

The Kings Mountain Herald

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HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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A weekly newspaper devoted to
the promotion of the general wel-
fare and published for the enlight-
enment, entertainment and benefit
of the citizens of Kings Mountain
and its vicinity.

CLIMBING UPWARD
You have to let go of the rung below
When you reach for the rung above
There is no other way to climb, you
know.
You have to let go of the rung be-
low.
Each upward step brings more of
the glow
And warmth of the sun of love;
You have to let go of the rung below
When you reach for the rung a-
bove.
--Selected.

NOT TOO QUICK
The Election is over, the citizens
of Kings Mountain have chosen
through their ballots the men to op-
erate their Town's business for the
next two years. The men selected
are from all over King Mountain,
and are a representative group of
leading business men, who we know
will do everything in their power for
the betterment of Kings Mountain as
a whole.
Citizens should not expect too
much of these men until they have
had the time to study ways and
means of improving the conditions
here

NOT GONE, BUT--
Charity and Children, that splen-
did little paper published at the
Thomasville Orphanage reminds that
"Od things are passed away, but
we did see a buggy one day last
week; there are a few private
schools left in the land though one
has to travel many a mile to find
them; the buildings that were known
as 'pore houses' have not all been
deserted, and only a few counties
have torn down their jail houses."
Quite true, but the buggy and the
old gray mare soon will be fit sub-
jects for the museum; private
schools have about been lost in the
shuffle that has centralized control
of publication at Raleigh. Social
security has all but made the "pore
house" unnecessary; and smart law-
yers have a way of interfering with
the county jails as popular boarding
houses.
About the only things that will
forever abide are death and taxes.
These we will have with us always,
and about the last that will be put
under foot is--taxes.

SALARY: \$1,161,753 A YEAR
We are not an authority on the
ability of men to earn salaries of
more than a million dollars, but we
notice that the biggest salary paid
to any individual in the United States
in the calendar year 1937, was re-
ceived by Louis B. Mayer, a produc-
er of moving pictures.
It may be that Citizen Mayer is
worth as much as \$1,161,753 a year
to the business which has acquired
his great talents. He may be worth
even more, but, just the same, we
doubt it.

THANKS
I wish to take this opportunity to
thank the people of Ward 5 for their
support and vote of confidence they
gave me in the City Election. Words
cannot express my gratitude and ap-
preciation for the overwhelming ma-
jority which I received. As your elec-
ted representative I expect to dis-
charge the duties to the best of my
ability, and the wishes of the people
for the best interest of our town.
H. Tom Fulton.

The Herald Publishing House

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS--
INCLUDING--

- Letter Heads
Shipping Tags
Special Rule Forms
Circulars and Placards
Statements and Bill Forms
Booklets and Pamphlets
Wedding Invitations
Visiting Cards
Announcements
Envelopes

Mail Orders Given Prompt--
Attention--
Phone 167--

Here and There

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

The election is over and not one
sugar or drink did I get off of any
candidate.

One thing about the election,
there were more winners than los-
ers, because out of the 16 candidates
10 were elected to office.

Fred Plonk should be a first class
magician after his assistance to the
one at the Men's Club Supper last
week. Fred was in on just about
every trick. He says he figured sev-
eral of them out, so if you want a
magic program presented just call
Fred.

I was collected as a NUT at the
P. T. A. Stunt Night along with B. S.
Peeler, Charlie Thomasson, L. B.
Hamm, B. S. Neill and a few ladies
but I will not mention their names
because members of the weaker sex
are endowed with more brains than
my nut.

The most photographed citizens
of Kings Mountain, Miles and Ernest
Mauney, accomplished sons of Mr.
and Mrs. W. K. Mauney, had their
pictures on the front cover of The
State Magazine last week. The day
before their pictures were on the
front page of The Charlotte Obser-

I stopped by yesterday morning
for my annual visit to see the beau-
tiful iris collection of Rev. W. E.
Fox. There are 84 varieties in the col-
lection, with every one a beauty.

O. W. Myers who is always full of
pep and energy, got a little too ener-
getic last week and took the stove
down in his store, now he had to
use some more energy and put it
back up for the cold spell that has
made Kings Mountain citizens shiver.
It is quite an honor for one child
in a family to take part in the Gram-
mar School reading and declamation
contests, but when one family has
two children represented, it is an
honor indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan
Herd are the proud parents of Joe
and May Beth, who represented West
School in the final contests held at
Central School Tuesday night.

By GEORGE

This afternoon I had a Judge's-eye-
view of the School's band in action.
I climbed up into a second floor win-
dow and watched Jones Fortune, the
janky blond who does such a swell
job of putting them thru their paces,
doing just that. It was something to
look at. They made a swell N. C.
band and did all their other capers. Now
I'm convinced that they're coming
back from Charlotte just as they
came back from Greensboro -- win-
ners. I just don't see how they can
keep from winning. It should really
be worthwhile seeing them under
the Stadium lights in Charlotte Fri-
day night, and I think I will.

While we're on this subject, we
might keep on it. I recently heard
a well-meaning citizen of Kings
Mountain say that in one way our
town officials were wasting money.
He said that every year a certain
sum is being spent to advertise our
town. To him this seemed a waste
of money. Why not, he asked, give
that money to Band Director Paul E.
Hendricks? After all, hasn't he, thru
our band, done more to advertise our
town than anyone else for the past
couple years?

Methinks he has something there.
It isn't a foolish idea at all. Just as
Charley Thomasson told the Band
members this afternoon -- everyone
has heard of our band, and through
our town. Maybe everybody has
not, but certainly most of North and
South Carolina have. Merely a sug-
gestion.

Right now Tom Fulton, Mr. A. H.
Patterson, Mr. Ed Caldwell, and the
Editor are having a political argu-
ment, and further thinking (?) is
impossible. Tom's a winner, and what
I mean a WINNER. And he seems
pretty happy about it. Congratulations,
Mr. Fulton! The biggest vote
of all! (Would we be too bold to call
him "Mr. Mayor?")

Open Forum

An open forum for our readers,
but no letter can be published if
it exceeds 500 words. No anonym-
ous communications will be ac-
cepted. The name of the writer
will not be published however, if
the author so requests. The opin-
ions expressed herein are not nec-
essarily those of the Herald.

New York, N. Y.,
April 28, 1939.

Editor of Herald,
Kings Mountain, N. C.
Dear Editor:
I'm writing you about your school
band down there in 'The Best Town
in the State.' I understand that you
folks have a school band that is e-
qual, if not superior, to any in the
state of N. C. What I want to call
your attention to, is this: Why don't
you folks get together and make
plans (if you haven't done so) to
send your fine musical organization
up here for North Carolina's Day at

he New York World's Fair? I und-
erstand that many of the school
bands in the state are planning to
be here for that occasion. Why not
send yours up also? Give the boys
and girls a trip that they will re-
member years to come. I don't be-
lieve you folks could show them
our appreciation for the splendid or-
ganization that these young folks
have given you, in a more profitable
way, than to send them on this great
trip. Many of the band members
have probably never been to New
York, or attended a world fair.
Imagine what a treat is in store for
them here in New York, and at the
fair. This is going to be the largest
and most spectacular world's fair in
all history. Too wonderful to miss
by anyone. Perhaps some of you
Kings Mountaineers will be here for
N. C. day at the fair, and just
wouldn't it be a thrilling sight to
watch your home town band parad-
ing along the streets of this great
city with the other school bands
from N. C. I feel sure there isn't a
one of you folks in Kings Mountain
that wouldn't be thrilled over seeing
that. Well, this is a grand opportu-
nity to have your band play and pa-
rade here in New York, before the
eyes of millions of people from all
over this nation, and foreign na-
tions. What a grand opportunity it
will be to advertise your little city.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO
MAY 6, 1920

Mr. H. T. Fulton went to Charlotte
Monday.

Mr. Fred Baker returned to Char-
lotte Monday after a visit to relat-
ives here.

Misses Sara and Winnifred Fulton
spent the week-end at Lincolnton.
Mr. Raymond Jenkins returned to
his home at Columbia Tuesday after
a visit to his uncle, Mr. Howard Jen-
kins.

... to let the world know that you
have a school band that you are
proud to claim as your own, no mat-
ter where you may send it to repre-
sent your home town. Don't let that
band parade on June 18th. (day be-
fore N. C. day) pass in review with-
out your band being in the line of
march as it passes before the eyes
of millions of New Yorkers, and
world's fair visitors here in the
world's largest city. Be here to wit-
ness that spectacle event. I'll be see-
ing and hearing Kings Mountain, at
the fair on North Carolina's Day, I
hope?
A FRIEND.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE DARR



Opportunity

Washington Snapshots

... in the love for peace and hate of
war.

Among these protests, those from
businessmen are stronger than any.

One prominent businessman, the
president of the world's largest
group of manufacturers, said recent-
ly:

"I want to make it perfectly plain
that American industry has no stom-
ach for war. The colossal expendi-
tures on UNPRODUCTIVE arma-
ment, it is true, would give added
employment and temporary stimulus
to our prosperity, but at such a cost
in human lives, suffering and DISLO-
CATION of our future economy as
to be a tragic bargain indeed. We
have learned by bitter experience
that peace -- NOT WAR--hath her
victories for industry."

Best opinion in Washington is that
as long as the sentiment against
war continues to pour in from the
people, American won't become in-
volved even if war comes. Congress-
men, like their constituents, have
sons. They don't want war either.
And just as long as Congress knows
their constituents are back of them
they won't vote for war.

And Washington is having addi-
tional troubles as a result of the Eu-
ropean turmoil. In fact, it is down-
right embarrassing for some officials.
Center of the new worry is the \$20,
000 mosaic floor of the new multi-
million dollar Post Office Department
Building. The mosaic is a large map
of the world.

When the floor was laid about four
years ago, Austria, Albania and

Czechoslovakia were countries in Eu-
rope. Today they are only memories
of mapmakers. The mosaic, how-
ever, is a map that can not be alter-
ed. Austria, Albania and Czechoslo-
vakia appear in bright colored stones.

Officials don't know whether it is
best to tear up the \$20,000 orna-
ment or let time and shuffling feet
wear out the boundary lines -- or
wait and make these other altera-
tions that the world fears will come.

Decision of the House Labor Com-
mittee to hold hearings on the Labor
Act amendments simultaneously
with the Senate Labor Committee
had observers puzzled for a while
last week. But then the strategy be-
hind the decision began to show it-
self and the story is simply this:

There had been no requests for
hearings in the House (because
hearings were already underway in
the Senate) until a move was start-
ed for a Congressional investigation
of the National Labor Relations
Board, which administers the Labor
Act.

Immediately the CIO, the NLRB
and administration spokesmen be-
gan scratching their heads for a
way to head off such an investiga-
tion. Finally when it looked as though
the planned investigation might
become a reality, somebody hit upon
the idea of starting hearings on a
amendment proposals.

The strategists reasoned that the
House would not be likely to under-
take hearings on both the amend-
ment and investigation proposals.
And it worked, for the time being
at least.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
While the dread Apache chief,
Geronimo, is beginning one of
his savage campaigns against
the white pioneers, the frontiers
stagecoach begins its overnight
journey from Tomb, Ariz., to
Lordsburg, N. M. The passen-
gers, in constant danger of at-
tack by the Indians, reach a
way station, where young Mrs.
Mallory, one of the travelers
who is about to become a
mother, finds that her moment
has arrived. Doc Boone, another
of the passengers, attends her
as she gives birth to a girl.
Meanwhile Ringo, a young
fugitive in custody of U. S.
Marshal Curly Wisco, and Dal-
las, a dance hall girl traveling
to Lordsburg, find that they
are falling in love. Other pas-
sengers are Hatfield, a gambler; Gatewood, an absconding
banker; and Peacock, a whiskey
drummer.

Chapter Five

In the morning, the little band
of pilgrims having snatched such
sleep as they could in bunk or on
the floor, a bitter argument began
as to whether to continue on to-
ward Lordsburg at once, or to
wait another day or two for Lucy



The coach began its mad rush for the ferry.

Mallory to regain some of her
strength. Gatewood, as usual, was
loud in his demands for immediate
resumption of the journey, regard-
less of any one else's comfort or
need. Buck, too, expressed a timid
desire to get along while the get-
ting along was good, for Chris'
Apache wife had disappeared dur-
ing the night, taking her husband's
best horse and rifle; and no one
pretended any longer that the sit-
uation was not deadly serious.

But Doc Boone gave it as his
professional opinion that the pas-
senger must not be moved for at
least a day; and Hatfield, for once,
swore by the doctor's professional
judgment. Peacock, the experienced
family man, bravely concurred,
even though it meant courting
danger. Curly, feeling his responsi-
bility for all of them, was unde-
cided.

"Do you need Curly in this con-
fab?" Boone asked Curly, as they
sat down to continue the debate.
"The Kid does as I do," pronoun-
ced Curly.

"In that case, my boy," said the
physician, "you better make your-
self useful. There's a young wom-
an out in the kitchen needs help.
She's making coffee. Ringo need-
ed no second hint."

"You didn't answer what I asked
you last night."
Dallas put down the coffee pot
and turned to face him.
"Why don't you escape, Kid?
There's a horse out there in the
corral. Curly won't go after you--
he can't leave the passengers in
this fix."

"But I got to go to Lordsburg.
Won't you go to my ranch and
wait for me?"
"Wait for a dead man?" she
answered bitterly. "You haven't
got a chance and you know it.
There's three of them -- against
you!"

"There's some things a man just
can't run away from," he pleaded.
"Then how can you talk about
your life and my life when you're
throwing 'em away? Yes--rings
too. That's what you're throwing
away if you go to Lordsburg! Go
now--get away--forget the Plum-
mers! Make for the border and
I'll come!"

covered in his seat, and Doc
Boone drank and was happy.
They reached the ferry--only to
find that the ferry was no longer
there. The wharf and the ferry-
boat had been burned by the
Indians.

"What are we going to do now?"
shouted Gatewood accusingly at
every one within earshot.
"We're going across," said
Curly grimly. And with the help
of Hatfield and Ringo he rolled
two huge logs into the water,
lashed the wheels of the coach to
the logs in order to float the
vehicle, and started to throw out
all the baggage in order to make
the coach as light as possible. But
Gatewood would not be separated
from his valise; while as for Doc
Boone, he managed to stuff his
pockets with most of Peacock's
precious samples before the sam-
ple case was tossed overboard.

The preparations completed, Buck
drove the horses into the water
and made them swim across, draw-
ing the half-submerged coach after
them. Presently the coach was on
the opposite bank, the wheels un-
lashed, from the logs, and the dash
for Lordsburg was on again.

After the ferry-safety. That was
the thought in the minds of all of
them as the coach rolled onward
along the road. It now wound
through a deep canyon on its way
to the New Mexico line. And all
of them visibly relaxed; Buck
chirped cheerfully to his horses.
Gatewood began apologizing to
Hatfield for his snappishness; and
Peacock congratulated himself
upon having been spared to reach
the bosom of his dear family once
more.

For, as the coach passed be-
tween two high and narrow walls
of the canyon, none of its occu-
pants could see the dusky figures
that peered down on them from
the canyon rims--a band of
Apaches in full warpaint, headed
by the stony-faced Geronimo.

But as the coach swept along,
and Doc Boone waved a bottle to
drink a toast to their emergence
from danger, an arrow whizzed
through the coach window and
planted itself in Peacock's shoul-
der, pinning him to the wall. He
sat without moving a muscle; the
others stared at him for a long
moment, white-faced.

(To be continued.)

Advertisement for Treet Blades. Text: SAVES MY FACE! SAVES MY MONEY! Treet SINGLE-EDGE BLADES For GEM and Ever-Ready Razors. Price: 4 FOR 10¢.

Advertisement for Home Building & Loan Association. Text: Now IS THE TIME TO BUILD Money Available Our April Series Now Open Home Building & Loan Association A. H. Patterson, Secretary -- Treasurer.