

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 26, 1932

TWINKLES

Rises a good Democrat, and mayhaps a supporter of Frank, to say: "Believe you me, how can one help but figure that North Carolina's Frank Grist must be that 'forgotten man' Roosevelt is talking about?"

Republicans who whisper about that Roosevelt and Garner are not getting along so well appear to have overlooked the fact that Mr. Hoover differs just a wee bit from Brother Charlie Curtis on the prohibition question.

It's a good thing that Bobby Jones, the par-shattering emperor of golf, retired just when he did. Think how the greatest of all below-par shooters would be embarrassed by the below-par records of the stock market?

During the Hoover regime we have witnessed strikes staged by textile workers, miners, World War veterans and farmers, and before the end of the term we may witness a real strike on the part of tax-payers and voters—or, rather, tax-paying voters.

LOOKING BRIGHTER AND BETTER

There may have been a switch when this is written—it doesn't pay to smile too soon or to count the biddies before they hatch—but for several days the general trend has been such as to bring long delayed elation to the farmer. As yet, of course, the outlook for the farmer is not rosy enough to bring on any exuberant celebration, but it is far better than it has been. When cotton climbs to eight cents despite the dumping of surplus cotton by the farm board, and when cotton seed jump from \$8 to \$12 per ton almost overnight, there is ample reason for optimism on the part of the farmer and the hundreds who depend to a certain extent—in many cases to a major extent—upon the prosperity and welfare of the man who tills the soil.

GOLD PROSPECTS IN CLEVELAND

We would not in the least intimate anything that would cause anyone to imagine and anticipate the likelihood of even a minor gold rush, but Cleveland county may hear more of this gold mining business which is being talked in neighboring counties. In Charlotte there is talk of the construction there of a smelting plant, or smelter, and an assay office to handle the gold mined in counties just to the east of Mecklenburg. Little has been said about it publicly, because those interested desire to be sure before they attract too much attention, but activities in Cleveland for months hint that the Charlotte smelter and assay office when, and if, it materializes may handle some ore from Cleveland. In fact, the possibility of the Duke interests getting behind smelter plans may speed up prospecting hereabouts as the smelting angle may have been one to retard prospecting in this area.

A GOOD SELECTION

The appointment, by Governor Gardner, of Julian Miller, for years editor of the Charlotte News, as head of the unemployment relief organization in North Carolina appears to have been an excellent move. Few men in the State are better acquainted with general conditions and the existing situation than Dr. Miller, because in his editorial chair he has been a close observer and student of State affairs, the activities and needs of the people. Seemingly it is just another instance in which the Governor has exhibited excellent judgment in putting his finger upon the one best equipped for the job. Dr. Miller is succeeded by young Edward Dowd, son of the man who published the News for many years, as editor, and indications of the ability of the new editor as shown during the two years he has been on the editorial staff are such as to assure the continuance of one of the section's most thought provoking editorial pages.

BROWN DERBY AL AS AN EDITOR

So Al Smith, who could not be president, is to be an editor! The once popular Outlook magazine has been revived as the New Outlook and the former New York governor is to be editor-in-chief. There will be those, speaking without second or serious thought, who will offer the opinion that the Smith connection with the rejuvenated magazine is nothing more than grandstand play for publicity. To a certain extent that may be true, for the association of the name of a widely known individual with a periodical does help, but Smith, unless we err in our opinion, will mean more than that to the Outlook. He has shown beyond question in his syndicated articles on governmental and general public matters that he can write and with punch. To that qualification he has the added advantage of being better acquainted with public affairs today than a majority of those we call leaders, and with that knowledge he combines the courage to speak out. The New Outlook at least seems to be off to a promising start.

DOUGHTON AS COMMITTEE HEAD

Over in the eighth congressional district—or is it the ninth now?—they're discussing the possibility of "Farmer Bob" Doughton being the new chairman of the powerful Ways and Means committee. There are, it seems, three others ahead of "Farmer Bob" from the angle of seniority and other phases. One is Crisp, of Georgia, a candidate for the senate and may thus be eliminated; another is Collier, of Mississippi, who stands a chance of being defeated; and the third is Rainey, the Illinois floor leader, who may step into Jack Garner's shoes as speaker of the house. Figured from that basis—just a couple of "ifs" as The Lenoir News-Topic looks at it—Doughton may be considered as a prospective head of the congressional committee of committees. And in that role there is every reason to believe that the North Carolina mountain fruit farmer would be as colorful, in the back-home, sprung-from-the-soil type, as is Garner as speaker. But in that figuring it seems as if we are skipping over The Star's own prediction, perhaps just a hope, that Lindsay Warren, the young congressman from Eastern Carolina, might be Garner's successor instead of Rainey. Yet what are a few skips among fellows predicting on political developments? Sticking to certainties and giving full right-of-way to all the other predictions would leave very little to predict.

HYENAS, WAMPUSES AND SANTERS

The wild varmint which has been terrifying rural residents of the section about Marion, in McDowell county, is now a topic of conversation in this county. Motorists who must pass that way are talking of making good speed and no stops as they drive in that territory after nightfall. Just what there is to the McDowell varmint we cannot say. An interpretation or guess either way would in all likelihood meet with ridicule from the opposing school of opinion. One report is that the varmint, about the size of a half-grown calf and vicious like nobody's business, is a hyena which escaped from a circus or carnival. Anyway, those who have come in contact with it, or think they have, proclaim it to be a very dangerous thing indeed. It even attacks automobiles, is almost sure death to dogs, and minds not the least taking after men and attempting to do them damage.

Chances are that McDowell has a strange animal prowling about at night, but it is only a guessing matter how much the stories of its prowess and viciousness have grown with the telling and re-telling. The affair, of course, reminds of the wampus which had rural Catawba on the go just a few years ago, and of the famous Iredell county "santers" of a decade or two back, which swelled into more than a State-wide episode. There were those who said the senter was a creature of imagination to keep thieving colored people out of roasting ear and watermelon patches after dusk. Perhaps the wampus was a descendant of that senter type, and the hyena still another. And perhaps not—we refrain from opening an argument; worrying about the hyena is enough, if one desires to worry.

A STRANGE SPECTACLE

One of the most unusual developments of the depression is the farm strike being conducted in Iowa. There a big percentage of the farmers have decided they will not sell their products until they receive what they consider a decent price, and they have resorted to the customary strike method of picketing to prevent other farmers from selling.

From Dunlap, Iowa, comes the story of the strangest spectacle of recent years in American agriculture. There around 2,000 farmers and their families assembled to plan a picketing program. The meeting resulted in the volunteering of 200 men to picket highways leading into Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Nebraska, to prevent other farmers from breaking the strike by selling their products. The men are to work on 12-hour shifts and their aim is to prevent the taking to town of any farm produce for the purpose of sale. The first picketing move was to head off the usual large run of livestock into Omaha during the first days of the week.

With that as the situation, it differs very little in manner and mode from the textile mill strikes and picketing this section is better acquainted with. There will be those, as in other strikes, who will argue that the farmer who does not desire to and will not sell at existing prices has not the right to prevent the other farmer from selling if the latter desires to. But the Iowa farmers seem to realize that their movement cannot succeed without full cooperation and they appear bent to force that by moral suasion. The degree of success of the first farm strike of any size will be watched with interest the nation over. Due to the lack of organization among farmers and their divergent ranges of viewpoint and activity, it is hardly probable that the strike will attain its hoped for goal. Yet the arising of such a movement gives an indication of the potential seriousness and gravity of existing conditions. The farmers are hard up, cannot secure what they should for their products, and although this uprising may not attain its full purpose, it does offer sufficient warning of what may follow unless the farmers of America get a little more than mere political promises of relief.

GETTING RID OF THEM

(From The Gastonia Gazette)
The difficulty of getting rid of a useless federal board or bureau is shown by the following from The Chicago Tribune, Republican:
"One of the wheat farmers of Kansas, giving the Shannon committee in Kansas City, Mo., his opinion of the farm board, said: 'Let us consider just one of these highly paid government relievers, George S. Milner, of the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, the farm board subsidiary. Although we find that he was a small miller of small income before he started relieving us farmers, his salary for the government group was quickly ballooned to the startling sum of \$50,000 a year. And there, brethren, is one of the number of reasons why the farm board is not abolished. Board are not abolished. When once they have taken their place in the government structure they are vested interests. The primitive instinct of politics is to protect the job and the payroll. The way to get rid of a board is not to create it.'"

Doldrums

* * *
BUM BALL-PLAYERS,
GOOD POLITICIANS,
HEROES NO LONGER

Tush And Tut!
Bob And Max

From what we read of the American Legion junior baseball series formalities at Gastonia, we are inclined to the opinion that as baseball players Max Gardner and Bob Reynolds are a couple of darned good politicians.

Governor Max had to cut loose a few high ones and several low ones before he could find the plate in tossing up the first ball, and Senator-to-be Bob bruised a knee and mused up his flannels trying to catch them.

Politicians should stick to fishing as their favorite sport. There is little chance of getting embarrassed while feeding the fish bait. And, for that matter, what class is better qualified to feed fish bait, and more experienced in the art necessary to relate whopper fish stories?

Heroes Just Ordinary Folks.

Heroes, one of the North Carolina variety developed during the World War points out, are after all just humans. That's why, perchance, we soon sidetrack the old idols and pick up new ones, doing it just as soon as we discover that a hero eats, drinks and enjoys doing things just as do those of us not fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to ever find the way out of the average ruts along life's pathway.

Liberty has for several weeks been publishing, in serial form, a story "Shoot and Be Damned." It is the story of Sergeant Ed Hallyburton, native of the North Carolina foothill country, who was the first American soldier captured by the Germans and who became leader of all American prisoners in the German camps. It was a colorful story, touched up no doubt here and there with imagination and the injection of color necessary to make stories go over with readers. Nevertheless, the basic portions of the story must be true, for we happen to know the writer and that he is of the dare-devil type depicted, and, too, we heard much of the same story related by him when he returned to America.

In his final installment this week, Sgt. Hallyburton told of being released from prison, congratulated and offered a commission by General Pershing, and of the presentation to him of his country's most coveted medals.

The Glamour Gone

But he told something else. He told, without saying it in words, of the disillusion that must have come to all the boys a few weeks or months after they returned home. Between the lines in that last chapter "Hardboiled" Hallyburton gives you a peep into a veteran's heart, a peep that gives you an idea of some of the heartaches suffered by the bonus army hoboes of '32 who were heroes in '18.

He tells how after arriving at home he was welcomed by crowds and invited to speak here and there. For several weeks he was in the center of the limelight, the outstanding of the veterans returning to North Carolina. In the passing of time, being a regular army soldier and a fellow accustomed to taking life as he found it, Hallyburton had a craving for a few "snorts" of Carolina cawn. He got it, and perhaps he got in a crap game, too, for he was the crapping champ of the Mexican Border Expedition and one of the big gamblers in the A. E. F., what little time he was with the boys before being captured. But his spree brought him in contact with the law and he was haled into court and fined \$10 or so. Immediately the attitude of his home people changed. He was no longer a hero—the man whose face and figure were used as the model for the "Captured But Not Conquered" statues scattered over the nation during the Liberty Loan drives. He was just a human; a somewhat wild soldier boy who drank and rolled the dice.

That, in brief, is the cause for the disillusion which came to a majority of the veterans through no fault of their own. While away in uniform they were not just ordinary boys. In the tumult and excitement of war, the folks back home could easily picture them as Sir Gallahads. But once they were back and their khaki uniforms discarded, it did not take long for those who kept the home fires burning to realize that after all they were just John Jones' or Sam Smith's boys—boys who would at intervals take a drink and cut-up just as other boys will do, before, during and after going into the smoke of battle.

Meaning that the veteran now plodding through life in nondescript working clothes is no longer pictured as he looked when he marched away in his uniform with his rifle over his shoulder and his pack on his back. The bugles, you see are not blowing now; there is no martial music from the bands—and there are those who are not making from five to 25 bucks per days on easy jobs while others are fighting.

Sergt. Hallyburton is just another barber, or whatever he is, now;

and there are thousands of him scattered throughout the land, bar-barring, plowing, sweating, and, in some instances, starving.

—R. D.

Fat Man Reduces 53 Pounds—Oh Boy!

Don't be stubborn, you big fat men—throw off your fat before your fat throws you into the discard. Do as Mr. S. A. Lanier of Sawtelle, Calif., did—read his letter:

"I have used two reducing belts to no benefit but since using Kruschen Salts each morning in my coffee I have taken off 7 lbs. in a week and eat most anything I like. I weighed 243 lbs. 6 months ago and now I weigh 190 lbs."

Take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning—cut down on fatty meats, potatoes and sweets—now you know the safe way to lose unsightly fat.

For a trifling sum you can get a jar of Kruschen Salts that lasts 4 weeks at the Cleveland Drug Co., or any drugstore in the world—but be sure and get Kruschen—your health comes first.

Use This Laxative made from plants

Theford's BLACK-DRAUGHT is made from plants that grow in the ground, like the garden vegetables you eat at every meal. NATURE has put into these plants an active medicine that stimulates the bowels to act—just as Nature put the materials that sustain your body into the vegetable foods you eat.

In Black-Draught you have a natural laxative, free from synthetic drugs. Its use does not make you have to depend on cathartic chemical drugs to get the bowels to act daily. Now you can get Black-Draught in the form of a SYRUP, for CHILDREN.



For lazy liver, stomach and kidneys, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, colds and fever. 10¢ and 35¢ at dealers.

COMING MONDAY



in LOVE ME TONIGHT with JEANETTE MacDONALD He Was Naughty, She Was Naughty—But They Fell In Love!



Hundreds of girls chased him!



Dozens of them caught up with him!



But only a beautiful princess captured him!

CHARLIE RUGGLES, CHARLES BUTTERWORTH and MYRNA LOY A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

Starting MONDAY



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.