

# Around Our TOWN

OR

## Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

### SHERWOOD'S DADDY GOT LAST CHUCKLE

Shelby school children no doubt remember the visit here some months ago of Sherwood Brockwell, state fire marshal, who made a talk at the school on fire prevention. Sherwood, as the youngsters likely found out, is somewhat of a punster himself, but years ago his father got the last laugh out of a very amusing incident.

Sherwood's dad was a locksmith, and a good one. He lived at Rockingham and one day the time lock on the bank vault there refused to work. The elder Brockwell was called in and in a few minutes he had the vault door open. His charge was \$25 and the bank officials kicked at paying that amount for just a few minutes work. "All right then," Brockwell declared, "suits me." And he slammed the vault door back shut. The bank had to pay \$250 to get an expert from the factory to open it.

### HE'S HELPED MANY A YOUNG FELLOW OUT

"Unsigned's" letter to this department, expressing admiration for the pluck of T. W. Hamrick, put in words a sentiment that is within the breasts of scores of people who know the veteran business man and his courageous spirit.

The writer's recollection of the day when T. W. let him have an engagement ring without a cent down will bring back a similar memory, we suspect, to scores and scores of men. Once this department asked the jeweler how many men had purchased their engagement and wedding rings on credit. "You'd be surprised," he answered. "I have no idea myself."

"I suppose a good many of them never paid?" we queried. "No, most of them have," he said. "In some cases years and years passed by but finally I got my money. I have no regrets over what little I lost that way. I got too much pleasure out of giving the boys a helping hand at those very important periods in their lives. They never forgot me and they always came back to trade with me."

That's T. W. for you, through and through. It's a legend about Shelby that his first jewelry business was conducted in a discarded piano box, but he fought on uphill without a whimper. No one ever heard him whine when the going was hard, and no one ever failed to be cheered up by a visit to him when the atmosphere was blue. He believed, despite handicaps that would have made most men fold up, that life was worth living, and he had an unbounded faith in his fellowman.

Many a woman about Shelby would not have had a sparkler slipped on her finger at the time it was if T. W. had not believed almost as much in her man as she did herself.

A regular fellow in every respect, and the qualities that made him so remain with him in his last battle—one that he knows he cannot win, but the legendary old guard had nothing on him in not knowing how to surrender. "Unsigned" tapped the sentiment of an extra section.

### GET OUT THE MISTLETOE

It is told about town that a young swain and his girl friend were getting along rapidly on a recent date. Perhaps Christmas, and all that goes with it, was in the air. Anyway, says he to her: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better boy."

"Yep," says she in reply, "but what are you trying to do—make heaven in one night?"

### SHELBY SHORTS:

The Christmas card barrage is on . . . And the collegians and co-eds are giving uptown Shelby more pep than all the red lights and Yule trees . . . It was just a year ago that Shelby was disappointed when one of her esteemed citizens refused to become a senator and go up to Washington and join in on this pow-wow they're having now about the moratorium, etc. . . . The fellows about town who saw the Green Wave sweep over dear ol' Gawga still refuse to believe that California will have a track meet at Tulane's expense New Year's day . . . Shelby could put out a mighty flashy independent basketball quint if the old stars would so decide . . . L. A. Gettys, who died last week, had more friends scattered over the world than any other Shelby citizen. He was acquainted with mining experts and mineralogists in several countries. His death removed one of the main links that connected present day Cleveland with the mining days of yesteryear . . . The story of his life is as colorful as that of any native son of this section. Every boy, we believe, is endowed at birth with the idea that he'll find gold in his play along creek banks or elsewhere. Many years ago Mr. Gettys, then a mere farm hand, discovered something he thought to be gold in a creek bank near his home in Rutherford county. He sent it off to have it examined. The find proved to be monazite and the farm boy, who had never seen a big city, was given a free trip to Philadelphia. Imagine what a thrill that was? The discovery and the trip brought millions of dollars to Western North Carolina as monazite mining began to thrive and the industry in its heyday put a somewhat backward section on its feet . . . Out in the rural sections they're still chuckling, and occasionally guffawing over Gee McGee's memories of "lassie-making time."

### GETTING HARDER OR LOSING INTEREST?

The pied names, or tangle-type teasers, as you prefer, are either getting more difficult to solve or interest in the craze is ebbing. Anyway, very few readers managed to unjumble the tangled names given Friday. Perhaps they were a little hard, although a majority untangled the name of the professional man. Here they are jumbled and unjumbled:

- ROY-AVERT-WAR-BLIT-C: Albert Victor Wray.
- SAM-SLID-JARS-LAND: James Sands Willard.
- NO-JOK-AND-HELL-DIGS-HER: John Holland Eskridge.
- HURRIE-BAR-CLUS: Charlie Burrus.

Now try these:  
NOT-NAL-BETT-EYAF-AL.  
ESO-REG-DUC-LA  
MUD-NRN-RE

The trio of jumbles was submitted by a reader. All are young men, or, at least, think they are; and all are in business of some type or had a job at last account.

NOW let's go do that Christmas shopping we've been putting off.

**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.**

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## Beck Affair Is Under Discussion

Statesville Daily. As was to be expected, the state highway commission reinstated Beck, former lieutenant of the highway patrol, who was suspended after he violated laws he was employed to protect and broke the peace he was employed to preserve, at Rutherfordton about a month ago. Beck parked his car in the vicinity of a fire hydrant in Rutherfordton. All towns have ordinances prohibiting parking too near a fire hydrant, for obvious reasons. Being a high official himself, Beck should have recognized that in the first place. But when a local policeman called his attention to the parking the patrol lieutenant, instead of recognizing the officer's authority and the town regulations, as is becoming in a private citizen, not to mention an officer, engaged in a war of words liberally interspersed with profanity, according to the published report. Apparently he felt too big to take orders. After that, probably next day, Beck returned to the scene of the disturbance, accompanied by two members of the patrol of which he was commanding officer, and engaged in a fight with a Rutherfordton officer. For this Beck was suspended from his patrol position pending action of the state commission. He was fined in the local court at Rutherfordton for his offending. Seeing that he was in bad, Beck apologized for his conduct. Then the machinery was set in motion to get support for his retention in his job. Beck had the backing of W. W. Neal of Marion, in whose town he has headquarters. Neal is a politician all the year-round and works industriously at that job. According to the rule in such cases letters were written, telegrams sent and petitions signed in Beck's behalf. You know how that is. A friend of somebody's friend asks you to do something for a friend. Letters and telegrams are prepared and petitions circulated. Numerous persons signed to oblige who know nothing about Beck, his fitness for his job, or the seriousness of the offending. The purpose was to impress the commission and securing letters, telegrams and signatures to petitions to make an impression is about the easiest thing there is when it is worked industriously. Commissioner Neal's suggestion would get many letters and telegrams because of his position and his political and personal influence.

Beck admitted his error, let it be said, explaining that he lost his temper about the hydrant parking. He went back to explain and lost his temper again. The fact that he lost his temper twice over the same incident is evidence that he has a good deal of temper—possibly enough to unfit him for police service, which is the most trying on temper of all occupations. The two highway patrolmen who accompanied Beck when he engaged in his battle at Rutherfordton were not listed as actually participating with him. But Farmer, called captain because he is at the head of the patrol, thought it necessary to reprimand the two patrolmen after he went to Rutherfordton and looked into the disturbance. Farmer excused them on the ground that the men didn't know any better than to obey the orders of their commanding officer, which wasn't a compliment to them. But the fact that Farmer thought it necessary to reprimand them is evidence that they had fallen in a crisis to see their job.

Mr. Neal insisted that Beck is fine and capable and had rendered such fine service that it would be unfair to discharge him for one error. Whether one should be discharged for one error depends on the size and character of the error. Beck's attitude toward the local officer about the fire hydrant parking was inexcusable and evidence that he has little conception of the proper attitude of an officer. To that he added the aggravated offense, later, after he had cooling time, of engaging in a fight, something a police officer never should do except in a clear case of self-defense or in the use of force to make an arrest. If Beck is so short on temper as he manifested at Rutherfordton he is liable to break the peace at any time instead of preserve it.

We very much hope that the action of the highway commission will not tend to discredit the patrol, but the feeling is that it will. The patrol is on trial. It has rendered splendid service in some respects but it has not yet accomplished that whereunto it was sent—reduced highway casualties. The casualties increase. The establishment of the patrol was violently opposed on the ground that it would but supply jobs for political workers. The action in the Beck case, with the conspicuous appearance of Neal, will, in some minds, tend to confirm the fear that the patrol might be more of a political than a highway patrol.

But while we are of the opinion, for reasons mentioned, that the commission has added error to Beck's errors, realizing the good work done by the patrol and its possibilities, it is hoped the public judgment will give due credit for what is done. Give all the weight that is coming to the good points in considering what the late Judge McNeil would call "the whole beas-

## End of Dope Trail



A warning of what inevitably waits at the end of the "dope road" is contained in the confession of 17-year-old Cleveland Roberts, who is held in Los Angeles, charged with the slaying of A. R. Schartzler, a Christmas card artist. Roberts, according to police, confessed he shot Schartzler after the latter had given him dope and made him an addict, afterwards cutting off his supply.

Don't forget to tell them about it in The Star. Star Advertising pays big dividends.

## Minnesota Farm Plan May Be Way Out For Farmers Of This Area; Gets Away From One-Crop System

### Asheville Movement Stirs Up Interest Of Farmers. Plan Boosted.

The more we read and study the Minnesota plan which was explained to a large group of Western North Carolina farmers in Asheville the other night, the more we are impressed with its unlimited possibilities.

The South is cursed with one-crop farming. So was the Northwest when this man Murphy, publisher of The Minneapolis Tribune got to thinking about the troubles of the farmer. He says that 90 per cent of the farm troubles can be corrected by sensible farming, leaving 10 per cent to be handled by congress and the legislators.

"For three years, on a Red River valley wheat farm, I studied agricultural problems at first hand," said Mr. Murphy. "If 50 Western North Carolina business men could and would study farming in this section in the same way, the results would be of great value. There is too great a tendency for all of us to forget agriculture, the activity upon which all other industry is based."

"I learned wheat-raising was poor

business, because the over-worked soil did not yield enough grain per acre. The trouble with the wheat belt was not with the government but with the farm itself. I went back to Minneapolis and got a corps of successful farmers and economists from agricultural colleges to make a survey to find what would make farming pay.

"We reached the conclusion 90 per cent of farm ills may be corrected by sensible farming, leaving only 10 per cent to be handled by legislation—involving tariffs sufficiently high to keep Danish butter and Philippine coconut oil from too active competition with American farm products. Democrats or Republicans, I do not believe this country's farmers should run an asylum in the Orient.

"Yield per acre can't be increased by laws. But prices of dairy products, beef cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry have for years been above the commodity market. Our survey showed variations necessary to meet varying local needs."

"When we aid the farmer to market his low-priced feeds and grains in the form of finished products like butter or eggs, chicken or beef, wool or pork-on-the-hoof, we sta-

bilize his business. Prices of these things never go up and down as far or as fast as grains or cotton.

"For several years those finished-product prices were higher than those of the merchandise that farmers buy. In 1930 they came down to about a parity with the goods on the merchant's shelves. Today they are much higher than grains or cotton; the raw-material products of one-crop farming."

"The cow, the so woad the little red hen are still good markets for over-produced grains and feed crops. They are sustaining the whole structure of business and agriculture today.

"There are mounting bank deposits, less unemployment, and sound business in the Northwest while other parts of the country complain of depression. Department store sales hold up well by comparison with other regions.

"Just a glimpse of the magnitude of the nation's dairy and poultry industry. Three billion dollars a year are squeezed out of the friendly udder of the foster mother of the human race; by America's milking farmers.

"That's more than one-fourth our entire farm income (\$12,851,000—1929). It is more than two and one-half times our cotton, two and one-half times our beef and veal, twice our pork, nearly three and one-half times all our wheat (\$840,921,000—1929).

"America's milk crop is worth more than all our motor cars at wholesale prices.

"Even our barnyard flappers

make wheat look like chicken feed. They lay \$717,000,000 worth of eggs raise \$458,000,000 worth of chickens.

a total of \$1,175,000,000 worth of poultry. They don't ask for any 'farm relief!' They go out and lay their own relief. Over one billion dollars worth. They make wheat look like chicken feed.

"Remember too—all this butter and egg money has high buying power—way above that of grain today."

If the business men of this country, the bankers, merchants, cotton mill executives, lawyers, doctors and other professional men, wish to see this county come back, if the local chamber of commerce want to render a real service to the community and bring prosperity back by restoring agriculture to its former place of prominence in the country we believe they could do nothing better than bring this message to the county and let us hear it.

## Jealousy Of Mule Got Owner Injured

New Orleans, La.—The jealousy of his mules is blamed by George Hebbler, 52-year-old city wagon driver, for his presence in a hospital here with a punctured lung and broken ribs. Hebbler said when he fed apples to one mule, its team mate buried its teeth in his back, lifted him from the ground and then dropped him. Hospital attaches said the driver's condition was critical.

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The full natural goodness of these fine tobaccos is safeguarded at every step in their handling — they are never parched or toasted — the Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

That's why we can say with every assurance that

Camels are truly fresh. They're made fresh — not parched or toasted — and then they're kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack.

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



You needn't tell me — I know Camel is the fresh cigarette!

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CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Woods, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System  
PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network  
See radio page of local newspaper for time



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time.