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AND WAYNESVILLE COURIER

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Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, Thursday, December 26, 1918.

\$1.50 a Year in Advance

JOSEPH BRANNER GILMER

Bright Young Waynesville Attorney Dies in Atlanta of Influenza While Serving the Government—Buried in Asheville

Joseph Branner Gilmer of this city died in Atlanta, Ga., on Wednesday, Dec. 18th of influenza, followed by pneumonia. He was the only son of General and Mrs. Robert D. Gilmer and had been in Atlanta about a year, where he held a responsible position with the Department of Justice.

He was held in highest regards by his associates and many difficult cases were turned over to him for investigation and trial. He frequently appeared before Judge Newman, who regarded him as a lawyer of more than ordinary ability. He was a graduate of the University of N. C. and completed his law course at Columbia University, Washington, D. C. While a student there he applied to the Supreme court of this state for a license to practice law and he stood the examination before reaching his 21st birthday and received the license.

He is survived by a wife and child who are both ill with pneumonia in the same hospital in Atlanta where he died. He also is survived by his father and mother and one sister, Mrs. J. P. Chase, now ill with pneumonia in a hospital in Salisbury.

The remains were taken to Asheville and the interment was at Riverside cemetery Friday afternoon beside his honored grandparents, Colonel and Mrs. Joseph Branner, services being held by Dr. C. K. McLarty of Central Methodist church.

Floral tributes were exceptionally beautiful, testifying to the high esteem in which Mr. Gilmer was held. Among the most noticeable, were one from the Department of Justice with which he was connected and one from the bar association of Haywood county. Several relatives and friends from this place were in attendance. The pall bearers were Hilliard Atkins, Robert Love, Howard Hilliard, J. G. Stikeleather, Mark Erwin and G. S. Reynolds.

WAYNESVILLE DISTRICT

J. H. West, Presiding Elder, Waynesville, N. C.
First Round in Part

	December
Bethel Ct., Harmony Grove	28
Jonathan Ct., Shady Grove	29
January	
Murphy Station	4-5
Andrews Station	5-6
Franklin Ct., Salem	11-12
Franklin Station	12-13
Macon Ct., Patton's Chapel	13-14
Hayesville, Tusquitee	16
Ranger, Belview	18
Murphy Circuit, Marble	19
Robbinsville, Robbinsville	21
Judson, Judson	22
Fines Creek, Pine Grove	25-26
February	
Highlands, Highlands	1-2
Glenville, Glenville	2-3
Tuckasegee	4

THE PROFITEER

Charity and Children.

He is with us, and in his glory. Under cover of the necessities of war he can charge pretty much what he pleases, and the people are obliged to pay it. Eggs are 70 cents a dozen. There is no sense in such foolishness as that and the war is not the cause of it. Shoes are \$12.00 the pair. One tannery in North Carolina made one million dollars last year. That is not the war, it is simply the greed of the tanner. A cotton undershirt that formerly cost 50 cents now brings \$1.00. 30 cent cotton is not responsible for this ridiculous raise, but cotton mills are making more money every year than the capital invested in the plant. The war did raise the price of cotton, it is true, but the fabulous fortunes the mill men are making is what puts one hundred per cent on cotton goods. And so it is in many different lines. Profiteers are simply making their millions out of the necessities of life. There ought to be some way of reaching the trouble. Mr. Hoover fixed the sugar men all right, and he also put his curb bit on the traders in flour. Well, if he can control these two articles of commerce why cannot his power be extended to other lines? Nobody objects to paying a reasonable profit on his purchases, but everybody is entitled to protection from the corporations who are fleecing the people of their hard earned money in broad open day time!

FRED FRANCIS IN CUBA

U. S. Rec. Ship, Guantanamo, Bay, Cuba, Dec. 7, 1918.

Dear Sister Hattie:

I received the nice box of apples, cake and candy Thanksgiving day and all were fine and I take this opportunity to thank you for them. I don't want you to send anything else for I will get the next good eats at your house some time soon. I may not get to eat Xmas dinner with you, but I think I will get to New York by that time. They are going to send all the reserves out soon. There will be several destroyers and subs in the 14. All the Atlantic fleet comes here every winter to the rifle range. I had a letter from Roy telling about his trip home. He said he had put in a request for discharge, probably he will get out soon as he was in school last year.

Have you heard from Claude lately? I read Guy M.'s letter in the paper you sent me. Those papers sure were nice, just like a letter from all the folks nearby, but I notice the "gobs" are never mentioned, but I wonder who made it possible for them to get to France. We had a swell dinner here Thanksgiving day, I am sending you a menu so you can see:

U. S. Receiving Ship Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1918.

Menu

Chicken Soup Sweet Pickles
Roast Young Turkey
Giblet Gravy Sage Dressing
Creamed Mashed Potatoes
French Peas
Roast Spiced Ham
Combination Salad

Mayonnaise Dressing
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mince Pie Peach Pie
Raisin Pound Cake
Blackberry Ice Cream
Assorted Fruits

Cigars Coffee Cigarettes
Tell David and Jack I have been waiting to write them until I got my pictures I made the day I went hunting and will send some of them, will get them Sunday night. I haven't had liberty since the 12th of Sept., just eight hours off since I have been in the outfit, but we hope to make liberty here soon, the flu quarantine raised today.

I haven't had any mail since the papers and package. The spikes are striking every few days and we don't get any mail until it is over. I guess we will have to give them a round before they are satisfied. We get our drinking water about fifty miles away and they have cut the train off so we are going to take the railroad and get a train crew out of the camp if they don't give better service. The water has to be hauled on the train about thirty miles and the rest of the way on boats. I never did tell you about the trip for the censor wouldn't let us tell anything, but he is out of commission now. I came down on the Kittery, left Charleston one evening about four o'clock and ate a pretty hearty chow that night and about ten a storm set in and all the crowd was sick as they could be. The storm lasted all night and I thought I would die and at 3 A. M. some of the old gobs came down and said to stand by the life boats for the boat had been taking water for an hour and a half and it would be down in thirty minutes. My hammock was swinging over about three feet of water and I was so near gone I never even got out of my hammock. I said let her go and they all put on life preservers and stood by, scared to death, but I wasn't caring for sea-sickness is worse than anything on earth. But after I got over the sick spell I liked the trip fine.

I wonder if it is snowing any there now. It is much warmer on an average than in July there. I go swimming twice every day and we have plenty of sharks to keep us company, some of the boys caught one about a week ago weighing eight hundred and twenty pounds.

I guess people thought of them sending us here. The idea was to make petty officers of us, but since the war ended they may not even rate us. Some of the fellows have been here two and three years without a furlough and it sure is hard to stay any place in the navy that long. The gobs have never had a furlough, but the marines can get one anytime most. There are three camps of marines here and only a hundred and sixty sailors.

I guess you will be about a month getting this as the strike is on, so answer soon as you get it. I will close, will write the boys soon and

DOUBLE NINETEEN IS ALMOST HERE

(By Jesse Daniel Boone.)
Double Nineteen is almost here,
A spick and span, a bright new year;
We forward look without a fear,
As it brightly looms ahead.
Our fine, brave boys are coming home
On ocean's waves and through it's foam,
From foreign lands, no more to roam
Among the sacred dead.

The year Eighteen, so full of fears,
So full of sighs, so full of tears,
Will soon be numbered with the years,
Which are forever past.
But after all, 'ere it did cease,
It brought us joyful, world-wide peace,
While many fortunes did increase,
And others were amassed.

Of course it brought the Spanish Flu,
Which took great toll and frightened you
Until you knew not what to do,
And, may be, laid you low,
But still, with all its woes and crimes,
We've lived through darker, and worse times,
With fewer dollars, checks and dimes,
Midst sickness, want and woe.

In those old days of long ago,
With money scarce and prices low,
Workers plenty, employment slow,
We heard the "hard times" cry;
But in the year we bid adieu,
The cases have been mighty few,
When workers failed to get their due,
And put some money by.

Since Adam tried to bunco Eve,
In vainly trying to deceive
His Lord, by having Him believe
She offered him a bite;
There never have been days like these,
When money seemed to grow on trees,
And jobs were gotten with such ease,
And toiling was so light.

Of course, a dollar seemed quite small,
When trading at the butcher's stall,
Or when you made a buying call
At almost any store;
For prices have been "out of sight,"
And often you have had a fright
And dreamed about in the night,
When you should sleep and snore.

Now when you get your own big price,
Do you believe it right, or nice,
To give your neighbor man advice
And tell him how to sell?
Just take your dose and run along,
And hum a little sunshine song,
And join the happy, joyous throng,
And all will soon be well.

TO MY SON

"Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, son, can do,
None other can please me or praise me as you.
Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadows or stain ever darken your name.
Like mother, like son, is a saying so true
The world will judge largely of mother by you.
Be this then your task if task it should be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
She reaps as she sowed, this man is her son."

send them some pictures. Hope this finds you all well, with lots of love to all, I am your brother,

FRED.

CONNOR-GRUBBS.

Hendersonville Hustler.

On Sunday, December 15th, at 4 o'clock, a pretty home wedding was solemnized when Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Connor gave in marriage their daughter, Cleo, to J. L. Grubbs, Rev. C. S. Blackwell, the bride's pastor, performed the ceremony, using the impressive ring service. Only the immediate family and a few of the most intimate friends were present.

The attendants were Misses Jane Connor, Nell Stepp and Joe Freeman and J. R. Northington. The wedding march was played by Miss Alma Freeman, who rendered Traumeri very softly during the ceremony. The bride was most becomingly dressed in a dark blue going-away suit with hat and gloves to match, and carried a beautiful bouquet of carnations.

The bride was one of Hendersonville's most lovable young ladies and her many friends wish her much happiness. For several years she was connected with the Asheville Telephone and Telegraph Co., of this city, and also was connected with the same company at Waynesville and Asheville.

Mr. Grubbs is a prominent young business man of St. Augustine, Fla. The young couple left shortly after the ceremony for Jacksonville, where they will make a short visit before going to St. Augustine, where they will make their future home.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND

If you had a million dollars you would be a millionaire. The Baptist denomination in North Carolina expects to be a millionaire in a few days. That is, they will join that excellent class if you do your part toward making it possible. And you will be helping to enthrone Christ in the hearts of generations yet to come.

Our teachers are receiving just a little more than they did twenty-five years ago—and they have to live.

People have never been so willing to give.

We prefer stamps and bonds to cash, because then we know you have been a patriot too.

The Baptists of the State constitute about one-sixth of the population. Assuming that Baptists are as patriotic as others it is estimated that N. C. Baptists have \$30,000,000 invested in government securities. Figure some for yourself. Part of that belongs to God. We trust that a people who have been so loyal to our great country's cause will also be loyal to our great country's God.

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT.

Hazelwood, N. C., Dec. 20, 1918.

Dear Santa Claus:
I'm a little boy 7 years old and have been a very good boy and will try and be a better boy the coming year. I want you to bring me a pistol, some oranges, candy and some nuts. Wishing you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. Your boy in the country

TRACY WRITENER.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Our excellent paper, The Mountaineer-Courier, has several faithful correspondents, but most of us could have been more faithful than we have been during the year just closing. Let us resolve now to do better during 1919 as contributors to our paper which has no peer in all the state as a county paper. We extend sincere thanks to Editor Boone and his associates for giving us such a valuable publication.

Only a few days till Jan. 1st, 1919. May each reader and the writer of this communication retrospect the past year, see our errors and our sins, turn a "new leaf" and resolve to do better the coming year, and may He who is all powerful, all wise and ever present give us grace and power to resist temptations, overcome useless and sinful habits and be what God would have us be, do what He would have us do and say what He would have us say.

Christmas is important because it is a day for the commemoration of the birth of the Savior. The day will not be celebrated in the right spirit unless in its observance we recognize the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We should be prayerful and worshipful on Christmas day and remember that 1919 years ago in Bethlehem of Judea, on a memorable night, in a stable, among the poor and lowly that the Savior of the world was born and that on that eventful night the wise men of the east were there to pay homage and the heavenly messengers to exclaim, "On earth peace good will to men."

We should take the Bible as our infallible rule and guide to faith and practice and Jesus Christ as our Teacher and Exemplar and in doing so we shall please Him and be a blessing to those about us. Let me mention briefly a few reasons why we should take Christ as our Teacher and Exemplar. He always said and did that which was right and admonished His disciples to "follow after righteousness." He did all those things which He taught others to do. He bore the cross and drank the sorrowful cup. This we should do willingly and heroically. He taught the bearing of each other's burdens by bearing the sins of the world. He taught obedience by yielding His will to that of the Father, and said, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." He taught the fulfillment of duty, saying, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." He taught faith by His works and words, saying, "Have faith in God." He taught forgiveness by forgiving, and said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." He taught friendship by being the world's best friend—a "friend of publicans and sinners;" and said "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend," and this He did. He taught gratitude, humility and meekness. He taught that men should not be critical and condemnatory of each other, saying, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." He taught purity by being pure, and said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He taught mercy by being merciful, and said, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." He taught men how to overcome temptations by overcoming them Himself.

Thus we find in the Gospels of Bethlehem, in the meek and lowly Nazareth, all that could be demanded of Exemplar, Teacher and Savior, for in Him was the incarnation of every truth, virtue, and all wisdom and love. Then it is no wonder that men, women and children all over the world exclaim, "Glory to God in the highest."
Clyde, N. C. M. B. S.

DEATH OF MRS. L. E. SMITH

Mrs. L. E. Smith, wife of the proprietor of the Champion Shoe shop, died of pneumonia Wednesday night, Dec. 18th which followed a case of influenza. She was an exceptionally bright young woman and is survived by a husband and several sisters and brothers, including Mrs. Ed Duckett of this place, Mrs. Tom Mashburn of Salisbury and Mrs. F. B. Raymond of Eastern Carolina and Postmaster J. N. Osborn of Cruso.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. V. Joyner, and interment was made at Green Hill Thursday afternoon.

Edgar Selsam and family returned home from Greenville, S. C., where he sold his cafe. After a rest Mr. Selsam will perhaps try business here again.

JOHN H. BOYD DEAD

Prominent Farmer, Confederate Veteran and Former Sheriff Dies Here at the Age of 78.

Ex-sheriff John H. Boyd, who has been in ill health for a long time died Friday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank D. Ferguson at the ripe old age of 78. He was a very active man and a prosperous Jonathan's Creek farmer up to a few years ago.

The old home was near Plott post-office, just above Dellwood, and was always a welcome place for friends or strangers in passing. Besides his widow and his brother, Hon. David L. Boyd, four daughters and two sons survive as follows: Mrs. Clarence A. Campbell of Dellwood, Mrs. Frank D. Ferguson of this city, Mrs. Chas. F. Owen of route 2, Mrs. L. E. Perry and Plott Boyd of Asheville and James R. Boyd, president of the First National Bank of Waynesville.

Funeral services were conducted Sunday at noon at the home of Charlie Moody on Jonathan's Creek and the interment was at the Boyd burying ground.

D. A. R. MEETING

On Tuesday of last week the D. A. R. held their initial meeting of the winter with Mrs. Robert Mitchell. The program for the year was submitted and plans of proposed work discussed. Miss Hilda Way will be hostess to the next meeting. The following interesting report was read by the secretary, Mrs. S. H. Bushnell:

Report of Dorcas Bell Love Chapter D. A. R. year ending October, 1918.

The Dorcas Bell Love Chapter has at present thirty-six active members. The chapter has paid in full the assessment of one dollar per member toward the one hundred thousand dollar purchase of Third Liberty Loan bonds, and fifty cents per member for the restoration of Tilloy; has also bought locally one fifty dollar bond. Funds usually expended on Year Books added something to this. One of our members, a former State registrar, was the County Chairman for women for the sale of bonds. Under her direction, a committee of Daughters opened an office in town and sold bonds.

The Society has directed its efforts in many small ways toward the entertainment of soldiers at the Army Hospital in our town. Committees of Daughters have arranged automobile rides for the sick men on Sunday afternoons, taking as many as sixty in an afternoon. Other committees have given open air concerts on the hospital grounds. The Society keeps a piano in the sitting room for the use of the men. They seem very appreciative of these things. The Regent of our Chapter has kept open house for the detachment at the hospital, entertaining a goodly number each week. When the sweetheart of a young lieutenant came from the west to marry him, she gave the pair a lovely wedding in her own home. Another daughter gave one hundred and fifty good novels to the hospital.

Our members are active in Red Cross work, sewing regularly at the rooms. The heads of the women's work, the Home Service and Surgical Dressings Departments are daughters. The County Chairman for the Y. M. C. A. war fund is another daughter.

The Chapter had the usual declamation contest on patriotic subjects, at commencement of the public school, and awarded a gold medal to the successful contestant.

We have sent one box of jellies to Camp Greene.

Realized thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents from sale of Red Cross seals. Sent eleven dollars for the relief of one sufferer, and five dollars for another.

CAPT. VAN RENSSLAER AND CAPT. WOODS ORDERED TO CAMP HANCOCK, GA.

Instructions were received from Washington yesterday morning ordering Captain Howard Van Rensselaer and Captain John O. Woods to duty at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Both of these officers are well liked at G. H. 18, and we are sorry to see them go. Captain "Van" has been for a long time on the Consulting Board of the hospital and in charge of the Receiving Ward. He has been in closer touch with the patient body than any other officer here. Both of these officers have played an active part in the life of G. H. 18, and their faces will be missed—Bombproof.