

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.
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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.

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1931

TWINKLES

And we are informed once more than Clyde Hoey does not choose to say whether he chooses to run for the senate.

Double simile: As numerous as prospective governors in North Carolina or prospective candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Einstein, you know him if not his theory, says that everything in America is arranged to save energy. Correct, sir, but that's what is making it hard these days on the folks who devote so much energy to finding some method of dodging energetic work.

Road Commissioner Will Neal, a news dispatch in our favorite tri-weekly informs, is "a firm believer in good roads." Goody! Now, Commissioner Will, what about a nice paved highway from Marion to Shelby, opening up a modern outlet for people that are the real sale of the earth?

THINK THIS OVER

WHY SHOULDN'T THE city of Shelby increase the appropriation to the public library? In the economy slashing movement this worthy appropriation was cut in half. Unless it is increased by city fathers this year, the library may have to close shop. What a boost for a city of 10,000 people! If a few dollars more per month, given to the library, will break us, then we have scant consideration of our children and the better things in life. The resulting increase from such a move would be so great that the average taxpayer would have to cut a copper cent in two several times to pay the difference once each year.

THE BONUS AND THE MORATORIUM?

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S MORATORIUM move is within itself commended by The Star. We believe that America is simply able to get in behind and carry out the debt delay for the sake of world-wide economical adjustment. It is the one outstanding move of the Hoover administration and there is no intention of making an attempt to belittle it.

With the prelude, however, we cannot restrain from expressing curiosity why President Hoover and Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury and Republican boss, take one side of a principle one day and another the next. Of what do we speak? If you should be an ex-service man, or a relative or friend of a World War veteran, you should know.

Not many months ago Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon bucked and kicked against paying a bonus that had been promised to American soldiers who served in the World War. Many of these veterans, who were heroes in war days, were in real need due to general conditions, yet Messrs. Hoover and Mellon expressed strenuous and repeated disapproval of any such move.

Paying out a big bonus, said Mr. Mellon, custodian of Uncle Sam's purse strings, "will bring on a big deficit for this country." And Mr. Hoover stood to him. National legislators, howbeit, driven on by an aroused people that believed the veterans should have a few things promised them, said the bonus, or a percentage of it must be paid.

In the fight to put the bonus measure through—and here is the vital point—it was pointed out that America had been financially able to lend money to other nations with which to pay their veterans bonus, yet America, or Messrs. Mellon and Hoover, thought it unwise to pay a bonus to our own veterans.

Then came the moratorium and all nations will hold up payments on debts for a year, AND A PORTION OF THOSE DEBTS IS MONEY OTHER NATIONS BORROWED TO PAY A BONUS TO THEIR SOLDIERS. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon could see where it was all right, from a financial standpoint and otherwise, to lend money to pay a bonus to soldiers of other countries, and they were the major leaders in the moratorium movement to ease up on collecting for a year, but they shuddered at the hole we might get in should we pay a bonus to our own soldiers.

The deficit of the Hoover administration was blamed, in part, upon the bonus, which Mellon said we could not afford. If that was not an alibi of a weak nature, then why wasn't Mr. Mellon scared to death of the moratorium and more deficit? He wasn't scared in this instance; he was the man who kept hanging on to the French government until France finally agreed on the plan.

How consistent!

THE BATTLER WINS

IT'S THE FELLOW who doesn't know how to quit, the battler who wins.

That statement is an old story, an ancient urge that many may think has been overworked, nevertheless it is indisputable.

Writing his weekly article in Collier's Grantland Rice, America's foremost sport writer, points out that a big percentage of the outstanding athletic champions had to have an extra bit of fight in their systems because it was their lot to overcome unusual obstacles. He then pointed out several examples of men who became champions because they refused to buckle up and whimper at one defeat and then

another.

When Gene Tunney came out of the navy his ambition was to be light heavyweight champion. Gradually he built himself up. Then he was matched with Harry Greb. The latter gave Tunney such a thorough walloping that Tunney could hardly talk until the next day. Such a licking would have sufficed for all times for some boxers, but Tunney's ambitious spirit was not crushed, although his body was battered, and he was more anxious than ever to fight and keep fighting until he got somewhere. That next morning, through battered and swollen lips, he muttered "I want Greb back; match him up again." And Tunney topped off his light heavyweight victory by later defeating Jack Dempsey. The fighters you hear of today and forget tomorrow are those who would have changed professions after that licking by Greb.

Bill Tilden, a gangly boy, played tennis for eleven years before he attained fame. He was not one of the many who become discouraged in a year or so and resign themselves to the dub class.

A young Atlanta student started entering national golf tournaments years ago. He placed in the first flight the first year but did not win. Next year he entered again and lost. And the next year he did the same thing, and he kept entering and losing for eight years. How many men would have crumbled and quit in that time? But the Atlanta boy seemed to have in him the spark described in the story of the spider Robert Bruce watched—the spider that tossed its web time and again for a rafter and failed, but kept trying until it landed. Today it is difficult to realize that the youth who battled gamely, never discouraged, for eight years before he won national fame was none other than the peer of golfers of all time, Bobby Jones.

The name of "Buzz" Arlett is familiar this year to followers of major league baseball because he is among the foremost hitters in the game. Fourteen years ago Arlett was a pitcher in a minor league, and a good pitcher. He had ambitions to get in the big game on his pitching ability, yet the chance never came. As the years passed by Arlett grew older. One day his pitching arm became lame. He was through as a pitcher. To the average player it would have been the end of the trail, or, at best, a few lingering years in the bush leagues, then oblivion. But not Arlett; he had his heart set on going places in baseball; if he couldn't go as a pitcher, he'd build himself into a hitter. He went at it seriously, pugnaciously. Soon he could hit balls from each side of the plate, and he became a hitting star in a minor league for other years. Finally the obstinate fight that would never relax had its reward; today the pitcher of World War days, a minor league pitcher, is one of the greatest hitters in the major leagues.

Men have battled their way over handicaps in all walks of life. What of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, the men who flew around the world in eight days. Shut one eye and try to gauge the distance from one spot to another. It can hardly be done with one eye, but Wiley Post piloted an airplane across the Atlantic ocean and completely around and he has only one eye. He knew he was handicapped but he made the best of it and, as they say on the street, and how! Gatty his pal started studying navigation years ago. Few men who travel in air lanes today are better navigators. The fellow who directed the Post flight did not do so by accident. He trained himself, waiting for his big moment, until he knew exactly, or as near that as humanly possible, just what he was doing. Several years ago this same Gatty was the man who attempted to fly the Pacific with Bromley; and he's the same man, too, who taught the mother of the "Little Eagle," Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, how to fly. He kept fighting the odds, kept training, and his moment came.

The majority of us may have no ambition for athletic fame or achieve renown in any game, or in aviation, but all of us are playing the biggest game of all—the game of life. In whatever role we are cast, although it may be an humble one, it is the same story—the fighter wins, and generally the fellow who is not discouraged when the breaks go wrong. A man without fight, Grantland Rice wrote, is like an automobile without gas—"Can run downhill, but never up." Remember that when the breaks go wrong and plans awry, when the clouds are dark and the outlook blue; luck isn't the mainspring in the makeup of a winner. Instead, it is the sheer courage to laugh at the tough luck and keep moving with the idea that something better is ahead.

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW, WHAT OF IT?

These queries came in recently by mail, although such a barrage of questions causes us to think they came from a female:

1. You haven't said a word about the moratorium. WHY?
2. You've listed all the nominees made by others for the Miss Shelby contest; why not name your pick?
3. Instead of asking which Shelby policeman is the largest, why didn't you pull that old ditty gag and ask which has the largest feet?
4. Where do you get all that stuff about Shelby in the old days?
5. Being one of those wandering (and no 'count) newspapermen before you struck Shelby, do you hope some time to go back to the bigger cities?
6. Do you get pay for writing that colyum?"

All right, miss (or madam), tilt your chair back against the wall and listen—here are the answers:
1. We haven't chirped about that moratorium (don't-pay-your-debts-until-another-year) plan because it does not apply to colyumists, nit-wits, parachute jumpers and other half-cracked or commonplace individuals who have never been out of debt. (But, between us two and the gatepost over there—if you have a friend nearby—if things don't pick up we'll have to declare a moratorium of our own no matter what Andy Mellon, Herb Hoover and France may say about it—or Frank Grist either, for that matter.)
2. How do you know we haven't listed our queen anonymously? And then you know Flo Ziggfeld is the only living married man with the audacity to step out and say "she's the purtiest gal I know of."

3. The police department is next door to the place where we work—and write this.
4. We go out evenings and sit in the chimney corners and smoke clay pipes with the old codgers. They tell us all those things nights when we catch them at home and not out dancing, necking and blowing yeast bubbles off homebrew.
5. No, we'll be here "furn now on"—or, at least, until they repaint Sunset. You see we're one of those self-contented rolling stones, with a lot of moss embedded on it, that prefers to be a miniature minnow in a little pond to being just one of millions of tadpoles in a big pond.
6. No. But we do enough other work around here by starts and jumps to pay the grocery every other month or so.

WHY SOME OF US ARE POOR. HEH! HEH!

A worker behind a Shelby soda fountain where the youngsters pull their fast lines says that he plans to hang a sign in his place reading like this:
"No wise cracking. If you're so blooming smart, why aren't you rich?"

Shelby Shorts: Speight Beam, the solicitor, is such an expert connoisseur of delectable food that his mouth waters every time he reads descriptions of some of those things Odd McIntyre eats and writes about. R. E. Blackwelder, the Western Union manager, knows everything that happens in Shelby about two shakes after it happens. And, by the way, where did that expression "two shakes" come from? No more black cats have been reported missing lately hereabouts. A well known young South Washington street man, S. B., puts fresh water in his front-lawn bird bath every day or so and he has learned that the honey bees are wise enough to know when the water is changed—and they get there soon thereafter. J. N. Dellinger has been selling groceries in Shelby for two score years. What a story it would make, and how it would be read, if he would announce the names of all those who did not pay their bills or were slow about paying them during that time. But try to get us to publish the list before we get over yonder on the other side of China.

NO STARVING NOW: PIES, WINE, ETC.

All Welfare Officer Smith has to do with his bread line these days is to furnish 'em with baskets and buckets and head 'em for the wide-open spaces.
Get up early some morning, drive (or walk, if you prefer) to the edge of the city and see the stream of colored people, with a sprinkling of white boys heading for the country.
Blackberries are ripe!

JUST A FEW THOUGHTS, OR SOMETHING.

We don't believe the widow Henrietta Zander is going to marry Tom Carr. If the comic strip guy meant for her to, why didn't he pull it off in June. (Between us, we wish Tom'd find about that hair "transformation.")
A big golf tournament without Bobby Jones playing has as much kick as a New York Yankee baseball game with Babe Ruth out of the lineup.

The Moratorium (this seriously) can do very little good other than cheer everybody up, and that's what we need. Or maybe we're dumb about all of it.

There'll be plenty of joy about Cleveland county this fall. The fertilizer bills will not be half as large and the taxes will be cut almost in half.

TODAY'S ODDITY.

A young married man of Shelby went to Reno this week. No, that's not odd. But, here's the point, his wife went with him. And they are going to live there, for awhile anyway.

WHY EXPERIMENT WITH UNKNOWN FLOURS?



YOU CAN BUY NO FINER FLOUR AT ANY PRICE. ALWAYS UNIFORM.

EAGLE ROLLER MILL CO.

CASH FOR POULTRY

THE FOLLOWING CASH PRICES WILL BE PAID NEXT WEEK:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| HEAVY HINS | 12c |
| LEGHORN HENS | 8c |
| COLORED BROILERS (2 lbs. and up) | 18c |
| LEGHORN BROILERS (2 lbs. and up) | 14c |
| LEGHORN BROILERS (under 2 lbs.) | 12c |
| BROILERS (barebacks) | 13c |
| COLORED BROILERS (under 2 lbs.) | 13c |
| ROOSTERS | 4c |
| DUCKS | 4c |
| GEESE | 4c |
| TURKEYS | 13c |

EAGLE Poultry Co.

F. B. ROPP, Manager
PHONE 149 SEABOARD DEPO1
SHELBY, N. C.

First National Bank

SHELBY, N. C.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

JUNE 30TH, 1931

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$2,868,265.83
Overdrafts	216.34
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	250,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds owned	51,895.82
N. C. State Bonds	55,293.43
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	22,500.00
Other Stocks and Bonds	113,201.00
Real Estate owned	111,740.82
Redemption Fund	12,500.00
Cash on hand and due from other banks	612,278.20
TOTAL	\$4,097,891.44

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	500,000.00
Undivided Profits	76,579.37
Accrued Interest Reserved	39,857.02
Reserved for Taxes	15,000.00
Circulation	250,000.00
Dividend No. 56	15,000.00
Notes Re-discounted with Federal Reserve Bank	269,500.00
Deposits	2,681,955.05
TOTAL	\$4,097,891.44

Our statement above reflects improving conditions in this section and our people have much to be thankful for from a financial status. Business along all lines seems to show some improvement and individuals and firms are proceeding with caution and economy, which plan will ultimately lead to financial independence and stability. We invite your banking business and co-operation in every way.

First National Bank

SHELBY, N. C.

Capital, Surplus and Profits Eight Hundred and Twenty-Six Thousand Dollars.

UNION TRUST CO.

SHELBY, N. C.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

JUNE 30TH, 1931

Including Branch Offices at Lattimore, Lawndale, Fallston, Mooresboro, Rutherfordton, Forest City and Caroleen.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$1,144,644.42
Overdrafts	98.45
N. C. State Bonds	71,619.12
United States Bonds	72,100.00
Other Stocks and Bonds	11,500.00
Banking Houses	66,528.16
Other Real Estate Owned	34,579.40
Furniture and Fixtures	26,861.03
Cash on hand and due from other banks	317,297.37
Advances on Farm Expense	1,028.65
TOTAL	\$1,746,256.60

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$150,000.00
Surplus	150,000.00
Undivided Profits	12,989.40
Reserves for Interest and Depreciation	41,172.72
Bills Payable and Re-Discounts	184,033.66
Bonds Borrowed	28,000.00
Deposits	1,180,060.82
TOTAL	\$1,746,256.60

The trend of business is improved and each week and month brings a more optimistic outlook. With economy and conservation as watch words, the customers of The Union Trust Company should go forward and strive by team-work, economy, frugality and saving to bring about an even greater financial stability throughout our section. We invite your banking business.

UNION TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS