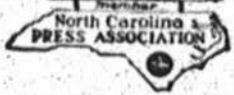


The Kings Mountain Herald
 Established 1889
 Published Every Thursday
HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
 Haywood E. Lynch
 Editor-Manager

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 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 vicinity.



THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

May every soul that touches mine—
 Be if the slightest contact—
 Get therefrom some good,
 Some little grace, one kindly thought,
 One inspiration yet unfeigned,
 One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
 One gleam of faith
 To brave the thickening ills of life,
 One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mist,
 To make this life worth while,
 And heaven a sure heritage.

A WHOPPTR IS CORRECTED

You may have noticed an Associated Press dispatch from Wilson, N. C., describing the experience of three tenant farmers who went out to cut an old pine tree for firewood. In successive hollows they found a nest of squirrels, a den of raccoons, 200 pounds of pure honey, and finally, a nice fat possum. Well, we have a very persistent North Carolinian on our staff, and naturally he noticed it too.

"They didn't get it straight," he complained. "The way it happened was this: First, they chopped open the hollow at the top and found the squirrels. Then they found a hollow containing 150 pounds of the finest paper shell pecans. They chopped some more and found a passel of coons, including a rare albino—snow white and worth a lot of money. They chopped some more, and found the 200 pounds of pure honey; but remember this was an old tree, so why overlook the 500 pounds of beeswax? They chopped some more, and out popped a fat 'possum. They chopped some more and out popped a bag full of gold the Confederates had hid from the Yankees. They chopped some more, and out popped the Wilson correspondent of the Raleigh News and Observer. That's the way I have always heard it!"—Baltimore Evening Sun.

CHARITY

Every good act is charity. Your smiling on your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds; is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road, is charity; your assisting the blind, is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions from the road, is charity; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter, is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"—Mahomet.

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)
 that his statistician is Isadore Lubin, who probably is as fair as any other figure-fiddler in government service but who has worked closely with labor for years and now draws his pay from the Department of Labor.

The day Hillman testified that labor had a "remarkable record" 20 defense industries were tied up by strikes. The day before there were only 18, the week before, 10; and a month before only 6. Something caused the increase in numbers. Hillman did not say what.

However, strong his intention to be honest, Hillman did a peculiar thing with his figures, through omission or oversight. He showed that the man-days of work lost in defense industries in 1940 were only a small percentage of man-days work lost.

But he didn't tell the committee how those percentages for 1940 compared with percentages for 1939. Nor did he say how many days of lost work the percentages actually represented.

The committee was never able to establish very clearly, either, what effect the actual strikes had on related industries. For example, the day after Hillman testified, several automobile companies who have defense contracts prepared to shut down because a strike kept another company from turning out necessary automobile wheels.

New Washington Wisecrack: People used to talk about the government's blank checks; now they

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

The sweetest place in town is the Warick Trucking Co. I was in there this week and they had about 20,000 pounds of sugar, and that's enough sweetening to make the Best Town in the State also the Sweetest Town in the State.

Kings Mountain is getting in the ritzy class, as we now have a marble shoe shine stand at Foster's She Service. The shine boys give you a better shoe shine, now that they have that swanky marble stand.

Ned and Ted, two of Kings Mountain heavy weights were in Prock Thompson's Service Station at the

weights more than twice as much as I do, and Ned weighs almost that much. Who are these two gentlemen? Answer next week.

Melvin Purvis and Edgar Hoover are two famous law enforcement officers, and Kings Mountain now has MELVIN HOOVER. If the new officer lives up to his two names, criminals better beware.

I've never attended an Ice Man's Convention but I know what it's like now after an initiation like the one Claude Hambright recently back from Durham where the convention was this time, gave me. Some chair—but I'll let you learn the trick. Fall on Claude at his plant.

Now they are blank notes, on which money is paid out now and will be collected (in taxes) later. How much later? Much later.

The first special investigation of defense is about to begin. It is under the chairmanship of Senator Truman of Missouri, who complains that his state has not had its share of defense business.

Doubtless government officers who read the contracts will explain to you. But their private explanation up to now is that there just aren't many plants in Missouri with equipment needed to turn out tanks or airplanes or bombs or rifles. Since it would take too long to build them, the government has placed its contracts where the facilities already exist.

If Truman expects to find (he doesn't say that he does) evidence of "profiteering" on defense contracts, he is in for a surprise too. Assistant Secretary Patterson of the War Department told a House Military committee that profits on his department's munitions purchases were far below permissible maxima.

Now Rep. Vinson of Georgia tells the House that the Navy has a remarkable record in its Bureau of Yards and Docks. In 1939, that Bureau could grant fees amounting to 10 percent; in three contracts totaling \$54,900,000, the average fee was 5.72 percent. In 1940, the law allowed 6 percent, but \$350,800,000 worth of contracts carried fees of only 4.57 percent.

The Navy Bureau deserves commendation—and the men who took the contracts could hardly be described as "profiteers."

New Speed Record: The House took only 16 minutes to pass 17 bills.

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AFFESTATION

Affestation proceeds either from vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters

to gain applause, so hypocrisy sets us on the endeavor to avoid censure by concealing our vices under the appearance of their opposite virtues—Fielding.



Chapter One

She shuffled the cards and laid out another hand of solitaire. Was it her tenth, her twentieth, her thirtieth game of the day? Mary Smith ("It's my real name, too," she always added defensively) had long since lost count.

Palm Beach in the season was far from a thrilling experience to this energetically-minded young woman. Palm Beach out of the season, with not a soul she knew for miles around, was insufferable. But there in gloomy exile she must stay, for her father, the eminent Judge Smith, seemed on the verge of realizing his lifelong ambition—that of winning his party's nomination for the highest office in the land. And Mary, whose life had always been severely circumscribed by the political limelight in which the family lived, had been packed off to the Florida estate when the night club in which she was innocently dancing on her one night out in a month turned out to be running a little gambling racket on the side when the police—and the reporters—entered. So now, away from inquisitive journalists and political foes, she breakfasted and played solitaire, lunched and played solitaire, dined and played solitaire, until she could bear the game no longer.

Her maid came in, bringing "Ely," asked Mary hopefully, "do

hundred dollar evening gown and get dressed appropriately for her blind date."

Three girls in simple but pretty frocks; two of them looking about confidently, appraising the grizzled, gaunt, scarred and bow-legged cowboys who filed by; and the third, who stood tremulously rehearsing her lesson: "One—flatter; two—kiss; three—hard luck story."

Ely gave a sudden squeal of excitement, darted into the crowd, and emerged leading a cowboy by the wrist. After him tagged sheepishly two of Ms. mates. Ely's friend, young, very red-headed and irrepressibly cheerful, was introduced to her companions as "Buzz," and he in turn introduced "Sugar," a scrawny, bow-legged, slightly disheveled cowboy; and "Stretch" Willoughby, who was exceedingly tall, slow-moving, and surprisingly handsome.

Katie drew Stretch, and Mary, disappointed, turned to one of the long tables in the rodeo cook house, where the cowboys repaired for "chow." Gazing at the gawky, singularly unromantic-looking fellow, she saw adventure fly out the window and boredom stalk in with heavy tread.

"Katie!" she whispered frantically, as the men went off to hang up their hats and pistol belts. "Katie! Twenty-five dollars raise



Mary was determined to win him over.

you play any card games?" "Only casino, Miss."

Her mistress's face brightened. "Would you mind playing with me tonight, Ely?"

"I'd love to, Miss, but—"

"Oh, Ely, you've probably got a date."

"Yes, Miss. With one of the fellows from the rodeo at West Palm Beach."

Mary pondered this for a moment, then had another idea.

"Has he got a friend, Ely?"

"Why, yes, Miss," returned the girl, gazing slightly. "E-but Cook's got him."

At that point Katie, the cook, came in and Mary frankly admitted her jealousy of the girl who was going out on the blind date with a cowboy. Then Mary's two employees were simultaneously visited by the same inspiration.

Their mistress could come along—pose as a lady's maid—and they would surely be able to dig up a third cowboy!

Mary demurred. She was unversed in the technique of winning the attentions of a cowboy. The two girls admitted that she was starting off with a severe handicap, but they undertook to teach her the fundamentals. They had, it appeared, reduced everything to a system that was simplicity itself. There were three methods of winning a man, which they carefully explained to her. Manœuvre number one was to flatter him. If that didn't work you used manœuvre number two—getting him to kiss you. This was almost sure to work; but if he still remained chill and aloof, you used manœuvre number three. This was used only in cases of emergency, and had never been known to fail. Manœuvre number three consisted of the sympathy game. Tell him all your troubles, perhaps let a tear or two escape—and he was yours! Mary Smith, fascinated, drank it all in. Then she hurried to her room to remove her simple four

if you give me yours?" "Sold, Miss!" breathed Katie, almost incredulous of her good fortune.

And when they were all together again, Sugar was by no means disappointed to find himself alongside the pleasant, buxom Irish girl; while Stretch, finding himself with the lovely, petite miss who seemed somehow different from what she pretended to be, regarded her with an instinctive hostility. But Mary determined to win him over, stared in bravely.

"I hope you're not disappointed at having drawn me. I know I'm not, I think I'm going to like you."

"Yeh?"

"I've seen lots of good riding—steplechase riders and high jumpers—but you're about the best I've seen yet."

"Yeah?"

"I was scared, I screamed. Didn't you hear me?"

"None."

Piqued by his laconic indifference, she blurted: "Why don't you say something for a change? I suppose you're so much with cows you don't get to talk much."

"Cows," he shot back, "ain't much on small talk."

She burst into a laugh. "Say, cowboy, you're not bad at all. You've got some humor."

And Stretch, more keenly alive to her patronizing air than might have been supposed, quietly pushed back his chair and arose.

Now she realized, without knowing why, that she had taken exactly the wrong tack.

Impulsively she leaped to her feet and ran after him.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



The End of the Trail

ADMINISTRATRICES' NOTICE
 Cleveland County,
 North Carolina,

Having this day qualified as administrators, C. T. A., D. B. N., of the estate of Dr. J. G. Hord, deceased, late of Cleveland County, North Carolina. This is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned at Kings Mountain, North Carolina, on or before the 10th day of January, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment of said obligations.

This the 10th day of January, 1941
 Margaret Hord Anthony,
 Ruth Hord Craft,
 Administratrices, C. T. A., D. B. N., of the estate of Dr. J. G. Hord, deceased.
 Joseph C. Whisnant, Atty. mar. 6

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