

BOY MAKES HERO OF MAIL FLYER

Achieves Ambition to Ride With Idol and Is Now Official Mascot.

Springfield, Ill.—Do dreams come true?

They do for little nine-year-old Charles Castle, of Pawnee, whose dreams and faith have won him the realization of a year-old dream to meet, know and fly with "Jimmy Donnelly," a pilot-hero of a school story book.

The Castle home is on a little farm commanding a view of the surrounding countryside outside Pawnee. From the elevated site of his home Charles had been an "unknown" friend of air mail pilots of Universal division of American Airways, Inc., for many months. Today he is their mascot.

There was born in Charles that which comes to men, women and children today—a desire to fly. This desire was kindled, directly by the deeds of that wonderful book hero "Jimmy."

"Mother," Charles said to his mother, Mrs. Sam Castle, one day, "Mother, I wonder if that pilot carrying the mail over our house isn't Jimmy?"

"It may be, son," Mrs. Castle replied, and forgot the matter.

Prays for God's Help.

A few nights later, while Mrs. Castle was hearing Charles' prayers, the little lad asked God's help in the realization of his life's "big adventure"—to meet, to know, and to fly with "Jimmy."

"Jimmy don't see me, mother," Charles told his mother. "If he did I know he'd come down in the big pasture."

Days passed. "Jimmy" failed to land in the big pasture, although the little lad waved in vain as the planes sailed over the farm home.

Finally a Springfield newspaper (Illinois State Register) received a letter in which Mrs. Castle pleaded that "you try and find 'Jimmy' for my little Charles. 'Jimmy' pilots that big green and silver double-winged plane. I know there must be more than one pilot, but Charles insists that 'Jimmy' pilots all these ships. When you find him please send him this letter from Charles."

City editors have the reputation of being "hard," but when this Springfield city editor (J. D. Myers) read Charles' letter to "Jimmy," he knew that Wayne Williams, of Universal, was the pilot.

Charles' letter read:

"Dear Jimmy:
"I see you go over every day in your airplane. I see you if you didn't go I would almost cry."

"I love to watch you fly by. Some day won't you come down and take me up in the sky with you I want to fly like you. Will you, please Jimmy? Do you know where my Daddy's pasture is—the big one? Could you come down there?"

"Have you a boy? What is his name? How old is he? I will be nine (9) years old groundhog day. Did you bring Santa Claus to my house Xmas in your plane?"

"I'm looking for you to come see me every day Jimmy. Good-by Jimmy."
"Charles Castle."

Charles Held Faith.

Pilot Williams received Charles' letter and there was certain correspondence between Universal officials and Mrs. Castle. Little Charles held faith—some day "Jimmy" would stop. Nightly he prayed and dreamed. Bad weather brought serious fear to his mind and heart—for "Jimmy's" safety.

Then came the sunshine. A letter and a package for Charles was brought by the rural route mail carrier.

"It's Jimmy, mother, it's Jimmy!" shrieked the lad, as he tore through the farm home waving a picture of his beloved pilot.

"To my friend, Charles Castle," was inscribed on the face of the photograph, from his friend "Jimmy Donnelly."

Little Charles hardly ate or slept for two days and nights. Then "Jimmy" received a letter.

"Dear Jimmy:
"I got your picture and I want to thank you. I love to look at you. I love your airplane. You bet I want to ride with you. Will you show me how you do it? May I sit beside you up there? I love you Jimmy and so does Nellie and James. You know Nellie and James are my little sister and brother. Don't forget to come soon. Please be careful in this bad weather. I love you Jimmy."
"Your friend Charles."

"Jimmy" enlisted the aid of his fellow pilots and the north and south-bound mail and passenger planes saluted Charles as they sped along on their scheduled flights.

One day Charles received a letter saying that "Jimmy" was coming to see him and take him for that long-awaited ride in the clouds. And he did.

Accompanied by Postmaster William Conkling, of Springfield, Charles was at the municipal airport a few mornings later. There came a roar of motor—far away, then closer and closer.

Hope and Faith Win.
"It's Jimmy," Charles yelled, as he danced about in his great excitement. Santa Claus, in person, would never have been afforded such an eager welcome.

Hope and faith had won. Charles was about to realize a dream, to see the fulfillment of his prayers. He stared

as down swooped the great plane and then up to circle the field. Then down to a swift and graceful landing, and to taxi up to the waiting crowd—

Firm hands held the excited child. As "Jimmy" cut off his power the little lad was released and he sped to the plane's side and into "Jimmy's" arms with a wild cry—and burst into tears as his idol held him close and petted him.

Pilots, grease-monkeys, men and women in all walks of life who knew of and appreciated the real drama that was being enacted before their sight found their vision dimmed by tears of happiness—happy that hope and faith had won and for a little child's happiness.

Later came the ride. Little Charles climbed into the plane with his Jimmy. The motor roared and the craft swept down the field, into the wind, and was up and away. "Jimmy" headed due south to Charles' home and school.

A little loving mother danced with joy, meanwhile waving a towel to her son there above her as the plane circled the home. In the field was the father at his task of coaxing a living from the soil for his little brood. At the schoolhouse pupils and teacher were in the yard, each happy for Charles and the realization of his big adventure.

"There's Mother," the lad screamed into his idol's ear. "There's Daddy." Over the home and the school "Jimmy" swung his craft low and in wide circles so that the faces of the beloved mother and father and playmates were plain to the excited boy.

Charles was presented with gold wings by "Jimmy" and not to be outdone, the boy gave the wings that adorned his little natty flying suit to his "Jimmy."

Wants to Be Pilot.

Questioned later by Postmaster Conkling and city officials Charles declared:

"Jimmy's wonderful—I want to be a pilot just like him."

One hitch in the program brought tears of sadness to Charles. He had planned that "Jimmy" would visit him, stay with him there, play with him, fly with him. When he was told that "the mail must go through" he drew his little lips to a straight line, blinked his eyes and said:

"Sure, the mail must go through. But, Jimmy, please don't forget that pasture I showed you!"

There was dinner with its chicken, and all the "fixins"; topped by extra-special serving of ice cream—and then the trip home to a waiting family and playmates of the school yard.

"It was great," he exclaimed, head up and chest expanded. "Believe me, my Jimmy knows how to fly a plane—and he showed me all about it."

Following came the secret, but assuredly the promised prophecy that one day Charles and Jimmy will be flying the air lines together.

Motorist Robs Man Whom He Gave Lift

Santa Barbara, Calif.—Louis Turner, twenty-six-year-old resident of the Seaman's Institute in San Francisco, recently was clouted over the head with an iron bar and robbed of \$180 on a side road off the Coast highway near Naples by a motorist who had picked him up near Ventura as he was "hitch-hiking" back to his home port, San Pedro.

Turner said a man driving a fincar had given him a "lift" from Ventura and that they had come to this city, enjoying several drinks together en route. Later, according to his story, they started north, the man driving the car off the Coast highway on a side road near Naples, explaining the action by declaring that some "beautiful scenery could be seen from the road."

After stopping, Turner said, his companion reached into the back of the car, grabbed an iron pipe and hit him over the head with it.

Poisoned Oats Found and Eaten by Horses

Metropolis, Nev.—Squirrels, carelessness, and a horse's natural desire for oats resulted in John Blake losing his best work team and a good saddle horse. The three animals were turned loose on a load of hay under which were three sacks of poisoned oats, procured for eradication of squirrels and gophers. Blake had forgotten about the oats. The horses reached them, broke through the sacks, and the oats worked as effectively on them as they were supposed to do on gophers and squirrels.

Motorman Stops Car as He Is About to Die

Los Angeles.—With his dying effort, F. J. A. Sharon, a motorman of the Los Angeles railway, stopped his car at Ninth and Hoover streets. Then he collapsed on the platform.

When an ambulance surgeon from Georgia Street Receiving hospital arrived Sharon was dead, apparently of heart disease. He was sixty years old.

\$7,500 Is Too Much for Too Tight Shoes

Cleveland.—Seventy-five hundred dollars for a pair of blistered feet is too much, Common Pleas Judge Samuel Kramer ruled when he dismissed the suit of Henry H. Dubbs, filed because a shoe merchant sold him shoes that hurt his feet.

HOW

SEVEN DAYS CAME TO BE MADE LENGTH OF WEEK.—Where did man get his week, and what decided its length? Like so many things, it came from the Romans, but it did not originate in Rome. During the reign of Theodosius the seven day week came into use, and Rome imagined that it was Egyptian; but in truth it came from the Jews, who believed that God made the world in six days and rested on the seventh.

Christianity was just beginning to creep across the world in those days, but masses of people were still pagan, and they accepted the seven day week as a moon week.

Each day was dedicated to one of the planets, Sun day, Moon day, Mars day, Mercury day, Jove day, Venus day, and Saturn day.

The Anglo-Saxon forefathers refused to call the days after foreign gods and renamed them after their own divinities, Tow, Woden, Thor, Frigga and Seterne.

The work "week" comes from the German "wikon," meaning change or succession, and the length of this succession of days is usually decided by the moon or the market.

How Compass Plant Got Its Somewhat Odd Name

The so-called compass plants get their name from a habit of growth brought about through self-preservation.

The plants, including the rosin weeds and the prickly lettuce, usually produce fairly broad leaves, which grow in a horizontal position. In sections where the air is particularly dry and the sunlight intense: one edge of the leaf usually curls straight upward, in order that a thin edge may be presented to the withering rays of the sun.

By this means, the flatter surfaces face the morning and evening rays of the sun, which are, of course, less intense, while to the midday sun, the plant presents only the thin edge.

In sections where this growing habit is common, the effect is striking.

How Map Is "Oriented"

To orient a map is to place it so that its east side, etc., lies toward the corresponding parts of the horizon; the map attached to a plane table may be rotated to make its directions correspond with the actual compass directions. In surveying, the azimuth of a line is the angle the line makes with a north and south line, and differs from a bearing in being measured always in one direction through 90 degrees, while bearings are measured in each of four directions through 90 degrees. Contour lines on a map are lines connecting points of the same elevation. On a contour map which shows contour lines at 50, 100, 150 feet, etc., the contour intervals will be 50 feet. Distance is usually indicated by means of a scale; for further information as to methods used in surveying, consult a textbook on the subject.

How X-Ray Foils Smugglers

As a means of combatting the ingenuity of diamond smugglers, the authorities of the port of New York are X-raying wealthy society women who are known to have bought a lot of diamonds in Paris: If she fails to declare them when the ship arrives, she will be asked to step inside a specially constructed booth in the customs shed.

As the woman stands there, the expert in charge will be able to see at once if any solid objects are concealed. Should she have hidden a diamond just before leaving the ship, it will be seen, as also will any jewelry hidden in the heels of her shoes or in her clothes.

How to Curb Telephone Echo

By delaying speech transmission, actually bottling up a word on the telephone wire and holding it for an instant, engineers have demonstrated a way of overcoming echoes and otherwise improving telephone service. The holding lasts only for a few hundredths of a second and is accomplished by means of retarding apparatus similar to that already employed in telephoning over transatlantic and long land cables.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

How to Clean Paintings

A good way to clean oil paintings is to rub them with linseed oil. When you buy it ask for boiled linseed oil, as there are two kinds. By applying this with a soft piece of cloth you will have good results. It will not injure the paintings in any way.

How Navy Trains Men

The navy maintains 42 trade schools for the specialization training of its enlisted men in electricity, gyro electricity, gunnery, pharmacy, radio, advanced radio, repair, machinery, music, aviation, and the trades of blacksmith and coppersmith.

How Bridal Veil Originated

The custom of a bride wearing a veil is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon way of performing the ceremony under a piece of square cloth, held at each corner by a tall man, to conceal from the onlookers the bride's blushes.

A PEST? YES, BUT 'COMMON SCOLD'? NO! MAN CONTENTS

Curse His Neighbors and Roared All Over the Place, "But What of It?"

Pittsburgh.—Charles Rizzo admits he may have disturbed the peace of Duffield street; he further admits he may have been contentious, obstreperous, pugnacious, and pestiferous; he may have been unseemly in his conduct toward his neighbors, have injured their feelings by hard words and threats.

But Charles Rizzo is ready to fight to the end to prove he is not a "common scold"; he intends to go to the United States Supreme court, if necessary, to set aside the verdict given in Criminal court by a jury of eight men and four women.

The affair goes back to last winter. The good people of Duffield street claim that every day and every night during the winter, Rizzo came home shouting and cursing.

The neighbors caused to be invoked against Rizzo the old colonial law, adopted in and still standing on the statutes of the commonwealth. And they hailed Rizzo into court to answer to being a "common scold."

A dozen neighbors testified that Rizzo would swear at them every time he saw them, day or night, and that his conduct at all times was unseemly. They testified he would stand in his yard and would curse them until they fled.

Questions by counsel failed to develop answers as to why some neighbor did not exercise the great American privilege of extirpating him.

Eventually Rizzo was convicted. But he appealed for a new trial. His lawyer, F. L. Lagorio, cites the wording of the scold statute to prove biologically that Rizzo could not be convicted under it, for the law defines a scold as "a glib woman with a too active tongue."

Furthermore, counsel pleads, should the conviction stand, the county would be put to wasteful expense, as the law provides that "any person convicted of being a common scold shall be ducked three times in an open body of water."

The learned counsel points out that neither Allegheny county nor Pennsylvania state now owns a ducking stool.

Film May Cost Woman \$10,000 Court Victory

San Francisco, Calif.—Evidence of physical fitness, recorded on a few feet of motion picture film, may set aside a judgment of \$10,000 awarded Mrs. Mary Sylvester for "permanent" injuries she asserted she suffered when struck by a falling cornice in Oakland last May.

The film was filed in Oakland Superior court to support a motion for a new trial. Affidavits of detectives who, unknown to her, filmed Mrs. Sylvester after the trial, and physicians accompanied the exhibit.

Investigators for the defense called on Mrs. Sylvester after the damages were awarded, one affidavit states, and asked her to sell them some eggs. On the third visit they "happened" to have a movie camera along and volunteered to snap a few pictures of her.

The incident of the falling cornice occurred May 29, 1926. Mrs. Sylvester filed suit for \$25,000 damages and based on her showing in court a jury in Superior Judge Murphy's court awarded her \$10,000 on March 12.

An affidavit of Mrs. Alice Mae Young, one of the defense investigators, recites that the woman wrestled with a large dog for 15 minutes without appearing to be tired.

Defendants in the case are the owners of the Brunswick hotel, from which the cornice fell; Agnes McMullen, Ida O. Jones, and G. H. Jones, and two painters working there at the time: Thomas E. Scanlon and Mark A. Miller.

Told of the "movie" evidence, Mrs. Sylvester was said to have collapsed.

Germans Plan Fete in Honor of Von Steuben

Berlin.—Arrangements are being made by the Carl Schurz society to observe on September 17 of this year the 200th anniversary of the birth of General von Steuben.

An honorary committee has been named with President von Hindenburg at its head. Other members include Frederick M. Sackett, the American ambassador; Julius Curtius, foreign minister, and Paul Loebe, president of the reichstag.

Swarm of Bees Puts Automobile Into Ditch

Union, S. C.—A swarm of angry bees put an automobile carrying eight passengers into a 10-foot ditch. The only injuries sustained were painful bee stings.

The car struck something that apparently flew into a thousand different parts, buzzing, crawling and stinging. It was a swarm of bees crossing the highway.

Exhausted Eagle Falls Upon Deck of Trawler

Grimby, England.—A huge bird, believed to be a sea eagle, fell exhausted on the deck of the trawler Thunderstone in the North sea some 400 miles from the River Humber, and attached itself to the ship as permanent mascot.



AN invitation to attend the Commencement Exercises of a distant State Teachers' College came to a farmer from his niece, a member of the graduating class. As the date approached, however, he realized it would be impossible to leave the farm. Faced with berry picking, cultivation, and a dozen urgent farm duties, he telephoned his congratulations and satisfactorily explained his enforced absence.



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