Corporals William Fred Bullard, Alexia, N. C.; Nickolas C. Donnell, Greensboro, N. C.; Privates Lawson T. Munday, Taylorsville, N. C.; Robert E. Paris, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Joseph D. Porter, North Wilkesboro, N. C.; Bartie R. Long, Chadbourne, N. C.

Land Auction Sale Friday.

The John H. Caldwell plantation, about 5 miles from Lumberton on the Carthage road, has been cut into small farms by the Newberry Realty & Auction Co. of Warsaw. The farms will be sold at public auction Friday of this week at 10:30 a. m.

EAT CORN SAVE WHEAT. Includes an illustration of a corn cob.

Has a High Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I have a high opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets for biliousness and as a laxative," writes Mrs. C. A. Barnes, Charleston, Ill. "I have never found anything so mild and pleasant to use. My brother has also used these tablets with satisfactory results."

—Mr. Wm. Bullard, who lives in the eastern part of town, fell while working on a barn near Boardman Thursday and broke a rib. Mr. Bullard did not fall to the ground, but fell against a piece of sheeting.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Or-ganic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. Alters, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.



When you plant corn you grow corn. Plant your money in Our Bank and grow RICH. WE ADD 4 PER CENT INTEREST. COME TO OUR BANK. First National Bank (Bank opposite the court house) LUMBERTON, N. C.

Lumberton Motor Car Co. "I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my car in all the ten months I've had it!" said the motorist. "So the book-keeper of the concern who repaired it says!" replied the friend in corroboration. The Automobile Dealer suffers long and still is kind. The greatest of all is Charity. Maxwells, all styles—the big Gas saver of motordom. Chalmers cars—The best for the price made today. Maxwell One Ton Trucks and Federal Trucks all sizes and styles of body. Lumberton Motor Car Co. LUMBERTON N. C.

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