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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.

TODAY
Today is all sufficient for
The burdens we must bear,
Today is ours, to live, to love,
Our brothers sorrows share.

Tomorrow never comes to us,
And yesterday is gone,
Therefore today is all of time
We have to build upon.

Tomorrow is as far away
As yesterday it seemed,
So put your shoulder to the wheel
And do the things you've dreamed.

SUCCESS
There's a long winding road, very narrow and steep,
And as onward you wearily pass
You'll find that its pitfalls are many and deep;

It is known as the road to success.
It's a long, dreary climb to the top of that road.
From the path it is easy to stray;
For the few that we find who can shoulder the load

There are many who fall by the way.
Thou'g oft you may stumble while climbing the hill
Keep smiling, 'twill help you pull through,
Don't turn and look back, but press on with a will
To the goal that is waiting for you.

CAST A BALLOT
The most talked-about subject among North Carolina farmers today is the new farm act.
And perhaps the most discussed section of the act is that part having to do with marketing quotas on cotton and flue-cured tobacco.

In 81 of the State's counties, growers will journey to community polls March 12 to express their opinion of marketing quotas.

In order to get a representative cross-section of the producers' wishes, then it will be necessary that every grower of these crops cast his ballot.

Anyone who produced tobacco or cotton in 1937, whether he be landlord, operator, tenant, or sharecropper, will be eligible to vote.

BE AN ORIGINAL
There are but few uses for carbon copies. As a rule carbon copies of originals are filed away in musty cabinets, remain forgotten and some times become lost.

And so it is with mankind. Those of us who are satisfied to be carbon copies of other men seldom get anywhere. The reason for this is easily understood.

This does not necessarily mean that one must be a genius, an inventor, a scientist. It does not mean that one must present the world with new and startling thoughts.

Here is something for the preachers of discipleship to ponder as they scatter the seeds of tyranny. Here is something for the American people to remember when they are asked to relinquish a policy of cooperation for one of class hatreds and domination by political pressure groups.

To such demands, whatever their source, there is one conclusive reply. It runs: "See what has sprung from such seeds abroad."

In the 26 years he has kept weather records at Waterloo, Ia. Mayor Ralph B. Shipps has noted temperatures ranging from 33 degrees below zero to 112 above.

SUICIDE BY TAXATION

"The biggest problem facing the nation today," says Roger Babson, "is not the recession; not the jobless; not the railroads; it is our taxation system." Unsound, excessive and inequitable taxation coupled with unscrupulous government extravagance is slowly driving the nation to commit suicide by taxation.

These are concrete suggestions for a practical program of solvency and business encouragement which, if enacted, would stimulate the private citizen to forge ahead. Private enterprise would take a new lease on life.

THE MODERN JUGGERNAUT
Suppose that, on a given day, we rounded up nearly forty thousand American men, women and children herded them into a field, and there proceeded to slaughter them.

If an airplane falls and kills ten people the fact is headlined throughout the country and millions feel a sense of horror. If a ship sinks and 50 men die, the entire world knows it in a few minutes.

Seeds of Tyranny
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

During the past few weeks Americans have watched with a sense of apprehension the ominous shadow of despotism lengthening across the map of Europe.

To many students of government, however, neither the latest coup nor its predecessors came as a surprise. It was the inevitable outcome of a willingness to let group hatreds and group ambitions overwhelm and supplant the spirit of free and constructive patriotism.

In the case of virtually every nation that has accepted the dictator's yoke, such students can recall a preceding period of internal strife, of warring blocs and pressure groups, each intent in gaining for its adherents special advantages at the expense of the people, or the nation, as a whole.

Out of the turmoil caused by the multiplication of such blocs, and the accompanying encouragement of hatreds among the people themselves, has emerged the man or the group that seized all power.

Sometimes the turmoil was stilled—at the cost of all individual liberty. Sometimes it developed, instead, into tragic civil wars. Daily the headlines from abroad repeat the story.

Here is a country that in a century and a half of national existence achieved a growth in territory, in population, in resources, in tolerance, and in influence unsurpassed throughout history.

This advance was not achieved through the process of class warring against class, of group crowding out group. It was achieved through methods—sometimes interrupted—of progressive cooperation.

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Farm Questions Answered

Q.—Why is it that my ten-year old scuppernon vine bear no fruit and how can I correct the trouble?
A.—Practically all varieties of

sterile and must be pollinated by a male vine before they will bear fruit. As your vines were propagated from a productive plant it will be necessary that you plant a male vine for pollen.

Q.—Can skim milk of buttermilk be substituted for dried milk or other products in the laying mash?
An.—Skim milk (clabber) or buttermilk may be used in place of the dried milk products at the rate of one gallon of milk to each hen.



Chapter One

Vicky met him for the first time at the quay, the day she came back to Baikie. Just off the boat with bags and luggage strewn all about her, she thought how odd, how tiny little Baikie seemed after the big world of London, Paris. He broke in on her reverie.

"Get up, please." She was startled. "What do you mean?" "Get up!" His hair was sandy. His eyes were no particular color, but they had a nice, warm light in them.

She started to say, "Who are you?" but she got up. He bent down and carefully disentangled a half-eaten jelly apple that clung to her skirt. He bowed to the little girl who had been sitting next to her and sobbing, and presented the apple.

"Disgusting!" Vicky exclaimed and rubbed at the spot with her handkerchief. "Would you like some split?" he asked. She decided that she did not like him. But she told him he could help with the bags.

When he had struggled as far as the gate with the bags, her chauffeur appeared to relieve him. He gave her burdens up reluctantly.



"What's her name?" he asked the chauffeur. And when he learned it, he said "Vicky, Vicky, Victoria, nice name!" as though he relished it.

The house was littered with political posters. There were new maids. The grand hall rang with the sound of her father's voice practicing a political speech. Tall, hawk-nosed and distinctly good-looking, he was on the fleshy side.

"Don't bother about pig-stys now. We've got to worry about council meeting," her father interrupted impatiently. "Talking about meetings," Vicky retorted, "you might have met me down at the pier."

"The provost waved her impatiently aside. "Your father's a busy man. There's great events foreboding." Baillie told her with a knowing nod. "Don't you see why I'm running," the provost explained to his daughter.

"These are exceptional times and they call for exceptional men. Tomorrow I'm opening at the Crocy cattle show, and I've got my big election meeting at night." He lowered his voice. "And this is confidential. Lord Skerryvore is coming—the leader of the party."

"Vicky was more confused than ever. "Why did you get rid of Janet, the maid?" she asked. The provost seemed embarrassed. "Why she got impatient and Lisbet dismissed her," he explained. "Lisbet" sobbed Vicky. Suddenly a voice behind her called "Vicky's meeting my name?" Vicky wheeled to face Lisbet Skirving.

"Why Vicky!" she exclaimed, "How you've grown. I'd never recognize you." Vicky remembered who Lisbet was now. A tall, willowy blonde

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald
NINETEEN YEARS AGO
MARCH 13, 1919

is here visiting his brother, Mr. A. E. Cline. Mrs. J. K. Dixon and Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Jackson of Gastonia visited in the home of Mr. I. B. Goforth Sunday.

Mrs. W. S. Dilling, regent, entertained the Col. Frederick Hambright Chapter, U. D. C., last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. E. B. Olive of Earl is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Fulton.

and one-half the meat meal. The success of these substitutions, however, depend upon the regularity in feeding the milk and unless there is an ample supply available at all times no substitutions should be made.

Enrollment in both urban and rural elementary schools of America is declining.

JUST HUMANS



"You Say You're Out of Work. What Is Your Work When You're At It?" "I'm a Santa Claus."

By George!

(Observations in and about K. M. HI—Sports Comment)

H. S. Ball Park—any P. M. at 3:30. Bats cracking, gloves smacking, and the noisy hub-bub of some thirty H. S. boys warming up for the forthcoming base ball season.

Practically all of last year's team is back, and there are several additions. The question of a catcher seems to be the biggest problem.

There are several aspirants for this position, including Burton Bennett, last year's rard hitting third baseman. (Better stick to that position, "Lula Belle").

The boys are only taking light work-outs now, but practice will probably start in earnest next week.

Strictly Gossip: "So Rare" has gone Sandlapperish on us—"Oh Billy my Billy"—And speaking of Billy—the sophs seem to like that name—Wonder whether Alleen B. and B. L. R. are going to flip a coin, draw straws, or just plain compromise—Does it matter, Mr. Clark—? Who is "Junior," M. J. P.—is he another on the list?—Things get screwier!—screwier!—The red-head and Mr. Wright stepped out with "Homer" and Cal last Friday P. M. while M. P. took in a movie with the Page boys—Two of the "Musketeers" were there

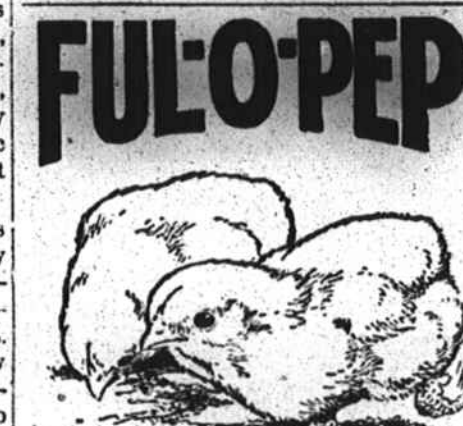
also — without male escorts—? Where were H. F. and Eppie— We busted up a beautiful, budding romance last week (red-head variety)—ho hum.

The Duke of Lancaster seized the throne of England and acceded as Henry IV while Richard II was in Ireland.

Trains are required to stop at a highway crossing in Lawrenceville, Va.

Genghis Khan's 13th century empire extended from the Pacific ocean to eastern Europe.

A general rain of one inch over the state of North Dakota would weigh five billion tons.



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