

The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.



WALKER BROTHERS... Proprietors
A. C. DERR... Editor
PAUL M. DUBBS... Associate Editor
Cecil A. WALKER... Business Manager

Issued weekly every Thursday morning.
Entered in the postoffice at Bellefonte, Pa., as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
\$1.50 per year... if paid in advance
\$2.00 per year... if not paid in advance

MERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

The date your subscription expires is plainly printed on the label bearing your name. All credits are given by a change on the date of the first issue of each month.

Matters for publication, whether news or advertising, must reach The Centre Democrat office not later than Tuesday noon to insure publication that week.

Legal notices and all real estate advertisements, 10 cents per line each issue.

Subscribers changing postoffice address, and not notifying us, are liable for same.

All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise directed.



CIRCULATION OVER 7,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

EDITORIAL

EDDIE RICKENBACKER OFFERS TWO LESSONS TO U. S. CIVILIANS

The nation that thrilled to the rescue of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his six companions, after they had drifted for twenty-two days in the Pacific, can learn two lessons from what the distinguished aviator reports.

The first lesson, if it is needed, reveals the natural tendency of men to turn toward God and religion in time of stress. While the men were lost and uncertain whether they would be rescued, one of them produced a Government-issued Bible and they organized prayer meetings.

Afterwards, Captain Rickenbacker declares "frankly and humbly we prayed for our deliverance" and "we prayed for food. Subsequently, within an hour after our prayer meeting, a sea gull landed on my head."

The men ate the raw gull and used some of it for bait, succeeding in catching fish which they ate raw. The next day, another gull landed on his shoulder but Captain Rickenbacker says that he did not have the heart to wring its throat and "let it go."

The first lesson, cited above, is easy to learn because every individual, when confronted with the inevitables of fate, naturally turns to religion and seeks assistance from the Superior Being, master of men, of life and of death.

The next lesson relates to the people of the United States who, on the home front, sometimes behave like little children in regard to small desires despite the nation's participation in a desperate struggle.

Captain Rickenbacker, as a result of what he saw, has come to the conclusion that "if they could bring the combat troops back here and put them in the factories, we would have production doubled in thirty days' time."

Moreover, he added, "The cry and objection to being rationed on rubber and gasoline seem so insignificant, so ridiculous, when you see what the boys at the front have got."

These are the lessons that Captain Rickenbacker attempted to teach to the nation in his modest recital of his experiences after his plane went down in the South Pacific and he and his companions faced death for twenty-two days. They had time to think, they reached certain conclusions and the famous World ace has passed them to the American people.

Let us hope that every reader of this article will take to heart the remarks of Captain Rickenbacker. Let them realize, regardless of discomforts that they think they endure, what the soldiers and sailors who are fighting for the preservation of our liberty and the security of our freedom are doing without and, in addition, risking their lives in their behalf.

WANT TO BE A CAPTAIN?

It hasn't been so long since a lot of us were having fun over Elliott Roosevelt being made a captain in the Air Forces without the usual preliminaries. In those days we still thought that the men of our citizen army were going to have a year of healthful outdoor training and then go back home, and it seemed a smirking coincidence that a fellow named Roosevelt should suddenly be so valuable to the Air Forces.

Someone got out lapel buttons: "I Want to Be a Captain Too." There were many wisecracks, and there was some serious talk to the effect that this sort of thing was unfair to plain boys named Jones or Smith who had to go in as back privates and advance, if at all, the hard way.

Well, there hasn't been so much snickering at Elliott lately. Or at Jimmy, or Franklin, Jr., or John. All of them are in service. Elliott in North Africa and Jimmy in the South Pacific have seen action in some pretty dangerous places and have seemed to do right well.

If their being the President's boys helped them to get military rank—it also seems to have got them to the front fairly fast—at least, a lot faster than some of us who were wanting "To Be a Captain Too" a couple of years ago.—The New York Times.

WHY WE DON'T PUBLISH EVERYTHING

If you know what ship a sailor is on, or what company or regiment a soldier is with overseas, then you know a military "secret," the Office of Censorship in Washington warns.

This secret ought not to be published. This is why: A general needs to know the strength of his opponent: how many men, guns, ships, planes there are in each theater of war.

The Nazis and the Japs want to know these things about our forces. Their agents assemble the information like this: from one paper, an item reveals the 600th Infantry is in Australia; another, that the U. S. S. Wisconsin is in the Mediterranean; another, that the 206th Tank Battalion is in North Africa.

Add hundreds of these bits of information together, and our enemies have a too-accurate estimate of American military strength. These are our soldiers—Americans, all—whom we endanger, by these "little slips."

This is not a "blackout" on the news about our soldiers. Considerable latitude in reporting personal experiences gives the enemy little military information, if the troop units, the ship names are kept secret. But in articles about soldiers and sailors and in the addresses for them, don't give away their fighting units, Washington urges.

Just to make it unanimous, we wish everybody a happy and prosperous New Year.

THOUGHTS ON MERRY CHRISTMAS

Editor's Note—The following intimate news story comes from an International News Service correspondent, somewhere in New Guinea.

"Well," said Pvt. Paul Ellrich, "Here I am almost buried in swamp mud, with tall Kunal grass all around me, and that damn stuff can cut like a knife, and a hazy looking moon makes everything sorta ghostly."

"There's a little stream over on the left and in the thick jungle brush on the other side there's a Jap sniper. I know the blankety-blank is there, because any time I move he takes a shot in my direction."

"Back behind me I can hear our mortars banging away and somewhere off to the right there's a machine gun fire going to beat hell. Come daylight our fellows are going to bust ahead on the right, so all we have to do is sit tight. Well, sir, it's sure funny what runs through your head, danger or no danger."

"There I am dog-tired, wet and hungry and I get thinking about my wife Eleanor, back in Detroit, and about Mom and Dad, and my brothers and sisters back in Armandia, Minn. And then I remember it's only a few days to Christmas and I get blue as hell. Merry Christmas—and I wonder how merry this one's going to be—and peace on earth, good will to men, and here we are and those Jap so-and-sos and there ain't much peace or good will either."

"Then I get to thinking we gotta knock hell outa these so-and-sos to make sure everybody can have merry Christmases for all time and live the way they want to without a bunch of crazy men telling them how they can live."

"Just about then I move around some, trying to find a dry spot, but there ain't any and that damn sniper flers a few more rounds over my head and I catch a flash and fire back and after that I am not bothered. So I am feeling pretty good but I wish those mortars would lay off for awhile, but you get used to noise and I do dreaming about home and snow on the ground—nice, white flaky snow—and no mosquitoes, and houses all lit up and little Christmas trees in the front parlor all lit with little blue and red and white and green electric bulbs or maybe little colored candles and sticks of candy hung on the branches and bells and presents and everybody laughing and happy and having a swell time and the neighbors coming and going."

"And just about now Mom would be planning the Christmas dinner and getting presents ready for the iceman, the milkman and the letterman, and gosh how I wish I was home. And that Christmas dinner! Turkey and stuffing and cranberries and pumpkin pie!"

"Plum pudding," said Pvt. Earl Tucker of Lock Springs, Mo., very firmly. "We always had plum pudding."

"Pumpkin pie for me," continued Ulrich, "and lotsa coffee, but my kids always had milk. Then we'd hang up our stockings on the mantelpiece and Mom would hustle us off to bed so the old Dad wouldn't see us with presents, and Christmas morning we'd all be up early, shouting and yelling and everybody laughing, and maybe I'd have a sled or skates or a baseball bat. Those were the days."

"Then we'd all go to the Evangelical church and back home for turkey."

"Midnight mass for me," said Tucker, "and I can remember how beautiful the singing was and the church all lit up and candles burning and the incense and we'd all get up early too, just like you said."

"And boy," continued Ulrich, "how we'd go for that turkey! The older kids would want all the white meat, but Mom always saw that I got my share. Gosh, I bet I got the finest little mother on earth."

"Well," said Tucker, "maybe second best, because I know there couldn't be one finer than mine."

"Okay," said Ulrich, "we both got the best mothers in the world. So as I was saying, I am lying up there wet and hungry and thinking my Christmas dinner probably will have to come out of a tin can and it won't have wings when all hell breaks loose up ahead."

"That's the Japs shelling us and I ain't got much time from then on to think about Christmas. But I am convinced more than ever now that the only way we can all ever have a merry Christmas again is to knock hell out of them and teach them a lesson, because you can't reason with a rattlesnake. You got to kill them or cage them. Ain't that right?"

"You said it," said Tucker.

Random Items

entire defense set-up, the professions complained of have a ready means of clearing any possible taint from their professional gowns.

HONOR ROLL: Many a Bellefonte citizen is of the opinion that the town should have an honor roll of men in the service—a large board of some kind in a public place on which the names of men serving in the Army, Navy, Air Corps and Marines could be inscribed. Most other towns and many larger cities have such rolls. Council unofficially is in favor of such a project but lacks the necessary funds. No great amount of money would be necessary, for the board would not have to be of a permanent nature, and would not have to be fancy. The main thing is to provide a public list on which the names of all persons serving their country are immediately available to anyone.

Maybe some club, lodge, patriotic or fraternal organization could underwrite the expense. Even a typed list posted in a glass-enclosed box would serve the purpose.

It is amazing that some Americans have so little appreciation of what this country has accomplished in the matter of waging war since Pearl Harbor.

Every man has a right to develop his business into as large an affair as he can with due regard to honesty and fair treatment extended to his competitors and customers.

Ex Libri.. By William Sharp



Emperor Hirohito of Japan is not only the symbolic god of the Nation, but is also HIGH PRIEST and THE SUPREME GOD

GOVERNMENT BY ASSASSINATION by Hugh Spivey



The Present rulers of Japan, the Young Officers of the Army, Rose to Power by MURDERING ALL POLITICAL OPPONENTS



Japanese Army leaders once thought of assassinating CHARLIE CHAPLIN To provoke war with the U.S.

Query & Answer Column

C. B.—Do neutral correspondents in Germany and Italy send more accurate news to their papers than that which we get from other sources?
Ans.—No. Such men say they are permitted to send only what it is of Axis advantage to have neutral believe or know.

W. O. M.—What game is played by more persons than all others combined?
Ans.—Checkers.

F. R.—Do the tougher and less expensive cuts of meat have as much food value as steaks, chops and roasts?
Ans.—Yes. Sometimes even more, because they usually contain much less fat and more muscle.

C. D. O.—Name two of the following items which are not rationed—bicycles, tea, bananas, gasoline, sugar, coffee.
Ans.—Tea and bananas.

O. C. T.—How many ties are there in a mile of railroad?
Ans.—The number of ties in an average mile of railroad track is 2994.

E. M. B.—What famous writer once edited a newspaper just as he thought Jesus would have done?
Ans.—Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," in 1900 edited the Topeka Daily Capital for one week as a distinctive Christian daily.

A. H.—What is the story about the discovery of roast pig?
Ans.—In Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia," Ho-li, a careless Chinese swineherd allows the pigsty to burn. Desperately searching in the ruins, he burned his fingers on the charred remains of a pig. Involuntarily pushing the roast pig as a favorite dish.

F. S.—What is a three-point landing?
Ans.—According to the usual landing procedure of an airplane, the main landing wheels, the two in front, touch the ground first. Then the tail of the plane is gradually lowered until the tail wheel touches the ground. In a three-point landing, the main landing wheels and the tail wheel touch the ground simultaneously.

O. R. F.—When was Tunney's last fight?
Ans.—The last fight in which Gene Tunney participated was the one in which he met Tom Heeney on July 26, 1928 in New York. The fight was won by Tunney in the eleventh round on a technical knockout. The champion retired in August, 1928.

M. R.—Was St. George, the patron saint of England, a real person?
Ans.—Some authorities believe that he was a soldier in the army of Diocletian, 300 A. D., and died in Palestine in his Christian faith. St. George is also highly honored in Russia.

C. C. N.—How much did the first World War cost the entire world?
Ans.—The direct cost has been estimated at four hundred billion dollars.

L. E. Y.—What is "squaw Winter"?
Ans.—Squaw Winter is a localism in the United States referring to a cool wet period preceding Indian Summer, or any brief wintry period preceding Autumn.

E. N.—What was the earliest form of submarine?
Ans.—The history of the submarine dates from 1620 when Cornelius van Drebel, a Dutchman in the service of King James I of England, built such a vessel, which is said to have been navigated by twelve rowers at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet for several hours in the Thames.

F. F. J.—How many slaves did George Washington have?
Ans.—Washington owned, soon after his marriage, 317 slaves, some of whom belonged to his wife.

B. E.—What can be done to restore a raincoat that has become tacky?
Ans.—If the tackiness has not progressed too far, the coat might be made serviceable by washing it in cleaner's naphtha, drying and dusting with talc.

H. E.—What is the largest State east of the Mississippi River?
Ans.—It is Georgia with an area of 58,876 square miles.

D. R.—How did Milne Bay in New Guinea get its name?
Ans.—It was named for Admiral Sir Alexander Milne.

M. L.—When was the painting of Mona Lisa stole from the Louvre in Paris?
Ans.—The famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci was stolen from the gallery on August 22, 1911. It was recovered in Florence, Italy, on December 12, 1913, and restored to the Louvre.

C. M. C.—What is the origin of the custom of firing a gun at reveille and retreat?
Ans.—The Army War College says that this custom is an ancient ceremony with no recorded origin. It probably is as old as gunpowder.

M. T.—What neutral islands have become of immense strategic value now that U. S. troops are in possession of Algeria and Morocco?
Ans.—The Azores, Madeira and Cape Verde Islands in the Atlantic, belonging to Portugal; the Canary Islands in the Atlantic, and the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, belonging to Spain. In the possession of either the United Nations or the Nazis they would command many sea routes.

W. M.—A standard barrel holds how many gallons?
Ans.—Forty-two gallons.

R. H.—Does SOS literally mean "Save Our Souls"?
Ans.—It was selected as the distress signal because of the speed and accuracy with which it can be transmitted.

T. S.—What are the longest baseball games ever played in the National and American Leagues?
Ans.—On May 1, 1920, Brooklyn and Boston played 26 innings to a 1-1 tie. On Sept. 1, 1906, in the American League, Philadelphia beat Boston 4-1 in 24 innings.

C. D.—Halle Selassie, emperor of Abyssinia, is a Coptic Christian, is this the predominating religion of the land?
Ans.—No. While many Abyssinians are Coptic Christians, the majority are Mohammedans.

W. L. K.—In the past has the wife of a President of the United States ever stayed at Buckingham Palace in London?
Ans.—President and Mrs. Wilson occupied the Belgian suite at Buckingham Palace from December 26 to December 31, 1918.

W. A.—What public offices did President Roosevelt hold before coming to the White House?
Ans.—He was a member of the New York State Senate, 1910-13; Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1913-20; and Governor of New York, 1929-33.

V. E. A.—Where does the Arctic tern spend the winter?
Ans.—It travels from the shores of New England eastward across the Atlantic Ocean and under the west coast of Africa to its winter home in the Antarctic. The Arctic tern is famous as the species with the longest migration route known and lives in almost perpetual daylight.

LOUISA'S LETTER

Dear Louisa: I am a girl of seventeen. I went with a boy for three years and I like him very much. Then we moved and I started going with another boy and I think more of him than I do the other one. I did him dirty, for the boy didn't want him to know I liked him. Now I have let him know I like him and now he is doing me dirty. What would you advise me to do?

Virginia. H. B. I don't exactly understand what you mean by "doing him dirty." Did you break dates or say unkind things? It doesn't usually pay to let a boy know you are crazy about him unless you are engaged, in which case he is certainly entitled to loyalty. True love is never founded on a lack of faith.

You are rather young to be engaged, so it will be better not to be anyone's "steady" just yet. There is nothing you can do about the present situation unless the boy is willing to forget and start all over again.

LOUISA. I am not interested in boys, although I am twenty-one years old. Do you think I am losing out in life since the boys are likely to be called in the army?

North Carolina. BLUE EYES. More unsuccessful marriages have been made when they get to thinking about being single all their lives than can be counted. These girls are not in love but they think about all of the boys who are going away and who may not come back and as they feel sure that husbands will be scarce they grab at anything which wears a pair of pants.

This is a great mistake, and it is better to be single if necessary, all of your life, than to marry some one you do not love. LOUISA.

Dear Louisa: I want you to answer my letter this time. I am a middle aged woman and I have always led a quiet life and have a small family almost grown.

My husband is wonderful except that he has been going with other women for several years. He seems to be crazy about them. I can't put up with this much longer, but I don't want the home broken up. I don't nag at him.

How can I stop this and have a happy home? L. E. P. Maryland.

Unfortunately yours is a problem that many good women have to worry over. A great many men, when they reach that certain age feel that they must have one last fling—that youth is getting away from them—and they try to prove themselves that they are still young and attractive to the opposite sex.

With some of them it soon passes, but others take longer to get through with it. The woman can do one of two things. She can become disgusted—and she has a perfect right to feel so—and break up her home. Sometimes she gets alimony and sometimes she finds it hard to collect. She discovers that she has given up a good home and broken up the home for her children.

It all depends on how she is constituted as to her decision. If she is a person who finds it impossible to live in the house with a man who she thinks has betrayed her and robbed her of her illusions and she would rather be alone than near him, then she may be happier to break away and leave him entirely. The man usually regrets his actions bitterly after she has gone, but is so entangled with some gold digger by that time that there is no happiness to be salvaged for either himself or his wife.

The other course that is taken by some wives is to treat such conduct just as they would a sickness that their husbands are passing through. They feel that if they can ignore his behavior that it will eventually pass. A great many of them come through at last with the satisfaction of knowing that by their sacrifice they have kept a home for their children and although outsiders may suspect scandal, none may be definitely proven. They may not feel the respect and love for their husband that they once did, but a good home, luxuries and a respected place in the community make heart-breaking easier to bear.

So while I do not excuse your husband one bit for his behavior and you have every right to leave him, you may find it the better part of wisdom to try and ignore it for a while longer.

Perhaps he will wake up before disaster overtakes him and realize that his conduct is endangering the lives of you and the children as well as himself.

LOUISA. Our Own Suggestion: Plant a vegetable garden in the Spring of 1943 and can all the foodstuffs that you can raise.

To all business men: Don't overlook advertising in 1943 and your customers will not overlook you.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

It is the present day theory that many Rheumatic Conditions are caused by Rheumatic Fever, a bacterial infection. Possible relief from some of the excruciating pain may be obtained with— LUBBERT'S NOX 'EM TABLETS which have been found valuable in cases of Rheumatic Fever, Rheumatoid Pains, Neuralgia and Pains which are associated with these conditions. Try them according to simple precautionary directions. Sold by Druggists at 45c and \$1.50 per package or sent direct by mail. A. G. LUBBERT, P.D., Coatsville, Pa.

THE OFFICE CAT "A Little Nonsense Now and Then, Is Relieved by the Wicest Men"

New Version of Night Before Christmas

The following poem, written by Miss Helen Griffin of St. Louis, was read as part of Rev. Howard S. Anderson's Christmas morning sermon in Washington. President and Mrs. Roosevelt heard it read and have asked for copies. The poem:

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house The only one able to stir was a mouse. The rest of the family, from papa on down, Were soundly asleep after hiking from town.

The buses went flying past them pell mell And street cars and taxis ignored them as well. While the family jalousy, as you might have guessed, Was wanting for rations and taking a rest.

The kids snuggled close in 65-degree heat And dreamed they had icicle toes on their feet; And baby, in dreams, bounced a synthetic ball And saw plastic soldiers march on the wall.

In his sleep papa uttered to Santa this plea, "If you've any old tooth-paste tubes bring them to me." And mama, delirious, smiled in her bed As visions of coffee beans danced in her head.

The rylons that hung by the chimney were rare. Indeed, if you find some, St. Nick put them there. The packages wrapped up in "V" shapes and seals, Said Hirohito and Hitler are fast on our heels.

And out in the pantry, in sarcastic sham, Stood saccharin candy, and jelly and jam. While an eggless and butterless, sugarless cake, With its gay decorations, denied it was fake.

There was Sis in her Wack suit, and Bud wearing wings, Reminding us gravely of war's bitter stings; But old Santa, that jolly American elf, Said, "We won't let them put Uncle Sam on the shelf."

(And I think he exclaimed, though my hearing is hard) "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a 'B' card."

Desert Warfare

Latest Italian Communique: "On the Tobruk front a large force of Italians attacked one enemy cyclist, causing him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting, they were able to puncture his tires. The front wheel was destroyed, while destruction of the rear wheel must also be considered probable. The handle bars are in our hands, but possession of the frame is still contested."

Nursery Rhymes—Army Style

If Mary wants her little lamb To stay as white as snow, She'd better keep her lamb away From the whites of the U. S. O.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet Eating her curds and whey, Along came a soldier Who sat down beside her, And scared the poor spider away.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner Eating his Christmas pie, He stuck in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, What mess hall was he in?

I shot a bullet in the air, It fell to earth I know not where, I knew not too who snatched on me— But here I am—seven days K. P.

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what to do, Too many to clothe and too many to feed; Local draft board—please take heed.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone; When she got there the cupboard was bare— MEAT RATIONING!

The Bout Was On

When a shortage of reporters developed on a certain newspaper the sports editor was sent to cover a snooty wedding, and this is what he turned in:

"Just before the bell rang for the main event, while the two contestants and their seconds were coming into the ring, the orchestra played Mendel & Son's march from Lowe and Green."

Skeptic Cuss

A country teacher was quizzing her pupils for the enlightenment of the visiting school board. Turning to one boy, she asked confidently: "George, who signed the Magna Charta?"

"I don't know, it wasn't me," replied George. The teacher, in disgust, told him to take his seat, but an old tobacco-chewing board member was not satisfied. Taking a well-directed aim at the cuspidor, he demanded:

"Call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."

No Words Wasted

The pastor of a colored church so pestered his bishop for help that the latter wrote him a letter stating that in the future such appeals would be entirely disregarded.

Pretty soon, though, another letter came from the minister. The bishop opened it. It read as follows:

"Dear Bishop: This here ain't no appeal. It's a report. I has no pants."

Their Last Laugh

Storekeeper—"These shirts are very strong, sir. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Customer—"Yeah, I know." I had some like that before. They laughed so hard they came back with their sides split."

Hard Shelled

"I'd like a couple of hard boiled eggs to take out," said the young fellow to the girl at the lunch counter.

"All right," replied the waitress with a smile, "you'll have to wait. Mamie and I don't get off until 10."

Too Much

Overheard at the bureau of naturalization: "Do you promise to support the Constitution of the United States?" "Me? How could I? I've got a wife and six children to support."

His Description

Police Chief—"Can you give a description of your missing cashier?" Banker—"He is about 5 feet 5 inches tall and about \$25,000 short."

Pitchy Flavor

Doctor (to Sandy, whom he had been called urgently to see): "What on earth have you been doing, Sandy? Why, your tongue is absolutely black, man."

Sandy—"I droppit a bottle of whisky on the newly tarred road."

She Does

Seaman Sean says: "The modern girl adores spinning wheels, but she wants four of them and a spare."

Evidently

Vegetables are being omitted from the menu at a certain prison as a punishment for disturbances. No peas for the wicked.

Safe Place

In a certain cafe a sign hangs on one of the large slot machines which reads: "In case of an air raid, crawl under this machine—it's never been hit."

That's all, folks. If Uncle Sammy keeps on changing the making of our coins, the next thing we know we'll be taking wooden nickels. —"SCAT"