

### American Rival to Monte Carlo

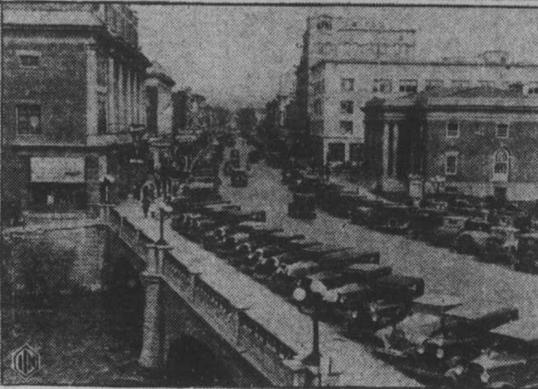
Legalized Gambling and Six Weeks' Residence for Divorce Brings Rush from All Parts of the West to Reno, Where Faro, Roulette, and Chuck-a-Luck Revives Scenes of Frontier-Days.



Gov. Fred Balzar



A SCENE IN THE BANK CLUB, RENO GAMBLING RESORT



RENO'S MAIN STREET



MAYOR E. E. ROBERTS

The city of Reno, Nevada wakes up to the realization that the rest of the United States have gone wild with interest over the fact that boys and girls can now legally wage a bit of change on the turn of a wheel, the fall of a couple of dice, or the flip of a card. Scenes reminiscent of days of the Old West were plentiful a few hours after Governor Fred A.

Balzar signed a bill legalizing gambling. The games were given an official aspect by the presence of Mayor E. E. Roberts, a picturesque figure of the old Nevada days. Another enactment in the State's law making six weeks' residence in the State only essential for divorce bids fair to bring a further boom to the wild free Sagebrush State.

Now, go on and worry that one out for yourself.

About a half century ago an eight-year-old Cleveland county farm boy rode a straight-eared mule into Shelby one day to see the sights. He hitched his mule over near the present location of Central Methodist church, right by the office and residence of Dr. Williams. The door to the physician's office stood open and the curious, eager-eyed farm lad walked in. Dr. Williams at that time owned the only skeleton in Shelby and it stood just inside his office door. The unsophisticated country boy gave one peep, saw the skeleton, gave one shriek and leaped out the door.

The first thing he noticed was that his mule had jerked loose from the hitching post and was gone. Glancing across the court square he saw the mule grazing among the bushes on the square on the southwestern corner. The square in those days was covered with bushes of every kind. The frightened youth, hurrying to get away from the skeleton and burying, likewise, to get his pencil-tail, broke a speed record going across the square. Just before he reached the court house he ran headlong into a big thorn bush. Such was his fright that he tore loose and kept going. In about ten steps he realized that he had torn the last shred of his pants off in the thorn bush. He had to have that mule, however, or walk home, and he kept travelling.

To this day that country lad for 50 years ago remembers how he felt as clad only in his shirttail he slid across that mule's back. And he still remembers the skeleton.

The boy's name, incidentally, was Debro D. Wilkins. In later years he became sheriff of Cleveland county and is now state automobile inspector.

To make life easier on the hard-working farmer one big fertilizer company is eliminating the best known test for strength, farm boys even knew.

In bygone rainy days when husky farm lads gathered about the country store, sawmill, or cotton gin, the conversation soon got around to physical prowess. At first to settle the arguments the boys might wrestle Indian style or "britches-hold," but sooner or later the test moved around to a fertilizer sack. The fellow who could shoulder a 200-pound guano bag and carry it the longest distance was usually an outstanding character in every neighborhood. Hundreds of eminently successful men of today can clearly recall how they struggled in the dim and distant past to get a guano sack on their backs.

Now the days of that favorite test seem to be numbered. In the last issue of The Star is an ad of the Chilean Nitrate of Soda firm telling of the qualities of the new 100-pound bag, "the bag without a backache."

That's what progress will do for you.

Shelby shorts: Beg pardon, two Shelby bankers smoke cigarettes.

The new music teacher, Mr. Lewis, at Shelby high must be a go-getter. He has the school band going at full blast. Lend 'em an ear at the next baseball game. . . . A close observer says that so far brunettes dominate the beautiful girls entered in the Miss Shelby contest. But he adds that the two blondes entered are plenty able to hold their own. . . . F. M., we hear, has ambitions to become a ventriloquist. . . . If the Reynolds company had postponed that new Camel wrapper contest a few weeks, we are positive that we would have won the prize. Our summary of the improved qualities brought about by the cellophane wrapper would have been: "The new luxury stamp imposed by the legislature will not stick on the cellophane wrapper." . . . Every week-end now, and occasionally in between, a covey of Shelby automobiles may be seen trekking towards Bridgewater. . . . Ralph Gardner, the governor's son home on a vacation from prep school, looks huskier than ever. Wonder where he'll be playing football next fall. . . . A comely young brunette pops up with the information that those plump women who went to see Marie Dressler in "Reducing" to get a few tips on taking off poundage were really running away from the best tip of all. "The working end of a broom, regularly applied," she says, "will do more than anything else to maintain that girlish figure."

Did you know—that the caretaker of Sunset cemetery works with more men under him than any other man in Shelby?

Go on over to the cemetery, count the tombstones and figure it out for yourself.

### Boiling Springs College On Accredited List Of Schools

Plant Has a Value of \$143,000. Has Enrolled 3,000 and 700 Graduates Since 1907.

(By R. L. BOLTON.)

A letter to Dr. Wall, president of Boiling Springs junior college, from Dr. Thurman Kitchin, president of Wake Forest college, states that the following junior colleges in North Carolina are recognized as being on the accredited list at Wake Forest: Boiling Springs, Campbell, Davenport, Louisburg, Mars Hill, Mitchell, Peace, Pineland, St. Marys, Weaver,

Wingate.

As a high school, Boiling Springs was organized in 1907. From 1907, until the present, about 3,000 students have been enrolled. Seven hundred have gone forth as graduates. Scores of its graduates have entered the teaching profession. A former superintendent of education of Cleveland county, J. Y. Irvin, said that there was a time in the history of Cleveland county, when best prepared teachers came from Boiling Springs high school, more than one-half of the rural teachers,

at a certain period of the county's educational history, came from Boiling Springs.

Scores of Boiling Springs graduates have gone through senior colleges, and many through theological seminaries. One young woman, a graduate of the school, is a missionary in Korea, serving under the Presbyterian board. One young man, a graduate, is serving as a missionary in Cuba.

As a junior college, Boiling Springs, has functioned a little more than two years. Seven graduates have enrolled in Wake Forest, since it became a junior college. All seven are making creditable records, one of them being the outstanding debater at Wake Forest. All of the seven are taking an active part in the college life at Wake Forest.

About 80 percent of the students at Boiling Springs, during its history, have come from Cleveland county, a number of its graduates are active in the business life of Shelby. The special effort at the present time, in this emergency appeal, is to put new spirit and life into this school, which has done so much for Cleveland county and this section. If you have not made a contribution, send it in at once, as this special effort closes within a few days.

Nine students in the present enrollment are from Shelby. Five of the school's graduates are in the employment of the First National bank of Shelby.

The plant at Boiling Springs is worth \$143,000. The endowment is \$9,000. Total liabilities are \$24,893.56. Bills collectible, \$11,790.27.

Senator J. Ham Lewis predicts four political parties in 1932. No, no, Jim, we really haven't enough graft for the two we now have.—Hubbard (Ore.) Enterprise.

Reno, Nev.—Back to the good old days—This is the slogan in the wild free Sagebrush State.

A few hours after Gov. Fred B. Balzar had signed a bill dealing a death blow to modern reformers and making gambling legal, aged Nevadans sighed happily, as they listened to the hum of the chuck-a-luck machine. "Just like the good old days," they murmured, as they watched the faro dealer rake in and

pay out bets in the \$50 limit games, and cast eyes alight with memory of other days at the sign: "The Game Never Closes."

The presence of Mayor E. E. Roberts, a picturesque survivor of the "Old West," made everything official. It was no new story to him, for he is a Nevanadan—a Nevanadan of the wide open days of old.

Reno, that happy Mecca for dissolution of galling matrimonial chains, is going to be a regular little Monte Carlo, with a bank to break and everything.

There's something else nice that's going to happen in Nevada also. When the bands of matrimonial bliss turn into bonds, heretofore it was necessary to spend three months here to get a divorce—not any more.

This is another bill that has just been passed by the Nevada legislature. It provides that if you want a divorce all you have to do is buy a ticket to Nevada and live six weeks in the state. Not necessarily here. Carson City, Elko, Carlin or anywhere in the state will do equally well.

The boom in the state at the return to the old days will be completely eclipsed when the six weeks'

law goes into effect. Only six weeks' residence in the state—in Reno, within sight of the courthouse, or out in the sagebrush with the rabbits and the prairie dogs—and the things is done.

In a short time when competition for unloosing the bonds of matrimony become too keen, perhaps Nevada will again come to the rescue and make a residence of six days only an essential factor in the law of the state. Meanwhile, despite the time-worn statements from those who deal with juvenile crime and insist on telling us that nine-tenths of the wayward boys and nine-tenths of the wayward girls come from homes broken by divorce—the motto in Nevada is—"Life is short; let us be merry."

This new competitor in the New World to Monte Carlo of the Old, has all the pleasures which give a thrill of the heart of man, when his winnings at the faro table can afford to pay for them. One thing is lacking as yet, but as the banishment of so-called reform is only in its initial stage, that, too, will come in time, a haven where lovers can forget, similar to the Sulcliffe club of the Riviera.

### Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

For the history books: Pink was the given name of the first man-child born in Shelby after Jimmy Love, the harness maker, squared off a circle of land and gave it to the baby county of Cleveland as a site for the county seat.

Pink who? Well, that's another matter.

Some folks say Pink Alexander was the first person born in the new county-seat town; others 'low as how it was Pink Jackson.

Just which Pink was Shelby's first-born may never be definitely known, for, y'see, both Pinks were born the same night.

What a pity it is that some afficient midwife did not set down the hours of the arrival of the two Pinks. But, as we said at the outset, the given name of the first person born in Shelby was Pink. No one can gainsay that.

Just as a matter of information: Who is the oldest automobile driver in Shelby? This colyum knows one 70-year-old gentleman who pilots his own car about town daily. Know anyone older?

"Town Rounder: Say, bo, some of your readers must be ple-eyed and poor observers. Any number of young squirts have been entered as Shelby's most handsome men. Let me tell you this: Hizzonner Mayor Slim A. McMurry is Shelby's handsomest man. I'll put him up against any man in the state. —BVD."

And that eliminates former Mayor W. N. Dorsey as one of the judges we'd figured on to help decide this good-looking-man contest.

Here's something else we'd like to know: Who owned the first bathtub in Shelby?

That ought to establish family prestige even more than coming over on the Mayflower.

(On the "mum" to readers: Why'n heck don't you answer some of these question? Just sit out there and read and never say a word back. That's no way to carry on a conversation.)

A mite of a boy was in Steve's drug store last week and some of the drugstore cowboys were questioning him, hoping to have some fun.

"How many sisters have you, son?" they queried.

"Two married and one living," the unperturbed youth replied

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they say you can't mix business and—NOT SO!

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J. L. SUTTLE, Sec.-Treas.

# "I've ridden the logs in white water" —says Chesterfield



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## yet you'll find me swapping stories at the club"

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