

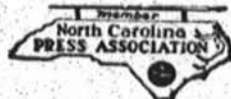
The Kings Mountain Herald
Established 1889
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HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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Six Months75

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.



A GOOD JOB

The Herald is always happy to give credit where credit is due. And credit is due Town Officials for the excellent job they have done on collecting taxes. Each year the delinquent tax list is published in the Herald, and the one recently printed was by far the shortest list in many years. The length of the list determines how many had already paid, and through diligent work on the part of the present administration most had paid, so the list was small.

And we all know if all the taxes could be collected, the rate could be lowered, so every citizen of Kings Mountain should thank those in charge of collecting such a large percentage of the taxes due.

Lots of people do not just walk up and pay, they have to be shown that those in charge of the collecting the taxes mean business, and that's exactly what has happened. Congratulations, Town Officials, keep up the good work, you have already started.

DEVELOPING THE AESTHETIC

When the late Mrs. Sally P. Williamson, of Chicago, gave \$50.00 a number of years ago to help beautify our campus little did we realize that the crepe myrtles which were placed here and there in places discernable both from the inside and the outside of our grounds would grow to be such lovely trees as we have seen during these late summer and early autumn days. These trees together with many shrubs and fall flowers have produced a riot of color that harmonizes with the fast changing leaves on our many trees, particularly the maples.

While the immediate thought in planting trees, shrubs and flowers is to make our campus more level, for our own eyes, that is to say, the eyes of both students and staff, as well as visitors, one is bound to feel that boys who live here for weeks and months, and some for years, will in time to come, when they have their own homes, simply demand of themselves and of their wives to make their own homes comely. Impressions gained thus in childhood are beyond measure. There are some who fail to observe. Others keep their eyes unconsciously alert, and find the aesthetic in them being fed day by day. It is hoped that other friends of this School will see fit to add their recognition to this and similar influences which can be inculcated in the hearts and minds of our boys in training here. It is hoped in the future that our boys will be taught the names of trees and shrubs and flowers as an elemental part of their education, as a necessary contribution to these things which help to sweeten and beautify every day living for us all.—The Uplift, Printed in Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C.

"GOD BLESS AMERICA"

Many a resident goes about whistling a song that pleases his fancy. It isn't a love-sick ditty or a jitter jig but a patriotic air that is catchy and stirring. It recently caught the nation's fancy when it played an important part in both of the political campaigns. The song was written in 1917 when Irving Berlin composed it for a patriotic musical show. How ever, it went to sleep and nothing was heard from it until Kate Smith gave it life and feeling on a radio broadcast on Armistice evening in 1938. "God Bless America" is now sung with fire and fervor and seems to be a national anthem. Due to the radio this air is popularized to such an extent that it really does ring, "From the mountains, to the prairies, To the oceans white with foam." It is easy for any voice to handle, and this helps make it a hit.

With the many stores selling lapel pins of colored American flags, of ladies bracelets of small flags, fastened by chains, of emblems for coats bearing the words, "God Bless America," we are having a wave of patriotism that isn't all hysterical. This song is sung in public assemblies, open air meetings, baseball games, band concerts. Perhaps you did not know that Irving Berlin gets no money as profit from the

Here and There . . .
Haywood E. Lynch

You've heard the phrase, "See America First," and also discover the possibilities of North Carolina. Well, we went one better and explored the northwestern part of Cleveland County last Thursday afternoon. His Honor, The Mayor, and Ye Editor took off on a ham hunt, that carried us all the way to Caesar. Officer Carl Short was supposed to go along with us as a guide, but he got lost at the last minute, so we made the trip on our own. You know, Officer Short is a native and he knows every path in the whole community. He used to raid liquor stills in the mountains up there. We went via Shelby, Fallston, Lawndale, Polkville and into Casar. It's beautiful country and the crops were excellent. I saw some as fine farm land as I have ever seen in my life. We drove 82 miles, discovered a section of Cleveland that I had never seen before, bought one ham and thoroughly enjoyed the outing with the Mayor.

Former members of the Kings Mountain Band, who are now Freshmen in college are doing right well by themselves. The five boys down at Wake Forest made the trip with the band to Winston Salem last week to play for the football game. The musicians are: Jones Fortune, Ladd, Hamrick, J. C. Bridges, D. F. Hord and Hal Olive. Congratulations boys, it speaks mighty well for the Kings Mountain Band for you to make the first trip of the College band.

Football Season is here, and Bill Souther is ready with a good football joke. And with the bird season about to open, Red McClain has a good dog joke. Men: for further information apply to parties named above.

The fourteen members of the Lions Club who attended the meeting in Shelby Tuesday, where entertainers from the Cleveland Fair put on a show, will certainly take in the fair several times this week. Yep, I'll be there with them.

I met D. J. Keeter in the store Tuesday and he did not look one day older than he did the first time I ever saw him about six years ago.

There is no truth in the rumor that the large footprints on the side walks last Saturday, advertising the showing of the new Chevrolets, were made by Frank Summers. Frank wears only a size 12 and the footprints were a little larger than that.

Chief of Police Jimmy Burns was so dressed up at the Lions Luncheon in Shelby that I did not recognize him.

Officer Carl Short has a miniature liquor still that is complete in every detail. It will make about a quart each "run." A moonshiner made it for him when he was jailor in Newton. The officer is going to bring the outfit down to the office, and maybe I can get him to give me a demonstration of how "whitelighting" is made, of course for educational purposes only.

Arthur Hay installed the first telephone in Kings Mountain. It was a home-made affair, but worked fairly satisfactory. The genial insurance man made this statement in his Sunday School class last Sunday. Now you know that I went to Sunday School last Sunday and also that Teacher Hay installed the first telephone. See, I have killed two birds with one stone.

thousands of sheets of this music that are sold. Every penny goes to the Girl and Boy Scouts. "God Bless America, my home, sweet home."—Mooresville Enterprise.

Washington Sept. 25.—Curtis B. Dall urged the federal power commission today to approve his plans for a \$250,500,000 natural gas pipeline from La-Texas fields to North Carolina and Tennessee.

L. E. Godwin, who owns a peach orchard near Converse, S. C., used an airplane propeller and an automobile motor to circulate air in his orchard and thus prevent frost.

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You don't have to change your recipe with Rumford Baking Powder. The amount the directions call for is the right amount to use of Rumford.

Send for FREE recipe book. Address: Rumford Baking Powder—Box F, Rumford, R.I.

TURNABOUT

SYNOPSIS
Tim Willows, on his way off to the office of Willows, Manning & Clare, incenses his argumentative wife, Sally, by bringing home a bear cub in place of a Pekinese through error. Mr. Sam, a mysterious breeze dot in their bedroom, who can grant them one wish they agree upon, hears them wish they could change places. He switches their bodies, putting Sally in Tim's and Tim in Sally's. The phenomenon causes havoc at home, and when "Tim" goes to the office, a near riot.

Chapter Five

With Tim Willows in what was apparently a most curious condition of sex and personality, the dull moments at the office of Willows, Manning & Clare became few, and very far between. And they dropped completely from sight after Mr. Pingboom, the swisher, came in to see Tim. Phil Manning had promised Mr. Pingboom that he could.

But, as far as Phil knew, Tim

defenceless women!" Tim screamed nursing a vase at its disappearing form.

At home, Sally decided to fix the aerial. She put on a pair of shorts and a sweatshirt, threw a coil of wire over her shoulder and climbed up the flagpole—which was some twenty stories above the street. Which here Irene Clare and Marion Manning found her when they came for lunch.

Meanwhile, Mr. Marlowe—the Pineapple Juice king—was being caught in the net which Tim Willows, in the original, had prepared. The old boy was threatening to take away his account, and Phil and Joel were with him in a swanky hotel, for lunch. Tim, for some reason, came late. And his attitude was most inexplicable.



"What's come over you?" Phil said. "And in the office!"

was still very much against seeing Mr. Pingboom and having him stamp his little foot on the office carpet. He tried to stall the little man, as it were. But Joel, wearing a very urgent face, stormed in to say that Tim had just come in, and—so Mr. Pingboom decided to walk right in and see him, no matter what.

And it turned out very, very well. When Phil followed into Tim's office, he found the two "men" engaged in warm, pleasant talk. Pingboom was bright-eyed and quite happy. Tim, on the other hand, began to bore a Phil "for keeping Mr. Pingboom away from me."

Phil, along with Bannister and Joel, took it all in with complete bewilderment. But it was all only just beginning.

They were all called in to see the new layout for men's "No-Flap No-Breeze" underwear, which at the moment was being worn by two handsome male models. Tim flushed, putting his head to his mouth to stifle a highly feminine reaction. He was most embarrassed. And, what was more, he was asking Joel Clare for his opinion on things. It was all most amusing.

When they came to a beach layout (objective: to sell bathing suits), things took an even more irregular turn. There were a number of pretty girls sitting about, and one very stunning dancer, in the briefest costume, was in the foreground. Tim walked over to where she sat.

"That bathing suit," he sighed, "is perfectly stunning." He began to feel the suit, in the vicinity of a shoulder strap. "This is the most divine texture I've seen this year," he went on. "So chic!"

And then the pretty model slapped him—hard.

watch, "I'm afraid I can't wait for lunch. Ring me at the hotel tomorrow."

Joel beckoned frantically, for the act to go on. To do something, save something.

Dixie Gale, accompanied by the model who was her partner in the act, ran up to Tim and threw her arms around his neck.

"Timmie, darling!" she gurgled. "Of all people!" Marlowe, hearing the sound of a feminine voice, stopped in his tracks and straightened his tie. "Phil and Joel!" Dixie went on. "It's simply wonderful seeing you again!" Marlowe was smiling now and Phil got up to make the introductions.

"This is Mr. Marlowe... Mr. Julian Marlowe," he began. "And this is Dixie Gale—Tim's sister-in-law. She's from Georgia. And this is Miss Lorraine Morrill, of Savannah."

Dixie cuddled close. "You mean you're the Julian Marlowe, the big Pineapple King?" she said sweetly. "Well, I have canned a few—the old boy began.

"Why, simply everybody back home knows about you, Mr. Marlowe," Lorraine smiled. "They call you the Empire Builder, don't they?"

"I must say I consider it a great compliment that my name should be familiar to two such charming ladies!" said Dixie. "Why everybody in our town sees your advertising, Mr. Marlowe. You must just spend thousands of dollars every year, I expect! Oh, Mr. Marlowe—Ah'm so impressed! Timmie, darling!"

"Don't you Timmy, darling!" me!" Tim said. "My wife never had a sister, and if she did she wouldn't look like you."

Phil was staggered. "Always a great kiddie, that Tim—" he smiled wilyly to Marlowe. "He kills me!"

"This is obviously a frame-up!" Marlowe stormed. "I think in the future I shall be able to put my advertising in the hands of someone with a higher sense of business ethics! Good day!" And he left.

"Phil, haven't you ever heard of a little thing called business ethics?" Tim demanded righteously.

"Haven't I? Are you out of your mind. This was your idea!"

Phil and Joel, a bit later, took to drink. A good deal of drink.

"Storrible thing!" Joel wailed. "No more Wanning, Cillows and Mare... all gone bye-bye."

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



Getting Rid of a Few Old Weeds

Uvalde, Texas, Sept. 25.—Vice President John N. Garner left his Uvalde home for Washington today.

Since the vice president left the nation's capitol after his unsuccessful bid at Chicago for the presidential nomination, there had been political speculation as to whether he was retiring to his Texas homeland.

THE HERALD — \$1.50 A YEAR

IT TAKES MORE THAN JUST LUCK TO SUCCEED

Luck will help, but to do the things you want to do, the things you plan on doing sometime, you want a more dependable method!

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OF BATTERY COST AND CURRENT DRAIN

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
2 Percent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

COTTON AND AMERICA'S STANDARD OF LIVING

The Federal Government estimates that the average family of four spends \$17.90 on cotton articles if their income is less than \$500; \$27.37 when the income rises to \$1000; \$36.73 when it goes to \$1500. Twelve million American families—2 out of every 5—have incomes less than \$1000. A 30 percent increase in their annual wage would send \$150,000,000 in annual new purchases into the cotton goods industry. It is figures like these which demonstrate the raw cotton industry's stake in raising America's standard of living, in see Americans fed better, better clothed, better sheltered.

America is interested in the standard of living of cotton people, too. There are ten million American cotton producers on nearly two million American farms. They have cut their acreage in cotton production more than a third. With foreign markets threatened, it is obvious that they must have increased American consumption of cotton to maintain their own standard of living.

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