

OWL LAFFS



—BY—

A WISE OWL

I'd like to get the guy that put the china eggs in my Easter basket. It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't tried to crack it on my head, but that hurt!

Have you seen Jimmy Markley's version of the combined Samba, Rhumba, Hula and Jitter Bug? It's really unique and can only be performed under certain circumstances, as on Monday when a garter snake coiled around his ankle. He gave an exhibition of dancing till he shook it off.

Girls, you have already lost three months of Leap Year and time waits for no man. But it is still 1948 and it's a long lane that has no parking signs.

While the Spring and Summer months are the best for the language of the flowers and romance let me remind you that Independence Day is celebrated by bachelors who got through June.

A shy young fellow was trying to choose some lipstick for his girl down at Sloan's. He was completely at a loss as to the shade. Suddenly his face lighted he slipped out a handkerchief and pointed to a crimson smear — "There," he explained happily, "that's the shade."

We saw several fellows early Sunday morning who agreed on one thing, and that was that a hangover is a headache built for a hippopotamus.

Eat, drink and be merry — for tomorrow you may not be able to afford it.

A smart sheriff confiscated a bunch of slot machines under an old law banning the use of steel traps for catching dumb animals.

Commencing a discussion having to do with atomic theory, the instructor of the physics class wrote down an equation on the blackboard and stated that a certain number of electrons were involved. From this he developed an entire board of questions, winding up at the bottom with, "So you see we have five less equations than at the start?"

Not a sound from the class. Imperatively the instructor asked again, "Gentlemen, where are those electrons?"

It was time for action and from a rear seat came a gruff command: "Don't nobody leave this room."

Television is something to put on a radio, so that you can see that things are really as bad as they sound.

Education is a wonderful thing. It enables you to worry about things in all parts of the world.

Once in awhile we get an anonymous letter at our office and when we received one on Monday an East Main Street lady happened to be in the office. I asked: "What do you think of anonymous letters?" She replied: "Well, I read them, but I never answer them." — I wonder who she'd address 'em to if she did?

"Does your husband live up to the promises he made in his courtship days?" I asked a Salunga wife.

"Always," she replied, "in those days he said he wasn't good enough for me, and he has been proving it ever since." — Me and my big mouth.

Heard quite a rumpus on Marietta Street, this a.m., and finally learned that the following conversation started it.

On coming down for breakfast, hubby remarked:

"You look like Venus this morning, honey."

Taking it for a complement, his wife replied: "Do you really think

COUNTY BOYS MAKE GOOD

It will interest base ball fans to know that several of our county's sandlotters are making good. Hen Weidman, of Maytown, is at the St. Louis Cardinals' tryout camp in Albany, Ga., for five weeks of training. He is a 20-year-old southpaw hurler who pitched for Bainbridge in the Greater County League last season.

Bob Garman, of Ephrata, signed a contract with the Zanesville, Ohio, Class D farm club of the Brooklyn Dodgers last September, but he plans to remain at home this season.

Elwood Kreider, 21, of Lititz, is going good in the south and has been taken over by Baton Rouge, La., which is a Phillies farm team.

A Music Festival

The Chorus and Orchestra sections of the Music Festival will give a concert in the Mount Joy High School on Saturday, April 10th, at which time eighteen young people from our school will be in the Chorus. The students will arrive in the morning and have rehearsals morning and afternoon, in preparation for the evening concert.

These young folks are tops in the County music field and a very splendid program may be expected. Come out and enjoy an evening of music with them.

Mount Joy High School Band Club will serve lunch and supper to these students at the School.

The Band section of the County Festival will give a concert on April 24th, at the Manheim Twp. High School, at which time four of Mount Joy's band members will participate.

The Club held its last meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Linton, Monday evening, at which time Mr. Newton reported that he had made a survey of the school and discovered that there is a need for about forty more school instruments.

Practices are being held each week in our school to prepare Band Concerts that are to be played by a group of students from East Donegal, Marietta, East Hempfield and Mt. Joy high schools. One program will be given in each school, the dates will be announced later.

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Well, you know folks, for some diversion, we have something to look forward to this coming summer — the election. It will get our minds off "saving the world" — maybe get us back to giving some heed to saving our own U. S. A. I have in mind — to live things up even more — a plan to get the South and North together on one ticket. The South has been out in the cold too long.

While Uncle Harry is in a sweat and losing oldtime democratic friends in the South, right and left — and Mr. Wallace is out with his callopie and stirring up the animals — and Mr. Dewey and Mr. Taft and Mr. Stassen are in a Battle Royal, as they say in fighting circles — is a good time to slip over a new kind of ticket. As a sample, take a couple of persons like this Southern Mr. Soreback Byrd and you put him on a ticket with this Buckeye feller Bricker, and it might be a long shot to put some money on. What this country needs is not a double or a triple genius candidate. What a candidate should have, is what Mr. Washington had — common sense, or in Hickory vernac, horse sense. My ticket has it.

Now, come on folks, let's have your ticket.

Yours with the low down, JIMMY

CLASSES IN POTTERY

Classes in pottery will begin at the Lancaster Y. W. C. A. next week, it was announced by the General Education Committee. They will be taught by Miss Claire Henry, of Wyomissing, Pa., who has taught the same subject at the Y. W. C. A. for the past two seasons. Those taking the course will make such articles as ashtrays, sgraffio plates, ceramic jewelry, decorated pitchers and tiles.

Subscribe for the Bulletin.

And because he couldn't pass up the opportunity, he said: "Yeah. You look about three thousand years old." — That did it.

A WISE OWL

REG'LAR FELLERS



By Gene Byrnes

SHORT STORY

No Need For Words

By LILA LENNON

IT HAD been a silly quarrel, really, Peg reflected. The quarrel had started from such an insignificant thing as her new hair-do.

Now, here she was sitting alone, the slam of the front door still ringing in her ears.

Bob had gone out alone, and on a Thursday night, too. That was what really hurt most, because Thursday nights were such special nights. The stores were all open, and after the dishes were done, Bob and Peg always went window shopping.

There never was a lot of money to spend. Sometimes they did buy one or two little things, and it was always such fun!

Peg thought for a moment about how Bob used to tuck her hand under his arm and say, "Some day, honey, I'll give you all the things you want." And she had always said:

"But I have what I really want . . . you. And, what we share has no price, it can't be measured in terms of dollars and cents!"

It was true, Peg reflected. You can't put a price on the magic of contentment and love and understanding.

Understanding! It was something of a shock to discover that Bob could be so critical . . . and so stubborn. And, he hadn't understood, at all.

Bob had been tired . . . but even so, all she had done was to say, "You haven't even noticed my new hair-do!"

HE SAID grumpily, "I don't know why you spent all afternoon getting that done, you look like you're getting ready to take a bath!"

Tears started Peg's eyes. Her words rushed out. "You'd look better with a hair-cut yourself!"

"I know it," Bob admitted, "but I hurried home so we could go shopping."

There seemed to be a broom handle stiffening in Peg's back. "I don't think I care to go shopping tonight," she answered slowly.

When the dishes were done, Bob turned to her. "Are you ready?"

Peg answered stubbornly, "I'm not going."

Bob had been equally as stubborn, though. "I won't beg you to come, Peg. I'll go alone." And he had gone, just like that.

Darkness crept over the room, but Peg didn't turn on a light. She dropped her head on her arms and remembered other Thursday nights. Bob, helping her to choose a slip, saying critically, "That looks too big for you, you're so little." Bob, being amused . . . "Those little pink things with the bows are sure cute!"

BUT, tonight, he was alone . . . he had wanted it that way . . . what was he thinking? Did he feel the same loneliness?

Silly! No, Peg reflected, maybe it wasn't silly, after all. Maybe it was really very important. Maybe the little things were, after all,

important to real understanding. Maybe . . . it was up to her, too, to be as Bob wanted her to be.

Quickly, her hair came tumbling down. When Bob came home she would say the things that were in her heart; he'd understand.

The sound of the door opening quietly, reached her. "Peg?" Bob called.

"Here," she said softly.

He walked over to the lounge. "Why are you sitting in the dark? I was worried, I thought . . . want a light?"

"No," she answered quietly. Bob cleared his throat. "Here . . . I brought you a little present." He thrust the small package into her

Scotland Has Its Own

Beside having its own language, Scotland has as well its own music and its own dress, which are as truly associated with the country as the heather on the hills. The bagpipes, the swinging kilts, and the multi-colored tartans are familiar, every-day sights in Scotland, and seem strange to the eyes of the foreigner. At the same time as it seeks to preserve the age-old traditions, Scotland is a country of busy commerce and industry and Glasgow, on the river Clyde, is a thriving example. Its ship-building yards on both sides of the river as far down as Greenock are world-famous.

Those Forest Fires

Nature will provide America with perpetual forests if we will protect our woodlands from fire. Although millions of seedling trees are planted each year, nature is the greatest regenerator of our forests. In some areas of our country, 50 seedlings spring up for every mature tree harvested. Most so-called devastated forest regions are the result of repeated fires which have destroyed young growth, seed sources and soil humus in which seed must germinate. With protection against fire, most forests will perpetuate themselves.

Dark Past Cures

Ancient man's cure for mental ills was magic. Strange rituals were concocted to drive out evil spirits that were causing the derangement. During the Middle Ages this primitive practice persisted. Even as late as the 18th century mentally ill persons were hanged, imprisoned, tortured and persecuted as agents of Satan, chained in kennels like wild beasts, jailed and flogged, or left to wander about naked and starved.

Dry Cleaning Danger

Homemakers should not use naphtha, gasoline or benzene for home dry cleaning. All are highly inflammable and give off vapors during cleaning which combine with the air to form explosive mixtures. Any spark or open flame may ignite these mixtures, with disastrous results. Even sparks of static electricity, from garments rubbed against a hard surface, may ignite and explode.

Fighting Own Fires

Many homes are destroyed because householders attempt to fight small fires themselves. Hence the National Board of Fire Underwriters emphasizes that the first thing to do in event of any fire, no matter how small, is to call the fire department. Few homes are less than two or three minutes run from the nearest fire station, except in rural districts.

Attention: Army Chefs

The Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, believed that beans were far too holy to be eaten. He ordered his disciples never to touch them. His idea was that when a person died his soul passed into the nearest bean. He claimed that the spots on beans related to the funeral of the body from which the soul had fled.

Dormant Not Dead

Last eruption of Mount Fuji in Japan occurred in 1707-08, and the mountain is considered dormant but not dead. The Japanese never have reconciled themselves to the 18th century outburst because it created a small crater on the southeast slope which marred the peak's perfection. Native painters never show this nonconformity.

Ancient Pure Food Law

Ancient Germans enforced their pure food law with a vengeance. In the 15th century at Nuremberg, scene of the recent war crimes trials, men were burned at the stake and buried alive for adulterating saffron, the spice now on the shelves of many American households. Federal pure food laws now see that it is kept pure.

Swedish Co-ops Climb

Highest turnover in history was reported by Swedish consumer co-ops for last year. Total sales were approximately 316 million dollars or \$160 for each family in Sweden. It is estimated that every second family in Sweden belongs to a cooperative.

How can a man get along with the rest of the world, when he can't get along with himself?

hands. "Wait a minute, I'll turn on the light." The light shone down on her head as Peg undid the folds of tissue. It made little colored beams dance up from the two tiny jeweled combs.

She turned to Bob, and all the things she wanted to say rushed to her lips, but Bob was staring at her hair tumbling to her shoulders. Then he took her in his arms and held her tight. There was no need for words.

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PREVENT FARM FIRES

A safety program is the best way to guard against farm fires, reminds J. R. Haswell, extension agricultural engineer of the Pennsylvania State College. Get rid of all fire hazards, check electrical wiring and equipment, keep heating units in good condition, cure hay and grain properly, and have fire-fighting equipment on hand.

CONTROL HOG LICE

A 10 per cent DDT dust rubbed into the hair of hogs, with some spread on the litter, gives effective control of lice, says L. C. Madison, Penn. State livestock extension specialist. Keep it out of feed and water troughs.

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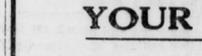
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