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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.

OPPORTUNITY IS KNOCKING

It has been said that opportunity knocks but once, and we believe one of the biggest opportunities in the history of Kings Mountain is knocking now. We have in mind the work about to be started on Kings Mountain Battleground. Because of our name and location the Town of Kings Mountain should reap the biggest harvest of anything that may develop from the Kings Mountain Battleground.

Citizens and organizations of Kings Mountain, may we urge and plead with you to unite in an effort to cooperate with those who are interested in seeing Kings Mountain Battleground improved.

nearby chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have already signified their willingness to cooperate to the fullest extent with others interested in this movement.

Let's pull together and capitalize on this opportunity to help our Town. The Town that bears the name of the historical battle which history records as the "turning point of the Revolutionary War". Here's a golden opportunity to do something worthwhile for Kings Mountain, The Best Town in the State.

'TIS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO GIVE

Everyone should welcome the opportunity to do their part in the annual Red Cross Roll Drive which will take place next month. The Red Cross is a spending organization, but it spends to relieve suffering and hardships of mankind.

Where, we ask the citizens of the Best Town in the State, could they invest their money that would pay bigger dividends in salvaging the lives of the unfortunate for the good of all humanity, than the Red Cross—Your Messenger of Mercy?

The Charlotte Observer had the following to say about contributing to the Charlotte Community Chest, of which the Red Cross is a part. Because of its timeliness and business-like thought we reprint it here:

A Two-Way Charity Traffic

The appeal of the Community Chest of Charlotte for public financial support rest upon two solid principles of life.

First, it imposes an outright selfish obligation. Unwisely we are disposed to consider that contributions to such agencies as unite in this campaign is a depleting, subtracting and bleeding process, that all the good to be derived from it is for the recipient of our charity. Not so.

Sharing with others is a selfish form of personal blessing. Generous giving to the less fortunate, the destitute and the underprivileged is a business that back-fires.

The streams of charity carry two-way traffic. There is an incoming which is always proportioned to the outgoing. The law of physics which insists that reaction is the equivalent of action holds fast in the realm of the social and moral and spiritual. There is a scattering that enriches just as there is a withholding that tends to poverty. Bread cast upon the waters does return.

These is such a thing as first having to lose life before finding it. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Give and it shall be given you.

In the second place, this appeal carries with it the challenge for a constructive social service. We belong to the social order. We are a part of the moral universe and the law of the social and moral kingdom is clear and implicit. It revolves about a single phrase, "Bear ye one another's burdens". This is the compelling charge that confronts us. The mandate laid upon us is unavoidable no matter how much we might like to squirm out from under it.

Taking adequate care in vital services of those unqualified in their own circumstances to take care of themselves is a community responsibility that is both unwise and unsafe to ignore.

It is always a good investment to put one's money in any enterprise that will create an improved and more wholesome atmosphere for one's own business and financial interests.

Some Confused, All Amused

(By Gilbert Falls)
Probably the most outstanding social event in college and university life is now at hand and will be dramatically portrayed during the next few days by that group of rising socialites who awoke one morning to

find that fortune was favoring them with a bid to some Greek lettered organization of which they knew little, but had heard much. Rush season of fraternity court is a period of stress and strain. Small groups of students gather to expound upon the merits, and ignore the demerits, of their favorite chapters, these being the ones from which they hold out or the ones to which dad, grand-dad or Uncle Tom once belonged.

Many a youngster will soon a tux for the first time and march out into that strata of society which he is confident will add glory and prestige to his forlorn heart. Banquets and smokers and dances will make every vein in the pledge's body beat high with hope—hope that he will survive the entanglement of satin lapels and stiff collars.

The nights are bright; the parties are gay; the socialites, intoxicated with delight, rush home in the wee hours of the night, hoping to commune with Morpheus. But let that math, that language, that theme. So for the first time many of these boys see the morning sun creep over the eastern horizon and swing higher and higher into its orbit.

Of this the dormitory inmate knows little. His interest is not fully aroused, nor his attention attracted until the period of initiation nears the climax. Then he experiences a spontaneous overflow of mirth as the newly pledged run hither and thither, some counting aloud the thirteen links in a chain, others hollering coo-coo, until the hill-side knows but the one echo. Others attire in robes and banners of such gay colors as would persuade Gypsy Rose Lee to renounce her countrymen.

But this soon passes and an atmosphere of dignity again envelops the campus. More attention is devoted to class room studies and library research by both dormitory and fraternity men. Here their interests are combined, thus paving the way for a more cosmopolitan spirit and a more versatile life.

4-H Boys Compete For Scholarships

Three one-year scholarships to State College will be awarded this week at the annual North Carolina State Fair to 4-H Club boys exhibiting prize farm animals.

Awards will be based on records kept by the club member and on the appearance of the animal when judged at the Fair, declared L. R. Harrill State 4-H Club leader.

Scholarships will go to the members exhibiting the blue ribbon dairy calf, the best baby beef calf, and the outstanding pig. Only bona fide club members from 10 to 20 years of age will be eligible to compete.

In the dairy calf contest, type and condition of animal will count 35 points, showmanship 15 points, financial gain 30 points, dairy management 10 points, and leadership activities 10 points. The final three selections will be obtained from the club member's record book on the animal.

In the baby beef competition, conformation and condition of the animal as judged from a slaughter standpoint will count 50 points.

From the record book, the other 50 points will be determined. The same basis will be used in the contest for first prize among club boys exhibiting pigs.

The scholarships are being awarded by the North Carolina division of the National Cotton Seed Products Association.

Strawberry growers of Columbus County are being urged to set 12,000 to 15,000 plants per acre during September in order to assure them of a profitable crop next spring.

Guarding Our Guarantee of Liberty
By **RAYMOND PITCAIRN**
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Since our inception as a nation, the proudest boast of our American Republic has been its guarantee of civil and religious liberty.

That guarantee is written into our Constitution. It is the first article in our Bill of Rights. It is the lodestone that has attracted to our shores, through successive decades, men of faith and character.

It is inextricably woven into the whole American tradition.

Above all things, it is that guarantee which differentiates life in America from life under the new European dictatorships, whether of individual men or of favored groups. It remains a keystone of the structure which protects free democracy from the assaults of intolerance and oppression.

The citizens of our young Republic recognized all this when they wrote into the Federal Constitution a dictum that:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Modern Americans must recognize it too, and continue—as did their fathers—the defense of this national tradition from threats in any form, or from any source.

Eternal vigilance remains today, as in the era of the Founders, the inexorable price of liberty.

And to that high ideal of liberty—both of action and of spirit—America still is dedicated.

Demonstrations in which TVA triple superphosphate is being used are showing good results in Rockingham County.

In the United States, one travels north or south for climate variations is mountainous Colombia, one travels up or down.

Museums in Rome, London and the United States have bought many of the oil paintings of Percy Crosby, a comic strip artist.

Sir Walter Scott, Scotch poet and novelist, died in 1832.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO
OCTOBER 17, 1918

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Fulton and little daughter, Ellen have returned from a visit to Rock Hill.

The waste house at the Dilling mill was burned Friday night and several bales of waste was destroyed.



Fictionized by VIRGINIA WARREN HASTINGS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
Dave Connell realizes his love for Kay, a rich man's daughter, is hopeless. Tommy Gordon and his gang of gutter wrekins playfully lure Philip Griswald, a rich boy who lives in the East River Apartments, into a deserted warehouse, beat him up and rob him. Meanwhile "Baby Face" Martin sees his mother, who slaps his face, calls him a killer and begs to be left alone. Drina, Tommy's sister, who has been picketing with the girls in her factory, tells Dave a settlement is imminent; soon there is a chance for her and Tommy to escape the evil influences of Dead End.

Chapter Four

Griswald was ordinarily a quiet, composed little man. But when he heard how the six young rough-necks had attacked and robbed his son he was white with fury. He led Philip by the hand out into the street.

"There they are," said Philip between sobs. He indicated Tommy. "He's the one. He's the leader." Griswald strode over to the wharf and grabbed Tommy firmly by the arm.

"Why did you beat this boy?" he asked severely. "What did you do it for?"

Philip screamed, "He's got my watch. He's got my watch."



"Let me go," said Tommy. "You're breaking my arm!"

"Don't stand there," Griswald barked at the governess. "Call a Policeman."

Tommy, who had been silent through all this, was now thoroughly frightened. "I ain't got the watch," he told Griswald. "Let me go. I'll get it for you. Honest I will—aw, mister, don't call the cops. I won't touch him again. We do it to all the kids and they do it to us. Please, mister, let me go. I'm breaking my arm. Let me go you—"

Over on the sandhopper Drina and Dave had heard the commotion but had paid little attention at first. When they heard Tommy's yell, they came running.

"What are you doing to him?" Drina demanded excitedly. "Let him go."

"Do you know this boy?" Tommy interjected quickly. "No, I ain't never seen her before. Mind your business, lady."

He writhed with pain as Griswald renewed his hold. With his free hand he drew a pocketknife from his trousers and opened it with the expert motion Martin had taught him. Griswald saw the knife and tried to grab it and in that instant the boy's hand moved up and flashed his wrist. Griswald uttered a groan and released his hold. In a flash Tommy had flown up the street and disappeared. The doorman of the East River Apartments bandaged Griswald's arm. In the excitement no one noticed the arrival of Mulligan.

"What the matter here?" he inquired with the authority of the law.

"An accident," said Dave. Griswald snorted. "I wouldn't call it an accident. One of these hoodlums on the block cut me. I want you to find the boy and arrest him."

Drina said placatingly. "I'm sorry you got hurt, but he didn't mean to do it."

"What's the boy's name?" inquired Mulligan.

"I don't know," said Griswald. "Ask this girl. She seems to know him."

"I don't know him," said Drina quickly. "I never saw him before. But I live around here and I know these kids are wild, but they don't mean any harm. If they don't mean any harm, then a beating, a theft and a stabbing are pretty good all in one day!"

Mulligan brought out his notebook. "What did the boy look like?" "Light and dark and oh, it shouldn't be hard for you to find him. I want him caught and arrested."

Dave said, "What good will that do?"

"It will do this much good: it will get the little gangster before he can do more harm than this."

"But he can be punished some other way," Drina pleaded frantically. "I'll see to it. I mean—I'll speak to his mother."

Griswald turned from her brusquely and entered the apartment house. Mulligan sighed wearily and scratched his head.

"Well, well. And who does this guy think he is, anyway?"

The doorman smiled knowingly.

"Judge Griswald's brother. That's all. Just Judge Griswald's brother."

To Mulligan's questioning, Drina and Dave preserved an impassive silence. Mulligan was nonplussed.

It would be a tough job finding the brat, and if he didn't, that judge would probably break him. First thing he knew, he'd be pounding a beat in Harlem. This precinct was bad enough. He confided his troubles in a conversational and friendly way to two men who were loitering outside of Pascagiti's. Martin, with a price on his head, took a special delight in talking to Mulligan. Hunk stood by nervously.

A girl had sauntered down the street towards them. Her lips were smeared with rouge in a futile attempt to disguise an unhealthy pallor. She wore a cheap, scanty dress which revealed every line of her body.

"Well," she said, addressing Martin and Hunk. "Who's the important guy wants to see me? Come on, I'm busy."

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"Now What?"

"He Wants a Tooth Out, So s He Kin Stick His Tongue Thru It Like Mary Jones!"

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HERALD
ADVERTISERS**

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