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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, AUGUST 16, 1929.

TWINKLES

It is no hard matter to discern where Americans keep their money. Bandits once robbed banks; now they loot filling stations.

There will be a good news item in it when some reporter finds a prison that hasn't had a riot or some other trouble this year.

Some kick is made, we read, because the photo of the auto on the new, runt-size, ten-dollar bill resembles the new model flivver. Why kick, isn't that where most of the bills are going?

A headline this week reads "Rhineland Evacuation Set For Christmas." Wonder if anybody remembers the slogan of a little over a decade ago—"Out of the Trenches by Christmas"?

The city fathers of Shelby have turned thumbs down upon a plea for an appropriation for musical instruction in the city schools. Perhaps the governing fathers have been hearing discordant notes from some of the taxpayers.

President Hoover we note has given some of his birthday knick-knacks to the children of a mountain farmer in Virginia. So, we suppose that is the beginning of the promised relief for the Southern farmer.

The corpse is moving. A Washington dispatch forecasts a Democratic fight on the tariff when the senate convenes. Now, if the tariff was the only worry of the Democratic party, what a husky organization it would be.....

Cleveland county as a county owes less than a quarter of a million dollars. Some counties pay very near that much interest annually upon their debts. Not such a bad compliment, if you please, to the injection of a business system into county government.

A NEEDED HIGHWAY

THERE GLIMMERS on the horizon now some hope that Cleveland, Rutherford and McDowell counties may eventually get a highway all have wanted, needed and deserved for year—the proposed Golden Valley route from Shelby to Polkville to Marion, through the Golden Valley section of Rutherford and McDowell. Such a highway, too, would mean much to Burke county.

From Polkville west to the Rutherford line there is a portion of Cleveland county deserving of a highway outlet, and the same thing applies to that big section west of Cleveland in Rutherford and from the Rutherford line on into Marion. A highway routed in such a manner through the fertile Golden Valley section would mean much to the Golden Valley people, and to Marion, Shelby, Rutherford and Morganton as trading centers.

Get a highway map, if you have one nearby, and note the big section mentioned which is not traversed by a decent highway, and then you will realize what such a route would mean to the several counties concerned.

The proposed highway could leave Shelby by way of Polkville, using that far the new highway 182 which is now maintained by the state. From Polkville on a new route would be necessary, this route intersecting the Rutherford-Morganton highway in Burke county thus opening up Golden Valley trade for both Rutherford and Morganton, and continuing on to Marion with an outlet that direction for the citizens now literally hemmed in because of no highway outlets.

This section, the towns and cities roundabout and the people of Golden Valley, is entitled to such a highway. Lets keep hammering until we land it. Other sections of North Carolina have kept after the highway officials until they secured what they deserved.

OUR TAR HEEL ENDURANCE RACE

NORTH CAROLINA, the state which is first in "firsts," should be ranked as first in endurance contests, and would be were our press-agent on the job.

Tar Heel voters will not go to the polls to elect Governor Gardner's successor until 1932, three years from now, and meantime the voters of the state are more interested in their present governor than all the "next governors" combined. But not so the "next governors." They are in an endurance contest which would prove too weary and too lengthy for Cash-and-Carry Pyle's bunion speedsters, the pilots of the St. Louis Robin, or the Maine guy who danced longer than all others.

Imagine being in a race for four years—and even eight years! If that doesn't speak well for the stamina and enduring qualities of our people, pray what does? A headline over a Raleigh dispatch this week read: "Brummitt and Fountain Leading Candidates For Governor—Ehringhaus, Cox, Woltz, Maxwell And Others Are To Be Considered Still In The Race."

What do you know about that? Those in the race can-

not hope to hit the tape before the judges' stand (an Australian affair) before 1931, but they're running. Mr. Brummitt and Mr. Fountain are said to be a couple of jumps and a skip or so ahead of the main pack now, but in another year or so, as the fight gets underway for the rail position who can tell just who may be ahead? Then Mr. Maxwell, who is named last now, may show an unusual burst of speed down the home stretch three years from now and come out ahead. In these endurance contests, brother, you can't always tell. The wop who started out ahead in Pyle's trot to the Pacific coast was never able to reach the Kansas wheat fields. And as for that, our memory is that Mr. Woltz, who lives over in the neighboring county of Gaston, has a grander conception of his ability to endure than any of the others. He is supposed to be running for governor eight years from now when the entrance blanks call for westerners instead of easterners. No doubt, though, he will be on the inside near the rail for the 1936 spurt, if he manages to remain on his feet through the brief three-year dash of 1932. Anyway, it should be good training.

Endurance contests? No state tops North Carolina. And think of us poor ballot-tossers on the sidelines who do not recuperate from the nervous tension of one eight-year race before we're forced to start whooping it up as the starter's gun sends off a dozen or more runners in another dash.

"JUDGE JIM'S" SERVICE

MORE THAN three decades ago, when Shelby strained her pride to refer to herself as even a good little town, one of the young lawyers of the town was appointed Superior court solicitor. The fellows who remember those days clearly, and who were court room attendants then, are not so young any more. A dozen years later the young Shelby solicitor became a judge. Thus opened one of North Carolina's most interesting public lives.

Wednesday this paper carried the announcement that the lawyer who became a prosecutor 36 years ago and a judge 24 years ago would retire next year after serving his State as a jurist for a quarter of a century.

In that quarter of a century Judge James L. Webb—"Judge Jim" to his scores of personal friends—has "held court" in every county of North Carolina except one and has held more courts and has been on the bench longer than any living man in the State. The various cross-sections of life he has come in contact with, and, on many occasions, been forced to solve, would make a very interesting study of American progress and culture. Likewise a comparison of his today's and yesterday's in the court room would make interesting reading for North Carolina.

This observation, however, is more about the man than of his record and the interest therein. A big-hearted, kindly fellow who soon became experienced in his study of life, he always managed to mix mercy with justice, and was and is of the type which believes the average man appreciates and will usually take advantage of "another chance," and also that there is a bit of good in the worst of us which may be brought out under proper handling. A basic principle, you might say, of our Christian faith. A Hereafter of Happiness populated only by those who never had the need of "another chance" would, admittedly, be sparsely populated. "Judge Jim" is perhaps more widely known and loved than any man in public life in North Carolina today, and hundreds of people upon hearing that he will not seek the judgeship again will for many years lose a degree of interest in court room procedure because of the absence of the stately, impressive jurist so long a familiar figure in the court rooms. Yet all of them will agree that by the end of another year, the rounding out of a quarter of a century, "Judge Jim" will have earned some relaxation and a rest. Of the old school which believed in law as the basis of order and society but withal only a human system, he knew the worth of administering it in company, when needed, with a helping hand to aid in reclaiming a life as well as punishing for the misspent portion behind.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

GEE McGEE—
(Exclusive in This Section.)



Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 13, 1929.

Mr. Gee McGee,
Anderson, S. C.

Dear Sir:
I have observed in reading your column that you are an authority on everything in particular and therefore going to ask you to write an article on the house fly and its propensities. For this kindness, please accept my thanks in advance.

(Miss) S. S. S.

Anderson, S. C., Aug. 15, 1929.

My Dear Mrs. S. S. S.—
I appreciate your inquiry, but the first thing I want to say is: Iuster take a medicine that was named S. S. S. and I am wondering if it was any kin to you? I prefer to have the full name of the person who sees fit to seek information from me, but I will assume that you are "Some Sweet Sister," and let it go at that. Now as to the house fly:

The house fly descended from the 3 flies that Nora took into the Ark, the same being concealed in the ear of the female cow. Nora would not have taken these insects into the Ark willingly if he was bald-headed or ever tried to sleep in a hammock out in the front piazza after dinner, while the mules were eating. At least, that swat I think.

The fly is composed of 6 legs and a couple of snouts and a pair of wings that keep him or her on the butter one second and on the ceiling the next second. The summer home of the fly is divided equally between the cow stall and the kitchen, that is—if screens are not used in either place. I never did understand how flies managed to see to get about, they are so careless; they leave their specks everywhere they go.

A load for the average fly as he goes and comes and lights where he pleases in 9999 cases of typhoid fever, 8888 cases of other diseases of a less serious nature, besides an abundance of germs that nobody appreciates except the undertaker and the tombstone maker.

If I had my way about it, flies would not be allowed to light on anybody except politicians, installment collectors, book agents, goats, monkeys, foot peddlers, and Hoover Democrats. They might also be used at the meetings of the farm relief board for the purpose of keeping the members awake. You may publish this if you think it will be of service to your community.

Yours truly,
Gee McGee.

Something New Under The Sun

I have just recently invented a doodle digger for use by the many political lame ducks of this country who are still waiting on a change in the administration. This doodle digger is simply marvelous and will take place of all previous doodle digger models regardless of price, location, adaptability, or construction.

Now, here's how my new doodle digger is made and operates; it is composed of a wire-spring contraption very similar to that used on a mouse trap and is attached to the big toe of the lame duck, and it is so arranged that when the said lame duck wiggles the said big toe, a tiny jigger on the end of the spring revolves round and round immediately over the hole of the doodle and gradually goes down into it, and as the doodle comes up to see whatinthehell is the matter, the spring turns loose just as soon as the doodle touches it, and he is "histed" out on the side of the so-called den.

And, furthermore—the lame duck will not have to go to the trouble of saying—"Doodle, doodle, come out of your hole, your house is on fire." A small graphophone record is affixed to the digger which is hung onto the big toe as above stated, and it plays the tune—"Doodle, doodle, come out of your hole, your house is on fire," and continues to play the same as long as the toe is wiggled. This will conserve the energy of the lame duck, but up to this time, he will have to do his own spitting, as my machine is only perfect enough to get the unsuspecting doodle.

The design of the machine is indeed unusual: 8,978 of 17,893 now located in Washington all say that nothing has ever been invented or ever will be invented that is equal to my doodle digger in appearance, resiliency, compactness, and lowness of cost of construction. It has a stream-line base and is Ducoed in 14 colors and its wheel-base ranges from 14 inches to 28 inches, this being necessary to fit the many sized toes of the lame ducks which emerged from the offices of the government when Mr. Coolidge was elected.

Of course, my dear friends, Hoover-Democrats who were expecting something and got it in the neck can use these doodle diggers just as well as old Democrats can. These machines will be on the market within 30 days from this date and can be had from all licensed bootleggers and speak-easies, and the prices will range from 48 cents per dozen to 15 cents apiece, according to finish anso-forth. This is going to prove a wonderful blessing to down-and-outers who are still living and hoping.



REST ASSURED

that there's more truth than poetry in this:
There was an old maid from Peru,
Who twenty one languages knew,
With one pair of lungs,
She worked twenty one tongues.
I don't wonder she's single do you?
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knock qualities. But it does more than cut out motor "pings." Gives new life to any car. And there is only one ESSO—uniform in quality—sold at thousands of silver ESSO pumps with ESSO shields. You can't mistake the name or the results.

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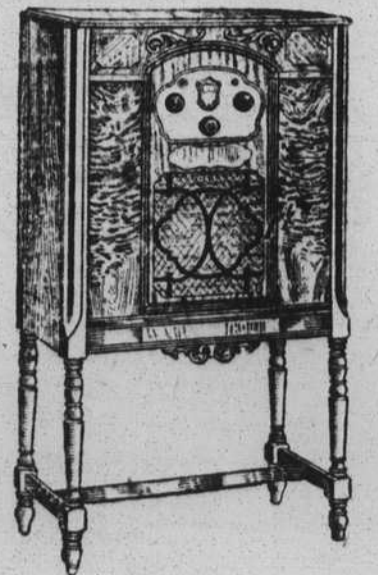
MODEL 60

Uses 3 Screen-Grid Tubes!

NOTHING touches it for distance. It has the power that brings far-off stations right up close—power that you can focus like a telescope on the one station you want.

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