

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.



NEWSPAPER ADS FOREMOST

Despite the appearance of other advertising media, the newspaper remains the most productive channel whereby industry can reach the buying public — and industry is fully aware of that fact.

A recent survey well illustrates the sustained popularity of newspapers among advertisers. The survey was made by four national associations serving chain stores, and covered 138 representative systems operating more than 33,000 stores, coast-to-coast, and having annual sales well in excess of \$3,000,000.

During the typical year covered by the survey, these companies spent more than \$55,000,000 for advertising, and average of \$1,754 per store. Almost 58 percent of the money was spent with newspapers. A little less than 10 percent was spent on handbills and similar printed matter, much of which was produced in local newspaper plants.

Only 4.30 percent was spent for radio with the balance made up of expenditures or miscellaneous media. Breaking the figures down, it was found that drug chains spent 82.24 percent of their advertising dollar with newspapers, grocery chains spent 56.53 per cent and general merchandise and variety chains spent 51.35 per cent.

That is a testimonial to the character of the American press. No institution holds a higher place in the esteem of the American people. This is particularly true of the newspapers serving the smaller towns of the country, which are read from "cover to cover" by their subscribers — news, locals, advertisements, and all — (Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

A NEWSPAPER SUSPENDS

Everyone who has ever lived in a small town and enjoyed reading a country weekly realizes the interest and devotion that develops for the rural home-town paper. The size of the paper is immaterial. The typography is not of importance. The paper's contents may appear dry to strangers; but to homefolks and persons who formerly lived there especially the latter — there is no substitute for reports that Miss Georgia Williams' cake recipe won a prize, or that Mrs. Joe Johnston spent Saturday in the county seat, visiting Mrs. Henry Kemper.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES MUST GO

The role of labor in national defense is a topic which is causing much thoughtful discussion these days. And labor's best friends have come to the conclusion that it, along with capital, must make sacrifices in the interest of liberty.

No longer can we afford costly industrial tie-ups, wild labor leaders and management wrangle and get nowhere. And no longer will the public approve a legislative policy which, in effect, starts with the premise that the manager is always wrong and the worker always right in industrial disputes.

The fragile experience of France contains a hard lesson for America. In France, working hours were not increased until the last moment — and that was largely responsible for the nation's incredible military weakness. Politics pampered the worker — and politics thus made defeat inevitable.

This does not mean that the worker is to be exploited. It simply means that all factors in our society must give up special privileges — that no man can escape the necessary sacrifices. That is the first step toward security.

There is a \$1,000 fine for the unlawful sale of serums used to control cholera and diseases of other domestic animals.

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

Rev. R. N. Baird, in his welcome to those who braved the heat Sunday night to attend Union Services at his church, said, "I assure you that our welcome is just as warm as the weather." I can truthfully say that it was the warmest welcome I have ever received.

Even with the extremely hot weather, Dr. Sprinkle preached a very inspiring sermon, and the attendance was very good.

I always enjoy attending services at the A. R. P. Church as everyone is so glad to have you, and they really show their welcome.

Right while Preacher Hamm was crying and Mrs. Hamm had to carry her out of the church. Preacher said maybe Mrs. Hamm pinched her — so she would have to take her out where it was cooler.

I am deeply indebted to W. A. Childers of the Kings Mountain Tin Shop. He's the fellow who installed my furnace. And while I was sweltering with the terrific heat Monday afternoon, Childers came by the house and turned on the fan in the furnace and now the house is as comfortable as can be. Childers said, "I came by and turned on Hunter Patterson's and Frank Roberts' fans and I know you can stand it a little cooler if they can." So, many, many thanks to Childers who helps to keep me warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

Cool Sight: Hunter Ware rared back in Fred Wright's barber chair with his shoes off.

Charlie Thomasson and Yours Truly motored over to Shelby Monday morning to see Lee Weathers and Larry Knowles about the Centennial Celebration. We parked the car in front of the Star Office and when we returned there was one of those little tickets instructing us to go to the city hall for parking over the line. Even though it was my car, Charlie was frightened, he thought maybe they would put us in jail. I have always known that Charles was a good talker, but you should have heard him talking us out of jail. I didn't have to say one word. Charlie fixed everything, and we were soon headed back to The Best Town in The State.

The talented twins of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Mauney who are in New York taking advanced courses in music were honored last week by officials of Julliard School of Music, who invited them to play for a recital.

The Editor of the Herald is in receipt of the following telegram from Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Mauney who are on an extended trip to Western United States and Alaska. The telegram follows:

"The Suspension Bridge is High. The Hanging Bridge is low. The incline Railway Steep. We are seeing all in colorful Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Mauney."

The person who had the big electric fans placed in the Woman's Club Building for the Masonic Banquet Tuesday night certainly has the appreciation of all who attended. Three big fans had been placed in corners of the room and believe you me they were worth their weight in gold, — and the person responsible for the fans was practicing "Brotherly Love."

Jim and P. D. Herndon, brothers and former Mayors of Kings Mountain, enjoy a good laugh as much as anyone I know. In fact their hearty laughter is really contagious, just about everytime I am with either of them, I get a good laugh before I leave.

B. AND L. BUSINESS GOOD

June was the biggest loan month the North Carolina building, savings and loan-associations have ever had according to A. H. Patterson, Secretary of the Home Building and Loan Association of this city. He stated that during this month more than three million dollars in home loans were made by these home financing institutions.

Ho pointed out that during the month of June the building and loan and Federal savings and loan associations also broke all previous records, making a total of 1,941 loans. 714 new home were constructed with funds supplied by Building and Loan Associations.

ICE CREAM SUPPER

There will be an ice cream supper on the Old Mill lawn Saturday night July 27th. Bring your girl friends and boy friends and have a good time.

Experts of the U. S. Department of Agriculture think that the war will result in a change in the breeds of livestock raised in Denmark, Holland and Belgium.

PINE NEEDLE MULCH HELPS REFORESTATION

Mulching with pine needles, or pine straw, to preserve moisture and hold the soil is familiar in many parts of North Carolina, but this practice will serve another purpose, says W. D. Lee, Extension soil conservationist of N. C. State College.

A pine needle will stimulate reforestation of eroded and denuded area, he stated. This has proven conclusively in tests, and scores of farmers have reported a growth of pine trees in areas where they have covered ditch banks or idle fields with pine straw.

Lee said that the Southern Piedmont Soil Conservation Experiment Station at Athens, Ga., conducted

tests to demonstrate this method of reforesting old fields or clay gull areas.

"Seeking an economical way of seeding eroded areas, the station mulched four clay-galled plots with 800 pounds of pine needle litter from adjacent woods. In five months, a healthy mixed vegetation developed, including more than 1,600 shortleaf seedlings — an average of two seedlings from each pound of mulch.

"The study will observe for several years the survival and height growth of the seedlings resulting from this simple and inexpensive scattering of pine needle litter over the bare area to a depth of about one inch.



SYNOPSIS Jane Benson, a charming English girl living alone — with crocheted old servants — in a huge Yorkshire mansion, longs for the gaiety and glitter of the social world. When Freddie Jarvis, a young country doctor in love with her, comes to tend the servants, she admits her love for him and begs him to take her out of her dull life. He leaves without telling her that he has decided to marry her, and move his work to London. That night, a lawyer comes from London to inform Jane that she is the heir to her grandfather's estate — worth eighteen million pounds. Very distant cousins Milla and Julie come quickly to "chaperone" as Freddie shoulders through the newsreel men.

Chapter Two

Freddie stood quietly, watching her shining eyes, listening to her bright, bubbling enthusiasm. "Think of it, darling," he heard her say. "I'm going to London — then to Paris, to buy some clothes. I'm going for a ride over the moon! I'm going to see all the wonderful things — meet all the marvelous, gay people that I've been reading about. Freddie, isn't it a miracle!"

"Yes," he said dully. "And the suddenness of it!" she went on. "After all this gloom!" "Didn't you ever think you might have a fortune?" he asked.

"No! My grandfather made it all from the coal-mines and it's been

The words tumbled out. "Look at this negligee, darling. Isn't it lovely? And I've got lots more like it. Dresses for dancing, cocktails, bridge, yachting — oh, yes, darling, I bought a yacht, and the loveliest Rolls Royce, all lined with jade-green, and the sweetest villa in Monte Carlo, and oh, darling, I forgot to tell you — I've bought you a hospital — well, not really a hospital — it's a fashionable clinic, where all the best people go when they're not really ill, and pay enormous fees to be cured of what they haven't got!" She ran to him, throwing her arms about his neck. "Won't that be lovely, darling?"

"Jane..." he said gravely. "Jane — all this stuff — everything you've said since I came into the room pushes me right out of your life."

"But, Freddie, you've got the Clinic most of all." "No, darling..." "But you listen to me. What's your program? Yachts, cars, frocks, jewels, trailing across Europe at the head of the monkey-parade and trailing me behind you like a toy Pomeranian!"

"Freddie, that's not fair!" Her temper flared. "That's a most ungenerous thing to say!" "It's a rotten ungenerous thing to be."

"What you mean is, you don't love me enough to go on." "Not to go on as you're going. You think you love me, but how do you know? You've never met anybody else."

"And you'd like me to?" "Certainly. Go and meet —" "And I thought you loved me!"

"... and oh, darling, I've bought you a hospital —"

pling up ever since his death. He was a horrible old miser. He didn't want me to grow up knowing I was an heiress — he thought that years of gloom and misery would make me as mean and stingy as he was. But he made a bad guess. I'm going to spend it — right and left! I'm going to have some fun at last — and so will you, darling! I'm going to buy you the finest laboratory in the world, with lots of trained nurses — all very unattractive — and we'll give a wonderful party every night when we're married!"

"When were what?"

She felt the dullness in his voice. "Freddie," she asked, "what's happened to you since yesterday?" "Yesterday you needed me as a chance of escape from the —" he said deliberately. "Today the whole world is yours — the whole wonderful, glamorous, expensive world."

"But supposing I tell you that I love you?" "I shouldn't believe it. You want your freedom, don't you? And so do I. If we were married we'd lose all chance of it. Your money would ruin any ambition I've got, and I'd spoil your fun."

"You're talking like my grandfather!" she countered angrily, completely taken aback. "I'm going out to spend a million — maybe two million — I'm going to spend it foolishly, gloriously! After that — well, in the meantime I'll have done some living."

"I hope you have a fine time, Jane."

"No you don't! You hope that all the money poisons me. Otherwise you'd come with me to London. Freddie, won't you try it?" she pleaded. "Please say yes."

He paused, looking deeply into her eyes.

"All right," he said slowly. "I'll try it."

"So did I. But that was before you got your rotten millions and your rotten friends. But now I've either got to be Mr. Jane Benson or get out. And I'm getting out."

"She was dangerously calm. "Please do," she said. "Good night." "Good night." And he was gone.

It made the headlines, of course, with: "GLITTER GIRL SENSATION — BENSON BETROTHAL BROKEN — DOCTOR PREFERS MEDICINE TO MILLIONS." In a fashionable "clinic" set high among the Swiss Alps, Dr. Heinrich Benger turned suavely to his public manager, Dr. Frederick Jarvis. He said, "Just what was needed for the New Season's Attraction. Offer him a contract, to be sure..."

And Julie found Jane with reddened eyes. "Jane — Jane darling!" she said. "You've been crying!" "Julie, Freddie hasn't come back — and I don't think he ever will."

"Well, that's fine. You ought to be grateful to him." "Grateful? He told me to meet all the other men I could."

"Very sensible advice. I hope you take it."

"I certainly shall!" "Of course you will. When you were a little nobody it was perfectly proper to fall in love with a country doctor. But now that you are a multi-millionaire, you must make a great marriage."

"A marriage?" "Certainly. An Earl or a Duke or even a Prince. Or all three — in sequence, of course."

Jane laughed. "You're putting dreadful ideas in my head, Julie!" "You can afford them. You haven't lived yet! You don't know what's in store for you — what joys, what intoxications — what discoveries! Child — the world's your toyshop. Don't you want to play?"

Jane nodded her head firmly. "You just watch me!" "Good, because I've decided you're going to have a party — a real rowdy party!" "All right, when?" "Tonight. I've asked everyone to be there. It will be very Bohemian, you know — actors — authors — athletes — admirals. Rather fun, too. Kew-ther!"

JUST HUMANS BY GENE CARR



Cradled Ambition

Washington Snapshots

Representatives and Senators right there on the job.

Business men and industrialists are in Washington in considerable number. They've been there many times in the last few years, of course, but in the past they've been lugging bulky reports and records before investigating committees, of seeking audience with various politicians who had new and fanciful plans for regulating and hamstringing business. Today, however, all that has changed. The nation's desperate need for efficient handling of its defense problems has made it imperative to have experienced civilians at the helm — and industry willing to forget the past, has been quick to answer the call for help.

And business and industry are inclined to heed the recent words of Prime Minister Winston Churchill to the Parliament of a country in far more desperate straits than ours: "Of this I am quite sure, that if we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future."

Washington observers are a curious bunch. It's their business to be that way, and to try to put two and two together for the benefit of the reading public. And frequently — the nation's capitol being what it is — they come across contradictory items that just don't make sense. The most recent example of this particular kind is the following:

A few short weeks ago, many prominent Administration spokesmen were suggesting that it would be a good idea for Congress to head for home. It was suggested that there was nothing really important to occupy the legislator's time at the present moment, and that the affairs of the nation could be safely and securely left in the hands of the executive branch of the government. The newspapers and the public, plus a militant group within Congress itself, put the damper on that idea, of course. And resultantly, as already mentioned, the Senate and House are staying in session with two Conventions projected.

But the part that confuses obser-

vers is this: Not very many legislative days after it was being suggested that the Congressional task for this session was pretty well completed, that same body was being asked to approve the spending of several billion more dollars for national defense, and also revenue measures to raise part of that money.

It's a curious state of mind that, when it's trying to remember whether any unfinished business remains on the dicker, can overlook the appropriation of a number of billion dollars of public funds. And a jittery citizenry and a concerned group of Washington correspondents aren't particularly happy that the subject in which this trifling oversight occurred is the all-important one of national defense!

It's even been suggested that the eagerness of certain zealots to get Congress out of the way so that it wouldn't make needed changes in such progress-hampering legislation as the Wagner Labor Relations Act was perhaps partly responsible for the confusion.

But that isn't a happy thought to harbor at a time like this. To add slightly to the words of Prime Minister Churchill, if the present quarrels with either the past or with certain of its own minority elements, we may lose the future.

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