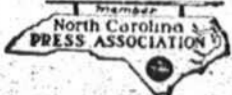


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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.



TO BE DESIRED

Give me the love of friends, and I shall not complain of cloudy sky, Or little dreams that fade and die, Give me the clasp of one firm hand, The lips that say, "I understand," And I shall walk on holy land.

THE OPTIMIST'S CREED

Promise yourself— To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

HAVE PLEASANT THOUGHTS

To get peace, if you want it, make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thoughts.

Money Saved By Storing Winter Clothes Carefully

Farm women are reminded by Miss Willie Hunter, Extension clothing specialist of State College, that careful storage of winter clothing will reduce expenses next fall.

A pound of naphthalene or paradi-chlorobenzene crystals, scattered between thin layers of paper and placed at intervals in the clothing in a tight box or trunk will destroy and insects that may be present.

All articles to be stored should first be thoroughly cleaned, brushed and sunned to get rid of any stray eggs or larvae of the insects. In a closet that is kept tightly closed, a pound of either chemical to about 100 feet of closet space prevents infestation.

An article of clothing properly stored means money saved, Miss Hunter declared, and with living costs mounting because of the Defense Program it is important that every dollar be saved in both the rural and the urban home.

W. J. Overman of Elizabeth City, Route 3, is feeding out 25 grade beef steers, a large part of the feed, being grown at home, reports P. H. Jameson, assistant farm agent.

Here and There . . .

Red Falls of the Novelite Venetian Blind Co. has a sign on the rear of his truck which reads: "Drive Carefully, Blind Man Driving This Car."

It's not unusual for a son to succeed his father but it is rather out of the ordinary for a father to succeed a son. And that's what's taking place at Central Methodist Church.

Each Thursday morning when I go to the Post Office for my mail I notice several reading this column, and I always wish I had made it better than it was, but there is very little I can do about it.

Coach Fulkerson won four times at the Lions Club Bingo game Tuesday night and it was the first time he had ever played, and some of the old professionals like Charlie Thomasson, Hilton Ruff, George Mauney, and Tom Fulton did not win a single time.

Which reminds me that one of Kings Mountain's best poker players told me if you didn't want to get broken don't play with a fellow who is setting in on his first game.

Whew, ain't it hot, I'd like to help Claude Hambricht, the Ice Man.

D. M. Bridges is making trips to Washington about as often as a Congressman. He was up there last week with the Championship Base Ball team, and the week before with the Band. He had two prize winning outfits to show off to the National Capitol.

Don Blanton is as fond of cats as Dr. LeCompte Hill is of dogs and that's saying a lot.

Labor "Runners" Arrested

RALEIGH. — Three labor "runners" were arrested after midnight recently in the Wallace strawberry area on charges of recruiting pickers without license for employment outside the State.

Evidence has been secured in several other cases in which outside "runners" have been engaged in soliciting North Carolina labor, particularly strawberry pickers, it is revealed by C. W. E. Pittman, Farm Placement Supervisor, operating under the Employment Service Division of the State UCC.

North Carolina, by statute, prohibits the soliciting of labor for work outside the State, unless it is done through the regularly established governmental agency, the Employment Service, by means of its clearance system. The State law requires that an out-of-state employer, even though recruiting labor for his own use, shall pay a license fee of \$500 for each county in which recruiting is done, while municipalities may also charge a license fee.

Nearly all states have similar statutes against recruiting labor within their borders, by means of a prohibitive license fee for such activity, Mr. Pittman points out.

Strawberry growers in the Wallace and Chadburn areas have found out in the last week or two that when the man of the house is drawing good wages in camp and fort construction work, then the wife and children will not pick strawberries for pay.

The maturity of the Virginia crop has added a strong competitive factor to an already short labor market. In past years, Virginia growers have relied heavily on North Carolina labor for their harvest. However, this year, not enough labor is available for the North Carolina harvest.

Duplin County farmers who let their Austrian winter peas and vetch grow until the middle of April had an abundant growth to turn under, reports L. F. Weeks, assistant farm agent.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE Joan Butterfield, heiress to the Butterfield department store, millions, is bored to desperation by the necessity of acting as companion to her wealthy but irascible old grandfather.

Chapter Two

Bill Spencer was in a vile mood. He had little use for women in general. He had had his use for flighty department store heiresses whose escapades were always plunging them into Page 1. And he had no use at all for the idea of getting



Dreaming of hot coffee on a cold, wet deck.

up at 3 A.M. to go out in a revenue cutter and meet just such an heiress on her run-away yacht. But that was his penalty for being the best reporter on the New York Press, and all his eloquence had not been sufficient to talk editor

While the breakfastless journalists were dreaming daydreams of a gallon of hot coffee and a mountainous stack of buckwheat cakes, the Nuttalls hove into view. In a few minutes they were scrambling up the Jacob's ladder, bluffing their way past a bulky Swedish seaman, and scanning the deck for their quarry.

Joan emerged from her cabin, and the alert Flash buttonholed her. "Listen, he whispered confidentially. 'I got a get some pictures of that Butterfield dame. Do you know her?'"

Flash set to work feverishly snapping pictures, while Bill engaged the suspicious seaman in a multilingual argument, and Joan unobtrusively slipped into the Captain's gig which had been lowered

"Miss Joan!" shouted the Captain from the deck, as they got under way. "You can't do that — you promised your grandfather you wouldn't leave the boat!"

"Except in case of an emergency!" she called back. "And this is it!"

"At the same moment Bill Spencer lost his argument with his sailor friend.

"I shall have to ask you to get off the boat," repeated that worthy for the fifth time; and this time putting his request into action, he gathered Bill into his brawny arms and dumped him over the side with the biggest splash Bill had made since he broke Page One with the Van Schmalz divorce case.

"Toss me my hat! It's cold down here!"

Joan made directly for the of-

face of her father's attorney, but found the stage well prepared for her arrival. Counselor Gorman introduced her to two imposing-looking gentlemen who were waiting in his office: none other than Dr. DeVilbiss and Dr. Smeurde, the celebrated psychiatrists. After listening to her excited account of her adventures, they shook their heads gravely, muttered many ominous Freudian phrases, and advised a rest cure. After protesting against this obvious dodge of her grandfather's to detain her, Joan decided to use a little psychology on her own behalf. Suddenly consenting to go quietly with the medicos, she entered the building elevator with them, but as they emerged at the ground floor she swung sharply around and slapped the faces of both eminent scientists in turn.

"Why, you nasty old things!" she cried in the hearing of the swiftly collecting crowd. "I've never been so insulted in all my life!" And while the crowd began to threaten the amazed doctors, she slipped away.

With her cash resources amounting to exactly one nickel, Joan hungrily tramped the streets of New York all day, afraid to speak

to any one lest she be recognized and detained. Finally, at dinner-time, she entered a shabby one-arm beaniery and ordered a cup of coffee.

From the armchair next to her arose an indignant outcry from an inexpensively dressed but neat-looking girl — one of the thousands who make up New York's great army of shop-girls. She complained to the manager that her dish of beef stew had disappeared the moment her back was turned; and she appealed to Joan for confirmation of the fact that she had really had beef stew.

"Certainly," Joan spoke up, fibbing like an old-time moocher. "She had beef stew and apple pie, and I had beef stew and lemon pie." And while they sailed into their dinners which the grudging manager grudgingly "replaced" for them, they conversed chummily. Peggy, the shop girl, on learning that Joan had no money, no home she could go to and no place to sleep, invited her new friend to accompany her home.

"I've got a roommate and a cat, but they're both out most of the time." "That's very nice," protested Joan, "but you don't even know me."

"Well, you look all right to me, and if I like you, then we'll introduce ourselves." And home they went to share Peggy's half-interest in a room at the back of a dingy old brownstone house. While Peggy was initiating her guest into the mysteries of the bed that springs out of the wall, her roommate, Dorothy, sour-faced, violently blonde, good-looking in a ten-cent-store sort of way, came home. Dorothy made no secret of her lack of joy in meeting the interloper, but Peggy staunchly fought for her right to bring home a friend. Finally, when Peggy made a few meaningful references to her roommate's friendship with "Mr. Dobbs, the friend-walker," Dorothy left in an exceedingly tall dudgeon.

"I feel embarrassed," Joan mourned, "causing all this trouble. Has she any place to go?"

"Has she? Why, she can stick a pin in any page of the telephone directory and find a home!"

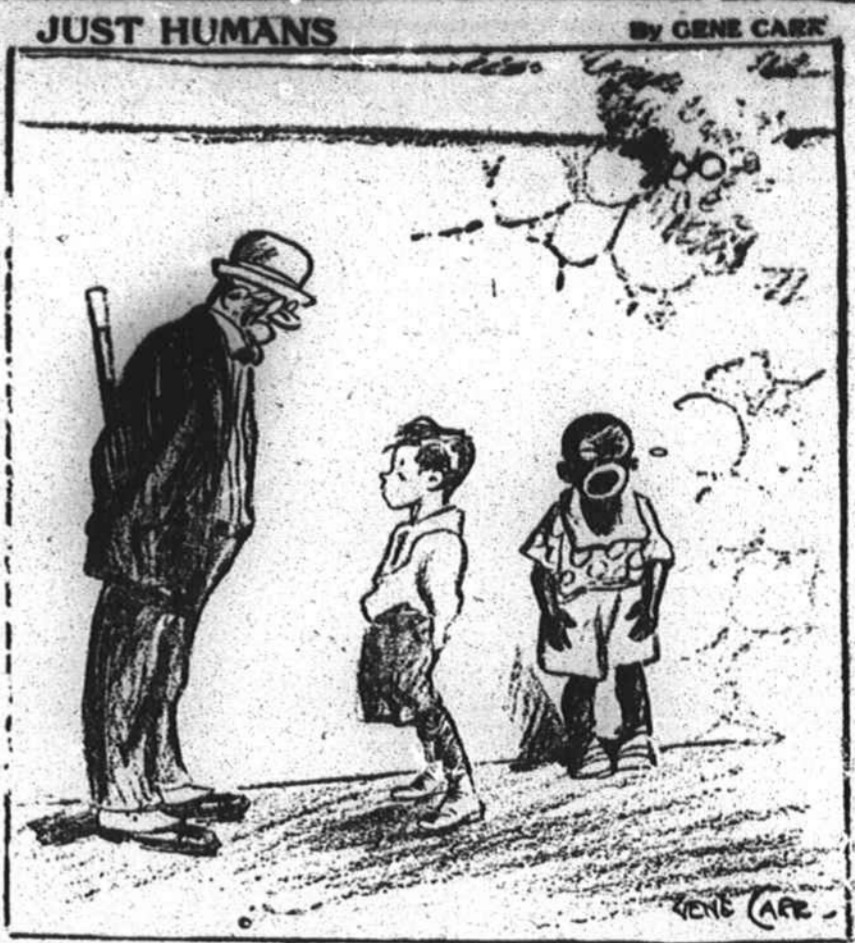
"Has she got a job?"

"Sure — she works in the same store where I work, and where I'm going to get you a job tomorrow."

"Really? Where is that?"

"Butterfield's Department Store!" Joan staggered slightly and sat down on the bed.

(To be continued)



'What's His Trouble?' A Kid Just Said to Him He's So Dark that Lightnin' Bugs Follow Him in th' Day Time'

New House For Sale Attractive home now under construction will be offered for sale as soon as completed. Beautiful wooded lot, excellent neighborhood. If interested see HAYWOOD E. LYNCH The Herald Office Phone 167

The Weather Is Hot! In fact too Hot to have to do daily shopping — so stay at home and just call us—we'll deliver right to your Kitchen table—The very best of Everything To Eat. BLALOCK GROCERY Phone 58 We Deliver

Babies Need A Good Start which means MORE MILK NOW they must have the proper nutrition for "tomorrow"! Our APPROVED Pasteurized milk promotes health TODAY, for the FUTURE. Call Shelby 125 for Regular DAILY HOME DELIVERY Carolina Dairy Inc. "Extra Care Makes Them Extra Good"

LET US SHOW YOU HOW TO FINANCE A NEW CAR Are you thinking of buying a new car? It will pay you to talk over the financing of it with us. Select your new car and have your present car appraised. Buy U.S. DEFENSE BONDS TALK IT OVER WITH US TODAY First National Bank 2 PERCENT PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS