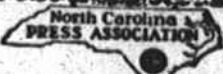


The Kings Mountain Herald
Established 1899
Published Every Thursday
HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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 Months75

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.



THE BETTER WAY

Do you think you missed a step in your walk of yesterday? Do you think you failed to score in the game you had to play? Did you fail to speak a word that would cheer a troubled soul? Did you miss the chance to smile when 't would make a bruised heart whole? Let it make you strive the harder in the work the morrow brings. Just to make your fellows brighter with the song your own heart sings. Let it make your hand more eager to uplift the man who ails. Let your heart overflow with courage for the fainting one who calls. Do not let the former failure check the loving help today. Rather let it urge you onward to a kinder, gentler way. —Samuel Henry Longley.

WASTEBASKETS
Wastebaskets are for junk: The average home or business office has more than enough junk to start a bonfire — and that is what it should be used for, instead of cluttering up the home or the office.

Mental wastebaskets are for junk too. Everybody should have one. In it to each of us should throw the mental rubbish that clutters up our minds and makes us inefficient. Fear, worry, discouragement, defeatism — this junk should go!

When a thought which we don't want enters our mind, we have the power to toss it into our mental wastebaskets and forget it. It is not easy, but psychologists tell us it can be done. Mental junk in our mind is a chief cause of failure and unhappiness. By sweeping this junk into our mental wastebaskets, we keep our minds open for constructive thinking. —The Jaqua Way.

RAMBLING SKETCHES OF OAK GROVE NEWS
(By Mrs. William Wright)

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Ware spent Friday in Sharon, S. C., visiting in the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Robt. Mitchell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bell of Gastonia spent Thursday at the bedside of the former's mother, Mrs. D. A. Bell.

Mrs. Ethel Randall was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Davidson of Kings Mountain Friday.

Mrs. Pearl Ware and daughter, Annette, were Friday guests of Mrs. Verna Philbeck.

Mr. Joe Moore of Patterson Grove spent Tuesday night with Stokes Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Blanton and children of Boiling Springs were weekend visitors of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Blanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bell and daughters, Carolyn and Nancy, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Ledford of Vale, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Ware were weekend visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon Goforth of Patterson Grove.

Rev. W. L. Hawkins of Gastonia and Mr. Frank Ware spent Friday in Morganton.

Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Ledford and daughter of Vale were Saturday night visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Osby Lovelace and family.

Arnold Philbeck, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Philbeck, is ill with bronchial pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Oren White and daughter, Nadine, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ware had as their Sunday dinner guests, the Denton quartet, Rev. W. L. Hawkins and Mr. C. B. Smith of Gastonia.

Rev. W. L. Hawkins and sister, Daisy, Mr. Frank Ware and son, Walter and daughters, Misses Pauline and Virginia Ware, attended preaching at the First Baptist Church in Mooresville Sunday night.

Mrs. Frank Ware and sons, Beauford, Jack, Bobby, and daughter, Annette were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hawkins of Gastonia Sunday evening.

Here and There
Haywood E. Lynch

Kings Mountain has two Hunter Ware and two John Floyd. I met Hoyle McDaniel yesterday on the Fulton corner talking to The Panther of the Kings Mountain Shoe Shop and Jim Gambia. Hoyle wanted to know what I was going to have in my Here and There Column this week, said that more folks read that column than anything in The Herald. Thanks, Hoyle.

I then crossed over to Myers Department Store, where Charlie Campbell and Judge Myers were holding fort. We got to talking about the weather, and we all agreed after the Judge had brought it out that the weather is not keeping in step with the calendar. It is supposed to be that most of the cold bad weather was before Christmas, and now most of it is after. Judge said if we could just live long enough, we would see it snowing on the Fourth of July and we would have hot weather for Christmas.

Talking about the weather, yesterday was just like a beautiful spring day. I especially enjoyed it after the unusual bad weather we have been having.

After leaving Myers' I stopped in front of Baker's Grocery where Bill was overhauling the unpacking of some fine fish he had just received. They were flounders and had already been dressed, ready for the frying pan.

The next person I met was Mrs. Manly Morehead, who seemed to be enjoying the fine spring weather. And across the street was Anna Thompson who was also on her way down town. As I turned the corner at the Baptist Church heading for my office, I spied Mrs. Charles Dilling and her darling little girl, Ann Mabley, who were also taking a stroll in the sunshine.

And now here I am at the office, having traveled just a little more than a block, and here my column is almost complete.

This will be the last time you will receive 5 copies of The Herald during February until 1968. I hope that I am still Editor of the newspaper and that every person who reads this now will be here and read my column then.

Kings Mountain, The Historical Town, also has citizens who are historical named. Benjamin Franklin Beam is manager of the Imperial Life Insurance Company, and one of his agents is named Jefferson Davis Hullender.

By GEORGE---

For some reason or other, glamour gals disgust me. The score is probably even, because if any of the glam gals knew me, I suppose I'd disgust them. And after all, what does it matter what I think about femininity? But I still got a say so—and I'm saying it (very emphatically) GLAMOUR GALS DISGUST ME.

I think I've never beheld a more exotic creature than Hedy Lemarr—and Ann Sheridan is undoubtedly a wee bit of alright—but they still disgust me. Who in the world, I keep asking myself, would want to be hooked onto a glamour gal for life? What would you do with them after they get so old that the paint won't fill up the wrinkles? It is beyond the bounds of my very limited foresight. Maybe, tho, you could shoot them like an old, worn out horse. That would be the next best thing to a divorce—and a lot less trouble and pain.

The word Glamour was always rather vague to me until I looked to see what Webster had to say about it—and now it's as clear as looking through the pool room window to see who's in there. One of the best definitions was: A haze that does not totally obscure objects, but causes them to be seen in an abnormal aspect. That's perfect!

It's a beautiful haze that the G-Gals hide behind. Max Factor and a dozen other experts have worked for years mixing it up. It's a perfect mixture of several dime store ingredients mixed up with vaseline. And look at the wonders it works! Don't get me wrong. I like for gals to use a little make-up—it helps a lot some time. That is, a little bit helps a lot. But a lot usually does the littlest bit of good. I started to light a cigarette with a gal's finger nail the other day—before I found out that it wasn't a lighted match she was holding—it was her new shade of nail polish. And have you tasted some of the latest lip-stick? Some of the boys tell me it tastes terrible.

The Undertakers Union will probably protest at this column—and they'd be justified. Just think of the number of men in this country who commit homicide or suicide when they get the first look at their bride—as she really is without all the paint, powder, rouge, lipstick, and other Glamour accessories. It's appalling.

Ann Sheridan was alright with me before they made a glamour gal out of her—and they say Hedy was too. Now look at Mrs. Dogan, I don't like optical illusions!



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
George Milton and Lennie Small are barley buckers on a ranch in the Salinas Valley. George is the guardian of Lennie, who is huge of build and tremendously powerful, but has the mind of a child and is constantly getting them both into difficulties. The two are bound by a compulsive "pet soft things" which might be a mouse, a bird, or a girl's velvet dress. Since Lennie cannot control his vast strength when excited, his innocent habit often leads to trouble. On the ranch the two win the friendship of Slim, the good-natured mule skinner, and they strike up a partnership with old Candy, the crippled "swampy", to save for the little farm they dream of owning. But Curley, the boss's pug-nosed son who is constantly jealous over his flirtatious young wife, viciously attacks Lennie and beats him mercilessly until Lennie, in panic, seizes his assailant's hand and crushes it to a pulp in his vice-like paw. Slim advises Curley to save his fighting reputation by giving out the story that his hand was caught in a machine. Curley agrees.

Chapter Five

On Saturday night the boys went into town to tour the saloons and the outlying roadhouses. George went along, but only as an on-looker. A drink of whiskey cost fifteen cents; and George was obsessed with the thought of how much good planting seed for the



Lennie gently, happily stroked her hair.

little truck garden on his and Lennie's place could be bought for fifteen cents.

So George returned to the ranch early—yet none too soon, Lennie, as usual, was doing the wrong thing. Not only did he wander out to the barn and visit the forbidden premises of old Crooks, the colored stable buck; worse, he betrayed the secret of their dream place to Crooks, abetted by Candy. While George was ordering Lennie and Candy back to the bunkhouse, Mae, adrift as usual on Saturday night while her husband was in town on a drunk, entered the barn. They tried to drive her away; but Mae, stubbornly bent on finding out what had really happened to Curley's hand, ignored their insults and closely questioned one after the other about Curley. Then she noticed the bruises on Lennie's face.

"So—it was you," she said softly. "Well, maybe you're dumb like they say—and maybe you're the only guy on the ranch with a nerve. You're a nice fellow!"

George would have struck her then and there for messin' around with Lennie, had not old man Jackson passed by and ordered them all out of the barn.

When Curley returned home, late Sunday morning, from his all-night drunk, his father told him about Mae's nocturnal visit to the barn. Curley rushed upstairs to administer one of his frequent beatings; but she turned on him in hysterical fury.

"Who bust your han', Curley?" she screamed, laughing wildly. "The bust your han'?"

"I told you I caught in in a machine."

"Yeah, I seen that machine last night. Why didn't you tell your old man so he could can them fellows? I'll tell ya why—'cause if ya talked, they'd talk too. An' ya were afraid you'd get the horse laugh—like I'm givin' ya now!"

Curley's anger turned to cold fury. "I ain't even gonna slug ya. I'm just gonna pack your junk. You're gettin' out here. You ain't me are through."

The Sunday afternoon horseshoe pitching contest was in full swing. But Lennie did not hear the excited shouts and the occasional clang of a horseshoe against the

spike that sounded from outside the barn. For great sorrow had come to Lennie. His pup was dead.

While he sat in the straw, looking dumbly at the little lifeless form in his hands, Mae stealthily crept into the barn. At first she was unaware of Lennie's presence; she had come in, dressed in her best dress and carrying her cheap perfume. She had come in to see her puppy.

"I was clear through the ranch gate, but I remembered—you foolish little face—you're comin' with me."

When she heard Lennie begin to sob, she went over to him.

"Your puppy! He's dead!"

"He was so lit," whimpered Lennie. "I was jus' playin' with him an' he made like he was goin' to bite me an' I made like I was goin' to smack him—an' then he was dead."

"Don't you worry none. He was just a mutt. You can get another one easy. The whole country's full of mutts."

"It ain't that so much. George ain't gonna let me tend no rabbits, now."

Lennie suddenly remembered that Mae was a "back o' trouble" and that he was forbidden to talk to her. He made as if to go, but she blocked his path. She spoke to him soothingly. He needn't worry about being found talking to her. The horseshoe tournament would last all afternoon, and no one would leave it until it was over. At last Mae had some one to talk to, and to the uncomprehending, scarcely listening Lennie she poured out her life's story; how her father had been a drunken sign painter who was "put away" when she was a child; how she had wanted to go into the movies, but her mother had intercepted the

letter from the charming, important man who had promised to summon her to Hollywood. So she had married Curley, on the same night that she met him at the Riverdale Dance Palace.

But Lennie kept returning to this here pup an' throwed him away," he muttered. "George wouldn't never know. Then maybe I could tend the rabbits."

"What makes you so goofy about rabbits?" she demanded.

"I like to pet nice things. Once at a fair I seen some of them long hair rabbits. And they was nice, you bet. I like to pet nice, soft things. Like velvet."

"I think you're goofy," she giggled. "But you're a kinda nice fella. And a person can kinda see what you mean. Sometimes when I'm doin' my hair I jus' set there an' stroke it, 'cause it's so soft. Feels there an' see how soft it is, Lennie. Don't you muse it up, now."

Lennie gently, happily, stroked her hair. "Oh, that's nice."

He continued passing his fingers over her hair, gradually stroking it harder and harder, then passing his fingers through it. She jerked her head side ways, shouting "Look out, now! You'll muss it!"

Frightened by her sudden scream, he tightened his fingers convulsively on her hair and clung to it. She screamed again.

"Please don't holler," implored Lennie, still hanging on. "George will be mad."

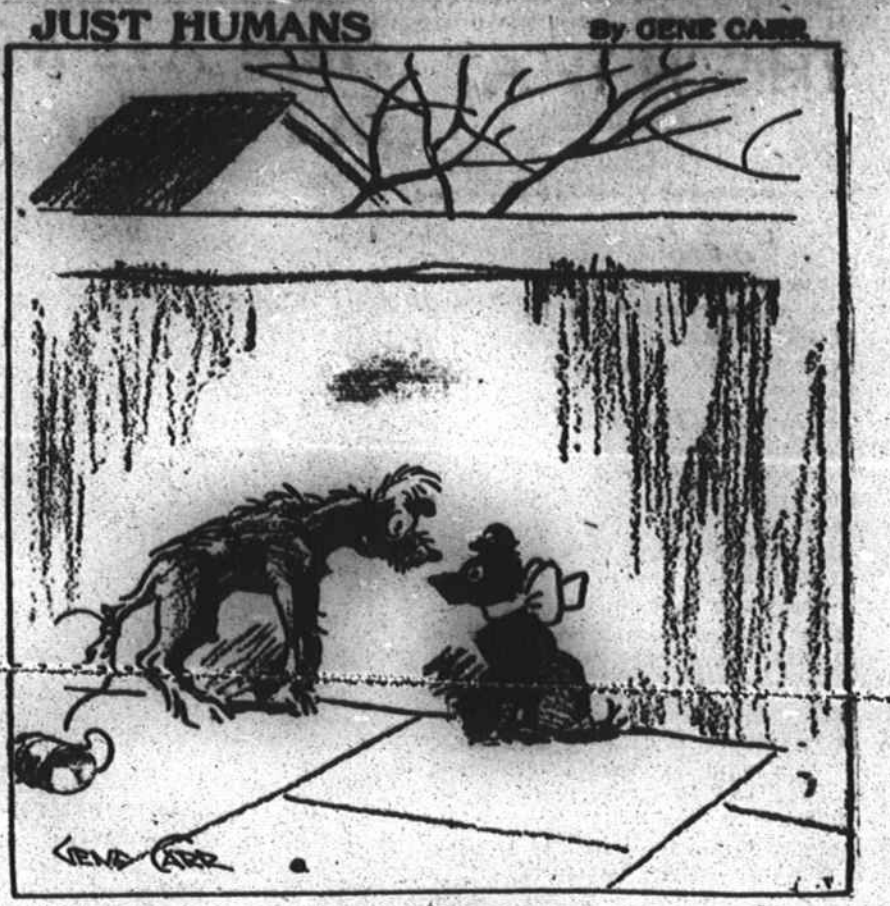
Mae scrambled to her feet, and Lennie stood up with her. "Let go! You let go!" she screamed.

In wild panic, he clamped his big hand over her mouth and held it a moment. When he released her she screamed again, and again he covered her mouth, holding her tighter and tighter, shaking her a little. She struggled fiercely, kicking off one of her slippers. Then her frightened eyes suddenly became calm. Lennie released her, his fingers still entwined in her hair, and smiled with relief.

"That's right. Don't yell no more. I don't want to hurt you."

She stood facing him for another second, her eyes dull, her mouth open. Then she slumped to the floor.

(To be concluded)



May and December

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)
New England o put on the payroll and give two years' back pay to them who never had worked for the company. It even tried once to force another company to hire the son of a man who worked for the company. The Board contended in this second case that if the company did not give a job to the youngster, it would be discriminating against his father because the father happened to belong to a union.

Several other agencies have done much the same thing. And now the ghost has arrived.

The ghost is the so-called Walter Logan bill. It would establish procedure under which Courts could determine whether these agencies in their rules and regulations and orders had exceeded the power which Congress sought to grant to them. That is all it means: That the rules and orders an regulations could be taken into court, for a ruling as to whether they went too far.

It would be natural to assume that only those who feared they might have gone too far would be afraid of the ghost. But today, one of Washington's stiffest lobbying campaigns is conducted on Capitol Hill by government employees who are afraid.

(This bill was presented to Congress by men who thought that a stopping point should be drawn somewhere. They noticed the tendency of government agencies to assume more and more authority.

Now the bill is nearing Congressional action. It has been approved by the Judiciary committees of both the Senate and the House. And it will get a vote soon on both branches—unless the frightened bureaucrats succeed in fighting it off.

MORE ABOUT BABY DERBY

Cont'd from front page,
An "extension" is a second subscription payment from some one who has already subscribed from some parent. The credits allowed on these are higher than any other kind of subscription. Here is how it works. Let us suppose a person who gave a 1-year old or new subscription during the first period now gives another year. Instead of getting 120 miles, you get 210 miles and here is why. You received 180 miles on the first year. Had the two years you finally received been given at one time you would have received 390 miles—or 210 miles more than you were given on the one year. Then the 210-mile difference is due you.

Let us suppose you got a 1-year old or new subscription. That gave you 180 miles. If that same person took the other four years to make a total five years, you get 1020 miles or the difference between 180 and 1200, the latter being the mileage allowed on a new or old 5-year subscription during the first period. NINE more years from the same person would give you 2,320 miles. And 1080 miles bonus for \$15 worth

of subscriptions. Be sure and mark your "extensions."

Double your efforts this week for double credits on coupons and subscriptions and for one of the special prizes or both of them.

The Washington monument cost \$1,300,000.

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