

**The Kings Mountain Herald**  
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**HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
 Haywood E. Lynch  
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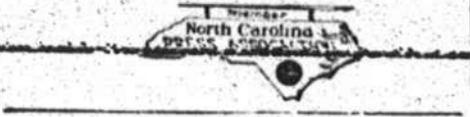
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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.

**FATHER'S DAY**  
 Sunday is Father's Day and elsewhere in this issue of The Herald will be found a joint advertisement from Belk's, Kester's and Myers' inviting local shoppers to buy gifts for Dad in Kings Mountain. This cooperative ad shows that the three department stores have a desire to work together for the betterment of Kings Mountain as a shopping center.

It's a fine spirit and The Herald is glad to call attention to it.



**CITY MANAGER**  
 Kings Mountain is no longer a small town. And the business affairs of The Best Town In The State is big business. In fact it is just about the biggest business in town.

Any business as large as Kings Mountain needs an experienced business man to manage it. How long would the other businesses last with out some one man at the head.

The Herald has long been an advocate for a city manager. It is a tried and proven plan for a more efficient and economical city government.

It's a full size job, and The Herald will welcome the day it can announce that a city manager has been employed to run the affairs of Kings Mountain in a business-like manner.

**BEST WISHES, CHARLIE**  
 Charles Dilling has served as Kings Mountain's Clerk and Treasurer for the past 17 years. He has seen the burdens of the office increase as Kings Mountain has grown from a small town to a thriving little city. He has kept pace with the growth of a community.

His job has not been an easy one. His position has been one that received very little praise but plenty of criticism... and Charlie has proven that he could "take it."

And now he has been offered and accepted a more responsible position — County Auditor and Tax Supervisor, with an increase in salary.

Charles Dilling has been promoted and his many friends are congratulating him on his opportunity of service in a larger field.

**TAKE IT EASY**  
 Readers of The Herald who have already made up their minds that we MUST get into the war would do well to read and re-read what Con. A. L. Butwinkle has to say about it. He has been there before, and he is expressing the opinion of an experienced soldier with the following:

"I saw hundreds and thousands of American soldiers killed," he says. "I saw thousands upon thousands of American soldiers disabled for life. Today in the government hospitals, there are nearly 50,000 disabled American veterans. In addition to this, I saw the mothers, sisters, and families of these men who died after I returned to America. I have seen all of the horrors of war, and I am not going to permit temporary excitement to carry me away from a calm and deliberate course. I saw the cost of war and the cost of the aftermath piled up against this government, and I for one will go a long way to avoid a repetition of what we went through in 1917 and 1918."

**THE GENEROUS MAUNEYS**  
 (Gastonia Gazette)

Congratulations to Lenoir-Rhyne College and a hand to the W. K. Mauneys of Kings Mountain for the magnificent gift of \$25,000 to the endowment fund of the college to be spread over a period of ten years. This is a most gracious and magnanimous gift on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Mauney and we know that the friends of Lenoir-Rhyne College are deeply grateful.

This should be an example to the minded friends of denominational schools and colleges in North and South Carolina. These small colleges, supported by the money of the taxpayers of the state, need every bit of help they can get. In this day and time of vastly increased appropriations to our state-supported schools and colleges, with their hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, the cause of the small denomi-

**Here and There . . .**  
 Haywood E. Lynch

J. L. Settlemyre has certainly been bragging about some eggs he bought from Crawford's market. Out of the first nine eggs, seven had two yolks and one had three and the other the usual number of one. The insurance man said: "It beats anything I ever saw and I have been eating eggs a long time."

The Bank and Central Barber Shop selected the Closed Tuesday afternoon to do some "fixing up." The First National installed two new window fronts, and the Barber Shop did some interior decorating.

It is quite evident that Claude Hambright, the ice man, has been living right and paying the preacher — for no other reason could the weather be so ideal for him.

I noticed Holland Dixon driving his new Chevy, and it is just about the color of the interior of his new private office at the Archdale Dairy.

Most of the Kings Mountain Boys and Girls are busily engaged in attending Bible School, as most of the churches are now having their annual vacation schools this week. The Baptist have the most unique drinking fountain. Ingenious Preacher Sargeant invented a fountain at which six may drink at one time. He bored six holes in a pipe, connected a garden hose to it... and the result, a very nifty fountain. The Neisters are to be thanked for the use of the big bus to transport vacationers to their respective schools. The bus brings the children and call for them after school.

P. D. Herndon has the war all figured out. He says it's not the side that wins the most battles, but the side that wins the last one. P. D. says if you don't believe it get your history book and find out.

I passed Miss Carlyle Ware's new home the other day and it is going to be one of the most attractive and conveniently arranged homes in town. Hill Putnam and his crew has certainly strutted his stuff.

W. A. Childers has been putting roofs on other people's homes for a long time, and now he is putting one on his own home, on Conaler street.

Earle Thomason is the manager of the new Terminal Service Station. He is also the brother of J. B. and Charlie, but don't hold that against him, I still believe he will give you four quarts of gasoline for a gallon. Why not drive by and try him out.

Rev. Baird, the friendly pastor of the A. R. P. Church is also a very honest man. He frankly admits he doesn't know the outcome of the war, while most other folks you talk to have it already figured out, as to exactly the outcome and when the U. S. will enter and all.

Postmaster Blakely is as proud of the new post office as Jim Willis will be this evening if the Juniors beat Shelby. That post office is finer to W. E. than the grand central post office in New York City. And you know, I believe I agree with him because the grand central is in New York and the other is in The Best Town In The State, and that makes a lot of difference.

national college is hard, indeed. The sum of \$25,000 to a college like Lenoir-Rhyne, Erskine, Davidson or Wake Forest is a godsend. It is worth far more to one of these colleges than twice or three times that amount would be to the state schools.

If the denominational colleges are to survive and to do their part in the training of boys and girls in Christian character and education their friends must rally to their support. They are being out-distanced by the wealthier subsidized state schools, who are attracting hundreds and thousands of boys and girls by virtue of their superior surroundings, endowment and equipment. It is little short of miraculous that some of them have survived the competition to this good day.

**SET AN EXAMPLE**  
 (High Point Enterprise)

The W. K. Mauneys of Kings Mountain, in their gift of \$25,000 to the Lenoir-Rhyne College endowment fund, have set an example that other North Carolinians of moderate wealth might do well to follow. The money is not to be paid over in a lump sum, but will be spread over a period of ten years. The Gastonia Gazette, commenting on the plight of the small colleges, says: "They are being outdistanced by the wealthier subsidized colleges State schools, which are attracting hundreds and thousands of boys and girls by virtue of their superior surroundings, endowment and equipment. It is little short of miraculous that some of them have survived the competition to this day." Indeed it is Our own High Point College has come up through much tribulation, and its existence today is due in a large measure to thosehithertoned, philanthropic citizens who have looked upon the institution as an asset which pays dividends in ways which cannot be measured by a monetary yardstick.

**Open Forum--**

June 11th, 1940.  
 To the Honorable members of the Board of County Commissioners of Cleveland County, (both old and prospective members).

Gentlemen:—  
 You are to be congratulated upon your selection of a County Auditor, Mr. Charles G. Dilling, who has faithfully and efficiently served the town of Kings Mountain as City Clerk for a great many years.

Mr. Dilling (Charlie we all call him) is a young man of sterling character and business precision, but he could hardly be otherwise, coming as he does from a father and mother who were loved by all who knew them as they really were; Then, too, his grandfather, Capt. F.

high-tone Christian gentleman.  
 His grandfather, on his mother's side was the late I. W. Garrett who was a well informed business man who served Cleveland County for a number of years as Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and whose judgment was always sound and for the best interest of the county.

I take this opportunity of commending Charlie to you gentlemen and to Cleveland County at large.  
 Tell Charlie what you want done and he will do it, never failing to dot an I or cross a T and who never adds two and two as three or five, two and two always makes four with Charlie.  
 Sincerely yours,



**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:**  
 John Webb, smooth and successful attorney, is fighting a highway graft racket headed by political leader Vincent Cushing. Webb and his partner, Russ Sampson, attend a party at a night club backed by Cushing, at the invitation of Alma Brehmer, Cushing's official lady friend. Alma is a former sweetheart of Webb's, and he still admits a fondness for her. At the night club Webb rescues Ann Seymour, an attractive naive little entertainer, from the advances of Pete Godena, the manager. He takes the frightened girl home with him to calm her, and while he is in the kitchen making coffee she removes her dress to examine the place where Godena tore it while struggling with her.

**Chapter Two**

"Hey! Put on your dress!"  
 "Oh, you spilled some coffee—there's a great big spot on your beautiful rug!" she countered.  
 "Please put on your dress. You're making me nervous."  
 "But I had to take it off, to find out where it was torn."  
 "Come on, Puss, put it on and I'll put you in a taxi."  
 With a little more coaxing he finally got her into the dress and the taxi, with a hundred dollar bill in her paw with which to pay the taxi bill.

"Oh, or — Miss Seymour was just showing me a few things."  
 "I know it must be getting monotonous," said the wonder child as he turned to re-enter his apartment, "but I like you."  
 From one point of view Miss Ater was the perfect secretary. John Webb often wondered, during long, dreamy hours of unscrupulous her misapprehended letters and trying to find things in her files, what that point of view might possibly be. He had hired her because her blonde hair and light blue eyes matched the decor of his office. He could never remember to fire her.  
 Miss Ater, whose domain was the reception room between Webb's and Russ Sampson's private offices, was applying a finishing touch to a lipstick when Webb entered. She kept right on applying.  
 "Hope you don't mind if I take my mail," said Webb, reaching over her shoulder for it.  
 "Now look what you made me do," she carped. "Do you want to knock my mouth all crooked?"  
 "There's an idea there," he mused.  
 "Look, Johnny, just because you took me to dinner a few times — well two times — and bought me a few drinks — well, a few gallons — don't mean I have to hold still for your nasty cracks nor your innuendoes neither."  
 "Quiet!" was Webb's response.  
 "Get me Mike Daley. He disappeared into his office."  
 Daley, an intermittent private detective, full time inebriate, and general handy man for Webb, was located in his favorite bar-room nearby, and commanded by Webb's telephone to sober up and take on the assignment of shadowing Ann Seymour to see that no harm came to her at the hands of the wishers like, for example, Pete Godena and his associates.

snuffing out a brilliant legal career. A scrap of paper was skewered through the blade to the hilt. It bore the admonition, printed in a crude hand: "KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN."  
 Miss Ater flounced in and beheld the knife in her employer's grasp. "Say, what's that?"  
 "My new nail file." He hastily pushed the knife under some papers. "Anything I can do for you, Miss Ater? Sharpen a few pencils or something?"  
 "N-no. I forgot what I came in for."  
 As she meandered out, a towering wall of dress boxes and hat boxes advanced into the room, followed by a stary-eyed young girl of eighteen years and two months.  
 "Surprise!" squealed Ann happily. "I've been shopping. You'll go crazy when you see the dress I bought." She started to unwrap one of the boxes.  
 "Look, Puss, I've got work to do," protested Webb. But Ann, unheeding, rummaged amid the papers on his desk for something with which to cut the package string, and found the knife. Briefly she opened the box and unpacked her new dress, while Webb slipped the knife into a drawer.  
 "Want to see it on me?" caroled Ann. "It has big pleats —"  
 She began pulling off her dress, as Ater re-entered the room.  
 "Oh, or —" explained Webb, "Miss Seymour was just showing me something — things — some things."  
 "I can tell," said Miss Ater. "You had a call from Mr. Smith this morning."

Webb promised to be there, then he seized his hat and herded Russ and Ater around the corner for a drink. The "little cupcake," who had heard his conversation with Alma had fresh cause to sulk, but Russ did his best to console her. Webb left them there together and returned to the office to gather up Alma's insurance policies before proceeding to his appointment.  
 When he switched on the light in the reception room a scene of utter havoc confronted him. The place had been thoroughly ransacked; file drawers and desk drawers and been pulled out, papers strewn all over the floor. A glance into his own office and that of Russ showed that they had received like treatment.  
 Slowly Webb opened the top drawer of his desk. The knife was gone!

"(To be continued)"

**JUST HUMANS** BY GENE CARR



**Washington Snapshots**

(Cont'd from front page)  
 should use the national emergency to serve his or its selfish ends."  
 This pledge very obviously was not just words, for the President himself reported to a press conference that he saw no need for the government to control prices because prices are being held down to reasonable levels. In other words, industry has pledged its best efforts to see that there shall be no profiteering and there is none.

is that plans are agreed upon in such a hurry and without consultation with everybody concerned.  
 For example, both Senate and House leaders said on a Friday that there would be no tax bill this session of Congress. On the following Monday morning, chairmen of the Senate and House tax committees agreed with the Treasury to push a tax bill through. Speaker Bankhead and Majority Leader Rayburn of the House did not know of this agreement until reporters told them.  
 Furthermore, the tax bill's size was agreed upon without any knowledge that the President three days later would ask another billion dollars for national defense. An interesting but important fact is that the new tax bill therefore will fall far short of even paying for national defense, much less meeting the current deficit in other fields.

Other news, however, points up a surprising contrast to this. In Kearny, N. J., 5,000 shipyard workers went on strike for higher wages. They held up the construction of four warships badly needed by the fleet.

Reports reaching Washington also said that all machinists in the Seattle area except those employed by the Boeing Aircraft Company were out on strike. It was added that the union machinists' contract with Boeing expires soon and that unless higher wages are granted there the strike will extend soon into that national defense industry too.

Some Washington legislators, stirred by these reports, are expressing this view: Labor unions have been granted new privileges in recent years. If they do not know how to use these privileges, and if they cannot accept the responsibilities which go with the privileges, then perhaps the privileges should be withdrawn or the responsibilities made mandatory by law.

In short, they say, if labor unions don't cooperate willingly, then they should be forced to do so. Some of them are talking about forbidding strikes in national defense industries.

This year's defense bill will be around five billion dollars. The ordinary deficit is almost three and a half billions. Yet the new tax bill will raise less than 700 million a year. Thus it would be five years before the tax bill would raise enough money to pay off this year's deficit much less the national defense expenses.  
 It looks as though the current tax bill is simply a stop gap. The really bad news will descend after election.  
 Making of policy decisions and determining the general direction of work is a chief responsibility of county welfare boards.

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