

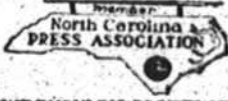
The Kings Mountain Herald Established 1899 Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch Editor-Manager

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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.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Born February 22, 1732. Died December 14, 1799.

Washington, the brave, the wise, the good, Supreme in war, in council, and in peace.

Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear.

Confident without presumption. In disaster, calm; in success moderate; in all, himself.

The hero, the patriot, the Christian.

The father of nations, the friend of mankind.

Who, when he had won, all renounced all.

Then sought in the bosom, of his family and nature, retirement. And in the hope of religion, immortality.

HAPPY AGAIN

How sad it is to be sad And bad when you are mad.

Why not be happy, joyful and gay All through the night and all the day.

For joy brings utmost happiness And many pleasant thoughts of gladness.

Cheer up, be happy and cheerful too For there is someone who cares for you.

Your friends and there are many They like you much, they love you plenty.

PARABLE

The story of Mrs. Edna M. Elliott of New York City is that of a little old lady, mildly eccentric, who liked nothing better than to attend the Roxy Theatre and then deliver her criticisms of the entertainment to anyone who would listen.

The story also had a neat double moral. The story came to an end a year ago when Mrs. Elliott died at the age of 70. The moral was pointed last week when her will was filed for probate.

Principal beneficiaries were William J. Reilly, former head usher at the Roxy and recently a \$52 a month hospital attendant, and Mrs. Rosalie S. Kniskern, former dancer at the nearby Radio City Music Hall. Reilly received \$141,439 Mrs. Kniskern's inheritance was \$55,784.

Only vaguely recalling their patroness, Mr. Reilly and Mrs. Kniskern were hard put to explain last week the "kindly and courteous acts" for which the will said they were being rewarded. Reilly said he used to listen patiently to her criticisms; Mrs. Kniskern said she sometimes chatted with Mrs. Elliott between shows.

Pointing the second moral was Charles W. Griswold, former manager of the Roxy, and now manager of a small Paterson, N. J., theater, whose affidavit identifying the one-time head usher recalled that "rather than have Mrs. Elliott engage me in tiresome conversation, I had Reilly watch out for her."

Gloomily, Griswold commented to reporters: "When I was organizing the ushering staff, I preached courtesy, courtesy. But, well, I guess I just could not practice what I preached—The Pathfinder.

Another discouraging thing about Hollywood for ambitious girls, is the number of wives that get kicked around, when the divorce court is ready to convene.

Ruby Keeler gets \$400 a month for being separated from Al Jolson, considering the relief Ruby evidently gets, she ought to be paying that much her ownself.

Perhaps it is well that JoJo Stalin celebrated his 60th birthday in a big way, for judging by the way they do things in Russia he may not be present for the next one.

"Millions of acres of forests, parks and farm lands furnish the laboratory in which young men and war veterans gain practical experience and training.

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

Dr. James Kinard, President of Newberry College, who delivered the main address at the Boy Scout Banquet last Thursday night, also spoke that same afternoon in Aiken, S. C. He had to rush from the South Carolina town where B. J. King, former Editor of The Herald, is now Publisher of the Aiken paper, to get here in time for his engagement.

I like to hear Rev. L. B. Hamm introduce a speaker because I like the unexpected, and there is no telling what the preacher is liable to say next.

Mr. Dick Tate, that producer of fine chickens has moved his prize flock from the Dravo Poultry Farm in South Carolina to his home on Mountain Street. Chicken raisers of Kings Mountain are glad to see Mr. Tate make this change, as they will be able to learn much in the art of poultry raising from this expert, now that he has his flock in The Best Town in The State.

Believe it or not, but I got up in time yesterday morning to get to the early morning Boy Scout breakfast at the Mountain View Hotel. No, I'll have to confess, I guess I would still be sleeping if Banker Neill had not called and waked me up.

There were several sleepy-eyed Scouters at the breakfast. Charlie Thimasson was the last one to come in, but maybe he had been to work. H. C. Sprinkle, was there as bright as he would have been at a noon-day luncheon. When Mrs. Caveny inquired of Tom Fulton how Mr. Fulton felt, Tom replied that he did not know, but Tom was feeling fine. That guy is going to make a politician yet.

I got a card this week from Globe Trotting Herndon, he was way down Texas. I hope he did not get mixed up with any of those two-gun laws from the lone star state.

Speaking about Texas, The Herald has one subscriber down there who keeps in touch with Kings Mountain by the paper — Mrs. Cora Hunter.

Street Superintendent L. C. Parsons told me yesterday that the recent cold weather did at least \$1,000 worth of damage to the streets of Kings Mountain. It's an ill wind that blows no good, the street building supply houses will do a land-office business for a while.

I met Dr. Baird, the new A. R. P. Pastor this week, and he is very courteous and as friendly a man as anyone would want to meet. Congratulations, A. R. P. members on securing Dr. Baird.

I have been stopping by lately to see how the new Baptist parsonage is progressing, and it is as well-built as any home in Kings Mountain. I know the Sargents and the Baptists as a whole, are very proud of the new home. Dixon and Beam have done a good job, as well as he other fellows who had anything to do with the house. W. A. Childers installed the heating system, and Oscar Welch the plumbing.

Speaking about houses, mine is coming along fairly well, considering the weather we have had lately. Between me and the weather, Clyde Bennett has been in a close place. Welch is also doing my plumbing and Childers the heating.

Policemen Hanes has a complexion that any college girl would be proud to have.

As soon as it gets a little warmer, I think I'll have the cops incarcerate me for a night or two. I'd do it now, only I'm afraid I couldn't take it. But I wish I could. Maybe they've got steam heat in the jail or something. I'll have to inquire.

Anyway, it must be a lot of fun being in jail in Kings Mountain. Otherwise, why all the fuss among the women who come to town about getting in jail and then staying put? It hasn't been but about two weeks since they had a woman in jail up there who just wouldn't leave. The cops tried to run her off. She would not run. Her pappy sent her a telegram and begged her to come home. She didn't want to go home. She stayed in jail. It seems that friend hubby was in there, and they wanted him to stay in there, and while he was there—well—her place was right beside friend hubby.

Then Sunday night, last. We were just sitting around, nibbling coles and sipping barbecues, or something. Suddenly a dame comes tearing in. She wants to know if anybody has seen her hinder-half. Some body says he's ridin' around with the deputy sheriff. Probably for protection. One look told me that he probably needed it. Then the dame tore out again. Only a few minutes and she was back. Quietly she seated herself in a booth. Then she called for the lady-of-the-joint. It seemed that she wanted the cops to put her in jail, and they wouldn't. So she went out and got a half pint. Said that the only way friend hubby would come to her was for her to

get in jail. Personally, if I were friend hubby, I'd either have myself locked up, and her locked out, or her locked up and me locked out.

It so happens that I had a look at friend hubby after one of their pranks. I'll take the jail. And if the lady happens to read this, well, I want sonny boy Hanes for a body-guard. Or Priscilla Lane for a flower girl.

Cotton Pushed Into Limelight

Present conditions have pushed the much-abused and long suffering cotton crop back into the limelight this year, says J. O. Rowell, extension entomologist at State College.

Especially in tobacco counties have growers indicated they plan to plant their full cotton acreage at a moment. For the past two years, they have been producing unusually short crops of lint.

Since the Triple-A program states that farmers may market all the cotton they produce on their allotted acres, every effort should be made to get a good harvest, Rowell said.

Before they can do this, the State College man pointed out, they must take steps to control the ever present and every-where enemy of the crop, the boll weevil. If a program of poisoning is started in time and closely adhered to, good yields may be expected.

Rowell said that cotton should be planted as early as the season will permit. This is the first step in the fight against the weevil. Then, too, varieties which will mature the bolls quickly should be used.

The following varieties of 31-32 to 1-16 inch staple are recommended for the different sections of the State:

Upper Coastal Plain: Coker 100, Mexican and Farm Relief.

For the heavier soils of the lower Coastal Plain: Coker 100, and Carolina Foster.

For the Piedmont area: Mexican, Coker 100, and Carolina Foster.

Pre-square poisoning should be started as soon as the squares begin to form, or when the plant is 5 to 6 inches high, and before the squares are large enough for the weevils to puncture.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: George Milton, migratory ranch hand in California, acts as guardian to his friend Lennie Small, who has the strength of a bull but the mentality of a small child. They are kept on the move because of Lennie's strange compulsion to "pet soft things" — such as a mouse, a bird, or a girl's velvet dress. It is an innocent habit but conducive to trouble, because Lennie cannot control his enormous strength. They secure jobs "bucking" barley on a Salinas Valley ranch, where they win the enmity of Curley Jackson, the boss's son who constantly has a chip on his shoulder over the flirtatious tendencies of his pretty young wife, Mae. Slim, the much-admired mule skinner of the ranch, becomes their friend, and gives Lennie the name of his little pup to get after supper Curley learns that Slim is in the barn, and he goes out there in search of his wife. Most of the ranch hands follow hoping to see a fight, but George and Lennie remain in the bunkhouse.

Chapter Four Alone in their corner of the bunkhouse, Lennie teased George to recount again the wonders of the little place they were some day going to have as their own. "Oh, I just told you, Lennie,

the ranch until he had earned the balance. For the first time their dream seemed close to reality. Candy happily handed over his \$300, and George was stowing it away when the ranch hands returned from the barn. Among them were Slim and Curley, still arguing. At least, Slim was arguing, while Curley was apologizing for having asked Slim once too often about Mae's whereabouts.

Curley was really on the defensive, accepting Slim's reprimand with nothing more than a wheedling explanation. Others seconded Slim's advice to look after his wife; Carlson, even Candy. And as Curley looked about, wondering whom he could safely attack, his glance fell upon Lennie sitting on a keg, his eyes still rapt with the vision of the little place with the rabbits.

"Don't tell nobody," Lennie was mumbling under his breath. "Gonna live on the fat of the land."

"Who you think you're laughin' at?" screamed Curley. "Get up on your feet! No big lug is gonna laugh at me! I'll show you who's yellow!"

George motioned the mountainous youth over to his bunk. But as Lennie arose and turned his back, Curley grasped his arm, whirled him around, and lashed at his face with both fists. Lennie cried out in terror.

"George! Make 'em let me alone, George!"

George, seeing that which he had dreaded most happening, was for once at a loss. Curley kept raining blows mercilessly on Lennie's face. Towering nearly a full twelve inches above his assailant, Lennie made no effort even to defend himself, as the fists smashed into his face and the blood welled from his nose and trickled down the corners of his mouth.

Then George found his decision. "Get 'im, Lennie," he yelled through his cupped hands. "Don't let him do it! Go get 'im!"

But Lennie still too confused to fight back, only covered his face with his hands, while Curley viciously rained blows into his abdomen.

"Get 'im, Lennie! Get 'im!" yelled George again and again. And at last Lennie reached out a huge paw and seized one of Curley's gloved hands. Beside himself with pain and terror, he gripped the hand in his viselike clutch, gripped it harder and harder, deaf to George's frantic commands to let go. At last Curley, his face chalk white, went limp, and Lennie opened his hand. Curley fell to the floor in a dead faint, every bone in his hand broken.

When they had revived him, Slim spoke to Curley sharply and quickly.

"Listen, I think you got your hand caught in a machine. If you don't tell nobody what happened, we won't. But you jest tell and try to get this guy cussed and we'll tell everybody. An' then will you get the laughin'?"

Curley agreed, and was rushed off to town to a doctor. "George, can I still tend the rabbits?" pleaded Lennie, nursing his bruised face. "I didn't mean no harm."

Advertisement for 'JUST HUMANS' featuring 'THE DAILY BEE' and 'DAI ALL NEI'. Includes a list of products like 'FIRST RACE LUMP SUGAR' and 'SECOND RACE LEVITY LOUE'. A cartoon illustration shows a man in a suit talking to a group of children.

The Four Horsemen

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) ing to run a business, keep up production and employment, and earn a small profit runs into just about every day of the "working week."

In the past five years duplication of the questions asked by government commissions and agencies has proved a sore point to many a company that is trying to get its work done. The curiosity of government has meant that employees have had to be delegated to the non-productive work of answering questionnaires; it has meant that the orderly processes of work have had to be slowed up while check-ups on it have been made; and it has meant that business must keep voluminous records that have no earthly use once they have satisfied the curiosity of the particular government agency or commission in question.

Of course, there is a valuable and necessary function to be performed by government in finding out answers to pertinent questions about business, about agriculture, and about various other sections of the American economy. But the observer, observing multiplicity and duplication and, frequently, just plain chaos, can't help asking one short question on his own hook:

"Exactly how much of all this curiosity is necessary and how much represents nothing more than a love of asking questions?"

Something of the same wonderment may have existed in the mind of President Roosevelt last year when he declared that he was "concerned over the large number of statistical reports which Federal agencies are requiring from business and industry," and ordered an investigation. Of course the investigation meant more questions, but this time the results were worth it. Here are some of the facts that came to light.

Individuals and business concerns in the United States made about 135,700,000 reports and returns to questionnaires sent out by administrative agencies of the Federal government. About 21 million returns of all kinds were filed for farms, making an average of approximately three returns for each farm in the country. A total of 60,000,000 returns were filed by industrial, commercial and financial enterprises, a year's average of about 20 for each enterprise. And the average industrial questionnaire contained about 65 questions.

These figures are only for the Federal government. If state, city, and local demands on the time of the individual trying to earn a living were included, the totals would run much higher.

All in all, the figures lend weight to recent criticisms of government curiosity uttered, not by business men or farmers, but by members of Congress. Not so long ago one Sena

tor remarked concerning a "quize" about to be projected:

"I am against this program. I thought that every possible method of hampering industry had been used. Business already is making reports of many kinds to the government, and I don't see how there will be any time for carrying on business if monthly reports on inventories are to be made in addition to the other reports required."

"This is a forceful illustration of why we are prevented from having recovery despite conditions long warranting it," was an expression from a prominent member of the House. He added:

How can business recover if it is required to take such a long time answering questionnaires for people who don't know what to do with the information when they get it? So perhaps the time is arriving when even some groups in government are getting tired of the damage and delay that can result when agencies and commissions, like the characters in Alice in Wonderland, constantly get curiously and curious.

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We have for many years endeavored to fully understand the problems of each customer. That principle has been adhered to since this bank was founded.

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"Come in — Let's get acquainted."

Advertisement for FOSTERS SHOE SERVICE. Text: 'NOTHING! is more worrissome than a pair of shoes that need repairing. Let us relieve you of that worry. Just FOSTERS SHOE SERVICE Phone 154. We Deliver'.

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(To be continued)