

The Kings Mountain Herald

Established 1889 Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch Editor-Manager

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Kings Mountain, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES One Year \$1.50 Six Months .75

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.

COTTON QUERY

There's a Cabin in the Cotton, But not Cotton in the Cabin; Aunt Jemima's gettin' supper In a dress of acetate; Uncle Peter in a polo shirt And pants of rayon yarn. Wears a tie of purple silk-spun While he's milking in the barn; Sara Manth's peelin' laters in Her brand new celanese; Arabella in her bemberg 's on the doortstep shellin' peas, Baby Ned and little Eva. Crawlin' round the cabin floor, Have on little lastex rompers From the 5 and 10-cent store; Oh! the Cabin's in the Cotton still, Just like in verse and song, But with no Cotton in the Cabin, will It bethere very long? —Chas. E. Fenner.

INVITING TROUBLE

One thing, which is almost as certain as death and taxes, is that a textile plant which signs a contract with a labor union will find itself in constant trouble. About two years ago the Marlboro Cotton Mills, at McColl, S. C., and the Mansfield Mills, at Lumberton, N. C., yielded to the nagging of labor organizers and signed contracts. Since then they have been forced to live in almost constant fear of strikes and have seen their mills stand idle for long periods.

Strikes have followed settlements so often that it is difficult to remember whether they have a strike or have just settled one. We believe that the present situation is that both have just settled strikes and are to operate for a few weeks.

Theoretically, a labor union and collective bargaining is all right. If the employees of a plant are not treated right or are paid less than can be considered fair wages, it is right and proper that they should meet, in a body, with the management and submit their complaints or choose, from among themselves, men who shall represent them at a conference with employers.

Very few employers would object to labor unions or collective bargaining if the above was the system used, but there enters into the picture the professional labor organizer who is not a worker in the plant or in the industry but obtains his living from the union dues paid by those who do work.

Whenever workers appear to lose interest in the union and the collection of union dues becomes less because of such lack of interest, the organizer realizes that his job is in danger and seeks some cause of complaint and possible a strike as the means of reviving the interest of the workers and inducing them to resume the payment of dues.

An organization of employees, for the prevention of unfavorable working conditions and unfair wages would be all right and that is all the public sees.

Back of organized labor, however, is a band of men who live upon the dues paid by workers and who have a vital interest in keeping the workers in the mood to pay dues regularly.—Textile Bulletin.

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. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Herald.

I wish to thank my many friends in Kings Mountain for their donations, both in cash and otherwise. I cannot express in words how sincerely I appreciate each and every one who have thought of us at this time. At the last session of our Conference, I was assigned to General Evange Han. This would require me to be away from my family all the time. I feel that I am needed at home. So I am saying for a change in assignment, which means some delay, and of course no salary coming in, and that is why by friends are coming to me just now. I want to thank in advance any others who may be thinking of us in this way. Sincerely, Rev. A. F. Connor.

Here and There

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

Here it is folks, the answers to the names in the contest which created so much interest last week. I want to personally thank everyone who called or sent in their answers. There were a few over one hundred who either called or sent in answers. The name that caused so much trouble was, "it's not ivory soap but it floats." Mrs. Jimmy Hord sent her answers in late Thursday evening, and she had every one correct. Several were received before this but a few of the names were wrong, so to Mrs. Hord goes the first prize of one year's subscription to The Herald. And for second prize, Kathleen Owens and Lois Moore's answers came in at exactly the same time so they were both awarded a six month's subscription. Readers of Here and There enjoyed this contest so much, I will try and think up another one for you before long. So here are the correct answers:

Makers of bread, Bakers; It's a rider's home, Webb; it takes 20 of these to make a gallon, Nicotines; he shaves you and cuts your hair, Barber; the opposite of black, White; all windows have them, Panes; mules live in them, Barns; used in building houses, Beams; you can get them stuffed or with seeds, Olive; the next thing to a real mother and daddy, Foster; I do not want this done to me, I had rather for the law to take its course, Lynch; cars drive over them, Bridges or Rhodes; strike a match and it, Burns; they fly around, Bird; Jack and Jill fell down one, Hill; he's in exile now, Kiser; your town would always stay the same size without them, Carpenters; I like to have it in my pocket, Cash; you can see right thru this fellow, Glass; if you leave it, the Mc fishes have them, McGills; Moffett Ware has seen thousands of these, Cebs; most men like to be one as it gives them a good chance to get away from home, Fisher or Hunter; he's certainly not what his name says he is, Crook or Fox; one has lots of them before he gets to the top of the ladder of success, Falls; all hogs have two but Kings Mountain has several, Hamms; cattle eat it, Hay; gloves would be useless without these, Fingers; soldiers are stationed here, Garrison or Camp; the more you have the richer you are, Gold or Fortune; they hold on to what they get, Hords; everyone should be in this mood all the time, Jolly; the U. S. had a visit from one recently, King; they make us our flour and wheat, Miller; all watermelons have it, Rhynes; if things did not do this they would last long er, Ware; this person should be more liberal with his words, Minch; it grows on trees and the bottom of the ocean, Moss; one who takes the skin off of fruit and vegetables, Peeler; he watches over the sheep, Sheppard; some do this when they say their prayers, Neill; he did not pay his gambling debt, Welch; when you strum your banjo you hear it, Plonk; leave the e out of this and you have a grain, Oates; there are lots of these in books, Pages; a preacher's home, Parrish; some folks call their preacher this, Parson; the sun shining in your window, Rhea; he is the toughest man in the army, Sergeant; to pack things away for awhile, Stowe; it's not ivory soap but it floats, Suber; there are lots of these in Kings Mountain and they certainly use the yarn, Weavers; if you always do this you will never be wrong, Wright.

Value of Turning Under Legumes Pointed Out

An average growth of legumes turned under will add to the soil the equivalent of 500 to 750 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre, or 1404 to 2000 pounds of cottonseed meal, reports Prof. C. B. Williams, head of the State College Agronomy Department. This is substantially true whether the seed are harvested or the entire plant turned under.

If legumes which have been inoculated are plowed under, the organic matter of the soil will be increased by the tons of dry materials turned in, and the nitrogen by about 40 lbs for each ton of dry material (roots, stems, leaves, etc.) added to the soil, Prof. Williams explained.

This means an addition to the soil of the equivalent of 250 pounds of nitrate of soda, or about 700 lbs. of cottonseed meal, for each ton of dry material. A good average growth of legumes turned under should supply at least two or three tons of dry organic matter.

The State College man cited the following results when legume crops are removed from the soil for hay or otherwise: The best that can be done would be to about maintain the original nitrogen reserves of the soil, and sustain a loss of the phosphoric acid and potash that would require, in the case of soybeans, applications of 50 pounds of 15 percent superphosphate and 53 pounds of 50 percent muriate of potash, for each ton of material removed.

Soil Erosion Destroys Million and Half Acres

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

Why so much talk about soil conservation? About planting trees? About winter cover crops and legumes? What is the significance of deep gullies which mar the landscape of North Carolina? The rivers that run red after heavy rains? The channels of streams that become shallow?

E. Y. Floyd, AAA executive officer of State College, supplies the answers with data collected through a recent reconnaissance erosion survey of North Carolina. It showed that 1,410,490 of the 31,276,293 acres of land in the State exclusive of large cities and waterways, has been essentially destroyed for tillage by erosion. That is 4.5 of the crop land.

The survey further revealed that 1,387,448, or 30 percent of the farm land, has been affected by erosion and that 3 per cent has lost over three-fourths of its topsoil and some subsoil. That was only through sheet erosion.

Actual of 5,517,540 acres, or 18.1 percent of the land, has been affected by gully or severe erosion. The loss of the Triple-A farm lands with which the Triple-A farm

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO AUGUST 26, 1920

Miss Annie Rudfall left Tuesday for Tulsa, Okla., where she will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Davidson left Monday after a visit here. Mr. Fred Hambright is moving this week to Clover, S. C.

program is concerned, and it is one of the reasons why the government is offering farmers cash payments to conserve and build up the fertility of their soil through the planting and turning under of legumes, the planting of forest trees, terracing, and the use of certain soil building materials such as phosphate and lime, Floyd declared.

He urged that farmers carry out enough soil building practices to earn their maximum payments this year, and that if there is any doubt in any person's mind about any phase of the program, that he get in touch with the county agent immediately.

ALEXANDER KORDA presents FOUR FEATHERS IN TECHNICOLOR

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: To satisfy a long tradition of military service in his family, Harry Favarsham, scholarly and peace-loving English youth, becomes a Lieutenant in the Royal North Surrey Regiment. But when his Regiment is ordered to Egypt to join Kitchener's army in quelling the natives, Harry resigns his commission. His three friends and brother officers, John Durrance, Arnold Willoughby and Peter Burroughs, send him each a white feather to express their opinion of his action. When Harry's fiancée Ethne, daughter of old General Burroughs, proves cold to his explanation of his motive, he plucks a fourth white feather from her fan and leaves her. He then goes to Egypt and submits to the torture of branding his forehead in order to disguise himself as a native of the mute and branded Bengali tribe.

Chapter Three

Under the blazing sun of the Sudan desert, Captain John Durrance rode at the head of his Company, marching away from the camp of the English forces, inland toward the hills. To Burroughs and Willoughby, riding at his side, he explained their mission of half proudly, half ruefully. "We are the men that Kitchener has decided to gamble with, and I hope your bosoms are swelling

stone blind—his optical nerves destroyed by the long exposure to the direct rays of the terrible desert sun!

When they reached the camp, night had fallen. Willoughby and Burroughs had spent an uneasy day, and were plainly glad to see him back. He resolved to conceal his tragedy from his men as long as he could.

"Spotted some Dervishes" he told his two subordinates, staring straight before him with sightless eyes, "and stayed on to keep watch. They must have spotted us all right, so we've done the first part of our job."

"I expect it was the same party of Dervishes that we saw from our post on the right," said Burroughs. "They stood watching us for a bit and then galloped off. I expect we shall hear from them properly in a day or two."

Durrance sent them off to double the guards, and felt his way to the tent. Then he lay down and weakened by his exposure to the sun, was soon in a deep sleep.

He was still asleep when the Dervishes attacked, soon after dawn. From three sides of the zareba the ghostly waves of white-clad figures surged forward, firing their antiquated muskets and flinging their long, deadly spears.

At sound of the first shots Durrance leaped from his cot, felt for his revolver, and rushed out of his tent—not without crashing against many obstacles that stood in his blind path. But no one noticed his pitiful progress, for



The Dervishes attacked, firing their muskets and flinging burning spears.

with pride! We're the decoys that are to lure the Mahdi's army away into the desert while Kitchener goes gently up the Nile and takes them by surprise."

"Heads they win and tails we lose," responded Willoughby with a grin. "If we lure the Mahdi into attacking us we get it bang in the neck from him. If we fail to lure him, we get it bang in the neck from Kitchener!"

After marching several miles into the Baynda desert they pitched camp, the men throwing up a line of thornbush all around the encampment. The sun still burned fiercely overhead, and Durrance issued repeated warnings to his men to keep their helmets on at all times, lest sunstroke overcome them before they realized it.

If only he had heeded his own advice! But when Durrance left the camp to climb some nearby hills and sweep the horizon for some sign of the Mahdi's men, his intention on his errand made him careless of the sun's menace. He climbed higher and higher, grew more unbearably hot and shaly. Then, just as he caught a glimpse of curling smoke and tiny moving dots far in the distance, he made a movement to mop his sweating forehead and in doing so knocked off his helmet.

It rolled far down the hill, and Durrance, loath to leave his point of vantage, remained for one last look at the enemy camp, while the sun beat fiercely down on his bare head. Suddenly the waves of heat seemed to close over him; his knees gave way, and he sank to the ground, his eyes still on his back, his upturned eyes only half closed to the relentless sun.

They found him several hours later and helped him back to camp. Durrance felt wobbly from the effects of the sun, but was able to walk with the assistance of the Sergeant's arm about his shoulders. In fact, he might have managed fairly well, but for one thing. Durrance was



He was still asleep when the Dervishes attacked, soon after dawn.

his men had their hands full and had repelled the first attack with furious rifle fire; but the Dervishes kept coming back in wave upon wave of leaping, howling warriors. Now they were slinging burning spears into the tinder-like walls of the barrier; and in a few minutes the Tommies were falling back toward the center of the camp, surrounded on all sides by leaping flames.

Durrance felt his way into the rapidly dwindling huddle of his men, and fired his revolver blindly toward the sounds that came from the yelling Dervishes. Then the flames began to die down as quickly as they had leapt up, and the blacks were swarming over the smoldering remains of the barrier, three to every one of the British.

As Durrance stood helplessly while the hand-to-hand fighting swirled around him, a greasy, turbaned native with a vacant look in his eyes sprang upon his back and bore him to the ground. Durrance, still weak and feverish, lay unconscious where he fell.

A minute more and it was all over—the remains of the camp strewn with bodies black and white, and a pitiful handful of the Englishmen disarmed and taken prisoner by their assailants. Among them were Burroughs, stunned by a blow from a musket butt, and Willoughby, helpless with a spear wound in his arm.

The few private soldiers taken prisoner by the natives were marched off across the desert. But a more brutal fate awaited their officers, who were bound to camels and dragged off prostrate, at a gallop, across the burning sands.

Half an hour passed, and nothing stirred in the wrecked, corpse-strewn camp—nothing but the slowly gathering vultures which cautiously drew nearer and nearer, and a white-clad figure arose from among the still bodies and went silently toward John Durrance. It was Harry Favarsham, dressed in the guise of a half-witted Bengali.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS



"Hand Over Y'jack!" "Can't—My Bootlegger's Got It!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) rather badly. It was too easy to see the flaw in the argument that, after ten years of experimentation and tinkering with the economic machinery of the country on the part of the politicians, industry should take heart the moment that signs of a change for the better made their appearance. Business knows, from experience painfully gained, that a lot remains to be done to put things back in good running order. Congress has a lot more constructive work ahead of it next session if it really wants to be helpful.

Meantime, however, all indications are that business management is moving ahead to the best of its ability, grateful for the encouragement that the Senators and Representatives have afforded by their actions and attitudes. Among the things that are most heartening to industry, and that came out of this year's Washington legislature mill, the defeat of the spending bill, the tax revisions incorporated in the Revenue Act of 1939, and social security reforms may be listed as outstanding.

The collapse of the vast omnibus spend-and "white rabbit" was cheering to business because it served as served as indication that Congress no longer intends to run down the road with every spending program that is suggested. Business, which bears so large a part of the nation's tax burden, hopes fervently that this particular action by Congress is the herald of a real economy drive

at the following session. The tax revisions made this year were not all that business had hoped, but they were a step in the right direction. And the amendments in social security requirement followed fairly closely suggestions made by business long before the original bill was drafted, seemingly indicating that, in matters which touch business so closely, the lawmakers save many unfortunate errors if they listened to businessmen's advice a little more often.

It is, of course, evident to all unbiased observers that the failure of Congress to amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act, in spite of overwhelming public opinion favoring such changes, was a blow both to the democratic process and to industrial prosperity. To be sure, a committee has been appointed to investigate the Board itself, but this investigation, while important, does not remove the drawbacks to employment involved in the defects of the Wagner Act itself.

UPSET STOMACH Try the old faithful remedy. For over fifty years used for the relief of minor stomach disorders. Anti-Ferment Sentinels of Health DOANS PILLS

YOUR Interests AT HEART Our officers, tellers, and others who serve you, know that the only way by which you can help the bank to get ahead is to help You to get ahead. Our customers are not like peas in a pod—exactly alike in every respect. We quickly get to know them. They are our friends. We learn to give each one individual service according to his needs. Do not hesitate to take up financial matters with us confidentially. We'll work in every possible way to serve your interests. FIRST NATIONAL BANK Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation Deposits Insured up to \$5,000.00