

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.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1929

TWINKLES

It may have been either accidental or intentional but already Mr. Hoover's drive to enforce the dry laws has revealed that some of the leaders who vote dry are not near so dry privately as is the pale dry ale which is mixed with their other stimulating beverages.

The most used, and abused, phrase about a newspaper office is that it isn't news when a dog bites a man, but it is news when a man bites a dog. So, that's why we presume the headline writer of The Star considered it big news when a Gaffney, South Carolina, couple came to Shelby to be married in these days when seven out of 10 Shelby couples are going to Gaffney for the hitching.

Since the school teachers have offered to donate two weeks salary to keep the South Shelby school open for the extra month, the office clown rises to ask if the parents of local children, who seemingly will benefit more by the extra month than will teachers with only half pay, are willing to kick in two weeks salary each to equal the sacrifice of the teachers? Now, you ask one.

A SEESAW REVOLUTION

THIS MEXICAN reulotion reminds us of the old-time seesaw children played with at the age they nowadays start smoking, drinking and petting. The rebels are up this minute with the federals down, and the federals are up the next minute with the rebels down. It may be, of course, that after so much of it one of them will tumble off as did the kids of other days from the seesaw board.

PRESS-AGENTS SLEEPING

BY THE NEWS photos we note that the captain of the I'm Alone, rum running vessel sunk by the American coast guard recently and attracting international interest, was pictured as smoking a long blank cigar when brought to shore. Are not the tobacco press-agents a bit hesitant about informing newspaper readers that the captain in the moment of embarrassment merely lighted a so-and so?

MAX IS GETTING ALONG

AN ISSUE of the Raleigh News and Observer this week carried a photograph of five North Carolinians standing on the capitol park square in Raleigh, and the caption line over the photo read, "Veterans of Three Wars at Capitol." The lines "reading from left to right" below the photo were: "General Albert L. Cox, World War; Governor O. Max Gardner, Alex McMillan, Civil War; Senator E. R. MacKethan, Spanish-American War; and Senator Walter Clark, World War."

Well, we knew Governor Gardner was a kid teamster in the army during the Spanish-American conflict, but until we gazed at the photo and explanatory lines we did not know that he fought along with Alex McMillan, pictured with a white beard and leaning on a cane, in the Civil War. The duties of office certainly seem to be aging Max! With another legislature similar to the one he has had on his hands the News and Observer may be picturing him as a veteran of the Revolutionary War. Of course, y'know, the absence of a semi-colon or other punctuation may have made a Civil War veteran of the Governor.

THE OLD-FASHIONED LINDBERGH

COL. CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH, famous for his aviation achievements, has been described scores of times since his big performance as a bashful, old-fashioned youth minus certain qualities to be found in the average modern youth tending to cause swell head.

Then not long since the Lochinvar of the air (that's a handy expression) became engaged to Miss Anne Morrow, and it was not long, due to the modest demeanor expressed in her photographs and her lack of desire to profit in publicity by making the best "matrimonial catch" of several decades, until the feature writers began to inform the world that the future Mrs. Lindbergh was an old-fashioned, home-loving girl. Just the type of girl all men rave about as they chase the bar-kneed, fast-moving flapper type.

And now, y' we may again depend upon the usually accurate information tendered by the Associated Press, we are entirely prepared to believe that the new partner of the "We" firm is really an old-fashioned boy.

Lindy, according to the Associated Press dispatch, visited the home of his fiancee in Mexico City this week. While he was inspecting his plane on the aviation field, just after the landing, Miss Morrow and her family approached, and from this point on we'll pick up the AP story:

"Hello," said Anne.

"How are you?" responded the colonel.

And that, it seems to us, is all of the dispatch we need to reproduce in proving our point that they are old-fashioned. Had Lindy and his girl been of the modern type their greeting might have been, and likely would have been, something like this if accurately and fully recounted by the Associated Press:

"Hey there, old thing! When didyer drop down on us?" shrilled Miss Morrow as she skipped up to the plane.

"Hy Kid! S'everything hittin' on all six?" Lindy came

back. Then came the close-up scene. Curtain. But seemingly it didn't happen that way, or anyway the AP failed to tell it that way. So, as we say, we are now ready to believe that the Lindberghs are old-fashioned, so-old-fashioned that Henry Ford might persuade them to live in this home of the other days he is reconstructing and furnishing with antique furniture. A home with the old-time, horse-drawn carriage at the side porch. But, no, that will not do—"The Spirit of St. Louis" and speeding spirits must be in the picture somewhere.

And to wind it all up, remember when Lindy and Miss Morrow were in that slight airplane smash, termed by Lindy as "a mishap," Miss Morrow told inquiring reporters, "Augustus will speak for me."

Now compare all of what the above may picture to you with the next contortion act you see in a passing rumble seat.

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

A Night Of Fright.

I am not at all scary. I am noted for my bravery far and near, but mostly near. I don't mean that I'd fight a tiger or a lion or anybody else. I ain't talking about that kind of bravery. I am trying to lead up to the matter of staying by myself in a house at night. Why, for the sum of 2 or 3 million dollars, I'd spend 2 nights in my own home all alone. No sir ree, I ain't no baby.

But not long ago, my wife went south for a week for her health; (her sister lives 40 miles down south as the crow flies, and that's where she went seeking her health), and I had to stay in a room by myself during her absence. Of course there were other people in the house for me to protect and look after, and I told them to retain their equilibrium and call me if anything happened.

I am a little bit deaf, but long about midnight, I heard a burglar sawing the screen out of one of the windows in my room. I was too weak to scream. The temperature was about 26 in the bed, but I began sweating a heavy night sweat, and that sawyer just kept on a-sawing. There was a pistol in my chiffer-robe drawer, but I was not physically able to get up and walk across the floor to get the weapon, so I just stayed as still as possible and breathed low and deep.

That sawing kept up with much uniformity of strokes. I knew that guy would shoot me the minute he got the opening large enough to poke his gun through. I trembled and sweated and prayed and prayed and sweated and trembled, but the robber did not let up. I supposed that he had found out in some manner that I had brought 2 dollars home with me to pay the washer-woman, and he was going to have money or my life and possibly both. I wished I had never owned any money, but that saw kept a-cutting.

I gathered enough vitality to ooze myself out of the bed and crawl under it. It was cold as the dickens under there, but perspiration kept soaking out of me. I didn't know what in the world to do. I'd have to pass right under the window that was being sawed to get to the door, and I wouldn't risk that. I began to catch cold, but I knew better than to sneeze, and my stummkick almost busted several times from holding-in pressure.

This thing went on thusly till day-light. I crawled close to the window to peep out and identify the burglar before I ran, and when I got where I could get a perfect view of him, I found that he was a little limb of a peach tree which had grown long enough to run against the screen while the wind blew it about. I fell off a pounds that night, and was so nervous for a week I wouldn't answer the telephone by myself.

Capitol News.

Washington, D. C., April 5.—The Italian embassy received 43 cases of wet goods yesterday from Milan, and by reason of that fact, he was indeed very popular among the native politicians and congressmen and senators who do not go home between drinks. Meetings are held frequently at the embassy, and will continue till the stuff gives out.

Mr. Mellon still objects to publicity concerning the amount of income taxes paid by rich folks. He's evidently afraid that the little fellow will dodge the internal collector if he finds out that the big guys pay in what, in his opinion is enough for the government to waste and spend in a year.

A great deal of excitement was occasioned in the home of Count Bumbloski Simonovitch, special envoy from Nijnovgorod, when the people belonging to Madame Veduski Damlotbullski got her tail fastened between the hall rack and the vacuum cleaner, but the fire and police department responded to the call for succor, and the little animal was resting easy

in the hospital last night. Three specialists are in attendance.

Local home-brew plants are being over-hauled in the city in preparation for the coming of the representatives whose purpose is to meet in special session to consider Farm Relief and Prohibition. Lower house thinks 24 million dollars for enforcement purposes is too much, and upper house will work the end to spend this money for garden seeds to send their constituents during the next 2 years. Free seeds will buy more votes than cutting up stills will, therefore, less graft is anticipated in the protected areas during the present administration.

President Hoover has decided to do very little talking in public unless he has something to say worth saying, so the only speech he will make this year will be at Thanksgiving services. Somewhere between 899 and 9999 women were breaking their necks to see the First Lady, and become her "special" friend. This race is sure to bust some mighty well-to-do men before it becomes generally known that Mrs. Hoover already has all the friends she will need for a few years.

The new cabinet met night before last. They declared themselves off of oil fields, promised to live within their means, and not borrow any money from multi-millionaires, and not take "tips" from speculators, or purchase any Continental bonds for use in meeting the deficit caused by the attempted refund of the Sinclair contribution — to the G.O.P.s. A non-wasteful policy was planned, then they took a drink of Coca Cola, and lit their Lucky Strikes and went home so's they would stay thin.

Thinks Governor Should Have Worn His "Silk Topper"

Lenoir News--Topic.

News came out from Shelby yesterday that Governor Gardner, who returned to his old home town for the opening of the huge First Baptist church there, declined to wear his silk top hat, "much to the disappointment of some."

Naturally there was disappointment in Shelby. When those home folks saw their beloved distinguished son in a plain felt hat it must have been something of a sad shock to realize that after all, he was still just Max Gardner. But if he had worn his silk topper, that one of the ten quart proportions, he would have come home to them not just plain old Max, but O. Max Gardner, governor of the great state of North Carolina. It would have been entirely different. The ten quart lid would have set a distinction between him and all other men in the commonwealth. They would have known instantly that they had associated with the chief executive, that he, the governor, had really come home.

Governor Gardner didn't do right by his home folks. He brought home plain old Max Gardner, when they were a-rearing to have him bring home his excellency. Oliver Max Gardner, governor of North Carolina. The stove pipe hat would have differentiated between the two. If there has ever been a use for those lids, certainly Mr. Gardner overlooked it.

Strad's Last One.

Philadelphia.—The last violin made by Stradivarius had been purchased by Dr. Thaddeus Rich, concert master, with some 40 other rare instruments from the estate of Rodman Wanamaker.

Another War?

Brighton, England.—Seriously, Rev. R. J. Campbell, just back from the United States, thinks that country is drifting into war with this one.

Albert Drovies of Nantes died at vow of silence made 62 years ago.

Newsreel Heroes In Their Big Chances

Asheville Citizen. As soon as Charles Traub, making a news picture for Pathe, was crushed to death by the runaway three-ton White Triplex car at Daytona Beach, the weekly Time set out to discover what other heroes among the newsreelers were worthy of places beside him in the gallery of fame.

Here are some of the outstanding figures in the list of those who died or laughed at death because they put duty above preservation of their lives and limbs:

Karl W. Fasold (Pathe). He turned his crank while Racer Frank Lockhart's car, upset by a blow-out in a time-trial last year, somersaulted over his head in one of its giant bounds.

Fatty Randolph (International) kept cranking when a flood in Washington had torn from the bank an ice-floe on which he was standing. Neither his camera nor his body were ever found.

Louis Hutt (Paramount) did not drop his camera when the propeller of a plane on the wing of which he was riding cut off part of his hand. Russell Muth (Fox) turned the

crank though volcanic gas dizzied him and the woman pilot who was steering his plane round the crater of Vesuvius. As the plane hit a tree near the rim of the crater, he saved his pictures by throwing the camera into some brushwood.

E. J. Kaho (Fox) took a film of Mexican Guerilla Pancho Villa. Villa demanded the picture or Kaho's life. Kaho gave him raw film, escaped with the real one.

It is by no means rare to hear somebody say in a movie theater while a newsreel is being shown: "Wonder how they faked that?"

They can do any sort of a trick with a camera nowadays. No photographer ever ran the risk of getting close enough to that scene to make a picture! Then there is the old cry: "The days of high adventure are gone! No chance to flirt with danger and look death in the eye! The world lives softly and in safety!"

The newsreel boys make such commentators look foolish. The newsreelers has a noble code, and live up to it he risks his life countless times. He goes where he is told to go, and he knows his job is to bring back the pictures. The screen is the record of his amazing success.

CONDENSED STATEMENT FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SHELBY, N. C.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 27, 1929.

RESOURCES NEARLY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$3,698,334.02
Overdrafts	2,673.97
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	250,000.00
U. S. Liberty Bonds	204,389.90
Other Stocks and Bonds	42,000.00
Redemption Fund	12,500.00
Real Estate Owned	60,299.71
Cash on Hand and Due From Other Banks	564,347.68
TOTAL	\$4,834,545.28

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	250,000.00
Undivided Profits	287,357.00
Accrued Interest Reserved	44,293.50
Reserved for Taxes	25,000.00
Circulation	250,000.00
Deposits	3,727,894.78
TOTAL	\$4,834,545.28

The many friends and customers of the First National will be pleased with the above report as it is one of the best we have ever published and reflects SAFETY, SECURITY, CONSERVATIVE MANAGEMENT AND SERVICE.

We thank each and every customer for helping us to make the fine showing in the statement above and for the fine spirit of co-operation shown in every instance.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SHELBY.

"A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF SOUND BANKING."

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Slightly used 1928 Model Chevrolet 4-door Sedan, fully equipped. Looks and runs like new, has 1929 tag.

1925 Model Ford 4-door Sedan, has 1929 tag. Is in first class mechanical condition and the price is right.

1925 Model Ford Coupe, 5 new tires. This one is in A-1 mechanical condition and has 1929 tag.

1926 Model Ford Touring car. Good tires, new paint, has 1929 tag, and in excellent mechanical condition.

One ton Ford truck with starter, good body and cab, good tires.

One Ton Ford Truck, new tires, closed cab with farm body.

1924 Model Ford Touring car \$50.00
1924 Model Chevrolet Touring Car \$65.00
1924 Model Chevrolet Touring car \$75.00
Light Six Studebaker—a real buy at \$125.00
Slightly used 1928 Model Essex Coach. Going at a bargain for quick sale.

TERMS TO SUIT. PHONE 265.

CRAWFORD CHEVROLET CO.

MORE CASH for Poultry

Car will be in Shelby (Seaboard Depot) Next WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10th.

PRICES:—

Heavy Hens	27½c
Leghorn Hens	27½c
Colored Broilers	42c
Leghorn Broilers	42c
Cocks	16c
Turkeys	31c

This car will be bought by the EAGLE POULTRY COMPANY of Philadelphia.

ALVIN HARDIN
County Agent



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