

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

F. GRAY MEEK, Editor

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HOLDING FORTH IN GERMANY.

Sergt. Clarence Smith Writes of His Wonderful Experience in the Big War Overseas.

The following letter from Sergt. Clarence Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, of Bellefonte, will doubtless be read with a great deal of interest by his friends in Bellefonte. Sergt. Smith is a member of Ambulance company No. 2, attached to the First division, which was in action through most of the war. Sergt. Smith tells some of his experiences in such a straightforward, unassuming way that his letter is well worth reading.

Montabaur, Germany, Jan. 2. I received the Christmas box on the 31st of last month. It certainly did come in handy. Candy is almost unheard of here, the people have had none since the beginning of the war. The Y. M. C. A. gave out some chocolate one day to the soldiers and you should have seen the natives eyes bulge. The children almost knocked one over in their eagerness to get some. Soap, too, is out of the question. With a cake of soap and a cake of chocolate one can almost buy out the town.

I am now on detached service with the First division headquarters. I have three men with me. There is also a doctor here who ranks as major. We have been on detached service since the 20th of November. We take sick-call for the men who are sick and run a dispensary. It is nice work and I like it very much.

We had a nice trip coming here from Verdun. We rode in trucks all the way with the exception of one day. We hiked twenty-five miles that day, which brought us to Coblenz. The major had already been there and arranged for rooms for us. While in France we had to take whatever we could get in the way of accommodations, which was not very much. France being an ally we had to take whatever they offered, and believe me, we had some bum places to stay. Usually houses or barns that had been almost shot to pieces and were barely any protection from the weather.

So, when we arrived at Coblenz and found that our major had taken rooms for us at one of the best hotels in the city, you can imagine our surprise. Everything that a modern hotel in the States has, we found here. We came into the rooms with our hobnail shoes on and stepped on the nice carpet. But what did we care. "To the victors belong the spoils." Now, since we are in Germany, we just take what we want in the way of accommodations and it is always the best to be had. The people don't offer any objections. They seem to take it as a matter of course. The American soldier always seems to have lots of money and the people here think we are all rich. A mark is now worth about eleven cents in our money. Before the war it was worth twenty-four cents.

The scenery along the Moselle river in Germany is beautiful. The river is flanked on both sides by high hills. From the river's edge to the top of the hills is one stretch of vineyards, planted on terraces. When they fertilize the ground they carry the fertilizer on their backs to the top of the hills. Some job! Nothing else will grow there and they use every bit of space on the hill. On some of the hills are ruins of old castles, and some new ones, too. The scenery here is in such a contrast to what we saw in France. There everything was almost ruined. Towns and villages were literally destroyed, roads were torn up, and the big trees that adorned both sides of the road were cut down and made use of by the Boche. It is too bad the Germans did not have some of their towns destroyed. Outside of the scarcity of food, you would never think they were in war.

We were in Coblenz two days. It is quite a large city. We crossed the Rhine on the 14th of December and came to Montabaur, where we have since been. This place is about twelve miles east of Coblenz.

Our company was a horse-drawn ambulance unit, and naturally we got closer to the front than a motor unit. We had but twelve ambulances and about 150 men. So it left us about 100 men for stretcher-bearers and first aid men. These men were distributed among a regiment of infantry. So you see we were right in the big show. The last of September, when the big drive started in the Argonne woods our division was in reserve. But about the 4th of October we moved in. The Boche had been pushed back a number of kilometres and we were going over ground that they had held since the beginning of the war. We were waiting in a town until the doughboys took a certain other town so we could establish a dressing station there. While we were waiting the Boche would throw over some gas, H. E. shells and shrapnel. We were sitting against the side of the hill and could see where most of the shells fell. We were practically safe from everything except gas. We could see

the gas shells break and the deadly fumes rise from the ground. Once we were enveloped with the gas but we quickly adjusted our masks and in a few minutes it was all over.

After waiting four or five hours we received orders to advance. We started up the road from the town and went up a hill. When we reached the top of the hill we were shelled again. This time we had no protection. The Boche knew all the roads and could put the shells anywhere, and he put them on the road, too. However, none of the shells fell closer than about one hundred yards from us. The ambulances were separated so that a space of about seventy-five yards was between each one. We stopped where we were until the shelling was over then went on again. After we had traveled about an hour we were shelled again, and again we stopped and waited.

While waiting this time a bunch of Boche planes came over, flying low. At first we thought they were American planes but they soon showed us different. Their machine guns began to rattle and the bullets to fall around us. There were five of us in a shell hole at the time, and over one part of the hole was a piece of sheet iron about four feet square. When the bullets began flying the five of us made a dive for the hole. Only one could get in it, and I was the one. I got my head and shoulders in. The Boche had been shooting lots of gas over for several days, the weather was damp, just the kind for gas, and the shell holes were full of it, so we beat it out of there for a safer place.

The Boche seemed to be master of the air for a while. Our anti-aircraft guns were shooting at them and shrapnel from these shells fell all around us. I later found a hole which the Boche had fixed up as a telephone station where I was pretty safe. Several of our ambulances got bullet holes through them. The Red Cross was plainly visible on the top of the ambulances and the enemy planes were very low, not over one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards in the air, but the Boche would shoot at anything. However, we all got through it safe. But the next day they got two of our fellows.

It has been a wonderful experience to go through. I want to say right here that we have been in all of it. The First division has not missed anything. We were the first troops to see the front and the last to leave on November 11th. I have come through all right and have been well all the time.

Sergt. CLARENCE SMITH.

Praise for Capt. Theodore Davis Boal.

Centre county has always been proud of her soldiers, proud of their patriotism and bravery as displayed on the battlefield and proud of their loyalty to the green valleys and rugged hills of Central Pennsylvania; and now that the great European war is over there will be many more of them to evoke the admiration of their fellowmen, for of the almost two thousand young men who went forth to service in the greatest war upon earth not one of them will return without some commendation to his credit. And some of them will return decorated upon the battle field or other ways in the cause for which they fought. And among this number is Capt. Theodore Davis Boal. In writing a brief history of the Twenty-eighth (Pennsylvania) division, R. E. Aulanier and Paul Pimouille, French officers attached to the division for liaison work, after speaking most glowingly of the admirable qualities of General Charles Muir, pays the following tribute to Capt. Boal.

I feel that I ought to say a word of your aide-de-camp, Captain Boal, that cultured gentleman, that staunch patriot. He would walk with the same elegant ease under machine-gun or shell fire as when decorating a mess table. What a pity that such a gentleman did not have the chance to go through a war more brilliant than this one. I can so vividly picture him dashing against the enemy on a splendid charger, fitted out in a glittering uniform, and smiling in the face of death as he would at a fine lady!

All his acts were inspired by his affection for his country and for the person of his general. Being of an age that allowed him to escape the hardships of war and possessed of immense wealth, which permitted him to enjoy all this world's goods, Captain Boal left everything, forgot everything to come and fight in the fair land of France he loved so much. So great was this love that he sent over his only son, as early as 1914, to defend the honor of France in a French uniform.

General, Captain Boal was your worthy assistant.

Bugler Frank Crissman Reported Alive.

Notwithstanding the fact that bugler Frank Crissman, son of Mr. W. Homer Crissman, of Bellefonte, was officially reported dead by the War Department on January 7th, reports from some of his comrades in France state that he is not only alive but getting along all right. A letter to this effect was received on Tuesday by Mrs. Butterworth from her husband, Lieut. Butterworth, of the 107th machine gun battalion. Mrs. Butterworth wrote to her husband in December to find out positively about Bugler Crissman, and his reply, under date of January 12th, was in effect that he had information that Crissman had been wounded in the thigh but was now getting along all right.

Lieut. Butterworth further stated that according to information they had received the entire Twenty-eighth division (old National Guard of Pennsylvania) will be sent home during the latter part of February and not later than the first week in March.

EXPLORED A SUBMARINE.

Former Centre County Woman Writes of Her Work in London, England.

Mrs. Willis Weaver, of Windber, has received another letter from her sister, Mrs. Harriet Holmes Schaub, a native of Centre county, in which she tells of the many interesting things she has seen and experienced in her work in London, England. Her letter follows:

London, England, Dec. 29, 1918. I had the wonderful experience of being taken over the famous U-boat 155, which is anchored here in the Thames. She was the Deutschland, the first submarine the Huns sent to America, you remember. How men live aboard a submarine is beyond me. We were shown every corner and detail of the boat. Wasn't that great?

The next most thrilling experience was to be here for the arrival of President and Mrs. Wilson. It was almost as exciting as being in New York on Armistice day. England surely showed America every courtesy and every honor it was in her power to show. Think of the King and Queen going personally to the depot to meet the President and his wife—a thing almost never done—and they had to wait fifteen minutes for the train. When they returned, in the first royal carriage rode the King with President Wilson seated on his right and the Queen in the next royal carriage with Mrs. Wilson seated at her right. I am sure your papers have described the gorgeousness of the carriages, the out-riders, the color-bearers, the guard of honor, etc., etc., much better than I can. And think of it—I stood just a couple of feet from where they passed and had a full view of every detail. It was the privilege of a lifetime. The streets through which they passed were decorated beautifully with bunting and the flags of the Allies, our own Old Glory very much in evidence. I saw not only the King and Queen, the President and Mrs. Wilson, but the Duke of Connaught, Princess Mary, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, in fact almost all the most talked-of people in England today.

The night patrol has been doing day and night duty for a week because the International Hospitality League had 1,500 invitations from private homes for men in uniform—many of them from homes whose boys would never come back. Wasn't it wonderful? As we do all the street work they asked us to come on duty in the daytime until we had boys to accept this hospitality.

Boxing day is the day after Christmas and is quite as much of a holiday as Christmas, so we really had a longer day than we had Christmas. I don't know just what Boxing day means. It seems they give boxes or gifts to the servants. Miss MacGregor—my partner on the night patrol—we go in pairs—and I had a funny experience on Boxing day. About five o'clock we had an invitation from the Brompton Road Boys' club for thirty men for tea and dinner that night. We gathered up the men—all of them strangers in London—and then we could not get a taxi, a bus, a train, or any means of conveyance and the place was three miles, through these crooked, dark streets, so we volunteered to walk there with them. It was the funniest outfit you ever saw, made up of every kind of uniform. We had Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Canadians, Americans, New Zealanders, Australians, South Americans, and we two women. They voted us as good hikers as any man. When we got to the place they had stopped the refreshments because they thought we were not coming. We pulled off our coats, helped make sandwiches and tea for those hungry fellows, helped to get dinner on the way and finally left them at 9 o'clock having had a fine time.

On Christmas eve, instead of going to dinner we went to the most impressive, most beautiful service I have ever seen. I think I wrote you about Saint Martins-in-the-Field—the lovely old church built in 1721—on our "beat" where we go to service every night at 10 o'clock if the street is quiet enough for us to leave. Well, this Christmas eve service is called "The Mystery." The church is absolutely dark. The first is the three shepherds with their lanterns following the star and seeking the manger, and follows in every detail the story of the Christ child. I never have heard such music and never saw anything so sacred. I am sure there never was a time when people so universally prayed and read their Bibles. Your little brown testament is not neglected any day, I assure you. The things we see make us say many earnest prayers. I can tell you. A repatriated prisoner whom I was able to help a little gave me a cigarette case with the Iron Cross stamped in the corner. Last night an Australian convalescent gave me a button of the uniform he had worn when he went into battle at the beginning of the war. In two days I met three men who had been in Fallon—wasn't that queer?

And so on and so on the days go by. As my first month is over I went to Lady Ward the other day and asked her if I might go to France with Miss MacGregor, who leaves on the first. She was dandy and said they were releasing three girls from the night patrol who have completed four months' service here and that they left only five Americans, two of whom were entirely new on the work; that if I would stay a month or six weeks longer she would write a letter so that I could either be sent in the army of occupation or given what-ever I wanted to do in France with-

out any probation work there. Of course I am more than willing to stay because I came to work wherever I am needed most, but wasn't Lady Ward nice about it? I was glad to stay on my own account, too, because, as I wrote you, working nights and sleeping days does not leave much time for sight-seeing and certainly this is the most wonderful town in the world. Yesterday we went to the House of Parliament. You can't imagine anything so gorgeous as the House of Lords. The House of Commons is the other extreme, very plain indeed.

HARRIET HOLMES SCHAUB. News of the Soldier Boys.

James E. Stein Jr., of Sunbury, landed in Hoboken last week, being one of the casualties sent home for further treatment. The young soldier will be better remembered by Bellefonte people as "Jimmie" Stein, son of Rev. and Mrs. James B. Stein. The family lived in Bellefonte a number of years while Rev. Stein was pastor of the Methodist church. James Stein Jr. was among the first to volunteer after war was declared upon Germany, going across with a regiment of engineers. He saw considerable service and was finally wounded in the shoulder. His parents, Rev. and Mrs. Stein, now reside in Altoona.

Lieut. Paul E. Seanor, who was badly injured in a motorcycle accident in Riverside, Cal., several weeks ago, is recovering nicely and it is expected will be able to leave the hospital in the near future. Lieut. Seanor, who was in training in the aviation service at March field, Riverside, was out on his motorcycle when he collided with an automobile driven by Rev. Father Stephens, of Colton. His injuries consisted of two slight fractures of the skull, concussion of the brain and several painful cuts and bruises. He was taken care of in the army post hospital. Writing to the "Watchman" of their home there Mrs. Seanor says: "This is a perfectly wonderful country. The scenery and climate cannot possibly be described. One can be out of doors the year 'round, but even at that there can never be any place like dear old Bellefonte to me."

Lieut. Commander A. Trood Bidwell, of Bellefonte, who has been on duty in the Adriatic sea the past year or more, was given a nice Christmas present by the Admiral in charge of the Far East fleet. He was made commander of the destroyer Gregory and as all the destroyers have been ordered to return to home ports it means that Commander Bidwell will return to the United States within the next few months and that will probably mean a leave of absence to visit his home folks.

Robert S. Walker surprised his Bellefonte friends by arriving home very unexpectedly on Tuesday evening. So far as general knowledge was concerned Mr. Walker was still in Scotland, but it seems that he was returned to this country very unexpectedly. He landed in Philadelphia the latter part of last week and at once got into communication with his wife who was visiting in Philadelphia. He then called up his mother, who was at Bryn Mawr, and the three of them came to Bellefonte Tuesday evening. Mr. Walker has a ten days' leave of absence when he will report at Norfolk to receive his discharge.

Charles McCoy, one of the Bellefonte overseas young men who turned out to be alive after having been reported killed in action, returned home on Tuesday.

More of the Lost Boys Located.

The "Watchman" is happy to be able again to reassure a number of parents and friends as to the whereabouts of their boys on the other side who have not been heard from for so long as to cause anxiety.

Our connection with the Home Paper Service of America has been worth while. It affords us opportunity to render service to the public that is worth while and in rendering this service the "Watchman" furnishes another proof of its claim so generally acknowledged by persons who know that it is the really worth while paper published in Centre county.

WILBERT L. LYKENS

Has no casualty report. His unit, Co. G, 362nd Inf., at latest reports was at Lateret-Bernard, Belgium, with the 91st Division; the entire Division being on the priority list for early return home.

GEORGE W. BAILEY

No casualty report. His unit, Supply Co., 60th Coast Artillery, sailed January 26th, for New York on the Cedric which was due to dock on Tuesday of this week. It will then proceed to Fort Washington, Md., a coast artillery station about fifteen miles down the Potomac from Washington.

MORRIS COLYER

His unit, the 33rd Inf., is at Panama. The casualty bureau has no information as to condition of members, nor is it possible to say when the 33rd will return to this country.

DAVID H. LAUCK

David Lauck was reported killed in action November 1st, but his parents have had some doubt as to the accuracy of the report.

We regret that our information furnishes no substantial ground on which to base hope that the first report might be incorrect. There has been no alteration of the original report. His unit, Co. H, 314th Inf., is at Souilly, France, and forms part of the army of occupation.

Other inquiries that have come in since the above were received will be answered just as promptly as we can get thorough investigation made.

AT WORK IN MILLIERES.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads Tells of the Work in Her New Location.

Millieres, France, Jan. 3. I had a strange New Year's day. It was mild as spring almost, and sunny and nice most of the day. I was to have left Nogent for here several days before I did but asked to stay one day longer and then was ready to leave on Tuesday, December 31st. I had everything packed and ready but when the head colonel heard of it he wouldn't let me go until after the New Year's eve entertainment in our "Y." It was too funny. He had just come in his car, a big Cadillac 8, with another officer or two, one French, to take me to see the room we had selected for the officers' club. Our "Y" truck driver came to the door of the car to say that he had my luggage on the truck and was all ready to take me to this place but the colonel ordered him to take my things back to my billet and the consequence was, of course, I had the pleasure of that last entertainment. The colonel himself went with explanations to the head "Y" man and said he would send me over whenever I wanted to go. But I knew they were expecting me, and needed me over here, so I wasn't willing to stay longer there than that night. I came here in luxurious style in the Cadillac car on New Year's morning. Both generals were at that entertainment and expressed regret at my leaving.

I can never cease to be thankful that I did not allow personal inclination to keep me at Nogent, now that I see how very much needed a "Y" woman is here. I confess I shed a tear or two at leaving Nogent. I am supposed now to be attached to the 5th army corps, and have the insignia and authority to wear it. As soon as I arrived here I saw the divisional secretary was right, and that here is where the need is greatest. There are twice as many men here in this little place as at Nogent, and with scarcely nothing being done for them. Such a dreary, dismal "Y" when I first saw it late New Year's afternoon. The secretary is a nice man from California but brand new over here, only left the States in September, and a soldier or two helpers is all we have.

Just a long wooden army barrack for our "Y" hut. There is not even a floor in it, no platform or canteen counter, and scarcely a shelf; absolutely bare walls, about four trestle tables, a few plain benches, several army stoves which smoke terribly, one tiny candle was burning, about twenty men hugging the stove and no supplies in sight. Well, you can imagine how I felt! It's a dead little village, no sidewalk of any kind, mud everywhere, at night so black that I cannot see the face or even form of the man going with me to the "Y."

This is certainly very much like the real front line work. Over at Nogent the boys all said they would get drunk if I left, and while it was gratifying to know they didn't want me to leave, they are in Paradise compared to these equally fine fellows over here. I hadn't been here two hours until I instinctively felt that there was a lot of talent here in the way of acting and singing, and it has already proven I was right.

First of all I decided we must have more light and determined on some kind of a holder for candles. I found a boy from DuBois, Pa., who made out of cigar boxes three "chandeliers" for the ceiling of the building and six side lights, all lined with tin to act as reflectors. Then, fortunately, I had brought some discarded posters with me from Nogent, very pretty and bright ones, and after trimming off the torn edges I tacked these up on the bare walls making the place look more cheerful and last night (my second here) the "Y" was crowded. It really looked brilliant with the twelve candles glowing and the light from the stoves.

During the day I had drummed up some musical talent and with a violinist and a splendid male quartette we really had a wonderful evening. Today I visited the various company officers promised for three evenings with more in prospect. Among the soldiers here are actors, dancers, vaudeville performers, a tight-rope walker, comedians, etc., all of whom helped save the world for democracy at the battle of Chateau Thierry and other places. They have been cited for bravery and commended by the French government many number of times. They are the boys of the 101st infantry of that wonderful Twenty-sixth division.

We kept the one telephone wire hot with our insistence that supplies be sent here at once and tonight they came, and also a moving picture. In the month and a half these boys have been here they had only one moving picture entertainment before this and only one local talent performance. Last night the following note was handed to me:

To the only girl we have seen in a month and a half: We give you a standing invitation to join our little party in the Y. M. C. A. hut. A short talk on what is doing back in the U. S. A. will greatly relieve our homesickness. We remain, etc.

THE GANG.

The "Y" secretary has secured the nicest room obtainable for me, in the same house with the major. It has an open fireplace and is so filled with dishes, bric-a-brac, beautifully carved and heavy furniture, that one can hardly turn around, but it is very comfortable as long as it does not get colder. The old French woman is an incessant talker and is, I fear—as one of the officers put it—"soused" much of the time with "vin rouge," but we get along all right. My room was formerly the "salle a manger"—dining room—which explains the numerous dishes.

REBECCA N. RHOADS.

Military and Naval Discharges.

It is of great importance to each soldier and sailor in Centre county, who has received an honorable discharge from the military or naval service of the United States, that a permanent record of such discharge be preserved.

We are glad to announce that William H. Brown, the present recorder of deeds, will record all such discharges of all soldiers or sailors from Centre county, without any charges to them for his service, and will be able to do same as soon as he can get the necessary record book; all discharges to be taken to said office and same to be called for.

STRICKLAND.—Franklin Pierce Strickland died at the Blair county hospital on Saturday evening of apoplexy, aged 66 years, 5 months and 1 day. For a number of years he resided at Snow Shoe, this county, and was a member of the Odd Fellows lodge of that place as well as the Methodist church. He is survived by three sons and four daughters, namely: J. F. Strickland, of Juniata; W. J. of Parkersburg, W. Va.; F. L. in France; Mrs. E. L. Foster, of Conemaugh; Mrs. G. M. Culp, of Schellsburg; Mrs. Thomas McOnagle, of Latrobe, and Mrs. Dowell Kinzley, of Cleveland, Ohio. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Oscar Miles, of Milesburg, and Mrs. Jeffries McCallion, of Howard. The remains were brought to Milesburg on the Pennsylvania-Lehigh train Wednesday afternoon and burial made in the Milesburg cemetery.

ADAMS.—Robert Adams, only son of William and Julia Gray Adams, died at his home on Penn street on Sunday of tubercular meningitis. In October he had an attack of influenza and from it developed the disease which caused his death. He was born in Hagerstown, Md., on August 6th, 1875, hence had reached the age of 44 years, 6 months and 3 days. He had been a resident of Bellefonte a number of years. In April, 1918, he was united in marriage to Miss Lavina Thomas, of Virginia, who came north three years ago and lived at State College prior to her marriage. His only survivors are his wife and parents. Funeral services were held at his late home at 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon by Rev. L. V. Jones, pastor of the A. M. E. church, after which burial was made in the Union cemetery.

BROUSE.—Edward Brouse, son of William and Mary Brouse, of Boalsburg, died on Sunday evening of diabetes, aged nine years. The boy had been sick only twenty-four hours and being an unusually bright child his untimely death is a sad blow to his parents. He also leaves three brothers and three sisters. Funeral services were held at 10:30 o'clock on Wednesday morning by Rev. S. C. Stover, after which burial was made in the Boalsburg cemetery.

BRUGGER.—Mrs. Emma Thompson Brugger, wife of John Brugger, died at her home in Johnstown last week. She had been an invalid for many years. She never had any children and her only survivors are her husband and her mother. The remains were brought to Unionville for burial on Monday.

Brief Meeting of Borough Council.

Every member was present at Monday night's meeting of borough council with the exception of Mr. Cherry. There were no verbal nor written communications.

Mr. Harris, of the Street committee, reported that men were at work cleaning out the Thomas street sewer and outlined some changes which would in a measure prevent its clogging up. The committee was instructed to make the necessary changes. Mr. Harris also reported that Isaac Baney's horse had broken through the bridge at the Phoenix mill and the bridge had been repaired.

The Water committee reported fixing a number of fire hydrants and also submitted their recommendations on the various requests for water tax exonerations, with the recommendation that on the requests disallowed property owners be given fifteen days in which to pay the tax and if not paid at that time the water will be turned off. The recommendation of the committee was accepted and approved by council.

The Finance committee reported a balance in the hands of the borough treasurer on January 20th of \$1300, and also asked for the renewal of a note for \$2000 for six months from January 2nd, and a new note for \$5000 for three months to meet current bills, both of which were authorized.

Secretary Kelly read a notice of a meeting of the Pennsylvania Federation of Boroughs to be held at the Penn-Harris hotel in Harrisburg on February 25th and 26th, with a suggestion that council send a delegation to the meeting. Council voted to send the burgess, solicitor and the chairman of the Street and Water committees.

President Walker appointed A. Miles Barr an auditor for the Pruner orphanage.

A complaint was received from the Pennsylvania Match company regarding the condition of the railroad trestle above the passenger station, which in a time of high water is liable to clog the stream and flood their premises. Inasmuch as the railroad company is now working at this trestle to get it cleared out the matter was referred to the Street committee and borough solicitor.

Bills to the amount of \$4521.16 were approved and council adjourned.