

The Kings Mountain Herald  
Established 1889  
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.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Over the land today is ringing  
Praise of Lincoln's name;  
Youthful voices gladly singing  
Lincoln's deathless fame.  
He had sworn to do his duty,  
Trusting God and right,  
And our flag, in all its beauty,  
Saved from foe's man's spite.  
So, when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.  
—Longfellow.

THREE SONS

A man died and left \$3,000 in the bank. He had three sons. The money was left to his three sons provided they use the money to go into one business.

The first son wanted to open a shoe store.

The second son wanted to open a drug store.

The third son wanted to open a furniture store.

They could not agree. Neither one would give into the other, consequently the money stayed idle. The sons got nothing.

Finally the banker suggested that the boys open a department store. This they did.

The Herald understands that there is a controversy as to where the new highway eliminating the railroad shall be placed. If the ones in authority can't decide to put it THIS way or THAT way, how about putting it the OTHER way. In other words let's get that railroad elimination for Kings Mountain.

THE EVENTUAL RESULT OF UNBALANCED BUDGETS

"When we live beyond our financial means, we have unbalanced budgets. And when we persist in a course of this sort, year after year, we ruin ourselves. This simple truth holds true of the individual, of the village, of the large city, of the State and of the Federal Government." — Winthrop W. Aldrich, Chairman, Chase National Bank.

GOVERNMENT WITHOUT RED INK

In a recent address, Governor Frank D. Fitzgerald of Michigan told about "Government Without Red Ink" — using his own state as an example of how that happy condition of affairs can be reached. And in his talk, he made some points that, simple and even obvious as they are, seem to have been forgotten by a good many high officials.

"I have not come here," the governor said, "posing as the originator of some magic formula that will cure the country of its ailments, economic and otherwise. There is nothing of the miraculous in what we have done in Michigan. We are as plain as an old boot. We've just gone on—following certain rules of simple arithmetic and fundamental economics—rules that you and I learned in our grammar school days; rules so plain that it would seem almost ridiculous that an occasion would arise for anyone to get up public and expound them.

"By keeping the operating expenses of the state government within its income, by refusing to create new taxes or additional debts, by actually cutting down taxes in some instances, by trying to find new ways to save money instead of spending, we've managed to balance our budget.

"We have thrown away the red ink bottle . . . forever, I hope."

Just simple horse-sense? Certainly! But in these days of soaring taxes and public debts, and of prodigal waste of the taxpayer's hard-earned dollars, it would be a great thing if more of the men entrusted with governmental affairs sought "to find new ways to save money instead of spending it."

Michigan, like Kansas is fortunate in having officials who realize that every bill contracted must eventually be paid, and that the money with which to pay must be taken from the pockets of the people. May their tribe increase!

SHOW THE YOUNGSTERS HOW

Among children of school age no disease takes as many lives as accidents. These accidents occur at an age when there has not yet been time for habit to gain ascendancy over conduct. Most educational authorities recognize that a child can be educated to behavior safe for himself and for others. Safety education in the elementary schools has made great strides both in development and results.

Three methods, says the Education

HERE and THERE

By Haywood E. Lynch

Carl Lewis, of the Sunrise Dairy, was in the office the first part of the week, and told me that he would have an item for my Here and There Column later on in the week. And sure enough, I saw him driving down the street in a brand new dairy ruck. It is one of those fancy kinds that you stand up in and drive.

There seems to be a column epidemic on in Kings Mountain. We have four in this issue of the Herald. I wonder who they caught the disease from, me or Walter Winchell.

And speaking about Columns, The Observations Column, has a slight reaction on this column this week. It seems as though your Here and There scribbler may be crazy. Folks, do you think that could be possible!

Some of my dear readers like for me to pay compliments. One of my ady followers sent me word that she liked my tribute to the "Hello Girls" last week. So I will pay a few words of respect and admiration of another group which I think everything nice should be said. I am referring to the teachers in our schools. I have recently seen and heard of some of the "little things" that they do that mean so much to the child, especially to the younger children. I know of one teacher who had a child in her room who had her little sister to die. There was an account of the child's death in the Herald, the teacher secured a copy of the paper and gave it to the child. She said that the child was devoted to her only sister and she wanted her to see the write-up. Another example: A first grader was devoted to her teacher, the first grader became sick and was absent from school for two days. The teacher called up the child, she immediately began feeling better, and went back to school the next day. Another example: I went to school for my little first grader one rainy day. I stood outside the door waiting for the teacher telling the children to put on their overshoes, button up their coats, not to walk in the water, etc., just like a mother would have done. Some parents do not realize the wonderful influence the teacher has on their child. So teachers of Kings Mountain and the rest of the world I say to you that I wish we had more like you in the business world.

Pretty Sight: The ladies all diked out in their evening frocks at the Junior Woman's Club Valentine party. (P. S. Most of them are pretty with their house dresses on.)

I made a 500 mile trip last week and not one Highway Patrolman did I meet. It will be just my luck one of these days to be going down the highway at 46 miles per hour and get pulled for speeding.

Note to E. W. Griffin in Palm Harbor, Florida: Don't get sunburned down there while we are freezing up here.

Hugh Falls sent the following in for this column, so here it is:

Shakespeare was wrong: Aged people don't enter second childhood. You can teach a child something.

Question: Is the South still solid? The American Liberty Leaguers claim a home-run score as a result of the Louisiana election. Then when they look around at the outcome of the Literary Digest straw vote, they must admit that Roosevelt has scored a touchdown down here.

Norman Thomas says that the Supreme Court is checking progress. When a distinguished man like this, who doesn't claim kin with either major political party, makes a statement; it is due consideration.

Defenders of the Administration's spending program continue to remind us of England's 44 billion dollar debt with little to back it up. Well, there isn't any use in Sam going to Hell because John is.

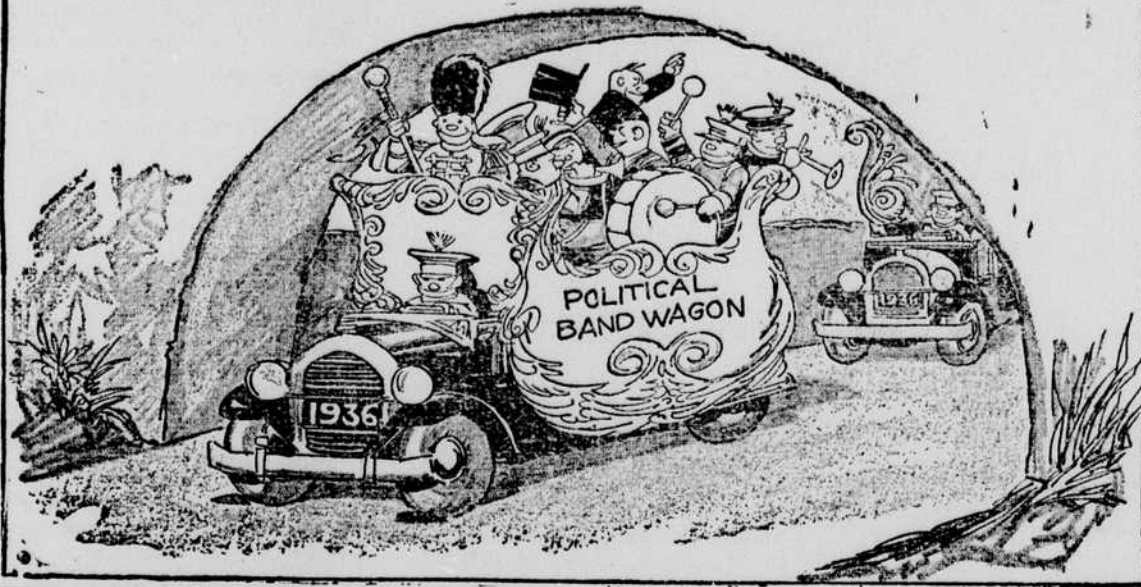
Perty Sight: The new playground, railroad crossing and improved streets in Kings Mountain as a result of having obtained the PWA fund from the government.

Absent Mindness: Criticizing the Administration because of the huge national debt. In the meantime, Farm Loan about to sell critic's home due to mortgage.

Odd: A family near Kings Mountain has two dogs which have the same name. Perhaps this is to secure response with less calling.

Al Smith, in his American Liberty speech, emphasizes the fact that Roosevelt has broken many of his election promises. Well now, let us see, can we name a president in the twentieth century who hasn't.

Division of the National Safety Council, are being used most successfully in teaching of safety in the schools. "First, the teaching of safety in actual situations where the need for it is apparent. Second, the injection of the subject matter of safety into the regular subjects of the curriculum. This provides opportunity for children to follow interests which lead into the more general aspects of safety, thereby greatly adding to their fund of information. Third, the organization of extra-curricular activities such as junior safety councils, schoolboy patrols and the safety



clubs. These activities present an opportunity for the child to apply his knowledge to the benefit of others thus assuring definite civic responsibilities.

The result of this work is that since 1922 accidental deaths of children have decreased in every category except traffic accidents, while adult deaths have increased sharply. It is estimated that safety education is saving the lives of 8,500 children a year.

A movement to expand this educational program to the incorporation of good driving courses into the curricula of the high schools has been gaining strength for several years. A number of states have already instituted such courses and a number of others, as well as counties and communities, are ready to inaugurate them.

This movement deserves unqualified backing and encouragement. If our youths can really be made responsible users of the streets and highways, then we can look forward to gradually supplanting the adult motoring population of today which is responsible for the deaths of 36,000 persons annually.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

20 YEARS AGO  
FEB. 17, 1916

Miss Aileen Ormand returned to Davenport College, Lenoir, after spending a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Ormand.

Mrs. J. F. Allison has been right sick for several days, but is improving.

The Civic League meets at the school house Friday 3:30 p. m.

The Hardware store of D. M. Baker & Company was robbed here Sunday night and about \$200 worth of goods taken by the robbers.

Miss Marie Moss went to Charlotte Monday to attend a Valentine party given by her friend, Miss Johnnie Petrus.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the many kind attentions and sympathy extended us by our neighbors and friends during the illness in our family and our recent bereavement.  
H. Lee Ramzeur and children.



Adapted by Wallace West  
from the Paramount Picture of the same title, based on Vina Delmar's story.

SYNOPSIS

Regi Allen, a musician in the barber shop of a swanky New York hotel, has ambitions to marry a millionaire. Although Allen Macklyn, a young millionaire, paralyzed from the waist down in a plane crash, is intrigued by her, Regi has eyes only for Theodore Lewis III, society playboy. Regi means to marry Vivian Snowden, a wealthy society girl, after a short vacation trip to Bermuda. He misses the boat, however, when he gets drunk at dinner with Regi, and the latter has to put him up in her apartment for the night. Later, she discovers that he hasn't a cent, his father losing everything in the crash. Ted secures the apartment in bewilderment when Regi refuses his advances. Meanwhile, Macklyn is making plans to marry Regi.

CHAPTER VIII

REGI, wearing a robe over her nightgown, was sitting on her bed, smoking and thinking, when there was a timid knock at the door.

"Aren't you going to come tuck me in?" asked a plaintive voice.

With a little hopeless gesture, she rose and opened the door. A few moments later Ted was tucked securely onto the couch. Regi pushed the chair to its usual position against the bed and turned to go.

"That's the last time you'll do that," Ted said softly.

"Uh huh." She looked down at him, her eyes wet.

"Just this once, Regi . . . please, for going away," he pleaded.

"That's a good reason." Her voice was even. She bent down and kissed him on the mouth. It was only intended to be casual but it lingered. Ted slipped his arm around her shoulders. For a second Regi hesitated, then her true emotion got the better of her and she pressed her lips tightly to his.

"Good night," said the girl huskily after a long moment.

"Good night."

She got up to turn out the light. Ted took her hand but she drew it away and pulled out the light.

"Regi," whispered Ted.

She did not answer, but hurried into the other room and closed the door. He sat up in bed and stared after her miserably.

"Ted!"

"Yes?" His heart was thumping.

"I forgot about that boat. You'd better look in the paper."

"Oh!" He tried to hide his disappointment. "Thanks, Regi."

He picked up the paper. The first thing that met his eyes was a picture of Vivian Snowden, with the caption: "Bride of Near Future." Torn between Vivian and Regi, he lit a cigarette, puffed, then put it out abruptly. Finally he got out of bed, threw the paper to the floor and walked over to Regi's door.

"Won't you come out?" he called.

"I want to talk to you."

"Not tonight, I'm very sleepy."

"Are you in bed?"

"Yes," she lied with only a hint of hesitation.

"Please come out, I won't sleep."

"I warn you I won't sleep."

"Of course you will. Get to bed now. You have to be up early in the morning."

At her words, his eyes lowered speculatively to the door knob and his hand reached out. Then he checked himself.

"Well . . . good night," he said at length.

"Good night," Regi tried to make her voice sound sleepy. As she heard the squeak of the couch tears came to her eyes. She took up a cigarette, lit it and went to the window where she sat down, looking out. She stayed there for hours, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

Ted also spent the hours in darkness, thinking and smoking. Unable to stand it any longer he finally got up and stepped through the window onto the roof. In the moonlight he caught sight of Regi at her window.

"I . . . I wasn't sleeping very much," apologized the girl.

"Neither was I. I've been awake

of your life, you'd have to scratch for a living . . . in a world you know nothing about. It's too late, Ted. You couldn't fit yourself to being poor."

"Other people have done it."

"Yes. And there's no greater tragedy. With you it would be a thousand times worse. Marry the rich one, Ted," she finished as she pulled away slowly. "Believe me, from the bottom of my heart . . . if I were you . . . that's what I'd do. Good night, Ted."

"Good night," he answered dully as she went to the window and climbed into her room.

When she was gone, a set, resolute expression crept over his face. He went through the window of the sitting room and began putting on his clothes. This done, he slipped on his shoes, slipped one on, then stamped sharply to set it right.

Regi heard the stamp of his foot. It jerked her out of her misery.



"In six months you'd hate me," she said. . . "It's too late, Ted. You couldn't fit yourself to being poor."

Turning off the light she slipped to the door and opened it a slit. Through it she saw that Ted had finished with his dressing. He crossed to the outer door, then noticed the cat following at his heels.

"No . . . No, Kitty, you can't go," he whispered as, with a final glance at Regi's door, he slipped out into the hall.

Deflated, spiritless, the girl entered the empty room and looked out of the front window. A milkman, wagon and horse were the only occupants of the street. Then Ted came out from the apartment vestibule, walking quickly.

"Oh, you-oward," sobbed the girl, her forehead pressed to the glass.

"Me-ow! The cat was rubbing against her in the cold grey dawn.

To be continued

The Way of Inflation

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman  
Sentinels of the Republic

If a merchant, or a farmer, or the average householder persistently spends more than he earns, he goes broke. He pays for his folly in the wreck of his business, his property, and, perhaps, his career.

With governments it can be different. From time to time various nations have indulged in continued reckless expenditures, yet escaped immediate collapse. How? By resort to the desperate remedy of inflation—whether of currency or of credit.

The difference is that the individual bears the brunt of the blow himself, while governments pass it on to their citizens.

History has demonstrated this on many occasions. Perhaps the best remembered example of recent years is that of Germany, where post-war inflation brought hardship and hunger to millions of workers. Records do not show that the clever politicians who brought it all about, or the very rich, went hungry. That was reserved for the average run of citizens, who saw prices rise so swiftly that neither earnings nor savings could keep pace with them.

For a while the situation grew so serious that workmen found it necessary to demand pay for their services at the end of each day's labor. They knew that if they waited, prices might mount so rapidly that even a week's pay couldn't buy one bowl of soup.

Germany's experience was not an isolated one. It has been duplicated to a lesser degree in many countries and in many periods of history. It is because of the evidence such experiments offer, that an increasing number of thoughtful Americans oppose the course of reckless government expenditure that causes inflation.

The concern of such citizens is not for the very rich and the very shrewd—who know just when to buy and sell, or how to rig or play the stock market. It is rather for the average family that depends on a weekly or monthly wage for income, and a savings account or life insurance policy for security. Those are the people who shoulder the burden and suffer the hurts of inflation.

And those are the people who can stop its course.

They face a great responsibility. Under our Constitution the conduct of national affairs rests ultimately in their hands. If they insist on reasonable economy, the men who represent them in government must obey the mandate. If they remain indifferent, they encourage either the burden of increased taxes, or the still heavier toll of inflation with all its golden opportunities for the speculator, and its grim penalties for the worker.

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.

Haywood E. Lynch,  
Editor The Herald:—  
Just wanted to pat you on the back for the way you put in a good word for our town last night at the Dixie. You make one feel that you are not boosting this town for the benefit of your newspaper alone—and I'm with you—as the (Bishop) would put it. We have seen lots worse towns. We have been here nearly 6 years and I like it more each year. You know this town is like the New York Apartment houses, its small on the outside and big inside—another thing, a small industry seldom has any watered stock. Then, too, we can be like the farmer who said: Well if everybody else has a larger hog than I have got, then I've got the daddiest distinction of having the smallest hog in the world. Anyway, there is nothing much in size. If so Mr. Tom Fulton could catch Robert Allen, if Robert would take time off from raising chickens and give him a try. There's another point, who ever saw a more friendly Barbershop or one where get more consideration in fact, we have lots of good friendly business men in our town. Mr. Jackson at Cleveland Motor Co. (these are just a few that I am acquainted with), there are others of course—D F. Hord, and his competitor, the man at the Kings Mountain Furniture Co. Mr. Keeter, the little man at Belk's.  
(Cont'd on back page)

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