

[PAGE 1]

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Major Lloyd C. Stark,
Louisiana, Mo.

Dear Major Srark: This acknowledges receipt of your good looking profile: but, where the devil do you think I am, since you send it printed on asbestos?

Foolishness aside: I was right glad to get your cut mat at this the opportune rime-opportune for the reason the same mail brought to this desk the long-winded and egotistical announcement for governor of one Wm. Hirth - a brother editor and publisher. Which of you two should I "choose to run?"

Hirth's effusion is printed" subject to release January 19." The subject matter will be released all right, without confirmation or immersion.

Probably not this week, and if not this week, later I shall take occasion to discuss the gentleman from Columbia, the seat of learning, who assumes to think you may be a sufficient judge of gooseberries; but, not trained in the devious ways of the very wicked, yet a potlitical child of the very wicked TOM. Hirth will find some of his mythical "pig pens" hard to clean- this for the sufficient reason that he will not get in cleaning distance of the sty.

I at one period of my existence was a believer of Mr. Hirth's general integrity and of his loyalty to the cause of the farmer. I was even a member of the M.F.A., and when Hirth spoke here to a regional picnic numbered at 5000, I introduced him and thought it an honor. Before he finished that speech, he had lost favor with myself, and others, and little more than two years later I began and run a series of articles under the caption of "Wm. Hirth and others," in which I then undertook to warn where he and others were attempting to lead the farmer. Lost some subscribers over it? Yes, but so far as I now know, all but one of those who quit in a huff are now dead against Hirth.

When I tried to run for Congress in 1922 (while yet a member in good standing) he set the members off on me, for he then could crack the whip over the leaders of the communities and they could control the members. Different now. Was telling a group of friends last week that I believed it would be better, for him to become a candidate. He can now "unload" himself in the primary, as Dearmont did; you will clean up his "pig pen" about as completely as did Wilson Dearmont's "rot." and show the old cuss the clear call to go back and sit down. Moreover, he has no valid claim in the democratic party-supported and voted for Harding, and probably others.

(over)

[page 2]

(Dark deeds should be done at night. I am writing this at home, at night and am out of paper)

Of course, I had hoped that you were in line for this nomination, without opposition in the primary. Nervy as Hirth is, I did not think he would make the venture. He is no fool by a long shot, hence knows now he can't get this nomination; that if nominated he could not be elected.

Believing this as I do, where am I at—Unless, I conceive the idea that the republican party is to finance his campaign and reward him in the end if democracy is defeated.

May I be pardoned for this wicked observation for classification of a man that has striven to the extreme to be a BOSS in complete domination of the farmers of this state. Boss!

If "Old Tom" is guilty of every thing that Hirth accuses he is still a gentleman, as compared with Boss William."

But, there, I am taking too much of the time of a busy man. And, furthermore, if you are as low in intelligence as William would imply, then you will not be able to understand my classic language. In the latter event I am casting pearls before a swine in an orchard-lot.

It is enough. No acknowledgement of this effusion is at all necessary.

Write me only when I may be able to serve you-at your will.

As ever thine

S. S. Ball