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promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.
WHEN YOUR SHIP IS LOST
Don't sit and mourn your ship of dreams
That may be lost at sea;
The world still moves, the sunlight gleams,
Success is yet to be!

NEWSPAPER PRINCIPLES
The other evening we had an argument with one of our friends in regard to whether or not a newspaper should be anything more than just a means of making money for the owner.

Our friend was of the opinion that the editorial policy of the paper should not necessarily reflect the honest opinions and convictions of the owner; that what was said editorially should be determined by whether or not it was good business; that the policy might be decided because it would bring good business to the paper; that it would be all right on public questions to find out what would be popular and profitable and then advocate those things without regard to what might be the opinions of the owner on those questions; that because it would be good business that a publisher might support public policies to which he was strongly opposed.

By our judgment such a newspaper policy is morally dishonest. An editorial should always express the sincere and honest convictions of the owner of the paper on the matter discussed. And other policy is hypocritical, an attempt to deceive the readers of the paper. If the owner of a newspaper thinks it is best for the people that a certain action be taken on a public matter and then urges them to take the opposite action because he thinks it will make him money, he is unfair to his subscribers, misrepresents his position and takes advantage of their confidence in him.

A free press is guaranteed in the constitution because it is believed that honest discussion of public questions promotes the welfare of the country. This is a right which should be cherished by publishers and they should respect that right by expressing only their honest convictions. We would much rather make a financial failure of our paper than not play fair with our subscribers, with the people of our community, and with our country. Today we can say that in the more than 28 years we have published the News-Herald we have never written an editorial that we did not believe every word in it. To have written something we did not believe for money would have caused us to lose our self-respect. We hope that before we will write an editorial we do not believe that we will quit the business.

To be true to our principles is much more important than to make a lot of money.—Hillsboro (Ohio) News-Herald.

AID FOR KING COTTON
Last year's cotton crop was the biggest ever harvested — 18,750,000 bales. By the time the 1938 crop is in the bale a surplus equal to two years normal consumption will be weighing down the market — unless something extraordinarily effective is done to aid King Cotton.
Cotton is grown widely in only 18 states — but its ups and downs are reflected in the standard of living of all America. Shoes from Massachusetts; oranges from California; automobiles from Michigan; flour from Minnesota — the money derived from cotton by the growers in that great Southern area where it is the principal crop, buys a large part of the total production of these and all other commodities. Thus, the cotton emergency is of importance to all America — her trade, her commerce her industry.
Following a series of conferences,

Washington Snapshots
(Cont'd from front page)

thirty eight billion dollars now.) The spending advocates have come up with a set of figures purporting to show that Uncle Sam really isn't in any danger of bankruptcy because he has untaken billions in assets. They list the assets as public buildings, etc.
Can't you just see the crowd bidding for the Interior Department's new \$12,000,000 office in Washington, or that new postoffice in Peonunk, or John Public steaming off

Another defender of the spending scheme has argued thus: "If a child had a case of mumps three years ago and now developed the mumps again, wouldn't it be all right for the doctor to use the same medicine for treatment again?"
Could it be, though, that the doctor can't recognize those swollen glands as irritated by previous over-treatment?

The WPA has come up with another now "relief" idea. It has offered immortality on canvass to all public officials whom it deems "worthy" of preservation for posterity.
Any public official can have his portrait painted in oil by the WPA if he can prove his worthiness to the satisfaction of the WPA.
More than 200 government officials already have had gratified their wish to see themselves perpetuated. Several hundred others have sent in applications. Eight artists are at work on the project and WPA says it has enough applications to keep 100 painters busy for a year.
The paintings remain the property of the government, but may be loaned to cities, counties and States for display to "impress the natives" of the "worthiness of their public officials."

Members in the House noticed a newcomer sitting on the House floor one day recently. He was absorbed in the debate. Members assumed, after whispering among themselves, that he was a former member. One legislator, however, asked the door-keeper to identify the man. He did not know him so they diplomatically asked the stranger if he had the privilege of the floor.
"Oh no," he said, "my name is Plunkett and I am just looking around."
So to a visiting stranger who will go into the records simply as "Mr. Plunkett," goes the distinction of being the only sight-seer ever to have sat in Congress, even for a few minutes.

From the People
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Washington, it seems, has been hearing again from varied groups of our population.

A large number of housewives have made formal protest against the rising costs of homemaking threatened by reckless expenditure of public funds.

A famous automobile manufacturer has discussed current problems at a White House luncheon.

Groups of men prominent in business and financial affairs have urged constructive action and co-operation in steps leading toward recovery.

A number of notable liberals have insisted on the right of every man to earn a living.

And from countless homes and offices throughout the nation have gone letters demanding that Congress think in terms of increased production and employment, rather than political objectives.

Washington should heed such suggestions. They come largely from the people themselves — from the men that wrote our Constitution recognized as the source of all authority.

They reflect a growing national concern over a record of drooping indices of production, mounting lists of unemployed, increasing burdens of taxation and debt, and the continued substitution of a thin relief for the steady jobs which millions seek and only constructive recovery can supply.

Edicts, theories and experiments, however hopefully submitted, have not supplied the answer. But the spirit and the enterprise of the people themselves have solved similar problems in the past. And there is every reason to believe that, given free scope, they will again.

Certainly the people have a right to demand that opportunity.

a thoroughgoing plan to help move the cotton surplus has been scheduled for the week beginning May 30. Groundwork will be done in the mean time to stimulate the sale of cotton goods and other allied products.

Co-ordinated effort of all kinds will be given to making the drive a success. Advertising, window and inner store displays, recommendations by clerks, handbills — every possible medium will be used to move cotton a great quantity. Nothing will be left undone that might help relieve the present critical situation.

They were interrupted by a sharp rap on the door.
"Excuse me, er — I had a nice little place — er — overlooking the river. Nothing elaborate, but it was very quiet."
"Especially at night," put in Carol. "I don't know why I'm talking to you now," she said, half to herself.
"Your talking to me because Mr. Sutton wants to keep me on. Isn't that right?"
"Your don't?"
"Your interrupted by Sutton, who greeted Leslie cordially. As much to her surprise as theirs, Carol found herself inviting Leslie, in her fiancé's presence, to her party next week.
"Then you've come around to my way of thinking, Carol?" Sutton inquired.
"No. I thought it all out for myself."
"Good! I'm very glad, Leslie. I don't care what you've been as long as you can produce results for me — that's the point. I'm giving you a great opportunity."
"Indeed you are, Mr. Sutton," Leslie replied, looking significantly at Carol, who met his gaze. "And believe me, I'll make the most of it!"

JOB PRINTING
PHONE 167

FACTS, FUN, and FANCIES
By JIN and JULIA

Whew! The changing weather should be discouraging to courtin' couples and trinagles, but it's just the other way around. Undaunted by climatic conditions, the motto of every mountaineer is "My gal, rain or shine" But our task is to present facts and fun in a fanciful manner instead of being prophetic about the weather, so here goes.
"Your claim is just a platonic instead in each other, but from all appearances it looks like something far worse. Oh yes, we're talking about Fay Moss and Tommy Harper. One of the most overlooked romances at K. M. High has been fostered and carried on by Jackie Rawles and Dan Finger for several months now. No more needs be said; just keep your eyes open, and be a close observer.

We've been having chapel practically every day now. The freshmen were marching to the auditorium when Mr. Bridges was heard giving the following instructions: "Class, that knee is as crooked as a cork screw. Everyone of you fall out and take a look at it!"

ALEXANDER KORDA presents
EDMUND LOWE
MURDER ON DIAMOND ROW
by EDGAR WALLACE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Using the name of "Captain John Leslie," Inspector Barraball of Scotland Yard goes out on the trail of The Squeaker, mysterious underworld character who acts as a fence for jewel thieves and usually betrays them. Leslie, as a dove-and-olive, business man, through the intercession of Carol Stedman, Sutton's worm-eaten fiancée, Measuble Larry Graeme, jewel thief, steals the Squeaker's pearl necklace and is turned over to the police by The Squeaker because his price is too high. Sutton is summoned to Scotland Yard where he learns that Leslie has a police record, including a jail term in Montreal, Carol, hearing this, is furious; but Sutton invites Leslie to a party. There Carol's mother innocently questions Leslie about his two years' "residence" in Montreal.

Chapter Four
"I spent — that is, I was there for — er —" he stammered.
"Two years, wasn't it?" Carol prodded him mischievously.
"I've the greatest affection for Montreal," thrilled Mrs. Stedman happily. "Where did you live there?"



They were interrupted by a sharp rap on the door.

freedom, with the pursuing guards far in the rear, Elford was already telephoning the alarm. And Scotland Yard's elaborate dragnet was at once set out for the fugitive — but for the time being, at least, he had eluded them.
The hourly editions of the London newspapers trumpeted abroad the developments in the great hunt for Larry Graeme, The Squeaker's latest victim who had executed a daring escape from the police. Startling headlines followed upon headlines while reporter Collie feverishly dictated "flashes" for the successive editions. Clues, suspicions, guesses filled the air — but no Graeme was to be found.
"Meanwhile, exhausted with work and worry, Tamara dozed in her dressing room chair at the Leopard Club, with the lights turned out. A dim, crouching figure crept along the fire escape in the rear of the building, fumbled with a window for a minute, then raised it and stepped into her room. The figure tiptoed to the wall and switched on the light. It was Graeme.
Going to the still sleeping dancer, he knelt at her side and kissed her tenderly.
"Larry!" she cried, awakening with a start.
"Tammy," he said hurriedly. "I've come to say goodbye. You've seen the papers — I should have told you about it before, but I was afraid to lose you. You can never lose me, Larry."
"No, Tammy. I never should started this. I thought I could beat the game by pulling one more last job and getting away — make a new start and live like a human being."
"But you can't — you still can't! Hide here, Larry. I might be able to help you."
"I'm afraid not, Tammy," he said ruefully. "The police are after me." His words were interrupted by a sharp rap on the door.
(To be Continued)

LET'S LOOK BACK
From The Kings Mountain Herald
NINETEEN YEARS AGO
MAY 15, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Myers of Rock Hill have resumed home after a visit to Mrs. D. A. Fulton and other relatives.
Mr. Carl Plunk of Charlotte visited relatives here Sunday.
M's. Nettie Long was in Gastonia Friday.

Yawn! Yawn! Everybody was sleeping at the first of the week — and some people still haven't made up for the sleep they lost last Friday night (Saturday morning).
The sophomores seem to be learning a lot in the science classes. Here's a bright student: Mr. Hendricks — "Why are days longer in summer than in winter?" Ladd Hendrick, Jr. — "Because heat expands and cold contracts."
"Gogie" heard a familiar here blow as a car passed in front of her house before she was up Saturday morning. She appeared, rather sleepy-eyed, down town Saturday afternoon, looking for a tan coupe from Grover.

JUST HUMANS
By GENE GARR



"Taxi"

OPEN FORUM
An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 500 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.

RICHMOND CITIZEN SIDES WITH LAWYER ED.
Richmond, Va., May 9, 1938.
The Kings Mountain Herald:
Mr. Editor:—Just what are you and your crowd trying to put over on my good friend, E. Campbell? But whatever it may be, and be it plaintiff or defendant, guilty or not guilty when the case comes up — you can count on me as a witness on his side. So do not fail to give me ample notice as to when the case is to be called.

Leslie McGinnis.
P. S. At one time glass houses were plentiful and I do not believe that bullet proof glass has displaced very much of the old fashioned kind even though we are living in a so-called modern age.
L. McG.

Poultryman Believes More Flocks Needed

T. T. Brown, extension poultryman at State College, believes that every farm should have from 50 to several hundred purebred hens.
We are not advocating that farm or quit raising tobacco and cotton and go into the poultry business, but a good flock should occupy a definite place on every farm, he said.
The number of birds would depend, of course, on convenience, labor and adaptability of labor and conditions to poultry raising. Some farmers are actually advised to reduce the size of their flocks because of lack of facilities.
North Carolina's poultry program

could be improved greatly, Brown said. At present, most of State's egg supply comes in two or three of the spring months. After that, many wholesalers are forced to go out of the State to get sufficient eggs to meet their demands.

With improved farm flocks, the egg supply could be spread more evenly over the year. Such a condition would bring about the establishment of local packing plants for the handling of surplus products.

These plants could then furnish North Carolina jobbers with a local supply, thus preventing the shipping in of outside stocks.

Poultry dressing and storage plants are badly needed in the State, but prospective business men hesitate to start such activities when they find the inadequate farm flock and egg supply except during the spring months, Brown said.

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