

The Kings Mountain Herald Established 1889 Published Every Thursday HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch Editor-Manager

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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.

I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give. The water pure that bids the thirsty live; I want to help the fainting day by day;

I want to give the oil of joy for tears. The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears. Peatly for ashes may I give away; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running And into angry hearts I want to pour The answer soft that turneth wraith away; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith, I want to do all that the Master saith. I want to live aright from day to day; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Author Unknown.

THE HOME-TOWN EDITOR SPEAKS

(By W. Earle Dye in The Rotarian) When you married "the finest girl in the country," where did you look for that notice that meant so much to you — and so little to nearly everybody else? In your home-town paper.

When your home was invaded by a blue-eyed girl, or a bouncing boy, to whom did you immediately give details about the time of arrival, sex and weight? The editor of the home paper.

In after years, when some young fellow took the blue-eyed girl to a home of his own, or the boy, now a man, was given a partnership in your business, to whom did you tell the news — which once more meant much to you and so little to everybody else? To this same editor of that same home-town paper.

And when trouble invades your home, and you add to your earthly possession that desolate bit of real estate in the cemetery, and somehow the sun doesn't seem to shine as brightly as it did, and there's a flutter of crepe on the front-door, and the chair that has been beside you for years is vacant — when this happens, who is it that makes it his business to "write up" the obituary? Again—it's the editor of the home paper.

Did you ever stop to count the times you begin conversation with the words, "I see by the paper . . . ?" Staying at home, you may not appreciate your hometown paper; but just take a trip, and be away from your intimate friends for several months, and then pick up a copy. You will welcome it as you would your closest friend.

I have always disliked publishing information about misdeeds or misfortunes of others. When I could do so, I have left such matter out, or have given the main facts, without going into details. To my way of thinking, there is something wrong with a journal that brings tears to the eyes of an old man, or causes a mother to feel stabbed to the heart by publicity given to an erring son or wayward daughter.

I do not, however, mean that a newspaper should entirely suppress crime news. A hard and fast line between what news to print and what to omit cannot be drawn. The mitigating circumstances, and the far-reaching effect must be studied and decided upon.

I am confident that all newspaper editors will go to heaven. No matter how eloquently the editor may boast for the development and progress of his community, no matter how diligently he may labor to build up his home country, no matter how loyally he supports a front in politics, or tells the virtues of a famous native son, stretches the truth to praise a local prominent-to-be, or gently lays a memorial wreath on the grave of the departed, he seldom hears a "Thank you." Rarely does anyone say, "Well done." Almost never does he hear, "We appreciated that."

But let him make a slip. Let him say that Sam Jones did something he didn't do, or Mrs. Smith Brown said something she didn't say! Everyone in town then takes a whack at him. And that is why I believe that all newspapermen go to heaven—they get their share of hell on earth.

Here and There . . .

By Haywood E. Lynch

Ed Campbell packed his trunk for his Florida trip, locked it, and had it sent on ahead. When he got to Jacksonville he remembered he had left the key at home, so he had to get off a letter to his son, Charles, to mail him the key at once.

D. M. Bridges was the only man at the Men's Club Supper who did not recognize his own picture. He was fined 25c.

Talking about that picture contest, it was agreed by most of the Club members that the picture of Postmaster W. E. Blakely was the hardest to identify. His picture then was so much better looking than he is now.

Byron Keeter on his return buying trip boarded the train at Baltimore, went to sleep in Washington, woke up in Charlotte, finished breakfast in Bessemer City, and got off in the Best Town in The State.

A local married lady says that Hitler should have been a married man, then he would find out that he can't have his own way.

There has been a great deal in the papers about the doings of the State Legislature and taxes. I believe they should put a little more time trying to bring the budget down to the revenue instead of spending so much time trying to bring the revenue up to the budget.

The streets of Kings Mountain are still in a deplorable condition. But nothing is done about it except BUMP over them.

In case anyone would like to know Marvin Goforth furnished the Herald man with some of the best country ham, backbone, spare ribs, and sausage, he ever tasted. Getting country ham at this time of the year is almost like having watermelon for Christmas.

Friendly Merchant O. W. Myers has installed a telephone, so you can call him up some time.

And talking about telephones, I notice where other towns are having the dial systems installed. I hope telephone customers in Kings Mountain will never let that change be made here. It just would not seem right to have to ring your own number, especially when you are not on the payroll of the telephone company. And another thing I still like to hear that feminine voice say, "Number Please." And just think how many of those "Number Please" girls will be out of a job.

Washington and Lincoln

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

Again the American people celebrate, this February, the anniversaries of our two greatest Presidents.

Again we refresh the national spirit of freedom, unity and patriotism by honoring the memory of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

For these are the men whose lives did most to create and preserve our Nation. These are the men who gave lasting reality to the conviction that all men are created equal and that government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth.

These are the men who could thrust aside offers of longer terms or greater power in their determination that democracy should endure; who could live as well as speak the noble ideal of government administered "with malice toward none; with charity for all."

These are the men who urged: "To the support of the Constitution let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor;" and insisted: "Let there be no change by usurpation."

These are men to whom strength was a commitment to straightforwardness; to whom patriotism transcended both party and ambition; whose demand was "a standard to which the wise and honest can repair."

These are men who believed that the preservation of liberty and the destiny of our government should be entrusted to the hands of the American people, and who could fling the challenge: "Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"

America at this time can welcome a re-baptism in the clear springs of patriotic memory that rise from these two anniversaries. Our objective, as a people, has not changed with the years. It is still to preserve individual liberty, to strengthen national unity, to reject all attempts that would array group against group, and to work, instead, in effective concord, for the greater happiness and increased well-being of our Nation and all her people.

And by the steps and the spirit with which our leaders, as well as our people, approach that objective, may be judged the sincerity of the tribute offered our two Great National Heroes.



Oh, Oh! 'S Wrong Way! COAX In Customers With ADVERTISING Backed by Good Service!

Pastures Should Be Seeded In February

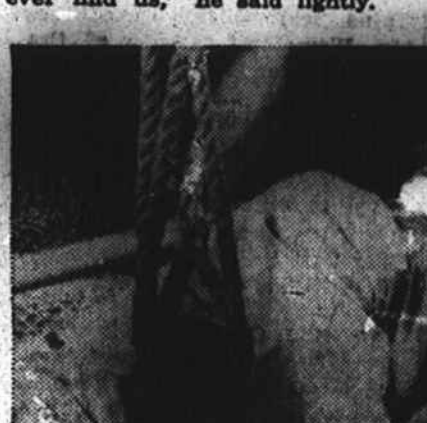
Feed cost per 100 pounds of milk is only half as much during the summer pasture period as it is in the winter, says John A. Arey, dairy specialist of the State College Extension Service. In urging that adequate pastures be provided for dairy herds this year. "On some farms where the acreage in pasture is not adequate to supply good grazing for the herd throughout the season, an additional acreage should be prepared at once and seeded between Feb. 15 and March 15," Arey stated. "Because of the likelihood of dry weather during the spring it is advisable to seed during February from the coast to the mountains. Later seedings will give satisfactory results in the mountains."

The dairy specialist also advised that old pastures with thin places in the sod be re-worked during February. "These places should be scrubbed with a harrow, reseeded and given a coating of manure. If manure is available the entire pasture should be given a light coating during February. On farms where manure is not available, thin pastures can be improved by applying 300 to 400 pounds per acre of a high grade fertilizer early in March."



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE Believing herself guilty of a murder she did not commit, Kay Kerrigan, a beautiful pianist, has fled to the Orient. Sam, a clever but somewhat-crazy detective, and Blodgett, his guardian, have trailed her to Singapore where she calls herself Mary Holden. Knowing her identity, Sam falls in love with her and she with him, but she discovers that Sam is really interested in the regard and escape. With Jeanie, an old sweetheart of Sam's who up to this time has been pursuing Kay herself, she hides in the Ceylon hills. There Sam finds them and prevails on Kay to return to San Francisco with him. On the boat, however, he gets a radiogram ordering him to surrender Kay to Captain Faulkner at the next stop, Bombay. Sam and Kay escape Faulkner, but Faulkner remains in Bombay to look for them.

Chapter Five "But Sam," she asked, as the boatman sailed the little dhow toward the islands. "Where are we going?" "To a place where nobody will ever find us," he said lightly.



"Sam . . ." she whispered. "This is it — Eternity." Kay could still scarcely understand. "Sam! They'll be looking for you! You've made yourself a criminal—for me!" "Think of Blodgett," Sam grinned. "If I know Blodgett, he and Jeanie are married by now." She would have protested again but he took her in his arms. When they landed, the islanders crowded with friendly gaiety to greet them; but these natives, despite their appreciation of Sam's pantomiming, would never have been much good in an information bureau. "Well, darling," Sam grinned, "We'll have to go house hunting by ourselves."

At last their laughing search was rewarded. They found one—a bamboo hut, quite deserted, its windows nearly covered with vines. Kay started in but Sam stopped her. "Darling!" he cried reprovingly. Lifting her, he carried her over the threshold like a bride. Inside, he held her for a moment before he put her down. "Dearest," he murmured, looking into her eyes, "there are some people who might not approve of a Hindu captain on an Indian dhow—they might think we've skipped some of the preliminaries. But we've carried out the most important part of the ceremony." Squeezing him, she sighed: "It's the most glorious threshold a bride ever crossed."

She looked tenderly at the cigar-band on her finger. "And the most glorious ring a bride ever wore," she whispered. Afterwards, much later, it was she who broke the silence. Almost inaudibly she said, "Sam. . . ." "Darling. . . ." "Do you feel. . . ?" "Yes," he said softly. "Like in church. I can almost smell the incense." They were quite a while. "Sam. . ." she said. "This is it. Eternity. . . ." "Eternity," he smiled, and reaching out he knocked his knuckles against the window sill. She saw what he meant and

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald NINETEEN YEARS AGO FEBRUARY 6, 1920 Mr. W. L. Fortune spent the week end in Texaco, S. C. Mrs. R. S. Plonk and Mr. R. S. Plonk, Jr., were Charlotte visitors Thursday. Mrs. N. F. Watterson visited her daughter, Mrs. M. M. Barber at Chester, S. C., recently. Mr. Carl Plonk of Charlotte spent a few days here last week. Mr. H. M. Houser was in Shelby on business last week.

Arey explained. A comparison of two North Carolina herds from records of the Dairy Herd Improvement Association shows the economic value of good pasture. One herd had adequate pasture and the other had very little. The comparative feed costs per 100 pounds of milk ran close together until May, then the herd with the good pasture was fed at the cost of 76 cents per 100 pounds of milk while the other herd's cost was \$1.17. This wide difference continued through October, with one month showing a variation of 58 cents and \$1.29.

JUST HUMANS



Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) exchange: In the "Utopia" U. S. atom Steak, per lb. 38.4c \$1.00 Butter, per lb. 33.3c .65c Eggs, per doz. 44.5c .72 Gasoline, per gal. 17c .60 Coffee, per lb. 23c \$1.00 In other words, the worker in the dictator nation, receiving only half (or even less than half) the wages of an American worker, pays many more times as much for his food. (Clothing, rent and other necessities are proportionately as high.) Incidentally, the investigator found many foods hard to get. Often, inferior substitutes are sold. Such foods as butter and coffee are rationed to the citizens, he found.

A new kind of game is being played in the Capital, but there are limitations on who can play. It is limited to members of Congress, and the game, for want of a better name, can be called "Walt and See."

One team is composed of members who want to amend some of the laws enacted by the last Congress to make them workable. The Wagner Act is one, for example. The other team is composed mostly of hold-overs from the last Congress who wrote the legislation in question. A member of the latter team sums up the apparent point of the game thus:

"We are waiting to see what the other side is going to propose. If they come out with a good ball, may be we can pick it up and run for a touchdown with it."

A proposal advanced last year for the construction of a super transcontinental highway has been revived and expanded. The idea is being incorporated in the plans for national defense spending and will call for not one, but four super highways. Two will run transcontinental and two will run North-South.

Incidentally, to avoid quibbling over just what States, counties and cities the roads will touch, many of the Congressmen have fired among themselves to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Bureau of Public Roads.

Almost simultaneously it was announced to correspondents in Washington last week that: The government payroll has hit

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another all time peak, with 119,034 bales, as compared with the 117,760 peak during the World War. (These figures don't include field employees, which add more than 600,000 more). And that: A Senate study had found approximately 12,000 Federal employees to be aliens.

COTTON GINNING REPORT Census report shows that 41,556 bales of cotton were ginned in Cleveland County, N. C., from the crop of 1933 prior to January 16, as compared with 59,331 bales for the crop of 1937.

Farmers in Pasquotank, Perquimans and adjacent counties will grow 1,000 acres of tomatoes and 200 acres of Lima beans for a cannery at Cheriton, Va., this season. If the project with the beans is successful, it is expected that contracts for 10,000 acres of this crop will be let in 1940.

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