

OWL LAFFS



A WISE OWL

Recently a family here had company and due to lack of sleeping quarters the lady of the house and her guest slept together. Even though the host was ill, the guest insisted they open the window about half way in their bed room. Next morning the guest was asked how she slept and she replied, "Just fine." We have learned since that this entire house is equipped with storm windows.

One of our farmers who was butchering last week says: "A black market is a condition arising when there are too few hogs on one side of the counter and too many on the other, — I believe he's got something there."

A New Haven street man certainly has the perfect solution to home problems. When his wife uses his razor to open packages he gets even by using her powder puff to shine his shoes.

A woman walked into our post office, put down \$500.00 for War Bonds, and said: "I've been saving this money to divorce my husband, but I can stand him easier than I can Hitler." — Yeah, man!

Some women have their own definitions but I'm not sure I agree with the one who defines "stalemate" as a husband you're tired of.

Clay Newcomer mailed out calendars to his customers and when one got to its destination Bus Kramer had to pay 16c postage to get it. He didn't mind that until he opened it and found that Ira (the calendar collector) had substituted a 1943 one instead of a new 1944 one. He doesn't know who to blame but we feel sure Mike Klessinger is behind the whole thing.

A married woman living at Florin tells me she just can't understand her husband. He's been in Africa almost a year and can't understand why he don't drop her a lion now and then.

A fellow from near town was buying a suit at Lancaster when he noticed printed on a card: GUARANTEED 100 PERCENT COTTON. He said to the clerk, "I thought you said, this suit was all wool." The clerk replied: "O, don't mind that ticket. We put that on here to fool the moths."

A sailor who recently returned home remarked to his girl friend: "You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna." His blonde replied: "But my name is Sue." He said: "You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna love; you with all my heart."

And then there was the moron who thought a finger wave was a hitch-hiker's appeal.

A local couple were dining at Lancaster and while figuring what they were going to eat the waiter said: "How about the lobster, Ma'am?" She replied: Oh, he can order whatever he likes.

The other evening a local fellow took his son along with him to spend the evening because that was the wife's orders. Next day the lad asked his mother how old his Dad was and she said: "Why do you ask?" He replied: "Well, he must be pretty old because I heard him say last night he raised his auntie."

Met a Manheim street youngster running down the alley past the fire house to beat the cars and when I asked him why he said: "I'm tryin' to keep two fellows from fightin' — me and another guy."

A little fellow at Landisville told me his cornet provides his weekly income. When I asked him if he played in a band he replied: "Nope,

The Low Down From Hickory Grove

I don't often get too agitated—no enough maybe, sometimes. But I do work myself into sort of a vexed state when somebody like these fellows stirring up a strike—vote on the railroads open up and say "the roads are making too much." I am not in the railroad business—none of my folks are—I can pop off without somebody saying, "that guy is not fair."

The railroads have been limping along with their tongue hanging out, and parched, for years. The folks who forked up the cold, hard dinero to build the roads are people just like anybody else—they ought to eat too, but they have not been eating regular or hearty. They been holding the bag. The Roads made jobs during the lean years for the folks who are now being told they should strike on account of not being treated right. That is where I start getting vexed—and my blood pressure rises. Ding-bust it, if there had been no roads built there would now be no jobs to vote about—pro or con—union or vice versa.

Workers should have a meetin' with their wife and family and decide who is their friend—the railroad or the Agitating Outfit cooking up the vote.

Isaac Breneman, 78

(From Page 1) was engaged in trucking on his farm along the Back Run several miles north of here.

His hobby is flowers. He now has a hibiscus which blooms pure white and dark red from the same root. Also six different colors of petunias, from dark blue to almost white or the same stalk. Also eight colors of morningglories and an equal number of colors of lady-slippers, as well as many others.

The Bible is his choice reading with T. B. Terry's book on how to Keep Young and Live Long, a close second. He sleeps with an open window in all kinds of weather.

Mr. I. D. Stehman, local miller, has a small fancy table made by Mr. Breneman many years ago while Mr. Reist Mumma, at Rheims, has a pickle in a bottle placed therein by Mr. Breneman in 1885, nearly fifty-nine years ago. Mr. Mumma bought the bottle at Mr. Breneman's sale several years ago for \$1.52.

Mr. Breneman is well preserved. He goes to the bank, signs documents and transacts business without glasses and to date has never owned a pair that cost more than 25 cents.

He has been a consistent reader of the Bulletin for many years and we sincerely hope he lives to enjoy that pleasure and life many more summers.

The State Department of Forests and Waters has approximately 9 million trees for planting in the Spring.

Daddy gives me 50 cents not to play it."

Don't children ask the darndest questions? On Sunday a little fellow on his way home from Sunday School said to another: Our teacher said Methusalem was 900 years old. The other lad replied: "I wonder what they done with all his Christmas presents?"

Another little chap said to his father: "Daddy, you must be growing taller every day 'cause the top of your head is poking up through your hair."

An East Main street woman teaching her little daughter the alphabet said: "Now, dearie, what comes after 'g.'" The child replied: "Whiz."

Many of our poultry growers get rid of laying hens after they are a year old but here's one gets the fur-lined water pitcher. A Mid-dletown paper had an ad offering "50 year old hens, some laying," for sale. We didn't know hens lived that long, much less laid at that age.

Having a pea shooter and no ammunition, a boy here in town discovered a box of compound cathartic pills. He tried one and they just fit.

There is a boarding house near his home and last Monday the land lady baked pies and placed them on the window to cool. They were an excellent target for the neighbor boy so he shot them full of pills. The lady hasn't baked a pie since.

Basket Ball!

Locals Win Preliminary

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include Mount Joy JV, E-Town J.V.S., and various players like Krider, Frey, Wagner, Fiersol, Shupp, Frey, C. F.

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include E-Town J.V.S., Hith, Engle, Peters, B. Laudenslager, Helm, Ank, Raffensperger, and various players.

Est Hempfield Wins

Est Hempfield High School defeated Mount Joy High School by a score of 34 to 28 on the latter's court Friday night. Henry, Est Hempfield forward, was high scorer of the game with six field and two foul goals for a total of 14 points.

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include Est Hempfield H. S., Hearny, J. Snavey, X. Snavey, Longenecker, W. Snavey, Brandt, Habecker, and various players.

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include Mount Joy H. S., Kendig, Gainer, Booth, Breneman, Erown, and various players.

EAST DONEGAL WINS

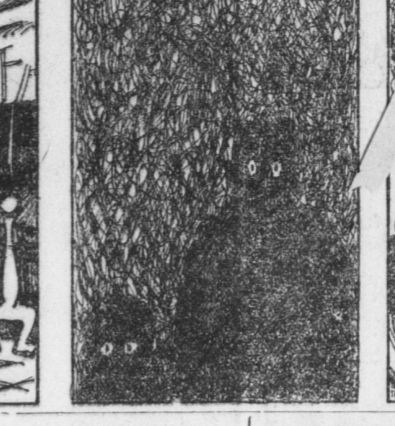
Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include East Donegal H. S., Arnold, Drager, Hershey, Wittel, Morton, Augst, Wolgemuth, and various players.

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Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include E. Donegal Jr. H. S., Hawthorne, Hess, Measars, Ney, Spickler, Houseal, Icherson, Jackson, Singer, Miller, and various players.

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include Marietta Jr. H. S., Kraus, Kreiner, John, Fuhrman, Miller, Leaman, Arnold, McLain, Shellenberger, and various players.

REG'LAR FELLERS—The Blackout



HEMPFIELD TRIUMPHS, 23-21

The East Hempfield High School basketball team started out with a whirlwind attack and were out in front 20 to 12 at half time and finally came through with a 23 to 21 victory over East Donegal High School on the Landisville court, Tuesday night.

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include East Hempfield H. S., Henny, J. Snavey, Snyder, C. Longenecker, B. Snavey, Brandt, Habecker, and various players.

CLUB TO RESUME GROUNDHOG VIGIL

Convinced that war or no war there will always be weather, the Lodge of Groundhogs of Quarryville will be on the job at their favorite groundhog hole come Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, for a first-hand reading of the forthcoming weather.

The lodge, now 37 years old, curtailed its activities last year because of the war and the death of its hibernating governor, George W. Hensel, Jr. Yesterday William U. Hensel, secretary and bondless treasurer, announced that the lodge is being re-activated.

HUNTERS URGED TO FILE GAME-KILL REPORTS

The State Game Commission today reminded hunters to file 1943 gamekill reports immediately after the Christmas mailing rush. Game law requires every sportsman, regardless of his luck, to report before Jan. 15, 1944 or forfeit a \$200 penalty.

At Manheim last evening Mount Joy High defeated Manheim High 43-35. Box score next week.

Subscribe for the Bulletin.



Evan. Ladies

(From page 1) anniversary of Mrs. C. T. Hunsicker, the class presented her with a birthday cake with lighted candles, a piece of which was presented to each one present.

Table with columns: Team, G, F, Tls. Rows include Est Donegal H. S., Arnold, Hershey, Drager, Wittel, Augst, Walters, Wolgemuth, Morton, and various players.

LANDISVILLE

The Lion's Club entertained the Ladies to a Christmas party on Monday evening.

About sixty persons were present. On the program were: talk by N. L. Bowers, group singing, selections by the Acapella Four of East Petersburg and a Dutch Skit.

Stimulate your business by advertising in the Bulletin.

Patronize Bulletin Advertisers.

Bob Bishop, Dick Stevens and



Second Christmas after Bataan

Wonder where they're going for Christmas? Who'll wish them "Merry Christmas"? What's on their menu for Christmas dinner? What Christmas gifts will they exchange? What will they pray for on Christmas Night? What Christmas memories will haunt their hearts?

How many EXTRA War Bonds are YOU buying this Christmas?

Pennsylvania Power & Light Company

JOY THEATRE advertisement listing shows for Friday-Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday-Thursday, and Next Week.

Advertisement for Pennsylvania Power & Light Company featuring a list of Christmas wishes and a call to buy War Bonds.