

Events In the Life Of Thomas D. Sherfick Heads Shoals' Largest Industry

By Ruby Stiles

Samuel Sherfick died in 1941, and Anna Sherfick became County Recorder in 1945, so this piece was written after that.

The old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" could well be taken as the motto by which Thomas D. Sherfick has achieved his latest and biggest success in that of Sherfick's Inc. True, there has been other successes before this one, and there has been ventures that have failed. Always, though, Thom Sherfick has tried and tried again. As a result, we have Sherfick's, Inc., a growing concern, employing one hundred and fifteen men and women, which is bringing much prosperity to Shoals and the surround community.

The story of Tom Sherfick's successes and failures is one that is dear to the heart of all, for it is typical of the daring and courage of young Americans. No matter how many times failure stared him in the face, Tom Sherfick always dared to try again. The trials have finally brought success.

Thomas D. Sherfick is the son of the late Samuel Sherfick and Mrs. Anna L. Sherfick, the present County Recorder. He was born on a farm in Lost River and it is a well-know fact in Shoals that any one from Lost River Township can always get a job at Sherfick's.

The first big venture in this picturesque career was a \$30,000 Dahlia Farm, near New Albany, Ind. To use Tom's own words, "I never knew there was so much money in the world as I made for seven years on that Dahlia Farm."

But, as fast as the money was made, it was spent, and then came the 1929 depression. People were more interested then in beans and bacon than rare species of dahlias at \$25.00 a bulb. Needless to say, the Dahlia business folded up and Tom Sherfick was looking for a try at something else.

And how badly he needed to try is shown by his own expression, "I was flat broke, and I mean flat. I did not have one red cent when I came back to father's home. My father did not have any money either. He could feed us, for there was always lots to eat on the farm, but there was no ready cash."

There was pathos in the story he told of his desperate need of money. A rabbit snared on his farm netted 25 cents in Shoals, the biggest quarter he had ever seen. This he spent on a ball of . . . (lost the back page)

