

Around Our TOWN

OR

Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

SMOKING HIM NOW

A Shelby pastor, scouts inform, was talking a few financial matters over with his congregation Sunday. He said, among other things, that he knew a local man who spends \$80 per year, approximately, for tobacco, but gives only two dollars each year to the church.

SHELBY IDEA SELLS WELL IN GERMANY

Not long since Dr. Ben Kendall, now practicing medicine in Shelby, was in Germany with a merchant marine steamship line. Over there (as all good citizens do) he subscribed to The Star. A German business man of his acquaintance read the paper regularly, and his reading included the ads (merchants, please note). Something about the firm name of A. V. Wray & Six Sons Caught the eye of the German. Before Dr. Ben left, the German (13 years ago today we called him a Hun) told the Shelby physician that he was going into business with his four sons and had decided upon a name similar to that of A. V. and his half dozen.

SUCCESS IS SUCCESS WHERE'EER YOU GO

At a certain Shelby store—they do it in every store—the customers always ask who made the butter. At this particular store when they are informed it's "Mrs. Putnam's butter," a sale is immediately made. Other stores have similar housewives who make butter for them, and customers, too, who snap up the choice butter.

There's good philosophy in it. Every woman cannot be the mother of a president, a millionaire, or an artistic genius. Nor can every man be president, a millionaire, or an outstanding artist. Yet there's something about making good in your own particular work, be it important or not so essential—hoing your own little row in perfect style—that brings a glow of success and a tingle of elation. The household arts, despite the present-day teaching of home economics, etc., do not seem to be appreciated as much as in the old days. In bygone years the woman who made the best butter, baked the best cakes, and maintained the cleanest household was an important personage in the community. She is as yet to a certain extent, but there's a pessimistic belief that the qualities are not admired as they once were—and should be. Yet, it being human nature for everyone to be fond of praise that encourages, inspires and rewards, wouldn't it be a fine thing if these farm women whose butter is prized so highly could stand in Shelby stores and get the first-hand thrill of hearing their product demanded?

You remember that old story about making the best mouse-trap—but this should be enough philosophy for one day. Someone might ask us our plan of ending the depression.

HERE'S SHELBY'S CHAMPION WALKER

O. Turner, who lives on South LaFayette street in South Shelby, is the city's champion walker. He walks for a living.

For eleven years Mr. Turner has been walking along and inspecting two power lines that lead into Shelby, one from Henrietta and the other from Blacksburg. He walks one line today and the other tomorrow. Early in the morning he rides to Blacksburg and begins his 10-mile hike back to Shelby. The next morning he rides to Henrietta and starts on his 14-mile hoofing expedition back to Shelby. In a week's time he walks approximately 82 miles. He has been doing it, as stated above, for 11 years and he missed his first day this week due to a cold. Generally, he manages to get back in home by dinner-time.

In a year's time he walks about 4,264 miles. In the 11 years his total runs up to 46,904 miles. And he has found walking good for the health, as shown by his one missing day in over a decade, and he intends to keep hoofing along those trails for a number of years yet. He never said what he thinks about or occupies his mind with on those daily walks. We wonder?

KALAMAZOO HELPS COTTON FARMERS

You've often heard of Kalamazoo. Frequently the name is heard when someone says that so-and-so came from a far-off point, Kalamazoo or Borneo.

There is a Kalamazoo. It's a city in Michigan, and, believe it or not, the people up there are interested in the plight of the cotton farmer. A letter from the Hammond Machinery Builders to The Star this week was written on stationery made of cotton. Down at the bottom of the page was the slogan: "We Are Doing Our Bit to Help the Cotton Situation."

Thanks, Michigan. And turn about is fair play: we've been a-buying your flivvers for years.

SHEETS WORTH MORE THAN COTTON NOW

If anybody hasn't heard that cotton isn't worth much nowadays, while the cotton subject is up, here's proof:

"Mud" Poston, Grady Metcalf, Jim Harris and some of the boys were out near Bolling Springs tuning in on a few 'possum hounds the other night and they heard the story. Guy Eaves, who lives in that section, was with them. A few nights back, he told them, he went 'possum hunting and forgot to lock up his outbuildings at home. When he returned he found that thieves had entered one building, where he had his cotton stored, poured the cotton off the five sheets, left the cotton on the floor, and carried off the sheets. Howzat?

SHELBY SHORTS:

Evans E. McB., formerly in the clothing business, tells us that we had one detail wrong about that train wreck years ago near Shelby. It was the wreck, you remember, in which a carload of booze was smashed and the spectators used snuff boxes to keep all the trickling mountain dew from wasting. We said the train was coming to Shelby from Marion; it was going the other way. . . . Several fellows about Shelby, some of them dignified old codgers, are worried, we hear, over a report that they'll make talking pictures of everything that goes on at the Tulane-Georgia football game at Athens Saturday. Even the little side-play, etc., etc., up in the stands. Nothing to it, but if the picture were made, just think how much Claude Webb and Jim Reynolds could get not to show it in Shelby. . . . "You certainly know very little about Shelby in the old days," writes another reader. "They didn't have to have a train wreck as an excuse to pitch a whoopee party in those days." Who said they did—eve nin this day and time? . . . There was a court case here last week in which the defendant was convicted that some spectators are said to have offered two-to-one that there'd be an acquittal. Hearing various opinions about various things one often wonders how it's possible to get 12 men to agree on anything. . . . 14 years ago when they were younger, slimmer and gayer than they are now, you thought a lot of them. So today, after celebrating with the ones who came back and have taken on weight and a few gray hairs since November 11, 1918, it might make you feel better to stroll by the courthouse and read over the names of those who never came back.

OF COURSE, OF COURSE

"That column," pops up an alleged reader, "is different from McIntyre, Winchell, and Brown. And, frankly, Gee McGee has you beat."

Sure it's different. Odd McIntyre is a regular fashion-plate, Walter Winchell is a handsome buck, Helwood Brown is fat, and Gee McGee is witty. We're neither. What d'ya want for a nickel? And where's the jit?

Lincoln Native Is Made Chief Surgeon

Famous Orthopaedic Surgeon, Native of Lincoln, Appointed To Important Post.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The appointment of Dr. Michael Hoke, a native of Lincoln, N. C., as surgeon in chief of the Georgia Warm Springs foundation was announced today by Governor Roosevelt. The appointment is effective Dec. 1.

In announcing the appointment the governor said: "This enables the Georgia Warm Springs foundation to carry out its original twofold purpose; first, of conducting the work at Warm Springs, and, secondly, of establishing an extension and information service throughout the country."

"Dr. Leroy W. Hubbard, who has been surgeon in chief at Warm Springs from the beginning, assumes charge of this important extension service and will visit various parts of the coming winter."

"Dr. Hubbard has had long experience in this field, because before going to Warm Springs he was in charge of all orthopaedic work of the New York state department of health."

Dr. Hoke is a past president of the American Orthopaedic association and a resident at Atlanta, Ga. He has been active in the organization of the Scottish Rite hospital for crippled children as well as similar organizations.

Nobody's Business

By GEE MCGEE

Lexington, N. C. Nov. 3rd. 1931.

Mike Clark, RFD, Care Gee McGee, Anderson, S. C. Dear Friend Mike:

I enjoy your poetry. Your "Henry Brown" effort was fine. Wont you please write 4 or 5 verses on the "Mocking Bird" and have it printed in your column at an early date? Please do. I am a school teacher and I read some of your pieces to my pupils and they like you too. Your friend, Sarah K.

dear miss Sarah K:—yore letter received and contents noticed. I will be glad to rite a few stanzas of poetry for you, as you seem to love a good poem. I got 22 letters about "henry brown" and the epitaff I authored for his sweet heart to which you refer; I am better on dead folks than I am on live birds of the air, but I will do my best, as follows:

the marking bird
i hear a noise up in the three,
it's a marking bird a-whistling to me,
he is telling the world about his joy,
as he's hunting worms for his little boy.

oh, marking bird, deer marking bird,
i heard you first on march the third,
and it wont be long till you sing some more,
and makes us think of the beautiful shore.

we love yors tunes and crave yore voice,
and when you come we all rejoice,
you ketch our bugs and gnats and bees,
so you can holler just all you please.

oh, marking bird, sweet marking bird,
i want to hear yore every word,
so hld yore nest in the big oak tree
and keep on a-spilling yore music for me.

composed and rote by,
yores trulie,
mike Clark, rfd.

When You and I Were Young, Sallie.

I am far from "making fun" of anything that is religious, but I often think of those prayer-meetings that used to be held on every other Thursday night in the school house near our home. I always attended, for 2 reasons, viz: Sallie Brown was generally there and I generally walked home with Sallie Brown.

Sallie was pretty good at "hist-ing" tunes, but she knew only two or three real prayer-meeting hymns. She was awful fine with "Shall We Gather at the River" and "Meet Me There". I usually sung bass—which brother Bob said, sounded very much like our old dog, "Tolly" a fixing to growl. As I had a pretty keen voice, I (of course) sung a little auto now and then.

I didn't get Sallie after all. She fell in love with a section boss and they moved off after they got married—on my account, I think. I raised my hat to Mrs. Sallie once while enroute to the postoffice one

Saturday afternoon for the mail. (We got our mail every Saturday, and it consisted of the Atlanta Constitution—Most of the family learned to read from that paper). So her old man got a job on the other end of his railroad and took her there.

We had one old fellow at our prayer-meetings that particularly impressed me. He could pray louder and harder and longer than any other man I ever heard. His voice would not only oscillate; it would deviate, reverberate and satiate. One minute he would be praying in E-flat and then he would suddenly hop onto A-minor. He never failed to pray for George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, and 9 people out of 10 present would be prayed to sleep before he got to any body in his own neighborhood.

Our prayer-meeting got broke up one night right in the middle of the sentence prayers. Harmon Dudd had crawled up into the loft of the school house to hide a plug of tobacco he had slipped out of Bro. Wilkin's pocket while he was kneeling down over a bench, and he fell out and landed on the back of the long-winded brother just as he had begun to moan and pour forth a few "Amens." Harmon's daddy whipped him right then and there, and after that nobody had the heart to wind up the gathering.

Our bi-monthly prayer-meetings always started right after the August protracted meetings had closed at Union Grove—where nearly everybody got reconsecrated. We would all begin to back-slide as Christmas approached, and I don't recall now that we kept our piety long enough to ever reach January with our gatherings, but usually got started again just as soon as we could be saved again. But they did lots of good (meaning those prayer meetings) in our community.

Boys Offered Free Course In Marine

Instruction To Be Mailed to Boys Who Wish to Learn About U. S. Merchant Marine.

In order to interest the boys and young men of America in the advantages offered by the United States Merchant marine as a career boys between the ages of 10 and 21 years and residents of this state, who send in their application to the American Nautical academy, Washington, D. C., national training school for merchant marine officers will be given a course in nautical instruction in their own home by mail.

There is no tuition charge for any of the courses offered by the academy. The instruction includes, in so far as it is possible to teach them by mail, the following subjects: General characteristics of ships; daily routine and duties in connection with life on board ship; use of life bouys; first aid; signals (international and Morse code); the compass, log and lead; ground tackle and deck seamanship; the duties of lookouts; the watch in port and at sea; cordage; boats, types, nomenclature, gear; and duties of a boat-keeper.

Examinations will be held at stated intervals and students receiving a certain grade are eligible to compete for the annual awards offered by the academy. Students who pass their first examination are enrolled on the records of the academy as "Apprentice Nautical Cadets" and may wear the uniform and insignia of the academy. Cadets who complete the course with a passing grade are awarded an academy certificate.

Appeals To Citizens To Prevent Fire Loss

Raleigh, Nov. 10.—Governor O. Max Gardner today appealed to every citizen of North Carolina to use the utmost care in handling fire to aid in preventing forest fires.

Due to the drought which exists in this state and with the natural falling of leaves and drying of grass, the governor said, "we face a serious forest fire threat."

"I am appealing to every citizen of the state to use the utmost caution in handling fire so that dangerous and costly forest fires may be avoided."

The governor informally discussed the forest fire situation with the council of state and representatives of the state department of conservation and development today.

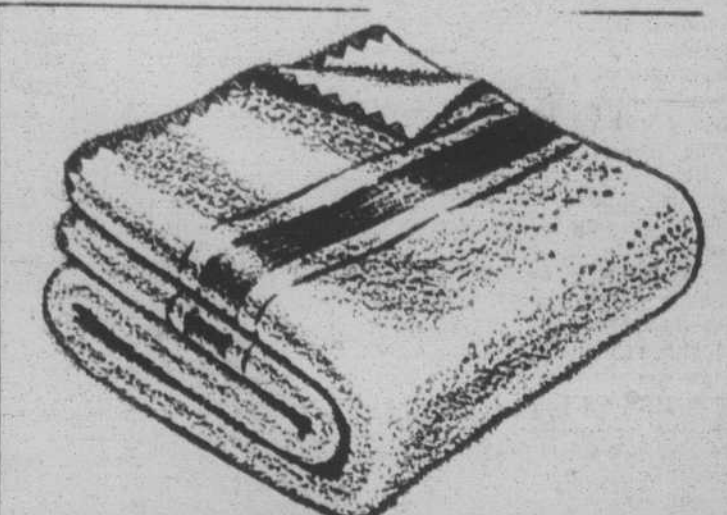
Charles FARRELL
Madge EVANS
IN
"Heartbreak"
Monday and Tuesday
CAROLINA

Sale Prices That Talk!

At EFIRD'S

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Come To This Sale and Save!



NEW FALL SILKS AND WOOLENS — FLAT CREPES —

Heavy quality 39-inch Flat Crepe in all the new Fall shades, very special at, yard **97c**

— RAYON CREPE —

Heavy quality Rayon Flat Crepe in light and dark shades for Fall and Winter, 39 inches wide, at **49c**

— TWEEDS —

One special group of all wool Coatings and Tweeds in assorted patterns and colors, 54 inches wide, at **95c**

MILL DAMAGED PART WOOL BLANKETS

We have cleaned out from a Carolina part wool blanket manufacturer all their slightly mill damaged blankets including all sizes up to 72x84 to go on sale at about half price Friday morning, per pair **\$1.79**

PART WOOL BLANKETS

70x80 North Carolina part wool **\$1.95**
Plaid Blankets, pair **\$1.95**
72x84 North Carolina part wool blankets, solid colors, rose, blue, green, at about half price—pair **\$1.95**
72x84 extra heavy part all wool blankets, original \$4.95 value **\$2.65**
2 FOR **\$5.00**

SHEETS 49c

81x90 seamless good bed sheets **49c**
81x90 Rowan Carolina made sheets **69c**
81x99 Rowan seamless sheets **75c**

PILLOW CASES

42x36 pillow cases **9c**
42x36 Rowan pillow cases **18c**
42x36 percale 30c pillow cases **18c**

— SWEATERS —

Children's Novelty Knit Sweaters, **44c**
for Misses novelty Sweaters **95c**
Ladies' Wool Sweaters **\$1.95**

HOSE SPECIAL

On sale, one big special group of Ladies' Full Fashioned Silk Hose in chiffon and service weights, in all the new Fall shades. Values up to \$1.00 pair, your choice as long as the lot lasts **55c**
2 Pairs for \$1.00

Full Fashioned Silk Hose

Nebel's finest quality all silk chiffon and service weight hose in all the newest Fall shades, with narrow heels, pair **95c**

NEW FALL SILK HOSIERY

Silk Hose

New Fall shades in ladies' full fashioned silk hose, with narrow heels. Chiffon and semi-service weights special, per pair **65c**

Rayon Hose

Ladies' all over rayon hose originally 25c value, now, pair **10c**
Ladies' Primrose all rayon hose in the season's newest colors, per pair **22c**

Watch With Each Boy's Suit

Suits

\$3.95 \$4.95

Boys' 3-piece suits, made of fancy mixtures in new Fall patterns. Greys, browns and blues. A sturdy and practical suit for school wear at

\$3.95

Shoes For The Family

Misses' patent leather, solid leather soles, plain to blucher shoe **95c**
Boys' tan elk leather cap toe, no mark rubber sole blucher shoe **95c**
Misses, black calf, plain toe blucher, no mark rubber sole **95c**
Children's brown calf plain toe blucher shoe **95c**
Boys' black tough leather blucher shoe **95c**

DAILY SPECIALS

Men's Socks	RUGS 5c	UNION SUITS
One big special lot of men's dress socks in solid colors and fancy patterns, pair 10c	1 lot of Linoleum RUGS, While they last, Each 5c	Boys' ribbed Union Suits, all sizes, now 38c

EFIRD'S DEPT. STORE

SHELBY, N. C.