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An Evening Thought

Not to be lost in idle admirations is the only sure means of making and preserving happiness.—Horace.

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 Market to Open Here: The Farmers' Central market, the first indoor market, house in Gettysburg, will be officially opened at six o'clock next Thursday morning according to an announcement made today by William R. Shields.

The market is located in the First National bank building in the square. So far, 25 farmers have contracted for stalls in the new market house.

Motor Club to Establish Touring Bureau Here: With the acceptance by the directors of the Gettysburg Motor club at a meeting Thursday, of the offer of the Pennsylvania Motor Federation to lease and equip a centrally located store room, Gettysburg will have a modern up-to-date touring information bureau.

The location selected by T. W. Rudderow, general manager of the Pennsylvania Motor Federation, and E. S. Gable, its president, is one of the two store rooms now being built in the Weaver building on center square.

Miss Helen Spangler, who for the past several years has been secretary of the local club, will be in charge of the office.

Besides Mr. Boyer, president of the motor club who presided, other directors in attendance included C. A. Bixler, Wilmert B. Neely, Blaine G. Walter, Dr. T. C. Miller, Philip R. Bickle, John W. Brehm, F. V. Topper, F. X. Weaver, Dorsey Dougherty, Amos D. Sheely, C. H. Smith and T. F. Wright.

The club now has a membership throughout Adams county of 350.

Hitler Tells Plan in Court: Leipzig, Germany, Sept. 26 (AP) — Adolf Hitler, chief of the German government, took advantage of a ready-made platform in the Leipzig supreme court Thursday to tell Germans and the world how he would set up a German "Third Empire."

The plan he sketched while a witness in the trial of three German Reichswehr officers on charges of subversive activities involved tearing up the Versailles treaty, with such consequences as might follow that action, and intimidation that blood would flow at home once his "revolutionary tribunals" were working.

With all of the conviction and confidence of a man who stakes his all on a cause, he asserted that thirty-five or forty million German voters soon would rally under the fascist banner.

Dr. Redding Is Wed Wednesday: Dr. Mark L. Redding, of Philadelphia, son of Mrs. Agnes Redding, West High street, and Miss Julia Marie Carney, of Pottsville, were married at a nuptial mass at St. Patrick's cathedral, Pottsville, Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Thomas Green.

After a motor trip through New England, Dr. and Mrs. Redding will be at home in Philadelphia.

Miss Sarah Black Enters University: Miss Sarah Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Black, Baltimore street, has matriculated in the graduate school of Northwestern university, Evanston, Illinois, to study for a master's degree in Latin.

Miss Black was accompanied to Evanston by her parents and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Slonaker, Baltimore street.

Lawrence H. Gleim and Miss King Wed: Lawrence H. Gleim, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harter E. Gleim, West Middle street, and Miss Thilda V. King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, Mt. Joy township, were married at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening at the home of the Rev. J. M. Myers, pastor of Grace Lutheran church, West Middle street.

They were attended by the bridegroom's parents.

Rhodes Transferred: Bernard Rhodes, manager of the Majestic theatre, Carlisle street, has been transferred to York. He will be succeeded here by H. S. Phillips.

Birth Announcement: A daughter, Joan Elizabeth, was born on Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rebert, of Worcester, Massachusetts, formerly of Gettysburg.

James Knox Is in Marines Down South: Laying aside civilian clothes for the uniform of the Marine corps, James A. Knox, 20, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Knox, Steinwehr avenue, is now undergoing training with the soldiers of the sea at Paris Island, South Carolina.

Personal: Mrs. Herman C. Reller, of Pittsburgh, en route home from a three-months' trip abroad, is spending several days in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Smith, Broadway.

Miss Martha Dickson, Baltimore street, has returned from a trip to Canada.

Today's Talk

By George Matthew Adams

GOOD-BYS

THERE is always a strain of sadness, and a note of regret in all Good-bys. A Good-by to a beloved spot—or a friend. But no bitterness should ever be allowed, nor unkind words, nor unhappy reminders, to cloud the personal Good-by. There are too many last Good-bys concealed from us.

I like the Hawaiian "Aloha" for it has a double meaning—a happy Welcome, and a happy Good-by. Perhaps I may say that it has a third meaning, for the Good-by Aloha is given with the feeling that it also means that you will return to Hawaii. How fine if we could make our simple Good-by also mean just that! Then it would always be a happy one.

The Good-by always carries with it—memories, but the happy ones alone should be treasured. There is no room in our memory room for anything else. A hurt always leaves a scar—and scars are not pleasant to carry around.

I said Good-by gladly to Weskawenak, my Summer island home in Nova Scotia—because it brought increased health to me. It stimulated my imagination and my love for all creations in Nature. It helped me to find my self anew. We are always discovering things about ourselves—and I did as I walked those mossy paths and stood and watched the evening Sun lower its colorful wings into the fading Western sky. It was both a happy and a sad Good-by—but said with the hope that again I would return.

The glad Good-by to a friend, however, is pregnant with a world of meanings. With regrets that the Good-by could not have been laden with more unselfish service, rendered while yet there was time, and with the hope that it might carry many an unexpressed message to the heart, when most needed in the yet to be.

Good-bys are like good seeds, scattered in strange, and foreign fields, there to take nourishment, and later to bloom and spread their fragrance to the Four Winds. And so Good-by—until tomorrow!

JUST FOLKS

by EDGAR A. GUEST

THE PEEKER

I write this for golfers — a wall of despair — A song of a burden we all have to bear — And that heartache which comes to the victory seeker When he sadly discovers his partner's a pecker.

In partnership matches — those four-ball affairs — The partners are friendly as Yellowstone bears, But one of them slowly but surely grows meeker When it dawns upon him that his partner's a pecker.

Now there's nothing that's worse on the fairways we tread Than a partner persistently lifting his head And filled with never a cry from the stronger or weaker So filled with frustration as: "I've drawn a pecker!"

I know what it means with such chaps to be paired And that feeling of hopelessness utter I've shared. So now to that rare golfing bird, here's a beaker: The other man's partner who's never a pecker.

The Literary Guidepost

By John Selby

Some new non-fiction, more or less useful — FROM the first chapter, wherein Ray Kauffman takes the plans for his round-the-world ketch to Mr. Krebs of Krebsville, and Mr. Krebs refuses to read them, you have a pretty good idea that "Hurricane's Wake" will prove an amusing and slightly unconventional cruise book. It is that, with the additional advantage that the route chosen by the author and Gerry, his mate, was a little unusual. It included the South Seas, of course, but also Australia, Batavia, the east African coast and the Cape of Good Hope. The adventures are above par, the writing is easy, and the illustrations, what there are of them, excellent. (Macmillan; \$3.)

Joseph Gairdner's "Yankee Skipper" will fit into the average reader's experience at the point where his ship, the "City of Flint," rescued 250 from the "Athena" last September. But his career began dangerously in the war of 1914-17, and has included a good deal of adventure in the intervening two decades. The book is his autobiography, much more interesting than most of its kind. (Stokes; \$3.)

Try though we may, we can find very little use for the memoirs of the late E. Berry Wall, who until recently was one of the ornaments of Paris and the French Riviera. They are things to be learned from "Neither Pest Nor Puritan" about the social structure of the last half century, but they have been more engagingly presented in other books. And Wall was a typical male butterfly even to the fancy plumage — or whatever the butterfly wears to make it look so gay. (Dial; \$3.50.)

The long series of profiles in which St. Clair McKelway took Walter Winchell apart for the benefit of New Yorker readers has been made into a book called "Gossip: the Life and Times of Walter Winchell." You do not have to agree with McKelway's blistering conclusions to appreciate the fact that he has done a remarkable job of assembling and assuaging information — or to understand the terror which the name of Winchell inspires in certain quarters. (Viking; \$1.75.)

Speaking of terror brings up a curious book called "Spy and Counter-spy" by its authors, Emanuel Victor Voska and Will Irwin. It shows how the Czechs in America were made into a counter-espionage group which had much to do with reducing German sabotage in America, and in exposing both German spies and the plots they were engineering. (Doubleday, Doran; \$2.75.)

York, where they motored several days ago with their daughter, Miss Mary Jane Snyder, who has enrolled as a student at Cornell university.

Members of a fishing trip which returned from Crisfield, Maryland, included Attorney J. Donald Swope, John Brehm, J. L. Taylor, Wayne Keet, Dave Forney and Grover Myers.

Miss Bernadette Thomas, who has been a guest of Ephraim Thomas, Carlisle street, and other relatives in the county, has returned to New York city.

Brazil was named after the dyewood which was the early settlers' chief export.

Six of the seven wildlife zones found in North America are included in New Mexico.

The Road to Snani Lun

By RITA MOHLER HANSON

YESTERDAY: Lynn Britton and Dick, her half-brother, have entered a forbidden temple in Mongolia so that Lynn may have a look at the man who tomorrow will escort her on a mysterious journey to visit a Mongol prince. Dick is ill at ease, and Lynn, her lovely figure disguised in men's clothes, has caught some of his fear.

Chapter Two THE GODDESS TARA Dick laughed. "You didn't care much for Sam Telford?"

"Sam made a dreadful fuss about my coming—threatened to follow me, to rake up that old—that old bank scandal about you. He felt I shouldn't trust you because of it. But Dick," she put an affectionate hand on his observing how old and thin and ill he looked, "to my little-girl memory you were a hero, somehow betrayed. You were so handsome, so kind, and so generous to me."

His thin grey lips twitched. "Then you don't think I'm such a bad fellow after all?" "Life has been unkind to you. It would have been better to come home and take your medicine."

He drew back and spoke brusquely. "That's not my way." "Something moved in a corner of the building. Dick drew his electric torch. The pilgrim was squatting on the stone-paved floor, his head hidden in his arms. Dick strode over and kicked him. The man merely cringed.

Seizing the dirty collar of his dull red coat, Dick drew the fellow to his feet, but he continued to hide his face like a frightened child. The white man laughed and shoved him back into his corner.

"Native jackal!" he said contemptuously. "He's been watching and following us ever since we entered the gate." Lynn told her brother. "Perhaps you know him and he doesn't want you to see his face."

Dick gave the fellow a final kick. "He's just a cowardly, begging pilgrim. I know the breed. It's the lamias you must be careful of. The pilgrims expect to be kicked around. Let's go. We should enter the temple before the monks gather for Sherdock's ceremonial visit."

Lynn followed him with an uneasy backward glance. They crossed the terrace to another starway leading up to the courtyard before the golden temple, with its yellow-tiled roof, the belled corners curving upward in rhythmic billowing grace.

Climbing the marble runway they crossed the portico, pushed open the door, and stepped inside the building. In the flicker of a thousand butter lamps, Lynn stopped and stared.

They revealed the images along the walls, a mammoth golden Buddha — a hideous devil-god—rows of minor deities and lohans, disciples of the Buddha. With a feeling of awe she stepped forward and put her hand on one of the smooth red lacquer columns that disappeared into lofty voids of darkness above a cloud of painted silken banners. The devil-god inspired her with something of her childhood terror at a ferociously ugly face.

Dick finished circling the room with his electric torch. There were no hidden worshippers. Motioning Lynn to follow him to a ledge in the shadows between two grimacing lohans, he tried a narrow door behind them, and found that it could be opened.

"A handy exit," he explained, sitting down beside her. "We may need it. Some of these people know things without being told. If—" he broke off. "I was a fool to bring you."

"I'll still myself to nothingness," Lynn promised. "Strange currents of air, laden with heavy incense and sharp fumes from the butter lamps, coiled about through the temple. A soft rustling began among the banners. Lynn looked up.

"Spirits?" she asked though she was trembling a little. "Reincarnation?" Dick's mouth set in a grim line. "You can expect anything in a place like this. But you would come." He turned his torch on a statue they had not observed before. It sat above an altar on the opposite side of the room. A life-sized green goddess, her face slender and pointed, her eyes long and full, her eyebrows gracefully curved.

She bent dreamingly over the altar, the right hand on her knee, palm up, the left raised to the level of her breast, long tapering fingers held in the attitude of exposition. She wore the pointed crown.

"How beautiful!" Lynn gasped. "Why, Dick, it's an Aryan face." "The Nepalese goddess, Tara," murmured Dick. Lynn sensed surprise and wonder in his voice. He turned and gave his sister a sharp, prolonged scrutiny. She was studying the statue.

"Lynn," he asked with suppressed excitement, "does she remind you of someone you know?" "Someone I know?" she repeated. "Think," he urged, "that chin, that nose, those long, full eyes." He finished impatiently. "What do you see when you look in the mirror?"

"Why, Dick!" Lynn stared speechlessly. Her hands went to her throat. "You're right!" she whis-

pered presently. "In my better moments I do resemble her. What an amazing coincidence!" "I'll say!" agreed her brother. "But the strange part is this. Sherdock Fuyeh declares that you are a reincarnation of the goddess, the Tara."

Lynn gave him a swift look. "Do you believe that sort of thing, Dick?" He shook his head. "Still," he admitted, "it got me for a moment. Well—we can make good use of the resemblance."

"What do you mean by such a strange statement?" she demanded. Before he could answer they heard the shuffle of approaching feet. "Here the lamias come," he whispered nervously. "For God's sake keep yourself inconspicuous!"

Lynn found herself staring his agitation. Furtively she watched the student monks and their elders enter in dingy red or yellow togas and take the rows of long benches filling the center of the temple room. A few gaunt pilgrims crept in and crouched along the wall.

Then came a procession carrying big red lanterns, bundles of incense sticks and ritual poles hung with streamers of red and blue and yellow inscribed with mystic characters.

"Here's Sherdock, now," whispered Dick, as two lamias bearing lighted torches preceded the visiting "incarnation."

Sherdock Fuyeh was a small man clad in shining saffron robes, a high yellow mitre on his head and velvet leathery boots on his feet. His wise, leathery old face with its grey chin-whiskers seemed so calm and peaceful as that of the Buddha. His serenity was so palpable that Lynn felt the contagion of it.

Certainly nothing but good could come from being in the presence of such a man, she thought, with a comforting sense of relief. He discounted the scores of new and unformed souls about him.

A throne-like chair was brought forward for him. His military escort, a half-dozen tall, handsomely uniformed men, wearing Sam Browne belts and cavalry boots, lined up under the image of the green Tara.

The torches lit up their smooth Mongolian faces and made Lynn extremely conscious of how much they resembled American Indians; how different they were from the small, yellow Chinese she had been accustomed to see in California. The leader moved slightly and Lynn secured a better look at his face.

"Dick," she whispered excitedly under cover of the chatter that filled the room, "I'll wager there's white blood in that man—that Mongolian officer."

"Very likely," he agreed without glancing up. "White travelers occasionally pass through the country. Lynn shrugged and continued to watch the young officer. He had an appearance of lineage; an air of the unconquerable, the unpredictable about him. To her eyes he seemed far superior in carriage and pride and alertness to the rest of the soldiers. Even the scar on his left cheek, shaped like a horseshoe and very noticeable, was not, somehow, displeasing.

Lamentation A golden bell-note stilled the chattering. Small drums struck up a special rhythm with all the gusto of a devil dance. Then deep-toned trumpets rumbled and were silent; wind instruments like oboes sang a musical phrase simple yet moving. It was repeated with variations supported by the thunder-roll of kettle drums. Lynn felt in the music a strange, acute impression of lamentation.

Lynn had unconsciously raised her face until the light shone full upon it. She heard a swift intake of breath at her side. Dick was staring at the native officer.

"Temu Darin!" he gasped. "But the soldier was not looking at Dick; his piercing amber eyes had struck fire from Lynn, his calm incredulity changing to the shock of intimate recognition as if she were known to him. Then swiftly, his expression took on a flare of angry comprehension, for he had seen Dick.

A ragged pilgrim screamed, pointing a bony finger in Lynn's direction. It was the evil-looking Mongol of the missing car. He shouted a native phrase that was thrown back and forth among the crowd. Excitement caught like panic in a herd of milling cattle. Demonic tumult broke loose.

Dick struggled frantically to open the door behind them and succeeded just as the tall officer, knocking men right and left, reached their side. Strange words passed between him and Dick.

The door slammed and Lynn and her brother were on the outside and running. At the gate the lama guard recognized them, accepted more silver from Dick and rushed them up the narrow stairs into the gate-house above.

"Safer than crossing the field to the village just now," Dick panted. But the monks searching for them did not follow. Lynn watched from

Backgrounds of Adams County

By B. F. MACPHERSON

No. 158 — Private Peter Crabs (1745—1841)

LAST week, due to a typographical error, the number and title of the column for the week before (September 14, 1940—No. 156) was used. The heading for last week should have read "No. 157—The Shriver Family." We make this correction in order that our readers may not become confused.

A comparatively short time ago we wrote two columns on the Peter Klein (Little) family. One of our Maryland readers, a descendant of the said Peter Little, has requested us to correct a mistake which appeared in that sketch. We had stated that Barbara, the daughter of Peter and Ursula (Shriver) Little, married Matthew Galt. Instead it was Mary, daughter of the same Peter and Ursula Little, who married Matthew Galt. We were also told that Ursula (Shriver) Little was and is buried to the left of her husband, and that the original stone at her grave was of the same type as that marking her husband's grave.

OUR first soldier for today, whose grave is to be found in Christ Reformed cemetery, is a member of the Shriver family. The inscription from the stone marking his grave follows: "Jacob Schreier born August 9, 1752 died October 26, 1823 Aged 71 years"

This Jacob Schreier was probably a son of Andrew Schreier, 2nd, the first settler at Conewago, and his wife Anna Maria. We have no proof of this, but he is buried in the Andrew Schreier family plot, and his name is spelled identically the same. We regret that we have so little data to give you concerning this man.

During the war of the Revolution Jacob Schreier was a private in the company of Captain George Eichelberger of the First Battalion of the York County Militia under the date of "December 27th, 1775." (Pennsylvania Archives—6th Series—Volume 2—Page 240.)

On October 12, 1780, we find Jacob Schreier listed as a private in Captain Michael Hahn's Company

of the First Battalion of York County Militia, commanded by Col. Miller. In this company he is described as "private—8th class." (Pennsylvania Archives—6th Series—Volume 2—Page 431.)

THE next soldier of the Revolution on our list, whose grave is to be found in Christ Reformed cemetery, is one Peter Crabs. The inscriptions from the stones marking the grave of this man and his wife follows:

"Peter Crabs died October 27, 1841 Aged 96 years."

"Anna Mary Wife of Peter Crabs died October 9, 1823 aged 62 years, 10 mo. 11 days."

During the Revolutionary War, in 1782 to be exact, Peter Crabs, (Krebs) is listed as a private, second class, in the "Class Roll of Captain Henry Kesler's Company" of the Associates and Militia for the county of York (Pennsylvania Archives—6th Series—Volume 2—Page 677).

In his will (Will Book "D"—page 535—No. 2,242), and which was written May 21, 1830, and proven November 12, 1841, Peter Crabs mentions the following members of his family:

- 1. First orders that "Body is to be interred in Christ Churchyard."
2. Grandchildren, "Issue of my eldest son, Peter Crabs, deceased."
3. Daughter, Polly Crabs.
4. Son, Frederick Crabs.
5. Son, David Crabs.
6. Son, John Crabs.
7. Son, James Crabs.
8. Son, George Crabs.
9. Daughter, Catherine Crabs, intermarried with John Hermer.
10. Daughter, Mary Crabs intermarried with Abraham Kuntz.
11. Daughter, Elizabeth Crabs intermarried with Michael Snyder.
12. Daughter, Susanna Crabs intermarried with George Greenhold.

Two sons, Frederick and James Crabs, were named executors of the will, while John Weikert and Jacob Harner signed as witnesses. We will continue this series next week.

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