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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.



THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON" I know of a land where the streets are paved.

With the things we meant to achieve. It is walled with the money we meant to have saved.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken. And many a coveted boon are stowed away there in that land, somewhere—

The land of "Pretty Soon." There are uncut jewels, of possible fame.

Lying about in the dust. And many a noble and lofty aim covered with mold and rust.

And, oh, this place, while it seems so near, Is further away than the moon!

Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there— The land of "Pretty Soon."

It is further at noon than it is at dawn. Further at night than at noon!

Oh! let us beware of that land down there— The land of "Pretty Soon." —Unknown.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS Like the Shelby Star says in the editorial appearing below it is good business on the part of town officials to keep the citizens informed Kings Mountain is very fortunate in having Town Officials headed by Mayor J. B. Thomasson who are very anxious for every taxpayer to know just how his town is operated.

Sane Financing Here Shelby and Cleveland county citizens no doubt swelled with pride when they read recent financial statements of these governments, sub-division showing a constant reduction in debt and yet a gradual extension of public service and improvements.

Cleveland county people are conservative in their habits and they have expected and received sane administration of public affairs from the hands of their officials. Any waste and extravagance would immediately call for condemnation of officials.

Here, our public officials as well as our taxpayers recognize the fact that a public office is a public trust and that all public acts constitute information which the taxpayers are entitled to know. Secret or back-stage transaction of public affairs is not attempted nor would it be tolerated.

With all tax notices which the county will soon send out, will be enclosed a full and complete statement of the county's financial affairs. This serves to keep the people fully informed and forestalls any wild and unfounded rumors that might get afloat. Our people are interested in the welfare of our county and towns and take great pride in the sane and conservative manner in which public affairs are administered.

Other counties might well follow the example set by Cleveland in keeping the tax payers informed. That is, the idea is excellent when the officials have nothing to hide or keep back from the "stock-holders" of the government.

KINGS MOUNTAIN'S LOSS IS CHARLOTTE'S GAIN Usually we think of one person or community's loss as another's gain—and often it is. But there are still people in this harum-scarum world of ours who can lose happily—because they know that if the gain overbalances the loss it is worthwhile.

This is the case concerning the departure of Rev. W. M. Boyce from our midst. It is our loss and Charlotte's gain. It is also Reverend Boyce's gain, and we cannot wish it otherwise without being selfish.

During the period of time which Mr. Boyce has spent in Kings Mountain

Here and There (By George pinch-hitting for Haywood E. Lynch)

Pinch hitting for the editor is undoubtedly an honor, but its also quite a job. Especially when you're a columnist and have already written your own column—used all the stuff you had in store.

The Sunday School Rally Day went over in a big, BIG, way. Down at the Drug a little while ago, Johnny McGill, who is one of them there A. R. P.'s, told us that maybe we Methodists had the biggest attendance, but he'd bet us (tch, tch) that his percentage was bigger.

(Sudden Thought): What if Jake Early's batting average had been that good for the season?

Doodling, and why people doodle presents one of the biggest mysteries to present day science, we believe. You know what doodling is? Or do you? Well, it's those funny little things you scribble when you

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.

Kings Mountain, N. C. Oct. 3, 1939 Editor Kings Mountain Herald, Kings Mountain, N. C. Dear Mr. Lynch:—

May I have a small space in your fine paper. I have a grievance want to get off my chest. I was coming down the highway from town. Between town and the Ice Plant W. P. A. workers were repairing the roadway. I am in favor of that work and believe some of our finest citizens are working on such projects.

When I stopped he came to the car and using abusive tone, asked if I didn't have any brakes? (If I did not have good brakes he wouldn't be alive now.) He said he was going to call an officer and did so. No one came and I told him to take my number as I couldn't stay all day.

This flagman has jumped in front of other cars and I am wondering if there is some one who can tell him that giving him that job didn't give him the highway.

We would not want Kings Mountain to get a black eye from the traveling public.

Yours truly, C. Raymond Sanders.

Editor Herald:— Thirty-six years ago when I was seriously sick with throat trouble, and expecting every day to be the last, I wrote a letter to be given to three of my friends asking them to prepare my body for burial.

tain literally the entire population of the town has come to know and esteem him, because of the great part he has had in the progress of the town. Whenever we think of many of the acquisitions of Kings Mountain within the past few years which have contributed to our progress, we instinctively link the name of Mr. Boyce with them.

In Charlotte Mr. Boyce will have a much bigger field in the work of upbuilding of humanity. Knowing Rev. Boyce as we know him, we feel confident that he will do the things that are expected of him in the bigger city. Mr. Boyce is qualified in every respect and is entitled to this step up the ladder of success.

are using a telephone. It's funny how many crazy designs a person can create without thinking. Why this discourse? Well, we've just finished something that looks like a cross between a Gothic Temple marble floor design and a Venetian boatman singing "La Cucaracha."

Now, if there's any columnist this side of New York and the Sunday Mirror office who could have done a better job of guessing (boy! how!) that—"guessing" for Haywood E. L., show me to him.

Take it away, Gene.

Advertisement for Samuel Goldwyn's 'They Shall Have Music!' featuring Andrea Leeds and Gene Ray.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In New York's tough East Side, a boy named Frankie grows up; helping his gang collect funds for their treasury by waylaying Willie, the neighborhood sissy, on his way to music school.

Chapter Two But Frankie chose leaving home to being sent to the reform school, as Miller had wanted. While his step-father was shouting, and making his way to the police, Frankie was out of the window, and away.



Peter was in love with Ann, and fresh out of a job.

would not let go, whose geniality was the only friendly thing Frankie had known for a week. When Frankie went into an auto junk yard, to sleep in an old car, the dog followed him, and his shiny button eyes stopped the tears in Frankie's own. Frankie called him "Sucker."

And Sucker, chasing a cat, led Frankie to the Lawson Music School for Children.

Frankie had run into the old brownstone house after the dog, and had turned to leave when he heard the sound of a fute, and saw children with instruments. Inside, he could see the old Professor, and the small orchestra, and a lovely little girl, beautifully singing. She smiled at Frankie.

"Sound as a Jew," he heard the Professor say. A note was struck. "I said an A—"

Frankie found himself speaking, impulsively. The sound of his voice surprised him. "That's not an A—that's a G—"

"How'd you know that?" "Excuse me—" Frankie muttered, turning quickly to go. "Guess I shoulda kept my mouth shut."

"Wait a minute" the old man said. He struck a note. "What's that?" "E flat."

Then the Professor would not let him go, but called for his daughter, Ann, a lovely young woman with the rich beauty of one who has known children in her eyes. They went through the exercise for her, and were both amazed. Frankie had a natural ear. He told them of how his father used to play "the game" of music notes with him.

They made him a student of the school, knowing he could not pay, not knowing he was homeless. After Ann had led Frankie back to the classroom, she found Peter McCarthy in the hall. Peter was

Advertisement for Butter Kist Bread: WATCH FOR IMPORTANT NEWS by BUTTER KIST BREAD

Pittsburg, Oct. 3.—Ten year old Frank DeCastro wants a squad of police "who will protect our rights as American citizens."

He reported to the Detectives Bureau that a nine year old fellow student at his school demanded it cents tribute a week from many of the boys under threat of "beating the life" out of them. Frank said he missed this week's payment and now I am a little bit afraid.

Detectives took his plea under advisement.

completely in love with her, blinded by an armful of potted flowers, and fresh out of a job. She found out about the job herself. Peter had been working for the owner of a music store, who was owed money by the Lawson School, and who had recently been pressing for payment. She knew what Peter had done, without his saying it, for she loved him, too.

Willie, whom Frankie and his gang had tormented, who had been made to pay "dues," was one of Mr. Lawson's students. When Frankie saw him, he was petrified. After the session was over, the children tumbled down the brownstone steps. Sucker was waiting.

Frankie pretended a wry friendliness, until Willie told him the detectives were after him, and suggested cynically that it would really be too bad if they found him. Despite all of his pathetic objections, Frankie handed over the dime. Here was blackmail, pure and simple. Then Willie bought an ice-cream cone for Betty, who had rung so beautifully and smiled at Frankie. He stared after them, in utter misery.

With Sucker by his side, he plodded along the darkening streets. Later, the mist turned to rain, and came down heavily. Frankie saw a policeman and dodged back toward the school, into its alley-way. He crawled through an open cellar window, and the sound of steps coming



Peter was in love with Ann, and fresh out of a job.

down the stairs sent him huddling in a corner. Sucker barked. The Professor turned and saw Frankie.

"Hello—any more back there?" "No—just me."

"Why aren't you home, my boy?" Frankie was silent, and the Professor knew. He saw the boy's wet clothes, and without a word removed a soaked coat and sweater, wrapped him in a blanket and pushed him onto a bare cot.

"Why did you run away from home?" "I didn't do anything! My step-father—we couldn't get along, that's all. Wouldn't even let me play my harmonica around the house. Kept sayin' it's a waste of time. He was always barkin' at mom—drivin' her crazy—"

"You know—almost the same thing happened to me—except that I wandered into a music school for rich children. They threw me out."

"Gee, that was cheasy, wasn't it?" "After that, all my life, I kept dreaming about a place where kids like me—and you—could go without being thrown out. And now I have it. Isn't that wonderful?"

Frankie was getting sleepy, but the old man's eyes were shining, and he went on.

"We're going to have a concert in a month—maybe you'll be in it. Can you imagine the people when they hear the children? They'll say—those children are brilliant! They have genius! We must encourage them! We'll shower them with money—so that all those marvelous talents won't be lost to the world—"

His voice was soft now. —to a world that's gone so mad—it's forgetting the beauty there is in music. Yes, that's what they'll say.

Both Frankie and Sucker were asleep.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR. Illustration of a man and a woman in a room.

"Never Says More Than a Couple of Words, Does He?" "No, I'm Married, Too!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) left out of is the administrative planning incidental to national defense and international affairs. How is the Brain Trust planning going to jibe with the planning of the emergency planners? Is there going to be a head-on collision between the theories of these two groups?

The correspondents are well aware of the Brain Trust's brand of planning, to wit: plowed under crops, and other methods of "planned scarcity" intended to raise prices. And the apparent objective of the other group is to see that the U. S. has abundant materials, both for home consumption and sale to any and all outsiders who want to buy, and to fight down increasing prices!

Even before it happens, the sideliners are calling it an "unavoidable collision at the intersection of Planning boulevard and Preparedness avenue."

As Congress assembled for its special session the definitions of a "limited emergency" were many. One wag even interpreted the present condition as an improvement. He reasoned: "We have had an emergency since 1933, but now we have only a 'limited emergency. That is an improvement."

Many at the Capitol have expressed some fear that the turn of European events might tend to bog down interest in domestic problems. For instance, some returned to Washington with the belief that the country would lose interest now in the question of amending the National Labor Relations Act, and correcting other one-sided laws too hurriedly written in previous Congresses.

But those with such fears no longer entertain them. They reason now that new interest in these problems will be generated because of their vital connection with the safety of our own country. The Investigator of the National Labor Relations Board and amendment of the labor act, for example, now become more important because industrial peace will be necessary if any expanded national defense program is to be carried out.

One factor that has helped change the fear outlook to one of optimism

is the new interest being shown in the work of the House Committee investigating un-American activities (the Dies Committee). Persons who at first paid only passing attention to the exposures of that committee are now very much alarmed over the borings-from-within.

Henderson, Oct. 3.—The Vance County Grand Jury indicted Vernon C. Roberson, 25 year old barber on a first degree murder charge yesterday in connection with the slaying of Hunter Coggsdale, cafe poolroom employee. Roberson's trial is docketed for this week.

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