

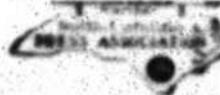
The
Kings Mountain Herald
Established 1920
Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE
Raymond E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

Entered as second class matter
at Post Office at Kings Mountain,
S. C., under the Act of March 3,
1893.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year \$1.00
Six Months 50¢

A weekly newspaper devoted
to the propagation of the general
lore and pastimes for the welfare
and entertainment and benefit of
the citizens of Kings Mountain and
its vicinity.



Postmaster: See an order for
Kings Mountain Schools, ap-
pointed major offices were conducted
by members of the staff at the dis-
tributor meeting in Charlotte
last week. Capt. H. N. Hayes came
home with the highest honor, that
of President of the group. Principal
J. E. Honeycutt, was elected Presi-
dent of the High School Principals;
Miss Mildred Lowrance, was
elected as President of the
High Teacher's group. It was truly
a Kings Mountain day, and citizens
from the Best Town in the State
were proud of the honors bestowed
upon those who have led our
State folks.

MAIL BOX

W. M. Shultz is a good
Postmaster. He has made many
improvements in the mail service and
should be congratulated by patrons
of the local post office.

At a small box is needed to be
placed in front of the post office
so that letters may be mailed after
the building is locked for the night. This service would be a big
help to late mailers, yet would not
cost very much.

We understand the Postmaster
has had the matter under consider-
ation for sometime and is attempting
to get the box for Kings Mountain.
We hope he can be as successful in
securing this addition as he has been on other improvements,
because he usually gets what he
asks after when it better service
to Kings Mountain Post Office pa-
trons.

SUNDAY IS COMMUNION
SERVICE

Next Sunday October 26th, has
been set aside as World Wide Communion Day, and of course Kings
Mountain Churches are uniting in
this effort for the good of all man-
kind. We sincerely hope that Sun-
day will find every church mem-
ber, others too, in their respective
places so that they may join in this
world wide movement, at a time
when parts of the earth is in tur-
moil.

JOIN THE NAVY

One of the most intensive enlisting
campaigns for the United States
Navy was started last week in
North Carolina. The first of a series
of paid advertisements appeared in
the last issue of The Herald, and other advertisements are sched-
uled to appear in subsequent issues.

While Navy officials have decided
that paid advertising will help at attrac-
ting men to the Navy, they are
calling on the newspaper publishers
to organize the effort communally
for this campaign which is designed
to get a sufficient number of men
to man the large number of fighting
ships which are being launched every
month. Although enlistments in
the Navy are at the highest peak in
history, even that is not sufficient
to meet the needs for men.

To a man who likes the sea, or
feels that he can learn to like it, there
can be no more exciting ad-
venture than a period of service in
the United States Navy. And a
young man who would like to have
special training of a certain type
will find the Navy offers that
type of training. Today there are
thousands of men in responsible po-
sitions because of the special train-
ing received while serving in the
United States Navy.

It is our hope that young men in
the communities who are eligible for
service in the Navy will give serious
consideration to the call of
the Navy for their services. We
are in a war that is certain to call
for full effort on our part, and the
 sooner we get at the task, the
sooner it will be completed.

SPECIAL SERVICE

There will be a special service
Sunday morning at the Wesleyan
Methodist Church at the close of
Sunday School. The Phillips Trio of
Belwood will sing. The noted Mrs.
Mary Loney will play a piano solo.
Rev. T. J. Peterson will preach at
the 11:00 o'clock hour. Also special
music will be rendered.

Here and There . . .

Raymond E. Lynch

Speaking about the soldiers
and war, even the Beauty Shop-
pers have gone patriotic. They
are not getting the ladies hair
in the shape of a V with three
dots and a dash on top. Catherine
Mauney was in the office
last week displaying the latest
style of hairness, and I must
say, it was both attractive and
patriotic.

I spied Mrs. Manley More-
head reading a letter in the
Post Office Saturday afternoon
and I bet 10 to 1 it was from
Manley, Jr., down at State Col-
lege, because who else could
get a letter from that she could
not wait until she got home to
read it, why her son of course.

Ernest Neal called my atten-
tion to a car parked last week
in front of Griffin's with a license
from MAITOBIA. I have
never heard of the country.
Maybe some of those folks who
called my number on the spelling
of AVOCADO can tell us
where the place is. As a side-
remark, I might mention that a
very attractive young lady was
in the car.

There will be more and more
soldiers in this vicinity and
maybe Here and There readers
would like to know how to iden-
tify them as to rank as nothing
pleases a soldier more than to
have civilians properly identify
them. So here's how you tell one
soldier from another:

Private, First Class, has a
V-bar on chevron on arm.

Corporal has two Phars on
chevron on arm.

Sergeant has three V-bars.

Staff Sergeant has two V-bars
and beneath them a black
space.

First Sergeant has two V-bars
black space with star in center
and beneath that is a bar.

Technical Sergeant has two V-
bars, a black space, and beneath
is a bar.

Master Sergeant has two V-
bars, then black space, and two
bars.

Warrant Officer gold eagle on
the arm.

2nd Lt. gold bar shoulders.

1st Lt. silver bar shoulders.

Captain 2 silver bars.

Major a gold leaf.

Lt. Col. silver leaf.

Colonel a silver eagle.

Brig. Gen. silver star.

Maj. Gen. 3 silver stars.

Lt. Gen. 3 silver stars.

General 4 silver stars.

Doc. Griffin says he might
have to stop The Herald going
to his son, Wilson, who is at
Edwards' Military Institute, as
gets all the home town news in
the paper and does not write
home for it.

It came out at the Scouting
meeting the other night that
Dr. Philip Padgett is a Com-
missioner for the Kings Mountain
District is an Eagle Scout him-
self, so Boy Scouts better be
on their P's and Q's when Com-
missioner Padgett visits their
troop.

I understand that Mrs. Marvin
Hoover, a member of the
Town's Clerical Staff, had a
birthday party yesterday morn-
ing at the City Hall, including
a cake and candles. I don't
know how many candles were
on the cake because I wasn't
invited, but if I find out I will
let Here and There Readers in
on the age of the wife of Pe-
terman Hoover, who combs
his hair like "G-Man" Edgar
Hansen.

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.

HOW LONG?

Two years years or a bloody life
the front where men are dying
while the blood flows from deathly
wounds life slowly ebbing away
dying dying by the thousands.

Words cannot describe this horror.
This European situation is beyond
description. These awful tragedies
cannot be defined in a sentence or
paragraph; cannot tell the awful
torment or ruin.

Visited on the
children of men — by incrusate
devils like an endless hell it rolls on.
A whole book is far too small to
contain this mystery of mysteries.

Why God permits this human carnage
no pen can tell. I care not how
cruel the writer may be, words
fail to describe the blackest of this
human slaughter these people who
have just gone through two years of
an earthly hell. What hope have
they that the end is near — probably
the worst is yet to come.

I care not how wild runs the imagination
it does not run wild enough to comprehend the horrifying
story of these poor devils. All over

the world Europe stands in an
awful silence.

What is my brother's keeper? I answer to
the Master as since the advent
of man on this earth. At the present
we of America cannot stop
these forces. Is it our duty as
civilized human beings to help those
people that's been put spirit thru
no fault of theirs? You ask me if I
think over and picked up Bill's
check. "I know I said he
was guilty," she said, "but I just
got it. I've just picked up some
new evidence."

Bill was waiting for Sally at their
apartment when she returned.
"What did you get the money?"
he demanded. Sally looked at him
blankly. "What money?" she
asked. "The money to pay the office
rent," he said. He grabbed her
by the shoulders and shook her.
"Where did you get it?"
"I took it off Bill," Sally said.
"I know that's not good at the office
so I started saving — hard. You
know buying cheap cuts of meat
and such."

"That I believe," Bill said. "What
about that picture and that
crayon story you gave to the
paper?"

"Oh that! I thought the paper
would like to know about Marlowe's
threat, that's all. Of course, I know
as well as you do that he's innocent."

"How do you know?" Bill de-
manded.

"It's obvious," Sally asserted. "If
you were going to kill a man you
wouldn't advertise it, would you?
Did you arrest anybody yet?"

"No. We don't arrest people until
we are certain that they are guilty."

"Why don't you investigate the
butler?" Sally demanded. "In all
the detective stories I've read
there's always a butler. Disgusted,
Bill left the apartment and hailed
a cab for Marlowe's penthouse.

Jerry Marlowe, Mrs. Fraser and
Anne Callahan had been summoned
there and the district attorney had
questioned them thoroughly about
the events of the previous evening.
Sally followed Bill to the Mar-
lowe apartment but the policemen
at the door refused to admit her.
Holding up a letter Sally smiled
sweetly and said, "I have to take
this in to Mr. Beardon, I'm from
the district attorney's office."

"Will this do?" Sally asked the photographer.

(Photo by John Blondell, John Goldfarb and a paper.)

Sally stared at the paper, stunned.
Her first thought was Jerry Mar-
lowe's threat of the night before.
A moment later the voice of the
police officer calling the city editor of the
bulletin. "If you'll send a reporter
over, we can give you a good lead on
Mr. Frasier's murder."

Not an hour later Sally was
perched precariously on the edge
of her living room chair, sipping
coffee and smiling brightly for the
photographer who snapped another
picture of her. "And you say that
Marlowe did these things?" asked
the editor of the bulletin. "A reporter
came to Marlowe's apartment
yesterday and I told him to go
right along. I told him to go right along."

The policeman attended Bill's
attention at last and handed him
the envelope. Bill opened it and
read, "Marlowe don't forget the
butler, Sally."

"No answer," he told the police-
man easily as he crumpled the note
and stuck it in his pocket. From
the entrance point Sally circled
silently to surprise a figure who
turned to the district attorney.
"You can finish the questioning," he said.
"I'm going to take another look
around. Just you mind to be here
tonight."

With a policeman, Bill started a
methodical search of the house.
Through rooms after rooms they
walked — rooms that had already been
searched upside down by searchers.

"There's always a butler," Bill said grimly.
As he spoke he crossed the room and
opened the door of the electric box.
Inside he found the usual
ice cube tray. He pointed it under
the nose of the butler.

"I've got to be here sometime,"
Bill said grimly. As he spoke he
crossed the room and, on one
of the shelves he found the usual
ice cube tray. He pointed it under
the nose of the butler.

"I'm not here," the butler said.
"I'm not here," he said.
"Don't be," Bill cautioned him.
"We'll find an surprise on this
one."

The district attorney dismissed
the others he was questioning,
walking them out of his office
without permission from his office.
After they had gone he praised Bill
for finding the gun and linking it
with the butler. "Whatever makes
you suspect the butler?" he asked
curiously.

Bill waved his hand. "It was just
one of those things. There's always a
butler."

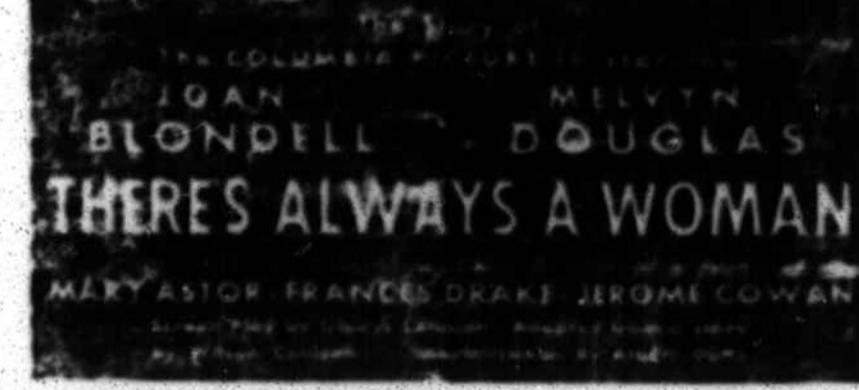
There was a long silence. Bill and the
district attorney turned and sat
down. The butler was gone down the hall.

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one of those things. There's always a
butler."

Yet there was something lacking.
Then he created a butler — his
ravages, he fights, he goes crazy and
takes the little he cannot give. Dogs
fight over their food, they have no
boundary lines to control. In a man
better than a dog? I ring off here
leaving this thought with you.
M. V. Bell.



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