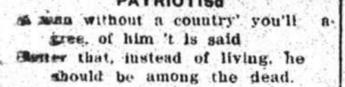


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Editor-Manager

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A weekly newspaper devoted to
the promotion of the general well-
being and published for the enlighten-
ment, entertainment and benefit of
the citizens of Kings Mountain and
its vicinity.



PATRIOTISM
As man without a country' you'll
a tree, of him 't is said
Blessed that, instead of living, he
should be among the dead.

THIS DAY IS LIFE
Whether one is twenty, thirty,
forty, fifty, sixty, seventy; whether
one has succeeded, failed or just
muddled along; whether yesterday
was full of sun or storm, of one
moment dead, dull days with no weath-
er at all, life begins today.

There is no age or period of which
it can be said, "Here is the dawn
of life day." This day is the dawn
of that day. Shall we not take it
and use it the best we can? It is
our life. If we prefer to loll the day
away or waste it, then that is our
privilege, however unwise and un-
profitable we may be in doing so.

U. S. OFFICIAL TIME CLOCK
Exactly in the center of the United
States Naval Observatory, in
Washington, D. C., insulated against
temperature changes or air pres-
sure and cut off from the din of
city traffic by seventy-two wooded
acres, there is a subterranean vault
containing three clocks. Only one
man ever enters the clock vault,
and he goes in only once a week to
make sure everything is all right.

Open Forum
An open forum for our readers,
but no letter can be published if
it exceeds 300 words. No anonym-
ous communications will be ac-
cepted. The name of the writer
will not be published however, if
the author so requests. The opin-
ions expressed herein are not nec-
essarily those of the Herald.

BACK FAITH WITH CASH
In a recent address, President
Herbert Hoover, of the American
Bankers Association, said that if
there was a time when Ameri-
cans needed to be on guard, it is now
— since our personal liberties were
lost, they would never be regained.
The nation's job now is two-fold:
prepare against possible invasion;
keep out of foreign war.

National rearmament means that
great new factories must be built,
and old factories expanded. It
means that obsolete machines must
be replaced by new. It means diffi-
cult and costly readjustments
throughout the whole industrial
structure. And to achieve this, will-
ing minds and hands, vital as they
are, are not enough. Money, vast
amounts of it, is necessary. And the
banks, as Mr. Hanes said, are ready
with the money.

Here and There

One of the last official duties of
two members of the Kings Moun-
tain faculty, Carolyn Carlisle and
Katherine Peels, was to stop by The
Herald office and subscribe for the
paper printed in the Great Town in
the State. They said they just had
to keep up with what was happen-
ing during their absence, so The
Herald now has copies going to
Bennettsville, S. C., and Gibson, N.
C. Thanks, Teachers, we'll try to
keep you informed, for the next
three months as you keep our child-
ren informed for nine months.

And one of the first official duties
of newly-wed Wilson Crawford was
to subscribe to The Herald. O. K.
Mr. and Mrs., we'll do our best to
see that you receive your Herald
each week at your attractive "Love-
Nest" on West King Street.

Thinking about weddings, June
clipped off right many this time.
There's Elizabeth Ware, Mildred
Moss, Velma Putnam, and T. W.
Grayson, Wilson Crawford and Wil-
bur Wright.

Here's our war news for the
week. Each morning the Kings
Mountain War Council meets in
their chambers at the Central Bar-
ber Shop. Members of the Council
are: Otto Ware, J. R. Davis, Oliver
Hayes, Western Union Phillips, Ed
Campbell, John Seim and Irvin Al-
len. The other morning the discus-
sion got so hot that Councilman
Seim offered to bet Councilman Al-
len the best mule he had that Rus-
sia would go to war against Ger-
many. To date, the main item agreed
on is that if England can fight as
successful as she retreated from
Flanders, she will win the war in a
week.

Add to your list of gardeners who
really enjoy working in their yards:
Maude and Arthur Crouse, and Mar-
garette and Robert Miller. Just a-
bout every afternoon on my way
home I notice them busily engaged
in their yards trimming shrubbery,
mowing the lawn, or planting flow-
ers.

The other day I was standing in
front of the Kings Mountain Drug,
when Irvin Allen passed by all dressed
up in his Sunday best, with a
package under his arm, and a couple
minutes later he passed in the
opposite direction dressed in over-
alls, and work hat. With his ability
at quick changing he should be in
the Spy Department of the U. S.
Army.

Kings Mountain received her
share of the pictures taken during
the 32nd annual Convention of the
Southern Textile Association held
the first part of this month at Blow-
ing Rock. Messrs. J. C. Keller, of
the Park Yarn Mill, and C. D. Ware,
of the Neister Mill, two handsome
Kings Mountain textile men adorn
the picture page in The Textile Bul-
letin reporting the event.

Clarence Carpenter and Jim Mc-
Gill have box number 1 in the new
Post Office. J. L. Settemyre had
spoken for the number one box but
he was not tall enough to reach it.

Open Forum

An open forum for our readers,
but no letter can be published if
it exceeds 300 words. No anonym-
ous communications will be ac-
cepted. The name of the writer
will not be published however, if
the author so requests. The opin-
ions expressed herein are not nec-
essarily those of the Herald.

The following letter is a descrip-
tion and impressions of a "citizen
of Kings Mountain" gained on a recent
trip through the Great Smoky Moun-
tains:

The Great Smoky Mountains
Rightly Named
If only an artist or writer I could
be I should like to do justice to a
recent trip through this scenic
gorge.

First, driving twenty miles north-
west of Knoxville, Tenn., to view
the beautifully majestic man-made
project, Norris Dam, by the Tennes-
see Valley Association, returned to
take up the Great Smoky National
Highway, of which we read and hear
a lot about and of which Kings
Mountain should feel a great pride
in since our famous band was ex-
tended an invitation to play when
our President planned to preside at
the dedication ceremonies.

distinct ones, stood directly in the
center. One, the presiding minister
being a little taller than the two
joined together to withstand the
storms of life, as well as, enjoy the
glory of King Sol so long as they
both may live. On either sides were
gradual attendants in their array of
pink and rose.

Believe it or not, others present
were The Three Bears, The Daddy
Bear, the Mother Bear, and the Lit-
tle Tiny Bear in their natural black
coats of silken fur. The wedding
music, Falling Waters, was softly
rendered by Rippling Soloists were
colorful birds of prey.

Many distinguished guests from
nearly every state were present.
The wedding feast was enjoyed by
many hundreds of picnics ailing
the National Park Drive. The reces-
sional, must have been in the hearts
of all as it was with the writer, a
cry for Peace and understanding
for the entire world. Peace Be Still
in our Christian America, even in
the face of our great defensive pro-
gram.

A Kings Mountain Citizen.

THE SEASON'S SCARIEST AND
SCREWIEST THRILLER-DILLER!
WALTER WANGER presents
"SLIGHTLY
HONORABLE"
with PAT O'BRIEN • EDWARD ARNOLD • BURGESS CRAWFORD • NITA TERRY

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG:
John Webb, a prominent
lawyer, and his partner, Russ
Sampson, are fighting a high-
way graft racket headed by
Vincent Cushing, local political
leader. On an evening when
Webb has an appointment to
call on Alma Brehmer, his
client and former sweetheart
who is now Cushing's official
girl friend, he arrives at her
penthouse to find that she has
been murdered. Webb and
Cushing, together with a
Seymour, a night club enter-
tainer in love with Webb, and
some others who know Alma,
are taken to police headquar-
ters for questioning by Police
Commissioner Groves, who is
friendly with Cushing and tries
to cast suspicion on Webb.

Chapter Four

Webb, nevertheless, was released
along with the other suspects; for
the laboratory report showed, to
the discomfiture of Cushing and
Joyce, that the blood found on
Webb's shoes was not that of the
murdered woman, but the blood
shed by Cushing when he was
shot in the arm by Taylor.

When the guests had departed,
the frustrated Joyce stormed at
his detectives. "If you boys are
stuck, perhaps I can have her
murdered all over again — in
slow motion!"

"We're right back where we
started from," meditated Captain



"This may be off the subject, chum, but did you kill Alma?"

Graves. "All we've got to work on
is the knife."

Back in their offices again, Webb
and Sampson were busily prepar-
ing a series of giant charts and
graphs for use by their warrior,
Senator Scott, in proving the rotten-
ness of the highway construc-
tion racket in the State. They
were grouped under two general
headings. One read: "Cost of our
roads compared to other States."
The other: "Mounting death rate
due to defective roads in this
State."

"Have you checked on all these
figures?" inquired Webb.

Senator Scott, using Russ' graphs
a concrete testing machine, saw
his own senatorial rhetoric with
devastating effect, proved dramati-
cally to the State Senate that the
highways being built by Cushing's
contractor friends were of about
the durability and consistency of
Graham crackers and were taking
a heavy toll of life. Cushing and
Goden, in the gallery, listened to
him with growing bitterness.

(This is a tough year on the boll
weevil. The cold weather of the
winter just past froze out the main
army of this No. 1 insect enemy of
the Agricultural South, and now far-
mers have found an effective wea-
pon with which to combat the freer-
ies.

These weapons — the new pre-
square mopping and dusting treat-
ment, and the established post-
square poisoning methods — are
outlined in detail in a new publica-
tion of the State College Extension
Service, It is Extension Folder No.
45, entitled "Boll Weevil Control."

Any farmer of the State may re-
ceive a copy of the folder free upon
request to the Agricultural Editor
at N. C. State College, Raleigh.
County farm agents of the Exten-
sion Service also have supplies of
the publication in their offices at
the county seats.

jealous wife, who had been
thoughtfully reading the newspaper
characterizations of her husband
as the late Alma Brehmer's "close-
st friend." She yelled and storm-
ed, he growled and left the room.
Then, while looking in his desk
for his revolver with which to
enact her standard suicide threat,
she came upon a faded and yel-
lowed newspaper clipping. A glance
at it, and her eyes grew wild with
new horror.

Footsteps approached lightly from
the hall. She hastily thrust the
clipping into a pocket of a sport
coat which her young daughter,
Sarilla, had thrown over a chair
preparatory to going out. Sarilla,
blonde, lovely and recently out
of finishing school, took the coat,
and went out.

When Sarilla had gone, Mrs.
Cushing hysterically accused her
husband not only of murdering
Alma Brehmer, but also of killing
Alma's father. Cushing knew at
once what had happened, and de-
manded the clipping she had found.
And while she laughed at him in a
crossword of insane frenzy, he
rattled the house — but found
no clipping.

John Webb entered his apart-
ment around midnight and reach-
ed for the light switch. A heavy
object hurled past his head and
crashed against the opposite wall.
A long-coated figure, swinging in
a heavy case, leaped upon him from
the darkness. Webb ducked and
went into a clinch with his assail-
ant. The figure broke away and

made a rush for the window.
Webb followed, brought it down
with a beautiful flying tackle. An-
other few moments of grappling,
then Webb landed a blow to the
chin. A groan, then silence.

"You're out of condition, pal,"
said Webb, switching on a lamp
above the couch where they lay,
tangled together. The light re-
vealed the lovely, but badly bat-
tered, form of Sarilla Cushing.
Both were virtually in shreds as a
result of the struggle. As for the
apartment, Sarilla had turned it
upside down before Webb's arrival.

"Now that you're out of finish-
ing school, Miss Cushing," observ-
ed Webb, "I suppose you're doing
all your father's second story
work."

"This was my own idea. You
see, the things the papers have
been printing about him have made
Mother very unhappy —"

"And you thought you'd stop
the news at its source by finding
evidence that I was the murderer,"
suggested Webb, regarding her
large, luminous eyes thoughtfully.
"Say, your father did leave some-
thing worthwhile for posterity after
all. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two. Why?"

"I was just thinking about the
fishing laws. Have a cigarette?"

Next morning, feeling as fit as
could reasonably be expected, Webb
entered his office and frowned
irritably upon finding Miss Ater
missing from her post in the re-
ception room. Upon entering his
private office, he found her seated
at his desk, leaning forward slight-
ly, holding the telephone propped
up to her ear.



"What Are You Doing to Him?"
"This is T'keep th' Blood from Rushin' to Hjs Head When
He Stands On It!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)
ating to the fullest extent, they
would have been well prepared
when the test came.

Yet these commentators add,
France and England had to preserve
their "social gains" — to the last
ditch. France, for example, under a
Socialistic leadership thought that
Frenchmen were good enough to
work only 30 hours a week yet still
produce the tanks and armored
cars and munitions then needed.

So a 30 hour week was the
French legal standard. They stuck to it
until it became evident that idealism
must be replaced by realism. Then
it was too late. They could not, in
the short time remaining, build the
machinery necessary to defend their
nation.

It isn't that these Washington
commentators want to "sacrifice"
all social gains by wiping them off
the statute books. They believe A-
merica can still meet its demands
without that kind of "sacrifice."
But they believe that some of them
could be eased a bit under the cir-
cumstances.

What good are these gains these
commentators ask, when a man's
home is destroyed by a bomb, when
he is shot down by a cannon fired
from a tank, and when his wife and
children flee down a highway inter-
no to an unknown future?

What good does it do a dying
man to remember that he once got
double pay for working over forty
hours a week? And what comfort,
they continue, is it to a former lead-
er of the French nation who sees his
people ground under mechanical su-
periority to remember that he main-
tained all "social gains" to the end?

There are many reasons for dis-
cussions of these questions. One,
which brings the point home to
Washington, is the fact that despite
a demand from the public, from the
House of Representatives, and from
one important labor organization, a
few Senators are still trying to
block Wagner Act amendments.

The Wagner Act has been on the
Lemon Juice Recipe Checks
Rheumatic Pain Quickly
If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or
neuritic pain, try this simple inexpensive home
recipe that thousands are using. Get a package
of Dr. E. C. Compound today. Mix it with a quart
of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy.
No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only
2 tablespoons twice a day. Open within
48 hours — sometimes even earlier. If you
leave and if you do not feel better, Dr. E. C. will
send you nothing to try as it is sold by your
druggist under an absolute money-back guaran-
tee. Dr. E. C. Compound is for sale and recom-
mended by

KINGS MOUNTAIN DRUG CO.

books about five years. It wasn't re-
stored industrial peace as it was
supposed to do. The latest official
report shows that in a single week
the Labor Department's conciliation
service was called upon in labor dis-
putes involving 7,918 workers in key
defense industries.

As these Washingtonians put it,
the establishment of legal protec-
tion for collective bargaining was
a social gain which should not be
wiped out. But should collective bar-
gaining be encouraged to the point
that a few agitators, and perhaps
even aliens, can make continually
increasing demands for higher wages
and shorter hours until rearmament
is crippled?

Another factor is that Congress is
now becoming conscious of the cost
of things. It is working on a billion
dollar tax bill. It is getting afraid
that next March when the time comes
to pay the heavier income taxes,
people won't even like the phrase
"super-tax" as much as they do now.
Consequently, they wonder if
steps shouldn't be taken to hold
down the cost of the defense pro-
gram. They recognize that by far
greater portion of the cost of air-
planes and tanks and the like is for
They hope that the present flurry
of strikes is no indication of what
will follow. If it is, they say, then
something drastic might have to be
done.

In the meanwhile, many insist
that such an eventually might be
forestalled if the Smith bill amend-
ing the Wagner Act, which passed
the House by a two-to-one majority,
is promptly passed by the Senate.

The Herald \$1.50 A Year

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Prompt Service
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Us, we will fix it in a hur-
ry and have you riding
again.
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IT MAY BE HIDDEN
—BUT IS IT SAFE?
You may hide your valuables around your home,
but the experienced burglar or the long finger of
fire will have no trouble finding them. It's much
sounder to put your important belongings in a
safe deposit box here, where they will have the
protection of our strong vault.
First National Bank
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation