

# GOLD STAR MOTHER DIED JUNE 13TH

Mrs. Sallie Shankle in Her 84th Year. Heart.

Mrs. Sallie LaRose Shankle died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. T. Brady, on Watson Heights at 9 o'clock the night of June 13, 1946.

She had been in remarkably good health for one in her 84th year. She voted in the May 25th primary, as was her custom, and was at the Methodist church as usual on June 9th.

On Wednesday night before her death, she complained of a touch of indigestion—and next night June 13th gently passed away from a heart attack. She went as she would have wished—with no long illness.

The funeral was held Sunday, June 16th, from the Methodist church, with many friends attending. In years past she has



Mrs. Sallie Shankle died June 13, 1946

herself attended the funerals, and weddings, of others; and when either event was to take place, Mrs. Shankle could be depended upon to be present—to show her sorrowing respect, or gladsome rejoicing.

The officiating ministers were Rev. D. E. Earnhardt and Dr. Bruce Benton. Some years ago Mrs. Shankle had requested Mr. Benton to make some comments on the 8th chapter of Romans at her funeral, and he did so most appropriately.

The following were the pallbearers for Mrs. Shankle—John Covington, George Steele, Ammie Webb, Wilson Hasty, John Entwistle, W. Z. Harrison.

Interment was on the eastern slope of Eastside Cemetery, in the Brady plot, where is buried William P. Ingram (1869-1925), and Willie Brady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Brady who was born Sept. 28, 1918, and who



Cpl. Willie W. Shankle Killed July 20, 1918

died Nov. 11, 1923. And also recently buried in this family plot is John Thomas Brady, who was born May 13, 1876, and who died May 21, 1946.

Mrs. Shankle was born Nov. 12, 1862, daughter of Eben N. and Fannie Biggers Ingram. On Oct. 20, 1880, she was married to William Franklin Shankle who died Feb. 14, 1897.

Surviving Mrs. Sallie Shankle are three daughters, 7 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren. The daughters are Mrs. Sam T. (Pearl) Thompson of Charlotte, with one daughter and a granddaughter; Mrs. J. A. (Ina) Porter with 5 children and 8 grandchildren; Mrs. J. T. (Opa) Brady with one daughter and a grandchild.

Also, there was a son—Willie. And it is of Cpl. W. W. Shan-

kle that Mrs. Shankle would like the Post-Dispatch to write more fully—and of her trip as a Gold Star mother to his grave in France in July, 1930.

### Shankle Killed in France.

Willie W. Shankle was killed in battle in France on July 20, 1918, in World War One. And he was buried there. His mother, our Mrs. Sallie Shankle, just died, preferred that he remain over there where he gave his life for his country.

On July 21, 1930, Mrs. Shankle and Mrs. Fannie Blalock of Hamlet, left by train for New York and boarded ship for a voyage to France to the graves of their sons, as guests of the Government. The large group of War Mothers left New York July 23rd on the big ship "George Washington."

And here is the story that Editor Isaac London wrote for this Post-Dispatch on July 17, 1930, about Mrs. Shankle's trip. Friends will no doubt be interested in re-reading it now:

"And this mother is looking forward with eager anticipation to her Great Adventure, even as her stalwart young son William Wesley Shankle, looked forward to crossing the waters when he volunteered in April, 1917. But Corporal Shankle lost his life in a great counter-thrust at Chateau Thierry on July 20, 1918, when his First Division connected with the 153rd French Division attacked to the edge of Barys-le-Sec. With gun in hand, marching with quick, sure step, with eyes that knew not fear, young Shankle was struck by a fragment of explosive shell which passed through his heart, killing him instantly. He lies buried in the American cemetery of Seringes-et-Nesles, Aisne, France, in Grave No. 19, Row 13, Block D. And it is thither that his mother, who gave him up so gladly when he responded so promptly to his Country's call back in April, 1917, is going, to drop a tear on his green-swarded grave—for while others may forget, mothers never do. Only to their mothers are these lads still alive and young, as the dead always wish to be. And it is for that reason that our government is sending 4,500 mothers on a pilgrimage of love across the ocean for a last farewell at their graves.

### Of Fighting Stock.

Willie Shankle came of fighting stock. Both of his grandfathers, Eli Shankle and Eben N. Ingram, shared the hardships of Lee's great army, which was finally overwhelmed but never defeated. He was born near Norwood Sept. 26, 1896, the son of William F. Shankle, who died three months before the boy's birth in '96. His mother was Sallie Shankle, daughter of Eben N. Ingram, and she was born Nov. 12, 1862. The lad's grandfather Ingram died at the age of 85 in 1926 and an uncle still survives in Texas at the age of 86.

### Was an Early Volunteer.

Willie was the youngest of four children, and he and his widowed mother came to Rockingham soon after the Twentieth century started. He attended the splendid graded school in the town of Rockingham for several years, and grew up into a sturdy, handsome young man. When the United States declared war against Germany on April 3, 1917, Willie Shankle had quit school and just started to work in the aluminum plant at Badin. The call to arms fired him instantly. There was never a moment's hesitation. Nine days later, on April 12th, he volunteered; there was no waiting for a draft. He was first sent to Fort Thomas, Kentucky, then to El Paso, where he was placed in Co. L, of the 16th Regulars. He sailed for France with Pershing in Pershing's Crusaders, this young knight of 20 summers, on June 3, 1917, landing on June 26th. He developed rapidly, although in a regiment of old-line soldiers, and he won his non-commissioned officer's rank, that of Corporal, soon after reaching 21. He was 6 feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and all muscle—the sort of manhood that Uncle Sam needed.

The 1st Division of Regulars saw early action, and much of it. Willie's letters home to his mother passed over lightly the battles; and dangers he encountered were all in the day's

work.

### In the Great Offensive.

But finally came the supreme test—the great offensives—but first the defensive—of July, 1918.

All summer long under the brilliant leadership of Von Ludendorff, the German troops had conducted a vicious successful offensive campaign, and had again reached the Marne. But in their rapid drive, the Germans were thrust forward in a spearhead, or triangle, which tapered back on one side of the Soissons salient and on the other, to Rheims. The allies held both these corners. In an effort to strengthen his lines, Ludendorff planned for a new attack on July 15th. But the allies beat him to it with a counter-attack just a few minutes before the Germans started—and the offensive once underway, was never stopped until the Armistice was declared on Nov. 11th, 1918!

### 1st Division Wins.

The Tenth allied army was assigned the job on July 20th of undertaking the reduction of the salient projection towards Chateau-Thierry, and resting with its base on the Vasse between Soissons and Pismes. In this Tenth Army was the Twentieth French corps, forming the spearhead of the Tenth army. And this 20th corps was composed of the 1st and 2nd divisions A. E. F. with the 1st French Moroccan division wedged in between the two American units. Gen. Pierre Berdoulat was in command of this corps.

### And Willie Shankle is Killed.

The 1st American division in which was our young Shankle, had its left liaison with French 153rd division. And these two divisions successfully carried their objective in the early hours of July 20th, right up to the borders of Berzy-le-sec, and to the outskirts of the sugar refinery of Noyant, and then capturing Buzancy. But in this attack, just as the sun was peeping over the horizon, Corporal Willie Shankle came face to face with Death—and those who knew the boy know he met it unflinchingly, his face to the enemy. A fragment of high explosive shell pierced his heart, and he fell—to be numbered as long as Time shall last as one of those who fell at his country's behest! Within a few hours, the battle was over, the division relieved by a Scotch division, and the Germans were in general retreat—not to end until the capitulation barely four months later.

### 126,000 Lives Lost.

126,000 young Americans gave their lives on foreign battlefields. They died heroes, like young crusaders. Many of the bodies were brought back to America, but many remained "In Flander Fields."

### Lieut. Lawrence McCullen

Among the soldiers buried in France is Lt. William Lawrence McCullen, of Co. H, 120th, 30th division, killed Sept. 29, 1918, in action. His parents, who resided in Rockingham, preferred that his body remain in France, where he had sacrificed his life. And his mother, Mrs. A. McCullen, would perhaps also be going on the Pilgrimage were she physically strong enough.

### John F. Blalock.

Another Richmond county soldier who fell in battle, in June, 1918, is John F. Blalock; and his step mother, Mrs. Fannie R. Blalock, who lives in Hamlet, is also leaving this Monday night on the same train with Mrs. Shankle, for this trip abroad.

### How the Cemeteries Are Kept.

The American cemeteries are marvelously kept, the rows and rows of crosses, stretching in straight rows ahead, and in oblique rows, and in rows straight across—all geometrically correct. There are no flowers, no weeds, and no mounds; but the graves are level, green grass, closely cut.

### The Pilgrimage to France.

These war mothers from North and South Carolina will find their graves, the objective of their long pilgrimage by land, by water and by land again. And all they will see will be a cold marble cross graven with her son's name.

But what a satisfaction even that will be, and of seeing just how and where he abides the Resurrection. From Rockingham Mrs. Shankle is carrying a bit of Richmond county earth to sprinkle on her Willie's grave. "Earth to earth;" but it will be the soil he loved—mixed with the soil on which his life's blood flowed!

(By Isaac S. London R'ham).

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## PERSONALS

Terrell Everitt left June 13th for the summer school at the University.

Mrs. Berta Dial is now working with Betty's Beauty parlor; she is from Lilesville.

Mrs. Fred Beambard and little girl of Gastonia, spent last week here with her twin sister, Mrs. T. W. Infinger.

Mrs. D. L. Coppedge and Betty Myrick, nurse-cook, left June 16th for a stay of some weeks with Mrs. Ed Douglas at Ararat, Va.

Born, June 13th to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Phillips in the Wadesboro hospital, a son, Anthony Marshall; their other two children are girls. Mrs. Phillips was the former Frances Wittman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Richardson and daughter, Gail, last week moved into their new home in the northern section of Richmond Park. Mr. Richardson is cashier of the Richmond County Bank.

Elsie McGowan of the grammar school faculty, is spending the summer at Wrightsville at the Snug Harbor cottage, managed by Mrs. L. T. Abeo who operated the grammar school lunch room this past year.

At Myrtle Beach for the rest of June and a week in July are Mrs. Richard Baker and young Steven, Mrs. Isaac Jay Helms and Jayne, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kennedy. Dr. Baker and Jay

will go to the beach on the weekend—Saturday night to Sunday night.

Miss Bessie Terry left June 19th for Greensboro to take a special four weeks' course in the summer school at W. C. U. N. C.

Going this Saturday night by train for a week in New York are Mr. and Mrs. LeGrand Land and Mr. and Mrs. John Entwistle, stopping at the Abbey hotel.

Fire truck called to the Square Monday night at 6:30; a bit of blaze had developed around the carburetor of a negro's old car. Put out without use of truck hose.

Capt. and Mrs. A. P. Bonnaffon are visiting at the Mullis home here. They have been at Ft. Sill since last fall, a special course at the General Staff school at Ft. Leavenworth. The Captain will return to Germany early in July, and his wife will go when transportation plans can be made.

### To Beach for Week.

Leaving here Monday for a week at the Ledbetter cottage at Myrtle Beach were Mr. and Mrs. Billy Everett, Margie Everett, Martha Gasque, Peggy McNair, Dottie Covington, and Peggy Hardison of Wadesboro.

### "Sis" Has House-party.

"Sis" Garrett, pretty young daughter of Dentist Reid and Frances, is hostess at a house-party this week at the Garrett cottage at Crescent Beach—Ann Garrett, Jean Milliken, Betty Deane, Bobby Sue Millikin, "Topsy" Shannonhouse, Becky Ann Fowlkes.

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## LOOK OUT FOR POISON IVY

Don't Dare Touch It.

When the summertime comes along, the desire to take to the open road becomes strong. Everything is fresh and new and alive. We want to sit in the grass, climb a tree or pick flowers.

Well, there's one flower or plant it's a good idea to be on the look out for in order to avoid—and its name will tell you why: POISON IVY.

It's a pretty thing and gets around wherever you do—along roadsides, in picnic grounds and recreational areas, on tree trunks (it's a climbing vine) and fences. It's easily spotted, having three-part leaves, usually red and green, which are smooth and glossy.

If you get too close to this plant you will soon know. Whatever part of your skin has rubbed against it will suddenly itch, get red and burn. Blisters may break out.

It's a bad case, you should see a doctor. But in the meantime, or if the case is mild, you can wash the exposed area with a strong laundry soap, which will remove the oily resins causing the irritation. Don't use toilet soap—it's too mild; don't use cold creams or ointments—they can be harmful.

Poison ivy usually lasts ten days to three weeks, depending on the severity of the case.

Less well-known than poison ivy, but somewhat more severe in its effects, is poison sumach. This plant is found in swamps and bogs, but it's also often hidden in clumps of small shrubs. The latter is the more difficult to find and therefore more dangerous. The leaves run in series or groups of four to six leaflets.

Although more severe than poison ivy, the care, pending a visit to a physician, is the same because both are essentially skin irritations.

Before going on a summer outing it might be a good idea to find out in advance what the plants look like. You can find them in a nature book, or you can write your local or state health department for a pamphlet on plants harmful to man.

In the next article, the "cure" for T. B. will be discussed. This column is sponsored, in the interest of better health, by Richmond County Tuberculosis and Health Association.

Mrs. Walter S. Thomas  
Exec. Sec.

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