

The Kings Mountain Herald Established 1899 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.



WIN BOYS WIN

You can win this game we trust

Boys, we have the spirit. And we want you to hear it. For we are behind you all. You must get down and crawl. We want to see you beat those boys. And fill our hearts with joy. For when you do, We'll love you too. If you'll only win that game. And fight on just the same. No matter what may happen. Just fight, harder and slayer. For that's the way you'll have to play.

To make Kings Mountain happy and gay.

Come on boys, don't let us down. Just remember your good ole' town. By Tommy Tindal

DAIRYING IN CLEVELAND COUNTY

The Carnation Milk Co. offers a full time market for whole milk to the farmers of Cleveland county and this is something that should not only be the farmers but the business men as well.

This county is a great agricultural county, particularly so in cotton, but cotton brings in money only once a year, while dairying furnishes a monthly income. The price of whole milk does not justify a large investment, but the Carnation Company is so convinced that the farmers will be satisfied with a ready market for their surplus milk that it is willing to build a receiving station at considerable cost. Farmers are only asked to give the plant a trial for sixty days. In that time the plant should prove its usefulness to the community.

Under crop control our farmers are raising more feedstuffs than ever before and this enables them to maintain cattle at a minimum cost. Even the cotton itself has a by-product in the form of seed which make excellent cattle feed. The fertilizer from cattle goes back into the soil to cut down the commercial fertilizer bill.

Certainly the farmers should give the milk station a trial. It has the endorsement of the state and county farm officials and local civic clubs who have made thorough investigations of milk plants at other places where they have been operating satisfactorily for a number of years.

What helps the farmers helps business generally and if we can diversify our crops and add to the farm incomes we already have, land values will be maintained and the standards of living will be raised.

Farmers who have received questionnaires should fill them in at once and return them to the county agent or to the teachers of agriculture in the various rural high schools. If they are not properly informed on any point and wish further information, these teachers and agents will advise with them. There is no obligation whatever to give the proposed milk station a sixty days trial next spring when the plant will open. That is fair enough. —Shelby Star.

MORNING TOPIC

My son, remember you have to work. Whether you handle pick or wheel barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. Don't be afraid of killing yourself by over working on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit at 9 p. m. and don't go home until 2 a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you appetite for your meals; it leads solidity to our slumber; it gives you a perfect appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the country is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it only speaks of them as So-and-So's. Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know they are here. So find out what you want to be and do. Take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter your holidays, and the better satisfied the whole world will be with you.—News and Observer.

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

Another victim has been added to the mustouche clan. Bright Ratterree now has a very distinguished crop on his upper lip. P. D. Herndon joined up last week, and Yours truly has been a member ever since he was old enough to grow one.

Kings Mountain can now boast of another champion. Frank Ash reports that he trapped a total of 106 rats in the past three weeks, and the business is still holding up.

There is no need to go to Florida with the fine weather we are having in Kings Mountain. Just think about it, here it is the middle of November and almost Thanksgiving, yet we can go around in our shirt sleeves. But hold your breath, it will soon be so cold that we will wish for the good old summer time.

Pat Tignor, the man who trims mustaches, was the hero of the mule run-away yesterday. Pat rushed out into the street and turned the charging steed from the main part of the business section. Had brave Pat not happened along just at the right moment the frightened animal might have crashed into an automobile or a bystander and caused serious damage.

The Elmer Lumber Co. has a unique use for the business cards left by the traveling men who call on them. They put them on a large bulletin board in the office, and at the present time the board is just about full. The display of cards and who they were left by is very interesting.

I think it is a swell idea for the man-eating Lions to entertain the fire-eating firemen.

Don't you think the trees at this season of the year are the most gorgeous creations of nature. I have been trying to pick out the most beautiful tree in Kings Mountain but there are so many pretty ones, I have not been able to make up my mind. However one of the prettiest is in the side yard of the Hayes Home on Gaston Street.

Former High School Principal Biggerstaff brought his nine months old son to visit with the eleven months old son of Supt. Barnes. Boy, I'll bet they had a good time talking about school.

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.

Editor Herald:—

Because of large losses suffered by retail storekeepers and merchants in accepting checks on the Treasurer of the United States bearing the FORGED endorsement of the payee, the U. S. Secret Service earnestly urges that you secure positive identification BEFORE accepting the Government check unless the person presenting same is known to you or your clerks to be the rightful payee.

It is a fact that a majority of WPA checks are cashed by the rightful owners in small stores in their immediate neighborhood and the payee is well known to the storekeeper. Therefore, it is well to become immediately suspicious of a stranger who offers you a Government check, especially if the address of the payee shown on the face of the check is located at a distance from your store. Inasmuch as the storekeeper who accepts a stolen and forged Government check is the loser, caution should be exercised in cashing them. A strictly enforced rule to demand identification before cashing Government and other checks will eliminate losses to the storekeepers.

Respectfully, Lewis O. Padgett, Agent in Charge.

Editor K. M. Herlad:— Howdy Mr. Lynch:

Here I am again with a "buck and a half to square me up with the Herald. Outside of politics and the USUAL weather we are not having a great deal of excitement out this way but guess Hitler has a monopoly on all such these days.

Oh yes! our big fair did close yesterday, they are trying to raise funds to continue it for about four months next summer but can't say whether that will materialize for Sallee Ranch went busted, and of course they can't hold much of a fair without Sallee.

Cordially yours, Earl Wells, San Francisco, Calif.

Local Girl Honored At Greensboro College

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Plonk of West Gold street, aren't going around shouting about it, because they are not the bragging kind of people but they certainly have something worth bragging about.

Word reached Kings Mountain recently of the election of Miss Maude Plonk, Mr. and Mrs. Plonk's youngest daughter, to the presidency of the Freshman Class of Greensboro College.

Miss Plonk, freshman at Greens-

boro, was an outstanding student in Kings Mountain schools serving in several responsible positions during her High School years. Last year she was Vice-president of the graduating class, and associate editor of the Senior Annual "Milestones." She was also a member of the "Mountaineer" school newspaper, staff.

Since going to G. C. Miss Plonk has displayed outstanding talent and ability, with honors precedent to her election being selection to the College Glee Club, and serving as proctor on her hall for a six weeks

The HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

JOAN BENNETT ADOLPHE MENJOU

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Young, boyish Robert Randall, son of wealthy old Professor Randall, is beginning his career as a reporter for the Globe. The rest of the family is away for the summer, but the house is not quite deserted, for Hilda, stunningly beautiful and warm-hearted daughter of Olga Swanson, the housekeeper, has come to stay. That night a first-class murder case begins when one Floyd, a Broadway underworld character, spirits off actress Gladys Fontaine to his houseboat and tries to persuade her to rejoin his gang. They are followed by Benny, a hobnobber in love with Gladys, who puts poison in a cup of coffee intended for Floyd. Gladys drinks the coffee and quickly dies.

Chapter Two

"SHOW GIRL'S BODY FOUND IN RIVER!" The news blared across the front page in an eight-column streamer headline. "Corpse of Gladys Fontaine Discovered by Police," said the subhead.

Robert was eagerly devouring the story in the library of the small house when Hilda strolled in. She was terribly interested in

makeup before a wall mirror. "What do you think? He said I was all right — they need somebody like me! Why, just imagine — Deakon Maxwell, the famous reporter in the city — and I'm going to help him!"

The most famous reporter in the city, accompanied by Ed, his faithful, lingering, regretful look at the glorious array of bottled ambrosia on the back bar of Veroni's, where the duo had put in an accident afternoon of cogitation on the Fontaine murder case. Then, giving Veroni that familiar graceful wave of the hand that meant "Charge it — to my friend," he led the way to the precinct station house for a view of the police lineup.

At the station house Robert found them and introduced himself briskly as the young man who had been assigned to help them cover the biggest murder case of the year. It would be a very great pleasure for him to work with them... he was an ardent reader of Mr. Maxwell's journalistic works... and he was looking forward to entering with them into the great fraternity of the knights of the press... and quite a lot more besides.

It was a fairly routine lineup, consisting almost entirely of water-



"We must make amends," said Deakon with a flourish.

the news of the day, it appeared so much interested, in fact, that she must needs read the paper over his shoulder. Moreover, she must have been a little nearsighted — what other reason could she have had for leaning so near him and pressing her face so close to his?

"It's — it's awful what goes on, isn't it?" stammered Robert, acutely embarrassed.

"Yes, isn't it terrible," she responded, really looking at the paper for the first time.

"You know, that's the kind of newspaper work I'd really like to do. I — er — I work for the Globe, you know — but I don't do this kind of work. But I've studied criminal psychology and I'd be good at this."

She leaned a little closer and put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. Robert gulped, and involuntarily drew back a little.

"If you want to do it so badly," said Hilda, "why don't you ask them to let you?"

Robert's boyish mouth set with a new, a great resolve. "Do you mean it? I think I will! Yes, I'll do it right now!" He reached for the telephone and called Mr. Wilson of the Globe.

"Hello, Mr. Wilson? This is Mr. Randall again." Robert poured out his story; he had been reading about the Gladys Fontaine case; he was a keen student of criminal psychology; he was certain that he could be of great assistance to Deakon Maxwell, the Globe's ace reporter who was covering the story.

"Why, there's no question about it," replied Wilson caustically, winking at the covey of reporters who stood about his desk. "After all, Maxwell's only been doing this for thirty or forty years — he needs somebody like you!"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Wilson!" caroled Robert. "Thank you very much!" And he hung up, while Wilson sat and stared into space for a long time, too dazed to replace the telephone on its hook.

Robert rushed to Hilda, who now was appreciatively viewing her

from hums and alcoholics. The prospects for good copy looked very thin indeed to the glum-faced scribes who sat apathetically watching the proceedings.

A little, pale, stooped form mounted the dais. "So, you're here again, Benny?" said the police captain.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And I suppose you're goin' to tell me that you killed the girl, too?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I did... but I didn't mean to... honest I didn't... I meant to kill him. He was a bad man — and she was my girl."

The assembled detectives and reporters laughed uproariously.

"Throw this Casanova out. He's killing me," said the Captain. So Benny was ejected, shrilly protesting that Gladys Fontaine had been his girl and that he had killed her. And the ceremony of the lineup was over.

Outside, while his colleagues from the Globe looked on sourly, Robert listened sympathetically to Benny's story. Then he dipped into his trouser pocket, hauled out a large-calibre roll of bills, and peeled off a couple.

"Now you take this and get yourself something to eat!" Deakon's eyes, watching, assumed ecstatic proportions. He ran, not walked, to the scene with the faithful Ed a close runner-up. They assured Robert that they had made a terrible mistake; they hadn't realized that he was the Mr. Randall; they apologized for their rude inattentiveness to him, and welcomed him proudly to the glorious fraternity of the Fourth Estate.

"Ed, we must take steps to make amends," said Deakon with a flourish. "To cement this new-formed friendship — to down the past — and down the future — and taking him each by one arm, affectionately, they propelled him toward Veroni's place.

"I'm coming, too," said Benny, trotting along behind.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"Dat's a Lucky Break Right in Front of a Horspital!"

Tenn. Governor To Address Lutherans In Gastonia

Governor Prentice Cooper of Tennessee will be the highlight of the 17th annual convention of the Brotherhood of the United Evangelical Lutheran Synod of North Carolina which will be held in Gastonia next Tuesday. Over 500 laymen from every section of the state is expected to attend the one day meeting.

Following is an outline of the program for the two business sessions: the morning session commencing at 9:30 o'clock and the afternoon session at 2 o'clock.

Morning Session

President Aubrey Mauney, of Kings Mountain, head of the brotherhood, will preside and the devotions will be conducted by Robert Jackson of Gastonia. G. D. Harmon will welcome the visitors to Gastonia and the response will be by H. C. Miller of Mooresville. There will be four addresses at this session by James L. Fisher of Salisbury, Rev. L. Boyd Hamm of Kings Mountain, R. F. Shelby of Gastonia and Earl W. Eader, of Bethlehem, Pa., executive secretary of the U. L. C. A.

Afternoon Session

Devotionals at the afternoon session will be conducted by M. L. Rhodes of Lincolnton. Fraternal greetings will be brought from the Luther League by David Cooper of the Womens Missionary Society by Mrs. L. E. Blackwelder and from the Synod of North Carolina by Rev. Dr. J. L. Morgan.

President Mauney will bring a report on the convention of the American Federation of Lutheran Brotherhoods. Rev. E. C. Cooper, Ph. D., president of the Southern Lutheran Seminary at Columbia, S. C., will speak on "Planting the Lutheran Church in North Carolina." Rev. Charles E. Fritz of Greensboro, will speak on "The Volunteer Mission League" and W. K. Mauney of Kings Mountain, will have as his subject — Revitalize the Brotherhood Loan and Gift Fund."

At the afternoon sessions officers for the ensuing year will be elected, reports will be heard and resolutions presented.

Course In Scouting Held

Kings Mountain Scoutmasters, Leaders, and Committeemen, met Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock in the Womens Club building and took a course on Scouting, directed by scout executive of the Piedmont Council, R. M. Schiele.

The course taken by the men included Scouting principles, fundamentals, and group work with boys of all ages, from Cubbing to Senior Scouting. Scout executive Schiele lectured to the assembled

men, distributed helpful literature to the men, and explained the working together of sponsoring institutions and the Boy Scouts.

Women of the Methodist Church served a supper in the basement of the church at seven o'clock for the men attending the course. Scout songs were sung by the men, with Mr. W. K. Mauney serving as master of ceremonies.

The men returned to the club house after the meal, completing the course and discussing the problems of Scouting. Entertainment was furnished by Mr. Schiele, who led in a knot-tying contest to determine the worst knot-tyer in town.

Men who attended at least 75 per cent of the lecture will be given a certificate which will qualify them as Scouters.

Quick! Easy! Spick-And-Span Shaves With This New Gillette Blade



YOU get one comfortable, good-looking shave after another with the Thin Gillette Blade. And at only 10c for four, you save real money! Made with edges of a new kind... different and better... Thin Gillette protect your skin from the smart and irritation caused by misfit blades. Buy a package from your dealer today.

Gillette Blue Blade 5 for 25c

Security — Progress — Affluence

You may get any of these essential factors of life from many sources, but only a good bank can give you all three. In fact, the better you know Your Bank the more surprised you'll be at what it will do for you.

Start a Savings Account here—even a small one — and right then your interests become our interests. Our counsel is yours for the asking, and our pride in your progress will equal your own. Let's get acquainted.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Deposits Insured up to \$5,000.00

FOR RENT SPACE IN THIS PAPER Will Arrange To Suit GOOD NEIGHBORS—PRICES TO FIT YOUR BUSINESS