

**The Kings Mountain Herald**  
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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.



**WHAT'S THE USE**

What's the use to worry? You've not got long to stay.  
 Why not take things easy as you pass along life's way?  
 'Twill do not good to worry, if things are going wrong.  
 You may as well be pleasant, meet reverses with a song.  
 What's the use to criticize? What's the use to knock?  
 What's the use to ridicule, or at some throw a rock?  
 Don't appoint yourself a censor, no matter what you do.  
 This great big world was never made for just a chosen few.  
 There's none of us that's perfect, there are a few of us that stay.  
 And never stray or wander from the straight and narrow way.  
 So when you start to hammer some poor fool who's gone astray,  
 'Twill do no harm to pause and think you may lose your grip some day.  
 So what's the use to kick one who's just about to fall?  
 If you do not care to help him, don't mention him at all.  
 You'll find if you take notice, that what I say is true.  
 While there may be faults in others there's a flaw or two in you.

**HELP! POLICE! BUT NO POLICE!**

It was 9:30 Friday morning July 4th, everything was quiet when suddenly a woman's scream broke the silence. "Help! Help! Call the police, stop you are killing me." The outcry came from the house next door to The Herald Office. A little boy, ran to the office door. "Call the police quick, he's killing her!" The Herald man immediately picked up the telephone and called the Police Department. The phone rang and rang, but no one answered. Outcries continued from the house early. Finally a man rushed out of the house, got in a car and departed. Quietness prevailed again. Kings Mountain spends a considerable sum of money each year for police protection, and citizens are entitled to the immediate service 24 hours a day. When a Police Officer is needed, he is needed right then, not 30 minutes later, not hours later. Five uniformed officers are now on the payrolls of Kings Mountain, and some arrangements should be worked out immediately that when a citizen is in need of protection they can get it THEN. It's just a happen so, just a chance, with the present system, if you call the police department and get an answer. Local police departments should be the first line of defense against crime and injury. It should be definite, secure, and not just a happen so.

**THEY ARE READY**

Man is an adaptable creature, and he can quickly adjust himself to almost any situation. At the same time, he may become irked at his lot and do something about it. That is the reason we have made so much progress in this country. But when a man in this country runs up against something which cannot be overcome in any honorable way, he accepts it as his luck, and is ready to go through with it in the best of spirit and humor.

I have been much impressed with the fine spirit shown by the young men who have been or will be called into the service before the present crisis is over. Their attitudes

CALL OR SEE

**KENNON BLANTON**  
 At Terminal Ser. Station  
**PHONE NO. 10**  
**STERCHI BROS.**  
 Representative  
 in Kings Mountain  
 Territory

**Here and There**

Haywood E. Lynch

In the mail: a note from John B. Ware of Washington, D. C., instructing The Herald to be sent to him at Denver, Col., where he is attending the convention of the Locomotive Brotherhood. "I always enjoy reading your paper, as I can keep up with the times in and about my old home town."

The Herald will also follow the W. K. Mauney's on their trip to Alaska. Mr. W. K. left a schedule of their journey with The Herald, and each week a copy of the home-town paper will be sent. The first copy is being mailed to Salt Lake City, Utah. I certainly would like to make that trip to the frozen north, and have the Herald sent to me. I appreciate very much folks caring enough about their Herald to want it to follow them when they are away from home.

Here and There Editor is in receipt of another fine basket of peaches compliments of Wayne L. Ware of Route 2. Mr. Ware has his own private label for his brand of peaches which are known as "Mountain View."

Clyde Bennett returned Monday from a week-end trip to Florida, reports that he stopped by MacDill Field, Florida, to see John Costner who is in camp there. He said Soldier John was looking fine but wanted to come home mighty bad. Clyde is subscribing to The Herald for his ex-employee, who is now serving Uncle Sam. Clyde also reported that Florida was overflowing with soldiers and tourists.

Kings Mountain, The Best Town in the State, is building a reputation as a friendly place. A salesman from Charlotte stopped in Belk's the other day and told one of the clerks that just about every person he had passed on the streets spoke to him, and in other towns and cities citizens do not make a habit of speaking to strangers and greeting them with a smile.

**ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE**

Having qualified as administratrix for Mrs. W. A. Ware, late of Cleveland County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to file same properly verified with the undersigned on or before June 23rd, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of any recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payments.  
 This the 9th day of July, 1941.  
 Lena W. McGill, Administratrix.  
 adv-aug 14

Public hearings are being held in Louisiana and Florida this month to determine fair prices for this year's crop of sugarcane.

Corn-growing is the most popular 4-H project in Johnston County, says C. C. Clark, Jr., assistant farm agent of the Extension Service.

Water systems have been installed by P. H. Parsons of the Westbrook community and Vivian Robin son of South Clinton Township in Sampson County, reports J. P. Stovall, assistant farm agent.

Outstanding Commodity Credit Corporation loans on cotton now total \$55,549,184.81.

reflect the splendid American spirit which, having a task to perform, sets at it with determination.

From Georgia comes the story of a Negro man who was trying to fill out his questionnaire. Finally he said to himself:

"I can't answer all them questions in a year."  
 So he turned the sheet over and wrote on the back:  
 "I is redly when you is."  
 That humble Negro man spoke the sentiments of millions of young men today. In that spirit lies the hope of the nation. — Selected.

**MICKIE SAYS—**

TH' FELLERS IN THIS TOWN T' PATRONIZE ARE THOSE WHO RUN ADS IN THIS PAPER TO BRING FOLKS TO TOWN!



**SYNOPSIS**  
 Holger Brandt, renowned violinist, returns to Sweden from a long tour and finds that things have changed in his absence. His two children, Ann Marie, 6, and Eric, 15, have grown up and he must adjust himself to them. He wants to make up to his family for his neglect in some way. One day he tells his beautiful wife, Margit, that he wants her to accompany him on his next tour, but she has many practical objections and he becomes annoyed. At Ann Marie's birthday party, he hears Anita Hoffman, Ann Marie's teacher, play for the first time and discovers that she has real genius. He meets Anita accidentally after a concert and, while they walk to a nearby cafe, he asks her to be his accompanist, since Thomas Stenborg, his former accompanist, has retired. She refuses because she is studying for a scholarship.

**Chapter Three**

They spent a delightful evening at the obscure little cafe, where Holger had spent much of his hopeful young student days dreaming and planning. Anita's painful shyness in his presence was soon



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dispelled.  
 "For that state of mind described as 'being in awe' of someone," he laughed, "there's no quicker corrective than good champagne. Two glasses — and in 20 minutes strangers have shared a rich and happy past!"  
 The clock chimed one when Holger and Anita found themselves on the way home, watching a little stream rushing with blocks of ice.  
 "There's the winter," mused Holger, "broken — rushing out to sea — a wonderful final journey. It's the danger that makes the journey so beautiful."  
 "But they'll melt away long before they reach the open sea."  
 "Yes, just so," said Holger. "But it's exciting for all that! To be driven to our destiny by the first spring storm — to melt into eternity —"  
 "To give one's self entirely to life?"  
 "Would you be afraid?"  
 "No — tonight —" she stretched out her arms — "tonight I would dare anything —" She put her hands to her temples, laughing slightly. "But perhaps it is only the champagne."  
 "Do you know what you remind me of?" asked Holger. "A Viennese waltz, smiling, but melancholy . . . You remind me of a melody of the time when Vienna was a happy city."  
 "What a poet you are," she smiled.  
 "Everyone was a poet, in the old Vienna — at twilight in the spring. It was there that I saw you for the first time. . . No, I'm wrong. It wasn't there at all! I met you in Budapest. Gypsies played 'The Rustle of Spring' — that was you."  
 She started to sing a few bars of it, then stopped. "What are you thinking of?" she asked.  
 "I'm listening. There is something coming — I don't know what."  
 "Spring, perhaps — Spring."  
 "Yes, perhaps," he whispered, looking at her intently.  
 Under his gaze her smile faded and gave way to fear. She pulled her coat collar up and shivered.  
 "It's cold." Worried and apprehensive, she started moving away.  
 "Anita," Holger called, "Anita . . ."  
 Holger's meetings with Anita became more and more frequent. They would meet furtively at the little cafe, then slip out and go walking along the river bank, or follow an unknown route where recognition was unlikely. For end- less hours they talked, mutually

discovering their remotest adventures, their most jealously guarded thoughts. And as the friendship became closer and closer, something else crept in, a quality of indispensability, one for the other, something beyond the casual, a certain instinctive responsiveness.  
 When Anita found that her feeling for Holger had transcended that of awe and respect for a great artist, that it had ripened into a genuine, deep-felt love, the full meaning of the situation first became apparent to her. Holger was a happily married man. He had two lovely intelligent children to whom he was deeply attached. His wife was beautiful, understanding and devoted. The affair must end immediately, she told herself, and painful as it might seem, it would be better now than later, when it would be, perhaps, too late.  
 She spent an unhappy day making her excuses and farewells to Thomas Stenborg, kindly Thomas who had so many hopes for her future! and to Mrs. Brandt, whose daughter she would no longer teach. She told them she was going away — to visit relatives in Denmark — perhaps for good. But she deceived no one, Thomas looked at her and knew; Margit watched her and understood.  
 At the cafe, where her troubled, foreboding attitude worried Holger, she abruptly announced that they must part. She was ashamed to go on.

"Th' Mirror Fell Off th' Wall, Missin' Mike by an Inch!"  
 "What Bad Luck!"

**Phone The Item AND IT WILL BE IN THE PAPER**

**JOB PRINTING — PHONE 167**

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(To be continued)