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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.

PATRIOTISM

As soon as a country you'll a tree, of him 't is said
 Better that, instead of living, he should be among the dead.
 As I'm glad I have a country and glad I get a thrill
 In saluting e'er the "stars and stripes" as they wave upon the hill.

We must be loyal, then, and true to this, our native land,
 And help to teach the foreigner to know and understand,
 So that, after you and I have passed far out beyond the veil,
 Our dear old Country's starry flag will above our land will sail.

—Margarette E. Munroe.

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 whose dead, dull days with no weather at all, life begins today.

Life is a day—this day. All past days are gone beyond reviving. All days that still may come for us are waded in the great mystery, and for all we know there may not be another day for any of us. Therefore, this day is life and life begins anew with this.

There is no age or period of which it can be said, "Here is the dawn of this 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 unprofitable we may be in doing so.

The Alabama Baptist.

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 pressure 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. Clocks are read by periscope, and their readings broadcast by crystal oscillator over 4 direct wires, to Western Union, Postal Telegraph, United States Bureau of Standards, and the telephone company. There are really two vaults, one within the other. Each is controlled by its own thermostat. The inner vault is heated by electricity, the outer one by gas. The temperature is 54 degrees F., and it never varies by more than one tenth of a degree. These three Olympian timepieces of the Naval Observatory set the official time for the Government.

BACK FAITH WITH CASH

In a recent address, President Herbert M. Hanes of the American Bankers Association, said that if there was a time when America 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.

He said: "The bankers of America are behind the President's defense program 100 percent. They are ready to finance that program. As in the past, private banking is preparing to give all its energies to the service of the country. Banking has faith in America. Banking will back that faith with dollars.

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 difficult and costly readjustments throughout the whole industrial structure. And to achieve this, willing 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.

Today all industry is unified—willing to do all it can for our American way of life. And banking is among the most important servants that we have.

Here and There
 (Haywood E. Lynch)

One of the last official duties of two members of the Kings Mountain faculty, Carolyn Carlisle and Katherine Poole, 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 happening here 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 children 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 Wilbur Wright.

Here's our war news for the week. Each morning the Kings Mountain War Council meets in their chambers at the Central Barber Shop. Members of the Council are: Otto Ware, J. R. Davis, Oliver Hayes, Western Union Phillips, Ed Campbell, John Seim and Irvin Allen. The other morning the discussion got so hot that Councilman Seim offered to bet Councilman Allen the best mule he had that Russia would go to war against Germany. 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 Margarette and Robert Miller. Just about every afternoon on my way home I notice them busily engaged in their yards trimming shrubbery, mowing the lawn, or planting flowers.

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 overalls, 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 Blowing 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 Bulletin reporting the event.

Clarence Carpenter and Jim McGill have box number 1 in the new Post Office. J. L. Settlemire 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 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.

The following letter is a description and impressions of a "citizen of Kings Mountain" gained on a recent trip through the Great Smoky Mountains:

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 northwest of Knoxville, Tenn., to view the beautifully majestic man-made project, Norris Dam, by the Tennessee 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 extended an invitation to play when our President planned to preside at the dedication ceremonies.

On with the trip. It was Sabbath. Ascending and descending miles of beautiful mountainous highway, the realization of God's sanctuary and worship in His open air Temple instilled meditation.

Deep in the heart of this splendor my imaginary eye caught a vision of A Wedding of the Forest. June, the month for brides, was clothed in all shades of green with white blooms of the blackberry vines to give the bridal color scheme, with garlands of mountain laurel of pinks shading to deep rhododendron rose festooning the avenue of pines mark

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 Little 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 picnickers along the National Park Drive. The recession, 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 program.

A Kings Mountain Citizen.

One Year

(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 farmers have found an effective weapon with which to combat the hardy weevils that survived the frosts.

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

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

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

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG: John Webb, a prominent lawyer, and his partner, Russ Sampson, are fighting a high-toned 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 man Seymour, a night club entertainer in love with Webb, and some others who knew Alma, are taken to police headquarters 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 that of the blood shed by Cushing when he was shot in the arm by Taylor.

When the guests had departed, the frustrated Joyce stormed at the 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

jealous wife, who had been thoughtfully reading the newspaper characterizations of her husband as the late Alma Brehmer's "closest friend." She yelled and stormed; 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 yellowed 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 demanded the clipping she had found. And while she laughed at him in a crescendo of insane frenzy, he ransacked the house — but found no clipping.

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



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

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

He looked down at the desk. But the knife had vanished!

Back in their offices again, Webb and Sampson were busily preparing a series of giant charts and graphs for use by their warrior, Senator Scott, in proving the rottenness of the highway construction 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.

"Have I ever let you down?" spared Russ.

"I'd rather not answer that." Webb opened the top drawer of his desk in search of a report. There was the murder knife, with the bloodstains still on it! Russ spotted it in the same instant. They looked at each other.

"This may be way off the subject, chum," said Russ, "but did you kill Alma Brehmer?"

"I told you yesterday about the 'cute warning' —"

"I remember the story and I remember it wasn't very convincing — but you probably had your reasons for whatever you've been doing."

Senator Scott, using Russ' graphs, a concrete testing machine, and his own senatorial rhetoric with devastating effect, proved dramatically 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.

"It's time," Cushing remarked as they left "that Mr. Webb was picked up for murder."

That evening Cushing experienced one of the almost nightly scenes of un-assisted with his aging, neurotic and increasingly

made a rush for the window. Webb followed, brought it down with a beautiful flying tackle. Another 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 revealed the lovely, but badly battered, 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 finishing school, Miss Cushing," observed 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 something worthwhile for posterity after all. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two. Why?"

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

She looked at him half defiantly, half submissively, as he leaned over and lit her cigarette with his.

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 reception room. Upon entering his private office, he found her seated at his desk, leaning forward slightly, holding the telephone propped up to her ear.

"Why don't you use your own phone?" he growled. No answer. He touched her on the shoulder.

Miss Ater, her eyes staring sightlessly, slumped forward over the desk. The throwing knife was buried between her shoulder blades.

(To be continued)



"What Are You Doing to Him?"
 "This is T'keep th' Blood from Rushin' to His 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.

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 disputes involving 7,918 workers in key defense industries.

As these Washingtonians put it, the establishment of legal protection for collective bargaining was a social gain which should not be wiped out. But should collective bargaining 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 program. They recognize that by far greater portion of the cost of airplanes 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 amending the Wagner Act, which passed the House by a two-to-one majority, is promptly passed by the Senate.

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

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 inferno 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 leader of the French nation who sees his people ground under mechanical superiority to remember that he maintained all "social gains" to the end?

There are many reasons for discussions 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

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