

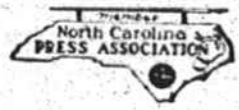
The Kings Mountain Herald
Established 1889
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HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE.
Haywood E. Lynch.
Editor-Manager

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Six Months75

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.



W. K. MAUNEY

The Herald has always been a believer in paying tribute to the living as well as the dead. The odor of flowers is not fragrant to the dead, but the living can fill their nostrils with the perfume created by nature.

W. K. Mauney is a big man, not in stature, but in the things that really make a man great. He is a busy man, yet he takes time to render service to his community, his church, his fellowman.

He is a real father, and is devoted to his five sons. He is happy that three of his sons are away from home at college, yet he is sad that they are not still little boys that can run in and out of the house, and be there to greet him after a busy day.

Announcement is made in this issue of The Herald of the Mauney Scholarship at Lenoir Rhyne, which will mean a great deal to the Kings Mountain School graduates for the years to come.

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S DREAM

Dreams do come true, we know because we were in the middle of one yesterday morning in the Shelby Star's new plant. Publisher Lee Weathers has dreamed for years of a building that would be complete in every respect, and now that dream has developed into a reality.

We had the pleasure of inspecting the modern plant with friendly Henry Weathers, son of the congenial Publisher, who is celebrating his 30th anniversary with our neighboring newspaper. Not one thing has been omitted, that could have been added to make the plant more complete. The building has everything, any newspaperman could desire, and we are extremely happy to add our congratulations and best wishes to Lee Weathers and his staff on the accomplishments that have been made.

TRUTH ABOUT COAL SHORTAGE

News stories have been circulated indicating that there is fear there will be a shortage of bituminous coal due to inability of railroads to transport sufficient quantities to consumers before winter sets in.

Commenting on this, an outstanding bituminous operator says the country's coal supply is low due to the April strike and July miners' holiday. He points out that the American railroads could have handled 35 to 40 million additional tons of coal in April, for storage, but for the strikes; and that it is a serious mistake to try to place the blame for any coal shortage that may develop, where it does not belong.

During May, June, and July, this expert says, the railroads could have transported an additional five to ten million tons of coal per month, if it had been produced. Despite the increasing demands the arms drive will make on our railroads, there are no grounds for anticipating a transportation failure.

Adequate production of coal, for the homes and factories of this country is now imperiled by the 7-hour day and 35-hour week. The 35-hour week was adopted during the depression, when demand for coal was abnormally low. Today the

Here and There
(Haywood E. Lynch)

To P. D. Herndon and his family goes the honor of being the largest family of readers of the Herald. There are five members of the Herndon family who are now keeping up with local events via their Home Town Paper. Mr. and Mrs. P. D. read every issue at home, Sara gets her copy at G. W. C. in Greenville, while Julia reads her copy between classes at A. S. T. C. in Boone, the two working members of the younger set, Cora and Allen receive their issues at Raleigh and Kannapolis respectively.

Unusual Fact: The three members of the staff of the Central Barber Shop, wear exactly the same size hat, which is 7 1/8. This is what I call mighty convenient, if they want to trade head-wear, all they have to do is pick up the other fellow's hat.

Another Unusual Fact: Wife of Insurance Man Ben Beam, won the Burial Policy given away at the Lions Baseball game last Friday night and wife of Radio Man Jim Darracott won the radio.

I met a couple of new preachers this week. First I met Rev. John Church, of Lincolnton, former Pastor of Central Methodist, in the Barber Shop. We enjoyed talking about thoroughbred horses. The visiting minister is quite a fancier of fine horses. The next day I met Rev. Ben Hoke of Blacksburg, S. C., who was in the Victory Gin discussing cotton with P. D. Herndon. Mr. Hoke, who is a native of the Best Town in the State, is very proud of his record, which has never been broken, of running the 100 yard dash in 9.5 while he was in college at Wake Forest. He is also proud of his record of never having been late to Sunday School during the past 40 years. He also related that he had missed only four preaching appointments in his entire 40 years in the ministry.

Less than two weeks remain of the daylight saving time, and I'll be glad to get back to the old time, so that folks will stop saying when they look at their watches, "It's really an hour earlier than that."

The fine spirit of co-operation shown at the Monday night Air Post Observation meeting was typical of Kings Mountain citizens when they really desire to do something. Maybe there is hope for that Hotel yet.

Don Blanton said that he started to call me the other night to come to his store to report a "Blitzkrieg" of little green bugs. The insects were about to capture the business section of the Best Town in the State, but after attack with fit the green wave left for parts unknown, and business is now as usual on 'main drag.'

Fisherman Claude Webb of the Imperial has an almanac that tells the exact time to fish what days are good, what days

are bad and what days are excellent for fishing. Some of these fishermen around town might do well to stop by before they go out to catch a whale and consult said book.

Betty Lee Neisler stopped by the office before she left for college. She brought three scrap books of clippings, one on the band, one on the Mauney Twins and one on news items of general interest. She has been working on her collection for over four years and says that they are three of her prize possessions. Betty, here's another item for your book. Time flies, mentioning the Mauney Twins, makes my mind

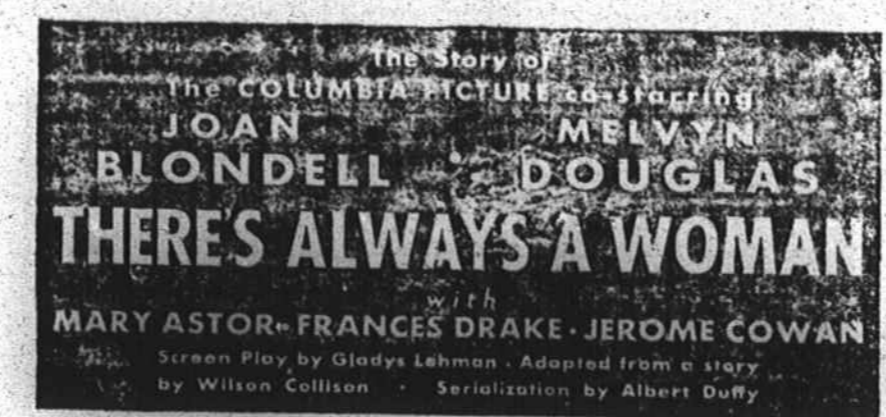
MICKIE SAYS—

THIS MAY BE A NEW IDEA TO SOME, BUT A GOOD CITIZEN IS LOYAL TO HIS HOME NEWSPAPER, BECAUSE IT IS A LOCAL INSTITUTION WORKING FOR THE GOOD OF OUR TOWN



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turn back to the time I came to Kings Mountain almost seven years ago. They were just young boys, in the fifth grade at school and now they are young men in college.



Chapter One

"Look, I'll Reardon, you're the best damned detective in this town and you know it!" Sally Reardon, port, blonde and trim, shook a finger menacingly close to her husband's nose. Bill smiled mockingly at his earnest wife. "Sure," he said. "I know it and you know it. The trouble is, nobody else knows it."

"They'll find out sooner or later," Sally said confidently. "All you need is some publicity. Keep your chin up, Sherlock."

"That's all I've been doing lately," Bill said glumly. "Six months ago I was sitting pretty in the District Attorney's office. Thirty-five hundred a year and no headaches."

"You did all the work and the D. A. got all the glory. You listen to me, Bill Reardon—"

"None," Bill shook his head and got up. He took his hat from the rack and started for the office door. "I did that once and now look at me. My own boss—no work, no glory, no nothing a year. I'm a success!"

"Bill!" Sally called. "Where are you going?"

"Down to the D. A.'s office. I'm going to get my old job back again." He slammed the office door before Sally could object.

After he had gone Sally sat dejectedly behind his desk. She fished in her purse and found a cigarette which she lighted. Before she had finished it the office door opened and a handsomely dressed woman came in hesitantly. "Is — is Mr. Reardon in?" she inquired.

Sally jumped up and came around the desk. "He's out at the moment, she offered solicitously, "but if there's anything I can do—"

The woman raised her hand. "No," she said. "No thank you. I

wanted to see him. I'd prefer not to give my name."

"Just as you wish, Mrs. Fraser," Sally replied. "The woman stifled a gasp of surprise. "How did you know me?" she asked.

Sally nodded sagely. "Your picture was in all the papers when you were married," she said. "It's a detective's business never to forget a face. What is it you wanted, Mrs. Fraser? I'm Mr. Reardon's chief operator. I handle all of his women clients."

"Well," Mrs. Fraser said, "there's someone I'd like to have followed." She took a photograph from an envelope and handed it to Sally. "Her name is Anne Calhoun," she added. "She was engaged to my husband before I —"

Sally nodded wisely. "I'm beginning to understand," she said. "Recently," Mrs. Fraser said, "my husband has been getting letters and telephone calls from her. There's something going on between them and I want to know what it is." Mrs. Fraser was near tears.

"I'll find out," Sally promised. "If I don't give you a full report by the first of the month, I'll retire from business."

Mrs. Fraser sighed her relief. "Fine," she said. "Tomorrow I'm going away for a two weeks' trip. Tonight my husband and I are going to the Skyline Club with Miss Calhoun. If you want to get a good look at her —"

"I'll be there," Sally promised. Mrs. Fraser took some money from her purse and handed it to Sally. "I don't know what your rates are," she said, "but this should be enough until I get back." It took all of Sally's will power to refrain from looking at the money, until the new client had left. When at last she did, she found three one hundred dollar bills.

At the Skyline Club. When Bill phoned to announce that he was back on the district attorney's payroll, Sally said nothing to him about her client. She did, though, eagerly accept his suggestion to celebrate his new job that night by stopping out.

young playboy who was one of the shining lights of cafe society. Marlowe, she recalled, was engaged to Anne Calhoun. She listened to Marlowe and Lola Fraser as they talked while Anne danced with Mr. Fraser. "I wonder if those two are putting anything over on us?" Jerry grumbled.

A Mysterious Envelope. Sally transferred her attention to Anne Calhoun and Walter Fraser who were dancing. As she watched them she saw Fraser slip an envelope from his pocket and pass it to Anne. She slipped it into the front of her dress.

Sally jumped up. "I want to dance," she announced. Reluctantly, Bill joined her on the dance floor and Sally immediately about the lead away from him, glancing their steps until they were dancing next to Fraser and Anne Calhoun.

The music stopped and Sally saw Anne excuse herself from the dance and head for the ladies' room. Without a word Sally left the party followed her. When Mrs. Calhoun came out again Sally was right behind her. Nick Shane came up and greeted Anne Calhoun. "What are you doing, Mr. Shane?" Anne asked and she extended her hand to him. They shook hands. Sally saw that the envelope Anne had slipped to Fraser had been slipped to Shane. Sally walked on and returned to Bill who was thoroughly disgusted by this time.

Anne rejoined her party a few moments later. "Did you think I was lost?" she inquired. Marlowe, still angry and suspicious, glared at her. "It wouldn't be the first time Fraser lost you," he said.

Angrily, Fraser leaped to the rescue. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded. Marlowe rose, but was stopped by Anne. "I'll tell you what I mean," she said. "Anne's engaged to me and I'll kill the first guy that comes in!"

Sally, who had lifted her head back to hear the conversation, turned right over backwards when she heard Marlowe's threat. Everyone in the Fraser party stared at her.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS
By GENE CARR



"In That Last Haul I Held Out on Ya, so Dere's Fifty Comin' to Ya."
"Dat's Right, Kid, Money Got Dat Way Won't Do Ya No Good."

The American Ship of State will never be sunk if we have enough battleships for defense. You can help build them by making a habit of buying Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps.
Since 1870 fourteen major industries have been developed in the United States, giving direct employment to 1,259,200 people. The figure for indirect employment created by those industries is considerably higher.
Argentina Industries controlled by Nazis are listed as worth \$455,000,000.
—Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps—

"Notice Mr. Farmer"
I have purchased the W. A. Ware Gin located in Kings Mountain. The machinery is being put in up-to-date repair and we will endeavor to do the best of work and strive to please. We will pay highest prices for cotton and cotton seed. We will haul cotton to the gin at a reasonable charge. Remember, this gin is now under new management and new ownership. Give us a trial, your business will be appreciated.
CLYDE G. PUTNAM

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