

## Too Much Dictation Is Given As Ill Of Schools

To Editor of The Star:

At one place in the latest issue of The Star, we read, "Shelby schools get low rank in efficiency." "Only three lower than Shelby in the entire." At another place, we read what might be interpreted as a plea for "shorter hours and less work in the Shelby schools. At least there seems to be dissatisfaction on account of having two sessions on rainy days."

Now, as one who has had considerable experience with the Shelby schools, both as teacher and patron, I want to insist that the folks do not interfere with the management of the schools at this stage of the game.

On every hand, at home and away from home, one hears the question, "What is the matter with the Shelby schools?" Now, as one who thinks he knows where the trouble lies, and does not mind telling, here it is—Too much dictation on the part of patrons and too great a desire to accommodate in other words, patrons, many of whom never taught school a day in their lives are trying to tell the teachers how to run the schools. Now, someone will say "Where do you get that stuff?"

I'll tell you. Ten years ago, I was principal of the Shelby high school, and teacher of Latin and math in the same. A good size job it was and poorly done. But that has nothing to do with my story. At that time, every once in so often, when we would get down to real work, with the idea of doing an honest year's work, some fond mother would write me, or call me over the telephone and ask me to lighten up on the lessons or her daughter would have to stop school. A few actually stopped. The superintendent would receive the same message and a compromise would

be reached. At that time, ten years ago, the slightest little shower of rain would call forth a clamor from the students for one session. The superintendent would be consulted, and the school would be dismissed for the day at about 12:30.

As the years have passed, it would seem that the policy of the school has been largely one of compromise. When it came to the matter of buildings, there seems to have been an attempt to locate as near as possible to every main door.

**Failures In College.** Now, it would be a long story to tell about holidays and other things that have interfered with school work through all these years. But let us again ask, the question "What is the matter with the Shelby schools?"

Our graduates do not make brilliant records at college. I understand that 30 percent of the 1927 class failed at college; 40 percent of last year's high school pupils failed of promotion. In the tests sent out by the state department of education last year and given to the senior class of the Shelby student, fell ten points below the state median. The school libraries, laboratories and other equipment is considered to be the poorest to be found anywhere in a school of its size. But these facts are already too well known to even mention here.

Now, there would be no use to argue that one could do as much work of any kind in half a day as he could in a whole day. Certainly school work would not be very different. As a rule, teachers prefer to have a fair chance at their work.

**Lunches A Solution.** Now, is there any solution to the rainy day problem? It is a rather gloomy picture to think of poor "half-clad" girls braving the storm and tramping along the street

through the rain or snow without umbrellas, rain coats or overshoes for the distance of a mile or so to get a little lunch and then hurrying back to the school to keep from getting a tardy mark. But let's see—there are in Cleveland county 35 school trucks, nearly all of which make two loads every morning. These children do not go home for lunch; and they appear about as well-fed as these in Shelby. How do they manage it? Easy enough. Their mothers prepare a lunch for them in the morning and they take it to school with them. But you say you are not willing for your children to eat a cold lunch. Then, let's have lunches served by the home economics department of the school as is done in the neighboring towns.

Now, no one will deny that our high school is poor, very poor. Buildings, laboratories, libraries, play ground equipment, etc. Some day we will vote a bond issue and build a high school costing about half a million dollars as has Gastonia, Hickory and other nearby towns have done, but this will not be until our people have a better feeling towards our schools than they have now.

This year our schools have opened under new supervision and management. There is no finer man in the school business in North Carolina than our superintendent who the writer has known for a number of years. He is a man of excellent judgment and superior knowledge of school work. He will gladly accept suggestions given him in the right spirit, but for one, I am willing for him to work out his own schedule, and I should greatly regret to see him trying to cater to everybody's wishes.

As a patron of the high school, I would like very much to see the standard of efficiency raised in the Shelby schools, and, in my opinion, the best way to accomplish this is by strict cooperation on the part of the parents with the superintendent and teachers. Let our slogan be "More and better work for the Shelby schools." H. M. LOY.

## MANY MARITAL SECRETS BARED

Paris Appears As First Class Market For Punctured Romances.

Paris.—If Paris continues to assimilate in the future the number of loveless and husbandless ladies it has in the past, we might yet see established here a first class market for punctured papas. Like the old rubber tire markets, these deflated and disillusioned husbands might be herded together and traded off.

Going about the refill stations which are known by the refined name of cafes, the careful observer who remains sober can spend an amusing and entertaining few hours listening to the women exchange marital secrets under the belief that there is no one around who speaks English.

This is the strange idea imaginable, especially in a bar where 90 percent of the clientele is American or English, that two ladies should carry on a most intimate conversation in English thinking no one will understand them. They look around and after ordering the first gin fizz or Manhattan, the phrase, "my former husband" invariably crops up and then the fun begins. That poor wretch, scoundrel or otherwise unconscionable being usually referred to as "my former husband" certainly does get his ears burned during an afternoon of quiet drinking in any Paris cafe.

For instance, let's be specific. Wretch Number One. Scene, New York Bar, Time, five o'clock in the afternoon. Cast, two nice ladies, very well dressed, and slightly jellid. Occasion, waiting for Paul.

It seems that Paul is the husband of one lady. The other lady is a divorcee living in Paris. She suggests that Paul's wife stay in Paris and see some things. Paul's wife orders another brace of drinks and then breaks out with the following prose poem. "You know, I just adore Paul. We have been everywhere, in all big cities and everything. He bought me such nice things in Chicago, and the most beautiful shawls in Cairo, and everywhere we go, I enjoy it so, but it was not until I came to Paris that I met so many nice people where we can say that we really had friends. Indeed, I am afraid if Paul does not stay here, even as much as I love him, I will have to leave him, for I've met such nice friends, mind you dear, for the first time in years. I'd hate to leave Paul, but I've made up my mind not to leave Paris."

Here is Wretch Number Two. The back room of Johnnie's in the rue Port Mahon. Two older ones, both stout and sparkling with diamonds. The alcohol is just about to drop from the older one's eye. She is speaking of Papa. She almost whispers the word Papa, as if Papa were there himself. But he is in New York. The lady says, "Papa just worships me, and I think the world of him. But you know, it's funny, every time I come to Europe, he goes to America and every time I go to America, he goes to Europe. You know, he's an engineer, something like that, and he travels. The last time I was in Paris, I wrote and asked him to come, but he answered from England and he said, 'Dearie, I have to go to Moscow, and I just couldn't take you over that tiresome road, you'd be done in if you traveled like I do, and I wouldn't want you to have to rush about, jumping from train to train. No dearie, I'll probably see you when I return.'"

"Where is he now, your husband?" the other lady asked.

"Oh, you mean Papa. Well, I really don't know, because he works so hard."

Wretch Number Three. The scene is the exotic tea room bar of the Lido in the Champs Elysees. Three youngish women listen to another of their charming sex explain why she signed the paper committing her husband to the care of an asylum. She is very pretty and might be rated among the thousand-dollar-a-week alimony group. "My dears, you just can't live with a husband who throws you through windows and doors. Ramon is striking—all the women make a fool of him, but when he tried to choke me at Vichy, and threw a seltzer bottle at the elevator man, I just had to protect myself."

Wretch Number Four. A reunion of old girl friends in the little room at Ciro's. One sweet divorcee has just been relieved of a basket of jewels by her boy friend. She sighs, "Anyway, he was nicer to me than my former husband. I don't think he realized he was stealing. He needed the money. And you know, he was so considerate. Just in order not to hurt my feelings, you know he never told me he had a French wife right here in Paris. He was that kind of a boy, and I wouldn't put the police on him."

Wretch Number Five. In this case the villain himself was present. He was seated alongside of a portly woman, jeweled and gowned as becomes the Ritz bar, and he said in a hoarse voice known to many bookies in Belmont Park, "Grace, on my honor, if you will marry me again, I'll divorce her." The villain

got his hand squeezed, leaving the other free to handle his Martini. It must have been Grace's great hour of triumph, especially for "that other wench" who by this time is probably drawing down something in the way of alimony; that is, if the villain made good his word. And he looked the soul of honor.

## "DANCING" PASTOR WILL HOLD PULPIT

Agrees To Conform To Church View That It's Unbecoming For Minister To Dance.

Corinth, N. Y.—The dancing minister of Corinth has won a victory for himself and his fiancée, but not for dancing.

Although the Rev. Walter A. Miller, young pastor of the First Baptist church, has been reinstated by the church trustees after they demanded his resignation because he attended village dances, he has surrendered to their belief that "it is unbecoming for a minister to dance."

The young people of the congregation turned out en masse to attend the trustees' meeting when the Rev. Miller's resignation was demanded.

Women of the congregation wept as their minister delivered his resignation to the trustees, consisting of a retired barber, a chauffeur, two mill workers and a village storekeeper.

Hardly had the formality of resignation been gone through than the Rev. Dr. A. E. Knapp of Amsterdam, head of the Saratoga Baptist district, called for a motion to recall the resignation. The head of the board of trustees himself offered the motion. It was seconded immediately, and the congregation

## Girl, Unconscious For Weeks After Accident, May Awaken

she does it is obvious that she does not know what she sees. Often she tosses on her bed, moving her arms or legs slightly. She has not, Cincinnati, O.—For weeks 9-year-old Charlotte Norris has lain unconscious in her cot at the Cincinnati General hospital. Now, however, she is believed to be about ready to awaken.

On Aug. 27 Charlotte was hit by an auto while going across the street to buy some candy. She was brought to the hospital suffering from a cerebral concussion. Unconscious, she was put in a bed in the children's ward.

For many days she lay motionless, never opening her eyes or moving a muscle. After a week she was taken to the operating room, where surgeons performed a delicate operation to relieve the pressure on her brain.

Since then her slumber has not been so deep. Frequently she opens her eyes, although when however, uttered so much as a whisper since she entered the hospital, flocked to congratulate their minister.

The whole disturbance in the little paper mill town of northern New York arose over the fact that the Rev. Miller, a graduate of Colgate university and Colgate Theological seminary, class of 1927, went to dances in the village with his fiancée, Miss Mina Clothier, 17, whom he intends to marry next month.

Trustees of the church objected to their minister dancing because they said, "his young people look to him for example."

Hereafter the young folks will attend only private dances at the home of his fiancée or friends.

In the last few days it is evident that she understands a little bit of what is said to her. When the nurse asks her to put out her tongue, for instance, she responds, although there is no light of understanding in her eyes, and the performance seems to be quite an effort for her.

A medical authority familiar with her case says that her awakening will come when nature is ready to have her awaken, and not before.

"In a case like this," he says, "the brain literally stops working. It ceases to function. When nature has healed the membranes that lie between the brain and the skull—membranes that were torn by the accident, and repaired by the operation that was performed—then only will nature permit the brain to awaken, and only then will the girl be able to use her voice again."

The physician explained that while nature is busy healing the disturbed brain cells, other functions of the body are not disturbed. Respiration, digestion and the like go on unimpaird. Only the ability to think and to speak are upset. When they are regained, nature has finished her task of healing.

During the first part of her stay in the hospital, Charlotte was fed a mixture of milk, egg and sugar through a tube. Now, however, she is able to eat normally, and is fed cereals, mashed potatoes, broth and orange juice.

"She seems to be ready to be awakened, but we cannot be sure," says her doctor. "It may be in a day, a week or a month. It all depends on how soon nature is ready to have her."

### GRIDIRON



GAB

By Renn Drum

"Old Timer," a Shelby football fan who keeps his identity secret, sends this sporadic sport department a list of what he believes to be the best winning bets for Saturday's football games. "Try 'em on your pinola," he writes, "then let your conscience be your guide."

And here they are:

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| <p><b>Win</b></p> <p>Pittsburgh vs. Duke.</p> <p>W. and L. vs. N. C. State.</p> <p>Univ. N. C. vs. Maryland.</p> <p>Virginia vs. South Carolina.</p> <p>P. C. vs. Mercer.</p> <p>Oglethorpe vs. Citadel.</p> <p>Clemson vs. Auburn.</p> <p>Georgia vs. Furman.</p> <p>Florida vs. V. M. I.</p> <p>Navy vs. William and Mary.</p> <p>Alabama vs. Univ. Miss.</p> <p>Ga. Tech vs. Miss. A. M.</p> <p>Tennessee vs. Chattanooga.</p> <p>Davidson vs. Wofford.</p> <p>W. Forest vs. Univ. Richmond.</p> <p>V. P. I. vs. Hampden Sidney.</p> <p>Tulane vs. Texas A. M.</p> <p>Wisconsin vs. Colgate.</p> <p>Notre Dame vs. Univ. Indiana.</p> <p>N. Y. U. vs. West Va. Wesleyan.</p> <p>Princeton vs. Amherst.</p> <p>Michigan vs. Purdue.</p> <p>Guilford vs. Rutherford.</p> <p>Flon vs. Atlantic C. C.</p> <p>Erskine vs. High Point.</p> <p>Lenoir-Rhyne vs. Newberry.</p> | <p><b>Lose</b></p> |
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The following judgments, claims, notes and accounts are offered for sale to the highest bidder. The right is reserved to reject in full or in part any offer.

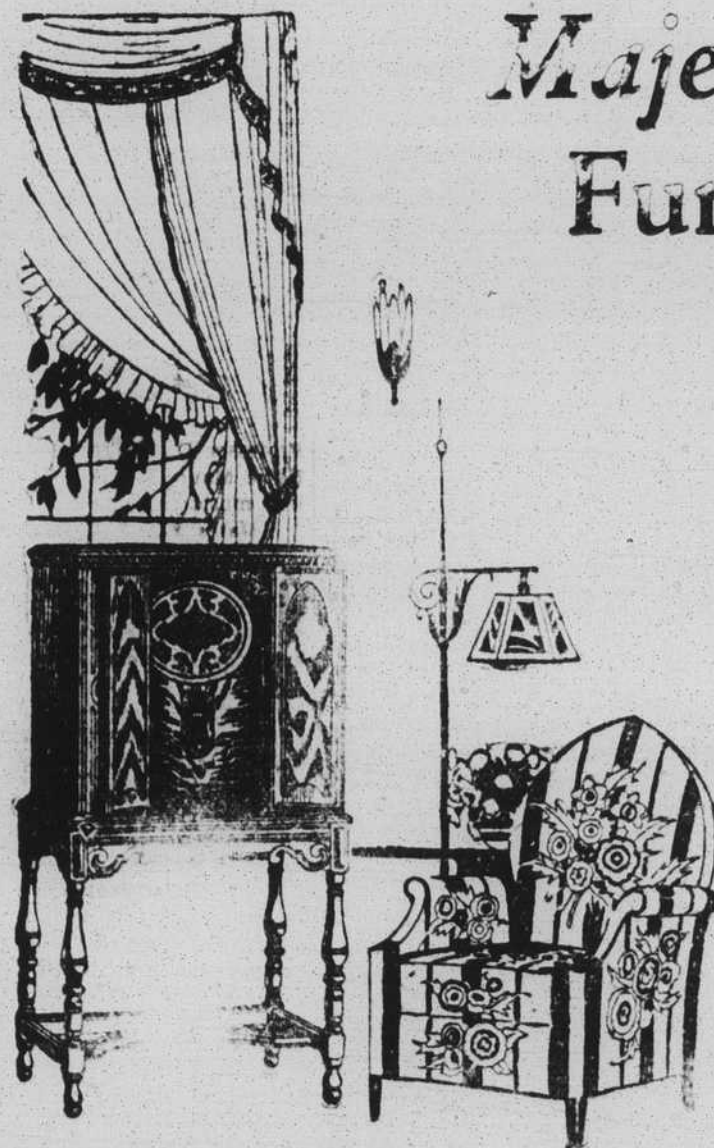
WILL SPANGLER—SHELBY, N. C. ....	\$55.85
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BOYCE SANSING—Route 5, SHELBY, N. C. ....	\$4.60
O. L. EUBANKS—SHELBY, N. C. ....	\$7.90
GUSS CABANISS—SHELBY, N. C. ....	\$29.08
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D. G. PHILBECK—SHELBY, N. C. ....	\$22.50
MRS. H. Q. BEST—SHELBY, N. C. ....	\$49.70
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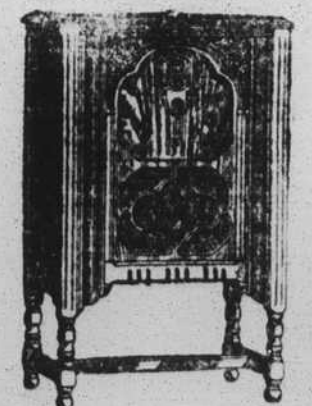
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