

Sunday School Convention On Here Monday

Will Be Held At Shelby Presbyterian Church With J. H. Grigg Presiding.

A Sunday school convention for No. 6 township will be held Monday at the Shelby Presbyterian church with J. H. Grigg, superintendent of the county schools, presiding. The arrangements committee is composed of J. H. Grigg, Mrs. George Moore, J. F. Ledford, William McCord and Miss Rosa Mae Shuford and the convention is for all denominations. The program follows: 8:00—hymn and prayer; 8:10—worship in the Sunday school—Discussion and worship programs. Conducted by Miss Daisy Magee, Raleigh, children's division superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday school convention, 8:45—Record of attendance; election of officers. (At this time the Cradle roll, beginners, primary and junior workers will retire for a special conference.) 9:00—Three Sunday school objectives. Miss Flora Davis, Raleigh, general superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday school association, 9:45—Adjourn.

Conference For Workers. 9:00—Program of religious education for the child. Miss Daisy Magee, 9:45—Adjourn.

Shelby's Champion May Not Defend His Crown This Spring

Other Youngsters, However, Hope To Bring Pete Webb's Crown Back Here.

Shelby's golf champion, Pete Webb, junior Carolinas title-holder, may not defend his crown at the annual tournament beginning June 3 on the Sedgewick course at Greensboro. However, four or five other boys, including Pete's younger brother, "Snook," are practicing daily with the hope of bringing the title back to Shelby, even if it means beating Pete on the links.

In the last year Pete, the young title-holder, developed his game to such an extent that he could find very little worthwhile competition among Shelby golfers and a month or two back he quit his job as caddy at Cleveland Springs and went into the feed business with his brothers, Giles and Charlie. On week-ends, though, he has been keeping the clubs which won the title, last June in Greensboro, from getting rusty and he may yet decide to go down to Sedgewick and put up a fight to retain his crown month after next as this is the last year he will be permitted to play in the tournament as the age limit is 16 years.

Other Shelby youngsters who are planning to play in the Junior Carolinas are Pete's brother "Snook," who at 15 is one of Shelby's best golfers; and the two Reed brothers, Bob and Jim, both of whom will give young golfers at Sedgewick a tough fight, and "Dub" Wall.

Title Game Of Baseball Today

(Continued from page one.)

best asset of the team, hitting. So far Clime Owens Lee, team captain, is the only one of the veterans to measure up in his hitting. Gold, Bridges, Harrelson and others failing to bang out the horsehide as was anticipated. In the hurling department Coach Morris has a string saff in Hamrick, "Lefty" Moore, Queen, Poston, and young Dayberry. Hamrick is perhaps the leading twirler in actual pitching ability but Moore's uncanny knack of pitching runners of the base paths and his baffling change of pace cause him to rank on about a fifty-fifty basis with Hamrick. Either hurler seems capable of stopping any high school hitting assemblage in the state if given only fair fielding and enough base hits to check in a few runs.

The Cliffside team playing here today is considered one of the strongest foes to be faced during the western series and Coach Morris may send Hamrick and his speed ball to the mound in his battle to move on in the title fight. Meantime every youngster on the squad is determined to pile up enough hits to win hoodoo, or no hoodoo.

Students Debate World Court Here

Miss Alice Sanders and Miss Mildred McKinney of the Shelby High school, debated the query "Resolved that the United States should join the World Court," before the Kiwanis club last night with Supt. I. C. Griffin in charge of program. These two students won out in the preliminary contests in the statewide contest for the Aycock cup and debated at Chapel Hill and are also honor students at the Shelby High. They were the last speakers on the affirmative and negative, summarizing the points brought out. Their arguments were clear, their language choice and their diction perfect, showing complete mastery of a great international subject.

There's this drawback about the early spring weather along the Mexican border: Just when it's time to take of the woollies it's time to put on your bull-t-proof vest—Chicago Daily News.

League Continues Trip Riding A Thin Dime Across Continent

Shelby Youth Continues His Story Of Eventful "Bum" Across America.

(By TED LEAGUE)

Well, I left you way out on the desert last installment, three hundred and sixty miles to go and no money to go on, with a heavy trunk to do, but knew that we had to do something. The gang boss that we had been working for refused to give us a pass and it was so hot out here we could stand it no longer. We just had to leave that place, even if we did have to walk to get somewhere else. We were at the railroad station waiting for the afternoon train to see if we could talk the conductor into letting us ride when our friend the "Doc" came up and bought a through ticket to El Paso. "Doc" was the vegetarian of the town. I asked him if he would check my trunk on his ticket and let me get it when I got to El Paso. That was O. K. with him. So that was one big worry off our minds. The train came in and we didn't know the conductor at all—and that was another thing off our minds.

We walked toward the highway leading to Douglas, Arizona, about one hundred fifty miles away, and another railroad center. We had a suit-case each and after we had walked for about ten miles that was the heaviest suitcase I have ever carried. However, we kept trying to flag each passing motorist and the farther out into the desert we got, the fewer the passersby became. Finally, night came on, no town in sight away out in the middle of the desert and it began to rain and low it rained. And the wind began to blow. Pretty soon it stopped raining altogether and a sand storm came up. All we could do was to get behind a large sign-board on the road and let the storm rage on. We stayed there all night and slept very little.

Morning came because it was daylight and we started out again, still headed for Douglas, and doing everything we could to get a ride. We found out later that the reason the folks were suspicious of us was because it was so close to the Mexican border until they were afraid we might hold them up and escape across the border. Of course, no such thought had entered our heads. About ten-thirty one of those big cross country busses came along and passed us making about fifty miles per hour and it had no sooner passed out of sight until we heard a loud report as if a gun had been fired. We ran on ahead and found the driver cursing the luck because of a blow out on one of the rear tires. We did what we could to assist him and he gave us a lift to Bisbee, Arizona. Bisbee, is known as the city a mile high because it is over 6,000 feet above sea level. The town itself is built along the side of the mountain and if they ever had a flood there the town would easily be washed off the map.

Walking out of Bisbee, we easily got another ride into Douglas and when I entered the town I saw a sailor in uniform walking down the street. His face looked familiar and I asked him where we had met before. After a few minutes conversation I learned that we had been on the same ship together in Chinese waters. I told him where I was headed for and he was gracious enough to take us across the border into Agua Prieta, Mexico and buy the drinks. He also set us up to the eats and a bed for the night and next morning we started for the railroad yards to try for a freight to El Paso. Jerry decided to chance his luck on the highway and promised to wait for me in El Paso if he got there first. I got a freight train out of there at 10:30 a. m. with three hundred seventy-one miles to go. One main division point to go through and we were all right. The brakeman came along and ordered me off the train but when I showed him my "salary check" payable in El Paso, he took me to an empty refrigerator car and locked the door, promising to open it as soon as we got into El Paso, which he did. I went at once to the hotel and found Jerry fast asleep.

Checks were cashed next morning and we decided that a beer or two would go good so we went to Juarez, Mexico, just around the corner from El Paso, and one beer led to another and about 7:30 that evening we had just about what we started with—and oh what a head!

We pooled our finances and found that we had exactly enough money to get back to El Paso on good and would probably have a very good breakfast but after that—well—it would be rattle or starve.

Next morning we walked to the highway leading toward Fort Worth, Texas, 841 miles away, and to tell you the truth about it, we didn't know exactly what we would encounter on the way there. We did not know whether we would get there or not or if we might starve to death on the road, but nevertheless, we set out—headed for Shelby N. C. a long way to go.

To make it easier to get a ride, we separated and agreed to meet in Fort Worth in the railway station (never knowing that there were three stations). We flipped a coin to see which of us should go on ahead and Jerry won, which gave him the privilege of getting the first ride.

When you're near the Mexican border in Texas or in Arizona as I mentioned before, with so many ruffians and bandits about it is a real problem to get a ride with anyone. Everyone was afraid of you, even though you did present a "nice" appearance, as I tried to do. I tried everything from developing a limp to taking a sign on my suitcase which read "Going East—are you?" But to no advantage. They would continually pass me by. A gentleman in a Ford coupe was going about 8 miles on my route and I invited me to go along with him. I did and very glad of the chance. He asked several questions on the way and when he learned that I was "broke, hungry and headed for home" he helped me along by a square meal and a kind word. The meal was greatly appreciated.

When he stopped at home, it was almost night, twenty-three miles from the Mexican border, no money—no place to sleep, and very few travelers about. I went to several places inquiring if I might be permitted to spend the night, even if it was in the barn or hay stack but the answer was always the same. NO! Still suspicious, I guess. Not to be daunted, I crawled into an empty box car on the siding and took my blanket from the suit case, spread it out and went to sleep.

Sometime in the morning, I don't know when, I was rudely awakened by what I took to be a cyclone that struck the end of that box car. For a few minutes I could not imagine what it was until I looked out of the door and saw that we were moving behind a long string of cars.

I had absolutely no sense of direction but thought we were still going "East" and went back to sleep. When I awoke next morning, I got out of the car in a very large railroad yard and imagine my consternation when I learned that I was back in El Paso again!

Well, I started out all over again, and this time I was careful to pick out a good place to sleep. One ride after another the first day, none of them amounting to very much, until just about night, when a Packard straight eight stopped at the filling station where I was waiting. He inquired the road to Wink, Texas, and I, not knowing which direction Wink was, asked him if I might go along. He looked me over, engaged me in conversation about myself and after satisfying himself that I was O. K. he asked if I could drive. I replied in the affirmative and got behind the wheel. He had been driving for about four hundred miles that day and was very tired. He also told me that Wink was on my road, three hundred thirty-three miles away. Gee, but that sounded good.

I drove all night long while he slept in the rear seat. We arrived in Wink about daylight and he bought breakfast for the two of us. He also paid for a shave for myself, I put on my "other suit" and tried to look my best. He had told me that a good appearance would help me much more than a good line of talk but it would be better to have both.

Wink was an oil town on the boom, just eighteen miles north of Poyote, Texas. If you have never seen an oil town on the boom you cannot imagine how it is. Everything is sky high. Temporary shacks thrown up everywhere; men in oily clothes strolling about with cigars in their mouths as though they were millionaires; men in long old fashioned frock coats, high top hats, etc. Just an exact replica of old frontier day towns that you have seen in the movies. It was a thrill to me to look upon a real sight such as this. It is something worth remembering.

I got a job in Wink, "slinging hash" in a one lung restaurant. I say "one lung" because it just barely existed. One day there with four squares thrown into my stomach and I was ready for the open road again. I told the boss he didn't owe me anything for the work that I just wanted something good to eat for a change. He agreed with me that I had eaten my share and I left Wink, still heading for Fort Worth.

All morning I tried so hard to get a ride, but it seemed as if everyone was going too fast or in the wrong direction. I walked all day long without even a foot on a running board. Then I got a bright idea.

The next town I came into, I went to the leading hotel, washed up a bit and asked the clerk if anyone was checking out heading east. He told me about a certain gentleman and introduced us. I told him the circumstances, offered my California driver's permit as identification, he accepted it and gave me a lift to the next large town. I tried the same thing over again and the only ones leaving that town were three young ladies in a Chrysler.

EARL COMMUNITY SOCIAL-PERSONAL

Officers of Senior B. Y. P. U. Elected. Wins Banner. Personal Mention.

(Special to The Star)

Earl, April 25.—The following officers of the senior B. Y. P. U. were installed Sunday evening as follows:

President, Rufus Moss; vice president, Wilburn Moss; quiz leader, Leitha Bettis; secretary, Odessie Patterson; corresponding secretary, Mary Turner; treasurer, Alma Wilcox; pianist, Francis Graham; chorister, Austell Graham. Group captains: Mary Sue Austell, Edna Moss, Hoyt Nichols, Jess Ellis, Mr. Hugh Bettis, manager of Elders department store of Greer, S. C. was a business caller in the village Tuesday.

Mr. O. C. Sarratte of Shelby is visiting his son, Mr. W. C. Sarratte of this place.

Mrs. Susie Williams of Charlotte returned to her home in Myers Park Friday after spending a week here with Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Ady-lotte.

Misses Sallie and Leitha Bettis, Mrs. Ida Putnam attended the demonstration or study of shrubbery on the ground Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Grigg, West View nursery.

Mrs. Ralph Callahan of Chester, S. C. is the guest of her parents this week.

Mr. S. B. Hubbard is adding to the looks of his new bungalow by spreading a coat of paint.

The senior B. Y. P. U. was fortunate in winning the banner Tuesday evening at the Grays meeting at Bolling Springs.

Mrs. R. E. Nichols who has been confined to her room for the past two weeks is able to be up and about in the house again.

Little Doris Nichols has been right sick with spasmodic croup.

Sunday school Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

B. Y. P. U. at 7 o'clock. Preaching service 7:30 o'clock by Rev. J. L. Jenkins.

16-Year-Old Youth Preaching In S. C.

Blacksburg, S. C.—John Carroll, sixteen-year-old high school lad, of Blacksburg, converted in the recent revival here, declared his purpose to enter the ministry at once, and preached his first sermon here Sunday evening by special invitation of Dr. W. S. Hay, pastor, at the Presbyterian church.

The church was packed and interest intense. Many stood at the windows, others on the outside; all other churches in town closed for the service. A well prepared message about 30 minutes in length was delivered in an earnest, clear voice. The subject was out of the Psalmist's words, "He leadeth me."

Young Carroll was one out of the 219 who came to the altar during the Withrow campaign, which stirred Blacksburg and community as no other religious revival ever did in the history of the town.

Immediate steps will be taken, it is said, towards the education and qualification of the young man for the ministry.

Kiwanis Plans For Postmasters Visit

At the meeting of the Kiwanis club last night, R. T. LeGrand and J. H. Quinn made a report on the meeting of committees to provide entertainment for the State postmasters convention to be held in Shelby in June. Cars will be provided to take the several hundred visitors to Chimney Rock and a page advertisement will be taken in a postmasters journal to advertise Shelby, the expense to be shared jointly by the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs and the Retail Merchants Association.

At an early date the seniors in the Shelby high school will be given a banquet at Cleveland Springs by the Kiwanis members.

ler roadster. I asked for an introduction, made the grade and drove for them to Aberdeen, Texas. They were more than courteous. They asked if I would like a "drink" and I refused with the plea that I shouldn't drink on an empty stomach. Then the fun began. Arriving in Aberdeen, they took me to their home and never before have I seen so much good food at one time. Gee, but that lady could certainly cook and I don't mean perhaps. I almost gorged myself on that fried chicken and country ham with those good hot southern biscuits. They were the first real biscuits I had seen since leaving home.

The other two girls invited two other boys over and we danced awhile took an occasional drink and had a very enjoyable evening. I was almost forgetting that I knew not where I would sleep or get breakfast next morning but was learning not to worry so much about this. More of this in the next issue.

J.C. PENNEY CO. INC.

SHELBY, N. C.

More than Just Style!

You Buy More than Just Style Here—You Get Value, Too—the Kind of Value That Includes Quality as well as Low Price



Smart New Hats

The variety of clever styles offered in our stock is a feature of the season. More trimming—different shapes—one-side effects—brimmed or brimless.

Newest Modes—Our Usual Saving Prices

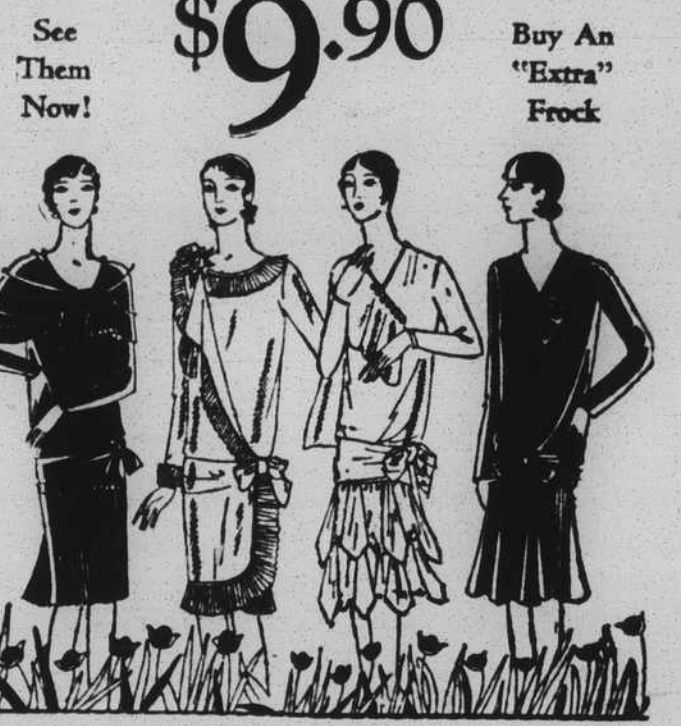
One hat is not enough for the smart woman—that is why so many come here where the latest modes are always economically priced.

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J. C. Penney Quantity Buying Again Results in Savings on

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Come in to see these charming frocks for yourself . . . one look will convince you that a frock that costs very little can be unbelievably smart. That is one of the J. C. Penney business methods . . . to offer the very latest styles, always at economy prices.



See Them Now!

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Buy An "Extra" Frock

Vivid Colors--Gay Prints

Rule Spring Silks-by-the-Yard!

It's to be a colorful spring—if styles in silks are an authentic forecast! It will be a season in which home dressmakers revel in more—and smarter frocks—for our silks, as well as being irresistibly lovely—are irresistibly low-priced!

Flat Crepe—Crepe de Chine and Georgette in Plain Colors—Printed Crepe de Chine and Georgette

A Yard—

\$1.49

New Rayon Underwear in Smart Tailored Styles

Rayon vests and bloomers are proving a popular underwear mode this summer. Chemises, too, find favor. These rayon undies are splendid values.

Vests, 49c and 79c. Bloomers, 49c and 98c. Chemise, 98c

Sheer! Lovely! Silk-to-the-Top Chiffon Hose

Flattering hose that is sheer as you wish—yet will serve you well. New shades will blend with Spring clothes. Pair

\$1.49



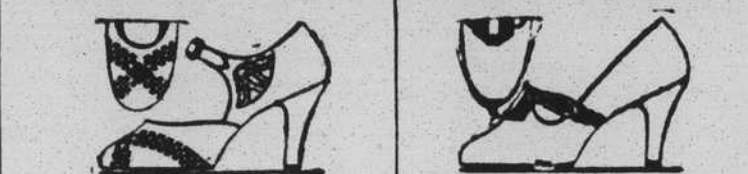
Sturdy, yet attractive one-strap slippers of all patent leather.

Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 . . . \$1.79
Sizes 2 to 5 1.49

Men's Dress Pants

Staunchly made, well-fitting pants of selected fabrics, including worsteds, serges, cassimeres and corduroy. Variety of patterns in grey, brown, blue and stripe effects. Drop in and look over these values, at—

\$2.98 \$3.98 \$4.98



Smartly different! Patent leather one-strap with a lining of pearl lustre kid across the toe! Metal buckle.

\$5.90

One of the smartest pumps of the season—Patent Leather with trimming of beige and brown kid; metal ornament.

\$5.90

Presenting "The Avenue"

A New Shape Milan Straw for Young Men



This Sand color patent Milan with its ridged telescope crown and snap brim is one of the season's smartest styles.

Fancy Bands

In new attractive colorings. Finished with full satin tip and full leather sweatband. Excellent value, at—

\$1.98

"Ox-Hide" Overalls for Boys

Big full-cut, of 2.20 ozs denim, five pockets, two-seam legs, triple-stitched seams, high back. Sizes 4 to 16 years

69c



Men's Fancy Broadcloth Shirts

Collar-attached shirts cut full and evenly proportioned through out. Attractive patterns.

98c

Men's Athletic Union Suits

Made of good quality Nain-sook and full cut throughout. Reinforced with knitted insert across back.

Wears Well—Fits Comfortably

A value that the keen shopper will appreciate, at—

49c

"Solar" Sennit For Real Value



Smartly styled and hand-somely finished. Fancy or black band. Cushion sweatband. Big value—

1.98 and 2.98