

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, SEPT. 19, 1932

TWINKIES

Maybe Santa will bring the Polkville road in as a Christmas gift.

Many guarantees are just as reliable and as comforting as the aviator's assurance that he'll bring you down—one way or the other.

In the courting days of dad and mother a hammock was required—at least employed—to get them close together. Today the rumble seat serves the same purpose.

Dad is younger than you think if he can remember when mother was as particular about the rat in her hair as she is now about the finger wave.

The prize pun of the past week a la New Yorker: "The G. O. P. leaders are still pretty nervous about California. The folks out there cannot understand a man who wants to stay away eight years." Which may mean, you see, that California voters may help bring true the Hoover campaign song, "California, Here I Come."

MORE LOCAL BUILDING

Work is scheduled to start today on Shelby's new professional building, being erected by Drs. Tom and Ben Gold and Dr. D. F. Moore. Any type of construction work looks good just now, and it is doubly cheering to hear the announcement that the work will be done by a local contractor with local labor.

THE SENATOR FROM IDAHO

Since The Star made reference, a week ago, to Idaho's other senator as the real "forgotten man" and asked how many knew the name of Senator Borah's co-worker in the senate a number of people have asked. For their information it is stated that John Thomas is the other senator from Idaho. He is a Republican and his term expires next year.

Incidentally, Josephus Daniels stopped at Pocatella, Idaho, while on his way to the recent Legion convention at Portland. While there he asked and was asked about Borah. In a communication back to his paper he told how Borah is respected in his home State, because they admire his independent spirit and consider him the State's best advertisement although the voters often disagree with his views. That reminds of an occasion when an official of the Idaho chamber of commerce was in Washington about tariff rates on certain Idaho products. He was asked, "Why do you people keep sending Borah back to Washington when he often votes against tariff duties and things that are for your best interest?" The Idaho man replied: "Why, thunderation? If it were not for Borah who would ever know there was an Idaho?"

MOTHER LOVE EVER ENDURING

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother of Mine, I know your love would follow me still, Mother of Mine."

In none of his other masterpieces did Kipling better portray that most admired but constantly overlooked human trait.

From Oklahoma City comes a little news item showing that mother love is one of the most beautiful things in life. Frank Crabtree was on trial there for counterfeiting. His mother, Mrs. Mattie Crabtree, heard about it at her humble home in England, Ark. She was still weak and suffering from a recent operation, but she just had to go and be with her boy in his time of trouble. So she set out afoot and trudged the long miles over the weary roads to the scene of the court. Twice she had to stop and bandage the operation wound which racked her with pain. But she kept going until she reached the court room and there she made her plea, a mother's plea. The jurors heard her, then wrote "No bill" across the charge, made up a purse and sent mother and son home together.

It is to be hoped that the son can ever in a small way live up to that heroic act of his mother. Often, it is sad to say, they do not. But in mentioning the matter the aim was to remind that similar expressions of mother love take place all about us every day. Only a small percentage of them are ever noticed or draw enough attention to win applause and respect. The Oklahoma incident merely happened to catch the attention of some reporter and he featured it so that all might see and be touched. It is an every day occurrence and it is to be hoped that all mothers who love and sacrifice for their offspring get a common pleasure out of hearing the praise accorded the few incidents which do manage to reach the general public.

JONAS, STEVENSON, BULWINKLE, ET AL.

A few decades hence there will likely be scores and scores of young people boasting that one of their an-

cestors was the "big shot" in securing the national park at the Kings Mountain battleground.

Major Bulwinkle and former Congressman Stevenson, of South Carolina, defeated in the recent primary there, worked longer for the park, as we recall it, than any others, but many are willing, as usual, to claim credit for the job. Only recently campaign literature has been scattered by Chas. A. Jonas, Republican candidate for Congress in this district, contending that the landing of the park was one of his achievements while a member of congress. The literature doesn't say he helped get it, or wound up the job that others had started. It merely lists the park as one of the Jonas accomplishments. Any number have boosted themselves along that line, and chances are all helped some. York county gave the veteran Stevenson and Cole Blease a fine vote in the primary in which they were defeated because the South Carolinians credited them with being the mainstay behind the park movement. Some of the success of the park attainment should go to Major Bulwinkle because for years he advocated it. Others, unless memory errs, including Senator Morrison, were not adverse to accepting some credit for the undertaking. Of the Jonas claim, The Yorkville Enquirer, which keeps facts pretty well straight about the battleground, says:

"And now comes Congressman Jonas of Lincoln, North Carolina, with his statement of the fact that 'He got it.' Pretty soon the people of this section will be at as much a loss to know who got that park up on the mountain as they were of a generation or so ago as to who hit Bill Patterson."

But The Enquirer should be mindful of the fact that a man running for office must claim something, particularly when he is a Republican candidate running in a Democratic district in a Democratic year. The best way perhaps to settle the entire controversy would be for all to join and erect a slab in the battleground park and inscribe thereon the names of all senators and congressmen from the two States who have ever said a word about the park.

MARK ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN

Next to the Republican strategists themselves, we are of the opinion that the Maine election outcome was more painful to Mark Sullivan, the Washington correspondent, than to any other.

Just a few days prior to the election Mark, who tells us what is happening and is going to happen in the political realm with a dash of Republican propaganda here and there, attempted to outline the outcome and its effect on the presidential election. Now, that the voting is over, he is attempting to explain the outcome with the least possible embarrassment to the G. O. P. He declared prior to the voting that if the Republicans won by 20,000 or more there would be little hope of a nation-wide Democratic victory in November. But, he added, if the Democrats manage to show enough strength not to lose by more than 15,000, their prospects will be more hopeful. Any closer race, he intimated, might threaten disaster for the Republicans this fall. As it happened the Democrats, instead of losing by even 10 or 15 thousand, won, and as a result Mark is hard put to it in diagnosing the trend for newspaper readers without giving them the straight tip that it is a Democratic year.

Before passing along his explanation, we'll record a local incident. The day of the Maine election a Cleveland county man dropped by to inquire the price of cotton. When he learned that it was down, he said: "I hardly expect it to go back up very much. It's my opinion that the Republican powers, noting the trend to the Democrats, are doing their utmost to hold the price of cotton down so that they may say to voters, 'You see what happens to the market when the business and industrial world gets the idea that there is a possibility of the Democrats winning'."

That view ties in exceedingly well with the Sullivan explanation. He admitted late last week that the Republicans would have to devolve some new strategy and get it working in record time. His opinion is that the new strategy will be in the form of an attempt to convince the American electorate that the business upturn of last month is now being delayed and smothered by prospects of Democratic victory. In other words, the Republican spell-binders will be saying: "You see what the Democrats do to business. Here we had prosperity coming back and the business world growing more confident, then that new confidence was shaken when leaders began to fear the Democrats would get in."

That line of attack may win some votes for the G. O. P., but no great number. If there were anything to the allegation, there are enough sensible voters to step up and ask: "What sent prices tumbling in 1929, 1930 and 1931? There was no sign of Democratic victory then to frighten the economical world. The Republicans had it all to themselves, but the price of cotton and everything else tumbled to record lows." Somehow we wonder how Mr. Sullivan would answer that question if it were put to him.

WELL MAY HE CHUCKLE

(From The Winston-Salem Journal)

Wicks Wamboldt, Asheville journalist, has a right to pat himself on the back. It was Mr. Wamboldt who brought down the wrath of the mighty on his brave head when he charged some months ago that there was corruption in the courts of Buncombe county.

The journalist found that although he felt confident his charge was true, still making a charge against the courts and proving the same are wholly different matters.

But now it appears that the gradual unfolding of developments in Buncombe since Mr. Wamboldt stuck his head in the hornets' nest has been slowly but surely vindicating the daring scribe. Can anybody blame Wicks Wamboldt, therefore, for writing the following now?

"Last fall you fellows bored into me heavily for declaring that there was rascality in our courts and that there was tampering with our juries. Since then Judge Harwood, the first judge to ask me to appear in court and explain what I meant, has been sent to the penitentiary for doctoring court records; and three men in my own county have been convicted and sentenced for attempting jury fixing."

Doldrums

* *
SOME NEW "DOPE"
ON ROOSEVELT:
GET THE VARMINT

This We Call Rubbing It In

Over to the left of us on this page, in the more sedate editorial columns, a wisecrack from The New Yorker is cited as the best pun of the week. This is a dissenting opinion. The best written offering of last week is the following which appeared in Time:

"The White House elevator broke down recently. Into the White House grounds drove a repair truck. On the front of it was a plate: 'Repeal the 18th Amendment.' On the rear a sign read: 'Vote For Roosevelt.'"

Adding insult to injury, both going and coming, we call it.

This Fellow Henry Stevens

At a distance—the distance between Shelby and Warsaw and the fact we've never met—we've always admired this fellow Henry Stevens, Jr., retiring national commander of the American Legion. There is something about his appearance, as seen in photographs, that makes you like him. And, of course, there is something to him, or, as a lawyer in a little North Carolina town, he would never have won the nationwide popularity and recognition necessary to be elected to the highest office in the giving of the veterans of the World War. That general impression of Commander Stevens has been borne out by his public utterances and behavior. He has demonstrated the courage of his conviction and has accorded the right of those who differ with him to have their say. The last Legion convention, the one prior to the recent Portland session, went on record as opposing the bonus payment. Being an elected official of that meeting it was, as Judge Rufe Clark would say, "his bounden duty" to uphold that stand until another vote was taken, Stevens did and in doing so he drew the enmity of some of the veterans, yet he stuck to his guns. The veterans, we think, should have been considerate enough to realize that Stevens while holding office as commander was by duty compelled to voice the mandate of the convention which elected him, and, perforce, not free to speak his personal viewpoint. His desire to give the other fellow a chance to express his view was shown at Portland. When the bonus resolution was introduced near pandemonium reigned in the convention hall. Speakers who arose to oppose payment of the bonus were met with hisses and boos. Stevens took the floor, "Boys," he said, "I think I know how you feel and how you will vote, but let's be polite and thoughtful enough to permit them to express their views. I know you believe in free speech and Americanism, but before voting against them, let's accord them the courtesy of the floor."

That was a manly move, and it must have won, we are constrained to believe, the respect and admiration of those doing the hissing and booing. The occasion of the visit of Stevens and his buddies to Oregon presented an opportunity for The Oregon Journal to study this young fellow who rose to be national commander, and, believing that veterans hereabouts, along with their friends, will be interested, we are reproducing here what The Journal wrote:

"They say of Henry L. Stevens, national commander of the American Legion, that he 'turned from dreams to blood and iron.' 'A delicate boy in a North Carolina home, he made doll's dresses beautifully. He sewed skillfully either by hand or on the machine.' 'The same boy, overcoming shyness, became a crack tennis player at the University of North Carolina. He plunged into sports and took part in other athletics calculated to provide a trained mind with a robust body.' 'From the sewing machine of his childhood to a machine gun at the front was his record in the World War. 'He was a first class, all-around fighting man,' reads a record on his service."

"After the war he went on with his education. He finished the three year law course at the North Carolina university. He graduated from Harvard law school. Then he attained a cherished ambition. He became the law partner of his father, who has since died. In the meantime he founded the American Legion post in his home town, Warsaw. He was elected department commander in North Carolina. He became a trial lawyer; of ability soon recognized by a position on the judge's bench."

"All the way through he has been noted for his interest in the other fellow—any number of other fellows. He remembers their names, their faces, their personalities; and all that they are interested in. He is as cordial with the thousandth handshake as the first. He has gone through the rough and tumble of college, war and the practice of law with a good-fellowship that has made him conspicuous and welcome in every company. He is eloquent in the best style of the South. 'When Henry L. Stevens first reached Portland to preside over

the great annual convention of the American Legion he spoke of jobs. He spoke of Portland. He said that, while others have talked, one of the services of the American Legion has been to place a million men in jobs. The Legion, courageous in depression as in war, has been unflinching in frontal attack to restore prosperity.

"And of the famed convention city, Portland, the commander of the American Legion said, 'Never have I seen a more beautiful setting for a national convention.' 'Here's a welcome and a hand-clasp from Portland to Commander Stevens and his men.'"

Cheaper Cigars, Not Cigarettes

The method of manipulating the price of tobacco products has us puzzled. Not a one of the better known brands of cigarettes has been appreciably reduced in price. It is said, by whom we do not know, it is just said, that the grade of tobacco in the better class of cigarettes is such that a reduction in price is not possible. The depression has, of course, brought along several cheap brands, but with one or two exceptions, they fail to click with inveterate smokers. But while cigarette prices have held up the cigar market appears to be flooded with an avalanche of cheap cigars of the price but not the quality the late vice President Tom Marshall longed for. Look on any cigar counter today and you'll find more than a dozen brands of two-fors or three-fors. Of course it must be the grade of tobacco used, and after getting a whiff or two of what the boys call "El Ropos" we are inclined to the view that it is the quality, or, rather, lack of it.

Our curiosity about it may be fruitless, as there is little hope of anything being done. Yet we are moved to protest because as an incurable addict of the dreaded nicotine habit, which horrified youth two decades back, we feel unjustly treated as we pay prosperity prices right on for a smoke that satisfies and see the cigar smokers puffing along at a reduced cost. We admit, however, that those who smoke the depression-priced cigars, because of habit or necessity, may be wishing at the same time they had contracted the cigarette evil instead of the cigar habit.

Too Costly

At the risk of upsetting the complacency of those who place great faith in them, we are of the opinion that the newspaper and magazine polls on the presidential favorites will not be so successful this year. We say that because a goodly number of people may not feel

prosperous enough to spend three cents for the new Hoover stamp just for the privilege of casting a straw vote. Howbeit the reply cards may be stamped for all we know, not having received our card from the esteemed Lt. —R. D.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst, our beloved citizen and comrade, Capt. J. Frank Jenkins, therefore be it resolved: That the Junius T. Gardner camp, Spanish American War Veterans has lost one of its most loyal and faithful members, one who constantly had the welfare of the organization and its members at heart.

That Shelby and Cleveland county have lost one who was always interested in the civic welfare of the community and gave unsparringly of his time to promote brotherhood and good will.

That Capt. Jenkins served his country with heroic devotion in peace and in war and in the capacity of an official he was always kind and considerate of his comrades.

That he was diligent in business, loving and kind in his home, at his work and in the everyday contact with his fellowman.

That a copy of these resolutions

be placed on the minutes of the camp, a copy be sent to the bereaved family and a copy sent to The Cleveland Star for publication.

By order of Junius T. Gardner camp, Spanish American War Veterans.

R. E. CAMPBELL,
H. T. TOMS,
JIM LOVE, Committee.

Sauerkraut Day In Town In Illinois

Forreston, Ill.—Approximately 22,000 persons were happier last week because Forreston, a small town, goes in for hospitality in a big way.

The 22,000 consumed 2½ gallons of sauerkraut, 1,200 pounds of pork, 800 loaves of bread, 3,000 doughnuts, 3,000 buns, 600 gallons of coffee and 1,200 pounds of assorted meats, when Forreston celebrated sauerkraut day last week for the seventeenth time in as many years. Everything was free and there were strangers present from six different states.

Germany isn't satisfied with the Versailles treaty. Apparently that peaceful document is turning out to be just another "scrap of paper."

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