

# FOREST CITY COURIER

Published Every Thursday in the interest of Forest City and Rutherford County.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1930.

## PUBLICITY.

"Will you give me a fine tenderloin steak, in the best of condition and deliver it at my home in time for dinner? Of course I understand that this is free."

Any person who made such a request seriously would immediately be subjected to an intelligence examination. But hundreds of reasonable, intelligent, and considerate people make such a request of every editor in the course of a single month. Our community is filled with people who want us to give front page position to an article that has no more real reader interest than the advertisements for which we receive good money.

But our local friends are not the worst offenders. Frequently we can accommodate them although we realize we are giving away something for which we should receive cold cash.

The great offenders are the national manufacturers who have highly paid publicity experts to open our columns to so-called news that should appear only upon the payment of our regular advertising rates. For these space grafters we keep a sharp lookout. We have a large waste basket that receives this matter as quickly as we open the envelopes and detect the purpose behind it all.

Our only objection is against the waste. Most of this is harmless in effect. It need not be regarded as propaganda. But it is advertising and will always be so regarded by us. It represents just as much waste unless it is also regarded in the same way by the advertiser.

## FACTIONALISM AND PROSPERITY.

In every community like Forest City, there is bound to be a certain amount of factionalism. Sometimes when agitated it reaches a degree of bitterness that is entirely beyond reason. Most of the time it is well submerged but can be aroused when conditions make it possible.

We condemn it at every possible opportunity. Only the other day an acquaintance explained what factionalism may do to a town. He told of a community far from here where factional feeling recently reached such a pitch that business life of the city began to suffer. He presented a picture of the situation existing there about as follows:

"There, factional controversies reached such a peak of bitterness a few years ago that they received state wide recognition. One of the town's industries, to my own knowledge, has been considering the advisability of moving out because of the ill feeling throughout the city. Other business men have been looking for opportunities to leave. There are no buyers for the property there. The city is in the dumps, and yet it has all the natural opportunities needed to make it a first class community, located in one of the finest summer resort regions of the nation."

In other words factional strife does for a community what war does to nations. Every intelligent man should seek in every way to avert such a community calamity. Forest City fortunately, is still far from getting into such a state. We feel that there are too many good, intelligent people here to permit this to happen. But it is, nevertheless, wise to observe a situation and see what can happen if any considerable proportion of the town's citizenry gives way to prejudice and factional bitterness. In the end we will all lose.

## NOT BREAKING DOWN.

Our country prospers in spite of democracy.

With the breakdown of popular government in our great cities, and the crafty politician rewarded everywhere while the true statesman is appreciated only by small groups of intellectual beings, how can we maintain a successful democracy?

Such remarks as these are common these days. People are becoming just a bit cynical over our various governments, local, state and national and are wondering whether Democracy is the final goal of all political evolution.

While such observations may be based upon existing conditions, it is always well to look back into history and see if ours is the only age ridden with self-seeking politicians.

Is our government of today in a bad way? Reports of excessive campaign expenditures, of graft, and of politician paltrony would so indicate, but most works of history do not fail record similar conditions of days past. Some of the national heroes who are now regarded as among the greatest of our statesmen were not above ordinary cheap politics in their own day. Log rolling, political bargaining, appeals to class prejudice and the whims of the masses were common phenomena in the political life of our country before the time of Abraham Lincoln. Many a leading statesman of that time gained his position by demagoguery. Economic and social problems were not subjected to cool calculating reason but to mass and class prejudice.

Democracy as it functions in our land today seems crude and imperfect, but our American system is not endangered thereby. Such things have always existed, but throughout the past fundamental principles of popular government and liberty for the individual have prevailed, and there is no reason to feel that these principles are to be abandoned in our own time.

Men whom we denounce in the heat of partisanship today as demagogues and mountebanks may accomplish much that is good which will endure and enable posterity to look back to them as statesmen whose achievements may well be emulated.

## LOAFING THE STREETS AFTER NIGHT.

The following from the Mooresville Enterprise is passed on to Courier readers as being some mighty good advice:

"We recently overheard a man, of good standing and a credit to the community, say that what real meanness he learned as a kid he picked up running around the neighborhood after school hours and loafing down town at night. That this man didn't turn out a failure, according to his own statement, is due to the fact that his father saw which way he was headed, and turned his steps in the right direction.

"There isn't much to be learned by a boy on the street after dark, and especially if he is doing his loafing along with other boys. There are daylight hours for games and exercise—things that every healthy boy must have. But the kind of things he is apt to talk about, or listen to, while loitering around at night are not the kind that are going to be worth very much to him in after years.

"Your boy may feel that you are a little too severe if you discourage such a practice; he may even feel that as a parent you are not as progressive as those who do let their boys have their own way at all times. But experience has shown that he will live to thank you for any kind of severity that will keep him off the street at night and in the home where there is always some means whereby he can employ his mind to good advantage and enjoy himself at the same time. It's all a matter of how you start off. But we've got to remember that boys are boys, the world over; the boys of this community are no different from those of other neighborhoods. But in no community can they gain anything helpful or beneficial by running the streets at night."—Gastonia Gazette.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our many friends for the many deeds of kindness shown us and for their assistance and sympathy during the illness and death of our father and brother, Mr. John B. Harrill; also for the beautiful floral offering. May God's blessing be on each of you.  
THE FAMILY.

## THE DEFEAT OF THE NESTOR OF N. C. POLITICS.

The amazing defeat of Senator Simmons by J. W. Bailey will always read like an epic in the history of the politics of North Carolina. It represents a cataclysm, the thunders of which are reverberant throughout a Nation. The most powerful personality in Southern politics in a half century has been dethroned by militant Democrats of the State with a candidate who hardly at any moment during the contest have been popularly given better than an outside chance to lend worry to the Simmons hosts. "The Little Giant" as the veteran Senator has long been known in Washington where he has come to be venerated for his uncanny sagacity and his shrewdness in the variegated art of politics, long the beloved of the Democrats of his home State and revered for his prestige in the councils of the party Nationally, has been put down by one who had hardly been more than a provincial factor hitherto.

The first remark to be made of the revolution which was wrought in this State Saturday has to do with the simple truth that the self respect and integrity of the Democratic Party of North Carolina has been paramount anew. Mr. Bailey has no claim upon this upturn as a personal victory. At the very outset, he precluded such a possibility by having laid down the law that the situation within the party demanded a candidate against the Senator and that if none other would enter such a contest, he would. Failing to prevail upon others, men like Justice Stacy, Justice Brogdon and A. W. McLean, to captain the hosts of insurgency, he became heedless of the advice showered upon him by prominent factors in his party and harnessed himself for the struggle. He sallied forth to battle with the single call to arms that the party's good name must be vindicated after what had happened to it in November under the chaperonage of Senator Simmons.

Thus the victory is not the victory of a personality, in no manner a personal triumph. Mr. Bailey was the incarnation of a protest, the symbol of a rebellion, the instrument only through which the voters of the State were to wreak their vengeance upon one they formerly worshipped as a political divinity. An electorate swept out to the polls with a quiet, but grim resolution to strike at the old altars and to bring to ruins the towering structure of what was once the most majestic political machine in the State,—the Simmons organization. Today that machine lies broken to bits and its master mind swept into dust by the momentum of a subtle anger which was merely awaiting its moment to break forth into devastating fire. The plurality given the Senator in hardly more than a dozen counties, and in some of which formerly his name has been magical for its mastery, tells of the ultimate extent to which this great and once unchallengeable organization has been shattered and its fragments strewn along as weird mementoes of the vanished power of the Old Master. The strongest of the old strongholds have been occupied by the revolutionists. All over the State, with an amazing uniformity, the repudiation of the Senator has been final and overpowering. The smashing has prevailed from apex to cellar, from center to circumference. The face of Simmons goes off the walls of the altar rooms. The Bailey star is full-orbed.

As to the implications, opinions will so vary as to permit of no dogmatic comment. On the face of the revolt, one would say at once that Senator Simmons has merely received punishment for apostasy. With clear vision and, let us agree, in good conscience, he led his party away from the National organization last Fall and the State went to the Republicans under a leadership which he has not denied. Not only Nationally, but in many sections, locally, sub-divisions of government became manned for the first time in a generation by Republicans, and strong-minded, red-blooded partisans allowed their first blush of their peevings to turn into hot anger against the man who guided the multitudes into these strange pastures.

It was at the raising of this signal that the voters turned in to put him to rout and there is hardly any reason for going beyond this in explanation. His reputation of his own party's leadership was the mere forerunner of his party's reputation of his own leadership. Politically, and with what turns out to have been an utter case of terribly unsound pre-

## MR. FAY GREEN KILLED SUNDAY IN AUTO CRASH

### Early Sunday Morning Collision Results in Death of One and Injuries to Eight Others.

Fay Green, Spindale youth, was almost instantly killed and eight others injured in an automobile collision Sunday morning early in front of the Cool Springs high school building, on West Main street of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hambright and three children, Mary Frances, Edna and Robert, and Mrs. C. F. Harry, all of Grover, N. C., were injured, necessitating their removal to the Rutherford hospital, where all were discharged during the day, except Mrs. Harry. Earl Burgess and William Taylor, two Spindale youths, were also injured.

The wreck occurred Sunday morning at 4:15 o'clock, when the two cars ran head on into each other. A coach, driven by Green and carrying Taylor and Burgess as passengers was going east. The car in which the Grover party was riding was enroute from Grover to Marshall, where Mr. and Mrs. Hambright expected to spend the day with Mrs. Hambright's sister. According to Mr. Hambright he observed the coach coming down the street slightly over the center line of the road, and he came to a stop, anticipating a smash. The coach, driven by Green, careened and hit the Hambright car. Green was thrown from the car, crushing his head on the pavement, breaking an arm and receiving several other body injuries. Burgess was cut on the head and hip, while Taylor's tongue was cut and he received lacerations upon the head and face. Hambright's arm was broken and he received other body injuries. Mrs. Hambright suffered a fractured jawbone and other bruises, while each of the three children were injured. Mrs. Harry suffered a painful scalp injury, a

vision, he sowed to the winds and the whirlwinds have come to him in harvest time. Either that, or history, dealing with this case in exceeding grace and charity, will merely record again the instance of another who has joined the hosts of these going the thorny way into bloody martyrdom for conscience's sake.—Charlotte News.

## FUNERAL FOR MR. J. B. HARRILL HELD TUESDAY

### Death Claims One of Forest City's Oldest and Best Known Citizens.

The entire town was shocked Monday morning to learn of the death of Mr. John B. Harrill, who died at 8:30 o'clock. He had been in ill health for several months, and his condition gradually grew worse until death claimed him Monday. While his death was not unexpected it was a distinct shock to his hundreds of friends throughout the county. He had been making his home with his son, Mr. Hope Harrill, on Carolina Avenue, where his death occurred.

Funeral services were held from the First Baptist church, of this city

severe cut on her arm and probably internal injuries.

B. A. Stalnaker, of the local police force, and Garrett Edwards, county traffic officer, hearing of the crash, rushed to the scene, and secured two ambulances which carried all of the injured to the hospital, except Taylor, who was placed in the city jail. Green died while enroute to the hospital. After receiving attention at the hospital Burgess was placed in the Rutherford jail. Both were released Sunday morning under bond.

Both cars were demolished in the wreck.

Mr. Hambright is a prominent merchant of Grover. Mrs. Harry is the wife of C. F. Harry, president and proprietor of the Minnette Mills, of Grover, N. C. Taylor, Burgess and Green are all textile employees of Spindale.

### Funeral Service.

Funeral services for Mr. Green were held Monday morning at eleven o'clock at Walls Baptist church.

Mr. Green was 26 years of age. He is survived by his father, Edney Green, of Ellenboro; two brothers, Austin Green, of Ellenboro and Festus Green, of Spindale, and one sister, Mrs. B. B. Bridges, of Rutherford. He was unmarried.

Rev. Z. D. Harrill, of Ellenboro, and Rev. Mr. Bridges were in charge of the funeral service Monday. Several hundred people attend the funeral, attesting the high esteem in which the deceased was held. A profusion of beautiful flowers were banked around the casket and on the casket during the service, and completely covered the grave.

Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. His pastor, Dr. W. A. Ayers was in charge of the service, assisted by Rev. M. F. Moores, pastor of the local Methodist church; Rev. Zeno Wall, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Shelby, and Rev. Z. D. Harrill, of Ellenboro. The large church could not accommodate the hundreds who came to pay their last tribute of respect to one of Forest City's oldest and best known citizens. Following the funeral obsequies the body was taken to Cool Springs cemetery and interred beside that of his wife, who preceded him to the grave several years ago.

Mr. Harrill was born December 25, 1848 and was 81 years and five months of age. He was a consistent member of the First Baptist church of Forest City, where he had been a member for a number of years. He was one of the city's oldest and best known citizens.

Mr. Harrill is survived by six children, as follows: Mrs. W. E. Moore, Messrs Hope, Fred and Clay Harrill, of Forest City; Mrs. W. G. Young, of Albemarle; Mrs. R. E. Flack, of Rutherford; five sisters, Mrs. J. B. Long, Mrs. S. A. Bridges, of Forest City; Mrs. J. B. Thorne, of Bostic; Mrs. Katie Flack, of Finger-ville, S. C.; and Mrs. Asa Bowman, of Converse, S. C. A number of grandchildren and great grandchildren survive.

Active pall bearers were Messrs June Harrill, G. C. King, R. V. King, Tilman Bridges, Palmer Harrill and Burwell Bridges. Honorary pallbearers were: Messrs W. G. Magness, E. K. Hollifield, W. S. Moss, J. B. Meares, H. B. Doggett, J. C. Norrills, R. L. Reinhardt and F. T. Davis.

The coffin was entirely covered with wreaths of beautiful flowers, while a profusion of floral designs were banked along the casket rail. The flower bearers were Misses Pearl Irvin, Sudie Young, Ottilee Long, Fannie King, Alice King, Bunnah Harrill, Lilah Padgett, Miriam Padgett, Winnie Davis, Myrtle Wilkerson, Kate Padgett, Ruth Dorsey, Lottie Hardin, Gwendolyn Proctor, Mesdames Ernest Watkins, Joe W. Tinsley, M. H. Hewitt, C. E. Alcock, P. D. Harrill, Jr., Grady Carpenter, Clayton Stalnaker, Henry Miller, Worth Morgan and P. L. Marks.

### INFANT OF MR. AND MRS. B. H. ALLEN DEAD

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Allen was buried at Shiloh church Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. T. M. Hester and Rev. H. C. Culbreth were in charge of the funeral service. Interment was at Shiloh. The child was born Wednesday, and never breathed.

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