

The Fulton County News.

VOL. XIX. NO. 34.

McCONNELLSBURG, PA., JULY 25, 1918.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

RECORD OF DEATHS.

Short Sketches of the Lives of Persons Who Have Recently Passed Away.

JOHN H. WILT.

John H. Wilt, a veteran of the Civil War and a former resident of McConnellsburg, died in Waynesboro, at 7 o'clock last Thursday evening of Bright's Disease, aged 75 years, 2 months and 2 days. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon from the home of his daughter Mary (Mrs. Harry Morganthall) at 2 o'clock, and interment was made in the Greenhill cemetery at Waynesboro.

Mr. Wilt was born at Clearspring, Md., but spent the greater part of his life in McConnellsburg, during which time he carried on a blacksmith shop. Twenty-four years ago he closed out his business and property in McConnellsburg and removed his family to Waynesboro, and worked in the Geiser shops until his health failed. He was married to Matilda Lohr, who died eight years ago. Surviving are four daughters, "Tempie" (Mrs. Sara Keyser), of Philadelphia; Annie, wife of W. H. Nesbit, McConnellsburg; Mary, wife of Harry Morganthall, Waynesboro; and Carrie, wife of Samuel Spangler, of Waynesboro.

The deceased was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and during the time he lived in McConnellsburg was a member of the choir of the local M. E. church. He served twice in the Civil War; first as member of Company I 158th Regiment, Penna. Inf., going into service in November 1862 and being mustered out in August, 1863. The second time he was in the 148th Penna. Inf.

MRS. DAVID CLUGSTON.

Martha Elizabeth, wife of David Clugston, passed away at their home in Ayr township on Wednesday, July 17, 1918, aged 62 years, 2 months and 8 days. The funeral took place on Friday, the services being conducted by Rev. C. F. Jacobs of the Lutheran Church assisted by Rev. Edward Jackson of the M. E. Church. Interment was made in Union cemetery.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Samuel B. Paylor and she was united in marriage to David Clugston on the first day of January, 1855. To this union were born eight children, four of whom are living, namely, Edward, near Diekeys Station, Franklin County; Mary E., wife of John Truax, near McConnellsburg; Margaret E., wife of Abner Shives, near Gem, and Wilbur Reed at home.

Mrs. Clugston suffered a stroke of paralysis about four years ago, and during the past two years she was an almost helpless invalid. She was a consistent member of the Lutheran Church and bore her sufferings with patience. She was a good neighbor and kind wife and mother.

JOSEPH SCHREINER.

Joseph Schreiner died at the home of his daughter Mrs. Edward Younkin at Almira, Pa., on Friday, July 12, 1918, of pleuropneumonia, aged about 70 years, after an illness of only nine days. The funeral services were held the following Sunday at the home of his son, Edwin S., of Beach Valley, and interment was made in the Beach Valley cemetery.

Mr. Schreiner's wife died several years ago. Since her death he lived mostly among his children—George Schreiner, of Williamsport; Mrs. Edwin Dushong, of Harrisville; Edward S. Schreiner, of Beach Valley, and Mrs. Edward Younkin, of Almira, Pa. During his wife's lifetime, Mr. Schreiner resided at Wallis Run, Lycoming County. He was a good, conscientious man, a kind husband, father and citizen—a very sociable and unostentatious Christian gentleman.

Blow and Keep Cool.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to sit in the editorial chair and have hold of the quill long enough to say to your readers that when some people are driving an automobile they seem to think that the whole road is theirs whether they sound a horn or not. Indeed, some people seem to think that the man in the buggy should get out of the way without the sound of a horn or claxon. Few men, if any, are mind readers and therefore, cannot tell just when you are going to leave home or just when you are going to overtake them on the road. Therefore it behooves every one of us to use our best common sense, buy a good horn, and then use it. If the fellow in the buggy does not get out of the way at the first sounding, keep cool and sound again.

Some time ago I was out driving with a friend, and within a distance of two miles two cars passed us without the sound of a horn. Just place yourself in the position of some very nervous lady or child, and have some reckless man, in an auto, rush by you in a narrow place without giving you any warning. You might meet one man out of a hundred who will refuse to share the road.

Now I hear you say that the writer has never driven an automobile. But not so, he has driven a number of different makes, over all kind of roads, and in all kind of weather, all hours of night and day, and in at least five different states.

FAIRPLAY.

Rearred A Large Family

Mrs. Sarah Snyder, wife of Samuel Snyder, who died suddenly at her home in Westpensboro township, Sabbath evening, July 6, aged 77 years, was the mother of 18 children, all of whom are living and are enjoying good health and are prosperous. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder celebrated the fifty-sixth anniversary of their marriage some time ago. Following are the names of the children surviving: Katie, Lillie, John, and Wesley Snyder, at home; Mrs. Alice Dunkelberger, of Newville; Mrs. Hays Lehner and Luther Snyder, of near Newville; Mrs. Walter Ocker, and Mrs. Emerson Bowers, of near Oakville; Mrs. Scott Neibert, of West Hill; Mrs. Edward Heberling, of Highspire; Mrs. John Mowers, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Wadall Mell, of Washington, D. C.; Chester Snyder and Mrs. Duncan Myers, of Kersville; Edward Snyder, of Harrisburg; Webster Snyder, of Iowa, and Samuel Snyder, in the war service.

Atherton—Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston R. Austin, formerly of Saluvia, this county, but now residing near Chambersburg, announce the marriage of their daughter, Elinor Curwen, to John A. Atherton on Saturday, July 20, 1918 at the Presbyterian manse, Bryan, Texas.

Private Atherton is in the aviation section, and is now undergoing a course of instructions in Texas. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Atherton, of Chambersburg, and was serving as borough engineer when he entered the service.

Sow More Wheat.

The United States Department of Agriculture last Saturday, issued an appeal to the farmers of the Country to sow, at least, fifteen acres for every fourteen sowed last year, and as much more as possible. The home price for which will not be less than \$2.18.

Oster—Ritchey.

At the Lutheran parsonage, Saturday, July 21, 1918, Rev. C. F. Jacobs united in marriage Norval J. Oster, of Bedford and Mary E. Ritchey, of Everett, Pa.

TRIP TO CAMP LEE.

Made by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Horton and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Reese.

Receiving word from our brother William Denisar to come to Camp Lee at once—he would soon leave for "Over There," we left Wells Tannery at 12:40 Sunday morning, July 14th going through McConnellsburg, Mercersburg, Greencastle, reaching Hagerstown just at "break of day." Then on through many smaller towns reaching Washington about 9:45; thence through Alexandria, and into Fredericksburg where we stopped about ten minutes and got ice cream. It was then 3 o'clock and the sun shined hot; thence we went through Richmond, reaching Petersburg about 9 o'clock Sunday evening. Camp Lee is 4 miles out from Petersburg, and a soldier directed us to the right road. When we were about half way, we heard that the gates closed at 9 o'clock. So we turned and went back into town and got our supper about 11:45 Sunday night, the first meal we had since leaving home, except a lunch we took along. Of course, we didn't care for cats and sleep—our one that was to get there in time to see our soldier brother. On Monday morning we started to camp and meeting hundreds of soldiers we stopped to look for William and soon saw him. He said, "I'm going to rifle range, will be back at 3 o'clock." The boys in his company were all Pennsylvania boys and their eyes soon saw the license tag and we were cheered. They all sang Pennsylvania songs when passing and gave us a hearty welcome, and we certainly were glad we were from that good old Keystone State. Passing on through camp we hunted up the boys we knew, and found Jesse Barnett, and Clair Heckman, of Wells Tannery, and Percy Mentzer of McConnellsburg. We were in a canteen to get ice cream and there saw "Dude" Mack a Bedford County boy. We told the boys to meet us that evening at Y. M. C. A. No. 81 and as it was 3 o'clock by this time we began to look for Wm's barracks. He was back and out looking for us to come. Being quarantined, he stood inside the chalk line and we run our car close on the outside, and "I'll tell you it looked rather dim by the time we left there. We stayed right there for six hours. One thing we regret—that we could not have mess with him in the barracks—on account of the quarantine. The Pennsylvania boys were the happiest bunch. We could always tell one. When he saw our auto tag, he grinned and watched, and soon as he could get away he was right with us, saying, "right at home boys—Pennsylvania Car." We took candy, cake, tobacco, cigarettes cigars, and matches. The boys all wanted a chew of good old Pennsylvania tobacco. They said it would be better than supper. We bade farewell to the boys about 11 o'clock and left Camp, and went to Petersburg where we got our supper—pretty late and pretty hungry. Tuesday morning we left Petersburg about 9 o'clock, went to Washington where we spent Tuesday night. Wednesday morning we visited the Washington Monument. We went up in it a distance of 555 feet. By 10 o'clock we left for home, arriving about 7 o'clock. On all the trip we didn't have 15 minutes car trouble. William said we were to tell every one he said "Good Bye." It certainly is worth the effort to visit a training Camp and see them drilling.

We received a card from William Saturday saying he left Camp Lee at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. He said, "I got where we now are at 6:35 this evening and this will be mailed. We are lying on the Coast. Will leave here at 5 in the morning." The card was mailed at Newport News, Va.

Soldier Letter.

From a letter to Mrs. David Crouse, Big Cove Tannery, Pa. from her son Madden C. Crouse who had been in Illinois for some time but is now in the 305th Cavalry, Troop A, division, Camp Stanley, San Antonio, Texas, the following extracts are taken:

"We are certainly having hot weather here now. We are riding our horses about five miles to water every day. There are 400 head in the troop I am in, or maybe more. There are four troops of us. The 306th Cavalry Company goes within the Company, I am in. There certainly is a string of us when we all start out. As far ahead, and as far backward, as the eye takes you, you can see us coming. It makes you wonder where all the horses came from. You can imagine the dust we raise, which is certainly fierce. We certainly are dusty looking fellows when we get back. When we start on our ride we take all our equipments with us which consists of a shell belt, canteen, saber, rifle and ropes; some have to take shovel and pick. After we have watered the horses, we take off all the equipment except the saddle and bridle, and then we get back on the horses and drill till noon. After dinner we put the ropes around the horses necks and let them graze awhile. After that we tie them up and drill again on them—first with the saber, then with the rifles and then with the pistols. Then we saddle up, put our equipment on and go back to the tanks again, and from there we return to camp. You ought to see us winding around those hills and over rocks and cliffs and through the bushes. It certainly is some country we travel over. The other day we were all marched out for review. The Major General was here. The Band was playing and the flags waving—it certainly looked nice. I wish you could have seen those old sabers glistening in the sun. Everything has to be kept "just so." The inspector was around to-day and saw that everything was right. It takes a great deal of work to keep everything looking nice.

I have to get up in the morning at 5:30 and drill for about one-half hour and then go to mess; after mess, we drill again until 4:30; then we start out on a half-mile hike for physical drill, and then back to the barracks for noon mess. The afternoon is taken up in the kind of drill described in a previous paragraph. All lights must be out by 10:30. We are kept busy, but we get plenty to eat; so you see we can stand it.

Good wishes to all my home friends.

Prvt. Madden C. Crouse
Troop A, 305th Cavalry,
Camp Stanley,
San Antonio,
Texas.

Soldier's Letter.

A letter received by Mrs. Lucina Forner last Saturday from her son Peter in France says: "I am in the hospital. I was wounded in the leg very slightly and am feeling pretty well. I think I will be able for duty in about two weeks. We are treated fine. The Y. M. C. A. come around every morning and give us cigarettes, chocolate, writing paper, and envelopes. Tell Myrtle I have received her box and have written frequently. I do not see why you have not been getting my letters.

Of course there was about a month that we were not permitted to write, but now I can write all I want to. That is all I have to do—write, sleep, eat and smoke. Tell Reynolds to write me. My address is, Prvt. Peter C. Forner, 51st U. S. M. C., 5th Regt. 2nd Batt. Am. E. F. France, Care of Postmaster, New York City.

HISTORIC FREDERICKSBURG.

Interesting Letter from Charles H. Wissner, at One Time a Law Student in McConnellsburg.

While the following is a private letter to the Editor, it contains so much information about a town at which one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War was fought, that we take the liberty of giving the letter in its entirety. More than a score of years ago, Mr. Wissner spent several months as a law student in the offices of the late Senator W. Scott Alexander, dropping Blackstone and Kent to enlist in the Spanish American War. But, here's the letter:

Fredericksburg, Va.,

June 17, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. PECK:

I had a happy surprise last night in receiving a visit from Mr. J. C. Maun of your town. His presence recalled to me some of the happiest scenes of my life, and it put into my mind a determination to go back to the old town for a visit, either at Christmas or in the spring. He tells me that you are still in the newspaper business and I enclose you some money so that you may enroll me among your subscribers.

I have been living here in Fredericksburg for the last fifteen years. During all of this time I have taught school and up until two years ago have always been in active connection with some newspaper in the community.

This town is situated on the R. F. & P. R. R. and is on the main highway between the North and the South. To show you how important our location is, I will tell you that since April 1st, at least 10,000 troops have passed through this town every week. These troops were on their way to some northern port where they embarked for France. When a call goes out for drafted men, hour after hour, all day long and sometimes way in the night, trains bearing these men go thundering thru our city.

I live on the main street, about three blocks from the station; and while I am dictating this to you, I can hear the shouts of the soldiers, who are on a troop train going north, and an hour ago I heard shouts from a train of drafted men going south.

Virginia has become a great training ground for the Nation's armies. We have in this state, Camp Lee near Petersburg with some 60,000 men, a Camp of Marines at Quantico with 20,000 men and a Camp at Accotink, forty miles from here which has 30,000 engineers. Being so near Quantico we always have a large number of Marines to spend their furloughs in our city. On Saturday nights and Sundays there are always from 1,200 to 2,000 here parading our streets, courting our girls, and many of the latter have married Marines. There is not a house in town that has a room to rent that is not occupied by Marine officers and their wives, and even by enlisted men and their wives. You can't turn around here without coming in contact with the uniform. Were it not for these soldiers our streets would be entirely empty of young men. We have already given to the Marines, Regular Army, National Guard, and the National Army over 400 men. If you bear in mind that our population is about 6,000 you will see that we have sent one man in fifteen to the war.

We claim to be the most historic town in the world. Right across the river some 300 yards, from where I am sitting and dictating this letter to you, is the old home of George Washington, where he lived from his fifth year to his seventeenth year. Not fifty yards from where I am sitting is, what was the only home of General Hugh Mercer in America. You have a county in your state, and the delightful

Continued on eighth page.

Letter From Little French Boy.

In France are thousands of children whose fathers have been killed in this terrible war. In order to help the mothers take care of their little war-orphaned children, public schools, Sunday schools, and kindhearted individuals all over our country have been adopting one or more for a year at a time.

Thirty-six dollars is the sum required to keep a child a year. This money is sent through a banking house in New York City, and every cent of the thirty-six dollars is used for the support of the child. By writing the Auveiro Society, Fifth Ave., New York City, pictures of several children will be sent you, from which may be selected the child you wish to support.

Thousands of schools, Sunday schools and individuals have already taken hold of this work, and how much the work is appreciated is shown by a letter just received a few days ago by Miss Minnie Reiser, whose school at Salyx, Pa. last winter sent thirty-six dollars. Read the letter:

Paris, June 18, 1918.

GOOD LITTLE GODMOTHER:

I am very happy to have found a young American godmother. They are so kind and so considerate of the poor little French war-orphan. I am quite proud to have a loving friend in America—that land sacred to all French children. Although quite young, only nine years, my brothers and I understand all the good that has been done for us, for my good little mother tells us about it and teaches us proper feelings of appreciation. She has much to do, that dear mother, but she gets along marvelously well. How much credit she deserves for the three years since our father was killed. Alas, we were very young! I was six years old, Raymond five and little Amede three.

Mother has never wished to leave us. We are very good and well-behaved, for dear mother often weeps on account of the war. It is not right to give her trouble since she has suffered so much for us.

I have received the sum of 34 francs and 20 centimes for May and June.

I give you my sincerest thanks, godmother. My health could not be better, only I do not like the cellars when the hateful boches come, but I hurry down without stopping to dress.

Goodbye and thanks from the bottom of my heart.

Next time I hope to have a little word from you. That would make me happy.

Good health and his most cordial expressions of respectful friendship from your godson Louis.

LOUIS BUHOT,

22xrué Charlemagne, Paris.

Red Cross Picnic.

There will be a Red Cross Picnic and Community Meeting in Hustontown grove Saturday, July, 27th.

Parade organized 9:00 a. m.

FORENOON.

Address by Rev. Strain, and E. H. Kirk. Recitation by Margaret Kirk.

AFTERNOON.

Address by John R. Jackson Esq. and Hon. S. W. Kirk.

Community singing in evening. Red Cross Play at night.

Refreshments served. Saltito Band present all day.

Proceeds for Red Cross.

Hottest Day of the Year.

Last Sunday was the hottest day of the summer when the mercury rose to 99 degrees. The nearest approach to this temperature was on the 16th of July when the thermometer registered 96. Only twice during the summer of 1917 was the mercury higher, and then only half a degree. [Rain is needed very much.

SORROW IN ROOSEVELT HOME.

Youngest Son of Former President Sacrifices Life in the Great Struggle Against the Huns.

Sorrows are now coming into the homes of Americans as the news that loved ones have fallen in the defense of their country. This is a time when all class distinctions are forgotten and the son of the millionaire or a former president fights and dies along side of the humblest American.

The news that Colonel Roosevelt's baby boy Quentin had been killed last week while fighting valiantly high in air, brought a feeling of sadness into the hearts of all Americans. Ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt gave all their boys—four—and the Colonel offered his own services. Now only one of the Colonel's four sons remain untouched by the scourge of warfare. He is Captain Kermit Roosevelt, recently transferred from the British to the United States army and who is on his way from Mesopotamia to join the American expeditionary forces in France. Though Captain Kermit Roosevelt has yet to feel the sting of a Hun bullet, he wears on his breast the British military cross, awarded to him for gallantry in action. Captain Archie Roosevelt, the Colonel's other son, is recovering slowly from wounds which he received in action last March, but which, it has been reported, are likely to render him permanently crippled.

Word that Major Theodore Roosevelt has been wounded was received early in the evening from young Theodore's wife, who is in Paris engaged in Red Cross work. The message said: "Ted wounded. Not seriously. Here with me. Not any danger. No cause for anxiety."

When it came the announcement of Major Theodore Roosevelt's misfortune found his distinguished father already plunged in grief as the result of early cable dispatches from Paris which had informed him that German aviators flying low over a sector of the battle lines in France being held by American troops had dropped notes announcing that Quentin Roosevelt had been killed in the spectacular plunge of his battleplane from above the clouds during a battle with a squadron of Hun airmen. Until those messages were received at Oyster Bay both the Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt still were buoyed with hope that the uncertainty which marked previous messages regarding Quentin's plight might yet yield the announcement that he had not been killed.

Quentin Roosevelt was a graduate of the Groton School, standing second in the class, and entered Harvard in 1916, where he was known as a lively and highly popular student.

Quentin Roosevelt was the baby of the Roosevelt administration, and his pranks at the White House and school are affectionately remembered by Washington. He was born in Washington in November, at the family home when his father was assistant secretary of the navy in the McKinley administration.

The boy was a born naturalist, with a special love for animal life, and many were the stories told of his early days in the White House, when he kept the family and attendants in a state of anxiety over his strange pet, which often escaped to wander through the grounds or around the house. Birds, beasts, wild and domestic, even reptiles, were included in the miniature menagerie which the child gathered from all parts of the country; for when it was known that the Colonel, so far from being disturbed by the boy's traits, encouraged first-hand studies in natural history, friends and admirers in every part of the

Continued on page 8.