

WOUNDED SOLDIER FINDS RIGHT KIND OF GLASS EYE AT HOME

(By George F. Hess in the Lock Haven Express) To travel from Tunisia to Beech Creek for a glass eye seems like going a long way but in a manner, nevertheless, it is true. Recently promoted to the rank of captain, it was while he was a first lieutenant that Harold R. Stevenson, son of Harry P. Stevenson of Beech Creek, took over command of his company when his captain was killed in the fighting at Tunisia. Stevenson was struck close to the left eye by a piece of shrapnel, a silver penetrating the eyeball which later had to be removed. After being confined to a hospital for several weeks, Stevenson began shopping around for an artificial eye and finally found one in Algiers. While it did not match the good eye, nevertheless it filled the cavity and supplied the deficiency which the government medical corps apparently could not provide. Most of the artificial eyes in former years came from Germany, which by specializing in that industry had a virtual monopoly on the business. That source of supply, of course, was cut off with the outbreak of the war. On his return to this country, Capt. Stevenson was fitted with an artificial eye in a Virginia hospital. An extra one, given at the time, came in good stead since later one was broken while it was being cleaned. All set therefore for inspection by his home folks, Capt. Stevenson returned to spend his leave in Beech Creek where he met on the street Dr. George H. Tibbens, who incidentally is a veteran in his own right, having served as a lieutenant in World War I. When Dr. Tibbens noticed that the artificial eye was not a good match, an acknowledgement readily conceded by Stevenson with the explanation it was the best match Uncle Sam could give him. Dr. George suggested a visit to his office. There in a drawer, Capt. Stevenson says, even with only one good eye he was able to see hundreds of artificial eyes. After fishing around a bit in the large assortment, the doctor came up with an eye that perfectly matched the good eye. Then he found another one, both of which he gave to the young officer. Now detection between the true and false can be made only if one notices the slight scar from the shrapnel wound, so perfectly did Dr. Tibbens accomplish what Uncle Sam's medics failed to deliver. While spending his leave in Beech Creek in late August Capt. Stevenson was seized with what he thought was an attack of hay fever. On his return to the government hospital in Virginia, it was found that the shrapnel wound had disturbed a nerve and was the cause of the trouble which was readily overcome by an operation. In pre-war days Capt. Stevenson served an enlistment in the regular army and re-enlisted before the at-

Nazis Astonished At U. S. Accuracy

A radio message of congratulations from the Nazi Luftwaffe to Lieut. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commanding the Eighth Air Force in Britain, was reported by Wellwood E. Beall, engineering vice president of Boeing Aircraft company. The message was sent, Beall told a news conference, after the American bomber attack on German aircraft factories at Regensburg. The plane factories occupied three parts of a rectangle, the fourth corner being a hospital. So accurate was the bombing, said Beall, that the factories were destroyed but the hospital untouched. Two bombs fell just inside the fence of the hospital yard but did not damage any buildings. The Luftwaffe, he said, radiated its congratulations to Eaker, and expressed its inability to understand how such accuracy was achieved. "Eaker's mighty proud of that," Beall said.

Completes Basic Training

Jerome W. Love, 14 South Penn street, Bellefonte, has completed his basic training at the Naval Training Station, Sampson, N. Y., and has been granted leave.

Sunbury Soldier Killed

Pfc. Glenn R. Mertz, son of Mrs. Evelyn Mertz, of Sunbury, has been reported by the War Department as killed in action in the Mediterranean area of war.

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HONOR ROLL

Motor Mechanic



Pfc. Domer O. Smeltzer, Motor Mechanic, is shown in uniform.

WARD BROTHERS IN ARMY SERVICE



Sgt. Elwood L. Ward, Motor Mechanic, is shown in uniform.



Cpl. Paul K. Ward, Motor Mechanic, is shown in uniform.

On Duty Abroad



Cpl. Harold Frederick Walker, On Duty Abroad, is shown in uniform.

Engineering Student



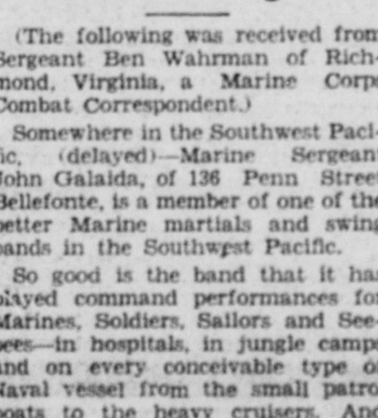
Pvt. James A. Mumper, Engineering Student, is shown in uniform.

In Foreign Service



S/Sgt. Marvin H. Lucas, In Foreign Service, is shown in uniform.

Sgt. John Galaida Member Swing Band



Sgt. John Galaida, Member Swing Band, is shown in uniform.

PIPER CUB PLANES USED IN ARTILLERY SCHOOL IN AFRICA

"Two hundred right ... four-hundred over." The voice came crisp and clear over the radio telephone from the small, low-flying plane almost invisible behind a row of trees. The fire-control officer gives a command to the gun crew of the field artillery battery. The second salvo rips into the target, a perfect hit. The tiny Piper Cub kicks up a swirl of dust as it lands on a country road. The pilot taxis it under a tree as a protection against enemy aircraft. The battery commander looks at his watch. "Six minutes—we can do better next time!" he says with a smile to the pilot. Six minutes from the time that the pilot took off the ground, he has spotted a salvo, given the necessary correction, in range for the next salvo, and returned to the command post. Similar to Fort Sill This is all in the day's work at the Field Artillery Observation Post School in North Africa, the War Department is informed. Here, on a small, grass-covered air field turned over by the French, a group of officers and enlisted men of the Fifth Army are undergoing training similar to that given at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. The classroom is a corner of a hangar. Sleeping quarters for some are the crates in which the planes are shipped from America. They are just the right size to accommodate four men. By ingenious use of hammer and saw, and a dab of paint, the men have fixed up comfortable homes, which are set in rows in a grove of olive trees. During flying instructions, the student pilots, from sunrise to sunset, are practicing take-offs, landings, spotting, intricate flying maneuvers. Seasoned pilots of fighters and bombers have been known to shake their heads in admiration at some of the stuff the Field Artillery pilots do. "Maybe some of the things we do seem crazy to other pilots" explained Lieutenant Colonel John D. Salmon, of Marion, S. C. "but we have a specialized mission." We use small, light planes, the kind that youngsters back home used to fly over the place before the war. They are comparatively slow. They would ordinarily be an easy target in the air for an enemy plane. That is why we have had to develop special evasive tactics to keep out of the way of the enemy's planes and guns. We go up, spot the fire of the guns, and get down as quickly as we can. Look over there ... Colonel Salmon pointed to the war end of the field. Two light bamboo sticks, with a string tied across the top, were stuck in the ground. A plane came over and its wheels barely missed the string. Then, the plane dropped quickly to the field and stopped within a few yards. Only Few Miss "That's to practice getting over to avoid the enemy," said Colonel Salmon. "We have a kitty, and every pilot who breaks the string must pay in 100 francs. So far we have collected only 200 francs!" In the last war, the Field Artillery used stationary balloons for observation. They are too slow, cumbersome and vulnerable for modern warfare. So, pilots and observers in light planes are the eyes of the U. S. Field Artillery in this war. The use of hammer and saw, and a dab of paint, the men have fixed up comfortable homes, which are set in rows in a grove of olive trees. The school in North Africa recently graduated its first class of five members, and began its second class. It hopes to turn out 50 pilots every six to 10 weeks, and 50 aircraft mechanics every month. About half the present applicants hold private pilot's licenses at home. Many learned to fly while taking civil aeronautics courses which the federal government conducts in conjunction with colleges and universities.

Please lodge us tonight in your stable, flying instructions, the student pilots, from sunrise to sunset, are practicing take-offs, landings, spotting, intricate flying maneuvers. Seasoned pilots of fighters and bombers have been known to shake their heads in admiration at some of the stuff the Field Artillery pilots do. "Maybe some of the things we do seem crazy to other pilots" explained Lieutenant Colonel John D. Salmon, of Marion, S. C. "but we have a specialized mission." We use small, light planes, the kind that youngsters back home used to fly over the place before the war. They are comparatively slow. They would ordinarily be an easy target in the air for an enemy plane. That is why we have had to develop special evasive tactics to keep out of the way of the enemy's planes and guns. We go up, spot the fire of the guns, and get down as quickly as we can. Look over there ... Colonel Salmon pointed to the war end of the field. Two light bamboo sticks, with a string tied across the top, were stuck in the ground. A plane came over and its wheels barely missed the string. Then, the plane dropped quickly to the field and stopped within a few yards. Only Few Miss "That's to practice getting over to avoid the enemy," said Colonel Salmon. "We have a kitty, and every pilot who breaks the string must pay in 100 francs. So far we have collected only 200 francs!" In the last war, the Field Artillery used stationary balloons for observation. They are too slow, cumbersome and vulnerable for modern warfare. So, pilots and observers in light planes are the eyes of the U. S. Field Artillery in this war. The use of hammer and saw, and a dab of paint, the men have fixed up comfortable homes, which are set in rows in a grove of olive trees. The school in North Africa recently graduated its first class of five members, and began its second class. It hopes to turn out 50 pilots every six to 10 weeks, and 50 aircraft mechanics every month. About half the present applicants hold private pilot's licenses at home. Many learned to fly while taking civil aeronautics courses which the federal government conducts in conjunction with colleges and universities.

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ONLY A SAILOR.
He's only a sailor on the boundless deep.
Under foreign skies and tropical heat.
Only a sailor on the rolling deep.
In the summer rain and winter heat.
He's only a sailor for Uncle Sam.
Far from his home and native land.
He's only a sailor, some folks say.
"He can make a living no other way."
They say "He's a sailor, of him beware."
No more of him than a dog, do they care.
He's only a vagabond, who's never been home.
And it's only because he wears a Navy uniform.
You may call him a pauper or a government bum.
But remember folks, he's the man behind the gun.
And wherever war clouds rise on a peaceful sky,
'Tis he that you, that goes forth to die.
'Tis he that stands in his suit of blue
To defend his home, his flag and you.
'Tis he that walks the decks of ships;
'Tis he that would die with a smile on his lips.
While you enjoy that which he has done.
Cast him off with a sneer and call him a "bum."
If it were not for him, whom you despise and hate,
Foreign powers, invading, would make our fate.
Then you would cry aloud for the boys in blue.
But, if they were none, pray, what would you do?
And the sailor's wife, who travels the whole wide world
To be with her man one day out of four,
Is slammed and snubbed by the best in each town.
When she needs only a smile, she sees only a frown.
They refuse to believe that she is true
To her man and her country, the red, white and blue.
The apartment house landlord says "No Navy allowed!"
An insult to her husband, of whom she is proud.
Remember, folks, who stay behind,
Give him a good word and treat him kind;
He gave up his home to wear the navy blue,
He was a civilian the same as you.
Author unknown.
(A gallor of the USS Steele).

EARS THAT HEAR
Illustration of an ear.

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