

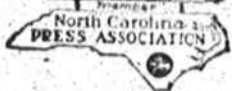
The Kings Mountain Herald
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Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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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 its vicinity.



TWO BUILDERS

Reputation—he raised its shaft
In the crowded market-place;
He built it out of his glorious deeds
And carved them upon its face;
He crowned its towering top with
hays

That a worshipping world supplied;
Then he passed—his monument decayed,
And his laurels dropped and died.

Character—he built its shaft
With no thought of the pillar to be;
He wrought with intangible things
Like love
And truth and humility;
Impalpable things like sacrifice
And sympathy and trust;
Yet steadfast as the eternal hills,
It stood when he was dust!

—Daniel M. Henderson.

ALL THIS AND COTTON, TOO

This North Carolina farm woman inspects the many cotton articles which will be available under the AAA surplus cotton stamp plan to cotton farmers in stores throughout the state this year. Farmers who curtail cotton acreage will be paid at the rate of 10 cents a pound, on the basis of normal yield, with stamps good for purchases of any and all new cotton goods made in this country. The farmer eats his own wheat on the farm, now he may wear his own cotton, and that without cost to him. More than 70,000 North Carolina cotton farmers will receive \$2,000,000 in stamps and there will be sheets and shirts, socks and skirts, towels and trousers, handkerchiefs and hand-cloths aplenty for the farm family. Cotton prices already have felt the stimulus of the reduced acreage and price experts predict markets will hold strong throughout the year.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

The President's recently expressed assurance of the freedom of the press from official censorship offers an encouraging contrast with the methods in vogue abroad. The rigid control of the sources, avenues and casting of news is no new thing in the totalitarian realms. Military necessities wield considerable influence elsewhere. But in Spain it reaches farther when, following Italy's example, no citizen is allowed to hold any executive position with foreign news agencies within the country, in order to hold them to "the ideal of exclusive service to their country." In Japan the censorship has been extended to the realm of books which are to be examined by an "official committee" to determine whether they are "needed for the country's welfare." However, books on "law, religion, politics and diplomacy" are to be allowed entrance to Japan if they pass the censors. Recently (March 15) the Princeton University Library displayed an extensive list of books banned in the subjugated lands of Europe, especially those dealing with the history of democratic countries, civics, geography, politics, and any books written by Jews, Roman Catholics, or refugees. A lifting of Germany's ban on Laure's biography of Pétain now allows its sale in Vichy, France. In the meantime there are no restrictions whatever in our land on the sale of books advocating any doctrine or ism, political or otherwise.—The Lutheran.

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Representative
in Kings Mountain
Territory

Here and There
Haywood E. Lynch

Dot and "Scopy" Etheridge had a very loud climax at their beautiful wedding Monday evening. Just as the bride and groom were leaving the Church, the fire siren, across the street pealed forth with loud blasts, announcing another Mr. and Mrs. and a fire. Several at the wedding thought the sounding of the alarm had been pre-arranged by friends of the couple as part of the joyous occasion, but there really was a fire that just happened at the exact moment of the departure of the couple with a "single thought." And now Dot and Scopy can tell their friends even the Fire Department turned out for their wedding.

Speaking about the fire, W. K. Mauney, who attended the wedding, asked very calmly, "where is the fire?" and it was in the waste house of one of his mills.

Doc Groffin has a very attractive and unique sample of Pecans from an unknown friend at Myrtle Beach. Male readers and broad minded female readers of Here and There are invited to see Doc's specimen.

Mrs. Arthur Hay stopped in the office Tuesday morning to insert an ad to locate a parasol she had lost. She told me about the time she lost a gold pin and found it thru a Herald ad back in the days when G. G. Page was editor. She said she lost the pin during a horse and buggy ride on the old Linwood Road (I guess Mr. Arthur was the driver) but anyway she found the pin, and I truly hope she finds her parasol which was a Christmas gift.

NOBODY ASKED ME BUT IT'S MY PERSONAL OPINION THAT: the engineer who laid out the Gastonia Highway should be fired, it's the most dangerous stretch in the state, full of terrible curves and and that Mareline Detrich is a swell actress that Kings Mountain needs a new hotel that the Best Town in The State is too dependent on Cotton .. That Charlotte should be changed from "The Friendly City" to "Indian Giver" as several narrow-minded citizens whooped up enough interest to "take back" the name of Linburgh Street and rename it Avon that Hilton Ruth certainly likes to smoke cigars that Kings Mountain citizens are entitled to better streets that the Police Department be increased so that citizens may contact an officer immediately any hour of the day or night the prettiest view of Kings Mountain is from the rear of Blakely's Post Office that pig pens should be removed from Kings Mountain that vacation training should be added to the school system that the taxpayers' money spent for the mural in the Post Office could have been put to better use That it was mighty fine of the late Miss Lottie Goforth to leave her entire estate for a hospital here that box cars should not be parked in the heart of our business section that I will think of some more things and tell you later that I would be very happy if some of Here and There Readers whose subscriptions have expired would help the Editor along and renew.

Thanks, see you again next week.

More About Prize-Winning Essays

(Cont'd from front page)

and sign a document, The Declaration of Independence, which stated their thoughts and also their intention to separate from England if relief was not given. In closing it said, "..... we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred Honor." The signers knew that in making such a pledge they were risking ruin, even death, if their cause should fail. We see at what a price America was founded. Boys and girls who realize what

MICKIE SAYS—

WHEN IT COMES TO
JOB PRINTING, THEY
AIN'T NO SECH WORDS
AROUND THIS OFFICE
AS "GOOD ENOUGH"
WE JEST DO OUR
BEST ON ALL JOBS



our heritage is, can march forward with confidence, for they know that the future holds for them opportunities found in no other land.

Our nation was established upon the "principles of Freedom, Equality, Justice and Humanity" for which American Patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes." Instead of being ruled by kings or dictators we have a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." We have the right to select our own leaders instead of the leader taking the power for himself. Every American citizen has freedom of speech, thought, and act as long as it does not hurt someone else. Even the humblest man or woman can rise to the highest office. The rich and the poor have the poor have the same rights. Any one accused has the right to a trial by jury and is protected from all injustice. If it had

not been for the sacrifice of our forefathers we would not have all these, and many other privileges.

Someone has said, "The red of our flag represents valor; the white represents purity; the blue represents truth, sincerity, and justice. The five-pointed star represents 'Infinity.' Young Americans would do well to stand for these same things in their everyday lives. We can be brave, we can be fair, and we can be true in our work or in play, toward the humblest or the greatest citizen of our land, for in America all have an equal chance.

Today we, like the Patriots of '76 should pledge to each other "our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor." that we will conduct ourselves as worthy of our orieless heritage and will pass it on unstained to Americans who shall follow us.



Chapter One

"Encore!"
"The Intermezzo!"
"Give us the Intermezzo!"
Holger Brandt smiled as he played the Intermezzo for them — an intimate tribute to his wife which the world had pounced upon and taken to its heart. When he finished the applause and shouts about the applause and shouts forward and raised his hand. An abrupt silence immediately pervaded the Hall.
"Ladies and gentlemen — First, let me say how much I appreciate the reception you have given us here — on our last concert in New York. My accompanist, Thomas Stenberg, and I leave America for our home in Sweden with the deepest gratitude for the warmth of your response to our performances here." He again held up his hand to quiet the applause. "I should like to say a few words about something that for me saddened this happy evening, as I'm afraid it will you. Mr. Stenberg,

barriers between them and she was immediately established as her father's favorite. But Eric was more difficult, and Holger could not seem to find a common ground with him. Eric disapproved of his father's continued absence and the consequent neglect of his family. He had, too, a secret little feeling of inferiority because Holger wasn't interested in engineering, and perhaps music was really finer. He was hurt because Ann Marie had found it so easy, where as he was compelled to "make conversation" like a stranger. He was a practical boy, but his sensibilities were as sharp and keen as any musician's.

One day Holger was practicing while his adoring daughter contemplated and criticized him. They (that is, Ann Marie) soon fell to talking, mostly about music and her wonderful, illustrious father. Overflowing with pride and affection, she played for him on the victrola, the family's unanimous choice — his own recording of the Intermezzo. "This one we play



Margit was younger, more beautiful than ever.

my old friend and collaborator, is leaving me. He is abandoning me to settle down to a well-earned retirement." And Holger embraced Thomas as the audience paid a reverent tribute to the beloved musician.

Margit Brandt, keeping a firm grip on a bright six-year-old girl, was peering anxiously at the boat train when Holger alighted. As she caught sight of him, her face lighted up with joy and she rushed forward. "Holger, welcome home," she breathed happily, throwing her arms about him.
Margit was thinner, younger and more beautiful than ever. Ann Marie, however, recognized her father slowly and doubtfully — but then her delight knew no bounds. And when Holger turned to reprimand a young man of fifteen for running headlong into him, he discovered it was his own son Eric, who was studying engineering, and not architecture, as Holger had to be sharply reminded. He had been away a long time, he perceived, and things had changed.

At home, however, no item had aged. In his favorite room, not a vase was displaced. Margit had seen to that, Eric explained. She had watched over each corner so jealously, so fearfully anxious to keep his home for him as he liked it.

It was good to be back, but it was puzzling. There were two children to study — his youngsters who had grown up without him. True, Ann Marie was only a slight problem. Her intense interest in her piano lessons had, down all

almost every evening — when you're away," she beamed.
"You've played it a lot, then?" said Holger, a sudden expression of guilt and pain flitting over his face.

She nodded. "This is a brand new record. The other wore out." "Oh?" He lifted his violin to his chin and absently accompanied the record. And as he played he knew how thoughtlessly, selfishly, he had neglected these loving ones who so wholly depended upon him for joy and comfort, life and warmth. He resolved to atone for this sin somehow.

The door opened softly and a girl slipped inside. She was Anita Hoffman, a promising pupil of her mother's and Ann Marie's new teacher. Anita was tall, fair, extremely lovely and sensitive. Hesitating to interrupt such a tender scene, she stood unobtrusively by, waiting for the music to end, until someone should notice her.

After Holger had put down his violin, it was Ann Marie who saw her first. She ran toward Anita and clasped her hand affectionately. "Daddy," she called.

Holger approached. "Miss Hoffman? We haven't met, have we?" He extended his hand and Anita took it, overcome with shyness. "How do you do?" she replied. "I've been hearing a great deal about you," he said. Anita, disconcerted, smiled. Modest and diffident, suffering agonies in the great man's presence, she was relieved when he was called to lunch and she could proceed with Ann Marie's lesson.

(To be continued)



"Why Are You Smoking That Paper?"
"I'm Trvin' T'be a Lady"

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