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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.



HALLOWE'EN

Did you ever see a witch
Arising on a broom?
Or ever see a pumpkin face
A-grinning at the moon?
Did you ever see a pussycat,
As black as it could be,
Go hurrying through the alley,
Then scamper up a tree?
'Twas Halloween! 'Twas Halloween!

AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL CITIES.

The following, clipped from an exchange, presents a fine example that is worthy of note. We should do something for the youth of the land so as to discourage vandalism and implant in the hearts and minds of all the spirit of conservation.
New York City has begun a drive against juvenile vandalism in its public schools. Last year 253,400 square feet of glass alone were destroyed in the school buildings, besides the breaking of locks, rifling of desks and stealing of school supplies. Instead of using force and threats the city, under the leadership of Justice Jackson, as head of the Bureau of Preventive Treatment for Juvenile Delinquency, has launched a campaign of constructive contests among the school children. The first contest calls for the selection from among the pupils of a "model for a statue of the typical American boy." For this purpose the Bureau is asking the pupils for 50 to 100-word essays on the typical American boy, each essay to be submitted with a picture of the sender. Out of the twenty five best contenters a model will eventually be chosen and a statue carved that will become a standing award to the elementary, junior high or senior high school showing the greatest decrease in vandalism during the next year. The winner of the contest, acting as model, will receive a medal bearing an imprint of the sculptured figure. This is just a current illustration of the old aphorism about honey and vinegar.

OUR LITTLE WORLD

All of life's activities may be summed up in the one word EXPERIENCE. And that storehouse of knowledge which we term "experience" is really a dictator on the throne of judgment, for it is through that we draw the power to arrive at conclusions and to make decisions.
It seems that each of us live in a little world all our own which is bounded by our physical, mental, and spiritual abilities. As long as we operate within the boundaries of our own sphere, we get along very well, but when it is necessary for us to get "away from home" it is then that we feel our weaknesses and our need for help from other sources. This is not idealism but facts as they pertain to the average man and woman. And that brings us to the point that all men are dependent on each other for protection and security in their struggle for light and knowledge. When we get beyond our own little world we must seek direction from those in whom we have confidence. Every individual needs at least one dependable ally with whom they can converse freely when such need arises. Choose that ally for his knowledge born of experience, for his honesty of purpose, for his loyalty to duty.
Armed with the power of competent and dependable counsel, the

Here and There . .
Haywood E. Lynch

Mr. D. M. Baker, the banker, took "his boys and girls" to the picture show Tuesday afternoon. It has been the custom of the Kings Mountain Bank President to take the school children of the first and fourth grades to the picture show annually.

Police Officer Carl Short is half long and half short. His father is a Short and married a Long.
Mrs. Grady King stopped me on the streets Tuesday morning and invited me to take a look at the crepe myrtle bushes now that they are adorned with the first snowflakes. They are almost as pretty as when they are in full bloom.

Every member of Aubrey Mauney's family has initials that stand for other things. Here they are starting with the papa: Aubrey Mauney, A. M. Ante Meridian, and now the mama, Katherine Mauney, K. M. Kings Mountain, and here's the daughter, Peggie Mauney, P. M. Post Meridian, and now for the son of the family, Gene Mauney, G. M. General Motors.

The trees are gorgeous at this season of the year with their array of lovely shades. And speaking of trees two of the most beautiful I have ever seen are in front of the Parton residence on King street.
Street Scene: Harold Hunicutt walking around in his shirt sleeves that chilly afternoon.

There has been right many Wilkie jokes going around lately and the best one I have heard was told by Arthur Cruse. Get him to tell it to you.

It's a small world after all. Mrs. Joyce Early, mother of Jake Early, that big league star baseball player came in the office Tuesday to subscribe to The Herald for her son, who is in the U. S. Army in Honolulu. I told her we had another Kings Mountain young man in the army in Honolulu taking the Herald. Her son has been there almost a year and did not know of the other soldier. We gave her the address of Marion Blackwell, and she is going to write her son about him. And the two soldiers who are over 3,000 miles from home will get a chance to see each other. While Mrs. Early was in the office Capt. Earl Wells came in and he gave her some first hand information about the island.

Granulated sugar is now being processed successfully from sorghum cane in the United States Department of Agriculture field station at Starkville, Miss.

New ice cream flavors tried successfully by Michigan State College scientists have included gooseberry, peanut, brazil nuts, pumpkin and taffy.

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.

WHY VOTE?

Mr. H. E. Lynch,
Editor The Herald: —
Well, if you smoke you are sure to get a cigar. If you drink there's a glass of beer waiting for you. Then too, you get some awful warm hand shakes. In fact that's the only time a backwoodsman ever gets a bouquet.
Who to vote for? Well, it's a free country, you say. I suppose we can vote as we please. But say, kind reader, as things are today all over the world, voting for a leader should be no gamble. Our future independence may depend largely on how we cast our vote this time. I kinder got the habit of voting for Mr. Franklin. It's true I don't admire the way the boys are storming Reno but probably divorce is better than living in the state of hell. I can't vote just any old way. I was talking to an old gentleman last week up near Mount Mitchell. When I got through questioning him about that fine Mountain Country back in the hills, he said:
"Belk, I voted for Roosevelt the first time he ran. I voted for Roosevelt the last time he ran and he runs again. I'm voting for him.
But say, Mister, if them damned yankees dont quit nominating him this country is going to the devil. Anyway has America reached the height of her glory? Will we some day go down like so many other nations that once flourished, so nothing will remain but a note or histories pages or will we be a beacon light giving a hand to the war-torn nations in the old world? I admire a man that stands for peace at any cost like F. D. R.
Sincerely,
H. Y. Belk.

Edward Small PRESENTS
MITSUNO, MY SON!
FROM THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL BY HOWARD SPRING
MADELEINE CARROLL
BRIAN AHERNE LOUIS HAYWARD

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
William Essex, having risen from slum poverty to become a famous and wealthy novelist,
Oliver, all the luxuries he himself lacked in his underprivileged youth. As a result of this indulgence, and despite the protests of Essex's wife Nellie, the boy grows up a spoiled, spoiled, spoiled, though handsome and charming youth. Seeking material for a novel, Essex goes to work as a miner in Yorkshire, and meets a lovely young girl named Livia. They fall deeply in love, but Essex, remembering his obligation to his beloved wife, leaves the girl abruptly without even learning her name.

Chapter Four

What ironical purpose there may be behind these things, or what harsh, meaningless caprices of a Fate more stupid than cunning, I do not know; but it was while returning from her duties at Chapel one evening that winter that Nellie was struck by an automobile. The injury was serious; by the time I reached her bedside she was dead.

With an unreasoning feeling of guilt that no amount of rationalizing could altogether drive away, I wore mourning for her for nearly a year; not only on my coat-sleeve, but in the brooding, melancholy thoughts that dogged me.
But when, at the end of the year, we all moved to London, my past life with Nellie seemed to recede almost abruptly. I heeded Dermot's urgent plea to consider this new move an advance into a new life, a fresh page of my existence, and to Sheila's imperious, symbolic gesture of snipping the mourning bands from the sleeves



Oliver rhapsodized over the charms of the young woman.

of all my coats.
I began to take a renewed interest in my work. Many years ago Dermot's daughter Maeve, then a fiery little girl more devoted to play-acting than to mastering her ABC's, had teased me to write a play for her to perform when she grew up. Now Maeve was a lovely young woman of eighteen, with a pale, elfin face and eyes a kindly with the inner fire she had inherited from her parents. She had spent the previous summer touring the provinces in a stock company, getting experience in the fundamentals of acting. Now she renewed her demands that I write her a play.
Eager for something to work on, and spurred by the child's enthusiasm, I sat down and dramatized my novel, "Every Street." For some time the London producer, Wertheim, had been begging me to do just this: when I finally turned the play script over to him he extracted his promise that Maeve should play the lead, provided only that she showed herself capable.
The opening of "Every Street" was one of the brilliant affairs of the London season. Not least among its joys for me was the fact that Oliver had been graduated from Balliol and had at last come home to live with me. Still his jaunty, charming, undisciplined self, he had gone through the University mainly on his nerve and on his uncanny ability to bluff himself out of scrapes, backed by Rory O'Riordan's help in patching up the broken pieces of many a situation after him. Now Oliver was home, to my intense delight, and affably, casually accepted all the luxuries, the expensive furnished rooms, the clothes, the lavish pocket money I was ready to provide him with.
While we finished dressing for the opening of my play, Oliver rhapsodized to me over the charms of the young woman who was to accompany him. He had met her, it seemed, at the home of Pogson, his classmate whose father owned the mine. Her name was Livia.

"Belk, I voted for Roosevelt the first time he ran. I voted for Roosevelt the last time he ran and he runs again. I'm voting for him.
But say, Mister, if them damned yankees dont quit nominating him this country is going to the devil. Anyway has America reached the height of her glory? Will we some day go down like so many other nations that once flourished, so nothing will remain but a note or histories pages or will we be a beacon light giving a hand to the war-torn nations in the old world? I admire a man that stands for peace at any cost like F. D. R.
Sincerely,
H. Y. Belk.

The play was a manifest to the audience more enlightening than most first-night au "See Maeve's performance, in especial, earned her numerous curtain calls and ringing cheers.
After the theatre there was a great party at our London house. The company was brilliant, the occasion one of great joy. For the first time since my Yorkshire

experience, I was almost happy. I was chatting with Maeve and Dermot when the figure of a young girl entering the room at the opposite end, caught my eye.
slowly crossed the room. I could not be mistaken — it was she! Leaving the astonished Maeve in the middle of a sentence, I strode toward her. She seemed aware of my approach, and stepped out to the comparative privacy of the balcony.
I spoke to her, my voice trembling with excitement.
"It isn't true! There can't be this much happiness for one man! What brought you here? No — don't tell me. Let me think it was a miracle, sent from heaven. Oh, my dear —"
"You didn't forget," she whispered, her eyes shining. "Forget! Do the stars forget to shine? Do the flowers forget to bloom? If you knew the things I've done — pursuing helpless females up dark streets, peering under umbrellas — and saying, 'Pardon me, Madam — I thought you were —' but you see, I don't even know your name! For all these months I've only been able to think of you as my sweet — my love — my darling! What is your name?"
"Livia." The dreadful realization began to overcome me. "Livia" Before she had a chance to speak Oliver barged over to us, with a "There you are, darling! My sickening fear was confirmed. With a great air of proprietorship and of easy intimacy, he told her they must leave at once for a late supper at the Pegasus."
Livia heaved, trembling, wishing to say something, perhaps not knowing quite what I stood miserably, ill with shock, cut to the marrow by Oliver's jeering tone. Then Dermot found us, and before I could speak, dragged me indoors to acknowledge a toast.

JUST HUMANS
By GENE CARR
Illustration of a man and a woman with a wrist watch.
"Why Don'tcha Can That, Brother, an' Buy This Nice Wrist Watch?"

A carload of high grade Hereford cattle purchased in Virginia and Western North Carolina is expected to improve the beef cattle industry in Northampton County, reports Assistant Farm Agent H. G. Snipes.

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