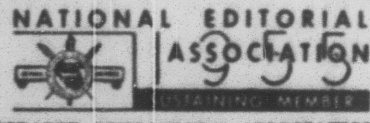


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Too Many Women Jurors?

Are there too many women jurors? The June term of court at Ebensburg seemed to disclose that two-thirds or more of the talsmen drawn from the jury wheel were of the feminine sex. The natural conclusion is that the Jury Commissioners have been far more favorable toward women than they have been toward the men. But there may be a reason for it, also, and a compelling one for the Jury Commissioners. It rests with the fact that far too few men are willing to serve on juries. For many men it means a loss of work, and the stipend paid for jury duty is far less than most men with jobs command.

And there's a decided inclination on the part of businessmen, and merchants, and lots of other males who really could serve if they were honest with themselves and with their neighbors, to shy away from jury duty. Practically none of them want on jury panels. Most of them, if drawn, seek to be excused. There's no intimation on our part that women are less capable of being jurors than are the men. Maybe they are a lot better. However, it would seem fair to have the sexes more evenly balanced. On some of the cases tried last month entire panels were made up of women only.

In this connection an article of Mrs. Walter Ferguson, Pittsburgh Press columnist, recently stated: "Who asked women are more sentimental than men? This question was asked by a woman who had just finished jury service in a municipal court. She came away from the experience convinced that male jurors are softer." She said she got her first jolt when they had a young man up for drunken driving. According to the evidence his car was weaving all over the streets at two o'clock in the morning. The cop who made the arrest testified that the driver had to hold on to the car to stand up.

"There were no witnesses called to defend his character or to support his own statement that he was sober. What surprised the lady most was that he asked for a jury trial. I voted for conviction, she said. I believe a person who drives while drunk is a menace to public safety and should get some kind of punishment. Well, believe it or not, I—the lone female on that jury—also was the lone dissenter. The men voted unanimously to let him off. I was so upset, I went to the Judge afterward to see if he could enlighten me. He gave me a pitying look, as if he couldn't imagine so much ignorance in one human being, and then he said:

"Mrs. C. . . this young man has been before my court many times for drunken driving. That is why he asked for a jury trial. He knew I had his record and would give him the works. Maybe we'll be able to crack down on him the next time, and you can be sure there will be one—he'll be back before long, or I miss my guess.

"And, added our woman juror, I'll bet when he comes in again he'll ask for another trial. I never saw a more soft-hearted bunch than those male jurors. I agree that the accused should have every chance to prove his innocence. But I also feel the public merits protection from the law."

Who knows? Maybe it's well that Cambria County has a preponderance of women jurors. What would have happened to this habitual drunken driver if he had been tried before a panel of all women, such as happened in some trials in Ebensburg a couple of weeks ago? If all the women jurors felt the same as did the one lone woman juror on the Pittsburgh case, then there wouldn't have been any "soft-hearted" men to protect the menacing driver. Anyway, in our county women are seemingly anxious to serve on our juries. The men seemingly want no jury duty. And probably the wheels of justice turn in just as good fashion here as they do elsewhere in the land.

Observations on the Fourth

The long Fourth of July week end is over. The toll of deaths is great—as it is on any American long holiday week end. Despite everything that is done to curtail the terrific accident toll, it continues. New cars and new roads make a marvelous combination, but old worn-out roads and the human element in connection with the motor vehicles are deficient. People still leave home at odd hours and drive like mad after working all day, to make the most of a holiday. Many of the appalling accidents happen because drivers fall asleep at the wheel. Yet, the man at the wheel is the most important man in safety on the highways.

We've had accidents as long as we've had the motor car, but the kind of accidents we're getting these days are the most gruesome of all, with multiple deaths resulting from one misacc, and entire families being wiped out. Stricter enforcement of the motor laws surely will result. But stiffer enforcement and penalties alone won't remedy things. It will catch some of the people who seem bound for sudden death, but not all of them.

What's needed is a lively awareness on the part of each driver of the power he holds in his hands to strew death and destruction around the highway. Each new driver (and a lot of the "experienced" drivers) must learn that his own limitations are far greater than those of the fine car he drives. And he must learn to treat the highway hazards with great respect.

Thoughts At Random

Patton, Carrolltown, Spangler, and for that matter most all of the towns in this section, have established what are commonly known as "speed traps." There isn't a single one of these communities that created this speed enforcement without justifiable reason. If law-abiding communities wouldn't do this, their streets would become vertible death-dealing avenues for pedestrians and children. Particularly towns with long, straight streets have been inviting to motorists to "step on the gas." The motorist who is picked up on these speed ordinances, and gets a ticket, deserves what he gets. And (ask any of the policemen) all of the offenders aren't out-of-town folks either.

A local businessman complained to us the other day about the way he's constantly "contributing" to this and that cause. That's quite true. Each year seems to bring more charities to the fore. Likely all of them are worthy. However, sometimes they should be spaced a bit. It isn't easy for contributors to help a number of fund promotions all at one time. Seldom do a lot of the campaign promoters take this into consideration.

The classic phrase of the 1930's was: Poverty in the midst of abundance. It was used to refer to the spectacle of misery and unemployment in a nation so potentially rich. The depression of the thirties is but an unhappy memory today. The newspapers tell us our nation is prosperous. But there's surely a fly in the ointment. While the country as a whole is very well off, there are islands of poverty which seem isolated from the general flow of wealth. No matter how high wages and profits may soar, these areas are mostly untouched. Among these islands is the bituminous coal section, of which we decidedly are a part. Reading of a "nation's prosperity" seems mockery to a lot of our Northern Cambria residents.

Six Solid Weeks Touring Europe

By MRS. THOMAS A. OWENS JR.

No. 6
 ISLE OF CAPRI

The primary purpose of our visit to Sorrento, Italy, of course, was to be a sojourn to the famous Isle of Capri. And so, quite early on the morning of Tuesday, Monday we left the hotel, the Columella, a couple of miles west of the City of Sorrento, by bus to the cliffs, traveled by foot down a flight of perhaps 100 rather rough stone steps; with a drop by ramp, also on foot, and at the port below, on the Mediterranean, boarded an excursion boat for the seventeen mile trip to the island.

The boat was packed. Easter Monday was a holiday for many of the local inhabitants, and the holiday-minded folks from Naples, Sorrento and the surrounding communities were intermingled with tourists to the numbers of perhaps 500, on just this one excursion boat. The visitors mostly carried their lunches with them in picnic style, but the fare was meager as compared by American standards, consisting mostly, as we could determine in their newspaper-wrapped packages, of bread and a little wine.

It required the better part of a couple of hours for us to reach the "Large Port" of Capri. The approach was awe-inspiring. Capri actually is a large rock, 4 miles long, and at its greatest width, 1 1/2 miles, jutting out of the sea. Picturesque, indeed was the Marina Grande ("Large Port") where our excursion boat docked. Crowds were so great that we had to wait for the second excursion boat at Sorrento to cross the Bay of Naples.

Up To Top of the Rock

Our first venture was to get to the top of the mountain (or rock) and great numbers of small taxis and some small buses were available for this purpose. However, the vast crowds made the securing of transportation rather difficult, and while some of our party were fortunate in riding in taxis, it was my fortune to ride in one of the buses—and what a thrilling ride. Our bus held eight passengers and the driver, roadway very narrow, wound up exceedingly steep inclines, sharp curves, and all the time circling up along the sheer cliffs of the mountain on one side, and a drop of hundreds of feet with the Mediterranean sea on the other—protected, however, all along the route by heavy stone wall, perhaps four to five feet high.

The road was very narrow, and at times one wondered how vehicles coming down were able to pass those getting up, and with it all were many folks on bicycles, and still others on foot. There were times when a pedestrian, or cyclist and two passing vehicles all met together and I am unable yet to determine how the pedestrians escaped injury.

Visit Home of Axel Munthe

We finally arrived at Anicropia, 950 feet above the port, and stopped for our noon-day lunch at the Eden-Paradiso Hotel, having our meal on the patio, with an excellent view, and where beautiful flowers and foliage and trees augmented the beautiful day on this world-famed island resort. The food was excellent. This portion of our visit alone was well worth the hectic time we had in getting there. Mrs. Haluska, Mrs. Shybaugh and I saw fit to do a bit of shopping here, too.

The next highlight of our itinerary was a visit to Villa San Michele, highest point on the island, built on the ruins of an ancient Roman Villa, by the late blind physician and author, Axel Munthe, author of the "Story of San Michele." Munthe died in 1949, and had created a bird sanctuary at his Capri retreat. He was a famous Swedish physician had conducted fashionable medical practices in both Paris and Rome, but spent his last years, not on Capri, but as a guest of the King of Sweden, in whose palace he died.

Munthe's home and gardens were beautiful beyond our capabilities. The famous Cypress Walk on the Munthe property is outstanding. The walk led to the very brink of the highest rock overlooking the blue Mediterranean. On this location once was a Roman Villa where likely even Emperors hid off on vacation. Capri was a pleasure haven for both the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius Caesar, and that was at the time Christ was upon earth.

Visit To Famous Blue Grotto

We descended the mountain in the same manner we ascended it, by taxi and bus—to the Great Port. Now we were to embark on the day's most thrilling experience—a visit to the Blue Grotto. From the time we left Sorrento in the morning the sea was beautiful to behold—but, my oh my, it was certainly a rather rough affair also. Waves were high and threatening—at least for me. The visit we were about to start to our next destination was foreboding, but we ladies figured if others could do it we could too. At the Great Port we embarked in small boats that carried about eight passengers, and our boatmasters saw to it that we sat in a manner that best kept the boats properly balanced. The Blue Grotto is on the north shore of the precipitous island, and we had a distance of several miles from the port to reach the Blue Grotto. The waves tossed our small boats about with steady insistence, and some of us, of course, weren't too dry at times. However, the complimentary or our boatmen gave us encouragement and we weathered the storm.

Exciting Entry into Grotto

Finally we came to the point at the base of the huge stone cliff

where entrance to the famous grotto was located. Here it was that we saw a number of very small row boats—tossing about, a picturesque, if somewhat wild picture—and incidentally, on our trip to the grotto, the many small boats tossing about in the bay were long-to-be-remembered view also.

Now, the most exciting bit of our experience on the wild Mediterranean took place. We were transferred in numbers of two and never more than three people, to the smaller boats, while both of them were being tossed about by the waves. It was accomplished with admonishments from the boat guides, who were not too fluent with the English language. Because of the fact it was rather difficult to obtain information I would have liked to note from time to time.

Mrs. Myers from California, one of our party, was my companion on the boat. A chair permanently fastened to the roof of the passage, was grasped by the guide, and the boat taken through the slight distance into the grotto.

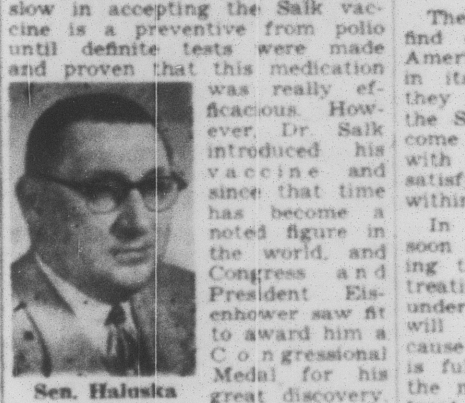
Beauty Unmatched Anywhere
 Suddenly we found ourselves instructed to again resume a sitting position. We did, and behold one of the most beautiful sights that can be located upon this entire earth. We were in a beautiful cavern 175 feet long and 50 feet high, with the water the most beautiful indigo blue imaginable. The dazzling blue light within beggars description. Here the waters were as calm as a mirror—just the opposite of what they were outside the passage. Where the lightning came from I still am not able to tell intelligently. Our guide couldn't understand our queries. He rowed us all about the cavern, and then, by the same procedure, we emerged again, in safety, transferred back to the larger motor boats, had a tossing-trip back to the Great Port, and were ready to leave for Sorrento.

But boarding the large excursion boat wasn't too easy. Here we were engulfed by the great crowds of holiday folk all of whom were endeavoring to do the same thing. Mrs. Haluska and I kicked both Mrs. Haluska and me on the legs. We threatened to call the police. Another ramp was placed by the attendants and we finally were able to get on the boat of Sorrento. Conveyance up the bluff was difficult, too, because of the crowds, so while Mrs. Sharbaugh was lucky and had a taxi, we and myself rode in an old fashioned surrey with the driver on a high seat in front. Mrs. Haluska sat beside him, I sat in a small seat with my back to Mrs. Haluska and the other folks sat in the rear facing me. It was a grand climax to a day that will have long to satisfy man's lust for adventure.

Next week POMPEII, and on to ROME.

"As I See It"

By . . .
 STATE SENATOR
 JOHN J. HALUSKA



Sen. Haluska

Back some months ago before the Salk vaccine was introduced to the American public, we pointed out that the people should give slow in accepting the Salk vaccine is a preventive from polio until definite tests were made and proven that this medication was really efficacious. However, Dr. Salk introduced his vaccine in 1955 and since that time has become a noted figure in the world, and Congress and President Eisenhower saw fit to award him a Congressional Medal for his great discovery.

Now, on the other hand, we have the Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Enders of Boston Children's Hospital, criticizing Dr. Salk apparently because he is envious of the rapid rise that Dr. Salk made, for it was Dr. Enders who really originated and discovered the growing virus in a test tube and for that reason received the Nobel Prize.

Thus he feels that Dr. Salk has taken credit for something that he is not entitled to. One of the outstanding doctors of the Pure Food & Drug Administration at Washington is said to have stated at the hearing to a fellow doctor that "this is our opportunity to get that wise guy Salk," and they pointed to him as only being an intruder, and it is generally known that the heads of the Pure Food & Drug Administration are definitely against Dr. Salk. So there, my friends, once again you have raging a controversy between the medical profession save already made up their minds to persecute Dr. Salk because of the introduction of his vaccine on the American market without their knowledge and consent.

It should make no difference to the American public what doctor's name is attached to

moded and not of too much value.
 So, as Dr. Hoxsey and those of us who believe in this method are being persecuted and prosecuted because of the good that we are doing for suffering humanity, so in the same manner you will find Dr. Salk being pushed aside by men of his own profession only because of jealousy and greed.

It is our position that the American Medical Assn. and the Pure Food & Drug Administration should now work hand in hand with the Salk polio vaccine and improve upon its effectiveness so that Americans can live rather than fight amongst themselves as to who should get the glory. Whether or not organized medicine realizes it, but the facts are that slowly but surely they are bringing about socialized medicine and losing prestige and respect from the millions of people who at one time looked up to them as men of mercy and men of God.

SEN. JOHN J. HALUSKA

Report from Harrisburg

By John R. Torquato, State Secretary of Labor & Industry

We had the distinct privilege last week of inaugurating a "first." Last Wednesday night at Reading we presented the first Secretary's Safe Thinking Award of the State Department of Labor and Industry, which was presented to Russell of Reading, a brakeman on the Reading Railroad, who several weeks ago won wide acclaim for a spectacular feat of heroism. Russell, married, and the father of a small daughter, was riding in the cab of a diesel locomotive pulling a long freight train near Reading when he saw ten-year-old Billy Mattson playing on the tracks ahead.

Uttering a simple prayer, Russell, a strapping 26-year-old young man, leaped onto the catwalk of the moving locomotive and raced along it to the front of the engine. Hanging to the front by one arm, he reached almost to the level of the tracks and scooped the child out of the locomotive's path. Russell lost his precarious hold and fell, suffering a broken toe and multiple bruises as he rolled clear of the moving train.

The act of bravery so impressed us of the department that we decided to inaugurate the new award. It will be given to men and women who, in the normal course of their employment, display the type of safety thinking that results in the saving of human life. The Department of Labor and Industry is intensely interested in safety, particularly industrial safety. There is no doubt that Russell's performance was an almost automatic response born of a company safety program so outstanding that it has earned high praise from the National Safety Council.

The Secretary's Safe Thinking Award was instituted not only in recognition of Russell's heroic act but with the hope, also, of furthering our industrial workers a sense of safety awareness.

We hope to present the award monthly, contingent, of course, on the merit of cases which come to our attention. Letters will go out to every industrial firm in Pennsylvania, asking for nominations for the award. It would give us a real thrill to award one to a

reorganization meeting was held last Wednesday evening. Also returned to office are Mrs. Elizabeth Biller, first vice president; Mrs. Mary Rudolph, second vice president; Mrs. Paul Willis, treasurer; Mrs. Catherine Fox, chaplain, and Mrs. Bernia Parriah, historian.

Former Area Priest Now Army Chaplain

Chaplain (Captain) Robert B. Byrne, a former Spangler resident, recently graduated from the Army Chaplain School at Fort Slocum, N. Y. He is a brother of Rev. Father Walter Byrne of Cresson.

Chaplain Byrne is assigned at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. The course at Fort Slocum is designed to help newly commissioned chaplains make the transition from civilian clergymen to Army life.

Before entering the Army recently, Father Byrne was a curate at St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church in Kansas City, Mo. He received a degree from St. Francis College, Loretto, in 1940, and attended St. Francis Seminary before being ordained in 1944.

John Wesner Gets Degree of Doctor Of Dental Surgery

John C. Wesner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Taddeo Wesner of Spangler, graduated cum laude in receiving his doctor of dental surgery degree at the University of Pittsburgh's June commencement. His parents and sister, Margaret, attended the graduation ceremony. Dr. Wesner was a member of Delta Sigma Delta dental fraternity and Omicron Kappa Upsilon honorary dental fraternity. A 1948 graduate of Spangler High School, he attended Davis and Elkins College, Elkins, W. Va., where he graduated summa cum laude in 1951. He was a member of Chi Eta Phi honorary scientific fraternity, mental hygiene society and Alpha Sigma Phi Social Fraternity.

The young dentist has accepted a commission as a first lieutenant in the Air Force.

Dry cleaning or washing dermestids' eggs and larvae of clothes moths do not prevent reinfestation, E. J. Udine, Penn State extension entomologist, asserts.

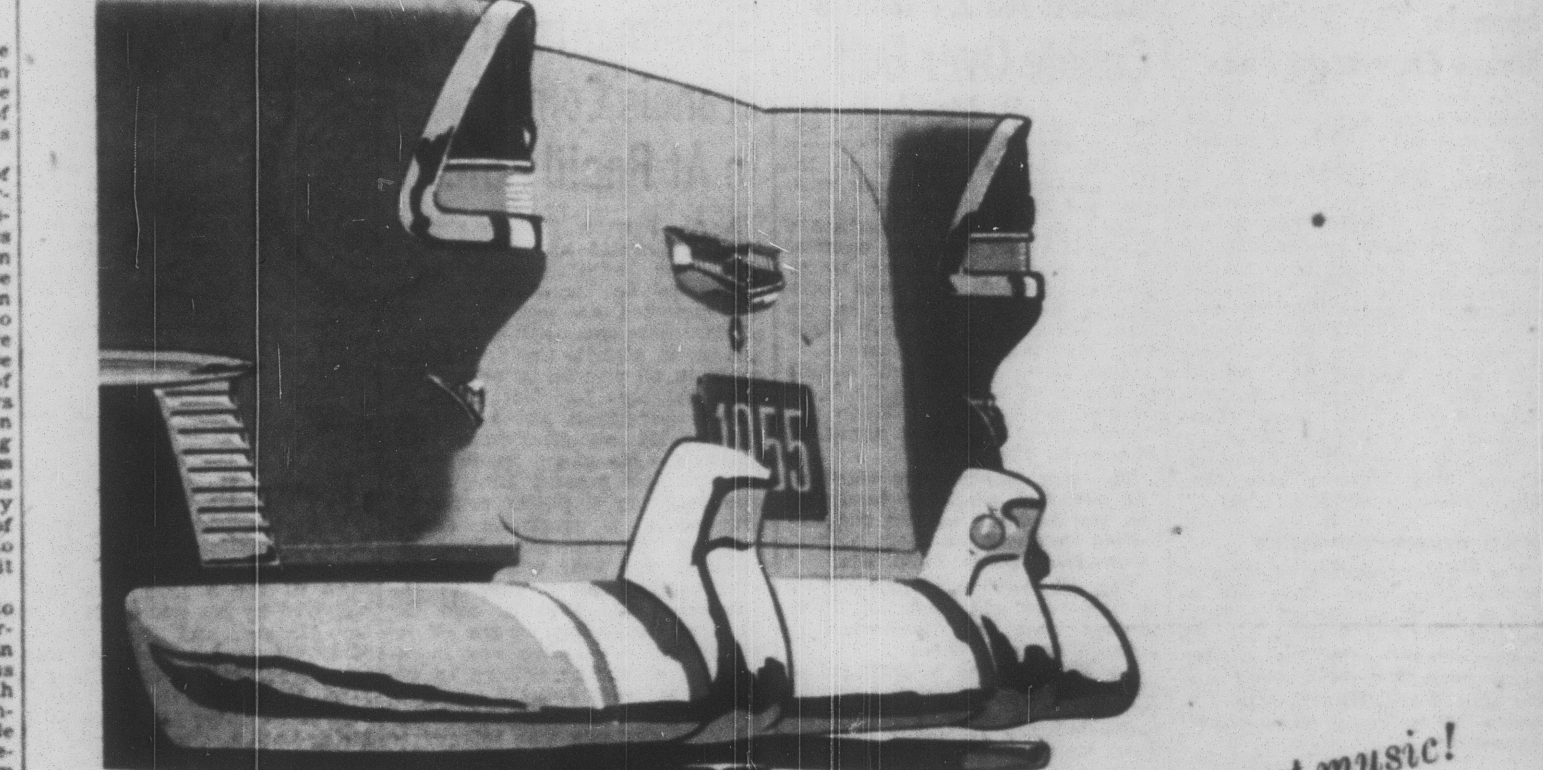
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