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HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch 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 its vicinity.

LISTENS WELL Representative Graham A. Barden, used the occasion of a homecoming celebration in Pamlico county to make appeal for building up of a "resistance against war" in this country, and made this proposal: "The day I will plunge America in to war, that's the day"

That seems reasonable enough. If all of our national legislators were of like mind it wouldn't be hard to maintain our neutrality. The Barden plan would just about stake out the vote of every senator and representative if they used this yardstick in all sincerity.

CO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday morning, October 1st, is Sunday School Rally Day in Kings Mountain. For the past several weeks the churches of Kings Mountain have been sponsoring a drive to gain new members for the various Sunday School classes and Sunday is the climax.

It is probably not the duty of every person in Kings Mountain to attend Sunday School next Sunday, but it is a privilege. The various classes in the several different churches extend a welcoming hand to anyone to attend, regardless of whether you are a member or not. It is a privilege to live in a country where one can go to church without having to carry a gas mask along, and where one can still worship God without fearing that a bomb might drop on one's bowed head.

Let's take advantage of this Privilege next Sunday.

OUR TASK

The very idea of our getting mixed up in the European war should be ruled out entirely. It is not for us. There will be many incidents that will try to patience. There will be brutalities that will make the blood boil. There will be provocation but we must pass them by for the time being. Europe is mad and we must treat it as we would an insane person. Europe has started in to destroy itself. It will do that without any sort of assistance on our part. When the hell of war has spent itself and half of the world lies bleeding and torn by the way, our task will be at hand. We will need all of our strength and our resources to bind up the wounds of the living and feed the starving. They will need us then. They are able without any assistance from us to destroy themselves. They will not be able to rebuild on the ashes left by the fire of war. Even if we were decidedly in favor of one side we can serve that side by waiting and then help rebuild. Let us stay out until we are needed to rebuild.

LET'S STAY OUT!!

Now that the second World War in Europe has become a reality, it is time for the people of the United States to begin laying plans to stay out of the struggle, no matter what the cost.

We have long been of the opinion that what goes on in Europe is none of our affair, so long as it is possible to keep the killing confined to Europe. Not so long as our rights on this side are respected should we have anything to do with the struggle.

Throughout the country editorial comment in the various newspapers is about divided on the question as to whether the United States should sell munitions and other traffic to the warring nations, or whether we should keep strictly neutral by isolating ourselves entirely from the European situation.

Here in this community during the recent crisis, opinion has been decidedly on the side of Great Britain, France and Poland. Even more so than in the first World War. We have heard many expressions of sentiment in favor of selling arms, munitions and supplies to the Allies.

Here and There (By Haywood E. Lynch)

It just had to, there was no other way around. I am talking about the rain Tuesday. First, I had my car washed, then I watered my grass, and above all it was fair week, so the rain came.

I went to the fair Tuesday regard less of the bad wet weather. The exhibits were good, and the crowd was there even though the rain came. The Lion's Club booth was doing a rushing business, and believe me it is a good place to eat. Sam Ruber, Shorty Edens, and the ladies were right on the job with every thing good to eat.

Kings Mountain made men's socks are now on sale in the Best Town in The State. I noticed a sign on some in Myers' Department Store this week. They were made down at Billy Mauney's mill.

FOUR & ONE

Hello, folks, we're back! And, by the way, are a certain few young people gonna be surprised to see this.

To get off with a bang we might ask: Did Leon Wolfe have a date Friday night or didn't he? There are arguments both ways.

Is the Bell-White affair on or off — or just re-beginning?

Will Julia have a bottle of smelling salts on hand Friday afternoon? Is the Hamrick-Moss romance still boasting that June healthfulness — or is it?

Did Marie Moss really say it ... or were we drawing these words: "Nobody knows who I like."

Charles (Casanova) Moss most be having trouble since some of the girls left school — or is it so much fun keeping twenty happy?

Edna got a grand rush Sunday mite ... And did the wolf howl.

Wanted: Any information concerning Gloria Cornwell. Just any little thing.

And while we're on the subject— She seems to be the only one who can handle "Cat" — Beauty and the least—nehay!

Ask Vip and Manly about this "first love" stuff.

Bits of Nothingness: Are George and Doris still at it? Is Bill Page still "Keeter Konscious"?

Does "Romeo Tindall keep a date book ... or can he keep them straight in his head ... Does "Stogie" have to work so hard just to help him forget ...? Is "Woodie Rawles trying to break his sister's records of hearts on a string ...? Says Eoline "It is the little things that count" ... Why, just look at Puff!!

Red missed two whole hours work just to sit thru a game with Rachel ... tch, tch!!

Must Present Cards To Cotton Ginners

No cotton can be ginned or sold in North Carolina without presentation of a cotton marketing card to the ginner or buyer, it was pointed out by Horace Godfrey of the State AAA office at State College. He said that all marketing cards are either in the hands of growers, or are available in the offices of the county farm agents, except in a few cases where farmers overplanted their acreage allotments and it was necessary to re-check their farms.

Godfrey explained that ginners and buyers are subject to a penalty if they do not make proper and prompt reports to the County AAA Committee as required under the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Therefore, all cotton growers are urgently requested to cooperate with buyers and ginners by showing their cards at the time of ginning or selling, the Triple-A officer said.

All growers are required to show their marketing cards to ginners and buyers regardless of whether a red, white or blue card is issued to them. Under no circumstances are marketing cards transferable. No grower should allow cotton to be ginned or sold in his name where the cotton was produced on a farm other than the one for which his particular marketing card was issued. Growers with more than one farm should be careful in reporting to ginners and buyers the cotton produced on each farm, Godfrey advised.

The State AAA Committee has a staff of six auditors working with ginners, buyers, and county offices to assist in checking compliance with cotton marketing regulations.

To follow these lines would, of course, be getting off the course of strict neutrality. It would save the people of this country many a sleepless day and night, knowing that American seamen are not being exposed to the unerring aim of the German torpedo.

Economically this country is sound. Let's keep it that way by using our hands. Let's stay out of the European struggle, no matter what the cost.

NOT STRICTLY NEWS

(By Those "Inseparable Pals" Gangway! Here we are again after a week's absence. May we state that from now on we'll write this phuffle every other week, owing to the size of our community. And now for a bit of gossip:

We wonder: Why Jennings R. has changed girls and ... if it is temporarily or permanent ... what has happened to Jake H. ... Has he fallen for that girl next door? ... If Lorna and Blackie are really meaning what they are making us think? ... What has happened between Tommie S. and Estelle ... Raymond has fallen for M. B.?! ... And Tis said — That Jackie P. and that "cute" Jimmie D. certainly makes a handsome pair! ... Enough said ...!

Well, at last it is Fair time and here's hoping everybody gets to go and that they'll have a grand and glorious time. And so there's nothing else to write, will give you a few personals and say "Bye" 'til. Miss Lydia Ware had as her guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Blace Grayson and Misses Eunice and

Christina Grayson, all of Lincolnton. Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher and children, Lillian and David and Misses Lydia and Evelyn Ware motored to Blowing Rock Sunday.

Mrs. D. F. Moss had as her guest Monday, Rev. Dexter Couch of Hickory.

Mrs. Dave Crawford and daughter Suzy, of Bessemer City visited Mrs. Carrie Price Tuesday.

Mrs. R. E. Ware had as her guests Friday Mrs. Theodore Randall and daughter, Shirley of Shelby.

Miss Julia Price spent Sunday visiting friends in Gastonia.

Miss Estelle Dunn who has been ill at her home for sometime is improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Cash and children spent the week end visiting relatives at the Dixon community.

And until Thursday week, Au Revolt.

Financial experts estimate that on certainty on the part of investors holding back expenditures of \$5,000,000 over the next five years by utilities for new equipment. This would give steady jobs at good wages to 4,000,000 workers.

Advertisement for 'They Shall Have Music!' featuring Samuel Goldwyn and Jascha Heifetz.

Chapter One

These were the slim and dingy streets of New York ... These were the streets where boys played, but did not know the real laughter of boys, and were sage beyond their years. There was music of a sort; mostly it was the rhythm of steel on cobblestones. The music of the string and lute and horn, the music of limpid melody, they did not know. And when they saw it, they laughed. They had never heard it, inside.

Young Willie, with clean, freckled face and trombone case beneath his arm, walked in terror of them. Frankie was their leader; he, with Rocks Mulligan and Dominick and Fever Jones, would watch for Willie returning from his music lesson and when they saw him, would give chase. Willie played music, so he was soft; he could be bullied, or beaten, into handing over his spare change as "dues" for a club to which he could never belong, or would never want to join. And Willie wasn't the only one.

Frankie's eyes were darkly brilliant, and his handsome boy's face drove out from beneath his black

cap. The gang went to Carnegie Hall, where great music was played, at top prices. On the sidewalk there, Frankie played the harmonica, Dominick danced, and the others chorused for both. A policeman's appearance brought the entertainment to a quick halt. Behind the pillar that was his hiding place, Frankie looked down. A pair of tickets, half out of their envelope, had fallen at his feet.

The price on them read "\$5.50," and he and Dominick stared, unbelieving. Frankie tugged at the sleeve of a passing man.

"Hey, mister—what goes on in there?"

"Heifetz." The name meant nothing to them, so they hawked the tickets, until they saw the cop. Then Frankie made a decision. He handed the tickets to the man at the door, and the two ragged boys slipped into the dark and murmuring auditorium. Quickly, before they could take in the brilliance of the audience, the lights went dim. Then the figure of Jascha Heifetz, genius of the violin, came upon the stage, and the applause thundered, and echoed. Suddenly, Heifetz was playing.

The boy Frankie changed, became intent, and quiet. He could hardly understand why or how the



The pawnbroker frowned — but top price was four dollars.

mop of hair. He was a leader, and soon had to pay. A mother of one of the boys who had had his pockets cleaned came to Frankie's house, and spoke to his sweet, tired-faced mother, and to Frankie's stepfather, Ed Miller. She complained.

"Every week the same thing! They take his carfare away. And your stepson is the leader, Mr. Miller. If it don't stop, I'm going to the police!"

"Don't worry—it won't happen again. Here's your dime." Miller's voice was cold, and brutal. When the woman had left, he turned to Frankie's mother and bitterly berated her. With self-pity, with no remorse, with the savagery of one who is far away from all that is youth, he cursed and scolded until the woman could only turn away.

Then Frankie came in, playing on his harmonica. A rough hand tore it from his mouth. And a rougher voice rasped in his ear, and sent him off without supper, into the cellar. In the cellar, Frankie turned promptly to the business of escaping, as he had done many times before. As he climbed to the window, his foot broke through the top of an old, dusty trunk. He looked down and saw an old violin case, which he opened and found to contain a violin.

Frankie was out of the cellar quickly. The pawnbroker frowned, and pretended to be gentle, but his top price was four dollars. There was a new fortune in the treasury, and the hands of Rocks and Dominick and Fever clutched for it.

Part in celebration, part in need for eyes more money, the gang walked up and cross-town, to a place Frankie had judged would be perhaps more liberal, and ap-

preciative. The gang went to Carnegie Hall, where great music was played, at top prices. On the sidewalk there, Frankie played the harmonica, Dominick danced, and the others chorused for both. A policeman's appearance brought the entertainment to a quick halt. Behind the pillar that was his hiding place, Frankie looked down. A pair of tickets, half out of their envelope, had fallen at his feet.

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next day, Frankie had the violin. The treasury had been despoiled, with the assent of Dominick, who pointed out that most of the money was Frankie's, anyway. Rocks Mulligan did not agree, and meant it. Frankie was no longer his leader.

At home, Frankie's mother heard the strange sounds from her son's room; when she asked, he told her of the violin and of how he had found it, and she begged him to put it away. It was his father's, and Miller would hate its presence. She told Frankie of how his father had taught him to play the instrument when he was a small boy, and of the wonderful nights filled with music.

Then Miller came. He saw the violin, and accused Frankie of stealing it. The boy's brain burned. When Miller tore the fiddle from him, smashing it, Frankie lashed out and drew blood.

"That's the finish!" Miller shouted. "He's going to a reform school! Tonight!"

(To be continued.)

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"Are You Hurt, Dear?" "No, I'm Looking to See if There's a Run in My Stocking!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page.) too often provided an opening wedge for setting up a planned economy which, once instituted, is seldom abandoned even with the return of peaceful times.

Therein lies the most powerful of reasons why we ought not to yield what the psychologists call "war psychosis" — which simply is a kind of group mental disease by which people believe that our getting mixed up in the war is inevitable, and that everything this country does and thinks in the future ought to pay homage to that fear.

working knowledge of how to get things done quickly and well. Probably a baker's dozen or more of business leaders have been drafted by the government within the past month, either to fill important existing posts or to perform aided chores made necessary by the new "limited emergency."

It's an old story to everyone but some of the fair haired boys in politics — and yet, somehow, it seems to surprise them, every time it happens, to find out that it takes men of action and practical business experience to get things done!

Neither the administration, nor industry, nor any group in this country, is as yet willing to accept such a line of reasoning. It is only too clear that acceptance of the premise that the European war octopus is sure to get us can only, no matter what happens, work to the worst possible interest of our own system of representative democracy and private enterprise.

The argument against letting ourselves be victimized by "war psychosis" is an extremely practical one. At the root of it lies the knowledge that there is plenty of work to be done in this country, in putting our own house in order and achieving a return to sound prosperity, and that undue emphasis on legislative or administrative innovations under guise of necessary emergency measures will inevitably hobble this work.

Naturally, nothing that stands in the way of providing for national defense or strengthening the defenses of our neutrality can be countenanced for a moment. But our second line of defense in war, and our first line in peace, are our healthy American industries. These will be best prepared for any event, from "limited emergencies" right up and down the scale, if the present time is devoted to providing them with every possible encouragement to move ahead.

Washington thinking these days is following that tack more completely than it has in a long time. And many of those who disagree about everything else under the sun are now heard chorusing the cry that industry must be strengthened at this critical period in world affairs.

Advertisement for Dutch Boy White Lead Paint.

Table listing various soap and detergent products and their prices.

Roberts' Service & Grocery

Advertisement for Treet shaving products.

Advertisement for First National Bank Pay By Check service.

Advertisement for 'Phone The Item AND IT WILL BE IN THE PAPER'.