

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—



When I Blossomed Out.

I was about 18 years old before the thought came to me that I ought to dress up. I didn't have anything much to dress up with. Dimes were scarce at our house as religion is in Russia—in the Bolshevik ranks.

Well, I started out by rubbing lard on my hair and getting it polished so's it would stick to my head like a porous plaster. I parted it in the middle. I got my neck shaved the first time when I was 19—while getting ready to go to a candy breaking.

My old shoes (I was lucky to have I pair) were brogans with brass tips on the toes. The leather was sorter fuzzy, like a peach, but I got that rubbed down with skimmings from the dish-pan where our tin-crockery-ware had been washed. After rubbing them about 15 minutes with a red "flannel" cloth, they looked dandy, that is—dandy as any body eld's shoes.

My Sunday hat that cost 39 cents had run to seed and was very much like a funnel. I got it mashed down some and then I creased it. It looked like a cap that went onto a kerosene can spout, but I thought it was all right. I went to the country store and bought a pair of 10-cent suspenders.

And speaking of that pair of gal-lusses (they had no other name back then), they were a perfect fit the first time I wore them, but they soon began to stretch—buckled them up as tight as they would go every time I put them on. They grew longer and longer. I cut off several yards of them and made them into calf ropes, but when they finally came to the rag bag, they were still as long as from here to the chicken house.

And that suit of clothes: It was a dark blue to start with. It "rubbed off" and kept me painted purple all the time. The sleeves drew up to my elbows and the legs lacked 6 inches by Christmas of reaching my shoe-tops. It hung on me like a wash-rag hangs on a towel rack. The first time I wore it, all of the buttons came off and by the time I got home from the second outing, there wasn't a button hole near it.

I bought me a 5-cent pair of (gal) garters and threw the safety pins away. I had never worn any under-clothes up to that time, so I got me a fleeced lined pair. My tie was a red one, and so was my (first) handkerchief. My shirt was a knit design with lacing in front. And then I got me a pair of green specks, and talking about a sport, I was him and none other. But I got over it.

flat rock locals. Mr. and Mrs. John Gullick motored to the court house one day last week to see if her son had got a marriage license like he claims he took out last month to marry Miss Joanna Black as soon as her school



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is out, but he accident.

We had a right smart little storm in our little town last Sunday night and several outhouses was blown over backwards, and 2 tomb stones in the graveyard was broke, but it was not so, that lightning struck the beef waggin of yore humble scribe, as reported, but a tree fell on same.

tommy jones arrived home last saturday night from abroad where he has been working for the standard oil of new jersey in alabama. he is next in line for promotion, so he says—and his brother claims that insted of having to drive a small tank truck, that he will drive a bigger one and be allowed to sell as well as collect. if he ever gets as big as he talks, he will no dout succeed mr. rocky feller—if he ever quits or somethin'.

rev. w. n. jammer preached a fine sermon last sunday from samson and the jaw-bone, and a good many tears was shed after he had talked for about 25 minnets, but after he kept on for nearly 2 hours, the few folks what looked like they was going to cry at first was sound asleep at last, if bro. jammer could cut his sermons up in to 3 or 4 parts and use only 1 part each sunday, he would possibly be paid better than he is now being paid.

a "wear cotton club" was formed in our town last week. the scholl teacher organized it and as soon as she was elected president, she sold all of her silk and rayon underthings to the cook where she boarded and went to town and bought herself some cotton ones, all except hoeses; and she says she will use them too as soon as they comments to make cotton hoses a little longer and a little thinner, a good many of us is areddy too poor to buy anny cotton clothes, so we started off several years too late.

our policeman has changed his working hours from 8 in the morning to 8 at night, so now he will start to work at 6 p. m., and work till nearly daylight. the plan is a good one if somebody will stay up at night to keep him awake. all 5 of

Oak Grove News Of Current Week

Miss Madge Bell spent Sunday night with her sister, Mrs. Oscar Lovelace. Mr. H. T. Wright's store caught on fire Friday morning but didn't do any damage. Misses Rachel and Lois Lovelace spent Thursday night with their brother, Mr. Melvin Lovelace and Mrs. Lovelace. Miss Velma Ledford of Lawndale route 1, is visiting relatives in the community this week. Little D. C. Devenney who has been very sick with bronchitis is some better now. Miss Veola Blanton is spending a few days with her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Blanton of Kings Mountain. Announcements of engagements are running 20 per cent above normal in the Chicago newspapers. Almost any girl with a good job can get married now.—American Luberman (Chicago.)

Upper Cleveland Items Of Interest

Casar, R-1, Mar 25.—The wet weather has stopped the plows for some time, though the garden stuff is looking good. There has been much sickness in the community. Buford Weaver the 3-year-old son of Vernon Weaver is in the hospital at this writing. Misses Daphne Hunt and Nina Self spent the week end with Miss Ruth Lane of Lawndale. Mrs. A. W. Whisnant spent Sunday with Mrs. A. A. Whisnant. Mr. Joe Bumgardner was called to the bedside of his brother, Charlie Bumgardner who is in the Shelby hospital. Miss Winnie Whisnant spent Sunday with Lucile and Nina Self. The children of Mr. and Mrs. John Whisnant have the whooping cough and also have had German measles. Mrs. Sula Morris spent Tuesday with her mother Mrs. Ida Matheson. Misses Nellie Morris and Matrie Elliott spent the week-end with Miss Morris' parents Rev. J. M. Morris of Fallston. Mr. P. M. Whisnant visited Zeno Gamble of Bostic R. F. D. Tuesday. Mr. Guy Waters was a visitor in the community Sunday. A large crowd gathered at the home of Bryant Jones last Thursday night and enjoyed music made by Pea Ridge band. Miss Winnie Whisnant spent Thursday with Willard Brackett of Casar. Mr. Clem Hunt attended the negro minstrel given at Casar school house. Miss L. D. Hunt spent Sunday with Miss Maude Self. Mrs. W. K. Hunt who fell about 6 months ago and broke her leg fell again last week and is unable to walk. Coolidge says that boosting taxes depresses wages. Not to speak of the taxpayer.—Weston Leader.

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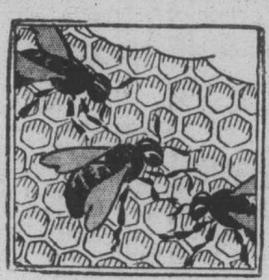
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GEESE	10c
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