

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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Six Months75

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.

ON THE SQUARE

"It matters not what'er your lot,
Or what your task may be;
One duty still remains for you,
One duty stands for me.
Be you a doctor, skilled, and wise,
Or a man who works for wage,
A laborer working on the street,
Or an artist on the stage;
One glory still awaits you,
One honor that is rare,
To have men say, as you pass by—
"That fellow's on the square."
—Selected.

ELECTION DAY

Next Tuesday voters will go to the polls to elect the men to run

the next two years. The casting of your ballot should be very important to you because you are selecting your choice to run your business. Every voter in Kings Mountain is a partner in the business of the town. Vote for who you want, but vote.

OPEN FORUM

The Herald has always maintained an Open Forum column so that readers may express themselves on any subject they desire. We are always glad to publish letters to the paper. The letters do not necessarily express the opinions of the Herald, in fact they may state just the opposite, but believing as we do in a free press, letters are always welcome.

A GOOD EDITOR

A good editor is one who has never made a mistake; who never has offended anyone; who is always right; who can ride two horses at the same time he is straddling a fence with both ears to the ground; who always says the right thing at the right time; who always picks the right horse as well as the right politician to win; who never has to apologize; who has no enemies, and who has worlds of prestige with all classes, creeds, and races. There has never been a good editor.—Minnesota Press.

NOT FOR SALE

The editor and owner of this newspaper invested originally some twenty odd thousand dollars in the business and pays annually some fifteen thousand dollars for the privilege of directing the policy of this newspaper. Still we occasionally run upon an individual who buys three or four dollars worth of advertising space and decides that this investment should give him the privilege of directing the policy of the Star. A newspaper with a four dollar policy would not be worth anything either to its owner or to the community which it serves. A newspaper must adhere to a policy broad enough to render service that is fair, just and impartial to all, and that has due respect to the legal and ethical limitations which are imposed upon an editor and publisher. We sell advertising space in order to enable our patrons to reach their customers through the county's best advertising medium. But at no time nor under any circumstances does the purchase of advertising space give the purchaser any right to direct the policy of this newspaper. That is a privilege reserved exclusively to the editor.—Oscar M. Dugger, editor and townyer of the Andalusia (Ala.) Star.

COTTON AT THE GROCERY

Sugar is sweet in the South both for the customer and the merchant when it's packed in cotton sacks, according to the National Cotton Council of America and the Cotton Textile Institute, the organizations jointly sponsoring National Cotton Week. The statisticians of these organizations have proved that every time a carload of sugar is packed in cotton bags, no less than 16,800 cotton containers are used. And what does this mean?
It means a day's work for 48 cotton farmers, 32 cotton mill employees and eight cotton bag employees—a total of a day's work for 88 persons!
Last year, American retail merchants sold to you and other consumers more than four and one half million tons of sugar, amounting to 120 thousand carloads. If every bit of that sugar had been packed in cotton bags, it would have meant a day's work for 3,960,000 people, or a third of a year's work for 100 thousand people.
This is for sug alone. Flour, salt, feed and other staples packed in cotton bags would add tremendously to

Here and There
(By Haywood E. Lynch)

Charlie Thomason is developing a good radio voice. He has talked several times thru a public address system lately, and I am expecting most any time to tune my radio and hear Charlie's voice from Hollywood or Radio City.

Charlie certainly did not want any one to get hit by train number 38 last Friday.

Two men won a prize at The Herald Cooking School last week, namely D. F. Hord and F. F. Heavner. Maybe they are going to show their wives how to cook.

Aubrey Mauney who is in charge of the NYA Band Stand project at the corner of Cleveland Avenue and King Street, was asked the other day if he had a blue print or picture of the project as it is to be when completed. Mr. Mauney said he did not. The person replied that he was very sorry because he wanted to see how it was going to be when finished, and he was afraid he would not live long enough to see it in reality.

I am looking forward to the "Stunt Night" program of the Central School P. T. A. tomorrow evening at 8:00 P. M.

Open Forum

(Cont'd from front page.)

zan the publication of the "Reformer." This paper was bought from Mr. Allison by Chas. K. Gould and Professor Barton, who was principal of the High School, and they began the publication of the "Oracle" in the back of the up-stairs of the building where Dr. Anthony has his office. This was in the summer of 1899. This paper only run until the summer of 1900 and again Kings Mountain was without a paper. It was then that a Mr. Booker, a one-legged printer, who was running a job printing business in Kings Mountain, with the support of Mr. R. S. Plonk, bought a newspaper outfit and began the publication of the "Democrat." In the summer of 1902 John Ferguson and myself began the publication of a paper, reviving the "Kings Mountain News," this paper being merged, in a short while with the "Democrat" but retaining the name of the "Kings Mountain News" with Ferguson and myself as publishers. In a very short while I took over Ferguson's interest and Mr. H. P. Allison did the editorial work. In the year 1903 you took over all of the printing business and started the publication of "The Kings Mountain Herald," this being the first time a paper named "The Herald" was ever published in Kings Mountain.

My recollection is that you published this paper for some time and turned it over to me to run until it could be sold it being purchased by a Rev. T. A. Sikes, who only run it a short time, and again I took it over until the fall of 1905 when it was purchased by Rev. J. M. Forbis, pastor of the Kings Mountain Presbyterian Church, and with the assistance of Mr. H. P. Allison as local and news editor and myself in charge of the publishing and printing Mr. Forbis run this paper, "The Herald," until the fall of 1907, when it was purchased by Claude Burey, he later selling it to another party who in turn sold it to G. G. Page.

Now, Ed., I feel that the dates I have given you are approximately correct, but you can check on them by finding out the year of the last court house election in Gaston county for you were publishing "The Herald" at that time.

I was indeed glad to hear from you and hope it will not take another controversy as to dates, etc., for you to again write.

The family join in me wishing for you and yours prosperity and health and hope that we will see all of you in Richmond as our guests some time in the near future, and I am, Your friend,
Leslie McGinnis.

Editor Kings Mountain Herald:

On March 30th you issued under no date what was purported to be the "Fiftieth Anniversary" of the "Kings Mountain Herald."

After receiving a copy of this edition and noting there was no history of the paper, I was at a loss to understand why you could claim that the paper had been published for 50 consecutive years, as I started "The Herald" in the early spring of 1903. I purchased a complete newspaper outfit from Mr. J. H. Woolley of Cherryville, N. C., through Mr. David P. Dellinger who now resides at Cherryville and moved the outfit to Kings Mountain supplementing the outfit with some new type, etc. Dr. L. A. Bikle, who was pastor of the total. These staples, too, regardless of their flavor, would be as sweet as sugar—in an economic way.—to cotton farmers.

In the battle for increased markets, King Cotton has the right to ask that the southern seller and purchaser demand cotton wrapping, cotton bagging and cotton containers when ever the use of such articles is feasible and practicable.

groomed Church here at the time, and he filled until the paper passed from my hands. "The Herald" was an entirely new paper. It began from the ground up, and DID NOT take over any of the rights and privileges of any other paper. I am enclosing a letter from my friend, Mr. Leslie McGinnis, which gives a complete and complete history of the newspaper business up to 1908 in Kings Mountain, who spent a large part of his life here in the newspaper work, and knows more about the real history of the newspaper business here than any other person. You will note that it was varied—"ups and downs."

From 1892 to 1895 there was no newspaper published here at all, as explained by Mr. McGinnis. At another period as given by him Kings Mountain had no paper. So you can readily see up to the time I began the publication of "The Herald" there was a period of nearly five years that we had no paper here. Mr. R. L. Plonk purchased an outfit for a Mr. Booker to start another paper about 1900. I do not know what became of the old outfit before that. The late H. P. Allison, deserves as much credit as any other man who lived here at the time to keep a paper going, although handicapped by infirmity, because of his untiring efforts to keep at it due credit should be given him. Sometimes it was going and at other times it would quit. I owned "The Herald" until November 1905, when it was sold. This was the last issue of "The Herald" ever published here. It was then the name was changed to "The Kings Mountain Herald." Some years later "some one" inserted at its head "Established 1889." I do not know who did this or why. I presume you based your editorial "Talk A-

with wonder and tenderness as she smiled down at the tiny figure, then looked up and faced the questioning little group of males. "It's a little girl," she whispered, proud as if the child were her own.



STAGE COACH
A WALTER WANGER Production Directed by JOHN FORD

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
Geronimo, most savage and most feared Indian chief on the Southwest frontier in the Eighteen-Eighties, is on the warpath as the stagecoach from Tonto, Ariz., begins its overnight trip to Lordsburg, N. M. The passengers include old Doc Boone, a drunken physician; Mrs. Mallory, an army officer's wife; Dallas, a dance hall girl; Ringo, attractive young fugitive from the law who has fallen in love with Dallas; Peacock, a whiskey drummer; Gatewood, an absconding banker; Hatfield, a gambler, and U. S. Marshal Curly Wilcox. Arriving at Apache Wells, a busy station, amid constant signs of an impending Indian attack, Mrs. Mallory, who is about to become a mother, falls ill. Doc Boone sobers up with draughts of black coffee and goes to her aid.

Chapter Four

The hours wore on . . . nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven, midnight, one o'clock. The waiting men sat at the table in the cheerless inn, absently playing cards, chewing at sandwiches, fidgeting, or walked up and down aimlessly and sat down again. From the



She turned to him impetuously. "Why don't you escape?"

cutting desert strange animal came intermittently disturbed the night, and now and again came muffled sounds, unexplained whistles and rustlings from the corral outside the house.
"Where was nothing to be done about it, and the group settled down into moody silence again, each pondering on whatever ominous significance this new development suggested to him.
A lone coyote howled his high, plaintive note in the distance. But the note continued longer than usual, and seemed to merge into a higher, thinner wail that sounded much nearer. They all pricked up their ears.
"Them coyotes gimme the creeps," complained Buck throatily. "They sound just like—just like a baby."
The high, thin wail was repeated, and this time there was no mistaking it. As one man the waiting travelers jumped to their feet and looked toward Mrs. Mallory's bedroom. Out of the doorway came Dallas, triumphantly holding in her arms a squirming, half-dead creature.
"Them coyotes gimme the creeps," she said. Her face showed

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald
NINETEEN YEARS AGO
APRIL 25, 1939

Mr. J. M. Patterson who underwent an operation for head trouble in Charlotte last week, is improving and expects to come home this week.
Mr. H. L. Summitt has sold his grocery business in the Levi Reynolds building to Mr. C. L. Reynolds. Mr. Summitt goes to Gastonia to take work with a wholesale concern.

The cotton platform at the Old Mill was burned Saturday and 22 bales of cotton badly damaged.

about 50 Years' on this insertion of 1889. It is not my purpose to criticize or condemn your efforts in getting out this Edition. It was a creditable effort, but I cannot understand why you would omit the most important and vital part of such an effort—namely, a complete history of the newspapers published here, how long they existed, how often they changed hands, and if out of existence at any time, in order to complete the chain, if you based your issue on the basis of a paper being run here for fifty years. ("The Herald" was established only 36 years ago) — and the history of the paper business, prior to the first issue of "The Herald" so that you could establish to the public and your present and future readers the true anniversary.

I would not detract a thing from the pleasure and profit you accrued from this venture, but I felt that as I was responsible for the beginning of "The Herald" I should make this information public. "Let us Forget"

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"I Ain't a Goin' T' give Y'up Wid Out a Fight, Pal"

and avoid having another error at some future time.
I assure you I have no feeling in the matter. We get no more out of our private life in the home than we do in public. No country fair would be complete without one. No city parade would be worth watching unless headed by one. But a prominent Senator has implied that the brass band is the "real" root of the trouble. Smilingly, he recently said he would legislate all brass bands out of existence and added:
"Every time I see a parade and hear a band play I'm not sure that I want neutrality legislation after all."

Six hundred thousand dollars more is to be spent in the monopoly investigation. Books of testimony already have been compiled. The record is being developed by young government employees with either no, or at least the most, limited business experience. They are the ones trying to find out what is wrong with a business-industrial system of free enterprise which has provided the highest living standards in the history of the world.
To date not a dollar of the \$500,000 already spent has been used to examine the effect some Brain Trust sponsored laws are having on business. Neither has there been any announcement that any part of the additional \$600,000 is to be used for that purpose.
But it does appear that little else is being overlooked. In a formal statement the Federal Trade Commission has assured the public that the length of spaghetti and macaroni is not a true criterion of its quality or genuineness.

J. E. McLaughlin,
Kings Mountain,
April 25, 1939.

SNAPSHOTS

(Cont'd from front page)

They also argue that the law should be changed to protect workers from coercion from any source which would include protection from persons who prevent them from working unless they join a union.

Against these groups the friends of the law as it now stands are battling hard. It is a struggle of major proportions. It looks like a long, drawn-out fight.

As an example of the intensity of the battle, one member of Congress was prevailed upon to delay a speech for two days. He favors revision of the law. Those in the opposite camp pleaded with him not to make the speech. Forty eight hours later he did speak, but he had toned down his original remarks.

A prominent business man stopped off in Washington recently. He called at the office of an administration Senator. The conversation in substance follows:
"About the time I left for the South," said the business man, "I read in the newspapers about the administration's plan to appease business. How is that move getting along?"

"You know as much as I do," replied the Senator. "All that I know about it is what I read in the papers."

The Brain Busters in the Capital were the ones who nipped the appeasement talk. They didn't like the idea. They were fearful that to bring actual appeasement (which means business recovery) some of their pet laws might have to be changed. And Brain Busters would shudder at the thought of having ever been wrong.

The "real" cause of war has at



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