

Man Offers Nothing To Equal Beauties Of The Yellowstone

Old Faithful And The Geysers; Scarface And The Grizzlies. A Ranger Story.

(By RENN DRUM.)

From Salt Lake City, Utah, on in to the Eagle Ranger Pass entrance to Yellowstone the automobile tourist catches other glimpses of the old west similar to those in western Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. But for a half day's ride beyond Salt Lake the car travels through more of the fertile, irrigated Utah farms before reaching the Idaho line.

The route through Idaho is by way of Pocatello and Idaho Falls and through the Blackfoot Indian reservation, where the Indians are very little removed from the primitive stage existing when the white man first dared enter the west, except that many of the redskins now have dilapidated motor cars which carry them to and from their source of fire-water. For the most part the red men are as indolent and shiftless there as are Indians everywhere and about the only sign of life one sees in the glaring sunlight around the tiny, thatched-covered shacks on the prairie will be a bony horse grazing upon the withered grass, or a fat squaw, her long skirts trailing in the dust, hanging slits of beef on the roof to dry.

Sugar beets and Irish potatoes are the two big crops of the state and about the only livelihood other than stock raising and cattle grazing. These western cities, however, are just as modern as our eastern centers of population. The collegiate youths wear their red and green suspenders and have their hair lard ed, while their girl friends exhibit just as many bare legs and just as much sophistication as the flappers of the East. The majority of the "soda streets," thereabouts are girls, for a young man there may look collegiate, but he doesn't last long unless he exhibits enough physical prowess and daring to hold down a man's job—and a man's job in the terms of the West is man size.

Into Yellowstone. The traveller leaves Idaho and hits the lower edge of Montana just before driving into Wyoming and the Yellowstone.

Back East the opinion prevails that there could be no trip to the West without a visit to Yellowstone, for the great national park is one of America's institutions, and it should be for no other one place so typifies the great, out-of-doors, the wide open spaces, and an idea as to how America looked before Chris Columbus cajoled his Queen into sending him west looking for a new land.

Old Faithful geyser is generally accepted as the outstanding scene in the park, and it is entitled to the honor, but there are hundreds of scenes and sights scattered over the hundreds of acres of virgin forests and towering peaks which not only enchant but awe the sightseer. Among them are the Giant geyser, the Grotto, the Rocket, the Dragon's Mouth, and the water terrace formations, including Cleopatra's Terrace, one of the most mystifying beauties in the world; the Paint Pots, the Mud Volcano, Crystal Falls, the Yellowstone Grand Canyon, and Yellowstone lake. Several days may be spent rambling through the travelled portions of the park with new sights greeting the eye around each corner—or perhaps it may be a bear looking for his daily sweet. There are miles and miles of the park, which have never been traversed by any but the hardened government rangers, where auto horns have never been heard, and where to the animals and birds a man is a strange sight unless he be a government ranger who knows his birds and animals as the average "civilized" man knows the various parts of his car.

The Park Clock. If your watch is failing to keep the proper time, it may be adjusted by timing it with Old Faithful. This gigantic geyser spouts its steaming water high into the air every 65 minutes, and in the many years it has been watched it has not varied in going off more than a few seconds. Hundreds sit by with watches in hand to time it. After spouting the stream of boiling water settles slowly back into the large hole from which it emits. Then for 40 minutes those who watch see nothing but steam, as if from a kettle, issuing from the mouth of the geyser. But after 40 minutes or so one hears the water getting nearer the surface, sloshing about as it gets warmer. About five minutes before it erupts the steam, mixed with a small stream of water, in great clouds fills the air above. And just as the second hand ticks off the last of the 65 minutes the huge stream of boiling water leaps high into the sky, where it plays for 10 or 15 minutes before quieting down to start all over again.

At night now a large searchlight, in varying colors, plays upon the geyser when it is in action. Humans are permitted only a very few sights of such grandeur and indescribable beauty.

The other geysers, of which there are scores in the Geyser Basin section, vary in formation and size—the Rocket resembling a fireworks rocket, and so on. All have their particular individual appeal.

A Bear Story.

What has come to be one of the most appealing parts of Yellowstone is a mixture of man and nature, the twilight lectures by a grizzled ranger at the Bear Feeding Ground, the ranger dividing time in telling his romantic story with the big bears he knows so well. Black bears are seen everywhere about the park. Not pets, for the rangers tell you a bear never becomes a pet, but bears which have never heard a gun fire, and know not what fear is. These are black bears, remember; the grizzlies are seldom seen and they are the real sights of the wild life there.

The ranger who lectures from the back of his horse is one of the most interesting personages the writer has ever encountered, and the story he tells of wild life and of the winters where none but hardy men can exist was the most interesting story the writer has ever heard or read depicting actual happenings and events. The average newspaper reader has read of the better known sights of Yellowstone in pamphlets, government texts, and feature stories, so this narrative will, for a time, confine itself to the ranger and his story.

The Bear Feeding Ground is nothing more than a low platform built back from the settled portions of the camp near the edge of the mountain wilderness. All refuse from the lodges and hotels is dumped there each evening to attract the bears, and a short distance away is the open-air stadium in which hundreds sit each evening of the summer to hear the ranger and the story the Department of the Interior has finally persuaded him to tell. Another ranger sits near the crowd with his high-powered rifle as protection for the hundreds who listen should one of the bears decide to "go crazy," and the crowd appreciates the ranger and his rifle near the end of the lecture, as dusk settles over the wild scene, and a few of the giant grizzlies shuffle down from the mountainside to drive the frightened black bears away so that they may partake of the luncheon No one ever plays with a grizzly, because no one ever has the desire.

At the outset of his lecture the ranger tells of the grizzlies. The ranger, incidentally, was educated in the east and is a naturalist. To the book learning he received in the east he has added many years of actual experience spent with the bears and wild life back in the untravelled mountains, seeing no human for months except the ranger who is his pal. The grizzly bear, he says, has never mixed breeds and has nothing to do with other bears or other animals. He is to the rugged west what the lion is to the jungle—king of his domain.

"If there are no sudden hand-claps, a grizzly or so may wander in to the platform before I get through talking," informs the ranger. At that time a half dozen or more black bears are already shuffling about him as they fight over the meat refuse. The black bear is more accustomed to civilization.

"The animal of animals in the park," the ranger continues, "is Old Scarface, boss of the grizzlies, and so far as we are able to tell the oldest of the animals here. In some fierce combat in his early days a huge wound laid open his face, therefore his name. We estimate that he is 17 or 18 years old and he weighs 900 pounds or more. Perhaps you'll see him before the evening is over."

And so we did. Near the end of the lecture the hundreds of hearers had become so wrapped up in the ranger's unusual story that they had momentarily forgotten the black bears pawing over the food on the platform, when suddenly every black bear made a wild dash for the timber, apparently terribly frightened.

"Be quiet," urged the ranger. "I believe you're going to see a sight." Then from the bushes shuffled the thing that scared the black bears within an inch of their lives. It was Old Scarface himself. A giant beast, weighing almost as much as a horse, but built low upon the ground. The circus cages contain nothing like him. In a moment or two he was joined by a couple of other grizzlies, but it was most too dark to see them, and the ranger kept talking in a level voice asking that no one make a sudden noise to frighten them. "The natural tone will not scare them away. My voice to these residents of the wild means nothing more than the song of the birds, and the creaking of the trees in the wind." A sharp noise, though, will send them charging back into the forest.

Soon a stick broke and the grizzlies, led by Old Scarface, were gone with a rush back to their lairs, or tree-beds, high in the mountainside.

The ranger first told of the habits of the bears: how the mother bear, the best mother of all animals, trains her young cubs to hold up tourists for their eats and how to protect themselves. On the first spring after their birth the mother bear takes her two cubs, they are usually two cubs to a litter (a Gertrude and a Willie, the ranger terms them) and places them in the roadway. This takes place early in the spring just after the snows melt and before the tourists begin arriving. Each day she makes them sit there on their haunches waiting for what they do not know. She stations herself on a ledge nearby to watch. If they leave, she gives them a spanking with her big paw, a tiny little slap tumbling them back 10 or 15 feet. They never need but one spanking. Eventually a baggage-covered flyover comes around the bend. The cubs wonder what it is, but upon the ledge the mother bear gives the order to sit tight and the cubs do. The car must stop and the mother bear makes her young remain before the car in hold-up fashion, even if she has to lend her aid, until the tourists dig in their luncheon box and toss the cubs a sweet morsel to eat. Then they shuffle back to the roadside to await the next car. In an hour or so, in mid-tourist season, they get their fill and then shuffle back to the mountains. No auto tourist leaves Yellowstone without one or two holdups.

"Suppose," some one asks, "that you don't have anything to eat in your car?"

"Well," the ranger answers, "That's just too bad; you have to remain there until the next car comes along and hope that he has a bar of Hershey's to toss the cubs."

Real Winters.

All the rangers seen in the park are not full-time rangers, the lecturer-naturalist explains. Many of them are college boys serving only during the tourist season as guides and assistants. During the winter only the tough old-timers can stand the graft. There is a reason, or several reasons, which the ranger gives—and therein is his most remarkable story. Early in October, when the first signs of early snow appear, everything leaves the park except the rangers. Their horses and other domestic animals must be taken below "the level." They cannot live through the winter. There is a bustle of activity. The full time rangers must store in their huts about the mountains, thousands of feet above sea level where it gets the coldest in America, their provisions for the six months of snow. From November until late spring they never have any contact with outside life and the ranger sees no one but his pal. Two men stay to each hut, to keep one from going insane from lack of human companionship, and those two men patrol their allotted area. They travel by skis over the top of the snow, which at many points hides the smaller trees.

"It takes us a week to ski across a territory you could drive over in two hours in your car," the ranger informs. "We take time about breaking the trail with our skis; I go in front 15 minutes, then my pal. If one of us makes a misstep somewhere in a 20-foot drift, it's just too bad (that's their Kismet expression in the west). A man in the Rockies in the winter with a broken leg has about as much chance as a horse with a broken leg. One man could not carry another very far upon skis. If we get sick, which we seldom do, there isn't anything to do but get out and get down to level and a doctor."

Off the back of his horse the ranger is an embarrassed fellow and very shy. He isn't accustomed to people since the major portion of his life has been spent in the silence of the mountain slopes where four people is a big gathering. "A few years back," he says, "my pal for the winter was one of the old fellows, who has been in the ranger service since he was a boy. He's almost forgotten how to talk, and he very near killed me one morning because I talked too much. I merely said, 'Good morning' or something like that. He wanted to know what I was talking all the time for and declared that any man could tell all he knew in 15 minutes and from then on said unnecessary things. After a few years in Yellowstone, away from the tourist centers, you realize that more than nine-tenths of the average conservation is absolutely unnecessary. This old ranger has not been down into the tourist camps for years. No one knows how long it has been since he has seen a city or civilization."

Many people stay over several days in Yellowstone to hear the head ranger, or naturalist, lecture. His story has never been heard in full by the average man, and we of the civilized sections have no conception whatever of the vastness of the regions these rangers patrol summer and winter. He explains not only the bears but the birds, deer, bison, and other native animals of the Rockies. He tells you that the eagle is a no-account bird, and that the greatest of all birds is the osprey. But to give his story in detail, with its interesting sights, would be too much. In fact, there is too much to Yellowstone for the average person to pack even a brief

FALLSTON BATCH OF CURRENT NEWS

(Special to The Star.)

Mr. Herbert Smith has returned from an extended visit with relatives in New York city.

Mrs. D. H. Rhinehart and children Horis and Frances of Cliffside, are spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lutz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cline and Mr. and Mrs. Hall Tillman spent the week-end at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Stamey visited Mrs. Stamey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cornwell of the Zion community Sunday.

Mr. Earl Lutz is attending coaching school at Carolina.

Mrs. R. M. Brackett and children of Shelby, are spending this week here with relatives.

Miss Eugenia Rollins spent last week-end at her home in Shelby.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Royster had as their dinner guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anthony and family of Lincoln.

Miss Helen Scott spent the week-end at Cleveland Springs.

Mrs. M. S. Gantt from Chester, S. C., is spending this week with relatives here.

Mrs. Kate Edwards, Miss Francis and Mr. Lester Edwards attended camp meeting at Balls Creek.

Mr. Lloyd Wilson who is teaching school at Casar spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hoyle and family motored to Kings Mountain battle ground and Gaffney Sunday.

Mrs. L. B. Peirce and daughter, Virginia, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wilson.

Miss Francis Edwards spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. L. F. Pearson of Gastonia.

Miss Thelma Hoyle is on an extended trip to Morganton visiting relatives there.

Rev. John Green of Salem and Rev. J. M. Morgan are conducting a revival meeting at Toluca this week.

Miss Mary Louise Huffman and Buck Wortman of Morganton, visited Miss Roberta Royster Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lackey and family visited relatives at Valdese Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Ross and daughters, Misses Fannie and Laura and son, Mr. Claude Ross, were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Willis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kate Martin and family visited Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Royster and family Sunday.

Miss Nellie Stamey was the dinner guest of Miss Eloise Royster Sunday.

Misses Roselind Nix and Thelma Young of Shelby are visiting Miss Jamie Stamey.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Edmonds and family visited Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Sharp of Cherryville Sunday.

Mrs. O. H. Rhinehart and children of Cliffside were the dinner guests of Mrs. Claud Stamey Wednesday.

The Christian Endeavor of Friend ship church is giving a three act play at Belwood school house Saturday night, August 24, 1929, "Bashful Mr. Babbs." Proceeds will go for the benefit of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lattimore, Mr. Boyd Lattimore and Mrs. Edward Cline and little daughter, Mrs. W. S. Lattimore, Mrs. R. L. Elliott and Mrs. Eliza McCarter were the dinner guests of Mrs. E. G. Spurling.

Miss Minnie Royster is spending several days with her sister, Mrs. J. T. Allen of near Shelby.

Assault Charged.

Brunswick, Ga.—Charges of assault with intent to murder yesterday were lodged against Marvin C. L. Johnson, 20, who took Miss Ottilee Virginia Johns, pretty 20-year-old stenographer to a hospital with a bullet wound through her breast, despite the girl's statement in which she absolved him of blame.

A warrant for the youth's arrest was sworn out by Austin Johns, the girl's father. Johnson is held without bond pending the outcome of the girl's wound.

Johnson and the girl both said she was shot after midnight during a playful struggle for a gun which he carried in his car.

Five men were arrested at Largs, Scotland, for playing musical instruments on the beach on Sundays.

David Evans of Glasgow, who had not spoken since the death of his mother 40 years ago, was killed by falling down stairs.

summary of it all within his cranium. The only thing to do is see it. No man-made sight in America can equal even a tiny little bit of it.

(The next installment will take up the Buffalo Bill country in Wyoming, his old hunting lodge and hunting grounds, his town of Cody, the mammoth Shoshone dam, the grotesque figures sculptured by nature on the mountain sides, the Bad Lands of Wyoming, and the Black Hills of South Dakota, and an Indian rodeo staged at Rapid City, South Dakota, as a feature of the American Indian council, one of the largest gatherings of Indians in America in many years, which was in session when the writer's party reached the city.)

Lost in Arctic



C. A. "Duke" Schiller, famous Canadian aviator and first man to reach the crew of the trans-Atlantic plane, Bremen, when it made a forced landing in Greenland last year, is reported lost somewhere in the Arctic Circle with three companions, his mechanic, Jack Humble, Tom Creighton and an unnamed prospector. Cruising planes sent out to rescue them have found no trace of fliers or plane.

TOLUCA PARTY COOTER HUNTING

Go On Trip To Tennessee. Birthday For Mr. Tom Willis. Personals.

(Special to The Star.)

Toluca, Aug. 22.—The friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. Tom Willis on last Sunday and gave him a birthday dinner in honor of his 57th birthday. He had 11 children and 21 grandchildren, all present. Two brothers were present, Mr. West Willis of Cherryville, also Mr. Andy Willis. There was a large table of good things to eat and all enjoyed a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Willis spent last Monday night with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Boyles.

The following men left last Monday for Tennessee and other points on a vacation, also will have some sport in cooter hunting: Messrs. M. S. Boyles, A. D. Willis, Ed Canipe, Ellis Hartman and Flay Carpenter. They expect to be gone several days.

Mrs. L. A. Boyles of Hickory, was a dinner guest at the home of her son, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Boyles on last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Gold, pastor of Norman's Grove, Mr. Julius Norman and Miss Lounet Norman, of Belwood, were supper guests of Mrs. Lola Boyles last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Cramerton spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Alvarn.

Miss Vertie Smith spent last Sunday with Miss Elsie Lou Burns.

Mr. and Mrs. Coin Burns of Hickory spent last Sunday at the home of their brother, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Burns.

Mrs. Minnie McCall and son, Mr. Edgar, of Marion, visited relatives on Knob Creek the past week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Goodson of Hickory were Knob Creek visitors on last Sunday.

Master Thaxter Sain spent last Sunday with Master Grady Carpenter.

Miss Hattie Willis of Maiden spent the past week in and around Toluca visiting and attending tent meeting.

Miss Helen Sain spent last Tuesday night with Miss Rosa Mary Peeler of Belwood.

Mr. Fletcher Sain has been attending revival services at Union, near Lawndale the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Odus Norman and children, of Belwood, spent last Sunday night with Mrs. Norman's sister, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Deal.

Mrs. Austin Hicks and children of Fallston spent last Sunday with her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Sain.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Young of Lowell spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young.

Mrs. Alice Young of Catawba county, also Mrs. Alice Sain were dinner guests of Mrs. W. H. Young on last Saturday.

Miss Yassie Willis of Maiden spent last Sunday night with Marie and Louisa Costner.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Sain were dinner guests of their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Peeler of Belwood on last Sunday.

Rev. J. M. Morgan, Rev. John Green also Mr. James Green were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sain last Monday.

Absent Sunday.

On the rolls of the Protestant and Catholic churches in 1928 were 49,000,000 names, but in the motor cars of America there are seats for twice 49,000,000 people.—Woman's Home Companion.

Says Webb Is Best Loved N. C. Jurist

Charlotte News. After serving the State as Judge of Superior Court for 25 years, Judge James L. Webb has announced his intention of retiring next year. The incident is noteworthy. No man in North Carolina, with this exception, has served the State longer in this capacity. No man has traveled more extensively over North Carolina holding court than Judge Webb. He has officiated in every one of the 100 counties, save one. He is the state's best known and we will risk the assertion, the best-loved jurist.

And Judge Webb's unapproachable conduct, his sense of fairness and his kindness of heart, have entitled him to these plaudits. There is nothing hard, stern and uninviting about him. The only criticism that could ever be offered against him has had to do with his leniency, and somehow or other, we have not come to be so sour and bitter and marbled as to believe that leniency is an unpardonable sin in a jurist.

Judge Webb has made his name conspicuous on the bench for his humanity. We will leave to the technicians the tributes he deserves as a jurist. The Supreme Court records would, nevertheless, probably have a great deal to say in reference to his abilities as a lawyer and as a judge. But the common people know him and respect him because of his friendliness, the absence in him of that forbidding presence which some jurists seem to try to cultivate, and the fact that he can sympathize with the unfriended, and has the heart in him always to give the offender a chance at self-redemption.

He is deserving of the rest that will be his at the end of this quarter of a century of service on the bench and he will enter into it with the resounding praises of the populace filling his ears and in his soul there will reside the calm satisfaction that he has sought, during all of his administration to temper merrily with judgment, not an un-Christly mixture.

Not So Easy.

The little job of being square with yourself and not being afraid to look yourself in the eye covers a lot of territory.—The American Magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilroy, 17-year-old English elopers, agreed to live apart four years in order to escape prosecution for falsely stating their ages.

Eskridge News

VOL. 1. AUGUST 23, 1929. NO. 30.

Well, it won't be long until the Cleveland County Fair will be opening. From present indications the fair this year is going to be better than ever before and we sincerely hope that it will be.

City Boy: "What's the cow got the bell strapped around her neck for?"

Farmer: "That's to call her calf when dinner's ready."

We recently delivered Mr. T. P. Cottle his fourth Model "A" Ford. Mr. Cottle is certainly enthusiastic over the performance and the economy of the Model "A."

"I wonder if you could tell me where I could get a drink?"

"Sir, I am a conductor. You are the fourth man to mistake me for a policeman this morning."

We recently delivered Mr. S. H. Jones, R-2, Shelby, N. C., a nice 2 Window Fordor Sedan.

Lawyer: "You say you want to sue your wife for breach of promise? How is that?"

Client: "She promised to divorce me."

Business Man: "Before I can engage you, you will have to pass an intelligence test."

Girl Applicant: "Intelligence test? Why, the advertisement said that you wanted a stenographer."

Mr. J. Lee Dover, Route 7, Shelby, N. C., recently purchased a New Model "A" Town Sedan.

We also delivered Mr. Ben Suttle and Mr. O. Z. Morgan, popular owners of the Shelby Feed Company, a New Tudor Sedan.

If you have failed to try out the New Model "A" Ford give us a ring and we will let you see for yourself why every Model "A" owner is more than pleased with his car.

We delivered Mr. Virgil Weaver, Route 4, Shelby a New Model "A" Town Sedan.

We also delivered Mr. H. C. Hamrick, Route 2, Shelby, a Tudor Sedan.

We are equipped to render complete Alemtie Greasing Service and we will be glad to give your car the proper attention that it should have.

They say Al Smith is going to sue the Democratic party.

"Why?"

"For non-support."

Two colored gentlemen were engaged in conversation when one of them became very much annoyed by the persistent attention of a large fly.

"Sam, what kin' o' fly an' dis?"

"Dat am a hose-fly."

"Whut am a hose-fly?"

A hose-fly am a fly whut buzzes 'round cows 'n hoses 'n jackasses."

"You ain't making out fo' to call me no jackass?"

"No, I ain't making out for to call you no jackass, but you can't fool dem hose-flies."

We recently delivered the Snowflake Laundry their second Model "A" Panel Delivery truck. Another enterprising concern that has solved its delivery problem with the Model "A."

My son, do you think that chorus girl is the sort you could bring home and introduce to me and your sister?"

"Sure, Mother, but I'd hate to trust the old man with her."

CHAS. L. ESKRIDGE

ANNOUNCING

A VARIETY of COLORS

on the Chevrolet Six

at no extra cost!

In keeping with the progressive policies that have carried Chevrolet to record-breaking heights of success—the new Chevrolet Six is now made available in a wide variety of colors at no extra cost.

Still further enhancing the inherent beauty of the marvelous bodies by Fisher, these striking new colors give to the Chevrolet Six an order of smartness unapproached in any other low-priced car in the world.

And when you drive the Chev-

rolet Six, you will realize that its performance is equally as outstanding as its beauty. It flashes away at the traffic signal. It tops the steepest hills with an abundant reserve of power. The steering wheel responds to your slightest touch. And the quiet, non-locking, four-wheel brakes are unusually quick and positive in action.

Come in today. See this sensational Chevrolet Six which actually sells in the price range of the four.

The Roadster, \$525; The Phaeton, \$525; The Coach, \$595; The Coupe, \$595; The Sport Coupe, \$645; The Sedan, \$675; The Imperial Sedan, \$695. All prices f.o.b. factory; Flint, Mich.

COMPARE the delivered price as well as the list price in considering automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

Crawford Chevrolet Co.

SHELBY, N. C.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR