

# SOUTH PITTSBURG Hustler.

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## EX-CONFEDERATE ANSWERS ROLL CALL

S. C. WOODFIN DIES AT THE AGE OF 70

Served Throughout the Civil War to Return Home With Honorable Discharge—A Noble Christian Man.

Samuel Chase Woodfin, age 78 years and 4 months, passed to the beyond at his home in this city Monday, January 15th, at 12 noon. While he had been a sufferer for many years with chronic diarrhoea, contracted while in Gen. Bragg's winter quarters at Tallahoma, and had been near death's door many times, yet the attack that carried him across the river and into the presence of his Lord and Master and those of his loved ones and comrades lasted only one week. His wife and twelve children were at his bedside when the end came,

and while he had been unconscious since the Saturday before and simply fell to sleep, the family though deeply grieved, found abundant comfort in the life that he had lived before them and in the few words spoken before he became

tion had fallen into the hands of new owners. In after life he very frequently related a little story to his family that never failed to bring tears to the eyes of those who listened. The story runs like this: After the smoke of battle had cleared away and the roar of the cannon had ceased, he neared once more the old home, and looking through eyes dimmed with tears he caught a glimpse of the house that once sheltered a happy and united family. He ventured on and gazed through the window upon the old hearth stone, around which the family had so often as-

sembled for evening prayer. This, he said, was a happy moment, but another scene presented itself and this time he was made to weep bitterly. As he walked out the front gate the axeman was hewing down the old elm tree under whose spreading branches he and his brothers and sisters had whiled away many precious hours. He walked away several spaces with a heavy broken heart and drew from an inside pocket a small bible that his mother gave him at the time of his enlistment in the army. Opening the little book, his

eyes fell upon these words: "Once was I young, but now I am old; I have never seen, the fighters forsaken nor their seed begotten." The tears came no more, the sunshine crept into his being,

## ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

OF R. E. LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON

At Chapel of the City School Building Friday Evening the 19th, at 7:30—Address by Prof. Julian Shipp.

The local chapter Daughters of the Confederacy will celebrate the anniversary of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson tomorrow, Friday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The address will be delivered by Prof. Julian Shipp, former pastor of First Baptist Church, this city. A program full of interest will be rendered, and we feel safe in saying that all who attend will receive a great treat. Admission free and your presence is desired.

**A Sad Death.**

## BARBET SUPPER AND INSTALLATION

BY THE IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN

Last Thursday Night Greatly Enjoyed by a Large Crowd of Red Men and Their Friends.

McKank Tribe, No. 91, Improved Order of Red Men of the Jurisdiction of Tennessee and hunting ground of South Pittsburg, publically installed their officers last Thursday night, and their hall over J. C. Scott & Company's store on Cedar avenue was crowded with members of the tribe and their families and friends. The occasion was for the installation of the officers for the ensuing term, and for the purpose of partaking of the delicious supper prepared by the stewards. Right now we want to state that words fail us when

## PYTHIAN SISTERS KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

PUBLICLY INSTALLED THEIR OFFICERS

Cookmoore Hotel Scene of Most Brilliant Social Gathering of Knights and Sisters.

The public installation of the officers of Pythian Sisters Temple No. 18, and Sequachee Lodge No. 42, Knights of Pythias of South Pittsburg, held at the Cookmoore Hotel last Friday night, proved to be one of the most enjoyable occasions ever held in the city. In response to invitations sent out by the Sisters and Knights more than one hundred and fifty guests were present, including the families of the Knights, sweethearts of the Sisters, and quite a number of friends of both. The ceremonies

## TO OBSERVE NATIONAL PAY-UP WEEK

LOCAL MERCHANTS CO-OPERATIVE MOVE

Week of Feb. 19th to the 24th Is Set Aside For Purpose of Pay-Up—Watch the Paper Next Week.

The Merchants' Association of this city is planning to join in the National Pay-Up Week which will last from Feb. 19th to 24th. This will be a time of paying, receiving and good will. The merchant will make it interesting for every one and so will all other business concerns who care to enter. Look for big announcements in the Hustler next week.

**Forest Signman Dead.**

existed in the Confederate army under Colonel Butler at Laverne, and just before the battle of Murfreesboro. This was one of the many trials encountered by the surviving brothers and the parents back home as death had claimed the baby boy who had left the scenes of his childhood to fight for the southland. He was carried home for burial. Later when General Bragg went into winter headquarters at Tullahoma, the subject of this sketch contracted rheumatism and diarrhoea that slowly but eventually sapped his life away. Exposed in quarters as stated, and in the long march across the Cumberland mountain, down Sweetens Cove, through Jasper and across Tennessee river at Kelly's Ferry on into Chattanooga, he was sent to the hospital. During his stay here the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought. In this battle one relative of the Woodfin brothers, Bill Clark, was killed, and another, Newt Clark, mortally wounded. A third relative, a cousin, Joe Hale, attempted to rescue the wounded soldier but was forced back by the terrific charge of the enemy. The bleeding and dying soldier was later carried off the ridge to the field hospital by Moses Woodfin and a comrade by the name of Bumpess. Here the wounded man passed away, Moses and White Woodfin being captured by the northern forces and carried to the Rock Island prison in the state of Illinois. Partially recovering from his illness, S. C. Woodfin left the hospital and hurried to his command at Dalton, Ga., and from there he went with Bragg to Atlanta and from there to Jonesboro, Ga. Faithfully he served his country until the surrender at Greenville, N. C. Receiving an honorable discharge which he prized very highly throughout his life, he returned to Fostersville in Rutherford county.

Returning to the scenes of his old home he was deeply grieved to find that his aged parents had gone to rest and the little planta-

of which have passed away, named by Lillian, Laura, Arnette, and O. H. of Morganville, Ga.; J. P. of Chattanooga; J. E., F. G. and Roy M., of this city. The girls are Mrs. Chas. N. Womack, this city; Mrs. J. H. Carson, Chattanooga; Mrs. G. M. Hudson, Whitwell; Mrs. A. C. Thornbro and Misses Mattie, Fannie Maud and Mary, this city.

In the passing away of this good man, the last member of a large family have united in heaven, no more to grieve nor to feel the loneliness that follows the going away of a loved one. He professed faith in his Redeemer when a mere boy and down through the meanderings of life, through trials and disappointments, he kept the faith. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church and was anchored firmly in the doctrine of salvation by grace and grace alone. Owing to the recent disturbance in the church here (the mention of which should be placed in a gate type or not at all) he and his wife had called for their letters which they had thought of placing with the Sweetens Cove church, hesitating because of the inconvenient feature. The funeral service was conducted at the home by Elder R. O. Radston. The singing of the favorite songs of deceased by members of practically all the different churches of the city was most beautiful. Services were concluded at the grave in the new cemetery near the old home-place at Downing Addition by Elder J. G. Woodfin, a nephew of deceased.

The pallbearers were Messers. Julian Womack, N. E. Adcock, H. N. Minnis, Walter Johnston, Ray S. Reiling and George Beene.

Undertaker, C. Baumgartner. The floral offering, while not so very elaborate, was more beautiful than words can express.

"But the truer life draws nigher  
 Every year,  
 And its morning star climbs higher  
 Every year;  
 Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
 And the heavy burden lighter,  
 And the dawn immortal brighter  
 Every year."

JW  
 RT  
 POK 3

Buried in Beene Cemetery  
 South Pittsburg, Tennessee