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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.
SPRING'S A GOOD TIME TO STAY ALIVE
Spring is a happy season, with old mother nature reawakening. You can add to the joy by making a contribution to safety in your own home.

There is a real need for this after the long winter months, when many dangerous conditions develop. Now is the time to clear out all accumulations of paper and rubbish from attics and cellars, before they cause a serious fire.
Now is also a good time to make a complete check-up of anything else that might cause fire. Look for such hazards as defective electrical equipment, frayed and worn wiring pennies behind blown fuses, defective heating plants and chimneys, fireplaces without screens and hot ashes in wooden ash containers. Cleaning with gasoline is very dangerous.

After painting jobs, which many do in the spring, be sure to dispose of oil or paint soaked rags and clothing.

PROFITLESS PROGRESS
Politicians and social theorists the world over are continually striving to crush one of the most basic urges of mankind: the urge of the individual to work for a living. For some curious reason they think that once the profit motive is destroyed, the way to Utopia will be clear! They persistently refuse to heed the lessons of history which have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that without a fair chance for profit the human animal ceases to put forth his best efforts. Without profit, progress gives way to a day-to-day existence, and personal liberty soon goes by the board, social theories notwithstanding.

When a man works 15 hours a day and burns the midnight oil over some new invention, or labors tirelessly year after year to build up a business, again he does it for security and profit. He works in the hope that the fruits of his labor will bring comfort and happiness, not only to himself, but to his family.

Today we have a depression. We hear loud cries of "capital strike." The politicians howl because heavy industry is ominously quiet. They howl because unemployment is increasing. The profit motive is dangerously near extinction, and the country can enjoy no normal recovery until it is brought back to life. And government spending the country into bankruptcy is not the way to bring it back to life.

The People's Money
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Congress, as this is written, is discussing proposals to distribute billions of dollars in the hope of reviving recovery.
What the ultimate effect of such distribution may be, no one at this time can tell with certainty. What is known is that it will add greatly to that huge mortgage on the people's earnings—the National Debt.

What should be remembered is that all money spent by Government is the people's money. It comes out of their earnings—either present or future. Government, whether national or local, doesn't earn money. It spends it. The money is supplied by the people through their labor and initiative.

Since this is true, whatever spending is done by Government should be controlled by the people. They should know just where it is being spent and why. They should be in a position to put on the brakes when the rate of spending accelerates too swiftly. They should be assured that the public welfare, rather than political advantage, dominates in any spending project.

Under our form of government the people look to Congress to protect their interests in such programs. One of our basic principles is that control of the purse should be firmly in the hands of our Senators and Representatives.

That is something for members of Congress to remember at this time. They are trustees for the public, and, as such, cannot avoid the duty of exercising, on behalf of the people, both responsibility and constructive vision.

It's the people's money. They earned it. Whatever is spent must come out of their wages, out of their savings, out of their household budgets, either now or in the future. And to expend that money recklessly, or for any purpose other than the good of all the people, is to betray the people's trust.

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OPEN FORUM
An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 500 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. Name of the writer will not be published, however, if the author so requests.
April 21st, 1938.
To the Editor of the Herald, Kings Mountain, N. C.

I notice in the latest issue of your paper a photograph of, as you say of a prominent citizen of Kings Mountain, along with other remarks which are calculated to humiliate and disgrace me and have caused me great mental anguish and caused my good name to be dragged in the dust by the yapping crowd who, like cultures gloat in any one's downfall and take every act, word or deed in the worst light possible, some even adding thereto and suggesting the worst motives possible.

I cannot let pass so great injustice without a word of protest and explanation:
In the first place my calamity of having my office equipment destroyed by fire was taken advantage of in a grossly unfair manner—

The safe, the only thing left in my office after the fire was rifled and my private belongings scattered to the "Four Winds of Heaven," among which was some very private and highly prized letters from female friends which were received by me in the hey-day of my youth; some photographs of loved ones of former years; lace handkerchiefs and various other articles, tokens of former affections.

But above and beyond all this, the worst that could befall a mortal was the stealing, taking, carrying away and drinking my pint of the very best FLORIDA WHISKEY which I had never opened, keeping it to look upon, to worship as a VIRGIN SHRINE.

Now, Mr. Editor before instituting suit against you and your beloved conspirators in crime I should be glad to have you discuss the matter with my attorneys and myself and if you assure us, to our satisfaction, that this article was only advertising matter and tell me who is responsible for this nefarious libel shall be glad to absolve you and your paper from all blames or responsibility.

Furthermore, I being a long suffering and patient man, if you or the one or ones who are responsible for this calamity will restore my liquor "FOURFOLD." I will forgive all connected with this most disgraceful affair. But nothing heretofore is binding without consent of counsel, Mr. J. R. Davis.

Having to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am,
Very truly,
E. L. Campbell.

April 28, 1938.
Mr. E. L. Campbell, Kings Mountain, N. C.
Dear Mr. Campbell:

In reply to yours of April 21st, I wish to say that I was lead astray by two of Kings Mountain's foremost citizens, namely Charles Thomason and Glee Bridges. However, I got messed up with them and will now stick by them to the last, regardless of you, Davis, or John Van Wiek. I personally retained E. A. Harrill, as our counsel, and I feel we have as much thinking power in our one lawyer as you two have on your side.

I have been advised by my friends that I could sue you, Bridges and Thomason, as my paper was damaged to the extent it will never be the same, by inserting such a funny picture, and on my front page at that. You are not damaged, you are just exactly what you were before the picture was printed, but my paper is a long way from having the prestige in the community it had before said picture was printed. I know my paper is damaged.

The idea of you trying to bribe us to bring your whiskey back fourfold. You know as well as I do we are in a dry county, which would make it impossible for us to secure whiskey, so your proposal is impossible, like Shylock who wanted a pound of flesh nearest the heart.

I am very sorry you have taken the attitude you have, but if you have anything further to say in the matter, I refer you to our attorney, E. A. Harrill.

Sincerely,
Haywood E. Lynch, Editor.

To the Kings Mountain Herald:
Dear Editor:
Well, we're back again. As you know, we couldn't make it last week—we were too busy elsewhere! And the week before that, well, ask your wife!

Virginia and Mary J. explained how this business is going to be run from now on. We believe it will be agreeable because we found it hard to get out a bulletin every week. Thank you, Mr. Lynch, for making the arrangements between us possible.

Now we feel that it is necessary to let you know the latest heart-throbs and tragedies. First, let us ask you this—what's this "Preacher" got that the rest of us ain't got?

We've been told that even Helen Faye was seen with him Saturday. We also hear that Jo is nuts about him! Toemite!
Shelby is back in again—thought we had lost them, but we saw them Sunday—Nee going, Pat, Gogie, and Fay.
Our band girls had a mighty fine time last Wednesday. Results: M. E. G. received a "Birthday Greetings" telegram Saturday. A number of others have met the postman with a grin, too—yes, the post marks are Winston-Salem.

We're all proud of the excellent showing which the Band made at Greensboro. Mr. Biggerstaff (member) seemed quite glad to see us. What friendly little lovers fight is this we hear of? Seems to have come off Sunday around midnight. Character, Scholarship, Leadership, and Service, yep, that's what the new members of the National Honor Society possess.

We'd like the details of a certain correspondence which is all French—and French poetry SHOULD be very swell, too, or should it? Whose big struts are Rachael and Betty Lee struttin'? They like mystery, too, Mary J.

Are Lawrence and Mary thru after all? We wonder. Ask Paul, Jr., where Minerva's ring has been. Some traveling for one small ring. We're sorry our baseball team had to take such a lickin' Monday, but they made up for it Tuesday.
Fay, do you really like redheads? Bye, Bye.

LET'S LOOK BACK
From The Kings Mountain Herald
NINETEEN YEARS AGO
MAY 1, 1919

Mr. Palmer Fulton returned from overseas Sunday. Mr. Jacob Pinder has returned from overseas.
Wonder what a certain dark-headed monitor thinks? Were you proud of him Tuesday—the brunette, we mean.

How's the Baker-Hannick affair? We haven't heard much from it lately.

We'd love to know who Alice B. Mauney's secret passion is. It seems that she does not possess one!

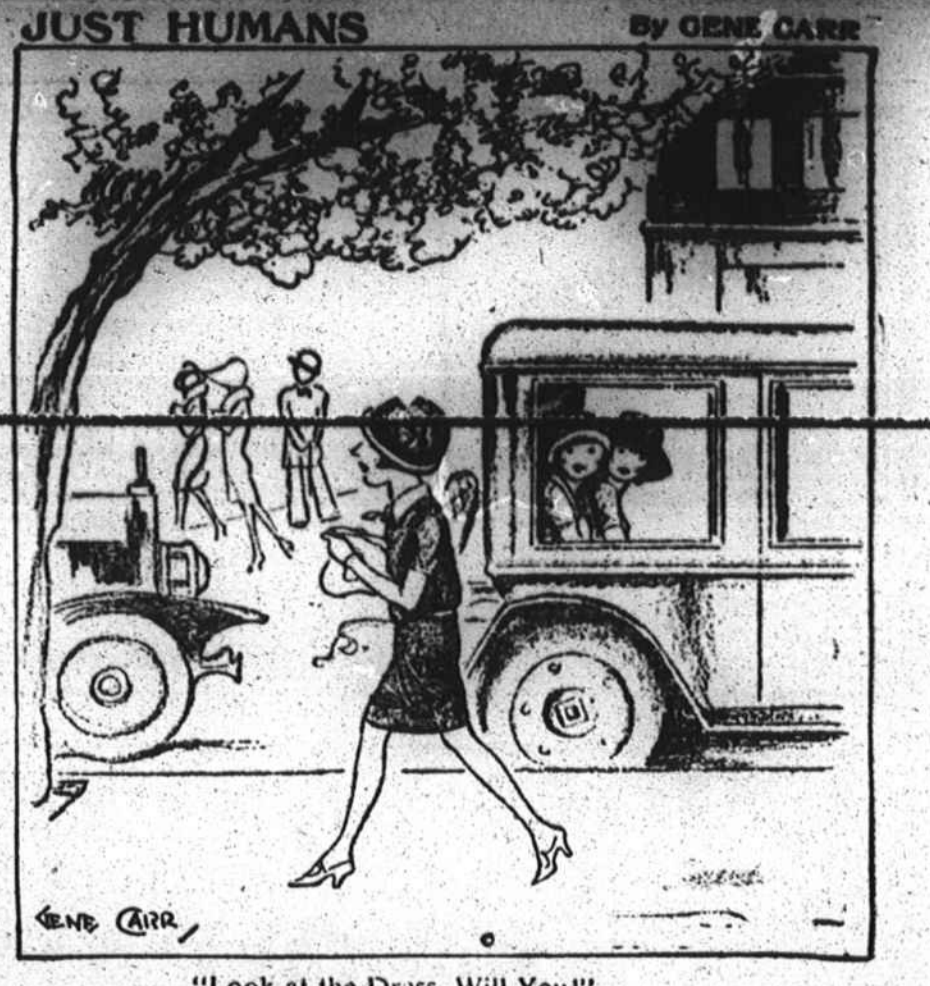
To the girls who went to the Grover Graduation exercises: Did you like it? (Did you see them?)

We hear that "Dear Boy" stepped somebody, but we haven't learned who it was yet.

Why was Gim at the Grammar School Contest last Friday night with some girls—do you "C"? Does everyone have a date for the banquet? Boy, from what we hear, there are some strange "twosomes".

Well, we'll have to leave but not without wishing Virginia and Mary J. "Goodluck"! We hope we won't become rivals.

Don't let your wife get this, Mr. Lynch! Bye, Bye.



"Look at the Dress, Will You!"
"Yes, Always Imitating Her Mother!"

By George!
(Observations in and about K. M. HI—Sports Comment)

The Mountaineers' games are beginning to be as unpredictable as April weather. Monday they took an awful wallop from Lehigh—the final score 12-5. Tuesday they turned about-face and licked Forest City in what was, for a while, a footrace around the bases. However, they did not run all the time. Some walked all the way. And that proves that you can't always tell what a pitcher will do just by watching one performance. Monday Gforth gave up 3 doubles in 2 innings and Jones took over. He proved that he isn't only a first baseman, but a pitcher, too. We have seen worse regular pitching. He did an excellent job of it, giving up only 5 hits in 7 innings.

Tuesday the boys went on a spree and made 8 runs in the first. In the fifth the score soared to 12 to ten with F. C. leading when Freeman got a circuit clout off Huffstetter. The Wild Man from Bessemer City (Jack Whetstone) was put in and brought the game out of the fire to win 22 to 16. And now we say, "Flip a coin."

There is no game scheduled for Friday, but Tuesday the boys meet Cherryville again, there, and here's hoping they do a better job than they did here last Thursday.
Lagunappe, "Doc" and Buddy are still double dating and H. F. is usually the "other Miss" these nights—M. E. G. celebrated her birthday by dating both Fred and Jones Sunday night—Where was the other Musketeer?—Some of the boys should try flipping a coin—it's much less strenuous. The Mayor of Archdale has decided to drop the case against the Pocketbook Manufacturers of America—Poor A. B.—He missed out Sunday night with Julia because of unprecedented happenings on Parker Street.

Brief News Items

Ralph Barbour, Jr., 4-H club member of Four Oaks in Johnston County has purchased a pure bred Guernsey calf from Cameron Lassiter, 4-H club member of Smithfield.
Seventy five per cent of the corn projects carried by club members of Greene County this season is being planted to certified seed.

ALEXANDER KORDA presents
EDMUND LOWE
MURDER ON DIAMOND ROW
by EDGAR WALLACE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
An epidemic of jewel thefts has hit London. The stolen goods are disposed of through The Squeaker, a mystery man to both the underworld and Scotland Yard. He beats down the prices of the jewels, but maintains his hold over the thieves by threat of exposure to the Yard, a threat he has made good several times. The theft of the Van Rissik pearls is the latest sensation. We know that they have been stolen by Larry Graeme, sweetheart of the night club singer, Tamara. But Collie, reporter on the biggest London paper, and on the trail of The Squeaker, is completely mystified. So is Scotland Yard, which has sent up a squad of special constables. Marshall is a former Yard operative, but he is among the suspects. He is suspected, haggard. The inspector questions him.

Somehow Larry managed to make Barrabal believe he knew nothing about his quarry. "Anyway I'm in love, and I'm not running any risks."

"Then stay away from The Squeaker," was Barrabal's parting warning.

In a waterfront pub, Barrabal found the reporter Collie over a glass of beer.

"I understand there's a man around here who helps people who are down and out. Doesn't object to past records or things like that. As a matter of fact, he's particularly kind to criminals."

"Oh, strange," was Collie's rejoinder.
"Very strange. Who is he?"
"Meester Frank Sutton, a verry respectable business man. You'll find him at A. G. Stedman & Company."

Chapter Two
"It's a long story," Barrabal began. It was a common story. Daily and discipline had accounted for his decline through a number of years. Now he was at the end of the rope.
When he was finished, the Superintendent was silent for a moment.



The figure traced the word "Rissik" on the window.

"You were a good detective. I missed you. I could give you a job right now, Barrabal—do you think you could cut out drinking—if I give you another chance?"

Barrabal's mouth grew tense. "I'd cut out breathing for that."
"All right," the Superintendent spoke and drew up a chair for Barrabal beside his desk. "There's a man who's been running us in circles for months."

"You mean The Squeaker?"
"Yes, he's the cleverest criminal in London. He runs the underworld..."

Larry Graeme walked quickly to the side of the sedan.
"Are you looking for a valuable silk scarf?"

The finger traced the one word "RISSIK" on the window.
"Right, Rissik. They're worth 50,000, but I'll let you have them for thirty...10,000? Do you think I'm crazy. Listen I've got the stuff right here, but I'm not giving it away..."

The finger wrote... "15".
"You can have them, but not at that price." The hand rose to wipe out the writing on the window. Larry peered intently through the window. He cried out in surprise.
"I know who you are!...why you are..."

The name was lost in the roar of the motor as the car hurtled away.

Perhaps it was chance, maybe the good detective's instinct that led Barrabal to Larry Graeme in his hunt for The Squeaker. Barrabal came to the point quickly.

"Well, what's it got to do with me?" Larry asked.
"I know the game you're in. I know how you got rid of the stuff. Sooner or later you have to deal with The Squeaker. And everyone who's dealt with him, winds up behind the bars or worse."

"A. G. Stedman & company!" The voice had a flat resonant whine. "Nooo, Mr. Sutton is not in. Noo, there are no jobs. No—don't come in." The plug flipped out and clicked into its place on the board.

"That's not nice, Milly," Carol Stedman objected. She had just entered with an armful of roses to hear the conversation.

"Well, they're always pestering."

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Advertisement for Probak Junior Blades. Text: NOW... ENJOY QUALITY SHAVES at a record low price. For real shaving comfort, you'll find your biggest money's worth in Probak Jr. Blades. Famous for the smooth, clean shaves they give, these quality double-edge blades are priced at 4 for only 10¢. Buy a package today. Image: A woman shaving and a package of Probak Junior Blades.

Advertisement for Leventis Restaurant. Text: Remember Every Thursday Night Is Family Night at Leventis Restaurant. Gastonia, N. C. We cordially invite you to come and bring your Friends with you. Special Plates Prepared—Entertainments. Image: A large, stylized graphic of the word 'Remember'.