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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.

DO IT WITH SONG
Somehow the task seems lighter
When we do it with a song;
It stills the heart's complaining
And keeps the courage strong.

No lot seems so grievous,
Nor filled with cares the day,
When love takes up the burden
And sings along the way.

Somehow, though skies are gloomy,
Or roads are rough and long,
He will not lack for comrades
Who travels with a song.
—Nellie Good.

WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED
God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised,
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.
—Author Unknown.

LITTLE THINGS
Despise not little things. Life is made up of them. Moments are the golden sands of time. The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They are the tests of character and disinterestedness. It matters not so much where you are as what you are. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts. The smallest leak, overlooked, may sink a ship — the smallest tendency to evil thinking or doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing merrily all the time, and giving up a cup of water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.—J. A. R. in The Uplift.

A TIMELY MOVE
Beaufort is launching a movement to interest people in paying their debts. In other words, the merchants wish to make their customers "pay conscious."

These campaigns should be made annual affairs for there is nothing deserving of more attention reconsideration than this one thing. There are scores of merchants suffering financially because people they let have their goods on credit refuse to pay.

This is a condition that must be remedied before the business element can go forward as it should. Merchants must have money for their goods to pay the people they buy from. If they don't it isn't long before they find the sheriff at their doors, clamoring for final settlement.

Any city wouldn't find it a bad idea to do as Beaufort is doing. A man should be ashamed to provide himself of all kinds of luxuries while letting his grocery bill lag from month to month, without settlement. It just isn't right. It is much better to have a clean account list that has somebody pass you and say, "There he is riding around in a big automobile when he owes So-and-So lots of money." — Twin-City Times.

IT CAN BE DONE

Last year, traffic accidents in this country claimed 39,700 lives—a four percent rise over 1936. Yet, in spite of increased highway travel, 20 states cut their death tolls. The total increase in highway slaughter was due entirely to the other 28 states, where fatalities increased by 10 percent.

The 20 states which made a start toward solving the automobile traffic problem, weren't "just lucky." In the great majority of cases, their comparatively good records were the result of hard, efficient work. They actually earned the savings in lives and dollars that a reduction in motor accidents involves.

What tools are ready at hand with which to cut down the automobile's

THE LORD'S MOUNTAIN
Kings Mountain is its human name.
But it belongs to God.
I gaze upon its craggy peaks
And long its heights to plod.
Were I within its gorges deep
I would be swallowed up
With mortal magnitude
My speech it would disrupt.

Through distance I must be content
To scan its silent form.
But I cannot escape its awe;
It moves me like a storm.
I'm not exactly satisfied
To be so far away;
I long to sit upon its brow
Alone some sunny day.

The Words of Washington

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Again, as for many years, America pauses amid its various preoccupations to observe with reverend honor the birthday of George Washington.

How can a nation best honor the memory of the man it acknowledges as Founder and Father?

Obviously, by heeding his words of guidance and inspiration. And in the case of its great National Hero, America is fortunate in having a clear and written record of those words preserved in the famous Farewell Address.

Here are some extracts from that address, particularly applicable at a period when the principle of balanced constitutional powers, on which our government was founded, is under frequent threat.

They read:
'It is important . . . that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective Constitutional spheres; avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another.

'The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism.

'The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them.

'If in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates.

'But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.'

Those are the words of Washington, addressed to the nation and the people he loved. They remain a clear admonition to statesmen and the public today. They are the final official counsel of the patriot, soldier and statesman of whom it was written:

'Arms won battles when he spoke,
And out of Chaos sprang the state.'
If the great state George Washington created is to continue its progress and its benefits to all the people, those words must be remembered.

In this way can America pay its highest tribute to our First National Hero.

The answer is simple enough. First on the list comes unremitting public education — by schools, by civic groups, by governmental bureaus.

Second, honest law enforcement under modern highway codes — and that means that every apprehended violator of the statutes must be punished quickly and fairly, that "pull" and ticket-fixing must be eliminated. Third, improvement and better lighting of streets and roads, and elimination of "accident prone" locations, are preventers of death.

This doesn't exhaust the list by any means — but these "musts" are vital to any workable accident prevention endeavor. The 20 states that cut deaths last year are to be congratulated. Let them repeat this year — and let the other 28 states follow suit. It can be done.

THINGS ONE REMEMBERS

(By R. M. Hofer)
I was recently talking to an outstanding banker, F. L. Lipman, Chairman of the Board of the Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co., San Francisco. For 54 years he has been with this bank which has guarded the savings of its depositors since 1852. He has pounded home to the younger officers in the bank the fact that there is no substitute for integrity, individual initiative and private enterprise.

In discussing the merits of Utopian plans that are today peddled to the people as substitutes for thrift and industry, he said: "When a man wants to borrow money at this bank to save his business from difficulties we sit down and discuss the plan he has in mind from every angle. It will work, we okeh his proposition. If it is unsound, we try to show him where it is better to take a present licking than future destruction."

Government is so different than a bank. It can make more mistakes and survive because it has the credit of every citizen to fall back on; but sooner or later unsound practices in the strongest bank, or the strongest government, can mean only destruction. It's high time that we began to apply Mr. Lipman's rule for credit — "Will your program work" to every political experiment that is absorbing the people's money today.

Kings Mountain, youthful, rugged, wild—
A Battle Ground in war,
Where soldiers fought for liberty —
All less they did abhor.
This blood-stained Mountain, quiet still,
Where Mountain soldiers sleep
Remains to speak in awesome tones
I hold my breath and weep!

Immortal glory hangs upon
This famous Mountain free!
My speech breaks down before this scene.
Depicting Liberty.
Kings Mountain is its earthly name.
But it belongs to God.
It is a monument of grace—
Sublimity preserved in sod!

By Anson Gustavus Melton
Boiling Springs, N. C.

LET'S LOOK BACK
From The Kings Mountain Herald
NINETEEN YEARS AGO
MARCH 28, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. V. Patterson of Spencer Mountain were in town Sunday.
Mr. J. O. Ploak and Mrs. J. E. Lipford left Monday for Baltimore to buy spring goods for Plank Brothers & Company.
Mr. C. A. Bridges and family of Richmond are visiting relatives here.
Miss Bosnie Mauney left Tuesday for a visit in Philadelphia.

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"Kin Ya Give a Blind Man a Dime, Mum?"
"But You're Only Blind in One Eye!"
"Den Give Me a Nickel."

The eldest son of the kings of France was known as the dauphin.
Eighty-five year old William Brown of Round Rock, Tex., can walk on his hands and stand on his head.
Over 700 people died of starvation in Szechuan province, West China, during November, 1936.
A starving peasant in Honan, China, who recently found several old coins dating back more than a millennium is now living in comparative luxury with the money paid him by the provincial museum for his discovery.
Forty-one states have established forestry departments.

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FOR THAT VERY SPECIAL BRAND OF LAUGHTER YOU LET LOOSE AT "GROG GOES WEST" AND "MR. BEERS"
ALEXANDER KORDA presents
Stomach in a TIGER

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Violey Gow, daughter of the Provost of Balkie, a little village in Scotland, has an amusing encounter with Frank Burdon, coming to Balkie to take a position on the Advertiser.
Violey, returned from finishing school, finds her father a considerably changed man, now running for Parliament. She also suspects a romance between him and Lisbet Skirving, willow wife of the publisher of the Advertiser. Burdon discovers that his first job is to get an interview from Gow. He goes to a council meeting, conceives a hearty dislike for Gow. Leaving the meeting, he witnesses Gow's harsh treatment of a poor Irishwoman who pleads to get back her dog, taken for failure to secure a license. He leaves the meeting with Gow in his car and is introduced to Violey.

Chapter Two
"Stagnation of public life," the provost dictated. He struck a magnificent pose, his hand tucked in his coat front. Violey had left Burdon alone with her father. The reporter concealed his dislike for Gow, who was dictating the inter-



The Provost struck a magnificent pose.

view.
The provost was becoming intoxicated with the sound of his voice. "I have been instrumental in bringing about great changes in the Borough, but there is one change I shall never make. A change in the principles that guide me."
There was an interruption in the hallway. "I know he's busy righting wrongs, and here's another one for him." Both Burdon and the provost recognized Mrs. Hegarty's voice instantly. Violey was trying to reason with her.
"It's a matter of life and death," Mrs. Hegarty wailed. The provost signaled for Burdon to wait for him, hurried into the hall, and roared, "How dare you burst in here?" he roared. "I warned you at the Town Hall and now you come bursting into my home. The case of your dog is finished once and for all."
Mrs. Hegarty fell to walling. "Oh, now it's all over and they're going to kill him!"
"Rubbish," Violey objected. "Who's going to kill him?"
"The Borough and the police and the provost."
"Father," Violey demanded in surprise. "Is it true what Mrs. Hegarty says about her dog?"
The provost seemed embarrassed. "She's been warned time and time again about her dog. She's persistently defied the law. The court passed judgment. You know, the town is full of dirty little mongrels."
"Five pounds and the tax."
"Five pounds and the tax."
"Who's going to pay it for her?"
"Who's going to pay it for her?"
"Who's going to pay it for her?"
"Who's going to pay it for her?"
"Who's going to pay it for her?"

come to see me?" she demanded furiously. "I suppose you know what you've done. You've slandered a perfectly fine man. Why did you stab him in the back like this?"
He looked at her quietly. "I suppose it's hard to explain. No decent action ever is easy."
"You mean that idiotic business about the dog?"
He had already begun his retreat. "No oppression is ever small," he pointed out. Violey didn't argue that with him. He would lose his job, she pointed out. Why did he do it?
They were out in the garden now. "If you really want to know —" he began, and hesitated. He looked straight into her eyes. She knew she should hate him, but she couldn't.
Then he blurted the story out. How he had lived at the foot of the hill when he was a boy. How he had suffered watching carters beat their overloaded horses. How he had been knocked down for interfering in one case. And how he had sworn to strike back at cruelty when he was a grown man.
"And you've done that?" Violey asked.
"Yes," he replied. Their eyes met again.
"Get in my car," she said. "We're going to the Town Hall."
The provost came directly to the Town Hall from Crox. It was already jammed with the townsfolk, who were in a holiday mood. He met Horace Skirving, who was shivering, but managed to conceal his terror. He missed the look of distress in Lisbet's eyes. The crowd was already shouting "We want our Willie! We want our Willie!"
His chest swelled. "They shall have him."
Burdon sat on the platform, watching the crowd uneasily. There was a brief introduction of the provost. "We want our Willie," the crowd bellowed. He strode to the center of the platform, a handsome figure in tartan. He began to talk.
The storm broke as he reached a phrase that Burdon recalled hearing in the interview. "For what is friendship but the will to do and the power to do the best . . ."
"Wow — wow" came a voice from the audience. There was a roar of laughter. And suddenly a voice broke out in song.
"Where, oh where, has her little dog gone.
Where, oh where, can he be?"
(To be Continued)

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