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FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP

The flower of friendship droops and dies In gossip's gale, Beneath the heat of hate and lies Its petals fall; The splendor of its sunny cheer Is lost to sight. When falsehood and dishonesty Its beauty blight. But friendship's roots are deep and strong. And live for aye; Though blossoms fade, the parent plant Must always stay. And flowers of true sincerity Will bloom anew. When watered with forgiving love And heaven's dew. Cecil Bonham.

EACH CITIZEN'S SHARE

America is not perfect, by any means, but it is a country in which each citizen has a hand in making it nearer perfect. This right of every citizen makes America the democracy it is. We should resolve to defend this right "with our strength, our wealth and our very lives it need be."—Selected.

LET US BE READY

Let us learn the lesson in which long ago we should have been letter-perfect. Let us never again be guilty of the sin of the unlit lamp and the ungrilled loin; let us hereafter be ready in advance to defend our rights against alien foes with all our hardened might; and let us brace ourselves with steel-hearted resolution and with serene wisdom to grapple with the vitally important problems of peace—just as, if necessary, we will grapple with the problems of war.—Theodore Roosevelt—1918.

UNITY

Great movements which ultimately meet with success have one thing in common—the unity with which those identified with them tackle the job they have set for themselves.

An idea may be the beginning of some important social improvement. But, unless there are enough people in agreement as to the potentiality of the idea and willing to work together to make the most of it, it will remain simply an idea.

On the whole, men are naturally progressive and, given a cause which appears to them as a means, not only of preserving what they have won, but of bettering their lot, and a leader who is able to transmit to others his belief in that cause, men will work for it.

We, in the United States of America, are blessed with unusual advantages and opportunities. As a democratic people we may honestly and properly differ with one another at many points. But, in the final analysis, as a nation we have a heritage and a tradition which bind us together, regardless of creed or color, origin or position. And this heritage and tradition of a democratic people are worth working for.

Unity of purpose, thought and action was never more important than it is today.—Thomas J. Watson.

CALL OR SEE KENNON BLANTON At Terminal Ser. Station PHONE NO. 10 STERCHI BROS. Representative in Kings Mountain Territory

Here and There Haywood E. Lynch

Ector Harrill's cat had sardines for supper last night, I know, because I saw him taking a can home to her.

I noticed the following ad in the Morehead City paper yesterday: "If You Want To Catch Fish, See Me. No fish, no pay.—C. J. Bowles, Morehead-Beaufort causeway." I would like to get up a crowd of Kings Mountain fishermen like Jim Willis, Hayne Blackmer, Charlie Sheppard, Flato Ferndon, Irvin Allen and go down and see whether we would have to pay the man or not.

I understand that Charlie Williams has a race horse over at the Shelby Fairgrounds that can outrun his Cadillac Roadster.

Clyde Bennett did an excellent job on the front of Sage Fulton's building for Oscar Myers. Its one of the best looking fronts in this part of the state, and greatly adds to Mountain Street as a shopping center.

Aubrey and Catherine Mauney on their recent trip to New York City road on the Streamliner with Kings Mountain's own Jean Ware as hostess.

Unusual Sight: Three Horse-Traders, Bright Ratterree, Meek Ormand and Doc Griffin discussing their trades in front of Griffin's Drug last night.

DESTINY

In the destiny of every being there is an object more worthy of God than happiness. It is character. And the grand aim of man's creation is the development of a grand character—and grand character is, by its very nature, the product of probationary discipline.—Austin Phelps.

THE CHILD OR THE DOLLAR

Education costs more now than it did in pioneer days because schools are better and more children attend them for longer periods. A majority of parents now desire their children to have the advantage of high school which costs more than the elementary school. And yet American schools are run so economically that they give your child books, a classroom, equipment, a playground, and a day's instruction under a well-prepared teacher, for the price of a golf ball or the cost of a box of candy. The average cost for a day's instruction for an American child is only 53 cents. Of the 51 cents the teacher receives only 28 cents. Suppose you had to engage a tutor to teach your child in your home. Such service costs \$1 to \$2 per hour. In proportion to the magnitude of its helpfulness—the number of children; the number of hours; the variety of activities; the care for each individual child; the preparation necessary for teaching; the high responsibility—the school is relatively inexpensive. Let us all join hands to give our young people the best possible preparation for life. Let us keep the children first.—P. T. A. Bulletin.

IS THERE GOLD IN YOUR CELLAR?



Yes, and in Your Attic Too! Turn Those Things You Don't Want Into Money with a Want Ad

MICKIE SAYS—

OUR EDITOR SAYS AT IT JEST SIMPLY WOUNDS HIM TO ASK READERS TO PAY THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS AN' GEE WHIZ GOSH— HERE I AM, DOING TH' DIRTY WORK AGAIN



Ann Sheridan in WINTER CARNIVAL with RICHARD CARLSON. Directed by CHARLES BRISER. Released thru UNITED ARTISTS.

Chapter One

"Extra! First edition of the Dartmouth Graphic! Free today! All about the Winter Carnival! The freshman 'heeler', hawking his papers, trotted in and out among the heavily clad men who were hoisting the great street banner that announced the coming of Winter Carnival. It was early February in Dartmouth—a time when, each year, the college is given over to the most spectacular winter sports festival in America. Through the town the heeler went, handing out his papers—and then across the snow-covered campus, where the boys had congregated in groups, some discussing the delectable 'babes' they had invited to Carnival, others busily erecting the huge snow sculpture of Dartmouth's founder, Suezar Wheelock, without which no Winter Carnival is complete. A man just past his middle twenties ambled across the campus, accepted one of the papers (Compliments of the Editor!) and glanced over it as he walked. He stopped to greet a busy-looking student who paraded by with a

retinue of sensation-mongering newsmen, had once been a sweet young Queen of the Winter Carnival of Dartmouth. But what he did not know was that she had, at the same time, been engaged to John Weldon, then a Dartmouth ski champ, now a leading light of the faculty!

"Miss Baxter—hey, Miss Baxter! Just one minute please, Miss Baxter!" The young girl ran fleetly through the Grand Central Station, the pack of reporters at her heels. It was Ann Baxter, younger but scarcely less beautiful sister of Jill.

With the deftness born of experience she eluded the news hounds, riding triumphantly through the train gates on a passing baggage truck and clambered by the waiting train—the Dartmouth Carnival Special. The gate outside the track was the scene of a bedlam of leaving-taking as young girls bade goodbye to their fluttering mammas and ran to catch the train that would bear them to their 'dates' at the Carnival.

"My ski shoes! Mother, did you pack my ski shoes?" "Now don't worry, I won't catch cold." "Good-



"You could see your old heartbeat, Johnny Weldon," she coaxed.

bundle of clothes on his shoulder. "Hello, Mickey. All dated up for the Carnival?" "The ski races and my pressing business grinned Mickey, a date would only get in my hair... Say, Johnny, have you seen that paper? You're supposed to be faculty adviser. What does that punk of an editor think he's doing?" He pointed to the screaming headlines and lurid pictures splattered over the front page of the tabloid paper.

"Don't take it easy, Mickey," said Professor John Weldon. "I think the college will survive it. Good luck on the ski races tomorrow."

Don Reynolds, the student editor who had converted the once-dignified college paper into a sensational tabloid, was an cocksure youth bent on showing the world how a newspaper really should be run. The son of "Tiger" Reynolds, a famous Dartmouth football player who had subsequently become an ace newspaperman, Don had resolved to build up a huge circulation by hippodroming his paper and the news it carried. To faculty adviser John Weldon's mild protest, Reynolds replied boldly: "There's only one proof of success in this game—circulation. Watch up grow!" He poked up a New York tabloid and spread it on his desk. The headline shrieked: "NO MORE DUKES." SAYS DUCHESS JILL. "I'LL GET HER BACK," VOWS DUKE. The front page was devoted to pictures of "Duchess" Jill Baxter, a really gorgeous young beauty, and the streamlined Duke who had just divorced.

bye, goodbye"... "Are you sure you've got everything?" "So long, Mom, see you Monday"... "Be a good girl now."

As the train started, Ann walked through the cars until she found the drawing room she was seeking for. She opened the door quietly, looked around the empty room, and started to whistle a little tune. An answering whistle came from the washroom; and the fugitive Jill Baxter, having heard her sister's "All safe" signal, rushed out with a squeal of joy into her arms.

"Darling!" "Jill!" "Gosh, Rookie, what've you been feeding you this year? You're as big as I am." "Gee, it's fun to see you! After I got your phone call from Chicago I couldn't sleep a wink. Do you know who was waiting at the station? The Duke—still trailing you!" Ann exulted at the thought of having her sister with her at the Winter Carnival, and offered her one of her three "dates"—but Jill, it appeared, had other, larger plans.

"Thanks—I've got my own date—with a desk chair on the S.S. Britannia, out of Montreal." "But this train only goes as far as Dartmouth." "Yes—but the Montrealer comes through four hours later." "You could see your old heartbeat, Johnny Weldon," Ann coaxed mischievously. "He's a big shot on the faculty now." "So he stuck to his guns, just as he said he would," mused Jill. "Then you will come?" "Jill snapped out of her reverie. "The date with the deck chair will come." (to be continued)

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"Lo, Foolish!"

HEY! TAKE YOUR HAND OFF! Will Ignorance Cure Malaria? AMERICAN health officers were as amused as those in the Transvaal by newspaper announcements of two new "cures" for malaria—one from South Carolina. From South Carolina, where the malaria rate is much too high, an old southern negro announces his "cure." The amazing thing is that these "cures" ever get into print and that people even more credulous than their inventors still believe such stuff. But these two are recent, in spite of the fact that for many years it has been well known that mosquitoes cause malaria, and quinine will cure it. It is now over forty years since Sir Ronald Ross absolutely demonstrated that only through the bite of an infected mosquito could one get malaria. And quinine was discovered in 1820, since when it has been the world wide remedy for malaria. So true is this that the United States Public Health Service has issued a recommendation as to the best cure of malaria. Neither the South Carolina negro, nor the bearded natives of the Transvaal will ever read it. But their respective Health Departments have been telling them that as a cure of malaria, 20 grains of quinine for 5-7 days is just a little better than boring holes in trees or wearing overcoat in tropical regions.

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