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

FRIENDLY SORT OF WAY
If you should know of a spirit low,
Of a heart that aches today,
Try warming it just a little bit,
In a friendly sort of way.
To see the bright of a glowing light
You have fanned within the eyes
Of someone down with a worry
frown,
Is a royal sight to prize.
To know the gloom of their dreary
room
You have changed to rainbow hue,
As knowledge soared as a true friend
For a friend so good and true.
So watch the road for a heavy load
On an aching heart today:
Try warming it just a little bit
In a friendly sort of way.
—Gordon.

THE LITTLE TRAIL
TO BEING FRIENDS
The trail to being friends
that never, never ends,
you may travel far
to the nicest places here,
for you great vistas fair,
in fields and fragrant air.
And better views around the bends;
The little trail to being friends.

THE HUMAN TOUCH
You'll find it pays big dividends
To speak a word of cheer;
It multiplies your list of friends
And brings good fortune near.

It always is well worth the while
To make a word very much;
Do not forget that tender smile,
The hearty, human touch.
—Texas Training School News.

TRUE RICHES
You are richer today than you
were yesterday if you have laughed
often, given something, forgiven
even more, made a new friend, or made
something of stumbling blocks;
you have thought more in terms
of "myself" and than of "myself"
or if you have managed to be cheerful
even if you were weary. You are
richer tonight than you were this
morning if you have taken time to
trace the handiwork of God in the
commonplace things of life, or if
you have learned to count out things
that really do not count, or if you
have been a little blinder to the
faults of friends or foe. You are rich
er if a little child has smiled at you,
and a stray dog has licked your
hand, or if you have looked for
the good in others, and have given oth-
ers the best in you.—Old Scrap Book

WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE
OUR PUBLIC LIBRARY
On February 18 of this year the
Kings Mountain Public Library cele-
brated its second birthday. For two
years the library had served the citi-
zens of the town, and more than
ever before we were proud of the
fact that we, along with much larger
towns, had a library which was not
only a success, but which was pro-
viding more popular and doing more
business than much larger libraries
in larger towns.

Now, like a death knell to some-
thing we love, comes the news from
Raleigh that our attorney-general has
interpreted the laws of the state as
making it illegal for a town to ap-
propriate public funds for a library.
Our library has thrived on the \$300
yearly appropriation from the town
which keeps it going.

Of course, we would not lose our
library because we lose that mon-
ey a librarian is not the only
needed to keep it going, even
at present, have several
books in there. Those
books will soon be
who is going to
any of them are
the pages lost
sed by handling
s are gone
ly get more?
has kept the
ocked. Books
could be mend-
er things which
the very existence
one, but without this
happen?

the of hard work
got the library,
and its doors,
just about the
globe. It was a
Now the dream

By George!
I wonder if the farmers were
glad to see the rain beginning to
fall the other day as I was? And I
wonder if they'd be as glad to see it
stop raining now as I would? It
isn't of course, raining right now,
but the clouds keep piling up in the
west as if its going to do so, just
about any time. I do like it cool like
this, but as Skimp Stowe said at the
dance the other night, "I get along
without you very well." Tho' for
gosh sakes, not for too long at a
time.

And while we're on the subject,
that guy Stowe is getting to be quite
a maestro. He certainly proved his
ability to quip with the best of them
Monday evening. It was duclargely
to his witticism, and very much to
his music that the very informal af-
fair was one of the most delightful
affairs of the season. As Carl Finger
put it, "That was 'tre event of the
year." Everyone was running around
in tules, and in shirt sleeves. And the
femmes were dressed just as com-
fortable as they could be.

The jitterbugs had their night to
howl, and put on quite a show for
those who haven't yet learned the
manly art? Or is it an art? It should
be, especially if everyone did it like
Sleepy Parton.

Harold Barber and the young lady
who hung on to him put on a real
show, and the young couple from
Gastonia wasn't baad at all.

Maloney, the radio man at Western
Auto, finally convinced me that Tues-
day would be a grand day for fishing
so we went out to the City Lake and
sank our hooks in. We sat out there
for six hours, and were justly re-
warded with two or three five-inch-
long brim, and several little ones.

The band, as usual, made a big hit
for the Grover people Tuesday. Mrs.
Chas. Everett of that town call-
ed in and said that she wanted us to
express the appreciation of the
whole town for their coming down
to help them with their celebration.
Mrs. Everett said that the band
just "won the hearts" of the Grover
folks. Which just goes to prove our
contention that its the best band in
the state.

We wouldn't have missed it for
anything if we had known it was go-
ing to happen. We mean, of course
Mr. Johnny McGill playing tennis.
Yes, he went down to the court the
other night, and he maintains that
the only trouble he had was keeping
up with the ball, so he must be pret-
ty good.

KRITICAL MOMENTS
AND
HOWLARIOUS SCOOPS
(By The Tattlers)

Starting out with a bang, we hope
we don't end up with the gong.
Flash: A certain child who likes
"young to get over the shock of los-
ing a boy with brown curls and got
little Charles A. Goforth on the re-
bound. Oddly enough (or is it, for
what?) she likes being a "cradle rob-
ber." So, says Margaret Ware, that's
why Charles A. hangs around the
show so much?

Maudie, Edgar, Peggy and Clara
are all at School in Asheville. We
wonder how things are going?
At the dance the other night the
jitterbugs took the cake. With hop
skipping and jumping going on all
over the place, everybody had a
whooping big time.

Skimp Stowe was probably the
biggest cause for the big time. With
him furnishing both the music and
the humor. Why shouldn't it be fun?
Harold Barber and the gal he had
were plenty good. So were the cou-
ple from Gaston, as were Charles
has become a nightmare. Will we
lose our library? Must we, as Char-
lotte, give up that for which we work
so hard and waited so long?
Should we charge each member a
yearly fee, or try to raise the money
otherwise? Just what can we do?
It's a timely question, and one
which we had better consider seri-
ously with the next few weeks.

Thomasson and his girl.
Believe it or dont, Bo took a no-
tion not to date, so Bob took Gogie,
and didn't seem to regret it a bit.
Bill Wilson seems to be the latest
love for the females. Bill is quite a
dancer, and from the things we've
seen and heard since, seems to be
alright otherwise.

EDWARD SMALL
presents
ADOLPHE MENJOU
KING
of the TURF

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
Among the hangerson at the
Saratoga racing meeting is a
disreputable drunk whom old-
timers know as Jim Mason,
once a fabulously successful
horse trainer.
Mason won him the title, "King
of the Turf." Now he's down
and out, but still privately cher-
ishes his belief in the principles
of square dealing for which he
was respected while in his prime.
Mason, having spent his last
dollar on drink, hops a freight
train at night in a driving
downpour and finds himself in
a horse freight car presided
over by fifteen-year-old Goldie
Smith, a jockey out of a job
because he refused to "throw"
a race. When Goldie finds out
who his guest is he is over-
joyed, and they become fast
friends.

Chapter Two
"Mr. Mason, this is Mr. Tay-
lor."
The horse train had pulled into
the siding at Goldie and Taylor,
a hard-bitten trainer with a facial
expression not unlike that of a



"I wouldn't take a million dollars for that watch."
rodent with dyspepsia, had board-
ed the car. While he stared un-
pleasantly, Mason, swaying from
his early morning libation, drew
himself up with unsteady affabil-
ity.
"How do you do?"
"Why, you little tramp." Taylor
growled at Goldie. "What do you
mean, riding a bum like that with
my horses?"
"He ain't no bum, Mr. Taylor.
He's Jim Mason. He's a right
guy."
"Och, he's a right guy, is he?"
The trainer struck out viciously
with his crop, hitting Goldie across
the side of the face. Mason at
once lunged into the fray, to be
knocked clear through the open
door of the car with a blow to the
jaw and another one under the
eye. Meanwhile Goldie came charg-
ing in, his fists flailing. Taylor
caught him neatly in the eye with
his fist, and Goldie followed his
friend through the car door, fall-
ing in a heap in the straw out-
side.

It took more than a week in
the city hospital to bring Jim
Mason around to some semblance
of physical condition. But Goldie
came every day to visit his hero.
At last the boy came jubilantly
bringing the news that his friend
would be discharged on the mor-
row. But Mason's joy was damp-
ened by the realization that he
lacked money to pay his bill.
Thoughtfully he reached under his
pillow and took out a gold watch.
"How much do you think this is
worth?"
Goldie looked at it. It was a
beautiful thing; but its intrinsic

crack aimed at Asheville.
Doc Campbell is mightily interest-
ed in a gal from Gastonia whom he
met at Montreat.
Ladd Hamrick has more fun being
followed around by a gang of kids
than anyone we know.
Pete Suber had a date with the
ADVANCE NOTICE: The long
(almost hopelessly) awaited Profes-
sor Paul E. Hendricks-Helen Cros-
lane nuptials will be announced
sometime this month. The wedding,
according to a confirmed report
will be sometime in August.

EDWARD SMALL
presents
ADOLPHE MENJOU
KING
of the TURF

beauty moved him scarcely at all
in comparison to the thrill he felt
on reading the inscription on the
case: "TO THE BOSS, FROM
JOHNNY."
"I wouldn't take a million dol-
lars for that watch," muttered
Mason.
But now — well, maybe Johnny
Downs would understand. After all
it's a hospital.
"You couldn't do that, Mr. Ma-
son. Not Johnny's watch." He fish-
ed into his pants pocket. "Look
at this."
"Why, this is a receipt — the
hospital bill—"
"Sure, I forgot to tell you — I
got a job. Two jobs."
"You mean — you used money
you earned — for me?"
"Well," times defensively, "I
had to get you out of hock,
didn't I?"

"Twenty-seven fifty I've got;
twenty-seven fifty I've got," chanted
the auctioneer. "Twenty-seven
fifty for a Black Tony colt out of
Midnight... Do I hear three thou-
sand? Who'll give three thou-
sand?"
Mason and Goldie, with two dol-
lars between them, had come out
to the racehorse auction to kill an
afternoon. They listened to the



"He looks sound. Good chest,
good legs, good look. But he's
kind of on fire, ain't he?"
"A good race horse can't be too
lively. And he ought to be. His
name is Red Gold — he's the
son of White Gold out of White
Queen. That colt has one of the
best blood lines in the world."
Meanwhile the horse kept paw-
ing, stamping and rearing wildly,
making his groom more and more
jittery. The auctioneer's voice be-
gan again in the paddock nearby.
"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I call
your attention to the last and most
important offering of the day. A
maiden three-year-old son of White
Gold out of White Queen. Bring
that horse in, boy!"
The two friends followed as the
groom led the horse, still pawing
and sidging, over to the auc-
tioneer's stand. As he came to a
stop, Red Gold put his ears back,
snorted, and pawed the air with
his front legs. The spectators grin-
ned knowingly at one another.
"A thousand dollars, gentlemen,"
cried the auctioneer, for what may
be another Zev, Morich, Cavalcade
— or I might even say Man O'
War."
The horse reared again, and the
crowd laughed boisterously.

(To be continued.)

JUST HUMANS
By GENE COW



"Aw, Y'like All the Janes, It's Gimme, Gimme!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)
administration set up, the rule mak-
ers abide by no rules other than
their own, and figuratively thumb
their noses at the courts and Consti-
tutional law.
Here is the barb in the commit-
tee's report:
"...the prime consideration and
emphasis has been on strengthening
the powers of the Federal Govern-
ment so as to regulate and control
the governed with practically no con-
sideration being given to providing
means and methods whereby the
governors could be governed and the
regulators could be regulated. The
time has come when some of these
regulators consider themselves a-
bove the statutes and when they
show contemptuous disregard for
both the Congress and the courts.
Unless this country is to become
first a parliamentary and then a to-
titarian government, with the
States reduced to mere police prov-
inces and with both the legislative
and judicial branches of our Govern-
ment dominated by the administra-
tive agencies of Government, these
administrative agencies must be re-
quired to both observe the terms of
statutes and to exercise good faith
in their administration of such stat-
utes."
Best indication to date that Con-
gress really wants to adjourn by
July 15 is the recent mood exhib-
ited by the House. That chamber has
suddenly begun meeting at 11 A. M.
every week day, which is an hour
earlier than usual. Also, several of
its sessions have lasted past the din-
ner hour as compared with the usual
"about five o'clock" recess. More
Saturday sessions also are in pros-
pect, which is a definite home
stretch hint.

There is more significance than
has been printed behind the announce-
ment of the CIO that it will begin
a major unionization drive in the
aircraft and shipbuilding industries
soon. It is these industries that will
carry the heaviest load in the Na-
tional defense program. And here is
the background for the announced
CIO drive:
Several weeks ago the CIO almost
succeeded in slipping a JOKER

through Congress which would have
given labor agitators (or even for-
eign spies) enough power virtually
to shut down the nation's defense in-
dustries. The JOKER was in the
form of an amendment to the Na-
tional Defense Bill. It
would have voided any government
defense contract if the firm holding
the contract was engaged in any la-
bor dispute. And a labor dispute can
mean a dispute between an employ-
er and a single employee. The
amendment was tossed out of the de-
fense bill when, at almost the last
minute, the joker was discovered.

Thus, many at the Capitol inter-
pret the CIO membership drive in
the defense industries as a show of
determination to gain control of
these vital units of industry — with-
er without legislative "cooperation."
Many at the Capitol, too, are a
bit worried over the prospect, for
they remember—all too well—some
of the violence and long shut-downs
that have accompanied other CIO
drives.

PERPETUAL MOTION DEPART-
MENT: The Home Owners' Loan
Corporation, seeking to mollify some
of its distressed borrowers who are
in danger of losing their homes to
the tax collector, has hit upon a new
lending scheme. The HOLC has an-
nounced it will now lend money to
delinquent taxpayers to help them
avoid foreclosures. The loans, of
course, will be made only to home-
owners already indebted to the
HOLC.
Thus the government will take
money out of one pocket, give it to
the taxpayer, and then take it back
and put it in the other pocket. All
the taxpayer gets out of it is a big-
ger debt to the HOLC—and he still
has to pay other taxes to support
the HOLC.

Anti-Tarmen
Used many years for the relief of
upset stomach, excess acidity, indig-
estion, dysentery, colitis, and related
stomach disorders.
Separate prescription adults and
children.
THE OLD RELIABLE

Dr. Miles Nervine
(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)
Soothes irritated nerves, permits refreshing
sleep, helps you to "get hold of yourself."
NEARLY everyone is nervous these days. Financial
worries, street and home noises, late hours, hard
work and exciting recreation put a strain on the ner-
vous system that brings on Sleeplessness, Nervous Head-
ache, Nervous Indigestion, Restlessness, Irritability.
An attack of nerves may make you lose friends,
quarrel with your husband or wife, appear a tyrant
to your children.
DR. MILES NERVINE has been soothing the nerves
of the nation for nearly 60 years. If you are nervous,
get a bottle or package at your druggist. He will refund
your money if you are not entirely satisfied.
Liquid Nervine, Large Bottle \$1.50—Small Bottle 75c
Effervescent Tablets, Large Pkg. 75c—Small Pkg. 50c

GO AWAY WITHOUT ANY WORRIES
RENT A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX!
Do not leave valuables lying around the house
when you leave on your vacation or week-end
trip. Too many homes have been ransacked by
burglars while the families are away. The best
way to avoid this calamity — and make sure of
perfect safety — is to rent a safe deposit box.
The cost is very reasonable and you'll enjoy your
vacation more when you know your valuables are
safe.
First National Bank
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Deposits Insured up to \$5,000.00