

The Kings Mountain Herald
Established 1888
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.

OUR PERENNIAL GARDEN
Let's sow the seeds of friendship
In that great flower-pot of fate,
Let's sprinkle them with kindness
And pull the roots of hate.

Let the sun shine down upon them,
The sun of cheerfulness;
With gentle hands let's care for them
Our motto, Willingness.

Roots below of confidence,
A stem of faith above,
And when the green buds open
Let's call the flowers our love.
—Selected.

WOULDN'T IT BE FINE?
(Statesville Daily)

Spring is gone but evidently the
wisdom of an Utopia lingers on
in the spirit of these questions prop-
ounded by The Gastonia Gazette:
"Wouldn't it be a fine thing if ev-
ery voter in the country could cast
his ballot as he pleased with out be-
ing influenced by ward heelers and
professional politicians, who are paid
by candidates to get out the vote?
What sort of an election would we
have if everybody voted as he pleas-
ed without suggestions, directions
or compulsion from some one of the
candidates? Will it ever be possible
to have clean elections in this coun-
try? There is little doubt that the
elections nowadays go to the candi-
dates who can hire the most jitneys
to carry the voters to the polls, or
hire the most workers who hang a-
round the polls to 'help' voters with
their ballots. Is there such a thing
as a man running on the strength of
his character and record?"

"We leave those questions with
our readers, but that last one we
want to undertake to answer our own
self. There is such a thing as a man
"running" on the strength of his char-
acter and record, but under the pres-
ent order, if he depends on that alone,
he will win up only on the land
of make believe.
"As for those other queries, they
provide something worthwhile for
the voters to be thinking about—that
is, if they crave decent government.
Recently arrived at. Whenever the
voter refuses to be a party to these
questionable machinations, then and
not before will our public offices
cease to go only to those who can
afford to buy and pay for them."

NO ROOM FOR
TERRORISM HERE

The federal government owes it to
the people of the United States to
make a sweeping, non-political inves-
tigation of conditions in Jersey City.
According to reports printed in
some of the country's most reputable
newspapers and magazines, a virtual
fascist dictatorship has been estab-
lished there. Labor leaders have
been refused permits to speak. Nor-
man Thomas, the socialist leader,
has been forcibly expelled across the
New York line. Two congressmen
who planned to speak there in pro-
test against violations of civil lib-
erties were advised that if they appear-
ed, bloodshed seemed certain. Last
ly, it is reported that an ominous an-
ti-Semitic movement, almost Hitler-
ian in its brutal, terroristic methods
was started.

Irrespective of your political or
social principles, there is no room
for that sort of thing in a free coun-
try. Freedom of speech must be
maintained—and it must be main-
tained for those with whom you
agree as well as disagree.

WARNING — THE FIRE
SEASON IS COMING

Fire is always dangerous. It's
doubly dangerous in summer.

We are close to that menacing
"fire season" now. Vacant lots and
fields, if left uncared, are ready to
burst into flame at the touch of a
match.

These holocausts can be prevented
—and easily prevented — if only we
will all help. Keep fire in mind, and
act accordingly. If you own property,
see to it that it is kept clean and un-
cluttered, and free from dry grass.
When traveling about, never throw
smashes outdoors, never build fires
near trees or other inflammables —
and never leave a fire until it has
been thoroughly extinguished, prefer-
ably with both water and dirt. Ob-
ey the fire laws—they were made
for your protection, not to annoy you.
As a matter of fact, the greatest
tragedy of fire is that it is almost
always unnecessary. Every year we
burn up resources and property valu-
ed at hundreds of millions of dollars

Facts, Fun and Fancies

Jim and Julia

Sincerely hoping that last week's
words have blown away, we're here
(at least, I am) to blow a few more
right after them.

A great number of us carried heavy
hearts Friday because of Thurs-
day's calamity. A look into our drip-
ping auditorium (so beautiful at the
first of the week, with its new fin-
ery) was truly heart-wringing. Al-
though it's hard to think so, per-
haps it was for the best.

What pair was that we saw driving
around in a certain Buick Monday
night? None other than Dick and
Dolly! And speaking of Monday
night—P. S. was also seen with his
girl friend.

It being Sunday night, Faye had to
go to bed.

went "redheading."
Flag! From a pair of very reliable
lips—"Eppie" has changed again. To
whom, he says, is his own secret for
the present. Perhaps it won't be by
the time you read this.

Agide to Cora Herndon: Don't be
downcast, Cora, Jackie and Hazel are
not jealous — Carl Preston isn't mad
at you.

The green Pontiac from Shelby
was over again Monday — will be
again today, I hear — Cal seems to
have a touch of Publicomania—This
week brought a "Hello" from J. D.
Jones — Also from R. S.—Crash! —
Bang! — from certain hearts — Ed-
gar's back! We know who Eoline's
flame is — now what about Jo's —
a certain house between K. M. and
Gastonia is almost complete—wonder
of the "occupants to be" will be
ready—?

And now for a bit of philosophy
from Bobby — "Henry Ford feared
no competition — now he's the rich-
est man in America!" — You see—he
evidently saw Gogle Friday nite.

It seems that Dan refused to do
any dating a t Waccamaw — His
"home-town love" prevented. Nice
goin' Jackie!

The people in a theatre in Char-
lotte enjoyed watching Bill D. and
Helen more than they did the pic-
ture! And by the way—why did P. K.
and Clomonee get locked in the lake
that same night?

Betty Lee made a big hit with the
Lenoir-Rhyne bunch, we hear!

The Land
of Opportunity

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

A great thinker once said that every
time he stood in the presence of a boy
he wanted to take off his hat to the
possibilities there represented.

Much the same idea must occur to
countless Commencement Day orators
as they address this month the eager
army of American youth being gradu-
ated from high schools and colleges
throughout our Nation.

For despite set-backs and discouragements,
that thought applies to the
young men and women of America
today, as to the youth of no other
nation on earth.

It was for them—as for their prede-
cessors—that America was established
as the land of opportunity; a land
where no aspiration could be too high,
no achievement too great for the in-
dividual to attain by virtue of his own
enterprise, his own courage, his own
ability.

That's why the men who made Amer-
ica wrote into its fundamental law a
Bill of Rights which guarantees to
every man freedom of conscience, of
speech and of opportunity.

And that's where America differs from
those newer governments of Europe,
where all rights are subordinated to the
will of the man or the party in power,
and where individual opportunity—with
the press and religion—is in chains.

To the youth of America has been
bequeathed a priceless heritage of op-
portunity, which unfavorable conditions
can delay, but never destroy. It was
won for them, often at heroic sacri-
fice, by the generations that out of a
wilderness hewed our great nation. It
is theirs to use to the limit of their
ability.

But it is theirs also to preserve for
the generations that follow. The future
of America is not in the hands of an
abstract fate. As always, it is in the
hands of youth. It is the responsibility
of youth, now and through the years
ahead, to keep our nation as bright in
opportunity, as gloriously free, as did
their forebears in the past.

And as we consider the need to pre-
serve that spirit of freedom, which
America above all nations represents,
well may an older generation bow in
respect to the responsibilities—and the
opportunities—which await our young
graduates today.

We destroy thousands of lives.

A little care and thought on your
part may save your home or some-
one else's from destruction. It may
save a life. Don't forget that.

RED CROSS RELIEF
FOR CHINA

The local chapter of the American
Red Cross voted to aid the suffering
Chinese at a recent meeting of the
Board of Directors. This action was
taken in response to a request from
the National Office. The local Chap-
ter has been asked to raise a mini-
mum of \$25.00. All citizens who
would like to contribute are asked to
make their donations to Mr. E. S.
Neill, at the First National Bank be-
fore June 15th when the report has
to be made.

GUERNEY BULL IS
SOLD TO CLINE

Peterborough, N. H., June 7.—A
purebred Guernsey bull, Archdale
Foremost Prince 258433, was sold re-
cently by P. M. Neisler of Kings
Mountain, N. C., to D. A. Cline, Idm-
cointon, N. C. according to the Amer-
ican Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterbor-
ough, New Hampshire.

A. R. P. BIBLE CLASS TO MEET
WITH METHODIST

The Men's Bible Class of the A. R.
P. Church, with W. E. Blakely, Teach-
er, will meet Sunday morning with
the Central Methodist Men's Class.
Mr. Blakely will teach. The following
Sunday morning the Methodist will

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO
JUNE 12, 1919

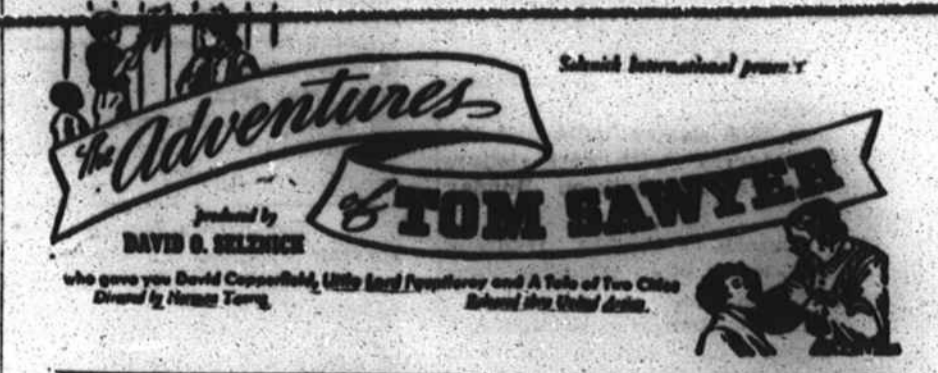
Mrs. J. V. Phillips and family are
visiting relatives here.

Mr. D. F. Hori is remodeling and
overhauling his residence on Kmg
street.

Miss Lucy Kiser returned from
Lilleville Saturday where she has
been teaching.

Miss Addie Weir of Charlotte is
spending a few days with her par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Weir.

meet with the A. R. P. Class with
Teacher J. R. Davis on the job.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
In the little town of St. Peter-
burg, Mo., Tom Sawyer leads his
happy boyhood life, marred only
by the infrequent scolding from
his Aunt Polly. His younger
brother, Sid, traps Tom when he
denies that he played hooky to
go swimming. Escaping from a
licking, he encounters Joe Har-
per, a newcomer to the village.
They fight. When Aunt Polly
sees Tom's torn and disarrayed
clothing she promises to find
work to keep him out of mis-
chief on the following day.

Chapter Two

Saturday morning, the summer
sun was bright, hearts sang, and
locust bloom fragrance filled the
air.
But when Tom Sawyer surveyed
the thirty yards of board fence, nine
feet high, that he was under ob-
ligation to whitewash, life seemed
hollow, and his spirit was crushed with
melancholy.
Aunt Polly, followed by Sid,
ushered him to the scene of his
labors, and departed with the air

of one whose mission had been well
done.
As Tom raised the brush for the
first stroke, Little Jim, with a tin
pail, came skipping through the
gate on his way to the pump. Tom
offered to fetch the water if Jim
would whitewash. Jim demurred,
saying Aunt Polly would "snatch
de hair off'n" him.
Slowly, painfully, Tom went on
with his task. Soon the free boys
would come tripping along on all
sorts of delicious expeditions and
they would deride him for having
to work. Tom's sorrows multiplied
with each stroke of the brush. At
this dark and hopeless moment, a
great inspiration burst upon him.
He resumed his work with an
air of intense concentration. In
eight hours Joe Harper, the boy
who ridiculed him had been dress-
ing, Joe was eating an apple, but
between bites whooped melodiously,
for he was impersonating the
steamboat "Big Missouri."
Tom paid no attention.
"Im goin' a-swimming, I am,"
said Joe, "but accoarse you'd
druther work."

Headed home for supper, Tom
passed the house where Jeff
Thatcher lived and saw a new girl
in the garden—a lovely little blue-
eyed creature with yellow hair
plaited into two long tails. A cer-
tain Amy Lawrence vanished from
his heart.

The angel was near the fence,
busy picking flowers and happily
and loudly humming a tune. She
redoubled the energy of her mus-
cal and horticultural efforts, as
Tom neared, but gave no other sign
that she was conscious he existed.
Tom began to show off, apparently
for his own amusement. He did
leaps and cartwheels, while she
serenely hummed and minded her
own business.
Finally she left the garden, but



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de hair off'n" him.

Next day, Mary Sawyer prepared
Tom for Sunday School. She made
him rehearse his Bible verses, and
saw that his hands and face were
washed and his hair plastered con-
ventionally in place. She crowned
him with a speckled straw hat. He
was uncomfortable—and looked it.
At the church, where the Thatch-
er family arrived at about the same
time as the Sawyers, Becky gave
no sign that she had seen Tom until
just as she and her parents en-
tered the Sunday school. Then she
turned her head slightly and gave
him the ghost of an alluring smile.

Tom's loveless expression changed
as he got an idea, collaring his
various boy friends, he swiftly
traded the lot he had amassed on
his whitewashing deal, for Bible
tickets.

When the Sunday school superin-
tendent called for the pupil who
had learned 200 verses and had
tickets to show for such diligence,
Tom amazed the gathering by step-
ping forward to claim a Bible.

"And now my little man," said
Thatcher, who as guest of honor
was awarding the prizes, "no doubt
you know the names of the twelve
apostles. Who were the first two?"

There was a dreadful wait. Mrs.
Thatcher said kindly:
"Poor boy, he's frightened . . .
but he'll tell me. Now, Thomas, the
names of the first two apostles
were . . ."

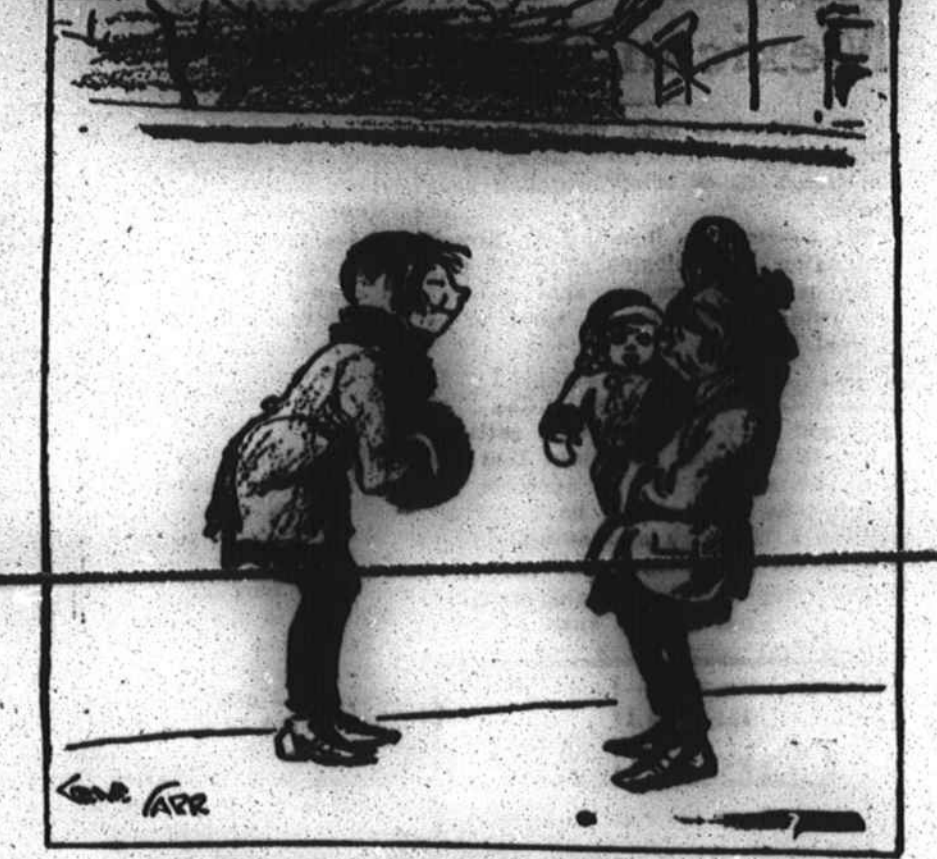
Tom pondered the proposition,
finally said reluctantly:
"No, no, if it was an apple, but
I wouldn't mind and Aunt Polly
wouldn't but she's awful particlar
about the outside."

There was consternation.
"I meant David and Goliath—no,
Sodom and Gomorrah," Tom hastily
amended.

The superintendent very properly
snatched the Bible from his hands.

(To be Continued)

JUST HUMANS



The ROUND-UP

By "George"

'By George' has graduated! Don't
blame me, however — it was Mr.
Lynch's idea in entirety — and he
takes all the blame. (We hate to au-
dit it, but Julia Pollock put us so
much in the shade at writing roman-
ces that this new angle is really a
life-or—face saver.) Mr. Lynch
says "George boy, you should write
about what happens in the main
drag." But if anything happened on
the main drag lately, yours truly
must have been asleep. So this will
have to be a sort of duke's mixture.

Softball seems to be the major top-
ic of the day, and what we know a-
bout that game could be written on
the back of a postage stamp and
leave a wide margin. Everyone either
plays softball or talks softball —
and those who play the game talk it
when they're not playing. Kids will
soon be cutting their teeth on those
large ridges which adorn the ball.
It puts tennis so much in the shade
that we're almost ashamed to men-
tion it, while the recent political can-
didates found that if they couldn't
talk a good game on softball they
had just as well withdraw as far as
K. M. was concerned. However, when
the Stags beat the P. O. by a score
of 22 to 2, sum'p'n tells us that Un-
cle Sam's mullmen had better get a
move on. (Note: I know it's a sissy's
game now — "Judge" Hays and Jim-
mie Harris play it.)
And rumor has that if Moe referees
any more bowling matches, hed
better get a pair of specs. Several
persons are dissatisfied with some

of his decisions handed down the oth-
er Monday night. But then, what's
the opinion of a few persons against
a hundred of Moe's?
Thornton Harrill is back in town,
so carry some cotton around in
your pocket—just in case you hap-
pen to come across him and L. M.
Logan together — "But, Homer, it
wasn't Red's fault. He stopped to
look before he turned the corner and
Col just happened to be sitting on
her front porch. You know how it is
—besides Col's cute little cousin and
Fred were along."

Advertisement for STAR ON SKATES! STAR BLADES. Includes an illustration of a person on skates and a razor.

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Promptness plus accuracy equals First Na-
tional Service. It's as easy as a problem in arith-
metic. That accounts for a part of the reason
why our list of satisfied customers continues to
grow.

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Advertisement for Baby Powder, featuring an illustration of a baby and the text 'Don't be satisfied with ordinary baby powder...' and 'BABY POWDER'.