

Jackson County Journal.

VOL. IV NO. 7

SYLVA, N. C., APR. 11, 1919.

\$1.50 THE YEAR IN ADVANCE

SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES

Dear Brother:—I believe you asked me to write a little history of the west and the experience I had in war with Germany.

First I will start back at Argura, N. C. In the year of 1888, I was born in Jackson county, Argura, N. C., played on the oak hills there many summer days. School days came and found me in the little church house at Sols Creek—there being no school house we studied in the church house. Many days went by and pretty soon I was almost a grown up man and next thing I knew I was in the C. N. & I. S. at Cullowhee N. C. My teacher was Prof. Madison who helped build up the schools in North Carolina, and pretty soon my mind was running westward and my brother, Lowery E. Fortner, and myself began preparations to come to the ever-green state. This was in 1909—I being 21 and brother Lowery 18 years old. On March 1st, 1909, we boarded the train at Sylva for Lyman, Wash. We crossed the continent in a N. W. direction of 3867 miles, and on March 6th we stepped off the train in a new country. There we met our sister who had come west ahead of us and whom we had had not seen for some time.

We spent about a month looking the country over, then we went to work. Lowery going into the logging department and is today chief engineer of steam engines of all kinds at 75 cents per hour. I went into the shingle mill and learned the shingle business. I ran the steam cutoff and drag saw at 55 cents per hour. We worked for the Skagit Log and Shingle Co. for about five years. Lowery made one trip down south and Father and Mother came back west with him.

April 1914 we came up to the Sank Paery, at Darrington, Wash. and when the autumn leaves began to fall, to the hills we went; killed many deer, bear and cats. In this way we learned the country all around from Victoria, B. C. or from coast to coast. In the meantime we bought land and built us a nice home on Sank river, four miles out of town.

This brings me up to when I was called to the colors to help make the world safe (from war).

I was called September 19, 1917; passed as a No. 1 man, mustered in at Camp Lewis, Wash. There I learned the drills from the squad to platoon, then company to battalion, to regimental, to divisional, also completed the intelligence, passed as a sniper for over seas service. This was from September 16, 1917 to June 23, 1918. Then on June 23rd, 60,000 of us left Camp Lewis for New York. June 29th we were in Camp Merritt, N. J. July 5th we crossed the bay and loaded on the U. S. S. Korah at 23rd Brooklyn St. New York. July 5th we sailed eleven large ships for France. July 17th we docked at Glasgow, Scotland, then through Scotland and England to Southampton, crossed the English Channel to Rue De Lahavre, France.

Then we took box cars across France, which took three days. We unloaded at Meuse, then hiked seven miles, or four 1-3 miles to Chauffort, where we drilled from July 28th to August 29, learned the new battle formations and on September 1st, 1918, we started for the front. We would march at night through mud and rain and sometimes mud up to the knee. Then at day we would get into the woods and sleep on the cold ground and it raining to beat anything.

On September 29th we came under shell fire and gas. We were in support at Metz and Nancy, and

on the night of September 25th we took over the French sector where they had been for four long years, and at 5:30 o'clock on the 26th we went over the top, through No-Man's-Land, fought all day long, losing thousands of men. We stopped at 6:30 that night and took a short rest. Our beds were made of the cold mother earth, mud and water. At 3:30 of the 27th we were up and at them again, wading through barbed wire and mud, trenches and machine gun fire and gas and heavy artillery fire, taking something like 10,000 German prisoners. I took up the sniping and was about 100 yards in front of my company, clearing out an orchard of snipers, when I was wounded. I had six German snipers to my credit when I was shot. This was in the Argonne wood, known as the Meuse and Argonne battle, the bullet hitting my right arm about one inch above the elbow, coming out midway of upper arm in inner side, entering right chest, fracturing the 12th Dorsal and out cutting 8th vertebrae one and one-quarter inch from back bone carrying along with it two inches of it. Then I rolled and pulled myself along down into a road and rolled into the water gutter to get protection from machine gun fire. That was 2:30 p. m. of the 27th; I was picked up at 4:30 next day, the 28th; nothing to eat for four long days and nights. The Red Cross picked me up and loaded me in their ambulance and started for the hospital. We traveled all that night and next day over a shelled road to E. H. No. 7 hospital, got dressed and something to eat—first for four days. Then we loaded into the Red Cross hospital train, traveled for two days when we reached Orleans Red Cross Base Hospital. This brings the time to October 6th, and 14 days after I received my wound influenza started in my right chest which caused another operation, and two Daken tubes put in my chest and were removed December 25th.

I was on my back for 55 days, couldn't turn over or raise myself up and the first day I was taken out was led into a wheel chair. I tipped the scales at 85 pounds. Was classed as D to be shipped back to the U. S. the 2nd of November. Was sent to Savenay Base, 69, and was there until the 21st of December; then went to St. Nazaire to sail for the U. S. I was not able to celebrate the 11 month, 11 day and 11 hour, but I enjoyed seeing the other boys.

On December 21st we were loaded on the U. S. S. Antigone and sailed for the States. There were 900 casualties of us together, and we landed at Newport News, Va., January 3, 1919; some glad too. January 15, I was discharged from the hospital. So you see I was in the hospital from October 1st to January 15, 1919. Then we went to Camp Fremont, Calif., from there to Camp Lewis, Wash. We got to Camp Lewis February 19, 1919 and were put into the convalescent department and were discharged from there. I got my final papers March 8th, 1919, and now I am home again feeling my own once more.

Now, as you know, my grandfather, W. R. Fortner helped to carry the Indians to Little Rock, Ark., and our father, E. W. Fortner, helped win our freedom in the struggle of 1862-65 and we all came out victorious because we were for the right.

Now, as our great writers say, it behooves me to tell all I have seen and heard, but as our great philosopher Emerson, we will not speak of the sacrifice of the present time. Now we know the struggle o'er

No flash from the rusting guns,
No rifle lights the plain,
No clotted crimson river runs
From Flanders to Lorraine.

The white year breaks against
the sky,
Beyond the last red plain

Save ten million drifting ghosts
who never knew nor cared.

Your loving brother,
CPL. JOHN H. FORTNER.

CO. COMMISSIONERS ADOPT ROAD LAW

The County Commissioners in regular session last Monday adopted the Redwine Road bill whereby the Commissioners can sell bonds, borrow money or either raise the one fourth by taxation. This act only affects the national and state high ways, and the roads will remain under the same law that they have been for the past several years.

The Commissioners filled all vacancies in the different road trustees through the county, and they are urged to get busy at once and repair the roads under their supervision.

As soon as the State Highway Commissioners makes the surveys and estimates as to the cost the County Commissioners will raise the necessary one fourth to meet the Federal and State aid.

According to the press the State Highway Commissioners are going to get busy and start work on the roads through the State at the earliest possible moment, and as this county was among the first to apply for aid it is thought that we will be among the first counties to get the road work started.

WORK ON NEW RAILROAD WILL BE STARTED SOON

Material to be used in the construction of the new railroad between Hayesville, in Clay county, and Andrews, of Valleytown township, in Cherokee county, are being received along the site of the proposed line, according to word received in Asheville. It is the opinion of the contractors that the line will be completed and ready for freight and passenger service within one year.

When the railroad is finished it will mark the realization of an ambition of citizens of Clay county that it had its inception several years ago.

Moved by public opinion, four years ago, the commissioners of Clay county issued bonds for \$75,000, their share of the contemplated road. The other \$75,000 was furnished by the Valleytown township. Work was started on the road but the money was used up in grading and only a few cross ties were laid before the project had to be abandoned. The authorities in charge have tried for the past three years to induce some interested company to complete the road but only recently have their wishes been realized. S. F. Chapman and John Arbogast of Asheville have formed a corporation and contracted to complete the road within the next year. It is believed that work on the road will be started in a few days.

Hayesville, the county seat of Clay county, is isolated by lack of rail facilities and it is believed that the completion of the road will serve as a boon to building in this section of the state.

In anticipation of the completion of the road, three brick mercantile buildings have been started and the Methodist congregation has just completed a \$25,000 church.

Several business men of Clay, Graham and Cherokee county, have formed a corporation and bought the Andrews Sun. They will spend \$20,000 for improvements and will convert the publication into a tri-county weekly paper.

NOTICE

Advertisement

To all who read the advertisement of my property for taxes in Sylva Township in last weeks issue.

It was a mistake and should not have been printed, for I paid my taxes on this property on Jan. 8th 1919 and have my receipt for same. If all the mistakes that have been on our tax books this season were in dollars and cents and I had them I could pay my taxes several times without being advertised.

Yours truly
S. H. Montieth.

PEACE TREATY READY BY EASTER

PARIS, April 6.—The preliminary peace treaty will be ready by Easter and the Germans will be asked to come and sign it at the end of April or the beginning of May. Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain, declared in an interview today with Stephane Lauzanne, editor of the *Matin*.

In answer to a remark by M. Lauzanne that what troubled public opinion was not so much the delay as the secrecy in which the peace negotiations were wrapped and the fear that there was some divergence of opinion, the British premier said:

"I affirm that there is no difference among the negotiators. They are often confronted with technical differences which can only be settled after close study. Take the question of reparations. In substance the allies have one common principle, which I once set forth thus: 'Germany must pay up to the last farthing of her power.'"

"But is it sufficient to draw up a bill and hand it to enemy? Must we not require guarantees and must we not study the terms, methods and forms of delayed payments? Must we not be able to say to our adversary when he pleads inadequacy of resources: 'Yes, you can go as far as that and you must do it and you must do that?'"

In a word, shall we simply present a bill or collect the money, all the money possible? Well, that is where the work comes in slow and that technical experts of the highest capabilities and great experience are not in agreement, among themselves either as to the method of liquidation or as to the assets to be realized.

"No, there is divergence among the negotiators, but, alas, there are inevitable ones among the experts often among those from the same country. Who is to decide between them if not the negotiators and do you think it can always be done quickly?"

M. Lauzanne remarked that what public opinion could not understand was, why, before everything, Germany was not handed a full bill no matter what amount and forced to admit full liability.

"And who says we shall not do so?" cried Premier Lloyd George. "Who says we have not decided that?"

"No one," the interviewer interrupted, "has said that you have decided it."

The British premier resumed:

"Cannot the people wait until we have finished our work instead of always wanting to judge our intentions. This conference had to meet and discuss things under conditions unprecedented in history. All eyes are turned toward it, and what is more grave, all ears are glued at its keyhole. Enemy ears tremble with joy when they detect some hesitation. Friendly ears half hear confused rumors which are peddled far and quickly."

"The day does not pass but what some false news here and there takes its flight. Nevertheless, no day passes but that we in silent deliberation feel approaching nearer the great aim and experience for each other more esteem, confidence and affection. Let public opinion wait a few days. It will then be able to pronounce on facts, not rumors."—Asheville Citizen.

THE MINISTRY OF LITTLE CHILDREN

The tragic death of little four-year old Miriam Allen Rhinehart deeply stirred and moved the Clyde community. She was a universal favorite. She was so bright and intelligent, so sunny and cheerful. Her ministry though brief was blessed, inspiring and helpful. She was a blessing to the writer and his family, for she spent almost as much time with us as she did at her own home. The sweet spirited little child is now with Jesus who when here among men, took little children in His arms, and blessed them, declaring that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

My heart goes out toward parents who have lost dear little children. My wife and I buried our first-born when only nine months old—so I

purpose dedicating this article to fathers and mothers who have committed darling babes to old mother earth—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The innocence, the gaily, the purity and the simplicity of children have called forth some of the sweetest, tenderest and most pathetic strains of poetry in the world's literature. Now hear the poet king of Israel: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou founded a stronghold because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." It is the consensus of opinion among our ablest expositors that David means literal babes and sucklings. Thus the sublime Hebrew poet finds childhood a refuge from the carping cares, perplexing doubts and rude rebuffs of this wicked world. How the genius of our great poets has been stirred and kindled by the celestial beauty of childhood. The following lines by an American poet finds an echo in every human heart:

They are idols of the heart and the household,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in the tresses
His glory still gleams from their eyes.

Oh! those truants from home and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,

And I know how Jesus could liken The Kingdom of God to a child.

I love to listen to our poets because they seem to stand upon a loftier plane than ordinary mortals and have clearer insight into human experience. The beauty of childhood touched the heart and fired the imagination of Wordsworth. Hear him:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come

From God, who is our home,
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Henry Vaughn has the following exquisitely beautiful sentiment: Happy those early days, when I Shined in my angel infancy! Before I understood this place, Appointed for my second race Or taught my soul to fancy aught But a white celestial thought; When yet I had not walked A mile or two from my first love And back at that short space, Could see a glimpse of His bright face.

What a stronghold for troubled hearts is bright, sweet, sunny childhood! Disaster has overtaken you, misfortune has come upon you. Sharpers have overreached and defrauded you, friends have been false; thoroughly disgusted with humanity, you turn away from the din, the bustle and tumult of the world, and seek refuge in the bosom of your family. The children "climb your knee the envied kiss to share," their love, innocence and purity are for your storm-driven spirit an impregnable anchorage. Your heart was fast becoming encrusted with the very ice of moral death, but the genial sunshine of the home circle has thawed it all away. A legion of scowling demons were about to enter the courts of your spiritual being; but the bright eyes, the glad smiles and merry shouts of childhood have exorcised them. You are lifted to a higher plane—you feel the bracing air waves of a purer atmosphere. The broken hearted mother who has just returned from the grave of her dear husband, finds in the love of the sunny haired nestlings in her darkened home a perennial well-spring of life. With more than the strength of a giant, those velvety, dimpled hands buoy up and sustain the mother who would faint and fall under her burden of care and grief. Mr. Lincoln says: "I never knew what the grace of God really meant until my little Willie died."

T. FULTON GLENN.

Clyde-on-the-Pigeon, Feb. 3, 1919.

Mr. F. A. Brown has sold his home near the Doggett school and moved to Sylva, Jackson county; but before going he gave the Doggett school more than a hundred volumes of good books to go in the library. We are grateful to Mr. Brown for the books. It shows he is interested in the community.—Forest City Herald.

HOFFMAN-MOLDING PROCESS

Rapid progress and development has marked the course of the Hoffman Process as it is being handled by the New Method Molding and Metals Corporation of Buffalo, during the past few weeks.

It was in the first week of last November that William M. Hoffman's new invention was first shown to the world in a demonstration at No. 369 Main Street, maintained by the Eastern Bond and Securities Company. Since that time the new process of casting metals and manufacturing heat refractories has become the talk of the industrial world. The New Method Molding and Metals Corporation procures the raw material from the mines in North Carolina and has established there a modest plant where it is ground up from a huge stick of amphibole asbestos and actinolite and mixed with the material that serves to bind it together again, the formula for which bond is Hoffman's valuable secret.

For Western Pennsylvania and Western New York the Buffalo subsidiary company has started operations by securing a factory at No. 87 Brayton Street, where it is now producing fire bricks, refractories and insulating material. The first order for this new Buffalo enterprise came properly from another progressive Buffalo company which a few years ago was fighting its way into existence too and now is one of the city's best industries.

The New York company which handles the business for Eastern New York, Western Massachusetts, all of Connecticut and Vermont, has piled up a mass of orders and to fill them has arranged for a foundry which is to be built on the new lines necessary for a Hoffman process plant, at Glendale, Long Island, has granted a franchise under royalty to the Walker M. Levett Co., which operates the largest foundry in New York City.

The Philadelphia company which controls Eastern Pennsylvania and the states of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia, has been in operation a little over a month and has made spectacular progress. The president is Charles A. Davis, formerly in charge of the Union Works, San Francisco, then of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, and when he was chief erecting engineer for the E. I. Du Pont Nemours Powder Company, Mr. Hurley of the Emergency Fleet sent for him and placed him in charge of the 27 ship ways at Hog Island. He resigned from Hog Island after the war to take up the Hoffman process. His associates are all former executives of Hog Island.—Buffalo Evening Times.

WHAT MR. HOFFMAN HAS TO SAY

Amphibole Asbestos is the short fiber grade of this mineral and has no value except as a heat resisting product and in order to make it useful or of commercial value, it must be ground fine, and it proved very difficult to reduce it to a powder as its fibrous condition prevented it from feeding to the grinding device. After trying almost every make of grinding mill I became discouraged and was about to give it up as one of the mechanical impossibilities when I hit upon a device which worked successfully. What we propose to do is, to first develop the process for preparing the material for use at Sylva and after this has proved a success our plan is to manufacture the refractory fire linings and other products here also.

DEBATE AT CULLOWHEE

The first of a series of three annual debates between the Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School and Mars Hill College will be held at Cullowhee, Saturday evening, April 12. The following query will be discussed: Resolved, that the United States Government should establish schedules of minimum wages for unskilled laborers, constitutionality conceded.

Cullowhee, represented by Harry Davis and C. R. Bird, will support the affirmative side. Mars Hill College, taking the negative, will be represented by Coy Muckle and Chalmers B. Yarley. Each speaker will have fifteen minutes for the first speech and five minutes for rebuttal.

The programme for the evening includes a piano duet by Misses Helen Conroy and Sallie Reynolds, and solos by Miss Emma Johnson, of the Department of Music. The public is cordially invited to be present for this programme, which will begin at eight o'clock, central time.