

OBSERVATIONS

(By Mrs. A. H. Patterson)

Was very much interested to know that a joint reunion of the "men in gray" and the "men in blue" will be held in 1938, in Gettysburg where as some one has expressed it, "the rebel yell and Yankee cheer, oral weapons of Civil War, will sound again at Gettysburg, this time in friendly salutes."

Plans for the joint reunion have been indorsed, by United Confederate veterans, who will meet survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic, on Pennsylvania soil, where more than 7000 were killed in action July 1-3, 1863.

Was amused when I read that the Pennsylvania governor had given assurance that the men in gray would be allowed to carry the flag of the Confederacy and give the rebel yell.—While we appreciate the spirit of the governor, we must say he knows little of what goes into the making of these beloved men of our Southland.

The courage they manifested during those four years of hardships and defeat, has been with them throughout the years and with all due respect to the governor, who will doubtless leave no stone unturned in providing for the comfort and happiness of these veterans, I'm thinking he'd have to call out the Pennsylvania State militia if he tried to curb them when they get ready to "celebrate". There'll be no reunion of our men in gray, without their tattered Confederate flags and the rebel yell will be heard, be the reunion on northern or southern soil. I'm thinking too, that it will be hard for some of our more spirited veterans to meet the foe of yesterday without some such remarks as, "If you hadn't outnumbered us we'd have whipped you."

Attended one of the reunions of the United Confederate Veterans in Dallas, Texas, some years ago and

was impressed with the fact that those dear souls don't have to wait until the key of the cities, where their reunions are held, is officially and formally presented. The key is their and they know it.—In other words they are 'privileged characters' in the Southland and we're glad they have been officially given "free rein" for the reunion in the North.

During the Dallas reunion I looked on, at first in disgust, as the aged men, many of them, kissed any girl that came—sight and their failing eye-sight didn't seem to prevent them from distinguishing between the fair maidens and the more buxom females. Dallasites were thrilled to have these visitors, remnants of the lost cause, with them as the following excerpt from a Dallas paper of that day bears witness: "The shadow of the once great army of the Confederacy passed through the streets of Dallas to day, throwing kisses to the populace as though bidding farewell on their last journey. The kisses were returned a hundred fold, by the cheering multitude which for three hours was transported again to the stirring days of their forefathers, as the veterans gray uniforms, battle flags, rebel yells and all ended their 35th reunion in brilliant pageantry."

The parade in which 5,000 fighters of the Old South participated, was greeted by the biggest, most responsive lines of spectators Dallas has ever known. Girls threw flowers in their pathway, men shouted and men wept and among the tumult of the crowd, could be heard the piercing sound of the rebel yell and the blare of many bands."

While thinking of the veterans of the North and South I am reminded of a little incident that did not escape my eye when on a recent visit to Arlington Cemetery, Washington. After visiting other sections of the cemetery we went to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where we lingered for sometime,—partly through a sense of reverence and respect,—

partly because we were spellbound by the beauty and magnificence of the tomb and surroundings. The young soldier who kept vigil was marching with measured tread—back and forth—back and forth—looking neither to the right nor the left. While we were standing there an aged member of the Grand Army of the Republic then in convention in Washington came walking up in company with a younger man. The young soldier turned immediately to face the aged veteran and saluted him. The veteran, equal to the occasion squared his shoulders and returned the salute. The young soldier then again took up his vigil and began his march—back and forth.

Mrs. Zoe K. Brockman, Gazette columnist, has hit upon the best plan yet for an Armistice Day parade and while we love to honor the heroes of the World War.—War Between the States and others—the sanest plan no doubt would be something on the order of what she suggests in the following: "If I were arranging an Armistice Day parade, it would be different from any patriotic parade I've ever seen. There would be flags, of course—but nothing else to suggest that war stalks the earth in gilded trappings and a blaze of glory."

There would be floats but these would not be beautiful. Instead, there would ride in them men from the several government hospitals—men who wore the uniforms of our country in a foreign land and who were returned to us maimed and halt and blind. And there would be floats filled with war widows and orphans.

Then I would have Boy Scouts carrying posters depicting the newest inventions and discoveries for the dealing out of death—gases, liquid fire, swift and horrible missiles tipped with death. All in fact, of the inventions calculated to destroy in the vastest way, human life and property, upon which munition makers have been working since the last war. An there would be pictures of the huge factories that manufacture death and the men who sit behind mahogany desks and grow fat and rich off the grisly profits of war. War maps, with lurid hues, calling attention to the lands that are now running in the blood of countless and unnecessary wars, et cetera, et cetera."

Mrs. Brockman in conclusion says this would be a true presentation of what follows in the wake of war—the horror that is hidden by the ripping of the flag on the breeze and the throaty brass of the band.

No doubt as she says the youth seeing all this—the stupid savage way of settling disputes, would perhaps arrive at some workable plan for ending war.

A small boy entered a grocery store and said, "Gimme a dime's worth of asafetida." The storekeeper tied up the package and the boy said, "Dad wants you to charge it." "All right," said the storekeeper, "What's your name?" "Schermerhorn."

"Take it for nothin'" said the store keeper. "I ain't goin' to spell 'asafetida' and 'Schermerhorn' for no dime."

From all reports of the Study Club meeting at Mrs. Grady Patterson's Tuesday, Mrs. O. W. Myers and Mrs. Paul Meuney will doubtless be called upon to make stump speeches ere the campaign is ended.

"There's nothing new under the sun," so they say, but a visit to that marvelous \$1,000,000, streamlined, air-conditioned Rexall train and the Rexall Convention in Charlotte Tuesday was a new and novel experience to me and certainly a most delightful one.

The train itself, consisting of eleven coaches so designed as to almost give the appearance of a continuous unit, painted in a beautiful shade of blue combined with white, was the last word in beauty, cleanliness, neatness and luxury.

The first car, "Advantages," contains a model drug store, complete in every detail, perfectly lighted and with soda fountain and window display.

In the second car, "Research,"

there is a miniature model of the laboratories of the New Department of Research and Technology at Boston—and on and on, each car complete, even to those especially arranged as lounges where the convention guests could rest and relax and listen to the various speakers and representatives of the Rexall company who entertained not only by giving suggestions and advice on up-to-minute methods of conducting a drug business but with timely jokes and wisecracks. I had just remarked to one of our party that they had dressed the pills up until they looked almost good enough to take when one of the speakers told of a woman with her five small children who visited the train on one of their stops. The children saw the pretty colorful pills and thinking it candy said, "Mammy buy us some of the candy." The woman thinking of her worthless husband said "It ain't candy but if they'd sell them, I'd buy a dozen and give your pappy."

The central attractions of the exhibit were a revolving wheel displaying a certain brand of chocolates and a word map designating the sources of supply and methods of procuring crude materials, etc.—But I believe I was more attracted by the huge bunch of purple grapes topped by bronzy green foliage, hanging from the ceiling and from which flowed a continuous stream of grape juice into a funnel and thence into a demijohn.

The crowning event of the day for us, no doubt was the buffet luncheon given in the train at which, through the courtesy, of Mrs. E. W. Griffin our party which consisted of Mesdames Griffin, Finger, D. C. Mauney, M. A. Ware and I, were guests.

Must say that if these people can concoct and sell drugs in the manner with which they can serve such an appetizing and beautiful luncheon—well, we should all be WELL.

Couldn't leave this subject without saying something about the courteous, wonderful treatment of the Rexall force from the executives on down to those good-looking young men who were there to entertain and serve us in any way. Then there was the orchestra and—but time's up and though there's plenty more to be said—so long.

NOTICE OF RE-SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in an Order made by A. M. Hamrick, Clerk of the Superior Court for Cleveland County, in the Special Proceeding entitled "Grier Payne and others, Vs. Sallie Groves and others", the undersigned will re-sell for cash on the premises of the lot hereinafter described in the Town of Kings Mountain, North Carolina, on October 17, 1936, at 10 o'clock, A. M., or within legal hours, the following described real estate: BEGINNING at an iron stake on West side of Public Road on Kendrick's line and runs S. 32 1/2 E. 136 feet to a rock; thence S. 86 E. 419 feet to a rock; thence N. 32 1/2 W. 136 feet; thence N. 86 W. 419 feet to the beginning, containing 1 5-16 acres.

The bidding will begin at \$1,065.75 This the 30 day of Sept., 1936.

E. L. Campbell, Commissioner. J. R. Davis, Atty —adv oct 29

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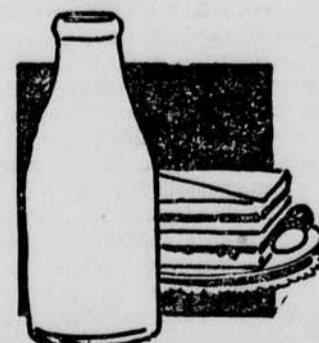
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SUBWAY MOTORMAN (above). Clyde Smith, of New York City, likes a big steak—then enjoys Camels. He says: "I eat what I want when I want it—and then smoke Camels."

"I MAKE SURE to have Camels at mealtime," says Johnny Murphy (below), Bowling Champion. The flow of digestive fluids is increased when you enjoy Camels.



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See Charlotte News of 21st and Charlotte Observer of 23rd for 8 pages of Efird prices.

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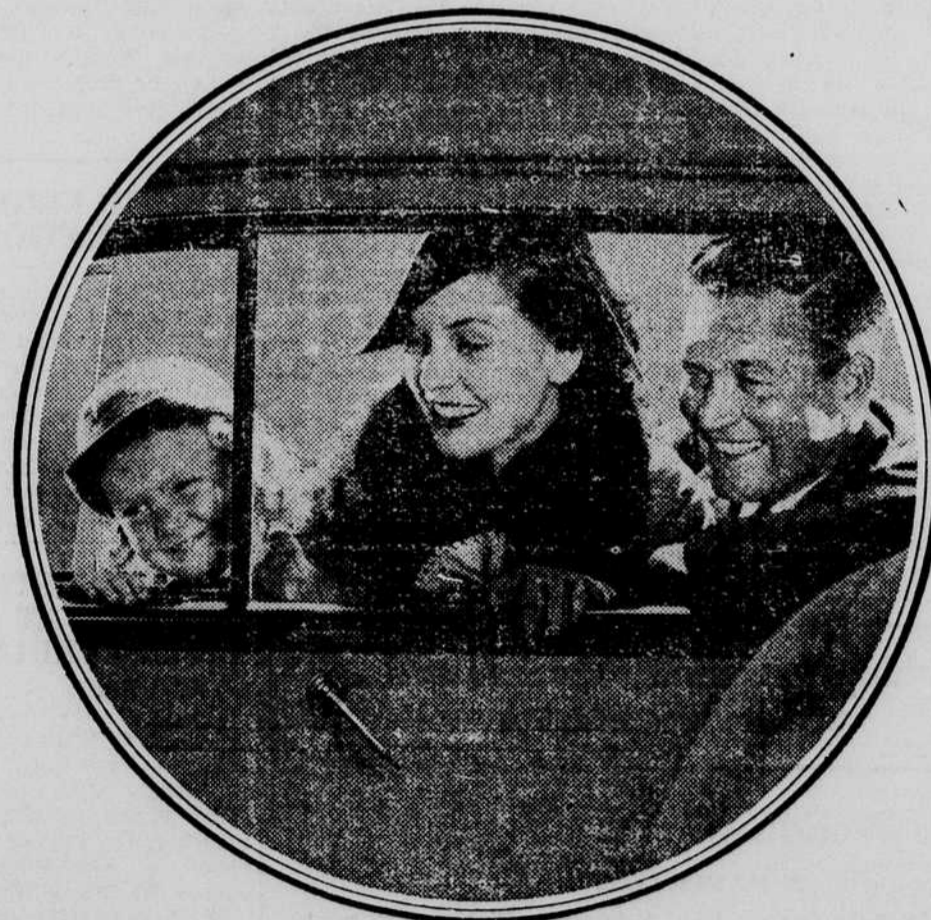
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