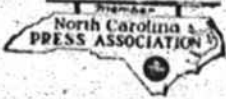


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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.



DO YOU?

Do you ever think of the harm you can do When you utter a word that's unkind? Do you ever think of the heart that may ache From a speech that is cruelly designed? It isn't so hard to be careful of speech, In showing how well you are bred When tempted to torture a sensitive heart, Just leave words that worry unsaid. —Carroll Van Court in Boys' Life.

SEE THE HOLE BUT NOT THE POINT

This motto appeared on the menu of a well patronized eating place of a northern city. As you ramble on through life, brother, Whatever be your goal, Keep your eye upon the doughnut. And sit upon the hole. We hardly grasp the significance of the jingle but it is catchy at least. The hole is the only thing left (less money) after the doughnut has proven its usefulness as an item of nourishing food.

CONGRATULATIONS LIONS

We think it most fitting for the Lions Club to entertain the members of Kings Mountain's crack Volunteer Fire Department, and we want to congratulate the Club for its desire to recognize when a good job is being done. The firemen have done and are doing a good job for the citizens of Kings Mountain and the Lions Club did a good job in letting the firemen know that their efforts are appreciated.

The Lions Club has done many things to make Kings Mountain a better town and we are most happy to extend our congratulations for the fine work they are doing. It's a progressive, democratic bunch of fellows they have and we are not afraid to predict with this spirit prevailing, bigger things for The Best Town in the State will come from the Lions Club of Kings Mountain.

GET IT STRAIGHT, BOY

When you are driving through a part of the country you have never traveled before and you see a great big sign, "Bridge out; take left hand road," do you get out and throw rocks at that sign, and accuse some body of "horning in" on your affairs, just because you had intended taking the right hand road? Or, are you thankful that somebody who knew about the missing bridge had the thoughtful kindness to put the sign there and save you a smash or a long delay? The sign was put up by someone who had been along that road and found that the bridge was out. He befriended you by warning you, so his difficulty need not be yours also. He discovered the old saying "misery loves company" to be a bit unfair and showed you he preferred to be alone in his misfortune of having taken a wrong road at the disastrous fork of the highway.

Do you see any difference in that and your father's telling you that a certain line of conduct you are engaged in will lead to trouble? I don't. Your father is just a bigger and older boy who has been father along the road, and maybe strayed a bit and been bitterly punished for it; and he wants you to escape the things that have damaged and delayed him.

Next time you see a sign telling you a bridge is out, will you tell that sign: "Aw, act your age! Don't you know the world has changed? Quit your nagging about the way I'm to go! Do you think I'm a baby? Don't be such a fool. Then don't be a worse muddlehead and resent your parents' giving you information from their own knowledge of the road ahead. Treat the two admonitions like, for they are the same thing, in different forms.—Strickland Gillilan.

Life will be less sordid and more interesting when people begin to realize that the only person who makes a success of raising other people down is the elevator boy.

Here and There . .

Haywood E. Lynch

I got trimmed at the Lions Club supper the other night. Tail Twister George Mauney, with one clip of the scissors cut the tie I was wearing right off at the neck, and I mean my neck. But even at that they did not treat me as bad as they did Earle McGill, a recent bridegroom. They sorta picked on Ted Gamble and Elmo Bridges too. It was a great meeting and everyone had a lot of fun, even I who was trimmed.

I am in debt to "By George" for a delicious coconut cake. He had in his column last week about the delicious coconut cake of Mrs. Ben Goforth's and when my better half came to that item, she immediately put the paper aside and went into the kitchen and made one of the

tasted. I thought about Proctor Thompson and Paul Mauney, as this is their favorite kind of cake. Anyway it was delicious and George many thanks to you.

They call him Fire Chief, but he has never been to a fire. All the girls are crazy about him but he does not have much to do with them. He's an understudy of John Floyd's, yet he is not in the textile business. He's a native of Mebane and a graduate of U. N. C. He likes to play bridge but he sometimes trumps his partner's ace. He's in charge of the geographical survey of the U. S. being made near Kings Mountain. He evidently thinks he has pretty hair because he never wears a hat. Girls, he's yours, go get him, he lives at the Mountain View House.

I got my dates for Thanksgiving mixed, which is easy to explain in the way they have been changing it around, and ordered our annual turkey a whole week ahead. But I want to tell you right now, it was the best turkey I ever tasted. The proud bird was one raised by Squire Caveny, with the special diet. Here's free ad for the champion turkey raiser, if you want a prize dinner just have W. C. pick you out a strutter from his flock, and if you don't like it bring it around to my house and I'll be glad to eat it.

The Duke supporters held up mightily well Saturday. They stretched a little during the first half but at the end of the game they were back in place.

Everywhere the local band plays it captures the praise of everyone. Here's what Scoop Latimer, Sports Writer for the Greenville News said about the band when it marched and played for the Furman-State game Saturday:

"During the intermission the crack Kings Mountain High School Band composed of 70 musically skilled boys and girls, entertained the throng with the finest show ever seen at a football game here or anywhere."

Rev. Hamm is a mighty busy man. He has made a total of 43 talks in the last 45 days. I'll be he felt pretty lonesome on those two days he missed.

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.

Editor Herald:—

All Europe's history has been for blood shed through war for power and mastery. Alexander the Great conquered the world over there and like a spoiled child lay down and cried because there were no more worlds to subdue and died at the age of thirty, a wretched man. Napoleon tried his genius; when he spoke all Europe trembled but at length he was banished. Bill Kaiser started to sway his Imperial Scepter over the world. But his cards would not play. He took his saw and was glad to get over in Holland to saw wood. Now come Hitler on the stage of action to predominate the world. It seems to be an inherited tendency with the boys.

Mr. Hitler says worship me, I do not like Adolph. He's been throwing bouquets at some of our American girls. I know one that danced before him, he showed her with lovely flowers. Then she paid her compliments to him by saying that Mr. Hitler is one of the most charming and nice men I have ever known. I hope I am right that she'll be rejected by those poor devils that he's dominating over, and be driven out of Germany. Then to help Kaiser Bill at the other end of that cross-out saw.

H. Y. Bell, Kings Mountain, N. C.

Employment Fund Shows Increase

RELEIGH, Nov. 20.—Receipts of the North Carolina Unemployment Fund will have passed the \$29,000,000 mark by the time this appears, receipts through November 16, having reached \$28,981,047.42, of which \$28,359,898.96 is in employer contributions and \$581,148.46 is in interest on the State's balance on deposit in the U. S. Treasury.

Benefit payments to unemployed and partially unemployed workers through Nov. 16 reached \$12,335,659

16, leaving a balance in the fund (in both the "pooled fund" and the employers' reserve account funds) of \$16,645,388.26, as of that date, Chairman Charles G. Powell, of the State Unemployment Compensation Commission reports.

Residents of Roanoke Island are realizing that they can make this resort spot more attractive to visitors by beautifying the grounds of their homes and buildings.

Squirrels do not crack nuts; they gnaw them.

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER JOAN BENNETT ADOLPHE MENJOU

Lovely and affectionate Hilda Swanson, daughter of Olga, the housekeeper in our reporter Robert Randall's home, takes a great interest in Robert's career. A big murder case breaks when Gladys Fontaine, actress, is killed on a houseboat through drinking coffee poisoned by Benny, a hobo flower seller. Benny intended the poison for her escort, Floyd, an underworld character of whom Benny was jealous. Robert is assigned by editor Wilson of the Globe to work on the case as assistant to Deakon Maxwell, ace reporter. Deakon at first rebuffs him, but after discovering his large bankroll, takes him on a tour of "night spots" accompanied by photographer Ed O'Malley and by Benny, who invites himself along.

Chapter Three

The celebration of the meeting of three kindred souls, the cementing of a new and lovely friendship, proceeded famously as long as Robert's bankroll held out; and it was the kind of bankroll that can withstand a great deal of wear



"Aw, gee, Benny, don't feel so bad. I'll be your girl."

and tear. They made the grand tour of so-called gay places, with Benny (who drank nothing, but was just along) faithfully bringing up the rear. But by the time they had established themselves at a table in a cabaret flaunting a show called The Naughty Nitties, the other three had achieved and well passed the stage of audible hilarity.

Between acts of the show Deakon and Ed went to investigate the backstage possibilities, while Robert remained at the table with Benny and dreamily ruminated on the fine points of the Fontaine case.

Suddenly he sat upright — or as upright as was possible for him under the circumstances. "I got it solved! You know why the body was found in the river? I'll tell you — she was walkin' over a bridge and she fell in."

"Oh, no," demurred Benny with quiet assurance. "She was thrown in."

"That's right... how could a dead body fall in? She was thrown off a bridge, that's what!"

"Not a bridge," corrected Benny. "A houseboat. The green and white one at the foot of Macy Street."

"That's better yet! That's marvelous!" said Robert, reaching woosily for the table telephone. He dialed the Globe and pompously imparted this information to the night city editor, who received it with ecstatic excitement.

"Fine, fine!" he yelled at Robert. "But who did it — who's the guy?"

But Robert's head had dropped onto the table, and he heard no more. He was sleeping the sleep of the just too exhausted.

It all came to Robert, gradually and somewhat painfully, while he lay in his bed and wondered what

cosmic upheavals were going on inside his head. After he had succumbed at the telephone, Robert's pals had trundled him home in a cab, using the last remnants of his once-flourishing bankroll with which to do it. And though he remembered nothing about it now, he had insisted on their all staying overnight; Deakon and Ed in his brother's room and Benny in the chauffeur's quarters.

The abstemious Benny had been awake for some time. He wandered into the kitchen where Olga was preparing breakfast.

"Oh, I know, you're Benny," said Olga, feeling uncomfortable under his quiet, intense stare.

"Goah, you're awful purty," muttered Benny. "You're purtier than she was — and she was real purty."

"Who was she, Benny?" "She was my girl... but she's gone now, and I haven't got any girl at all." He began to sniffle dolefully.

"Aw, gee, Benny, don't feel so bad about it," said the generous-hearted Hilda. "I'll be your girl."

Leaving the delighted Benny behind, she carried Robert's breakfast tray upstairs to him. But Robert was in no condition to appreciate either breakfast or beauty. He waved the tray aside and called for aspirin and a tub of hot water. Meanwhile Deakon, awakening

in the adjoining room, beheld a vision through the open door. When Hilda withdrew from Robert's room Deakon and Ed charged in and demanded to know what went on. Robert's explanation that she was the housekeeper's daughter was patently ridiculous, and they waved it aside impatiently. But when he assured them that they had but to get back into bed, ring for breakfast, and the lovely presence would bring it to them, they dove back into their room and under the covers in record time. Deakon rang the bell, and while they waited for the vision to appear they wrangled over whose girl she was to be.

A knock on the door. It opened to their ecstatic summons, and in came the breakfast tray — borne by a woman considerably older and less eye-soothing than Robert's Hilda. Bitterly, they concluded that they had been robbed.

"But — but who was the girl that brought him his breakfast?" inquired Deakon wistfully, pointing to Robert's room.

"Oh, that was my daughter. I'm the housekeeper."

"That's a coincidence," said Ed morosely. "I'm the farmer's son."

But Deakon's innate gallantry rose quickly to the surface, and he began making pretty speeches to Olga. That is, until he unfolded the newspaper that was on the tray and glanced at its headlines. Then all trivial romances were at once forgotten.

"HOUSEBOAT CLUE TO MURDER MYSTERY!" roared the headlines. "GLOBE SCORES AGAIN AS CUB REPORTER DIRECTS POLICE TO SCENE OF CRIME!"

And the story bore the signature "byline" of Robert Randall!

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS BY GENE CARR



"Kin Y give Me Dog a Boyish Boh?"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) out what their public, so many of whom are farmers who spend part of their own time "mending fence," think about national affairs.

Washington observers and most wise Congressmen could readily construct a handy check list to aid in interviewing constituents. It would no doubt include the following important subjects:

1. Taxes. Realistic minds in the Treasury Department are trying to find out these days how to adjust tax legislation so that business will be encouraged to expand its operations. There is no "Good Samaritan" attitude motivating this: it is realized that unless there are business profits, it is impossible to collect much in the way of taxes.

Congressmen will try to find out whether the voters are in favor of this idea of helping business and industry. The answer is probably "yes" — simply because the average American wants for himself the prosperity that can come only with business welfare.

2. Pump Priming. This is a phrase and idea that has dropped out of the newspaper headlines these days. But there is still a little block of its supporters in Washington who, on the basis of their fixity of purpose, put this observer in mind of the small group at the 1924 Democratic convention who through thick and thin continued to cast "twenty four for Underwood." These forces remain anxious to spend more federal billions to "promote recovery" under various guises.

Congress was halted for licking the last "spending" bill. It is unlikely that public sentiment has since swung in the other direction.

3. Labor legislation. Investigation of the National Labor Relations Board is still in progress these days and amendment of the Act itself is still being sought by all groups in our economy. Since groups are the multiplication of individuals, it is patent that the Congressman returning home is going to find a strong sentiment for overhauling labor legislation to insure fair play for all.

4. War and peace. Disagreement exists concerning the best measures for keeping this nation at peace. But there is no disagreement at all concerning the desirability of peace itself. Congressmen know that any bill of goods sold the voters must carry the conviction of their sincerity in this aim.

there will be a slump. This, of course opens the door for more talk about pump priming, spend-lead, and what have you on the part of the determined small group mentioned above.

What these folks fail to realize is that the present business upturn did not start until last May, which was after Congress had begun to do a number of things which gave hope to the business community. Congress turned thumbs down on spend-lead, it tightened WPA blank check spending, it began a probe of the National Labor Relations Board, and made some tax law changes and showed a willingness to make more. And since then, business has gone up and up and up.

It's a pretty safe bet that if the New Dealers don't try to ram a bunch of new experiments down Congressional throats next January the business upturn will continue and the 1940 recession, if it comes, will be just a passing phase.

In this connection, people who have done some traveling lately bring back to Washington interesting accounts of the condition of business. They point out, for example, the difference in business conditions in California, Washington and Oregon, geographically next door neighbors. In California and Washington business generally is bad to slow. In Oregon, it is much better.

Business is improving in Pennsylvania and it is generally on the upgrade a New England.

Perhaps the political situation in these states is only a coincidence, but it probably is much more than that. In New England, Pennsylvania and Oregon party affiliations vary but each state has a so-called moderate or conservative government. In the State of Washington, Dave Beck and his Teamsters Union are maintaining a labor monopoly, while California has a Governor who is elected to office on a \$30 every Thursday plank and who frees Tom Mooney and Warren Billings.

In other words, radical or LIBERAL states seem to be having a tough time of it; the moderates or conservatives are faring much better.

Since the end of the World War England has rehoused 15,000,000 people or approximately one third of its population.

Paint With DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD Kings Mtn. Mfg. Co. Store

IT'S TIME FOR HOLIDAY PERMANENTS Make an Appointment now for your Holiday Permanent, Facial, and Finger Wave, Etc. Ruth's Beauty Shoppe —Phone 73— East Mountain Street

THE AMERICAN WAY —PAYING BY CHECK More checks are written in the United States than in any country in the world. Paying by check, in fact, is a distinguishing mark of American progress and of American higher standards of living. THE AMERICAN WAY —PAYING BY CHECK More checks are written in the United States than in any country in the world. Paying by check, in fact, is a distinguishing mark of American progress and of American higher standards of living. THE AMERICAN WAY —PAYING BY CHECK More checks are written in the United States than in any country in the world. Paying by check, in fact, is a distinguishing mark of American progress and of American higher standards of living.