

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 Months .75

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 CLOSING DOOR

Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow.
The good we think to do,
The hearts we'll rob of sorrow.
The roses we shall strew
And while we wait and contemplate
Our brood of golden plans,
The swift day dies, and darkened skies
Reprove our idle hands.
Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow!
Oh, friend, be wise, I pray,
This world, so full of sorrow.
Needs 'all your lips can say
Of comforts sweet and 'tions meet
To help it on its way.
Oh, speak before a fast-closed door
Shall mock you. Act today!
—Thomas Curtis Clark.

HOLD FAST TO YOUR FRIENDS

We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can possibly help it. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them quickly be set aright. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure to be thrown away lightly.
And yet many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends.

Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at imagined slights, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friends.
Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no heart rest in any way.
When we have once taken friends into our lives, we should cherish them as rarest jewels.—Highways of Happiness.

IDLERS CAN'T BE HAPPY

A large part of the dissatisfaction and complaint of people comes from pure idleness. An idle brain is the devil's work shop. Thomas Jefferson once wrote a letter on the subject to his 15 year old daughter, and said:
'Of all the cankers of human happiness none corrodes with so silent yet so baneful an influence as idleness. Body and mind both unemployed, our being becomes a burden and every object about us loathsome, even the dearest. Idleness begets ennui, ennui the hypochondriac, and that a diseased body. No laborious person was ever hysterical. Exercise and application produce order in our affairs, health of body and cheerfulness of mind and these make us precious to our friends. It is while we are young that the habit of industry is formed.'
'A mind always employed is always happy. That is the true secret of the grand recipe for felicity. The idle are the only wretched.' —Beasley's Weekly.

Soil erosion has cut the useful life of over 20 percent of the water supply reservoirs of the United States to less than 50 years, says H. H. Bennett, Soil Conservation Service chief.

State of North Carolina,
County of Cleveland.
In The Superior Court.
Lola Annette Livingston, Plaintiff
Vs
Andrew Jeffrey Livingston, Defendant.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION
The above named defendant will take notice that an action has been started in the Superior Court for Cleveland County for a divorce upon statutory grounds and the defendant is required to appear before the Clerk of the said court, at the Courthouse in Shelby, Cleveland County, North Carolina, within twenty days after the completion of the service of this summons by publication and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff or the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
This the 11th day of April, 1941
Max Hamrick,
Deputy Clerk of the Superior Court for Cleveland County.
adv—may 8—D.

Here and There . . .
Haywood E. Lynch

Harold Hunicutt says he made a slow trip from Charlotte to Hawk Haven yesterday in his new ship. It took him 30 minutes to make the 25 miles even though he was flying at 100 miles per hour the head wind held him back. He said he could have made the return trip in 8 minutes.

Holland Dixon must be a mighty busy man. He called up Tuesday and made an appointment to see me at 2 P. M. Wednesday. He finally showed up at 9:20 saying that he had been very busy. Maybe he had been shaking hands with the numerous candidates.

Ed Caldwell is a hot race as he has already taken out his last year's suit, cleaned and pressed it up ready for the political hot air.

Sara Finger (Mrs. Harry Warren), a native of the Best Town in the State and Best State in the Union, has taken up her abode in the Lone Star State and is now living at Houston, Texas. Although Houston is quite a city our surmise is that Sara, with her lovely, winning personality will soon make a number of friends—And by the way, if there is anything you'd like Sara to know, just tell the Herald folks, 'cause she's having her Home Town paper follow her.

WE THREE "C" ALL

Winds blow from East to West,
But here's the wind I like the best
It brings the gossip, but not the dirt
For no one's feelings we try to hurt.
Yes! We Three were all at the dance Friday night—on the outside looking in. . . . Aha! we saw Miss Polk with Drace Peeler . . . cute couple . . . and Miss Markham was getting quite a rush . . . Can you guess who she was with? . . . As we changed windows we spied Salena Parton with Jim Anthony . . . Along side of them were Lib Neill and Jack Fortune . . . Were you surprised to see Goge and Peeler, Guff and Fay? . . . wonder why Fay stayed down near the orchestra? . . . It seems Betty Lee and Rachel Smith stepped out in style escorted by their cousins, Billy Gene and Eddie . . . Jimmy Burns took Gogie Rawels . . . Who did she keep looking for? . . . We saw Humes and Debbie Houston at the dance . . . Fact is, we got around Friday night . . . on the outside . . . woo . . . woo.
Fred W. you sure made up for your lost dating Friday night and Saturday morning . . . Didn't you?
Gee! Bobby Mac, you're lucky to have your gal wait for you . . . Take Saturday night for instance Did you see Lib Plonk's orchid. . . My, but what a beauty . . . Jim, spring must have turned your thoughts to love . . . Salena also received an orchid . . . Lucky gals . . . What was M. J. Bell doing in town Sunday?

The hearts of the Juniors and Seniors start beating much faster as they realize they have but a week to wait until the eventful night of the banquet . . . Several dates are . . . Doris and Ernest (By the way, what about the other night Ernest? Tell us all) . . . Peeler and Sybil, Miles and Rachel M., George A. and Betty Lee, Gene Mathis and Rachel S., Horace H. and Martha Ann, Edgar D. and Sara H. Saly and Janette, Knub and Fay, Floyd O. and Eloise R. Bruce Styers and Lucille C. Ben G. and Betty Moore (bet Betty was surprised when she received a corsage from Ben while she was in Washington), Eddie S. and Martha M., Bobby M. and Louise J., Woodie and Madge, Bill and Jo, Talmadge and Virginia (who'd have guessed it?), Shorty and Peggy V., Manly and Vivian . . . Don't be surprised to see droopy eyes around town the next two or three days after April 25, because everybody is expecting a big night of it . . . Max Harding kind of beat a bunch of Senior boys time Sunday night where Betty Falls is concerned . . . Boys, you will have to go earlier next time. . . Love is a gross exaggeration of the difference between one person and everybody else . . . Grim Humor . . . Here lies the body of our Anna, Done to death by a banana; It wasn't the fruit that laid her low But the skin of the thing that made her go.
Beneath this stone, a thing of clay, Lies Uncle Peter Daniels, Who too early in the month of May Took off his winter flannels.
Singing off . . .
Keep out of sight,
If you won't keep right!

The friends of Mrs. H. T. Fulton will regret to learn that she will leave this evening for the City Hospital in Gastonia for a second operation on her right arm which was broken several months ago, when she fell on the Methodist Church steps.
Mrs. George P. Davis spent Easter holidays with Mrs. C. E. Neisler.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Bored by the life of dull correctness which is forced upon her by the fact that her father, Judge Smith, is a candidate for the Presidential nomination, Mary . . .
Ed Caldwell and meets Stretch Willoughby, a cowboy, on a blind date. Posing as her own maid, Mary wins Stretch's interest and sympathy with a sob story about having to support a "drunken father and four younger sisters." Stretch, believing she loves him, returns next day to propose, and when she puts him off he indignantly dumps her into her expensive swimming pool. Mary, contrite, follows him on the boat which he is taking with the show to Galveston. There, under the influence of the southern moon and a few drinks, they decide to let the Captain marry them.

Chapter Four

Things might have turned out differently if Stretch had not been bound by a contract to play a week's engagement with the show. As it was, he had no choice but to disembark with the show at Galveston, and his bride had no choice but to accompany him to the rodeo camp.



"Mary, you're not going to Montana—you're staying here!"

To say that the camp was crude would be a triumph of understatement. For living quarters the fastidiously reared Mary found herself thrust into a tent containing two iron cots (one of which collapsed when she sat down on it) and little else. The camp site was a vacant lot made muddy from recent rains, and liberally studded with puddles of inky water. The ablutionary facilities consisted of a slop bucket of water and a community band of laundry soap. Cow-boys rode here and there, splashing gobs of mud; neighbors, friendly but uncouth, stuck their heads into her tent. By the end of the day Mary, in spite of her efforts to keep up her morale, was a soiled, disheveled, nerve-frazzled wreck.
Stretch found her, lying under a tree in a patch of grass at the outskirts of the camp, seeking succor from the baffle and balm for her jangled nerves.
"Whatever's the matter, Mary? You're worried about something, ain't you?"
"Worried?" she lied. "No, I'm not worried about anything. I know. You're worried about your father and those kid sisters. Look—if we could get 'em out to the ranch where we're goin' to live, we could take care of 'em somehow."
Again she was engulfed by a feeling of shame at her deception.
"O, they'll be all right," she improvised. "I have an uncle—and he'll look after them."
Stretch suggested that she go back home for awhile until she could arrange for the care of her father and four kid sisters. "The married girl it seemed a heaven-sent way out of the mess she had let herself become involved in; and she eagerly jumped at the suggestion. So, after supper, he took her to the bus station and tenderly bade her goodbye—just for a few days—until she could get

her family settled. Then, he told her, he would take her out to the Montana ranch where he worked, and where they would live happily together in the idyllic little frame house he was having built.
Mary dashed up to her room, baked briefly in the blissful cleansing relaxation of a hot shower, and changed to a smart afternoon frock. She was putting the finishing touches to her hair when someone knocked at her door.
"May I come in, Mary?" called Judge Smith, putting his head in the door. In another moment he held her fondly in his arms.
"You look splendid, my dear. A week in Palm Beach is just what you needed. And now you'll have to help me. The campaign is in excellent shape—probably has the whole thing settled before we leave here. All the committee mem-

bers and their wives are here, and I want a dinner arranged for them on Tuesday.
"Tuesday?" echoed Mary blankly. It was the day Stretch expected to meet her at the ranch!
"Yes. And I'll want a really impressive reception, my dear. Because who do you think is coming down? Henderson!"
Mary gulped, then decided to blurt out the story and have done with it. "I'm not going to be here Tuesday, Dad. I expect to be in Montana—with my husband. I'm married. Dad, and—"
Smith recoiled. "Mary, this is no time to be facetious!"
"I'm not being facetious. I met him last week at a rodeo—he's a cowboy!"
The Judge's horror was complete. His daughter married to a cowboy! What would people say? And in particular, what would Henderson say? It must not be—and yet it was!
"Mary, you're not going to Montana—you're going to stay right here. And I'll arrange to have the marriage annulled—quietly!"
"I'm sorry, Dad," she told him calmly, "but if you try to do that I'll give the story to the newspapers myself."
Looking defeat in the face, the Judge broke down—seemed almost visibly to shrink. "All right, Mary," he croaked. "Now that you've gone this far I don't suppose I should expect any further help. But I hope you'll have the decency to stay here until after the Henderson dinner. Or—" bitterly—"is that asking too much?"
Mary, touched to the quick by his disappointment, burst into sobs. "Of course I'll stay, Dad. Please don't worry. It may turn out all right yet. I'll stay and do anything you want me to."
She ran to him, threw her arms around his neck, and burst into sobs.

(To be continued)

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