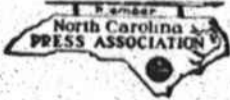


The Kings Mountain Herald
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Editor-Manager

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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 the surrounding area.



ROAD TO HAPPINESS

The road to daily happiness is not so hard to find. You walk ahead serenely and leave your cares behind.

A word of cheer upon your lips. A ready hand to give. A smiling face, a snatch of song. Will help you well to live.

The love you give to others. The good that you may do. The helping hand you proffer. Will bring happiness to you.

The road to daily happiness is not so hard to find. It's what you do for others. That brings true peace of mind.

GOLDEN RULES

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

Do as you would be done by.—Persian.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not do unto others.—Chinese.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindu.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take it from him.—Greek.

One should seek for other happiness one desires from one's self.—Buddist.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.—Jewish.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Christian.

Those individuals who are inclined to disregard the importance of peace-time fire fighting and fire prevention may be impressed by the manner in which such work affects the strength of our national defense program.

According to news reports, negotiations are under way to send 25 American firemen to London to study new methods of quenching bomb-set fires. The plan was announced by J. Ray Pence, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Association of Fire Department Inspectors.

He is waiting approval of United States officials and sanction of London fire fighting authorities. Linking the proposed expedition with the national defense program, Pence said that after six months' experience in the combat area, the American firemen would return and train their colleagues in war-time fire fighting technique. "Fire fighters are almost as important in this war as aviators," said Pence.

If his plan is adopted, volunteers for the English trip would be selected throughout the United States. The story behind this proposal shows to what a great extent fire is a menace to the strength of national defense. A fire started by an incendiary bomb is no more effective in destroying an essential industry than fire caused by plain negligence.

Fire is a menace to reckon with whether it follows a prelude of roaring war planes and explosions, or whether it start from a carelessly thrown cigarette, or a neglected heating plant.

We hope you will not let this single defeat discourage you. Who knows it may be the means of more and greater victories in the future.

Yours for a victorious Football Season. Signed: By members of Band and their Director.



Waiting For a Sail
The Modern Merchant
Doesn't wait for SALES
HE ADVERTISES

Here and There . . .

Haywood E. Lynch
The Floral Fair has been an annual event in Kings Mountain for the 41 years and Mrs. Sallie Fulton has never missed attending but one year since the beginning. That's what we call some record.

The Army life must be agreeing with the Lord. A soldier who has already gained 20 pounds.

Bill Souther, an ex-navy man and Capt. Earl Wells, and ex-army man were talking in the barber shop yesterday morning, and both thought their branch of national defense was the best. Finally Bill said: "Well you boys in the army have to pick the navy get on and ride."

Carl Short's miniature whiskey still, which is on display at the office is still creating quite a bit of comment. Quiet a number have asked me when I was going to make a run. A while back I had a rattle snake hide and a big worm as competitors of the still but I threw the worm away and Harold Hunnicutt came for his hide so now the still is the only curiosity, (except me) on display.

Charlie Thomason has had quite a time getting hotel accommodations for the Georgia Tech Vs Alabama game to be played Nov. 16th. Charlie wired, and called up just about every hotel in Atlanta, but finally got his rooms.

Frank Stroupe was in the office last night all "sheiked" up, I might be accusing him wrong, but he looked like a courting man to me.

I hate to have to write up the death of a child, especially if it is a little girl. I guess it must be because I have three of them out at my house. I had much rather write about their little parties, or about their getting on the honor roll at school or most anything except their funeral.

Hilton Ruth tried to pull a strong man stunt Tuesday and move half the store by himself, now after staying in bed a couple of days he is very weak.

Evidently Prock Thompson and Bill Craig didn't want there to be any doubt about them attending the Texas Christian - Carolina football game in Chapel Hill recently. They made arrangements to have their pictures right in the middle of the State Magazine photo section.

Open Forum

An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 500 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Herald.

Kings Mountain, N. C., Oct. 21, 1940
The Mountaineers,
Kings Mountain High School.

We, the personnel of the Kings Mountain School Band, deeply regret the outcome of the football game played on last Friday night. We share your disappointment in this your first defeat this season. But we want you to know that we still think you are TOPS.

(We are sure no school can boast of a finer group of boys or of ones who possess more admirable qualities of good sportsmanship. We are proud of the victories you have already won and of the honors they have brought to dear old K. M. High because your games have always been pitched on the high plane of good sportsmanship. We are also glad that while you suffered defeat in this game, there was nothing in it to leave a scar upon your past record.

In spite of the final score in the Cherryville game, you were hitting on all eleven cylinders. We think each player showed his true strength throughout the game. The manner of your playing left no doubt in the minds of those present that you were every inch a football team, but a team that was battling forces with which you had not contended in previous games. The score that you made is nothing of which you should be ashamed. Rather, you are to be congratulated on your showing.

We hope you will not let this single defeat discourage you. Who knows it may be the means of more and greater victories in the future. Yours for a victorious Football Season. Signed: By members of Band and their Director.

Present indications are that an all-time high of eight million bales of cotton will be used in the United States alone during the coming year 2,000,000 bales, although exports will not exceed

The current Canadian wheat crop, estimated at 561,000,000 bushels probably exceeds domestic requirements by 275,000,000 bushels, report U. S. Department of Agriculture foreign experts.

Edward Small PRESENTS MY SON, MY SON! MADELEINE CARROLL BRIAN AHERNE LOUIS HAYWARD

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: William Essex, a young writer struggling against poverty in the slums of Manchester, marries prim little Nellie Moscrop when her father, his employer, secures that any son of his shall receive all the luxuries he has missed. On the night that Essex receives printed copies of his first published book, a son is born to his close friends, Dermot and Sheila O'Riordan. A few months later, to his vast delight, Essex's own son, Oliver, is born. Essex angers his wife by indulging in the boy's every whim, turning him into a selfish, spoiled child. When Oliver is eight he is caught in a petty theft. Essex refuses to punish him, and a bitter quarrel ensues between him and Nellie.

Chapter Three

Nellie and I continued to live together in an emotional climate of mutual toleration — one of those relationships where deep-seated differences are rigidly kept below the surface for the sake of the children, for the sake of appearances before others, for the sake of an outwardly orderly existence.

Things were easier when Oliver, a couple of years later, went off to public school, and later to Balliol. Nellie withdrew deeper and deeper into her religion, while I abandoned myself to my work, producing book after book with one unflagging purpose: to increase my artistic standing and my fortune by making each book better than the last.

I decided to do a novel about the Yorkshire coal mining people, and in accordance with my custom I went into the district to live among the people about whom I intended writing, to observe

her. "Side view, please!" I presented my profile, and she resumed her sketching. "Do you do that for a living?" I asked her, "or just to amuse yourself?" "If I answer, it'll cost you a bob," she said; then added her morose twitching, "I do it for a living."

A few minutes more, and she had finished. She showed me the drawing, which I praised lavishly; then she paid me my two shillings. I deliberately bit at the coin, then rang it on a piece of metal, then pocketed it and walked away without a word.

When I had washed up, changed into more livable clothes, and had my supper at the inn, I went for a stroll through the outskirts of the town, meditatively flipping my two-shilling coin. It eluded my palm and rolled around a bend in the road. When I caught up with it a slender young lady with a traveling bag was picking it up from the road. It was my artist friend.

She recognized me, despite my somewhat altered appearance, and heatedly accused me of having defrauded her by posing as a typical miner.

I protested that I was a miner — an anxious deliver in my own mine that yielded an occasional gem — and sometimes just plain muck.

"That gives me a clue," she exclaimed. "You must be a writer!" I bowed a humble acknowledgment.

"It's all very interesting, I'm sure," said the lady, "but I haven't time to stand here talking. I've a train to catch."

I lapsed quickly into my workman manner and speech. "Carry your bag for a shilling, num?"

Never in my life had I talked so animatedly to anyone as we walked to the station, discussing the work we did. She, too, seemed



Before I knew it my arms were about her.

their lives and their customs at first hand, to absorb their language and their ways of thought. Informing no one of my exact intentions, I secured a job as an ordinary laborer in the mines owned by Pogson, whose son was a classmate of Oliver's. Oliver had just turned nineteen at the time; a handsome lad of tremendous charm, whose winsomeness and ready wit carried him through many a scrape into which his spoiled impudence got him both in and out of school.

At the end of my second day's work in the mine, as I was emerging from the shaft in a lift with a group of other miners, the manager beckoned me aside. In my rough clothes, countryman's cap and smudged face, I must have looked a convincing miner, for it seemed that a young lady artist, who had been commissioned to make sketches of the mine and its surroundings, desired to draw me as a typical mine worker!

"Would you like to make a sketching?" the young lady asked me brightly.

Carefully keeping in my Yorkshire character, I surveyed her deliberately. The head above her shapeless smock was crowned with a mass of light yellow hair, in which the waning sun, peering in through the windows of the rude mine office, made a strange lustre. The features were delicately chiseled, the nostrils sensitive, the lips somewhat tight but quick to curl up at the corners, the chin delicately pointed and apt to tilt high. I looked, but permitted my face to betray nothing.

"A bob?" I answered her in my best Yorkshire drawl. "I might as well just stand over there by the wall and let me make a sketch of you."

"All of me?" "Yes."

"That would be worth two bob." She acquiesced with a laugh, and began her drawing. I stood submissively by the wall while she sketched with rapid, businesslike strokes.

"What do you do in the mine?" inquired the artist without looking up. "Dig."

"Oh," she paused. "Do you like your work?" "Do you mean to keep on asking questions?" I demanded. "It'll cost you another bob if you do."

"I'm not that interested," she retorted. "Turn your profile, please." I continued to gaze at

to enjoy it enormously. "I never knew talking to a woman could be like this," I suddenly exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" "Well, I — I never knew a woman who did anything — who had a career, as you call it. I didn't know a woman could be beautiful and young and intelligent — all at the same time."

She faltered in her step for a moment and stared at me. In that instant, I think, we both realized how tremendously important was this meeting for both of us.

We walked on, and fell to discussing the current work of authors. She had, it seemed, been reading "Every Street", the newest work of one William Essex. I expressed interest, while betraying nothing. While she approved Essex's writing, she poked fun at his portrayal of feminine characters. This fellow Essex, she believed, knew nothing at all about women.

"But the critics like his love scenes," I protested.

"The critics are men," she laughed. "Now don't stand there and tell me you'd make love like William Essex!"

Unconsciously, we both stopped. I looked at her, and said slowly, "I might have once... I wouldn't now. Not after tonight. I'd say — I'd say —"

Before I knew it my arms were about her, straining her to me. Without hesitation her arms went about my neck. I kissed her fervently.

"Oh, my darling!" It lasted only a moment. Then I withdrew from her embrace and gripped her almost fiercely by her shoulders. The words tumbled from my lips.

"I had no right to do that. I'm not a free man. But I shall love you forever and ever. I know it from the first moment I heard your voice — from the first moment I saw your face... No, don't speak. Don't tell me anything about yourself. It isn't safe for me to know. I must never see you again."

Her lips trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. "Please, please... not tears!" I whispered. "I don't think I can bear that!"

"I shall be in tears when I'm alone!" I gazed at her for another moment, then turned abruptly and walked away.

(To be continued)

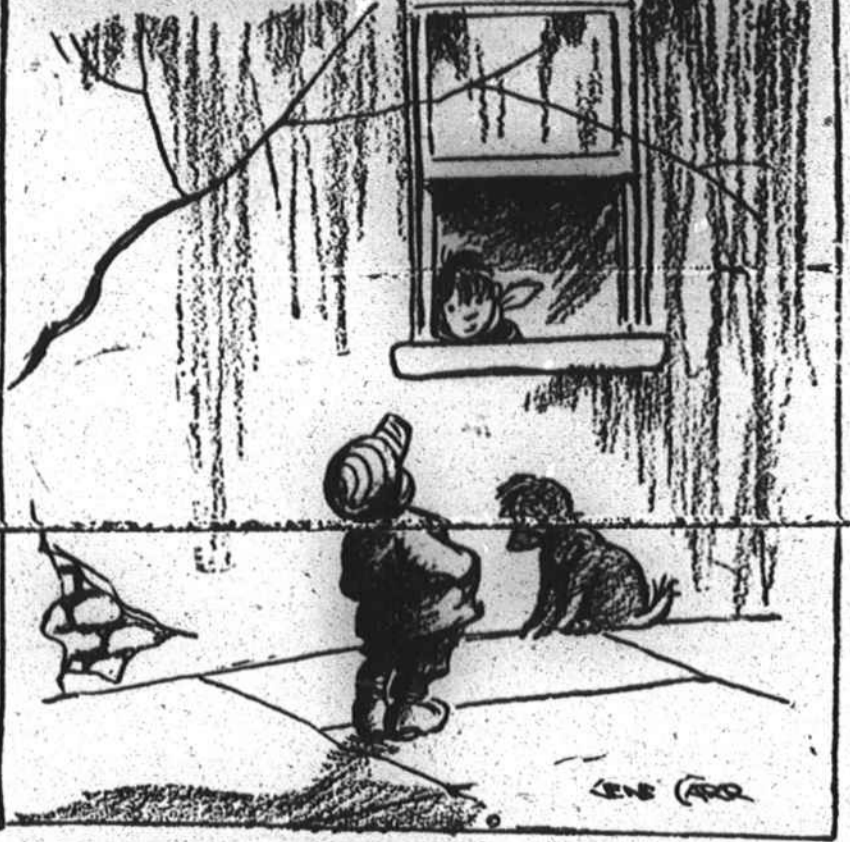
During August, \$4,600,000 worth of blue surplus food stamps were distributed through the Food stamp plan in the 125 areas throughout the United States where the plan is in operation.

If fully developed, the usage of cotton for a new cement-cotton roofing shingle might require one million bales annually, a U. S. Department of Agriculture official estimates.

Because of a short cotton crop last year, many Northampton County farm families are now growing more small grains and bear cattle, says H. G. Snipes, assistant farm agent.

The purchase of 10 Hereford heifers from Avery County growers by Fender County farmers for breeding purposes will probably result in further purchases and the transfer of many cattle from West to East.

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"How Did Teacher Like Me Mother's Pie Y'brug Her?" "Dunno. She Ain't Showed Up Yet!"

40 Million Votes for GREYHOUND! More than 40,000,000 passengers each year "elect" to go by Greyhound — it's the popular choice for a balanced travel budget. Charlotte .55 Spartanburg .65 Gastonia .25 Atlanta \$3.10 Greenville \$1.10 New York \$8.10 TERMINAL SERVICE STATION — PHONE 10

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