

The Kings Mountain Herald

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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.

GOOD RESULTS

The following editorial from the Shelby Star is very timely for Herald readers as Kings Mountain authorities are also making a drive to collect taxes due the town. We are very glad to see this effort to collect that which belongs to the local government, because if everyone paid their taxes, the burden would be lighter on all.

Some months ago officials of Cleveland county decided to do something about delinquent taxes and something was done. As a result more than \$41,000 in bills due the county has been collected since last January.

That is a sizeable sum and worth paying after. County officials are to be commended for their work.

Tax paying is a strange thing. We cuss about taxes and wait until the last minute to pay taxes when we know that without taxes we cannot have the funds to pay for the services and business of the government.

It is not infrequent that a man honest and honorable in all respects, will maneuver until the last minute in an effort to get around paying taxes. Taxes are debts we owe precisely as we owe a grocery bill, a doctor's fee or insurance premiums. Taxes pay for services rendered us that we are unable to obtain from any other source. Yet we delay, defer, postpone and try to dodge those tax bills while we pay all others.

That sentiment is responsible for delinquent taxes and for the delay in the payment of taxes. That attitude is the reason for the imposition of tax penalties.

And so it was a necessary move on the part of county officials to round up all those who were delinquent in meeting tax bills. It was a matter of simple justice. For it is not fair to require one man to pay, because he will pay voluntarily, and allow another to dodge payment because he just disliked the idea of paying taxes.

Just how widespread that idea is right here in Cleveland county is demonstrated by the collection of \$41,000 in tax funds since last January. That figure represents quite a number of individuals who were still seeking to dodge, to delay, to postpone or to refuse to pay their tax bills.

Certainly the county officials have the right idea. If one must pay, all must pay, if taxes are to be collected justly and fairly.

A NATION OF BEGGARS

There is now every indication that the recent economy drive in congress was made of the same stuff of which all economy drives in recent years have been made — ballyhoo and buck passing.

This is a paradoxical situation. On the surface, as recorded by numerous polls and speeches, the public is all for economy. But public office holders, quick to accept the views of public opinion, are extremely reluctant to do more than talk about it. They know that demands for economy are only "skin deep" as far as the public is concerned. Their constituents back home, polls and speeches notwithstanding, still demand "free money" for this or that worthy civic project. Economy is all right they say, in effect, so long as the fellow in the next state or the next county bears the brunt of it.

The next time you are tempted to curse the politicians in Washington for not pulling the drawstrings on the public purse, just remember this: The average public official won't buck public opinion. Therefore, until the public honestly demands economy and all of us are ready to grin and bear the resultant pinch, the country will have no economy.

WHERE WILL THE NEXT HOLOCAUST STRIKE?

"Vast sections of many U. S. cities are potential deathtraps, built by man," says Fortune. "Long overdue in one of these cities is a holocaust, and it will come without fail. It may be another ghastly mass cremation like the Triangle Waist sweatshop fire in New York, wherein 145 persons, nearly all of them girls, perished in 1911 because the owners refused to spend the paltry amount of money necessary to give even a fair degree of safety. It may be another conflagration such as burned Paris, Texas, to the ground in 1916; such as swept through Salem, Mass., in 1889.

It is appalling to contemplate the

Here and There . .

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

We have a couple of mighty important men in town now. In fact I feel pretty important myself, as I have talked with one of these men, Dr. J. E. Anthony and Mayor J. B. Thomason are the two men I have reference to. On their recent trip to Washington, D. C., they were taken to Vice President Garner's office and had a friendly chat with him. You know Cactus Jack is already in the running for President of the United States, and just think of it, two of Kings Mountain's citizens had the honor of meeting and talking with him. Congressman Bulwinkle accompanied the two citizens to the Vice President's office.

Bill Baker has two wild rabbits that were born right in his backyard on Gaston street. The mother rabbits made a nest under some shrubbery, and Bill is taking great delight in seeing the frisky little fellows grow. This is the first time I have ever heard of country rabbits coming to the city to live.

J. L. Settlemyre, Jr., the young man of several talents, namely, painting, play writing, and acting, is visiting his parents. He stopped in the office this week, and I did not recognize him, the big city of Washington, D. C., has made a man out of him.

The Herald man is the recipient of several beautiful peaches picked from the fine orchard of Dr. J. E. Anthony.

I saw the "fish pictures" taken on the recent trip of six of Kings Mountain's deep sea fishers. It's a beautiful catch of fish, but the fishermen spoiled the picture by having their pictures taken along with the fish, if you don't believe it ask Grady King or Don Blanton to let you see the pictures.

Bev. Patterson was in the office yesterday to renew his subscription and he reports that the sales on his well-worn poison were by far the best the past season of any year yet. He plans to expand his sales activities another year, and kill most of the cotton eaters in North and South Carolina.

certainty of the recurring ruination of life or property on such a vast scale; but a realistic approach to the U. S. fire problem must do so. To the fire specialist, the syllogism is obvious: (1) Past conflagrations were the effect of specific known causes. (2) Identical causes still exist in a great many places. Therefore, just as sure as God blows dry winds over wooden roofs, fire will smother cities again.

Clearly there is an important variable in the pat logic. The variable concerns the matter of fire causes. If the causes can be controlled, even partially, then the next conflagration can at least be postponed.

That puts the issue squarely where it belongs — up to all the communities of America, and all the people who live in them. Up-to-date building codes, the elimination of firetraps, scientific inspections of property to be discovered and eliminate hazards, permitting education of both children and adults — here are fire's most potent enemies. If they are used to the full, it may be that the next horrible holocaust of which Fortune speaks will not only be postponed, but prevented.

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH"

Hardly a day goes by without our seeing something we want to purchase — but don't, because "it costs too much."

It may be a suit of clothes or a household convenience. It may be something special for dinner. Whatever it is, the belief that "it costs too much" blocks the purchase. And we customarily blame the merchant.

He sells as cheaply as he possibly can, knowing better than you do that high prices do more than anything else to build up sales resistance. Believe it or not, legislation, in many instances, is more directly responsible for high prices than the people who make, handle, and sell commodities.

A large number of states, for example, have passed so-called fair trade laws. These laws vary in detail, but all are about the same in principle. They effectively block honest competition by preventing merchants from selling certain articles below a specified minimum. As a result, they place a premium on waste and inefficiency. The high-cost dealer is allowed to be the maker of price and value. And the low-cost store isn't allowed to cut the price, even though it wants to and could do so and still make a satisfactory profit.

So don't blame your merchant when you think prices are too high. Most of the time he, like the consumer, is a victim of price-boosting policies which are beyond his control.

New York.—The only red-wood diamond in the world is on display at the Belgian Pavilion of the New York World's Fair. It is called the Golden Maharajah and weighs 68 carats.

Business Holds Key To Future

Schenectady, N. Y., July 17.—(IP5)

In the contributions of business enterprise lies the hope for the future of mankind, Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., said here recently: "Modern business management should be, and for the most part is, imbued with an interest in the public welfare." Mr. Gifford asserted: "Since it is business with the aid of science that is the creator of material well-being, it is to business, developing and expanding under a system of free enterprise, that we must look largely for the improvement of the lot of mankind."

"In this country we began with democracy in politics. We followed with democracy in education and in spite of temporary set-backs and disappointments we have made real progress toward democracy in material well-being. We already have a higher standard of living in this country than anywhere else in the world and we, in business, look forward with

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO JULY 15, 1920

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weir of Lowell visited his father, Mr. S. S. Weir Sunday.

Mr. Julius Wright has painted his house anew.

Mr. J. D. Hord visited Mr. Sam Shumaker at Mooresboro during the week-end.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Burgan Falls Friday, July 9, a daughter, Sara Lee.

The Mothers Club will meet with Mrs. M. L. Houser Monday 3:30 p.m.

confidence to further progress toward the goal of democracy in material well-being, a goal that is to be attained not by taking away from one and giving to another but by producing more for all. Success will mean much for the cause of peace and the happiness of mankind.

EDWARD SMALL presents ADOLPHE MENJOU KING of the TURF

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Goldie Smith, young jockey with a passionate love of horseracing, and Jim Mason, one-time wealthy "King of the Turf" whose addiction to liquor has made him a penniless tramp, meet and become loyal friends. Attending a racehorse auction with \$2 as their sole capital, they bid that amount on Red Gold, a horse of excellent lineage but uncontrollable behavior, and acquire him on a technicality when no other bids are offered. Mason, determined to make a comeback, carefully trains Red Gold, while Goldie teaches him to run on a track — and gradually they make him a racehorse to be reckoned with.

Chapter Four

"Come on, Red Gold!" "Go it, Red Gold!" "Come on, Red Gold!" "Red Gold! Red Gold! RED GOLD!" It was Red Gold's first big race — the annual handicap for the Gold Cup. Most of the small bet-

great horse, but we're going to have a stable full of great horses. We're going to win the Belmont and the Preakness and the Santa Anita and the Kentucky Derby —

"Gee! Honest?"

"Yes," Mason's tone changed. "There's just one thing I'm worried about you. A boy like you should have dreams — ambitions. He ought to go to school — be a gentleman!"

"Boss, don't say things like that. I don't want to be a gentleman. I want to be like you! Why, if I was to go to school, we'd have to bust up."

"Yes," muttered Mason. "We'd have to bust up."

Three thousand miles away a woman still young, perhaps even more beautiful than when she had married some sixteen years ago, stared incredulously at a newspaper photograph. She was Erv Barnes, Goldie's mother.

"This is what has haunted me," she whispered, "for fifteen years! That some day, somewhere, there would find each other. Oh, Bob! I've got to bring him back before it's too late!"

Barnes smiled patiently, sympathetically. "It's going to be aw-



"This is what has haunted me for fifteen years."

tors, the two-dollars-across-the-board fraternity, seemed to have got wind of something new in the racing world, with the emergence of this unknown animal under the aegis of Big Jim Mason. Their money was on Red Gold as he galloped around the track, fighting it out with the two big favorites.

In a luxuriously furnished pool-room Grimes and some of his "business" associates sat listening to a broadcast description of the race — listening with forced nonchalance, but tensely, as a prize is overhauled. The announcer's voice came over, with rising excitement as they neared the finish.

"Turning for home... it's Wooden Indian by a length... Fire Ball is second, and Red Gold..."

A gasp about drowned him out momentarily. His voice came over again, more rapid, more breathless. "It's the last hundred yards... Wooden Indian is leading... Red Gold is coming fast on the outside running like a house afire!... Fire Ball is first by half a length — on the rail... It's Fire Ball and Red Gold! It's Fire Ball and Red Gold! They're neck and neck... It's Red Gold going away! It's Red Gold... and he's OYER!"

While Mason, holding the coveted Gold Cup, posed at the finish line with his horse and his jockey, Grimes' sheet writers totaled up the losses in their betting joints throughout the country — a figure running high into five figures.

To celebrate the winning of the Gold Cup Jim Mason gave a party at the luxurious apartment which he and Goldie shared. It was an exclusive party indeed; in fact, only two people were present: the host, and the guest of honor, Goldie.

The boy, repentant in his first dress suit, enjoyed every minute of it hugely. They reminisced about the days when they had washed dishes to buy oats for Red Gold — and the morning, before that, when both had been kicked out of a freight car as a couple of bummers.

"You mean," asked Goldie eagerly, "you've counted 'em?" Mason nodded. "Every one. And I wouldn't give one of 'em up for all the money we've made and all we've got to make... You know, Goldie, we haven't started yet. We've got one

fully difficult. Eve, to make a father understand why he should give up his own son."

"Oh, what shall I do?" She burst into tears, leaned against his breast, as if hoping to find the answer in the steady beating of his heart. He smiled down at her, smoothed her hair. "I guess we'll just have to wait."

A portentous council of war had been held. Nick Grimes and his satellites had reached what was to them, the inevitable conclusion. Since Red Gold and Goldie threatened to go on winning big races, and since Grimes only won when the races were fixed, and since Mason was not only honest but proud of it, there was only one thing to be done. Red Gold's health must be attended to — by Grimes' own "doctor." It was as simple as all that!

It was late in the evening when two hard-bitten gentlemen, one of them carrying a professional-looking black bag, appeared at the door of Red Gold's stable and introduced themselves to the watchman as a veterinarian and his assistant.

"I think you're a couple of phonies," announced the watchman. But the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he was floored by a blow, bound and gagged. The black bag proved to contain a jimmy, and soon the two "doctors" were inside, making for Red Gold's stall.

It was Goldie's habit of hanging around the stable of an evening that saved Red Gold. The horse's first questioning, indignant whinny brought Goldie and a stable boy on the run from the nearby tack room. The battle was unequal and brief: both boys were laid out with spectacular black eyes. But so loud was the commotion they raised that the tamperers scrambled out of the stable, into their car, and drove away for dear life.

Mason, returning a few minutes later, listened thoughtfully to the watchman's description of the two men.

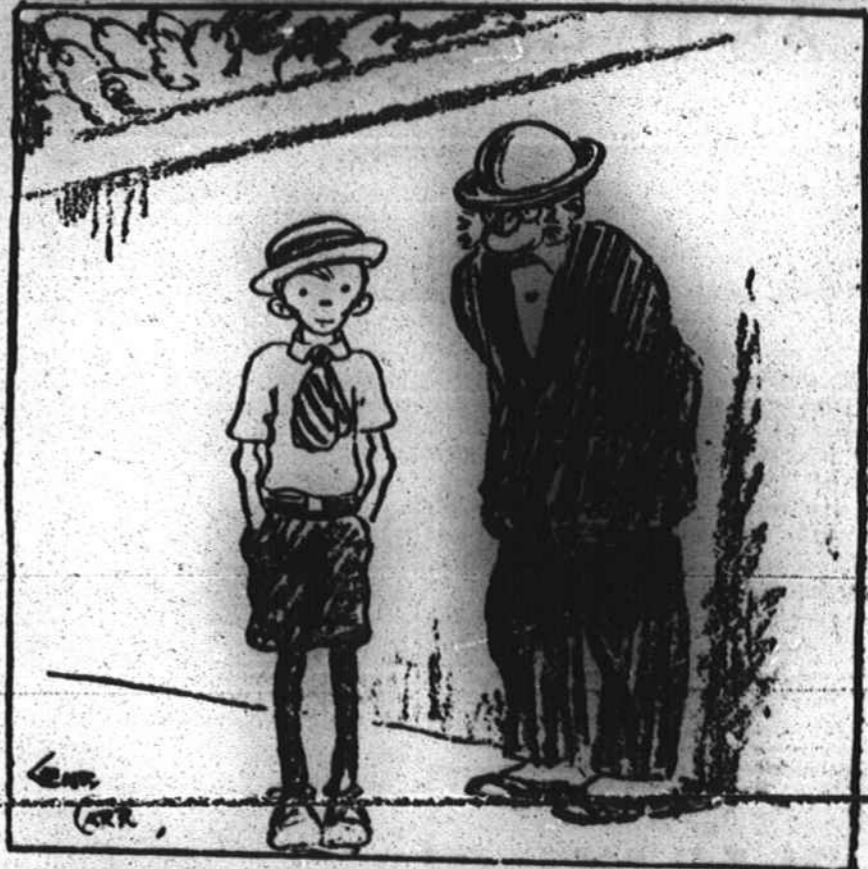
"I recognized 'em just when they clipped me. I know them guys — I saw Nick Grimes talkin' to 'em at the track yesterday."

"Thanks, Tom," said Mason. "I'll send some one to look after you. I've got to go somewhere right away."

(To be continued.)

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"And What Would You Like to Be When You Grow Up?" "Jack Dempsey"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

dollars that they write it into a formal bill of more than 100 pages. Much of this was dumped in the laps of the Congressional leaders the yelping could be heard on all sides of the Capitol.

The upshot was that the Capitol leaders refused to introduce the bill. They pointedly told the Brain Truststers that they had made too many pardonable mistakes in the past and that apparently some of the past mistakes were being revived and put into the new bill.

First, they pointed out, the emphasis should have been placed on LENDING instead of SPENDING in the bill; second, the farmers would not be enthusiastic about toll roads and bridges (nothing would bring the tax question closer to the farmer than to have to reach for his pocketbook while on the way to town with chickens, eggs, butter, etc.); third, the superhighways would simply provide better roads for trucks and thereby put the already staggering railroads out of business; and fourth, the Capitol crowd said they just couldn't see any sex appeal in the new scheme.

There was even a suggestion from the White House that the new spending scheme be attached, as a "rider" to the relief bill. This, the Brain Trust advisory corps reasoned, would assure its passage because the relief bill was certain to pass. To this, the Congressional leaders leaders let out another yelp. They warned that the relief bill itself was loaded with political dynamite, and the spending bill should be left to stand on its own feet. That was done and now it appears that there will be more furor than legislation on the spend-let subject — all because the supporting cast was not let in on the signals.

Incidentally, Congress is considering creating a "brain trust" of its own to "protect Congress from the other brain trust." A bill now on its way to enactment, would give each leader a research assistant. The assistant would be given the job of analyzing and condensing bills and committee testimony. Reason is that legislative proposals coming from the "other brain trust" are often full of "bugs." As a result, Congressional leaders complain, legislation is some times passed with "bugs" that return to plague them. The National Labor Relations Act is one example of a particularly annoying plague right now.

Kind words about a businessman are so seldom heard around Washington that a word of praise in that

direction is newsworthy. It is significant, too, because it indicates a new trend of thought — that the business man isn't such a bad guy as he's portrayed and that it is about time to get him out of the dog house. That trend is detected now in Congress, where, several times recently, there have been kind words for business and stares at the administration accusers. Here is the latest to emanate from the Capitol. It is part of a report drafted by a special Senate Committee which has been studying profit-sharing methods in industry:

"In the midst of a tendency generally to condemn private business as selfish and reactionary and unsympathetic, the committee takes pleasure in pointing to the accompanying record as proving that there has been a vast, voluntary experimentation with various types of profit-sharing which demonstrates the existence of widespread social-mindedness in American business, and this fact deserves the emphasis we give to it."

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