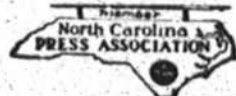


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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.



OUR FLAG

Wide over land and sea! Though others love a different flag It is the flag for me.

And that's the flag for all our land We will revere no other: And he who loves the symbol fair, Shall be to us a brother.

The glorious stars and radiant stripes With youthful joy I see! May no rude hand its beauty mar! It is the flag for me.

—The Sentinel.

HARVEST TIME

Farmers in this section are busy. Crops are good. A bountiful harvest is being gathered fast. One farmer remarked that he had never seen cotton open in so short a time. The crop was several weeks late in starting to open but when it did the entire fields became white. The lateness of the season can be found looking at the government ginning report as compared with last year. The figures of last week showed that 297 bales of cotton were ginned in Cleveland county from the crop of 1940 prior to September 16, as compared to 13,146 bales for the crop of 1939 at that same time. This does not indicate a short crop in this county but a late crop. In this immediate section the crop will be gathered in two pickings. And other crops are good. Corn, hay and grain. If the price holds or goes up the season will be considered a good one by most farmers.

ARE YOU A PACK RAT?

When it comes to accumulation of useless odds and ends which are found in profusion in many homes, here's an excellent motto: "Burn the junk up before it burns you up!" A good many of us have characteristics of the pack rat. We hate to throw anything away. Old clothes old magazines, old furniture, even old newspapers — all go into informal storage in attic or basement or closet. They may stay there for years, collecting dust and mold, with nothing dangerous happening. Again, they may not — fire, which feeds on such accumulations, may find them. And then all your possessions, no less than the junk, may go up in smoke. Perhaps your home is free of such dangers. If it is, it is very much the exception. The chances are that hazards exist of which you know nothing — hazards that can be easily eliminated once discovered. Look for them now. Don't put it off until tomorrow — for tomorrow could be too late. Fire can strike tonight as easily as next week or next year.

THIS FLAG OF OURS

In these present days of universal chaos, an ever-increasing number of Americans cling to the flag of this country in the belief that it is the only guarantee of human welfare and human dignity in a world beset by dark and evil forces.

At such a time, it is particularly appropriate to envision what the flag might say to the citizens of the United States if it were suddenly gifted with a voice. A. W. Hawkes, President of Congoleum-Nairn, Inc., did just that recently in the following stirring words, which need no further comment:

"I, as your flag, represent true democracy in the representative form. I am only 163 years old, but before I took form and became a reality, millions of people throughout the world had given up their lives trying to give me birth.

"If you would not fail me, you will preserve me in what I represent for you and those to follow. Your work in preserving me is only the fulfillment of your obligation to principle and justice and those who created me for you. They gave to you, through me, liberty and freedom and the opportunity for individual accomplishment — fair reward for services and the protection of the law in the rightful enjoyment of property legally acquired.

"I leave you with this thought: I, your flag, will mean just what you make me mean. I will stand for you

Here and There . . . (Haywood E. Lynch)

Something very important happened to me 31 years ago yesterday. I was born.

There always has to be a first time, and I met a lady doctor for the first time, Tuesday, Dr. Dorothy Norman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Norman, administered the anaesthetics to Little Lottie Lynch, for the removal of her tonsils.

I have just heard of another former Kings Mountain Band member who accompanied her college band on the first trip. So the boys are not the only ones to make good showings as musician alumni of K. M. H. S. Eoline Keeter made the first trip with the Mars Hill Band.

Jim Willis was sporting a new suit this week.

P. D. Herndon is a conversationalist. I have always known that P. D. was an excellent conversationalist, and I believe that he went out to his farm across Nebo bridge and talked that cotton into producing the most beautiful crop I have ever seen. According to authorities 12 bolls of cotton on each stalk planted 12 inches apart will make a bale of cotton to the acre. We found several stalks with 35 and 40 bolls and one stalk with 69 bolls. And the best part of it is that the whole field of 19 1/2 acres was the same way. It's worth anyone's time to drive out and see the prettiest field in this part of the country.

I am beginning to feel right military. I've got to register Wednesday.

and what you are and what you do. I can be no more and no less than the representative of your character and nobility of purpose. I hope you will never forsake the things I stand for and I hope your acts will enable me always to hold my head high any place on earth, proceeding always in the interest of justice, in the support of the will of God on earth, and in promoting the development of mankind in rightful happiness.

"May you never forget your obligation in return for your privileges — and remember: I shall be with you always, if you make me stay."

PARTY LINES BREAKING DOWN

The fact that party lines are being broken down, and the independent vote becoming more important in swinging elections is, causing much newspaper comment and speculations as to what the future may hold for the two major parties in national elections.

There are liberal democrats and liberal republicans, and there are old line conservatives in both parties. The labor vote, the farm vote, the dry vote, or the old age pension vote cannot be said to be allied irrevocably with the democrats or republicans. Many things have happened in recent years to convince people in all walks of life that to vote blindly and follow the lead of either major party is not always to the best interest of the class which the voter comes from. This does not hold true in the South so much as it does in other parts of the country.

The electorate is becoming more independent in thought and action in most states, as a matter of fact the two major parties find meager support from both sides of the political fence working and voting as independents rather than as adherents to the democratic or republican cause. It is all becoming rather confusing. . . . in truth things are all mixed up.

The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) News commenting of the political mix up has the following to say:

A Democratic administration has a cabinet composed of Republicans ex-Republicans, Socialists and a couple of real Democrats.

The Republicans nominate an ex-Democrat who went Republican in 1938.

Some Arkansas Democrats form a "Wendell Wilkie Club."

Gadsden, Ala., invites Wilkie to open his Southern Republican campaign in that Democratic city.

Things are all mixed up. Seems like the Democratic dogkey has been bred to the Republican elephant and the progeny makes jackasses out of those who still believe in party labels.—Aiken Standard and Review.

With slightly more layers on farms than last year, egg production in August was the largest for the month since 1931, reports the U. S. Agricultural Marketing Service.

Despite the European war and the national defense program, living costs in the United States are unlikely to increase by more than 2 to 5 percent before spring.

Rocky Mount police have registered more than 2,100 bicycles this year.

Edward Small PRESENTS my SON! FROM THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL BY HOWARD SPRING MADELEINE CARROLL BRIAN AHERNE LOUIS HAYWARD

Chapter One

I can see now in all its details, but yesterday, the dingy little furnished room in the cheap Manchester slum street which Dermot O'Riordan and I had shared for so many of our youthful years. I can see the two iron beds in the corner, the two cheap chairs and the broken-down bureau before whose distorted mirror Dermot was shaving in preparation for the most momentous event in his life. "Bad cess to it!" cried Dermot.

"I can see now in all its details, but yesterday, the dingy little furnished room in the cheap Manchester slum street which Dermot O'Riordan and I had shared for so many of our youthful years. I can see the two iron beds in the corner, the two cheap chairs and the broken-down bureau before whose distorted mirror Dermot was shaving in preparation for the most momentous event in his life. "Bad cess to it!" cried Dermot. "Hand me a piece of paper, Will!" Without rising from my trunk-bed, I reached over to the table, pulling off the top sheet from a stack of hand-written pages, and passed it to him. "I can't use this, man!" said Dermot. "It's the story you're writing." His puckish, snubbed nose poked forward inquiringly at me as always when he was excited. "Use it," I said curtly. "That's all it's good for." "Ah, there ye go now. Letting an old man discouragement ride on your shoulder! You've got talent and imagination and heart! Why, man, the whole world is open before you to write about! I've no patience with a man who has no faith in himself, Will Essex!" "It's easy for you to talk, Dermot," I replied. "You want to be the finest cabinet-maker in England. Meanwhile you work in wood . . . you can see what you're accomplishing — and you get paid for what you do. I want to be a writer — but no one will pay me to write. I have to take any old job I can find that gives me a bare living and a chance to write on the side. . . . Anyway, there you are — all packed and ready to go off and claim your bride!" Dermot glanced up at the wall. "All packed! It's a fine packer



I followed him outside and thrashed him.

shop that went with it; and the long evenings were free to me to go on with the new novel I had undertaken. Nellie was friendly in her shy, respectful way, and her father came to rely upon me more and more as his affliction grew worse. Nellie was somewhat awed with my writing but disappointed of my indifference to her efforts to convert me to the faith that occupied most of her thoughts, or to accompany her and her father to the weekly chapel services. When I had been with them some months, Nellie asked me one chapel night to escort her to the services. Her father was feeling too ill to go out. "Your chapel means a great deal to you doesn't it, Nellie?" I remarked. "As much as writing this book means to me, I suppose." "Oh, much more! That's just your work." "Why, Nellie, I answered with mock severity, 'haven't you heard that work is worship, and labor holy?'" "I'm sure that isn't in the Bible." "Never mind," I laughed. "I'll take you to Chapel. Who knows — you might convert a heathen." "I'd like to," she said shyly. "Thank you, Mr. Essex." I sat through the services as attentively as my thoughts of my postponed writing would permit. When we returned home we found Mr. Moscrop lying in a huddled heap at the foot of the staircase, as though he had been trying to gain his bedroom during a particularly severe attack. I bent over the inert form for a moment, with Nellie's frightened sobs in my ears. Then I arose and placed my hands gently on her shoulders. "There's nothing we can do, Nellie. There's nothing anyone can do!" She leaned against me, letting her grief and fright and loneliness pour themselves out unchecked. . . . Perhaps I had already known that sooner or later I was going to marry Nellie Moscrop.

(To be continued)

J. B. Whitson, a farmer of the Fork Mountain township in Mitchell County, says that due to lime and phosphate, there is four times more grass and clover in his township than five years ago.

Help your teeth shine like the stars . . . use Calox Tooth Powder Many of Hollywood's brightest stars use Calox to help bring out the natural lustre of their teeth—and you can rely on Calox too. Pure, wholesome, pleasant-tasting, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Five tested ingredients, blended according to the formula of a foremost dental authority, make Calox an economical tooth powder that can't harm tooth enamel. Get Calox today at your drug store. Five sizes, from 10¢ to \$1.25. Copr. 1939 McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Just Human By GENE CARR. Illustration of a man in a car. "I Had My Last Ride With You, O' Man!"

1941 PHILCO FARM RADIO. IT TAKES MORE THAN JUST LUCK TO SUCCEED. Luck will help, but to do the things you want to do, the things you plan on doing sometime, you want a more dependable method! You can find it in a savings account . . . and the increased income, the earnings of your savings will bring you closer to your goal, in less time. We'll be glad to explain how easy it is to start and continue an account. Ask about it! THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK 2 Percent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

Carrier. The world's biggest conveyor belt, a cotton fabric band ten and a half miles long, is carrying ten million tons of concrete aggregate up to the Shasta Dam in California. Until the dam is completed in 1944 this belt will never stop running, night or day. There is another conveyor belt which normally carries a purchasing power aggregate of a billion and a half dollars annually to the farmers of America—several times that amount to American businessmen. It is the conveyor belt of cotton buying which carries the raw material from two million farms through 15,000 gins, 2000 markets, nearly 2000 spinning and weaving mills, nearly 20,000 garment and other factories, making finished consumers goods for 140 million American cotton consumers. Your own individual cotton purchases are the threads in this giant carrier. Because of the vast commercial edifice dependent on them, they must not break down. VICTORY GIN CO. Cotton Ginners Quality Coal P. D. Herndon, Manager Phone 239