

Days Of Colorful Pony Express Are Traced By Last Of Survivors

William Campbell Recalls Relay He Had Along Platte River, Carried Lincoln Message.

N. Y. Times. Completion of the first transcontinental telegraph line through the wilds of the Midwest and West seventy-one years ago, on October 24, 1861, put an end to the famous pony express which for sixteen months had covered the 1,400 miles between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento, Cal. After echoes of their pounding horses' hoofs died away, the fearless riders, who "got through" in spite of hostile Indians, wolves, buffaloes, snow-storms and other frontier occupations, Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok, Pony Bob Haslam, Jim Moore and all the rest of the transcontinental pony express riders have passed away now save one.

The lone survivor is William Campbell of Stockton, Cal., the only living man who can tell from personal experience of the glamorous pony express days. His story is presented in Dots and Dashes, Western Union Telegraph company publication, as follows:

"I was a bullwhacker, hauling provisions and military supplies by wagon train to forts in the west in the spring of 1860, when Russell, Majors and Waddell decided to establish the pony express. Then I was sent north to the Oregon Trail to freight supplies to the pony express stations.

"It was December, 1860, before I had my chance to ride. I was 6 feet tall, weighed 140 pounds and was too large, but many riders could not stand the grind and more were needed. My relay was between Valley Station, eleven miles east of Fort Kearny, and Box Elder Station, three miles west of Fort McPherson. This was 95 to 100 miles along the Platte River, and my first ride was in a heavy snow-storm.

"I made a hard ride over my relay carrying President Lincoln's first message to congress. The pony express was put to the test of carrying this message. We got it through from St. Joseph to San Francisco in 7 days and 18 hours. We made another fast run with the news that Fort Sumter had been fired on.

"One night I came to a pack of large buffalo wolves finishing the carcass of some animal. They refused to move when I rode at them, and my horse shied at the smell of blood and the animals. I blew my horn, but it had no effect. There was nothing to do but try to flank and outrun them. I gave my scared horse his head, and the wolves finally fell back when the lights of the next station showed in a distance. The next day I poisoned a carcass, and twelve dead wolves were around it when I came back. I got squaws from nat-by Sioux tepees to make the pelts into fine robes.

"My first contact with the telegraph company was at Fort Kearny, at the western end of the telegraph line, where I stopped to pick up telegrams that travelled the rest of the way to the west by pony express. I shall always remember the kindness of Mr. Ellsworth, operator of the Western Union office at Fort Kearny. He was always ready to do a favor for the riders and usually had coffee on hand. It was just prior to the Civil war, and Mr. Ellsworth furnished us with news of the impending struggle. I would sit and eat cookies and hear the news until the last minute, then go and maintain my schedule.

"Once I spent twenty-four hours in the saddle carrying the mail to Fairfield, with snow two or three feet deep and the mercury around zero. I could tell where the trail lay only by watching the tall weeds on either side, and often had to get off and lead my horse. There was no rider to go on at Fort Kearny, so I went on to Fairfield, twenty miles away.

"Once my horse, Ragged Jim, slipped in a buffalo wallow in the dark, and I went over his head, dragging the mail bag with me. I could not find the horse, so set off with the mail on foot for the next station. Buffaloes were in thousands along the trail. If a rider ran into a herd of them he was lost."

47 Children Are Reared By A Man Never Married

76-Year-Old Ohio Bachelor Always Too Busy To Get Married.

Cincinnati, O. — A 76-year-old bachelor who has reared 47 children sighed meditatively this week as he recalled, "they nearly all turned out fine."

Too busy, years ago, paying off the mortgage on his farm, to marry, Everett Reese, never had any children "of his own," but always found there were plenty of others in need of capable care he was able to provide.

They came to Reese's farm near Shandon, O., from many places, some from the country children's home, several from the juvenile court, and even a few from the

county jail. For 25 years there was hardly a time that one or more children was not calling him "Dad."

Some of them were cherubs, some were imps. Some were boys, and some girls. Some would work on the farm, and some would not. Some of them stole rims and tires from his trucks; others helped find the parts and put them back again. But—

"I never turned down any of the officials wanted me to take," Reese said. "I took them all and did the best I could."

His best was a home, food, and clothing; pay for those who would work so they could start bank accounts of their own; and high school education for all who wanted it.

It all started when he, delivering milk to the children's home, became interested in some of the youngsters there.

Years before, Reese had thought of marriage. But "I was too busy paying off the mortgage and the lady wouldn't wait," he explained.

Bad Movies And Booze Not Lure In America Now

Editor Holds Mingling Of Latin And Anglo-Saxon Ideals Is Uniting Americas.

Rio De Janeiro.—Renato de Almeida, staff editor of the Diario de Noticias and an Under-Secretary of State, believes that the fascination the United States holds for Brazilians does not necessarily originate in poor moving pictures, detective romances or bad alcohol. Brazilians, he says, while gazing admiringly at the American skyscrapers, must also pass in review the writers and poets, the artistic centres, the culture and universities of their neighbor to the north.

"American liberalism has served as a model for Brazilian institutions and some of the heroes of the United States, such as Washington, are honored by Brazil as though they were her own," he writes. "The dynamic speed of the Americans grips the Brazilian mind, while the development of that country's moral qualities contributes to the enrichment of humanity. The Rockefeller Foundation fighting yellow fever in Brazil and helping Europe in various ways, and the rebuilding of the Louvain Library by Americans, are expressions of humanitarian instincts of a high moral value.

"The grandeur attained by the United States in one century and a half and the development of that healthy energy which is typically theirs are sufficient reason for us to forgive the deficiencies and imperfections of their moving pictures, though theirs are the best; the detective romances, which Europe has passionately adopted, and the dangerous alcohol, the result of the Volstead act, which failed, but which, after all, was one of the greatest experiments of human good-will."

The dissertation of Or. de Almeida is the outcome of an interview given to the Diario de Noticias by Professor Charles Picard of France, who believes that the Mediterranean culture is better suited to the Brazilian environment than the American. Dr. Picard wishes to establish a profound difference between the Brazilian spirit derived from Iberian Catholics and the American derived from "Protestant Quakers."

Dr. de Almeida, referring to American influences on this continent, believes that the European point of view and even that of certain Brazilian snobs is narrow and distorted.

"We feel," he continues, "that we are the children of a continent entirely different from the children of Europe, or, in the words of the late Brazilian statesman Joaquim Nabuco, 'ours is an irrefutable American entity,' and if there are points of derogency there are also points of contact which Brazil wishes to develop and accentuate."

"The European opinion of the United States seems to be extremely biased, even if from their point of view it may seem justified. But that point of view, so far as we Brazilians are concerned, is faulty. There is not only a political Pan-Americanism but also a sentimental Pan-Americanism over and above the three spoken languages of South America. Even among those countries which are extremely antagonistic to the United States that influence persists and must form a part of our destiny."

"Latin culture, Latin blood and the Latin tongue thrown in the melting pot with Anglo-Saxon culture, blood and tongue is resulting in an American meridian for the entire continent."

Germany's high court decided that President von Hindenburg had the right to appoint Chancellor von Papen to the dictatorship of Prussia. Nothing like making sure.

World's Fair Is Land Of Mystery

Visitors, When It Opens Next Summer, Will See Land Of Mystery.

Chicago.—Towers of scarlet flame shoot 500 feet into the air. Rockets carrying passengers hiss green vapor from their wakes as they dart 200 feet above the earth.

Phosphorescent water cascades down silver terraces. Vast walls glow under a bath of invisible ultraviolet light. Smoke rises blue, turns yellow, green, red, and vanishes in a glow of pale lavender.

Foliage shimmers yellow under a coating of radium. Whole buildings are sheathed in dancing color. It is an enchanted city—the Chicago World's Fair as it will look next summer and as it is beginning to look now.

Imagine that you are in another world, or think of yourself as waking from the wildest dream you ever had—and follow us on a summery night through the main entrance.

You step into a white and blue bus such as you never have seen. It looks like a bullet on wheels.

On the left is the amazing administration building made principally of corncobs, colored a brilliant blue, and faced with towers of five, which are cold to the touch.

Across a lagoon, dotted with pink and yellow geysers, is a man-made island upon which rises the great semi-circular electric building. Shrieking up from earth every split second go flashes of lightning—the flaming ladder arcs which turn 33,000 volts of electricity into blinding light as they climb twin electrodes 300 feet high.

The bus purrs to a halt under the mainland tower of the million dollar sky ride. Another tower is on the island. The towers are 600 feet high and half a mile apart. High speed elevators carry passengers to the top platform, moving in transparent, golden-lighted shafts. At the 200-foot level, four cable tracks connect the towers. On these, eight rocket cars are running. The cars are 33 feet long, of glass and aluminum. Colored steam sprays from their wake.

To the right is the hall of science, mysterious windowless building, long, low and pigmented with lights which scintillate and change color like a dozen rainbows reflected on the ripples of an ink lake.

Inside are things to make your hair stand on end, to make you gape in astonishment, but our bus rolls on.

On both sides of the roadway are monumental structures, all in this same weird architectural style and all illuminated as no building has been lighted before. Ahead stands the unique travel and transport building, like a red and gold octagon 15 stories high. It is capped with a famous breathing dome—like no other roof in the world.

The dome is 310 feet across, with a single support below it. Steel cables from above hold up this mighty roof, so that it may "breathe" a foot or two as the heat of the day turns to the cool of the night.

A replica of an ancient Mayan temple is bathed in the moonlight, just as its original was in the jungles of Yucatan 1,000 years ago. A model Hollywood, with real movie stars, is turning out celluloid epics nearby.

The bus finally ends its journey through the crowded two-mile strip on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Convict Builds A Prison Business

Canon City, Col.—When Lemme Gross, the merchant prince of prisoners, went "over the hill" from the Colorado State Penitentiary, he took big business with him.

In 1929 Gross set up a radio business within the prison. He bought, sold and repaired radios—for a sum. The radio business was the forerunner of a chain of "stores" within the prison walls.

Gross was the owner and proprietor of the inmate canteen and the prison curio shop. He also had the concessions at the Soda Springs, a tourist stopping place.

In all his ventures Gross took in an average of \$2,000 a month. He had credit of \$10,000 and at one time used it to the extent of \$6,000. He had but little overhead, sold on a volume basis, and when he escaped from a guard, who had taken him to Pueblo on a "business trip," it is believed Gross had at least \$4,000 in cash on his person.

During the three years Gross conducted his ventures at the prison he made thousands of dollars for himself and thousands for the prisoner's fund. During the last two years he put more than \$3,000 in the prisoners' fund.

The shops all will be opened later, but will be conducted under the supervision of guards.

How Mill Hand Won Out At Farm Work

Greenville Man Used Head And Muscle To Attain Comfort And Food.

A year and a half ago a Greenville textile worker was walking the streets looking for a job to support his wife and two children. The Red Cross was furnishing food for the family.

Then came the "back to the farm" unemployment relief project of the local Red Cross chapter, supervised by Mrs. B. S. Hill.

The textile worker and his family, along with 41 other families, were placed on farms in order that they might make their own food instead of receiving it from charity. To finance the former textile employe in growing a crop \$70 was raised independently of the Red Cross.

His first crop, grown last summer, furnished food for the family through last winter, and here is what he has in prospect for this fall:

Twenty-five acres of corn, which will produce at least 300 bushels; 25 acres of cotton, which will yield at least 12 bales; two acres of late corn; a half acre of peanuts and a fine garden of late vegetables.

Saloons Gain In France, Decrease In Great Britain

New York.—While looking for new tax sources, France recently became aware that she had a surprisingly large number of licensed saloons—480,000, as compared with only 395,000 before her war. Is the number of saloons in other countries increasing? In England, for one, it is not. There the figures show a drop each year. In the United States, of course, the 177,000 saloons of pre-prohibition days have all been forced out of business.

Figures on French saloons are not strictly comparable with those on America. In France the average shop performs the function of the American soda fountain. In England stores selling alcoholic drinks are placed in two categories on the basis of whether the liquor is consumed on the premises or not. "Off-licenses" are given to delicatessens and other stores which sell drinks to be taken home, while "on-licenses" must be obtained by "pubs," restaurants and similar establishments where liquor is served.

Both the United Kingdom and the United States have had smaller numbers of saloons in proportion to population than France.

Artist Panhandler Aids His Buddies

"They Lack Finesse" He Tells Judge Who Discharges Him And Keeps Odd Nickel.

San Francisco.—Pat McNamara, 82 years old, a panhandler and a philosopher with whiskers, was arraigned before Judge Lazarus in the Municipal Court charged with begging. Pat admitted the charge, but said it was his only means of livelihood. He averred, more over, that he is an artist at his profession and besides is a philanthropist who divides his earnings with the less fortunate.

To prove his assertions he displayed a handful of silver and nickels which inventoried at \$10.10, and he waved to the cage which held the previous night's human flotsam. "These men are here," he said, "because they have no finesse. They are not artists. They are not students of human nature. They are in a sense my charges. I will divide with them. I always give half my earnings to the down-and-outers who cannot help themselves."

With that Pat counted out \$5.05 which he gave to Judge Lazarus with instructions to distribute it among the occupants of the cage. The judge discharged the aged philanthropist, distributed \$5 and kept the odd nickel. "For luck," he said.

Horse Sells For 35 Cents There

Quebec.—One horse was sold for 35 cents, another was traded for a pair of mittens and a third was exchanged for a watch at the annual horse fair here.

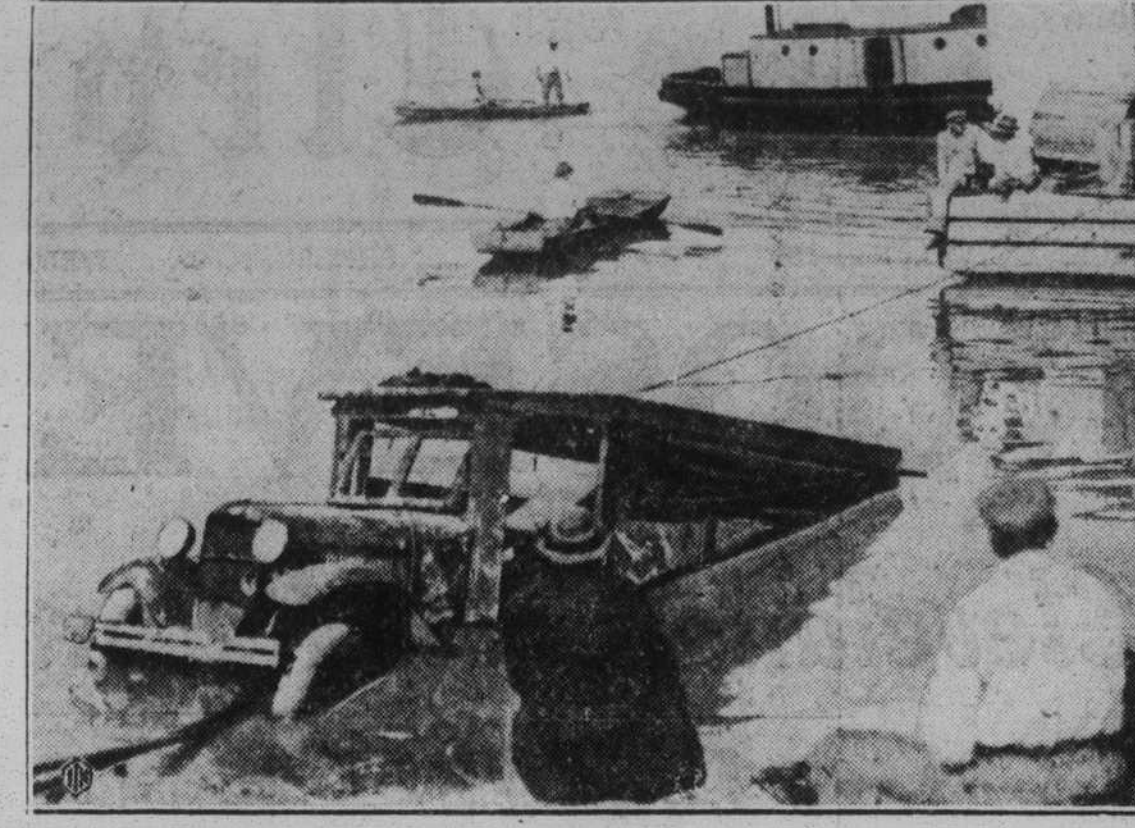
Twenty dollars was the average price asked, with but \$3 being offered, and as the result of bargaining most of the horses changed hands for about \$10.

The horse that Delamare, strong man, is supposed to have pulled to the top of a pole when performing his feats of strength drew only a \$3 bid and failed to change hands.

Only One Bank In State Closes In Oct.

Raleigh, Nov. 8.—Only one small state bank closed in North Carolina during the month of October, Commissioner of Banks Gurney F. Hood reports. This was the Bank of Marshville in Union county, which had previously been closed and had been reopened. It was closed October 12.

Where Nineteen Met Death Trapped in Bus



Returning from a church conference at Meadville, Miss., 19 persons lost their lives when this bus plunged into the Mississippi River at Natchez, recently. Photo above was made as the grim task of salvaging the bus and its load of victims progressed.

Catawba Farmers Visit Ellenboro

Balls Creek Group Inspect Agricultural Progress In Section.

(Special to The Star)

Ellenboro, Nov. 9.—Thirty Catawba county farmers headed by D. W. Eason, agricultural teacher in the Balls Creek high school, visited Ellenboro last Saturday, to study farming within the community.

They came, especially, to study sweet potato culture, storage and marketing. First, they were assembled in the agricultural room of the Ellenboro school where the local agricultural teacher was asked to talk to them. Then, they went to the sweet potato curing houses where they saw around 18,000 bushels of sweet potatoes in storage and being cured. Here many questions about storage were asked.

Before leaving for home they visited the plant of the Ellenboro Poultry Exchange where fattening and dressing of poultry was discussed.

At the sweet potato plant they had a picnic dinner which included four gallons of Catawba ice cream purchased from a local drug store.

Along about this time of the year we could sufferers commence to wish some brilliant scientist would discover the influenza germ—and keep it!

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