



LIEUT. "NED" KELLER TELLS OF LAST DAY'S FIGHTING.

"Huns Put Down Hellish Barrage, Killing Many of Our Men," He Says.—German Troops Celebrate on Front on Night of November 11th.

On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Force.

Dear mother:

I am-in hopes you will hear of my good health long before these few lines reach you. Since leaving the battle front on Nov. 12th I have had very little time for writing.

I shall not attempt to relate my experiences at the time the armistice was signed except to say that our Regiment was making a big drive which started on the 9th. On the morning of the 11th our company was going over the top with the zero hour at 7:30. Everything went well and success was ours up until eight o'clock when the boche found our front lines and they at once put down a most hellish barrage with all the artillery they had in the sector and for two hours or so they rained down heavy high explosives and gas, and all we could hope to do was to seek shelter in the shell holes and ditches where our men were deployed. I was very fortunate in only being covered completely with mud from shells falling on the edge of the shell crater I was in. Quite a few of our men were killed but it was really miraculous how any of us escaped death. We were forced to retire possibly 100 yards and about 10:15 we were ordered to counter attack and though the news reached us that all firing should cease at eleven, yet our men went forward determined to fight to the very last and we were well out in no-man's-land and making short work of machine-gun nests, to our front and flanks, when suddenly a runner came up with the order to cease firing.

The boche artillery had fired its last shot at 10:45 but our artillery never ceased till eleven o'clock sharp. Every one looked at each other in silence for it was really more than we could realize. Profound silence was everywhere and the first thing I recall that happened after the guns were silenced was a flock of birds which flew directly over our heads. They were certainly doves of peace for they flew toward the German line. During those three days we were fighting so fiercely that it was impossible to get any rations to us and all we had was a few hard tack and a canteen of water. During those three days of heavy fog hung over the battle field which proved very favorable to us and at night a very heavy frost covered the ground. This was very severe on us for during that time (three days) we laid in shell holes and ditches and most of our forward progress was made by crawling on our hands and knees and stomachs. It is needless to say our men were very tired on the morning of the 11th. To prove this let me mention the fact that immediately upon the ceasing of fire a number of men in my platoon laid right down in the shell holes where they had been advancing from, and fell asleep. About three o'clock our field kitchens moved out to our positions in no-man's-land and it was then that I went around and called the men who had gone asleep. That night the Germans put up thousands of Roman candles along their whole front which was only a few hundred yards to our front and it was a glorious sight to see our men pitch tents that night and enjoy a real rest on the very ground where they had fought so gallantly that morning. Every man in the Co. brought honor upon himself and never once did any one of them show a trace of cowardly blood. Our losses are not what one would think after three days of hard fighting, but then we would expect such to be the case.

As soon as the firing ceased at eleven o'clock our stretcher-bearers and Red Cross men worked without ceasing carrying our dead and wounded off the field. By two o'clock of the 12th we had our dead heroes buried and it was with sad hearts and still with rejoicing that we turned back and with hopes that the last shot had been fired to free the world of slavery.

Since then we have been moving west and at present are in a 210 kilometer march towards Paris. It is reported that we are to be there the third of December and our next step will be toward home. I know they will be happy moments when we can be home again and O, how much more, mother, home and friends will mean to us who have been over here.

Your letters are reaching me in remarkably good time and I assure you they are greatly appreciated. Have many more wonderful experiences to tell you.

It might be of interest to you to know where I have been on the front. About the 15th of September I saw service in the Vosges mountains south of Metz. We were on the Alsace border and for three weeks I was on the top of the mountains overlooking the German

town Semones. From there we moved back for a few days' rest and then moved north, going through Nancy, St. Mihiel and finally going into action just between Verdun and Metz and east of the Meuse river.

Aside from suffering from being slightly gassed and a bad cold I am feeling very good. In fact most every one has a bad cold but we hope to rid ourselves of it before long.

While we are badly in need of rest yet the men are showing up great and its marvelous the spirit they manifest. We have just finished a twenty-five kilometer march and the men are being billeted for the night, so thought I would write before making up my bedding roll for the few hours rest we get before starting out early in the morning.

Perhaps my next letter will be written on board ship headed for home.

Will close with love and kind regards to all the friends.

Your soldier boy,
NED.

Elliot Smith's Wound Healing.

(Letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Smith, of Centre Hall.)

France, Nov. 15, 1918.

Dear Mother and Dad:—

Well, as times are beginning to get better I will try and write a few lines today to let you know how I am getting along. This seems to be about all I have to do any way, and it will help to pass the time away. It will go a little better to write because today I am sitting up and the other day I was lying down. You will have to excuse the poor writing though because the paper is inclined to slide around.

My wound is getting along fine and does not bother me very much. The major that has this ward says that it is getting along fine. It hurts some when they dress it but not nearly as much as it did the first couple times.

I know you would be surprised if you could see the good spirits among the boys in this ward. There are twenty of us in this one ward and all wounded, some pretty bad while others are almost well. I really have laughed so much in here that it almost killed me. Such funny things happen it really seems hard to believe it can be such as it is, but I know for a fact that they are all happy.

I suppose the people are all happy that fighting has ceased over here and that the boys will soon be coming home. I can imagine or almost imagine the celebrations that have been going on back there. I know they have been celebrating over there in a great way. We are in a good sized place and those that were down town said they were having a great time.

I guess that will be all for this time, and DON'T WORRY.

With love to all,

ELLIOT,
Base Hospital No 28,
A. P. O. 753,
American E. F.

"Bill" Bailey Arrived in France.

Somewhere in France,
November 14, 1918.

Brother "Ted":
In France at last! My patience has at last been rewarded, although I shall be unable to take part in any fighting. What do you think of the terms of the armistice? One would think Germany was on her hind legs when she signed such a paper, eh? The truth is, she's been licked since August, 1914, but never knew it.

We've been doing quite a bit of traveling since we left Camp Greenleaf, Ga., and we are getting used to the long hikes with our 60 to 70-lb. packs. No kiddin'.
When I arrived at this camp, in France, I at once began to search for familiar faces, and soon I saw Jim Kane, of Bellefonte. He was with us down on the Mexican border with the Machine Gun Troop of the First Cavalry. I was glad to see him for he was the only one from around home that I have come in touch with since I left Greenleaf, Ga. Kane has seen service on the front.

I do not know how long we will be stationed here; it is here to-day, gone tomorrow. We are not so far from what was once the front line, so a Britisher tells me.

We left England for France the other night, and crossed the English Channel. We made the trip in five hours. The boat was a two-stacker and made about 19 knots per hour. Just that brief trip across that body of water made me sea sick, and like others, I "fed the fishes".

I hope that after we reach our permanent camp I will meet some of the fellows of the company I was formerly with. To meet some one from home, or near home, does one a world of good.

While coming through this French town I saw a small girl wearing a German helmet, just for the purpose of attracting the soldiers. The headgear had lots of brass on it; it was a dress helmet.

I must close. This finds me enjoying the life.

Your brother,
BILL.

Letter from D. Ross Bushman.

(To E. S. Ripka, Centre Hall.)

Somewhere in France,
Tues. Nov. 19th, 1918.

I have been very much pleased to receive several letters from you just lately—three of them to be exact—and all reached me about the same time, which is the way we get our mail and probably the way it reaches you folks back home.

Am hoping the "flu" is over by this time and that Centre Hall did not suffer so much from it; it seems to have run its course over here, to a great extent at least, and none of us have any desire for a second hitch of it. Made me feel pretty blue to hear of so many deaths among those I knew so well.

Am sorry to say I have not received the papers you were kind enough to send; mother has been sending some papers each week but have gotten only two bunches so wrote to her not to bother any more with them as no one seems to get their second class mail.

The weather has been quite cold for the past week and saw some snow flakes flying to-day; would have been a fine thing if the boys could have reached home before the winter season. We do not have any idea when the time to say, "Goodby, France, Hello Broadway" will come, but can't come too soon for any of us, now that the scrap is over. It is going to be a long time before all get back of course.

Have been wanting to write to the lodges but have not been able to hold down my end of the correspondence deal, but will write as often as possible.

With best regards to all,

Pvt. DAVID R. BUSHMAN
Co. E, 29 Engrs. A. P. O. 714,
Am. Ex. F.

Letter from Roy Smith.

(To his mother, Mrs. Michael Smith, at Potters Mills.)

France, Oct. 1918

Dearest mother and all:

I will now answer your letter. It makes me feel like a new man when I hear from the loved ones back home. I have written to you every week since we have become settled here.

The fellow that is with me, and myself, have fixed up a fine little home and we surely enjoy ourselves. We get off one day a week and we devote this time to making our quarters more cozy and comfortable.

The weather is nice; mornings are cold, but we have a good stove and lots of wood. We had baked beans, bread and molasses and coffee for supper.

Mother, I want to tell you that I met William Swartz one day, and had a little talk with him. He was so glad to see me, and I so glad to see him. He said he did not know where his brother George was. I have not found out anything concerning cousin Boyd yet. Tell papa that I still have my pipe, and that Rassic (the fellow that is with me) and I certainly puff 'em up. We smoke nothing but Bull Durham, for that is all we get here to smoke, but lots of chewing tobacco.

If you could have witnessed what I did today you would have clapped your hands for joy. Austria and Turkey have laid down their fighting arms and all we got to do is to take every Hun dead or alive, and that is what our boys are now doing. The Huns will not last long at the present rate of killing them off.

You said I looked thin in my picture, but I feel as though I weighed 200 pounds. We do surely get enough to eat. If things continue to go the way they are now I feel that it won't be long until I'll be coming home, so don't worry about me.

I must close. Give my love to all.

Your soldier boy,
J. ROY SMITH,
Co. F, 56 Pioneer Inf.,
A. E. F., France

Aid the Rural Carriers.

Patrons on rural mail routes could materially aid carriers in performing their work if they would make it the custom to place postage stamps on all mail matter sent out by them instead of placing pennies in the boxes. It requires considerable effort to pick pennies from a mail box on a cold stormy day, and it can scarcely be done unless the bear hand is used. It would be no burden for each patron to keep a small supply of stamps on hand and by so doing making change would be reduced many times. The loss of a single minute at each box means a loss of from one to one and one-half hours every day. Help the carriers by buying stamps in larger quantities and avoid pennies if you possibly can.

Killed Bull Elk.

Mistaking a big bull Elk for a deer, Clarence Keil, of DuBois, shot it in the wilds of Clearfield county last week. State Game Protector Kelly got Keil. He was fined \$250.

If you never were a Red Cross member, become one now. Do your part at least to the extent of becoming a member yourself.

THE DEATH RECORD.

George B. Slack Dead.

The life of another young man of this community has suddenly come to an untimely end through the ravages of that insidious disease, influenza. The Reporter is called upon to chronicle the death of George Boal Slack, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Slack, who died Friday evening at 7:20 o'clock, at his home near Potters Mills. As a member of the Slack hunting party he had gone into the mountains at the beginning of the deer season and took ill in camp. He left camp for his home on Wednesday, December 4th, and took his bed. His illness at once took a serious turn, causing complications to develop, his kidneys becoming affected. Although he was given every care, the end came at the time stated.

George Boal Slack was born within a mile of the place of his death, on January 24, 1893, hence was nearly twenty-six years of age. A year ago last spring he moved on the farm owned by Prothonotary D. R. Foreman, formerly the McCoy farm. His methods of farming stamped him as a young man who mingled brains with brawn and he was on the right road to success in his chosen occupation. The excellent condition of his large amount of stock and the order and tidiness of the farm surroundings evoked favorable comment on the part of his neighbors. Physically he was a giant, standing six feet and proportioned accordingly.

He leaves a widow, nee Miss Anna Tressler, and two children, Kenneth and Richard, aged eight and five years. His parents and three brothers—Fred, John and Russell Slack—also survive, as do his two grandfathers, G. M. Boal and John A. Slack.

The funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon and burial at Centre Hall, Rev. J. A. Shultz and Rev. Josiah Still officiating.

Williams—Mrs. Margaret Williams,

widow of the late Edom Williams, passed away Sunday morning at the home of her son-in-law, John Shuey, near Houserville, of diseases incident to her advanced age. She was a daughter of the late Griffy and Susan Lytle, pioneer settlers of Lemont, where deceased was born April 26, 1837. To her marriage to Edom Williams the following children were born: Mrs. Thomas Decker, State College; Mrs. William Glenn, Mrs. John Shuey, of near Lemont; Thomas of Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. Belle Knarr, in the west. Her home was a welcome place to everybody. She was one of the oldest members of the M. E. church and her pastor, Rev. Piper, had charge of the funeral services which were held Monday afternoon; interment in the Branch cemetery by the side of her husband who died May 13, 1891.

Keener—Mrs. Lavina Keener departed

this life at State College, on December 10th. She was eighty-five years of age and death was the result of the natural infirmities due to such an old age. On account of her feeble condition she had made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Coll, on Barnard street. Mrs. Keener and her husband spent the greater part of their lives at Aaronsburg, where Mr. Keener still resides. Besides her husband, she is survived by three daughters, one daughter having preceded her to the spirit world about two years ago.

Funeral services were conducted at two o'clock Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Coll by the Rev. N. L. Hummel, of the United Evangelical church. Interment was made at Aaronsburg.

Haines—Grace Haines, the twelve-

year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Haines, died at her home Friday noon of pneumonia, following influenza. She is survived by father, mother, brothers, Harry, of Milton, Oscar, Earl, and sister Maude, at home.

She was converted last year, and was a member of the Evangelical Association church. She was a regular attendant at Sunday School. Private funeral was held Monday forenoon; burial in the Union cemetery.

Poorman—James Poorman, an old

veteran of the Civil war, died at his home at Boalsburg on Tuesday night of last week, following an illness of two weeks with uremic trouble. He was seventy-one years old and is survived by his wife and two children, Sydney of Bellefonte and Mrs. Harry Markle, of Oak Hall. Burial was made at Boalsburg Friday afternoon.

Murray—Mrs. Mary Ann Murray,

widow of John Murray, passed away at her home at Lemont, where she lived with a daughter, and two sons, on Wednesday of last week. She had been ailing for two years. The body was taken to Bellefonte for burial Saturday morning.

Bressler—The body of Harry Bressler

(Continued on inside page.)

824,000 MEN RE-

LEASED FROM ARMY.

Demobilization in United States Proceeding at Rate of 15,000 a Day.

Demobilization in the United States now is proceeding at the rate of 15,000 men released from the army every day. General March announced a few days ago. It still is anticipated that a rate of 30,000 a day will be reached when full momentum is attained.

The war department now has designated a total of 824,000 men in the United States for discharge, an increase of nearly 200,000 during the last week. General March made it clear, however, that designation of troops does not mean immediate discharge, but severance from the service as their turn is reached in demobilization.

Among the new branches of the army to be included in demobilization orders are 12,000 Porto Rican troops ordered discharged. Of 824,000 men designated 352,000 are in depot and development battalions and similar limited units. In addition, 18,000 men on industrial furlough have been ordered released.

Demobilization of officers is proceeding more rapidly than is the case with the men. General March said, 17,203 officers had been honorably discharged since the armistice was signed.

Summarizing the flow of returning troops from France' General March said a total of 5,653 officers and 135,262 men had been designated for return by General Pershing up to December 12. Of that number 1,378 officers and 30,795 men actually have sailed from France.

Hunter Liberated Buck Deer from Peculiar Position.

R. H. Sheriff, of Pittsburgh, who hunted with the McKees Rock party, encamped at the Stave Field, near Potters Mills, tells the following story of liberating a buck deer before the opening of the season: "While hunting small game near the Stave Field, I heard dogs barking on the mountain-side and soon two deer bounded across the road—a buck and a doe, the doe in the lead. Then the dogs appeared and I fired into them, but did not hit either. As I was rather uncertain as to who might kill dogs chasing deer. The dogs ran into the brush and I continued out the road and when opposite the place where the deer went through I heard a racket and going in I found a buck in a kind of kneeling position, with a long piece of dead timber about three inches thick between the prongs of his antlers. The timber being heavy had forced his head far back and his neck was bent to a semi-circle. The brush and timber held him in such a position that he could not extricate himself, although he could move his hind legs apparently without difficulty. I raised the timber slightly which allowed the buck to get from beneath it. He straightened out, stretched his neck, moved his head once to either side, snorted and leaped into the brush and disappeared. I could hear him going for some time as he appeared to be running recklessly and made quite a racket. To say the least, I was most mightily surprised."

They Came Home.

On Friday, Privates John Potter and Elmer Lingle returned to Centre Hall from Camp Lee, Virginia, having been first honorably discharged from service. The former is a son of George W. Potter, of this place, and the latter a son of Henry Lingle, east of town. Both young men appear physically perfect and in prime condition to return to civilian life and its duties.

William Rockey came home last week from Camp Pitt, connected with the University of Pittsburgh, where he was in special training as a motor mechanic. He has been mustered out of the service and is now at his home at Tusseyville.

William W. Kerlin and Ira Whitman surprised their relatives by suddenly appearing at home, Tuesday noon, with honorable discharges from the army. The young men arrived at Bellefonte in the morning and took the bus for Pleasant Gap, walking across the mountain to Centre Hall. They went to Camp Lee, Virginia, in August, and neither of them had had a furlough home since that time. Needless to say, their home coming was received with great joy.

No Paper Next Week.

Next week being Christmas week, no paper will be issued from this office, which is in keeping with a custom long in vogue. The office force will spend the holiday season away from the composing cases. The office, however, will be open every day for the transaction of business.

That everyone may enjoy the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years is the wish of the Reporter.

Will we be a hundred per cent. Red Cross town after this week, or do we want to withhold our support and join the army of slacker towns that will come along with from 5 to 99 per cent. pure. Come, let us do our part, take out a membership for ourselves and see that everyone else is provided for.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS

No paper next week.

It is already too late to mail your Christmas package early.

The "flu" has returned to Lewisport and there are quite a number of cases there.

Enlisted men discharged from the army will be required to return to the government within four months the uniform in which they leave camp.

Fred Horner, of Tusseyville, shot a fine large red fox on Tussey mountain, one day last week. He will realize \$15-00 or more from the hide and bounty.

There is only a trifle difference between being an army service slacker and a Red Cross slacker. You will feel ill at ease in all time to come to be either.

George Wingard, aged twenty-eight years, is seriously ill with typhoid pneumonia at his home near Woodward. He was a member of the Wingard hunting party and was compelled to leave the mountains while camping.

Centre Hall has a credit of 9963 War Savings Stamps sold since January 1st, putting it in advance of all competitors. Our community holds the position it is expected to hold. Let us keep in the front rank; let no one lag.

Lieut. W. E. Park now holds a captain's commission and is located in a base hospital in France. Last summer the doctor was gassed and it was after his recovery that his services were recognized by advancing his rank.

The Reporter has been asked to publish a complete list of names of persons who are residents of Centre Hall, designating those who are members of the Red Cross, and it has been decided that if such a list is furnished it will be printed. The Reporter hopes that there will be a mark of distinction before every name.

The Pennsylvania Council of National Defense is authorized by Washington to announce that returning soldiers will be given one month's pay plus transportation allowance of 3 1/2 cents per mile from the point of their demobilization to their home towns. Their railroad tickets will cost two cents per mile by direct route. Demobilization will be from the nearest army camp to the home sections of a majority of the men in each unit.

The lecture course committee is more than pleased with the conditions in Grange arcadia when the attractions appear. There is no crowding; no disturbance; no encroachments on the rights of course ticket holders—all due to the adoption of the rule to admit only course ticket holders. Under this plan the financial success of the course is shifted from the single admission ticket holder to the course ticket holder, whose interest is greater in its success.

The Reporter is in receipt of a card from Lieut. W. "Ned" Keller, written in France, November 20th. He says: "Your letter reached me while returning from the front. November 11th was a wonderful day to us who were right in the thick of the scrap that day. Will tell you of it some day. Have received 'Reporter' up to September 29. They look like a million dollars to me. Am headed for Paris on a 210 kilometer march. Hope to reach there by December 1, and then me for the good U. S. A. Every one in high spirits, and I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

A letter received last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stover, of Millheim, from their son, Sergeant Gervis E. Stover, states that he is still in the hospital and that he was wounded in the hip. It was the first inkling of the nature of the wound the parents had received. Sergt. Stover along with a number of other American wounded landed at Portsmouth, Va., on November 30. He states that he had been wounded in the battle at Soissons, that the wound is not yet entirely healed, but that he expected that he would be granted a furlough to come home about the 20th inst., and that he would have lots to tell.

It was a program of true artistic merit that was rendered by the Maud Stevens Concert Company, in the Grange hall last Friday evening, and the Lecture Course patrons appeared delighted with it. The trio of charming young ladies are collectively and individually masters of their respective arts. Little Miss Stevens, as an impersonator of boys and girls, is without a peer. Miss Charlotte Chamberlain presented something entirely new in her bird warbling, which was both true to nature and skilfully rendered. Her crayon work on the chart showed her to be an artist of no mean ability, while as a pianist she proved her versatility as an all round performer. Miss Welsh's greatest ability lies in her handling of the violin, and she plays the classics and popular music with equal facility. Their varied program was a real treat.