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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.

ON THE SQUARE It matters not what'er your lot, Or what your task may be, One duty still remains for you, One duty stands for me, Be your a doctor, skilled, wise, Or a man who works for wage, A laborer working on the street, Or an artist on the stage, One glory still await you, One honor that is rare, To have men say, as you pass by - That fellow's on the square. -Author Unknown.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT There is a very significant thought in the story of a perilous adventure related by a sportsman who had returned from a fishing expedition in the Canadian lake region.

I was up in the north woods at my camp. I took a canoe and portaged it over to a small bass lake in the woods about a mile. I was fishing in about fifteen feet of water, some hundreds feet from shore. Suddenly I don't know how - over she went I felt myself going down for miles, it seemed. Then I came up to see the canoe well away from me.

The first thought that flashed in my mind was, 'And I can't swim a stroke!' But I had hardly thought of that before I yelled at myself: 'I must swim; I will swim!' And instinctively I thrashed my way slowly toward shore and the end of a fallen tree trunk stretching out from the bank.

How I got there I'll never know, but I hung to the trunk and finally climbed along it to shore and safety. I honestly believe that if it had not been for my angry, desperate determination to swim, even though I had never swum before, I should have been drowned.

Were it not for cruel, even terrifying crises, in our lives, few of us would ever know the strength we possess. As we look back on them we wonder how we ever survived - yet the same apparently superhuman power that we exerted then, is ours still.

Doctors especially are aware of the tremendous influence a patient's mental attitude has toward the chances of recovery from illness or injury. The spirit of 'I will live!' or 'I don't care what happens,' has saved or lost myriads of human beings in desperate physical straits. 'I will succeed!' or 'There is no use fighting against the inevitable,' is the spirit that has determined the fate of many a business, fortune and reputation.

The saying is old, but grows brighter in truth with age that one who never knows when he's licked often wins, no matter what the odds against him. -Selected.

MORE DANGER OF FIRE IN WINTER

A graph prepared by the National Board of Fire Underwriters shows that fire losses usually increase at an alarming rate from September to December. 'The reason for this is obvious,' states the Board. 'People start their stoves and furnaces as soon as cool weather arrives; in many cases neglecting to check over their heating plants. As a result there is an epidemic of serious fires from defective equipment.'

Soot-loaded chimneys are a major hazard: It is important to check up on chimneys for cracks and holes, and to clean the flues every year. Flue linings are essential for safety. Also, sagging, rusted smoke pipes cause trouble. Sparks may fly out and start a fire. Don't take this chance!

Another cause is overheated stoves and furnaces, the result of poor maintenance and faulty operation. If you don't get as much warmth as you should, the heater is probably out of order. Never 'force' the fire in cold weather. Keep your heating plant clean and in good repair. Use metal containers for hot ashes.

For safety's sake check your heating equipment now, before real cold weather sets in.

WE NEED MORE DIRECT TAXATION

If all taxes were direct, taxes in this country, it is estimated that we'd have real tax reform and efficient government in a hurry.

For if that were the case, every one of us, on the average, would have to turn over 20 to 25 per cent of his salary and other income to the tax collector every day. And that is based on the present system of government finance, where but part of the cost of government

Here and There ..

By Haywood E. Lynch

My Dogs ... It has been truthfully said that man's best friend is his dog. I have always loved dogs, they are so loyal and so understanding. We have had five dogs during our stay in the Best Town in the State, and everyone has met a tragic death. First, there was little 'Snubby', the thoroughbred fox terrier that was given to us by a friend in Charlotte. He was killed right in front of my eyes by a model T Ford in front of our house on Piedmont Avenue. Then next there was beautiful 'Jip' a gorgeous Eskimo Spitz. He took a stroll from home one lovely sunshiny day and never returned to be loved by his master and mistresses. We found him by the railroad tracks poisoned. Number three was 'Sandy', a mixture of Shepherd and German Police. He became sick and died at the home of a friend who was trying to cure him of his illness. To replace our loss this friend, E. W. Griffin, sent us a cute little, but fat, terrier, who was quickly named 'Snubby'. This little fellow was as lively and smart as any dog could be. But Snubby met his death because some car driver did not take time to save his life. He was killed by car going at least 30 miles per hour within the city limits of the Best Town in the State. And for number five and the last of 'My Dogs' was 'Lady', a friendly intelligent combination of Collie and German Police. She was on her way back home after a Sunday afternoon jaunt when a big bus going entirely too fast, crushed her to death. So here ends the story of 'My Dogs.' I love dogs, they are man's best friend ... but I do not know whether I want another dog or not.

Pretty Sight: The School Band all dressed up in their new uniforms. I was out at the football game last Friday to see the Mountaineers take in Cliffside. The boys looked pretty good for their first home game under Coach Little. One of the highlights of the game to me was when Paul Neisler, Jr., blocked that punt. The play just before that one of the opposing player had unnecessarily roughed Paul. This made him angry and on the very next play he rushed thru and single-handed broke up the punt. I hope some more players make Paul, Jr., mad. And wasn't that band the stuff. I kept hearing a pistol fire for the signal to the marchers to change their routine, but I could not locate the one doing the firing. Finally Preacher Boyce, Byron Keeter and Postmaster Blakely pointed him out to me. And there he was with pistol, holster and all. If I was going to be in the band, that's the job I would want.

Councilman John Mauney and Jim Willis evidently read every item in the Herald. They were kidding me yesterday about advertising a six-room house on a 12 foot lot for sale. Arnold Kiser must do the same thing, he was in last week to call attention to the spelling of Red-year Wheat seed. It is one word instead of two.

As paid as we go, and the balance is added against the future, in the form of interest-bearing bonds, treasury notes and other commitments. All the cost of government were allocated, economists state, more than 30 per cent of our income would go to government.

Whoever first thought of indirect taxation - that is, hidden taxes, levied against all the necessities and luxuries of life at the point of manufacture, production and distribution - was the best friend wasteful government ever had.

There's a movement on foot to broaden the tax base, and collect more government revenue through direct taxation. It deserves support because this seems to be the only way that every citizen can be awakened to his tremendous personal interest in the taxing problem.

THE CRUCIAL ACCIDENT PERIOD

The automobile death and accident rate has shown a steady decline for a number of months. But now the crucial test period is at hand.

We are entering the most dangerous driving months. Fall brings rains, to be followed by the ice and snows of winter, all of which measurably increase driving hazards. Equally important, these seasons bring shorter days - and the accident rate at night, is much higher than in daylight.

The wise driver will prepare for this dangerous period. And preparation should take two forms. Put your car in first-class condition, so far as brakes, lights, tires and steering are concerned. And put yourself in the proper mental condition for safe driving. Never forget that the human element is the responsible factor in the great majority of accidents. Before anyone can drive safely, he must think safely. He must know the hazards he faces and be prepared for them. This 'safety consciousness' is the first and most vital essential of accident prevention.

Remember that chance-taking isn't clever. Any fool can push the throt-

tle to the floorboards, pass on hills and curves, disregard adverse weather conditions, and perform similar acts of idiotic recklessness. Caution is the product of intelligence.

Drive safely all the time. And be especially careful in the fall and winter seasons. The accident rate will continue to go down.

Guernsey Is Sold To Ware

A registered Guernsey bull has recently been sold by P. M. Neisler to R. A. Ware of Kings Mountain. This animal is Ella's Big Eoy 262-876 according to The American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterborough, N. H.

A registered Guernsey cow has recently been sold by N. F. McGill to D. C. Sellers of Kings Mountain. This animal is McGill's Carolina Bell 551254 according to The American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterborough, N. H.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald NINETEEN YEARS AGO OCTOBER 9, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Falls went to Columbia Sunday to visit relatives. Messrs Joe Neisler and Will Ramseur of Davidson College spent the week-end with home folks.

Miss Ethel Roberts has returned from a visit to her aunt, Mrs. T. G. Sherer in Erwin, Tenn.

The Methodist Sunday School had a picnic at Cleveland Springs last Saturday.

Mr. John Floyd of Wake Forest spent Sunday here with his parents.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The Bituminous Coal Commission summoned Eastern producers to another series of hearings starting today to determine minimum mine prices.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



Vanity.

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) her full-sized competitors.

So now it seems that Farmer Gray is to be accused of nothing short of treason against the AAA, for just when the government's agriculture experts were wrestling with the problem of making two-thirds of a crop grow where a full crop had grown before, this incorrigible non-cooperator points the way to still greater production with less effort.

Tsk, tsk, Farmer Gray, we are told by the theorists that Utopia is not in that direction!

HERE AND THERE ... Without a smile, the War Department has lifted its ban against love birds on army transport ships. The ban was placed to stop the spread of parrot fever ... The WPA seems to be running out of public buildings and highways and bridges to build. It has set relievers to counting salmon climbing ladders on the Bonneville Dam ... Press Club definition of the European 'peace' treaty: You take a 'piece' and I'll take a 'piece.'

If there is any burning of the mid night oil around CIO headquarters and the National Labor Relations Board in coming weeks, chances are those within will be brushing up on popular proverbs. To wit: 'Experience is the best teacher' and 'mighty oaks from little acorns grow.'

The cause of the whole thing is an election just held among waiters and other employees of the National Press Club on the question of whether the CIO should represent them as sole bargaining agent. It was a routine Labor Board election, with about 50 employees involved, but it has planted an acorn from which a mighty legislative oak may grow.

The Press Club is an organization exclusively for newspapermen, and selected associate members. The associate membership includes a large percentage of Congressmen, and

although the Congressmen passed the National Labor Relations Act and the newspapermen write almost daily stories about it, the recent election was their first personal experience with the law and its operations. And that experience proved a bitter teacher.

Briefly, the experience revealed that although CIO organizers were permitted to electioneer on the sidelines, and even coerce the wives of employees, members of the Club (the employers) were forbidden by the labor act and the Labor Board to even answer question about the election when asked by the 'confused workers. That would have been 'coercion.'

So the newspapermen in Washington, to whom the Labor Board looks for help in forming public opinion in support of the Board, have a new and intimate insight into the problem that has beset employers for more than three years. The Capital's 'liberals' are beginning to think that it was an ill-advised election, which 'incidentally, resulted in a rejection of the CIO in favor of individual bargaining.

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SYNOPSIS Peter, who is a first violinist in the London Philharmonic, cautions his wife not to be late at the concert that evening. His old friend, Miguel del Vayo, is returning as solo violinist. Gaby, who is late, nevertheless hears the great del Vayo play, receives tremendous fascination in this man. After the concert she blunders by mistake into Miguel's dressing room, but flees before he can talk to her. Peter joins Miguel at dinner that evening, and hears about the fascinating stranger who had visited his dressing room.

Chapter Two

'No, of course not,' Miguel answered. 'She ran away before I could speak to her.'

'And that is all that happened,' spoke Peter, still slightly incredulous.

They soon turned to talk about themselves. Why, Miguel wanted to know, had Peter forsaken his early promise to embark on a career as a solo concert violinist? And Peter told him. It was because of his beautiful Viennese wife. He had had



'Gaby,' Peter pleaded, 'what is the matter with you?'

many tempting offers but he had taken the safer course for her sake. 'You must come see her,' he said.

'I'm leaving London day after tomorrow,' Miguel volunteered. 'I shall see you when I return.'

'That would not do,' Peter protested. 'How about tomorrow? Too busy? Then this very night. He called the waiter for the telephone and dialed his number. "Gaby," he said. "Guess who I'm bringing home with me."

Although Gaby protested that she was tired and did not want to see company, Peter overrode her protests. He did not catch the tone of terror in her voice.

When they entered the house a half hour later Gaby was nowhere to be seen. Peter tried to cover his embarrassment and went in search of her. Alone in her room, dressed in lounging pajamas, sulking in the dark he discovered her. She was odorless. He would have to entertain the guest himself. It was only when he threatened to get mad that she surrendered with a sigh.

Peter detected nothing strange in their first embarrassed greeting. And soon they were chattering together, while Peter took great zest in recounting stories of their youth together, with especial attention to Miguel's amorous escapades.

'I haven't finished,' he said after a peal of laughter greeted one outrageous tale. 'Why just tonight one popped into his room—'

'Peter!' Miguel shouted hoarsely. Gaby had lost her smile, was sitting bolt upright. She tried to break the silence.

'Can't we have some music?' she said to Miguel. 'Won't you play something for us.'

Miguel hesitated, but Peter came to his rescue. 'Gaby, you can't ask him to do that after such an exhausting day. You must play for us the next time you come,' he said. 'You're coming, you know, if only to see my wife properly dressed, isn't a minute - I've something I want to show you.' Peter left the room.

He told him. It was because he refused to play. He would play for her any time, he protested. She need only tell him a day ahead. Gaby smiled at him impudently. 'Tomorrow?' she breathed. And, before he realized what he was doing, he had consented.

But Miguel tried to retrieve himself when Peter returned with the picture of Gaby in the white gown she had worn that evening. 'Are you doing anything tomorrow?' he asked, and invited him to bring Gaby to his apartment. He had just composed something he wanted to play for them. Peter was overjoyed, but Gaby, neatly trapped, was very arch. She had an appointment with the hairdresser, she said. She was sorry, but she could not go.

At four, the following afternoon, Gaby presented herself at Miguel's door. She parried the bland insistence of his valet and stepped inside to meet the amazed gaze of Miguel. 'I thought you had an appointment with the hairdresser,' he reminded her.

'I cancelled it,' she told him with an amused gaze. She gazed about her at the apartment as she walked to the piano. While she toyed with the keys, Miguel stood rigidly beside her. 'Does Peter know you are here?' he spoke rapidly.

'No,' she spoke calmly, 'and you

are not going to tell him ... Are you going to play for me?' Gaby gave him the music of a Tchaikowsky waltz. Yielding to her unspoken command, Miguel took up his violin. The bow came down on the strings and he started the melody. But on the fourth bar, he halted abruptly.

'Why did you come here?' he demanded of her.

Gaby was bland under his furious gaze. 'You promised to play for me, don't you remember?' she spoke coolly.

Miguel's distress was apparent on his face. 'I haven't seen Peter for many years,' he said finally. 'But I am very fond of him. I could never do anything to hurt him.'

Gaby looked silently at his face, then with a resigned gesture she gathered together her gloves and handbag, rose and walked slowly to the door. She paused with her hand on the knob and turned to face him. The laughter was gone from her eyes, now. She looked as he remembered her the first time he had seen her, when she burst into his room.

She spoke slowly, and with an effort. 'I want you to know,' she paused, 'that I have never done anything like this before.' And Miguel, who was staring into her eyes, knew that she was speaking the truth. He moved toward her, she came one step forward to meet him. He raised his arms in an almost involuntary gesture to envelop her in them, and as their lips met he felt a surging throb of happiness pass through him like a wracking pain.

Their lips were locked like that for what seemed an age, and when he tore his lips from hers it was only to rain more kisses on her, on her eyes, her nose, her cheek, her hands. Neither spoke; neither had need of speech.

On the following day, Miguel hastened to Paris to begin a new concert engagement. Gaby, silently happy, knew that he would fly back to her as soon as they would let him.

(To be continued).

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