

The Cleveland Star

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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, JULY 29, 1931

TWINKLES

In Philadelphia a wrestling match was stopped because the wrestlers began fighting. It's a pity some of the present crop of prize fighters were not at the ringside so they might see what they are expected to do.

It's our idea that out over rural Cleveland county there are some eight thousand children who started back to school this week who would be very appreciative if the weatherman would change his menu for the remainder of the summer.

Senator Josiah Bailey—his Shelby college mates called him "Will"—isn't taking any chances of shooting off his mouth on topics that might endanger him in future campaigns. Speaking to the war vets Monday he urged world peace. That topic is about as safe as the man-eating shark denunciation alleged to have been written by an editor who didn't want to hurt the feelings of any of his readers.

"Our Bob" Reynolds is making the senate race on a wet platform. Say what you will, but give Bob, always a daring fellow, credit for taking a plunge that no other politician has attempted in North Carolina in years. If we were not afraid one of them would threaten a damage suit, as The Greensboro News was threatened, we might be inclined to wonder if Bob will top Frank Grist, or if Frank will top Bob.

RUNS HIS COURT

JUDGE WALTER MOORE presiding over Superior court here this week for the first time is making a fine impression on court spectators. He runs his court, to use the term the spectators themselves use as they discuss court affairs in the lobbies. His method of speeding the grind along, brushing aside numerous minor and trivial technicalities and formalities, reminds very much of the manner in which Judge E. Yates Webb speeds along Federal court activity. He isn't a "hard-boiled" judge of the type referred to with that designation but he attends strictly to business and sob stories and excuses do not sway him. Judges of his type hold within the court room the dignity and atmosphere appropriate to a tribunal of justice.

HOW THEY CARRY ON

JUST A FEW WEEGS AGO Mrs. Stillman, former wife of the banker—the one, you know, who received a lot of publicity when her husband charged her with being too friendly with an Indian guide—broke into the headlines again when she married young McCormick, a man about half her age. Mrs. Stillman is, as we recall it, somewhere in her fifties. Now comes the word, by way of news photos, saying that her former husband, well up in years himself, is to marry an attractive young lady of the footlights. All of which caused the effervescent editor of the Ivey Store News to ruminate as follows:

"Speaking of rich folks' weddings—the funniest at all was Mrs. Stillman's marrying that McCormick lad. Evidently Clara Bow has nothing on her when it comes to 'it'."

"And then her former husband's going to marry some plump little flapper."

"Such goings on as they do have!"

BUSINESS AND EXCURSIONS

SINCE TIMES HAVE BEEN HARD, or since conditions have returned to normal, if you will have it that way, it is noticed that many old customs and practices of pre-war days are again the vogue. A number of years ago the annual railroad excursions were red letter events on the calendar. Many people each year made the excursion trip to the Baptist orphanage at Thomasville and the Methodist orphanage at Winston-Salem. But along came the war. A wave of prosperity followed. Excursions became tame affairs as the highways filled with speeding automobiles going here and there. People were just living too fast to get the kick out of an excursion. But, if you've noticed, the excursion promises to stage a comeback. In August special trains will operate to both orphanages and from the talk heard more people will be going than in years. And the return of the excursion event is just one sign of the changing times. We're slowing down to a more liveable pace, and after all we may be indebted to hard times for several things.

A "ONE-TERM PRESIDENT"

MR. HOOVER HAS BEEN labelled by a Republican—G. W. DePriest, former Cleveland county G. O. P. chairman—as a "one-term president." The local Republican, who is not in the least adverse to expressing his dissatisfaction with the administration of the "Engineer," takes the time in a newspaper communication to point out just what is wrong with Mr. Hoover and his policies, and, apparently, he finds a considerable number of things to point out.

If Mr. Hoover is nominated again the former Cleveland chairman sees an unusually good chance of a Democratic victory. In that prediction The Star is inclined to agree, as well as agreeing with some of the short-comings and weaknesses pointed out. But in anticipating a Hoover defeat we are not as optimistic, not quite, as Mr. DePriest is pessimistic. He overlooks the fact that there are too many Demo-

crats busied with finding something wrong with all the prospective candidates in their party to have time to look for flaws and defects in the Republican candidates. That's just an old disagreeable custom we Democrats have. Those of us who would like to see the Democrats quit so much cat-and-dog fighting among themselves should express our appreciation to the Republican who reminds that after we get through berating our own candidates we have little left in the field to berate except the Republican master mind who promised prosperity and full dinner pails and failed so dismally in living up to his promises that leaders in his own party—those who dare speak—are labelling him as a single-termer.

GHANDI'S COMMANDMENTS

WHAT DO YOU KNOW about Ghandi, the shrivelled little leader of India's thousands? What does he teach? What are his principles and policies?

If you have been and are interested in this unique leader, a man who will have his place in the history of this era, the following from The Spartanburg Herald should hold your attention for it gives the Ghandi commandments:

Name who you will, history has never produced one so unusual as Mahatma Ghandi, the saint of India—shrivelled, with skin like a sun-baked shoe left lying at the end of a row; toothless and with eyes like a jack-in-the-box; barely covered with a white cloth, squatting on his haunches like a pickaninny in a gully—yet laying demands before those who sit in the highest places.

St. Ghandi has given to the world his ten commandments. They are the Ghandian laws, the rules by which this little wonder man claims to have lifted himself to where he now squats. They are strong commandments; hard to obey. When Ghandi gave them to the world he did more than just that. No man will ever know what far-reaching effect they will have. There are millions who hold Ghandi's shrunken image in a holy light. None since the Nazarene has been looked upon like Ghandi.

So, his ten commandments will be read, learned, adopted, obeyed by millions who needed just such an impetus. To obey the commandments of Ghandi in India, in the Orient and in the hustle and bustle of the Occident will be a privilege. The man has attained that height. Here are the laws of St. Ghandi—the Ghandian Commandments:

- 1—Truth.
- 2—Ahimsa, which may be translated into English as love.
- 3—Brahmacharya, which may be inadequately expressed as charity.
- 4—Restraint of the palate, which he elaborated as eating for the mere sustenance of the body, abstaining from intoxicating drinks and drugs such as opium and tobacco.
- 5—Abstaining from the possession of things for themselves.
- 6—Adherence to life's law that one's bread must be earned by the sweat of one's brow.
- 7—Swadeshi, the belief that man's primary duty is to serve his neighbor.
- 8—Belief in the equality of all mankind.
- 9—Belief in the equality of all the great faiths in the world.
- 10—Fearlessness.

Nobody's Business

SEE MCGEE—

Down On The Old Farm.

Anybody can look at me and tell that I was raised on a farm and a back-woods farm at that. Our home was so far from a main artery of travel that the pigs associated with the possums, and the chickens roasted with the screech owls and never knew the difference.

My home duties were very numerous and extremely arduous. Some mornings when work wasn't so very pushing, father would let us boys sleep till nearly 4 o'clock. My first performance after putting on my hat (N. B. I slept in everything else) was making a fire in the fire place and a fire in the stove.

My next undertaking was shucking some shucks for a yoke of oxen, old Jim and old Joe, if you please. My two brothers had to feed the 6 mules, but they'd always wait till I shucked the shucks off the corn so's they would have nothing to do but pass it around, and then crawl up in the loft and throw down a bundle of fodder for each of the hard tails.

Then came the task of helping to milk 4 or 5 cows, and believe me, City-ites, you ought to love and sympathize with your milkman. I always had to let the calves nurse, and this thing of pulling a calf away from its mammy is one of the hardest jobs I ever tackled, especially when I was barefooted and the little bulls stuck holes thru my feet with their hoofs.

We always ate breakfast just before day. We generally had wheat bread for breakfast, and we had raised gravy and molasses and butter. I never heard of a McGee having indigestion until I was 27 years of age and then it was me. If we reached the field before daylight,

father permitted us to sit on our mules till it got light enough to begin plowing. We were always two-thirds starved when mother blowed the bugle for us to come to dinner at about 11:30 a. m., sun time. And Yum-Yum: Then cabbage! And them corn dodgers!! And them lye hominy!! And them sassafrack tea!!! And them buttermilk!!!

We ate dinner hurriedly and either played marbles while the mules were dining, or ran 2 or 3 miles to a wash-hole and bathed during this so-called rest period. We worked 6 days a week in the fields but when it would rain, we were installed in the corn-crib husking corn. After the crops were laid-by, we fished occasionally, but ran a saw mill most of the time.

We went home to supper when it got dark. We ate cornbread and drank buttermilk and were happy. We washed our feet (in a pint or less of water) and went to bed without a light. We thought pillows were for "company" only. Our mattress was an oat-straw tick and our bed-springs were wooden slats or stretched ropes. We were always happy, never complained, loved and obeyed our parents, took no medicine except a spring dose of castor oil, and grew and waxed strong on the fruits of our own labor. But now we have automobiles with rumble seats.

Our First Automobile.

About 20 years ago, I bought my first automobile, and it was the third automobile ever owned by anybody in our little town. It was a beauty. It had gas head-lights and kerosene side-lights. The tires on it were guaranteed for 1,000 miles. Its horn was of the squeeze-bulb type. And it could pull most

any ordinary hill in low.

I remember distinctly how we planned for our first long trip. We made up our minds to drive to my wife's cousin's one Sabbath and spend the day and night with them. It was 42 miles from our house to their house, and we wouldn't think of trying to go that far and return in a single day. Of course, the old boat would make 15 or 16 miles in perfect safety, so the man who sold it said, but we weren't fools enough to risk such speed.

We began to get things ready as early as Thursday. My wife bought a long, flowing auto-veil and scarf for the trip. It would wave along behind her as far as from here to the kitchen. I got big eye-goggles for each one of us, including the baby girl, and then I bought me a nice linen duster and nothing would do the wife and baby but they must have linen dusters, too, to be in style. We rode with the top down nearly all the time, rain or shine.

I carried about 150 pounds of tools, such as—pumps, jacks, jills, monkey wrenches, screw drivers, cold chisels, hammers, saws, vices, mauls, wedges, ropes, chains, and many, many other things that were then essential in the trip-taking. I also carried a hoe, a ditching shovel, a pick, a mattock, and 2 pitchforks. The best roads we had back then were not near so good as our very worst gullies today, and getting stuck meant getting stuck and staying stuck then—unless you could ditch yourself out.

We got started by sun-up. The fan belt broke the first mile, the brake lining burnt out the second mile, the oil leaked out the third mile, a mud-hole got us the fourth mile, 6 punctures took place during the fifth mile, a stump hung us up the seventh mile, we ate lunch the eighth mile, and then we drove 9 miles before having other troubles, and then a wheel ran off. We scared 5 mules and 6 horses and 8 women and 12 cows half to death the next three miles.

We finally landed and got dusted off and washed up. Our car looked like it had been dragged through a cyclone of dirt and mud. The cousins all thought we were rich and some of them sat in the car nearly all day. We had a nice visit and started home the next day and landed just about dusk. We were completely worn out, and so was the car. After that, we did not venture very far. And I ain't had much money since I bought that first car, and haven't had any at all since I bought our last one.

Cline Reunion In Catawba County

Former Residents of Cleveland County Have Reunion—Parents of 14 Children.

Hillcrest Farm in South Catawba, home of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cline, was the scene of an enjoyable family gathering Saturday, July 25, when all their children and most of their grand children met to enjoy the day together. It was the first time in approximately fifteen years that their children have all been at home at once. Mr. and Mrs. Cline are the parents of fourteen children, four of whom (three daughters and a son) have passed into the beyond. The deceased are Mrs. K. M. Ramseur, Mrs. F. H. Pierce, Margaret Cline, and Douglass Cline. The children and their families present at Hillcrest Saturday were: Mrs. F. P. Sullivan and son, Bobby, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cline, and daughter, Betty Anne, of Cary; Rev. and Mrs. John Cline and children, Kitty, Ada John Maxwell, and Evelyn, of Troutman; Mrs. W. H. Mosley and children, Sara Jane and Jack, of Belwood; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Cline of Winston-Salem; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Arndt of Claremont; Mrs. C. P. Robinson and daughter, Clara Sue, of Hickory; and Misses Madge and Edith Cline, and Odes M. Cline of Hillcrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Cline were formerly residents of Cleveland County. Mrs. Cline before marriage was Miss Amanda Carpenter. They moved to Catawba County in 1901.

One of the enjoyable features of the reunion Saturday was the long table in the grove spread at noon with an abundant variety of foods, both dainty and satisfying. The enjoyment of the meal was enhanced by vessels of iced-tea and a large container of delicious strawberry ice-cream.

The afternoon was spent in play by the children and in happy reminiscing by their parents and grand-parents. Mr. Cline is approaching his seventy-first birthday, and Mrs. Cline is sixty-two.

MR. BOGGS MAKES 2,200 BUSHELS WHEAT AND OATS.

Mr. W. M. Boggs a Cleveland county farmer who has been in Ireland county 20 years has recently thrashed 2,200 bu. of wheat and oats on his big farm 16 miles north of Statesville.

The Drawback.

"Margaret could have married anybody she pleased."
"Then why is she still single."
"She never pleased anybody."

The
FRIENDLY FIVE FLYER



Good will Ambassador of Friendly Five Shoes, on tour from coast to coast, which visits here.

Will Be Here Thurs., 3 P. M.

The automobile is literally a moving broadcasting station, a miniature movie theatre, a show room and a movable living room all combined. It has a road speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

SEE THE FRIENDLY FIVE FLYER AND THE NEW FALL SHOES.

"LOOKS LIKE \$10—"
"FEELS LIKE \$10—"
"WEARS LIKE \$10—"
BUT WHY PAY \$10—?

Friendly Five
SHOES FOR YOUNG MEN

\$5

COHEN BROS.



THIS BANK BELIEVES

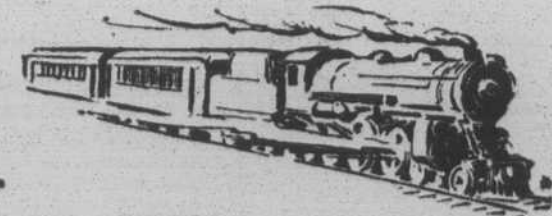
... that as long as there are people to eat food and wear clothing

... that sowing and reaping continue in the established scheme of Nature

... that manufacturing and distribution meet the laws of demand

JUST AS SURELY AS THESE GO ON AS THEY EVER HAVE PROSPERITY CANNOT BE DIVERTED OR LONG DELAYED.

First National Bank
SHELBY, N. C.



READ THE STAR. IT NOW GOES INTO 5,000 HOMES EVERY OTHER DAY. \$2.50 A YEAR BY MAIL. FOUR WEEKS FOR A QUARTER BY CARRIER BOY.