

**The Kings Mountain Herald**  
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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 vicinity.

### Here and There . . .

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

I was out at Charlie Moss' ranch on the Grizer Road last week to see a fish eating contest between the Presbyterians and Methodists. The Methodists have had more practice, but I will put Joe Thomson, Frank Roberts, A. M. Royster, O. W. Myers, W. J. Fuikerson, and yours truly against any of them. It suits me to have this contest at any time.

I met Mrs. Peeler over at the Elmer Lumber Co. trying to buy something, but the credit manager would not approve her credit.

Last year, Farm Agent S. L. Homewood seeded a small plot over blue grass sod on this farm, and even though the clover was put in during the last of November, a good stand was secured. As a result of this demonstration, Agent Homewood says ten acres of blue grass sod on this farm will receive around 200 pounds of crimson clover next September.

In Haywood County, where this practice is well established, arrangements have been made to seed hundreds of acres of the clover on permanent pastures next fall. Farm Agent R. R. Smithwick and Assistant Agent J. L. Reitzel have placed Haywood at the top among those counties where the practice has been adopted.

**LET'S LOOK BACK**  
From The Kings Mountain Herald

**NINETEEN YEARS AGO**  
MAY 27, 1920

Miss Free love Black returned Monday from a visit to Miss Maude Fassut at Greenville.

Mrs. George Oates of Grover was in town Monday.

A number of Kings Mountain folks attended the commencement at Waco the 13th.

Mussolini derides Roosevelt message; denies Italy has any warlike aspirations.



### Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

footing the bill.

First indication that Congress is thinking along the lines of easing administration will seek to continue several "nuisance" taxes — such as the tax burden came when the House Ways and Means Committee voted to recommend a postponement of the increase in the Social Security tax. This recommendation was predicated on the belief that the American worker and employer are already overburdened with taxes.

The idea seems to be spreading at the Capitol, and observers who had doubted the possibility of serious consideration of general tax revisions at this session are now revising their predictions and saying: "The outlook is brighter."

But, as in horse racing, there is the difference of opinion. In inner administration circles the thought still persists that more spending must be undertaken and that present tax rates must continue or even be increased. The first indication here was the announcement that the ad-thee-three-cent postage rate — which had originally been levied as "emergency taxes" and which are due to expire this year.

If professional gamblers were betting on the outcome of the "race" the odds probably would favor the "down-town horse," but it appears now that the Congressional "tax horse" will run a better race than had been expected.

Keen observers believe the tax race this session is only a preliminary to a real contest next year, when the Congressmen may have a better chance to win the fight to reduce the National tax burden — reduce government expenses in the same fell swoop.

In an average session of Congress there are usually a half dozen special committees appointed to investigate this, that or something else. And as a general rule, interesting data are compiled. At this particular session of Congress such things as the WPA, the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the subversive activities of Communists, Nazis, Fascists, etc., are being studied.

Bri in the study of the operation of the Wagner Act, at least one Congressman has done a little private snooping of his own.

The observations of the Congressman, as he offered them before the House, offer food for thought. He actually attended numerous hearings and came back with the declaration

that the Board patently disregarded the facts in the cases and "insinuated evidence that never existed into the record."

He told of an examiner who declared a particular law the examiner didn't like was poppycock. He heard an Attorney for the Board brazenly admit that he permitted a witness to give false testimony because he thought it wasn't "material to the record." And he provided numerous other examples of the same sort.

The Congressman's remarks raised quite a furor in Washington. Beyond that, they suggested to neutral observers that those who are defending the Wagner Labor Relations Act most devoutly might do well to take a little time off from the shouting and tumult, and go to the actual hearings to see what the one-sided provisions of the Act have actually resulted in.

ODDITY OF THE WEEK: Secretary of Commerce Hopkins has presented an award to a trade association as the organization contributing the most to the progress of its industry during the past year. And the association winning the prize is currently under subpoena and investigation by one of the Government bureaus!

E. B. Buck reveals nation-wide rise in illegitimacy; pleads for sex study in the schools.



- PALMOLIVE, 3 for . . . 20c
- Small Super Suds (red box) 3 for 25c
- Small Super Suds (blue box) 3 for 25c
- Large Super Suds, (blue box) 2 for 47c
- Octagon Soap (Giant) 6 for . . . 25c
- Octagon Soap (small) 10 for . . . 24c
- Octagon Powder (large) 6 for . . . 25c
- Octagon Powder (small) 10 for . . . 24c
- Octagon Toilet 4 for . . . . . 19c
- Octagon Cleanser, 2 for . . . . . 9c
- Octagon Chips, 2 for . . . . . 18c
- Octagon Granulated, 2 for . . . . . 18c
- Crystal White Soap 3 for . . . . . 14c

**SUMMITT'S NU-WAY**

### The Strangest Love Story Ever Told . .

**SAMUEL GOLDWYN**  
presents  
**WUTHERING HEIGHTS**  
co-starring  
**MERLE OBERON • LAURENCE OLIVIER • DAVID NIVEN**

**SYNOPSIS**  
The strange story of Wuthering Heights is told to Lockwood, a new tenant, by housekeeper Ellen Dean, who has known the residents of the eerie old house for forty years. The story began when Mr. Earnshaw, then master of the estate, brought home from Liverpool a wild puppy boy, whom he named Heathcliff. The boy was rescued by Mr. Earnshaw's son, Hindley, but is the inseparable playmate of Earnshaw's tomboyish daughter, Cathy.

**Chapter Two**

Some years later Mr. Earnshaw died, leaving Wuthering Heights in the hands of Hindley. From the moment of his master's death, Heathcliff felt the lash of the new master, who in his own turn took heavily to drinking, and to a total disregard for his father's estate. Wuthering Heights was no longer a happy place. Heathcliff lived on hate, and would have been content if it were not for Cathy.

After Hindley had left one day, Heathcliff ran desperately across the moor to Penitence Crags, where Cathy awaited him.

"Did Joseph see which way you came? It would be dreadful if Hindley ever found out," she said tensely.

"Found out what?" his pained voice demanded. "Found that you talk to me once in a while—as if I were a little better than a

dog?"

"I shouldn't talk to you at all!" Cathy replied hotly. "Look at you! You get worse every day. Dirty and unkempt! and in rags. Why aren't you a man? Why don't you run away?"

"Run away? From you? He was stunned."

"You could come back to me rich and take me away! He continued, unhearing. "Why aren't you my price like we said long ago. Why can't you rescue me?"

"Heathcliff!"

"Cathy! Come with me now!"

"And live in haystacks? And go barefoot in the snow? And steal our food from the marketplaces? No, Heathcliff, that's not what I want. . . Listen. . . Do you hear it?"

"What?"

"Music. . . the Lintons are giving a party. She held out her arms to the lights and the music. "That's what I want. Dancing and singing in a pretty world! And I'm going to have it! Come on! When you see it, you'll want it, too!"

She pulled Heathcliff by the hand and together they ran down from the craggy place to the lovely Linton home, adjacent to Wuthering Heights. Dogs barked sharply as the two climbed over the garden wall and ran quickly to a window, through which they saw a luxurious room, full of beaux and ladies in the rich panoply of formal dress. Cathy's eyes shone with excitement.

"Look!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "They're dancing. Isn't it wonderful! All those lights. And the gold on the ceiling. Oh, Heathcliff, if we could dance . . . in there!"

Suddenly a dog appeared, his teeth bared. He flung himself at the two, who raced to the nearby wall, with Cathy screaming: "Run, Heathcliff! Run!" At the wall, as Heathcliff reached down to pull up Cathy, the beast sank his teeth deep into her ankle, and she screamed with pain.

Hearing the disturbance, several of the Linton's guests rushed out, among them young Edgar Linton, who recognized Cathy. They carried her in, shouldering Heathcliff aside. Within the house, the guests were soon aware of what had occurred, and in shocked tones commented upon Cathy's roasting the country with a sly stable boy. But Heathcliff could think only of Cathy, whose hurts were being tended as she lay on a couch. He stood silent, and when they attempted to throw him out bodily, he flung off their hands. His voice was low and vibrant with rage:

"I'm going—I'm going from here, and this curd country both!"



Cathy was hurt, and Heathcliff would not leave her.

she at his unwashed face and hands and torn, unruly clothes. Brutally, she told him to look after Edgar's horses; but when Edgar referred to him as a "beast of a gypsy," she turned on with an even, deadly voice.

"What do you know about 'Heathcliff'?" she demanded.

"All I need or want to know!" was his reply, saying: "He's my friend, longer than you."

"That blackguard—" Edgar began.

"Blackguard or not, he belongs under this roof and you'll speak for him," she said.

"What?" said the surprised Edgar. "Are you out of your senses!"

"Get out, I said. . . or stop calling those I love names."

"Those you love? That stable boy. . . Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I'm saying that I hate you—I hate the look of your milk-white face. I hate the touch of your soft, foolish hands before you."

"Some of that gypsy's evil soul has gotten into you—I think."

"Yes! Yes! Now get out!"

Edgar turned abruptly and left. And when Ellen returned, Cathy was alone and in tears. Then Cathy left the room, and Ellen watched her walk, slowly, to Penitence Crags.

There was no greeting, and some time before she spoke.

"You're strong, Heathcliff, you're so strong. Make the world stop right here—make everything stop—and stand still—and never move again—the moors never change—nor do you and I."

"Cathy, the moors and I will never change—don't you."

"I can't. I can't. No matter what I say or do, Heathcliff this is me forever. . . When you went away, Heathcliff, where did you go? What did you do?"

"I went to Liverpool. One night I shipped for America—on a brigantine going to New Orleans. We were held up by the tide and I lay all night long on the deck, thinking of you and the years and years without you. I can't—I couldn't live without you—couldn't breathe! Can you understand it? Can you forgive me?"

All the passion she felt toward him, but could not understand, surged up within her.

"Smell the heather, Heathcliff, fill my arms with heather—all they can hold."

"Cathy," he said, thrusting a bunch of heather quickly into her arms. "Cathy—you're not thinking of that other world now?"

She was breathless.

"Don't talk, Heathcliff—all this might disappear."

He was silent.

(To be continued)

### Farmers Sow Clover Correctly On Pastures

Seeding crimson clover seed just before the fall rains directly on pastures without breaking, scarifying, or otherwise disturbing the existing vegetation and sod will produce a satisfactory stand, according to F. R. Farnham, dairyman of the State College Extension Service.

The dairyman made this announcement after gathering sufficient data from approximately 50 demonstration plots seeded to crimson clover late last fall in Piedmont and Western North Carolina.

Commenting on this innovation, Farnham said: "This practice is of utmost importance to all livestock growers, especially dairy farmers. It will mean a legume soil builder that thrives during the cool weather and provides one of the best grazing plants for dairy cows. At the same time, no off flavors will be transmitted to the milk."

Farnham pointed out the experience of the McKeever dairy farm in McDowell County as a good example of what can be done with the prac-

**ONE STEP WON'T GET YOU THERE**  
And One AD Won't Bring Success—You Must Keep On Advertising

**IN THE LOOKING GLASS**  
Most of the cotton belt at one time or another has looked about for some convenient goat on which to hang the blame for cotton's deplorable condition. Bitterly has blame been piled on the civil war and the war in China, high tariffs and high taxes, the boll weevil and the distaste of Washington and the weather.

Yet during National Cotton Week it may be well for the cotton belt to look into a place it has neglected—it's household mirror. There it will find a very unusual figure, one who is both partially responsible for the present condition of cotton and the only one who has the power to bring about cotton's recovery.

The story of what others have done to cotton is tragic; but the story of what the cotton belt has done to it, and of what it has NOT done FOR it, is both tragic and inexcusable. Those to whom cotton means most have not bothered to be loyal in its use.

National Cotton Week offers the opportunity of the year for active and effective support of the agricultural product on which 25 million Americans depend for all or part of their income. In sponsoring it the National Cotton Council and other agencies have not asked for sacrifice or inconveniences in behalf of a public cause. Rather have they asked the people of the cotton belt to invest their money in modern merchandise offering full returns in style, smartness and serviceability. They ask the logical maintenance of an American market for one of America's greatest crops—a crop whose products give to every purchaser a little more than his money's worth.