

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.
MONDAY — WEDNESDAY — FRIDAY
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

By Mail, per year \$2.50
By Carrier, per year \$3.00

THE STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
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Entered as second class matter January 1, 1905 at the postoffice at Shelby, North Carolina, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879. We wish to call your attention to the fact that it is and has been our custom to charge five cents per line for resolutions of respect, cards of thanks and obituary notices, after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 13, 1929

TWINKLES

Our idea of getting out of two troublesome situations with one act would be to turn Chicago loose upon Mexico, or Mexico upon Chicago.

Since some of the fighting in the Mexican revolution is near the Mexican border Will Rogers thinks the U. S. Senate should pass a law to make a bullet light in the same country it started from, or advocate wider rivers between two countries.

Vice President Curtis has been given five varieties of gavels since he was sworn into office, but so far none of the gavels forwarded him was made of an Al Smith auto tag despite the fact that several hundred such tags must have been discarded in recent months.

"Coolidge Attracts Attention As Writer with First Magazine Article," informs a headline. And he did, but Mr. Coolidge may write magazine articles "from now on" and he will never again write one line that will attract so much attention as did that line he wrote before he began writing magazine articles—"I do not choose to run."

WHERE "BUNK" ORIGINATED

"THAT'S all bunk!" Think of the many times you've heard that expression, or a similar expression employing the word 'bunk.' Where did the word originate? What does it mean?

If you do not know, perhaps the following information contained in an editorial in a recent issue of The Rotarian magazine will interest you:

"The little word 'bunk' is on everybody's lips today. Like most slang words, it is 'racy of the soil' whence it springs. It is an Americanism of the purest water. For those who do not know, or have forgotten, 'bunk' is a corruption of 'Buncombe,' a county of North Carolina. Once upon a time, records Wheeler, in his History of North Carolina, 'the Congressman for the district rose to address the House without any extraordinary powers, in manner or matter, to interest the audience. Many members left the hall. Very naively he told those who remained that they might go too; he should speak for some time, but he was only talking for Buncombe.'

"When a crittur talks for talk's sake," said Sam Slick, 'jist to have a speech in the paper to send to home, and not for any other airthly puppus but electioneering, our folks call it bunkum.'

"'Bunk,' then, properly understood, does not mean, as so many seem to think, just something you do not agree with, or even an extravagant or ridiculous proposition. It means something said in public to serve some special interest—otherwise, propaganda. There is nothing Rotarians, of all people, should be more severe on than 'bunk,' as defined, and it is something they should be the last to be accused of by their critics. That there is a lot of it about, nobody can deny. Group organization has done much good in many ways to make men think for their fellows in the same business and not only for themselves. But it has also tempted men, in the interests of the group, to talk in slogans which are often found by test to mean nothing in practice. Often do we find a bad practice made light of because it is not done by the group. But if the group preaches and the individual does not practice, the preaching is bunk; it is something said for show, and there is little or nothing behind it."

HOW READERS ARE SERVED

THE AVERAGE newspaper reader no doubt never realizes just how much work and effort is expended in furnishing the news reports he reads each day, or the news photos he sees each day. And this, by the way, is no shop talk for The Star as the notable newspaper feat we intend to relate boosts a news photo service that does not even serve this paper.

Lindbergh is big news always. The average newspaper reader, although unaccustomed to news value, knows that. Several days back, not long after the Lone Eagle's engagement was announced, Lindbergh and his wife-to-be, Miss Morrow, were in a plane crash near Mexico City. Sooner or later all the timid folks, and some not so timid, had feared Lindy would be in a crash. And when the crash came it was unusually "big news"—big news with a touch of romance added due to the fact that the famous flyer's first known mishap since he attained fame came when he was riding his fiancée. Of course photos were made of the mishap along with photos of Lindbergh and Miss Morrow climbing from the wrecked plane. But news dispatches had it that Mexican authorities had confiscated all the plates and films of the wrecked plane. Hundreds of newspaper readers accustomed to seeing their big news stories in pictures as well as in type were somewhat disappointed by the dispatches. But hours after the mishap, despite the news that the films had been confiscated, a complete picture story appeared in all the newspapers served by the NEA photo syndicate.

How was it done? A daring photographer, immediately after making his pictures got them aboard the Mexican airmail from Mexico City to Laredo, a distance of 1,291 miles. Meantime another

plane with a newspaper reporter aboard left Houston, Texas, and flew to Laredo to meet the airmail. Then the special plane flew back to Houston, a distance of 417 miles. At Houston special mats were made of the photos and rushed by plane at night over an unlighted course from Houston to St. Louis. More than 2,800 miles of flying in all. At St. Louis the pictures were broadcast all over the country by telephoto.

Thousands of newspaper readers the next day saw photos of Lindy and his girl climbing from their wrecked plane—"we's" first accident pictured in the home papers of readers.

No, the average reader seldom ever knows just how much expense, effort and danger there may be behind some of the items he or she reads, or some of the news photos they see.

THE MONAZITE INDUSTRY

THERE seems to be something funny about the conflicting information that has come up in the movement started here to revive monazite mining in this section, and along with quite a number of Cleveland county citizens who are interested, The Star would be pleased to have the straight of it.

First we hear that no monazite is found other than in this section, Brazil and India. Then along comes a mining engineer of State college with the information that there are vast deposits of a good grade of monazite in Florida. Later this statement is discredited by several men in close touch with the monazite industry, or, rather, who were in close touch with the industry in bygone years. The movement to restore the industry here continues and the word given out is that monazite mining can be profitably resumed here if a sizeable import duty is placed upon monazite and monazite products coming in now duty-free from Brazil and India. Hopes again swing high among the people of this section owning monazite lands. Then comes definite and to-the-point information from the head of one of the largest of all manufacturers of monazite products that an import duty on foreign monazite will help not a bit in restoring monazite mining in the Carolinas, because, as he explains, there is very little demand these days for monazite products, such a little demand, in fact, that no monazite is being mined even in Brazil and India, and, therefore, a tariff would not help. "The monazite industry is a dead one," he writes a Shelby man, "unless a new use is found for it," informing that the demand for any product made of monazite is dwindling each year and there is enough above the ground monazite sand, which is to say monazite sand in stock, to supply the demand for years to come, which means that there is no demand that monazite be mined here or anywhere else unless a new use develops.

So, there you are. Make heads and tails of the affair, if possible? Somebody, if there be such a person, in position to know the exact standing of the monazite industry should make it plain so that the people hereabouts might not have their hopes raised one day and dashed upon the rocks the next. Perhaps Mr. Mason, head of the Welshback company, knows what he is talking about when he says the monazite mining industry is a dead industry, tariff or no tariff, again there may be those who will think Mr. Mason is talking for business reasons. The Star would be pleased to pass along authentic information on the subject to the readers of the paper. Certainly no progress is being made as the matter goes now with conflicting statements coming out nearly every day.

"Nobody's Business"

— BY GEE MCGEE —

(Exclusive In The Star In This Section.)

Smith Vs. Jones.

Old Man Smith and Old Man Jones had a fight about some poetry the other day, and it came very near being a serious affair. It all came about by reason of an argument, just like all other fights start.

These two old friends were talking about literature ansoforth, an Old Man Smith recited the first stanza of "Mary had a little lamb. It's face was white as snow," and Old Man Brown ups and corrects him, and says, "That there poem run this-ser-way—'Mary had a little lamb, it's feet were white as snow' and you are simply wrong when you say 'face.'"

Then the dander of each one rose and kept on a-rising. One swore that it was "face" and the other swore it was "feet," and Old Man Jones said that he had made that speech at school thousands and thousands of times, and he always said—"It's feet," and he was man enough to stand by it. One word led to another, and before anybody knew what had happened, Old Man Smith caught Old Man Jones by the whiskers and around they went like a whirl-gig.

And the fight went on, and every minute or two, Old Man Jones would say it was "face" and Old Man Smith would say, "You're a liar, it was 'feet.'" Hair and whiskers flew in all directions. Old Man Jones swallowed his quid of Browns Mule and Old Man Smith got his shoe hung in the fracas, and fell on the wood-pile, and then they began to tumble and roll over one another.

They both awoke in the hospital the next day. They were stitched and bound up, and occupied cots alongside one another. Nary a word was said for the first 36 hours, yet

they had both regained consciousness during the first 30 hours. About mid-night the third day, Old Man Jones found out who his roommate was, and he flew mad again, and said—"Smith, it's feet, and I mean every dam word of it."

Just about that time, the nurse came in with a First Reader, and read as follows: "Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go." Therefore, it was neither "face" nor "feet" after all, but "fleece." (Most trouble is due to just such matters as Old Man Jones and Old Man Smith fell out about.)

Grumbling Grumblers.

Nearly everybody seems to enjoy the stunt of grumbling. Nothing ever suits us. It is either too hot or too cold. Our shoes are either a little bit small or the least bit large. Our coffee is generally too weak. Taxes are always too high. And its flies or mosquitoes, boll weevils or the red spider, 10-cent cotton or 15 cents, and our peaches are full of worms, and our preacher preaches too long, and just one darned thing after another.

Uncle Joe grumbles a great deal, but his family grumbles at him more than he grumbles at anything else. He could always beat anybody you ever saw having sores on his hands at cotton-picking time, and when the fodder got ready to pull, he'd have a few kernels under his arm, and if he was wanted to help set-out tater slips, his back was half broke. You just ought to see how Uncle Joe is "tied and wrapped" during work-time. He looks like he's been in a wreck. His throat is always sore, and he enjoys sitting down more than anything else, especially at the dining table.

SMARTLY STYLED

Spring Coats

Exclusive, high type garments in the smartest styles presented this season. Youthful models of tweeds and novelty fabrics— notched collars and revers—patch and slit pockets—tailored models—capelet and cape effects—each coat carefully tailored and smart in style.

Most Reasonably Priced

\$9.75 \$16.75 To \$79.50

ENSEMBLES

Many new styles added to stock this week. There are types for daytime, for sports and others of dressier mode. Each model appropriately fashioned of the correct fabrics, trimming, pattern and color particularly suited to the occasion.

\$19.50 to \$49.50

Latest Styles

COSTUME JEWELRY

Your outfit is not complete without a bit of this inexpensive jewelry.



SPECIAL SHOWING

NEW EASTER FROCKS

Every frock in this big display shows favored versions of the mode for Easter and Summer. Sports frocks—styles for daytime and dressier evening types. Every model distinctive in character and finely made.

One-piece and two-piece styles with new necklines, flares, box and cluster pleatings. Fabrics are georgette, crepe satin, printed crepe, flat crepe and crepe de chine in the most preferred colors.

\$9.75 TO \$49.50

COME AND VIEW

NEW EASTER HATS

A display of smart exclusiveness in stylish hats especially presented for the Easter season.

Fashioned of the favored satins, ribbons, straws and clever combinations—many unique novelty trimmings. An assortment that is fashionable to the limit, yet very reasonable in prices.

\$4 \$5 \$6 \$8

HOME OF HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR

And Loads of New Styles for Easter
Do not forget that well shod feet

make or mar the finest Easter outfit. You can secure most satisfaction in footwear here where shoes are selected with women's new garment styles in mind at all times. That's what we do and we also give careful attention to fitting feet for comfort as well. Our complete Easter showing was never more pleasing nor more reasonably priced.

\$4.95 TO \$11.00

THE PARAGON DEPT. STORE

"SHELBY'S BEST."

FOR EASTERTIME

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FROM CADET
\$1.95



A collection of the season's best shades.

NEW
SILK GLOVES
FROM VAN RAALTE
\$1.50



These gloves from Van Raalte arrived recently and are as pretty as gloves can be made.

CUBAN HEEL
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BLONDE
Straps — Pumps



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High, low and medium heels. A number of different shades in blonde leathers.

