



LETTER FROM SOLDIER, BOY

To His Mother on the Occasion of Mother's Day.—Beautiful in Sentiment.

The following letter has been given the Reporter for publication by Mrs. W. T. Noll, of Linden Hall. It is from her son who is a sergeant in Troop H, 301st Cavalry, Presidio of Monterey, California. It is an appreciation of mother, written on Mother's Day, and is the sort of letter any mother would be pleased to receive from her soldier boy.

Presidio,
San Francisco, Cal.,
Mother's Day, May 12, 1918.

My own dear mother:

Do not be surprised at receiving two letters from me in a week. I answered your letter Tuesday, the same day I received it, and I am now going to try and celebrate the best day of the year by writing to the very best and sweetest woman in the whole wide world—to you, mother dear. But, mother, if I were only where I could talk to you instead of writing, oh, how much better it would be. You do not know how I long to see you all once again; why it seems like years and years have rolled away since last I saw any of you. But, mother, I pray daily that this awful war will soon be over, so that we can all be together once more.

Mother, you should be here with me today. The Women Defenders League of America is holding services at the Palace of Fine Arts building (one of the four buildings still standing from the World's Fair held here in 1915) to worship the fairest name in the world—mother. And, oh, how much more it means to all of us boys now than it did a few years ago, as none of us can feel how soon we will be called upon to go over and help our brothers on the other side. But, mother dear, I will say this for the flower of America's manhood: every mother can be proud of her boys who are wearing the uniform of soldier, sailor and marine. It doesn't make a bit of difference where you find one of them and ask him about going over there—he answers always that he is crazy to go. This is true of the drafted men as well as the regulars and volunteers.

Mother, the first thing this morning, in fact at the breakfast table, a sweet faced, gray haired old lady came into the dining room and gave each of us a carnation, the emblem of a mother's love. She then made us each promise that he would celebrate today by writing to his dearest and most loving friend on this earth—his mother. There are over twenty thousand troops here at Presidio now and each man was presented with a carnation—red for the living mothers and white for the dear ones departed.

Mother dear, I only wish that you could meet some of these sweet women of San Francisco who are doing so much for us, try to make our stay here as pleasant as they can. They have started club-rooms all over the city for us—places where we can go for recreation or to have a pleasant chat with some sweet-faced mother who has one or more sons following Old Gippy, trying to make this world free from the Beast of Berlin and his followers. Thank God it will be so before we come back to own the clothes of civilians again. And, mother, when the boys do come back, may God have pity upon the slacker and upon the foreign element who claimed exemption upon the grounds that they were not American citizens so they will find that this country will not be a safe place for them about that time.

Mother, this has sure been a busy as well as interesting week for me. All week we were standing gas drills or hearing lectures on the different uses of gas and the different effects it has upon the human race. I am looking for us soon to go across, as the course in gas is generally the last thing that they teach us here in the States.

Mother, here is a copy of a poem which a San Francisco boy who is in France has composed and mailed to his mother. She had it published in the San Francisco Chronicle. I think it is beautiful: what do you think of it?

A LETTER FROM MOTHER.

He was on the line in Flanders, doing service with a flag
He was telephone and wireless with that little bit of rag;
At the farthest point from safety he was standing at his post,
Picking up the information that the captain needed most.
When a flash behind the trenches caught his ever watchful eye,
And he stood and read the message that came waving through the sky.
He wondered what was coming from that fellow Signal Man,
Wondered what would be the orders as the lettering began;
He had done his trick of duty; he had been there through the day;
He was tired, he was hungry, and he longed to get away;
But he read the rapid waving; 'twas the news he'd wanted most,
"There's a letter from your mother waiting for you at the post."
(Continued on next column.)

SCHOOL TEACHERS Elected.

Three New Teachers Included in Corps for Next Term.

The Centre Hall school board met in its annual meeting the first Monday in July. The secretary and treasurer closed their books for the year, and found a balance on hand of \$518.43, the borough auditors finding the same correct. A statement of finances will be found published in another column in this issue.

The board proceeded to the election of teachers for the grammar and intermediate grades, the other two schools having been supplied with teachers at a former meeting. The intermediate grade, having lost its teacher, D. Ross Bushman, through the operation of the draft, was given to Miss Olive Way, of Port Matilda, a teacher of considerable experience and a Lock Haven Normal graduate. Miss Isabel Rowe was elected to teach the grammar grade. Miss Rowe's home is Centre Hall and the board feels confident that it has made a good selection. Miss Rowe is also a Lock Haven Normal graduate and has for the past two years taught at South Bethlehem where her services were considered so satisfactory as to warrant a substantial increase in salary.

The personnel of the teaching corps for the next term, together with the salaries to be paid, is as follows:
High school, Prof. N. L. Bartges; salary, \$125.00 per month.
Grammar grade, Miss Isabel Rowe; salary, \$85.00 per month.
Intermediate grade, Miss Olive Way; salary, \$60.00 per month.
Primary grade, Miss Helen Bartholomew; salary, \$60.00 per month.

The board re-elected Edward E. Bailey secretary for the ensuing term and J. G. Dauberman treasurer.

(Continued from previous column.)

Over miles of dreary trenches, over friendly gun and foe,
Came each cheerful flashing letter of the news he wished to know;
Through the heat and hate of battle and the smoke filled atmosphere,
Came this little touch of kindness, and this simple note of cheer.
Not a stern command of duty, but the words of which to boast;
"There's a letter from your mother waiting for you at the post."
"There's a letter from your mother", can you picture now the joy
That went dancing through the shell-fire to that lonely signal-boy?
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but somehow it seems to me,
That in hours so free as they are lie the seeds of victory,
Hale and lust will never triumph over boys who proudly boast:
"There's a letter from your mother waiting for you at the post."

JOSEPH CANOVER.

This lad is only eighteen years old and he has been in the Canadian army for over two years. I think that it is very beautiful, don't you? Mother, if you want to you can give that poem to the paper to print, as I know that any mother who reads it will know that her boy over there is anxiously watching and waiting for a letter from his mother. I know from experience that when I get a letter from home it makes me feel so happy; and oh, how much more it must mean to the boys over there living in the trenches in mud and water, hurling death and defiance at Fritz and having it hurled at them in return. How much more it must cheer them to hear, "There's a letter from your mother waiting for you at the post."

I have been talking to Americans, English, French and Canadians who are back here in the States recuperating from sickness and wounds received while in the trenches and who are now doing great work recruiting young men of their own nationalities to join the colors. Their stories are something awful—stories of living for days, weeks and sometimes months in trenches half filled with mud and water, not knowing at what moment death might come to them in the shape of a bullet, fragment of shell or shrapnel or the most frightful of all—a dose of gas. One young Canadian told us that after being shot twice—once in the right hip and once in the side—that while lying wounded in a shell crater in "no man's land," a Fritz started to slide down to finish him. He said that he could not get on his feet and that he had lost his gun, so he waited until the Fritz was just about upon him, then he grabbed his legs and threw him and before he could recover himself he choked him to death with his bare hands. That is only one incident of hundreds that we hear every week from men who have been over there and who are trying to get back over again as soon as they can.

Well, mother, I will close for this time, as I have run out of things to say. Give my love to grandma, daddy, the twins and yourself. I remain as ever,

Your loving son,
LESLIE D. NOLL.

Letter from "Sharky" Garis.

The Reporter received the following letter from John (better known as "Sharky") Garis, who quite recently arrived in France. The letter is dated June 10:

Dear friend "Ted":
Just a few lines to tell you know how I and the rest of the Yankees are setting along. I am here to tell you that I am not sorry that I got into the army, as I have seen enough already to keep me thinking for the remainder of my life—even though I reach ninety years. I am sorry that there weren't more of the boys to enjoy the trip across. The great part of it was the welcome we received in England. The girls came out of the munition plants, machine shops and stores, and taking our overcoats and hats, carried them for us from the dock to camp—a distance of five miles. It would have been a hard and tiresome walk for us "Yanks", but the girls joining us made the load lighter and the distance shorter.

It was only natural that we should show our appreciation to these girls by giving them a call, so the next evening, not being used to the shut-in of camp life, we got over the fence and went to see our lady friends, and when the officers "took check" they found 450 of the regiment gone and they sent guards after them. I happened to get caught first as I came out of the house where I was entertained by some fine English folks, whose cheerful spirit under distressing circumstances was really wonderful. The young lady told me that her father and brother were both killed in the battle of the Somme and was left to support her mother and the family. Yet a more cheerful people you could not find.

I am glad to change the subject and say that I have come to like my stand with the boys here in the field, which will be shortly. You would think we were ready if you could see the boys getting in line when Capt. Crisman gives the command. He is a prince of a commander and I will soldier better now than I ever did before—and I was always on the job.

We get fine "ente" and good water. The only thing that is scarce is chewing tobacco, and especially my kind—Frischmuth.

Well, Ted, give my regards to all the folks back home. When I get back I'll have a book for you and some German prisoners to do the work—won't that be fine?

FRIZ JOHN GARIS,
Hdg. Co., 109 Field Art.,
Amer. E. F., via, N. Y.
Camp Meucou, France.

Son of Rev. A. A. Kerlin Killed.
Percy Kerlin, son of Rev. A. A. Kerlin, a native of Potter township, was killed on the night of June 29th near Sharpsburg, Maryland, when the automobile in which he was taking Leonard Himes, a Camp Meuse soldier, to Sharpsburg, ran into a stone fence. The accident happened when Mr. Kerlin released a hand from the steering wheel to prevent his hat from flying off his head. The soldier boy was unhurt.
Mr. Kerlin was a traveling salesman. Burial was made at Sharpsburg, his home city.

New Physician Coming.

On another page you will find an advertisement of Dr. M. Salm. He is, no doubt, well known to people of this country, having visited Bellefonte for nearly twenty years. He has done good work and no doubt you will be glad to call on him if you suffer with any ailment of which he makes a specialty. You can consult him, free of charge, on his first visit on Monday, July 15, from 3 p. m. to 9 p. m., and every four weeks thereafter on the same day and hours.

A Young Auto Victim.

The body of Belmar Leon Hawke, three years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Hawke, of Mount Rock, who was killed at Crescon on July 4th was taken to Lewistown for burial. The lad was with the parents on an automobile trip through Crescon when the wheel of the machine struck a rut, throwing open the door, through which he fell and the wheels passed over his body, killing him almost instantly.

Lewistown Odd Fellows Dedicate new Hall.

Lewistown Lodge No. 96 I. O. F. dedicated its handsome new hall in the I. O. F. Building on Wednesday evening, June 26th, representatives of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania being present and taking part in the dedicatory services. The Grand Master, Roy D. Besman, of Harrisburg, presided, and the Grand Chaplain, Grand Warden and Grand Conductor were present and took part. The exercises were impressive.

Build with cement—the material that wears longest.—R. D. Foreman.

PIG BREEDING CLUBS FOR CENTRE CO.

County Agent Olmstead Has Started a Movement for Better Hogs in Two Communities.

Through the efforts of R. H. Olmstead, County Agent, two pure-bred pig breeding clubs have been organized in the county and are being run in a feeding contest at the present time. One club organized at Dale Summit consists of twelve females and two male pigs. These are all pure-bred, registered, Duroc Jersey pigs, the females having been brought in from Westmoreland county and the males from Ohio. The other club located at Julian consists of nine females and one male pig. These are all pure-bred registered, Berkshire, the females having been purchased from the Penn State College and the male from W. F. Riebel, of Centre Hall.

All of these pigs were put out with boys and girls under twenty-one years of age and at the present time they are all being run in a feeding contest. Each boy and girl is feeding their pig separate and trying to feed it out to the best advantage. This fall all of the pigs will be brought together where they will be judged and prizes awarded on the following basis: individuality; gain in weight; reports on all feeds; and the one who has grown out the best pig. This fall after the feeding contest is over the sows will then all be bred for spring litters.

Both of these clubs are being financed by banks in the county for one year with the parents' security. The First National Bank at State College is financing the Dale Summit club and the club at Julian is being backed by the Centre County Bank, of Bellefonte.

This will not only mean a big improvement in the hogs in these communities but will prove a good business experience for the boys and girls in the clubs as well as an increased pork production for these two communities.

Kicked By a Horse.

Willard Smith, son of Robert I. Smith, and tenant on the Fortney farm at Tusesville, was rather seriously injured by a kick from a horse recently. He was cultivating corn when a single tree became loose and while in the act of fastening it one of the horses struck back, kicking the young man in the lower part of the abdomen, cutting the flesh so that several stitches were required to close the wound. Coming right in haying season the young farmer's enforced idleness was not to his liking, but through the efforts of his father-in-law, W. S. Marz, the crop was stored. The young man has resumed his farm labor.

The Foss Family Grateful.

To our friends of Centre Hall:—
Permit us through this medium to express our most sincere thanks to you for the very generous expression of tangible sympathy extended to us since our loss in the sweepingly destructive Loganston fire.

Very sincerely yours,
F. H. Foss and Family.

LOGANSTON TO RISE FROM RUINS.

Lutherans Clear Debris Preparatory to Rebuilding.—New House soon to go up.

The people of stricken Loganston, imbued with an indomitable spirit of progress and pluck, have decided to rehabilitate the burned village instead of deserting it and locating elsewhere, and with this end in view the work of clearing away the debris of some burned buildings is already under way and in the course of a month the erection of quite a number of homes and business houses will have begun.

At a meeting of the members of the Lutheran church held recently presided over by Pastor Reish, this same spirit of optimism and determination was manifested for it was unanimously decided to rebuild the burned church and parsonage even though only \$3,000 insurance was carried on the two buildings. It was further resolved by the members to celebrate the glorious Fourth by working in clearing away the debris at the church and the parsonage. Today many of the women members, eager to aid in the work of restoring the church, also volunteered to work with pick and shovel by the side of the men. As soon as the debris is cleared away and new material can be gotten on the ground the work of rebuilding the church and parsonage will be started and it is hoped to get the buildings under roof before winter sets in.

This determination on the part of the progressive people of Loganston to rear a prettier and more substantial village on the ruins of the old landmarks is most commendable indeed and they will have the assistance of the people of the entire county in their laudable efforts.

Letter from North Dakota.

Maxbass, N. D.,
June 24, 1918.

Editor Reporter:

Enclosed please find check to boost my subscription for another year as I can't get along without my home paper. Although it is a good many years since I saw my native home, yet there are so many pleasant memories lingering around it that I am just as eager for the paper as ever. I had lived in hopes of spending at least part of this year in Pennsylvania, but as my hearing failed so very much I am not able to travel alone so will have to give up the trip, at least until I can persuade some one to go with me.

I have noticed in the paper that there had appeared a letter "B" on the oats blades and that someone has interpreted it to mean "bread". If it does that is what we North Dakota people have been doing for six months or more—we bake bread out of oats flour, barley, rice, rye, corn, and almost anything that we can get that will save wheat so as to help win the war; meat is almost a thing of the past. The butcher has even closed his door as every one is trying to save and to deny themselves all they can. All the Liberty drives have been very successful and so has the Red Cross drive and I am safe in saying that the War Savings Stamps will be a great success, and the women have been very busy working for the Red Cross.

In regards to weather and crop conditions we have had more rain this spring than for five years, therefore less sand storms, although in some places there are hundreds of acres of grain that are destroyed, but in this windy country it can't be helped; otherwise the prospects are for a good crop. We have had some real warm weather of late but throughout it was a cool spring. Gardens are very backward so far.

All are well; with best regards,
Yours truly,
MRS. MARY H. PRICE

County Treasurer's Daughter Has Narrow Escape in Auto Accident.

Miss Verma Chambers, daughter of County Treasurer David Chambers, of Clarence, and a young lady friend who was her guest, were painfully injured and narrowly escaped death Friday afternoon preceding the "Fourth" on the state road between Bellefonte and Milesburg. Miss Chambers, who is an expert driver, with her friend were enroute to the former's home in Clarence in her big wire wheeled Cadillac roadster when they met Ray Kelsey, of Bellefonte, going in the same direction in the latter's Maxwell runabout.

As Miss Chambers attempted to pass, Kelsey, for some unaccountable reason, pulled over in front of her and stopped his machine. In an effort to get by without hitting Kelsey, Miss Chambers ran too close to the guard fence and her handsome new Cadillac swerved on the oiled roadway, crashed through the fence and turned completely over in plunging down a steep embankment to a railroad siding below at the edge of Spring creek. But for the fortunate circumstance that the left front wheel caught in the flange of the railroad track, the big car with the two young ladies in it, would have plunged into eight feet of water in Spring creek, where they would very probably have been drowned beneath the heavy car.

Mr. Kelsey quickly summoned aid and the young ladies were helped from their perilous position by a man who was working on the road nearby. Both Miss Chambers and her companion were painfully bruised, though no bones were broken and both are now recovering nicely from their thrilling experience. Their escape from serious injury or death is however considered miraculous. The big Cadillac roadster, purchased for Miss Chambers, who is Deputy Treasurer of Centre county, by her father but recently, was badly damaged.

Card to the Public.

Having put in a full auto equipment, viz.—a Combination Casket Car, and a new Funeral Car, I am prepared to transfer bodies to and from trains and hospitals and guarantee my prices to meet competition. All calls promptly answered night or day.
adv. 8:
S. M. CAMPBELL,
Millheim, Pa.

The Army Medical Department has developed a mobile X-ray outfit for use near the front, carried on a modified Army ambulance. It consists of a standard portable outfit made up of Delco gas electric set, high-tension transformer, special type Coolidge tube, and includes an X-ray table, dark room, and complete set of apparatus for the localization of foreign bodies. Some of these outfits are already in service abroad and 65 are in course of shipment.

Centre Reporter at \$2.50 per year.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS

The local railroad station has been wired for electric lights.

Carl Auman was home from Altoona for a few days the past week.

Allen Schoeb, of Middleburg, was the guest of Miss Helen Brubaker over the Fourth.

Miss Daisy Rowe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rowe, of Boslerburg, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Isabel, Verma and Ethel Rowe.

Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Glenn and children, James, Josephine and Rile, of Carlisle, spent a few days with Mrs. Glenn's mother, Mrs. Mary Goodhart, in Centre Hall.

The Bellefonte Republican was the only county paper published last week, Editor Dorworth preferring to take off the week of July 25th instead for his vacation.

The "Fourth" passed off quietly in Centre Hall, many of her people spending the day and evening at State College and Boslerburg, where safe and sane patriotic features were enjoyed by immense throngs.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Griffith, of Slatington, motored to Centre Hall last week and spent several days at the Reformed parsonage. Mr. Griffith is a brother of Mrs. Jones and is president of the bank at Slatington.

Mrs. J. H. Bitner and three children, Laura Edwin and Mary Jane, of Youngtown, Ohio, and who have been visiting some time at the William Bitner home at Tusseyville, were pleasant callers at this office Friday.

Henry A. Shoemaker, father of Col. H. W. Shoemaker, author of the "Legend of Penns Cave," died at his New York home Tuesday of last week. Col. Shoemaker left his summer home at McElhattan, Clinton county, to attend the funeral.

Miss Lena and Coribel Emerick, the latter of the Reporter typo force, spent several days with their brother, Domer Emerick, and family, at Altoona. Miss Coribel also visited her friend, Miss Rebecca Kremer, at Lewistown, during her vacation period.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Moyer, children Clarence and Clair, and Calvin Moyer and daughter, all of Womelsdorf, motored to Centre Hall last week and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meyer. The first mentioned Moyer was formerly in the lumber business in this locality.

Charley Batchelor, of Philipsburg, state game protector, accompanied by Mr. Slutterbeck, game protector of Millerville county, and the latter's assistant, was in Centre Hall and Potter township last week and passed the death sentence on several dogs which were said to have chased deer in the Seven Mountains.

The Lewisburg Journal, for a score of years under the management of J. Fred Kurz, has been consolidated with the Schuyler Printing Co., of Lewisburg, the publication and general printing business to be conducted under the corporation name of The Schuyler Printing Company.

Calvin Osman, of Glen Iron, visited friends in and about Centre Hall for a day recently. Mr. Osman is the section boss in that part of Union county and has a record of thirty-five years of faithful and efficient service with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In all that time the road bed and track have been kept in such splendid condition that not as much as a derailment has taken place on that section.

The Penns Valley M. E. charge may be without a minister in the near future. The district superintendent of the conference last week registered ten ministers of the district with the war department, and Rev. W. H. Williams, pastor of the local charge, is one of the ministers registered for duty as chaplain or for Y. M. C. A. work. The government wants a large number of these men in the national cantonments, but it is very uncertain when the Spring Mills clergyman will be called, if at all.

Through the courage and prompt presence of mind of Mrs. Grace Hartsock, the life of little Robert Dippery, three-year old son of Boyd Dippery, of Lewistown, was saved, when death was close at hand. The tot fell into the Kishacoquillas creek on Saturday morning, and was soon in ten feet of water, remaining submerged for several minutes after which the body floated down stream. Mrs. Hartsock quickly untied a row boat and after desperate rowing recovered the child which appeared dead. Putting into play the approved methods of resuscitating drowned persons the spark of life was slowly kindled and with the quick aid of a physician the little boy was snatched from the hand of death.