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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.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, 1931

TWINKLES

The Hoover puzzle: Is he as dry as the dries hope he is, or as damp as the wets suspect him to be?

Just a few more weeks and the baseball players will be training in the South—and the peewee golf courses will open again.

If this highway commission controversy isn't settled ere long, Col. Kirkpatrick may be accused of talking almost as much as he was accused of talking when Woodrow Wilson visited Charlotte.

With prospects bright for Charlotte to land a new post-office building and with a similar outlook at Morganton, The Charlotte Observer is tempted to remind that "all things come to persons who wait, as well as to towns." That being the case, it might be well to reiterate that Shelby is still waiting for the needed addition to the office here.

TOO MANY FIELDS NOW

THE STAR DOES NOT KNOW the inside of the situation other than the report that the Cleveland Springs airport will this year go into cultivation as farm land, but there seems to be something amiss, or a slip-up-somewhere. Already the news that the Shelby airport will be turned into farm land has spread, and already Shelby is being marked off the routing maps used by pilots. Without going into the value of an airport as an asset to a modern city—all know that—it doesn't seem as if this county is in such dire need for acreage that the few acres used as an airport should be cultivated. If there is anything wrong with this county, now, it is too much acreage in cultivation, particularly in cash crops. When it was decided to farm the property of the Cleveland Springs Estates it seems as if it would have been possible to except that portion used for a landing field. Perhaps it isn't too late yet.

OUR BOW TO WILL ROGERS

HATS OFF TO WILL ROGERS, a real fellow as well as the outstanding humorist in America!

Out in the mid-West many States stricken by the drought are in dire need. Men, women and children are hungry and poorly clothed. Livestock suffers from a lack of water and pasture land. Conditions are deplorable in many sections of those States, yet Congress dandles about and argues much in the manner Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Contributions to the Red Cross relief fund have been none too plentiful. If conditions there do not improve and if Congress keeps on marking time, there'll be little need soon of food and clothing. Tombstones will serve best.

With such a situation existing the cowboy humorist secured Capt. Frank Hawks, one of the world's greatest aviators, as his pilot, crawled in the Hawks plane and started making a tour of the country, giving his humorous entertainments en route, the proceeds going to the drought sufferers.

When he finished up his tour in his native State of Oklahoma, among "the folks back home," last week he had received approximately \$90,000 from them to give the needy in the drought areas. Already his charity performance in Texas had netted \$80,000, making the grand total of his benefit bars and wisecracks run over \$170,000. Now he is going into Arkansas to continue his schedule. He knows that those sections need help, and those sections already know that no other man has done as much for them in their plight. The long tour, hopping from point to point by airplane, has near exhausted the humorist. Physicians have said that some sleep and rest will do him good, but the inimitable Will replied that he could catch up on his sleep and restin' after "this thing is all over."

A man with a humor unexcelled, home-spun philosophy unequalled, and a heart of gold, America today thinks more of the former cowboy, and should, than ever before.

A SMATTERING OF MANY THINGS

THE COURT MARTIAL of Gen. Smedley Butler, who is alleged to have said something naughty about Mussolini, has been called off. It should be a good lesson for the assertive marine; hereafter if he desires to say things, including most any old thing, about people, even prominent and powerful people, he should get himself elected to congress or the senate. The voters of Alabama are the only ones who ever court-martialed Tom-Tom Hefflin.

Eleanor Nichols, an American girl, was given the undivided attention of the Prince of Wales at a dance in Panama City one night last week. After the dance, she declared he was a charming man but that his brother, Prince George, was a better dancer. At that, we wager she didn't walk off from H. R. H., or express too much curiosity about his horse-back riding.

Seems as if Governor Gardner checked a lock—a full house over a flush—into Col. Kirkpatrick's highway talk. Frank Page and other highway experts endorsed the Governor's proposed change in the highway system of the State, but that endorsement did not appease Col. Kirkpatrick.

"Why," he asked, "hasn't Leslie Ames, former highway engineer, had anything to say about the Governor's program." And the next day the Governor published a letter in which Engineer Ames praised the proposed change. Someone said, when Governor Gardner first began replying to his critics, that it was evident he isn't of the type that goes off half-cocked, not knowing what he is doing. Really, by this time his road opponents must believe that he not only does not go off half-cocked, but that he is also, using a rapid-fire automatic.

This anonymous fellow who peeps through the political keyhole at Washington and writes things for Collier's certainly isn't any slouch. Senator Morrison hadn't been in Washington any time hardly until the keyhole fellow was telling his readers that North Carolina's Cam chaws tobacco.

A Kinston business man is going to see that some North Carolina frogs are entered in the international frog-jumping contest in California this year. Here's hoping, in order to do Tarheelia proud, that he gets some of those frogs from down in Pasquotank where they jump from bank to bank.

If we had a few more rival newspapers in the big cities, we would be having more stories from World War generals as to how it all happened. Meantime, many of the buck privates and underlings in the conflict would be more interested in having some of the higher-ups write about that bonus the vets are clamoring for.

WHAT IS WRONG ON THE FARM?

THERE MAY BE THOSE who tire of hearing The Star reiterate the need for more food and feed crops in Cleveland county, but it is a matter of vital importance to the future welfare of the section, and one that, to our way of thinking, deserves reiteration. If we "shoot the works" again this year on cotton and do not produce enough food and feed for home consumption, we'll be needing some more new buildings at the county home.

No farmer should fail to read the following article by David R. Coker, the famous seed breeder of Hartsville, S. C., on "What is the Matter With Southern Agriculture?"—heed as well as read:

We buy one billion dollars worth of food stuffs from outside the South. We should raise most of it.

We borrowed too much money when the borrowing was good. We got fifty cent dollars and are now trying to pay the debt with hundred cent dollars.

We depend too largely on cotton and tobacco—six months' crops—and are idle too much of the time.

We do not usually produce the best quality and maximum quantity per acre in our money crops.

We do too little rotation.

We need to develop the live stock industry and build up our soils with legumes, pastures and animal manures.

We need to quit planting many millions of acres of our poorest lands and put them back into forests.

We need to learn more of the new and proved facts of scientific agriculture and demonstrate them more widely.

We depend too largely on the negro.

The "balance of trade" is against us.

We need to buy fewer luxuries and produce more necessities until we have reestablished a favorable balance.

Thousands of banks have had to close and land values have almost disappeared in some sections because we have sent out, largely for luxuries and food, more money than we have received for our products. Indiscriminate foreclosures of land have aggravated the situation.

On good, properly handled soil, using well bred seed and correct methods of cultivation and fertilization, hundreds of farmers are making from one to two bales of excellent cotton per acre. (Mr. E. D. Hughes of Kosciusko, Miss., wrote us that he produced this season three bales, weighing 498 pounds, 512 pounds and 500 pounds, or a total of 1510 pounds on one acre using a pedigreed strain of cotton.)

By using Extension Service methods, yields of 300 to 500 bushels of sweet potatoes, one of the world's most valuable foods, are now often raised in this section.

Pigs can be made to weigh 200 pounds to 300 pounds at six months of age by feeding a balanced ration, including corn and tankage or fish meal, with grazing on rape and rye in the winter and soy beans in the summer.

It is not difficult to produce from 15 tons to 20 tons of corn silage per acre (we have averaged over 18 tons during the past three years.)

It is not hard to raise 500 bushels of turnips per acre, a useful and palatable food for man and beast (we produced 780.4 bushels on one acre this year not counting over 15 tons of tops.)

Scrub seed, scrub live stock and scrub methods are largely what have brought many southern farmers into their desperate situation.

Clear thinking and courageous action are needed to redeem our splendid country.

We must devise ways and means to put our sound, industries farmers back on the land under conditions of financing and instruction which will allow them to have fuel and shelter, to produce their basic food and feed crops, with some money surplus for other essentials. But, that is too big a proposition for me to attack here.

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

Remember when:

Sam Morrison started Shelby's first "jitney" service, a nickel a ride from the square to South Shelby or to the end of North LaFayette street?

That was 12 years ago, just a dozen calendars back, but Shelby isn't the same old town it was then.

Some firms in business then but not in business now, at least not under the same name, were:

The J. L. Suttle company, Riviere Drug company, Hull Brothers, Wray-Nix company, Evans E. McBrayer, Hoyle & Fanning, and W. C. Whisnant.

In those days—

Dr. J. S. Lafferty was an eye, ear nose and throat specialist with offices in the Royster building.

Dr. Sib Dorton, the veterinarian, had just arrived in town with his college sheepskin.

Rev. W. A. McMurry had just been installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church.

H. J. Fite was selling Buicks automobiles and the Roberts-Laugh-ridge motor company was selling Republic trucks.

Cleveland county farmers had just started using nitrate of soda. And see what they did: then they made only 24,000 bales of cotton, a little better than one-third of the modern 62,000-bale crop.

Bob Ford was a cadet at a Virginia military school.
The flu epidemic was just subsiding, but late in January of 1919 approximately 150 cases were reported at Boiling Springs.
Some of the boys were just leaving France for home, and others were writing that they'd be headed back soon.
The boom had just started which eventually resulted in building of the Shelby hospital.
Cotton was selling at 20 cents.
D. D. Wilkins and his son, Mac, were in business together.

The Paragon Furniture store had just opened for business. Louis Hamrick named the store for Messrs. Hennessy, Lineberger and Spangler, and received \$10 for doing it. Just last summer (11 years later) Louis named George Wray's golf course the "Peter Pan" and won another prize.

Max Gardner was lieutenant governor, D. Z. Newton was state senator, and Odus M. Mull was the county representative.

Rev. Chas. A. Wood was pastor of Central Methodist church.
Top buggy advertisements were still being published in The Star.
Gloria Swanson (My, that gal doesn't show her age) was showing in "Every Woman's Husband" at the Princess theatre.

Doesn't seem that long ago, does it? Maybe, however, those recollections will bring in a string of "remember whens."

A little bit of everything, but, in truth, not much of anything: Never try to explain how a black eye was received; no one will believe the explanation Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich are the favorite talkie stars among Shelby men. Perhaps you knew that . . . Two of the biggest crowds in Shelby this year came to see Leo the Lion and Tom Dixon's "Birth of a Nation" in sound pictures Come Spring Shelby may be the home of an airplane Wonder just how many male hearts skipped a beat or two when the announcement of one of Shelby's most charming girls was published 'other day? If Dr. Harbison would write his name as college professors do their names, he would have all these letters after it—M. D., F. A. C. S. Dumteskus what four of 'em stand for Every rainy day we can see the ground-hog thumping his nose at the weather prophets who gave him the horse-laugh Printers usually are not highbrows, but The Star force lunches regularly at 4 o'clock on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons. That's after they put the paper to bed One of the Cleveland county soldiers who received decorations for bravery in France was a doctor who established a first-aid station in a little shrine 15 yards in front of the front line trenches Every visitor to town says nothing could look more ghost-like than those charred white columns in front of the skeleton of what once was Cleveland Springs hotel.

Sargon Special

2 Bottles Sargon, value \$2.70
1 Bottle Sargon Soft Mass Pills60
Total value \$3.30

This master medicine, based on new scientific discoveries, drives out the dangerous toxic poisons of constipation—builds new fighting vigor—brings a keen, hearty appetite and a new kind of sound, refreshing sleep.

Cleveland Drug Co.

EXCLUSIVE SARGON AGENTS PHONE 65

"...and crush your wife for this woman?"

I CRIED AT MY SON



... A father's own story of how his son climbed fool's hill and how he finally found salvation in the lashes of a rawhide whip

"LISTEN, my son—" I shook with rage. "You've got to make a decision right now. If you take back your wife, we'll pray to forget. But if you take this woman, then you go—out of my home, my business—out of my life!"

Neal's face sank—paled—then hardened with grim

decision. Slowly he walked toward me—slowly, desperately he spoke—"I take—" Did Neal take back Faith—finest wife man ever had? Or did he burn her pure, sweet love—his father's devotion—his own self-respect, career and happiness in the fires of this unholy passion? Read for yourself MY SON'S SIN—a father's own true story of how his son climbed fool's hill and how he finally found salvation in the lashes of a rawhide whip.

Read MY SON'S SIN and nearly a score of other astounding real-life stories, including titles such as "Ruled by the Dead" and "Strange Rivals"—all in March TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Your copy—get it—read it—TODAY!

To the Listeners-in on the TRUE STORY Radio Hour
The following stories from the March issue of TRUE STORY Magazine will be broadcast this month in the TRUE STORY Hour which goes on the air each Friday night at 9 o'clock Eastern Time; 8 o'clock Central Time.
MY SON'S SIN
MY FAMILY TYRANT
MY MAD AMBITION
WE THOUGHT WE WERE SO MODERN
The March TRUE STORY is now on the newsstands and by getting your copy at once and reading in advance the stories to be broadcast, your enjoyment of the hour will be greatly increased.

True Story

A DEFINITE PART



of earnings—something each week or each pay day



... put into a Savings Account in the First National, backed by commanding resources



... is like a trading ship, seaworthy and able to combat the elements



... sailing to foreign lands, markets of other nations.



... and returning with profit to him who sent it forth.

First National Bank

Don't Leave THEM

Adrift On Life's Ocean!



Life offers no sadder spectacle than the widow and children of a man who refused to face the future . . . a man so lacking in foresight as to neglect the developing of an estate that would permanently provide for his dear ones. The Savings Account is the keystone of estate-building. It only takes a dollar bill to start one here.

— START SAVING TODAY —

UNION Trust Co.

"IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH"