

Around Our TOWN

OR

Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

LOCAL BOY HAS ONE FOR RIPLEY

Week before last Broadus (Pat) Newman, Shelby native, was on a boat trip from Charleston to New York. He is now a district sales supervisor for a radio firm and won the boat trip with his sales record. But that is beside the point.

On the night of May 20, while his boat was about 1/2 or 15 miles off the Maryland coast, Newman took one of his business cards, wrote on the back "write me," put the card in a bottle, and tossed the bottle into the waves. The odds were 100-to-one or perhaps more, that the bottle would never be found, not in years, at least, until it was washed up with the tide on some beach. But last week young Newman was looking through his mail at his office in Charlotte. Among the letters was one from Wallace Spencer, Oronoke, North Carolina "Today," it read and the date was the 24th. "I found a bottle on the beach at Oronoke. In it was this card and address of yours. How long had the bottle been drifting with the waves?"

Beat that! It was tossed from a boat off the Maryland coast on the 20th and picked up on the North Carolina coast four days later, on the 24th.

SHELBY SHORTS:

One of this department's sleuths informs that there is a spot fixed up at one of the large residences on South Washington street for sun bathing. And he didn't get his information by flying over in an airplane. . . . A tip to the Eastern Star and the girl who becomes "Miss Shelby" when the ladies of that organization put on their beauty and fashion pageant June 10th: Why not send "Miss Shelby," whoever she is and we wonder, to the annual rhododendron festival at Asheville? The big affair there is to be held June 15-17 and beautiful femmes from all over the South will be in the parade. A "Miss Shelby" would be a good advertisement for the city—couldn't help but be when the best-looker is picked from a group of the swiftest-looking beauties about town. . . . From an anonymous reader: "I notice they can't get straightened out as to what Cannon—J. A., J. F., or C. A.—gave that \$500 to Rob Reynolds in his drive to win the senate nomination and repeal the 18th Amendment. Let me suggest the process of elimination: First of all eliminate the Bishop. It's a cinch he's not the Cannon who contributed." . . . The story in this space about when and how the Confederate monument was erected on the court square recalled to "Shine" Blanton, just of marble-shooting age then, that the day was the biggest event in his life. The 10 mules pulling the base of the monument from the station to the square came from his dad's stables and they let "Shine" drive from the Carolina theatre corner to the square. . . . "Wild Bill," who still sells peanuts—mighty good parched goobers, too—on the streets of Shelby, once worked with a circus. He got his name from the fact that his job, it is said, was that of biting off snake heads to awe the crowds milling along the sawdust walks in the circus freak tent. . . . "Cricket" Weathers, the Lattimore boy, was named as utility infielder on the All-State collegiate baseball team. And Hal Paris got his letter at State college. . . . Charles Eskridge still holds the honor of being the youngest graduate at Shelby high. He was just 14. . . . Charlie Williams, back from a trip as far South as Alabama, says the Shelby section would consider itself fortunate if it knew how conditions are on down South. What we call hard times would be considered prosperity down there, he says. Which must mean that the Hoover half-cent piece, suggested by Milton Loy, would look like a quarter. . . . In reply to a request from several readers: This column refuses to offer a prediction as to how the county races will come out Saturday. Maybe we can tell you, if you insist, about 11:45 Saturday night. It's always best to wait until the ballot boxes hatch. . . . Incidentally, dropping back to the beauty pageant topic, only three rows of seats at the high school auditorium are being held as reserved; and, as you might expect, the men are making a bid for them. . . . Bert Houser, y'know him, has set June 15th as a reunion date for the Ebeltorf gang. L. U. Arrowood, he says, is to act as president, with Dr. Osborne, Buck Hardin, J. L. Hawkins, Ralph Royster, Grover Rollins, Moses Taub, Bill Hogue, Jake Rudasill, Tommy Mitchell, Roy Sisk and other officiating in various capacities. The announcement is only an informal notice, presumably, that he intends to open up business in the stand where Shelby's oldest business was conducted. . . . The "S" in the S & S firm name of Shelby's newest ice cream store stands for Stone.

GETTING VOTES AND HOW!

Toddling around here and there, one hears many humorous incidents about the campaign over the county. One day last week, as we heard it from Supt. Horace Grigg, two of the county candidates, one for recorder and one for solicitor, were campaigning at Lawndale. They approached a voter who was known by one candidate but not by the other. The candidate who did not know the man held out his hand and said: "I'm So-and-so. I'm running for such-and-such an office, and if your conscience will permit, I'd appreciate your vote." "Your conscience be hanged," spoke up the candidate who knew the voter. "I'll appreciate your vote despite that."

ONLY FIVE VETS SLEEP IN SUNSET

Only five World war veterans are buried in Shelby's Sunset cemetery. The other day when the Auxiliary members were selling poppies someone hopped up with the wonder as to how many veterans of the last war are buried there. Then someone else happened to think that on Memorial Day the graves of practically all Confederate dead are decorated, but the burial places of veterans of a war that took place in more recent years are not generally known. With the curiosity aroused, it was decided to get in touch with Tom Abernethy, the postal clerk and legion official, and find out what he knew about it. Tom generally has A-1 information about the veterans and their records. From him we learned that five men who saw service in the brawl with Germany are buried in Sunset. They are Capt. Fugh Logan, Col. J. T. Gardner, Vic Rudasill, Price Hoey, and George Scordas, the Greek who was so popular. Tom did not know where all the county's veterans are buried, but would appreciate getting information concerning them from relatives of the soldier dead. He did know, however, where 15 others are buried in county cemeteries. Joe Spangler, whose body was brought back from overseas, and Fred and Broadus Weathers are buried at Ross Grove. Pratt Street, also brought back from overseas, is buried at Zoar, just below town. Ralph Rhyne is buried at Beulah. Butler Hord's grave is at Elizabeth, Ed Price's at Lattimore, Broadus Doty's at Sandy Plains, Esley Cabaniss' at Zion, Gordon Logan's at Patterson Springs; F. Connie McSwain and Brady Rippy are buried at New Hope at Earl, James Raterac and "Dyke" Rollins are buried at Grover, and the exact burial place of Harvey Allen is not recorded. Who knows of the burial places of others?

TOUGH ON HIM

An observant Shelby man adds to the saga about the depression: "Times are so hard," he says, "that one professional beggar, who once rode to his favorite corner in the family car, is now walking to his work (?)"

Dive In Bay Ends Flight Over Ocean

Second Mishap Definitely Ends Hope Of Making Flight Within Time Limit.

Seattle, June 1.—A spectacular dive into Elliott bay here Monday ended the transpacific flight attempt of Nathan C. Browne. New York aviator, at starting point.

Browne and his volunteer assistant in refueling operations, Frank Brooks, were fished out of the water by a party in a sea sled. Browne had a dislocated shoulder. Brooks was unhurt although he complained he "hadn't intended to take a bath until Saturday."

"We both left the plane at the same time," Brooks said. "We could not help it. When the wing tore off, we were left sitting almost in the open air."

"It rained plane all around us as we settled in our parachutes to the water. We left the plane at an altitude of about 500 feet and the chutes opened about 100 feet before we lit."

Cause of Dive. Brooks said the wing was torn off in a steep dive caused when the weighed nozzle of the gasoline hose above caught in the stabilizer of Browne's plane and lifted the tail and smashed the rudder assembly. Browne was clinging to wreckage when he was picked up some distance from where the fuselage of the plane dropped into the deep water.

A gangster's bullet passed thru a New York man's hair without hitting him. Must have been a parting shot.

Answers To Star's Question Box On Page One

- Below are the answers to the questions printed on page one.
1. He had none.
 2. 6:30 a. m.
 3. Columbia University.
 4. Troy weight.
 5. Bull's eye.
 6. It is towed by a tug.
 7. Seventeen.
 8. "Son of the Sheik."
 9. Welcher.
 10. In England. Dar-by; in America, der-by.
 11. Col. H. Norman Schwartzkopf.
 12. Rita Langham.
 13. Charles Dickens.
 14. Thermopylae.
 15. Calorie.
 16. No.
 17. No, he takes the outside of the sidewalk.
 18. The existing tariff act.
 19. Mark Twain.
 20. San Juan.

Woman Saves Life Of Pastor In Fire

Moring Port, La.—It can be said of Mrs. Harry Bonham that she is not one of those women who scream and wring their hands in times of stress and danger. Awaking early Monday to find the Baptist parsonage next door to her home on fire, she ran into the burning house, pulled Rev. Walter B. Currie out of the bed and dragged him to safety as the roof collapsed.

Nobody's Business

By GEE MCGEE

social news from flat rock a right smart of improvement has been going on in flat rock enduring the past 30 days, and several of the unemployed have had jobs, the following building permits was issued and used up in May, 1932:

- 1.—r. l. smith, repairs on garage, 108.
- 2.—p. j. brown, repairs on garage, 68.
- 3.—k. e. green repairs on garage, 68.
- 4.—u. c. jones, repairs on garage, 128.
- 5.—p. c. white, repairs on garage, 68.

a bad ford accident happened to albert grymes last saturday while on his way to reboher to worship, a hornet stung him betwixt the sign post and the cross roads and when he grabbed at it, he turned the steering wheel a loose and when he came to himself, he was wrapped around a telegram post and the hornet was gone. he will survive, but his ford wont.

the candydats for public offia have commenced to ring the hands of their supposed constituents. It is now dangerous to reach out yore hand for something you rally want—as a politician will grab same and twist it nearly off, whoever started that kind of vote-getting ought to be dug out of the ground and lynched.

sores trouble mike Clark, rfd carry spondent.

or burnt at the steak.

the style shoppe is showing some pretty garments this season. miss sadye lou allgood says that the ladies will wear underclothes as heretofore, and they are all leaning towards thinner ones, but very few are leaning towards cotton, she says silk ones is cheaper than cotton ones and not anny more scratchy, her prices seem to be marked very low down considering her high rent ansforth.

borned to mr. and mrs. jerry mire erickson at the home of the bride's father, 2 bounding boys—they will ancer to jerry mire, junior and jerry mire senior, in honner of him and his grand-paw they had picked out the name for only one, so when 2 arrived jerry mire senior had to wait a few days for his name. they are both boys and are getting along all right—considering that they did not have a very good doctor, but dr. early rizer is the only one they could get to come.

a bad ford accident happened to albert grymes last saturday while on his way to reboher to worship, a hornet stung him betwixt the sign post and the cross roads and when he grabbed at it, he turned the steering wheel a loose and when he came to himself, he was wrapped around a telegram post and the hornet was gone. he will survive, but his ford wont.

sores trouble mike Clark, rfd carry spondent.

Out In High Society For The First Time

I went to a wedding not long ago and took the bride a fairly nice soup ladle—marked down from \$3.98 to

\$1.19. It looked slightly lonesome in a pile of 50-year silverware, so I slyly moved it over and put it amongst the presents that the other poor fetched.

Everybody (but me) was dressed to kill. The men were attired in everything from full evenin' to jim-swingers and I felt very, very odd in my blue serge (\$14) and tanned shoes (\$1.89), but her ole man had on his paid-for clothes too, so I talked to him most of the time. He appeared right glad to get Sadie Lou off his hands. (We compared dots and debbs, and we seemed to be in about the same fix).

The ladies had more stuff on them in the way of glad rags, jewelry, perfume rouge, lip-redness, slippers, and silk hose (I reckon) than their husbands and daddies will get paid for in 3 years. But, believe me, Rachel, they looked like income tax to me. Women were never so beautiful as they are now—and all of 'em (the pretty one) don't live in town, either.

The boy that this fine girl had lassoed seemed to think that she had done a miracle in contacting him! He thought so well of himself that very few of those present were considered present at all. He leaned back on his collar and made it a point to scratch his nose occasionally so's the folks could see the big diamond (I reckon) ring on his finger. It didn't look very Woolworth-y, so he possibly had a right to do that kind of stuff.

Her daddy gave her away and her mother sniffed a little sniff or two to show her sorrow (I reckon) at losing her daughter, but some folks think she hasn't lost her yet—

as they will make their home with "them" after the honeymoon—till business opens up and James Ellsworth Wigginfield gets his job back with the Stand-Oil—at a filling station (I reckon).

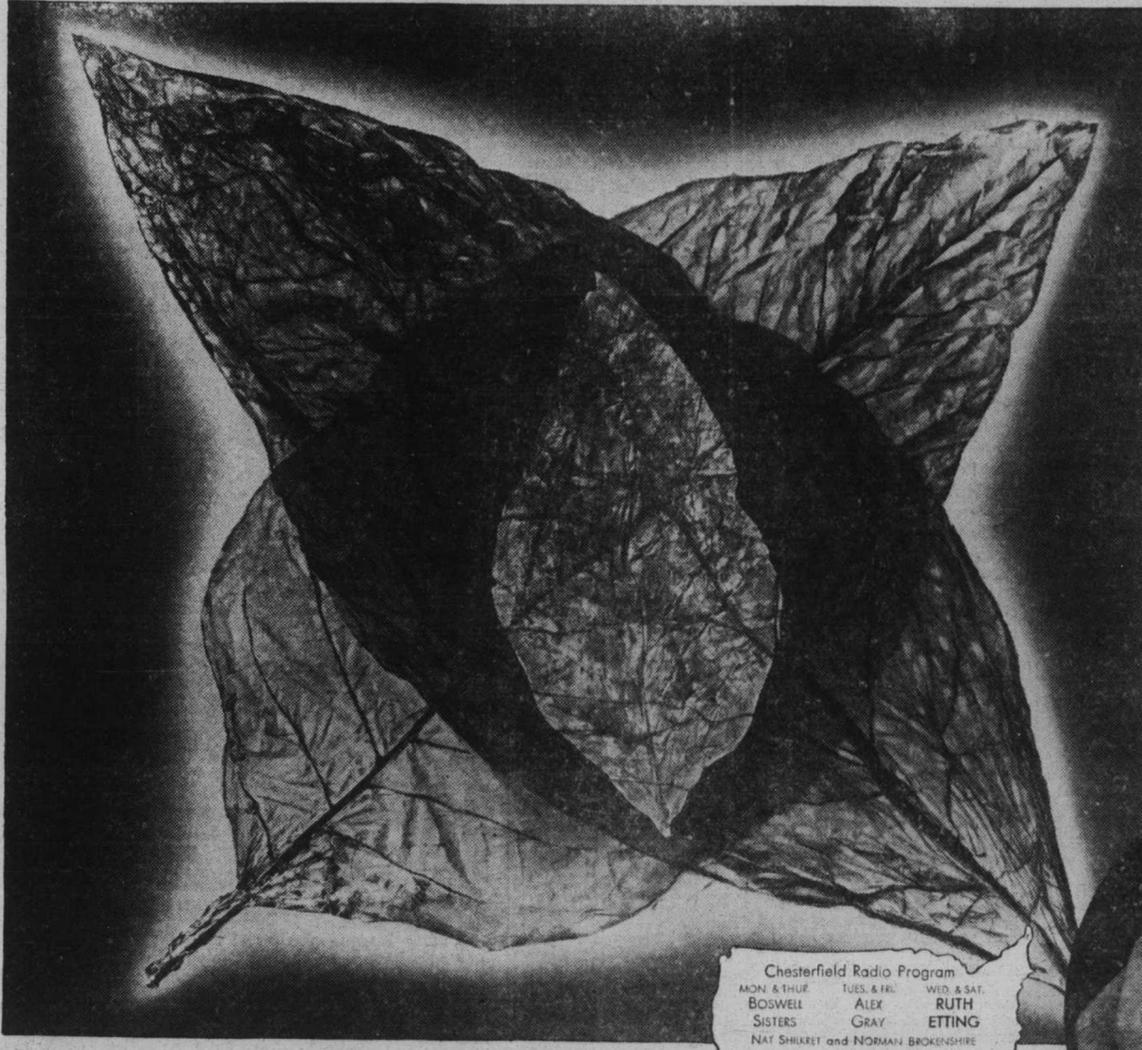
A salad course was served after the ceremony. I got a cracker and a leaf of lettuce and some kind of yellow stuff sprayed on it. They also served tea (I reckon) in a cup that was so tiny it could be used for a thimble if some dents could be made in it. But everybody had a fine time and went home talking about the families concerned and the lack of decorations ansforth.

Small grain in various parts of the Piedmont territory is seriously affected with rust and it is anticipated that the yield will be seriously reduced.

NOTICE
North Carolina, Cleveland County. Having qualified as joint administrator and administrator of the estate of O. C. Dixon deceased, late of Cleveland County, N. C. this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Shelby, N. C., R-6, on or before April 20th, 1932, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This is the 15th day of April, 1932.
MRS. C. C. DIXON, MAX R. DIXON, Admins. and Admr. Estate of O. C. Dixon, deceased.
Henry B. Edwards, Atty. 61 Apr 32c

NOTICE OF SALE OF AUTOMOBILE
Under power of sale contained in Charlotte Mortgage which is of record in the registry of Cleveland county in book 183 at page 406, and authority contained in judgment of the recorder's court of Cleveland county, North Carolina, I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Shelby, North Carolina, 12 M, on Monday, June 6th, 1932, the following described property:
"One Ford Tudor Sedan, motor Number A-70830—the same having been purchased from Eskridge garage, Shelby, North Carolina."
This is the 16th day of May, 1932.
C. R. WEBB, Mortgagee.
31 May 18c

It's as though the tobaccos were "welded" together. . . .



"CROSS-BLENDING" means much more than just mixing tobaccos together. It "welds" together different kinds of the several varieties of tobacco . . . many types of Bright tobacco, a great many types of Burley tobacco and numerous grades of Turkish tobacco.

THIS "WELDING" TOGETHER—or Cross-Blending—permits every kind of tobacco used in the Chesterfield blend to partake of the best qualities of every other type. Each tobacco is thus made to yield its finest flavors.

CROSS-BLENDING takes all these pleasing flavors and aromas and combines them into one—the Chesterfield taste. And we think you will agree that it is a far better taste . . . worth all the extra care that Chesterfield takes to get it.

EVERYTHING that money can buy and that science knows about is done to make CHESTERFIELD milder and taste better.



Chesterfield

The Cigarette that's Milder
The Cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1932, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.