

**HASTINGS**

By JOSEPHINE MARTUCCI  
Phone 4723

Lois Donahue of Pittsburgh spent the past week end at her home here.

Paul McDermott of Pittsburgh also was a week end visitor at his home in Hastings.

Marie Skitka, John Stitts and Sam Morelli of Erie were week end visitors at their homes here. Rev. Father More Herald, OSB, was a visitor in Pittsburgh on Monday.

Pete Tindiglia of Cresson was a caller in town on Sunday. "Abe" Firmont of Erie was a guest at his home here over the week end.

Mrs. Gerald Kilne and Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Shetty and Mrs. John Shetty were Sunday afternoon visitors in Patton.

Mrs. Ethel Rhue, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rhue and Richard Campbell of Pontiac, Mich., visited relatives here this past week end.

Mrs. Albert Koval and daughter, Doris, were callers in Altoona on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Niebauer and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yahrer were Friday evening visitors in Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Tindiglia and son, Ronald, of Philadelphia spent the past week end at the Anthony Martucci home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Arcker and son, David, of Bristol visited at the Anthony Martucci home this past week end. Mr. Arcker returned to Bristol on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Fredo announce the birth of a daughter at the Miners Hospital, Spangler, on Sunday, Dec. 10.

Send mail phone news you know to us.  
Edward Brothers of Johnstown

was a visitor here over the week end.  
Mrs. Alfred Noren and daughter, Dianne, were visitors in Barnesboro on Monday.

**Heart Disease Is Leading Killer**

By Pennsylvania News Service  
Harrisburg—Heart disease last year was once more the leading killer in Pennsylvania, according to the State Department of Health.

A spokesman pointed out that in 1949 a total of 107,936 Pennsylvanians died, of which number 36,166 were listed as having been caused by heart disease. In the preceding year 2,980 fewer died from the disease.

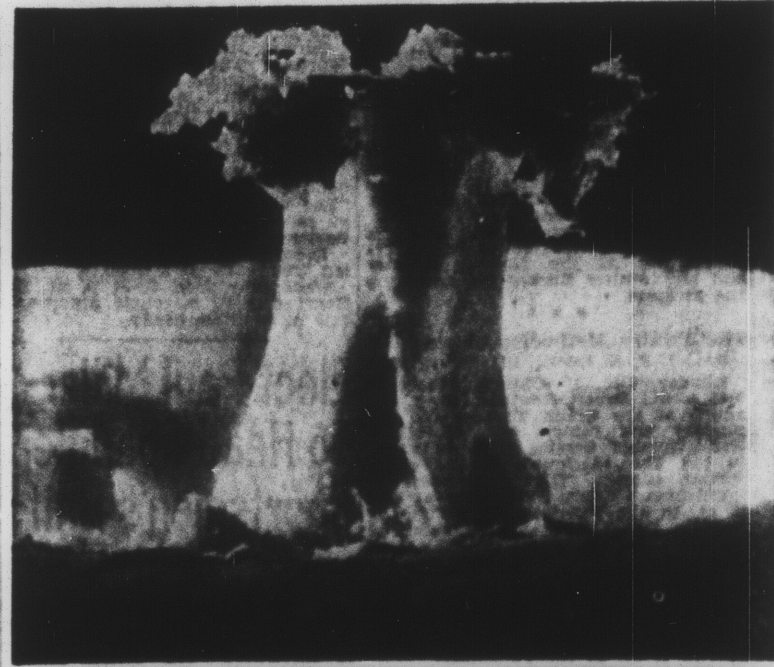
Cancer stayed in second place as a killer but likewise was under its toll for 1949. There were 14,787 cancer deaths last year as compared with 15,668 in 1948, or a reduction of 881.

Intracranial lesions of vascular origin, in third place, were up 1,483 deaths from a total of 10,682. Deaths from accidents placed fourth, dropping 2,802 during the two-year period for a total of 3,355 last year.

Nephritis continued its decline of the past several years as a mortality cause among the degenerative diseases dipping sharply from 6,147 in 1948 to 1,878 deaths last year, a record low for the state.

Other leading causes of death among the first ten in 1949 were: Disease of early infancy, 3,826; pneumonia, 2,544; tuberculosis, 2,432; diabetes, 2,058; and congenital malformations, 1,270.

**IT'S AN AFTER-BREAKFAST 'BIKINI'**



WITH ALL THE RECENT TALK of possible atom bomb use in the Korean war, these pictures are startlingly reminiscent of the Bikini tests. But it's just a slick camera trick, and all that was required to get the effect of an atomic mushroom was an orange. At top, the "big explosion" is merely the core of the fruit and the skin. Below, it is shown on a smaller scale, with the rind resembling a scarred section of the earth. (International)

**Mincemeat Pies Originally Replicas Of Jesus' Manger**

A wealth of tradition is covered by the crust of the Christmas-time mincemeat pie.

Although few people today know it, the pie represents the cradle of the Christ Child surrounded by the gifts of the Magi. It was made originally in oval form, to symbolize the cradle, and the varied ingredients were the gifts.

At one time mincemeat pie was banned, and at still another time in its history, it was the cause of Christmas itself being abolished for a brief period.

For many years in England during the time of Oliver Cromwell, the custom of feasting and drinking at Christmas was regarded as worldly and sensual, and the more strict Puritans refused to eat mincemeat pie during the holiday season. This prejudice was finally overcome after the Restoration.

In the New World, during the

first half century after the Pilgrims' arrival at Plymouth, similar troubles caused the banning of mincemeat pies and Christmas. In 1659, and for several years thereafter, there was no Christmas in New England as a result of an argument over the shape and meaning of mincemeat pies. Eventually the indignation spent itself, and the ban was lifted.

A pie which no other can approach in the intricacies of its creation, mincemeat pies originally were made almost entirely of meat seasoned with spices. Fruit, chiefly currants, was added, and probably because the dish was regarded as a sweet, the fruit content was gradually increased until mincemeat became a mixture of fruit and spices, with or without the addition of meat.

By and large, mincemeat pies have not changed noticeably since those early days when New England cooks began preparations for making the mincemeat week in advance of the actual pie baking. As Samuel Pepys stated in his famous diary about his 1662 Christmas dinner:

"We had, besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, 15 mincemeat pies."

**YOU'RE TELLING ME!**

By WILLIAM RITT  
Central Press Writer

THERE ARE more ways of bringing coals to Newcastle than by just driving a fuel truck. A dancing teacher has returned from Hawaii where, we're told, she taught the natives the right way to do the hula.

In Slough, England, a parrot has just observed its 103rd birthday. So interesting to know that the old gaffer had to say about those first 100 years.

Men, observe a scientist, are not so tall as they used to be. There's a fellow who, obviously, hasn't attended basketball games lately.

Australia, according to its geography, has an area which is

known as Rum Jungle. Wonder if it's the same sort of place known over here as Skid Row?

The average suburbanite this month has his down-and-up instead of up-and-downs. Down come the screens, up go the storm windows.

The British House of Commons has more members than chairs, we read. In other words, in winning a seat you get a chance to stand.

A plan to license all shoe-shine parlors in a northern town has failed. Looks like the idea, observes the man at the next desk, got the brush-off.



By Maud McCurdy Welch

MEREDITH HARRIS, known as Merry, sat at her desk in the big insurance office and fought back her tears.

A voice startled her. "Why are you here working? Are you crying?"

It was Hugh Mallory, the agency head. Merry said, "Just finishing up. Everybody's in such a hurry."

"It's Christmas Eve. Let everybody go." Hugh started to his office. Merry's eyes followed his tall figure. She liked him very much.

He turned back. "You didn't tell me why you were crying."

"It's nothing. My sister and her family have gone to California. I guess I'm lonely."

"That may be my good luck," he said surprisingly.

He was alone, too, he explained. His sister-in-law had looked after his little daughter since the death of his wife four years ago, had left unexpectedly. His Aunt



"No... No!" Dee cried in anguish. But Hilda tore the cat from her.

Amanda was still with them, but she was getting old. There was no one to do the things to make a little girl happy. Would Meredith help him?

It took them three hours to finish shopping. At seven o'clock, Hugh's luxurious car turned on the drive of an imposing house.

A little girl sat in a big chair looking lonely. She held out her arms and cried a little. "We're not going to have a Christmas tree or anything."

Hugh Mallory swung his little daughter up in his arms. "Oh, yes, we are." He put her down. "This is Miss Meredith Harris. She's going to see to it."

And it was the most wonderful Christmas Dee had ever had and the most beautiful tree. But Merry's gift was best of all. A beautiful Siamese kitten.

AFTER THE presents had been distributed, Merry and Dee sat in a big chair. Dee stroking the kitten's head. "How did you know I wanted a kitten more'n anything?" "Because I was a little girl once myself."

Hugh went uptown on an errand in the later afternoon. Soon after a handsome woman in rich furs and jewels came in.

"Aunt Hilda, you... came back?" "Yes, Dee, I know my duty, even if your father and I... Hilda broke off staring at Merry. "Who's this?"

"It's Miss Merry Christmas... that's what I call her. She fixed my beautiful tree, did everything." Hilda looked at Merry coldly. "You can go now. And take that cat with you. They're full of germs."

"No... No!" Dee cried in anguish.

But Hilda tore the cat from her. Thrust it in Merry's arms. The next thing Merry had been ushered out the front door.

She went to her small apartment, sat down in a chintz chair, holding the kitten. "Well, after all, it was fun even if it is over," she confided tearfully to the cat.

But it wasn't over. Two hours later Hugh Mallory knocked on her door. "I hunted through a hundred office files for your address and I found you at last."

Merry was flushed. "Your sister-in-law came back?" He nodded. "She's gone for good now. We'd had a disagreement. You see, I found she was teaching my little girl to be a snob." He broke off, smiled again. "Dee wants you to come back and so... do I. For good. Do you understand, darling?"

"Yes, Dee, I know my duty, even if your father and I... Merry, I've been searching for the right girl for a long time. I knew I'd found her when I saw you sitting in that big chair with Dee and the cat. Oh, my dear, say you love me, say you'll marry me. Dee and I need you so."

Meredith lifted her face and he read his answer in the sweet sincerity of her eyes.

**Save Handel's 'Messiah' In Fire At Johnstown**

Johnstown—(PNS)—While a \$50,000 fire virtually destroyed the Franklin Street Methodist Church, officials of the church carried to safety the only American edition of Handel's "Messiah." The rare work had been borrowed from the Johnstown Library. Several firemen were injured in fighting the blaze.

A conclusion, even if shouted and accompanied by desk-pounding, is not a fact.

**GLASGOW**

By JANET C. KUHN

Wayne Hammond of Baltimore, Md., spent a few days here at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clair Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. John Letcher Sr. of Blandburg spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Reynolds visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Glasgow, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bowman and daughter, Mary, were callers in Coalport on Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. John Troxell and family were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Glass.

Saturday morning callers in Coalport were Mrs. James McCortney and Mrs. Chester Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Cree and daughters of Beaver Falls spent a few days with Mrs. Agnes Mulhollen and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frye.

Mary Lou Troxell, Pittsburgh, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Troxell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Krus and daughters of Juniata spent Saturday evening at the Chester Kuhn home.

Friends were received at the Troxell Funeral Home for Robert Barnhart, who passed away last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Troxell and daughter, Peggy, were callers in Altoona on Saturday.

**WINS FIRST ROUND AGAINST POLIO**



GLAD TO BE HOME from Sacramento's Sutter Hospital, Wins, 17, daughter of California's Governor Earl Warren, smiles at her mother. Although she faces eighteen months' convalescence from her polio attack, doctors are confident there will be no permanent disability. (International)

Harry Cree of Indiana spent the week end here at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cree.

Mr. and Mrs. James McCortney and George McCortney were Thursday evening visitors at the Chester Kuhn home.

Charles Kuhn and Charles Bowman were among the successful buck hunters from Glasgow this past week.

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