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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.

MEN OF VISION

The person who never halts but in the face of most trying difficulties usually succeeds. Experience reveals to us that some of the most outstanding citizens, professionally and otherwise, of the nation, suffered from physical handicaps, but their power came from within.

The vascillating person, or the one who waits to ride safely to shore on the wave of misfortunes to others, may for a time enjoy an easy life; but the real characters who have joy build for the future, they have a vision of the highest ideals and tenaciously hold to the same till the dream is realized.

In reading a book the good and bad points of life are emphasized and its by comparison we are able to discriminate. It is easy to get an estimate of individuals by contact and observation, and in the same way the personnel of a community is judged.

Lately we have been reading of a project in Albemarle, Stanly County sponsored by the citizenship of that bustling, busy and most progressive city. The aim this time is play grounds with tennis courts, and swimming pool and bath house at the total cost of \$40,629.80.

Having a speaking acquaintance with some of the forbears of the present citizenship nothing more is to be expected than they continue to build upon the foundations laid by men of splendid loyalty and courage.

NOISE

I am encouraged that I am emerging from childhood and savagery because I am growing to dislike noise—children and savages love noise.

When a person habitually talks in a loud voice you can know in what class he belongs; when he plays his radio or phonograph at top volume and leans toward rackety selections you can know in what class he belongs; when he races his motor just to hear it pop, when he blows his horn ear-shattering in front of somebody's house, or in a line of stalled traffic, when he keeps a barking, yelping, howling dog, you can know in what class he belongs.

The ROUND-UP

By "George"

At last it's happened, and its horrible. This column has become famous. People whom we have never before seen walk up to us and ask if we're "George." The answer (very weakly) is "yes." Then with an over supply of audacity they ask, "then why did you write that column last week?" You know, that's what started the whole mess.

Not that it matters, but: Jones goes around singing the first line of "Music, Maestro, Please since Hazel left town . . . ! Pat was in town for the week-end! . . . Needless to say, Clyde came over Saturday night . . . Buddy Huffman is prolonging his sojourn in our fair city . . . And are the girls happy about that . . . ! The former lad (I know the one from out where the frogs go "Ploink") is making it a habit . . . ! Dan and Jackie really seem to be serious . . . "Mickoy," a gal who lives down Dun West way, certainly can write love letters . . . ! bet E. W.'s having a wonderful time . . . ! "Red" nips

Facts, Fun and Fancies

Jin and Julia

This week finds yours truly all a-bubble over sports. That, glorious baseball game Monday, proclaimed by so many fans the best they'd ever seen, was truly the most exciting I've ever witnessed.

So P. S. won the tennis tournament! Congratulations! And to the losers—Better luck next time! And now I'll leave the sports to M. L. and "George."

The first item I find in my little book is a bet left over from last week. It seems that Peggy also is mixed up in Eoline's "mischief." I wonder if Lawrence Patrick could have anything to do with it? I seem to remember a little bit of mischief done by him which cut a certain romance asunder.

The telephone is a handy means by which to serenade the girl friend. Or, so Ladd finds it when he hauls out his clarinet for a tune or two!

What's this I hear about someone from Grover grinning at Doris? There seems to be a show invitation mixed up in it, which she turned down—probably because W. G. or T. T.?

Speaking of Grover—Jackson and Dot Hayes are seen together rather often!

Just one look at Pat, and M. J. Bell almost passed out. You see, he didn't know she was here for the weekend, and when she walked in, it was too much for him!

Someone evidently has some misinformation about Gogge. He isn't from Charlotte—he's from Gastonia—or maybe you meant the one from Columbus, Ohio.

Little Miss "Durn-it" and E. W. hit it off pretty well. Maybe we have something there.

Many thanks to my anonymous correspondent. But—I'd rather you'd call 305-M. You see, I try to put caution first, and I'd like to talk to my reporters before I print their items. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that even after the masculine signature, I don't think you're—well—who you say you are. Please call right away!

I wonder if anything will come of this Paul, Jr., Mary High affair. Better make the best of these August days—and give me something to write about—because next month is September!

Church News

LUTHERAN CHURCH

L. Boyd Hamm, Pastor Bible school 10:00. W. K. Mauney, General Superintendent.

Services for the 9th Sunday after Trinity:

Morning 11:00, sermon: Transforming Light.

Evening 8:00, Union Services in this Church with Rev. A. G. Sargeant, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, preaching.

Light Brigade Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Luther Leagues Sunday Evening 6:30.

Missionary Circles: Circle I Monday afternoon at the Church 3:30.

Young Women Monday Evening at 8:00.

Circle II Friday Evening 8:00 with Mrs. O. H. Bollinger.

Church Council Monday Evening at 7:30 in Pastor's Study.

Boy Scouts, Troop 2, Monday Evening at 7:30.

SAINT LUKES:

The Service and Sermon 9 A. M. Bible school 10:00, James Lackey, Superintendent.

BOYCE MEMORIAL CHURCH

W. M. Boyce, Pastor Bible School at 11:00 o'clock.

Morning Worship at 11:00. Rev. J. G. Brawley, pastor of Glenwood Church, Charlotte, will preach.

Evening Worship at 8:00 o'clock. The congregation will unite with the other churches in the Union Service at St. Matthews Lutheran Church.

Y. P. C. U. meets at 7:00 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church

Rev. P. D. Patrick, Pastor 9:45 Sunday School, C. F. Thomason, Supt.

11:00 Morning Worship.

8:00 Union Services at the Lutheran Church.

Monday 3:30 Circle meetings.

Monday 7:30 Boy Scouts, Troop One, Carl Davidson, Scoutmaster. Harry Page and Jack Ormand, Asst. Scoutmasters.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. E. W. Fox, Pastor 9:45 Sunday School, B. S. Poeler, Superintendent.

11:00 Sermon by the Pastor.

8:00 This is the third of our Union services. We will worship at the Lutheran Church where Rev. A. G. Sargeant, pastor of the Baptist church will preach.

ping, or am I?

Aside to Professor H: your horn tooters would like to make a bid for gridiron fame, this fall. Could it be arranged?

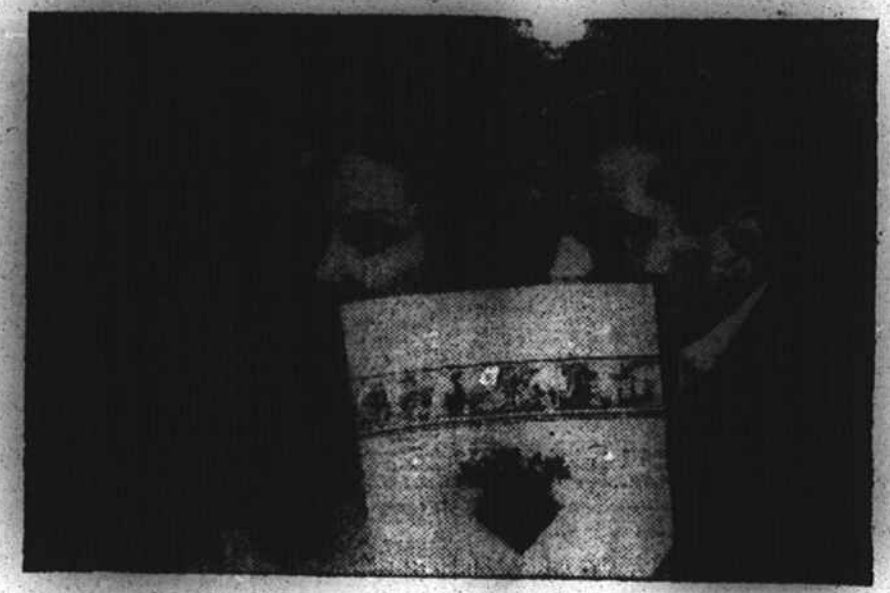
Advertisement for the play 'The Divorce of Lady X' by Alexander Korda, starring Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Everard Logan, divorce lawyer, feels himself "compromised" after the beautiful Leslie Steele sneaks into his hotel suite and innocently spends a night there.

at all," he muttered, shaking hands with Mere with a look of intense anguish on his face. "I told my wife," Mere continued, pausing on his way out, "what an awfully decent chap you are—trying to refuse a fat case rather than destroy our happiness. And she said you were the most awfully decent chap in the world."

Chapter Five

When Logan returned to his office to resume his verbal duel with Leslie she had gone—but not without leaving her telephone number scribbled on his desk.



"The whole point is . . . Good gracious, there's your husband!"

"Because I hope you will marry me when you are free. Will you?"

She refused to give him a definite answer, fending for time. While they danced he continued his suit.

"You look so incredibly young!" he said admiringly, looking down at her as they moved about the dance floor.

"It seems incredible that you were married four times in five years. Tell me, why did you divorce all these other men?"

"They bored me—one after another. And I'd rather marry a brute than a bore."

"Have I become a bore yet?"

"No," she said, sincere for once. "I find you very amusing and entertaining."

"Leslie, darling, I adore you."

"With a past like mine, how can you be sure?"

"When a woman's in love," he answered, "she has no past. She's reborn—an innocent girl again. The whole point is—Good gracious—there's your husband!"

He pointed out Lord Mere, sitting at a table across the room. It was the first time Leslie had ever seen him, but she kept up the act and let him hustle her out of the restaurant to avoid a "public brawl".

Refusing to let him take her home, Leslie entered a cab and gave the driver a fictitious address for the benefit of Logan's ears.

Logan, heedless of anything but his love for the tantalizing "Lady X," had resolved to take any risk—even that of ruin—to get her divorced from Lord Mere so that he could marry her.

But he was scarcely prepared for the news that Mere brought him at his office the following day.

"I met my wife yesterday," Mere announced jubilantly. "Logan, she is superb! And I was a fool! And Saunders is an idiot! The man in her room at the Royal Parks Hotel was the hotel manager. You were right, Logan. It's a new honeymoon for us. Thank you, old boy."

Logan took it with whatever stolidism he could command. "Not

fully clever woman in the world."

Logan in his pajamas (the same historic pajamas), routed out of bed at an unearthly hour and confronted by what seemed to be an indignant and forlorn husband, decided that the time had come to confess all.

Taking a whiskey and soda to clear his mind and give cogency to his speech, he explained to Mere that he had been the man in the Royal Parks Hotel—that he was madly in love with Mere's wife—and that he would do anything—face any disgrace—to have her for his wife.

Mere received the story with drunken gravity. "You love her," he said. "But does she love you?"

"Yes," Logan replied. "She has told me she loves me."

"That was enough for Mere. He informed Logan that he was not the man to stand in the way of a man whom his wife loved. Shaking hands grandly, he departed."

It was morning by the time Lord Mere returned to his apartment. Letting himself in with his key, he informed his wife, who was already awake, that he was a wise and generous man, and would not keep her apart from Logan.

"Logan? Who is Logan?"

"Lawyer-chap. He's a gen'lmn. If you take him, I'll break my heart, but I wish you happiness."

"Why should I take him?"

"Because you are in love with him. He told me so. I'll break my heart, but I wish you happiness."

"Get out of here," raged Lady Mere. "You're drunk! Go back to your hotel and go to bed!"

But her husband, without bothering to remove his clothing or his hat, was already going to bed in the apartment. And his final muttered words, before he began to snore, were: "Logan's gen'lmn. Break my heart, but wish you happiness."

(To be concluded)

Copyright 1938 by United Artists Corporation

Advertisement for 'JUST HUMANS' by Gene Carr, featuring a cartoon illustration of a man and a dog.

"Hey, Foolish, How Much Will the Dorg Take For Yer?"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) Three Senators have been eliminated so far.

If that trend continues, the turnover even before the November voting will be nearly 16 percent, abnormally high.

Was it wishful thinking or sarcasm when five officers of the United Automobile Workers Union on trial for alleged Communist activities greeted their president with a "Heil Hitler!" and a Nazi Salute?

Either way, somebody must have Fascistic inclinations.

Kannapolis, Aug. 9.—Interest in the approaching term of Cabarrus County Superior Court, which opens Monday, Aug. 22, with Judge Frank Armstrong presiding, centers on 3 murder trials which are expected to take up the entire time allotted to criminal cases.

Few, if any, minor cases are expected to be tried as the Aug. 22 session is a split term, the second week being allotted to civil actions.

The National Labor Board is the amender. It or its agents have as called Henry Ford for expressing his personal views about labor organizations and organizers; declared that a Congressman cannot be distributed to workers in factories; disbanded a lawyer who declined to be told when to sit and when to stand; condoned sit-down strikes; deprived the owner of private streets of the right to keep some people off them; removed a trial examiner who made the mistake of reading some newspaper editorials; criticized a group of men for working for the election of public officials.

The Labor Board prides itself on "liberalism." It is so liberal with Constitutional rights that it modifies them by ruling, holding that some folks can neither say nor read nor think what they wish just because they happen to be involved in proceeding before the board.

Some observers in Washington wonder whether the Labor Board has ever read that remark by one of the world's greatest liberals, Voltaire, who said:

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

And to cap the climax, the A. F. of L. has now charged the Labor Board is biased and has hinted it may ignore the Board's rulings.

Only one-third of the primary balloting is over, but the election juggernaut already is taking an unusually high toll. The names of 23 present members of the national House of Representatives, more than five per cent, will not appear on the November general election ballots.

MASONIC MEETING

First Monday Night In Each Month

HIS VALUABLES WERE IN A BUREAU DRAWER

If fire strikes your home, will you look for your valuables among the ashes, or simply unlock the door of a safe deposit box? The answer is up to you.

It takes but a few minutes' time, and a few cents a week, to rent a safe deposit box and end this menace of fire.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Kings Mountain, N. C. Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

"WE KNOW FINER TOBACCOS— WE SMOKE CAMELS"

GALVIN WIGGINS (left) knows cigarette tobaccos. He knows because he grows tobacco. He says: "There's quite a difference between fine grade tobacco and other grades—big difference in smoking too. From my experience, it's the Camel people who buy the best tobaccos. Most tobacco planters down here smoke Camels, as I do. We know Camel buys finer tobaccos."



HUMAN ALERTNESS plus the uncanny ingenuity of the modern cigarette machine, assures full, uniform packing of your Camel cigarettes. There are billions of Camels made (Camels are the largest-selling cigarettes), and each one is carefully scanned to make sure that every Camel you smoke is a perfect cigarette, and a matchless blend of fine, MORE EFFECTIVE TOBACCOS.

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