

The Kings Mountain Herald

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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.

CHEROKEE STREET PARKING

Cherokee Street is a one-side parking street. When this ordinance was first passed the police department enforced the law, but as time wore on, one car at a time began to park, then two, then more until now, it is the most congested street in town.

THE TOWN ELECTION

As a general rule the town election to a person is of more importance than something far off. This is equally true of government. One is much closer with his local government than with even his county, state or Federal, and should show more interest in it.

In less than one month from today an election is to be held to decide who will be in charge of the government that we are most interested in.

We need men who think more of the welfare of Kings Mountain than any personal gain. A man who wants the job for the honor that it will give his name, is not the man. We need men who have made a success of their own private affairs, capable proven business men, who have conducted their own businesses in a manner that shows leadership.

FIFTY YEARS

Editor Haywood Lynch is a young North Carolina publisher of an old North Carolina paper. He publishes the Kings Mountain Herald that has just celebrated fifty years of service. Mr. Lynch did not let this occasion pass without due recognition in his paper. He published a special edition giving some rare information and much historical knowledge concerning the City of Kings Mountain and the Kings Mountain Herald.

KINGS MOUNTAIN HISTORY

The people of the county are indebted to the Kings Mountain Herald and its enterprising publisher, Haywood Lynch for its fiftieth anniversary edition. Although the paper is only a half century old, its anniversary edition goes back to the early settlement of the town, when stores and saw mills moved in about 1870-72 for the building of the railroad from Charlotte to Atlanta.

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 The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.

To The Voters in Ward 5 West Of The Southern Railroad

In a number of discussions I have heard the people express themselves, that they should get together and nominate some one to represent this Ward, and get back of them and elect them, and not pass it out to someone who decides he wants to run for some reason of his own. Therefore, I will clear the show-room of the Cleveland Motor Co on Monday night, April 10th, and do invite the voters of this Ward to meet here at 7:30, where they will be welcomed to discuss this matter. I am doing this at the request of the voters of this ward.

O. O. Jackson. Better schools, finer churches, more industries and the social and moral advancement of the community. It is a source of satisfaction that The Herald played a leading part in making out of the little railroad camp of 1870 the bustling Kings Mountain of 1939—Shelby Daily Star.

Here and There

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

It's getting garden time again. I have noticed several plowing, getting ready to plant. There is something about the odor of newly plowed ground that I like to smell. It seems to be so fresh and clean.

There is an imported cat at the Kings Mountain Drug Co. He was imported from Gastonia for the sole purpose to catch rats, and judging from the size, he is able to handle all comers from the rat kingdom. He is by far the largest cat I have ever seen.

I want to thank all those who called and complimented us on last week's paper. It makes the editor feel good to know that folks appreciate his efforts. And as I have written before, I am a great believer in saying something nice about a person while he is alive and can hear it. When death comes it is too late.

Kings Mountain's sky scraper bridge is now completed. All that is now to be done is for the two mountains leading to it to be made. Oh, and I almost forgot, a few basements to be made from what is now first floor buildings.

Now that one of the two mountains Evelyn and Claude Hambricht are leaving Sunday for the warm climate of sunny Florida.

I was up to see Ross Roberts at his grocery store this week, and he says he can remember when the monument at the Battleground was dedicated in 1890.

I have a sneaking feeling that most of the ladies will be late in arriving to church Sunday morning so that they may parade down the isles with their Easter finery.

Someone has named the five wards of Kings Mountain. I remember only two of them, but they have very appropriate names, ward 2 being WPA and Ward five being Silk Stocking. I'll try to find out the names of the other three and let you know.

That list of Mayors we had in the Herald last week was very interesting. It showed that Jim and P. O. Herndon are the only two brothers that have served as mayor, and that E. L. Campbell is the oldest living ex-mayor. And the list of clerks revealed that C. A. Dilling and Charles are the only father and son to serve as clerk of Kings Mountain.

By George

Once again the crack of the bat lures us to the baseball ground as the Mountaineers open their season against Marion this afternoon. "Toss the pill, kid," is still the foremost harbinger of spring. And this year should be a pretty good one for the local High Schoolers. With Morrison and Bennett still in the infield; Neisler and Gibson in the outfield, and Goffeth and Ballard both ready, willing, and able to do mound duty, there should be lots of games in the "win" column for them. Plank is also still behind the plate. Besides being a good pitcher, Goffeth is also one of the best hitters in the conference hitting .372 last season, which is plenty good. Neisler will also be up in his hitting this year, we believe. He's hit some nice ones in practice. We hope that Gibson is as good as he was his first year, when he had a nice average or around .400. All in all, it should be a pretty good year. So, "Take me out to the ball game..." will be our battle cry for this week, anyway.

Local Girl in Style Show At State College Exposition

Raleigh, April 3.—Miss Marjorie Rhea of Kings Mountain is one of the 115 college girls who will model clothes made by themselves at the 12th annual Style Show and Student Exposition which the Textile School of North Carolina State College will present here April 20.

Miss Rhea is a student in Meredith College, Raleigh. Eight other female college will be represented in the Style Show. The participating girls are students in home economics. Fabrics used in their costumes were designed and woven by students in the State College Textile

School from North Carolina cotton. Following the Style Show, visitors will be escorted through the textile building, where students will demonstrate the processes in converting raw cotton into beautiful fabrics. The Style Show was originated by Dean Thomas Nelson, head of the Textile School, to prove the value of cotton in making stylish clothes.

Guernsey Is Sold To McGill

A registered Guernsey cow has recently been sold by Roy Whelanant to N. F. McGill of Kings Mountain, N. C. This animal is Louann's Cream land 372342 according to The American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterborough, N. H.



Chapter One

Buck Rickabaugh, young, simple-minded, honest and unassuming, was one of the most important personages in the little town along the stagecoach route.

On this sunny spring morning, as Buck brought his Concord stage (the latest, smartest thing in frontier locomotion in 1885) bliskly around the corner of a Tonto, Arizona street and pulled up his six horses in front of the Oriental saloon, town hangers-on greeted him respectfully. "Hy, Buck!... Howdy, Buck!"



"Buck, I'm going to ride shotgun on the stagecoach."

woman obviously cultivated and unused to the rigors of stagecoach travel. Even the slow-witted Buck could tell at a glance that Mrs. Mallory was traveling under severe difficulties, for it was clear that before many more days could pass a very important event was destined to take place in her life. "Is there a place in town where I can get a cup of tea?" she asked wearily.

When Buck had changed his horses for Tonto was only a way station on his twenty-four run to Lordsburg, New Mexico. He wandered in to the United States Marshal's office seeking his friend "Curly" Wilcox, the local Federal representative of law and order.

a pretty, rather showily-made up blonde girl, holding firmly to the arm of a large, seedy, shabbily dressed man who was quite plainly "and quite happily, drunk. Behind these two (evidently keeping at a safe distance) marched the Tonto Ladies' Law and Order League, a procession of super-virtuous business women complete with their committee badges and reinforced by the sheriff.

The girl who held her head erect under the jeers of the town leaders and bit her lips to keep from crying was Dallas, former employee of one of the town dance halls whom the good ladies had singled out for their wrath because she happened to be the prettiest dance hall girl in town. The man, who took his disgrace with philosophic cheerfulness, was the once distinguished but now besotted Doc Boone, a surgeon still skillful when sober, but reprehensibly behind in his work and his rent and considered no credit to the community.

"Do I have to go, Doc, just because they say so?" pleaded Dallas. "What have I done? Haven't I any right to live?" "My child," replied the doctor, patting her arm "we have been struck down by a foul disease called social prejudice. Come, let us be proud — the tumbrel is waiting. Adieu, Madame la Com-

less — to the guillotine!" And he helped her gallantly into the stagecoach. Already in the vehicle, waiting to resume their journey, were Lucy Mallory and Mr. Peacock. Doc Boone had already made the doctor's acquaintance while he was doing business in the "liquor emporium," and upon discovering his occupation and his well-stocked kit of samples had welcomed him as a true and valued friend.

"Well, Mr. Peacock," booned the doctor jovially, "here we go across the desert — carrying our own coals with us, eh? Ha-ha-ha!" "All aboard for Lordsburg, folks!" cried Buck in his hoarse, gravel-screechy voice. A galloping of hooves up the street caused the occupants of the coach to crane their necks and stare. Young Lieutenant Blanchard rode up at the head of a detachment of ten cavalrymen, pulled up beside the driver's seat, and handed Curly a large sealed envelope.

"Capt. Slickels asks if you will deliver this despatch in Lordsburg the moment you arrive. The telegraph line has been cut. We're going with you as far as the next station as Dry Fork, and other soldiers will convoy you the rest of the way to Lordsburg. You must warn your passengers that they travel at their own risk." "What's the trouble, Lieutenant?" asked Curly. "Geronimo!" "Geronimo!"... the dreaded name was taken up and repeated in a whisper by the crowd of on-lookers in the street. Every one knew what it meant. The most vicious, most relentless, most feared of frontier Indian chiefs was leading his followers on the war-path again — bent on settling his score against the white man which had already cost untold lives and suffering among the frontier settlements.

"Geronimo?" Buck started to clamber down from his box. "I can't go!" he quavered. (To be continued)

JUST HUMANS



"Why Do You Pick Out This Place to Fight?" "To Be Near You When I Finish Him"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) The Congressmen wanted to start hearings weeks ago and then endeavor to correct the labor act. The start egists delayed hearings as long as possible, but finally had to give in to growing public pressure.

The next step, then, was to rush the adjournment drive so amendment of the labor act could not be accomplished at this session.

In this connection, there is an interesting story making the rounds of the Capitol corridors. It is being accepted as the "news behind the news" of the CIO-AFOL peace negotiations. The story being told it that agreement was reached several weeks ago between the CIO, the Labor Department and someone at the White House that there should be no amendments to the labor act. The problem, then, was to find a way to forestall the drive for careful diagnosis of the act in Congress.

A "peace conference" was finally decided upon. Announcement was made that the warring labor factions were being brought together for peace-talks. Then word was sent to the Capitol that the prospects of peace would be dimmed if the labor act question was stirred up in Congress. It is, indeed, a screw question with both the labor organizations with the AFL wanting amendments and the CIO demanding the act be left alone. True, it would dim the prospects for peace between the two groups, but —

It was a foregone conclusion in Washington at the time the peace conference started that no peace agreement could possible result.

done Europe in the number of "emergencies and crisis periods" in the past 6 years.

Since 1933, the Congressman reports in the Congressional Record, there have been no less than 39 so-called "emergencies" proclaimed officially by Federal officials. To prove his point the Congressman listed the dates and the exact quotations of official statements that an "emergency, crisis, disaster, serious situation, or period of increasing urgency" existed.

"This is at the rate of one new emergency every six weeks for six years," declared the Congressman. "Is it any wonder that the people are emotionally exhausted?"

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