

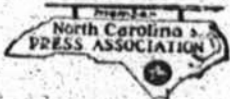
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Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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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.



SERVICE

Shall service be for duty's sake alone?
A half unwilling help we merely give
To save a conscience not yet calmous grown
Or try to justify some right to live
No service this; the eager, willing hand
Must be inspired to do its ordered part
By thoughtful mind where sturdy faith has planned;
Must be directed by the loving heart.
Who profits most by service? He who strives,
Who every moment of the day conserves
To bring some benefit to others' lives.
Who profits most by service? He who serves.
If we may offer up one special prayer
To Him from whom our trust shall never swerve,
May this our constant prayer forever be:
Lord, give us opportunity to serve.
—Frank W. Lynn.

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism and loyalty to America should be the aim of every citizen, whether he is naturalized or not. Disloyalty and a lack of patriotism is a force which can undermine our free institutions and possibly result in the destruction of our democratic form of government to the everlasting sorrow of all the people of the world, including our own 150,000,000.
American Independence now 150 years of age, has been the model of perfection to other nations, and in striving to emulate us, they have suffered wars, famine and disaster. Many South American Republics have made great progress in copying our customs and laws. Why then, should the American people not fight hard against any attempt to alter, or amend the Constitutional laws that have made us great?
Remain loyal and true to the flag that gives you shelter and freedom. Turn a deaf ear to such doctrines as Communism, German-American Bundism, etc.—The Record.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good-will in business, and is the counter sign of friends. It is rest to the weary, delight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.
Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody until it is given away!—Selected.

COSTLY

William S. Knudson, president of General Motors, naturally reflects the employer viewpoint in labor disputes in the automobile industry. Nevertheless, there is material for the consideration of all in his recent statement that the Chrysler employees on strike recently in Detroit will require "six years to earn back from their small wage increase the money they lost in the strike." The Chrysler company, too, will need time to recoup its sales losses in that time. The right to disagree, the right to strike in disagreement is undoubted in America, but it is equally indisputable that strikes are always a costly method of settling a disagreement for all concerned.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Of the sale price of all cigarettes the Government through taxation receives 19 percent more than the manufacturer and 55 percent more than all of the farmers that raise tobacco.

More than 1500 patented inventions are incorporated in the modern automobile.

Thirteen registered Hereford heifers and seven high grade heifers were delivered to Yancey County last week, bringing the total brought into the county this fall and winter to 130.

Here and There . . .
Haywood E. Lynch

Dear Santa:
I have tried for the past year to be a good little editor, so please do the following for me. If you can't do all of them just do the ones you think most important. Please bring Mayor Pro-tem Tom Fulton, a brand new tractor to drive, he is trying so hard to fix up the streets of Kings Mountain. I will appreciate it so much if you will bring Captains O'Farrell and Ormand a big electric train and all the track, as I know they will enjoy playing "train." You overlooked my last year's request that you bring William Plonk and Ed Caldwell a nice wife, so try to find them one somewhere, they are both fine fellows and would be real good to a wife. I want you to bring Supt. B. N. Barnes a football team that will win the state championship to match the prize winning band. And please, Santa, don't forget to give a new head of hair to Preacher Hamm's stocking, you know he doesn't have any hair at all. Now, for P. D. Herndon, the cultivator of fine cotton and muscatel, please bring him a new crop of jokes, as he enjoys telling them as much as any man in town. I want you to juggle the holidays around so that they will be more convenient to Banker Neill, I believe you can do this because you have more influence than that fellow Roosevelt, and look what he did to Thanksgiving. And for Charlie Dilling and Bright Ratterree, I want you to bring a lot of people who pay their water and light bills without fussing. Jimmy Burns, he's our efficient Chief of Police, I want you to bring him the guilty folks who have been breaking into Kings Mountain homes lately. I want you to bring Fire Chief Grady King and his boys a steam-heated fire truck so they will not get cold, going to and from fires. They are all good fellows and I am sure they will all appreciate this fine gift. Please bring Postmaster Blakely a box of cigars so that he may sit by the fire and smoke, he will be very busy the days before Christmas getting out the cards and packages, he will need the rest. I want you to bring his Honor the Mayor two things, first I want you to bring Florida weather to Kings Mountain so he can enjoy Palm Harbor right here in the Best Town in The State and I want you to bring him a year's supply of tobacco. He enjoys both to the uttermost. And for his brother, Charlie, who always puts over in a big way anything he goes after, I want you to bring a nice big loving cup. Charlie has given several away and I want him to have one of his own, with his name engraved on it. You see Santa, Charlie was one of the main ones who had you to come to Kings Mountain on December 5th, to try to let him that cup. My warmest and oldest friend Claude Hambright, should have a new Ford, he has had his present one almost a year and it will never go, so if Claude hasn't already bought a new one before you get this letter, please bring a new Ford to match his new overcoat. Santa, bring Harold Humnicott an airport so he can take that boy of his up without having to go all the way to Charlotte. Now, Santa, here is a special request: I want you to bring Paul Neisler an annual pass to every football game to be played next season, then he can just decide the game he wants to see and will not have to bother about getting tickets. If you have an extra one of those tickets you can bring it to Coach Fulkerson or Dad Jackson. And for the three merchants, Byron Keeter, O. W. Myers and Fred Stall worth, who are always boosting Kings Mountain as a shopping center, I want you to bring lots of customers. They are good merchants and they deserve the support of good customers. Now Santa, bring Clarence Carpenter a dial telephone. He has trouble with his regular phone. And to all the preachers of Kings Mountain bring a church full of folks to hear them preach, so they will not have to make their regular Monday morning rounds to find out why so many were absent. I'm sure Santa, Ed Campbell, Oliver Hayes, Sam Suber and Jim Willis would appreciate a new checker board. They like to play and it will keep them out of mischief. And now dear old man of the North Pole, I want you to bring the Readers of Here and There the happiest of the happy Christmases, and the merriest of the merry News Years.
Your little friend,
Here and There.

Ten corn demonstrations completed in Mitchell County show that on 10 acres the growers harvested 324 bushels, the highest yield, 130.3 bushels, being made by D. M. Greene of Bakersville.

At the present rate of enrollment, Duplin County 4-H Clubs will boast at least 200 farm boys before the first of the year. Reports Assistant Farm Agent L. P. Weeks.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents DAVID NIVEN * OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

Chapter One
"You won't last very long at this job, cried Bingham petulantly. Unless you get your hands on him soon — instead of sitting there eating chocolates, and making excuses for him!"
Head Commissioner of Scotland Yard, Sir Wilfred Bingham, plainly was annoyed. Not so, however, Inspector Mackenzie, a man whose outward appearance, a mass of affection, boredom and mockery, belied his real efficiency, his eager and alert intelligence. Near him on the desk was a box of chocolates, into which he dipped from time to time as if for inspiration and guidance.
It was the Amateur Crackman again. Now the Medicus Venus had disappeared in broad daylight from the National Gallery and had turned up again when Maud Hoyt, a timid little old lady, returned it. On a calling card had been printed: "I saw your farewell performance when I was ten. I've never forgotten it. Would you mind returning this to Scotland Yard for me? I understand there's a reward offered."
Maud Hoyt's farewell performance, she informed them was in 1919; and she had been in "some-what straitened circumstances" ever since.
Inspector Mackenzie's fancy painted for him a picture of the crimin-



"I'm not Lady Melrose; you shouldn't pay me compliments."
"It's like him," he mused. "That old lady needs the money. A daring act, a chance to do a charity and make us look fools, all at the same time."
He put his finger in his mouth to deal with a difficult piece of caramel. "A man with a sense of humor; a sporting sense; and an artistic one. He's never kept much. He's never made a big haul, even when he could. I don't think he likes stealing, except for the fun of it. But I suspect he has to live, like the rest of us."
It was a mild summer night, at the height of the cricketing season. Two bobbies leaned cozily against the very expensive plate glass windows of London's most exclusive jeweler. They were admiringly discussing A. J. Raffles, a snazzy, a snazzy sportsman, who had made another century at Lord's that afternoon.
Inside those very expensive plate glass windows, A. J. Raffles, the Amateur Crackman, was making another haul of an exquisite bracelet. He took quickly and quietly, affected, the tall slim figure in immaculate evening clothes turned toward the front exit, but finding it blocked by his two constabulary fans, turned his way out the rear door, turned the corner and unconcernedly passed the policeman. "There he is," whispered one excitedly, "that's A. J. Raffles."
Raffles sauntered on, entered a tobacconist's, purchased a pack of cigarettes and gave to two small boys who begged for it the picture inside the wrapping. It was a snapshot of Raffles himself and the boys, recognizing him, ran after him for an autograph.
As he stopped to borrow a pencil from a doorman in order to accommodate his juvenile public, he was pounced upon by Gwen Manders and her brother Bunny.
very charming together, Raffles handsome, dashing, debonaire, with his gray-blue eyes, light brown hair and trim mustache; lovably Gwen, tiny, slim, with fair skin, dark hair and burning dark eyes.
Bunny also rose. "I'm afraid I've got to run away," he said awkwardly.
"Well, since you brought Mr. Raffles, I'll forgive you," said Lady Melrose. "You and Gwen are coming down for the weekend — don't forget."
"I'm not quite sure," stammered Bunny. "May I call you in the morning?"
"Certainly, but we've got a new exchange down there," said Lord Melrose, "better write the number down." He pulled Raffles' cigarette pack toward him, put his paper on it, and wrote the new exchange.
On his way out Bunny passed Gwen and Raffles on the dance floor. Gwen was vainly trying to fathom the mystery behind the "A. J."
"Is it Androcles?" she queried with her tenth guess.
"It's no use," said Raffles. "I've never told anyone."
"I've got to run," called Bunny. "You'll see Gwen home, won't you, A. J.?" Raffles looked worried.
"What's the matter?" asked Gwen. "Are you depressed at the prospect of seeing me home?"
"Depressed? I'm delighted," he reassured her.
"I'm not Lady Melrose, A. J. You shouldn't pay me compliments."
Raffles was serious now. "It's not a compliment, I mean it, Gwen. And I mean a lot more, too." He was about to say more, but checked himself.
"Go on," she prodded.
"That's all." He was smiling again, and unapproachable.
(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR

"Now See Wot Ya Done Ya Busted My Banana!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)
tatorship and government-made life — freedom of opportunity, of religion, of speech, of the press. They studied in detail the contributions that manufacturing, as an essential part of the American system of private enterprise, has made and can make to the nation as a whole.
Even some Washington planners were impressed by the report to the convention that more than half of the time of 23 committees of the National Association of Manufacturers is devoted to "critical self-analysis of industry." Few, if any, other groups, including the planners, can beat that record of self-analysis.
It is a wholesome sign when manufacturers undertake to study American fundamentals and determine what contributions they can make to the general betterment. But it is nothing new for them. 150 years ago many of the delegates to the Constitutional convention were businessmen. And the lawyers who participated realized that without business there could be no nation.
The businessman's record goes even farther back than that. Benjamin Franklin, a printer, made some most important changes in and contributions to the Declaration of Independence even though Thomas Jefferson is popularly credited with its authorship.
Knowing that background, it is only natural that Washington should turn with interest to some suggestions made before and by the Congress of Industry.
The manufacturers were in no mood to join National Press Clubs in wisecracks about how the Federal budget is being alphabetized now because there are no more new government agencies to which letters can be assigned. The businessmen, thinking the problem more serious than one for wisecracks, did hear advocacy of "heading back toward government solvency." In fact, it was suggested that people should forget something for nothing theories — "governmental Santa Clauses."
It was said, too, that although investigation of the Labor Board and amendment of the Wagner Act would help, no law could force harmonious relations between an employer and an employee any more than a law could establish love and respect within a family.
It was contended that labor should clean its house of "sit-downs" and "slow-downs" and accept responsibilities which go with rights.
Growth of the philosophy that the world, and particularly the govern-

ment, owes any man a living without his having to work for it was deplored. After all, most of the manufacturers present got where they are by working.
Warnings were sounded, too, against the growth of "bureaucratic despotism." These were especially timely in view of the fact that in Europe and other parts of the world the welfare of the individual is suffering in the expansion of bureaucracy.
Vigilance was called for to protect the American system against the inroads of isms, removal of taxes which deter business expansion was urged; closer cooperation between industry-labor, was advocated.
Above all, the manufacturers found that the American way of life and the good things that are available to individual citizens because of the production of private enterprise under the American system, are worth defending, protecting, and expanding. No real American can disagree with that conclusion.

Letter to Santa

DEAR SANTA:—
I have been a good little boy. I am in the first grade and was the only one at our house that made the honor roll at school. There are a few other children that go to school.
I want a football named "The Little Passers"; the Two Boats that hit together and explode; a pair of bedroom slippers; and "The Lone Ranger Target."
Robert Hogan Edans,
201 Parker st.

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