

Around Our TOWN

OR

Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

HE MADE MAKING GOOD LOOK EASY

Ten or fifteen years ago, maybe longer, a stocky-built, quiet Syrian came to Shelby and opened up a fruit and confectionery shop in the present location of Jolley's.

This week Moses George, a little older, a little balded, and a little more silent, moved away from Shelby to Hickory.

In that 10 or 15 years much transpired. Enough, in fact, that Shelby could have given up any of several hundred other citizens with less reluctance.

Moses George was and is one of the best examples Shelby can point out that a man who is determined to make good will do so despite the size and number of handicaps that block his path to success.

After operating a small retail fruit shop here for several years George moved to Lincolnton and engaged in the wholesale selling and distribution of fruit and produce. While here, perhaps, he wondered why it would not be even better to be a wholesaler than a retailer. In Lincolnton he made good. As we remember he owns considerable property there now. Eight or ten years ago he came back to Shelby and organized the Carolina Fruit and Produce company, which today is a wholesale house that distributes its products all over this section of the two Carolinas. Quite a jump from the little retail fruit shop he operated the first time in Shelby.

But the point is this—Moses George made good without some of the things we American term very important essentials. Unless we err he cannot read and it was with difficulty that he learned to write his name. What's more he had one inclination that too many high-powered, modern business men consider a handicap—he trusted his fellowman because he himself is honest. It is somewhat baffling, we admit, that he hasn't been frisked and plucked because of his unfamiliarity with the English language and because he trusted the other fellow. But, perhaps you've noticed, even a crook when made to believe that someone trusts him can usually be depended upon. Anyway, George with his somewhat broken English—we do not know whether he was born in the old country or in America—and his sincere belief that there is more good than bad in mankind became a successful wholesaler.

When he left Shelby this week he left hundreds of friends and admirers behind him, although he was never much of a mixer and stood silently by while the others did the talking. Two things nearly everyone in Shelby knew about him: His word was as good as his bond—as much so as anyone's in Shelby; and on Sunday morning he was as much a part of the proceedings at Clyde Hoy's Bible class as was the attendance record board—he was just there, at his regular place, with nothing to

say about it, no air of importance and no evident desire leave the impression that "you can count on my being here"; he was, to repeat, just there.

Somewhat this department, feeling as do many Shelby people, hopes that some day Moses George will come back. As it is he left for Hickory because the business here was not large enough for him and his partners, the Kouris, since George's sons came home from college to enter business. Having no opportunity to secure an education and present-day advantages himself, he saw that his two sons, Alex and George Lee, had what he could not have. He sent them right on through high school here and then through Duke university. Then he purchased a new wholesale fruit and produce house at Hickory and put them in business for themselves. They start out in life with far more than their dad had. Where he could not figure out a simple business form when he started they are thoroughly familiar with the latest business methods as taught at the Duke school of commerce. But, at that, they will do well, mighty well, to equal his record. One Shelby business man put it this way: "I would just as soon have Moses George's word as anybody's check, and just as soon have his check as a government bond." Yet, in all fairness to the boys, they have the makings, for they are genuine chips off the old block.

HATS OFF, LIGHTS DIMMED AS A GENTLEMAN GOES

There's a new flower-covered mound over on the hillside at Sunset today. As the years pass by it will be an old mound as, one after another, new ones are made there, new griefs come along and bygone ones are forgotten. Life just moves on that way in an endless stream—yesterday, today, tomorrow, many tomorrows. But it will be many years, a generation will have to come and go, before Shelby and Cleveland county will cease to remember Hugh Logan—Sheriff Hugh to some, Captain Hugh to others, just Hugh to many.

When you find any leader of men, a "boss," whose men will fight for him, then, as Kipling would say it, you've found a man, my boy. As a militia and army captain he commanded hundreds of men. As a top sergeant in his younger days he must have had to talk harsh to his company. Top sergeant do. In later years he became sheriff, a sheriff who believed that one violator of the law was no better than any other. Yet as a peace officer he was as highly respected as when an army officer. Boys in his old company, some of whom he has sent to the guardhouse, always remembered him. Shelby people journeying here and there frequently meet up with some fellow who asks: "You from Shelby? Well, I bet you know Captain Hugh." Men he has thrown in jail thought the world of him. One reason is that all knew they were getting fair play.

He was one of the biggest-bodied men in his county. He came from a line of big men, and perhaps he had to be big-bodied because he had

a big heart to carry around. Good-natured and friendly he was, nevertheless, frank-spoken and fearless. One day years ago a crazed black man barricaded himself in a house with a gun and proclaimed that he would shoot it out with any officer who attempted to enter. It was a ticklish situation, the officers around knew it; they debated what to do. Sheriff Logan heard about it and drove to the house. Alighting from his car, he whipped his gun from his pocket, called the black man by his name and said "This is Hugh Logan. I'm coming in." The gun was laid up inside and in a second or two the door swung open. The man inside knew.

Across the hill the faint notes of a bugle, borne on the clear night air. Taps for a soldier and a gentleman!

ANOTHER SHELBY HERO OF THE BIG BRAWL

Some time ago this department reproduced the citation, published as a daily feature in The Charlotte News, of a Cleveland county soldier who received the Distinguished Service Cross in the World war. The News this week carried information about a similar medal given still another Shelby boy—Charles V. Abernethy, now living in Florida, a son of Mr. Tom H. Abernethy, city building inspector. It follows:

CHARLES V. ABENETHY, Second Lieutenant, 8th Infantry, 5th division, American Expeditionary Force. For extraordinary heroism in action with the enemy near Thiaucourt, France, September 14th, 1918. Commanding the regimental pioneer platoon, he led it, and the Stokes mortar platoon as Infantry, and overcame a machine gun nest, capturing several machine guns and disposing of the crew. He continued to advance under heavy shell and machine gun fire until he fell, wounded in the head, hip and leg, which necessitated his evacuation. His gallant and inspiring conduct were heroic and commendable. Residence at appointment, Shelby, N. C.

Gardner Of Common People Shows His Faith To The Hilt

Raleigh Times.

Governor Gardner is repudiating the plan of Huey Long to call extra sessions of the legislatures, is just about as plain, clean and common sense as this—pardon us, governor—not wholly brilliant man can be.

Max Gardner became governor because he was of the common people—that is, that there be center-

ed his affections, despite his ancestry, whatever it is, or may have been.

He had been touring around the state and eating with people on farms oppressed with the bucolic obsession of actually coming into contact with a man whose job it was to sit in the executive office at Raleigh. The curious thing is that Max liked it—ate it, as he did the watermelons.

But when it comes to his advising his people to call a special session, to mess up with this and that aberration, the boy's sane!

Legion Head Possibilities



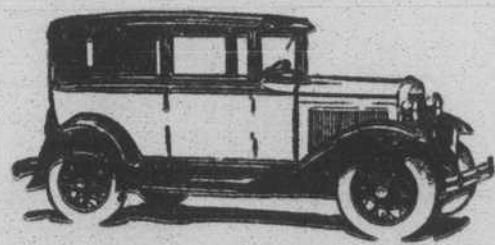
RAY MURPHY.

RICE W. MEANS.

Ray Murphy, attorney, of Ida Grove, Iowa, and Rice W. Means, former U. S. Senator from Colorado, are being prominently mentioned for National Commander of the American Legion. Murphy, who is serving his eighth term as city attorney of Ida Grove, is a charter member of the legion post of that city and has held numerous offices in the veterans' organization in Iowa. Means is president of the National Tribune Corporation of Washington, D. C., and saw service in both the Spanish-American and World wars. He is a charter member of a legion post in Denver.

5,000 HOMES RECEIVE THE STAR
Every Other Day. That Means 20,000 intense Readers. If you have something to sell, tell these 20,000 People about it in these columns.

"Why
My Next Car
will be
A FORD"



WHEN you buy a Ford there are two things you never have to worry about. One is reliability. The other is long life.

Here's an interesting letter from a Ford owner in North Carolina:

"My Ford was purchased May 8, 1928, and has been run 121,767 miles. It has never stopped on the road for repairs of any kind whatsoever except punctures.

"The brakes were relined at 101,000 miles. My gas mileage averaged 21 miles to the gallon, and on tires, 19,000 miles per tire. I travel over all kinds of road conditions—mountainous and flat.

"I consider this a wonderful record and I assure you my next car will also be a Ford."

This is just one of many tributes to the reliability and long life of the Ford. A Ford owner in Iowa tells of driving his Ford 73,000 miles in a single year. Another writes of 120,000 miles of good service.

Think ahead when you are considering the purchase of an automobile and consider what it will be like after thousands of miles of driving. Will you still be satisfied? Will you still say "it's a great car"?

If it's a Ford, you know everything will be O. K. It will be taking you there and back in good style, just as it has always done. And you will have saved many important, worth-while dollars in cost of operation and up-keep and low yearly depreciation.

FIFTEEN BODY TYPES

\$430 TO \$640

F. O. B. Detroit, plus freight and delivery. Bumpers and spare tire extra at low cost. Economical time payments through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

100,000 Unemployed In N. C., Grist Says

Raleigh.—Unemployed persons in North Carolina were estimated to number 100,000 by a survey which Frank D. Grist, commissioner of labor, will present to the state conference on unemployment relief here.

The survey also showed at least 100,000 are working on such reduced times and reduced remuneration that they can not be considered capable of self supporting.

Grist said unemployment was found chiefly in textile centers where as a result of the abandonment of night work, day and night shifts are dividing day work, and on farms, where due to the low price of agricultural products, particularly cotton, wages are low.

Nature of Complaint.

Old Lady—I've been expecting a package of medicine for a week back and it hasn't come yet.

Postmaster—Just fill out this form and state the nature of your complaint.

Old Lady—Well, if you really must know, it's gas on the stomach.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the authority contained in an order of sale made by the clerk of superior court in a special proceeding entitled "Mary L. Philbeck against Maxine Philbeck, et al." the undersigned commissioner will on October 24th, 1931 at 12 o'clock, M., sell at the court house door in the city of Shelby to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate.

Lying and being in Cleveland county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. J. Logan, S. L. Carter, W. F. Logan and others, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a pine, S. L. Carter's corner, and runs with his line north 42° east 12.75 chains to pointers, corner of purchase from W. F. Logan; thence north 9° west 21.13 chains to a stake in gully, formerly a sweet gum; thence with gully north 61° east 1.40 chains; north 76° east 3.10 chains; north 51° east 1.40 chains; north 37° east 7.10 chains; north 45° east 5.30 chains; north 51° east 4.33 chains to a stake in Shelby and Yorkville road, just northwest of a bridge or culvert; thence along said road south 33° east 8 chains; south 17° east 5.30 chains; thence south 15° east 6.38 chains to an iron stake near corner; thence a new line south 41° west 40 chains to a stake in old line; thence with old line north 47° west 492 chains to the beginning, containing 58.37 acres. The same being all that part of the George Logan tract of land conveyed to A. C. Philbeck by Paul Philbeck by deed dated August 26th, 1921, and recorded in book JJJ at page 248, in the office of the register of deeds of Cleveland county, North Carolina.

This 23rd day of September, 1931.
HORACE KENNEDY, Commissioner.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under the power and authority contained in that certain deed of trust dated August 14, 1929, made by T. O. Grigg and wife, Margaret Grigg, to Friend W. Gleason, trustee, same being recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Cleveland county, N. C. in book 155, page 259, securing an indebtedness to the Pan-American Life Insurance company of New Orleans, La., and default having been made in the payment of the said indebtedness and having been called upon to execute the trust, I, as trustee, will sell for cash to the highest bidder at public auction at the court house door in Shelby, N. C. on

Wednesday, October 21, 1931 at 12 o'clock M. the following described real estate.

Being that certain lot or parcel of land lying and being in the southern portion of the city of Shelby, Cleveland county, North Carolina, fronting on South LaFayette street and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at an iron stake on the east side of south LaFayette street, the north-west corner of the Bamberg lot and runs thence with the east edge of south LaFayette street north 65 feet to a stake, a new corner; thence a new line east 146 feet, to an iron stake at the garden fence; thence south 65 feet to an iron stake, northeast corner of the Bamberg lot; thence with the Bamberg line west 146 feet to the beginning.

The same being identical lot or parcel of land deeded to T. O. Grigg by L. A. Gentry and wife, Mamie Gentry, by deed dated June 17th, 1924, the said deed being of record in the office of the register of deeds for Cleveland county, North Carolina, in deed book NNN at page 289, reference to the same being hereby made and the same incorporated herein. The house situate upon said lot being known as No. 407 South LaFayette street.

This 19th day of September, 1931.
FRIEND W. GLEASON, Trustee.
MARSH E. EDWARDS, Atty.

An eminent scientist writes the head chemist in our Research Department:

"Chesterfield Cigarettes are just as pure as the water you drink"

THE WATER YOU DRINK is tested from time to time by expert chemists to make sure that it is free from all injurious substances—that it is pure.

So it is in the manufacture of CHESTERFIELD cigarettes. Expert chemists test all the materials that are used in any way in CHESTERFIELD's manufacture, to make sure that everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is just right.

THE LEAF TOBACCO IS PURE. Long steel ovens—drying machines of the most modern type—scientifically "dry" and clean and purify the natural tobacco leaves by exact high-temperature treatment.

Then the shreds of cut tobacco, as you see them in your CHESTERFIELD, are again heated, cleaned and purified. From these pure tobaccos the cigarettes are made, and only the purest paper—the best that can be made—is used for CHESTERFIELD.

Cigarettes used to be made in an old-fashioned way, by hand. Now, no hand but yours touches CHESTERFIELD—another purity safeguard.

CHESTERFIELDS are made and packed in clean, sanitary factories where even the air is changed every four and one-half minutes—purity again.

ALL THIS CARE is taken to give you CHESTERFIELDS as nearly perfect as cigarettes can be made. Delivered in a moisture-proof, sealed package, they reach you just as good, just as pure as when they leave the factory. Good... they've got to be good—they're just as pure as the water you drink!

