

The Kings Mountain Herald
 Established 1889
 Published Every Thursday
HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Martin Harmon
 Editor-Publisher

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Kings Mountain, N. C. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 Payable in Advance
 One year \$2.00
 Six months 1.10
 Three months .60

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.



TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE
 Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times. Psalm 106:3.

First Home Game

From the comments of many Kings Mountain citizens who journeyed to Lincolnton last Friday night for the high school football game, the prospects for a better team this year are good.

They report the loss to Jack Kiser's boys quite a last-minute freak variety, and feel the Mountaineers should here this Friday night against Hickory and odds are the City Stadium will be overflowing with spectators for the first night football game ever played here.

Incidentally, season tickets are on sale this week, which give fans opportunity to see the games at a reduced price and at the same time give the team a boost.

With six home games on the schedule, there should be many interesting Friday evenings in prospect here.

Our congratulations to H. L. Burdette, city manager who has been re-elected a director of the North Carolina League of Municipalities.

Exit Mr. Wallace

President Truman finally did what most folks figured he had to do from the first furor over the ex-Secretary's Russian policy speech. He fired him.

Time Magazine and other periodicals have credited Mr. Truman with getting into the middle of a bad fix, when, at the start, he was only playing a little innocent politics. On the other hand, if the President was the victim of circumstances, and was careless in failing to read the text or what is now known as "The Speech," nevertheless he did what he had to do.

It is hard for a man to carry water on both shoulders and keep from spilling at least one pail.

Though the South's politicians don't like Mr. Wallace, some Southerners do—and those who read his speech may have found much with which they agreed. As a matter of fact, Uncle Joe Stalin didn't like it much and only gave it only a few words in the Soviet mouth-organ, Pravda.

Our biggest quarrel with Mr. Wallace is his continuing naivete, which may or may not be typical of a man obviously sincere, honest and idealistic.

Mr. Wallace should realize by now that Russia understands firmness only. Secretary Byrnes knows that, and it is better that Mr. Wallace is no longer in the official family. Unquestionably he will try to figure in the next presidential election, but he will have a hard row to hoe in that direction.

Library, Etc.

It seems that the Hord residence on Piedmont avenue would make an ideal arrangement for a combination public library and teacherage, as has been suggested previously in these columns. W. K. Mauney, who is spearheading the effort to secure the Hord property for these purposes, has not yet made public full information concerning raising of the purchase money, but we assume he has knowledge of several sources.

Both a good public library and a teacherage stand high on the list of community needs, the latter need having been greatly emphasized at the beginning of the school year when delay in school opening was threatened due to the lack of accommodations for teachers.

Citizens interested in the welfare of the community will watch with interest the progress of this project.

Strikes and other labor disturbances such as the shipping strike and trucker's walkout won't make the lot of labor any easier in the South or elsewhere. Labor doesn't like the rightward swing of the nation's political pendulum, yet is doing more to cause it than any other group.

You'll want to attend the annual Cleveland County Fair this week.

Welcome home to J. N. Jones, who last week assumed the duties of superintendent of DuPont Mills, Inc.

Telephone Rates

Southern Bell has filed a request with the North Carolina Utilities commission for permission to raise its rates on business telephones, and, remembering the increased costs of labor, materials, and just about everything else, most folk will think the request justified.

Our position on the raise, which we think should be granted, is well stated by the Gastonia Gazette in a recent editorial:

"... it (the rate raise request) also offers us a chance to say what hundreds of telephone subscribers have been asking us to do for many weeks, and that is to ask for better service.

"We all recognize the terrific strain the company has endured through the war, and we appreciate the many difficulties, the shortages, the limited labor supply and all the other handicaps. But, other public services went through the same thing, experienced the same troubles and difficulties, but they are coming back and are fast returning to pre-war service. It strikes that the telephone company has been inclined to use the old 'there is a war on' excuse a little longer than has been justified. Could it be that the telephone company, of all public service institutions, is the only one that can not obtain materials, supplies and more adequate and better trained help? The railroads have gone back to pre-war habits, so have the power companies and many other public utilities.

"The people will be glad to pay a little more for their telephones if they can get a little better service. This thing of having to wait an hour or more for a call to be made in Shelby is out of reason.

"So also is the irritating circumstance of being cut off in the middle of a conversation, or of having to wait unreasonably long for an answer to a signal."

Women who are eligible for membership in the American Legion Auxiliary are now being asked to affiliate for the forthcoming year, and they should. Present purpose of the organization is to concentrate on ways and means of permanent peace. That is a noble purpose.

Through education, law enforcement and engineering traffic accidents can be minimized. This is the word of Captain L. W. Henkle, chief of the Charlotte police department's traffic safety division, who spoke to teachers and Jaycees at a meeting here last week. This statement, compared with today's newspaper headlines recording more and more traffic fatalities and injuries, indicates that there is a big need for work in each of these fields and should be sufficient impetus for all groups to strive to work on this problem. The Jaycees are planning to map out a safety program and their efforts should receive full cooperation.

10 Years Ago

THIS WEEK
 Items of news taken from the 1936 files of the Kings Mountain Herald

The Kings Mountain Herald announces today a subscription and prize campaign that will get underway on Friday morning, Sept. 25, and run for a period of but six weeks. At the end of this time more than \$800.00 in cash prizes and cash commissions will be awarded to those who take an active part.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams have donated to the Central Methodist church a pipe organ. At a recent meeting the congregation accepted the gift which will be installed right away.

Representatives of both men and women of all the various organizations of the Democratic party in the county were present, as were some of the State Officers and Representative Bulwinkle.

Among the local towns people attending the 10th District meeting at Gastonia Tuesday were E. L. Campbell, W. E. Blakely, P. G. Ratterree, D. M. Baker, George Allen, J. E. Herndon, W. W. Souther, Mrs. Bonnie Summers.

Mr. William Lawrence Mauney, who graduated at Temple University Philadelphia, last spring left Monday for Chicago, where he will take a post-graduate course in chiropody.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL
 A meeting of all departments of the Womans club was held in the club room Friday afternoon with Mrs. D. C. Mauney, the president, presiding.

Mrs. Clarence L. Jolly honored her mother, Mrs. F. C. Barrett, at surprise birthday dinner Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

One of the loveliest parties of the early fall was that of Saturday afternoon when Misses Sara Finger, Lucile Cansler, and Helen Hay entertained at the Womans club at ten tables of contract.

Mrs. Jim Smith entertained at a bridge-buffet luncheon last Friday at her home in the Cooper apartments on King street.

Mrs. Arnold Kiser was hostess at a bridge-luncheon entertaining at her home on East King street of Wednesday.

Miss Sue Raddock was hostess to a number of her young friends last

martin's medicine

By Martin Harmon
 (Containing bits of news, wisdom, humor, and comment. To be taken weekly. Avoid over-dosage.)

Fair Stuff

As this is being written (Monday) the sun and the rain are having a right big argument as to which one is to win out, all of which is kinda bad for fair week, as there should be no argument and the sun should have full sway. Odds are that the sun will win out, for the equinox is supposed to be over, and the official change over from summer to autumn is supposed to be completed.

But the big news in Cleveland county this week is that the annual Cleveland County fair, which built quite a reputation over the years, not only as the best county fair in the nation, but better than many state fairs, is back again, after a wartime postponement, and Dr. J. S. Dorton, the big man behind the scenes, thinks the fair will set new records, from all standpoints.

It has been a long time since I attended a Cleveland County fair, and I'm anxious to see it again. Fact is, it's been at least 10 years, which means I've a lot of catching up to do.

But I remember a lot of them, from the time I was big-as-a minute. When I was a youngster, I started going to the fair—the one going to the fair at the earliest date I saw a fair advertisement on the running board of a car, and, naturally, my fair week spending allowance came in for attention too.

One fair I particularly remember was when I squeezed the allowance enough to get in to see the high-dive into the burning tank. Naturally, there was plenty of build-up before the big dive, with clowns doing their stuff and taking frequent belly-busters into the pool. Then the big moment came. The fellow that did the jump must have been a mighty brave man. He climbed to the top of a 100-foot tower, bowed to the crowd, took a deep breath and dived in. I never knew whether the sustained "ah..." I heard was the diver's falling, or the crowd's breath-letting. At any rate, he climbed out of the shallow tank, with a big smile on his face, and was as good as ever. I must confess that being a high-dive artist was never one of my childhood ambitions.

Over at the Stanly county fair, in 1944, I think I probably had the most fun. I had been out to the fair only once for a few moments, and didn't particularly mean to go back, until the report circulated one night that one of the lions in the motorcyle act was loose.

By the time I reached the fair grounds (going at full speed at something like a mile an hour), the lion was caught but some good stories came out of it. A cripple out at the fair on crutches heard the news, immediately dropped his walking aids, and literally took off. And a colored woman, with something like five urchins hanging to her, jumped in a cab, and gave orders for a quick get-away. When the cab driver said he was waiting for another fare, she said she couldn't wait, and with the young ones hanging on, plunged out the other door and made tracks in the opposite direction.

One of the exhibits at this fair was Zula the Snake Charmer. Zula was actually (to onlookers) an old colored woman who lounged in the enclosure with two or three snakes and intermittently said "Blah-Blah." Thus the fair folks had nick-named her "Blah-Blah." When the news spread that a lion was loose, "Blah-Blah," who appeared to be a demented old colored woman, suddenly became quite sane, pulled up her skirts, leaped the canvas barricade and took off in airplane fashion. And it turned out that "Blah-Blah" was of the masculine gender.

After the incident I got cornered off with one of the show officials, and that was the first time I'd ever been in one of these fancy trailers so many people are living in. It was very compact, but very comfious, and quite ideal for a person whose business kept him on the move.

Naturally, I can't predict that a lion will get away at the Cleveland fair this year, but there's not likely to be a dull moment.

See you at the races.

Saturday night in celebration of her birthday anniversary, entertaining at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mauney.

Mrs. Norman Morrow of Gastonia was a visitor at the home of Mrs. E. W. Griffin last Saturday.

Mrs. Paul Peterson of Miami, Fla., is visiting her son, Mr. Harold Hunsicutt and friends in Kings Mountain. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fulkerson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Grigg of Albemarle Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Olin Falls and children, Mr. and Mrs. Geor Sipe and children visited Mr. and Mrs. G. F. McCarter at

Southern's 'Conscience Fund' Still Growing

To President Ernest E. Norris of the Southern Railway System a dollar is a dollar, and what with rail operating costs apparently getting snagged onto an upbound stratosphere rocket, the Southern is very glad indeed that some folks still have a conscience.

"Every little bit helps," the rail president observed today as he care fully earmarked for the railway's "Conscience Fund" a tattered dollar bill that came in his morning's mail with a letter setting forth that the writer wanted to pay for a water barrel he'd appropriated many years ago.

This very human trait of having a gnawing conscience has paid off to the Southern in the sum of \$681.71 in the last five years, with "contributions" ranging from \$250 sent by an anonymous writer who enclosed a cryptic note — "For cotton lost in transit at Flowery Branch, Georgia in 1905," to \$1 for some candy taken to appease a sweet tooth 37 years ago.

Getting an unpaid debt (which might involve anything from swiping a couple of lumps of coal to taking an extensive trip without benefit of ticket) off one's chest is seemingly a sure cure for insomnia. One man, sending \$4, noted simply: "This money belongs to the Southern Railway. The person sending it will sleep better to night."

Curiously enough, fully half the letters that come in to the railway admitting some wrongdoing many years ago are signed with the writer's name and address, while the others are either unsigned, or signed "A Friend," "I think I owe you this— your doc," or the price one of them — "I don't know you and you don't know me so I will not mention no names." The latter sent \$1 for two buckets of coal the writer remembered having taken from a freight car about 1910.

The longest memory was evidenced by a workman who sent \$3 to pay for a brass ceiling lamp he said he took from an old passenger coach 52 years ago.

The clergy gets twinges of conscience, too, for one sent \$1 for a ride he took on a Southern passenger train 50 years ago — a ride he didn't pay for then; and another sent \$50 for what he termed "misuse of a clergy permit" in 1920.

Most of the voluntary conscience-casing contributions have been for payment of fares. They out-manuevered the conductors then, but the memory rankled and burned during the years. Some took trips using the pass of a friend who worked for the railway, other admitted they "didn't tell the truth" about the age of children and one man, sending \$25.20, said that 40 years ago he "bummed" for about 700 miles and was enclosing the sum for payment at the rate of 3.6 cents a mile.

Some 38 years ago a passenger was missed by the conductor and taking advantage of the situation turned in the uncollected ticket for a refund of about \$6. To "square himself" he sent the railway \$20, which he figured represented the refund plus interest. Since he didn't sign the letter the railway couldn't return the "interest."

The "Conscience Fund," contributions come in from time to time, to agents along the system, or to the treasurer or to the railway president. They might enclose elaborate explanations, or, as in the case of one \$50 bill, come folded in a scrap of unmarked tissue paper. When it can, the railway acknowledges the contributions with a warm letter of appreciation — a personal letter that should bring peace of mind to the person who summoned up the courage to admit a mistake.

ATHLETES FOOT ITCH NOW TO STOP IT MAKE 5 MINUTE TEST
 Get TE-OL at any drug store. Apply this POWERFUL PENETRATING fungicide FULL STRENGTH. Reaches MORE germs to KILL the itch. GET NEW foot comfort or your 30c refunded. Griffin Drug Co.



Want To Cultivate
 A Nice Weekly Habit?



Dr. D. M. Morrison, Optometrist
 Tuesday and Friday afternoons 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.
 Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted

Dr. James S. Bailey
 OPTOMETRIST.
 Examination, Diagnosis, Glasses Fitted
 Office open each Friday 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
 207 FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG

—TIME FOR GOOD FOOD—
 FROM
McCarter's Grocery
 W. King St. Phone 233
 Dealer for—Socony Vacuum Tires. Few in stock

AUTO LOANS
 FINANCING - REFINANCING
 Quick, Efficient, Confidential Service
 See "ROCK"

HOME Finance Company
 Gastonia, N. C.
 Main Street In Front of the Postoffice
 Phone 2035

Choice Lots
On Shelby Road
For Sale
 ALSO SEVERAL NICE LOTS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE CITY.
 —ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE—
P. D. Herndon
 200 E. King st Phone 140

Need Money?
See Us
 Your banker is ready to give you prompt service on whatever loan you need, whether it be large or small.
 He is particularly interested in handling loans for new household equipment — radios, refrigerators, stoves, furniture—or your new car. He can save you money on carrying charges. Payments conveniently arranged to suit the customer.
 PLAN YOUR SPENDING FOR YOUR COMFORT—PLAN YOUR SAVING
 MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
 —Convenient payments—weekly or monthly—
First National Bank