

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.

MONDAY — WEDNESDAY — FRIDAY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

By Mail, per year \$2.50
By Carrier, per year \$3.00

THE STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

LEE B. WEATHERS President and Editor
S. ERNEST HOEY Secretary and Foreman
RENN DRUM News Editor
A. U. JAMES Advertising Manager

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, OCT. 11, 1929.

TWINKLES

In case of a cold we suppose Bishop Cannon would prefer any remedy to Smith's cough drops.

North Carolinians, from general reports, are seeing red recently from having seen too many Reds.

If the movie producers want to make a talkie that would be talkie, why not reproduce a session of Congress, or a bridge party?

Next week is State Fair week, and perhaps the weather man will cooperate better for the State Fair than he did for several county fairs, including the local exposition.

The people of the United States were swindled out of six billion dollars last year, we read, and then another item informs that the faith healer in Lincoln county has had 3,000 visitors in two years. Comment is too risky.

This is and has been right much of a church week for Cleveland county with the Kings Mountain Baptists association gathering at Boiling Springs and with Dr. Plato Durham, one of the South's outstanding ministers, preaching at Central church here.

HANDLING A STRIKE IN NEW YORK AND IN NORTH CAROLINA

NEW Yorkers have been somewhat critical of the official handling of strikes in North Carolina, but apparently the same methods are used there. In connection with a strike of truck drivers and truckmen in New York, The New York World reported: "Acting Governor Leham announced he was in constant touch with the strike through A. J. Portner, whom he especially appointed last week to aid in settling the dispute."

Sounds to us very much like a dispatch out of Raleigh telling of how Governor Gardner is in touch with the situation through Judge Nat Townsend.

OLD-TIMERS HARK BACK TO DURHAM'S FATHER

DR. PLATO DURHAM, the noted minister conducting evangelistic services here this week, will likely hear very little about it yet his return back to the town of his birth has started the old-timers relating reminiscences of the past, particularly about Dr. Durham's father, Capt. Plato Durham.

Hardly had the coming of the native son, who has made good in the world, been announced when the old fellows, who sit on the court square benches in the summer, and in the sheriff's and register's offices in the winter, began recalling just where his father, the Confederate captain, brilliant reconstruction lawyer, and old Ku Klux power, lived and died. In their conversations carried over from day to day, in newspaper serial style, they have related many interesting stories, all a part of the past—that trying period in the history of the South. They tell of the drive made to rid the section of members of the old klan, and of the fight Capt. Durham made to defend them. One fellow, as they tell it, who fought under Capt. Durham in the bloody conflict and came home to join the original klan as a measure of protection for his women-folk against the crazed negroes and rascally whites, was arrested and ordered to appear in Charlotte for trial. He lived in Rutherford and having no money he could not secure a lawyer. Finally, on the day before the trial, he came to his old captain with his story. Capt. Durham paid his former follower's railroad fare to Charlotte, appeared for him without cost in the hearing, and cleared him. "He was true blue, Captain Durham was," said the teller of the tale, a descendant of the Rutherford veteran.

"Yessir," spoke up a listener, one of the old fellows himself, "and he was smart as Solomon and as game as a bantam rooster."

Those tributes of the old days cannot be improved upon with our modern slang. Perhaps Dr. Durham, the minister, teacher, and orator, has heard those stories, now historical legends, of his father; if not, he should.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THOUGHT IN BASEBALL PLAY

WHEN this is read it is possible but not probable, that one of the two teams in the World Series, Chicago or Philadelphia, may have the title practically cinched. Be that as it may, this chatter deals with the opening game and baseball in general.

Right often the professional and business world wonders at the immense salaries paid baseball managers and players. The pay checks of the latter class usually depend upon their drawing power—just how many fans they can make click the turnstiles with their dollars. As for the managers, that is another matter. Right often one hears the business world criticize baseball managers' salaries; managers are paid too much, and so on.

Perhaps so, but the two rival managers in the present baseball classic offer ample proof that they must exercise as much, or more, judgment and brains in handling their teams as does the big business man. Psychology, too, plays a big part. Take that first game in Chicago, which the Athletics

won 3 to 1. All the dopesters guessed as to who Connie Mack, the veteran Philadelphia manager, would start on the mound against the hard-hitting Cubs. Joe McCarthy's Cubs, sluggers all, are right-handed hitters and, therefore, considered death to southpaw pitchers. Connie Mack had only three right-handers to use against them. George Earnshaw, a youngster, with a remarkable record; old Jack Quinn, who was pitching baseball when many of us were keeping our clothes together with safety pins; and Howard Ehmke, another veteran, who had been pitching very little of recent weeks. In the left-hand hurling department he had Bob Grove, rated as the greatest living southpaw, and, perhaps, the greatest of all left-handers. As the day of the opening game approached the dopesters, sport writers, and baseball experts began to guess just who the aging Philadelphia manager would pitch. Their first guess was Earnshaw, the young righthander who led the American league. Their next guess was Grove—perhaps Connie Mack would take a chance on his star southpaw baffling the righthand Cub hitters. Right up until the minute the game started no one knew who would pitch for Philadelphia. Then from the bull pen strode Howard Ehmke. Not a single dopester, including the radio announcers, the sport-writers, and thousands of fans, had guessed that Ehmke would ever start. Some of them argued, just as the game, which was played in Chicago, and for that reason used Ehmke so as to have his leading hurlers for a reserve for the remaining games. Yet Connie Mack's psychology was only logical reasoning. It was only baseball judgment that he should use a righthander. He had only three—Earnshaw, Ehmke, and Quinn. Earnshaw was a youngster as major league baseball experience goes, and the first game of a World Series affair is the most trying. It is then that the nerves of the young fellows snap and they "blow up." Earnshaw might have won; he has the stuff, but his youth and his lack of experience would have handicapped him in the opening game. Quinn the veteran up in forty years, should be held for reserve strength. Ehmke won the game and very near established several records while doing so. He never grew excited, a head cooled by many years of baseball stood the gaff, even in the dangerous inning when Hack Wilson drove a ball at him which nearly dropped him stiff. Again Connie Mack's psychology won, and it was just as much that as it was Ehmke's hurling. Connie knew that an old-timer, near the end of the trail, would work just as hard to win as would a youngster, and he would have with him a cool head, made so by many years of harrowing baseball experience.

In Joe McCarthy Connie Mack has a rival who rates near his equal. McCarthy is not so well known as is the tall Philadelphian, because he has not been managing major league teams anything like as long. But proper credit must be given a man who can assemble and control a group of the greatest and most temperamental stars in baseball, who could not be controlled as individuals by other managers. Rogers Hornsby, once a manager himself in a World Series, could never get along with his teammates and his owners. Just after winning a pennant for St. Louis, he was cast adrift. Chicago got him. Next to Hornsby in the St. Louis lineup is Hack Wilson, the Art Shires trouble-maker of the National league. A quick-tempered fellow, ready always to fight and a worry to all managers. In the same lineup is Kiki (Hazen) Cuyler, the best of the famous Pittsburgh Pirate team, who was turned loose to Chicago because of his temper and his sulkiness, withal a great baseball player and one of the fastest baserunners in baseball, Cobb not excepted. Joe McCarthy patched up a team out of the high-hat Hornsby, the garrulous Wilson, the temperamental Cuyler, a few youngsters, and moved roughshod to a National league pennant. He should receive due credit. He had the baseball ability in his team, but getting it to cooperate was something a half dozen managers had given up even with only one of McCarthy's temperamental stars.

Baseball, if you care to study it, has far more to it than banging out basehits and striking out batters. In these days brains are just as much a factor in baseball success as in any other business—and baseball has come to be a business, a member of the firm of Big Business.

Nobody's Business



GEE McGEE—

A Congressional Record.

I see by the papers that congress is in session. I have always had a tender feeling for congress and school teachers. Everybody knows that congress as a whole won't be able to do any real work for several weeks. Everything will have to stand hitched till the various committees meet and tell the boys what to do ansforth.

Now, if I may be permitted to suggest some form of amusement and entertainment for the members who are not engaged in committee or conference work, I would like to say that a nice little game of "Mumble-peg" would bring much joy to the loafing members of the house and senate while the cruiser bill is being drafted behind closed doors. The entire membership can participate in this wonderful game if enough knice can be borrowed. In all cases, a Democrat should be partnered with a Republican till Democrats give out then a few lame ducks might be called in from the lobby to splice out.

Another interesting game is "Thimble." Cole Blease should be able to lead off in this. It doesn't require much thought to play it.

It is possible that a thimble could be borrowed from one of the senator's wives (that is, a wife of one of the senators) if she should happen to know what a thimble is, but we fear that only Mrs. DePriest has ever done any sewing, and possibly it wouldn't be nice to approach her on account of previous disturbances.

"Blind-fold" is another thing that might fetch much pleasure. Tom Hefflin would make a dandy blind-fold. It would not be necessary to tie a handkerchief over his eyes. He never sees anything now. It would be nice to pull this stunt off in the subway that leads from the office buildings to the Capitol. There ain't any posts or other obstructions to run against in that passage to knock the outer-milk out of a guy's head.

While the Muscle Shoals recommendations are being formulated, the gentlemen could engage in the enticing game called "Jack Stones" at so much per jack. Then there's "Stink base." That would be a very becoming form of amusement for the ex-investigating committees to pull off. And "Hop-Scotch." There never was a better place for that indulgence than the paved back-yard of the law-making build-

ing, and all they will need is some chalk and a man to do the work of marking off the scale.

I certainly hope the representatives will take cognizance of my recommendations. It is tiresome to sit around from day to day with nothing to do, and these games will drive dull care away. We could mention other nice games such as "Frog in the Mill Pond" and "Handy Over," but as these would require more physical effort, it might be a good idea to stick to sitting-down games. The committees all ought to report by December 24th.

Henry Ford vs. Booze.

Henry Ford says that he will stop making automobiles if the saloon returns. He should do this by all means, but he could continue to do a profitable manufacturing business afterwards by switching to other lines that the promiscuous sale and use of whiskey would demand.

It is assumed that other car makers that are less considerate of the public would not close their factories, and the car output would possibly be sufficient to meet the requirements of the hilarious citizenry after Henry withdrew from the fold of keeping the world on wheels.

Now if Mr. Ford will let me talk a while, I would suggest that he convert his motor department into a plant to be used exclusively for the manufacture of crutches, rolling chairs, bandages splints, coffins, caskets, cement vaults, and other accessories common to the needs of folks who have been in head-on and tail-on collisions, plus a few side-sweeps and telegraph poles.

The chassis factory could shift to hearses, ambulances, embalming fluid, wrecking machines, tombstones, grave-digging tools, baseball bats for fighting purposes, cots, beds, X-ray machines, surgery saws, ether, chloroform, and other hospital equipment.

Instead of cushions for his car shrouds and mourning veils could get busy turning out brick and lime and lumber for jails and penitentiary construction, and as the demand would be great for insane asylums, his spark plug and starter departments would do well in getting up materials of all kinds for the erection of suitable buildings for booze-nuts ansforth.

And there wouldn't be anything wrong with Henry shaking those from some of the coin he has already made in building and endowing a few thousand orphanages for the sole use of the children of mothers and daddies who got too drunk to ride slow. New court houses and calaboses would have to be provided, and at least 5 million extra policemen and judges would be kept busy with the drunken masses. The trouble is not the whiskey itself. It is the change that has come over the people. They don't give a cuss nowadays, and while some folks say it is easy to get spiffed, I'll admit it is easy for some folks, but hard for the majority under the present system. Old man Booze has played his last tune. Who wants to fool with a booze-fighter in any line of business or any strata of society? Henry Ford is right.

The County Club.

Hickory Record.

Catawba county is to be congratulated upon the organization of a county club. This group of men, banded together solely in the interest of progressive civic development, should become in time an important factor county affairs and will undoubtedly bring about a market unification of thought and action.

The county club does for the entire county what the civic club does for the town or city. It fills and long felt need in the modern civilization of America and is destined to do much good in moulding public opinion, unifying counties, causing them to think as a unit and furnishing a channel for county-wide opinions.

The purpose of the county club is to foster the active interest of every member in the civic, commercial, agricultural, and moral welfare of his county.

Now that the club is organized it is necessary that its members give it whole-hearted support and take an active interest in all its projects. The Record wishes this club unbounded success and feels sure the county will be greatly benefited by its efforts.

Family Minus Hands, Feet.

In the last two generations of a family in Brazil five members were born without hands or feet, according to a report to the Eugenics Research Committee. Three are children, whose father, similarly crippled, died recently. One uncle, also deformed, still lives. Biologists say that in the family the chromosomes, contained in every living cell, lack the unit responsible for the formation of hands and feet.

Try Star Wants Ads.



ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF NEW FALL SUITS

You will find a big assortment to select from. All made by the very best manufacturers and tailored to fit the hard to fit. They come in new Browns, Blues and Greys. If you want to save money on your new Fall Suit, Hat, Shoes and Furnishing Goods it will pay you to buy here.

MEN'S SUITS WITH ONE AND TWO PAIRS PANTS AT—

\$19.50 TO \$35.00

— OVERCOATS —

\$13.50 TO \$29.50

BLANTON-WRIGHT CLO. CO.

— SHELBY'S BEST MEN'S STORE —

Wait!

PARAGON'S CLOSING-OUT SALE

STARTS PROMPTLY AT 9 O'CLOCK THURS. MORNING OCT. 17th

STORE CLOSED TIGHT THREE DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY. EVERY EFFORT IS BEING MADE TO GIVE YOU THE VERY BEST SERVICE POSSIBLE.

ALL MERCHANDISE WILL BE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

BE HERE ON TIME AT OPENING THURSDAY MORNING.