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TOMORROW

I drained my glass and let it pass. Knowing with sorrow that on the morrow I'd have nothing left but the dregs. Yet if by some Supernatural or magic The cup should again be filled I'd drink on my last wavering legs

I have thought of the little violet Silently dreaming beneath the snow. Some times maybe with a heart ache Waiting for the Spring-time to come. Waiting neath its snow white shroud Waiting the new life it would make.

I caressed the rose of the Spring-time. Knowing the frosts of Winter would come

And cover the rose with its hoar; Yet knowing again in the Spring time It would rise from its snow white shroud. Be purer and fairer than of yore.

Then maybe I, would not have to die. Could always repose with the little white rose

In some land beyond the divide; 'Twould always be May in that place far away. 'Twould ever be bliss with a Spring-time kiss Only the Morrow can decide. —E. L. C.—12-11-38.

DO YOUR SHOPPING AT HOME

Kings Mountain families are thinking about their Christmas shopping, considering the purchases that must be made for the holiday. We suggest to all buyers that they give Kings Mountain merchants an opportunity to supply their wants. The least that can be expected is that those who live here will inspect local stocks before thinking about spending their money elsewhere. Trading at home is a form of civil loyalty that pays dividends. It is one way for every citizen to make a contribution to the business interests that support local institutions and give employment to local people. If all of us would resolve to buy at home, as far as possible, the result would be noticeable.

The lure of buying something cheap often fools wise buyers but price is not the only guide to intelligent spending. Of course given equal values the buyer is naturally going to spend his, or her, money where the price is cheaper. That is the rule followed by successful merchants in purchasing the goods they sell and there is nothing against it. Local merchants are entitled to a chance to see you what you want at a price that you can afford. They are not entitled to charge you more for the same goods than reliable merchants elsewhere. We feel sure that our merchants can meet competition and that their stocks are ample to offer you variety in selection. Buyers should never forget the saying that no matter how cheap you make an article there is always somebody else who can make an inferior product and sell it for less. In fact, beware of "just as good" merchandise. It is economy to buy recognized values, that stand up under use and rave behind them the service that none but local merchants and sellers can supply.

HE DIDN'T LIKE THE EDITOR

Your scribe asked an apparently intelligent merchant the other day why he did not advertise in his local paper. His reason was, "I do not like the editor." I asked him then if he refused to sell merchandise to the women he did not like, or take money from customers who had no use for him. As a matter of fact, the only sound reason why anyone should buy advertising space in any paper is that it stimulates sales or builds good will. As long as subscribers read the sheet it makes no difference if the editor has conceptions of fallen arches, or false teeth.—Gulport (Miss) Guide.

"My Skin Was Full of Pimples and Blemishes From Constipation"

says Verna Schlep: "Since using Adlerika the pimples are gone. My skin is smooth and glows with health." Adlerika washes BOTH bowels and relieves constipation that so often aggravates a bad complexion. At All Leading Druggists

Here and There . . .

By Haywood E. Lynch

The Herald received two renewals this week from two brothers. One from Cleveland County and one from California. Capt. C. D. Wells' check arrived on Monday and Whitney Wells' cash came in on Tuesday. A little note from the Captain says the big fair out there is progressing nicely and for us to come out. I would like to go to California, but I would like to be there for the Rose Bowl game. And while talking to Whitney this week, he put forth a good idea. He says we need a straight line highway from Kings Mountain to the Battleground. I think he is right. Then Kings Mountain would be by far the closest town to the battleground. He says it would only be about seven miles from here to the Battleground.

Fred Stallworth was one of the first ones to jump me about leaving my column out last week. Charlie Thomasson is usually the first one. Farmer Brown Summers has been looking for Santa Claus who is reported to be hiding in these parts.

Ector Harrill is an authority on "Buck Eye," a nut that is supposed to bring good luck to its owner. Get him to tell you of the wonderful things that buckeye can do.

Ed Caldwell has the shortest pencil in Kings Mountain.

Tom Hudspeth has a sore finger. L. M. Logan bought a new knife and Tom was inspecting it to see if it would cut and he quickly found out.

An open letter to Chas. F. Thomasson, Jr.

Oak Ridge Military Academy, Oak Ridge, N. C.

Dear Son:—

Due to conditions arising from the Crop Control Program, I find that it is impossible to forward you between now and the date which you get out for the holidays, sufficient funds to bring you home on the bus or train. I would suggest that you contact Elmo Bridges and secure his bicycle built for two, and you and Bill Davis can ride that vehicle home, at very little if, any cost. By taking turn about at peddling, you should reach home by Christmas Eve. Daddy.

Right in the midst of my column I had several visitors last night. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomasson and son, George, and Vera Rawles stopped in to see how The Herald was progressing. While here Charlie wrote the above letter to his son, who is a loyal reader of The Herald.

Fred Stallworth and Lynn Hendricks also stopped by to check their ads.

Even the robbers and shoplifters must read The Herald. Keeter's advertised a sale of fur coats and the very same week four of them were stolen.

SEVENTH GRADE PRESENTS CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The seventh grade of central school presented an impressive Christmas program yesterday morning (Wednesday) at the regular chapel period. The program depicted the story of the Birth of Christ. Betty Falls, taking the part of the Angel who told the Shepherds of the coming of the Christ. Betty Rose Wattersin took the part of Mary, and Hal Adams was secretary's desk, typing. She looked up, saw Richard and smiled. "Are you quite comfortable?" "Quite. Do you mind?" "I don't know. I haven't a job." The girl gave Richard a sour glance. "What can you do besides sit there and look rather too handsome for your own good?" "I'm a champion swimmer. I play first-class tennis. Fair golf. And I dance like the angel Gabriel." "This is the British-American Civil and Hydraulic Engineering Company." "Don't civil engineers ever dance?" "Heavily and not well." "Then," said Richard, "I shall fill a crying need." He walked over and sat on the edge of her desk. "I like the atmosphere of this place."

The Way To National Recovery

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

Recent polls among the American people have demonstrated an increasing demand for curtailment of reckless expenditures of public funds.

This doesn't mean that the people want to see less money in circulation. It means, instead, that they want to see more money more widely distributed among all our citizens.

For what the people realize is that the more government disturbs public confidence through political extravagance, the more it discourages enterprise on the part of its citizens.

And they realize further that in marked contrast to government handouts, expenditure by private enterprise is productive. It creates new goods, new jobs, new needs—and the means to supply those needs.

For productive enterprise benefits all the people, rather than a few. By increasing employment, it spreads income to everyone, rather than to the beneficiaries of limited but powerful pressure groups. It means more homes, larger payrolls, higher standards of living.

Our history demonstrates this. Since America first became a nation the greatest factor in her prosperity has been productive enterprise, not public spending. It was her farms, her factories, her commerce, her workers—not her political theorists and spenders—that made America great.

When the new Congress meets, this demand for encouragement rather than curtailment of the productive capacities of the American people must be one of its first considerations.

And on how Congress responds to that demand will depend our progress toward the coveted goals of national recovery and of increased employment and greater happiness for all our people.

Joseph. Two small angels who kept watch beside the manger were Phyllis Ware and Charles Anna Logan. Also in the cast were a number of seventh grade students representing the different persons who came to pay homage to Christ. The program was very impressive and was enjoyed by all the students and several visitors.

On Dec. 22 the South Pole is nearer to the sun than any other point on earth is at any time.



Synopsis: The Carleton family, society hoboes, had rescued Miss Ellen Fortune from a French railway wreck, then had succeeded in becoming her permanent house guests in London. "Colonel" Anthony Carleton, aging actor, pretended to be an army officer, and was really charming. George-Anne Carleton had no time for her suitor, Duncan MacCrae, because she was working full time to become the heiress of Miss Fortune. Her mother, "Marmy," agreed that the Colonel and his son Richard should look for work to make Miss Fortune believe they were honest citizens. To his great disgust, Colonel Carleton, or the "Sahib" as his family called him, got a job selling an automobile called the "Flying Wombat."

Chapter Four

Parting from his father made Richard a little dazed. So when he came to an elaborate engineering office, he absent-mindedly walked in and sat down. On the wall were large murals of men at work. The distasteful sight made him shudder.

Opposite was a more attractive scene. A nice-looking girl sat at a



"If you were a man I'd knock you down!" he told her.

"Don't be silly — for all you know she may be eating her heart out for you." "You don't think she is, Carleton?" "Shouldn't wonder... Say, how about a nipper? I'll buck you up no end." "That's vurry decent of you, Carleton." Some time later, singing and stumbling footsteps awakened Miss Fortune. Through her doorway, she saw Richard, assisted by Duncan and George-Anne. With a tolerant smile, she closed the door. George-Anne was not so tolerant. After Richard was helped off with his shoes, she confronted Duncan in the hall. "You did it on purpose?" "I did not! How could I know one bottle of champagne and a few small brandies could make a man drunk?" Duncan apologized further. He said he couldn't live without George-Anne, although she was "a bad-tempered, bad-mannered, outrageous female." Richard told him, he said, that she was pining away for love. "You got him drunk and made him say it!" accused George-Anne. "If you were a man, I'd knock you down for that!" "I wish you would... I don't want you around..." Miss Fortune opened her door again. George-Anne hastily explained that Richard was ill, and Mr. MacCrae was kind enough to bring him home. Duncan denied this. "Richard is extremely drunk, Miss Fortune, and it's my fault." George-Anne suggested that Duncan go home. He told her he might go farther than that. There was a chance, he said, that his regiment would go to India. "Chance or hope?" angrily demanded George-Anne. Miss Fortune shook her head as Duncan departed. "Young people are so foolish," she said. "They don't know love never comes twice."

(To be continued)

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO

DECEMBER 18, 1919 Rev. H. B. Schaeffer was in Charlotte Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Brite Harmon of Blacksburg spent the week-end here with home folks. Mr. Frank McGinnis of Charlotte was in town Tuesday.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CAPER



Comic Artist—"Can the Editor See Me?"

Washington Snapshots

Cont'd from front page)

will go for insurance payments. Another portion, about one-third, will go into Christmas purchases. The balance, 10, is earmarked for taxes.

Whatever the merits of the testimony before the House committee investigating un-American activities that many government department publications are being used to promote "ism" thinking, it has opened up an interesting thought among Washington correspondents.

Just how many department publications (house organs, as they are known) are being published at the taxpayers' expense? Some of the correspondents have tried to find out but haven't got very far.

Those who have had a look into the question say apparently there has been a prolific flowering of them in the last few months. Some are flimsy and short-lived; some substantial and presumably permanent; some are merely mimeographed sheets, others are pretentious magazines. The contents range from technical work reports to amateurish personal items.

They are distributed to government employees, and every department, bureau, commission, board agency and office seems to have one coming off the press at regular intervals, paid for by the government.

Shallow scratches in an automobile windshield can be removed. This is accomplished by rubbing the glass with a piece of hard felt that has been moistened and dipped in rouge.

Available figures indicate that about \$330,000,000 is being turned over to bank depositors through Christmas Club accounts this month. About 7,000,000 persons saved money in this fashion in 1938.

Where does this 330 million fund go? Experts have figured it out thus, based on past experience: A little more than a quarter of it will be transferred to permanent savings or investments. About 14 per cent will pay year-end bills. About 10 per cent

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Christmas comes again next year. If you wish to be financially ready — start a bank account now. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. Christmas Opening Friday 6 P. M. You Are Invited. Free Goodies

YOUR HOME MERCHANTS ASK YOU TO "BUY AT HOME" IT'S YOUR MOVE-- Here Are Money Savers