

# The Cleveland Star

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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.

MONDAY, JULY 22, 1929.

### TWINKLES

England is attempting to put an economy program into effect and began in the right direction by picking a Scotch premier.

Every time any National or State commission is appointed, it is pretty safe to assume that the trouble will all be over before any report is ever made.

North Carolina is to try the instalment plan of paying taxes. That will be no new experience for most of the natives who own automobiles.

It will be a little difficult to create very much interest in the United States in the threatened war between Russia and China. Most of us would be pretty well satisfied if they both exterminated each other.

General Dawes says that he does not propose to wear any knee breeches at Great Britain's court. However, we would prefer them to plus fours, if we just had to wear one or the other.

### AND ANOTHER MISTAKE.

"EVERY TIME HE OPENS his mouth he puts his foot in it."

That once was an old-time joke but most certainly it appears to apply aptly to the governor of South Carolina, the Hon. John G. Richards.

Governor Richards is back in his home State, after attending the conference of governors at New London, Conn., and is making strenuous efforts to explain to his constituents that he did not say to a Connecticut audience that Herbert Hoover was destined to be the greatest president the United States has ever had. The governor says that the newspapers misquoted him.

If memory serves us correctly, this is a favorite practice of the South Carolina governor, claiming that his words were misquoted by the newspapers. He did that very frequently when he was running for the office he now occupies, but it is passing strange to the average newspaper reader that the reporters can quote correctly most of the public speakers but manage to get confused about some few individuals.

### MAKING AVIATION REALLY SAFE.

NO MATTER HOW MANY "stunt" flights break records—no matter how many aviators get across the ocean or how many hours the refueling ships stay in the air—the average man will not be ready to trust himself unreservedly in the air until he feels that he will be just as safe in an airplane as he is on the ground.

For this reason the real advance in aviation nowadays is being made, not by the "stunters"—although their exploits have a certain amount of value by the regular, unsensational day in and day out achievements of the commercial fliers, particularly the air mail pilots.

A short time ago a newspaper reporter traveled from Los Angeles to New York by the air-rail hookup of Transcontinental Air Transport and the Santa Fe and Pennsylvania railroads. Here's a paragraph from his story of the trip which points plainly to the sort of thing that is bringing aviation closer and closer to the realm of every day affairs:

"Weather reports," he wrote, "told us there were storms between Winslow, Ariz., and Albuquerque. We took off anyway, but our two pilots talked with ground stations ahead and behind us by radio, and knew just where all the storms were. So we simply flew around them. . . . The Albuquerque weather report told of three storms converging to the eastward, so we had to detour again, but we sped around them quickly in the midst of lightning and rain and reached Clovis, N. M., before dark, which the pilot had not expected to do."

Bad weather is the one thing which is the great hazard in keeping the commercial airplane from being 100 per cent safe. Now, with the aid of an elaborate organization, the aviation companies are learning how to rob it of its terrors. When this system is carried just a little bit farther, so that every prospective airplane passenger can be assured that the plane is not going to run into any fogs or storms, the commercial aviation business is going to make tremendous advances.

### CRITICIZING MR. HOEY.

THE ELIZABETH CITY Independent goes out of its way to make some scathing remarks about Mr. Clyde Hoey of Shelby in connection with the preliminary hearing of the strike case at Gastonia. The Independent objects to the fact that Mr. Hoey asked a woman witness if she believed in God.

The Elizabeth City paper should understand that this is a question any lawyer has a right to ask of any witness. The witness is being placed on his or her oath, and if she does not believe in God, then he or she does not believe in the Bible and when the witness places hand on the Bible and takes oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, if that witness does not believe in God and in the Bible, then the oath taken is of no value whatever. The witness might just as well, if he or she be an atheist or infidel,

swear on the Blue Back Speller, so far as the value of the oath is concerned.

It isn't probable that Mr. Hoey will be very much worried by the editorial expression of the paper in question, and his friends here in Shelby and in other North Carolina towns, are not going to pay any great amount of attention to what the Elizabeth City editor says and thinks.

The editorial in question is reproduced in part:

"Shame on Clyde Hoey! What a noble and heroic figure he made in the last national campaign when he took the stump and declared that no bishop should lead him into the Republican party! All over North Carolina Clyde Hoey made a profound impression by his always temperate and dignified but forthright utterances. But behold him at the preliminary hearing of the Gastonia strikers charged with the murder of a policeman; he is questioning a woman defendant and he asks her if she believes in God?"

The effect of that question was to arouse native religious prejudice against this lone woman. Here was a woman who had evidently expressed her doubts about God. She didn't know whether she believed in God or not. God to this hard pressed woman of the working classes was the God of Rockefeller and Morgan and the God of fat priests and richly clad evangelists. God to this woman was a jealous despot who favored the rich and left the poor to welter in hovels and grind away their lives at machines for the bare necessities of life. God to this woman was a tyrant who cursed the poor with more children than they could support and spared children to the rich who could better care for them. She had seen so much mummery and hypocrisy in churches that she could not believe that the God they propitiated was more than a ghost. Had life not been so hard for this woman maybe she too could have been sure of God. Or if she had been a dishonest woman, a sly hypocrite, she would have professed a belief in God and concealed her doubts. It isn't what one believes or doesn't believe that counts against him in this world, it's what one professes to believe or disbelieve.

"And Clyde Hoey with his saintly pose and apostolic looks faces this woman in a court crowded with simple people, who know very little and believe much, and exposed her doubts about God. It was the cheapest, scariest, most vicious act of pettifoggery. Nothing more. Is the mighty Hoey of the apostolic locks to essay the role of a Torquemada in the twentieth century?"

"It is very convenient for Mr. Hoey to believe in God. He was born in a religious household that had prospered in its beliefs. The followers of the Lord in North Carolina have been very nice to Clyde Hoey; they sent him to Congress; they have showered much money upon him; they have encouraged him to aspire to a seat in the United States Senate. His has not been the lot of the underprivileged woman at whom he points his finger of scorn.

"One's belief or disbelief in religion as practised or in God as preached in these United States should not prejudice his or her case; it is the inalienable right of a citizen of these United States to worship God, according to the dictates of his own conscience, or not to worship; the State and the Courts have nothing to do with the belief or lack of belief of any one under the sun."

## Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

### Hot Enough For You Today?

Uncle Joe is a man of vivid recollections and possibly hallucinations. He has lived through some peculiar events and circumstances since he first saw the light of day. He spent 2 years in Texas when he was around 25 years of age. A few days ago, I happened to be complaining about the hot weather, and he lit out as follows:

"Pshaw, boy. You don't know what hot weather is. When I was a-living in Texas back yonder in 18 and 92, we had a summer that was a first cousin to Hades. I remember that one of my old hens laid a chicken that was not less than 4 days old when it arrived. And the water in the creek was so hot, a fellow had to wade into it gradually to keep from getting scalded to death. Lots of the fish were cooked and floated around here and there, and all a guy had to do to enjoy a square meal was fetch along a hunk of bread."

"Yes sir ree. We fed our cows on cocoa and they gave from 3 to 5 gallons of hot chocolate every day. We had punkin pie when we wanted it. All we had to do was cut the punkin open, add a little salt and pepper and there she was. Water-melons got so hot they exploded like fire-crackers and a great mazy of our hogs got their hands baked to a nice brown. but we didn't bother them."

I asked Uncle Joe how the folks stood it, and he said that most of them went down into the well about sun-up, and stayed till after dark. It was fairly cool in the well, the water being only about 188, so he said. He said most of the ice factories went broke as the ice would be just like a coal of fire before they could poke it into a refrigerator, and folks finally quit trying to buy it."

Umbrellas were absolutely useless during that memorable summer. Uncle Joe swore that the sun would shine through an ordinary shingle roof as if it were glass, and that the only thing that kept him from suffering a sunstroke while in the field was—he wore a wash tub for a hat, and his shirt was made out of a cow-hide. A couple of fish-

hook sinkers melted in Uncle Joe's pocket once.

Some one inquired of Uncle Joe if the crops were not terribly damaged, and he told them that it really "hope" the cotton, but parched most of the corn. He worked 40 acres in cotton by himself that year and made 132 bales, but that was only a normal crop for him. He showed us several places where the sun burnt great whelps on him, but later on, we found out that those lacerations were caused by the K. K. Ks. when they initiated him into the Grand Doman of the Inscrutable Scrutibles. But, really, I think it was rather warm in Texas during the summer in question. don't you?"

### Wreck-ord Of a Wreck.

Time - ..... Frequently  
Place - ..... Anywhere  
Driver No. 1 - ..... You  
Driver No. 2 - ..... Me

YOU—"I was driving along on my side of the road, making possibly 10 miles an hour, when that tow-headed gink in that Chevrolet came busting down the highway on the wrong side, and if he was moving at all, he was hitting 'em at 65 miles, and before I knew it, he ran right into me, and you see for yourself what he did to my car."

ME—"I was driving along on my side of the road, making possibly 10 miles an hour, when that red-headed gink in that Ford came busting down the highway on the wrong side, and if he was moving at all he was hitting 'em at 65 miles, and before I knew it, he ran right into me, and you see for yourself what he did to my car."

Eye-Witness—"Yes sir, Cap. I was setting in my front pi-izzer, and I heard something that sounded like two cyclones, one coming up the road and the other coming down the road, and it appeared to me that them cyclones met right in front of my house, and when we pulled 'em apart, they turned out to be a Ford and a Chevy. Flying. Why, they was both doing more than that. Both of them was right in the middle of the road."

### Garage Bill.

Straightening 8 fenders .... \$10.00

2 new windshields ..... 10.00  
8 new castings ..... 75.00  
Miscellaneous repairs ..... 60.00  
Mechanic's time ..... 20.00  
Helpers time ..... 15

### Doctor's Bill.

Taking 34 stitches on you ..... \$30.00  
Taking 34 stitches on me ..... 30.00  
Dressing 2 heads ..... 10.00  
Adjusting 2 sets of ribs ..... 40.00  
50 yards of bandages ..... 15.00

### Children Find A Snake In Feed Barn

To Editor of The Star:  
Two little granddaughters from Virginia are visiting us, and raised an alarm yesterday morning that a large snake was crawling over hay in feed room. I had gone to mail box; but my wife seized an implement of warfare and called forth to settle. But instead of the basilisk eyes of the deadly copperhead, she saw the benign visage of the king snake, the deadly foe of the lurking, venomous copperhead and rattler, who was camping on the trail of his enemy. He was spared with the thanks of his would-be executioner; but under protest of the grandchildren. In their untutored simplicity they were like the son-of-toll who killed the twelve foot boa constrictor of the showman. Upon remonstrance of the owner his excuse was "Jest so they is snakes, I kills 'em wher-ever I find 'em." Seriously, the king snake is a real benefactor; and this will percolate through the hair of the public when enunciated by some loud, mouthed politician. The wisdom that caused the Deity to place the antidote for poisons near where the lurking poison grows, provided the king snake to destroy noxious reptiles.

We are also witnesses of another temporal blessing that excites our reverence and gratitude. Two weeks ago, a large venomous copperhead hid under cutting-room of our barn thereby rendering himself a menace to life and personal safety of the family when feeding horses and cattle and gathering in the eggs of the festive and tuncful chickabidie.  
CORN CRACKER.

### Card Of Thanks.

We wish to thank those friends and neighbors who were so kind and sympathetic to our dear mother, during her illness which was followed by death this week.  
CHILDREN OF  
MRS. WHITT BLANTON.

### TRY STAR WANT ADS

**NEW**

In cabinet with  
Atwater Kent  
Electro-Dynamic  
Speaker

**SCREEN-GRID**  
**Atwater Kent's**  
*New* **thriller!**  
ELECTRO-DYNAMIC—  
of course!

Atwater Kent—maker of fine radio for nearly 7 years—has beaten every record with this great new Screen-Grid set. It draws more out of the air, sends more to the listener.

Let us show you the feel of the new power and sensitivity—raking in the stations from near and far and separating them with needle-point selectivity. Hear the new velvety tone—Electro-Dynamic, of course. Unwanted mechanical noises are filtered out; you hear only the music! Look inside the set and see why only Atwater Kent's fine workmanship can produce such results.

Convenient Terms  
if you wish  
**COME TODAY**  
HEADQUARTERS



## Shelby Hardware Company

"WE SERVE TO SATISFY." SHELBY, N. C.

# CAMPBELL'S

## ANNUAL JULY CLEARANCE SALE

### Now Enters Second Week

GREAT MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE HAVE SHARED IN THE UNUSUAL VALUES OFFERED DURING THE OPENING DAYS OF THIS GREAT MERCHANDISING EVENT. THE TIME IS NOW LIMITED AND YOU WILL DO WELL TO BE WISE AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SLAUGHTERED PRICES ON MERCHANDISE DURING THE REMAINING DAYS. WITNESS FOR YOURSELF THE WONDERFUL VALUES WE ARE OFFERING.

## CAMPBELL DEPT. STORES

SHELBY — LAWNSDALE