

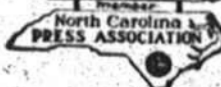
The Kings Mountain Herald
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HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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



THE BAREFOOT BOY
Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.

From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
—John Greenleaf Whittier

THE BEST TIME
The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend is the moment you receive them; then the warmth of friendship and the intelligence received most forcibly cooperate.—Shenstone.

APPRECIATION
Appreciation is not positive unless it is expressed in some form—action, word or deed. And the one who fails to express appreciation for favors or courtesies is one who lacks culture, sincerity, and good breeding.—Selected.

YOUR DISPOSITION
An Old Quaker was watering his cow at the town well one morning when the new neighbor drove his horse up to the trough.
"What kind of people live here?" asked the newcomer.
"What kind of people did thee live amongst where thee came from?" asked the Quaker. "Oh it was a good place to get away from. The people were always taking advantage of me and were small and mean."
"I am sorry, neighbor, thee will find the same here."
And the man did. He quarreled with all who would quarrel and soon moved on.

In a few months another family came to the same town. The Quaker met the new neighbor at the well. The same question was asked by the stranger. Again, the Quaker asked his question.
"The best and dearest people on the earth," was the reply. "We wept in sorrow to leave them."
"Be of good cheer! Thee will find just as good and beautiful people here, said the old man. And the new stranger did.

Man is largely the architect of his own fortunes. The disturbing elements we experience in life are largely in our own mind. It we see things with a sour eye they are naturally going to appear sour to us. If we see things under bright colors, that brightness will be reflected back to us. We must first get a proper disposition for ourselves, then we shall find that we live in an atmosphere that fits such a happy disposition.—The Young Citizen.

WORKING ALL THE TIME
They work quietly in the industrial laboratories. The public doesn't often hear what is going on, or have occasion to realize the vast amount of hard, painstaking effort that goes into the development of a new product. All we see is the final successful result, with its prospect of more jobs, more payrolls, and added comfort for all Americans.

It is worthwhile occasionally, simply to keep things in their proper perspective, to remember that in industry is hard to work all the time spending large sums of money in an effort to find new products that will benefit the entire economy.
Farmers, for instance, will be interested in experiments that have been going on for many years aimed at turning the whole cotton plant—stalk, leaves, boll, and fiber—into rayon. If and when this becomes commercially feasible, it will help to save our trees— for wood is a main base source for rayon—and will also be one more example where industry has helped agriculture.
Hundreds of earnest experiments like these, many of them brought to

Here and There . . .
Haywood E. Lynch

I know a fellow who will be enjoying some home-made fruit cake in a few days. I was in the Post Office Monday and saw Clarence Black mailing a package which contained a Christmas cake to his son, who is in the Army in Panama. The postage on the package was \$1.40, but the enjoyment of eating some of mama's cake far away from home will more than pay for the postage bill.

Bird hunters are reporting that the birds are scarce this year. Frank Summers was in the office to buy

me that the woods and fields are full of rabbits but the birds are some other place. Several others have told me of the large number of rabbits, but the scarcity of birds. Shortly Edens has done about as well as any with the birds so far. He has bagged about 15 so far, and the season is just beginning.

Sport of The Week:
Fountaineer Humes Houston, so excited during the Christmas run that he tried to make a milk-shake on the orange squeezer at the Kings Mountain Drug Tuesday.

Thanks to the writer of the following:

"Dear Mr. Lynch:
"We like the Herald very much at our house. Enjoy Mr. Belk's short stories, and the Womans page, and your writing too.

"A Subscriber, City."

Charlie Thomasson, who is a great booster of Kings Mountain and The Herald gave me this item which he had clipped, for my Column:

| | | |
|---------------|-------------------|--------|
| | Mussol- | Roose- |
| | ini Stalin Hitler | velt |
| Born | 1883 1870 1889 | 1882 |
| Took office | 1922 1924 1933 | 1933 |
| Yrs. in power | 18 16 7 | 7 |
| Age | 57 70 51 | 58 |

Totals 3880 3880 3880 3880
Divide by 2, the answer is 1940.

Frank Stroup, the efficient and energetic manager of the Home Stores has rearranged his stock so that customers may wait on themselves.

Mrs. Many Moorhead says Kings Mountain needs a town clock. She was down town the other day and each of the four clocks she saw indicated a different time, and you know she is used to railroad time, which is always on the dot.

Miss Dorothy Carson, the talented pianist who accompanied the singers last night played with his gloves on. She didn't want to greet Santa with cold hands.

Carl Short who tried to clear a path for Santa from the truck to the Church entrance was smothered with happy children trying to get closer to the man from the Frozen North.

If Otis Falls can sell gas as well as his little daughter, Betty, can sing, he'll have the gas business cornered here.

Miss Carolyn Carlisle, the Director of the singers, was dressed the part, she had on a beautiful black fur coat, and I have been told they wear furs at the North Pole.

Postmaster W. E. Blakely says to mail early as it will soon be too late.

"Fall of France" Lecture Here Next Tuesday

Mrs. Marjorie S. Martin, of Lenoir who was in France when it was occupied by the German Army, will give a lecture of her eye-witness account of the "Fall of France." Mrs. Martin is a gifted and talented speaker and everyone is invited to hear her patriotic address next Tuesday evening in the Central School building at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Martin has made her home in Europe for the past seven years and is well qualified to talk about conditions in Europe.

Mrs. Martin's appearance in Kings Mountain is sponsored by the local Post of the American Legion. Legionaire W. W. Souther is Chairman of the Committee for the program. Other members of the committee are Glee Bridges and L. W. Wedon. An interesting and inspiring program has been arranged and the timeliness of the message will make it doubly important to the citizenship of America. Chairman Souther announced that a space will be reserved for the colored citizens of Kings Mountain and community.

The Kings Mountain School Band will play.

With the organization of a club in Prätown School, every rural school in Durham County now has an active 4-H Club.
Completion each year, serve to stress the importance of research to the American concept of an expanding economy that constantly distributes more goods and more pleasant living to all its people.

Interest Shown In T. B. Seal Sales

Considerable interest is being shown in the sales of T. B. Christmas Seals which began Monday according to Mrs. Mack Gantt, Chairman. Mrs. Gantt stated that everyone who had been contacted gladly bought seals to aid in tuberculosis work. Sales of the seals will continue until Christmas.

Mrs. Gantt announced the following committees to aid in the sale of the seals that mean so much to the health of America:
Publicity: Haywood E. Lynch.
Secretarial chairman: Miss Louise Putnam.
Advertising: Scout Troop 4, H. C.

Wilson, Scoutmaster.
Mailing list chairman: Mrs. H. R. Parton.
Business District: Mrs. Harry Page.
Mill Offices: Miss Addeline Warlock.
School, Central: Miss Guasie Huff
Stetter; West End, Mrs. C. Q. Rhyne; East End, Mrs. Joe Thomson; Margrace, Mrs. J. C. Nickels; Colored School, R. J. Davidson.

The food stamp plan for aiding the market in moving surplus foods into trade channels has been extended to Asheville and the remainder of Buncombe County, announces the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Coming
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and heartbreak!

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Each Other

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Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by Jo Swerlow
Presented by Selznick International
Released thru United Artists

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Johnny Mason, young attorney, meets and marries a girl during a trip to Boston. He brings his bride, Jane, to New York. First his boss, Judge Doolittle, who has a daughter, Betty, and then Johnny's mother, Mrs. Mason, who tells her she is Johnny's wife, Mrs. Mason's position to Jane is without Johnny and Jane get on the St. Normandie for their honeymoon trip. Carter, of the law office, gets them off the boat. Johnny is wanted at the office to handle a case at once. After they are notified in an apartment, Jane gives a dinner for the judge, his daughter, and Carter. She believes Johnny is about to get a partnership in the firm. Everything goes wrong at the dinner. At last the judge gives his favor and announces in addition to the firm is being made.

Chapter Three
Jane gazed fondly across the table. Johnny as the judge continued with his announcement.
"Yes," said Doolittle, "the firm will be — Doolittle — Messers — Doolittle — Hutch —"
He glanced again at Eunice.
"Yes, and Carter!" the judge concluded.
Johnny stumbled to his feet, offering an outstretched hand to Carter. Jane could only look at Johnny, her eyes filled with tears, knowing his disappointment.



"I'm asking everyone to take a 25 per cent salary cut."

Somehow the evening ended and the guests left. Jane was alone in the kitchen with a stack of dishes. In the other room she could hear Mrs. Mason talking to Johnny.
"If you hadn't rushed into this marriage there wouldn't have been any question about your getting the partnership," Mrs. Mason was saying.
"My partnership with Jane is all the partnership I need," came Johnny's answer. "And mother, there's something else, I don't like to mention this, but it's not easy for Jane, and I do wish you'd try — er, well — you know, mother — not to make it any more difficult."
Offended, her voice querulous, Mrs. Mason answered, "Is that the way you feel about it?"
"Yes, mother, that's the way I feel about it."
Jane's heart skipped a beat. All her disappointments and depressions over the dinner party and its stunning outcome faded away. Smiling, humming under her breath, she began to wash the dishes.
In a few weeks, Jane had even greater cause for happiness. She went straight from the doctor's office to the courtroom where Johnny was pleading a case. She heard her husband's brilliant summation to the jury, then beckoned him to her side. There, together, they shared the news that Jane was to become a mother. When the jury returned, bringing a verdict in favor of Johnny's client, neither knew or cared anything about the case, or courts, or the law.
Johnny was at the hospital when the baby was born several months later, beside himself with worry over Jane, with happiness at the glad event, and wonder at the mystery of it all.
As he rushed up to the door of the delivery room, a nurse came out, holding in her arms a newborn infant.
"Is this — mine?" asked Johnny, incredulous.
"Yes," said the nurse, in a matter-of-fact voice, "that's your boy."
The news was too much for Johnny. They put him to bed in a nearby room and brought him around with smelling salts.
The arrival of John Forace Mason, Jr., changed everything at the apartment. Now there was not room enough for Jane, Johnny, Mrs. Mason and the baby, too. But Johnny, after giving, the hos-

pital bill, was flat broke. His expenses rose, though his salary remained the same. Where to put the baby became a problem.
"Why can't he stay in our room?" suggested Johnny.
"He kept you up last night, didn't he? You've got to get your sleep, too," Jane objected.
"You should have taken that into consideration, my dear, because you rented this apartment," added Mrs. Mason, with demure over-sweetness.
In the midst of the discussion, Hilda, the new maid, came in and quit her job, refusing to work with a baby in the house.
"My business is cooking," she said firmly. "You get somebody else to wash the diapers."
Softly, almost to herself, Jane said, "I wish I could go back to the hospital."
Suddenly Johnny's voice interrupted.
"Look! Mother! Jane! Look — the baby! He's smiling — he's smiling at me!"
Mrs. Mason bent over the crib. Jane rushed over to look.
"That's gas," said Mrs. Mason flatly, completely knocking the spirits from Jane and Johnny.
"They reached no solution concerning Junior's sleeping quarters. All they could do was move him from room to room. He would sleep in the kitchen at night, and in the living room by day. Mrs. Mason would keep her room for herself.
Johnny, returning from a reunion of his college class one night (the class which had voted him the man most likely to succeed) nearly stumbled over the

baby's crib. His spirits already had been depressed because he had met classmates who already had found the road to success, while he, most likely to succeed, was still a struggling lawyer. Nearly tripping over the baby's crib only served to emphasize his failure.
Arising from bed, Jane did her best to cheer him up. She decided to tell Johnny what she knew in her heart was true.
"The trouble with you is you let people step on you. You do all the work in that office. You're too modest. You don't appreciate yourself."
She spoke on, and Johnny began to catch her enthusiasm. Tomorrow, she told him, he must go into Doolittle's office, demand a raise and a partnership, or quit!
On this, Johnny balked. Jane, not to be denied, continued with her fight talk. At last Johnny went to bed, determined to go over the top tomorrow.
When the morning dawned, however, it did not seem quite so simple to Johnny. In the privacy of his own small office, he rehearsed his speech to the judge. It sounded unconvincing.
He gathered enough courage to knock on the judge's door. He entered, leaned over the desk and spoke up.
"Judge Doolittle, there's something I've got to say —"
"Oh, it's you. You're just the one I wanted to see; sit down," invited Doolittle.
Without giving Johnny a chance to go on, the judge made his own speech. Times were hard, he said, and clients were cutting down all around.
"You've been capable and loyal right from the start, Mason. But these are extraordinary times — for all of us. So I'm asking everyone to take a twenty-five per cent salary cut. I'm starting by taking a substantial cut in my own personal drawing account."
Johnny made a miserable exit from the office. As he left, he heard the judge talking on the telephone and saying:
"Hello, Commissioner. You know that little piece of property on Park Avenue? Well — if the price is right —"
Johnny's face was a mask of doom as he went back to his own cubicle.
(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"What's the Excitement, Child?"
"Y'missis Says Y'got a Patient in Y'office, Doc!"

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