The Kings Mountain Herald

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HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE.
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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Six Months ..... .75

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 the vicinity.

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot of course all be handsome
And it is hard for us all to be good
We are cute now and then to be beauty
And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always look pleasant
If we make up our minds that we will

And it pays every time to look kindly
Although you feel worried and blue.
If you smile at the world and be cheerful.
The world will smile back at you

So brace up and try to look pleasant
No matter how low you are down
Good humor is always contagious
It will banish our friends when we frown.

T. G. Parsons.

TIRES

The issue of rationing tires will not be a pleasant one for the board composed of W. E. Blakely, Capt. [illegible] and Arnold Kiser. However these men have the confidence of the citizens of the county and whatever they do will be based on fair treatment for everyone concerned. We do not envy them in their job but we know their decisions will be satisfactory.

REVIVAL TO START AT PENLEY'S CHAPEL

Next Saturday night, Jan. 17 at Penley's Chapel on the Cherryville Road a service will be held which will be the beginning of a Revival Meeting. Several preachers are planning to be present, and some special music and quartet singing will be rendered.

Sunday afternoon at 2:30 the Rev. J. V. Frederick will preach. Also at 7:30 and each evening during the coming week. You are urged to attend all of these services.

—Buy Defense Stamps And Bonds—

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CAROLINA DAIRY PRODUCTS

Carolina Dairy, Inc.
Phone 125
Shelby, N. C.

Here and There . .

Haywood E. Lynch

A man by the name of John Floyd of Kings Mountain, Kentucky, ordered a pair of ladies stockings. The package was missent by the post office to Kings Mountain, North Carolina, and the package was delivered to John Floyd of our fair city. To say the least, it is very singular for men by the same names to live in towns by the same name.

Rhett Chalk, who is making good as a member of the Miami, Fla., Police Department, must have been in a hurry to get his subscription in to the Herald as he sent the letter air mail. O. K. Rhett, your Herald is on the way.

In the Mails: A card from Mat Houston of Pageland, S. C., telling me that she missed the last issue of The Herald and to please send her a copy. Mac, who is the mother of five fine sons, ends her note by wishing that the "New Year will bring us all PEACE."

I was almost embarrassed Sunday, while over in Spartanburg with my better half and Katherine (Aubrey) Mauney. I offered to buy a drink, they gladly accepted the offer but when I reached for my wallet, I suddenly realized that I had failed to put my pocket book in my pocket when I changed clothes. The wife came to the rescue and "set me up," so we enjoyed our drink. Moral: Always make it convenient for your wife to have some money in her purse.

I guess you noticed how I wrote Katherine (Aubrey) Mauney. I have to do that to distinguish between Katherine (Carl) Mauney.

Garland Still is probably known by his first name better than anyone in town, as he named his business by his given name.

A traveling salesman left the following on my desk, and I have shown it to several who desired a copy of it, so here it is, clip it for future use:

A man on the Street described the different Types of Government in the following humorous manner:

SOCIALISM: You have two cows and give one to your neighbor.

Communism: You have two cows and give both to the government and they give you some of the milk.

FASCISM: You keep the cows and give the milk to the government.

NEW DEAL: You shoot one cow, milk the other, pour the milk down the sink and apply for relief.

CAPITALISM: You sell one cow and buy a bull.

NAZISM: The government shoots you and keeps both cows.

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.

A PRAYER

Dear Reader —

Christmas gone 1941 booked on the page the pages of the past with its joys, sorrows and disappointments. Now 1942 ushered in with its pure white clean calendar. It opens its pages to us. What this New Born Year holds in store for you and I, God only knows. The Casket with its shroud awaits part of us but lets not be gloomy, lets look to the future with faith, hope and trust, for the unseen though it looks dark with this world's war clouds hovering so close over our homes. Some of our loved ones far away on the bloody war front giving their all for the freedom of man. Others so dear to us waiting the call to arms to give their lives. War is so cruel, so hideous, so hated it must surely by the invention of the Devil. It's path way strewn with disease poverty, misery, and death. With dead men's bones and murders.

When God says thou shall not kill, when did this Hell of Hell's start? It started in the human heart just after the beginning of creation. So long as man finds a dwelling place on this earth, so long will wars reign terror its created in the human breast. Nothing but God's supreme love will ever eradicate this demon from the human heart and men will not let the Savior in. Probably we will fight this war to a death finish but others will come. The colors will still wave their star spangled stripes to the breeze, men will march on, fight and fall. Kingdoms rise, flourish, decay, and crumble to dust so long as this cruel demon reigns in the human breast. So long we must give our loved ones to this demon hell called war.

Mighty God of Heaven
Open the windows of your City.
Send white robed angels to earth
Touch the hearts of men that they fight no more.

Father, the earth is your foot stool,
You created us for your own glory.
Though sinful we be
Forgive us, Lord, Forgive Us.
A. T. Pitts.

Mrs. Laura Caroline Smith Dies

Mrs. Laura Caroline Smith, 76, died at her home in Kings Mountain about 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, following a stroke of paralysis suffered Saturday night.

She is survived by her husband, J. A. Smith of Kings Mountain, and the following children: Mrs. Ed Hamilton and Mrs. Hubert Mauney of Lowell, Mrs. Lester Norbet of Gastonia, Alvin Benfield and William Benfield, both of Belmont. Also surviving are four step-children: Miss Lou Smith and Sanders Lee, both of Kings Mountain, Mrs. Tom Clark of Gastonia, and Robert Smith of Mt. Pleasant. She also leaves a brother, John Harris of Rising Star, Texas; one sister, Mrs. I. C. Stewart of Belmont.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 at Park Grace Methodist Church, with the pastor, Rev. John A. Gregory, officiating. Interment was in a Lowell cemetery.

Charlie M. Stroupe Is Buried Sunday

Funeral services were held this day afternoon at 3 o'clock at Grace Methodist church for Charlie M. Stroupe, age 57, who died Saturday morning at 9 o'clock following an illness of eleven months. Mr. Stroupe had been a resident of Kings Mountain for the past forty years and had been a member of Grace church for 23 years. He is survived by a large number of relatives from this section.

Mr. Stroupe leaves his widow, Mrs. Hulda Quinn Stroupe, whom he married in 1905, and the following sons and daughters: Johnny Stroupe of Lancaster, S. C., Luther Orville and Walter Stroupe, all of Kings Mountain; George Stroupe who is with the U. S. army in Dutch Harbor, Alaska; Mrs. J. E. Ellison of Kings Mountain; and Mrs. P. L. Whitesides of Rockingham. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. W. W. Gladden and Miss Jane Stroupe, both of Kings Mountain; and ten grandchildren.

Center Service Installs New Equipment

"In these times when cars are such precious possession, the best thing to do is to take extra good care of them" says E. E. Marlowe of the Center Service, "and we have just installed the latest equipment for the greasing of cars." A new Alemite lubricant is now in use at the popular service station, and Messrs Marlowe and Jack Ammette extend an invitation to motorists to see how the new machine operates.

A new 30-minute battery charger has also been recently added. "We are here to prolong the lives of cars, so bring them in, said the two operators of the Center Service.

A Call To Arm Your Hobbies

Plans are being made in the near future, we'll say
For a BINGO PARTY and HOBBY SHOW day
To be given at the WOMAN'S CLUB for the P. T. A.
To help our school and the children in FIRST AID way.
Round up your HOBBIES whether great or small
Men, Women and Children are invited, as well as all.
Who are interested in unusual, even ordinary or a miniature thing
Could be glass furniture, clocks, buttons, guns, spoons, shoes
Hat pins, books, music, pictures, fossils, calling cards?
Or a million and one—just get in the ring
Whatever your HOBBY, you should want to bring
And help above all time, in this war period, let's say
Our school and children will have Parental support the truly DEMOCRATIC Way.
AMERICA has and MUST always be
FIRST in "Education" throughout the fight for LIBERTY.

Have Your Eyes Examined,
Glasses Fitted
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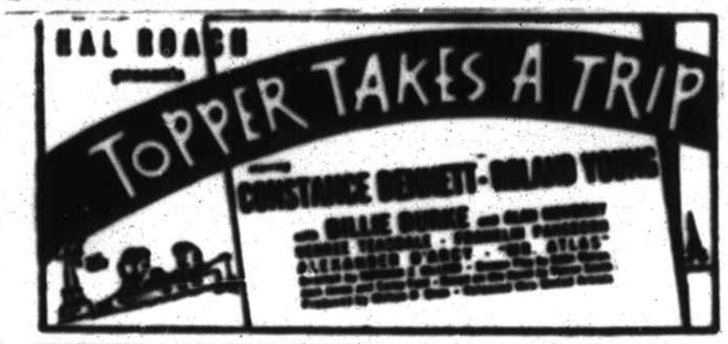
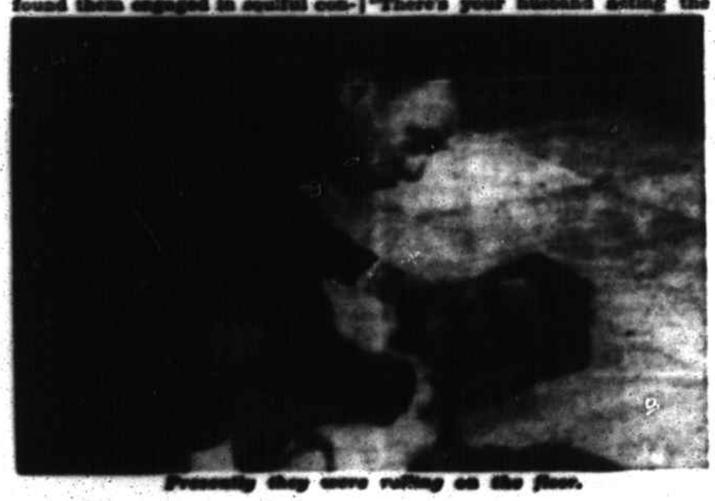


WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Cosmo Topper, whose wife is suing him for divorce, to repeatedly embarrassed by his friend Marion Kerby, who is none other than the spirit of a departed young girl endowed with the power of materializing and dematerializing at will. Marion drags Topper to Paris where his wife has gone with her friend Mrs. Parkhurst, who for reasons of her own is anxious to see the divorce consummated. Topper, almost broke, is threatened with eviction from his little hotel room, but Marion takes him to the Casino and, making herself invisible, helps him win a fortune at roulette. Mrs. Topper, who is being courted by the fake Baron, enters his suite at the same hotel, ready to make up with her husband, but finds him in the arms of the French maid who has been frightened by Marion's dematerialized dog, Atlas. And the reconciliation is off.

Chapter Five

Later Topper, egged on by Marion, went out to the beach to find the place where his wife was romancing with the Baron, and to put a stop to all that nonsense. He found them engaged in soulful con-



Presently they were rolling on the floor.

verse, under a beach umbrella.

"While you are here," the Baron was saying, "we must run over to Antibes. You have never been there, no?"

"Been there!" clucked Mrs. Topper. "I doubt if I can even say it!"

"You are so quaint — and so lovely," he chirped.

It was at this dark moment that Topper bore to and asked his wife for a word in private — "without," as he delicately put it, "the prying eyes of prying strangers."

The argument that ensued between Topper and the Baron resulted in great success for Topper — his success consisting in the fact that he ran away in time. In fact, he might have run for miles, had not Marion, a short distance down the beach, suddenly the umbrella under its umbrella and tripped him up as he passed.

"You're not much of a hero, are you, Topper?"

"Oh, what's the use," mourned Topper. "Clara doesn't care for me any longer. I'm going to go back home."

"Oh no, you can't do that," admonished Marion, rising. "I won't watch me — I'll fix that and listen." And she started toward Mrs. Topper and her cousin, dematerializing as she went.

A few moments later, while the Baron, half buried in the sand, was hurling greater heights of poetic discourse toward his lady-love, he suddenly felt a strange tingling sensation at his one article of apparel. He raised his head and watched unbelievingly as his bathing trunks came off over his feet and disappeared.

"Oh, Clarence!" he yelped to the astonished Mrs. Topper. "My trunks! My trunks!"

"Clarence!" repeated Mrs. Topper coldly. "Clarence! Why, you told me your name was Alphonse!"

"Yes, yes, I know, but my trunks! Where are they?"

"Why, I don't know," she replied, looking around. "I'm sure I don't see them anywhere."

"Well, they're gone, that's all," he said, sitting down in the sand. "I'll just have to wait here until you get them back."

"Oh, I'm sure you won't have to wait very long," she said, rising. "I'm sure you'll find them very soon. Good-by, Alphonse!"

"Clarence!" he corrected, but she was gone.

Meanwhile, Topper, with a drink or two under his belt, was dancing with Marion and, for once, really enjoying himself. Seduced by the lights, the music and the lovely people, he closed his eyes, cheek close to Marion's cheek, and surrendered himself to the rhythm of the dance. How was he, with his eyes closed, to know that Marion would suddenly take it into her head to dematerialize, leaving him foolishly dancing with the thin air before the assemblage of hugely amused people, including his wife, Mrs. Parkhurst, and the inevitable Baron?

"Look!" snorted Mrs. Parkhurst. "There's your husband acting the fool. He's just doing that to embarrass you!"

When Topper had collected Marion again at their table, she began once more to twit him about his fear of the Baron. Topper desperately gulped down his glass of champagne, and then bore.

"Listen," he growled. "No man is too big for me to punch in the nose if I feel like it. And I feel like it!" And a moment later he was standing menacingly before the Baron, threatening to punch him in the nose.

Calmly apologizing to the ladies, de Rond stood up, grabbed Topper by the collar and held him off at arm's length while Topper flailed the air with terrific lefts and rights. Then the Baron drew back his fist for the knockout punch — when a most surprising phenomenon, something scarcely heard of in boxing circles, occurred. The Baron's coat was pulled back over his elbows by some invisible force, pinioning his arms, while Topper got in some snappy shadow-boxing and landed a harmless punch or two.

Presently they were rolling on the floor; but the Baron's manacled still hampered him, interfered with his blows, and finally twisted him up into the air in a complete somersault. It was then that the flying squadron of waiters, commanded by Monsieur Louis, arrived and hurriedly conveyed Mr. Topper to the street, depositing him on the sidewalk in a posture that made no comment as to the proceedings.

"I shall send your baggage wherever you wish," called Louis from in front of the beautiful plate glass door, "but you shall never enter this hotel again!"

"Oh, but this ending for my story is unfair, unjust, unbelievable!" you protest. "Topper would never stand for it!"

Well, perhaps some of Topper's more hot-headed readers will write in and say that they would have done the same thing, but we doubt it. Topper was a meek little man, and meek little men don't do such things. Besides, he had learned a lesson, and he knew it. He'd had enough of Paris and of the wild life, and he was ready to go home.

(To be continued)

After-Inventory Sale

Continues

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Let us shampoo your hair and give you a smart manicure in one of the new popular Revelon shades of nail polish.

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TOWN OF KINGS MOUNTAIN