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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.

IF I KNEW If I knew the box where the smiles are kept, No matter how large the key, Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard 'Twould open, I know, for me. Then over the land and the sea broadcast, I'd scatter the smiles to play. That the children's faces might hold them fast For many and many a day. If I knew a box that was large enough To hold all the frowns I meet, I would like to gather them every one, From nursery, school and street. Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in, And, turning the monster key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box To the depths of the deep, deep sea. —Selected—

WE ARE PROUD We are proud of The Kings Mountain School Band. Director Paul E. Hendricks, and the citizens of The Best Town In The State in the accomplishments achieved last week in West Palm Beach, Florida. It took all three to make a winner combination that could compete and win against the most outstanding bands in the South.

If the same spirit of co-operation could prevail in other civic matters as it does when the band is mentioned, Kings Mountain could attain goals just as outstanding in other fields. We are proud of the band, and say in our loudest manner: CONGRATULATIONS.

THE NEIGHBORLY WHANG Did you ever hear of a good old-fashioned whang? It was a very neighborly affair and enjoyed in that because of it the dread of some bit of tiresome work was eliminated. In the early days of our colonies, it was the custom for neighbors to join forces when some work was done. This was especially true when soap had to be made, quilts tied, carpets sewed, and apple butter made for the homes and when the crops were gathered and wood cut on the farm.

If only a couple of neighbors helped each other in this way it was often referred to as change work, and we still find this going on in the country today. But when a large number of men or women got together to do some heavy work it was called a "whang."

Just when this odd term originated is not known, although it was more commonly used in New England than anywhere else; but the original of the term itself was in doing things that were especially dreaded when one householder had to do them alone. The annual housecleaning was nearly always called a whang, as shown by an old diary that says, "Went about ye usual summer cleaning, whanging ye dirt and culch away from ye floors and beds."

Another account mentions, "Neighbors Alien came in with daughters and friends and we all had a whang, cleaning ye house of all wastrel with no distress."

Usually at a whang everybody got busy with a right good will and each had his part to do in cleaning. Then at noon, a substantial meal was served and plans were made to return the compliment and have a whang somewhere else within a few days. By so assisting one another, none felt over-tired when the work was accomplished and did not dread going to the neighbors to help. Later the term "whang" referred to any particularly irksome task done by a company of people.—Exchange.

Wanted-Parachute At Once FOR ANYTHING YOU NEED TRY OUR WANT ADS

Here and There

Kings Mountain definition of BLITZKREIG: Citizens at mass meeting raising money to send band to Florida. Fred Rudisill, a native of Kings Mountain, dropped us a letter the other day requesting us to add his name to Herald subscribers, and conveying this bit of information:

"Don't know whether you want to make a story out of this for this week's edition, but feel quite sure it will be of interest to the 'Ol Home Town Fans.' You possibly knew that Horace, known to musical fans as 'Rudy,' has been with Jan Garber's orchestra for the last eighteen years. Well, Jan is presenting him with a new band of his own at Tom Devine's Music Hall in Indianapolis, Ind., starting Friday, May 17th, and going from there for an engagement at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Know that the relatives and his old friends will be glad to know of his new venture and wishing him success."

Stopping before the Gazette Office in Gastonia recently, I had to wait on the opposite side of the street until four cars passed. A striking feature of this incident was the fact that 3 out of the 4 cars were occupied by Kings Mountain persons, namely: J. O. Panther, of the Kings Mountain Shoe Shop, Sage Fulton and Less Steward.

Add to your list of smooth salesmen, Paul McGinnis, the right hand man of Byron Keeter.

His Honor J. B. Thomasson, got up early yesterday morning and caught a "mess" of fish from the City Lake.

Capt. O'Farrell on his Florida trip met up with a fellow by the name of K. E. Lynch, who is a passenger representative of the Seaboard Railway, but he is not a relation of mine, even though the Captain stated he was a very pleasant person.

By GEORGE---

More stuff from those on the Land Trip: Mrs. Joe A. Neisler telling yours truly that the various colors of uniforms in the parade made the event a "veritable flower garden" — her own words — Kids got a look at Hialeah Park and several other places of interest, while on sightseeing tour — Also got glimpse of Orange Bowl — Saw both Al Capone's and Al Jolson's estates, but didn't see the Als — Kids voting that despite wonders of Florida, they really preferred dear ole Nawth Calina.

It was undoubtedly a great experience for those who took the trip to Florida, did all the things they did, and saw our band get its ratings. Everyone came back with profuse thanks to the businessmen of the town who supported the band so generously. Jones Fortune probably has the best slant on the thing, from the students standpoint, being as how he is sort of official spokesman for the boys and girls, them selves. What Jones had to say will be found elsewhere.

Tom Fulton is really working to get that painting for the local post office. He's been getting the civic organizations lined up to stand behind him in asking Maj. Bulwinkle, and the Maj. has already promised to do the town, so it seems assured. Floye Oates (there I go again, I mean Mrs. C. C.) wrote a letter to the Major for the Junior Woman's Club, and the others are coming along. Tom says, and here's hoping we get it. It really will add a lot to the new building.

Have You Seen: Those consolidated newspapers of the robot dog and man, Sparko and Elektro, in any of the papers....? What will they be doing next....? Louise Brackett riding her bike and wearing that enormous topless straw....? sorta cute....! And all the gals who work downtown riding bikes after working hours for exercise....? That proud look on the faces of the band boys and girls since they came back from Florida....?

FIELD DAY TUESDAY

The first annual field day exercises climaxed the year's activities in the Physical Education Department were held Tuesday afternoon in the ball park with approximately 1,000 children from the three elementary schools taking part. After contests of all kinds Central School made the highest rating of 62.84 per cent and will be presented a beautiful trophy. The percentage system of grading was used so that the smaller schools would have an equal opportunity as the larger schools, according to Supt. B. N. Barnes.

Band Plays At Shelby

Kings Mountain School Band, making its first appearance since the return from the West Palm Beach contest, went to Shelby last night to play for A. J. Maxwell who spoke to a large assembly there. Mr. Maxwell, candidate for Governor of North Carolina, is one in a list of many candidates to obtain the service of the Kings Mountain Band in campaign speeches.

Wardner, Idaho, May 13.—Larrie Flory, two-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Flory, tumbled into Mile Creek, was whirled a block downstream by the swollen torrent and badly injured but escaped with his life.

The boy's body lodged in a 75 foot long culvert which carries the stream under a Wardner street. A rescue party worked fifteen minutes to reach him.

A Story of Turbulent Love! Walter Wanger presents George RAFT • Joan BENNETT The HOUSE ACROSS the BAY with LLOYD NOLAN • GLADYS GEORGE and WALTER PIDGEON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: When Steve Larrett's adoration of his beautiful young wife, Brenda, leads him to seek quick riches by a series of shady deals, he runs afoul of dangerous underworld interests, and an attempt on his life results. Brenda begs him to cease his operations and go abroad with her. When he refuses, she conspires with his friend and lawyer, Slant Kolma, to have Steve brought up on income tax charges which, Slant informs her, will put him in jail and out of harm's reach for a year. But Slant, who secretly desires Brenda and has his own ideas for Steve's future, conducts Steve's defense in such a way that he is sentenced to ten years in Federal prison. Brenda engages an apartment across the Bay from the prison to be near Steve, and the thought that she is waiting for him there gives him comfort. Brenda becomes friendly with Mary Bogale, another "rock widow," and on a nocturnal walk they encounter a strange but attractive youth, Tim Nolan.

Chapter Four

Tim Nolan's telephone conversation continued for quite awhile. In fact, it went on and on, while the two girls fumed, and Mary began calling out comments to him through the booth door. Meanwhile they saw an empty cab draw up in front of the drug store,

ever produced. A delivery boy entered the vestibule, rang Brenda's bell, and addressed the speaking tube. "Package for Miss Bentley?" Nolan whispered to his dog. "Go on, Smitty. Follow that guy." Smitty's forte was obedience. He sauntered into the apartment at the heels of the delivery boy; and Brenda found herself in possession of a great Dane with the legend on his collar plate: "My name is Smitty. If you find me call Prospect 6780?"

When Tim Nolan presented himself at Brenda's apartment in response to her telephone call, she was outraged to see who it was. "Why, of all the petty, conniving —"

"I know, I know. It's collegiate and underhanded, but you forced me to it. Mind if I sit down? I'm exhausted. Do you realize this maneuvering has taken up practically my entire morning?"

"Didn't I make it definite last night?" "Very definite. Come away, Smitty. Miss Bentley doesn't like us." But before they left, he suggested to Smitty that he kiss the lady goodbye. In the resulting tangle of dog and girl, which caused Brenda to collapse with helpless laughter, Nolan resumed his seat. He kept it for quite awhile....

All the way out to the flying field in the station wagon, Nolan had been talking about planes, particularly about a marvelous something which he called C-6.



Slant's ominous warning still preyed on her mind.

and made a rush for it; they ran a poor second to the sailor and his girl who climbed in. When they returned to the booth, the occupant was just emerging. "See what you done!" Mary berated him. "You and Morley sure fixed us up. It's going to be hours before I get home. Say, you got a car?"

The young man looked at them curiously. "Yes." "What about a lift? After all, it's four faults?" He graciously offered them a lift anywhere they might desire to go, and led the way to a dinky little station wagon parked outside. Brenda declined the favor, but Mary climbed aboard, said good night, and was on her way home.

The telephone awoke Brenda a few hours later. It was Tim Nolan, who said he felt that he simply must report to her that her friend had reached home safely. "It was quite an experience — I'm sure you'd be amused at the details. Could I give them to you at luncheon tomorrow?...I see. How about dinner then?"

Brenda declined, firmly though politely. "No, thank you.... Yes, that's quite definite. Goodbye." In the morning Mary arrived with an epic headache, and reported that her boss had fired her from her manicurist's job for being late. Brenda mixed her a large glass of bromo seltzer, and scolded her for giving her telephone number to Nolan.

"I suppose you told him where I live, too?" "Absolutely not! He lied — but that's the one thing I held out on." At the same moment, nevertheless, Nolan was patting down in the vestibule of the apartment house. With him was one of the largest Great Danes that particularly large breeds of dogs had

When they drove onto the field and alighted, a light, fast plane was just making a beautiful landing a short distance away. Nolan led her over to the plane, from which a French Army officer emerged. Two or three other French officers and a couple of American officers joined them.

To Brenda's amazement, all began congratulating Nolan fervently upon the performance of the plane. The Frenchmen spoke to him anxiously about delivery of a couple of hundred from his plant. All agreed that it was the fastest thing they had yet seen in the air.

Brenda looked at him, for the first time really impressed. "This is quite a discovery, Mr. Station Wagon Driver."

"I'm sorry, I thought this would all be over before we got here. Come on, I want to show you something."

He propelled her to a ship that turned out to be his own private plane. "Look — isn't she a beauty? Look at those lines. There's poetry in them!"

She remained non-committal. He insisted on showing her the interior. Before she knew it, he had slammed the door to, and announced that they were going for a little ride.

"Oh, no I'm not," said Brenda, making for the door. "I let you talk me into coming down to see this thing, but I'm not going for a ride."

"Afraid?" "I like to keep my feet on the ground."

"Stop dodging — you are afraid. Don't you know what you have to do when you're afraid of something? Face it!" He pushed her gently into the seat beside him. She felt the plane speed down the runway and in a moment they were off the ground.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS BY GENE CANE THE GREAT TLO TING Slim One—"Kin Yamagin' Doin' that Stunt Every Night, Mrs. Bracke?"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) work could be better done by other existing federal agencies.

But just before the Senate vote on the Labor Board appropriation, Board press agents mimeographed and gave to hundreds of newspapermen a many-page letter from Sapos denying that he is a Communist.

The Senate promptly voted to give \$45,600 to Sapos and his economic division.

A lot of fuss has been raised too by efforts of federal agents to put a new farm credit bill through Congress. The purpose is to cut farm mortgage interest rates to three per cent. The trouble is that the government has to borrow the money to lend to the farmers, and it can't get that money at 3 per cent. So whether the farmers know it or not, lower interest to them would mean more taxes on them or on the people who buy farm produce.

Nevertheless, the country has been flooded with letters and pamphlets urging that the proposal become law.

Another lobbyist campaign of a still different kind is being used by the United States Housing Authority. Congress last session refused to appropriate \$800,000,000 for USHA. So the press agents went to work.

Now, USHA at every conceivable opportunity issues press releases naming the cities and towns where projects would be built if the money were available. They point out that "only \$46,000,000 remains available for USHA projects." The object, of course, is to get people in these various towns and cities to write to their Congressmen demanding that they vote more money for USHA so that Midvale, too, may get some.

In each case — lower farm mortgage interest rates, housing appropriations, Labor Board funds — the pressure was exerted on the side of bigger federal appropriations and

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