

The Kings Mountain Herald

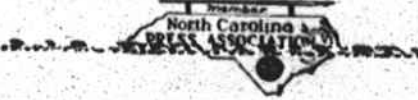
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WINDS

Throughout the beautiful living day

The winds did blow so swift and gay As the flashing sun beamed down Upon the dirty streets and ground.

And the winds did blow so strong and stout Blowing dust and leaves and all about.

And as the winds blew through the trees Bringing with it many limbs and leaves.

It made a beautiful sound as his hiss

As if there were things we did miss And on and on the winds did blow Singing to all and all, ho! ho! ho!

On they went so far and wide With the same old tune they cried They cried east, they cried west And on and on they cried in distress.

—By Thomas D. Tindall

COULDN'T BE MORE EXPENSIVE!

They said he was "impractical. He preached a gospel" which men called too idealistic. He said: "Love your enemies.

Practical men have scoffed at His teaching. They have said: "In a competitive world you must be armed to fight your enemies. That is the safe way, the inexpensive way.

Practical men made and run the World War. Do you know how much the World War cost? Its total cost to all participants was equivalent to \$20,000 for every hour since Jesus of Nazareth was born.

The next war will be far more costly. It will probably result in the wreck of civilization.

Practical men have had their way for many generations. It would be worth while to try His way. It couldn't be more expensive.—Bruce Barton.

A NERVOUS PEOPLE—

We struggle and sweat and worry and lose sleep about things that are not nearly as important as they seem. In fact we flounder about for things that we feel are really the source of all joy, but when the game is finished, the truth of the whole matter, there was more pleasure in pursuit than in gain.

We Americans are a nervous people all ways trying to save time, and after saving it we do not know what to do with it.

This little story is quite appropriate at this juncture: A Chinese student was riding in an auto with one of our western speed-demons one day. The driver saw a train coming: "Unless we beat that train a cross we shall be delayed three minutes." He stepped on the gas, and made it, with only seconds to spare. When they were safe across, the Oriental asked quietly: "Now, what are you going to do with the three minutes?" Why rush? This planet will continue to spin long after we are gathered to our fathers. Besides, "haste makes waste" is the old time worn maxim.—The Uplift.

YOUTH HAS ITS EYES OPEN

"American young people have confidence in themselves, place real value in their talents, and have faith in the future of their country."

In these encouraging words, "Scholastic Magazine" announces the results of a survey it took recently among more than six thousand representative high school young people throughout the country. The conclusion should be heartening, but not genuinely surprising to anyone who has observed the American spirit in operation before.

Some of the answers, indeed, point to a courageous and belief in the future that we older folk would do well to emulate. For instance, only 10 percent of those questioned expressed the belief that government jobs should be provided for young people until times improve, and 61 percent said that if they had trouble finding jobs they would blame themselves.

As a further comment, 90 percent of the young men and women questioned believe that the best cure for unemployment among youth and for young people in jobs they don't fit is more preparation for specialized jobs.

This note of encouragement comes at an apt moment. For with indus-

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

Procs Thompson who was in the clinic last night waiting for Prayer Meeting to begin at the Methodist Church, wanted to know who would be the proper person in Kings Mountain to see about getting garbage removed, and I told him Tom Fulton. If Tom sees this he will more than likely have that garbage away from Procs before he gets home at lunch time.

Here's something funny, CHILDREN is in the heating business. Fred Stallworth is all excited about the opening of his new Boys' Department, but what I am interested in is a GIRLS' department.

A few men who have the same two initials: F. R. Stallworth and L. S. Settlemire, Woodward and McGill, H. E. Page and Lynch, J. P. Aigner, Thompson and McGill, J. E. Aderholdt, Lipford, Anthony, and Herndon, J. A. Neisler, and Burns, W. K. Mauney, Crook, and White, W. A. Ware, Williams, and Ridenour, J. B. Keeter and Thomasson, L. A. Hoke and Kiser, C. D. Blanton and Ware, P. D. Herndon and Patrick, G. W. Allen and Mauney, D. L. Lovell and Mauney, W. L. Plonk W. L. Ramseur, A. H. Patterson and Cornwell, T. A. Pollock and Harmon. There are many others scattered around, maybe we'll collect the complete list and public it some time later.

With the spring of the year, the politicians begin to bloom and this year is no exception the fever is beginning to hit several in this neck of the woods.

I met Policeman Short the other day in his civilian clothes and he did not even look like himself. He looks much better in uniform.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: George Milton and Lennie Small, old friends, are bucking barley on a ranch in the Salinas Valley, George looks after Lennie, who is big and strong as a bull but has the mentality of a child. Together they dream of saving enough money to buy a little house and farm of their own; but their plans are constantly upset when Lennie gets them into trouble through his simple-mindedness and his strange but innocent compulsion to "pet nice things" — such as a mouse, a bird, or a woman's velvet dress or soft hair — with his huge, clumsy hands. On the ranch they take old Candy, the crippled "swamp-er," into partnership in their dream house. But George worries constantly about Mae, the boss' pretty daughter-in-law who is "always hangin' round men"; and about Curley, her pugnacious and jealous husband. While George is watching a horse-shoe pitching contest, Mae finds Lennie in the barn and invites him to stroke her hair. He strokes so hard that she screams; and Lennie, in panic, clamps his hand over her mouth and clasps her head tight in his hands. She slumps to the floor, limp.

Chapter Six

Lennie was on his knees, staring at the inert form. He lifted one of her arms, and let it drop. "I done a bad thing," he whispered. "I done another bad thing. George'll be mad. I done a real

bad thing. Hide in the brush till he comes. That's what he said. Hide in the brush."

Looking stealthily about him, he buttoned up his blue denim coat and stole out through the barn door.

It was George and Candy who discovered Mae's cold form when they went to the barn to look for Lennie after the horsehoe game. George quickly dropped on his knees, put his hand over her heart for a moment, then stood and looked dully down at the body.

"What done it?" whispered Candy. "Ain't you got any idea?" grated George. "I should of knew, I guess maybe way back in my head I did."

"What we gonna do now, George? What we gonna do?" "Guess we gotta tell the guys. I guess we gotta get him an' lock him up. We can't let 'im get away — the poor dummy'd starve."

Maybe they'll lock 'im up an' be nice to 'im. "You an' me can get that little place, can't we, George? You an' me can go there an' live nice, can't we, George? Can't we?"

George did not even answer. "I think I knowed from the very first," he said softly. "I think I knowed we'd never do 'er. He usta like to hear about it so much I got to thinkin' maybe we would." Candy slumped down on a keg and sat still, staring at nothing.

George instructed Candy to wait in the barn for a few minutes while George went back to the deserted bunkhouse. Then Candy, as if he had just discovered the body, would come running out and give the alarm. George employed the interval to open Carlson's suitcase, take the Lager that had shot Candy's dog, and slip it under his belt.

When Curley viewed Mae's body in the barn, he worked himself into the fury which he considered appropriate to a bereaved husband.

"I know who done it!" he shouted, addressing the men who crowded around. "That big guy done it. Everybody else was out there playin' horsehoes. I'm gonna get him — I'll kill him myself. Who's comin' with me?"

But old man Jackson had already organized a posse, and had telephoned the sheriff to meet them on their way to the woods. The sheriff would deputize every one of them so that they could shoot to kill with impunity.

"Listen, Mr. Jackson," George pleaded. "The poor guy ain't re-

most and mountains.

From 25 to 40 pounds of seed per acre is sown and covered with a weeder, or the seed may be drilled shallow on small grain. Lespedeza responds to fertilization with phosphate, potash, and lime on some soils. The only cultivation necessary is to clip off the weeds once or twice during the summer.

Because most soils in North Carolina need additional fertility, Blair strongly urges that farmers make plans to turn under at least a part

of their lespedeza crop for soil improvement.

It should be turned under in the fall or second year. Lespedeza will re-seed itself and produce another crop the second year. If lespedeza is harvested for hay, it should be mowed when in full bloom or when 12 inches high.

During the past three months, 138 head of good quality beef cattle have been placed on Yancey County farms, reports County Agent at large J. W. Crawford.



By GEORGE---

Tom Fulton is undoubtedly a freak. Yep, without a doubt, he must be. He's the only person who

has ever stuck his little finger into politics and drew it out again without John Q. Public thinking that it was dirty. And that's saying a whole lot about the pet subject of every American yet to be born under the flapping folds of Old Glory.

There's one thing about America that has kept us out of the fear of dictators, and that thing is the power of every American, no matter how lowly, to think that the whole business of politics is rotten, and saying so from atop a soap box if he chooses to do so (and without regard to the party in power.) Every American wants to get into politics at some time or another, and because he doesn't quite make the grade, he comes out griping about the "whole rotten mess," and telling the whole cock-eyed world that it's all crooked. It is one of the blessings of this grand and glorious freedom of ours. We couldn't live without it — and we'll buck anybody who tells us that we can't. That's how "Hoof Long got himself a one way ticket into eternity.

And that's how Tos Fulton happens to be a freak. Tom isn't our mayor, exactly, but without any behind-the-back remarks about our Mayor, we can say that there are those who wish he did hold the office. Because Tom is a favorite with every man, woman, and school-child in Kings Mountain.

He told the voters of his ward that he'd do his best if he were elected to the town council. And he's doing it. Tom didn't say, "I'll do it," and then forget. He said "I'll do my best," and did better than anyone thought he could do. He personally supervises our public works. It was his idea to drag out a hose and wash the streets of the town, thus cleaning up a messy street that would have shown the mark left by the snow until June. And it's Tom who listens to your hundred little grievances, and then fixes them up. And John Q. — for the first time since Webster published the word "Politician"—thinks that Tom is alright.

Which, without a bit of doubt — since he dabbles in politics—makes him a freak.

SEED LESPEDEZA NOW, SAYS AGRONOMIST BLAIR

Lespedeza should be seeded now in the Coastal Plain and Piedmont regions, and within two weeks in the mountains, advises E. C. Blair, agronomist of the State College Extension Service. The crop should be grown on medium to heavy soils, preferably those well supplied with moisture.

Kobe, Tennessee 76, and Common varieties are adapted to the Coastal Plain, and the Kobe, Tennessee 76, Korean, and Common to the Pied-

mont and mountains.

From 25 to 40 pounds of seed per acre is sown and covered with a weeder, or the seed may be drilled shallow on small grain. Lespedeza responds to fertilization with phosphate, potash, and lime on some soils. The only cultivation necessary is to clip off the weeds once or twice during the summer.

Because most soils in North Carolina need additional fertility, Blair strongly urges that farmers make plans to turn under at least a part

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) cost to the farm goods when he resold them. So that the price of the farm goods to the ultimate consumer would increase again.

That might sound all right in itself, but to a lot of economists it just doesn't make sense. In the first place, there are about nine million unemployed who don't have a lot of money. When the price of things they buy at the store goes up, naturally they can buy less. So the farmer's market is curtailed.

The week's best laugh: Policemen in a Maryland county adjoining the National Capital re dieting and taking reducing exercises. The county commissioners adopted a ruling that all cops should be fired on May 15 who were bigger around the stomach than around the chest.

National Press Club crack: The third term isn't an issue this year; it's a fifth and sixth term issue because the Roosevelt's have been taking two terms at a time.

Two mysteries have taken over Washington. One is the President's Caribbean cruise, and the other results from the application of the alphabet to the budget.

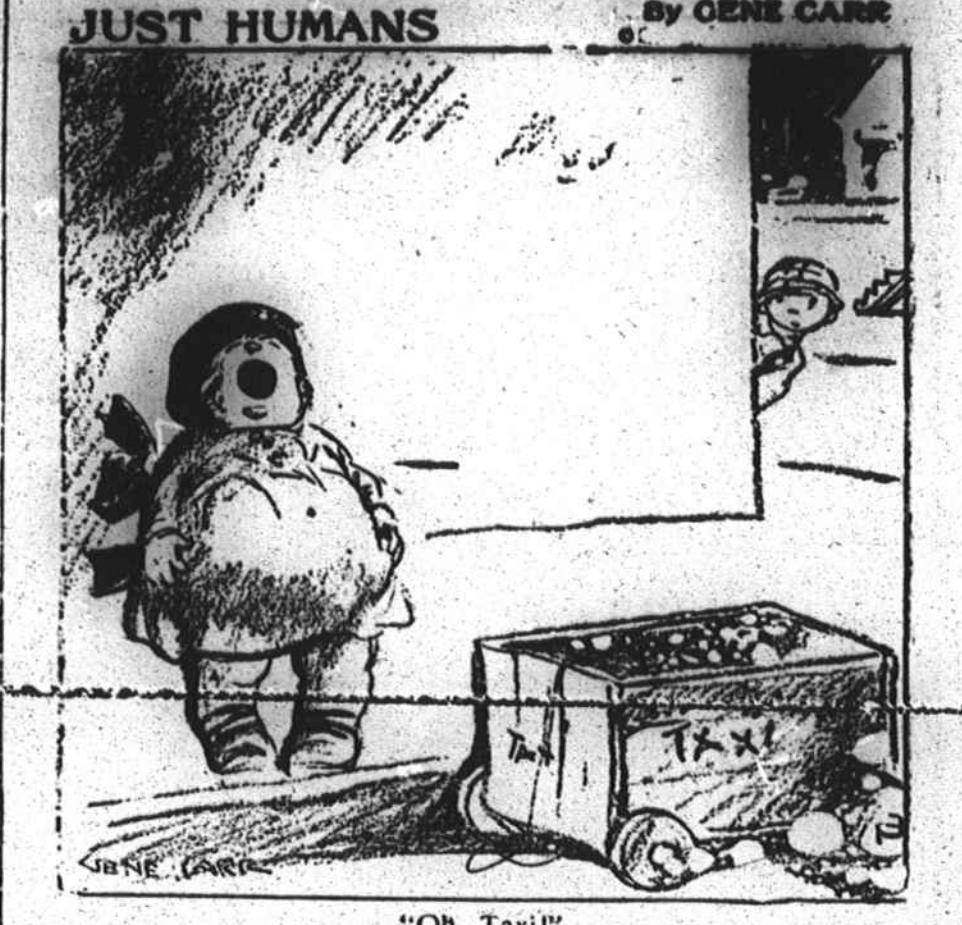
Newspapermen, who are usually pretty capable at solving mysteries, are still trying to find out why all the secrecy surrounding the President's cruise. They, like the State Department, are still puzzled by all the stories about conferences with officials of other governments on the high seas. The best they can figure is that the President just wanted to give the newspaper boys "a good story to justify their trip with him to Peusacola, the embarkation point of his cruise.

It is Congressmen, on the other hand, who are mystified by the alphabetical budget. When Secretary Edison was testifying before the House Appropriations Committee on the Navy's Appropriation bill, he began talking about an A budget and a B budget.

One Congressman made the off-the-record remark that since more new agencies weren't being created being created by the hatfull, the alphabet apparently was getting rusty from lack of use so they are now applying it to appropriations.

On the record there were such remarks as these: What is the A budget and what is the B budget, and what is the necessity for presenting two budgets with different identifications? And: Are we considering the A budget or the B budget, or both budgets? And: This matter of A budgets and B budgets intrigues me.

The explanation was that the A budget is supposed to cover the regular naval building program while



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