

THE TOTEM POLE

By S. J. Smith

Editor, Pennsylvania News Service
Harrisburg—The uproar and confusion along the banks of the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Harrisburg these days is something to thoroughly flabbergast some of the most versed and learned politicians.

At the present time nearly everyone is resigned to a soul-tearing fight in Republican circles in the primaries next Spring. John C. Kunkel, of Harrisburg village—a member of Congress since 1938—started many a feather-waving brass hat here and in Washington with his announcement that he would be a candidate for the Republican Senatorial nomination.

Balding, pleasant-looking and fiftish J. C. Kunkel, is not one to make snap judgments. His conservatism is well known. The fact that he has announced his senatorial ambitions is evidence that he has given the matter a great amount of brainwork.

Brother Kunkel, according to the professional keyhole listeners, will have the blessing of the Grundy faction of the Republican Party.

It is this group of elderly gents—comprising for the most part the "Old Guard" GOP—that has been bucking red-haired Governor Jim Duff who heads the other faction of the Republican Party in the Keystone State.

Brother Duff, when informed by reporters of Kunkel's actions, merely grinned.
"According to my book he has the same right as anybody else to be a candidate for the Senate. I do not happen to belong to that small group of Republicans who feel they alone have the right to name the candidates on the Republican ticket."

The Governor has not as yet announced his candidacy for the U. S. Senatorial position, but at this moment there is every indication that he will. When that time comes, the voters of Pennsylvania can rest assured there will be some fine examples of political slug-festing next year.

Pennsylvania's Chief Executive has made a reputation as a fighter. He has had many uphill battles and emerged the winner. Whether he would in such a forthcoming contest as this remains to be witnessed—but most observers believe he would.

He is fortunate in having a

strong following. His administration has been outstanding in the opinion of many, and his tenacity has been the downfall of many an opponent.

On the other hand Brother Kunkel has led a fairly peaceful life. He has paddled around Washington calmly sending out peaceful letters to "the folks back home," voting on this and that as expected of him as a member of the House of Representatives, and in general, graciously charming the ladies.

"But no matter what happens there's going to be plenty of uproar and confusion now," chimed in half-frozen Grampaw Pettibone.

Pint-Sized Royalty



THEIR MAJESTIES, the Junior Swim for Health King and Queen pose proudly for the cameraman in Miami Beach, Fla., following their coronation at the famed resort. When traveling incognito their youthful majesties are better known as Glenda Sue Schuman, 5, and Kenny Cappy, 4. (Internationals)



The Scots have always made a big fuss over New Years, and no wonder. The wassail bowl goes 'round at New Year's time, filled with savory liquid and nostalgic memories.

Traditionally, the wassail bowl itself should be an ornament of graceful design; its contents should be warm and spicy—with sweetened wine, ale, sugar, and nutmeg.

Custom dictates that at the stroke of 12 on New Year's Eve, the head of the household should slip the mixture and then pass it among those present. A favorite custom of the Scots has been to pile into wagons or sleighs carrying kettles full of the wassail, cheese and buns. The party stops at various houses in the community and the refreshments go 'round at each stop without paying much attention to the approaching dawn.

"Open House" on New Year's Day was quite the vogue in the United States around the turn of the 20th century. Newspapers carried columns of 'at home' notices announcing the hours during which visitors would be received. And having duly received, hosts and hostesses closed their receptions and joined the procession of callers at other 'open houses.'

Human nature being what it is, receptions were often 'crashed' by strangers prompted by the accessibility of free punch, and a succession of several 'open houses' sometimes resulted in the most welcome guests arriving in excessively boisterous or mellow moods and contributed to the abandonment of the publicly announced 'open house.' But intimates still toast each other around a private wassail bowl and 'drink a cup of kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne.'

Patton Missionary Writes Of Riding Out 4-Day Tropic Hurricane In Tiny Outrigger

Letter to Father, I. J. Rively, Gives Details Of Hair-Raising Adventure In South Pacific Area

Editor's note: The following is a portion of a letter written by Rev. Father William E. Rively, S.J., to his father, Isadore J. Rively of Detroit, on Nov. 30 and received here during the past week. Father Rively, who also served as a chaplain during World War II, left for the South Pacific as a missionary about a year ago. In the letter he recounts some of his most recent experiences.)

Yesterday I just got in from the western islands, somewhat prematurely and certainly unexpectedly. As you know, I started out on this excursion on the Navy AG, disembarked at Polowat, and pitched camp among those wonderful islands. Since I was my previous like for the people rapidly grew into love and I spent more than a month on the islands baptizing and marrying and instructing and building. With the help of very willing hands—if unskilled at this kind of labor—we put up a very decent little house, strong and pretty. The foundation is of Oregon pine beams which I brought out from Truk so the islanders would not have to cut down their precious trees. The body of the house is of native construction called rara, which resembles your wicker furniture. The floor is of white pine (also American export) and the roof is of galvanized iron, not preferable by any means in this tropical climate, but practical because of the need of catching rain water, for drinking and washing purposes. I much prefer the pandanus roof which is cool and sheltering, but I had to give way to necessity.

We constructed a large concrete tank beside the house to catch the rain water from the roof. The women wove pandanus mats for the interior of the house and floor covering. Then without even taking time to have one night's sleep in my new house I took off by canoe for the next island for my time was drawing near for return to Truk and I had to visit the rest of the archipelago. But the Polowat mission site will be a beauty when it is finished. The church, school, catechist's house and Padre's house will all be of the same architectural design, all under a shady breadfruit grove and bordering on the most beautiful sheltered bay you ever saw. My intention is to return to Polowat after a short run down to the Mortlocks for

Christmas. I love Polowat—as you may have gathered by this time.

Well, I left Polowat by outrigger canoe and made my way up to Tamatam, some 60 miles northeast. These Micronesians are splendid seamen and that short run up to Tamatam was nothing but an overnight jaunt for them, taking sudden storms and squalls right in stride without even breaking their continuity of song and story. Tamatam for five days and then up to Funipon, one of the larger Catholic communities among the islands.

I stayed on Funipon for about a week and then began inquiring for the long hop up to the Namunite islands. Since nothing but unfavorable winds blow at this time of year, they say, it would take three days and three nights at the outside. Maybe two, but not more than three. So, I got my crew together and off we went on a breezy Friday afternoon hoping to get to Uhal in time for Sunday Mass. We sailed and sailed for three days and three nights, tacking all time against unmerciful winds. The entire party of two, Tuesday we were looking for Uhal. Nothing but the green sea and the blue sky and big white powder-puff clouds. That evening the wind shifted and began blowing from the west. It was quite strong and grew stronger. The skipper, Jonas by name, told me he could do nothing against it if he had better set sail and coast with it into Truk, about 150 miles due east. I agreed and said let's go to Truk.

He said it would take only one night with this strong wind. But by 7:00 that evening it was known by all of us that this was not just a westerly wind—but the dreaded Noto.

Every once in a while the wind starts blowing furiously from the west and sometimes continues without abating for a week or ten days or more.

So the Funipon sailors went into action, ripping the sails from the masts and across the beam across the outrigger and used every bit of rope they had to reinforce the outrigger supports. The waves got bigger and bigger and they got stronger and stronger—and I fervently got myself ready for the Judgement Day. This was it.

Nothing like a frail outrigger canoe could withstand the Noto which tosses ocean liners on the rocks. But the crew never once gave up hope. They bailed out as the mountains waves came crashing over the outrigger and into the canoe. They sang and laughed as though it were a picnic. And so it would have been if the wind had just blown itself out after a few hours like any respectable storm at sea.

But it was still howling next morning—and all day—and all the next night—and all the next day—and night—and day. When it finally began to slacken on the evening of the fourth day, it seemed to me that I had been in a storm, at least four months.

We saw the sun the next day, it was a Saturday. But no one, not even the skipper, had the slightest idea of where we might be. No land was in sight.

Whether the storm drifted us. We went south for three hours, no land. We went east for three hours, no land. Then hunger got the best of us—and the boys went fishing.

In less than an hour they had 100 fish. In less than 15 minutes they presented me with the most delicious broiled seafood I have ever eaten or ever expect to eat. When they asked how they broiled it, I'll never know.

All that evening we sailed northeast—on a hunch. You remember the World War map that you gave me just before I left for Truk last September? Well, I had it in my bag. I fished it out and tried to guess where we might be.

Then when the skipper decided to head northeast I saw the wisdom of his thought for there was where the most islands are concentrated. Then I suggested that he would sight E. Fayu the next morning. Sure enough, at dawn, old Jonas lets out a terrific shout—and there in front of us was E. Fayu. The only desert island in a whole flock of island paradises—but we were happy to see any land at all so we could get our bearings.

I said Sunday Mass on E. Fayu and we feasted on land lobsters—very delicious things—and birds' eggs and coconuts. Then in the evening, with a blessed like wine we headed for Truk, about 100 miles southeast.

That night we sailed like the wind and raised Truk bright and early the next morning. We put ashore at one of the reef islands and all the people, 172 of them, were delighted with the coming of the priest. They are all Catholics and devout ones. I stayed with them two days, then headed across the atoll to Moen, 20 miles due east.

We made Moen without any trouble and Father Kennally almost dropped dead when he saw me sailing in on the outrigger. Then we learned of how much damage the storm had done on land—and were thankful that we were on the open sea, had as it was. Tremendous destruction of trees and houses on Guam and Truk.

Points On History of Nursing Given By St. Benedict Man

By Joseph Jones, St. Benedict HISTORY OF NURSING

As a vocation, nursing is of comparatively recent origin, the Christian church, taking the initiative by creating semi-monastic nursing bodies. The Beguines of Flanders was one of the such orders, and it was followed by the Gray Sisters of Elizabeth in the 13th Century. The Brothers of Mercy in 1538, St. Vincent De-Paul's Sisters of Mercy and of Charity, and many others.

The organization of care for the sick failed to make any headway in those times, however, until an institution for training of deaconesses in nursing was established in 1836 by a man named Pastor Fledner in Germany, and from this modern nursing had its inception. Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, along with others, were pioneers whose efforts resulted in the establishment of the first schools in 1860 to train women in England to enter hospitals as trained nurses. The first such school in the United States was opened for women by the Bellevue Hospital in New York.

State registration of nurses was introduced in 1903. A registered nurse is forbidden to practice medicine, but is expected to maintain very high standards of hygiene in her care for patients and watch for developments in symptoms, and to carry out with the instructions of physicians.

Florence Nightingale was a philanthropist and became interested in hospital work. She trained as a nurse, and later studied hospital administration throughout Europe. During the Crimean War in 1855 she was sent by the War Dept. of the British government to a place called Scutari to take charge of a hospital, and as a result she established a system and order where indescribable chaos had reigned.

She is today credited with laying the foundation of modern scientific nursing and after the war her services were sought by many governments in many countries in regard to field and camp hospitals.

ST. JOHN'S OF JERUSALEM
St. Joseph's of Jerusalem is a military organization of a very religious order. Its true origin is unknown but it takes its name from the monastery and hospital founded near Jerusalem about 1070 by the merchants to aid pilgrims, adopting St. John as their patron. In addition to the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, they were pledged to make war on the infidels.

Driven from Palestine in 1291, they finally retired to Malta in 1530. Since 1879 the headquarters of the order has been in Rome, and the members have entered the hospital service under the Geneva Conference. Their distinctive dress is a black gown with a white cross.

The St. John's order called themselves Hospitaliers. The organization of Hospitaliers was founded in 1113 to minister to the poor of the Holy Land and also to strangers in that land. Infirmaries first were established under Raymond of Provence from 1120 to 1160 after the fall of Jerusalem in 1099. The Hospitaliers sought refuge on the island of Rhodes, and then were known as the Knights of Rhodes. They remained there until evicted by Salymon the Second in 1522. Then in 1530 they established themselves in Malta and are known as the Knights of Malta. After 1805

they were without a grandmaster until Leo the Third filled the office in 1879.

HOSPITALS
A hospital is an institution wherein the sick and injured are given medical and surgical treatment, and there are many different kinds of them.

According to some authorities, the history of hospitals dates back to 4,000 years before Christ. About the year 1200 A.D. a man named Guy of Montpellier, under order from Pope Innocent III, built in Rome the largest hospital at that time, and during the next 200 years hospitals were erected in nearly every city and town with a population of 5,000 or more on the Continent of Europe.

Later discoveries led to the development of modern surgery and also led to the development of modern hospitals. The old methods of construction did not end until the construction of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore in 1875.

The most complete hospitals in the world now are the Columbian Presbyterian Medical Center, New York; the Medical School, New York; the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., and the New Jersey Medical Center.

In conclusion (quote: Romans, 12 Chapter, Ver. 4-23): For as we have many members in one body and all members one of another, having then gifts, differing, according to grace that is given us. Whether prophecy, let us proph-

ecy according to the proportion of faith, or ministry; let us wait on our ministering, or be that teacheth, on teaching. Or he that is exhorter on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness. Let love be without dissimulation, abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly, affectionate, one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing in constant prayer, distributing to the necessity of saints, given to hospitality.

3 More Small Coal Firms Sign Contracts Recently

Three more small independent coal companies last Wednesday signed contracts with the UMW, it was announced by James Mark, district president.

Mark said the three coal companies boost to 12 the number of district operations that have agreed to Lewis' terms. Several other firms, he said, scheduled meetings for last Thursday to discuss the contract. Total yearly output is estimated at 450,000 tons.

The pact calls for a 95-cent-a-day boost in wages and a hike in royalty from 20 to 35 cents.

—If you have an old grudge to pay, and any wrong laid upon a bygone day, today is not too late to lay them away.

Here's a hope that the days of 1950 will be brimming with contentment for all of you. A very Happy New Year.

Orchardvale Farms
HOOVER'S DAIRY
PATTON

HAPPY NEW YEAR!
NINETEEN-FIFTY

It Happened on NEW YEAR'S DAY

Happy Holiday

HAPPY NEW YEAR
1950

Bring to the birthday of the year all the happiness you are able and it will repay in kind throughout its life.

First National Bank at Patton, Pa.

New Year's Day, aside from its festive connection, may not seem very momentous to the average citizen, but in the past it figured prominently in the making of history.

It saw the unfurling of the first American flag by George Washington, and the emancipation of Negro slaves.

Here is a list of important events that have occurred on New Year's day throughout the ages:

January 1
38 B. C. The era of the Caesars began.

1349 A. D. Edward III, king of England, defeated the French before Calais with great slaughter.

1735 Paul Revere born.

1757 Calcutta, India, captured by the British.

1776 First Union flag of 13 stripes unfurled by George Washington.

1792 Kentucky admitted to the Union.

1801 Union of Ireland with Britain.

1814 American dragoons attacked the British who had seized Buffalo, N. Y.

1815 General Jackson repelled British when they attacked New Orleans.

1825 Great Britain acknowledged independence of South American republics.

1863 Emancipation of Negro slaves became effective by proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln.

1907 U. S. pure food law put into effect.

1913 Parcel post system inaugurated.

1919 New Year's day declared a legal holiday throughout the country except in Massachusetts and Washington, D. C.

TREAT YOURSELF TO A FULL DAY OF HAPPINESS

CODER'S DRY CLEANING
Fifth Ave., Patton

HAPPY NEW YEAR
Nineteen-fifty

LOTS OF LUCK TO YOU FOR THE WHOLE YEAR AHEAD.

C. H. FORSBERG'S FAIRLAWN
Patton

Happy New Year 1950

HERE'S HOPING YOUR NEW YEAR HOLDS REAL JOY AS EACH NEW HOUR UNFOLDS.

LIEB'S HARDWARE
MAIN STREET CARROLLTOWN

New Inspection Period Now In Effect

- Brake linings wear . . . lights grow dim with time . . . tires can lose their bite and traction.
- With a whole winter's driving ahead, what better time than this to bring your car back to its new-car peak in all those details that mean so much to your safety!

Trained Men: Will give your brakes that "stop" you need, with new brake linings that are right in size and brake drums turned to perfect round.

Trained Men: Can replace sealed-beam headlights to give you new-bulb brilliance—and while they are at it, check the battery, voltage, wiring and headlight aim to boot.

Trained Men: Check tires, switch them as needed, look into wheel alignment for easy steering and longer tire wear.

Trained Men: In a word, can renew your car with the same care and interest they would lavish on their own—and do it at no greater cost than for just ordinary service.

So Drop In . . . Get Set for Some Safe Driving Throughout the Winter!

CHECK YOUR CAR — CHECK ACCIDENTS: HAVE YOUR CAR INSPECTED TODAY . . .

OFFICIAL INSPECTION STATIONS

PATTON AUTO CO.
BUICK & CHEVROLET Sales & Service
Fourth Ave. Patton

HALUSKA MOTORS
CHRYSLER & PLYMOUTH Sales & Service
Magee & Fifth Aves. Patton

WESTRICK MOTOR CO.
BUICK & PONTIAC Sales & Service
Main & Scanlan Sts. Carrolltown

PATTON MOTOR SALES
DODGE & PLYMOUTH Sales & Service
Park Ave. Patton