

# You Know Me - By Al Himself

We wouldn't care ordinarily—the Julian Calendar is okay with us. As to Pope Gregory's revision, we'll accept it—what else can we do? We will even sympathize with those people who celebrated the New Year as the first year of the second half of the century, although we think that we could prove them wrong if we had enough fingers and toes to count up to fifty, but let's let it go at that. Whether 1950 is the last year of the first half of the century or is the first year of the last half of the century, doesn't matter except that the controversy reminds us so vividly of the year 1900. It was the first year that we remember of the celebration of a New Year.

Al, Himself, was born July 1, 1891, according to the records of his mother, which he accepts, so on January 1, 1900, he was 8½ years old. He wanted so much to see the

new century come in that he requested on his birthday in July to be taken to Manhattan next January, and that was all he wanted as a birthday present. His request was laughed at for a month and then forgotten until he asked for the same thing as a Christmas present. Then his parents decided to give him his wish.

We lived in a little community called Windsor Terrace, east of Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Now-a-days it takes just twenty-eight minutes to get from there to City Hall, Manhattan, via subway, but in those days it took an hour and a half to go by trolley. Our house was four, big, long blocks from the trolley station. It began to snow.

We trudged out. As soon as we grasped pop's hand we sensed that he was resentful of the trip. There was our younger brother, Jimmy, only 7, holding pop's other hand and gleefully skipping along, accepting as his right that he should be with us, even though we did all the appealing for the trip.

As we look back now we don't wonder that pop didn't feel happy about it, after working all day, but in those days we didn't think of the comfort of parents much. As we settled in the seats of the cold trolley we shyly looked up at pop and smiled and he looked back and cuddled us both to him, putting our coat collars up, and then we were happy for we knew that despite the lack of heat, pop was enjoying the trip with us. When we reached the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge we didn't go up town. No, that was where the few people went to celebrate the New Year in their way. We went down town with the crowd. We pushed, shoved and squirmed past people who were going the same way, down to Broadway and Wall Street to hear the Trinity Church chimes "Ring out the Old, ring in the New." We milled around for two hours, Jimmy, pop and we, holding hands, laughing with the crowd, walking two blocks up town, then turning back past the church, and then two blocks down town, always hoping we would be right in front of the steeple when the chimes rang out at midnight. It was a game. People would slow up as they neared the church wanting to be right on the spot at the stroke of twelve, but the good natured police kept us moving. Then at last we heard them—we were just a few rods away—bong—bong—bong—twelve times, then, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," and "Hail To the World," and we listened and grasped pop's hand and squeezed it and he returned the grasp as we "saw" the new century come in.

As we passed St. Paul's Church at Fulton and Broadway on our way home, its chimes were ringing, at half hour past midnight and we asked pop why? He said that the bells would ring longer this New Year's morning because a century was being born as well as the year. We didn't get home till two o'clock and mom was a little scared, but we were all happy and went to bed.

Next day the newspapers proclaimed that this was not the beginning of a new century, and those that had celebrated it as such would have to do it all over again on January 1, 1901. Mom and pop tried to keep those papers from us, but we saw them and didn't care, because the chimes of Trinity and St. Paul had rung in a new century for us, even though the editors stated that it was a year too soon.

Our three-year elder brother reminded us often that on January 1, 1901 at 12:01 a.m. we were sound asleep and had missed the real celebration, but by that time we were no longer interested. We were 9½ years old and in love with our Sunday School teacher. Her name was Miss Fulton. We were looking forward to June when we could get a job and make enough money to take Miss Fulton out west and hunt buffalo.

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### New Year's Eve Party

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Woodruff of Pioneer avenue entertained a few friends before the New Year's party at Irem Temple Country Club Saturday evening. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert VanHorn.

### THE DALLAS POST

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A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10¢ each. Single copies, at a rate of 5¢ each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Canteen, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Ideltown—Caves Store; Huntville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY  
Associate Editor MYRA ZEISER RISLEY  
Contributing Editor MRS. T. M. B. HICKS  
Sports Editor WILLIAM HART

## The Book Worm

The Bookworm is conducted for and in the interest of Back Mountain Memorial Library.



By Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

Members of the Back Mountain Library Book Club will be interested in knowing that thirteen new books have been placed on the shelves for their pleasure. Volumes bought from funds raised by the Book Club are reserved for members for a length of time, then put into general distribution.

For mystery-story fans there are two new books, "The Catherine Wheel" by the ever popular Patricia Wentworth, its plot woven into the history of an ancient English inn, and "Honey for the Ghost" by Louis Golding, featuring a witch and a ghost, both of them most convincing.

Two books with a medical slant are a novel, "Medical Meeting," written by Mildred Walker, and the incredible story of one of history's greatest doctors, a martyr to science and his own convictions, "The Cry and the Covenant," by Morton Thompson.

Autobiographical and of value as historical source material is Eleanor Roosevelt's "This I Remember." Well written and of the keenest interest to the reader, whether for or against the Roosevelt administration.

"Zane Grey, Man of the West", a biography by Jean Zarr.

A novel of the time of the Renaissance, "The Divine Mistress", by Frank G. Slaughter.

"Gypsy Sixpence", by Edison Marshall, a novel of Queen Victoria's England.

"House in the Sun" by Dane Chandos, a sequel to "Village in the Sun".

"Family Fortunes", all about the Beechwoods of Kentucky whose ancestral acres have suffered from the post-bellum chaos following the War Between the States.

A posthumous autobiography of Will Rogers, selected columns from his newspaper work, covering the period from 1922 to his death in 1935, embodying his own life story.

"Killers of the Dream", by Lillian Smith. Philosophical, dealing with the eternal dream that has made men human, and the forces that tend to kill it.

For lovers of Mary Ellen Chase and readers who appreciate exceptionally good writing, "The Plum Tree."

### Bill Compton, Surprised At Birthday Party

A surprise birthday party was held last Thursday at his home in Fernbrook in honor of Bill Compton. He received many lovely cards, gifts and a large decorated cake.

Lunch was served to, Mr. and Mrs. James Knecht, Mrs. Harry Bellas, Dorothy Belles of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Munson, Barbara Lee Munson, Sugar Notch; Mr. and Mrs. Arnet Albee of Ashley; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Speay, Howard Jr. of Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cross of Beaumont; Mr. and Mrs. George Shaver, Sr. of Truckville; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lamoreaux, Freddy Lamoreaux, Mr. and Mrs. George Shaver, Skippy Shaver, Mr. and Mrs. George Belles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seward, Buddy and Jimmie Seward and Mr. and Mrs. William Compton of Fernbrook.

## BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

### Hope Diamond—Not a Jinx Gem But a Marble Carrying a Hex

By BILLY ROSE

The members of the gang squatted in a small circle on a patch of green a block away from the subway station at 242nd street. Their eyes were in fixed focus on a shiny object at their feet—the Hope Diamond. . . .

Let me end the suspense here and now by announcing that the gang was made up of boys who had gotten together to decide the marble championship of the Upper Bronx, and that the shiny object at their feet was not the unlucky stone of great price you've been reading about for years, but a legendary agate known to small fry from the Triborough Bridge to Spuyten Duyvil as the Hope Diamond shooter.

Now, a shooter, or "real," as the aficionados call it, looks a lot like an ordinary marble, but any kid who knows a heist-shot from a knuckle-down can tell you the difference. The shooter is heavier, truer, more cunningly fashioned than the ordinary immie, and, even more important, there exists between it and the thumb and forefinger of its owner a spiritual affinity which makes it more precious to him than all the other marbles he owns. When a player loses in a "for-keeps" game, he pays off with common, earth-bound miggels—he would no more think of parting with his shooter than a good family man would with his life insurance.

a curse with it, but as you may have noticed, Harry hasn't thrown it away either.

AND SO, five minutes before the contest, Charlie Hersch, Whitey's closest friend, dropped the Hope Diamond shooter in front of the contestants with the dire words, "Wizoczekki says anybody wants it kin have it, only he oughta make sure his family kin afford the doctor bills."

Eleven of the players regarded it with awe and distrust, but the twelfth—a dark horse from the swanky Riverdale section—was not impressed. He picked it up, tried a test shot, and said, "If nobody wants the Diamond, I'll use it."

"Ya be lucky if ya don't bust a leg," said Hymie Michernick.

Well, for most of the contest it looked as if the rich kid was a cinch to win. Not only did the Diamond connect with everything it went after, but it seemed to hex the other shooters that attempted to hit it. Inspired and made confident by its performance, the kid from Riverdale sighted long and carefully, considered the topography of the ground and, when the situation called for extreme measures, even shot from the stomach position.

However, as the match entered the tenth and final round, a station wagon pulled up and a hefty Swede of a nursemaid got out.

"Ja-ackie," she shouted. "Dinner's almost ready and look at your clothes. You're a sight!"

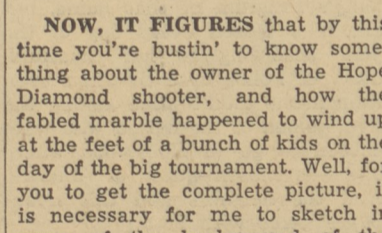
"Wait a minute," said the kid, squinting at a marble four feet away.

"Albert!" yelled the nursemaid. A chauffeur with big shoulders got out and walked toward the circle. Jackie dropped the Hope Diamond in disgust, said "Aw, nuts!" and climbed into the station wagon. And, as it drove away, the blood-shot eye of the blue shooter seemed to wink at the other players.

Hymie Michernick picked it up. "This is the last time it's going to put the squitch on anybody," he said, and threw it as far as he could.

Now, if the Hope Diamond had been an ordinary shooter, the story would end here. But, as I have gone to some pains to make clear, it was not. Propelled by the Michernick muscles, the little ball of fire sailed through the air for 50 feet, bounced off a tin can onto the sidewalk, and was picked up an hour later by an intern on his way to the hospital.

"I know someone who'll get a real kick out of this," he said, handing the Hope Diamond shooter to one of the nurses. "Will you give this marble to the patient in room 218. Whitey Wizoczekki—the little boy who broke his ribs."



Billy Rose

Then, for a while, the malevolent marble was owned by Ivo Sondergaard, but shortly after he acquired it, the boy developed a game leg and was forever barred by his doctor from kneeling on the damp earth.

Finally, Whitey Wizoczekki, reputed to have the most skillful thumb north of the Harlem river, latched on to the shooter, but two days before the big tournament, the jinx caught up with him and he broke a couple of ribs falling off the back of an ice truck.

The easiest thing, of course, would have been to throw away the hex-heavy shooter but, as you know, the ways of men and urchins under the spell of superstition are hard to explain. Harry Winston's Hope Diamond, too, is supposed to carry

## Barnyard Notes



I had just settled down to write a column about the cricket that has settled in the Dallas Post furnace room when my mother-in-law remarked: "Don't you ever write anything except about the 'bees, bugs and butterflies?' It all sounds alike."

"Well, hardly ever," was the reply, except when I write about limburg cheese—and you don't like that."

So for a change we decided to fill this week's column with the smart sayings of other editors.

Here are a few gems culled from other small town journals and republished in MAIN STREET, a monthly page in the Cosmopolitan magazine.

"A man, getting his first peek through the Palomar telescope, exclaimed, "God!" A professor turned to him and said, "Pretty good telescope, isn't it?"

"Republican", Fairfield, California  
"The older the man the more slowly he reads a contract."  
"Herald", Plentywood, Montana  
"There is much to be said for a college education. For instance, it keeps the boss' son from the business for four more years."  
"Herald", Fort Morgan, Colorado

"One of the reasons we have divorce courts is because many husbands who promised they would die for their wives haven't made good."  
"Journal", Platteville, Wisconsin

"Six feet of moist earth is said to be effective protection against atomic bombs. So all you have to do to be safe after death is keep the earth moist."  
"Record", Allenburg, Washington

"One doesn't have to have a great deal to be happy, just someone to love, some work to do, and something to hope for."  
"Mercury-Chronicle", Manhattan, Kansas

"Having a party so you can snub certain folks by not inviting them is okay, if you're entirely sure they would have come if you had invited them."  
"Tribune", Fountain Inn, S.C.  
And here are some taken from big city papers:

"Financing has become scientific down through the ages. Do you realize that money order would have saved the Prodigal Son the trouble of coming home?"  
"New York Journal-American", New York, New York

"Immortal . . . that's movie talk for 'You think he's good for another six months.'  
"The Detroit Times", Detroit, Mich.

"With their style and our capital, Paris is the style capital of the world."  
"The Philadelphia Inquirer", Philadelphia, Penna.

"A mixture of common slag and rubber is being tried on highways to reduce skidding accidents. A mixture of prudent speed and consideration for the other fellow will do the same thing."  
"Cleveland Plain Dealer", Cleveland, Ohio  
"More politicians ought to stop quoting Lincoln's speeches and start imitating his actions."  
"Chicago Daily News", Chicago, Ill.

## News of the Churches

### DALLAS METHODIST NOTES

During the coming Sunday Services that lead up to Lent and Easter the emphasis will be on the Life and Teachings of Jesus. The general theme, which is taken from Robert Browning's poem, "Saul", will be, "See the Christ Stand." This Sunday's theme will be, "Finding a Name for the Babe of Bethlehem."

Those uniting with the church by transfer will be received into membership in this service.

Methodist Youth Fellowship will hold a combined worship service at the Youth Room on Sunday evening at 6:30. Attendance at these meetings is growing and a fine period of fellowship and study is being promoted by the M.Y.F. Cabinet. All young people, 11-23, are invited. Final plans for preparing the script for participation in the Youth Forum over radio station WBRE will be made. Elizabeth McQuilkin, Doris Hazeltine, David Kunkle, Robert Stair, and Robert McQuilkin will appear in the broadcast.

The Church Board of Education will hold its monthly meeting at the Church on Tuesday evening at 8.

The Girl Scouts meet in the church social rooms on Wednesday afternoon at 4.

The weekly cottage Prayer Meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ray Shiber, Center Hill road, on Wednesday evening at 7:30. We shall continue our study of the Advance For Christ Booklet, "Our Faith in the Bible". An invitation is extended to all.

On Thursday the Junior Choir will hold its rehearsal at 4. The Youth Choir will rehearse at 7 and the Senior Choir at 7:45. The Boy Scouts meet at the Church at 7.

The Church Membership Training Class is now being formed for all boys and girls who wish to unite with the church or who wish to know more about the church. The first session will be held on Sunday evening, January 22, 6:30. All boys and girls are invited.

Sunday School classes are being asked to make plans for the observance of Lent, which begins on February 22. As in other years the classes are required to secure speakers and to conduct the Wednesday evening services.

### SHAVERTOWN METHODIST CHURCH

Communion will be administered at the Sunday morning 11 a.m. service.  
Monday evening—Official Board meets at 8 p.m.

## Alfred D. Bronson

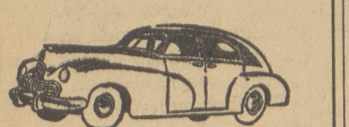
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