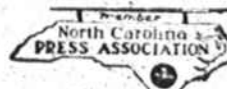


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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.



MIND

The man whose mind is always closed
To thoughts and deeds worthwhile,
Will never gain things good and true.
Npr oft have cause to smile;
While he who keeps an open mind
Will analyze the facts,
And seldom have cause to regret
Unwise or faulty acts.—Selected.

WHAT KIND OF CITIZENS ARE WE.

We inherit much that makes us what we are from our nation. This creates a debt which we must respect. The Nation guards us, educates us, and mothers us like a parent. Our freedom depends on the type of government to which we are subject. Every suit that we wear, every meal that we eat, the house in which we live—these and a thousand other blessings that we enjoy are the product of society of a free Nation. In these times the obligation of citizenship is taking on a new meaning. Greatly increased taxes are in prospect. The program of National Defense demands service of every citizen whether in or out of uniform. Government decisions are our decisions, and we should be ready to give intelligent guidance to our Representatives. We must vote when occasion demands, write letters, send petitions, discuss issues with fellow citizens, and in every possible way help democracy not only to live but to work. We may definitely affirm that evasion of any duty to citizenship is also an evasion of Christian duty.
H. G. F.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; may, when it strikes on an akindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. It is not perfected until it is shared.—Jane Porter.

THE GREATEST MAN

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with inviolable resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless in undameance and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering.—Channing.

IDEALS

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

MEDICAL OFFICIAL VISITS HERE

Major E. D. Peasley, Chief Medical Officer from Selective Service Board in Raleigh met with the local Examining Physicians and Dentist on Wednesday at the Local Selective Service office and discussed Physical Standards for Draftees. Chairman of the Draft Board, Frank Summers, was present for the meeting.

The Herald \$1.50 A Year

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Here and There . .

Haywood E. Lynch

D. F. Hord, one of my regular readers sent me word to make this column longer. I would like to make this column full length each issue, but some weeks very few funny or amusing things happen, so the way to make this phifle longer is for Kings Mountain folks to do funny things and then let me know about it.

Unusual Fact: Arthur Cornwell, Master Mechanic of the Cora Mill, has not missed a single week's work in 30 years.

J. E. Rhodes stopped in the office last week to tell me the joke that is going the rounds 'tlow about the fellow who put a sign up in his field which read: "Don't walk on grass, there's cotton planted here." Get Rev. H. C. Sprinkle to tell you about the time he lost \$3.00 by performing a marriage ceremony, and also about the time he united a couple for 20c.

Herman Fisher is developing into a North Carolina cowboy. He has been practicing up lately on Gus Mauney's horses, and if you hav any stray cows or sheep you want rounded up, just call Herman, he'll be glad to serve you.
The crepe Myrtles are now in full bloom and they are lovely again this year. Each year at this season, I long for citizens of Kings Mountain to get together and plan to make out little city one of the mos' beautiful in the country by planting more of the flowering shrubs. There are lots of beautiful specimens already in Kings Mountain and by adding to those already here, it would not be long before The Best Town in the State would be known far and wide as the "City Beautiful." A little effort now would pay great dividends later.

Sidelights of the 61th Anniversary Masonic Picnic: P. D. Herndon the jovial Master of Ceremonies, who is a grand-daddy, competing with Byron Keeter as the most youthful dressed man in the crowd.

Dr. B. R. Hunter, former resident of Kings Mountain entertaining the men with his jokes and renewing friendships with acquaintances of years past . . . two Kings Mountain preachers sitting on the back seat . . . J. F. Cranford playing the part of both host and guest . . . Rev. H. C. Sprinkle ending his address in a most unique manner . . . the wives of both Master Crouse and Secretary O'Farrell spilling their cups of tea . . . Sam Suber and Yours Truly enjoying the country ham . . . Preachers Sprinkle and Fisher swapping yarns on marriage ceremonies they had performed . . . Postmaster Blakely and Mayor Thomson arriving in time for the eats . . . Captain Meek Ormand wearing lovely rose bud from his gardens . . . Jim Herndon, brother of youthful P. D. looking out for his two sons who will be Masons some day . . . Percy Dilling and Jim Smith at peace with the world eating fried chicken and country ham . . . Final Thought: 67 adds up to 13 and it was truly a lucky person who attended the gala event and enjoyed the hospitality of the Masons of Fairview Lodge No. 339.

foreboding. Once, as they were returned from a sailing trip, Anita cried to Holger and said, "I'll have other days like this, won't we?"
"Millions, darling," he reassured her. "And not an ill wind in the lot." He leaned over and kissed her.
He was wrong. When Anita ran off to buy provisions for a wedding, she had planned a picnic trip for the following day, and he entered the inn alone, he found Thomas waiting.
Holger quickly overcame his surprise and greeted him in friendly fashion. Thomas was not one to judge or criticize, and one could be frank with him and expect sympathy in return. But it was plain he had come on no ordinary visit. It was business that had brought him. After giving Holger news of the family—that they were well and Ann Marie wanted a camera—he quickly came to the point. "I have some papers with me—divorce papers."
Holger was stunned. This move was something on which he had failed to reckon, and he was reluctant to sign the papers immediately.
"Do you think it's as easy as all that, Thomas—to cut off the best part of your life—tear out the last roots?" he cried.
It was an admission, Thomas saw, a confession that in their ostentatious self-sufficiency was considerable pretense—that a man's first spring was, after all, "the best part of his life."
Thomas wanted to think, and was only too ready to excuse Holger for his music lesson. Marianne, it seems, was teaching one of the world's finest musicians the intricacies of the zither.
Thomas stood and watched them from the window until he heard a surprised voice calling his name. He turned around and greeted Anita cordially, but not fulsomely, and helped her with the packages. "Let me congratulate you," he said, "on the scholarship."
"I'm not taking it," she replied quickly. "I don't want it."
"It was the one thing you did want when I first met you," he said.
"Yes. But I know now that there are more important things." She was silent a moment, then looked

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.

Fort McPherson, Ga.
July 21, 1941.
H. E. L. 10:—

Boy, I'm in this army now! Stroupe (Frank), Freeman, and I got our uniforms today, and the others didn't—add do we strut!
We'll probably leave here this week, so no use sending the Herald. Tell the girls hello. I don't like Ga. peaches.
See you at Hitler's funeral, "George."

MICKIE SAYS—

IF TH' CITY PAPERS,
WITH THEIR WAR AND
CRIME NEWS, GIVE
YA A HEADACHE, READ
THESE SOOTHING
COLUMNS 'N RELAX—
NOW IS IS TH' TIME!
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LESLIE HOWARD INTERMEZZO
A Love Story
with
INGRID BERGMAN

SYNOPSIS
Holger Brandt, one of the world's great violinists, returns home after an unusually long tour and is unable to adjust himself to his wife and two children, Ann Marie, 6, and Eric, 15. He is impressed with the playing of Ann Marie's lovely young teacher, Anita Hoffmann, who is a pupil of Thomas Steadon, Holger's best friend and former accompanist. Seeing each other frequently, they fall in love. Anita gives him up and decides to go away, but Holger breaks with his wife and follows her. With Anita as his accompanist, he goes on tour. They are ideally happy, traveling about together, until one day Anita receives a letter from Thomas informing her that she has won a music scholarship. She knows that she should accept it, but she is too much in love with Holger and decides to remain with him.

Chapter Five

Thomas' letter was only a meager attack on their happiness and easily repulsed, but it was also a wedge driven between them that might serve to sunder them completely. They had other excursions, but never without a feeling of



One could be frank with Thomas, and expect sympathy in return.

"I don't even know if he's divorced," she said.
"You would know if he were. One must sign papers and go through an ugly routine to be divorced. I have the papers with me," he continued, and then paused. "He will probably sign them one of these days."
"He hasn't done it yet?" said Anita, looking at him quickly.
"No—well—perhaps he hasn't had time yet to do it. He's been very busy with his zither lesson." He smiled.
Anita was now forced to face the truth. It was no longer a secret hidden in her bosom. It was a fact recognized and put into concrete words by a power outside herself. Since she could no longer struggle to ignore it, it became a matter of reconciling herself to her fate. She deserted Thomas and quickly ran to her room.
The next morning, as Holger and Marianne, gaily clad and chattering brightly, waited below for her, Anita arrested Thomas as he passed her door. She had spent a sleepless night and looked pale and worn. Nervously she announced that she was leaving on the next train.
"You're sure it's best that way?" asked Thomas, worried. "You're not doing it only because of what I said?"
"We both know where Holger belongs!" interrupted Anita. "I'm just—well, say I have been an intermezzo in his life." Thomas put his hand out in sympathy.
Holger came impatiently rushing up the stairs. "I'm not going," she told him. "I think I've a cold coming on. But please don't postpone the outing," she added hurriedly, seeing his disappointment. "I'll be all right." The temptation was too much for him. "Mind you take care of yourself," he cautioned.
She tried hard not to throw her arms around him in a final farewell. But the thought of never seeing him again overwhelmed her. She embraced him convulsively and kissed him, then turned and ran quickly upstairs. Holger, unsuspecting nothing, went off with his guests, turning once or twice to wave Anita, tears streaming down her face, watched until he was a tiny speck in the distance.
(To be concluded)

up at him firmly. "You can't drive me away from Holger."
"That has a very unhappy sound my dear," he answered quietly. "I mean it. Nothing can separate us now!"
"It's not for me to say."
"You want it to end, though?" she cried with rising emotion. "It's no use, I tell you. Holger's our life. We're happy—wonderfully happy together!"
"Are you?"
"Yes." She looked at him tentatively. "We were meant to, each other. I know it! I know it." She stopped suddenly as she saw Thomas' quiet, searching look, his misery overwhelming her. She covered her face with her hands and wept. Thomas tried to comfort her.
"Everything's wrong," she sobbed tensely—my whole life, everything."
He drew her hands from her face and held them a moment, scrutinizing them. "Listen, my dear, listen to me," he soothed her. "There's something in this hand that will mean more to you than any experience you will ever have in life—and you must remember that when the gods grant someone genius—all ordinary blessings are withheld."
"I won't leave Holger as long as he'll have me," she insisted tensely.
"Has Holger ever spoken to you of marriage?" he questioned gently.

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARL



"Some Connections That Girl Has"
"How Come?"
"She's a Phone Operator!"

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