## April 13, 1944.

### THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA.

## Page Three

## "We Travel the Country Army Style"

(By Jack Kirkpatrick) home. That night under a big Geor-One afternoon when I made the gia moon and brilliant stars I walkmistake of being the only man in ed silently and thoughtfully and imthe Battery area the B. C. saw me agined a dainty blue dress and a walking around and called me in. I funny feather hat tripping along was a little worried because I beside me, then swinging about on couldn't think of anything I had the about-face to trip back with me done or anything I hadn't done so again. War and life are what you reported as ordered, but rather ner- make them and just once shouldn't vously. It's funny the way you get wreck the whole defense plan.

a guilty feeling in the army even Monday finally came and I took when you know there is no reason off for Headquarters to report for for it. I guess you get bawled out so Chemical Warfare School. I entered much you just can't imagine being the office and inquired as to where called in for any other reason. Any- the school was. The Cpl. in charge

way I reported and anxiously await- said, "What's your name, soldier?" ed the B. C.'s. first words. He looked I replied "John A. Kirkpatrick ASN rather worried and tired and this 33760419." There was a pause as the made me curious, but with extreme Cpl. glanced over the list of names, effort he pulled himself erect and then he said, "Oh, you're not going put on the old hard front. He gazed to that school. You have been refrom the papers in his hand to me, lieved." This, I thought to myself, is then back again to the papers, then too much. No Radio School and now spoke, "Kirkpatrick, what do you no Chemical Warfare School. It know about chemistry?" I thought looks like I might be forced to work to myself, "Good night, what now!" for a living and go back on the line. but said aloud, "Sir, I know less Despite these thoughts running about chemistry than anything else through my cranium I managed to say, "There must be some mistake. in the world. Why, Sir?"

"No matter," he replied, "I am go- I was ordered to report here this ing to send you to chemical warfere morning. Why was I relieved?" school, but don't worry, you won't Then I did receive a pleasant surneed to know anything about chem- prise and stood speechless with joy istry?" It was the old one, two, and as the Cpl. said, "Kirkpatrick, your I was it again; however, I was forced B. C. was commanded by Major to say "No." I said, "I'm sorry, Sir, Peck of AAATC to relieve you from that school and send you to radio but I want to go to radio school." He looked desperate for a while, school. Poor "old man," that meant then he smiled like the cat that cor- he had to take someone else off the nered the mouse and spoke again: street to send to school, but Hot "I'm sorry I can't send you to radio Dog! I got my radio school. Had I school; I promised another boy I known what was coming I think I would send him." I tried again: "Sir, might have taken line duty but it isn't there some way I can go? I'm was good experience for ten weeks being recommended by my instructor and has already proven to be a profitable one.

in Wire—"
"No, I can't Kirkpatrick, unless
"No, I can't Kirkpatrick, unless
they want two men I can't let you
go. I promised—"
I broke in, "Sir. I counted on this
I broke in,

nien. Can't I go, Sir?"

not graduated when I did. Even then most of us were di-dah happy and by his parents. "No," he said, "I'm sorry. I tried again, "Well sir, in that often when our names were called

"Good, Kirkpatrick, good, You don't know what you've done for me I just didn't know what you've done for me I have to send one man from the I have to send one man from the I alted you in. Sgt, send Kirkpet-rick's name to headquarters, he's go-ing to Chemical Warfare School, Kirkpatrick, report at headquarters at 7 a. m. Monday. That is all, and thanks again. I have so much to do and you really helped me out."

thanks again. I have so much to do and you really helped me out." "Yes Sir," I snapped and about-we answered a barrage of roll-calls we answered a barrage of roll-calls

"Yes Sir," I snapped and about-faced making my exit. "Oh, well maybe I'll like it." With these thoughts and more through my head I went to write a letter to Mom and I went to write a letter to Mom and odd 4000 miles between Savannah and camp and was really getting worse treatment than me but stood up fine and was a patient waiter and soldier. Friday night found me on guard Friday night found me on guard be spend from 6:45 till 10:00 instead of steacher would keep us after school. Friday night found me on guard tweekends off, made it all worth

Friday night found me on guard

see her, but this had come without pleasant one was a little cherubic warning. Finally I found a soldter looking creature (even in a helmet) to tell her the sad news and about that stood about 4'10" and answered an hour later as I strolled in mili- to the name of "Dinney" when called tary manner on my post, I saw a by the fellows, but "Pvt. Seward familiar figure in a blue dress and a Dinsmore" when referred to by the little feather excuse for a hat com- B. C. ing toward me smiling. It was Mar-jory. She knew guard rules of no Maine's gift to the Army and school. talking, so she walked on the walk "Dinney" adopted me or vice-versa as if going in my direction and then, and the whole ten weeks never saw as I about faced and started my re- me without this pint-sized patriot turn trip, she appeared to have trotting at my side in line, sleeping changed her mind as to her destina- on my shoulder in theory or beating tion and reversed her direction as I out dah-di-dah at me so fast I never did. Needless to say I walked very knew what was happening after the erect and silent. The Captain saw first dit. He was a dynamo on the for the first time in his life husband key and an Einstein on theory but and wife guarding post No. 3 and he was 18 and his favorite pastime probably felt doubly secure as to the was to send my helmet sailing across safety of the afore-mentioned post, the Battery area by first flicking it Maybe we did steal a sidelong glance lightly from my head, then booting and a few words but it was fun and it ruggedly with his size five G. I.'s the only guard I really enjoyed, and laughing hilariously as he and When I got my first relief I spent the helmet sailed away from my the time with Marjory, then sent her reach.



Q.M. C/c Anthony G. Boscaino

into Star



serving in the Armed Guard Center enemies

graduated from Bellefonte High paratory to sea duty. School in the class of 1940. She was A former Lock Hay

The 21-year-old local man enlisted T/Sgt. Donald C. Monsell was employed by the Western Union in football player. Seaman Lindsey ing, and their thunder of death and all men, for Germans and Americans and Ameri

just the first letter he's got from his By Kenneth L. Dixon Notes accumulated during a swing wife since he came over. Remem-

Friday night found me on guard by surprise and I knew that Mar-jory would wait and wonder where I was because I always told her in advance when I would be unable to

A Boy and a Dog at Anzio

This human interest story by Ken- cot, stood there a moment looking neth L. Dixon was sent last week down at the lad. Suddenly the boy saw Lulabelle. He started to speak, from the Anzio beachhead; The chaplain walked down to the swallowed and remained silent,

hospital tent with Lulabelle in his "What is it son?" King asked. "Say," the boy stumbled through arms The chaplain is Lt, Col, William the sentence, "would you just let

E. King, who used to preach at the the pup lick my face?" Maywood Baptist church at Kansas King leaned over, sat Lulabelle City. Lulabelle is a very diminutive down on the plaster encased chest dog about six inches long but not between the stumps of arms. Wagquite that tall. He often carries her ging her tail like mad, she stuck her around in his trench coat pocket or tiny head forward and licked the

sitting, papoose style, in the hood or soldier's face. parka designed to go over his head In the stillness the sound of the but which usually hangs down be- lad's swallowing seemed loud. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks. tween his shoulder blades. Lying there on their cots, the Finally he spoke:

wounded lads looked up as the chap-| "I used to have a dog, sir," he said, lain and his dog came by, most of "and he'd sneak up and lick my face them showing more interest in Lula- while I was sleeping. That's the first time a dog has licked my face since belle than her owner. King stopped to chat here and I left home, al

there, letting the boys pet the dog. King nodded, said nothing, When Finally he reached a cot where a he started on to the ward tents he quiet soldier lay. For days the sol- left Lulabelle there on the cot. dier had said not a word except in When he came back he found her reply to questions. Stony-eyed, he snuggled up into the soldier's armlay there, staring straight up rather pit under one of the stumps, her than look at the two stumps of arms head lying on his shoulder.

where his wrists and hands used to "Certainly is nice to have a dog be. The stumps were encased in around, sir," said the boy. "Every some sort of cast which covered his patient ought to have one." Suddenly his face broke in a broad grin at chest

"He's lucky to be alive," a nurse the idea of a whole tent full of dogs. whispered. "But he doesn't seem to King grinned back. When he left care. He hasn't shown the slightest the hospital an hour or so later, interest in anything, even staying Lulabelle stayed.

They call her "the chaplain's as The chaplain walked over to the sistant.

# AN EASTER INTERLUDE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CASSINO

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy and a Lock Haven High School "For we have been told from composed by the German-born Han-Lyons, of Bellefonte." clear through the peaceful morning. The big guns fell silent along the There was only the faint rumble of

Garigliano river, on the mountain- guns from another sector to show A former Lock Haven High School side south of Cassino, Sunday morn- that war was near

Christ died and rose for It was read in both German and name of my soldiers, a happy Eas-

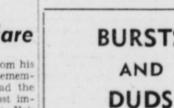
English by American Army Chap- ter." lains and broadcast by loudspeakers across the 400 yards of devastated Reinboth, of Seward, Neb., a Lutheran of German descent who studied No-Man's land to the enemy lines. Fear not ye, for I know at Concordia Theological Seminary, St. Louis. His Easter greeting was that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here for He is risen, directed personally to the Catholics as He said. Come, see the place and Protestants in the German

He first read the Easter services Through powerful telescopes there in German. Then the services were could be seen no sign of movement given in English by Protestant Chapin the Germans' lines. Their guns lain Capt. Earl Hayes, Clyde, Texas, had not spoken since the ceremonies and Chaplain First Lieut. Leo Crowbegan. The Doughboys had been ley, Syracuse, N. Y., gave a Catholic told to lie low in their fox holes, mass. where they could hear the loud-

The American regimental commander wished his men "God speed and good fortune on your greatest ion-to make the world safe There was a small organ, too. The for Christanity.

After the services the hillside on had been brought to the front by which the altar rested became military objective No. 411, and the troops First Lieut. Charlotte Johnston, went back to their fox-holes. A few a nurse from Painesville, Ohio, sang minutes later the guns roared. The "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" | war was on again.

Blanchard Men Meet At Front Again After Twice in Hospital **On Pacific Coast** 



**Puppet Tent Pome** 

Here lies a Heinie Cold and stiff. He got no more

Than he tried to giff п Here are the bones

At parachute jumpin'

Wolfgang is gone

Alas and alack

To see such flak.

He never expected

Fritz has returned

Jolly good plane

Of Ludwig Von ... sumpun' He wasn't too good

III

IV

From whence he sprang;

That Yankee Mustang!

Robert P. Lindsey, S 1/c (S.M.)

Seaman Lindsey, son of Mr. and

alive.

where the Lord lay.

altar

speakers. But some now came for-

ward to gather around the small

organ, the loudspeakers and the altar

mule-pack before dawn.

Mrs. Walter Lindsey, of Blanchard,

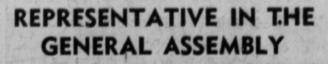
(Political advt.)

# NOMINATE

(Political advt.)



# PRESTON A. FROST (JACK FROST)



\_\_\_\_\_ FOR \_\_\_\_\_

YOUR VOTE AND SUPPORT WILL BE APPRECIATED

Subject to Approval of Republican Voters at April 25th, 1944 Primary.

Pair of Old Pals

fonte

Pvt. Edgar G. Kustanbauter (right) than a year.

Pvt. Ralph G. McMullin Pvt. Kustanbauter, son of Mr. and him," said a bombardier. "That's flames, killing the six men aboard.

Mrs. Edgar Kustanbauter, of East High street, Bellefonte, was inducted as an electrician at the Glenn Martin plant in Baltimore. From New Cumberland he was sent to Ft. Eustis, Va., and while there he completed a course in telephone and radio. He was then sent to Camp Edwards to the Anti-Aircraft School.

YOU NEED TO PRAY

After three months' training he was M., 116th Inf., England, puts his Wesley T. Wesley T. Wesley, son of Mr. and the Army insists, Abraham comma sent to Fort Dix, N. J. In Decem- solemn thoughts into verse in a Mrs. Alvah H. Weaver, of Port Ma- Lincoln but definitely not Lincoln ber of 1943 he landed in England poem entitled "You Need to Pray," tilda, R. D. 1. Pvt. Weaver was in- comma Abraham. where he is stationed at the present which was received recently by his ducted March 20, 1943, and has While the British still use the

of East Bishop street, Bellefonte, 1942, and has been in England since postmaster, Shreveport, La. of East Bishop street, Bellefonte, 1943, into the September of the same year. De-was inducted March 1, 1943, into the September 1, 1941, he was married to Array. From New Cumberland he cember 1, 1941, he was married to Nothing to guide me but the light waukee. "That sounds better to our-

was sent to Fort Lewis, Washington State, where he was placed- in the Quartermaster's Corps. Because of a broken ankle. for the last five months he has been in several hos-three brothers in service. They are: Staff-Set, Harold Hower of the Air pitals in that State. Several weeks Staff-Sgt. Harold Hoover, of the Air ago he was again sent to Fort Lewis Corps Communications Headquarwhere he is now stationed at the ters, Chicago; Corporal Willard Hoo-reception center.

Pvt. McMullin is married to the former Anne Stere, of Milesburg. They have a son, Robert Lynn. God's feelings God's feelings But the day is coming when these things will need healing. A slip of my tongue has been a curse word.

Following is the poem written by Still all of these things God has been separated for two years. BRING IN YOUR SOLDIER PHOTOS! Corporal Clyde Hoover:

notographs generally are best

for newspaper publication. The faces should be sharp and clear for best results. The photographs

will be returned to you on request after we've had the engravings

When your soul is all sickness, And you have lost your way, If you have some Centre county Take your burden to the Master relatives in the armed forces And let Him hear you pray. whose photograph has not been published in this newspaper, we Let the Master know your weakinvite you to bring the photo to this office, together with facts

And ask to be made strong: He will lighten all your burdens concerning his military service. And tell you right from wrong. Keep in mind that the larger

When your burdens get too heavy For you to longer bear, Just take them all to Jesus, For He will answer prayer.

So raise your voice to Jesus, And get the word well sent; For life will be made easy From the moment you repent. CLYDE.

of Woonsocket, R. I., navigator on a just set a new record. They were the first two enlisted men in the Mar-Fying Fortress, turned around. As they shook hands and yelped auder group to complete 50 combat and patted each other on the back missions

there came another yell from down And the last one was a volunteer the street, and who should come job. They both were grounded after running up but Lieut. Raymond L. their forty-ninth mission, but asked Fitzgerald, 25, of Fall River, Mass, for the fiftieth "just to make it an even number," Ray explained. a pilot on a B-25.

It was a reunion for the three "Sweet Sue" was slated for a trip erstwhile apprentice mach inists, home as soon as she hit her 100th Since then Ed had collected 31 mis- mission. It was all fixed up to load dons, Phaneuff 31, and Fitzgerald up the B-26 Marauder, which had None had the slightest idea flown raids from Tunisia to the where the other two were. French Riviera, with its crew of

Official Report And they had more than their re- guys who had finished their tour of A corporal standing at a road cor- event, something to write home added that he is now back at the mion to celebrate. Fitzgerald re- duty, and fly her home for a bond- ner just north of Cassino gave one about, particularly when they could front in Italy. of the most succint reports yet heard not write about their experiences

ceived a cable that he was the fath-selling tour. of a baby daughter. T/Sgt. George E. Beeman of on the bitter house-to-house fight-"What's the matter with Tony?" Brookford, N. C., was their crew ing for Cassino. Asked how things asked one of the pilots on the way chief-in charge of the gang of were going in the town, the corporal back to the operations shop on Sar- ground boys who kept her going- summed up the afternoon's action American newspapers or listening to as head of the Canadian army party. dinia at the end of a bombing mis- and he'd been commended for the with the following unofficial GI some of our politicians. He knows the grapevine says, because he sion. "He just reads that letter over swell job because "Sweet Sue" had communique: "Understand we cap- how much good they can do him. and over again and then stares out flown more than 90 missions. The tured five flving rooms, three dining into space. Is something wrong back whole squadron was "sweating her rooms and have advanced patrols in a kitchen ome?

A SINNER'S WORLD

God's feelings

thing I ask,

Even though it is a small task,

I have said I knew were wrong,

Home on Furlough

out" for the trip home. Tony is Flight Officer Domenico But it wasn't in the cards. On her rurto, 21. a co-pilot from Detroit ninety-fiifth mission the flak-scarwho has been overseas only since red, bullet marked Marauder never

THE POET'S CORNER

What's in a Comma who has been overseas only since red, bullet marked Marauder never Looking for a good angle for a Jan. 31, away from his bride of less quite made it off the ground. She story on the birthday of Abraham

an a year. "Naw, there's nothing wrong with wouldn't rise, crashed and burst into comma Lincoln

Lincoln no comma Abraham is a staff sergeant in a 15th AAF B-24 Liberator and recently struck a personal blow for liberty by shooting down an ME 109. And every year, beginning with his first school days, his greatest difficulty has been explaining that his name really is Corporal Clyde L. Loover, of Co. The following was written by Pvt. Lincoln no comma Abraham or if

parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hoover, served in the armed forces for over word, and although it spread to Pvt. Ralph G. McMullin, son of Sr., of Pine Glen. Corporal Hoover a year. His address is Pvt. Wesley T. American troops in Tunisia and held Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. McMullin entered the armed service March 21. Weaver, Hq. Co. 18-X, APO 109, C/o on through Sicily, it's no longer considered proper to refer to a German

> ears. 'Jerry' sounds too much like the name of a friend. 'Kraut' gets

> > Dear Lord Lest I continue My placement way: Help me to remember Somewhere out there A man died for me today.

As long as there be war: I then must Ask and answer Am I worth dying for?

I have turned to God and for some It's All Yours A writer suggests that the Anglo-Americans tell Spain that unless he But Jesus corrects me from His Heavenly Throne. accepts their principles there will be no cross-channel invasion. Suppos Stalin would then say, "Well, boys,

when I reach the German border Pvt. Sherman A. Cowher, son of you can have the war."

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Cowher, of Port Matilda, was home on a 11-day stop-Training at Great Lakes over on his way from Camp Fort Sill, Okla., where he was training with the Field Artillery and received R. D. 3. is receiving his initial naval a medal for marksmanship in rifle indoctrination at the U.S. Naval shooting, After visiting relatives and Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill friends, he left on March 29th for Camp Geo. G. Meade, Md., for fur-ther assignment.

Three young men of the Navy, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Shank, of Clayton Smith, son of Charles H. Coatesville, former Salona, Clinton Clayton Smith, Smith, and Robert Lindsey, son of county residents, received a letter Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lindsey, of recently from their son, Pvt. Donald Blanchard, and Samuel Driver, son Shank, who was wounded in action of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Driver, of and was hospitalized in Africa. Beech Creek, all on different vessels He states that he had malaria, in port at San Francisco from duty arthritis and rheumatic fever and in the South Pacific, ran onto each while a platoon runner at the front other and had a reunion. Each was was wounded by a German 88 and surprised to meet up with the other, was again hospitalized for a leg inand they regarded it as quite an jury. He says "Don't worry" and

Makes Hitler Grin

Same Trouble

Hitler would enjoy reading some General MacNaughton has retired couldn't get along with General Montgomery, General Rommel had the same trouble

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