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Here and There . . . Haywood E. Lynch

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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and prosperity of the Kings Mountain community and its vicinity.

THE FLAG I did not know it was so dear. Till under alien skies. A sudden vision of it near. Brought tears into my eyes. To wander down the crooked street. Of some far foreign town. No friend amid the crowd you meet. Strange faces peer and frown. To turn a corner suddenly. And ah! so brave and fair. To spy that banner floating free. Upon the foreign air! Oh, that will catch the careless breath. And make the heart beat fast; Our country's flag for life and death! To find our own at last! In those far regions, wonder-straw. No sight so good to see. My country's blessed flag, my own. So dear, so dear, to me.

CHALLENGE Let us be challenged by the heights to which men can rise. Let us be proud of the fact that we are human beings and because we are human beings, we contain within ourselves resources of strength and power great enough to enable us to climb far and high. I know that there is much disillusionment, much discouragement, much temptation to take the easy way, the short cut, to do the expedient rather than the right. But we are men—and because we are men we can rise above the dull level of yielding. It is not what destiny does with us but what we do with destiny that determines what we shall become. When a man is determined, what can stop him? Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott. Put him in a prison cell and you have a John Bunyan. Tarry him in the snow of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington. Have him born in abject poverty and you have a Lincoln. Afflict him with asthma until as a boy he lies choking in his father's arms and you have a Theodore Roosevelt. Stab him with rheumatic pains until for years he can not sleep without an opiate and you have a Steinmetz. Put him in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Chrysler. Make him second fiddle in an obscure South American orchestra and you have a Toscanini. Let life challenge you and be confident in your reply, for you are a man and the hardships of life are sent you not by an unkind destiny to crush you but to challenge you. Our "humanity" is not our weakness, but our strength. Despite much of the artificiality of the life around us, the two greatest words in the English language still are I CAN!—Selected.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP Not since the rights of citizenship in this country of ours were first established has there been so much cause as there is today for pride and thankfulness as each of us utters the words I AM AN AMERICAN! We enjoy precious rights in the United States, ones to be found in few other lands. Freedom of speech, freedom of religion (even the right to follow any religion except state-ship has been lost in some foreign lands), the right to move freely from place to place, the right to engage in the occupation of your choice, the right to start your own business and take your own chances—we Americans are so used to these and other principles that we seldom give a thought. But there is an opportunity this month to pause and remember the above considerations. For Congress has set Sunday, May 18, aside as Citizenship Recognition Day, in recognition of the 2,500,000 young men and women who have reached the estate of American citizenship during the past year. Posts of the American Legion throughout the country and many other groups and individuals will co-operate in giving this occasion its full meaning. And not just the 21-year-olds should celebrate their citizenship at that time. In the midst of a troubled world, all Americans, young and old, can profit by re-dedicating


I had promised Byron Keeter if he would call on me, I would drive him, the dam and daughter, to the Band train Wednesday morning, as I wanted to see the boys and girls off on their trip to Richmond. And promptly at 6:30 A. M. my phone rang, and a few minutes later we were at the station mingling with a happy, joyous, excited crowd of mothers, fathers, sons and daughters, waiting for the train to arrive. Byron with his fancy plaid sport coat and harmonizing trousers was more brightly dressed than any high school boy in the throng. Mayor B. Thomasson was on hand for the departure. Charlie Williams and W. K. Mauney were the only candidates out of the 14, who were so much in evidence the day before, present to bid the hometown fans and lassies off on their Virginia trip. Aubrey Mauney brought his wife to board the train for Winston-Salem to attend the State Womens Club meeting. Aubrey had forgotten about the Band trip and was expecting to find the station almost deserted, came clad in work clothes, he was dressed down as much as Keeter was up. Charlie Thomasson volunteered as newsbutch for the trip. He enlisted Keeter as his first lieutenant, and both had white coats to wear when they served the young musicians cold drinks. 41 cases of cold drinks were loaded in the baggage car to keep off thirst, making almost a thousand drinks to be sold by newsbutch Thomasson. Captain Meek Ormand's duties were twofold, first he was down to see his wife off and second he told the conductor, who was an old railroad friend of his to take special care of those boys and girls because they were the best music players in the whole world. The railroad folks were mighty considerate of the young folks, instead of having the boys and girls walk way down to the end of the train where the three special cars were coupled, they pulled the train up so they could get aboard right in front of the station. From the expression on R. C. Gold's face he looked as though he was going to have the best time of anybody. Right at the last minute newsbutchers Thomasson and Keeter remembered they did not have any chewing gum, so I rushed up to C. J. Gault and Son's and purchased a supply, so the boys and girls can not only drink but chew their way to the capitol of Virginia. Supt. Barnes mingled in the crowd talking to his students. Band Director Hendricks was the coolest and most collected man in the crowd. By special arrangements with Newsbutch Thomasson, this issue of the Herald will be distributed tomorrow morning to band members in the Hotel Murphy, copies are being rushed to him, so that those who made the trip can keep up with the news back home. The boys and girls were excited and full of glee over the trip, but they are getting to be veterans for travel and appearances, why they even played for the President of the United States. Manley Moorhead was another person present in two capacities, as a railroader and a father. All in all it was a happy occasion and The Herald man was glad that his phone rang at 6:30 A. M. so that he witnessed the departure of the fine group. When the train pulled out, heading north, my thoughts turned back to a page at which appeared in The Herald after THAT Greensboro contest, which said, 'Win, Lose or Draw' Kings Mountain is for you, and that is the way it still is. We know you will do your best and that's all that can be expected of anyone.

P. S.—We have heard so much of the Political Election lately that I thought I would give you a rest and not mention it here this time, especially when we had something pleasant to write about like our PRIZE WINNING BAND. themselves to the meaning and importance of American citizenship, and to their rights and duties in this society of free and enterprising men and women. Citizenship Recognition Day belongs to all Americans. Accidents took away the lives of 800 bicycle riders in this country last year.

Graded Cabbage Pays Producers RALEIGH — Initial shipments of North Carolina's 1941 cabbage crop are expected May 10 and if farmers are to realize the maximum profit, the crop must be given to approved grading and marketing methods. Harry T. Peacock, fruits and vegetable marketing specialist of the State Department of Agriculture, said: "For the past three seasons it has been necessary to the government to purchase a large portion of the early cabbage crop, and in consequence prices prevail and growers will probably pack and grade their crop a national buying program may not be needed this season," he added. However, generally North Carolina farmers have not followed marketing practices in the past. In marketing cabbage, demands, Westcott said that farmers must: (1) Train cabbage so as not to have more than four wrapper leaves which do not enclose the head fairly tight; (2) See that heads are not bursted, do not sow seed stems and are free from decay, damage caused by discoloration, disease or insects; (3) Grade so as to show the minimum or minimum and maximum size of a lot, or identify the lot as small, medium or large;

(4) Use the 1.5 bushel hamper or pony crate, preferably the crate since they usually command slightly higher prices. Pointed type cabbage is considered small if the heads weigh less than 7 1/2 pounds. Cabbage of 10 to 15 pounds and large if over three pounds. Westcott explained. When packed in containers growers should attempt to segregate the sizes. Containers for cabbage have not been standardized and as a result many types have been used, including the 1.5 bushel hamper, half-barrel crate, 50 pound wire barrel crate and sacks that hold from 50 to 100 pounds. In the early cabbage production area of Eastern North Carolina approximately 2,100 acres are planted of approximately 100 acres less than the record crops of 2,200 acres in 1938 and 1940. Railroad crossing accidents killed over 2,000 people in the United States last year. Drivers who did not have the right-of-way killed 3,000 persons in the United States in 1940. Nearly 4,000 persons were killed while "jaywalking" in this country last year.

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"He's a Guard? My Eye He Is!"

HAL ROACH presents FREDRIC MARCH VIRGINIA BRUCE "There Goes My Heart" RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

Chapter One Equipped with dry clothing, rubbing her wet hair with a towel, Joan was hearing for the hundredth time her grandfather's plaintive lecture. Why was she so ungrateful? Why keep trying to run away from him? Wasn't he giving her every comfort, every luxury? "Yes, you feed and clothe me," argued Joan, "but am I permitted to have any friends of my own? No! Can't you see I only want an opportunity to live my own life — do as I please — accomplish something in the world — even if it's driving a truck or singing in a night club — anything but being an idle ninny!" He relented a little. "Look, Joan, I'm called to London for a few days. I'll put you in charge of the boat — do anything you like, take a little trip to Nice or anywhere you choose — only promise me you won't leave the boat except in case of an emergency." Joan's eyes lighted up with a great idea. "Okay, Gramps. I promise." A few hours later Mr. Butterfield took off in his private seaplane, leaving Joan in undisputed command of the Nautilus. She lost no time in summoning the captain. "How are we fixed for fuel, Captain?" "All tanks full up, Miss." "Good. Let's get ready for a nice little trip. We're going to New York." "But — but Miss Butterfield, your grandfather won't like it!" "You heard what he said — take a little trip — anywhere I like. We're going to New York!" "But — but Miss Butterfield! That means crossing the Atlantic!" "Don't let that worry you," said Joan airily. "It's much better since they fixed it up!" Orders were orders, and Captain Jackson was not the man to disobey them. The Nautilus was well equipped for a long run, and without more ado the Captain gave the order to weigh anchor and headed for the Western Hemisphere. But he found time, (without bothering to tell Joan about it) to send a wireless message to a certain London bank where it would reach Mr. Butterfield. And within twenty-four hours after his granddaughter had started on her run-away trip across the ocean, the old gentleman booked passage on a fast liner to New York.



A singularly lovely girl sat idly fishing.

the water. Surrounding her boat at a respectful distance lay six other small boats, in each of which, bolt upright and ready for anything, sat an important-looking gendarme from the nearby French coastal town. This was Joan Butterfield's bodyguard, retained by her irascible but doting grandfather, to see that she did not indulge her mania for running away from him. After catching a little fish and deciding to give it another chance for existence by throwing it back into the water, Joan looked around at her pompous bodyguard and decided that something simply must be done to upset their solemn self-importance. With a little-girlish yelp of glee she suddenly started her motor and made the boat dart in and out among the nautical gendarmes, narrowly missing several of them—then headed straight out to sea. Jabbering frantically to one another, they followed her, though a good many lengths behind. It might have developed into a transatlantic race if Joan's skiff had not fortunately capsized, giving the impulsive young lady a ducking and permitting her hired guardians to fish her out of the water and bear her triumphantly back to the yacht. (To be continued)

School Closings Add More Danger To Traffic

The release of several hundred thousand active boys and girls upon North Carolina streets and highways as a result of the closing of the public schools poses a serious safety problem for parents and motorists. Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, stated this week. "A good motto for motorists to adopt at this season of the year is School's out — watch out," the safety director said. And a suggestion for parents is this: If you want your children to play in a safe place you should provide an attractive place where they can play at home. Hocutt pointed out that even in ordinary times there are great potentialities for tragedy when throngs of carefree, energetic and often thoughtless children are released from school for the summer vacation period, but that these dangers are greatly increased at a time such as the present, when traffic fatalities in this state are running nearly 50 percent above last year and the general tempo of life and traffic is greatly stepped up. He suggested that parents can help avert child traffic fatalities by (1) providing attractive places for children to play away from traffic, (2) discouraging children from visit-

ing playmates out of their immediate neighborhood unless their parents or some older person can provide them with a ride or walk with them, (3) not sending children away from home on unnecessary errands, and (4) helping children develop safe habits of walking, playing, skating and cycling. Motorists can help, he added, by (1) keeping a sharp eye on children who are walking, running, playing ball, skating or riding bicycles in or adjacent to the street or roadway, (2) trying to anticipate sudden movements of children, and (3) being prepared to stop quickly in the event of such movements. More people are killed in traffic accidents on Sunday than on any other day.

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