

THE GETTYSBURG TIMES

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An Evening Thought It is not our criminal actions that require courage to confess, but those which are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

OUT OF THE PAST Happenings of days gone by as chronicled in The Star and Sentinel and The Gettysburg Times the files reveal.

TEN YEARS AGO New Secretary of Y.W.C.A. Assumes Duties Here Monday: Miss Florence May Steward, who succeeds Miss Anna Macfarlane as secretary of the Gettysburg Y.W.C.A., arrived Monday from Selinsgrove to assume her new duties.

Church School Re-Opens Here: St. Francis Xavier parochial school reopened on Tuesday morning with 233 pupils in attendance.

Local Man Weds: Paul J. Tate, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Tate, Gettysburg, and Miss Nellie S. Elser, Chambersburg, were married Saturday by the Rev. David S. Kammerer, Littlestown.

County School Institute is Meeting Here: With W. Raymond Shank, Adams county superintendent of schools presiding, the seventy-sixth annual county teachers' institute was opened on Tuesday morning at 9:15 o'clock at the Gettysburg high school.

Return from Cuba: Dr. and Mrs. Ira Henderson returned to their home in Fairfield Tuesday from a ten-day trip to Havana, Cuba, the voyage being made from New York City on the maiden trip of the liner, Morro Castle.

Lower Leaves Fairfield Bank: Announcement has been made of the resignation of Paul J. Lower as cashier of the Fairfield national bank and the election of Robert B. Martin, general bookkeeper at the First National bank here, to the position.

Local Couple Wed in Capital Sunday: George A. Bender, of Gettysburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin A. Bender, Hanover, and Miss Thelma Marie Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ross, Bristol, Virginia, and Tennessee, were married in Harrisburg Sunday at the Memorial Lutheran church by the pastor, the Rev. Lewis C. Manges.

Fairfield Girl Wed to Carlisle Man: Miss Guyda R. Stang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar L. Stine, a Fairfield farmer, and Robert A. Hummel, of Carlisle, were married by the bride's pastor, the Rev. Charles M. Coffelt in the Zion Lutheran church at Fairfield on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Two Graduates Get Licenses: Two graduates of Gettysburg college were among the 440 persons who passed the recent examinations of the state board of medical education and licensure. They are Robert M. Wolff and Richard J. Wise, both of Hanover.

Coste Reaches New York: First to Make West Flight: Valley Stream, N. Y., Sept. 3 (AP)—The first westward plane flight across the north Atlantic from Europe to New York, was completed Tuesday, completed by countrymen of the first to attempt such a venture.

Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte landed at Curtiss field at 6:12 o'clock, E.S.T., Tuesday afternoon, their scarlet sesquiplane streaking out of the gathering dusk just 37 hours, 18 minutes and 20 seconds, after it took off from Paris, Monday.

Personal: Miss Margaret Stauffer, Baltimore street, has returned from the Pocono mountains where she spent the summer.

Professor and Mrs. George Larkin have returned from Ithaca, New York, where they spent part of the summer. They have moved into a house on North Stratton street.

Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Wickerham and son, Donald, Broadway, have returned from a motor trip to Canada.

Mrs. Henry T. Bream entertained a few friends at her home on Baltimore street Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Thelma Ross, whose marriage to George Bender will be solemnized Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Thomas, York street, left Monday for Bristol, where she has accepted a position as teacher of English in the Bristol junior high school.

Miss Vera Kadel, West Middle street, has gone to Bloomsburg where she has accepted a position as teacher of languages in the high school.

Today's Talk

By George Matthew Adams COME AUTUMN

Creeping on us is the most golden season of the year—glorious Autumn. The mated year slowing up, getting its final breath—putting on its finest garments—for the long journey.

The season of seasons—Autumn! Harvest time. Thanksgiving time—the prelude to Christmas, which should be the happiest day in all the year—the day of giving and thinking of others—and of "peace and good will to men."

Let us hope and pray that by this Christmas time there will be real peace in the world, with good will established upon a newer and sounder standard than ever before—and with Freedom and Equal Opportunity to all upon its banner.

And there is the coloring of Autumn. No artist has ever been able to adequately put it to canvas, nor any poet to worthily picture it in words. All efforts fail to duplicate Nature. It is all a miraculous festivity—this Autumn time. Things die in beauty—only to live again in greater abundance and permanence.

Is there not in Autumn a promise of the life that is to be for us all in some future, happy state? The leaves, in all their perfect blues, golds, browns, magenta—beaconed by the wind to the lap of the earth, and there to be absorbed into the veins and arteries of the ground, awaiting the Springtime to rise again—as nourishment for the leaves and perfume of another year.

September, October—November! Autumn's trinity of glory. The kiddies go back to school. Colleges open. The farmer rests from his long and anxious months of doubt and hope. Crispness is in the air. Thoughts of the crystallized snow cluster in the minds of those in the northern climes. All in all, Autumn is a season of variety and change such as no other part of the year is able to offer.

All poets, artists, and writers, should be born in the Autumn!

JUST FOLKS

by EDGAR A. GUEST

THE SEASONS I sometimes wonder in the spring If there can be a lovelier thing Than hyacinth or tulip bloom Or the green grass beyond my room.

Yet done with blossoming shrub and tree And all the bright new greenery I think sometimes and so repeat: God's best work is a field of wheat.

But when the blazing days have past And ripe are fruit and grain at last, Year after year the golden fall To me seems loveliest of all.

Then with the winter moon aglow Upon a counterpane of snow I think: they miss a lot who stay Where skies above are never gray.

The Literary Guidepost

By John Selby

Fiction for the September Vacationist — ANYBODY who ever has seen much of life in an American army post will have a better spring-board from which to leap into Parr Cooper's "Not at Home" than the run of mill reader. This is a novel of British army life set in India, and of course much of the color is different. But the same two things set the pace — boredom and routine. The basic situation is simple. Mary is a bride of six months, and her husband (who bears the useful name of John) is an old-timer. The second girl is Veronica, who quite obviously has known John very well indeed, in the past. Mary feels she should resent Veronica, but it is difficult because Veronica is more fun than anybody else in the post. And so to the end. (Morning; \$2.50.)

Clarence Budington Kelland has produced a Western. That is to say, his "Valley of the Sun" has all the elements of the standard western, although these have been handled somewhat differently, with all Kelland's sleek skill. The book is about the struggle between a young man and a young woman, perhaps the best of the standard situations. The young man is new to the Arizona Indian country, and he is a worshipper of land. He also has the idea that love may be had by clever trading, much as one bargains for land. You will know at once that when he meets Christine he has met a girl who will not be bargained for even by a man cursed with the name Gamaliel Ware. There is your struggle, and on page 297 is your clinch. (Harpers; \$2.50.)

Almost equally direct in method is Henry Edward Hensh in "The Yellow Angels." This is a story of prison life which really begins a good many pages down in the book when the narrator attacks another inmate who "rats." The book is very short, and it is not particularly well written. But it has a feeling of authenticity about it which is deeper than its fluent use of prison jargon. Even if it is not hamrock reading a little vacation time spent on it will not be wasted. (Harpers; \$2.)

Lasty, Charles Saxby has set a who-done-it oddly, which is an achievement. His literature and his painter are murdered in San Carlos, Calif., and one of the things which most annoyed the San Carlos chief of police was the "differentness" of victims and settings. "Death Joins the Woman's Club" is the title. (Dutton; \$2.)

Did You Ever Know That...

The Lesser Antilles are formed by tops of a submerged chain of volcanoes which ring the eastern end of the Caribbean sea.

African possessions are held by six European countries — Britain, Belgium, France, Italy, Portugal and Spain.

The Spanish Main properly is the shore of the mainland south of the Caribbean sea and includes the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama.

honor of her mother, Mrs. F. E. Pratt, of New York city. Miss Bessie Shields presided at the tea table and was assisted by Mrs. Robert Marsh.

Miss Catherine Hartman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Hartman, Springs avenue, has returned from a six weeks' tour of Europe. She was met in New York City by her mother.

Memory of the Moon

By Jeanne Bowman YESTERDAY: Constance meets Carl Pedersen, the dairy man, in San Francisco, and feels confident of his ability. Pedro welcomes her back to El Cabrillo Rancho but something seems wrong.

Chapter 20 Rebellion Juliano stood in the little entrance court, and behind him, white of face, hostile of eye, dressed in shabby clothes, stood the personnel of El Cabrillo Rancho.

"So this is the welcome you give me," said Constance. Juliano straightened. "Si, senorita," he agreed, and the heads behind him nodded emphatically.

"Juliano, what is wrong? Why are you acting in this way? You were so kind when I went away, are you sorry I've returned?" "You weesh to know," stated Juliano. "Bueno, I tell you.

"For more than one hundred year, our people have herd the cattle of the Cabrillos. For them we have work weeth the heart and the hand. Then Pedro he say to us that you will sell to him and they will turn these place to cows . . . cows weeth milk," he spat.

"Then you come and we think: thees Senorita Conchita Cabrillo, she is our saviour. She will save us our place in the sun. She will keep our horses that we may herd the cattle on the golden hills of El Cabrillo, and we are made happy.

"We would have worked weeth the hand for Pedro, who is bot a gringo, bot when we learn that thees Senorita Conchita say we are to be shovellers of debris; meelkers of oows, we say no.

"She then is not one true Cabrillo. We have no welcome for one who is not a Cabrillo." And Juliano folded his arms across his chest and defied her with his eyes.

Constance looked at him and tried to stifle the hysterical laughter bubbling up. She was dreamin'. She'd wandered into a wild and wooly western film by mistake.

"Let me get this straight," she said. "You would work for the Taylors because they are gringos and don't know any better, but you refuse to work for me because by turning this place into a dairy ranch, I am proving I'm not a Cabrillo and so demean the name, the place, and you."

"Si!" confirmed Juliano, and "si," echoed the others. "I would make of suggestion," continued Juliano smoothly, "that the senorita would return to the senora and let the Don Cabrillo, who is the man of thees family, make attend to thees rancho."

Don Cabrillo, Constance felt a red anger, half-Mahoney, half-Cabrillo, sweep over her. So Don, who hadn't cared to visit the ranch, who hadn't been there since child, had more influence over these people than did she who was trying to save it for the Cabrillos.

"Worship Of The Past" All of the bitterness she had tasted in that past two months was on Constance's lips as she lashed at the people before her.

"You say I am not a Cabrillo, I'm not. I am a Mahoney. I'm a throw-back from the old Irishman who saved this land for your people once. I'm trying to save it for you again.

"I'm going to do, in my day, what Michael Mahoney did in his. I restock the ranch in cattle best fitted to current conditions.

"You outsiders know we haven't enough grazing land for the cattle we run. You, all of you, should know that if we cut down our run it will mean that some of you will have to go outside to make a living. Can you? Do you know what it means to have to pay rent and buy food?"

"You pretend a loyalty to the Cabrillos. Do you want them to suffer for your stubbornness? Are you so crystallized in your fanatic worship of the past that you would starve, see El Cabrillo denuded of its last blades of grass, watch the cattle die, merely to save your face?"

"Well, I won't! "I've had to barter my future for this land, and I'm going to fight through and save it.

"Now you men who are men, back to the herds you left untended, and the rest of you, back to your posts.

"And those of you who are not men . . . get off El Cabrillo, for good."

Some of the old riders lingered for translations and were urged out by those who understood English. The children had scurried at the first blast. Only Dolores, as tearful as her name, and Maria, the militant, remained.

"Senorita Michael," wheezed Maria, waddling up, "you have make the speech well. I go now to knock the hell into Beeg Juan."

Constance laughed hysterically. "Atta-Caria," she commended. "We women will run the ranch if the men fall down on us"

Constance started for her room, Dolores following. "How many do you think will leave, Dolores?" she asked.

"But not one," moaned Dolores. "The older ones will stay because thees is their home and you make the talk like the hot-blooded Cabrillo. The young ones they will stay because Pedro he say he will make them crawl off on their nose if they try the fenny business."

Constance faced the mirror to find a smile on her lips . . . for Pedro.

METHODIST WOMAN'S SOCIETY TO HOLD CHARTER MEETING

The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the York Springs Methodist church will hold its charter meeting Monday evening, September 9, at the church at 7:45 o'clock. The Woman's Society of this church was the first one to be organized under the newly-united Methodist church in the Harrisburg district, being organized last March. The Woman's Society includes every Methodist woman and all are invited to this meeting. The charter meeting, to be held Monday evening, will be for organization and inspiration. Plans will be laid for the meetings for the coming year.

Backgrounds of Adams County

By B. F. MACPHERSON

No. 155 — Peter Little, "Alias Klein" SINCE we have not as yet completed our data on Lieutenant James Dickson, who is buried in an unmarked grave in Great Conewago Presbyterian cemetery, we are going to begin our survey in Christ Reformed churchyard, near Littlestown. This cemetery is a rather large one, and many of the people buried here are of the early Pennsylvania element.

Before proceeding with the survey of the Revolutionary soldiers buried in Christ Reformed cemetery, we are going to visit the grave of the "founder of Littlestown," who is also buried there. A descendant of Peter (Klein) Little furnished the following material.

Littlestown was laid out in 1765, and at that time contained forty-eight lots. It (the town), was first known as "Kleina Stedle," and later as Petersburg. The two leading streets were "King Street" and "Queen Street." The original lot owners and builders were Peter Cuschwa, Mattheus, Baker, Stephen Geiss, Henry Brothers, R. McElhenny, Jacob Gray, John Alschap, Michael Reed, Peter Baker, D. Zackery, the Wills, Tells, Hostetlers, Stables, Crouses, Longs, Dyars, Littles and the Kuntz family. These names appear on the original assessment of the township.

The inscription on the carefully-preserved stone marking the grave of Peter Little in Christ Reformed cemetery is in the original German, and we give both the German and English versions as follows:

"Here ruhet in Gott weiland Peter Klein 1st gebahren den 27 Aug. 1724 1st gestorben den 7 Ap. 1773 Seines alters 48ja, 1m, 11d. Seine Irare is una he borna Sheb-bern Gott gebe ihne und uns froelicha auferstehung."

"Here rests in God the late Peter Klein (Little) Born August 27, 1724 Died April 7, 1773 His age 48 years, 7 months, 11 days. His wife was born Shebbern. God give them and us a happy resurrection."

The original stone at the grave of Peter Little's wife, that is if the grave was marked, has been lost, and the descendants of this man and his wife, have erected a stone over another grave containing thereon the following inscription:

Dr. C. H. Heldt OSTEOPATH FOOT CORRECTION 61 Chambersburg Street GETTYSBURG, PA.

FRESH Whitman's Candies FABER'S Center Square

PUBLIC SALE Saturday, September 14th 1 o'clock The undersigned, administrator of the estate of Cyrus G. Fissel, will sell at public sale at Greenmount, five miles south of Gettysburg, on route 15, the following:

Personal Property Furniture of a six room house; dishes; pots and pans; jars; canned fruit, etc.; carpenter tools; boring machine; cant hooks; lawn mower; 1930 Plymouth sedan; chickens; small stack timothy hay; garden tools; other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms will be made known day of sale by Curtis R. Fissel

GREAT READING FAIR \$50,000.00 PURSES & PREMIUMS GRAND CIRCUIT RACING MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

JIMMY LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS One Day Only, Sunday, Sept. 8 DELIBERATE AIRPLANE CRASH Monday, Sept. 9 LUCKY LETER'S HELL DRIVERS Afternoon and Evening, Sat., Sept. 11 A. A. AUTO RACES—Sunday, Sept. 15 ROXYTTES MUSICAL REVUE Change of FIREWORKS Nightly Free Cider, Hippodrome, Kandelrie Act Mammals Mile Midway

ELBERTIE JACOBS, Executrix of the Will of Wm. F. Jacobs, deceased, R. D. #3, Gettysburg, Penna.

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PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1940, AT 12:00 O'CLOCK, NOON

In pursuance of authority in the Will, the undersigned, Elbertie Jacobs, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of William F. Jacobs, deceased, will offer at Public Sale on the premises, situate in Highland Twp., Adams County, Pa., the farm situate in said Township, and all stock, grain, farming implements and equipment, viz:

Farm situate on the West side of Public Road leading from Lincoln Highway to Knoxlyn Mills, adjoining L. E. Jacobs' Store, Mae Diehl and Charles Plank on the East; Harry Trostle on the South; Harry Chuck and Perren Rebert on the West; Quigley Hafer on the North, containing 92 acres and 131 Perches of land, more or less. Improved with 2-story frame 7-room dwelling house, with all conveniences, out-kitchen attached, frame bank barn, corn cribs and all other outbuildings 70 acres of farm land, balance in timber and pasture land. Land in good state of cultivation.

At the same time and place the following personal property will be offered:

3 piece tapestry living room suite; 4 piece red living room suite; 3 mules; gears and harness; 8 Guernesey milk Cows; strainers and buckets; 1 young bull; chickens, barred and buff rocks; 1 portable brooder; 2 iron brooder stoves; 2 iron kettles; Penn Esther range; 10-pole stove; potatoes; 14 Acres of growing corn to be sold separately from farm; oats and timothy seed; corn planters; plows; grain drill; hay rake; cultipacker; hay tedder; harrow; mower; hay wagon and 2-horse wagons; manure spreader; forks; shovel; hay knife; baskets; double and single trees; grind stone; small tools, and miscellaneous farming implements and equipment.

The Sale will commence at 12:00 noon, Saturday, September 21st, on the premises of the late William F. Jacobs, deceased, situate on the Main road leading from Lincoln Highway to Knoxlyn Mills, at Jacobs' Store.

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