Democratic Watchman.

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GETTYSBURG, ANTIETAM AND ARLINGTON

The return of Memorial day brings to mind the national cemeteries of the land that are annually garlanded with flowers in loving remembrances of the hero dead there buried. It has been the fortune of the writer to visit three of these cemeteries recently in person, that at the battlefield of Gettysburg, that at Antietam and that at Arlington, across the Potomac from the nation's capital.

There are fine piked or paved highways to all three of these national shrines affording easy and pleasant access by automobile. I advise any one with time and means to visit one of our great battlefields and cemeteries. It is all well enough to read about them, but nothing brings one the close personal touch and gives him so lively an appreciation of the meaning of civil war and of the nation it preserved as an actual vision of the scenes of one of its historic engagements and of the monuments there erected to commemorate its historic deeds.

My visit to Gettysburg occurred in 1913 shortly before the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle. Happening to be in the vicinity with a half day to spare, I motored with a party of friends to the pleasant old village of Gettysburg and over most of the historic field. My only regret was that we had not more time, and I should strongly advise any one making the trip to allow at least two or three days as the engagement extended over several miles of territory, and all of the monuments and tablets are well worth seeing.

The battlefield of Gettysburg is now a park, through which wind pleasant roads. At the time of our visit tents were already being erected for the coming semicentennial celebration. Starting on the scene of the first day's fight, where stands the fine monument to General Reynolds, our road led through the woods along Seminary ridge, where the Confederates held their position on the second and third days; thence past the extreme Union left, with its "Devil's den," and on to Cemetery ridge, the two Round Tops and Culp's hill, where the Federal forces turned not only the tide of this battle, but of the entire war. It was with a thrill that one realized the significance of the scene—that among these peaceful farms occurred a turning point in human history.

Standing at the point where "the high tide of the Confederacy" was reached and looking across the valley to the forest beyond, one could again see the gray soldiers emerging from the sparse timber for Pickett's memorable charge. Over the field are hanging the heavy smoke clouds from the preceding artillery engagement. Even the Union soldiers must have thrilled with admiration at the spectacle as the dauntless gray columns, 17,000 strong, swept out of the woods across the valley at double quick, soon speeding into a charge. But now the thunder of the Union batteries breaks upon them, and they go down amid the grainfields, a human harvest before the grim reaper. Yet they do not turn back. With thinning ranks they sweep on, up to the very breastworks, where ensue a hand to hand struggle, as of wild beasts, and a slaughter scarcely equaled before in the world's history.

Today a double monument stands near the place where ended in disaster this gallant charge. To the right is the great cemetery with white monuments shining through the trees and Old Glory flying above. To the rear is the old farmhouse where Meade had his headquarters. Not far distant is the spot where Sickles held the famous peach orchard. All about are the testimonials of a nation's remembrance and gratitude. Here was uttered Lincoln's immortal address, and, despite his modest disclaimer, the words he said here will live as long as the deeds they proclaimed.

Dull and unresponsive must that soul be who can behold this scene without a new realization of the meaning of liberty and of Americanism. Words fail here unless they were the words of a Lincoln, but even to stand upon this spot and breathe the atmosphere is like spiritual baptism. Most blessed of all, this field is now dedicated to peace, and may we hope it will be a peace world without end. This was exemplified by the fraternal greetings of the survivors of both armies who gathered here fifty years after.

My visit to the battlefield of Antietam occurred two years later, in the summer of 1915—a run from Washington to Frederick, part of the way over the splendid Baltimore pike; thence over the toll road through the mountains to Antietam creek, and from there, through the very heart of the battlefield, on into Sharpsburg. On the way we passed through a village that looked as though taken bodily out of the days of the Revolution or out of England. It was like a glimpse of the eighteenth century. That village cannot have changed since McClellan marched through it on his way to meet Lee.

Gettysburg and Antietam mark the two attempts of Lee to invade the north, both of them ending disastrously to himself and the Confederacy. Here the two armies fired across the brawling creek. All day the fight lasted. Both were badly hurt, Lee so much that he withdrew across the river, McClellan failing to follow. Here are tablets and monuments also, although not so plentiful as at Gettysburg. Here also is a national cemetery, on the hill toward Sharpsburg. By the way, our southern friends call this the battle of Sharpsburg, possibly because their army lay on that side.

We crossed the bridge over which the fight waged so fiercely, or, rather, a bridge standing in the same place. The old one, as I remember, is gone. On the hill is a shaft and beyond this a road leading to the bloodiest part of the field. After fifty-three years it is hard to realize that among these peaceful hills and these old time villages men of our race and kindred gave their lives that we might have peace. This was the battle that furnished Lincoln the occasion for issuing the emancipation proclamation. Thus both this field and that at Gettysburg are linked with the immortal name of the great war President.

Arlington I visit frequently, the last time being two days before this was written. It is a pleasant ride from Washington and is one of the most beautiful spots in America. In it are buried both Union and Confederate soldiers, also the bodies taken from the battleship Maine and soldiers from the Spanish-American war. Here the President of the United States is usually the Memorial day orator.

At Arlington stands the home of Robert E. Lee, formerly the property of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of George Washington. It looks directly across the river to the new Lincoln memorial now being erected on the other shore of the Potomac. Between the two is to stretch the Lincoln bridge, so Arlington is also linked to that beloved name. Beyond rises the tall white shaft of the Washington monument and in the farther distance the capitol. Arlington is almost in direct line with the three. When the plans of Washington are completed, with great buildings along the mall stretching from the capitol to the monument, the drive along this mall, past the monument and the Lincoln memorial and thence over the Lincoln bridge to Arlington will be one of the most beautiful on the planet. Even now the view from Arlington looking across the river to the white towering shaft and the beautiful city is one of the most striking and majestic in the world, and when all these improvements are finished it will be unsurpassed. The soldiers of the republic could have no more fitting or charming place of rest.

Near to Arlington are Fort Myer and the immense steel towers, three in number, of the great wireless station. The cemetery is on a high hill directly overlooking the river. On the top is a wide plateau. Here is the famous "field of the dead," where the headstones stretch away, more than 16,000 in number, like a great, silent, white army. In one grave lie 2,111 unknown soldiers. The superintendent of the cemetery, Captain Magoon, who, by the way, is a brother of Charles E. Magoon of Panama and Cuba fame, told me an interesting story of the gathering of these bodies. Rewards were offered, and the remains were exhumed from the vicinity of battlefields and reinterred at Arlington. From old ravines, where they had crawled for water and were hence undiscovered; from ditches, where they had been hurriedly buried together; from Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock, they came on their last sad journey to this romantic spot overlooking the capital of the land they died to save.

On tablets all over Arlington are inscribed verses of Colonel Theodore O'Hara's noble poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead." Here is a beautiful monument to the Confederate dead, here a temple of fame, inscribed with the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Thomas, Meade and others. Here rest Sheridan, Admiral Porter and some of the most famous generals of the war. Here in another part of the grounds is rising the Maine memorial, now nearing completion.

One of the most beautiful spots of the cemetery is the amphitheater, where the Memorial day exercises are conducted each year. This is a sylvan temple, formed by a grassy embankment and trellised by vines.

There is to be a grander amphitheater, however, of noble columns, but with a natural floor of grass and open to the sky. This will be near the Maine memorial and will be easily visible from Washington.

MEMORIAL DAY LIKE ALL SOUL'S DAY.

Memorial day is in truth nothing more than a secular All Soul's day. It owes its origin, acording to some accounts, to the women of the south, who began the practice of decorating their graves less than two years after the close of the civil war. That struggle of four years had kept our country in a constant state of commotion and excitement. Every part of the nation had contributed its men, young and old, to the conflict. When peace was restored there was scarcely a village or town that did not have a grave to remind it of the fearful cost.

A New York newspaper first published a paragraph stating that a few women of Columbus, Miss., had strewn the graves of the dead soldiers, Union as well as Confederate. This touching tribute caused a thrill of tenderness to pass through the north, and it aroused, as probably nothing else could have done, a feeling of the national amity an love.

DID YOU KNOW?

That automobiles in use exceed telephones in the United States. There are 35,300,000 telephones in use in the world and 29,766,985 passenger automobiles. Fifty seven per cent of the telephones are in use in the United States and seventy seven and four tenths per cent of the passenger cars. Passenger car registration in this country last year was 23,042,840, while there were only 20,098,059 phones in use here.

That in New York State there is a motor vehicle for every 2.78 persons?

That New York leads all States in motor vehicle registration with California a close second?

"Why do you call your alarm clock Macbeth?"

"Macbeth doth murder sleep."

THE ALTOONA SPEEDWAY UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Active preparations for the opening of the 1931 automobile racing season on the famous Altoona Speedway were begun last week when Ralph Hankinson, a new operator of the mile and a quarter oval, opened offices in that place.

Harry Riggins, a personal representative of Hankinson for the past six years and a former racing driver, was named as manager of the Speedway. Riggins succeeds Paul Pommer, manager for the last two years when the Altoona corporation, owners of the track, staged the race meets.

The first race, a championship event will be held July 4, instead of the usual Flag day opening in June. The change was made because, Hankinson said, "Independence day is a much more appropriate date for the Altoona premiere and will give an opportunity to add color and glamor to the national July Fourth celebration."

The usual Labor day meet will be held as in the past. Both races, sanctioned by the contest board of the American Automobile Association, will be championship.

Hankinson, who operates most every "big time" speedway aside from Indianapolis, acquired control of the local saucer early this year. It was the first time in the history of the track that it was leased to an outside organization, the parent body taking care of operations in past years.

The track will celebrate its eighth birthday this season. Since it's opening in 1923 the nation's leading drivers including winners and headliners of the grand prize Indianapolis "500" have appeared regularly on its fast banked surface. The Speedway is recognized as the world's fastest.

The new managers are the Hankinson Speedways Inc., now directing managers of the bowls at Langhorne, Woodbridge and Rockingham. They have general offices in New York and Philadelphia, but will operate the Altoona track from a local office, 1113 Twelfth street in that city.

SOME FISHERMEN MAKE GOOD BUTCHERS.

Charles F. Cook, Howard Gearhart, John Nighthart, James Fox and H. J. Parker went down to Curtin to fish, last Thursday afternoon, Nighthart landed a big fall fish, but it fell off the hook just as he had gotten it ashore. Instantly there was the usual excitement of keeping the fish from wiggling back into the water. As is always the case the fisherman usually grabs at the spot the fish has just left and this fisherman was no exception, so the big fall fish is still swimming around in the Bald Eagle and John Nighthart is nursing a very sore little finger.

Being a bit ruffled by the incident John became careless in making his next cast. Somehow the hook caught on his little finger, just as he was doing so, and the heavy sinker he was using, being in motion, pulled the hook deep into the flesh.

There were no surgeons in the party, but two of them proved to be the makin's of good butchers. After cutting his finger nearly off with their penknives, and still not being able to extract the hook, they told him to turn his back. When he did so they both heaved and tore it out, leaving a finger that looked as though it had gone through a fodder shredder.

It is needless to say that the usually amiable and quiet Mr. Nighthart let out a yell that proved that he need never worry about the robustness of either his lungs or his vocal organs.

EASTERN GROWN APPLES FIND MARKET IN EUROPE.

A survey of apple marketing in the Cumberland-Shenandoah region, made by economists of the United States Department of Agriculture in cooperation with agricultural economists of the state colleges of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia, shows that in some years 60 percent of the commercial crop from this region goes to Europe, principally to England.

While the export market is the mainstay of the Cumberland-Shenandoah producers, they are encountering increasing competition from northwestern apple growers. To satisfy both domestic and foreign markets the growers find it necessary to improve orchard practices so as to produce a larger volume of unblemished fruit, and to practice strict and uniform grading and packing methods. More than 50 per cent of the trees in commerical orchards of the region are of these varieties: York Imperial, Stayman Winesap, Winesap, and Delicious..

Technical Bulletin 234-T, Marketing Apples in the Cumberland-Shenandoah Region of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia," contains the survey report and it can be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

MISUNDERSTANDING

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"'Do you mean to say that you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Theodore B. Haupt, et ux, to Dale Gardner, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; $100.

James S. Reish, et ux, to A. G. Dunlap, tract in Gregg Twp.; $1.

Thomas O. Fishel, et ux, to William Houtz, et ux, tract in College Twp.; $1.

William H. Houtz, et ux, to Earl H. Houtz, et ux, tract in College Twp.; $1.

Gregg Twp. School District to Harry Ilgen, tract in Gregg Twp.; $200.

Earl H. Houtz, et ux, to William H. Houtz, et ux, tract in College Twp.; $1.

Joel S. Royer, et al, to Elizabeth C. Barnhart, tract in Walker Twp.; $1.

Elizabeth C. Barnhart to Joel S. Royer, tract in Walker Twp.; $1.

Phi Kappa Nu fraternity to the Phi Kappa Nu Alumni Asso., tract in State College; $1.

Tressa Vaughn to Abbie Feightner, et al, tract in South Philipsburg; $475.

Abbie Feightner, et al, to LeRoy H. Morrison, tract in S. Philipsburg; $500.

Cornelius K. Brugger, et ux, to Edward Flick, tract in Union Twp.; $1.

J. W. Henszey, et ux, to Penn State Chapter of the Delta Chi Fraternity, tract in State College; $1.

Lloyd E. Ripka, Ex., to J. I. Reed, tract in Ferguson Twp; $1.

John M. Hartswick, et al, to Cecil J. Irvin, et ux, tract in State College; $1.

Jennie K. Reifsnyder, et al, to Charles Zimmerman, tract in Miles Twp.; $35.

John Palochko, et al, to Elizabeth Singer, et al, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

John W. Harter, et ux, to Theodore Royer, tract in Miles Twp.; $189.45.

Amos M. Wagner to R. H. Specker, et ux, tract in Half Moon Twp.; $3,000.

R. H. Specker, et ux, to Amos W. Wagner, tract in Half Moon Twp.; $1.

Harry Small, et ux, to Charles L. Byron, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

Charles L. Byron to Harry Small, et ux, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

H. E. Dunlap, sheriff, to Charles D. Bartholomew, tract in State College; $4,500.

Luther L. Weber, et al, to Orlando Hackenberg, tract in Haines Twp.; $10.

G. Edward Haupt, et ux, to Peter E. Cain, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; $500.

Ray M. Kemerer, et ux, to Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, tract in Miles Twp.; $1,075.50.

H. E. Dunlap, sheriff, to Louis G. Peters, et ux, tract in Boggs Twp.; $475.

H. E. Dunlap, sheriff, to First National Bank of State College, tract in State College; $1,375.

William M. Meyer, et ux, to Sarah Mallory, tract in Harris Twp.; $3,500.

Julia Unick to Wash Unick, tract in Rush Twp.: $1.

Angus—Have you noticed how your health has improved since you have an auto?

Sandy—Oh, yes, I have a fine appetite now if I could only afford to eat.

——Subscribe for the Watchman.

PLEASE' MR. PRESIDENT, GIVE US A BIG FISI

President Hoover was urged recently to hang the following supplication by a fisherman above th fireplace of his lodge in the Virgin mountains:

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish so larg
that even I
In talking of it afterward shall hav
no need to lie.

R. E. Blackwell, president of Rar dolph-Macon College, at Ashlan Va., made the suggestion to M Hoover, who, it was said, was muc amused.

The couplet, Mr. Blackwell ex plained, came from the wall of th home of a British angler in Cornwal England.