

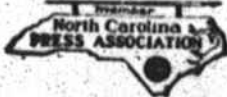
The Kings Mountain Herald Established 1889 Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch Editor-Manager

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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.



BETTER DAYS

If you have faith in those with whom you labor. And trust in those with whom you believe in friend and next door neighbor. And heed examples pioneers have made.

NO KITCHEN POLICE?

Army life ain't what it used to be? This is proven by the description of the new mess hall of one of the army camps erected in the east.

THE SUMMIT OF THE YEARS

The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration. I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side.

THREE CLASSES

There are three classes of workers: One class must always be told then shown, and then told again. The second class expects to be told once at least. The third class has initiative.

WHO OWNS BIG BUSINESS

Who really owns big business and the corporations of America? A study of 53 corporations shows that out of 3,700,000 stockholders, 43 percent are women.

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

Tom Fulton, candidate from Ward 5 has donned a light weight summer suit for the race.

Some of Charlie Williams' supporters want him to shave off his moustache so that he will not have any surplus weight to hold him back.

Friends of Clarence Carpenter are thinking about buying him a hat so that he can throw it into the political ring.

Strange Coincidence: Newly weds Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coggins and Mr. and Mrs. David Freeman are most running into each other on a curve near Orlando, Fla.

I was out to see Luther McSwain's tulips the other day, and I thought I would have an opportunity of doing. The Flower and Shrubbery Expert is not only interested in nature but relics of all kinds.

Someone asked one of the candidates the other day what he was paying for votes and he replied, "the market price."

Add to your list of successful father and son combinations, C. J. Gault and son, C. J., Jr., who have an attractive grocery and market business on North Piedmont Ave.

Mayor J. B. Thomasson had on his straw hat Monday, it was a little weather beaten from the hot sun shine of Florida.

There is no truth in the rumor that Red McClain and Holland Dixon have filed as candidates for the Mayor of Archdale.

Charles Sheppard says when he goes fishing he catches the fish that he brings home, and not buy them like some fishermen do.

The unexpected hot weather last week, which made us jump from overcoats to shirtsleeves, created a land office business for Iceman Claude Hambricht.

MORE ABOUT KIWANIS MEETING

(Cont'd from front page) interest or hobby.

Under Merrily We Roll Along, he touched several relationships of life. Under Marriage, he stressed in his own happy way the necessity of co-operation, the poison of suspicion and jealousy and the need of genuine love and understanding of each one for the other.

In the relationship with our fellowmen he said that as Merrily We Roll Along, one hears a lot about human suffering but that cheerfulness and a singing heart could be of great help to others.

As Americans there should be great joy in the heart as "Merrily We Roll Along." His speech was closed with the thought contained in the song that he had all to sing with him as he played his Accordion.

"If you don't like the way that we do things today,

In the good old U. S. A.; If there's more liberty over the sea, You don't have to stay!

If you don't care a hoot for the flag we salute;

If you don't sing our nation's song If you can't be true to the Red, White and Blue,

Then go back where you belong!" Mr. L. O. Padgett, agent in charge of the United States Secret Service, Charlotte, N. C., will show a moving picture and lecture at the meeting of the Kiwanis Club this evening at 6:30 in the Womens Club building on the Production of Money. Specimens of counterfeit money will be shown and how to detect the good from the bad money. The picture will show the case of a counterfeiter and he was brought to justice.

CLINIC AT PATTERSON GROVE

All pre-school children of the Patterson Grove community will be expected to attend the clinic which will be held at Patterson Grove School Monday April 28, at 8:30 in the morning.

Survey Shows Shortage Of Food and Feed in N. C.

Rural North Carolina is not producing enough food and feed for its own needs, a survey just completed by the State College Extension Service and the Triple-A indicates. Information was obtained from farms in 21 counties, representing a cross section of the State.

The summary reveals that 99 percent of the farm families planted some sort of a home garden last year, but only 77 percent planted a sufficient acreage to provide an adequate supply of fresh and canned vegetables for home use. In livestock, 78 percent of the farmers reported owning at least one milk cow, but only 30 percent owned enough cows to supply sufficient milk for their families on a year-round basis.

In reference to canning and storing foods, 92 percent reported that some vegetables were canned while only 36 percent canned enough to supply family health requirements; 93 percent stored potatoes but only 79 percent stored enough; 46 percent stored beans and peas, but only 48 percent stored a sufficiency and 22 percent put up syrup but only 16 percent stored a sufficient amount.

John W. Goodman, assistant director of the Extension Service, says that the "Food and Feed for Family Living" campaign which has the active cooperation and endorsement of Gov. J. M. Broughton aims to correct at least a part of this condition. Farm families who produce at least 75 percent of their food and feed requirements in 1941 will receive certificates of merit signed by Governor Broughton and other leaders.

More people live on farms in North Carolina than in any other state except Texas, reports the statisticians of the State Department of Agriculture.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Undertired by the fact that her father, Judge Smith, is conducting a campaign for the Presidential nomination, Mary Smith falls in love with a cowboy at a Palm Beach rodeo and marries him on a boat en route to Galveston. She goes home to break the news while her bridegroom, "Stretch" Willoughby, proceeds to the Montana ranch where he works, to prepare a home for her.

Chapter Five

Stretch, in a state of high excitement, busied himself about the ranch. It was the day when Mary had said she would join him, and now the train from the East was almost due.

He poked his nose through the ranch house kitchen door. "Ma! Ma Hawkins!"

"The adopted mother of the cowboys turned around with good-natured ire. "What's bitin' you?"

"Your father," Henderson was saying gallantly to Mary, "has magnificent qualities, but I must admit I was never aware of them until I met you."

"Mr. Henderson, you're a dangerous man," coquetted Mary. "Enough to turn any girl's head," put in Ames, one of her father's campaign advisers.

"Oh, no," pronounced Henderson, "not this one. If all the young ladies in the country were as safe and sane as Mary I'd feel a little more secure about our future!" In the adjacent kitchen Katie, the cook, was peering over the dinner, aided by her friend Elly. It was only her long schooling in surprises that prevented Katie from dropping the platter of filets mignons when Stretch marched into the room through the back door of the house.

"W-w-well! Wh-what do you want?" "Hello. Where's my wife? Where's Mary?"

"Oh, Er—she ain't here." "Guess she's upstairs," said Stretch, looking around. "Will you tell her I'm here—just got in town. I was worried about her, so I thought I'd come and take her home."

"She don't work here any more," said Elly, the quick thinker. Stretch, more concerned than ever, demanded to know where Mary lived. But Mary, it seemed, was very close-mouthed about such things. Then Stretch had an idea.



"It's from Mary," he said slowly. "She ain't comin'!"

"It's about those things—those new curtains for her room." "New curtains," snorted Ma. "Ain't gonna be no new curtains. Think I'm gonna do over the whole house just for her?"

She pushed him out the door—to confront a ranch hand who gave her away by asking, "Hey, Ma, where you want these new curtains hung up?"

"Get out—both of you!" shrieked Ma. "How many times I got to tell you not to come bustin' in to my kitchen?"

Stretch continued making an exuberant nuisance of himself around the ranch. And then the telegram arrived. Ma Hawkins handed it to him and watched him while he read it. He slowly crumpled it, no longer playful, and threw it away.

"It's from Mary," he said slowly. "She ain't comin' today. Next week, maybe."

It seemed to Mary as though the day of her father's reception would never arrive. But here they all were at last, sitting about the Judge's festive table—the self-important members of the National Committee and their even more self-important wives. And at Mary's right hand sat Oliver Wendell Henderson, the boss supreme, who could make or break an aspirant for office. At Mary's other side sat her beloved Uncle Hannibal, a debonair college professor, aging in years but young in spirit, whimsically cynical at his brother's Presidential ambitions, but sympathetic just the same because the Judge was, after all, his brother. And at the head of the table presided Judge Smith, nervously pompous, acutely anxious as to the result of the reception, full of nervous forebodings about his daughter's secret marriage.

He would go in and ask Mary's boss where she could be found. And before they could move a muscle, he was striding into the dining room.

Stretch brushed aside the expectant butlers and went toward the dinner party at the other end of the long room. Then he espied Mary sitting at the foot of the table, and stopped dead—completely at a loss. Mary sat watching him, white-faced and rigid, making no sign of recognition.

"This is the home of Judge, Horace Smith, sir," repeated one of the butlers, overlooking Stretch. "I'm quite sure you've made a mistake."

Stretch was beginning to see it. "Yeah, I guess I made a mistake all right," he agreed ironically. Slowly, thoughtfully, he turned to go.

But Uncle Hannibal the sophisticated—Hannibal the quizzical iconoclast, had sized up the situation and decided to have some fun. He called to the young cowboy. "Wait a moment, young man! Why don't you sit down and have dessert with us?"

Henderson, amused by the idea, chimed in. "Yes, of course! I'm certain our host wouldn't mind."

"Those men," pursued Hannibal, "are in politics—always interested in talking to the people. You might," he added meaningfully, "be able to get a few things off your chest."

Stretch, his hurt indignation slowly turning into a cold fury, decided to accept the challenge. He came and sat down in the place they made for him opposite Hannibal, while Mary, torn between shame at herself, sympathy for him, and loyalty to her father, stared straight before her.

(To be concluded)

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"Drop This in th' Letterbox on Ya Way!"

Tar Heel farmers received a cash come of \$35,926,000 from cotton and cottonseed in 1940, or 57 percent more than in 1939, the State Department of Agriculture reports.

North Carolina farmers had less total workstock on hand January 1 than at any time since 1937, reports the State Department of Agriculture.

Peanut production in North Carolina in 1940 was 325,125,000 pounds, the largest production on record for the State, reports the N. C. Department of Agriculture.

Farmers of North Carolina set an all-time record of 1,181,000 acres harvested for hay in 1940, the State Department of Agriculture reports.

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