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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.

KEEP THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT. Never mind the little setbacks. Never mind the crushing blow. Never mind about tomorrow. Keep on singing as you go. Though your heart may have misgivings. Securely push aside that doubt. For you'll surely cheer some other fellow when you see the bright side out.

BUILDING A CHARACTER

Have you ever asked yourself the question? Am I reliable, capable of handling any responsibility given me? If you can answer yes to the question truthfully, then you have something to be proud of.

When you find yourself capable of handling small situations and responsibilities, you will find higher positions given you. People will see that you can do bigger and better things.

Building up this trait in your character is entirely in your own hands. No person can prevent you from getting anything if you want it enough to work for it.

Though it is known that no person can be perfect, he should have enough good traits to over-balance the bad.

PLAINLY IN THE RECORD

Often enough it is said that government competition with private business is standing in the way of new jobs, new payrolls, and the expanding industrial activity that means real recovery.

Now it is beginning to become increasingly clear that the two factors are interrelated. This is the way it works:

Individuals, afraid to put their money into business enterprises, are depositing the funds with banks or insurance companies. And these organizations in their turn, seeing that regulatory laws and high taxes are clipping business today, are putting the money into government instead of business securities.

Recently, bidding for government securities has grown so active that, in a few cases, in the words of the New York Times, "the banks which loaned the money actually paid the Treasury for the privilege of lending it."

Why, the reader may well ask, does this trend continue?

Simply because the only choice is between government bonds and private investment — and the latter, in the face of adverse taxes and legislation and the threat of "more of the same," appears even less attractive.

As one observer comments, the situation "indicates complete confidence in a continued lack of business confidence."

Do government competition and experimentation stand in the way of private investment, the kind of investment that means jobs and payrolls and better times for all Americans?

The answer seems to be pretty plainly written in the record!

Workers Safer At Plants Survey Shows

Pittsburg, Pa., June 20. (IPS).—The factory is twice as safe a place as the home, according to an analysis of the accident figures of one large company here.

The figures covered 1938, and the first quarter of 1939. In the latter year, the accident frequency rate had dropped 26 percent over the year previous.

In 1938, the records show eight deaths during leisure hours at home or in the open as against none during work in one of the company plants.

Here and There

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

Mr. W. H. McGill from way down in Dallas, Texas, who is visiting friends and relatives here stopped by this week to renew his subscription to The Herald. We got to talking about the size of Texas and I found out that a person living in the northern part of the state is nearer to Chicago, Ill., than they are to the southern state line.

Mrs. B. R. Paysour of the Bessemer City Road sent me a sample of her dewberries and figs this week, and both were without a doubt, the largest I have ever seen. And another thing they tasted as good as they were large.

Oliver Ramsour from A'entown, Pa., who is visiting his sister, Mrs. Paul Mauney, is quite a camera fan. He was over to the dedication of the Colored Presbyterian Church and took a picture of Charlie Thomasson in action. If the picture turns out all right and Oliver will let me have it, I will publish it in the Herald, so you all can see just exactly how Charlie looks in action.

The Gastonia Gazette certainly did devote a lot of space to the Kings Mountain Band. I believe they are as proud of our band as we are. Thanks, Gazette, we are glad to be your neighbors, you remember part of Kings Mountain used to be in Gaston County anyway.

My preacher was out of town Sunday so we visited with the A. R. P. and it was our privilege to hear a very fine sermon. That fellow Boyce can certainly preach; you can tell that he has studied and put a great deal of thought on the preparation of his sermons.

Mr. W. K. Mauney was "at home" to the men Tuesday night following his wife's "at home" that afternoon to the ladies.

At the Lions Club Ladies Night last Thursday evening the three members whose last name begin with the letter T just happened to sit together at one end of the table, the three members were Bill Thompson, Prock Thompson, and Charlie Thomasson.

KRITICAL MOMENTS AND HOWLARIOUS SCOOPS

(By The Tattlers)

If anybody knows anything to write about, they're ahead of the Tattlers, they're ahead of the band out of town, and with yours truly spending a quiet Sunday evening (we didn't get around any), it looks as if we fall through.

Sarah Rawlings did remark at the lake that it was sorta lonesome being out there all by herself. She wants to go back to Gaston where company's happenings.

Charley Carpenter had a nice time Sunday night without getting drunk. Excell Welch and Esker Earp also had lots of fun, it's said.

Bill Davis has been rather busy almost every night since he came in. We wonder if Rolly has fallen.

Two guys in this town broke two dates with two Lincolnton gals to stay home and date two local gals Tuesday night. We wonder if one of them really got mad about something?

A certain gal, whose love affair we mentioned last week, says that papa raised heck.

It's reported that a few people had a nice time at the very exclusive dance given by Peggy and Maude last Friday night.

Have you gals seen Jim Page's cute kid brother? In case you have not, you've got a treat in store. But don't scare the young man away, he's a little bashful, and might run. We'd like to keep in our midst, so go easy.

ANNOUNCEMENT: The graduating class of '38 are having their reunion Friday night. After the meeting, they are giving a dance in the Woman's Club building, and inviting all members of the classes of '37 and '39. Be sure to be there. Music by Skimp Stowe and his PA.

COLORED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH DEDICATED

Members of the Colored Presbyterian Church held their first services in their new building on Canlier street last Sunday. A large number was on hand for the dedication exercises. Preceding the dedication program a musical service was held.

Mr. Charles Thomasson, Sr. president of the First Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Paul Mauney, President of the Woman's Auxiliary, and Mr. Haywood E. Lynch, Editor of the Kings Mountain Herald, made short addresses and complimented the church membership on the outstanding accomplishment they had made in the erection of the new brick building.

Forty five insane white men were being held in N. C. county jails in April 1939.

Farm Questions

Q.—When should cockerels be castrated in order to be ready for the high market?

A.—Since the greatest demand for these birds is in January, February, and March, it is necessary that they be castrated early enough to grow out by that time. It usually requires from eight to eleven months to finish capons properly and the castrating should be done in June and July so as to finish out for the market demand. Birds weighing from one and one-half to two pounds should be used. Although larger birds may be used, the operation is much more difficult and the beneficial effects on growth and flesh quality are much more than on the smaller and younger birds.

Q.—What precautions should be taken in installing a home water system?

More lespedeza has been sown in small grain this year in Granville County than ever before, reports W. B. Jones, assistant farm agent of the State College Extension Service.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO JUNE 24, 1920

Mrs. B. F. Falls of Laurinburg is taking her children here, Mrs. H. M. Houser and Mr. Curtis Falls. Miss Ann Frey of Salem, Va., is visiting Miss Virginia Mauney. Miss Marie Jenkins returned to Laurinburg Tuesday after a visit here. Miss Emelyn Dilling goes to Dunn Friday to visit Miss Bessie Ramseur.

Since North Carolina's public assistance program began July 1, 1937, 233 persons have moved out of county homes on old age assistance grants. Only 16 of these subsequently gave up their grants and returned to county institutions.

North Carolina ranked third in the value of its 1938 peach crop, worth \$2,344,000, reports the State Department of Agriculture.

The Strangest Love Story Ever Told

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

WUTHERING HEIGHTS co-starring MERLE OBERON • LAURENCE OLIVIER • DAVID NIVEN

SYNOPSIS

Heathcliff, a gypsy boy, comes to Wuthering Heights as a servant, and he and Cathy Earnshaw, young mistress of the estate, fall in love. Unable to bear her welcome to the attentions of Edgar Linton, wealthy young neighbor, he leaves in a rage. She marries Edgar, and years later Heathcliff returns, the new master of Wuthering Heights. He knows Cathy still loves him, and begins his revenge by marrying Edgar's sister, Isabella.

Chapter Six

Edgar Linton was powerless to prevent Isabella's marriage; he tried, and failed. And in Cathy's hysterical entreaties he saw the terrible truth. Heathcliff, who loved her still, would now revenge... Isabella, torn asunder a thousand times by her fearful fate, lived now only to plead, and to turn her staring eyes to living in a nightmare, in steady horror. Even Hindley knew, thick with drink... "In this house — with Heathcliff — nothing can live," he told her bitterly. "Nothing but hate. Hate — I can feel it like the devil's own breath in me... He loathes you. Each time you kiss him his heart breaks with rage because it's not Cathy... Isabella, why don't you do what I've been too weak to do. Kill him!" She was almost hysterical with the grief of hearing, and the truth

he looked upon her, whispering his name.

"Heathcliff... you're here..."

"Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! How can I bear it?"

Then they were locked in a desperate embrace, a kiss that tried to drain the agony out of their hearts.

"Heathcliff, don't let me go," she said wildly. "Oh, if only I could hold you till we were both dead!"

"Cathy — don't speak of death!" he said, in misery. "If you die... Cathy, if you die... there'll be no peace for me, Cathy..."

"Poor Heathcliff... Kneel down again... let me feel how strong you are."

"Strong enough to bring us both to life... Cathy, if you want to live!"

"No... I lied... because while you held me I forgot what life was... I forgot, Heathcliff, that life is not as sweet as that... Oh, Heathcliff, I lied, I want to die... to escape."

His voice rose in agony. "Why did you betray your own heart? Cathy, why did you kill yourself?"

"Heathcliff — don't break my heart..."

"Oh, Cathy, I never broke your heart! You broke it... Misery and death and all the evils that God or man could have hammered down would never have parted us... You did that alone! You wandered off like a wanton greedy child... to break your heart and mine... Oh, the worse for me that I'm strong and stay alive!"

"If I've done wrong I'm dying"



"Oh, Cathy, kiss me again. I love you. I love my murderer..."

of what he said. "Stop it! I've forbidden you to talk to me about Heathcliff!"

"Kill him!" he shouted, again. "Stop! Do you hear?"

"Kill him! Kill him! Kill him while there's time to save your immortal soul!"

And, suddenly, Heathcliff was there, smiling, diabolical, calm.

"Well — that's the first lucid talk I've heard out of Hindley for weeks," he said.

"Heathcliff! I tried to stop him!" Isabella cried. "Heathcliff, why do you have him here? I can't breathe with him in this house!"

She followed him, clinging to his arm.

"Oh, Heathcliff, don't you see? You poison yourself with hating him, Darling, send him away and love will come into this house."

"Why can't these the smell of heather in your hair?" He had flung her off, and she was on her knees.

"Oh, Heathcliff, let me come near you! You're not black and horrible as they all think. You're full of pain. Heathcliff, let me die with you happy. Oh, let me. You'll never regret it. I'll be your slave. I'll bring life back to you — new and fresh..."

He covered his face with his hands, and his voice rose to a wail.

"Oh, why did God give me life! What is it but hunger and pain? A naked runner in a storm of spears!"

He turned to face Ellen Dean, who had come for Isabella. Because Edgar needed her, Heathcliff's brain asked, "why?" and like some savage wind stormed to the answer. Cathy was sick, to the death.

Isabella pleaded with him, but he was at the door.

"Don't go to her, Heathcliff!" she moaned. "She belongs to Edgar. If she's dying, let her die in his arms — where she belongs. Let her die! Let her die!"

She brushed her aside, and suddenly was gone. Cathy was when he came to her. She had seen Isabella there. There she was, "Cathy" her brother. There she was in Heathcliff's eyes when

of it... Forgive me..."

"Oh, Cathy, you wasted hands... Kiss me again... I forgive you what you've done to me. I love you. I love my murderer..."

"But your murderer — how can I ever forgive her?"

"It's true. It's true!" she wailed. "I'm yours, Heathcliff... I've never been anyone else's... Heathcliff — take me to the window! Let me look at the moors with you once more... Oh, my darling... once more..."

Heathcliff, can you see the Crag? Over there, where our castle is — I'll wait for you till you come..."

Then she died, while he trembled and moaned.

"Cathy... Cathy... I'll pray one prayer for you, Cathy. I repeat till my tongue stiffens — Catherine Earnshaw, may you not rest so long as I live on. I killed you... I want me then! Haunt your murderer! I know that ghosts have wandered on the earth. Be with me a ways — take any form — drive me mad! Only do not leave me in this dark alone where I cannot find you. I cannot live without my life. I cannot live without my soul!"

I did not know, while Ellen Dean told me this story, that Heathcliff was dead. He had run out of the manor house at Wuthering Heights, where I had seen that apparition of a woman the night before, her voice crying:

"Let me in! Let me in! I'm lost on the moor!"

He had gone out into the snow storm, to find his Cathy. We found him — Ellen, Joseph, Dr. Kenneth and I — below the cave at Pennistone Crag. He lay on his side, his head on the snow, and his arm outstretched as if embracing someone beside him.

"It's Heathcliff, all right," Dr. Kenneth observed.

"Yes..." said Joseph, starting. "Oh, what a wicked one he looks — grinning at death..."

Ellen spoke softly, in benediction.

"Not wicked, Joseph... But at peace beside her... at peace in her arms."

THE END.

JUST HUMANS

By JENE GARR



"Lookin' Glasses is Only Fer Janes, Anyway"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

1. Foreign Affairs and Neutrality: Congress wants to maintain a hands-off policy in foreign trouble and to retain some responsibility and control over foreign policy.

2. Labor Act: The Congressmen want to satisfy the public clamor for amendment of the National Labor Relations Act, but the New Deal helmsmen are determined to leave the present law on the books without change.

3. Spending: Congress really wants to curtail spending, but the White House group thinks spending must be continued. The White House is unwilling to concede that past spending has failed to produce the desired results, arguing that recovery is in sight and can be reached with a continuance of the spending program.

As observers see the struggle from the side-lines, Congressional thought is being propelled by Mr. Average Citizen (who is paying the bill).

Incidental to this situation was an unpublished Saturday night stag party in Washington. The party was staged by a potent Administration supporter recently appointed to one of the top-rung Washington jobs.

The guest list was made up of all the inner New Dealers.

According to reports, purpose of the party was to lay the groundwork for a systematic campaign to head off the conservative trend of Congress. When the campaign gets underway more third-term talk may be heard, as that is part of the program — to stop the Garner movement.

There was more behind the White House dinner-conference with business leaders than was contained in the official explanation offered the press.

Many things were discussed, but the whole affair was carefully staged for a single purpose (which was not told to the newspapermen). That purpose was to head off amendment of the National Labor Relations Act and to forestall an investigation of the Labor Board by Congress. It was a move to reconcile business men to an attempted adjustment of the labor act problem through administrative changes rather than a revision of the law.

In other words, those who planned the conference believe that if business can be "appeased" with promises, there will be no need for Congress to go ahead with its plan of appeasement by action.

Word comes from London that the British government has been testing

its newest wrinkle in bombproof shelters by placing goats inside and then dropping shells on the structures. The news led one local wit to remark that, whenever anything new in the legislative or taxation line turned up in this country, the politicians employed a similar technique and simply used business men as the scapegoats.

First offenders made up 42.3 percent of the 37,837 prisoners in North Carolina's Central Prison in 1937 and 1938.

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GO AWAY WITHOUT ANY WORRIES

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Do not leave valuables lying around the house when you leave on your vacation or week-end trip. Too many homes have been ransacked by burglars while the families are away. The best way to avoid this calamity — and make sure of perfect safety — is to rent a safe deposit box. The cost is very reasonable and you'll enjoy your vacation more when you know your valuables are safe.

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