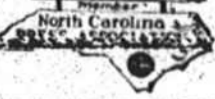


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HAPPINESS

Happiness is like a crystal, fair and exquisite and clear, broken in a million pieces. Shattered, scattered far and near. Now and then along life's pathway, lo! some shining fragments fall; but there are so many pieces No one ever finds them all.

Yet the wise as on they journey Treasure every fragment clear, fit them as they may together, imagining the shattered sphere, Learning ever to be thankful, Though their share of it is small; For it has so many pieces No one ever finds them all.

—Selected.

TEACH CHILDREN TRAFFIC RULES

School children are taught respect for the flag and the Constitution, which is right and proper. The American Automobile Association is making great strides in teaching school children respect for traffic regulations. Respect for all laws should be part of the instruction in every public school. Every child of school age should receive proper instructions on all traffic laws, and parents should see that they realize the importance of observing them. Many accidents can be avoided in this way.

Students in the High School were given a course in safety. This is a step in the right direction. Maybe later a complete year's study can be included along with the regular subjects.

PRECEPTS

The following precepts for those who wish to cultivate calmness and self-possession, to live longer and enjoy life more fully, were recently published in the "Masonic News" of Montreal, Canada.

- Learn to like what doesn't cost much.
Learn to like reading, conversation, music.
Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking.
Learn to like fields, trees, woods, brooks, fishing, rowing and hiking.
Learn to like life for its own sake.
Learn to like people, even though some of them may be as different from you as a Chinese.
Learn to like to work and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.
Learn to like the song of the birds the companionship of dogs, and laughter and gaiety of children.
Learn to like gardening, carpentering, puttering around the house, the lawn, and the automobile.
Learn to like the sunrise and sunset, the beating of rain on roof and windows, and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.
Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and the opinions of others.

FREE SPEECH

Let us all remember that one of the strong defenses of democracy is suggested in the saying of a great Frenchman:

"I disagree with all you say, but will defend your right to say it to my utmost."

So long as we wish to have no dictatorship in this country, neither of a central government nor of local strong-arm groups, let us each do all we can to protect free expression of opinion by every person in the land, even though we disagree bitterly with every word spoken or printed.

Wilmington, Del., June 4.—A 35 year old Asheville, N. C., woman, searching for the husband she said had deserted her, found his car parked on a street and climbed into it to await his return.

She waited and waited. Nearby residents brought her food, throngs gathered around her to chat. But the husband never showed up.

Fifty four hours after she began her siege police finally persuaded her to leave by promising to impound the car.

National Cotton Week, an annual event to stimulate increased consumption of cotton goods, will be observed May 17-25.

Here and There . . .
(Haywood E. Lynch)

Jack Huber, the parachute jumper, who made several jumps here last year, was featured on Rippley's Believe it or Not Radio Program last Thursday night. Jack jumped from a height of 10,000 feet and described his downward flight on the radio. Harold Hunnicutt, who keeps up with things in the air, called me just before the sensational jump, so I get to hear the interesting broadcast.

I remember Jack as an honest man, and not as a parachute jumper. The Herald printed some advertising programs for one of his jump events, but when he came for the circulars he did not have the money to pay for them. He offered to leave a new parachute until he could put on his show and then come back and pay us. I told him, I thought he was honest, that he need not leave the chute, but could come back and pay after his performance. I did not see him again for over a year, but about a year later Jack walked in to the office, and paid the bill. He said he had been all over the United States during the year, but still remembered that he owed a bill in Kings Mountain, and that's what I call an honest man.

Hawk Haven, and Harold Hunnicutt have the same initials.

I took a very high hike last week. At the invitation of Moffett Ware, I made the trip to top of the grain elevator, now being constructed at the rear of Ware and Sons. The structure is 60 feet high, and a beautiful view of Kings Mountain may be seen from the top, but I would not advise anyone who is the least bit "dizzy-headed" to make the journey on the scaffolds. I think Moffett and Garrison are the only ones in the organization who has been on top. Sage Fulton and Biser have watched the construction from the ground.

Howard Hughes now lives in Kings Mountain, he is not the famous flyer and movie director who crossed lots of water on his round-the-world flight, but he is the new owner of the Kings Mountain Laundry and will use lots of water.

Every person who comes into the office remarks how pretty the new Post Office is looking. It will soon be ready for dedication and Postmaster Blakely will be all smiles when he gets into his new home.

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. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Herald.

WAR IN APRIL

My bet if we have another war it will start in April. Maybe not this coming April. The bloody war of the Revolution began on April 19, 1775. War with Mexico began April 24, 1846. The war between the states started on April 15, 1861. War with Spain was declared April 21, 1898. The World's War began with us April 6, 1917. My honest hope is we will never have another war so long as the stars twinkle up in God's heaven and the stars and stripes wave over these United States. We as the citizens of this grand old America must keep the golden rule by staying out of future wars. We will be doing a grand thing for our children and our children's children and for those yet unborn and for the world at large. Then the lamb and lion may lay down together and the little child shall lead the bear and righteousness shall reign in all thy holy hills.

H. Y. Belk.

MIND YOUR MIND

(James, Watson, M. D., Division of Mental Hygiene, State Welfare Department)

"It makes much difference whose child it is." This observation was made during a discussion following an address in which I had stated that one out of every 22 boys and girls now in our public schools will spend some part of his or her life in a mental hospital.

That means that a million or more children now in school will some day be declared insane. "Yet," says Dr. Hincks of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, "at least one-half of all mental illness could be prevented if we acted in time."

Mentality is the highest attainment of the race. Using the word "mind" in its broadest sense, it is with the mind we love, think, know, appreciate beauty, enjoy life, worship God. To lose one's mind is life's greatest tragedy!

A court decision gave Virginia the right to continue the slaughter of diseased cattle to help control Bang's Disease of dairy cows.



with PAT O'BRIEN - EDWARD ARNOLD - ROBERT CRAYFORD - WITH TERRY

Chapter One

"You know something? This is the first time your friend Clarence has ever been on the level." The observation, commonplace enough under most circumstances, took on new pungency by virtue of the fact that the Clarence referred to was, at the moment, reaching for the money bag. Webb, attorney-about-town and at the moment one of the pallbearers at the public funeral of the late Highway Commissioner Clarence Buchman, had whispered the remark to another ostensible friend of the deceased — Vincent Cushing, political leader and Buchman's accomplice in the cornering of the State highway contracts. Clarence, by an almost classical example of poetic justice, had been killed in an auto that skidded on one of his own defective highways!

As they paused for photographs, panting under the weight of the casket, Gus Sampson, Webb's boom friend and partner, said another remark in Cushing's direction. "I heard your stooge, Senator Berry, try to shove the new Highway Bill through the legislature yesterday."

"Fine man, Senator Berry," said the heavy-set, steel-jawed Cushing complacently.

In another moment the dancing girls, having finished their number on the floor, swarmed upstairs to mingle dutifully (and unreluctantly) with the guests. The flock of gentlemen wolves crowded around. "Look, Johnny," smiled Alma. "That comes under the head of unfinished business for you." She indicated a little dark-haired, sultry-eyed trinket whom Webb had interest as she sang a song on the dance floor.

Webb, quickly recovering from his sentimental mood, made his excuses to Alma and approached the little singer, and suggested a dance. They moved off to the dance floor, but two minutes of Webb's dancing convinced them both that sitting at a table would be real fun.

Webb continued to lie beautifully, complimenting her on her singing, as they found their table and sat down.

"I was in a chorus before," said Ann Seymour, "but Mr. Godena said I was just wasting my time hoofing and he gave me this job. I think I need a few lessons — but that's just between you and me."

"I wouldn't breathe it to a soul," "The girl I live with," she rushed on without ever a pause for breath, "said if I played my cards right I could get to be a radio



"I've often wondered if we'd have worked out together."

"Why don't they tear down Senator Berry and put up a comfort station?" mused Webb. "Tell me, Cushing — what do you pay those roads with — tapicoca?" "Yes. But we put raisins in to make it hard."

"Sounds awfully rich to me!" "They reached the house, and performed their solemn duty. The two lawyer gentlemen and their suave adversary met again that evening at a party in the upper reaches of Pete Godena's night club; a pleasure backed by Cushing's money, where Cafe Society and swallow-tailed gunmen rubbed shoulders of an evening. Webb and Sampson had been invited there by Alma Brehmer, Webb's old flame who now held the more lucrative, if less exciting, position of Cushing's official lady friend.

While Cushing kept a hostile and suspicious eye on them, Webb and Alma partook of a refreshing interlude at the bar. A loud, drunken voice near the entrance interrupted their reminiscences. "George Taylor, my ex-husband," said Alma. "I recognize that snarl."

"Where is she?" yelled the fellow thickly. "I'll wring her skin up her neck!" Then he caught sight of Webb with his lost lady. "I was talked into a divorce by that syster," he babbled. "She's my wife — she's coming with me or I'll —"

Pete Godena stepped forward and shoved him backward into the elevator, which promptly slammed shut, removing Mr. Taylor from the proceedings.

"You certainly can pick 'em," Webb told Alma. He looked at her piquant, still handsome face. "A funny thing — I've often wondered if we'd have worked out together."

She looked down at her shoes, "I kid ourselves, Johnny? The 't' has sailed."

singer, then I could save, and by the time I'm twenty-one I could—" "Hold it!" cried Webb. "How old did you say you were?" "Eighteen."

One thing John Webb had always insisted on doing was to obey what he euphemistically called the "fishing laws" — and the "fishing laws" in this particular State protected little fishes under the age of 21. Regrettably, he decided to throw back Miss Seymour, excused himself, and drifted away in search of Alma again.

But his attention was almost immediately yanked back to the little dark-haired lady when she rent the smoke-thick atmosphere of the club with a loud shriek. Wheeling around, Webb beheld her employer, Pete Godena, slapping her face and tearing at her dress "laws" in this particular State protected little fishes under the age of 21. Regrettably, he decided to throw back Miss Seymour, excused himself, and drifted away in search of Alma again.

Webb sped across the room and, without stopping to take aim, drove a competent fist into Godena's teeth. Godena, sprawled on his knees and several very harsh-looking gentlemen started to move forward in Webb's direction. Gus Sampson, a jewel in an emergency, sprang forward with both his own and Webb's hat and coat, and the three quickly made their way to the street.

Webb decided to take the almost hysterical girl home to his apartment for rest and black coffee. He planted her carefully in a chair, solicitously rubbed the ankle which Godena had stepped on in their affray, and then, when she had calmed down, went into the kitchen to make coffee.

When he returned a few minutes later, Ann was standing in the middle of the room, holding her dress in her hand and peering speculatively at the torn places in it.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"He Fainted!" "Well, Put His Head Between His Legs!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) such fields as manufacturing, transportation, finance; and so on.

The problem now is to what extent are these officials equipped for the job before them, and if they are not so equipped, to what extent will they listen to sound advice.

To illustrate: Secretary Morgenthau has taken the lead in government efforts to speed the airplane and machine tool industries. Morgenthau has never had any experience in manufacturing airplanes and machine tools. He is an upstate New York farmer who specializes in berries.

Secretary Hopkins of the Commerce Department says the nation must get what it wants when it wants it for defense. He is right, say most people. But many persons in and out of Washington are asking what he knows about the best way to help the nation get what it wants. He was a social worker until he took over expenditure of federal relief funds. He has never had any personal experience in the field of manufacturing or commerce.

Labor strife, Washington talk reminds, can hamstring national defense. Yet under present plans operations in the labor field would be left in the hands of the Labor Department and the Labor Board. Secretary Perkins, another social worker, knows nothing from personal experience of problems which the manufacturers and producer must solve. Of the Labor Board's members, only one has had any personal contact with the problems of employers. He once was personnel man for a big department store. But neither he nor his colleagues has ever worked in a factory to know how employees and employers feel.

In short, as an increasing number of people are beginning to see it, the question is whether college professors, social workers and gentleman farmers are in a position to

figure out how and when shell-cases shall be made. Or, should the men who will be ordered to produce these shell cases have something to say about it?

There is talk about "standardizing" various industries, such as airplanes and airplane engines, so that defense necessities may be turned out by the thousands. Even some folks in Washington are wondering whether the way to do this standardizing can be decided best by political appointees or by men under whose guidance American genius has developed production methods which, for example, give us the best and least expensive automobiles in the world.

At the beginning of the World War scare some Washington visionaries thought they could just issue orders and things would be done the way they said. It cost America billions to find out they were wrong. And the lesson cost dearly in time too.

America this time should be smart enough to avoid anything that will bog down its national defense program.

OPENING CHAPTERS OF "THE ROAD TO ZION"

Told for the first time—the epic march of the Normans to find their "Promised Land" — and what befell them along that perilous trail. One of many fascinating features in the June 16th issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY the big magazine distributed with THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN On Sale At All Newsstands

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