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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.

FRIEND O'MINE
When you are happy, friend o'mine
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.

AN AMERICAN CREED
In these days of laxity and disregard,
we are reminded of the famous
"Creed for the Busy Man," propounded
by Elbert Hubbard, who went
down to a watery grave with the
Lusitania, as a sacrifice to the god of
war.

Clip this creed, if need be,
and keep it near, by so doing you
will promulgate its principles:
The Busy Man's Creed
I believe in the stuff I am handing
out, in the firm I am working for,
and in my ability to get results.

I believe that honest stuff can be
passed out to honest men by honest
methods.

I believe in working, not weeping,
in booging, not knocking; and in the
pleasure of my job.

I believe that a man gets what he
goes after, that one deed done today
is worth two deeds tomorrow, and
that no man is down and out until
he has lost faith in himself.

I believe in today and the work I
am doing; in tomorrow and the work
I hope to do, and in the sure reward
which the future holds.

I believe in courtesy, in kindness,
in generosity, in good cheer, in
friendship, and in honest competition.

I believe there is something doing,
somewhere, for any man ready to do
it.

I believe I'm ready—right now!
—Sunshine Magazine.

WHAT IS COTTON
(The Cotton Trade Journal)

Cotton is the overcoat of a seed
that is planted and grown in the
Southern States to keep the producer
broke and the buyer crazy. The
fibre varies in color and weight and
the man who can guess the nearest
the length of a fibre is called a cotton
man by the public, a fool by the
farmer, and a poor business man by
his creditors.

The price of cotton is fixed in New
York, and it goes up when you have
gold and down when you have bought.
A buyer working for a group of
mills was sent to New York to watch
the cotton market and after a few
days' deliberation, wired his firm:
"Some think it will go up and some
think it will go down. I do, too. What
ever you do will be wrong. Act at
once."

Cotton is planted in the spring,
mortgaged in the summer, left in
the fields in the winter.

There are other definitions, but
none better than this.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE
GRADUATED

The HERALD is delighted to note
the large number of young people
from Kings Mountain who have
received either high school or college
diplomas during the commencement
season which has just closed. To
these we wish to offer our sincere
congratulations. Few occasions stand
out in the memory of boys and girls
as the thrill of graduation. Our best
wishes go with each graduate as he
or she goes into a world of perplexing
problems.

The Herald hopes that as many
of the 1938 High School graduates as
possible will continue their studies
at institutions of higher learning in
order that they may be better
prepared to go forth into the world.
Those who must seek their economical
fortune immediately we trust
will not forget the lessons learned in
high school but will apply the training
they have received.

Local churches are starting vacation
Bible schools, and the attendance
will doubtless be good. There is
perhaps no better or more effective
way to give the boys and girls of the
community a thorough course in Bible
than in a vacation school. While the
Sunday schools have done a
great work, and will continue to do
so, fifty to one hour a year is certainly
not an adequate amount of time
in which to do an effective annual
job.

Facts, Fun and Fancies
Jim and Julia

Back once more — but back with
an almost empty column. People
have been too good this week—at
least as far as I can find out.
Jim says she likes college better
each day. We're glad—even if we
do miss her.

It seems that the expression changed
on many a face when Dan walked
in Jo and Eoline's with "Jo"
Boone Friday night.

Peggy has a very attractive yard
—especially for Sunday night dates.
How about it, Hal, Mary and Ladd?
Pat is carrying a broken heart around—
it's just possible that he is
too, you know Pat!—Shock No. 1
came with the news of Dot Mc and
Budd's "entanglement"—it seems
that Lib dated a certain "bagful"
boy, initials J. L.—

Gogie would like to know when a
certain fellow from Washington will
be down (mostly Jack Dunn)—Why
does Charlie monopolize Dot at every
dance? — Welcome home Buddy
—Bet Alice Betty was kinda sorry to
leave!

When thinking of the make-ups
and break-up around — Maude and
Jim are about the sweetest (and
sweetest couple I know of)

"George" has a new theme song—
a very appropriate one. He calls it
"She is the Sweetheart of Six Other
Guys!"

I've heard a few tunes lately
whose titles held so much significance
I thought I'd bring them to
you:

Sweet Stranger — Becky Jenkins,
An Old Flame Never Dies—"Pete"
Suber.

Why Did You Do It?—Sings Jackie
to Dan.

I Can Dream, Can't I?—Margaret
Ratterree.

Life's A Dance—For most everyone.

Having A Wonderful Time — Our
Band, today.

My Secret Love Affair — Paul
Neisler.

I Miss You When You're Gone —
to 'Jim'.

At Your Beck and Call—Bobby
Allran.

Washington Snapshots
(Cont'd from front page)

forcing reforms instead of raising
revenue. On the other side are those
who believe that reforms can best
be put through while the patient is
sick. This group is already preparing
the defeated governmental reorganiza-
tion bill for the next session. It
would not be surprising to see a new
drive on the Supreme Court urged
from this quarter.

The Walsh-Healey Act amendment
proposal strengthened the smoldering
sentiment for revision of the National
Labor Relations Act. The Labor
Act is notoriously lop-sided, almost
all groups in the Capitol admit
but sufficient support has not been
forth for actual legislation action in that
direction.

The amendment proposed to the
Walsh-Healey Act will, therefore,
make the unbalanced Labor Act more
deeply felt by the already hamstrung
businessmen, those seeking the Labor
Act revision believe, by making
compliance with NLRB orders compulsory
by those who wish to do

Flag Day, 1938
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

"This flag which we honor is the
emblem of our unity, our power, our
thought and purpose as a nation.

"It has no other character than that
which we give it from generation to
generation.

"The choice is ours."
To every American that statement
by Woodrow Wilson still carries a
message which the years cannot dim.
It voices not only the significance of
our flag, but the reason for formal observ-
ances in its honor on June 14 of every
year.

All Americans know what character
preceding generations have given our
flag.

They know that men who loved freedom
more than life died, a century and
a half ago, to make it the oriflamme of
liberty.

They know that the sons of those
men made it the symbol of hope and
freedom to the oppressed of every land.

They know that succeeding generations
carried it westward, through forest
and prairie, over desert and mountain,
until its protection spread across an
entire continent.

They know that men died under its
folds to make other men free; that a
generation still with us bore it overseas,
to blazon there its constant challenge
to tyranny.

These are traits of character which
successive generations have woven into
our flag. They have fought the good
fight; they have kept the faith.

What character will Americans of
today weave into that glorious fabric?
Will they give it a new lustre? Will
they brighten the colors that stand for
strength and purity and hope? Will
they continue the good fight to keep the
American spirit free, to keep opportunity
afloat, to maintain equal justice
for all? Will they, too, keep the faith?

These are the challenges that Flag
Day brings us annually.
And, still, in the war-time words of
Wilson:
"The choice is ours."

LET'S LOOK BACK
From The Kings Mountain Herald
NINETEEN YEARS AGO
JUNE 19, 1919

Miss Lila Woodward spent a few
days in Gastonia last week.
Mr. John Mauney and Miss Iona
Davis were married Saturday night.
Esq. Mauney officiating.

Dr. S. A. Hay and wife of Luxora,
Ark., spent several days last week
with his brother, Arthur Hay.

Mrs. Michael and Miss Billy Pet-
tus of Charlotte are visiting their sis-
ter, Mrs. M. A. Ware.

for not participating in an illegal
strike may claim damages payable
out of union funds.

7. The statutory right of trade unions
to use their funds for political
purposes is taken away.

Our own labor laws does not contain
any of the above provisions for
protection of public interests and individual
rights.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to thank our friends and
neighbors for the many expressions
of sympathy extended us during our
recent bereavement.

Family of Mrs. Thomas Beatty
Goforth.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
Tom Sawyer might have been
St. Petersburg's best boy if he
could have stayed out of mis-
chief. He even tells Aunt Polly's
plan to keep him busy painting
fences by inducing all the other
kids to do the work for him.
Tom and Amy Lawrence have
privately decided that they were
engaged, but when Becky Thatcher
comes to town, Tom forgets
his first love basking in the
radiance of this new angel.

Chapter Three

Tom was on his way to school
next morning, when he heard a
loud meowing from some bushes by
the road.
"Hello, Huck," said Tom, without
looking up.
Huckleberry Finn, son of the
town drunkard, was hated and
dreaded by St. Petersburg mothers
because he was idle, lawless and
vulgar, but mostly because their
children admired him and wanted
to be like him.

"What you got?" Tom asked, as
Huck fell in step with him.
"Dead cat."

face, an hour-glass body and straw
legs.
"Is it ever so nice," she said, "I
wish I could draw."
"Try it."
Thus encouraged Becky drew a
grotesque caricature of a man and
labeled it "Mr. Debbins, the school
teacher."
Then Tom scrawled something on
the slate, hiding the words. This
time Becky begged to see. Tom
let his hand slip by degrees until
those words were revealed: "I love
you."

"Oh you had things!" And she
hit his hand a sharp rap. Her own
slate clattered to the floor.

Quickly Tom slipped his own
slate in front of Becky, smudging
the writing with his sleeve, as the
teacher spotted the slate and strode
to where the two sat.

The teacher asked each child who
was responsible for the drawing.

When he came to Becky she was
so frightened she could only gasp.

Then Tom sprang to his feet,
shouting:
"I done it!"

The largest of the school's stock
of switches was used for Tom's
beating. When the teacher dragged
Tom back to his own seat, Becky
held up her slate for him to read:

"How could you be so NOBLE?"
When school broke up at noon,
Tom arranged to meet Becky down
by the river.

Seated by the water's edge, gazing
at their reflections in a glass
pool, the youthful couple passed a
few conventional remarks, and
when he considered the ice was
broken, Tom said: "Say, Becky, are
you ever engaged? It's ever so easy.
You only just say to each other,
'I love you.' Anybody can do it."

"Some other time, maybe Saturday,"
said Becky, drawing away
timidly.

"Please, Becky," and then with
his arm around Becky's waist, he
whispered, with his mouth close to
her ear: "I love you," and then
he added aloud, "now you whisper
it to me."

Becky was deeply embarrassed.
"I will, if you turn your face away
so you can't see," Becky bent
timidly over him and whispered, "I
love you."

"Now, Becky, it's all over but
the kiss."

Becky shrank away, holding her
little white apron over her face.
Suddenly she gave up the struggle,
dropped her hands and as she put
up her face, Tom kissed her on the
cheek.

Tom gave Becky his brass door
knocker as an engagement present,
and she slipped it in her pocket.

"I-I never heard of this before,"
said Becky.

"Oh, it's ever so gay. Why, me
and Amy Lawrence—"

Becky began to cry. Tom re-
sisted his mis-chievousness.

"But I don't care for her any
more," he said. "Here, take my
frog."

Becky, heedless of the frog's
fooling—said Tom's—knocked it to
the ground and ran away.

(To Be Continued)

JUST HUMANS
By GENE CARR



"I Must Hike Along, Dear. I Have An Appointment to Have My Knees Massaged!"

The ROUND-UP
By "George"

Our observations at the Shelby-
Mooreville baseball game Friday
night convinced us that the female
spectator is much more ardent base-
ball fan than are the men-folk.
They yelled their hearts off at the
umpire and players, while the gen-
tlemen chewed cigars, ate peanuts,
or drank "coca." Two of the fairer
sex impressed us, particularly, with
their admonitions. One of these sat
behind us and yelled at the umpire
persistently, while her husband sat
back and looked bored. The other,
(and not bad looking) sat beside us
and raved at everyone except the
base ump. She was less voliferous
than the first, but used much strong-
er language. We might also add that
the gals smoked more cigs during
the game than the men did.

Professor Hendricks is either a ma-
gician or a genius. He puts the band
thru some capers that we haven't
yet figured how they came out of.
We cert would like to be up Ashe-
ville way to see them perform. Bet
they're showing the folk up there
a thing or two. And while we're on
the subject, we'd like to apologize
for the time mistake we made in an-
nouncing the parade and concert.

Ramblin' Around: One of the
school tennis courts is in fine shape
and the others shaping up, so get
out your rackets, you net fans....
Note to M. J. P.: The color of that
Ford is not reasda.... Its gray..!
And while you're looking up "reseda"
in the Webster book, look up "ab-
stentious" for me—I'm stuck....
Rumor hath it that the Stags are
ganno win the softball championship
—but what about Grover..? We
hear that they're pretty good....!
And we still say that the P. O. can't
play softball...! The best show of
the year (and we had a grandstand
seat) was Miss Jenkins (Postal Tele-
graph lady) bowling....! And if
"Red" McClain (Sterchi man) tells
you that he can't bowl slug him one
for me....!

L. E. Chenault, poultryman of the
Bules Creek section of Harnett coun-
ty, says it is profitable for him to
sell all male birds at this season and
produce only infertile eggs.

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Promptness plus accuracy equals First National Service. It's as easy as a problem in arithmetic. That accounts for a part of the reason why our list of satisfied customers continues to grow.
We invite your accounts.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Kings Mountain, N. C.
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

A Word To The Wise
ALKA-SELTZER
EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE USING ALKA-SELTZER THESE DAYS
I SHOULD THINK THEY WOULD... IT DOES WONDERS FOR ME
Millions of users feel that they get quicker, more pleasant, more effective relief from ALKA-SELTZER than from old-fashioned unpalatable preparations. That's why ALKA-SELTZER is more in demand than almost any other single item in the average drug store.
We recommend ALKA-SELTZER for the relief of Gas on Stomach, Sour Stomach, Headache, Colds, "Morning After," Muscular Pains, and as a Gargle in Minor Throat Irritations.
We really mean it.
Use ALKA-SELTZER for any or all of these discomforts. Your money back if it fails to relieve.
In addition to an analgesic (Acetyl-Salicylate of Soda), each glass of ALKA-SELTZER contains alkalis which help to correct those everyday ailments due to Hyper-Acidity.
In 30¢ and 60¢ packages at your drug store.