

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.

SELFISHNESS

Think of yourself first to last. Guard yourself from wintry blast; Feed your stomach and quench your thirst; Feather your nest and feather it first;

Think of yourself — and right or wrong. Give no thought to the passing throng. What if your conduct should bring to shame Those who honor and share your name?

Why should their suffering trouble you? Live for yourself, but don't complain When you have come to the world's disdain.

Don't return when the night comes on. And wonder where all your friends have gone.

Carry no burden except your own. But always be ready to weep alone.

But if your wish for the happy years And the love of a friend who sees your tears, And the world's respect and an honored name, And all the joys which the gentle claim, You must think of others in all you do—

You must think of them first, and last of you. —Edgar A. Guest.

THANK YOU MR. MULL

The bill to divide Kings Mountain into five wards is now back in the lower house of the State Legislature for the approval of an amendment. The Herald sincerely hopes for the betterment of Kings Mountain that our representative, Hon. Odus Mull will lose no time in seeing that this bill is adopted into law.

The citizens of Kings Mountain who have so much to gain by the passing of this bill would do well to let their wishes be known to the men who are their chosen representatives.

The citizens of the Best Town in the State have expressed themselves in favor of this action, so now is the time to see that it becomes law.

FRANCIS GORMAN AGAIN

Francis Gorman has appeared at a Southern cotton mill town and announced that the expects to organize a union. He was president of the United Textile Workers, a branch of the A. F. of L., but he sold his organization to the CIO and as payment for some remained in idleness while receiving a handsome monthly remuneration for the sale.

Some of the New England members of the United Textile Workers objected to being sold like cattle and brought suit, which resulted in the courts holding that Gorman's trade with the CIO was illegal and as he could not deliver any more dues, the CIO stopped his pay.

Gorman then made an effort to return to the A. F. of L. and to grab his former job as president of the United Textile Workers, but the New England branch of that organization threw him out on his ear.

We do not know whether he is now an A. F. of L. or a CIO, no do we think that it makes any difference to him. All Gorman is seeking is to find a sucker to be able to live without working.

We note with interest that he did not stop at Danville, Va., on his way South because even now it might not be healthy for him. A few years ago he promoted a strike in that city which netted the mill people many weeks of idleness and as a climax he induced some of the employees, who owned their own homes, to endorse a note and after Gorman disappeared, some of them lost their property as the result of signing.

Gorman has to find some suckery or go to work, and it has been many years since he did any work.—Teville Bulletin.

Here and There

By Haywood E. Lynch

Well, folks, when you read this, I hope to be down in South Carolina with my family on our way to the Kings Mountain Winter Colony at Palm Harbor, Fla., to visit Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Campbell. We hope to make Jacksonville, Fla., the first day and then on into our destination the next. Maybe if I am not too tired and busy running around with Attorney Ed, I will write my column there next week and mail it back in time for the next issue. The master of this column is going to have his hands full, his responsibility is very big. He is leaving here single handed with five females along, namely, one wife, one maid, and three daughters. That boy I used to write about would certainly come in handy right now. The longer I live in Kings Mountain the better I like it and the more I hate to leave it even for a short trip. Just to illustrate how friendly and helpful the people are: P. D. Herndon furnished me with a map of Florida, and Georgia with all the important places to see marked out. L. F. Hord offered to lend me a gasoline courtesy card. Nell Fulton explained how long it took to go from one place to another. Moffett Ware gave me several highlights of Florida. Charlie Thomason marked out entire routes from beginning to end. Hunter Neisler cautioned us to be careful about the cows and hogs in South Georgia and North Florida. Mrs. Estelle Dickie is keeping our cat, Ruth Thomason is custodian of our canary bird, George Whittington is going to pinch-hit for the editor next week, and other things to numerous to mention. So you see we have good friendly folks here, and I am glad to go on this trip, but I will tell you right now, I will be glad when the front end of my car enters the city limits of Kings Mountain, The Best Town in the State.

Master Gene Mauney came home from playing with the Edson boys across the street the other day and said to his daddy, Aurey, "Bob Steele can draw faster than Gene Autrey." Papa Mauney displayed his ignorance by asking what did Bob draw with.

P. D. Herndon presented me with a grapefruit he personally selected from way down in Florida, beyond Miami, on his recent business trip in that section. It was without a doubt the sweetest grapefruit I ever tasted.

The newly formed Merchants Association is already functioning under the direction of Mrs. George Moss. She informed me that her office had already furnished information to the Editor of The Herald. I had made application for a courtesy card. I am not so sure she gave me a good report, as I have not yet received the card.

I had the pleasure of seeing and talking with that typical Southern gentleman, Mr. D. J. Keeter of Grover who was up here in the store Tuesday. He has a way of making everyone feel good, but he made me feel extra good, the first thing he did was pay for another year's subscription to The Herald. Mr. Keeter still had his crutches with him, but he looked none the worse for his accident, and will soon throw those crutches away and outrun his son, Byron, in a foot race.

Clarence Carpenter is back home from California. He says he stayed out there long enough to elect the first democratic Governor the state has had in 47 years.

One of my spy reporters informed me last that Mrs. Andrew McGill was around at Mrs. Henry Summitt's spinning thread on an old fashioned spinning wheel. I wanted to slip in on the demonstration but I had several visitors in the office and could not get away.

That picture of the captured whiskey on the front page was taken by Cameraman Harold Hunicutt, who accompanied Yours Truly at the scene of the raid last week.

Fred Stallworth, congenial manager of Belk's, stopped by last night to bring me a box of candy — But Fred ate most of the candy.

Lee Settlemire called me last week to tell me to stay down, he would bring my dinner to me. The phone call came in on Groundhog day.

Preacher Boyce, School Barnes, and Cleaner Logan were talking about my car yesterday afternoon in front of the Post Office. I came out just in time to hear one of them say, "When he grows up it will take a big car for him, if it takes one that size for him now." My reply: "There is always some advantage in being small, because if I were big like some men, say John Floyd or W. E. Blakely, it would take a big car for me, but as it is, just a medium sized car is a big car to me."

Met Glee Bridges in Foster's Shoe Service yesterday. He informed me that he had heard I was going to Florida, and wanted to know if I had received permission to leave town. I told him I just attended to that, I had just left Banker Neill and the permission was granted.

Hunter Patterson has promised to write the editorials for the Herald

next week in my absence, so I know we will have a complete sell-out of all copies.

My Preacher, Patrick, was in yesterday to tell me that he was charging the Sundays I would miss from Church up to me, and I would have to pay them back by attending both morning and evening services until I had paid up in full. O. K. Preacher, I'll try to meet my obligations.

LOOK OUT FLORIDA, HERE I COME!

OPEN FORUM

An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 500 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.

228 So. West St. Allentown, Pa. Feb. 7, 1939.

Mr. Haywood E. Lynch, Editor Kings Mountain Herald, Kings Mountain, N. C.

Dear Mr. Lynch:— In the January 31st issue of the Charlotte Observer which carried an extra publication entitled, "Charlotte,



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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Believing herself guilty of a murder she did not commit, Kay Kerrigan, a beautiful pianist, flees to the Orient. Sam Wye, a clever but woman-crazy detective, and Blodgett, his assistant, trail her to Singapore, where she calls herself Mary Holden. Though Sam knows who she is, they fall in love. Because of the reward, however, Sam tries to betray her, and she escapes with Jennie, Sam's former secretary. Finding her at Ceylon, Sam starts, with her consent, to take her back to San Francisco. He is ordered by radio to hand her over to Captain Faulkner at Bombay, but instead runs away with her. In an island hut, where they plan to hide indefinitely, Faulkner finds them. Sam refuses to surrender Kay to Faulkner, however, saying that he has merely held her for the reward. Kay's heart is broken, and when Sam delivers her at San Francisco he is published on all sides as the greatest heel in history.

Chapter Six

"And meanwhile the jury is still deliberating," the radio announcer's voice said. Sam switched



"They're caressing your hair — our trade winds," he murmured.

it off and turned again to Blodgett. "Well, then, listen again, Nimble Brain!" he snapped. "I'm trying to tell you I know the gloves weren't Kay's! I'm also trying to tell you that she's sure she shot him through the heart—when he was shot in the back of the head. All right, I've checked up, and there are six women—and their husbands—who might have been here that night. They're all invited to the party tonight—and the gloves will fit one of them!"

"Then all this business of the past few weeks—" Blodgett exclaimed. "Sam, you must have suffered!"

"There are times, Homer," Sam smiled, patting his shoulder, "when the evidences of a pretty good egg pop through that concrete shell of yours. Well, now do you get it? They'll come all right, if only out of curiosity. And they won't be coming because even the guilty party will balk on the fact that I won't want to risk losing the reward by squawking. My reputation as a heel," he added gloomily, "is pretty well established by now."

But that night, long after the party had been in full swing, Sam and Blodgett—who was to be invited, for once, to be a guest—were looking at each other in despair. Along with the reporters and their girls, one of the newspaper women had come, but not one of them had seen the news. Sam had hoped Mr. Jean's car would come too—to take Homer Blodgett home—but having already had a few Martini punches she stayed to drink more and to tell the guests that they were in the same boat with her—home—heels! At about eleven P. M. the evening but it was a very quiet one.

Faulkner, "C. J. M." Sam said sarcastically. "You can increase

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO FEBRUARY 12, 1920

Mrs. Henry Groves of Gastonia visited in town last week.

Miss Eleanor Gamble of Abbeville, S. C., has been visiting in the home of Capt. H. N. Moss.

Mr. J. H. Keester who recently had his leg amputated in a Charlotte hospital, returned home last week.

Rev. M. C. Connor and family are visiting relatives in Durham.

The Center of the Piedmont Industry, we failed to find "The Best Town in the State" included. However, we did notice just about every other town in that section as being advertised, even the smaller ones.

I'm not complaining, only curious as to why Kings Mountain would be omitted from this publication and thought perhaps you could enlighten me.

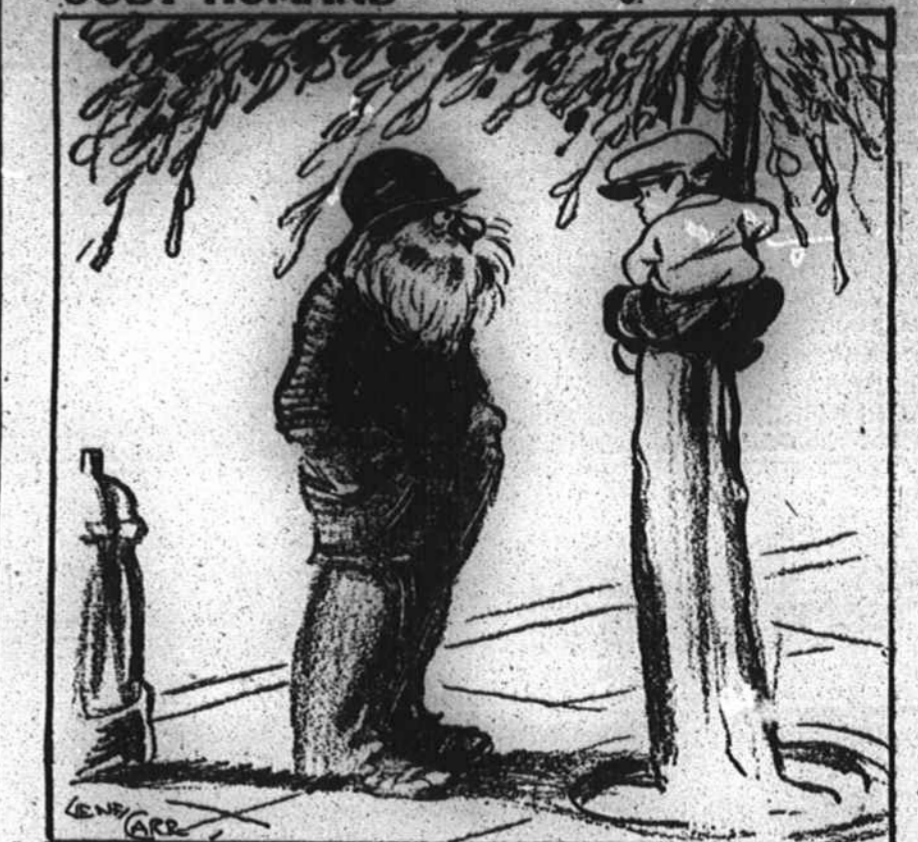
Sincerely,

Mrs. B. W. Gillespie.

Ans.—They don't know a good thing when they see it.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"What Do Y'mean by Callin' Me a Bare-faced Ol' Geezer? Hey?"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) \$200,000,000. The other is an experiment to develop power from the flow of the tides in Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine. This project called for an original expenditure of about \$37,000,000. About \$7,000,000 was spent on each project before they were dropped. Congress sounded the death knell by refusing to appropriate further funds after engineers had called the Passamaquoddy project foolhardy and the Florida project impractical.

They are revived now as part of the national defense program and there is anything but enthusiasm in Army and Navy circles. The military services would rather see the money spent on necessities.

Another power project, this one already completed, is in a delicate situation, incidentally. It is TVA, which is finding it difficult to satisfy the Comptroller General on a little matter of strawberries and cream. The Comptroller says he hasn't been able to get an intelligent answer as to why it was necessary to spend some six million dollars on strawberry patches, a freezing plant, a strawberry marketing boat, a dairy herd and other incidentals on the TVA project.

While this tussle goes on, a three-sided scrap is on in another part of the Capital City. Participants are the Treasury and Justice Departments and the Intelligence Corps of the Army and Navy. The bone of contention is the business of rounding up spies.

The Department of Justice and the Treasury Secret Service branch are at odds over which should conduct spy trials and thus get the public's nod of approval and all the glory that goes with it. Jealousy has existed ever since the Department of Justice began publicizing its activities, in contrast to the silence of Treasury Secret Service agents.

On the other hand, the Intelligence Corps operatives would like to see all the fanfare of publicity that has marked recent spy trials stopped. It believes publicity hinders their work of trailing down spies. They contend the spies recently tried were "small fry" and that the publicity has caused the "big shots" to go into hiding until the "heat" is off.

The city fathers in the National Capital (the District of Columbia Commissioners) are learning a lesson that the rest of the nation already knows. They say they would be a lot happier these days if they just had a good big industry in Washington — an industry that is, other than politics.

Industrial plants have been dis-

couraged — by law — from the District. In the first place industries must meet stringent zoning limitations. In the second place, the smoke of industrial furnaces would dirty the white marble of government buildings.

Now, however, the District Commissioners are struggling with a budget problem. Adding to the troubles are their very limited tax sources (government salaries are not taxable, the government owns a large portion of the land in the District and the other property owners are already carrying a tax burden). So said the Commissioners last week, as they adopted a sales tax plan; "If we just had a good big industry here, giving jobs to a lot of people whose salaries were not exempt from taxes, we wouldn't have to work out a sales tax plan."

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