

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.

MONDAY, DEC. 14, 1931

TWINKLES

Might we once again remind that it isn't as long as it has been until—?

Have you decided upon your quota for the charity relief drive? Those to whom your aid will go, have no choice to make.

One other weakness about this drafted American tariff that keeps business away: It contains no provision that will bar these visiting diplomats and what-nots.

President Hoover, the alert Greensboro News notes, has offered eight steps for the return of prosperity. That must mean that the thing he promised to give us in 1928 is down in a basement instead of just around the corner.

John McCormack, the famous tenor, says college cheering is a barbaric noise. And we wonder what type of noise some of the collegiates would term the noise made by McCormack in an operatic flight?

Aha! The much-publicized Lenz-Culbertson contract bridge tournament has been worth all the trouble. It revealed late last week that bridge wizards have tempers and other human weaknesses that the average bridge player and dub frequently reveal in a game. Did you notice that a row almost developed when Culbertson said Jacoby lied. Chances are that before it is over one of them will forget to return his partner's lead.

MR. HOOVER FAILS US

BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY had expected President Hoover in his message to Congress to outline a legislative program that would help overcome the situation we are in. Instead of urging economy, he proposed higher taxes, direct and indirect, that will add to the burdens the taxpayers already have.

Since his message missed the mark, the markets have continued to go down. The country expected him to propose a salary cut for every employee of the Federal government. But next year is election year and Mr. Hoover may not want to antagonize this multitude of government employees. Instead of higher taxes, there should be rigid economy and the greatest saving could come by a salary slash such as Governor Gardner proposed before the last General Assembly of this state. Cutting salaries is not a popular thing but unpopular measures are sometimes necessary in a crisis like this, with the government facing a four billion dollar deficit.

WATCH THIS WINTER

DO NOT BE TOO POSITIVE that this will be a nice warm winter and a short one. It appears just now that it might be, but The Spartanburg Herald reminds that the winter of 1917-18 started off in a similar manner. And it is not very difficult to remember what a winter that was, particularly it is not difficult to remember for the boys in khaki who drilled on the snow and ice-coated ground for two solid months. That year it was a wonderful fall, very much like the one this year. Summer lingered over into Indian summer and Indian summer threatened to remain for the winter. But on the 10th of December came a record heavy snow and freeze and from that time on until February 15 there was snow and ice on the ground. In this section of the South there has never, as far as the present generation knows, been a longer continuous stretch of real winter weather. Back home the youngsters went on sleigh rides and had their fill of skating. Mothers and sisters knitted sweaters for the boys in camp, and the men too young or too old to be in service didn't need guns to kill rabbits. They used sticks to knock them over in their icy beds.

The winter of 1931-32 may come along as did that one, and it may not. This is merely a reminder.

THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

NO CRITICISM or cold stare should ever be given a civic minded citizen who goes about soliciting for community betterment. Some people may think they are overcome with calls for this, that and the other purpose, but all of these calls such as the churches, Red Cross Roll calls, tubercular seals, Boy Scouts and public charity are worthy in every sense of the word and an eternal reward no doubt awaits those faithful, patriotic, civic-minded men and women who give these causes their valuable time.

All of these canvassers not only contribute of their own means, but give their services as well. It is they who do more than anyone else for the relief of suffering, for the support of the Gospel, for the education of our youth and for a finer citizenship. We commend and thank them.

Next week the cause of the unemployed will be presented. We who have jobs should do our best. Humanity is being tested and we have a feeling that our people, fully aware of the needs will meet the test as becoming real citizens. We who are fortunate enough to have the bare comforts of

life fully appreciate the feelings of emotion of those who have almost lost hope. When we have done our best by them and done it cheerfully, there is satisfaction, joy and pride in the rendering of such public service.

OUR WILYUM FIGURES IT OUT

WEEKS AGO we began trying to figure out the heads and tails of this row between the Chinese and Japanese in Manchuria. The more we read the more perplexed and puzzled we became. Then up popped some thinking fellow with the declaration that as for him he was going to wait until Will Rogers got over there and put the entire proposition in a few simple words. Will got over, made his investigation, and reported as follows:

After drinking at least two barrel of tea and wanting to be fair, here is about how Manchuria looks to me: China owns the lot, Japan owns the house that's on it. Now who should have the policemen? China is trying to save its country, Japan is trying to save its investments, the League of Nations is trying to save its face. Now somebody has got to lose.

If that doesn't give the average reader a cleared idea of what it is all about than all other previous information combined, then we're a wash-out as a guesser. China owns Manchuria, Japan owns the railway operating in Manchuria and they're battling over the method of policing. And, as Will says, someone must lose, but when it is all over, it is our idea that it will take someone of the Rogers type to explain just which side is victorious. That's one of the few treats about having the greatest humorous philosopher of all time with us in this generation.

NURSERY CHARACTER DEAD

MARY HUGHES is dead. How much does that bare statement mean to the average reader. But when it is explained just who Mary Hughes was almost the entire world will recognize her.

Mary Hughes was the Mary who had a little lamb that followed her to school.

Some months ago The Star made mention of the fact that the original character of the famous nursery rhyme was still living. Many people had never known that Mary was a real character. She was, and after living for many years in her native country, Ty Issa, North Wales, she changed her residence to Worthing, London. There she died the other day, an old, blind and lame woman, but many years before her death she had been immortalized by an American writer. "Billy," her lamb, died many, many years ago, but to those who knew her Mary always retained the girlish spirit of that day four score years ago when the young American woman saw the fleecy-white lamb following her to school. Mary's own story of the nursery verses follows:

"Miss Sarah Buel, later Mrs. Horatio Hale, noted American ethnologist, wrote the verses. Miss Buel was visiting with her two sisters at Ty Issa, in Vale Llangollen, North Wales, where my father, John Thomas, was a well known breeder of Welsh mountain sheep.

"I was always fond of lambs and when the mother sheep died sometimes my father would often give me an orphaned lamb to keep as a pet. Sometimes I had a half dozen of them and they would follow me around the farm and down the road when I went to meet the postman.

"One day, when I was 8, my oldest pet, Billy, followed me to the village school where he romped about, jumping over the desks and refusing to behave. He disturbed the school so much the teacher, Miss Coward, turned him out the door.

"Miss Sarah wrote the verses there and then. Later she married Mr. Hale and after she died her son wrote to an American newspaper in 1889 saying she was the author of the verses. I have no quarrel with my American friends, but the incident happened as I have described and not, as some Americans claim, in America."

Around Our TOWN

OR Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By **RENN DRUM**.

SPENDING MONEY.

NOW AND THEN
 Twenty-nine years ago G. V. (Gov.) Hawkins came to Shelby and started carrying the mail.

"I tell you what I believe, and I believe I can almost back it up with the facts," he told this corner recently. "We spend more money in Cleveland county today for gasoline than we spent for everything else 29 years ago. No, that isn't strong enough: We spend more money for gas now than WE HAD to spend for everything else in 1902.

"I'm not just taking a crack at burning gas," he added. "I burn it. But it is just one example of how we spend more, far more, for things than we actually need to. There isn't much use to get so blue about the times and worry and worry. We got along pretty well 29 years ago and enjoyed life. We just hate to face the music now, that's all. We've just got to realize that lots and lots of things we think are necessities are nothing but luxuries. And we've got to learn, too, that we don't need as much of some of the things that are necessities as we use."

Isn't there considerable truth in the views of the veteran mail carrier?

Talking about farming conditions, he said: "I feel sorry for the farmer. I know what it is for I've tried it and every day for years I have been in constant touch with them. But it's a matter of ups and downs. We can take the ups all right, but we forget the ups when the downs come along. I can remember when a farmer sold a bale of cotton for a sum that equalled more than two months salary for me. But just think over my statement about the gas."

PAP LEARNS THINGS ABOUT CHECKERS

Over at the Key club, where the young fellows of Shelby hang out during their off hours, "Pap" (Harry) Woodson, salesman extraordinary, is the daddy rabbit of the club in playing checkers. When he is in off the road, he enjoys getting some of the boys in a checker game and toying with them. But since last week, when those checker wizards from York, South Carolina, came up and defeated a team of crack Tar Heel checker players, the boys about the club are having their laugh.

Just before the tourney started one of the York players, a farmer, came up to a board where "Pap" was idling with the buttons. He suggested playing a game until the main tourney started. Woodson, not knowing who the fellow was, accepted and the game was on. The dozens of spectators, sensing something in the air, gathered around. Woodson made four moves, the stranger made four moves and the game was over. Perhaps it was just one of those freakish happen-sos Woodson thought and started another game. In a minute or so the second game was over and the nattily-dressed Shelby salesman was a hop-skip-and-jump or so from the king line of the tobacco-chewing South Carolina farmer. But don't tell him we told you the story.

JUDGE JOHN'S HOOVER STORY

John P. Murr, former county judge, is, as you may have heard somewhat of a Democrat. There's nothing he enjoys more than a good pun on the Hoover administration. The other day Tom Pridden, Charlotte News columnist, got off the best one Judge John has heard yet.

A young fellow, slightly befuddled and inebriated—as Pridden tells the story—was leaning against the wall of the Independence Trust company in Charlotte. Along came a feminine Salvation Army worker and held out her tambourine to the fellow who was well along in his cups. "Won't you please give a quarter to the Lord?" she asked. "Howzat? Howzat," stammered the inebriated one as he came out of the alcoholic fog with a jerk. "You, you don't mean to tell me that Hoover's got Him broke, too?"

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE WE STARTED?

This tanglytype teaser business, alias pied names, has this corner's head spinning. At night, instead of being chased all over creation in our dreams by yelling redskins, we have to fight off a jumble of oddly arrayed letters. The census takers may be right, but from the number of people who report their interest in untangling pied names this department is of the opinion that there are at least 21,000 people living in Shelby and a hundred thousand more out in the county!

Friday they couldn't even be stumped by such names as Zollicoffer Thompson, the alderman, and Emmett McLarty, the new Central Methodist pastor. Meanwhile several others reported that "you're all well; we figured out Moses Taub but just didn't tell you." And some of them are coming back with new jumbles to offer, while one fellow and one girl when asked who they were, while reporting, gave back their names in pied form. Friday night some fellow called up: "I have those names figured out, and I'm D-Ran-on-kick-B." And for the better part of the night we attempted to figure out just which Dick it was. Among those who untangled them in a hurry were Charlie Austell, J. B. Spangler, Mrs. Rush Thompson, Bush E. Krige, Miss D. Mrs. Winnie Laughridge, and dozens of others. Mrs. H. Morehead wrote from Charlotte that she was working them out and enjoyed them, and the same message came from Miss Aileen Crowder, of Lattimore, who offered a few tangled names to be solved. Incidentally, the Friday mixup was worked out in this manner:

EAR-CAP-KMJL—Jack Palmer.
 WELL-RR-BACK-Y-ODE—Roy Blackwelder.
 CIZLEHOTNORSOPMOFFL—Zollicoffer Thompson.
 MALTRETREMMT—Emmett McLarty.

Today we'll pass along two batches to be unknotted. The first group contains the names of three of Cleveland county's best known farmers. Tune in:

LCMIORRAWLED
 BBATLANOBE
 BBHOOGNR

The next trio is composed of Shelby business men or salesmen. Here they go without further tips:

RIDE-MORE-FALL-AN-FALL-CH
 HDIGERRAUGOL
 YES-M-PINK-CENT-US

Those three men, if the jumbles look difficult, can sell you most anything for Christmas—from a box of snuff and pork chops up to a radio.

THIRTEEN THIS BOY'S FAVORITE NUMBER

Raymond Lowery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Lowery, of Patterson Springs, has every reason to believe that 13 is his lucky number. He is

13 years of age, was born on the 13th month 13 years after his parents were married, was the 13th grandson of his grandmother, the late Mrs. R. B. McBrayer, and there are 13 letters in his name.

Beat that one as given us by Bob Hord.

INCREASE NOTED IN AUTO DEATHS

Figures Reveal Fatalities in Auto Accidents On Rise in North Carolina.

Statistics of the Motor Vehicle Bureau of the State of North Carolina, generally regarded as the most complete compilation of automobile accidents kept in the State, show that deaths from automobile accidents in this State increased by 11 during the first 10 months of 1931 over the same period of 1930. The increase conflicts with the report of the Travelers Insurance company, which listed North Carolina as having a decrease of 0.78 per cent. this year as compared to last. The statistics of the State department list 589 persons as killed up to November 1 this year in auto-

mobile accidents, compared with 588 during the same period last year. The figures show, 4116 persons to have been injured this year, an increase of 502 over the 3,614 injured during the same period last year.

Since the bureau installed its records of automobile accidents in July 1927 it has listed 3,087 persons killed and 20,726 injured.

To Organize P. T. A. At Piedmont School

All patrons and friends of the Piedmont school are requested to meet at the high school building on Wednesday evening December 16, at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of discussing the organization of a Parent-Teacher association. County Superintendent J. H. Grigg, and Captain Smith, superintendent of the Shelby schools, will lead the discussion. This is a most important meeting and every patron is urged to be present.

TOYS for the CHILD?

Indeed yes! Nothing can take the place of toys in the child's heart. But among those toys on Christmas morning, there should be a little book, far more precious than all the other gifts—

A Bank Book

To teach your child the habit of saving and make it fun.

Open a Savings Account for Helen or Jimmy This Christmas.

Union Trust Co.

Mrs. Ledford Buried at Oak Grove Church

(Special to The Star.)

Oak Grove, Dec. 14.—Mrs. Gaither Ledford of near Cherryville was buried at 3 o'clock at Oak Grove Monday afternoon. Mrs. Ledford had been in bad health for a long time. She was 42 years of age and leaves her husband and seven children, she was Miss Buna Dobbins before marriage and formerly lived in the Oak Grove community.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bell and son of Gastonia spent the week end with the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bell.

Messrs Harlan Devenny, Everette Howell attended an oyster supper at El Bethel Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lovelace of near the Battleground, spent last week with their daughter Mrs. Q. V. Philbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Devenny visited Mrs. Roney Page and family of Shelby last Wednesday.

GIFTS

ALL PAID FOR IN ADVANCE

for a Merry Christmas

GIVE A KODAK

BRING IN your Christmas list. For every person on it, there's a Kodak that will please. Kodak is the perfect gift. A congenial companion at home or on travels. Brownies are as low as \$2. Kodaks as low as \$5. Gifts as modest or as handsome as you wish. You'll find them all on display here.

SUTTLE'S DRUG STORE
 Phone 370

FOR hundreds of families Christmas will be merrier than ever this year! Why? Because the spirit of giving will have full play. Gifts will be paid for in advance by our Christmas Savings Club. You can begin now to provide for your 1932 Christmas. The First National Bank will help you save a little every week in a way that you won't miss it.

Join OUR 1932 CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB

First National Bank