

The Kings Mountain Herald Established 1889 Published Every Thursday HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch Editor-Manager

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Kings Mountain N. C., under the Act of March 3 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES One Year \$1.50 Six Months .75

A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.

IT'S CHRISTMAS (H. Y. Belk)

There's a ting in the air so sweet, so rare. Filling the heart of mortals with joy Oh the beautiful star that tells the same sweet story.

O're the hills a mantle is falling. The candles gleam while happy children sing.

And hark again the Christ-child birth night. Peace on earth for Christ is born in Bethlehem.

In a manger lowly the Saviour is born. Heaven throws wide her portals And welcomes the Christ-child birth night.

OBSERVATIONS

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT by Mrs. A. H. Patterson

An open forum letter covering more than a half a column of last Saturday's Charlotte Observer, gave a beautiful description of the Christmas celebration held on our streets recently.

"I wonder if it is a Carolina custom or was it just in our village of Kings Mountain that the 'turning on' of the Christmas lights was celebrated so beautifully.

"We arrived a little late, the lights had been turned on and the band was playing 'Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem' and everyone was singing with them.

The writer goes on to say that some criticize by saying the show was put on by the merchants and was pure commercialism.

"But what if it is commercialism? It brought us together, it gave rise to the Christmas Spirit, this spirit of love for our fellow man.

The writer concluded with the following: "As we left the celebration that most fascinating little band was playing, 'Hark, The Herald Angels Sing.'"

Here and There . . .

By Haywood E. Lynch



SCOUTS HOLD COURT OF HONOR

Four Boys Recommended For Eagle Rank.

The Boy Scout Court of Honor met in the City Hall Thursday night at which time many Scouts appeared before the Court for advancement in rank.

The meeting opened with the repeating of the Scout Oath and prayer by Rev. Reeves of Grover.

According to custom the Negro Scouts were examined first and are as follows:

- First Class Rank: Lulco Wilson, 10; Mozell Jones 10; Theodore Byers 10. The white Scouts were examined and advanced in rank: Tenderfoot Rank: Charles Wilson, 5; Douglas Hullender, 5. Second Class Rank: David Mauney, 2; James Alexander, 5; Stokes Keller, 5; Billy Wray Kiser, 1; Grover, Wm. McGinnis 1; Grover.

Merit Badges

- Animal Industry: Eugene White 2; Elly Thronburg 6. Bird Study: Robert Dettmar 2; Eugene Myles 6. Bugling: Meek Carpenter 6. Camping: Miles Mauney, 2; Ernest Mauney 2; Robert Dettmar 2; Chas. Gantt 5. First Aid to Animals: Thos. Barrett, 4. Handicraft: Chas. Moss, Jr. 1; Wordie Rawles 1. Pathfinding: John Fulton 1. Physical Development: Lawrence Patrick. Public Health: J. T. McGinnis, 5. Safety: Manly Morehead, 6. Scholarship: Manly Morehead 6. Swimming: Manly Morehead, 6. Weather: Lawrence Patrick, 1. Woodcarving: Robert Dettmar 2; Ten Year Veteran Scout: Carl Davidson, S. M. 1. Eagle Scout Rank: Ernest Mauney 2; Miles Mauney 2; Robert Dettmar 2; Chas. Gantt 5. Gold Eagle Palm: Lawrence Patrick 1.

After awards of previous Court and announcements were made the meeting closed with the repeating of the Scout Benediction.

The January Court of Honor is being planned for the Central school auditorium. At that time Scout Executive R. M. Schiele will show the color movie taken by him this summer in South America.

An announcement was made at this court of the annual meeting of the Piedmont Council to be held in Gas

The Christmas Star

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

"And when they saw the Star, they rejoiced." Since time immemorial men have looked to the stars for comfort and for hope.

In the beauty and the mystery of those pure, high fires, the ancient world sought augury and guidance. In the vague outlines of distant constellations, mythology sought immortality for its heroes.

Then, twenty centuries ago, those ancient hopes were justified. Under the white light of a new and miraculous Star, men found the promise of peace and comfort which they had sought throughout the ages.

And at this time, in every land on which starlight falls, that discovery is celebrated in joy and reverence as the Christmas message sends a new flood of faith surging through the hearts of men.

Everywhere men remember again that, however dark the prospect, somewhere there is room for hope. "There was no room for them at the inn," says the old story—but room was found when the manger at Bethlehem cradled a King.

Always there is the Star, if we will see it; always there echoes the Angels' Song, if we will hear it. And their message of peace and good-will never changes. It is the message of Christmas.

Terraces Alone Do Not Solve Erosion Problem

Construction of terraces alone to intercept run-off water in farm field doesn't solve the farm water disposal problem, according to W. D. Lee, soil conservationist of the State College Extension Service, and E. B. Garrett, state coordinator of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service.

Developments of an effective system of terraces and outlets requires definite planning in advance of terracing so as to take into consideration all the problems involved in

Eagle Scouts are expected to attend Application has been made to present the Eagle Badges at that time to Scouts Ernest Mauney, Miles Mauney, Robert Dettmar and Chas. Gantt. And at the same time the miniature badges to the mothers of these boys.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From 'The Kings Mountain Herald' NINETEEN YEARS AGO DECEMBER 25th, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Barber of Chester, S. C., are here to spend the holidays with relatives. Mr. J. E. McLaughen is at home for Christmas. Mr. W. C. Falls left Saturday for Laurinburg to spend Christmas with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ep Motley of Kansas City, Mo., arrived last week to visit his sister, Mrs. R. S. Plonk.

Advantage this can be taken of all natural drainageways in planning a terracing system and, where adequate vegetation is already established in these natural drainageways, proper location of terraces leading to these can be determined and these terraces can be constructed as soon as desired.

With location of other disposal areas determined by the water disposal plan, vegetation can be established on these locations before the remaining terraces are built. Pre-treatment of these areas will greatly simplify the water disposal prob-

JUST HUMANS

By GENI CARR



No insurance. Gosh, that's tough!

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. Name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.

DEAR EDITOR:—

As a Christmas gift to Mrs. Raymond Hattfield, 100 South 13th St., Harrisburg, Pa., I would like to send a year's subscription to the Kings Mountain Herald. Enclosed is my check to cover the subscription.

Yours truly, Carolyn B. Lauman.



WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE

J. G. Darracott



The Lost is Found By Our Want Ads When you lose 'n' advertise They Don't Stay Lost Long



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.



SYNOPSIS: Miss Ellen Fortune's four new friends, society hoboes, whom she had invited as her house guests after they rescued her from a train wreck, were 'Sahib' Carleton, who pretended to have served with the Bengal Lancers, and his charming family, Mrs. Marmy Carleton, George-Anne and Richard, established in Miss Fortune's home in London, George-Anne insisted they keep up appearances in hopes of inheriting Miss Fortune's fortune.

Chapter Five

Richard's groans next morning woke Miss Fortune. She slipped in to see if she could help him. "My head's on wrong," he lamented. "I must have eaten some-



He purchased a pup with a black eyebrow.

thing — " "I know just how you feel — I've been intoxicated, too." Richard snapped his eyes open at this, although the effort cost him a pang.

"YOU have?" "It was a long time ago... Somebody gave me a glass of punch by mistake. The trees started going round and round... There was a boy there — John Dickey... He let me hold his hand so I wouldn't fall off the earth.

"Darn decent of him." "He had a little white dog with him — with a black spot like an enormous eyebrow over one eye." "Sounds like a nice dog."

"Yes, John Dickey promised me one of her puppies, but there weren't any. Does your head feel better?"

"A little. You won't think I'm ready of me?" Miss Fortune patted Richard, and covered him up. Certainly she didn't think badly of him! He was only being gay — happy — you see!

A few days later, Richard took Leslie to the country for a bicycle ride. Stopping at a dog fancier's, Richard, after some chaffering, purchased a pup with a black eyebrow, exactly like the one described by Miss Fortune.

Leslie asked why the dog had to be just so, and Richard told her he was trying to please Miss Fortune, who, he hoped, would leave the Carletons her fortune. Leslie was obviously shocked. Richard, pedaling home after her, was silent and thoughtful.

Duncan MacCrae called at Miss Fortune's home to tell her he was going to India within the week. George-Anne missed him, and didn't feel so happy. She sat mournful, alone, until a small dog ran into the room and jumped into her lap.

Richard came after, talking fast. "Her name's Jane of Aviesbury. I bought her for Miss Ellen. She saw a little white dog once when she was drunk —"

"Drunk? Are you mad?" "Not at all. Miss Ellen drinks like a fish... Started when a child... Didn't you know?"

George-Anne was still confused when Marmy and Miss Fortune arrived. Richard thrust the puppy into Miss Fortune's arms, and the old lady cuddled it fondly. On her face was a rapturous smile, and there were tears in her eyes. Richard stood behind her with a broad smile, and winked at George-Anne.

George-Anne helped Miss Fortune upstairs to bed. "Now that you're doing so well, I'm frightened that you'll want to go away and make a home of your own," the old lady said.

"Had you rather we didn't go?" "Oh, my dear, if I only knew you'd be with me when — I'd never be afraid again."

"We'll stay with you," George-Anne replied, "as long as you want us."

Then she crossed the hall to Marmy's room. "Did you get the old lady to bed, darling?"

"Yes — and she made me promise we'd never leave her."

Marmy thought that was wonderful, but George-Anne pointed out they weren't in the old lady's will yet, and that was what counted. She then shocked Marmy by suggesting they give up the whole idea. But her mother didn't under-

stand, and said: "We'll get the old lady yet!"

"I've been intoxicated, too." "I've been intoxicated, too." Richard snapped his eyes open at this, although the effort cost him a pang.

"YOU have?" "It was a long time ago... Somebody gave me a glass of punch by mistake. The trees started going round and round... There was a boy there — John Dickey... He let me hold his hand so I wouldn't fall off the earth.

"Darn decent of him." "He had a little white dog with him — with a black spot like an enormous eyebrow over one eye." "Sounds like a nice dog."

"Yes, John Dickey promised me one of her puppies, but there weren't any. Does your head feel better?"

"A little. You won't think I'm ready of me?" Miss Fortune patted Richard, and covered him up. Certainly she didn't think badly of him! He was only being gay — happy — you see!

A few days later, Richard took Leslie to the country for a bicycle ride. Stopping at a dog fancier's, Richard, after some chaffering, purchased a pup with a black eyebrow, exactly like the one described by Miss Fortune.

Leslie asked why the dog had to be just so, and Richard told her he was trying to please Miss Fortune, who, he hoped, would leave the Carletons her fortune. Leslie was obviously shocked. Richard, pedaling home after her, was silent and thoughtful.

Duncan MacCrae called at Miss Fortune's home to tell her he was going to India within the week. George-Anne missed him, and didn't feel so happy. She sat mournful, alone, until a small dog ran into the room and jumped into her lap.

Richard came after, talking fast. "Her name's Jane of Aviesbury. I bought her for Miss Ellen. She saw a little white dog once when she was drunk —"

"Drunk? Are you mad?" "Not at all. Miss Ellen drinks like a fish... Started when a child... Didn't you know?"

George-Anne was still confused when Marmy and Miss Fortune arrived. Richard thrust the puppy into Miss Fortune's arms, and the old lady cuddled it fondly. On her face was a rapturous smile, and there were tears in her eyes. Richard stood behind her with a broad smile, and winked at George-Anne.

George-Anne helped Miss Fortune upstairs to bed. "Now that you're doing so well, I'm frightened that you'll want to go away and make a home of your own," the old lady said.

"Had you rather we didn't go?" "Oh, my dear, if I only knew you'd be with me when — I'd never be afraid again."

"We'll stay with you," George-Anne replied, "as long as you want us."

Then she crossed the hall to Marmy's room. "Did you get the old lady to bed, darling?"

"Yes — and she made me promise we'd never leave her."

Marmy thought that was wonderful, but George-Anne pointed out they weren't in the old lady's will yet, and that was what counted. She then shocked Marmy by suggesting they give up the whole idea. But her mother didn't under-

stand, and said: "We'll get the old lady yet!"

"I've been intoxicated, too." "I've been intoxicated, too." Richard snapped his eyes open at this, although the effort cost him a pang.

"YOU have?" "It was a long time ago... Somebody gave me a glass of punch by mistake. The trees started going round and round... There was a boy there — John Dickey... He let me hold his hand so I wouldn't fall off the earth.

(To be concluded)

MAYBE You Can Make Money Without ADVERTISING- But Why?