

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.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1932

TWINKLES

Both political parties appear to be trying to get the voter's mouth watering over the prospect of beer so that he'll forget he's hungry.

Headline: "Railway Magnate Says America On way To Recovery." But, big boy, can you tell us how many corners there are left to turn along that road?

The Lawdale fisherman who caught four fish on one line isn't exactly a champion if he remembers how many fish Hoover pulled in on his prosperity line in 1928.

Now that the name of a movie actress has been hinted at in the Mayor Walker taster case, there will be any number of people ready to tell that "I told you there was a woman in it somewhere."

The most optimistic report of the current week comes from Greensboro where an overall plant is going back on full time. That must mean that somebody thinks the unemployed are going back to work and will need working clothes. Of course, if you're pessimistic, you may interpret it as meaning that in another month or two everybody will be wearing overalls.

Some of the higher-ups in the Democratic party are reported to be a bit prejudiced against Jack Garner because he is such a countryman. That means more votes for the Roosevelt-Garner ticket because a big portion of the voters have about decided they'd rather take a chance on country fellows than run and more risks with city slickers and professional men.

WHO WILL BE POSTMASTER?

Some of the Democrats are howling because officials of the Postmaster General's department are urging postmasters to help boost Hoover. That's neither here nor there with us, but we bet that in Shelby and elsewhere there will be Democrats tearing their shirts for Roosevelt with the hope that he, if successful, may reward them with an office with the lettering on the door reading "Postmaster." Of course, the fellow in office is not supposed to do any political work, but from the personal standpoint—the one that usually influences—it seems as if the fellow on the job has as much right to work to keep his job as the other fellow does to labor to get it.

B. E. F. AND R. F. C.

Who you are makes a difference. The members of the B. E. F. (the Bonus Expeditionary Force) have been driven out of Washington, but the highpowered "gimme" lobbyists of the R. F. C. (the Reconstruction Finance Corporation) are still there. The soldiers with tear gas bombs and guns haven't been called out to disperse the latter group. The pert New Yorker puts it this way:

"Up to press time, the President had not called out the army to rid Washington of the mob which is trying to get handouts from the R. F. C. The big mistake the B. E. F. made was not putting up at the Mayflower."

Regardless of how you may feel about the bonus, there is pointed truth in the observation above. This paper was inclined to disapprove payment of the bonus at this time because we felt that the treasury could not well stand the strain. But, in view of later developments, we're beginning to wonder how a treasury that couldn't afford to pay what it promised to pay a few hungry veterans, who offered their all to save the country, can turn right around and dole out big sums to railroads and other large corporations.

The B. E. F. has been driven back; the R. F. C. holds its ground.

THE ROOSEVELT-WALKER AFFAIR

When this is read there may have been a definite turn to the Roosevelt-Walker matter in New York, but at the present writing the probe by Governor Roosevelt of Jimmy Walker's conduct as mayor of New York is the focus point of all those interested directly or indirectly in politics and public affairs. There are those who contend that the outcome of the Walker case will either make or break Roosevelt as concerns his presidential prospects. That is a rather strong statement, because just now there are other serious problems in the nation, some of them calling for more attention than the handling of the New York city matter.

There is no argument about it, however, that Roosevelt will lose votes regardless of whether or not he kicks Walker out of office. Likewise, he will make votes either way. The question is how many will he lose or win either way. From the standpoint of popular vote Roosevelt, as we see it from a distance, may lose more

popular votes by exonerating New York's dapper Jimmy than he would by booting him out. On the other hand, the chances are that the Democratic presidential candidate would drop more electoral votes than he would gain by ousting Walker. New York State swings a heavy vote in the electoral college, and to the metropolitan centre of the State Walker is somewhat of an idol, perhaps because he so typifies the big city. Be that as it may, Roosevelt by forgetting the effect of his action as it touches his presidential possibilities and by doing what he thinks to be right, whether it is to exonerate or expel, can rise higher in the esteem of the nation as a man than in any other way. Exoneration of Walker may cost him the presidency, and ousting Walker may cost Roosevelt the same price. It, therefore, devolves into a wonder from the sidelines if Roosevelt would rather be right than president. Which course is the right one he is in better position to know than a majority of those who are discussing the investigation, and such is our opinion of Roosevelt that we believe he will follow the course he believes to be right regardless of the effect on his personal ambitions. Either way he moves, there will be those who will disagree, and for that reason the opportunity presents itself for him to further distinguish his name by impartial and unselfish action.

DRYS LOSING THEIR HERO?

Has another idol crumbled with feet of clay? Has another hero proven, after all, to be merely human? Are the drys, now that Hoover has forsaken them, wondering where to turn—and to whom?

The news dispatches this week brought the information from Washington that despite the evident wet trend in both major political parties the present dry laws will be strictly and rigidly enforced. Attorney General Mitchell, in outlining the decision to continue the present enforcement policy, was quoted as saying:

"The department of justice will continue its present strict prohibition enforcement although persons WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER have suggested openly that more leniency be shown."

Can that be taken to mean that Mr. Mitchell is intimating that President Hoover is the one who should know better? If not Hoover, to whom is the reference?

While pondering that, think over this one—now that both presidential candidates favor a change to whom will the irreconcilable drys turn? Isn't it possible that that query could be answered to a certain extent by debating whether or not Hoover's views about prohibition are adjustable to the public viewpoint—and to votes? In 1928 the voters of the United States turned thumbs down upon a plan that would return the prohibition problem to the individual States. There were Democratic States, including North Carolina, which preferred the Republican Mr. Hoover to Al Smith and a return to State Rights as it effected prohibition. When any course is considered worse by the average Southerner Democrat than voting the Republican ticket then the alternative must be a terrible proposition. In 1928 Southern Democrats faced the choice of going Republican or endorsing a prohibition policy that would eventually herald the return to State Rights. A big percentage preferred to vote the Republican ticket, something a one-sided majority of them never did before. Now what are they going to do in 1932? The man for whom they scratched the ticket—and that was a crime almost as heinous in the old South as for a deacon to carry on with a show girl hussy—is now for turning prohibition back to the States. The reader may be dry or he may be wet. This is no argument for or against, but contrast the stands of the two aspirants for America's highest honor: In 1928, Mr. Hoover was opposed to any change in prohibition. He didn't say much about it, but left the impression, with the drys at least, that he was their one and only salvation. He seems, remembering the manner in which he defeated Al Smith, to have sensed the feeling at that time. But 1932 began to approach. Even before this year's campaign was of enough interest to get into the limelight it was general knowledge that Mr. Roosevelt, later to become the Democratic nominee, favored a change in prohibition. He did not wait until he could read all the signs, test out the people and learn where the votes were going; he formed his opinion, announced it and gave all voters the chance of knowing just how he stood. Meantime, President Hoover wobbled about on his favorite seat astride the fence. He said nothing that would make the wets real mad, nor did he say anything that would infuriate the drys. But early in 1932 primaries held here and there over the nation began to show an increasing wet sentiment. Then last week Mr. Hoover decided it was time for him to slip off the fence. He slipped enough, presumably, to make a bid for the wet vote, but he left one foot hanging on the fence, hoping, perhaps, to keep some of the drys in the fold by consoling them with the reply that "I'm not as dry as I once was but, you see, I'm not as wet as Mr. Roosevelt."

Why the change? Mr. Hoover apparently thought prohibition all right in 1928; anyway, he left that impression with the drys. And if there has been a change in the enforcement since 1928, whose fault is it? If the country is wetter today than four years ago, whose administration has had charge of the enforcement? Isn't it possible that the Republican candidate merely slid over the fence with the hope of being returned to office, by luring the wets and modificationists as he lured the drys in 1928? Wet or dry, it is a good question to debate as you start forming a decision about your vote this fall.

BUT WITHOUT USING BAIT

(From The Greensboro News)
Fishermen Garner and Hoover appear to be more interested just now in throwing their hooks into each other.

ANOTHER CULBERTSON FOR WOMEN

(From The Greensboro News)
What many husbands probably wish is that Culbertson might be persuaded to write a cook book.

Doldrums

* * *
FARHEEL WRITERS, TWO
COMING ONES, BONERS,
'OUR BOB'

Singling out any one of North Carolina's numerous editors, newspaper writers, columnists and contributors as the bet of the lot would be a nonsensical undertaking. It would be so if for no other reason than that each has his or her own particular following. If any, some men prefer low shoes, others high-top shoes. Women differ, likewise, about the colors and mode of their dress. Human nature is that way. A certain percentage sticks loyally to Odd McIntyre as the best of the writers. From their viewpoint, in pleasing them by writing down their creek or in their favorite style, he may be. On the other hand, those who prefer serious, semi-philosophical reading uphold Arthur Brisbane as the peer of the lot. And so it goes.

In North Carolina each of many writers have their following. Among the favorites two say among because all cannot be named and there is no intent to injure by discriminating) are such as Earl Godbey and R. R. Clark, of the Greensboro News; the Charlotte editors, Col. Harris and Julian Miller; the fireater, W. O. Saunders, of Elizabeth City; the scholarly Pulitzer prize winner, Robert Latran, of Asheville; the Beasleys and Eugene Ashcraft, of Monroe; and Ben Spruce, of Statesville. Johnston Avery, of Lenoir, and a score of others. Practically all writers, even the common garden variety of newspaper writers, have a style all their own. Some are studied imitations of others. We say that with no intent to insult, because the average newspaperman starting out as a cub is trained by some older and experienced writer and, naturally, to a certain extent, assumes the style of the instructor.

All of which is a prelude, an unnecessary one perhaps, leading up to the simple announcement that in prowling about an exchange desk day after day we have of more recent months (that period of time can, if essential, cover several years) been attracted to the writing style of two of what be classed as younger writers. They are Tom Pridden, the Notebook columnist of the Charlotte News, and George Beasley, Jr., who pens (occasionally on a linotype) his Notes by the Wayside for the Monroe Journal. Both seem to have an individual style. Perhaps the two styles were annexed somewhere, but that somewhere has not come under our reading eye.

Pridden and Beasley. Pridden's column is what might be called different. He hasn't any set manner of going about it. Today's style may differ as much from tomorrow's as today's peckaboo bathing suits vary from the long hose and flowing-skirt swim (or, rather, sink) suit mother wore in the gay nineties. His hobby is telling fish and snake stories. That's a pretty good reader-appeal idea. Find a group of ten men anywhere and the odds are that seven of the ten enjoy a fish or snake yarn, the wilder the better. Jules Verne would be better known today had he devoted his imaginative writing to snake and fish yarns.

Young Beasley, on the other hand, (and we say young Beasley because we presume he is young in that the paper on which he writes is manipulated by two senior Beasleys who appear to be turning over the reins to the offspring) is of the philosophical type. Not that serious, and, to us, somewhat boring manner of philosophy, but an unruffled method of going about the recording of his observations, views conclusions and inner personal thoughts about minor and major matters. His style is kin in some respects to that of Mencken, a compliment, perhaps, which may or may not be appreciated. Meaning that he can pick up some more or less trifling and inconsequential topic and make good reading of it because he puts his words in the thoughtful, personal-appeal style of two men sitting together, whittling, on a country store porch, discussing matters half to themselves and half out loud.

Peculiar Pleasure. Mention of young Beasley reminds of a job he took recently—a regular uppercut, in fact—at men who introduce public speakers. Think back over the occasions on which you have gone to hear a public address and recall, if you can, how many introductory speeches did not include the statement "It gives me peculiar pleasure to . . ." The majority of our introductory speakers seem to think that sentence as necessary as having the blessing, or grace, before each repeat. Chances are that few of them have ever stopped to think what the word "peculiar" means. Here's what Beasley says about it in labelling that bit of taffy as a boner: "Whenever a writer or a speaker says that it gives him a peculiar pleasure to have the opportunity to express his views, or to appear before the particular audience or to

introduce a notably distinguished orator, the essay or speech will escape me for I know that my imagination is about to cut a flip and stand on its head.

"Peculiar actually means that the pleasure is not enjoyed by many, but I can never take the meaning in its accepted sense when it's hooked up with pleasure. When, for example, a man has the peculiar pleasure of introducing a speaker of note, I always look to see if the speaker or the gentleman who introduces him isn't wearing Scotch plaids and a ten gallon hat.

"If they are not there to give rise to the strange pleasure, I do not give up. Instead, I look again, and more carefully, to see if one of the participants in the odd delight isn't inhaling snuff or twiddling his thumbs at candle flies.

"Peculiar pleasure, my eye! Whenever I hear such expression of unusual rapture, it's goodnight to the rest of the speech so far as I am concerned. I spend the remainder of my time seeking futilely for the source of the peculiar pleasure. When the speech is over I find myself thoroughly exhausted without ever having discovered why the pleasure was peculiar. If Bishop Cannon could have the peculiar pleasure of introducing a 'wet' senator, or vice versa, I could understand."

When "Our Bob" Came.

His concluding reference about the possibility (a remote one) of Bishop Cannon introducing a wet senator and making the line run true to form for once, reminds of a local incident with some connection—the visit to Shelby in the early part of the first primary campaign of Bob Reynolds. As we recall it, Pat McBryer did the introducing of the man now generally known as "Our Bob." Whether or not Pat said "It gives me peculiar pleasure to introduce . . ." we do not know, for we arrived late.

But if there ever was an opportune and fitting time for the "peculiar pleasure" clause, that was the time. Not as it applied to Pat particularly, but as it would have applied to any one who might have been prevailed upon to handle the introduction. We say prevailed because it was necessary to do some prevailing. The trotting out of that skeleton may bring a howl, but make the best of it for we know, having helped do some of the prevailing. At that time a majority of the introductory experts about Shelby were either head-over-heels in a campaign of their own, or they were a little leery of being considered too friendly with Bob. Anyway, no one was trampled in the rush to introduce him. Cam'k'nok, might win, and Roosevelt might win, and somebody might

want a job at the pie counter. Why explain further, you know what we mean? But once the first primary was over, there was a transformation. Bob had been returned to whom up the boys in the second campaign, could have had his selection from 20 or more introducers. That band wagon was rolling merrily along. We sincerely hope, of course, that this doesn't reach Bob's ears; and should it, it is only sensible to assume that he knows enough about politics to understand.

But, after reading the Beasley remarks, we can think of no more ideal occasion for the use of "It is a peculiar pleasure" than upon the occasion of the first Reynolds visit when there were those who didn't know whether Robert R. would get anywhere or would just put on a good show. Somehow we hope Pat, bubbling over as he is with a phrase-making vocabulary of his own, used the old stereotyped line that night. —R. D.

St. Paul News Of Late Interest

Bezzett And Houser Conduct Revival. Prof. King To Teach Bible Class.

(Special To The Star)

St. Paul, Aug. 17.—Our pastor, Rev. J. W. Bennett is helping a former pastor, Rev. J. E. B. Houser of West Jefferson in a revival meeting. Prof. Ponds of Rutherford College will preach at St. Paul Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Prof. C. M. King of Waco will teach the young men's Bible class at the regular Sunday school hour next Sunday.

The Ladies aid society met at the home of Mrs. S. S. Harrison Wednesday afternoon. Nearly all the members were present along with

several visitors. Delicious refreshments were served.

Miss Maggie Dalton of Gastonia is visiting her cousin Miss Essie Dalton.

Mrs. Bain Camps entertained a number of her friends last Thursday night with a tacky party. Essie Dalton and Reid Harrelson won the prize for being the tackiest. About 50 were present and all reported a fine time.

Mrs. W. N. Harrelson accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Everett Eaker and son Robert Everett and Mrs. Louise Eaker spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Harrelson of Henrietta.

Mrs. Edwin Cline who has been visiting her parents of Salisbury returned home Monday.

Mrs. W. A. Canipe and daughter, Bess, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Everett Alexander of near Shelby.

Mr. B. T. Harrelson and daughter Virginia of Gastonia visited his mother, Mrs. Lucy Harrelson Sunday.

Mrs. Lettie Ann Harmon is spending some time with Mrs. Sue Dalton of Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Moss and family of Kings Mountain spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Harrelson.

Young Minister To Preach At Palm Tree

Rev. Lawrence W. Lee is to preach at his home church, Palm Tree, Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

Mr. Lee received an A. B. degree from High Point college this last June. It is understood that he will enter the School of Religion at Duke university in September where he will work toward an A. B. degree.



Don't Guess About Your Eyes

Don't trifle with eyesight—it's too important to health, youthfulness, and earning power. How much better to arrange for a thorough examination today than risk the regrets of many tomorrows!

If you are advised to wear glasses, the best professional service is important—a skilful examination, and custom fitting of the glasses to your face. Both require special study to assure best vision, and best appearance.

DR. D. M. MORRISON, Optometrist
Woolworth Building
Office Days Each Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.



OUR ROOTS Are In The Land!

THERE is a dignity and importance in the work of a farmer. He follows the oldest and most basic of all industries.

He stands as a symbol of security, for though investments may fail, the regular rotation of seedtime and harvest continues. His is the most tangible of all returns—food—and the most powerful.

It is our function to aid him in directing this power so that it may be diverted into the most fruitful channels, not only to himself, but to the country.

As an aftermath of the turmoil in the business world the past years it will be proven that good well located land, bought at reasonable prices, will stand a better test over other investments, for if properly cared for it can't run away. For the young man, willing to work, an investment in a farm, will always give him and his family a living and in many instances a good return on his investment.

Our great desire is to see Cleveland county maintain her agricultural prestige and continue to be a county of independent, small land-owners.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
SHELBY, N. C.