

The Kings Mountain Herald

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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.

DON'T SAY ANYTHING MEAN

Candidates are sometimes prone to say mean cutting things about each other, and excuse themselves by thinking, 'It's only political talk, but harsh words are easily spoken but hard to forget.'

NOT SO DUMB

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll is coming home from Europe to give himself up as a World War draft dodger.

Very opportunistic time, and that he was not so dumb by evading war in 1917 to make the world safe for democracy.

We think Mr. Bergdoll was wise in not being "sucked in." He is still alive and lots of the others who were so quick to enter the fighting are dead.

WHY PAY IN THE DARK?

No one would be so foolish as to choose a pitch dark room in which to compute monthly bills for rent, clothing, fuel and food, and to count the necessary money due on each.

Yet the average consumer is made to do something just as foolish by paying taxes in the dark — taxes that cannot be seen because they are concealed in the purchase price of every necessity.

The average consumer pays taxes in the dark, for example, when he pays his rent, one-fourth of which goes for taxes.

There are 112 hidden taxes in a pair of shoes, and the taxes on milk exceed the profit gained by the farmer.

This pyramided tax method is the target of a militant attack by the National Consumers Tax Commission.

CENTENARIAN WISDOM

In 1922 the late Senator Cornelius Cole was 100 years old, and Los Angeles gave him a banquet, at which his mind as alert as ever, he spoke.

He said, according to the Saturday Evening Post, that he had only one message for those present, and that it had been impressed on him through long experience.

"We listened tolerantly because he was an old man, but privately most of us thought he was living in world of ideas belonging wholly to the past."

"I have thought of that address a thousand times. The old senator was not in his dotage. It was we who were blind. Do I need to ask you to think of the countries where in recent years civil and religious liberty has vanished? Do I need to ask you to think of how seriously at this moment these liberties are in jeopardy in democratic countries?"

"Why are they in jeopardy? Because of pressures operating against free enterprises. Those pressures come from two sources: First, those who are wrongly called economic planners, but who have something

Here and There

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

The older I get the more I realize that it is the little things in life that count. There are only a very few extra big events in a person's life, birth, marriage, death, and there are so many little things when they are added together, they make life itself.

There was a fellow in town this week who was a big inspiration to me. He was a cripple, who had only three toes on one foot, and three fingers on his one arm. Yet he was not on WPA. He put on a "Strong-Man" show in front of the Center Service Station.

For the latest political dope, I refer you to the Central Barber Shop.

My preacher was mighty dressed up Easter Sunday.

Yours truly and Charlie Thomason stood in front of the Kings Mountain Drug Co. all Saturday afternoon trying to get someone to urge us to run for the Town Council.

Merchants report very good business for Easter. That little old bunny is not such a bad fellow.

We are about to get over the measles at my house. All three of the children and the colored girl had them, and I believe "the boss", Mrs. Lynch suffered more from the maid's case than the children.

Jim Willis, who is not a candidate is having lots of fun watching those who are.

I noticed by the papers that a barbeque supper was given the losing candidates for aldermen in Kinston, N. C. The winners were not allowed to attend. I think the fellow who got the party up had it exactly backwards.

Fred Stallworth and yours truly noticed over to Maiden last week to get some anklets for his store. Before we got ready to leave we noticed a hitch hiker trying to catch a ride.

Every once in a while we get so rushed that we don't know where to start, and what to do when we get started. That's the way it is right now.

Congratulations to M. Harmon. He has been elected Editor-in-Chief of the Tar Heel up at the University for next year.

If anybody can think of anything more disconcerting than a nightmare at ten o'clock in the morning, I wish they'd let me know.

If you haven't heard the tune called "Egyptian Ella," you've missed plenty. Don't think so much of swing as a general thing, but like this one because it sounds so much like some that Raymond Scott used to do about Turkey and caravans.

In mind quite different from planning — namely, government control of the processes of production and distribution; secondly, from minority groups.

"Special privileges is an invitation to government control, and no business can long survive bureaucratic domination."

For the third consecutive month, the level of local market prices for farm products decreased in March with the result that the index of the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics has touched the lowest point since July, 1934.

GERONIMO

A WAIVER OF DEED BY JOHN FORD

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Buck Holsbaugh, simple-minded but good-natured driver of the stagecoach to the frontier town of Lordsburg, N. M., in 1885, stops at Tonto, Ariz., to change horses. Passengers who are going on with him to Lordsburg (an overnight ride) are Eva, Lucy Mallory, beautiful young Southern matron soon to become a mother; Mr. Peacock, timid Negro salesman; and U.S. Marshal "Curly" Wilcox, riding as shotgun guard. They are joined by Dallas, pretty blonde dance hall girl, and Doc Boone, kindly but drunken physician, both run out of town by the Tonto Ladies' Law and Order League.

Chapter Two

"Set down!" commanded Curly. Buck subsided into his seat; but the idea of driving the stagecoach through the Apache hazard appealed to him no more than before.

Curly stepped down and addressed the passengers in the

wood pompously, settling himself none too gently between the two girls. "Anybody know where they're going?"

"Brother, aren't you aware of what's happened?" fluttered Peacock. "We're all going to be scalped, Gatewood," explained cheerfully. "Massacred in one fell swoop. 'It's that old Apache butcher, Geronimo — he's on the warpath.'"

Curly's quest was rewarded sooner than he expected when a well-set-up, strikingly handsome youth in cowpuncher's clothes appeared at a bend with rifle in hand. Here was the Ringo Kid, bound for Lordsburg as Curly had guessed, but forced to take the stagecoach when his horse went lame. Curly, backed by the detachment of cavalry behind, relieved Ringo of his Winchester, placed him under arrest, and ordered him into the already full stage, where he seated himself on the floor.

As the coach rolled on toward Dry Fork, the atmosphere among the seven passengers gradually



He settled himself none too gently between the two girls.

grew more and more tense. Hatfield worked assiduously at his self-appointed task as protector of the frail Mrs. Mallory, ordering Doc Boone to throw away his odoriferous cigar, defending the good name of the late-lamented Confederacy, and snubbing Dallas.

Curly covered his black back and growled at every one; Peacock covered in his corner; Doc Boone happily tested the whiskey drummer's samples and snapped his fingers at the world; Lucy Mallory stoically endured the discomforts of her trip; Dallas kept her own counsel; and Ringo chatted affably with Boone, who, it developed, had treated his brother for a broken arm many years ago.

At midday Buck pulled up his horses at the Dry Fork way station — a little adobe building with a rambling yard and a corral attached. Consternation seized the group when old Billy Pickett, the innkeeper, informed them that the soldiers they had expected to pick up as their convoy, had been ordered to the next station at Apache Wells — Lucy Mallory's husband among them. The cavalry guard which had accompanied them thus far had orders to return to Tonto.

"No soldiers? Well, I guess we got to turn back," quavered Buck. "Yes," murmured Peacock. "I think we should all go back." But Gatewood evidently intent on reaching Lordsburg at all costs, tried to bully the young cavalry lieutenant into going on with them.

"I call this desertion of duty, young man," he blustered loudly. "I'll take it up with your superior officers! I'll take it up with Washington!" "That's your privilege, sir," returned Lieut. Blanchard quietly. "But if you make any trouble here I'll put you under restraint."

"I'll tell you how we'll settle it," announced Curly, the natural leader. "We'll take a vote. Everybody inside, now!" And they all struggled into the inn — all, that is, except Doc Boone, who was already more or less firmly propped up against the bar!

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



Gratified Ambition

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

think it is a sizzling idea and fondly believe that it will not only give the relievers more benefits, but also help dispose of surpluses.

But other people around Washington are beginning to ask themselves this question: Suppose the reliever wants a few bottles of beer or a carton of cigarettes? The stamps, supposedly, could not be used to buy these things. But what would prevent the relief agent, if he did not want artichokes or some other surplus food, from making a "deal" with the grocer.

If the plan is to serve the purpose for which it is intended the Washington side-line spectators see a Federal policing job ahead that will be bigger than anything undertaken by the G-men. It would mean Federal inspection of every grocery list of the several million relief families.

TAX NOTE — Senators and Representatives have learned with surprise that the District of Columbia tax assessor has the Capitol building on his books — valued at \$50,000,000. But of course the government pays no property tax.

The District tax assessor explains that he assessed the building simply because "we have so many calls a day what the government would have to pay if it paid taxes."

An unprecedented event had Capt. Hill in a mild furore the other day. It happened during consideration of the President's request for an additional \$150,000,000 to meet emergency expenses of the WPA. While the bill was being considered, many of the Congressmen began to receive letters from CIO and WPA demanding that the request be granted. But the unprecedented part of it was that the letters were mailed in franked envelopes — on which the taxpayer pays the postage!!

For anyone who might wonder just what an Interior Department press agent does (after reading recently that Congress had denied Secretary Ickes additional funds to hire more press agents), the following is offered as a sample. It was one of several Interior Department press releases, distributed to every newspaper writer in Washington the day last week:

"Men of Uncle Sam's Navy, now returning from fleet maneuvers in the Caribbean, are said to have stowed aboard their battleships, destroy-

ers, submarines and bombing planes

napkins, finger tip towels; baby bibs and baskets, according to advance reports from the Virgin Islands Handicraft Cooperatives which reached the States today."

But that was only the first paragraph of the release, which finally concluded: It must be that every wife and sweetheart of the fleet will receive a gift."

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation for the kindness and sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our husband and father. Mrs. Sam C. Sneed and family.

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