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SHELBY, N. C.

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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, MAY 10, 1929.

TWINKLES

Since it is announced that the Duke Foundation will give \$25,000 to the Shelby hospital provided local citizens match the amount it appears as if the next move is up to Shelby and section. What's the plan?

If it comes to another election, and the law appears to say such must be, then the alderman elected here next Monday may hold the unique honor of being the first alderman in Shelby for whom a special election was held.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!

THE STATISTICS from the motor vehicle department in Raleigh indicate that there are many two-car families in North Carolina, and along comes The Lenior News-Topic to take the pleasure out of our vision of prosperity by reminding that North Carolina is also a two-death-per-day state. Six hundred and seventy-five people were killed in auto accidents in North Carolina last year. It is high time that the railroad grade crossing sign of the old days should be practiced, except that it should be "Stop, Look, and Think" instead of "Stop, Look, and Listen"—no one takes time any more to listen.

ATHLETICS IN SCHOOLS

AN OPEN communication to the new city school board in the last issue of The Star urged that board members not overlook the value of athletics in a high school system. That isn't likely in a town which is as fond of its athletics as is Shelby, but the urge perhaps originated from the report that the athletic department might be sacrificed to keep another department of the school going. In keeping children in school and keeping them healthy there is no more important department in a school system, outside of the scholastic work, than athletics, and certainly that department should not be practically abolished to forward another sideline department.

MULES AND PROSPERITY

ELOQUENT orators and colorful writers when they depict prosperous scenes usually bring in references to costly motor cars and other semi-luxuries but there is such a thing as having prosperity indicated by the lowly mule. Or so says The Gastonia Gazette in commenting upon recent events in this county:

"Cleveland county, according to The Star, is buying more mules than ever this year. Five hundred have been shipped into the county since the first of January. This is a good sign, we take it. It indicates that the farmers of that county are going to work harder than ever; any man that fools with a mule means business.

"Cleveland is one of the state's greatest agricultural counties, producing more cotton, we believe, than any other county in the state. Something of the enterprise of the Clevelanders is indicated by the fact that a train load of cotton seed was shipped out of Shelby this week to Southern states. And, by the way, we haven't heard the Cleveland county farmers hollerin' for any 'farm relief.' They are evidently able to take care of themselves and to do it in splendid fashion."

GETTING WARM EARLY

AS HAS BEEN noted by this paper before, the prospective candidates for Governor of North Carolina in 1932 are numerous, and insofar as our observation goes the prospects mentioned form about the strongest array of public leaders that has been mentioned for the "four-year-in-advance" office in North Carolina in many years. The list speculated upon most so far has always included the name of J. C. B. Ehringhaus, of Elizabeth City, who, incidentally, has many strong friends in the Shelby sector but the peculiarity of the latest development in the early moves of the 1932 campaign is that Elizabeth City may have another candidate in addition to Mr. Ehringhaus.

Sunday newspapers carried a page advertisement boasting P. W. McMullan, of Elizabeth City, for the Democratic nomination in 1932, the presentation of his name being without McMullan's knowledge or consent. In addition to the peculiarity of the likelihood of one city having two candidates for governor, there is an interesting line in the advertisement which reads, "Isn't it about time we, the people of North Carolina, free ourselves from the invisible empire of North Carolina politics and seek a candidate for governor from among the ranks of those who are neither office-seekers nor the pawns of patronage seekers?" A very suggestive question upon the surface in view of the fact that North Carolina governors are usually picked several years in advance, but in recalling that there were at least six strong prospects in an informal bid for the 1932 nomination before Mr. McMullan's name was advanced, we cannot see how they all can be pawns of that 'invisible empire' any more than is Mr. McMullan. And that without any intention of scaring Mr. McMullan from the array of early birds.

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE

THE WORLD WAR saw more soldiers brought into combat than any other war in history. Troop movements dwarfed anything ever seen before. Armies of three, four and five

million men were the order of the day. Most military men, naturally enough, have concluded that any future war between great powers will bring into being armies just as large.

General Von Seeckt, until recently the commander-in-chief of Germany's post-war army, does not agree with this viewpoint. This man—considered one of the ablest military leaders in Europe—believes that the army of the future will be a small one. The day of tremendous masses of troops, he says, is over. He has recently written a book setting forth his views.

According to General Von Seeckt, the war of the future will be fought by small, highly trained professional armies. Furthermore, each army will use large bodies of cavalry, which will play as important a part as they did in the old days before trench warfare.

Warfare as practiced in France between 1914 and 1918, he continues, sacrificed mobility to the mania for large armies. The gigantic masses of troops fell into a deadlock that was not broken for more than four years. Military men, he believes, have learned their lesson. In the future they will want smaller, more highly trained armies, equipped with cavalry, swift tanks, motor transport and mobile artillery; what they lose in size they will gain in efficiency.

All of this runs directly counter to what most of us have been believing. Yet perhaps we could all breathe more easily if military men everywhere should adopt General Von Seeckt's views.

Large standing armies would be done away with. The cost of military preparations would be vastly reduced. And war, if it came, would be less frightful than before. It would still be a major calamity; never doubt that, while bombing planes can lay waste defenseless cities. But it would not quite be on the murderous scale of the last one. It would not kill quite so many young men.

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

Patent Leather Shoes.

Back yonder when I was shimmying between the age of youth and adolescence, or to be perfectly plain about the matter—when I was coming 17, I decided that if it were possible, I would dress up. Money was as scarce at that time as religion is today. A dime was a side-show and a dollar was a menagerie. I sold my yearling for 3 dollars, and proceeded to the store only 19 miles from home.

Among other investments at haberdashery, I bought myself a pair of sharp-toed patent leather shoes. (Haberdasheries sold shoes, cloth, meat, flour, plows, and guano when I was a boy.) I got a pretty knit shirt for 25 cents. The collar was a size 14 the first time I wore it. The second time I donned it, after it was washed, the collar had become adaptable to a giant with a 22 inch neck, but I put a "skewer" in the back, and wore it right on.

But the object that I am leading up to for descriptive purposes is that pair of patent leather shoes. I squeezed my No. 8 foot into a No. 6 and told the man I would take them. They were so shiny that their natural beauty still lingers in my mind. I got stuck up before I even started home. I took them out of the box and looked at them 47 times between the store and our house. Gosh, they were pretty.

All of this took place on Saturday, and Sunday didn't come any too soon for me. I slept with those shoes in the bed with me. Before good daylight, I had done washed myself all over with lye soap, and put plenty lard on my hair to make it look glossy. I dolled myself up and felt that I was a thing like unto a Mr. Chestfield, the prince of swell dressers.

I finally forced my feet into those patent leather shoes. It was August. The sun was boiling down on me in all its beaming oppressiveness when I started to church a-walking. (It was only 5 miles away.) I was limping before I got out of sight of home. Those shoes pinched my toes, rubbed my heels, and burnt my soles. I struggled on. I finally arrived, and went in and sat as close to Sallie Sue as possible.

The preacher offered me heaven, but those shoes were giving me hell. I had been going barefooted all year, and my feet were not at home in those leather castles. I let big tears roll down my cheeks, and the preacher thought I was taking on religion, and he preached right at me. I squirmed and cursed and hoped he'd quit, but he lasted 3 hours. I fainted, and came to the next day at home in bed. I steered clear of shoes for 2 years thereafter.

Help Wanted.

I am a farmer. I am just an average farmer. I grow cotton and corn and oats. I have 14 tenants. They are all good workers. They practice rigid economy. They have plenty to eat and wear from year to year. They get all I promise them, and I try to promise them all they need. They have access to doctors and drug stores and undertakers, and I strive to prove a friend to them at all times.

I am trying to figure out where government "Farm Relief" will help me. I think such a thing is possible, and probably practical. I am sure the government won't help me to grow a crop. It might advance me a sum of money through its agencies if I put up the right kind of collateral. My home bank will do the same thing. But I have to do my own plowing and hoeing and ditching and sprouting.

If a community ever amounts to anything it must be self-sustaining. If it is not that way now, it should get that way as soon as possible, and in cases of emergency, government aid is an essential, and should be supplied to the worthy without stint. This refers particularly to storm-stricken and boll weevil areas, and where destructive and uncontrollable agencies visit sections occasionally.

The government could do something to aid the farmer in the matter of marketing his crop, but that is a real job. If a farmer can get the market price for his products, he should be content. Supply and demand can never be eliminated from the field of price-fixing. They can possibly be overcome for a period of time, but in the end, they will become operative, and force their respect on the public. It has always been thus.

I believe the government can help the farmer if it wants to. If they will keep "probable show-ers in Texas" from reducing the price of cotton a million dollars a day (on the whole crop), they will be doing a service. If though government can keep the speculative features of futures-gambling from hurting the grower, its aid would be appreciated. But as long as probabilities and lies and false reports and private estimates control the cotton, corn, wheat, and other "board" crops, this old country will continue to drag around in a hell of a fix.

We need "Farm Relief," but politics will never furnish the right kind. Over 95 per cent of it must come from within (the farms) and not from without. When every farm-tub scrambles hard enough to sit on its own bottom, then the long-looked-for relief will have arrived.

CATCHES FISH AND SAVES FRIEND'S LIFE

Manteo.—R. F. Gamble, of Norfolk, representing the Atwater Kent factory, Philadelphia, is the hero of the big fish yarn of the week at Oregon Inlet. Mr. Gamble landed a 50-pound channel bass that had been caught an hour earlier, and had escaped from Alfred Guard, who was fishing from the same boat.

Guard, who weighs 250 pounds, threw his entire weight against the slender line when he hooked the drumfish. The line snapped leaving the fish with 100 feet of it to carry off. An hour afterward Gamble made a strike. The mighty fish pulled the boat seaward. After 30 minutes he landed the bass. But his hook hadn't caught the fish. The end of Guard's tackle had become entangled in Gamble's hook, and Gamble landed the fish, rescued Guard's tackle, and enabled him to fish some more that day.

Judge Cavanaugh of Fort Dodge, Ia., is lenient toward the ladies brought before him, and when a schoolma'am faced him under a traffic charge he let her off with a \$3 fine. Later when the judge's car broke down, the schoolma'am towed him to a garage, let him off with a \$3 fee.

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Ford Coupe — \$50.00.

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