

To Correspondents.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

P. GRAY MEEK, Editor
Terms of Subscription.—Until further notice this paper will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:
Paid strictly in advance \$1.50
Paid before expiration of year 1.75
Paid after expiration of year 2.00

ONE MAN'S WAR EXPERIENCE.

Jacob C. Hess Writes Very Interestingly of What He Saw and Encountered.

During the school year of 1916-17 Jacob C. Hess, of Lancaster, was teacher of modern languages at the Bellefonte Academy. He returned to that institution in September, 1917, but was called for service by the Lancaster examining board and sent to Camp Meade for training. He was assigned to the headquarters company of the 158th infantry, 79th division, and the "Watchman" is privileged this week to publish the following letter from him to Dr. A. M. Schmidt:

France, Dec. 14, 1918.
For months I have been thinking of writing you a letter, but then, while there was much to write about, one dared say so little. Now, that the censorship regulations have been revised, perhaps I can write something which may have the semblance of a letter.

'Twas on the eve of July 9th that I bade adieu to the Statue of Liberty and started across on the America, one of Germany's largest liners, (the day before I saw the Vaterland speed away with about 15,000 men aboard). There were five transports in our convoy, including the America, the Agamemnon, LaFrance (a French vessel), and a few others, escorted by a number of submarine destroyers. The transports carried eight to ten thousand men. The moment I stepped aboard I had a pretty vivid picture of what the future would be like. After having been assigned to a bunk to which there were two other claimants I decided it was no place for a human being so went up on deck where I spent the entire voyage, day and night. We were put on by bunk, not by number. Our meals were splendid. Naturally, there were some hardships endured, but we all managed to get along somehow. After a few days out at sea we sailed alone several days then were met by a number of destroyers which acted as our escort. All went as well as could be expected with the exception that one night our transport ran into a freighter, striking it amidships and cutting it squarely in two parts. It sank in seven or eight minutes and out of the crew of forty people we were able to save only eleven. For a half hour or more it seemed as if our ship would suffer the same fate as the freighter, but although it had a leak as the result of the collision, it didn't sink, but several months later it went down at its pier in Hoboken, probably the ultimate result of that collision. Well, as the boys can testify, it was a terrible night. However, we sped on, and after sailing the briny deep for nine days and having made a detour from the direct route of about 1200 miles, we finally reached France. We landed at Brest, a seaport along the northwestern coast of France. Disembarking we were obliged to climb a hill and then, after a two hours' hike, pitched our tents in open fields in the rain and mud. It rained when we landed and except for a few days it has been raining ever since.

We remained at Brest three or four days then entrained, or rather climbed into what seemed like two-by-four boxes set on wheels and labelled "8 hommes, 40 chevaux." Under what category we were at that time I don't know, but when the boxes were packed we finally started on our trip through France on the petite express. At the rate of speed we traveled it seemed as though the French didn't care whether we ever reached the front. It was a three day's trip and on our way we passed through Tours and later stopped for a night at Dijon, after which we went into billets in small towns about two hours' ride from the latter place. The division covered a large area, but division headquarters were at Prothoy, and the 158th brigade at Vaux sous Aubigny, where we stayed about five weeks, the boys undergoing intensive training.

Then orders came to move, so one evening (all movement of troops was done at night during the war) we entrained, this time for one night only, and detrained the next morning at Revigny during the pouring rain. We then marched about fourteen kilometres, but fortunately for me, I rode horseback part of the way. Again we went into billets where we remained about a week, our headquarters being near Haironville, when we again moved—by trucks this time—up to the front. Division headquarters were established in Jouy and brigade headquarters, to which I was attached, in Dombasle, while some of the units took over some of the trenches which they held a few weeks while preparations for a tremendous drive were in progress.

During that time I spent a few days at an aviation camp in Pletz en Argonne studying liaison of panels and fireworks with the aeroplane. It was very interesting and the experience quite valuable. Finally the time for the drive arrived. Our division was on what is known as the Argonne sector and included the high hill on which

is located Montfaucon, from which place the Crown Prince and the Kaiser used to watch the progress of former battles, and which was a stronghold of the Crown Prince in his offensive against Verdun. The Germans claimed it could not be taken but the drive began early one morning. I'll never forget it. The roar of cannon from every nook and corner. I can't tell you all about the battle, but our division was in it steady for five days, during which time they took Montfaucon, Malincourt, Nantillois and several other towns. A few times I got mixed up in the front lines, getting into a few barrages and ducking shells all the time.

On the eve of the fifth day we were relieved by the third division which had fought at Chateau Thierry. We moved back to where we were before the drive started and collected our possessions, as we didn't carry very much during the drive except arms and ammunition and a few rations. We were supposed to get rations from the rear, but they never arrived. At once we started on a march which lasted almost three days then went into billets for two weeks. Our headquarters were at Rupt. Later we proceeded to the St. Mihiel front where our boys held the lines a few weeks doing patrol duty and getting a number of prisoners. It must have seemed like heaven for the prisoners as they would bring them from the lines in a Cadillac car.

Then, according to general headquarters, it was again our move, this time to the well known Verdun front. I, myself, didn't see much of the fighting there. For some time I had been working in the brigade message centre. When we came to this front our headquarters were echeloned and I was kept with the rear echelon, taking care of the rear message centre, which was located in the citadel of Verdun. This was a fort entirely un-ferret ground, the walls being ten to fifteen feet in thickness, while inside it was divided into spacious rooms and corridors. While at Verdun I visited the College Marguerite Cathedral, which was partly destroyed by shot and shell. It still contains many beautiful pieces of sculpture work and paintings.

About two days before the end of hostilities I went up front. The boys up there had a pretty stiff proposition on hand, as the Boche had every military advantage. Our soldiers had to contend with gas shells and high explosive shells which fell by the thousand, but they drove the Boche back in the face of his malicious machine guns, which bristled on every hillside. They surely led Heinie a merry chase, and up to the very end, but at a great cost. Just before the ceasing of hostilities I happened to see a battery of the artillery at work. The boys took delight in seeing how many shots they could get in. Promptly at eleven o'clock they floated Old Glory and gave a rousing cheer, and everything has been very quiet since then.

Our division is at about the same place it was when hostilities ceased. Our headquarters are near Beville and Danvillers, about twenty-five miles northeast of Verdun. We now belong to the ninth corps of the second army, which is an army of occupation in reserve to those which have gone forward. There is a report that we shall move to Luxemburg sometime soon, but whether we get to the Rhine or not has not yet been announced. If we go there it is likely we will be over here for an indefinite time.

Everybody is anxious to return to the States, being tired of living in the mud. They would all like to again live like human beings should live.

I have read some of the clippings from American newspapers and they are very humorous to one who has been through it all and knows things as they really have been and are. One could write volumes about it, and while details are the most interesting, unfortunately, cannot write them. With best wishes to all my friends in Centre county, I remain,

JACOB C. HESS.
Pennsvalley Soldier in Big Argonne Drive

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Musser, of Aaronsburg, have received several letters recently from their son, James Musser, of the famous Seventy-ninth division, in which he says:

"I am in the base hospital, having come here November 11th. I was not wounded but am undergoing treatment for the flu. I could not talk at all for a few days but am now almost well."

"I presume you are all glad the war is over, as you will feel more sure of the boys coming home."

"On September 26th I made my first trip over the top into No Man's Land with the 79th division. We started at 6:10 in the morning. Everything went fine until we had gone about seven and a half miles. Then we stopped in a trench which was from four to eight feet deep. An enemy airplane spotted the trench and signalled the German artillery. They fired four three inch shells which landed from twelve to fourteen feet behind me. We all kept still and the shells soon ceased coming."

"I do not know whether I will be sent back to Company H, or not, when I leave the hospital, or whether I will be sent home. When I do go home I hope it will be on the Levitan, the same ship I came over on. We made the trip at that time in six and a half days."

A letter received by a friend from private Musser said that he had been in Turkey and Greece, so that he is evidently getting around some in the European countries.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

In Some Town Over There is a Baby Who Can Live if You Say the Word.

I sometimes picture it to myself this way. Suppose that somewhere in Bellefonte, New York, or in Chicago, or St. Louis, there were a huge auction room, where the lives of men and of little children were on sale.

Suppose that every day the auctioneer's red flag hung out as a sign that on that day so many men were to be allowed to die; so many women; and so many little ones.

Allowed to die, just for the lack of a few dollars. Just for the want of the little sum that would ransom them.

Suppose that were the case, I say to myself; could I possibly stay away? Is there any argument I could give to myself that would keep me from going there day after day, and buying with all my power? Buying men and women and children, at that auctioneer's block, with the dollars that would mean life to them?

It's not a very pretty picture; yet compared to the pictures that I have seen from stricken Armenia and Syria, and all the empires of the Near East, it is almost beautiful.

For men and women and children are dying over there—dying for the lack of sums that seem pitifully, miserably small.

I am not rich, and I have all the little worries that are common to us middle class folks. Worries about next year's income tax; and about the future of business, and where my income will go to if such things take place.

But I have a worse worry than that. The worry for what my conscience will say to me, if in this hour of the world's tribulation I do not do my share.

The worry lest in my ears for the rest of my life there should be the cry of a man, or a woman, or a little child whose life I might have saved.

For they are crying over there today, stretching out their weak, tired arms. And it's a marvellous thought to me, that modest as my income is, it's big enough to let me save the life of one of them—big enough to give me a man, or a woman, or a child who will never cease to be thankful that I did my part.

They are waiting for our answer over there: yours and mine: A poor stricken man broken by the war; and a woman, weak from her struggle and terror; and a baby who can live and grow up into useful manhood or womanhood, if only you say the word.

Will you contribute something, either individually or through your church or your club to this merciful cause for which the campaign is now on.

A Faithful Tribute to Heroism of Sgt. Arthur W. Undercoffer.

Mrs. Arthur W. Undercoffer, of Christianna, Lancaster county, is in receipt of a letter from Capt. Charles E. Loam, of the 316th infantry, telling what he knew of her husband, who was reported killed in action on October 2nd, and paying a faithful tribute to him as a soldier. The letter was forwarded to the young soldier's father, Joseph W. Undercoffer, and the "Watchman" herewith publishes the same as it shows in a realistic way the heroism displayed by the American soldier:

East of the Meuse, Nov. 30. On September 26th this division attacked, as part of the general line, against the famous Hindenburg line. Our going on that day and the next was easy. Our casualties in all amounted to fifteen men in the company, slightly wounded. Montfaucon, of which you may have read, fell into our hands, the Hindenburg line was smashed but the fight stiffened.

On the morning of the 28th our company (Company L), occupied the post of honor—the assault line. The attack was hard. Within a few yards of me always was your husband, my first sergeant. Wherever I went he followed, although it was not necessary for me to go to the front line to see what it was like. He was present and it seemed as if he bore a charmed life. I talked with him as we walked and ran about, and he was a great help. I was wounded early that morning but it was so slight as to give me no trouble and I could keep up.

My men were falling fast, my supports failed, and still we were making good progress. Lieut. Wunderlich had been killed, Lieut. Renshaw wounded, Lieut. Hoffman wounded, Sergt. McKown and Corp. Foltz killed and others wounded. We were in a fair way to make our objective. I then remember of regaining consciousness on the field. This time I had been hit with a piece of shell on the head. Your husband was waiting beside me. I was taken back and he went on.

I later heard from men in the hospital near me that your husband had been wounded. Three days ago official news reached me that he had died. Where, I wish I knew, but you will hear some time in the near future from the central records office. Your husband was a splendid type of a real, genuine man—a true American. What needs be said of him? You know what confidence was placed in him by his commanders. Honest! beyond all question. Just! the men all respected him for it. Kind! the men worshipped him for it. Brave in battle, calm under heavy conditions. Twice I offered him the chance to go to the officers' training school—for he could lead men—but he preferred not. Would that I could have him back again, for we need men like him.

My old company is but a skeleton of what it was. None of its officers left. Sergt. Hershley the only sergeant left, all others killed or wounded, and few of the old men left. The battalion is the same way. I am the only old captain left and I rejoined the regiment before the fighting stopped. Four captains killed and all others wounded; two majors killed and one wounded and a prisoner. Not an old lieutenant on duty with the battalion and few left in the regiment. You can understand my feelings as I write you. My company was as dear to me as anything I have known. The regiment fought from September 26th until the armistice on November 11th.

The regiment was cited for orders. The battalion, always heavily engaged, did great work. Company L the same. Many made the supreme sacrifice, many badly wounded. Their memories will not be forgotten.

I shall never, could never, forget your husband. If I hear anything of your husband's work after I left, or where he went, I shall leave you where I believe he reached a hospital after being wounded. Accept my sincerest sympathy on your loss. What is left of the company joins me wholeheartedly.

CHARLES E. LOAM, Captain 316th Infantry.

News Notes of Men in the U. S. Service.

On September 11th the War Department announced as among the list of those killed in action the name of Gregorio Fozio, of Phillipsburg. On Sunday however, the announcement was made that instead of having been killed in action he had been a prisoner in Germany and having been discharged was back in the American lines.

Robert Barner, of Woodward, spent Sunday with friends in Bellefonte, being on his way to a hospital in Pittsburgh where he is a casual patient. According to the young man's story he was in the thick of the fight as a machine gunner in the Argonne sector and carries wounds on both arms to prove his assertion. He returned to this country with a casualty company about New Years and spent a brief furlough at his home at Woodward, going back to the Pittsburgh hospital for further treatment.

Among the Bellefonte boys discharged from service and who have returned home are Lieuts. Hugh Quigley and Park Weaver.

Harry Fisher, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, returned home on a furlough the latter part of last week wearing the croix de guerre and a gold star, the first Bellefonte boy to return from France with these visible decorations as citations for bravery. He also has two service stripes on his left arm, denoting a year's service in a foreign land and two wound chevrons on his right arm. Harry first tried for the aviation service and while training in Kansas met with an accident and was discharged from that branch. He then joined the engineers and went across. During his service in France he was wounded twice, one wound in his right knee giving him the most trouble. He was also gassed in action. He arrived in this country with a casualty company shortly before Christmas, landing at Hampton Roads. He was in the hospital there until furloughed home. He has been granted an extension of his furlough and when that expires will report at a hospital in Washington for further treatment of his knee.

Two More of Our Men Accounted For.

Some time ago we announced that John Handza, of Clarence, and Arthur L. Loesch, of State College, were both represented missing in action.

On Wednesday the government's casualty list reported that both men have been located and are back on duty.

—Though the work of the local exemption board has been practically cleaned up, the honors are just beginning to arrive, as last Friday Sheriff Yarnell received his commission as a captain and County Commissioner Grove and Dr. Kidder each commissions as lieutenants, so that they will have these titles, at least, to hand down to their posterity.

Mrs. James Kane Hears from Both Her Boys.

St. Maixent, France, Dec. 5. Just a few words to let you know that I am still among the living, and never felt better in my life. There is something about army life that agrees with me. We are located in a beautiful camp here, which is real American-like. We have substantial brick barracks to live in, and all the comforts that anyone could desire, in times like these.

About ten of us fellows went to town last evening and had a seven course dinner, everything from soup to nuts, and it cost us only four francs and fifty centimes, or about eighty cents in our money. We were on our way to the front when the armistice was signed, so we were side-tracked here and I don't know where we will go from here.

JAMES KANE, 364 Aero Squadron.

Champigny les Langree, Dec. 9. I am still over here wading through the mud and waiting for the time to come when I can start home. The weather has been very disagreeable here lately, not very much like the weather we have at home. I think by the time you get this we will be on our way home and gee! won't I be glad to get back again to old Bellefonte. I have not been getting home mail very regularly, but enough to know that you are all right.

I left New York on July 10th and landed in France on the 21st. We left for the front on July 30th, and were along different parts of it until November 7th when we were sent back here to rest up. While here the armistice was signed. I have a little dog that was with me all through my service at the front, and I am going to bring him home with me if I am allowed to do so.

BERNARD KANE, Co. F, 56th Engineers.

State College Man Named Secretary of Agriculture.

Governor-elect William C. Sproul has selected Prof. Frederick Rasmussen, of State College, as his Secretary of Agriculture as successor to Charles E. Patton, of Clearfield county. The appointment is not only a compliment to Centre county but reflects credit upon Mr. Sproul's judgment in selecting able men for his cabinet. Prof. Rasmussen is an expert agriculturalist, not only from a scientific but a practical standpoint. He has declined several important positions tendered him by the United States government as well as the position of Secretary of Agriculture for New Hampshire. While he has never had time to play politics he is well known as a speaker and writer on agricultural topics and has an established reputation among the farmers of the United States. He is not only a pleasant and congenial gentleman, and easy of approach, but will take to the agricultural department a wealth of experience that will for once make it a credit to the great State of Pennsylvania.

State College to Admit Many High School Boys.

To accommodate High school and college boys now receiving their discharges from the army and navy, The Pennsylvania State College has announced that a limited number of well-prepared Freshmen will be admitted at the opening of the second semester, January 27. All those applicants will be eligible who have done virtually all the work necessary for graduation from High schools, even though they would not receive the High school diploma until next June. According to A. H. Espenshade, the college registrar, the State College is doing its utmost to accommodate all former students who are willing and able to return to their college work. He said the college was disposed to show the same consideration to High school graduates who may be discharged from military service in time to start their Freshman work this month.

Firemen's Relief Association.

The annual meeting of the Firemen's Relief association was held in the hall of the Undine fire company building on Tuesday evening, with the usual good attendance. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President—Benton D. Tate. Vice President—D. Paul Fortney. Secretary—Harry J. Jackson. Treasurer—Joseph Beezer. Board of Control—John J. Bower and P. H. Gherryty. Following the business meeting the customary banquet was served to the firemen and their invited friends. At the conclusion of the banquet speeches were made by burgess W. Harrison Walker, Edmund Blanchard and John J. Bower Esqs., and M. R. Johnson.

Walker—Harshberger.—Alfred H. Walker, of Lemont, and Miss Maude E. Harshberger, of Linden Hall, were united in marriage on Monday of this week, at the Reformed parsonage in Boalsburg, by the pastor, Rev. S. C. Stover.

—Manager Garman has booked "Charley's Aunt" for appearance at the opera house on Friday evening, January 31st. This old and favorite comedy will be presented in an entirely new and revised role and theatre goers are asked to keep the date in mind.

—The big DeHaviland airplane which was wrecked at Whitehaven several weeks ago arrived in Bellefonte in a freight car on Monday and on Tuesday was unloaded and hauled out to the aviation field for repairs.

LINGLE.—Frank J. Lingle died very unexpectedly last Saturday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Murray, in Patton, of acute dilatation of the heart. He had not been feeling well for ten days before his death but was able to be up and around. Even as late as Saturday morning he walked to his favorite barber shop to be shaved. Saturday afternoon he was taken violently sick and passed away at five o'clock in the evening.

Deceased was a son of Joseph and Elizabeth Harvey Lingle and was born in Bellefonte about sixty-six years ago, in the old jail, while his father was sheriff. As a young man he learned the trade of a jeweler and later learned the printer's trade but about the year 1889 he went to Phillipsburg and accepted the position of weighmaster at one of the coal mines in that locality. He was there a number of years then went to Patton and accepted a similar position at one of the mines at that place, making his home with Dr. and Mrs. Murray. He was a member of the Episcopal church and a man who had the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He never married and his only survivors are one brother and a sister, Hon. W. C. Lingle, of Phillipsburg, and Mrs. Edwin F. Garman, of Bellefonte.

In his boyhood days Frank was a great favorite in Bellefonte. He was a splendid ball player and no local team ever thought of victory unless he was on first base. He was genial and had a fine sense of humor that always made him an attractive personage among us.

The remains were brought to Bellefonte on Monday afternoon and taken to the Edwin F. Garman home on east High street where the funeral services were held at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. McClintock, of the Disciple church, of Phillipsburg, burial being made in the Union cemetery.

Those from out of town who attended the funeral were L. W. Runk, Dr. Bigelow, William Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Todd and Hon. W. C. Lingle, of Phillipsburg; Dr. Murray, of Patton; Irvin Harvey, son and daughter and Mrs. Harvey Lingle, of State College; Robert F. Garman, Mr. and Mrs. Al. S. Garman and Miss Emma Montgomery, of Tyrone; Mrs. J. Howard Lingle and Miss Marion Lingle, of DuBois, and Harvey Lingle, of Pittsburgh.

DELIGE.—Christina Delige, for a number of years past a resident of Bellefonte, died at her home on jail hill on Saturday of last week of cancer of the stomach, with which she had suffered for many weeks. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Delige and was born on March 9th, 1850, making her age 68 years, 10 months and 2 days. Prior to coming to Bellefonte she made her home at Scotia and was widely known throughout that community. She was a painstaking and industrious woman and for many years a butchering in that vicinity would not be complete unless Christina was there to help with it. Funeral services were held on Wednesday by Rev. Jones, of the A. M. E. church, after which the remains were taken to Scotia for burial.

SEGNER.—Michael Segner, a well known resident of Harris township, died at his home in Boalsburg on Wednesday morning of general infirmities, aged almost seventy-four years. During his life he followed farming and for a number of years also operated a threshing machine. He was a life-long member of the Lutheran church and a man who had the confidence and esteem of a large circle of friends. Ten years ago, or after the death of his wife, he retired from the farm and moved to a comfortable home in Boalsburg where he has since lived. He is survived by quite a family of children, and as two or more of them live in the west arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed.

SHELTON.—Mrs. Emma J. Shelton, wife of William S. Shelton, proprietor of the Millheim knitting mills, died very suddenly last Saturday morning after a brief illness with influenza. She was born at Pittston and was aged 50 years, 6 months and 8 days. In addition to her husband she is survived by two children, Maurice and Bessie, both at home. She also leaves two sisters. The Sheltons have been residents of Millheim the past fifteen years and in that time Mrs. Shelton had endeared herself to a wide circle of friends who deeply deplore her death. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard officiated at the funeral which was held on Tuesday morning, burial being made in the Fairview cemetery, Millheim.

BOGGS.—Miss Rebecca Boggs, of Milesburg, passed away in the Bellefonte hospital on Sunday, following an illness of several months with tuberculosis. Early last October she had an attack of influenza and though she apparently recovered from that dreaded ailment tuberculosis developed which finally caused her death. She was a daughter of Andrew T. and Mary Lingle Boggs and was born at Milesburg on January 20th, 1896, hence was almost twenty-three years old. In addition to her parents she is survived by several brothers and sisters. The funeral was held on Wednesday, burial being made in the Treziyulny cemetery.

WILSON.—Mrs. Mary A. Wilson died at her home in Walker township on Wednesday of last week after a long illness. She was a daughter of John S. and Rebecca Yearick Hoy and was born on April 8th, 1860, hence was 58 years, 9 months and 5 days old. Burial was made at Hubersburg on Saturday.