

The Cleveland Star

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LEE B. WEATHERS President and Editor
E. ERNEST HOEY Secretary and Foreman
CAMERON SHIFF News Editor
L. E. DALL Advertising Manager
MRS. RENN DRUM Social Editor

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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, JUNE 7, 1935

Yes, there is some happiness in the world, to the patient who leaves the dental office with pain eased and the bill paid.

One old sick Dominicker rooster decided the fate of thousands, said Will Rogers. Yeah, but wasn't it one old sick Eagle, Will?

With the U. S. Supreme Court as referee, the old rooster knocked out the Blue Eagle. It is the first time a barnyard fowl gained supremacy over the king bird of the air.

We are improving in our English. Not long ago we had two state institutions at Morganton, one a deaf and dumb school, the other an insane asylum. Yes, and a number of female colleges in North Carolina. We have since learned that the school is not deaf and dumb, the asylum is not insane and the colleges are not female, hence the names were changed to the School for the Deaf, State Hospital and colleges for women. That's making headway.

A SPRING MONEY CROP

Raspberry plants put out in Cleveland and adjoining counties two years ago, are coming into bearing for the first time and are being shipped to Northern markets at fancy prices. John Wilkins, Cleveland county farm agent who recently came here from Catawba is responsible for the emphasis given this new money crop which brings in a revenue at an off-season of the year.

Raspberries are a delicacy is a dessert and we hope the crop will be large enough to afford a supply on the Shelby market. We were in Hendersonville last summer when the raspberry season was on and farmers stocked the grocery stores every morning with a fresh supply. The local demand was so great that by noon the supply was completely sold out, the baskets bringing prices well above strawberries and cherries. We believe the farmers have hit upon a new money crop and the consumers a delicious table delicacy.

CARING FOR THE UNFORTUNATE

The County Commissioners have set up a budget of \$22,280 under what is termed the "poor fund." While it is a fund for the poor and unfortunate, it is a sort of "social welfare" fund which provides for the inmates at the county home, outside poor and emergency relief, county physician, tuberculosis aid, Shelby hospital, mothers' aid, etc. Last year this so-called "poor fund" was raised to \$20,000 and the amount this year represents a \$1,500 increase for the care of tubercular patients.

We were in sympathy with the idea advanced by local civic clubs that the county provide at a moderate cost, a tubercular hospital in this county, but since this idea was advanced the N. C. General Assembly has appropriated \$100,000 for a State tubercular hospital in Western Carolina and this institution will serve the patients who cannot gain entrance because of the crowded condition at the present State sanatorium.

It is very likely that this new institution will be conveniently located with reference to Cleveland county and our patients can be amply cared for out of this special fund set up by our county commissioners as a supplement to the State fund.

Cleveland county is doing more than ever before for its unfortunates—its aged, sick, widows, etc. This spirit is in line with the Federal government's policy to require local governments to co-operate with Uncle Sam in his New Deal and New Day policies.

THE SALES TAX PROBLEM

The North Carolina Merchants' Association, we believe, will find a good deal of sympathy in attacking at least one aspect of the state sales tax. That is the levy on food. There, in being forced to render our penny unto Caesar on every morsel we lift to our mouths, most of us are already complaining bitterly. A tax on turnip greens, corn pone and fatback seems a bit too thick.

But the attack on the general sales tax will hardly get the kind of widespread support that would, for instance, vault a merchants' association candidate into the governor's mansion.

In the first place, even when the grumble about paying their three per cent, there are too many land-owners, too many farmers in the state, who were relieved of heavy property taxes. The levy against one Cleveland farmer we have in mind was reduced, he says, by one-third when the property tax was removed. He will not be eager, we can assume, to take up that burden again.

Moreover, it is hardly likely that, with such men as we already have in the field, the state would be willing

to elect a man governor merely because of his eloquent opposition to one tax problem. We require, as the Charlotte Observer wisely remarks, men who will present a leadership for all the minorities rather than disruptive candidates.

The sales tax is an emergency measure, and should be regarded for what it is. Problems of statecraft are too heavy in all the divisions of the republic for us to accept this one item as the test for the highest office in the gift of the state.

YOU ARE ASKED TO SERVE

For the first time since the Reconstruction, there was a chance here this week that the names of negroes might appear on a Cleveland jury list. It was a technical point, of course, raised through a Supreme Court decision. It meant that the names of colored folk would be placed on the list.

The commissioners did not include the names of negroes and we believe there will be no objection on the part of either the white or colored race. Certainly, no Cleveland lawyers will call for mistrials because of the omission.

Inclusion of these negroes' names, however, is by far the least important feature of selection now before the commissioners. Without making any bones about the matter, it might as well be said here and now that, of course, none of these negroes will actually serve on juries. They will be excused or challenged. Nor, discarding all prejudice, do we see that the ends of justice would be enhanced in any way at all by having them serve.

We do not, for instance, believe that juries would be better or more just if women were compelled to serve on them—though we intend no comparison in this instance.

What we do need on juries is a carefully selected venire of able, honest, educated, reasonable citizens. The list should contain the names of the men best qualified for moral and mental reasons. The unfit, the unwary, the unthoughtful should be weeded out, until that jury list shone like an honor roll of intelligence and accomplishment.

Then, the other side of the picture—the men so selected should be willing to serve. There, there is the rub. The successful business or professional man has no time for one of the highest duties he can perform for his state. Patriotic in many other respects, he escapes jury duty with no more twinge of conscience than a small boy plays hockey from the fifth grade.

If the able, the honest and the intelligent would consent to serve on juries, then able, honest and intelligent judges and prosecutors would have a chance to enforce the law, to stamp out crime. And shyster lawyers would have to seek some other means of livelihood.

Nobody's Business

By GEE MCGEE

MIKE WRITES THE GOVERNOR ON AN IMPORTANT MATTER

Gov. Olin D. Johnson, Columbia, S. C.
Dear governor:—
I note by the newspapers where one of your faithful constituents sent you a jaw bone of a jack ass for you to use in connection with getting yore unruly highway department straightened out, and I am willing to say that I hope it will serve his purpose ok.

You will not have as many phil-lis-teens to combat as sampson had, so you ought to be able to take care of the 16 gentlemen in question, but please be careful if you have never wielded a jack kase jaw bone, you must get onto how it should be held in yore hands when being used.

If you will catch the jaw bone at the other end and wrop yore thumb and big finger around the left molar just below the eye-tooth, it won't slip out of yore hand when landing an upper cut to the chin. If the jaw bone is sound, you don't run any risk in hitting straight down.

It might be a good idea for you to rite the names of all the members of the highway department that you contact on the side of the bone in red ink so's this instrument of relief can be placed in the zoo or museum for inspection by future public officers that try to run everything.

If you find the jaw bone in question unsatisfactory, please rite or foam me at once and I will send you a better one. Is there anny way for you to tell whether or not the former owner and grower of the jaw bone now in yore possession ever run for congress or the legislature, or annything?

If you happen to need a good man to take the place of 3 or 6 of the present members of the highway department, kindly let me know. I might be willing to take over the entire works if their jobs is open. I have had a right smart experient in handling politticks, and I feel confident that I can take care of this opening, if anny.

Yores trulle,
Mike Clark, rfd.
Corry spondent.

The potato, one of our best known and most used vegetables, has been used about 200 years.

FLAT ROCK IS CLEANING UP

our town counsell named next week as "swat week" and is asking everybody to come to the rescue of health and happiness by swatting ever fly in their midst. A reward will be offered for the most dam-made gone to flies by anny means at hand.

holsom moore, one of the leading candy-dates for mayer, has handed out over 75 flyswatters to the voters of our town with his name and address and what he is seeking after printed on both sides of the part of the swatter which hits the fly that is being swatted. He will no doubt carry ever vote where a swatter is placed, as they cost him c3 each.

dr. green says that the common house fly is a great totter of disease and carries his feet and wings and mouth full of germs of all kinds and wherever he lands with typhoid back-terria on him. It will be left and whoever inhails it or eats it will suck-cumb of the malle-dy, ce, even the he is a doctor and enjoys seeing sickness, he is in favor of this campane.

dr. green also runs the drug stoar and he has sold a great many swatters out-right, as he is not in politticks and do not give them away. he also sells fly pizen and stick-foot paper. he stands for a saniterry town, and ever since his undertaking parlors went broke, he is sticking to his modison satchel and his drug stoar for a living.

the town counsell is considering having the saniterry waggin haul off trash ansforth ever 10 days instead of ever 2 weeks enduring the summer, as in the past, a clean town means good health to ever citizen and this corry spondent, mr. Mike Clark, rfd, begs all of the folks to please quit throwing their trash and bannana peelings and quids of tobacco on the sidewalks.

the barbershop has put out a notis on the side of his place that all towels will be steam-heated after being used only 10 times in the future, and he will also boil out his shaving mug and brush ever other saturday. This ought to help his bizness a right smart; but he will have to buy another towel, as the one he has been using ever since christmas is badly wore and ripped.

Yores trulle,
Mike Clark, rfd.
Corry spondent.

BETTERS to the Editor

CLAIMS RAFF KING INNOCENT; DESERVES PARDON

To Editor of The Star:

A few years ago Raff King, formerly of Shelby, N. C., was tried for the murder of his beautiful wife, Fay King. The law of South Carolina demanded his life by way of the electric chair. Such was finally softened to life imprisonment.

The evidence in this case was later reviewed by one of our leading magazines—and classed as one of the world's unsolved mysteries. Clyde Hoey, Christian, statesman, orator of the true south, now oncoming governor of North Carolina, was a defense attorney for Raff King. During his address to the jury, Mr. Hoey while speaking of Fay King said: "She was his Rose of Sharon. She was his lily of the valley."

During this trial I followed the evidence very closely, therefore, personally. I have never believed Raff King murdered his wife. If I am right, we cannot realize the hurt that has been and is being done this lone man, now serving the rest of his natural life behind the walls of our South Carolina penitentiary. If innocent as I believe, then his soul has already been unduly scarred beyond reclamation, by the sentence imposed. A sentence convicting him of "The murder of his rose of Sharon—his lily of the valley."

Now, at the helm of "The Ship of State," stands a real sensible man. One who believes in seeing justice done: Olin D. Johnson, of South Carolina. Knowing him as I do, I believe that if the case of Raff King vs. South Carolina, was to be brought to his attention, he would give it sincere and respectful consideration.

H. J. BRADFORD,
Gaffney, S. C., Box 125.

Everyday Living

BY Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

THE LISTENER

Not long ago a man told me a story which puzzled me, told it in detail. It was perplexing, and while I was wondering what I ought to say, or could say, he suddenly got up and said:

"Well, thank your more than I can say; you have helped me enormously." Yet I had done exactly nothing except listen. How often listen-Dr. J. F. Newton ing, if it is patient and understanding, is the one thing needed.

How often, too, such listening is the one thing which we do not know how to do. Advice we can give bushels—bushels of it; but when men and women are in trouble it is not advice they want.

At least not at first, though it may be welcome later; they want some one to listen—not a tongue, but an ear with a heart behind it. If we are to do our part in this world of sorrow and heart-break, we must be able and willing to listen, and learn how to do it.

Some of us have less faith in talk—our talk—than we used to have. Suppose we try what silence can do instead, not mere silence, of course, but silence which encourages men to unpack their hearts.

There must be nothing grudging about it. If our attitude seems to say, "Well, what is it? I am very busy, but I can give you ten minutes," glancing at our wrist watch, it is fatal. Such listening works no wonders wins no confidence, opens no doors, heals no hurts. So many lives are locked up, pent

up, shut in. When troubles come and their reserve is broken, it is like a spring flood when the ice is broken. They empty their hearts and the release brings relief.

In time of great sorrow often the only comfort we can give our friends is to let them know, by our silence, that we feel that their sorrow is too great for any words of ours—it helps them greatly. Words can be so empty, because they try to say what cannot be said.

In our own hearts, too, if we learn how to be silent and listen, when the clatter of our thoughts is hushed, we may hear a still small voice telling us the things for which human words were never made.

Atlantic Refining to Comply With Code

The Atlantic Refining Company intends to abide by the petroleum code until its expiration, in spite of the supreme court NRA decision and the consequent suspension of all code enforcement, W. M. Irish, president of the company, has announced.

"In order to avoid any confusion in the minds of our people," said Mr. Irish, "we wish to state that this company voluntarily subscribed to the petroleum code of August 19, 1933, which agreement expired by limitation of time on June 15, 1935."

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