OBITUARY

WILLIAM M. WITHEROW

William Macklin Witherow, father of Mrs. Bertha Fisher and Mrs. Rebecca Doerner of State College, died Thursday morning of last week at his home in Altoona. Mr. Witherow, who passed away on his 83rd birthday, was a former employe of the Altoona Tribune, with a record of 58 years. His wife, the former Miss Laura Adams, died January 8, 1943. Also surviving is another daughter, Miss Marjorie Witherow, at home, and a sister, Mrs. Laura Castles, of Dillsburg, Pa.

HENRY ORVILLE HARVEY

Henry Orville Harvey, 40, of Lock Haven and Williamsport, died Friday morning at his late home in York. His death was caused by a complication of diseases. Surviving are his wife, Elda; a daughter, Norma; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Harvey, of Lock Haven; and five brothers, W. Channing Harvey, of Baltimore; Lloyd E., of Milesburg; J. Earl, of Boundbrook, N. J.; G. Clair, Jr., of Williamsport, and William Ellis, of Lock Haven. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Floyd O. Ross of Lock Haven on Tuesday at Howard.

JOHN LEWIS RIPKA

John Louis Ripka, Greenwood, R. D. 2, died suddenly at his residence at 7:15 o'clock Saturday morning. He was born in Centre county, April 2, 1868, the son of John and Elizabeth (Weaver) Ripka. He was a route manager for the Great American Tea Company, retiring 12 years ago. He was a member of the Greenwood United Brethren church. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Leah (Flood) Ripka; one daughter, Eleanor G. Ripka, at home; two sisters, Mrs. David Lingle, Spring Mills, and Mrs. Louise Houser, Salamanca, N. Y.

MRS. WILLIAM J. MURPHY

Mrs. Kathryn Yerger Murphy, wife of William J. Murphy, died at her home in Lock Haven, Friday morning at 5:45 o'clock. Mrs. Murphy was well known as a nurse, and for her association with her husband in the bakery which he formerly operated in Lock Haven. She was born in Howard where she resided for six years as a child before the family moved to Bellefonte, and later to Renovo. A graduate of the Renovo High School in the class of 1917, she attended the Potts Business College in Williamsport, and entered the Philadelphia General Hospital as a student nurse in 1919, graduating in 1922. For one year she was employed as a community nurse in Philadelphia and then went to Lock Haven where she was a member of Dr. T. E. Teah's staff, at the Private Hospital there. She attended the East Main street Methodist church and until her illness was active in the work of the Red Cross. Surviving are her husband and two daughters, Shirley Kathryn and Elsie Jane, at home; her mother, Mrs. Elsie L. Yerger, of Lock Haven; a brother, Norris B. Yerger, of Gallup, N. M., two uncles and an aunt. Funeral services were held at the East Main street Methodist church Monday afternoon with the Rev. Reyburn L. Fritz officiating. Interment was made in Schenck's cemetery, Howard.

Random Items

(Continued from page one)

ture battles in the war. That's the way to victory—victory with a minimum of casualties.

SPEECH:

Speaking at a Lincoln Day dinner at Altoona, Saturday, Congressman D. Emmert Brumbaugh, is quoted as having "clarified" the soldier vote controversy by saying that the Democrats were maneuvering to delay consideration of the matter until it was too late to give the soldiers a vote unless it was a federal ballot which would mean that "all soldiers would vote for Roosevelt." If the states rights plan was passed, Brumbaugh said, the soldiers could vote for whom they pleased. How he arrives at those conclusions is anyone's guess. They certainly don't make sense on the surface. The soldiers want to vote. They're working for what is presumbed to be the UNITED States. The UNITED States is better equipped to handle the task than are the 48 separate States. The Constitution is not threatened. When the soldiers come home they'll resume voting under the usual laws and the war ballot system can be scrapped. The whole thing in a nutshell seems to be that the boys down in Congress are afraid Roosevelt will win again. Remove that possibility and Congress, we bet, wouldn't give a hoot how the soldier vote was handled.

BUG IN RUG:

Sometimes we suspect the only reason we've escaped air raids so far in this war is simply because the enemy has not chosen to stage them. The possibility exists—else those in charge of the air raid defense system, who knows a lot more about it than we do—would have abondoned the set-up long ago. Monday night they held a control center drill in Bellefonte, and about 50 per cent of the personnel turned out. It should have been 100 per cent. When we read what happened in Philadelphia for two hours during the weekend—large parts of the city without electric service, machinery in war plants coming to a halt, trolleys and elevators stopping, oil furnaces ceasing to operate, no lights anywhere—simply because a power line broke, we shudder when we think of what could happen if a couple of well placed bombs were to be dropped on the city's power centers. The same thing holds true of Bellefonte and Centre county, in a smaller way.

CAFETERIA:

A Miss someone, representing the federal government, visited the Bellefonte High School cafeteria last week and said that unless a standard lunch is served daily, containing specified, weighed and measured amounts of specified foods; unless menus are sent daily to classrooms so teachers can explain just why the children should eat the scientific concoctions, the federal food subsidies would be withdrawn. We know youngsters well enough to know that if they don't like the taste of a food they won't eat it even if it is jammed with vitamins, nutriment, and calories. We know that if a so-called standard lunch would be served, half the plates would be returned with half the food left uneaten. We know that children would flock in droves away from the cafeteria to go to the nearest hot-dog stand for a lunch which made up in savor what it lacked in nutrition. Children aren't little engines, which can be controlled at will. They are little people with definite likes and dislikes. We'd like Miss whatsername to come around to our house sometime and try to legislate spinach down our youngsters' throats.

Whenever a profit-seeking individual makes a sacrifice for war there is always an urgent demand for immediate relief.

Former Centre Hall Boy Writes Experience

(Continued from Page 3)

try and self respect.

I was going for my last physical and Marjory was taking her first for the WWCTI. I had an examination to pass on my physical strength, endurance and cleanliness only, while Marjory had to see if the news of my going without being sad and torn by the parting. We both passed with flying colors. She was a soldier to be proud of and apparently a specimen not to be sneezed at.

The nose and throat doctor said I looked pale but of course that was only a tecnicality so I made the finish unscathed. They left me get dressed then and we all stood up at our first formation, rather ragged I'm afraid, were sworn in (we were new and still pampered civilians), then we clammered into our bus and returned to our homes.

I got off the bus, gave my buddies a big wave and a smart goodbye 'till we would meet again at the induction center, and started home. Three anxious faces met me as I came in the door; three anxious questioning looks cried painfully—"WELL!" So I smiled and said, "I'm in." Mom's and dad's faces fell to the floor, and as they hit the silence could be heard all over the room, then Marjory walked toward me with a smile on her face and put her arms around me and kissed me, and held me tight—she had passed, too! My face smiled and my throat tugged, but we had made it, and our first step into Army life was begun, I feel, in good Army style.

The week's furlough flew rapidly, and on May 24 I was hanging out the troop train window with my buddy, Elmer Benner, who used to sell me shoes at Neiman's Department store in Millheim. Marjory snapped our picture and the train jerked slowly out of the station. Marjory, still smiling, waved goodbye and I made wisecracks. Many were crying. It is very hard that way. I'm glad we can smile, and cry inside. It's easier and not nearly as embarrassing, and after you are in the Army you find that bitterness soon blends into laughing at your own misfortune, and self-sympathy is destroyed by the lack of any sympathy shown by officers or fellow men for your troubles in the army. In other words you get over being a civilian babied by family and friends.

The army, the great equalizer, makes the shoe salesman and the customer Privates and bed-buddies in the ranks.

For two days we were inseparable and walked side by side like lambs to the slaughter. Piece by piece our civilian clothes and life were torn from us and replaced by army equipment handed out by tough army sergeants and corporals with choice bits of sordid advice and sharp, cold, cutting remarks, 'till we finally reached the end of the assembly line and stood in front of a full length mirror with our pants dragging and with cap awry, still clutching in our trembling hands our "civvies." As we gazed at the charming spectacle in the mirror we noticed the sign above reading, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE BEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD. I wonder.

From the assembly line we went to interviews and tests, then the old-timers prepared us mercilessly for that ordeal of the "Rookie," those terrible shots. They tell you of many tender portions of your anatomy that will be cruelly punctured by that terrible needle.

Elmer and I walked trembling to the dispensary door where we are met by a corporal, apparently with aspiration to be a Gestapo member, who roars, "Take off that shoit!" then spins us around to walk backward toward our doom. As we pass slowly toward the needle, the mental torture is too much for one skinny bespectacled Pvt. and he crumples silently to the floor. No mercy is shown. He is grabbed firmly by the assistant and receives the needle while in a peaceful sleep of unconsciousness. I am next. My heart has ceased beating, all my muscles are taut, every nerve is straining; then I feel a little prick and say to myself, "That is probably a practice swing; here comes next the shot." But no. A bored voice says, "next!" and they shove me out the door to freedom and fresh air.

Now as I look back I laugh, because in all of the thirteen shots I never received them anywhere except in the arm. We got our "dog tags" and service records, and Marjory made her first trip. She stayed in Harrisburg but I saw her in the visitors' quarters each night.

On Wednesday Elmer and a lot of the other boys left. We knew not where they were going but began to fear we would never leave New Cumberland. However, it was only three days later that I wished I never had.

Thursday night my orders were posted to leave Friday night at 6 o'clock. Marjory had already gone home to wait for definite information about my permanent camp.

Needless to say we were all excited as to where we were going. "Two to one it's West." "Well I don't want to go South." "I hope it isn't the infantry," etc. Such were the numerous comments filling the air as we packed our barracks bags and prepared to leave.

We boarded the train at 6 p. m. and were given instructions not to leave the train until we reached our destination and not to call or talk to civilians from the train windows. It was all very secret and smacked of a big lodge initiation or little boys playing cowboys and Indians. The 2nd Lt., who to me, a rank rookie, seemed almost as great as the King of Siam, informed us it was all serious and we would treat it as such or would receive numerous dire punishments. We believed this with all our hearts. Now after eight months of threats I smile at the influence that "shave-tail" had on us.

The train ride had very few memorable occurrences outside of the fact that we found that two men could sleep in a pullman berth, and we experienced eating out of mess kits for the first time. We discovered the reason for the nomenclature of that article. I will take the time to describe one meal on that trip. We walked single file through the baggage car where field stoves were set up and army cooks were trying to compete with the lurching train and get the meal. I stepped up to the first steaming pot. A K. P. dropped one hot dog on my mess kit and one on the floor; another K. P. weaved toward me and covered the hot dog, my thumb, and a goodly portion of my wrist with nice hot sticky beans. I staggered bravely toward the next pot and had everything garnished with spinach. At the last pan the K. P. artistically decorated all of it with fruit salad. Did I eat it? Sure! It was a hard lesson but one to prove valuable in later messes. You soon learn to manipulate the mess kit so as to keep yourself dry and the food separated as much as possible. You develop the courage to walk down the chow line and, if you don't like something, hold the plate poised until the food is leaving the spoon and sailing toward the kit. You feint quickly and, with great inward joy but outward seriousness, listen for the resounding splat that follows as the food hits the floor, and rich specially-prepared cursing flows from the cook's mouth and off you like BB's off a Mark V tank. Ah, sweet revenge!

We soon discovered to our great disgust and discomfort that the train was taking us South-bound. We prayed it would be Florida but as the train pulled to a stop and the 2nd Lt. said, "Well, this is it." We found we were at Camp Stewart, Ga.

We were to be quarantined for week, so that night (Saturday), found us sitting on our bunks just looking at one another. I had promised to wire Marjory but could not, so just wrote. (This was her first lesson in waiting).

As we sat there writing I saw the boys were very low in spirits. They felt they had reached the worst place in the world and I could see one man had developed a cold that caused his eyes to run as well as his nose. He was blowing and wiping frantically. The harder he tried to look as though he wasn't crying the more he cried. He was drowning in self-pity, called more pleasantly homesickness. I could see this attitude would not make for a very enjoyable evening. I proceeded to make a fool of myself which of course was no job, and after five minutes of strenuous foolishness they were all laughing and had nominated me for the first Section 8 of the outfit. They were good fellows and the clouds lifted. They joined in the spirit of the thing and I soon found that gloomy faces had hidden clowns even crazier than I. As I think back now I am glad I got them to laugh that night because there was not much laughter in the months ahead. We all had to be toughened physically and mentally. There was no more crying. As I said, it is only now that I can look back and see how pitifully funny we were as we struggled daily to dislodge the civilian desire to be liked, pitied, and trusted instead of being cursed, threatened, and considered always a potential "gold-brick." But we did become hardened.

WOODWARD

Miss Bessie Plank and niece, Miss Gladys Plank of Camp Hill, who attended the wedding of her nephew, Cpl. Clair H. Kreamer and Miss Mabel Wolf on Tuesday afternoon of last week, returned to their home the next day.

On Tuesday morning of last week the mercury made a new drop in temperature this month, it being 9 degrees above zero at 9 o'clock. We've certainly been having some very pretty days this week. Then on Monday morning a still lower drop of 2 degrees above at 6:15 a. m. was recorded.

On last Thursday evening the calithumpians put on a short serenade program for Cpl. and Mrs. Clair H. Kreamer at the Woodward Hotel.

Early last Friday morning it started to snow and kept it up all that day with the temperature ranging from 16 to 21 degrees all day. About 5 or 6 inches of snow fell. On Saturday all day there was a strong wind which drifted the snow. Yes, groundhog days are coming in very definitely.

Cpl. and Mrs. Clair H. Kreamer made a short honeymoon trip to Camp Hill and Lemoyne on Sunday and Monday. Cpl. Kreamer returned to his post of duty at Atlantic City, N. J., on Wednesday, while Mrs. Kreamer is employed at Mifflinburg on defense work for the present.

Up to the present writing (Monday) Woodward had a total of 23 sales and an amount of $2922.50 for the Fourth War Loan drive ending Feb. 15. Woodward's quota was $2,000. Many thanks to the P. O. S. of A. lodge for helping out.

Bellefonte Youth Tells of Voyages

(Continued from Page 3)

Just came from church out here on the Atlantic Ocean. The sea is rough, some of the boys got real sick and the rails around the ship are full of sick soldiers. Dinner today was fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, pickles, peas, carrots, bread, butter, tea and fruit salad. Not bad for the middle of the ocean!

The ocean really got angry today. It is about 9:30 p. m. now, the moon is full and bright and it is really beautiful.

Still nothing but water, water. Had something strange for breakfast today—baked beans. First I ever remember eating baked beans for breakfast. Saw my first whale today. It looked to be about 20 feet in length. They are similar to a submarine, the sailors say.

It is about 11 p. m. here and about 6 p. m. in Bellefonte. The sky is scattered with clouds, the moon is shining through onto the ocean and it sure is a beautiful sight to see. When a boat passes where the moon is shining on the water it is outlined sharply.

Here it is, fish day again. Saw a number of porpoise. These fish are about three feet long. Had my favorite dish for supper tonight, spaghetti and meat balls, also a big slice of cheese, potatoes, peas, creamed carrots, cocoa, bread and no butter for a change.

This is my third Saturday on the water. Seems like six for I'm sure tired of riding a boat.

I am now in the harbor of Oran, North Africa.

September, 1943: Got another surprise today. We were told to pack up. We got packed and boarded trucks. They took us to Algiers and then on a boat—a captured German ship run by British sailors. This ship is about the same size as the one we came over in and I think we are headed for Italy. Hope the next time I get on a ship it is headed for the United States.

We've been sitting in the harbor at Algiers for several days and I hope we soon get going. The eats on this ship isn't so good—nothing like the eats coming over to North Africa. The sun is really hot and we are wearing our O. D.'s, which are all wool.

Sailing on the dark blue water of the Mediterranean Sea. We were told today that we're going to Naples, Italy. I sure will be glad to get back on land again. I don't like those steel fish that swim in the water. I'm wondering what Italy will be like. Hope I can get my fill of good Italian spaghetti and meat balls!

We pulled into Bizerte about noon and left shortly afterwards. Passed two large convoys today and also passed four destroyers of the Italian Navy which were going to North Africa to be safe from Hitler.

Last night the moon was full and we could see islands in the background. It was a beautiful sight. We are now along the coast of Sicily and the place is all mountains as far as I can see.

Yesterday I saw a number of airplanes. Also saw five aircraft carriers. Those things are really big.

This morning we were attacked by German planes. I was never so scared in my life. I couldn't even hold a cigarette in my hand. Every time I heard an airplane after that I ran for cover.

I'm now on Italian soil and it is very dusty. It looks a lot like back home—trees, grass, and it isn't as hot as it was in Africa.

Signed:
CHARLIE.

County to Take Part Juvenile Delinquency

(Continued from page one)

Officers, to combat this tendency.

These meetings also have the cooperation of Dr. Paul Cressman of the Department of Public Instruction; Colonel C. M. Wilhelm of the Pennsylvania State Police; and Miss S. M. R. O'Hara of the Department of Welfare. The State Departments will send representatives to these meetings.

This meeting will be unique, inasmuch as there are to be no set speakers or speeches as such. There will be an agenda of questions concerning crime prevention and delinquency, which have been submitted by various judges and public officials for discussion. The participants will be judges, probation officers, police officials, school officials and heads of correctional services, civic and social welfare leaders having direct responsibility for the prevention of delinquency and crime.

The Pennsylvania Committee on Penal Affairs of the Public Charities Association, which is arranging these meetings throughout Pennsylvania, has been making studies of delinquency throughout the State for twenty years. It has had a large measure of responsibility in the development of legislation in the parole field and the establishment of juvenile court services.

Two Four-Year-Old Girls Lose Lives

(Continued from page one)

ing a certified public accountant, employed in Pittsburgh. He was notified that the children were missing and arrived in Altoona to go directly to Mercy hospital where efforts were being made to revive the children.

Susan Carol, known as "Sue," was the daughter of Commander and Mrs. George Porter. Her father, who is in command of a submarine, has had a brilliant record, having received two Silver Stars, the Navy Cross and a Presidential citation. One of the stars was earned at Midway and the other honors came after an extremely successful cruise against the Japanese.

Dr. Herbert Wehrle, uncle of Mrs. Porter, stated that it will be impossible to get immediate word to the child's father. Mrs. Porter received word some time ago from the American minister to Australia that he had entertained her husband, and a letter from the wife of the son of Admiral Nimitz, also of the navy, informed her of her husband's awards. Mrs. Porter only knows that her husband is serving in the South Pacific area.

Mrs. Porter and her husband had been stationed at New London, Conn., and after her husband left for the Pacific area, Mrs. Porter went to Altoona to reside to be near relatives, and only last August took an apartment at the Seville apartments.

Double funeral services were held Friday at St. Michael's church, Hollidaysburg. The families of both children are members of St. Michael's parish and practically all parishioners as well as friends and relatives of both families were in attendance. The Rev. Dr. John Cullinan, pastor, officiated, using the children's burial service of the Catholic church.

Susan Carol was buried in Calvary cemetery, Altoona, and Ann in St. Mary's cemetery, Hollidaysburg.

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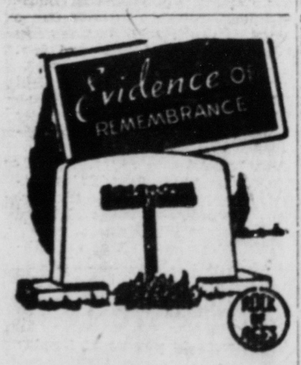

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