

WARNING

To every person that has a dog there is a penalty of \$100 fine and 3 months in jail. One or both to every one that does not take out a license by January 1, 1919.

This is the final notice.

Come in, or see one of my deputies at once!

A. T. BEARD, C. C. B. C.

WITH THE HOME BOYS IN SERVICE



Writes on "Father's Day."

On Nov. 24, every American soldier was not only asked but urged to write a letter to Father as that was "Father's Day", so the letter following comes from First Class Priv. Waldo S. Smart written to his father, Mr. Chas Smart, on this specified occasion.

Nov. 24, Pons, France. Dear Father: All of the A. E. F.'s have the right and are asked to write a Xmas letter to father as part of the censorship has been lifted. I will endeavor to describe my trip from Camp Taylor, Ky., up to the present time.

After being bid farwell by a large crowd, we boarded a pullman train of 12 coaches and at 5:45 we saw Camp Taylor for our last time.

Spending through the beautiful country of Ohio, Indiana via New Albany, Mt. Vernon, Cincinnati and Chillicothe, Ohio, Monday morning's sunrise found us in that wonderful oil and mining section of West Virginia the city of Parkersburg. We followed the West Virginia and Maryland boundary line most all day Tuesday. In one state one hour and the other the next.

Goes Through Washington.

I learned that we would go through Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore at night. I sat up until 12:30 Sept. 3 to see our country's capitol and then the B. & O., our road and the train we were traveling on merely went through the outskirts of the city. We just could see the dome of the wonderful mansion.

Being on the fire fighting force at Camp Taylor, I was the more easily awakened than usual so when I heard a fire gong I was on the floor from the top birth of my car and hardly awake. Making my way by the guard, I was able to tell we were in Philadelphia and she was having a real fire. At this place we changed engines and also roads going over the P. & R. through New Jersey, and believe me, we moved.

At Trenton we saw 40 new Baldwin engines of the lead color that designates that they were for the front. Our first sight of war materials.

Beautiful Mountain Scenery.

The mountainous country of West Virginia and Maryland is a beautiful country for the scenery. Hills my God, Muldrough's Hills are nothing. You could look behind and the railroad looked as a snake winding around the mountains and 300 feet below us would be a small stream of water of a black oily color. Opposite our train would be the Blue Ridge Mountains, and it is very easy to see name was granted them. Their blue color with the dark spots cut into their immense sides, which are the doors to the great coal and oil mines.

Land At Camp Merritt.

Immediately after our arrival at 10:30 we hiked to Camp Merritt where we were out-fitted with our overseas equipment that would weigh about 80 pounds and seemed more like 180, after being up two nights and in camp three days. We bid her adieu at 2:30 and slung packs and hiked through rain to Hudson river, a distance of 5 miles. At daylight we were at a little log cabin on the banks of the Hudson marked Cornwallises headquarters. From here we took the

Washington, a ferry boat to Hoken. Arriving at the large piers about 8 o'clock. The Red Cross gave us bonbons and the best coffee I ever tasted.

Those poor Red Cross girls would push their way through 5000 soldiers and see that each one got a bon bon, cup of coffee and cigarettes. At ten o'clock we went aboard our ship the Mallory, "and she will be remembered."

The Voyage.

We were confined to the ship although we did not sail until the morning of Sept. 8. Everything went off nicely excepting one of the seaplanes which was guarding us burned and fell into the sea. Monday I felt a little shaky, but able to look for subs and I believe I saw one that morning. Well, the following day I was real sea sick. On the 11th, 17th, and 20th we had sub attacks. The ont on the 20th fired one shot at one of our destroyers but missed her. The ship I was on was the flag ship of the 14 who composed the convoy. She was always in the center unless she had to give oil to some of the chasers.

On Sept. 21, at 9:30 we moved into the harbor of Brest but did not land until 3:30 or until the tide came. We hiked 5 miles to a "Rest Camp" "Everything but rest."

Pitch Their Tents.

Our first time to pitch our tents, and sleep upon mud for a bed tick, overcoats for sheets. Brest is a dark, dirty town inhabited by people of a Finnish descent. Which caused me to form a bad opinion of the old land. Anyway the people, or rather the women and children would run after us shaking hands, saying "Hello and Good-bye," and begging for a penny.

Brest was our first sight of the wooden shoes and the real railroad engine of France. A toy to us, and a devil of a looking one too. On the 24, I saw my first dirigible balloon, a French one. On the 25th we left on the Teat R. R. for a 150 mile trip. From Brest we went East arriving at St. Brienc at daylight. From there through a poor country to Rennes, through a fine farming country and looked to be as prosperous one as I have seen yet. To Laval and LeMans, two beautiful towns, then 60 miles South to Tours, a large town of several thousand population. Then East 40 miles to St. Aignan arriving at 3 A. M. Sept 27, where we sleep in a barn one night and stood a physical examination after which we hiked 8 miles to Thesee, a classification camp where we got many hikes, a gas mask and gas drill also another outfit of clothing.

After spending 14 days on the ground and eating corn willie and the guard house if you tried to get seconds.

Landed At Present Location.

On Oct. 16, we bid her farewell and left for our present location. We boarded a train at St. Martin. We were on this train and in a steel box car for 26 hours, and traveled 30 miles to Tours. Spent the night there. Thank God we got two good meals. Next morning we took a train out of Tours at 8 o'clock, moving South via Portiers to Angouleme where we waited.

The people are sociable and accomodating, very saving, poor people. Not many of them have any francs or don't appear to. You let a girl see an American soldier with 3 or 5

hundred francs and her eyes get on the outside of her head.

Nearly all wagons and other modes of travel are two wheel contrivances or their two feet. Nearly always walking or driving. Generally driving a jennette. A well-to-do family will drive a horse of the coach type. Should they drive two, one will be in front of the other.

Same way by plowing, generally oxen or cows do the plowing. I have actually seen the old wooden plow share at work. Could you dream of it?

I have seen very little grain of any kind. They have some of the finest pumpkins I ever saw, and the most beautiful flowers. I am trying to get seed.

Gathering Souvenirs.

"Suppose you have gotten some of the postal card views by now from Pons. I will bring several with me, and some souvenirs if I am able to get them.

I wrote Thomas and told them about the country. See if you can get the letter and read it. You can let them see this if you want too.

Oh! yes. The Bonaparte barracks are near Brest and the cave I spoke of before is near Thesee. We have one here at Pons also. I believe the atlas Mrs. Waggoner has has the French way and probably all the towns. I have mentioned.

Don't be worried for I am well and will be home before you know it. May be three months yet, but will be htrer before you know it. Things are getting busy already. Your son, Pvt. 1C Waldo S. Smart, Med. Dept., Camp Hospital No. 69, Amer. Exped. Force, France.

Has A Sore Thumb.

Pvt. Proctor French is another Breckinridge County boy in France who observed "Father's Day" and wrote to his father, G. R. French of Mystic. Pvt. French left Hardinsburg for Camp Taylor on April 29. After receiving his training at Camp Taylor, he was sent to Camp Custer, Mich., for a while before going over. He writes that he has been over the top, and says:

Somewhere in France, Nov. 24, 1918 Dear Dad: Will write you today. guess you would like to hear from me. I am well except sore thumb. It is getting along nice. I am in the hospital. I don't know how you will read this I hold the pencil between my fingers. Dad I have been over the top, come out O. K. We are having some pretty weather frosty mornings. I have met one boy from home since I arrived in France, Donald Eskridge We are in the same company. He is a Lieutenant. I was sure glad to see him guess I had better close. Don't worry, having good time plenty to eat, while Kentucky sorghum would taste good to me. Save a jug for me. Bye Bye, Pvt. Proctor French, Co. H. 139 Inf. A. E. F, France.

In Army Candidate School

Mrs. J. F. McGary of Kirk sends the letter published below from her son, Eugene McGary, who is in France, and a candidate in the Army Candidate School preparing to be a commissioned officer. He says:

Dear Folks: Only a few lines to let you know that I'm all O. K. and still hanging around the same place. It seems that I'm never going to get anymore mail, only one letter has reached me.

As usual it has been raining again, so we are pulling through the mud and slush. There will be only two weeks more of school, unless something happens, so I suppose that I can stand it that long. The boys are being commissioned almost weekly: of course they did not all come here at the same time. I hear that most of those who have been commissioned have been assigned to the front immediately, so I presume, if I make good, that it won't be long before I'll be there too.

The people here are feeling good over the capitulation of Bulgaria and Turkey and the action of Austria. The abdication of the Kaiser don't seem to be of so much interest, at least they don't give the matter much attention. Of course you will have heard all about it long before this gets to you.

On All Saint's Day and All Soul's Day the church bells rang the whole day long. Most every place they had processions to the cemeteries to decorate the graves of the British, French and American soldiers' graves.

I have not heard from Ernest yet. But I have not heard from any of the boys in my old company, and I have not their addresses, so I guess I'll have to wait patiently to hear from him.

Hoping you all are well at home, and with best wishes to all will close. Always, Eugene, Candidate Chas. E. McGary, 18th Company, Army Candidate School Amer. Exped. Force, A. P. O., 714 France.

He Missed Going "Over-The-Top" Just Two Hours. Mrs. H. W. Snider, who is in this

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters from soldiers which have been published in The Breckenridge News and have never been called for by the addressees, still remain in this office. If the following persons want these letters after they have been carefully saved for them, they may have same by either calling or sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope within the next ten days, after that they will have to be destroyed as so many have accumulated. Those whom the letters belong to are: Miss Dessie Hinton, Cloverport; Mrs. Albert T. Orum, Cloverport; Edward Gregory, Cloverport; Mrs. S. R. Eitz, Sr., Cloverport; Henry J. Lewis, Cloverport; Winfield Pate, Cloverport; Mrs. Joseph Allen, Cloverport; Jule B. Jackson, Tar Fork; Chas H. Smart, Hardinsburg; Mrs. A. Whoberry, Glen Dean; Curt Pate, Cloverport; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Vesels, Frymire; Miss Claudia Woosley, Webster; Mrs. Elisha Kissam, Somerset, Ky. W. R. Moorman, Hardinsburg, Ky.

NOTICE.

Notice to City and School tax payers of Cloverport, Ky., that all delinquents will be advertised that do not pay by Jan. 15th, 1919. L. V. Chapin, City Tax Collector.

city remaining with he rparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gregory until Mr. Snider's return, has had the letter following from her husband who is in Luxenburg, Mr. Snider says he only missed going "Over-The-Top" by two hours. He says in detail:

"Somewhere in Luxenburg, Thanksgiving Day.

My Dear Wife: I will now write and let you know I am well and as sound as the day I left camp. I know you have been worrying about me and wondering why I have not written. The reason is that I left for the front just after writing the last letter to you and since the armistic was signed we have been continually on the move. I am safe and well so don't worry. God has taken care of me so far and I feel that he will continue to do so and bring me safely home.

I have not heard from you for two months. We sure have been doing some hiking. I have been through Belgium and am now in Luxenburg but I don't think we will be here long. I think I shall be back home in about two months or sooner. I will be the happiest boy living when I board the ship that takes me back to home and you.

I was on the front line when the Armistic was signed. We went up to the front line in the evening and were to go "over the top" at 7 o'clock the next morning but orders came that no further movements were to be made until we heard whether the armistic had been signed. The news came at 5 o'clock so we did not have to go and just think little girl I only missed fighting perhaps injury or death by two hours.

The guns all stopped firing at 11 o'clock and you should have heard us boys shout. I was in range of the big guns for about 4 weeks before I went to the front.

I certainly have been blessed and I don't think it will be many more days until I will be starting back towards the States.

This is Thanksgiving day but so different from last year. Last Thanksgiving we attended Henry's and Viola's wedding in Taylorsville and this one I am spending in Luxenburg. I never dreamed one year ago that I would be so far from home but time changes many things. Henry and Viola won't forget last Thanksgiving and I am pretty sure I'll never forget this one. Will close now tell everybody "hello" for me and take good care of yourself. Love to all. Your devoted husband, Hugh Willis Snider, Co. C, 125th Inf. 32 Div. A. E. G.

In Queenstown, Ireland.

Reamus Hawkins, son of Mr. T. N. Hawkins of Hardinsburg writes that he is in Queenstown, Ireland, on a destroyer. He expects to be in the States shortly. In a letter to his father he writes:

Dear Father: Will try write you a few lines this eve. This leaves me well and having a good time. Hope it finds you the same.

Well, Dad, I guess everybody back in the States is glad the war is over. Believe me, I am! And I expect to be in the States soon. I have had enough of this already.

I am in Queenstown, Ireland. It rains every day here; and they say it gets cold enough to freeze a fellow. I have been in several different ports in Ireland and England, was in France one time but didn't get to go ashore. We are going to Brest France in a few days.

I am on a destroyer. Have been in the War Zone three or four times but didn't get to see any submarines.

I had a letter from Lena the other day. She said Iven was married now.



Cattle Buying for Swift & Company

Swift & Company buys more than 9000 head of cattle, on an average, every market day.

Each one of them is "sized up" by experts.

Both the packer's buyer and the commission salesman must judge what amount of meat each animal will yield, and how fine it will be, the grading of the hide, and the quantity and quality of the fat.

Both must know market conditions for live stock and meat throughout the country. The buyer must know where the different qualities, weights, and kinds of cattle can be best marketed as beef.

If the buyer pays more than the animal is worth, the packer loses money on it. If he offers less, another packer, or a shipper or feeder, gets it away from him.

If the seller accepts too little, the livestock raiser gets less than he is entitled to. If he holds out for more than it is worth, he fails to make a sale.

A variation of a few cents in the price per hundred pounds is a matter of vital importance to the packer, because it means the difference between profit and loss.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



A Dollar in the Bank

Is Worth Two in the Hand

It piles up in the Bank before you know it. A dollar in the bank is doubly valuable. It adds to your self respect and helps your credit.

It gives you a standing in your community and acts as an incentive to make you get more. Open an account with us and see what a pleasure you get out of it.

THE FARMERS BANK & TRUST CO.

HARDINSBURG, KY.

IT'S NOT YOUR HEART IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

Kidney disease is no respecter of persons. A majority of the ill-afflicted people today can be traced back to kidney trouble.

The kidneys are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers, of your blood. Kidney disease is usually indicated by weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, pain in joints and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, rheumatism, scatica and lumbago.

All these derangements are nature's signals to warn you that the kidneys need help. You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately.

The soothing, healing oil stimulates the kidneys, relieves inflammation and destroys the germs which have caused it. Do not wait until tomorrow. Go to your drugist today and insist on GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In twenty-four hours you should feel health and vigor returning and will bless the day you first heard of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil. After you feel that you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two capsules each day, so as to keep in first-class condition and ward off the danger of other attacks. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. Three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you.

It surely will be any time next. But I think I will wait until I get off the navy. You just ought to see some of the girls over here; you can see young girls that haven't a tooth in their head.

Do you all hear from Iven very often? I haven't heard from him since August. I have written to you all every chance I had but I don't know whether you have gotten them or not. I don't get half of my mail. I got a letter from Pura a few days ago which was dated Sept. 1. As the war is over I think I will be home in two or three months. If not sooner.

Well, I guess Robert Lee and Elizabeth are great big children by now. Sure would like to see them. Suppose you see Ida and Ernest every few days.

Well, it is about supper time and I had better close or I won't get anything to eat. A fellow has to be on time or they won't wait a minute. Tell Pura, Ida and Elizabeth all hello. Will write to Ida and Ernest tonight. Will say good-bye for this time. Write me soon. Your son, Reamus Hawkins, U. S. S. Duncan, Postmaster New York.