

**Around Our TOWN**

**OR**  
**Shelby SIDELIGHTS**  
By RENN DRUM.

**TRODDING ALONG BROADWAY'S GLARE**

The old line—"You can take a boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of the boy"—still holds good. Some of the best stories to be heard in Shelby are related in those confidential chats between friends over bridge and luncheon tables when they relate embarrassing little episodes of their last trips to New York. Chances are, no matter how sophisticated some of the folks about town seem to appear, that every Shelby visitor to the big city has at some time or another seen a bit embarrassed and chagrined in some manner or another.

There are any number of excellent yarns in that collection, the majority of which would be too risky (for our own safety) to relate here. Among them might be included the eventful incident when a young Shelby barrister and merchant and their fraus were served vichy at an eating place on the Eastside. Until that time they had never used or known of any beverage to be used for a "chaser" other than water or gingerale. Anyway, they finally managed to get everything straightened out. Then there was a certain business man who dated up for a pleasant evening and found that the cabaret cover charge and the price the scantily-attired hat check girl placed on his hat required his last dime. He, too, solved the predicament somehow. Then there's the story of the two local young ladies out on a lark along Broadway who decided to get a thrill in one of those taxi dance halls. How did they feel and were their faces red when some of the tired business men thought them hostesses and began giving them a dime per dance, or dance tickets purchased from the cashier?

But let's halt the chatter here. What business men, buyers and sight-seers do, and have done to them, on their trips to New York is supposed to be removed, remote and mum in connection with their sedate habits and flawless reputations back home—even that exciting evening when a couple young Shelby cut-ups attempted to play roulette on the telephone dial in a swanky New York hostelry.

**SHELBY SHORTS:**

It'd be surprising to know how many of these flashy-smiling fellows about town have store teeth. . . . The Gene Schencks also brought an alligator home with them from Florida, but it will not be re-stocked in the Lineberger-Thompson lake. . . . Some snow still to be seen in spots about the city. . . . Another of the "Miss Shelby" contest girls is now a Mrs. and two have the flu, showing that even pulchritude is vulnerable to calamity. . . . Correction: The Community Players production, scheduled for tonight, has been postponed. . . . It's now ex-Governor Gardner. . . . While they are still out of town it may be safe to publish this note: "There is a certain young black-haired, brown-eyed school teacher in town who calls everything in your column 'just so much junk,' but you should see her hunting for the paper three times a week after we hide it—and when she thinks no one is watching she turns to the colyum the first thing. . . . Dollar to a doughnut we know her. . . . Since Grady Cole, The Charlotte News newscaster, has taken note of this corner in comes a note which might have received more attention had it been addressed to him. It reads: "Won't you please ask Grady to go back to his old hours and do his broadcasting at 12:30 for the benefit of us working people. The hour he goes on now is just about the time we have to return to our work and we miss hearing him. What's more we believe there are more working people and people who would like to be working listening to him than any other class." Now it's up to Grady and the program manager at WBT. . . . Troy McKinney is the youngest county accountant in North Carolina. . . . Shelby doctors DO NOT recommend bootleg for the flu. Hope that doesn't cause some of the racketeers to put us on the spot. . . . One of the best collections of antiques in Shelby is that assembled by Mrs. O. M. Mull, and one of the most beautifully furnished homes in Shelby is that of the J. D. Linebergers. . . . America is still on it but Santa Claus seems to have gone off the gold standard. Mighty few \$5 gold pieces were scattered about Shelby as Christmas presents. . . . What, what? A feminine voice telephones in to know if we know the identity of the Shelby doctor referred to by "Sam" as having decorated the left hand of a certain school teacher. Sorry, we don't know, but can only guess along with the others. . . . And did you notice that easy-to-look-at Chesterfield girl on the same page with this corner in the last issue. And, by the way, isn't it nice to have that cut in price for cigs? Some will quit smoking "Horseheads," and some will not. . . . Doing some figuring after reading the chief's colyum, "Nosing Under the Nose": If Governor Gardner lives 32 more years, which we hope he will, or until 1965, his also tag number will be No. 10, following the custom of moving an ex-governors number back one each year. Until yesterday his car tag was No. 1, now it's No. 2, in 1936 it will be No. 3 and so on. . . . The 1933 stork seems to like the family name of Bumgardner. The first New Year baby in Hickory was born to a Bumgardner family and the second in Shelby was born to a family by the same name. It took a little time, however, for the stork to wing his way from Hickory to Shelby and the result was that a No. 3 township boy, Quince Johnson, slipped in ahead of Nancy Carolyn Bumgardner and became Master 1933. . . . The Shelby and Cleveland County Building and Loan association asks, in an ad, "Who Fooled This Panic?" That's what we'd like to know. . . . Already one January wedding and two more rumored before the bill collectors come around again. The new year seems to be doing better by the sweet young thing: than did the leap year which faded out last Saturday. . . . Now tell us what gossip you know.

**BRASS TACKS**

Some time ago this corner, in one of those curious moods, wondered where the expression "get down to brass tacks" came from and how it originated. Jay Dee Ell, who never forgets anything, was reading an almanac during a recent siege of the flu and he ran up on this answer to the query:

The phrase "brass tacks" goes back to the days of the dry-goods counter, when the ribbon or fabric salesman used the end of his outstretched right arm as the measurement of a yard. This method was referred to as "smelling a yard."

The story is that a Pennsylvania Dutchman awoke to the fact that a long-nosed clerk with a short arm was an asset to the dry-goods counter. This led to the nailing of a yardstick on the counter, so that a customer might see each inch of a quarter, half or yard of material.

The yardstick proved cumbersome, and in time was replaced by a row brass tacks nailed to the counter, measuring a yard and fractions thereof. It was divided at six inch intervals.

After this method was adopted, any clerk caught trying to "smell a yard" was halted in no uncertain terms and told to "get down to brass tacks."

**HAS ALMANAC 100 YEARS OLD**

Leland F. Crowder, of Lawndale route 1, has in his possession a number of interesting old documents, among them an almanac of 1933, one hundred years ago.

The almanac is the "Beers' Carolinas and Georgia Almanac," published by S. Babcock and Co., of Charleston, S. C., in the 57th year of independence, and it has been handed down through the generations of the Crowder family. It contains some very interesting historical information. Andrew Jackson was then president of the United States. Federal officers in North Carolina were Henry Potter, judge; T. P. Devereux, attorney; Beverly Daniel, marshal, and W. H. Haywood, clerk. M. Stokes was governor of North Carolina and drew a salary of \$2,000 per year. Wm. Hill, secretary of state, was paid \$800 per year and fees. The judges of the supreme court were the highest-salaried officers.

drawing \$2,500 per year, while the Superior court judges were paid \$90 for each term of court they held. North Carolina's two United States senators were W. P. Mangum and Bedford Brown.

**GO TO IT**

Several readers have asked that the puzzling pied names be published again. To please them here is the name of a young lady whose office looks out upon the court square.

ROY-REN-MAY-SEER-VEF

**Sharon Community News Of Week-End**

**Several People Sick; Epworth League Meets; Personal Mention.**

(Special to The Star.)  
Sharon, Jan. 5.—A large per cent of the people were present at Sunday school Sunday. There were sev-

eral absent on account of sickness. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith and George Lewis were dinner guests of Mr. L. A. Smith and family last Friday.  
Miss Ruth Smith was the guest Sunday at the home of Mr. C. P. Morehead.  
Misses Johnnie Helen Morehead spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Coel Blanton.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dodd and

daughter Rebecca spent awhile Sunday afternoon with Mr. Sam Smith and family of Lake Lure. Miss Opal Smith returned to her home having spent while with her aunt Mrs. W. B. Dodd.  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hardin and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hardin.  
The Epworth league held their regular monthly council and business meeting Tuesday night. A good report was turned in by each chair-

man of the different departments. Only five were absent and several visitors were there.  
Those on our sick list this week are: Mr. and Mrs. Lee Allen and children, Mrs. Grover Hamrick and Mrs. Baxter Wilkie.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bowen spent part of last week with Mr. J. Blalock and family.

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