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- Boscuf Coffee** 1b bag 85c
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- Pillsbury's 99c BEST Flour**
- ICE CREAM 29c**
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Union Jack Tomato Juice 2/29c
Ma-Son Early June Peas 2 cans 25c
Musselman's Sour Cherries 23c

STEHMAN'S RECIPE OF THE WEEK
Jellied Peach Slices
Broadcast: July 19, 1952

1 pkg. lemon gelatin 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling peach juice 1 cup Pet Milk
1 cup canned, sliced peaches, well drained

Dissolve gelatin in juice. Cool. Put salad dressing and salt into bowl. Mix milk in gradually. Stir milk mixture into cooled gelatin mixture. Chill until slightly thicker than unseasoned egg whites. Cut peaches into small pieces. Fold into chilled gelatin mixture. Rub with vegetable oil a mold holding 4 cups. Fill with gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Keep chilled until ready to serve. Turn out on lettuce or other salad greens, if desired. Serve as salad or dessert. Makes 4 servings.
*Use the kind that comes in a jar, not a bottle.
No. R522-29

Snow Crest Spry 35c bot
Heinz Baby Food 10 jars 99c
Sunshine Krispy Crackers lb 25c

PET MILK 3 tall cans 44c

FRESH MEATS
Ground Beef 75c lb
Bacon 49c 1-lb sliced
Steaks 95c lb
Chickens 65c lb
Chickens 49c lb

Pork for Kraut 49c lb
Franks 59c lb

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ADVERTISE IN THE "BULLETIN"

YOUR Health
MEDICAL SOCIETY - STATE OF PENNA.

Folks are finicky in their food fads.

Primitive man ate whatever could be chewed of the carcass of the animal he killed.

He ate the organ meats as well as the muscle.

Ancient peoples showed a preference for the contents of the abdomen.

Homer, in the Odyssey, refers to foods used by the early Greeks which are spurned today—such as roasted entrails and goat's stomach filled with blood.

The nutritive qualities of this country's processed meats could be improved if organ meat and blood were included in them.

Blood sausage, or blutwurst, is popular in Middle European Countries.

The aboriginal American, the Indian, devoured quantities of oysters, as indicated by the huge mounds of oyster shells found along the Atlantic Coast.

Oysters have nutritional advantages as do clams, lobster, and shrimp, because they are eaten whole, including the internal organs.

It is claimed that the nutritive value of oyster meat is greater than that of cow's milk due to the high content of calcium, iron, and other minerals and all of the vitamins.

Snails are considered a delicacy in many parts of the world, and in Ceylon and some parts of Africa, snails as large as a man's hand are grown for the market.

The use of more organ meat and fish would raise the quality of diets in this country.

GARBER REUNION
The eighth Reunion of the Garber family will be held Saturday, July 19, 1952, 12:30 P. M., DST in the Lititz Springs Park, Lititz, Pa.

Each family is to bring two things for a "Luck Lunch," plus their own silver, etc. Plates, cups, coffee and ice cream will be provided by the Reunion Program Committee. If any of the Garber Clan have not received the regular invitation they are to consider this an invitation to come to the reunion. An interesting program has been planned.

Mr. Jacob B. Garber, Lititz, Pa., is President and Mrs. Geo. Lehman, 370 Donegal Springs Road, this borough, is Secretary of the Garber Clan.

Patronize Bulletin Advertisers.

Pine and Celandine
A king-size living-dining room that is rectangular in shape is distinguished by a modern and dramatic use of color. The two end walls are painted in celandine green. Through an archway in one of these walls, an area is visible which is painted chartreuse. Pine-paneled side walls have a smooth natural finish, while the window frames in these walls are enameled in the soft gray-green. The ceiling is white and much of the furniture is coated to match. On the floor, which blends with the pine-paneled walls are gray-green rugs. Upholstery is a grayed cerise which is not unlike a clover pink.

Female "Cinch"
American women could reduce their collective waistline by 90 million inches this year, by compressing their figures with the "cinch" that grandmother employed to compress her girth by an extra inch-and-a-half to two inches. Industry officials point out that healthy support and good posture, rather than a pinched-in look, are the major objectives of foundation garments today.

Russian Tanks
Russian-made tanks and other vehicles, knocked out or captured by the Army in Korea, now are being studied by ordnance experts and later will be used in training. When their research and training value is finished, most of these enemy tanks will be scrapped. More Russian-made equipment captured in Korea likely will be melted down and moulded into new pieces of equipment as the program of returning battlefield scrap to the United States gets into full swing.

P. P. & L. REPORT
Pennsylvania Power & Light Company filed today with the Securities and Exchange Commission the necessary registration statement, covering the recently announced issue of 100,000 shares of new preferred stock.

The First Boston Corporation and Drexel & Company have been named as joint managers of a group of investment bankers which will underwrite this preferred stock.

SHORT STORY
Remember Son
By EDNA MAY JONES

TIMOTHY SMITH, eight, red-headed and freckled lay flat upon the floor machine-gunning the cat.

"A-a-a-a!" heckled Timmy. "You're not a cat, Dhalia, you're an enemy, an' I'm shooting you dead. A-a-a-a!"

3 Minute Fiction
"What makes cats so dumb, Mom?"

"Because they can't speak, dear."

"That's not the kind of dumb I mean. I mean dumb like . . . Well you know what kind of dumb."

"Well she should because I talk to her all the time."

Mrs. Smith bent over the oven, screwing up her face to study a cake. "I've talked and talked to a certain little boy I know in my own language, and quite often he doesn't understand."

Timmy wriggled. "Aw, shucks, Mom. I really understand, only I pretend I'm not listening."

"Well do you understand when I say get up off the floor. Those are your good pants."

"I know," he said, whacking them vigorously. "Sunday School pants, Mom?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do I have to go to Sunday School all my life?"

Timothy eyed the cat with disgust. "What makes cats so dumb, Mom?"

"That, and Church. Why?"

"Well, shucks. I'd rather stay home and play with the fellas."

"Why do I have to go anyway, Mom?"

"To learn, Timmy. To distinguish evil from right."

"You sure do talk funny, Mom. Mike's Dad talks swell. He tells us stories about soldiers, and guns, and all kinds of things."

"Timothy," she said in a shocked voice, "haven't I told you not to go in that house?"

"Oh, I don't go in their house, Mom. I just sit on the steps and listen to him talk to some other fellas. Mike and me listen. We just sit real still so's they'll think we're not there, and we listen like everything."

"What do they talk about, Son?"

"Oh, about polly-ticks, and strikes and things. And they talk how fellas get killed 'cause they are trying to do the right things, and some bad guy comes along and says they got to do it his way, or else, and then there's a fight, and somebody gets killed."

"Timmy, isn't there something you would rather do, than listen to men talk like that?"

"Nope, I guess not."

HIS mother paused to smile and rub a warm, slim hand through his red shining hair. "What would you like to do most of all?"

SHORT STORY
Green Fingers
By F. ANTON REEDS

OUTSIDE the windows of Kerry Productions a murky drizzle shrouded the outlines of Herald Square and twisted and distorted the street sounds from below. Alone in the comfortable inner office Patrick Kerry tried not to notice the autumn drizzle beyond the windows.

3 Minute Fiction
He thought of the plans for the country place tucked away somewhere in one of the drawers of his desk. Yes, he was getting well along now—so well along that at last he could admit that the country place of his would never be built.

Of course, he thought quietly, life had been good—mighty good—and he glanced from one to another of the scores of autographed photos that lined the four walls of the office. Friends in plenty he had.

He had watched a thing that was misnamed Broadway discard its gaudy minstrel garb and take its first halting steps in a strange new world of quiet understatement.

But on rainy days he got to thinking of the moist, soft earth and the little rivulets trickling like blind, hesitant puppies among the clods of plowed fields—and his green fingers began to itch. Old Michael told him he had green fingers. What a proud day that had been.



A young Irishman had stood in the rain and said that to a girl whose eyes were rimmed with tears.

Eleven years old he had been then. That would have been—well, never mind.

Patrick Kerry wasn't in any hurry about opening the envelope his secretary had just brought in. His thoughts were not in his office today, and he had difficulty in bringing them back from his dreams to present realities.

Finally Patrick's old fingers snaked open the brown flap and rapped the envelope sharply so that the contents slipped out onto the desk. He rifled through them, picked up the precisely filled-in card that was one of talent scout Burp Mullen's cryptic reports.

He forced his tired old eyes to the dossier: "This boy is the one you want. No doubt about it. He's got a freshness that's the real article."

Miss Wintersten was hovering inside the door again.

"Mr. Compton is here," she said.

PATRICK KERRY had just time to glance at the photos of a sensitive but rugged countryman's face before the face itself was there before him.

There were several things Patrick Kelly had meant to say; instead he found himself asking:

"Just what sort of a place is this that you have outside of Mill Medford, Compton?"

"It's a nursery, Mr. Kerry. That is, it will be. They take time getting started, you know."

Maybe it was the rain. Anyway Patrick Kerry found himself asking a good many questions, about privet hedge and fall plantings and apple graftings.

"Look here," Patrick Kerry said abruptly. "What about this place of yours? Say you get this part, what would become of it?"

The young man answered slowly. "We talked about that, Ellen and I," he said. "I figure that if I make good with you, a few years—even five or six years—on Broadway would give us the working capital for a real go at it later on. We could always go back and start over. I suppose we'd want to anyway, some day."

Patrick Kerry rose and went over to the window.

"Of course I'll be coming back in a few years. Maybe we can get a place of our own then by Peck's Villa or down at Irvington."

A young Irishman had stood in the rain on an autumn day in 1895 on the wooden station platform at Farmdale and said that to a girl whose blue eyes were rimmed with tears.

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