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A SEMI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WARRENTON AND WARREN COUNTY

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## WARREN BOY GETS FOUR

LIEUT. PALMER BROUGHT FOUR PLANES TO EARTH

Grandson of Mrs. Sue B. White and Nephew of Mrs. H. L. Falkener and Mrs. Boyd Massenburg Wins Lasting Fame.

A Warrenton boy by birth, First Lieutenant William A. Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Palmer, of Bennettsville, S. C., but with wide connections here has seen War's destruction from the clouds and has added a niche to the fame of the American Flying Forces abroad.

Lieut. Palmer was born in Warrenton October 7th, 1895, and lived here until he was seven years old, and Warren feels an interest strikingly warm for his success. He was at school at Sewanee in the spring of 1917 when the call for service carried him to Knoxville on April 28th, as a volunteer in aviation from which place he was sent to the ground school at the University of Illinois and later to the flight school at Rantoul for a practical course. He was commissioned a First Lieutenant on October 15th and was sent to France November 14th, '17.

Landing across Lieut. Palmer received further training at a gunnery school in la belle France, from which he qualified as a chasse pilot—the smallest combat machine of the air—This was in April of 1918 and as our army had few planes at this time, he was assigned duty as a "Ferry Pilot." In this capacity of carrying planes from field to field, up to the front, and twice across the English Channel, the former Warrenton boy saw all classes of service and war-sacrifice over almost the whole of France. On July 15th, he was assigned to the First Pursuit Group, 94th Aero Squadron at Chateau Thierry. It was to this group of twenty American flying men that Lufbery belonged—the leading American airman at the time of his death. Eddie Rickenbacker, who went over as Pershing's chauffeur is now Captain of this squadron and Palmer is Flight Lieutenant under him. This squadron was the only chasse squadron sent into Germany and Lieutenant Palmer is now with the Army of Occupation.

The signing of the Armistice found Lieut. Palmer officially credited with bringing down four enemy planes—one more would have made him an Ace. His closer call came early after going to the front when he was attacked by five German planes. After a short spat, both of his guns being clogged, he dropped for several thousand feet and landed safely at a French aerodrome with twenty machine gun bullets in his machine and the imprint of one upon his foot.

The following citation from General Pershing will be read with interest by particular friends here and by North Carolinians over the State who prize the record made by this son of the Old North State:

Cited for Distinguished Service. The commander-in-chief, in the

WILLIAM A. PALMER



name of the president, has awarded the distinguished service cross to a number of officers and soldiers for acts of extraordinary heroism described their names, and among the list is the name of a South Carolinian:

First Lieut. William A. Palmer, pilot, air service, 94th aero squadron, for extraordinary heroism in action in the region of Douleco, France, October 3, 1918. Lieutenant Palmer encountered the enemy planes (Folker type). Despite their numerical superiority he attacked and in a decisive combat, sent one down in flames and forced the others to retire. Home address, H. W. Palmer, father, Bennettsville, S. C.

## DR. PEETE REELECTED SUPT. HEALTH

In accordance with Chapter 62, Public Laws of 1911 and amendments thereto, the Board of Health met on Tuesday for the purpose of electing a County Superintendent of Health. Present, Mr. Chairman Hunter, Mr. J. B. Palmer, Supt. Jones, Dr. M. P. Perry and Dr. G. H. Macon. The Chairman stated the purpose of the meeting and called for nominations for County Superintendent of Health. Mr. Palmer nominated Dr. William D. Rogers, Dr. Macon seconded the nomination. Superintendent Jones nominated Dr. C. H. Peete, the present incumbent, and Dr. Perry seconded his nomination. Mr. Hunter voted for Dr. Peete, and declared him the choice of the Board for Superintendent of Health for a term of two years from this date.

Dr. Peete is already Quarantine officer, and by combining the two positions he made a proposition two years ago that he would do the work for less money than the law allows for the separate services. He has, therefore, been saving the County ten dollars per month by the agreement with the Board of Health and Board of Commissioners. His term as quarantine officer does not expire until 1921. The Board recognized Dr. Rogers' fitness and claims but a majority felt that Dr. Peete's services had been efficient and economical, and that he had only had it one Term, and had just claims on the Board for recognition of his efficiency, economy and service.

## RAINEY WRITES OF SOLDIER LIFE ACROSS

Brother of Mr. George Rainey, of Littleton Tells of Novel Experiences of the Battlefield and Sensations "Under Fire"

73 General Hospital  
October 31, 1918.

My dear Lolla:

Think I shall strain the rules of Censorship and write you of a few of my experiences. You will notice that the certificate says but private and family matters, and I am sure that I will only write of those.

Well, to begin with, the little wounds that I wrote you about are almost well, and I am feeling fine. Believe that I am fitter than I ever was in all my life. Gained all the extra flesh in two weeks. I was hit two weeks ago today.

Well, your little Bud is an experienced soldier in deed and in truth. I have experienced some of all of it except that of being attacked. Took part in six of our attacks. I was in my sixth charge when I got hit. We had to advance under all kinds of conditions. One day we had to crawl on our faces, lizard fashion, but we got there anyhow. That day a British Colonel said to our Captain, "Why don't you stop your men, they are getting ahead of the line?" Our Captain replied: "How can I stop them when the whole German army can't?"

It certainly was a good thing that I got the little scratches for I had been up in the front line nearly a month and my feet were in such a condition that I could hardly walk. The only thing that would do them any good was rest, and that I would never have gotten if I hadn't been sent to the hospital. I went for weeks without changing underwear and as long as two weeks without pulling my shoes off, and two months without a bath. Don't suppose that you would have recognized me at the end of that time. Once we were seven meals without food or water and this during the time we were advancing even about eight miles in two days. How I am living to tell the story is only due to the goodness of God, I am sure.

We should all be very thankful to Him for His saving power. I am sure that I shall not forget him. Whoever says that the day of miracles is past certainly hasn't been across a battle field in our day.

More than once I have been where shrapnel, machine gun bullets were flying around almost like a rainstorm. I can't figure out how so many of us got through except by the miraculous power of our Great God.

Shooting the Hun is rather an interesting game, especially when you have him on the run. It is miraculous how one's feelings change on the battlefield.

Before I went up, I couldn't imagine myself killing or even trying to kill a

man, but once you get up there and spend one night with "Jerry" (that's what we call the German Army) pounding shells all around while you dodge for dear life, as if that would do any good. Your feelings change entirely, and when morning comes and you start after "Jerry" it is with more eagerness than you would have had in a rabbit chase. After all the suffering from fatigue is worst than the dread of bullets for our physical ability is taxed to the limit.

After I have felt as if every step would be the last, with my feet hurting like toothache, then comes along a gas shell, and you have to put on your gas mask when you are already out of breath. Now who wouldn't love the Kaiser under such conditions? If there is ever a time when you are out of humor with everything and everybody, it is when you are wearing a gas mask.

I am sure that there is nothing on earth to compare with the experience on the battlefield, and it is all we can see the Divine Providential care. Take me for instance. I have seen my comrades killed in all manner of way, blown to pieces by shells, and snipers bullets through the head, some burnt by mustard gas until they were red almost all over, others blinded by tear gas, another kind about to vimit their insides out from the effects of another kind of gas, and here I am safe. I saw one fellow next to me get five bullets through his equipment within a few inches of his body and neither one hit him. He was lying on his face, two through his gas mask under his breast and two through his pack on his back. Another boy, a pal of mine, had his rifle up to his face aiming at a German when a rifle bullet hit the muzzle end of his rifle barrel right in line with his eye. Of course it would have gone through his head had it not been for his rifle.

On another occasion, a bunch of our fellows were lying down behind an embankment when a shell hit one on the ankle and then failed to explode. Had it exploded, it would have probably got the bunch, while as it was it only broke an ankle.

I could go on for sometime telling you of my experiences but guess will do now. Now dont go and get frightened about me for I feel sure that I will be home some day to tell you all about it.

I dont think that I shall be in any more fights for it will all soon be over. Hope the Censor lets you get the newspaper clipping that I sent you so you can see what others say of what we did. If you want to keep track of me, look in the papers for things about the 30th Division.

EUGENE H. RAINEY



I certainly am anxious about Ralph, and cant hear a word about him. Do you hear? I saw a Red Cross Officer the other day about my correspondence and he said that he thinks he will be able to straighten it out for me. So I am hoping to get some mail soon. Do you hear from me often? I write you every chance and want you to keep the rest of the family informed if you please. Certainly hope that my letters reach you.

When you get this please answer at once and tell me everything that has happened since I saw you last, for I think I will get my mail now. Don't mind writing things that ou have written before for I may never get those letters. Write to my Co. and it will be sent her if I havent returned, but

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## COURT ADJOURNED FOR JAN'RY TERM

Superior Court convened Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Judge George W. Connor, Presiding. Judge Connor misses connection with railroad and arrived on afternoon train from Weldon. All the Court officers were on hand and the Jurors here. However, sickness being in the family of the Solicitor, and farmers busy and Influenza abroad in the land, it was agreed to hear the Jail cases and such motions and Judgements as might be presented for signature of the Judge and take a recess to Friday at 10 o'clock. The following jail cases were disposed of:—

Willie Abram Williams, carrying concealed weapon, Judgement \$50.00 and cost (Fifty dollars, under the statute, is the minimum fine for carrying concealed weapon).

James Jones, two cases Larceny. Judgement one year in Jail, with permission to hire out for payment of costs; No. two, one year in jail with same Judgement, the second Judgement to be effective at end of one year.

Buster Jones, Larceny. Judgement, one year in jail with permission to hire out to pay cost, and the further condition that said Buster Jones appear before the Recorder's Court each Monday to show good behavior for said period of one year.

Martha Linsley, Larceny. Judge-

(Continued On Fourth Page)

## BACK FROM FIRING LINE

J. A. MYRICK, OF MACON, RETURNS TO THE COUNTY

Spent Fifteen Months On Other Side, Twice Wounded and in the Hospital From July to September 4th.

Conspicuous by gold V's on either arm, a gold star, a silver star and other badges over the week-known khaki of Uncle Sam's Yanks, J. A. Myrick dropped into the office Monday afternoon. Mr. Myrick is a son of Mr. J. H. Myrick, of near Macon, who enlisted in the regulars before the Border Trouble of 1916 in West where he was working.

After serving on the border Mr. Myrick left with the first American contingent for France in June, 1917, when American surprised the Allies by such prompt support. After training in France with Company G, 28th Division, he was ordered into battle at Cantigny, and later at Soissons and Chateau Thierry.

Private Myrick pays warm tribute to the treatment accorded Over Seas and the tumultuous welcome given when they landed in France on June 27th, '17, as the vanguard of the army which was to turn the tide of battle. Through his entire stay of one year and three months across he states that this same admiration at first manifested was heightened when the fighting metal of the U. S. Troops was shown.

On the right arm of his uniform the Warren man wore two gold V's for wounds received in action in the arm and legs, and a gold star for 'enlisted man'; on the left arm, which was not to be outdone in representation, shown two more gold and one blue stripe for 15 months service across, above this was a silver star testifying that he was with the first one hundred thousand Americans to land in France.

Private Myrick's honorable discharge came after being in the hospital since July 20. He landed in America in September, having been returned, as 'incapacitated for further service.' From appearances now, however, he is as strong as ever.

## NITRATE OF SODA; HOW TO SECURE IT.

Farmers desiring nitrate of soda to be furnished by the U. S. Department of Agriculture should file their application at once with any of the following committee: C. W. Perkinson, Wise; R. D. Fleming, Vaughan; J. L. Aycock, Elberon.

The County Agent will be in his office Monday January 20th to take orders for nitrate of soda. All applications must be in the hands of the County Agent by Saturday January 25th.

Farmers of the county are urged to take advantage of this opportunity to secure the best form of nitrate fertilizer.

Soon or late, the man who wins is the man who thinks he can.

## MUTT and JFFE--And Now Jeff Knows the Meaning of Abdicate By Bud Fisher.

