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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
Christmas is one day of the year when all the world should be of good cheer.

Everyone should show their friendship
On this sabbath day of worship.
As church bells are merrily ringing, Many little children carols are singing.

What does it mean to you when They sing "peace on earth good will toward men?"
There are many very happy greetings

At many large, long-sought meetings With each of the different gifts sent A hearty token of friendship is meant.

Think of the missionaries and Red Cross association
With their good will posts in every foreign nation,

Making possible good will toward men and peace on earth,
As everyone joins in celebrating Christ's birth,

So let's make it a season of the year when Everyone tries to make happy his fellow men.

May the whole world ever so full of cheer
Enjoy a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

—Walter S. Watters

CHRISTMAS

Christmas marks the coming into the world of a new force whose beneficences has never ceased; a force so human and compassionate that little children sing of it with glee, and yet a force so god-like that angels sounded its marching music to the world.

The fires that burn on happy hearthstones are its altar fires, the cherishing of children's joys its alms, the loyalties of friendship its shining ritual. And its sacraments are Christmas cheer, Christmas charity, Christmas hope.—Selected.

CUT YOUR FIRE BILL

It's fun to watch the freire truck flash by. It's also fun to watch Grady King and his fire men at work on a blaze.

Both of these pleasure, however, become less pleasurable if you reflect that good, hard earned dollars must come out of your pocket to pay the bill.

It should be everlastingly emphasized that we all pay for fire—when the bill for those who sustain fires—over a period of time, any town's insurance rate is determined by the volume of its fire loss.

All of us must chip in, though er fire hits our property or not. All of us help to pay the upkeep of fire departments, alarm systems and water facilities. All of us who carry insurance policies must help to pay higher taxes, to make up the taxes lot when a home or an industry is destroyed by fire.

So it goes—we pay our share of the nation's fire bill in a half-dozen different ways. Most fire hazards can be easily and cheaply eliminated—and those which are easiest and cheapest to do away with are often productive of the worst fires.

Do your part to prevent fire—in the interest of your home, your business, the lives of your loved ones, and your bank account.

BETTER OFF DEAD

The nation is beginning to realize the horror of automobile deaths that reached a total of 35,000 last year. Not so well realized, but perhaps even more horrible, is the situation of those who were involved in automobile crashes, were not killed, but would be better off if they had been.

Their ghastly plight has been described in a new booklet by J. C. Furnas, author of the famed "and Sudden Death", entitled "Better Off Dead, Here is an excerpt:

"They weren't doing more than 45 around a slight curve. But centrifugal pull had dragged them a couple of feet the wrong side of the white line. . . one of those semi headon, angling chashes. . . two passengers, bleeding, unconscious, were loaded into the ambulance. They were on the point of driving away when the policeman discovered the third.

He was doubled like a broken stick and thrust halfway through the narrow back window of the

HERE and THERE

By Haywood E. Lynch

Dear Santa:—

I want you to do a few things for me. I want you to bring William Plonk a good wife. Santa, he is a good fellow and deserves a nice Mrs. Plonk. . . Also Santa, help Mrs. E. A. Smith, Jr., to find her pocketbook that she lost, she is a good lady so please help her to get her pocketbook back. . . Please, Mr. St. Nickolas, bring Chief Bryant a steam heated jail to keep his prisoners in. . . And, Mr. Santa Claus, I will thank you very much if you will bring Charlie Dilling a new city Hall to work in, we need this very badly. . . And Santa, if you have a spare library that no other town wants, please leave it in Kings Mountain on your midnight trip of the 25th, I am sure that everyone in The Best Town In The State would thank you very, very much. . . And bring all the bird hunters, such as Paul Neister, Jim Willis, W. A. Rider, Bill Souther, Bill Ramssur, L. B. Gaffney lots of birds to shoot. . . And Santa, if it will not be too much trouble, bring J. E. Garvin lots of new members to his American Legion. . . Please, Santa, bring Jim Herndon and the Town Fathers a new road somewhere. . . I wish Santa that you would bring Ed Campbell all the back tax money, Ed is a good fellow and he will appreciate this. . . Bring Aubrey Mauney some (orders for) well spun yarn. . . And bring the many subscribers of the Herald and the other few people of Kings Mountain a very, very Merry Christmas. . . Now, Santa, I have tried to be a good little editor this year so please do these things for me.

wreck, his head between his knees. They didn't dare try to unbean him till they reached the hospital. He was still alive and conscious. He had proved that by stealing the policeman's gun and trying to shoot himself.

The spine was snapped clean, bent

at an acute angle, and the bare end protruded from a rent in the skin like the stump of a horrible, bony tail. Thanks to the doctors than man is still alive. . . He has been operated on 25 times. He is always in acute pain and paralyzed from the waist down. . . Too horrible, too nauseating for print? Perhaps it is—but its truth, and it doesn't describe an isolated example. Thousands of people have emerged from automobile accidents to become helpless, pain-ridden cripples all their lives. They live on to remind us of these awful price we pay for speed, for recklessness, for incompetence at the wheel. Yet their agonies will not be entirely in vain if they teach the lessons that will save us from becoming members of that tragic legion who would be "Better Off Dead."

AAA WILL PROTECT CONTRACT SIGNERS

The AAA plans to base its 1936 cotton adjustment payments on a rate considerably higher than five cents a pound, according to J. F. Criswell of State College. The new cotton contracts stipulate that the minimum payments will be five cents a pound on the average production of the land withdrawn from cotton cultivation. The exact amount of the adjustment payments next year will be determined by the price of cotton and amount of money available, Criswell said, but it is safe to say the payments will be well above the minimum.

The AAA plans to protect the contract signers in case the price goes down next year, Criswell said, and for this reason provision is being made to increase the adjustment payments.

If the Bankhead act is not continued next year, he explained, growers not under contract may expand their production enough to cut the price down to a low level, possibly six or seven cents a pound.

Growers with contracts will receive adjustment payments in addition to the income from the sale of

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

DEC. 23, 1915

Miss Virginia Mauney arrived home from Elizabeth College, Salem Va., Saturday night. Misses Lottie Goforth, Jerrie Black, Lucille Poston and Freelove Black formed a party of Gastonia visitors Saturday.

J. H. Thomson spent Sunday in Blacksburg.

Mrs. E. A. Harrill of Hamlet is spending the holidays here with her mother, Mrs. Simonton.

Miss Sarah Ramsey is at home from the Normal school at Asheville.

their cotton, and will be able to get a fair return for their crop. Criswell pointed out.

Those without contracts will get only the amount for which they can sell their cotton on the market.

If the Bankhead act is discontinued, he went on, contract signers will be allowed to sell all the cotton they can raise on their allotted acreage.

A grower may adjust his 1936 acreage by 30 to 45 per cent of his base acreage, and receive adjustment payments accordingly.

In Costa Rica's New coinage the equivalent of a dollar is a comma. And how to get one, question mark.

The famous crack in the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia is now over 100 years old. A bit too young yet, perhaps, for the radio.

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Carole LOMBARD and Fred MacMURRAY
HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE
Adapted by Wallace West from the Paramount Picture of the same title, based on Vina Delmar's story.

SYNOPSIS

Regi Allen is a manicurist in the barber shop of the seamy Carlton Hotel in New York. Arriving at work one morning, Regi is sent up to a penthouse to manicure Allen Macklyn, a wealthy young man, who is paralyzed from the waist down as the result of a plane crash. In spite of Macklyn's embittered outlook on life, they take to each other at once.

CHAPTER I

NEW YORK was going to work. Ten layers of surging humanity were crowded to the very edge of the subway platform, awaiting the downtown express.

The train pulled in, its doors opened with great deliberation and another mass of humanity was belched out onto the platform where it fought to reach the exits.

Among the new arrivals were Regi and Nona, two of the million pretty girls who make their living in downtown Manhattan. After battering their way through the worst of the

over to her manicure table. "Just like the rest of them."

"Oh no," Nona was very serious an adjoining table. "Today's a lucky day. My numerology book says so. It says all the auguries" (She pronounced it aujerries) "are good. It's the fifth day and the fifth month . . . and five and five are ten. . ."

"Well, lucky or not," interrupted Laura, the blondined cashier of the shop. "Fifteen-O-two's been phoning for a manicure since 8:30."

"Regi! You go up," Nona was thrilled. "Fifteen-O-two's a terribly lucky number for you. One and five's six, and six and two's eight, and . . ."

"Yeah. And maybe here's that ten million dollars you've been dreaming about," said Laura. "Fifteen is up where the rich live."

"The way I feel today, I'd settle for a million," answered Regi grimly as she gathered up her tools.

her side. Compassion flooded her face, and a smothered, sympathetic "Oh!" came to her lips.

"Now that you mention it," Allen said with the slightest possible emphasis on the "you," "a manicure is the very thing I need. I haven't had one since yesterday."

"Do you have one every day?" she asked as she spread out her bundle. "Some people play golf to pass the time; some go in for tap dancing." His tone was light. "Some destroy clay pigeons. I have manicures."

After Peter, the butler, had brought a table and a basin of hot water, Regi pulled a chair close to Allen and started work on his hands.

"I'm afraid I sounded rather disagreeable when Peter announced you," her client said. "You see, the manicurist I've been having isn't married. And I'm still a little embarrassed about meeting you. I'm afraid they'll be sorry for me."

"What?" exclaimed Regi as she made a little gesture around the lovely room. "When you have all this. You just try getting up at seven every morning. Then jammed back in the subway at night. Uh, uh, mister, I don't feel sorry for you." She shook her head firmly. "And you don't have to pretend. . ."

"To be rich?" he asked softly. "You think about money a lot, don't you. . . Miss. . ."

"Allen, Regi Allen," she introduced herself, then continued: "You've got money. You don't have to think about it."

"Yes," he answered slowly. "The thing we haven't got is always the most important thing. It may be money, it may be flying (I used to be an aviator before . . . this . . . happened.) Or it may be . . . love."

"Oh . . . love!" Her voice was scornful. "I don't want anything to do with it."

"Ah, Regi. Money isn't a good enough aim for you. I wish I could show you how valueless it is."

"You can't. When I first remember my mother she was lovely . . . pretty and gay and sweet. I saw her count pennies and cook and wash and struggle. Ten years of that and she was old and ugly. I heard her nagging my father until he hated to come home. So he stayed away. You couldn't blame anything . . . except poverty. That's why I'm afraid of . . . well, love. That's what it can get you into. Now maybe you understand better."

"I think I do."

"Gosh!" She snapped out of it and laughed apologetically. "I didn't mean to let down my back hair quite so far, especially to a new customer. That's what you get for encouraging me." She had finished with both hands by this time, so she rose and started packing her things.

"This has been very pleasant," smiled the cripple. "You'll come again?"

"You're sure you can stand me? Confessions and all?"

"Confessions and all," smiled Macklyn as he rang for the butler.

"Thank you, Miss," said Peter, as he opened the hall door. "It's a long time since I've heard Mr. Macklyn talk so cheerful." He slipped a ten-dollar bill into her hand.

To be continued

Sealy Motor Co. Dodge Plymouth
Year after year its the same old greeting, but time makes that greeting no less sincere, and so we again send our message wishing you a Merry Christmas and Abundant Happiness.

WINTER CHEER TO ALL
Weather does not matter if hearts are warm and we can again wish our old friends a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Elmer Lumber Co.

Christmas Good Wishes
As Christmas comes again, it reawakens the appreciation of pleasant association—rekindles the warmth of friendships—and may it find and keep you rich in happiness.
G. W. King's Garage
G. W. KING, Prop.



"This has been very pleasant," smiled Macklyn. "You'll come again?"
rush-hour jam, they stopped to survey themselves in the mirrors of neighboring gum machines.
Regi had been fresh and immaculate half an hour before. Now her hat was bent and awry; her patent leather purse had its strap torn; her pretty starched bow drooped; her shoes were smeared; and wisps of golden hair straggled around her piquant face.
"It was such a nice hat," commiserated Nona, a plump little dark-eyed girl who was equally bedraggled. "It made you look ten years younger."
"Do you suppose they'll wear 'em this way next year," sighed Regi, straightening her dress.
"Why didn't you marry that hardware clerk, Regi?" asked her friend. "He had such a nice car."
"The car was all he had . . . and its color didn't match my dress," answered Regi as she finished her repair work and started for the street.
The girls hurried down Park Avenue and finally turned in at the palatial barber shop of the Carlton Hotel.
"Well, another day," said Regi as she removed her ruined hat and went