

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

"Your contributors," comes the message from A. Z., "are all wrong about the youngest looking women in Shelby. Mrs. Rush Thompson should lead the list."

Along comes this one from a man who keeps his identity secret, because he has a wife of his own: "The prettiest and best looking woman in town is a doctor's wife."

Now, let's check over the list of doctors.

Contributors are kind today. Here's a letter that is well worth the space:

"The recent reference in the Sidelights to Miss Christmas who taught school here many years ago brings back fond memories. I can lick Carl Webb or any of the others who say that she weighed 300 pounds. You see, she was my girl—my first sweetheart. I was sweet 16 and she was—well, a bit older, and to say that I was desperately in love with her is to express it mildly.

"I actually walked to and from school with her every day. This caused so much excitement and gossip that the school board met in several extra sessions trying to devise means of stopping it. They finally called me in and asked me to curb my courtship. I did, but love always finds a way. That was back in the days when a young boy caught smoking a cigarette was considered on the main highway to hell. Not realizing the seriousness of the offense, I walked down main street one day puffing away, and the news spread over town like wildfire. Mothers began to pray for me, the churches had special services, and a committee called upon me. I thought smoking cigarettes no great sin for a boy of 16, but agreed to stop cigarettes and purchase a pipe. The members of the committee felt as if they had saved a soul—but they hadn't. Miss Christmas (that snap for you, Carl Webb) was due the credit. You see, (pardon the blushes) she said I could kiss her if I'd stop cigarettes. Being a good boy, I promised."

Wouldn't it be entertaining if all the boys of 40 years ago would drop in and tell us the names of their sweethearts of that day?

Shelby, it seems, has always been fortunate in having big-hearted, likeable Greeks settle here. George Smyrinos and George Scordas will long be remembered in the city by old and young. Since death has eliminated both of them, "Dad," the old fellow, has drawn unto him scores of their friends. Right often he drops by with a present for The Star gang—the latest being a box of cigars.

Back comes our best and most faithful contributor, T. W. H. Few men in town remember more about Shelby of the old days.

He asks:

REMEMBER WHEN—

Covered wagons came in from the South Mountains, loaded with corn liquor, parked on the street around the square and sold all the liquor you could drink out of a tin cup for 10c?

Forty years ago the boys all gathered on the square moonlight nights, about where the Confederate monument now is, and amused themselves by having foot races around the square. Two boys would be started in opposite directions and the one coming in last had to buy peanuts for the crowd—that is if he had five cents to do it with. Strange to say, there were only two boys in town that could actually run around the square. Most of them could only trot, and I am wondering now, if there is a single young man in town capable of running around the square.

The railroad cut this side of the school house was dug in 1896 by 500 negro men, with picks and shovels? Several prominent men in town were water boys. Wonder how many would remember or admit it?

Twenty five hundred or more people were at the Seaboard depot about 1875 to see the first passenger train come in from Charlotte?

A colored man by the name of Baxter Lee who was holding a stick of dynamite in his hand at the overhead bridge on N. LaFayette street when it exploded and tore his arm completely off—without injuring any other part of his body, and he walked uptown without assistance to get medical attention?

Mr. Pinchback, Shelby's only policeman at that time. Once he arrested a big fat negro man for being drunk on the street. The negro lay down in the middle of the road and refused to go. The policeman secured a rope, tied it around his arms and shoulders, summoned help and drug him several blocks down the street to the calaboose.

The court square was covered with brown sage and rabbits with a plank fence around it to keep the loose cattle out and the wild rabbits in?

And what an eye sore the old vacant lot was before the Woolworth building was erected?

The dwelling occupied by Jack Palmer's undertaking establishment stood up on Main Street where Wray's garage now is?

A letter comes in from T. H. A., containing another interesting list of remember wrens which will be published soon. Incidentally, the letter was promptly delivered to this column without a single word of writing upon it. On the top line was a sketch of a snare drum. Just below it, on the second line, was a star. The third line was a picture of a shell by the letters N. C.

Look out, Ripley!

If you're in position to hand the bill collectors any today, be sure you write it March and not February on your check.

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—

flat rock news.
the mission nerry society held its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. hook wirm on david street, and a good many old clothes was raised for missions, and sent to Mr. Blok hedd who needs them for tal maj and may tal which he rote about in his dew drops last month. (p. s. they are twins in jappan.)

the mad dog which went mad last week and bit 2 of the riters pigs and scared the rest of his famby might nigh to deah was killed by square jones who shot him betwixt the backyard and the crib, and they sent his hed to the helth officer, but word come back that his hed was not so blowed off that he could not tell, we was just getting reddy to kill the shote anny how.

Mrs. Katie reed hatched a freck chicken last week about 4 o'clock.

and while they can't tell his peddy-gree yet, everybody thinks he's a rooster, he has 3 legs and 2 eyes and 4 wings. she has already rote to barnum and bailey, but she can't find his address, so the letter is being held at the p. o. she wants to place him in the managerry.

our little town was made sad last saddy night when word come that billie boots had rung his ford around a tellygram post, and when he come to in the horse pittle, he had 5 ribs broke as well as several other bones scattered about in his abderman and collar, he had already met the 4th payment, but they come and got the car just the same and tolled it in to the garrage. the kurriner went to the seen and says he smelt lecker pretty strong: he hopes the inquest won't be held for 10 days, as he is very bizzy with his sallet patch.

prof. James of the flat rock hi

scholl was getting reddy to cellybrate washington's birthday on march the 22, but the pasture of the methodist church here told him that washington had done had his birthday on february the 22, and after some hot argyument betwixt them, the prof. give in and sed he could be mistaken, so his program was called off for the present, some of the patrons told the prof. to go on with his pro grammy, as revking might be wrong his self about the date he was borned, ansforth.

a good deal of home gardenning is now going on, none of the folks who got help in the bred lines at the city hall seems to be intrested in them, but the folks who donated means bizness, the riter has already done planted spinneck and arsh-taters and lettis and cabbages and a few other vegetables of a like nature, so, Mr. editor—if you want to eat some good truck, just rite or foam me as soon as it comes in and I will fetch you a mess of same.

yores trulle,
mike Clark, rfd.
corry spondent.

minnets of the meeting of the farmers club.

the meeting was called to order by the president which met in the school audy torium last friday nite with 9 members and 2 vissitors present who come to explain about guanner ansforth, and the secker terry, Mr. mike Clark, rfd., was in the chair.

the minnets of last meeting was asked to be read and approved, but the secker terry explained that he had lost same, so the request was tabled, new bizness was asked for, and the secker terry said there wasent anny excep the guanner agents would talk a little while befor being excused.

Mr. M. Annimid made the first talk, he is the agent for the hair, sand and sutt fertilizer company, he asked the farmers to plant cover crops, such as corn and potatoes and watter melons, and use his morggage hister 8-3-0 which would be sold for cash by local tallent, meaning that humm and haw would carry a stock at all times.

the next speaker was the other guanner agent who ancers to the name of Mr. fish scraps, districk manager of the hall and bust chemical company, he talked at length about a joke, and then drifted off into "how to grow cotton at 8 a pound," he had sevrul testy monials from men who had used 10-4-2 and got rich on cotton, but after he said it was worth of 325 cash per turn, nobodd ydidntt pay anny attention to him, and he set down.

Mr. Mike Clark, rfd., the secker terry, then took the floor and made the followinging speech: "Ladies, gentlemen, and guanner agents—it is a supprise to me to hafter make a speech tonite, but i will do so onner count of noboddy else being here who knows anything to say. If guanner sells for over 155 a turn, and on credrick at that, none of same will be used around flat rock."

after Mr. Clark had set down, he thought of something else and got up and made a nuther speech, as follows: "Ladies, gentlemen and guanner agents: it behooves me to tell all present that the farmers is ruin without outside hepp from the farm bored, but by all means we should raise a beef or two per year and I will buy same." after that, the meeting adjourned, and the president made a request that annybody who had anything else to say, to please rite or foam same into the secker terry.

yores trulle,
mike Clark, rfd.
secker terry.

Mustard Plasters.

Well, folks, times are almost normal at last. Shoe-shines are a nickel and a shave is 15 cents and a haircut (male) is 25 cents. All we need now is—lower freight rates and Pulman fares, 5-cent street car tickets, prescription adjustments, a cut in picture show admissions so's poor people can attend occasionally, and a pretty cotton stocking that can be bought for a quarter.

Farm Relief, Mebbe.

Prof. Parinsky says that the peanut is a fine brain food. Pshaw, he doesn't know what he's talking about. Half of our politicians don't eat anything else much but goobers, and I wish you'd just looky how foolish they act. Uncle Joe says that most legislators think it is smart and elevating to introduce a bill every day or so.

Cotton Letter.

New York, Feb. 24.—March contracts broke 23 points when it thundered in Texas (about noon today)—where moisture is badly needed. Liverpool came in as due, but nobody noticed it. Continental buying was in evidence when call money went to 1 percent, but as their credit wassent good, they immediately sold short or straddled. Cotton-aids, bird's eye, brown sheetings and denims will improve in price, according to Mr. Legge, when the present stock of rayon and silk stuffs are worn out. We advise more night-life before it is too late, as silks will help you to have a better time. Cotton mill curtailment is improving some: In fact, several mills have decided to curtail from now on, but

their creditors are working on full time, both night and day. We advise a democratic administration.

How To Cook Spinach.

Take a gallon or more of nice, well-washed, fresh spinach, place in a large aluminum boiler (manufactured by Mr. Andy Mellon)—examine each and every particle of this vegetable and if you find a leaf without vitimin P, turn it over. Then take the container and its contents out into the backyard and empty the spinach onto the ground where the chickens can find it and eat it. If they ain't got no better sense, And last but not least—send back to your grocer and tell him to let you have a mess of turnip-greens for dinner and charge 'em—and cook them over a slow fire.

Tune: "Somebody Is Calling Today."

A man came to our house not long ago to pay us a social visit. He owed me 25 dollars, but he diddnt come to pay that, just a visit—which he diddnt owe us. Well, he was welcome the first, second and third day, but along about the fourth day, we need his bed for another of my wife's cousins, and we told him that we were looking for more company, and he said it woulddnt bother him to let it come, but he evidently reached the conclusion that we had only one "company" bed and he said he would not object to sleeping with the other person, and before I thought, I said—"Who would?" This other company was a pretty school-teacher-cousin, but when my wife looked at me so horrified, I apologized and told him why he would have to go tomorrow and come back later. He went tomorrow and came back day after tomorrow. Her kinfolks have been very considerate since Christmas, when I wrote that piece about

them.

Punctures.

If you guys listen to Lowell Thomas every night on the radio, you won't have much need for The Literary Digest. He tells nearly everything it tells. But of course you'd miss the pictures.

We have had to buy several different parts for one of our ton-and-half trucks here lately. We figgered out last night—if we were to buy one of these trucks piece by piece and hire 'em put together on the so-called "scale" basis—the job complete (for a \$725.00 truck) would cost us exactly \$26,775.88.

State Aid: Ma getting some money from Pa to help Willie (their beloved son) buy a present for his sister, Sue.

Federal Aid: Pa taking 1 dollar out of his vest pocket and putting it in his britches pocket with the 50 cents he borrowed from Ma, and then hiring his mother-in-law to go to town to buy an inner tube for their lizzie—with the \$1.50.

Committee: A number of men or women appointed to do something for nothing that doesn't amount to anything at all before or after.

Investigating Committee: Usually a bunch of resilient men with laching palms and weak eyes and deaf ears who are paid for trying to do something they can't do and wouldn't do if they could, who use only white-wash brushes and large pocket-books in their burlesque.

Voter: A bonehead that can only listen and hope, possessed of admiration for a sawdust-head candidate during the campaign, and curses and fusses at tax-paying

time. Also the guy who gets it in the neck both going and coming—and is always ignored after the votes are counted.

Indigestion: A symptom entirely unknown amongst washer women, well-diggers, ditchers, convicts, bears, tramps, and lions, but is a pet hobby with millionaires, flappers, goldfish, dieticians, poodles and candy salesmen.

Detour: The safest route between two places, common to road-builders, plentiful at the season of the year when travel is at its highest. Appreciated only by garage men and tire dealers.

My First Love.

She was 16 and so was I. Her hair was black; mine was nearly white. Her eyes were brown and so was sent mine. She weighed about 120 and so did I. We were walking home from school. It was a fine walk, only 4 miles. I yearned for my pa and her pa to move further away from the school house so's, we could walk 4 hours instead of 2 hours.

One day I was totting her 2 books, spelling and reading. We both left our slates at the school house. We sat side by side every day on an old slaw bench that diddnt have any back to it, so it was my duty to help her with her heavy books. All the other younguns had run on ahead of us trying to catch up with the first bicycle we ever saw.

We were walking along—noting our big toes into the sand every few steps. I was mighty bashful back then, but I said—"Sallie, you is the purtiest girl I most ever saw" and she said—"And I think you is a purty boy, Gee." Then my heart flopped over and nearly split my lizer. I had never done any "cooling" before, nor had I ever been "coo-ed"

at up to that time.

The next thing I said was—"Sallie, I like you better'n all the girls in the world put together," and she "crooned" back at me with—"I wish ever boy what ever was in the world was dead but you." My blood pressure hopped up to 325, and I commenced to cry and reach for her hand. When I touched it, my heart almost popped out of its surroundings.

We stumbled on for 5 minutes without uttering a sound. Then I said—"Sallie, if I had 5 million sticks of putty candy, I'd give you ever one of them," and she mashed my hand a little tighter and I said—"And we would run off somewhere and hide and eat them up, woulddnt we, Gee." And I said—"We sure would, and we could tell our children about how much candy we et when we was little."

When I finally came too, I had lost both of her books out of the satchel, and one of mine was also missing, and we had both kicked the sand so hard while in transit, 5 of our toes were bleeding. We walked back about 2 miles and found our books, and then we loved all the way back home, but it wassent sundown, and we coulddnt do no huggins or kissing ansforth. She soon kicked me though, and I dropped out of her life.

This Is Station O. U. C. H.

I decided last night to stop tuning-in on radio programs at random, so I hunted up the afternoon paper—and finally found half of it in the sitting room, a third of it in the waste basket and a fourth of it under the baby who was asleep in his kiddy-coop, and when he woke up I got that part of the sheet that had the radio program in it: that's what

I wanted. And here's what I found:

Radio Program.

7:30: Same as WFFF, WOOP, WRIT, WDOX, WLRG, WDTY, DOOG, WUUT.
7:45: Same as WREN, WART, WOOP, WKEK, WRUH, WAMP, WONT, WHIT.
8:30: Same as KDES, KRUZ, KRIX, KUWR, KLUT, KIXR, KOFF, KATZ.
9:30: Same as PUNK, FLUX, PIJK, PROT, PETE, PKRD, POKE, PUTT.
11:00: Same as WXYZ, WYXZ, WZXY, WYYW, WOOX, WXOZ, WEIT, WEXT.

And It Has Always Been Thus.

Now, folks, 11:00 p. m. is my bedtime, so I missed everything. The radio is a great trick, but the latest model is only 2 days old before it is superseded by a "Full grid, 8 tubes, no static, ansforth, ansforth, ansforth." By the time I got my outside aerial up and my inside antenna adjusted and 2 installments paid, the company that made my instrument had got 6 new innovations and cut the price 64 percent. If it were to rain red lemonade, I'd be caught out in it with a sifter.

Cotton Letter.

New York, March 2.—Due to the Soldier's bonus agitation, spots declined to a new low for the money, but Mellon Aluminum common advanced 16 points in sympathy with Andy Conda copper. Exports and imports are the same as last year as compared with the boll weevil emergence of week before last, therefore some gains are expected as soon as southern selling and general straddling falls off as anticipated by the shorts. We believe a long hold, if the bank will let us, is justified.

"I've ridden the Western Plains"

—says Chesterfield



© 1931, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Yet you'll meet me in the thick of a Broadway crowd"

It's a far cry from the cow country to Broadway. But what it takes to make the broncho buster "open up" about his cigarette is exactly what you want in your smoke. Good taste—and lots of it! And that is first a matter of tobacco quality, never forget it! What you taste in Chesterfield is riper, better tobaccos—not another thing—blended and "cross-blended" to a fragrant, satisfying mildness that is Chesterfield's own!



Greater mildness
... better taste!

FOR NINETEEN years, our Research Department has kept intimate touch with every new development of Science that could be applied to the manufacture of cigarettes. During this period there has been no development of tested value or importance to the smoker which we have not incorporated into the making of Chesterfield cigarettes.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.