

# Around Our TOWN

OR

## Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

### MAYBE THIS'LL BE ONE UP ON YOU

Offhand, how many of you know that John F. Schenck, Sr., the Lawdale textile manufacturer, ardent golfer, and good fellow, is a licensed lawyer and in time past has practised his profession in Shelby? Speak up!

Perhaps you knew it, but until this week we didn't, being, perchance, ignorant that way.

In getting a report of the county bar banquet we were asking Clyde R. Hoey about the outside guests. He named them but did not include Mr. Schenck. "Didn't we see Mr. John Schenck there?" we asked. "Sure you did," the could-have-been-Senator replied, "but Mr. Schenck is a lawyer; practised law here years ago, but quit to enter the cotton mill business."

How we live and learn!

### A COACH AND SIX FOR SILENT EIGHTS

Times are changing, yessir! If you don't believe it, we'll march Mr. Charlie Shull up before you and prove it.

We strolled into The Star this week and said: "Wish I could have had you at my place (South LaFayette street) yesterday. Out behind were hitched two wagons and three buggies—more than have been there in ever so many years. Not so many months ago flivvers and bigger cars were parked back there. But what amuses me more than anything else was the harness used on the horses and mules hitched to the three buggies. I guess they put their autos in the shed, rather than buy new tags, and brought their buggies. Anyway, you should have seen the patched-up harness, little bits of rope and string on two of the horses. I bet that buggy harness hadn't been used in 20 years, if that. Some of the youngsters, if that keeps up, are going to see something they've never seen. A fellow with a smart-stepping horse and a rubber-tired buggy—a regular rig-out—may come back into his own yet."

Oh, James, prepare the coach and six, or the Rock Hill rubber-tired and Molly—and leave the Rolls Royce in the garage.

### A CHUCKLE FOR THE SHINY DOMES

The fellows in the audience who have sleek, shiny bald heads should get a chuckle or two out of the comic strip chatter between "Pop" and friend the doctor.

"Pop," asked the doctor, "how'd you come to lose your hair?"  
"Worrying," the taciturn Pop replied.  
"Worrying about what?"  
"Worrying about losing my hair."

### WINTERLESS WINTER: SUMMERLESS SUMMER

When men in casual conversation run out of anything to talk about, they talk about the weather. (Women, under the same circumstance, talk about some other woman, not present.) Of recent weeks there has been much talk hereabouts, and elsewhere, about the unusual weather. The majority of the old-line seers and prophets have given in and reluctantly admit that this is going to be "a winterless winter." Maybe so, and so far it looks as if it may be, but what if the winterless winter is followed by a summerless summer? That will make it hard on the iceman as well as the coal dealer, and doubly hard if the coal dealer happens to sell ice in the summer.

Tut, tut! you may say, there cannot be such a thing as a summerless summer. Maybe not, but six months ago you'd likely have tut-tutted at the idea of a winterless winter. And the records of the past (it takes a little research to talk this much about the weather) show that many years ago—in 1816—a summerless summer followed a near winterless winter. An historical document left by Chauncey Jerome, of Plymouth, Conn., tells how he nearly froze during June snowstorms in 1816. Charles Pierce's "Weather in Philadelphia" supports the statement by telling of ice and snow in June, July and August of that year. The "Monthly Weather Review of Vermont" also tells about a three-inch snow in June in New York and a five-inch snow in the New England States. The Review goes into detail and tells about a heavy snow on August 30th. . . . "Not half enough corn ripened that year to furnish seed for the next . . . The year 1816 had neither spring, summer, nor autumn. The only crop of corn raised in Vermont that summer was saved by keeping bonfires burning around the cornfields days and night."

Who about Shelby and Cleveland county remembers hearing about that winter from his grandpap as related to him by his father? We're just warning you. And now that we've thought of some other chatter we'll move on.

### HOW MANY MILES HAS HE TRAVELLED?

Have you ever wondered how many miles a veteran physician travels in the course of 20 years practice? How many miles by buggy-and-horse and how many by automobile in later years? Isn't it likely that the old-er physician, like Dr. E. E. Lattimore, E. A. Houser, S. S. Royster and R. C. Ellis have journeyed several times around the world ministering to the sick.

Being curious that way, we asked Dr. Houser this week how many horses and buggies and automobiles he has had in three and one-half decades of practice.

"Let me see," he replied. "In 22 years while I practised at Fallston I had 84 buggy horses and 27 buggies. I also used seven different automobiles before I left there. I have been practising in Shelby 22 years and have used 10 or 12 automobiles, I don't remember exactly. I've worn out 27 buggies and got the best out of at least 17 automobiles. Of course, I didn't wear out the 84 horses; I traded them when they began to show wear."

Think of it.

And while you're ruminating, don't you suppose J. Lawrence Lackey could get a good ad out of Dr. Ben Gold by asking him how many miles he has covered in Buicks?

### SHELBY SHORTS

The hundreds of descendants of John Tester Beam in the Shelby section should do a little checking on family history and see if they haven't a relative in Congress. Among the new Congressmen at the present session is Harry P. Beam, of Illinois. He is 38, a lawyer, and a former athletic star at Loyola university. . . . If you have the crap-shooting urge in your blood and desire to roll a couple naturals—on the telephone—call 711, the Hopper brothers' Carolina Motor Inn. . . . "When they finish that new Shelby-Gaffney highway," chimes up S. W., maybe our South Mountain moonshiners can run enough hooch down there and sell it to bring back to Cleveland county all the marriage license money our young couples carry down there." Mebbe; love and hooch are close competitors in the business world. . . . When Olin Hamrick, of the city police force, gets wrought up enough to cause some other fellow to cuss, he merely says "Dad ding it." . . . Charlie Pegram, Lenoir News-Topic columnist, is to be married soon. Even cynical columnists collapse. . . . Among the Montgomery Ward stores not to be closed in the Carolinas is the Hickory store managed by Paul Wootton former Shelby man. . . . This old-timed dollar bills getting back into circulation these days resembles a bed sheet when laid down beside one of the new bills—that is, if you have both, or either, for the purpose of comparison.

### Patterson Grove Week-End Visitings

South Mtn. Institute Pupils Visit Sunday School, Public School Has Literary Society.

(Special to The Star.)

Jan. 15.—Miss Fannette Fetherston and some of the pupils of South Mountain Institute were visitors in our preaching service Sunday morning. An interesting talk was given about the institute by Miss Fetherston. The pupils sang some songs for us. A collection was given by the Sunday school to them.

A large number of people from this community attended the funeral of Mr. Max Barrett at New Prospect and Mr. Jason Ledbetter at Buffalo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Greene and daughter, Elizabeth, of Shelby, Mrs. Lem Hamrick and son, James Dillard and Mr. and Mrs. Bonnie Elliott and children, Harry and Betty, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Y. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Mack Adams of near Lawndale.

Mr. Cullen McSwain spent Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McSwain near Cherryville.

Mr. Keslar McSwain of Poplar Springs spent Saturday night with Mr. Newell Wright.

Little Misses Cloe and Ruby Sanders spent Sunday with Miss Inez Ledford.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Greenway visited on Sunday Mr. Rush Hoyle who is in the Charlotte hospital for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonnie Wright are the proud parents of a baby girl Betty Jean, born Saturday, January 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Vaughn of Shelby spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. Tom Vaughn.

Rev. D. G. Washburn spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Zim Williams. He was dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Elliott Sun-

day. Miss Vangie McSwain of Waco is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Bonnie Wright and Mr. Wright.

Miss Fannette Fetherston of Charlotte spent Sunday with Miss Eleanor Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Hendrick and family spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Chesley Smith of Shelby.

The sixth and seventh grades of Beams Mill school have organized a literary society. The name chosen was Webb literary society. The following: President, Clifford Hamrick; vice president, J. D. Hamrick; secretary, Corene Costner; critic Mr. Lathan; censor, Louise Hamrick; chaplain, Opal Ledford; program committee, Ada Kendrick, Thera Costner and Otha Williams.

### Union Community News of Week-End

Seniors Give Fine Program, Mr. Mauney Returns To Augusta.

(Special to The Star.)

Jan. 13.—The senior B. Y. P. U. rendered a fine program Sunday night. It was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. W. W. Mauney has returned to Augusta, Ga. after spending the week-end with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Greene spent the latter part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mode.

Mrs. Zora Champion, Mr. Frank Connor and Miss Evalene Blanton visited Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Withrow Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hammett who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bunyan Brooks near Ellenboro have returned home. Mrs. Brooks has been quite ill for some time but is improving some.

Mrs. R. B. Gold of Shelby visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mode last week.

Mr. Yates Champion spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. R. M. Champion.

The young people of the com-

## Charged with Attack on White Girls



Nation-wide interest has been aroused by the trial at Scottsboro, Ala., of the nine negroes shown above on a charge of criminally attacking two white girls. Eight of the men were sentenced to death, but the cases have been appealed, it being alleged that the charges against the condemned men were prompted by labor disturbances. Social workers and negro leaders are actively interesting themselves in the appeal, which is scheduled for hearing in the supreme court on January 21. At left are the victims of the alleged attack, Virginia Price (left) and Ruby Bates.

### Oregon Democrats Support Roosevelt

Portland, Ore.—Oregon Democrats have formally launched the presidential candidacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

George F. Alexander, president of the Roosevelt for President league of Oregon, yesterday filed with the secretary of state at Salem, a petition to place the New York governor's name on the Democratic preferential primary ballot.

More than 11,000 signatures were affirmed. When informed at Albany, N. Y., his name has been placed in the primary. Governor Roosevelt declined to comment.

### No Cops And Crime Wave Sweeps Land

Melbourne, Australia—Unable to provide extra police protection because of a shortage of funds, Victoria state is experiencing a crime wave such as has not been before recorded.

### She's 82 But Quite A Globe Trotter Too

New York—Mrs. Lydia A. Hodgson, 82-year-old globe trotter, on her way back to Marshall, Minn., from Europe, told reporters she could stop off in Chicago to see her "kid sister", 72.

munity surprised Miss Eula Withrow with a party Saturday night. Quite a number were present and everyone reported a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Shuford and children and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Greene visited Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mode Sunday.

Miss Margaret Greene spent Sunday night with Miss Frances Weathers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Greene and children of Mooresboro and Misses Margaret and Beatrice Mode and Marie Mauney visited Mr. and Mrs. Max Greene Sunday afternoon.

Misses Lillian and Evangeline McEntire spent Sunday with Miss Frances Mauney.

It Pays To Advertise

### Leap Year Glee

(By a Cleveland County Girl.)  
Goodbye, Old Year  
We're glad you've gone  
And we hope you didn't forget  
To take the depression along.

Dear Miss Leap Year  
We're glad you are here  
For possibly we'll have  
A more prosperous year.

We've waited and waited  
For you to come along  
Till there's gotten to be  
Such an awful throng.

We want a rich farmer  
Or some moneyed king  
So we can go round  
And boast about our diamond ring.

Watch out Old Bachelors  
And you, widowers too,  
For we're out to win  
You in 1932.

You needn't go to  
Scheming and think you'll escape  
For we'll soon be driving  
The new Ford eight.

## SEE

The Play That Held The Nation Breathless

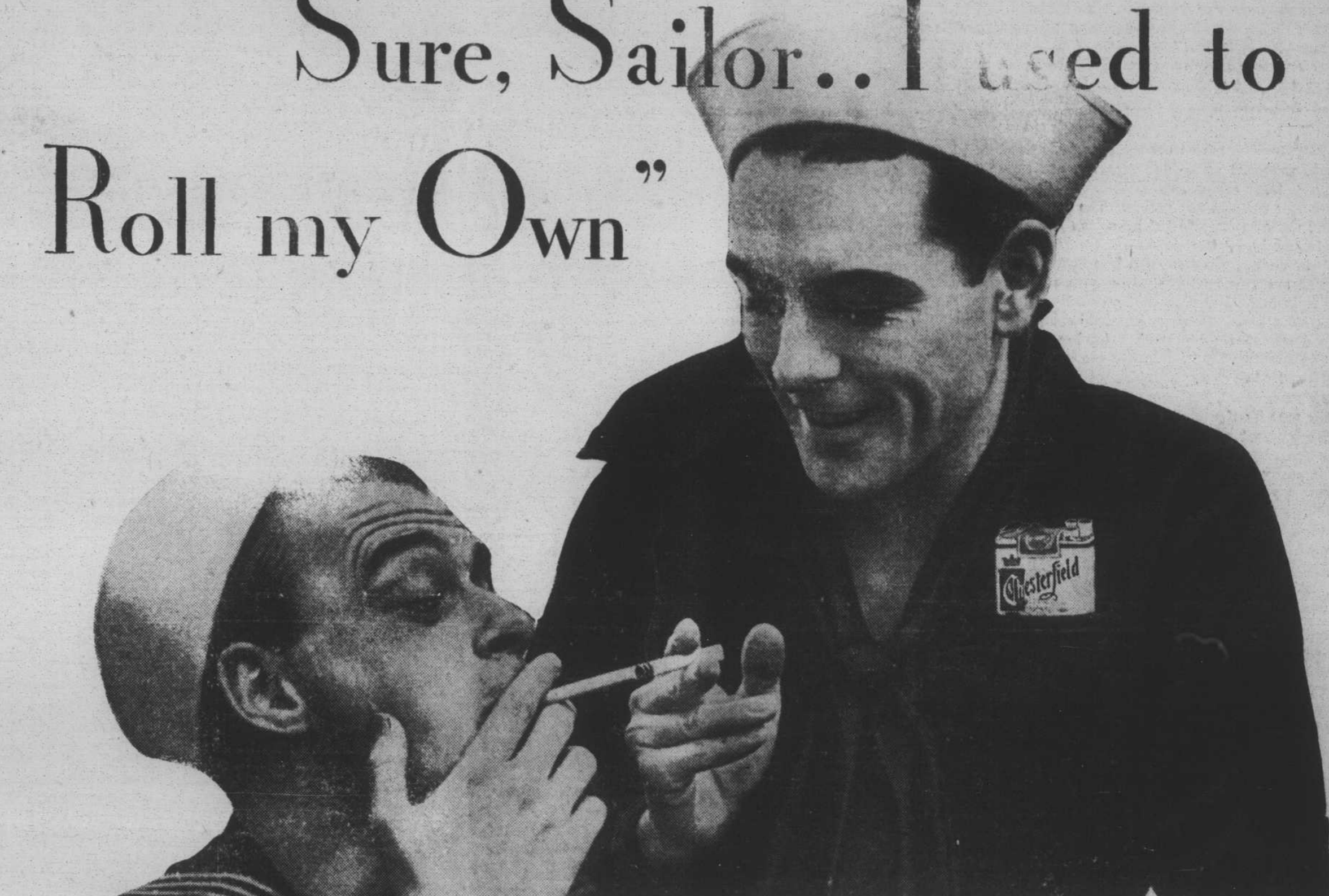


With Laughter And Tears

## Carolina

MONDAY and TUESDAY

# "Sure, Sailor.. I used to Roll my Own"



"I CARRIED the makin's for years. Got so I could roll 'em single-handed. But there's no real economy in it. The way I figure is this: A fellow don't spend so much on himself but what he can afford to enjoy the best in smokes.

"Myself . . . I smoke Chesterfields. They cured me of rollin' my own. First off, you get better tobacco.

"I'm not knockin' the makin's . . . but it stands to reason Chesterfields wouldn't be where they are today if they didn't give you the finest tobacco. I like their aroma.

"Plenty of Turkish in Chesterfields . . . and you don't get that in the makin's.

And there must be something about the blend, too . . . you can't get a milder, better taste . . . not anywhere!

"Got a right good opinion of myself, but I don't figure I'm as clever as those cigarette-making machines. Every single Chesterfield is round and filled right . . . beats anything you can roll yourself. Besides, it smokes cooler and lasts longer. I've tried both, so I know."

● Nothing amateurish about Chesterfield's Radio Program, either! Nat Shilkret's Orchestra and Alex Gray, popular soloist, entertain you every night except Sunday, at 10:30 Eastern Standard Time, on the Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

● WRAPPED IN DU PONT NUMBER 300 MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE . . . THE BEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE THAT'S MADE!



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THEY TASTE BETTER . . . THEY'RE PURE . . .

THEY'RE Milder . . . They Satisfy