Returned Snyder County Soldier Tells Harrowing Tale of Jap-Rat Hunting

And Bogar was there

(Continued from page one)

Allied advance was tedious, gruell- now. ing. Those Japs were tenacious, and One day Sergeant Bogar took 40 refused to surrender. At length, the men out on a charge. In five minutes time for our famed drive over the 28 lay dead! Owen-Stanley Range! That cam- Demons at treachery, too, were paign proved General Sherman was those Japs. If they were ambushed

giment to cross those mountains— I'm in distress," or something to and it took them 57 terrible days! that effect; and if a soft-hearted One sunup they were confronted by Allied man heeded their plea, and 1500 Nips. American artillery was "came out," it was curtains for him. good, and accounted for 1450 of them. the yellow bodies into the pit.

Then a strange thing happened. Those 50 survivors of the ill-fated group knelt at the edge of the grave, their heads bent down. Sergeant What on earth were they doing? Skillful interpreting revealed that the big bosses back in Tokyo had warned the Armies, "If you're captured, you'll be shot!"-and they were waiting for the sign-off.

What a consternation they experienced, when they were called back tongue from the pit, taken our prisoners of war. The tomb was sealed with New Guinea earth: Then the Yanks placed this sign over the grave: "THIS

IS AS FAR AS THE JAPS GOT!" Days were long and hard. It was the rainy heason, and most of the time the heavens poured their wrath on advancing Allies. The Owen-Stanley Mountains were high and

"Fall out!" and the regiment would Smiling. sleep in the oozing, bloody mud. No own lines—satisfied. beds for them! At dawn, American "Only eight hours 'til chow," the the rear. commander would cheer. The soldiers fought, anticipating that time. But eight hours passed, and still the "meal" hadn't arrived from the rear. tion. Then, he was started home. "Only two more hours, now," the commander would exhort. And so the Their ship, filled with wounded men,

advance continued. The units' uniforms, after several days of Owen-Stanley combat were not from Esquire. Tattered shirts, ensanguined shorts, and in a couple weeks, no shoes! The rank continued barefooted. Over those jagged rocks, into fierce battle, plunging through slime and muck without shoes! Soon from the service. feet were matted masses.

large as a nickel. Sergeant Bogar carries such scars.

Fever ravaged camps. One "old fellow" (32) wilted with yellow fever of overseas combat. while crossing the range. The medical corps had been unable to keep up with the advance. A comrade volunteered to care for the elder afflicted one. He was to keep the vigil

until . . . But they perished. "Greater love hath no man than

friends.

That he lay down his life for his -John 15:13.

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All kinds of high protein eeds for mixing with your own feed.

Dealers in All Kinds of Grains

BELLEFONTE, PA

You may remember the corporal, the time for the repulse. United who had visited Jay's home before Nations forces began pushing the the two went overseas. He lost his Japs back, back, into the sea. mind crossing New Guinea. He's somewhere in a Western hospital,

some would gibber English and yell, Sergeant Bogar was in the only re- pleadingly, "Hey, buddy, come out. Some Japs committed hari-kari.

The 50 remaining helped dig a hole Others didn't. But if an especially for their comrades. A steam shovel sincere group of Nips was captured, was run in from the lines to scoop each one of them would take out a hand grenade, yank off the cory, hold the missile to his neck and join his ancestors!

After 57 days, the Owen-Stanleys were crossed. Then the Allies had Bogar had to laugh at the sight. an open coast route against the Japanese bases. But that was no picnic Our Sergeant witnessed a Ripley. A buddy aside and a little ahead yawned. A yellow sniper shot. The bullet whizzed in one cheek and out the other, without touching tooth or

So that crafty American lay low on his face. Several seconds, and the plundering Jap sneaked out, crawling full length, to the body of his 'victim." He aimed to remove the Yankee's clothing as a souvenir. But Mr. U. S. A. was too cunning for

Mr. J. A. P. The Ally had grabbed a secure hold on his rifle, with an especially hard to cross in good weather. So firm grip on the bayonet. Bogar saw with Jupiter Pluvius against them, the Jap start to tear at the cloth-Bogar recounts how our men often ing. Then he beheld the yellow would take one step and slide back man's face distort in agony. Three times the little fellow groaned, low-Thus the Yanks advanced. At like That American bayonet ripped night, would come the command, him from abdomen to his chin! despite the holes in his flop to the earth in their tracks to mouth, the Yank crept back to his

After several more battles Sermachine guns sprayed into the geant Bogar got his. That was after thicket beyond the bivouac of the the battle of Buna, in which he won night. Our command took no chance. a gold star for a major combat. A Food was a laugh, too. Our men 1000-pound bomb hit the earth, killgot their animal rations, once in 24 ing some in his group, and knockhours-maybe! And what was it? ing Bogar unconscious. For five Fish heads and rice. Fish heads hours he lay there on the rainand rice. Day after day for two mad- soaked battlefield with a fever ragdening months. Maybe they'd get ing high. Eventually, he was picked hungry in the middle of the day, up, placed in a jeep, and taken to

After four days in the field hospital, he was sent to Australia for about five months more recupera-But his thrills were not ended. tioned since July, 1942. Salt Lake City Hospital, Sergeant chicken dinner.

And the bugs were devilish. In the and hold your head and your shoul- bomb the supply lines of the desert night, they'd swarm down upon ders high! You've done a fine job!" fox. The sergeant actually went on sleeping troops. In five minutes they | So now he's home, with three war only one mission. "I wangled my would eat a hole in the flesh, as theatre ribbons, his good conduct way on that one, but when I got tle star, his back citation, his major b chevrons for four six-month periods sergeants."

Then he'll turn his head, cautiousand listen. He takes no chances!

By V-Mail From Iceland.

Just wish to send my regards to do look forward to its arrival.

I forget most of the people from

the States. I spent seven days with Isabel, resides at present in Salt my wife and daughter at Spring Lake City.

PVT. ARTHUR D. EMEL, Cannon Co., 29th Inf.

Receives Promotion at Barksdale Field, La. Cpl. Walk soon. is the son of Mrs. Mary I. Walk of Pyt, Sunday was injured in the Port Matiida. He enlisted in the army on Nov. 2, 1942, and prior to being transferred to Karksdale Field

Reach

Africa since July. He suffered a Florida. At present he is on duty pelvis. as a cook. Before joining the army.

Completes Basic Training. According to announcement, Crider William Clevenstine seaman second class, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Bellefonte has completed his basic recruit training at Samphas been granted leave. Upon his dore Sunday, in California. son Naval Station New York, and return to Sampson, he will be eligible for further assignment which may qualify him for a petty officer rating.

Mother Notified in the Mediterranean area of war graduated and received his wings. of Pfc, Harold F. Emenhiser, has He was commissioned as a Flight Ofbeen sent by the War Department ficer or Second Lieutenant in the to his mother, Mrs. Lottie M. Em- U. S. Army Air forces. enhiser of Lock Haven.

ranean area of war, according to in- Mediterranean area, according to an Picture in Full Color Features Yule formation released by the War De-partment. He is the son of Mrs. ment last week.





Pfc. Lee N. Rogers

Private First Class Lee N. Rogers on of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Rogers, Bellefonte, R. D. 2, was one of a class of aerial triggermen recently graduated from the Harlingen bat team, unless retained at Har- in Bellefonte. lingen to serve as an instructor,

Chickens Thrive In Arab Foxholes

"There's nothing like a foxhole to fatten up a chicken," says Master Sergeant Harold E. Pennington, 25, of 907 Rosehill Drive, Altoona, Sergeant Pennington has just returned to the United States from the Middle East where he has been sta-

"We used to buy the chickens caught fire in mid-ocean. Panic from the Arabs," said the sergeant, prevailed for any excitement is a stationed at the army air base Salt hardship for battle-fatiguers. How- Lake City, "and keep them in the ever, the fire was extinguished, and foxholes until they were fattened up the boat landed safely in San Fran- from scraps we got in the mess hall. cisco. Following several weeks in And a few days later we'd have

Bogar was honorably discharged At the time when Rommel was at the gates of Cairo, Sergeant Pen-Said his commander, "Go home nington's outfit was assigned to was grounded. I guess sergeant's stripes, and his four gold added, "they were short on master

at home, he'll hear a strange noise, storm. Sergeant Pennington and a ing a fifteen-day furlough with his Later he entered the 48th College buddy, whose name he never learn- mother and his many friends. ly-ever so cautiously-and listen, ed, were checking the none of a B-25 while a squadron of P-40's was taking off. Suddenly a P-40 appeared ten feet off the ground and headed right for the B-25. Seeing he Editor, Centre Democrat; couldn't clear the bomber, the fight-

of the storm. back home since I left good old when we went over, and while there from my home town. Bellefonte, but I hope to send them the dog had a litter. We used the

SOLDIER WOUNDED IN SICILY NOW IN U. S.

Pvt. Earl Sunday, son of Mr. and Jr., from the rank of private first greens. State College, has arrived from them class to corporal has been announced in New York where he is a patient Sincere by Lt. Col. Ralph Wienbroer, com- in a hospital. He expects to be manding officer of a Service Group moved to a hospital in Pittsburgh

compound fracture of the hip and

Completes Training.

Paul Marince, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Marince, of Morrisdale, finished his training as an Aviation Ca-Notice of the wounding in action det on December 5th, when he was

Philipsburg Soldier Wounded Pfc. Clyde Brown, son of Mrs. Corp. Donald J. Poorman has been Mary Brown, of South Philipsburg, planes received decorations. ounded in action in the Mediter- has been wounded in action in the

Medical Detachment



Cpl. Paul N. Schaeffer aerial gunnery school, Texas, and is Mrs. Paul M. Schaeffer, of Buffalo who had been in North Africa, is now classed among the qualified Run Valley, was inducted March 1.
"Sharpshooters of the Sky." Along 1943, and is now a part of the Med"Italy. His address is Pvt. Donald L. having received a diploma in radio of the Sky." with his diploma, Private Rogers ical Detachment at Fort-Slocum. Shank, 33758232, APO 464, 29th Bn. received a pair of Aerial Gunner's Washington. Before entering the Co. B. care postmaster, New York. Wings. After a delay en route to visit service Corporal Schaeffer was emrelatives, he will join an aerial com- ployed at the Swartz Machine Shop

Returns to Camp



Pvt. Foster J. Sayers

APPRECIATES NEWSPAPER

Salina, Kans., Nov. 23.

for the paper I am still receiving killing his pai. The sergeant, whose cuse my clumsy way of expressing Tenn. up here in Iceland as I did before knee hud been injured, had to wait myself. I receive a copy of the Of-I came. It is a real treat and I sure two days to get to a hospital because fice Cat (that be-whiskered old Tom was always my favorite), and it is "We even had a little dog with us swell to read it and know it came

Bellefonte, but I hope to send them the dog had a litter. We used all my best Christmas wisnes, thru pups for mascots. The dog was bred of the U.S. A. and proud I can. My with Arab dogs, and soon we had mother gets your paper and cuts There are quite a number of Central manufacturer has pills." His is one I run with quite a bit. He is biggest thrill since returning to the like to read it, too. So please action with quite a bit. He is biggest thrill since returning to the like to read it, too. So please actions and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are nother gets your paper and cuts joy and pride to the day his friends and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are nother gets your paper and cuts joy and pride to the day his friends and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are nother gets your paper and cuts joy and pride to the day his friends and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are not actions and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are not actions and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are not actions and buddles helped him celebrate his 21st birthday. Steve, who is like to read it, too. So please actions are not actions and the paper and cuts in the like to read it. rom Howard.

United States was seeing his 22cept my praise on the good job you
I can say I was lucky before I left
month-old daughter. His wife, Mary
are doing on that particular column,
by States I spent seven days with I sabel resides at present in Salt.

Until this war is over and ours the
vitory!

Then I'll by a-fishin' back home.

and on the paper in general. I wish you would think up a nice editorial to let the folks know that his outfit as he is being presented a soldier likes a letter from friends with a birthday cake. We are una- Hoffman, over there. and neighbors as well as just rela- ble to reproduce the picture, but tives. Maybe some of my old friends here is what the writer has to say: LT. ALTERS TAKES PART around Yarnell would read it and The promotion of Howard L. Walk, Mrs. Harry Sunday, of the Ever- wake up. I would be glad to hear important day for Pvt. Steve Bar-

Sincerely yours. 376th Base Ord. Smokey Hill A. A. Field,

Salina, Kansas.

Discharged From Hospital as a cook. Before joining the army.

A graduate of the Boalsburg High Mrs. T. P. Harding, of Chester Hill, punch, and supplied enough paper monstration of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant, recommendation of procedure followed Ely, county agent and assistant and as vice in June, 1942. At the time of charged from the hospital at New might celebrate the event in grand the battlefield to base hospitals by 4-H Club work, and a motion pichis induction he operated a service Delhi, India, after being confined style. station with a brother on South Al- there six weeks with typhoid fever. "Birthday greetings poured in len street, State College. Three He writes that he is now feeling fine from back home in Clarence, Pa., and Mrs. H. F. Alters of 118 East age. other brothers in the service are and that the care received from Am- too, in the form of cookies, candy, Beaver Street, Bellefonte. He is as-Master Sgt. Stoy and Cpl. Norman erican doctors and nurses was A-1. and cards."

Sunday, both of Gravelly Point, Sergeant Harding who has been sta
In the picture is shown the "chow Squadron Engineering Officer. Washington, D. C., and Pvt. Theo- tioned in India for the past 18 line" of celebrants waiting for a months, was recently transferred taste of the good chocolate cake. the branch of the Army Air Forces promotion in the Navy as a result of from the military police detachment Shown presenting the cake to Steve charged with carrying men and his past civilian training. Because to the ordnance service of supplies. is Mr. Joshua MacDonald Field Rep-

Awarded Air Medal.

Marlin V. Heffner, 27, aviation radioman of Sunbury, has been awarded the air medal for participation in a fifteen-day furlough with his wife the rescue of survivors of an Army and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wil-Flying Fortress which crashed on the liam Loose, and their son, Joe at Greenland ice cap a year ago the Rogersville Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Pras-Navy has announced. He was a crew kewych expect to make their home Captain on October 5th. He has been ember of one of two navy patrol in Missouri after the war. planes that went to the rescue. ficers and enlisted men of both

Message

"My Country "Tis of Thee," an

With General Clark



Pvt. Donald L. Shank

Private Shank, son of Mr. and Corporal Schaeffer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Shank, of Coatesville,

Pilot Trainee



A/S Howard C. Woodring

Howard C. Woodring, son of Mr. fermerly of Julian, was inducted Where planes above are birds o' overseas combat.

His closest brush with the grim

But sometimes, when he's seated reaper came during a severe dust North Camp Polk, La, after spend- to Keesler Field for basic training.

God, a-soarin' high and free;

Would I were a-fishin', back home, Training Detachment at West Vir- Would I were a-fishin', a-castin ginia University. Morgantown, W. o er the streams, Va. October 23rd he left for Nash- Instead o' shootin' people in fiellish Italian front had such a perfect set-up that they "hated" to see the ville Classification Center and was sort o' dreams; classified for pilot, and will be sent A-fightin and a-killin like madmen Germans pull out! to a pre-flight school for further on a spree! I have a few words of appreciation training. His address is A/s Howard Would I were a-fishin', back home all the members of the Centre Dem- er pilot crashed it headon, knock- for your publication. I am not much C. Woodring. Squadron F-4. Bar- aside o' thee.

Pvt. Steve Baranak's Birthday Brings Box

Pvt. Steve Baranak, whose home town is Clarence, will look back with Would I were a-fishin' for fish inofficial address, sends us a magazine Then I'll be a-fishin' back home, picture of himself and the boys of "On his twenty-first birthday, an anak, 31314289, Co. E, 342nd Infan-Howze Chapter a check, requesting airborne troops. that they contact Steve and present

resentative for the Division.

In South Pacific Sgt. Roy Houston, Winburne soldier whose wife lives at Philipsburg, is now located somewhere in the South Pacific area with the Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft.

Gets Higher Rank



T/5 Mervin Lucas

Technician Lucas, son of Mr. and As I write these thoughts to you. Mrs. Russell Lucas, of Milesburg.
having received a diploma in radio
intelligence and radio communicaintelligence and radio communication, has been promoted to T/5. This Ready to do your share, son. is his second promotion since he was inducted into the Army March 20th. And help to win a lasting peace Lucas volunteered for service on his For this war-torn world below. 18th birthday and was sent from And though I miss you sorely, son, New Cumberland to North Camp I would not have you stay—Polk, La, where he is now in train—But I'd bid you go and do your best for our God and our U. S. A. ing with the Armored Engineers Bn. He also is taking another eight I'll pray for your return, son.

And my prayers shall not cease

weeks' course in radio intelligence.

Until we see the end of war.

Poem Dedicated to Bellefonte Physician In the fray, as so many do. In the fray, as so many do. I'll ask our God to keep me brave And keep me smiling through.

"Would I Were A-Fishin'," a poem written by Fred Everett and published on the back cover of the October issue of The Pennsylvania Angler, is dedicated to Major Richards H. "Dick" Hoffman, former well known Bellefonte physician who is with the U. S. Air Corps Medical Be the one to give a smile. unit now in Italy.

By Fred Everett

Would I were a-fishin, back home

And mind your orders well:

You be the light of your crew,

And to them all a story tell. across the sea. here cons are not a marin' no sight o' enemy;

aside o' thee.

ocrat office, and to thank you also ing Pennington to the ground and of a writer, so will ask you to ex-racks 610, NAAC, AAFCC, Nashville, Would I were a-fishin' in waters clean and cool, For here the stream's a-runnin' with blood in ev'ry pool; And ev-rywhere there's dead men, a

> gruesome company. Would I were a-fishin', back home aside o' thee.

stead o' men. aside o' thee!

Dedicated to Major R. H. "Dick"

the American Red Cross delivered a Air Force I Troop Carrier Command members were present. PVT. MILPORD E. FETZER, birthday cake with the compliments participating at Camp Mackall, N. At this banquet the round-ups of of his Aunt Mary. Mrs. Malchisky, C., this week in large scale maneu- the 4-H Bee and Capon Clubs were of Bridgeport, Conn., sent the Camp vers involving an entire division of held. The awards for club work in

air is also scheduled.

signed to a troop carrier group as

itary version of the familiar Doug-Pfc. Steve Praskewych is spending las airlines. Promoted to Captain Winfield Erb of Philipsburg, was romoted from First Lieutenant to stationed somewhere in England

> months. FALSE TEETH

Margaret Poorman of Renovo.

Reported Wounded

The War Department has notified Mrs. Mary A. Brown, of Philipsburg, that her son, Pfc. Clyde Brown, has been wounded in action in the Mediterranean area of war.

My Country Its of Thee, an impressive painting with a Christmas message of love and hope to those fighting on distant battlefields, will be featured in the December 19th issue of The American Weekly Its of Thee, an impressive painting with a Christmas message of love and hope to those fighting on distant battlefields, will be featured in the December 19th issue of The American Weekly Its of Thee, an impressive painting with a Christmas message of love and hope to those fighting on distant battlefields, will be featured in the December 19th issue of The American Weekly Its of Thee, an impressive painting with a Christmas message of love and hope to those fighting on distant battlefields, will be featured in the December 19th issue of The American Weekly Its of Thee, an impressive painting with a Christmas message of love and hope to those fighting on distant battlefields, will be featured in the December 19th issue of The American Weekly Its of Thee, an impressive painting with a Christmas that College,

Warnock of State College,

Warnock

THE POET'S CORNER

TO YOU, MY SON, MY SOLDIER BOY.

And praying for you, too, rusting that God in Heaven Will keep you smiling through.

Praying He'll keep you true, son.
To the lessons I've tried to teach.
Trusting He'll keep your soul, son.
The soul I've tried to reach. I pray He'll make you brave, son, Though you go to lands afar, Though you enter fields of battle, Where death and dying are.

For though this world is shaken, son, ·With sorrow, care and woe, Our God has not forsaken His children, whe'er they go. He'll stay by your side in the fray,

The victory He'll help you win. or right shall always triumph In the fight against devils and sin. So won't you trust in His guidance, And the waters beneath are the sins

Hold fast to His tender hand, Every minute of every hour.
At home, or in distant land? Won't you look for the silver lining In the clouds of your darkest sky? Look for a glad tomorrow, son, That's coming bye and bye.

Look for the gold in the rainbow That shines when the storm is Wait for our glad reunion, son, When the boys march home at

Don't let discouragement shake you. Ne'er love your faith in Him, Lean harder and harder on Jesus When the light of day grows dim. When night hangs dark and heavy, And you fail to find your way, Be still and pray, and wait, son, For the dawning of the day. The dawn must always follow, son.

The bleakest, longest night, And if you blindly follow God, He'll lead you to the light. Though you walk through death's dark valley
He'll lead you safely through,
To a place of Peace and Safety

Where skies are always blue

Eager to face the for

And a sweet and lasting peace.

But if you should die for us, son, -Your Ma. LORETTA BORGER.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

To anyone that's blue. The poem, reprinted from the publication of the State Board of Don't be 'fraid to be true.

That's what you would look for If you were lonesome and blue.

So all you boys stick together

CPL. JOHN C. STERE,

One smile will cause another, **Philipsburg Sergeant**

"Pours It On" Nazis

ammunition right up to the gunscracked wide open. We didn't give them a moment's rest. We kept right on firing until there wasn't Centre County a very Happy Christ-

KIWANIANS ENTERTAIN

The State College Kiwanis Club ALTERS TAKES PART entertained the Pine Grove Mills IN AIRBORNE MANEUVERS and Stormstown 4-H Clubs at a banquet recently in the dining room of Second Lt. Max F. Alters, Belle- the State College Hotel, A large try Regiment, the local Chapter of fonte, is one of the officers of the number of Kiwanians and 4-H Club

the past year were made. Bee and The battle exercises will involve Capon Club members exhibited prohim with a cake on his birthday. The movement of fully equipped officers ducts of their projects and offered Red Cross did that and more, too. and men in troop-carying gliders them for sale, following the ban-Sgt. Paul Harding, son of Mr. and They made up five gallons of fruit and huge transport aircraft. A de- quet. Ralph C. Blaney and Glenn ture showing school children help-Lieutenant Alters is the son of Mr. ing to relieve the farm labor short-

Advanced in Rank.

Eugene Thomas Bertram, 19, of The I Troop Carrier Command is Bellefonte R. D. I has won an early equipment into battle areas through- he has had sufficient experience in a out the world. The giant C-47 trade essential in the Navy he was twin-engine planes used are a mil- advanced to the rating of fireman. second class. Now home on leave, he will report back to active duty aboard a naval warship or to some

> Pilot Expected Home Word has been received from First bomber pilot on the Italian front that he is out of combat after more than 50 missions and expects to To give visual and fitting expression

And so it will be passed around.

And you, my little son.

Will say—Well, I'll be bound. MRS. ORVIS RHINE, Mackeyville, Pa.

THE HOME PORT.

How like a ship sailing uncharted Is a lonely man with faith in his Lord. Who pursues his course in apparent With his mind and heart in perfect

Though he may sail this course alone, He has no fear of the solitude, For with eye ever fixed on his guiding star,
There can be no doubt of his lon gitude His sails are made of the robes of and strife.

For instruments he uses unswerving

As he plots his course on the sea of When far on the horizon appears the And the eventful voyage is finally He looks back on life without re-

For within his soul the victory's CPL JOHN C. STERE 653rd Engr. Bn. Somewhere in India.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

By Thomas Buchannan Read. The wife who girds her husband's sword, Mid little ones who weep or wonder And bravely speaks the cheering What though her heart be rent

The bolts of death around him Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er Was poured upon the field of battle!

Doomed nightly in her dreams to

The mother who conceals her grief While to her breast her son she Then breathen a few brave words and brief. Kissing the patriot brow she blesses, With no one but her secret God

To know the pain that weighs upon her, heds holy blood as e'er the sod Received on Freedom's field of

THE CALL OF HOME. What is the power that draws man

As a needle is drawn in a magnet's Home to the land that his forebears tilled. But now with impenetrable thick-ets grown? Little he cares for wealth and renown Or power great as a King's to wie But to his heart must his fancy And turn his faltering footsteps home. Long may the callor travel the seas, But when life's Summer turns to

He sets his sail in the homeward

Still to the soldier comes this call,

And his mind cannot his heart appease,
'Till he has trod in his own front

One American mortar crew on the

"It was a mortar man's dream." I am enclosing herewith \$1.50 for explained Staff Sergeant Edward A. my son Sergt. Harry Clark, who is Tekely, of Philipsburg, head of a now stationed in England and do not mortar section. "We were set up on think he will read your paper for the edge of a plain that was flat for sometime to come. However, he a mile. Germans were pulling out used to enjoy reading the Centre all over the area. During the first Democrat when he was at home. hour we were in position-and what I have another son. Lt. Loy Clark, a position: we could truck mortar stationed in Mississippi. we poured nearly 400 shells into the Germans. Our mortar tubes were red hot. We hit their trucks, lot of friends in good does not give

a German in range."

4-H CLUB MEMBERS

naval shore station.

Lt. Ray Warnock, Jr., mediu with the Air Forces for the past five leave North Africa soon for the United States, perhaps arriving home in time for Christmas with Slipping or Irritating? his parents, Dean and Mrs. A. R

653rd Engr. Bn. Somewhere in India

Gentlemen:

We used to live in Waddle but in 1925 we moved to Ohio. We have a lot of friends in good old Centre us much news about Waddle but

hope he will do so in the future.

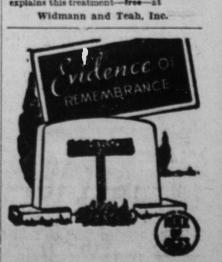
mas and a good New Year, I remain Yours very sincerely,

JOHN W. CLARK

Wishing you and all our friends in

1555 Olivewood Ave. QUICK RELIEF FROM Symptoms of Distress Arising from STOMACH ULCERS DUE TO EXCESS ACID FreeBookTells of Home Treatment that Must Help or it Will Cost You Nothing

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