

Forest City Defeats Ella Team Although Outhit; Fowler Opposes Brannon In Duel; Lee Hitting Star

Brannon Bests Former Big Leaguer In Hurling But Errors Cost Him Game.

Shelby baseball fans saw a game played here Wednesday afternoon which if played early in the season would have meant full time baseball for Shelby all summer. Which is to say that Wednesday's game gets fans "all hot up" just as the season is about to close.

Forest City, claiming the state independent championship managed to nose out a 4-3 victory over Shelby's Ella mill club, yet it was such a contest that boosters of the Ella club did not go home disgusted.

Three former league players, one a home boy, were the big attractions of the nip-and-tuck tilt. They were Pete Fowler, former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, who hurled for Forest City; Roy Brannon, former Sally Leaguer, who did the pitching for Ella; and Cline Owens Lee, the Shelby high infielder who played in the Southeastern league before returning to semi-pro ball.

Brannon Good.
In the matter of pitching Mr. Brannon, a right-hander with a teasing slow ball, bested the widely known Fowler and his left-hand

shoots. The Ellas banged out 10 hits off Fowler, a thing that is seldom done to the former big leaguer, and Forest City touched Brannon for only four hits. Forest City won because their four safeties, one a homer, were properly bunched with each other and a few ill-timed Shelby errors. And Shelby's 10 hits were as widely scattered as a covey of quail at the end of the hunting season. Had Lefty Smith held onto a fly ball in outfield and had Mayhew fielded a hot roller the score might have been 2-2 until extra frames had been played. And it might have been a four-four game had Brannon's long drive to the left field wall been hit an ounce or so harder, enabling him to clear the fence. Regardless of "the might-have-beens" it was an affair that kept every fan in the park until Hornsby was the last out in the ninth.

Near Perfect Day.
Even though he won it was a worrisome day for Pitcher Fowler. Mr. Brannon had been the only hurler of the year who could rival the reputed king of semi-pro pitchers. And Brannon did it again Wednesday only to lose on errors. The two hurlers came from the same neck of the woods down in South Carolina and how they hate each other when pitching for rival teams. Another thing that gave the erstwhile big leaguer something to persevere about was the bat used by Lee, the former idol of Shelby high fans. Ever since Lee left the Southeastern to play semi-pro ball hereabouts he has been telling other players that Fowler isn't impregnable and can be hit, and then he has been going right into the game to show 'em how it's done. Yesterday was just another one of those days of the type that caused Fowler to say some weeks back that "that kid just can't be struck out." The speedy infielder, who seems to like Fowler's pitching, went to bat five times, drove out three hits, walked once

and reached first safely on his fifth trip. An average of three out of four in the records, and he scored two of Ella's three runs. All season he has been doing that. When Forest City and Marion played their classic title series, which ended in a dog-fall, Lee's three hits won the opening game. When Forest City won the next day with Fowler pitching it was Lee's hit and run that kept Fowler from scoring a shutout. In the last game, which ended in a draw after 14 innings, it was Lee's three hits that had much to do with keeping Forest City from having a clear, unchallenged claim to the title. If Fowler gets back to the big tent some of the opposing clubs should sign Lee up at once. The big left-hander puts all he has on it when Lee comes up, yet the youngster grins at him and smacks his fast ones all over the lot. Shelby fans got four-bits worth of entertainment out of that performance Wednesday.

"Red" Costner, the bigshouldered Gastonia boy, was responsible for all four of Forest City's runs. Once he pelted the pill over the fence with a runner on, making two tallies, and again he doubled, when an error failed to retire the side, and scored two more. Shelby got five times as many hits as Costner, but Costner's two blows won.

"Crickit" Weathers, the Lattimore athletic, playing the first sack for Ella, let local fans know that another player from the section may go to faster company some of these days.

A number of well known players participated in the contest. Friday a brother of the once famous Crickit was on first for Forest City; Cross was on second, Dick McKeithan on short, the heavy-hitting Engle, who should be in professional ball, was on third, and the fleet Bragg, Shorty Branch and Red Costner in the outfield. Grady Harrill, who has tried a couple of times to make the Sally league grade, caught Fowler.

Hornsby caught Brannon. Weathers was on first, Tom Kerr on second, Mayhew on short, Lee on third and Wilson, Smith and Whitey Heavner composed the outfield.

Things I See, Or Things I Read About

T. W. HAMRICK
San Francisco, Cal.

I see many typewriters for sale out here, and decided, since my correspondence is getting delightfully heavy, to rent one—I called up the employment agency and asked for the boss. I told him I didn't want to buy a typewriter, but to rent one. He asked me "what kind I wanted." I never had one so I didn't exactly know—but I told him "a black top red keys, and substantial legs." "Hey, you," he replied, "you don't want no typewriter, you mean a secretary."

"Very well, then," I replied, "if you know what I want, send it." "Describe yourself," he told me; and then I told him: "Tall, handsome, young and a small moustache." "About that time I heard him yell: 'Hey, Blondie, go down to room 219 Civic Center hotel and take your grip.'"

Pete O'Shields, sitting in a tree, reminds me of that old song—Rock a-bye Peter in the tree top—When the wind blows, your sifter will rock—Down will come Peter, from the tree top, etc.

This hotel has quite a number of French girls—I don't know what they do. Make up beds and dust the furniture I suppose, although I've never caught one of them at it. They wear white caps, white aprons, about the size of fig leaves. One of them stuck her head in the door a few minutes ago and said: "Maybe, zee gentleman, he like to fly zee coupe? Yes? No?" I told her I did not want to fly no coop, air plane, nor anything else. Flying was not in my line. "Oh, but zee gentleman do not understand. No? Yes? Zee bed, zee room, I must clean up." Very well, I told her, I'd get out. From the talk, and waving of hands, I thought that must be what she wanted.

If that Gastonia Gazette man remarks any more on your assistant columnist—you just tell him, that this one was alderman at one time, 12 years, in ward four, for the mighty town of Shelby and that I can prove a good character; by Bate Gardner and Hugh Wray—they live in Gastonia, and by Judge J. L. Webb, he lives in Shelby, and by Max Gardner he lives in Raleigh. Neither one of them were in my ward and haven't any thing against me.

San Francisco is placarded with signs: "Obey the law—It takes two to be a bootlegger," and so it does.

Los Angeles is having lots of fun over Almee, and her ma's knock down, and nose bumping affray. The movie magnets have offered them a big price, so I understand, to do it over again in front of a camera. I'd like to see it myself, how 'bout you?

Passed an Italian on the street today, with his music box, and monkey on a string. First one I had seen since leaving Shelby, and it made me kinder homesick.

I never just exactly knew, what the younger crowd meant by necking, until I came here. On the streets in stores, autos, and street cars, love scenes are numerous.

On a street car today—I heard one girl say to her sweetie, (who was making ardent love to her), "how do I know you love me?" He replied "because I feel rotten."

Purchased a package of cigarettes on Veanness avenue today, and was given a nice piece of chocolate candy with it, which made me think of that dear good old fellow—T. W. Ebeltoft—because, many a time—when a kid, I've bought five cents worth of cheese from him, and he would give me crackers to eat with it. I also remember him giving me lots of good advice and a box of candy for a wedding present—the only gift I received at my first marriage. The candy didn't last long, but the love and affection has.

O. O. McIntyre once said he "stopped at a show window on Broadway and watched a watchmaker tinkering with inanimate things—and thought to himself, what a life, no romance, etc." I think, I'll write him a letter sometime that will change his mind.

Poor Lon Chaney—dead—one of my favorite actors. He knew a side of life few of us know, but we are all "born to suffer and die." One of the laws of God.

Don't mean to worry you folks. When you get tired of me, tell Remm Drum to holler "calf rope" or send me special delivery letter, care chief of police. Maybe he can find me, which is more than I can do sometimes when I get lost in this two-hundred room hotel and have to call the porter.

Let's Try It.

Now that night baseball has arrived, we can't expect any further innovation in the way of night novelties except sleep.—Chatham, Ont. News.

Two Killed in Plane Crash at Races



Dense billows of smoke from navy plane, which, caught in the slip stream of the plane ahead during the naval speed race event, crashed into a concession stand and burst into flames. The ship's pilot, Lieut. J. P. De Shazo, and Lewis Weiner, proprietor of the stand, were killed instantly. A catastrophe was narrowly averted when the plane missed the packed grandstand by inches. It was the first fatality of the Ninth Annual Air Meet at Chicago. (International Newsrel Telephone)



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Beams Mill Dots Of Personal Items

Young People Elect Officers. Personals Of Week-End Visitings.

(Special to The Star.)
Beams Mill, Sept. 3.—Mrs. John Ledford spent Sunday in Shelby visiting her son Mr. Clem Ledford.

Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Elliott and children of Louisville, Ky., spent Sunday afternoon with his mother, Mrs. J. Y. Elliott.

Miss Louise Hamrick is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Hamrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Lector Ledford of Lincolnton spent Sunday with Mr. John Ledford.

Mr. and Mrs. Vertus Williams and little son, Jack, were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Williams Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Hamrick and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wright.

Several from this community attended the birthday dinner at the home of Mr. Abe Hoyle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pressley Costner and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Zemerl Warlick Sunday.

The following officers were elected in B. Y. P. U. Sunday night: President, J. T. Wright; vice president, Kenneth Hoyle; secretary, Dwight McSwain; corresponding secretary, James Costner; treasurer, Newell Wright; chorister, Elizabeth Bridges; pianist, Irene Costner; quiz leader, Keslar Hamrick.

Social committee: J. D. Hamrick, Harlan McSwain, Cull McSwain, Beatrice Hendrick, Marzona Hoyle, A. V. Costner.

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