

THE BULLETIN

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Editorially . . .

TRUE DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

America's oldest and truest form of Democracy was demonstrated Monday evening at the Town Meeting held in Florin.

America's democratic strength was born in common needs, common aspirations, faith in God and respect for the other fellow, and was reflected in the Town Meeting where means for reaching these goals were developed through a spirit of oneness in which ALL worked for the common good.

Practically every right and privilege we enjoy today as Americans had its foundations in the Town Meetings of our forefathers, who at all times had an intense interest in the functioning of their government.

Any weakness that may have been laid to Democracy should rightfully be placed upon the heads of the people of this great country who upon occasion have forgotten the common needs, common aspirations, faith in God and respect for the other fellow.

Democracy today stands as great hope of the world. Because through our working together for the good of the majority at all times recognizing our responsibilities to God and fellow men we can accomplish anything upon which we place our sights.

The greatest human force in the world today lies in the ballot box of America. Only through apathy toward government is it possible for Democracy to falter.

Through the centuries great nations have risen and fallen. Every failure has been preceded by the fattening up of the people for the kill by the rulers who knew that the best way to cover up their own inadequacies was by keeping the masses so satisfied with material things that they would pay less and less attention to what was going on in high office.

Up to the present time, Americans have kept alive their interest in government, faking at times, but always coming back resoundingly when the stretch has become too great.

At Florin Monday night the interest shown in a community problem was high. So long as the people of Florin, or Mount Joy, or Lancaster, or Harrisburg or Philadelphia—or any community in the United States—are interested in what is going on to the extent that was typified at Florin, we need have no fears as to where this country is going.

Democracy will ALWAYS meet any challenge from within or without so long as it remains Democracy in its true form with its authority springing from the PEOPLE THEMSELVES recognizing their responsibilities to GOD and FELLOW MAN.

-LDS

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

For going far and ferreting out trouble, no nation can hold a candle to us free and fancy folks of our U. S. A. We are not satisfied to look for bees and bugs in our own machinery here at home—we gotta fix everything, everywhere. We roam the earth. Tranquillity and restfulness and pleasant-like living are not ours any more.

No nation could find itself in the mode or mood in which we find ourselves if it had not farmed out its thinking. No alert people would be so simple or sackerish as to open wide the U. S. A. Treasury door—and then take off for fun.

First off, folks have to take a night off from fun—stay home. You can't do much serious pondering on economics, socialism or the dim future of the nation or where you or your offshoots are going to get off, if the dame you are dancing with assays high in pulchritudinous qualifications.

Fun is alright—okay—I am for it, but horse-sense is also okay. Both is what we need. We have been detouring the horse-sense route.

Yours with the low down, JO SERRA

OWL LAFFS



BY A WISE OWL

Foster Conner got himself a auto, and the first couple of days he had it, he couldn't get it to run faster than 50 miles per hour.

So he gets a mechanic to go with him for a drive to see what was wrong—after driving several blocks the mechanic noticed Foster was driving in second gear—

and explained to him that in order to get more speed out of the car, he must drive in high gear.

We have a lot of trouble with one or our young lady employees. She constantly refuses to look for anything in our "morque" or "dead" file because she's afraid of ghosts.

Bright and early Monday morning, I got a extra large tuna fish salad sandwich—You are so right, Gwennie, it pays to advertise!

A Marietta woman, seeking a divorce because her husband was always intoxicated was asked what reason she had to be sure he was drunk. She replied: "I was sure when he put his dirty shirt to bed and jumped in the laundry chute."

Saw some little shavers doing tumbling at the playground today and I asked: "Can you stand on your head?" He looked me square in the eye and replied: "Nope, it's too high."

A friend of ours who is employed in Washington sent us this one. An excited citizen rushed into the office of the FBI waving a little notebook. "I found it at the Pentagon," he said, "it's in code."

I Edgar Hoover's agent examined it and read: "Kl. P2. Co8 and so forth. Putting the vast, intricately cumbersome machinery to work he found he could not break it so he sent for expert attention."

It took a young lady clerk in a back FBI office to finally decode it: "Knit one, purl two, cast on eight," etc.

A gentleman in Landisville was told by his doctor to quit drinking—or else. "Tell you what you do," said the doctor. "Every time you feel like taking a drink, eat an apple instead." And the unhappy tossepo said, "Okay Doc, but twenty-five or thirty is a heck of a lot of apples a day!"

Bob Divet says "Diplomacy is letting someone else have your way."

Then there was the hot shot who went sporting around town from bar to bar drinking whiskey sours—with his wife for a chaser.

Did you hear about the man who was ruined by untold wealth. He didn't tell about it on his income tax.

Walked downtown today and saw a local hubby pacing up and down in front of his home. When I got to the service station I asked: "What's wrong with him?" "Oh, he's worried about his wife," they told me. "What's she got?" I inquired. "The car," came the reply.

So now they come up with the 1953 version of a bedtime story. Our scene is the end of World War III—the entire world has been destroyed by atomic power. There's not a human being alive—everyone is dead, utter destruction.

Out of crumbled debris of wood and masonry crawled two dazed monkeys, a little girl monkey and a little boy monkey. Hand in hand, they looked with disbelief at the ruin and devastation about them.

Slowly, and with an air of misgiving, the little girl monkey turned to the little boy monkey and said: "Do you suppose that we oughta start the whole thing over again?"

SHORT STORY A Better Mousetrap

By John Bulling

I WAS ABOUT to doze off into an after dinner coma, when the ad first caught my eye.

HERE IT IS AT LAST!! BEAT A PATH TO OUR DOOR. FOLKS! "KILLIT" IS GUARANTEED TO KILL RATS AN MICE. DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU FAIL TO KILL RODENTS AFTER FOLLOWING THE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS!

There followed a name and address, and a request to send one dollar for a genuine "Killit". The thing was guaranteed. What could I lose?

I took the paper to the kitchen and showed the ad to Mary. She insisted that we didn't have any mice or rats, but I said maybe not, but it would be nice to have a guaranteed mousetrap anyhow.

Late August or early September is one of the best times to make new pasture seedings; fall rains and cooler weather encourage the growth of the new seeding so that grazing will be ready for next summer.

The general public is invited to attend this field demonstration.



I showed the ad to Mary, but she insisted that we didn't have any mice or rats.

Later I got to thinking about it. I hoped that Killit would not be a cat—we already had one cat, and there just isn't room for another one in our two by four apartment. But then, they couldn't send you a cat by mail, could they?

I thought of a buddy of mine, Bill Stout. He was a chronic smoker—you know the type. The world is his ashray.

But how could a mousetrap be guaranteed to kill if it didn't do just that? No, I was safe enough from the hilarity of our crowd. If I bought a lemon and the story happened to leak out, I should never hear the end of it, particularly from Bill. I remember how mad he'd been when I laughed at him.

I tried to figure out what the thing would be like. Basically a mousetrap doesn't appear capable of much change. I mean to say, the thing we all know as a mousetrap is sound, and seems about the only way to go about catching mice short of running after them.

That same Sunday night I had dreams about mousetraps. I'm one of those guys who can always remember his dreams with crystal clarity. The mousetraps I had entertained in my subconscious during the night, while they had seemed pretty good at the time, were complete washouts in the harsh light of day.

I began to forget the beastly mousetrap though Mary didn't. Apparently a workable idea had come to her while she was down at the market, and she had held up the line at the cashier's counter by demanding a piece of paper and a pencil—neither of which she ever has with her—and sketching out a fairly detailed plan of the thing, deaf to the selfish barking of the pushing assortment of waiting housewives.

We weren't kept in suspense too much longer. A package came in on the mail on the Wednesday or Thursday of the same week. It was very heavy, and had cost twenty-four cents to mail. We ripped it open and out came a flat slab of wood about six inches square and a piece of lead pipe a foot long.

Stimulate your business by advertising in the Bulletin.

Pasture Renovation Field Day Aug. 14

A Lancaster County Pasture Renovation Field Day will be held on Friday, Aug. 14, starting at 1 P. M. at the farm of Clair H. Witmer, Willow Street 11, Pa.

This Field Day will feature many actual demonstrations of modern machinery that may be used to break up an old pasture sod and prepare the soil for a new seeding.

A short afternoon program will feature Penn State Extension Specialists, Frank Bamer, and Joseph McCurdy, on the subjects of pasture improvement and modern pasture machinery.

This event is being conducted by the Lancaster County Agricultural Extension Service in cooperation with the Lancaster County Farm Equipment Dealers Association.

Late August or early September is one of the best times to make new pasture seedings; fall rains and cooler weather encourage the growth of the new seeding so that grazing will be ready for next summer.

The general public is invited to attend this field demonstration.

Stop in or call for free information

SIMON P. NISSELY MARY G. NISSELY FUNERAL DIRECTORS Mount Joy, Pa.



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If Your Clothes Look Beat, When They Should Be Neat, Give Them To The Man In The Little Green Jeep Eicherly's 76 - 78 EAST MAIN STREET MT. JOY, PA. WE OPERATE OUR OWN PLANT

In Case of Fire In Mount Joy and Vicinity Dial 3-3431 Quality Meats ALSO A FULL LINE OF BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS Fruits & Vegetables KRALL'S Meat Market WEST MAIN ST., MOUNT JOY

AP FOOD STORES Lots of Big Buys... Plenty More At A&P! Grapes 23c, Oranges 25c, Onions 3 lbs. 10c, String Beans 2 lbs. 19c, Peaches 3 lbs. 25c, Egg Plants 1 lb. 5c, Bartlett Pears 2 lbs. 25c, Snow Crop Week at A&P! Frozen Peas 2 10-oz. 29c, Orange Juice 3 6-oz. 59c, Grape Juice 2 6-oz. 35c, Raspberries 12-oz. 39c, Frozen Fryers 1-lb. 13-oz. \$1.15

Lipton Tea Lipton Tea Bags 21c, Sweetheart Soap 22c, Palmolive Soap 22c, Cashmere-Bouquet 22c, Super Suds 27c, Blu White Flakes 25c, Karo Syrup 23c, Mazola Oil 39c, Eat-All Deviled Crabs 39c, Fels Naphtha Soap 22c, Felso 27c, Kraft's Parkay 57c

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