

A Stenographer Goes to Washington

By RUTH M. BICKLE, Pine Grove Mills.

(In the following article will be found the intimate experience of a Centre County girl who answered the call for office work at the Nation's Capital. With no attempt at fancy flights of rhetoric, the author gives us a word picture of her emotions in meeting the adventure of going to Washington as a stenographer, which, she declares, applies to many more girls than herself.)

(Continued from first section)

I liked my work there very much as two of my classmates also worked there. One of these girls had also taken the examination and passed, but she would not even consider leaving home and going to Washington to work. I tried to persuade her to come with me but to no avail. I resigned from that job and made preparations to come to Washington. It was terribly exciting at the thought of coming way down here all by myself to work and the \$1440 a year salary looked awfully large to the girl from the small town just out of school.

I looked upon this as a romantic adventure. I really didn't realize just what I was undertaking. I had no idea what the future held in store for me. Little did I dream what I would go through before I would be home again. I didn't think that I would ever wish for that small town that I considered so unimportant.

I said "Goodbye" to all my friends and relatives and was all ready to leave on August 6, 1942. The night before I was to leave, I suddenly had the funniest feeling in the pit of my stomach. As I was ready to crawl into my own bed for the last time for several months, I didn't want to leave all that which had been mine for so many years. As I looked about the bedroom and noticed all the little things that meant so much to me, the tears rolled down my cheeks. It wasn't that I didn't want to leave, but was something that I cannot explain. When my sister came in and found me crying, she cried too. Although she was 8 1/2 years younger than myself, she was the only sister I had and we were very close to each other.

I cried myself to sleep that night and woke up the next morning feeling quite blue. We had to rush to the train that morning. I was at the verge of tears and tried to keep them back. I managed to do so until my father said, "I know just how you feel. I should get short, I really cried hard then. My mother and sister drove me to the station in a neighboring town. I could easily tell for her eyes were full of tears, too. I had never been away from home before except on visits to friends and relatives. After I had boarded the train and found a seat, I began to cry again and tears fell steadily until the train reached the next town.

I tried to enjoy the trip and did to some extent. I was very excited and could hardly wait until we had reached our destination. My father had some friends in Washington at whose home I was to go when I reached there. The train arrived in the city about 5:45 p. m. I had never done traveling and it seemed to me as if all the people in the world were there in that station. Hundreds of people hurried in all directions. I wondered where they all came from. I called a taxi and went straight to the home of my father's friends. I had never seen a taxi before and I did not know just what it meant to me, or how they would act toward me—a stranger to them. When we had reached the apartment, I paid the cab driver and took the elevator to the third floor and reached the apartment without any trouble. I raised the knocker and hesitated, then knocked very gently. A very nice looking young man opened the door and said, "You are Ruth Bickle, aren't you?" Before I had time to reply a lovely lady came and embraced me as if she had known me all her life. She knew who I was right away. They both treated me very lovely and made me feel very much at home. She had prepared a grand dinner, and after I had rested and freshened up a little after my long and tiresome trip, we sat down and ate. It was a delicious and pleasant meal. No one will ever know just what it meant to me, a lonely and discouraged girl, to be treated so nice when I felt so blue. I will never be able to thank them enough.

After dinner, the lady's niece came over with a girl-friend. This girl came from about 25 miles away from my home town and had been working here for about six weeks. She stayed at a private home and there happened to be an opening there, and I went there to stay that same night. I could not room with that girl, but roomed in the next room with two girls who were sisters and came from Wisconsin. There were six other girls there besides myself. I was very tired and was glad to retire for the night. My heart was heavy that night and I cried myself to sleep again that night.

All the girls at the house but one were up and off to work before I woke up the next morning. The girl I slept with went to work in the afternoon. She was very nice to me. She took me out for breakfast with her that morning. I could not eat for my heart felt like it was made of lead. She called a taxi for me and gave me the address where I was to report.

I spent nearly all that day going through all the red tape that is involved with working for the government at the Civil Service Building. I met several girls from my home State of Pennsylvania. Two other girls and my self had to report to another building in another part of town, so we all went together. Most of the girls had someone with them, but I was not so lucky. It would have been a lot nicer if I had. We reported to the other building and there we had our pictures taken and again were asked a lot of questions, some of them the same ones I had answered a hundred times before. Finally I was separated from the other two girls. I was told to report for work at Arlington, Virginia. I took a bus from that building and reached Arlington, where I was put through the third degree again. Finally they gave me a certain room

with to work. It makes the trip seem much shorter. I find that the romantic adventure that I had anticipated faded the first week I was here and the glamour just isn't here. I have very little time to do any sight-seeing. I work 8 hours every day and spend 2 hours traveling to and from work, so by the time I arrive home at night, I am ready to turn in for some rest. Sundays we always sleep as late as possible, go to church, and do various things in the afternoon.

One of the worst things here, I think, is the transportation problem. I have gradually become used to waiting for everything such as buses and street cars, and then when one does finally come, you nearly get killed trying to get on. You just have to learn to push right back. You forget your manners in Washington; there doesn't seem to be any place for them.

I must admit that I have many good times here as well as hardships. I am not sorry that I came here. I have met many nice friends that otherwise I would not have known. I am sure the experience will be invaluable to me in the future. Someday I hope that I may go back to a small town and have a home of my own, that is when the world is free again.

RUTH M. BICKLE.

BLANCHARD
The proceeds from the March of Dimes for the infantile paralysis drive are all reported. Most of the funds were returned by the various schools. As yet the third and fourth grades have not reported. The highest honors go to the first and second grades, teacher, Mrs. Williams, who raised \$3; next highest, the fifth and sixth grades, teacher, Mr. Kamp, \$2.90. Other returns as follows: seventh and eighth grades, \$2; ninth and tenth grades, \$2; Big Run school, \$1.60. Some other cards were returned, T. M. Kunes, \$1.30, an unnamed donor, \$2, W. H. Vonada, \$4. The latter amount was the largest collected in our vicinity.

Pt. Paul Bowers, stationed at Middletown, spent a few days last week here with his parents. His trip home was very busy because of the illness of his mother.

John Coder, a patient in the Lock Haven Hospital, was able to return to his home on Sunday.

Marybelle Miller has been quite ill with an attack of rheumatism. She has been unable to work for the last two weeks.

Robert Davy enlisted last week in the Air Corps. He has not yet heard when he is to report for duty.

Mrs. Clyde Bowers is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

Pvt. Paul Gardner, stationed at Quantico, Va., spent the weekend with his mother, Mrs. Lulu Gardner.

Mrs. Alice Harter was taken suddenly ill on Thursday and has not fully recovered as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Harter Vonada of Bellefonte, were Saturday visitors in town.

William Spangler reports that he expects to bring his son, Richard, home from the hospital on Saturday. Richard was the victim of a very serious coasting accident.

Pvt. Wilbur Rupert returned to Fort Devens, Mass., on Sunday, after spending a short furlough with relatives and friends in Lock Haven and Beech Creek.

Apprentice Seaman Edward L. Rupert, undergoing training at the U. S. Naval Station at Bainbridge, Md., is spending a furlough with his father, Joshua Rupert, of Beech Creek.

Sunday forenoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Neff were Pvt. Wilbur Rupert of Fort Devens, Mass., and Seaman Edward L. Rupert of Bainbridge, Md.; also Miss Jean Carpenter of Jersey Shore.

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PINE GROVE MILLS
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Rossman are proud parents of a baby girl, born last Wednesday in the Philipsburg State Hospital. Her name is Anna Jane. Allen is a former resident of Ferguson township, now caretaker on the highway in Halfmoon Valley.

The Hon. William "Bill" Copley of Washington, D. C. and Argentina, who is spending the winter with his aunt, Miss Corene Copley, is making locomotion with crutch and cane on account of a knee-cap injury by a fall on the ice last week.

Harry Geahart is now employed on our State highway to replace the vacancy of W. Randall Poust, who is now employed in Altoona.

Among the spring sales listed so far in our section are Sol H. Lohr on the Newt Hoy farm, March 4; R. P. Ritter on the C. M. Dale farm, March 11, and the Lake Bos. at their farm, March 15.

Farmer Alvin K. Cori has been confined to the house the past week with a bad case of grippe, but is improving at this writing. James Cori is assisting with his farm chores.

Mrs. James Poust is this week an observation patient of the Philipsburg State Hospital. She was admitted last Thursday.

John W. Miller is out among our farmers with his baling machine tying up straw and hay.

Mrs. Harold Dean departed Friday for Miami, Fla., to spend some time with her husband who is training in an army camp.

Hon. and Mrs. J. Will Kepler spent some time recently in Washington, D. C., guests of their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Block.

Mrs. Gladys Fry and Mrs. Helen Fry were dinner guests Thursday at the "Dick" Irwin home on the branch.

The Johnston Bros., popular farm equipment agents for Allis-Chalmers last week installed a telephone at their business stand. Now you can say hello to Alex, but not to Ben, as he is somewhere on the "other side."

George P. Irvin was a recent visitor in Altoona with his relatives. He returned home Friday last after a week's stay.

Rev. James N. Fisher and family spent the weekend in Johnstown at the parental home of Mrs. Fisher. The young divo very ably filled the Lutheran church pulpit in Johnstown Sunday a. m.

The Misses Gertrude and Maude Miller were Saturday dinner guests at the Prof. S. Cooper Miller home in State College. The professor is not as well as his friends would like

but they all trust for his rapid recovery.

Word comes from Chicago that Rev. Albert D. Minich is now chaplain in the U. S. Army. The Rev. was a former pastor of the Spruce Creek Presbyterian church and for some years at Cresson.

Carpenter R. L. Musser returned to his home Saturday from Pittsburgh hospital and is recuperating nicely from his recent injury.

Messrs. Alexander Johnston and Edward Frank were business visitors Thursday in Harrisburg, bringing home with them two new Allis-Chalmers tractors.

Farmer and school bus driver Earl Johnston is somewhat lame from a foot injury sustained at his farm last week, and Sam Homan is also on the limpy order with a broken toe, while on his lumber job, the toe getting between a large railroad tie and frozen mother earth.

Mrs. George Robison, the former Miss Mary Reed and son, George, Jr., have returned to their home on South Water street after a several months' visit with Mr. Robison, radio technician of the U. S. Army, stationed in Texas.

At the Samuel B. Wasson sale last Thursday, one of the largest sales for many years in this section, everyone seemed to be well supplied with money and gas. The sale totaled \$12,187. That genial auctioneer Jack Smith, was back home by 5 p. m. Horses sold for around \$150 each, high cow, \$250. The 20 cows averaged \$150 each; hogs at 17c pound. Mr. and Mrs. Wasson are arranging their large stone farm house for a double house and they will occupy one section, their son, Paul and family will move from their Tusseyville farm to the homestead to continue the farming operations and the Wasson milk route to State College.

W. R. Dale of Tampa, Fla., spent the past two weeks with his wife and daughter at the Dale mansion near State College. He returned to the south Feb. 1st.

Mrs. James Peters and son Harry, were business visitors at the County Capital Tuesday p. m.

John C. Gates of Altoona, was a pleasant caller over the past weekend with his father, J. Cal Gates and State College friends.

Farmer A. Fred Fry and son Don, were callers in Bellefonte Monday, laying in supplies for spring farming.

"Self-determination," as applied to minorities today, is what was known once, in this country, as secession.

Mrs. Clyde Bowers is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

WOODWARD
Mrs. Harry (Mildred) Brindle was taken to the Bellefonte Hospital last Monday for medical observation and further treatment.

It should not be forgotten that the Evangelical Booster Band was very much interested in the gospel choruses they sang. The band consisted of children of some twenty or thirty youngsters. Here are some of the songs, "God Has Blotted Them Out," "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," "Climb Up Sunshine Mountain" and others. The adult folks enjoyed to hear the Boosters sing as the youngsters did in participating in the singing.

John Sheesley and housekeeper, Miss Fisher, who were looking over things in his home here for a few days, left on the bus for Milton last Thursday morning on a business trip.

Pvt. Carl D. Motz arrived in town last week one day on a three-day furlough and was the guest of his parents. He returned to his soldier duties in Atlantic City on Thursday.

Misses Tillie Bowersox, Erma Guisette and Mabel Wolfe, in company with Carl Bechtel, Charles Lohr and Russell Whitmyer as delegates, attended the county C. E. convention at Houserville on Saturday afternoon and evening. They gave a glowing report of the convention at Sunday evening's E. L. C. E. session.

Three of our soldier boys, Pvt. Carl Motz, Pvt. Harold Bechtel and Pvt. Harold Clark enjoyed the revival services last Wednesday evening while here on a furlough.


The Evangelical Ladies' Aid held their monthly meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bowersox last Tuesday evening. All enjoyed a social period after the regular business session.

Pvt. Harold Bechtel and Pvt. Harold Clark, his chum, left on Sunday for Municipal Airport, S. C., after having enjoyed their furloughs among friends.

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How You—a Woman can speed your country's victory

This is 1943. This is a year of great Allied offensives—crushing blows at the enemies of our way of life.

TODAY, on the threshold of all-out attack, America needs every able-bodied fighting man for combat duty. The full strength of our Army can be used decisively only when the places of many thousands of soldiers now at work behind the lines are taken by women.

When the Army called for men to volunteer, even before Pearl Harbor, the instant response broke all previous enlistment records. Now the President has authorized 150,000 volunteers for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—immediately. The sooner these women are trained, the sooner the men they replace can help to win battles.

Tens of thousands of WAAC auxiliaries and officers already are enrolled. They are proving that the American woman can do a man's job in a man's army and do it magnificently. They are taking over important duties in the Air Forces, the Signal Corps and other branches of the Ground Forces and the Service of Supply. Some already are serving abroad.

Before this crucial year ends, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps will need more officers than there were in the Regular U. S. Army in 1939.

Days are passing—days vital to American victory. If you have been thinking about joining the WAAC, the time to do it is at once. If you are a healthy United States citizen, age 21 to 44, inclusive, any race, color or creed, go to the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station today, and get full information on the openings, pay, promotions and training in the WAAC. Total War won't wait. Your country needs you now!

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Officers	Equip. Rank	Base Monthly Pay
Director	Colonel	\$333.33
Asst. Director	Lt. Colonel	291.67
Field Director	Major	250.00
1st Officer	Captain	200.00
2nd Officer	1st Lieutenant	165.67
3rd Officer	2nd Lieutenant	150.00
Enrolled Members		
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	\$128.00
1st Leader	First Sergeant	128.00
Technical Leader	Technical Sergeant	114.00
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	96.00
Technician, 3rd Grade	Technician, 3rd Grade	96.00
Leader	Sergeant	78.00
Technician, 4th Grade	Technician, 4th Grade	78.00
Trainer, 5th Grade	Corporal	66.00
Auxiliary, 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
Auxiliary	Private	50.00

* In addition to above pay, enrolled members are provided with food, quarters, clothing, dental and medical care.

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