

NEWTOWN

Mrs. Mary Lineberry, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Kanning of Lancaster, Mr. Glenn Lineberry and daughter, Beverly Ann visited Mr. and Mrs. K. Franklin and Mr. and Mrs. John Cromwell.

MR. MERCHANT
SEE THAT SHE
READS YOUR AD
IN THESE COLUMNS



Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Witmer and family visited Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Godfrey of York on Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel Moore and Mrs. Matilda Derr, visited Mr. and Mrs. Maris Frysinger at Mount Joy R1, on Sunday.

Mr. Emanuel Hendrix of Mt. Joy visited Mr. Daniel Moore on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Salem Gamber and family of Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gamber, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Winters of Manheim were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Gamber.

Audrey Lee and Donald Charles Haines of Lancaster are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haines.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Isler and daughter and Mrs. Victor Snyder visited Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grimm at Elizabethtown on Sunday. Also called on Mr. and Mrs. Earl Shaffer.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Landis of Millway, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Farlow and family of Hopland were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gelmacher.

Stimulate your business by advertising in the Bulletin.

SHORT STORY

Interview

By
W. JOHN STEVENS

MISS ALICE DAVIDS sat in her office, marking the exercises of her high-school English classes. There was a timid tap on her door. The knob was turned gently and a face peeped in.

"Yes, Miss Hanson?"

Ruthmary Hanson's pretty little-girl's face paled. "Miss Davids." She paused, unhappily. Then, as if her courage had been gathered up, "May I ask you a personal question?"

Alice Davids smiled. "Why yes, Ruthmary, but I can't promise to answer."

The words began bubbling out. "Miss Davids I know you'll think I'm awfully fresh, honestly I'm not, I just have to know. Why didn't you get married instead of being a teacher?"

Alice Davids had had many experiences with students' questions. Now she felt she had underestimated Ruthmary. Her cheeks colored. She looked at the girl, who stared back miserably, looking like a goldfish as she opened and closed her mouth, trying to say something that wouldn't come.

Quickly her mind ran over what she knew about Ruthmary: Not too bright, just a good passing student. Ruthmary and she were friendly, but then she honestly liked all her students, and they liked her. Boy friends? Yes, there was Jim Townley, nice boy, good brains, fond of Ruthmary, and she seemingly liked him. Ambitions? Yes, that was it! Boy friend, ambitions: that motion-picture magazine that Ruthmary tried, unsuccessfully, to read one day in class. She smiled at Ruthmary, suddenly remembering that this child was just graduating and was eighteen.

Ruthmary, on the verge of tears, smiled back. "I'm sorry, Miss Davids. I guess I shouldn't have..."

"Ruthmary," Miss Davids interrupted, "you and I have always been pretty good friends, haven't we?"

"Yes'm," she gulped.

"If I tell you, will you promise to keep it a secret?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Davids, I won't tell a soul, honest I won't. I just had to know for..."

"I don't have to be told, Ruthmary. You must have a good reason. It's a rather odd question but I don't mind answering at all. Not to a nice understanding girl like you. I like teaching very much, Ruthmary."

Miss Davids went on, "Yet, I know that if I had my choice, I wouldn't be here. My John and I had such plans together, such exciting plans." Miss Davids sighed. Ruthmary was now on the edge of her seat.

"We were brought up together, went to the same schools, had the same ideas about life. We both liked people, and we wanted our home and—but all that is over now, has been over for many years. Yes, dear, I like teaching, but most



people aren't made to live alone, and that is especially true of women. No matter how much you like your work, no matter how successful, you still feel the emptiness of knowing that you have no one really close to you."

Miss Davids smiled sadly. "Here's a picture of us just a few months before he left me for her."

Ruthmary looked, through tears, at the handsome man who stood grinning at a much prettier Miss Davids, and then carefully put it down. She left the office without a word.

Alice Davids went back to her desk, and picked up the picture.

"You know," she mused, "you're rather a good-looking fellow at that. Wait till you hear how you broke my heart."

Still grinning she put the picture down. She was about to start looking for stationery. Then she thought—the themes.

"I've got to grade them first, dear brother, the letter from your broken-hearted sister can wait." Still grinning at her lawyer-brother she resumed grading papers.

(Copyright)

Released by WNE Features

Good roughage is supplied by pastures only when they are green and growing, not when they are dry, brown and short.

Mrs. Elmer Herman

(From Page 1)

morning. He went immediately to the home of his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Austin Herman, Landisville.

Chief of police Harry H. Brock, of Manheim, and Pvt. George Spotts, of the State Police, investigated the accident and Saturday talked briefly with Herman in the hospital.

Police said Herman told them he came suddenly upon the sharp curve and lost control of the machine. It crashed against a pole.

Mrs. Herman was hurtled against the windshield and then fell back and out of the door which sprung

open when the car crashed.

Dr. Charles M. Pohl, Manheim, deputy coroner, said the woman's neck was broken. Passing motorists were on the scene almost immediately and summoned aid.

Herman served overseas in World War II and was wounded while fighting in Italy. Following his return to civilian life he became associated with the Veterans Administration and for a time was stationed in Lancaster as a training officer. Later, he was transferred to Wilkes-Barre but continued to reside in Elizabethtown.

Mrs. Herman is survived by her husband, one son Donald; her mother Mrs. Fred Lawrence, California and a foster sister Mrs. William White, Marietta.

The funeral was held from the Miller funeral home at Elizabethtown on Wednesday afternoon with interment in the Spring Creek cemetery at Hershey.

The Hermans are very well known here having resided in our hero for some time.

A coroner's jury Tuesday night ruled the death of Mrs. Herman was the result of an "unavoidable accident."

Toll Houses And

(From page 1)

gate, near the Harry Hiestand property, and less than a year before it had been completely destroyed by fire, obviously of incendiary or-

The Bulletin, Mt. Joy, Pa., Thursday, October 21, 1948—7

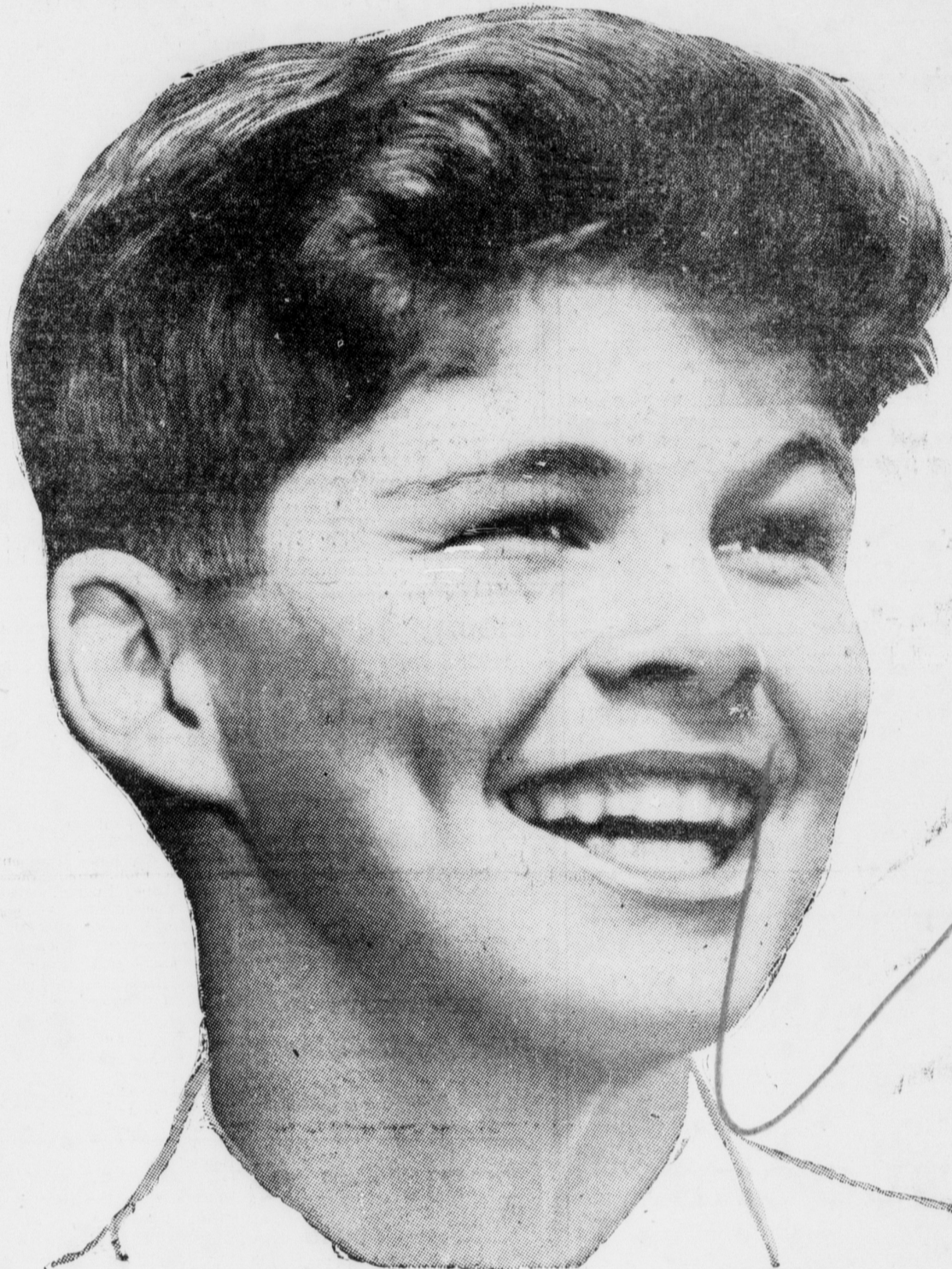
igin. The turnpike officials had replaced it with a structure made of sheet iron "something similar to an election booth." In this "election booth," if you can imagine such a thing, they had installed a bed, so that the keeper could stay there all night.

This one night, however, he was absent for a short time. Evidence pointed to the fact that someone had forced the little window, tossed some inflammable material inside and touched it off. The meager furnishings were destroyed and the heat warped and twisted the iron enough to make the structure useless. The determined management however, said they would erect another toll house at once.

There is no better way to boost your business than by local newspaper advertising.



BIGGEST BARGAIN TODAY!



Is the happiness, health and future of our youngsters that your pledge to our Community Chest buys!

Fourteen years old. And smart. And full of the Dickens. And ready to go anywhere. And THAT'S just the trouble! Because "anywhere" might mean on with the school. On to a good job. And on to a place as a good citizen. Or it might mean ON INTO TROUBLE.

What's it worth to bring loving care to children when homes are broken? What's it worth to strike a blow at juvenile delinquency?

What's it worth to have Boy and Girl Scouting . . . the Lancaster Boys' Club . . . the Crispus Attacks Center . . . the Y. W. C. A., with its wonderful youth activities . . . the Recreation Association with its health-giving playgrounds . . . service that help every boy and girl get a square chance to grow up sound and sturdy.

What's it worth to help keep families together so that kinds can have the solid security of a happy home life in these days when there's one divorce for every four marriages?

Show that you think it's worthy when the Community Chest volunteers call!

Lancaster County's Community Chest

Needs \$424,991 . . . More than Last Year since Costs are up!

Remember—one pledge covers many Red Feather services. Because we have a well-managed Community Chest uniting many appeals, you are called on only once a year for all of them. So when you give, GIVE ENOUGH . . . enough for ALL Red Feather services . . . enough for a FULL year.

Everybody benefits . . . Everybody gives

COMMUNITY CHEST

18 CAMPAIGNS IN 1

Give Generously When the Solicitor Calls!

Gerberich-Payne Shoe Company

MOUNT JOY, PENNSYLVANIA

WANTED Office Clerks

Typing Essential, Shorthand Not Necessary
Working Conditions Best Available

APPLY TO:

THE SICO COMPANY
MOUNT JOY, PA.

SEW AND SAVE

TREADLE SEWING MACHINES

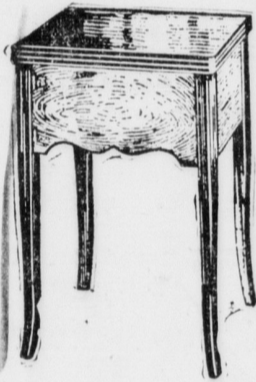
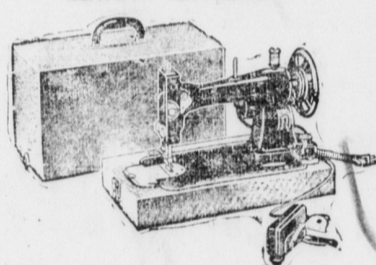
CONVERTED TO

ELECTRIC
PORTABLES

We Buy
Singers
at Top Prices

ELECTRIC
CONSOLES

NEW AND USED MACHINES
FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
REPAIRS FOR ALL MAKES OF
SEWING MACHINES



\$36.75 Complete We Pick up and Complete \$69.95
Deliver Anywhere

Sewing Machine Sales & Service

J. V. BINKLEY, 111 N. Market St.
Elizabethtown, Pa. Phone 216-J

SEW AND SAVE

Why is thrift more
important now
than ever?



Money deposited now while prices are high will buy considerably more for you in the future if prices drop. In addition, every dollar you bank now is a dollar that won't be spent for today's scarce goods. Therefore, practicing "thrift" also helps fight the high cost of living. You have everything to gain by opening an account and making deposits regularly. Build your reserve fund here.

Union National

MOUNT JOY BANK

Member of Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation