



ARMY OF HUNTERS SEEKING TO SLAY THE BUCK DEER.

Seven Mountains Through Penna Valley Infested With Oamping Parties.—Deer are Pifantful.—A List of the Parties.

The 1915 deer season commenced with the break of day yesterday (Wednesday) morning and possibly nowhere in Pennsylvania are camping parties to be found in closer touch to one another than in the Seven Mountains. Sometimes only a creek separates one crew of hunters from another and in many instances it is possible to send the human voice from one camp to another. The greatest congestion exists in the Paddy Mountain district which possibly is the best bear country in the county. Many foreign clubs are encamped there besides numerous local organizations which have for many years hunted in that region.

While some parties will undoubtedly be disappointed in making killings there is every reason to believe that the present season will be a record breaker in the number of deer killed. The condition of the woods at this time of the year is favorable to the hunter and with the likelihood of a tracking snow at any time, this year promises big opportunities for the different hunting parties.

The Reporter endeavored to collect as complete a list of the various hunting parties as was possible, and they are appended:

The Bradford party, instead of being located in Stone Creek, as mentioned last week, are on the Colyer farm in the Seven Mountains. This organization of hunters is one of the most experienced and successful in the state. This year marks the sixty-fourth season in the woods under the name of the Bradford party. While none of the original hunters are numbered in the present party, two—George W. Bradford and J. C. Kuhn—have given chase to the fleet deer for almost a half century. The latter hunter, incidentally, has a record that possibly is unassailable among nimrods who have shrouded a gun for a like time, and he is going to make a strong effort to break that record this year. Every year since the organization of the Bradford party Mr. Kuhn has failed to be numbered among the lucky shots and even when the law was more lax than it is at present and permitted the killing of deer, the veteran hunter failed to down a deer. Fate has indeed been unkind to him but he has not lost heart yet and still believes that a big buck will eventually fall to his unerring aim. If the Bradfords succeed in only slaying one deer this year, may it be that "Buttley" Kuhn has the honor. The following hunters comprise the party: G. W. Bradford, W. F. Bradford, Clyde E. Bradford, A. Bradford, Charles H. Bradford, William M. Bradford, Philip Bradford, William Bradford, Paul E. Bradford, Carl Bradford, Maynard Meeker, John Boho, J. H. Knarr, J. F. Smith, Corman Spicher, Guy Harshberger, J. C. Kuhn, Lew Wallace, Charles Neff, Ed. Crawford, William Sinkbine; George Jordan, cook.

The Slack party, composed principally of local hunters, are located in Stone Creek. The following make up the party: Jerry Smith, C. W. Slack, George Slack, Fred Slack, E. J. O. Laird, W. F. Colyer, Robert Bloom, W. C. Meyer, James From, Victor Lebo, W. T. Tommons, James Luke, Victor Luke, Walter Weaver, Chester Heffer, W. Shirk.

The Olympic Club, consisting of about twenty hunters, arrived at Centre Hall on Monday morning and started for the John Venrick place, above Colyer, where they are making their headquarters.

The Spring Mills Hunting Club is located at the old Benjamin Ripka homestead in the Seven Mountains.

A party from Zion are encamped on Slate Ridge.

The "Regulars" of Potters Mills, are located at Walter Garrity's.

The Georges Valley party are located on the Summit.

The Horner party from Pleasant Gap are above Colyer.

The Pottsville and Schuykill Haven crowd are located at Nevil's.

The Aaronsburg party in Colby's Narrows.

The Woodward Gun Club in the narrows below Woodward.

The Millheim party are located in Pine Creek Hollow.

The region about Coburn is literally alive with hunting parties, consisting of the following:

Bole-Wingard in Paddy Mountain. Grove party in Paddy Mountain. Philadelphia party at Snyder's. Johnstown party at Snyder's.

Pottsville party at Stover's, Livonia. Wingard party in Green Brier Swamp.

Daniel Knittle party from Catawissa in orchard at the junction in Poe Valley.

Skull Rangers from Schuykill

(Continued at foot of next column.)

AUTOS IN HEAD-ON COLLISION.

C. S. Garbrick Has Leg Broken in Accident On State Road Near Bellefonte, Saturday Evening.

Two Cadillac cars met in a head-on collision on the State highway between Bellefonte and Zion on Saturday evening about seven o'clock with the result that C. F. Garbrick of near Zion, an occupant of one of the cars, is in the Bellefonte hospital with his right leg broken above the knee, and the two cars so badly damaged that they are practically beyond repair.

Mr. Garbrick and Charles Workman, of Heels, were on their way to Bellefonte to purchase gasoline and upon reaching the tracks of the Nittany Valley railroad, caught sight of another car coming in their direction. At this point the road is somewhat narrow and Mr. Workman slowed down his car in order to make sure of passing the other car, which was driven by Andrew McNitt, without danger of striking. It is said that McNitt was running at a good rate of speed and failed to lower it upon approaching the other car. Which driver failed to turn out is not known, but there was a terrific impact when the cars came together, resulting in smashing the fronts, and putting out the lights. The cars had locked horns, as it were, and were in a death grip. The engines were damaged and gasoline was running from the breaks, making the situation hazardous indeed. A passing auto stopped and placing Mr. Garbrick aboard, hurried him to the Bellefonte hospital. McNitt was also out by flying particles but Mr. Workman escaped uninjured.

It required the services of the big transportation bus, which passed by a short time after the accident on its way from Lock Haven to Bellefonte, to pull the cars apart.

Rebersburg Native Dies in Freepart, Ill.

Ira J. Walker died at his home in Freepart, Illinois, Thursday, November 18th, of infirmities due to old age. He was born in Rebersburg December 12, 1841, hence was almost seventy-five years of age. He was married to Anna M. Peck and at the age of twenty-five years he and his wife moved to Freepart where they took up farming, continuing that work for a quarter of a century.

Mr. Walker leaves his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Annie Epley, of Freepart. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Wilson F. Walker, of Dakots, Ill.; Thomas Walker and Mrs. Amanda Kessler, of Rebersburg; Mrs. Magdalena Garhoff, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Emma J. Von Nads, of Hershey.

Burial was made in the west.

Billed Four Nice Hogs.

About the largest porkers that have come to the attention of this paper so far this season are those which G. M. Cooney of near Colyer butchered one day last week. Four hogs produced 1205 pounds of choice meat, their individual weights being 347, 325, 323 and 310 pounds. The butchering season being just in its prime, there no doubt are others who can quote big figures. Mr. Cooney would like to hear from some one who can beat his figure.

SOME MORE HOGS.

Alvin Stamp, who devotes his time to gathering cream and eggs for the Patrons Co-operative Creamery Company, comes along as a record smasher for big hogs for the 1915 season. He killed three Chesterwhite hogs that weighed just 1309 pounds, the individual weights being 400, 446, and 463 pounds, respectively.

In a recent issue of the Daily Local News of West Chester, a list of more than one thousand students enrolled in the normal school at that place was published. Three are from Centre county, as follows: Mary E. Barter, Sarah L. Fisher, and Ruth N. Smith, all of Spring Mills.

(Continued from previous column.) Haven in Lingie's orchard in Poe Valley.

Krader party on Green Brier Knob. In the mountains about Boalsburg the following are encamped:

Riley party, Bear Meadows. Raymond party, Bear Meadows. Modoc party, Stone Creek.

Reltz party, Reltz's Gap; not camping, but making daily chases.

Sweetwood party, Sand Spring. Foster party, Hubler's Gap.

Young party, Laurel Run. Fillmore party, Shutt's Improvement.

Keeler party, Bear Meadows. Copenhaven party, Cold Spring. Weizer party, Sinking Creek.

Fredericksburg party, at the Corner. Youngwood party, Laurel Run. Toner Club, in Detwiler.

State College Club, Shingletown. Mothersbaugh party, Stone Creek. Coatesville party, Bear Meadows.

Buffalo Run party, Shutt's Improvement.

Frank D. Lee of near Zion was in town on Monday and made a business call at this office.

How You Can Aid the Rural Mail Service.

There are many ways in which patrons on Rural Free Delivery Mail Routes can aid the service with no additional expense to themselves. Much of the waste of time, the inability to deliver mail of all classes, and especially packages, is due to the thoughtlessness of the customers of Uncle Sam's great mail service.

The purpose of this department of the Reporter is to bring to the attention of the Rural Free Delivery Mail Route patrons the benefits derived, first to the patrons themselves, and second to the general Post Office Department, from observing more scrupulously the rules and regulations as laid down by the Post Office Department.

No one can guess how often the common custom of placing pennies in the Rural Mail Box for postage has caused the carrier to get to his destination too late for the outgoing mail. It is permissible to put money in Rural Mail boxes, (Section 752, Postal Laws and Regulation), provided it is wrapped or placed in a coin-holding receptacle. To avoid the least loss of time, patrons should buy postage stamps and keep them on hand so that when a letter is to be mailed it can be properly stamped.

Just presume that a carrier has two hundred boxes on his route and that on account of digging into a box for two coppers, or making change for a single stamp, a half minute is lost! The result would be a loss of one hundred minutes, or one and two-thirds hours! That half minute you obliged the carrier to lose unnecessarily may delay all the mail for one or two days, just depending on circumstances.

Now, it wouldn't be a hardship to buy twenty-five, fifty, or one dollar's worth of stamps at a time, would it?

Did you ever think of it before—what a great benefit it would be to every one on a Rural Free Delivery Mail Route if every patron "licked" his own stamp from a little supply kept on hand.

One of the things the Post Office Department encourages is the purchasing on the part of patrons of Postal Money Orders, and for the reason that the fee is so small and that it is next to impossible to lose the cash invested.

Carriers issue from five to ten and more Postal Money Orders on each trip. It requires from five to eight minutes to get all the forms filled out for each order. Presuming there are but five orders and the time consumed is but five minutes, you will see twenty-five minutes of the carrier's time gone to the bad.

How can this time be saved? Quite easily, and to much better satisfaction to the patron.

Next time you see the carrier ask him for a Postal Money Order Application, and take it home with you. When you want a Postal Money Order fill out the blank application, and take the ready change to the carrier. On the back of the order you will see the schedule of fees. After reading the application anyone can fill it in correctly.

The Post Office Department expects every patron to fill in his own application blank, and present the ready change, but the custom is for the carrier to do it while the patron stands by. The carrier gladly does this, but while he is using his time doing so, the railroad train is speeding on, and the result is—the carrier's mail does not go out until the next day, and all because the patrons on the Rural Free Delivery Route asked the carrier to perform a service that should have been done by the patrons.

And here you have it again, the patrons on the Rural Free Delivery Mail Routes are too often themselves responsible for tardy mail delivery, and yet the carrier is blamed and Post Office Department cursed.

Apples, Some Car Loads.

The apple crop throughout Penna Valley was not a big one, the orchards having bore only in spots. There were various sections like the community about Potters Mills, that orchards did not yield enough for local consumption. Yet when the whole apple yield is summed up in bushels, the quantity is much larger than one thinks who has not made an estimate upon a ground foundation.

The apple crop about Centre Hall and for some miles in all directions is handled almost exclusively by the Centre Hall Evaporating Company. And it is fortunate for growers that this institution is in existence, for were it not for these local shippers thousands upon thousands of bushels of apples in this valley would rot for want of market at any price. Before the Centre Hall Evaporating Company was established all the apples of the grade used for evaporating were a dead loss to the growers, there being absolutely no market for them. This season many thousands of bushels of them were purchased and evaporated, and it is possible that it was done at a loss to the company. It is about the same with the better grade of apples. Prior to the organization of this company hand-picked apples could be sold in bulk only when it happened that there was a general shortage in the market, but since the evaporating company began business a market is bunted every year, and so far all of the crop fit for shipping has been handled. This is not the condition everywhere. A Union county farmer left the information here that sixty cents per hundred weight was the best price offered him and that many farmers could not sell at this price, so it is seen that a local dealer can create a market where the individual would fail.

This season this company shipped twelve or fourteen car loads of apples, averaging from four to five hundred bushels to the car. These were all hand-picked apples.

State to Stay Millersville Normal.

Negotiations have been opened by the state board of education for purchase by the commonwealth of a controlling interest in the Millersville State Normal School.

This is one of a half dozen which the board has been authorized to acquire so that the state shall have full title. The papers in the proceedings for purchase of the Clifton and Slippery Rock schools are now in the hands of the attorney general.

Frank D. Lee of near Zion was in town on Monday and made a business call at this office.

Letter from Chicago.

A friend once made this remark to me, "A person need not go far from home to find a difference in ways, habits, and customs of people," so I thought a few lines of things seen on our trip westward might prove interesting to your readers. Our first stop was Johnstown, often called the Flood City. This is a third class city of some eighty thousand inhabitants and is governed by councilmen elected under the non-partisan ballot law, all city officers being elected under that law. All the papers of both parties lived uprightly to that law, and refused to do any electioneering for any candidates. Why couldn't Centre county papers have done the same? Johnstown is a great city for organizations. Some of the most prominent bodies are the Associated Charities, which assists the poor and unemployed; the Board of Commerce, which booms the town; Parent-Teacher's Associations, which look out for the welfare of the public schools; Personal Worker's League, which looks after the spiritual interests of people; Young Men's and Young Women's Associations, which provide swimming pools, gymnastics, and many other kinds of social amusements designed to keep young people off the streets, and from drinking, and other immoral places. Billiards and pool tables, and bowling or ten-pin alleys are some of the amusements afforded the young men who frequent the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Besides these different organizations there are innumerable fraternities and social clubs. Another organization I almost forgot to mention is the Recreation Commission which provides gymnastic exercises and other amusements for the school children. Some of the Cottage Billy Sunday prayer-meetings are still in existence, meeting weekly, however, instead of daily.

Monday, 22nd inst., found us on our way to Chicago, alias the Windy, and sometimes called the White City in remembrance of the world's fair held here in 1893-4. Chicago is too big a city to describe much of it in one letter, but will say that Thanksgiving Day was observed in a very quiet and orderly manner.

Hoping your readers won't get tired reading this letter, I will close.

Yours truly, W. A. KRISKE.

The charge of unnecessary roughness has been made against the State College football team in their game with Pitt, on Thanksgiving Day, and the latter school threatens to drop State from its schedule if the rough tactics are employed next year.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

A Trip to Camp Baldy, a Popular California Resort, Described by Former Resident of Linden Hall.

A highly interesting letter was received by the Reporter from Mrs. David B. Kline, who will be better known as Ellen E. Row, formerly of Linden Hall, but now residing in Los Angeles, California. The letter beautifully describes a trip to Camp Baldy, California, the sunny southland of olives, snow and fragrant flowers. The letter in full follows:

Camp Baldy, California.

We are spending a week here as the guests of our son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and it will give me untold pleasure if I can in the smallest way give your many readers a faint idea of its sublime grandeur. Towering mountains hem us in on all sides; their rock ribbed sides saying plainly, "no human foot has ever broken the solitude of my inaccessible precipitous sides."

Camp Baldy is about 50 miles north of Los Angeles and easily reached by coming to Upland or Ontario by steam cars, trolley, or auto, the latter being best as you make Camp without stop or fatigue. We came by steam cars to Upland, then we took a street car to San Antonio Heights. The cars run for four miles through a row of beautiful pepper trees with an auto road on each side. At terminus of car line we were met by the camp auto. All the way up, a ride of eight (8) miles, was through dark canyons with a wild mountainous stream sometimes on one side of the road, then on the other. The health giving tang of the mountains (by which we are completely surrounded) comes to your nostrils and you throw out your chest, lift up your head and avoant—at least ten of your years and all of your troubles. We passed through many dells, more dark, cool and mossy than those in your own beautiful Seven Mountains, and still we kept climbing.

Here the Sierra Madra mountain range is much broken, each peak having its own peculiar shape and name. We reached camp a happy crowd, all ready for the fine six o'clock dinner. Words fail me in an attempt to describe our present surroundings. Sufficient to say, God planned and decorated it and when finished I know He said, "Well done."

A madly rushing, ice cold stream, talkative, ever full of futile noises, bubbles incessantly in front of our cottage door, and as we go to sleep lulled by its babbling, it seems to say as it swirls past, "Sleep sweet, you'll see me in the morning."

This popular resort, 7,000 feet above sea level, has but one hotel, but it can easily accommodate four hundred in its dining room at one time. Everything about the hotel, rest room and dancing pavillion, is in harmony with its surrounding. The tables are always decorated with wild flowers; the dining room has a frieze of large pine cones lighted up by bright red berries and with the green ones of mistletoe. In these mountains no tall trees grow except in the canyons. I saw one in Bear Canyon, called "Old Glory," which measured five feet and seven inches in diameter and twenty-three (23) feet and five (5) inches in circumference.

The trail to Mount San Antonio (mostly called Old Baldy) is through Bear Canyon. The gentlemen of our party made the trip in one day. They left camp at 4 a. m., with the lunch bags, and their canteens filled with water slung across their shoulders, as there is no water after leaving Bear Plate, 4 miles from camp. Mr. Kline said it was up, up hill and then some more up hill. They reached the summit about noon, 8 miles from camp, but on account of the intense cold they only remained long enough to admire the superb view of mountains, plains, cities and sea, and then were glad to seek a cleft in the rocks to rest before their return of 8 miles to camp, which they reached about 5 p. m., as weary and foot sore a party as I ever saw, but all said it was worth the toil.

I am glad to say Camp Baldy is a temperance resort, no liquor of any kind being allowed in camp. On Sabbath evening the dancing pavillion is dark and everybody is invited to the rest room to enjoy a service of song. This camp is much like our old fashioned camp meeting grounds. The tents, of which there are over two hundred, are built of boards with canvas tops. All are large, clean and comfortable; most all have running water. Both fairs are in full swing, and our city is now filled with visitors from all parts of the world, and we hope some of our Centre county friends will visit us, as well as some of the Centre Reporter staff. Call at 340 East Jefferson Street, Los Angeles. The latch string is always out. We certainly enjoy the weekly visit of your valuable paper. Sincerely,

MRS. DAVID B. KLINE.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS

Next holiday—Christmas. Emmet Brooks killed a wild turkey on the mountain below town, on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller of Altoona spent Sunday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Rachel Miller, in this place.

Mr. J. A. Kresmer and little daughter of State College were guests for a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Moore, near Old Fort.

Mrs. J. C. Harper and daughter, Miss Helen Harper, of Bellefonte, spent a few days last week at the home of the former's sister-in-law, Mrs. G. H. Emerick.

One of the things everybody had reason to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day was the beautiful day it fell on. It was one of the most delightful days of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. L. Bartholomew and little daughter of Altoona enjoyed their Thanksgiving Day dinner at the home of Mr. Bartholomew's brother, Chas. D. Bartholomew, and family.

Miss Bertha Miller of Tusseyville taught the grammar grade in the borough schools on Tuesday and Wednesday in the absence of the regular teacher, Elmer Miller, her brother, who went to Philadelphia, where he attended a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons.

John Boho of Phoenixville and Corman Spicher of Philadelphia, both former Penna Valley residents, have laid aside work and are enjoying the two weeks deer season with the Bradford hunting party. The former is a tiller of the soil and the latter a mail carrier.

While handling bales of straw, a week ago, Howard E. Grove, farmer across the valley, fell and received rather painful injuries. The accident was occasioned by the hay hook tearing its way through the straw which caused Mr. Grove to fall.

Ephraim Fisher, who resided alone in a small house on the top of Sugar Mountain, not far from Howard, was found dead sitting in a chair one evening last week. His neighbors had not seen him for several days and entered his house to investigate when they found the spark of life had vanished.

A short time ago Walter Garrity, the lord of the Garrity region in Seven Mountains, had the misfortune to fall and in doing so dislocated one of the hip bones. Mr. Garrity thought he had torn several ligaments, but on being "exercised" by Dr. Longwell, it was seen that his gait resembled too strongly the turkey trot to be caused by any other injury than a dislocated hip bone. A few violent jerks and twists of the limb by the local surgeon, during which time Mr. Garrity was spouting out words peculiarly his own and fitting to the occasion, brought the bones in their proper position and almost instantly relieved the patient of the great pain he had endured from the time of the accident.

Nature fakers who every once in a while come forward with some story woven out of the imagination and which attempts to accuse some harmless creature of a deed by nature impossible, are subject to harsh criticism by State Zoologist H. A. Surface. Last week a story emanating from Lewistown came to his attention in which a little green snake was said to have bitten a woman, resulting in the woman's arm swelling to twice its natural size from the poison injected into her system and making her condition extremely serious. Prof. Surface quickly responded in defense of the innocent snake and showed that besides being perfectly harmless and possessing no poison, the green snake is a friend of mankind by its killing the snakes and insects that damage garden truck. Will Prof. Surface cry "fake" when he hears of the full-grown wild rabbit which a common house cat in Centre Hall caught after a few big jumps in the open? Whether he does or not the story is true, nevertheless. While it is generally known that cats prey upon rabbits, one was never known to give chase to a fleeing cottontail. On Wednesday William Kerlin, junior member of the firm of Kerlin's Grand View Poultry Farm, started to work on exterminating the rats that infest the chicken houses on the farm and enlisted the aid of old Tabby. When the young poultryman attempted to raid a rat nest under one of the houses he accidentally stirred a big bunny from its quarters which darted across the field with the swiftness of the wind. Kitty happened to be close by and started in hot pursuit. Instead of chasing the rabbit by running the cat made a few big leaps and landed on the rabbit's back. When Kerlin reached the pair the bunny was kicking its last.

(Continued at foot of next column.)