

The Cleveland Star

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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.

MONDAY, MAY 25, 1937

TWINKLES

If in the years to come the historians forget how North Carolinians were first called "Tar Heels," someone may bob up with a reminder of the 1931 general assembly which stuck around Raleigh for a record length of time.

Estimates are already being advanced as to the size of this year's cotton crop in Cleveland county. A few more hail storms like that of last week can play havoc with the best of guesses.

Empty houses about Shelby are gradually filling up, Shelby real estate men say. That's a good indication of improving business and the fall season may after all see the good times we've been looking for finally get around the corner.

Next Monday the Cleveland commissioners will decide whether they will advertise and sell property for taxes on July 6 or wait until fall. To be on the safe side, if you haven't paid your taxes, it might be best to pay them now—if you can.

This is the big week—commencement week—to the children of the Shelby schools and The Star joins in with the entire community in wishing that the events of the week measure up in every respect to the hopes and desires of the youngsters.

The announcement that the United States government cannot protect the lives and property of American citizens in Nicaragua is worth several chuckles. Had any other announcement been made the citizens of Chicago and other large cities might wonder why they, too, could not be protected.

The revenue bill finally adopted by the legislature may not be all it should be, but it is better, we believe, than some of the other plans wrangled over, and it seems as if the representatives finally took the advice of Governor Gardner and decided it would be better to do something, even something not exactly right, than do nothing.

It is interesting news that comes out of Tryon about the proposed development by New York and Washington interests of the Hogback mountain property near there. Nowhere in the Carolinas is there a more beautiful mountain section. The climate is ideal and it is not only fitted for a summer resort but the climate is such that it has its year-round attractions. The Spartanburg Herald says "There is still lure in life in 'them thar hills,' in the Tryon-Saluda area. No boom and its bursted bubbles can keep forever in eclipse a section so wonderfully endowed by nature."

BOOTLEGGERS SUFFER

EVEN THE BOOTLEGGERS are hit by the business depression. Sheriff Allen says there has been less liquor consumed in this section in the last six months than in any similar period of time in years, and a convicted defendant states that the modern white lightning can be purchased in the mountains now for \$1.75 per gallon, a record low price. It is the same all over the country. In April of this year the Canadian liquor makers did only one-twentieth of the business they did in the same month last year. That means that the United States consumers of Canadian whiskey, who get it legally or otherwise, have not been buying as they once did.

HARD BLOW TO FARMERS

THE HAIL AND WIND STORM which swept down upon the farm sections of Nos. 2, 3, 8 and 9 townships late last week did considerable damage and was a blow to farmers who were already cheered over a good stand of cotton. The old saying that "there is no end of trouble for the farmer once it gets started" seems to be borne out in this instance. It was quiet a struggle to many farmers to plant a crop this year. They did not make production expenses out of last year's crop and were hard put to this spring to finance themselves for another crop. After getting their crop in the ground, it could not be other than discouraging to see the crop riddled and beaten down by the worst storm in years. The farmers of those sections, however, are of the type that buck up and come back with a grin. They have been hard hit before and have weathered the storm. In expressing sympathy for them because of the storm damage, The Star also expresses the belief that they have the necessary grit, determination and energy to come through despite the early season handicap.

HONORING A VETERAN

THERE ARE ANY NUMBER of reasons why The Star feels like taking off its band to the boys and girls who graduate from the Shelby High School this week, but special congratulations are in order for the fine spirit shown in the dedication of their school annual, "Hi-Life." The annual, as related in news dispatches, was dedicated

TOPNOTCHERS by KET



to Prof. John Yancey Irvin, head of the mathematics department. For almost 25 years Mr. Irvin has labored faithful in the schools of Cleveland county. He has been principal and superintendent of the Shelby schools, superintendent of the county schools, and superintendent of the Kings Mountain schools. He is a teacher of the old school in the full meaning of the expression; he commands his room, he is obeyed and respected, and the prevailing idea with him in the school room is that the children are there to learn. As the seniors said, "He has, in many instances, taught our fathers and mothers," and young as they are it is not likely that the seniors could have with the mature wisdom of additional years picked a more deserving personage to be honored than the veteran teacher.

It should be noted, too, that Mrs. G. P. Hamrick, principal of the Jefferson school, this week completes a half century of educational work. Mrs. Hamrick began teaching when a girl of 16 and has for years been an efficient instructor and official in the Shelby schools.

FOUNTAIN LOSING TIME

WHEN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY adjourns this week—that is, if it does; one can never tell—there will be no man there, we suspect, happier about it than Lieutenant Governor Dick Fountain. He will have two reasons for expressing joy.

First of all, the senate has very near tied on several votes and had it tied it would have been necessary for Mr. Fountain as presiding officer to vote off the tie, thus displeasing one faction. Such a predicament could not be a pleasing one for a candidate for the governorship in 1932. With the assembly at end he will not be worried about such a troublesome situation developing.

In the second place, the assembly has just been hanging on all through the commencement season and that has been enough of a blow in itself for the lieutenant governor. While he has been held in Raleigh, J. C. B. Ehringhaus, the Elizabeth City man with the appealing countenance and personality and a smooth flow of oratory, has been speaking at school closings all over the State. Nothing is made more to order for an office seeker than a commencement address with its pleasing platitudes and flights of eloquence. Mr. Fountain has missed them all to date, but stands a chance of getting in a few belated talks to graduating classes, and Mr. Ehringhaus, judging by the papers, hasn't passed up a single opportunity. In the meantime, Attorney General Dennis Brummitt, who will be very much in the gubernatorial race with Ehringhaus and Fountain before it is over, has been finding time to make a few commencement addresses. This week Mr. Brummitt, an able speaker, comes to make the annual address at Shelby High. He will be heard, we predict in advance, by a large audience, an audience that will realize it is listening to a prospective governor. After Brummitt speaks here this week this section will have a pretty good close-up of its two favorites as successor to Max Gardner, the county's first governor, for Ehringhaus has spoken here previously. Unless something unforeseen develops the Cleveland county vote in 1932 will lie between Ehringhaus and Brummitt. The lieutenant governor was never overly popular in this section and there has been no noticeable increase in his popularity hereabouts since the general assembly has been in session.

But, as was stated at the outset, Mr. Fountain will be elated, or should be, over the adjournment of legislature for it will enable him to get in a few speeches before all the schools close. And, in fairness to him, it might be added that he will make the most of it for there are in North Carolina few men who can shake more hands and pat more backs in one day. And those things, say what you will, get a goodly number of votes.

Nobody's Business By Gee McGee

A few days ago a good friend sent me a full-grown pheasant (rooster type) to be used for a special dinner the following Friday night. That bird was a thing of beauty and was fine to look at, but as he was sent over to be eaten, I felt sorry for him amidst all of my admiration.

to be toted to the de-necking block. I thought I'd go out and show the cook how to handle pheasants: you see, she was a familiar with hens and pullets and possibly a gobbler now and then, but this new fowl was too much for her. I knew all about pheasants—as I had seen one before.

Just about the time that I was ready to stoop over and lift a board from the box the toothsome prey was sent over in that scoundrel fluttered once and floped twice, and before I could even think of Jack Robinson, much less say Jack Robinson, he had taken wing, and was

going across town like a shell from a French 75.

I never felt much worse in all my life. I had whetted my bird-tooth for that delectable dish of tomorrow—and to see him depart from thence at 155 p. m. h., was simply too much for my poor heart, and I think I fainted. I watched him soar till he soared out of sight, and then I lit into my Ford and went pheasant hunting.

As I was going down the street looking upward, a friend asked me what I was looking for and I told him a pheasant, and he said—is that hawk that is a-setting up in that big tree right over there your pheasant? (He got my bird and a Russian mixed up). Lo and behold, there sat my big dinner—unmindful of death or other trouble.

I borrowed a gun from a near-by on-looker. I walked around that tree once or twice—getting a worm's eye view of my proposed feast, and then decided to shoot. I am almost a perfect shot, if I do have to say it, and believe it or not, I put 3 shot right through that pheasant's head and never touched him any other place. (If you don't believe this, why, just ask the 57 men, women and children that saw me do it.)

I took the dead carcass home with me and undressed him. He was fat, plumb and juicy. The cook par-bolled him Thursday, and baked him with stuffing that night, and of all the good eatin' I ever did in my life, that bird was the best. A pheasant is finer than a quail or partridge or both, and I hope the day will soon come when it will be possible for me to grow my own instead of a few sore-headed hens and chickens.

Double Trouble.

They say that most all newspaper feature writers have "T" trouble, and that is true, but I have had real eye trouble for the past 10 days. Some of the doctors said it was caused by straining my eye at short dresses, or perhaps at long, thin dresses. Anyway, I ain't been seeing so well lately.

As soon as I discovered that my peepers were sub-normal, I looked up a spec (.) maker. He examined me for bi-focals and several other focal, and told me one day I had the oxiculogistics of the retina. I told him I was afeared that I had ketches dthat terrible thing from somebody.

But the very next day that very same doctor told me that he believed that I was suffering from zocicid-toitlaxitox of the lids. I agreed with him that it was possible lid trouble. He recommended more sleep, less reading, steved prunes, raw cabbage and 3 pairs of his 45-dollar specs (.), and I told him I would look around and let him know—what my banker thought of it.

I dropped back into his office the following day and he put a pair of oxykes on my face, and made me sit down and look at a sign-board he had plastered over on the wall. He inserted all kinds of lenses, into the frame-work resting on my nose and had me to try to read "EGB," which I did, but I couldnt do any good with the next paragraph which was "aidkxofe."

I did not know how well off I was in this world's goods till that doctor got a pair of specs (.) rigged up for me. The windshield on my Ford is worth over \$3,000. The glass bottle sitting on my desk right now ought to fetch \$450.00. I asked him if he made his lenses from any special kind of glass, and he said, "Yes, I use double thick window panes," and of course that gave me a financial pain.

Now the frames that he fixed up for me cost only \$9.75. They were made of gutter-percha from Guttemberg, and the things you hook over your ears were made out of celluloid from Cellugberg. The little brass rivets that were inserted into the frames to hold them together came from Goldberg, and that's why they cost so much. We couldnt possibly get along without our-specialists, but I hope they will soon let a fellow furnish his own glass and the gutter-percha when he buys glasses.

KC

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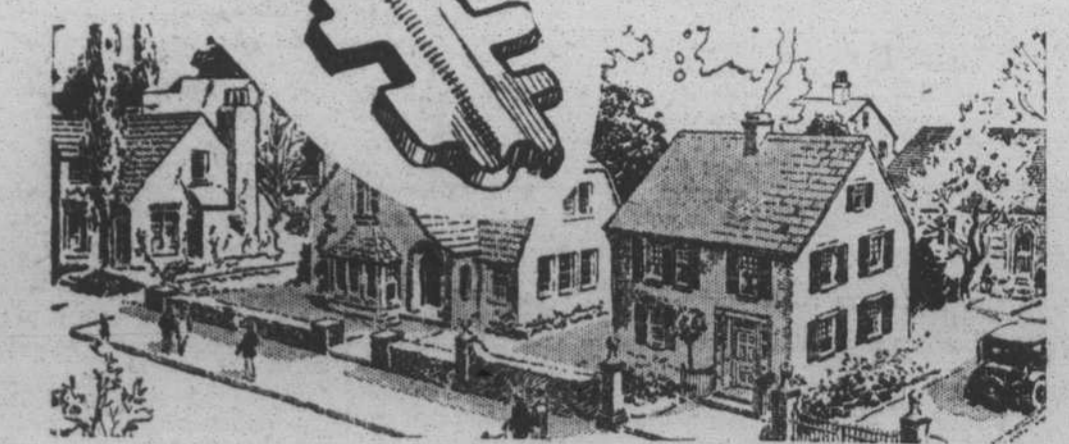
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SHELBY, N. C.

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TO 5000 HOMES



The Cleveland Star is the Master Key for advertisers who want to get their messages inside Cleveland County homes. It is welcomed regularly, three times every week, by people who want to know what is happening in Cleveland County. Each issue of The Star contains up to 800 names of Cleveland County people, tells the things they are doing, or planning to do; keeping one acquaintance, or relative, in intimate touch with another.

It's the home newspaper and is expected to arrive on time to fill its part in the day's program for the family. The Star goes to Cleveland's most able buyers and largest consumers of merchandise and commodities. As the home newspaper, it gains admittance to home reading circles where all other advertising media fail.

The Star is the Master key to more than 5000 homes, from whence comes the support of Cleveland's many progressive enterprises.

The Cleveland Star

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