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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.

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING

A short time ago President Green of the American Federation of Labor, requested that Congress amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act at this session.

In other words, if the Wagner act isn't soon amended to correct its abuses and weaknesses, a disgruntled people will see to it that it is voted into oblivion.

The Wagner Act has been tried, and found wanting. The best friends labor has, call for its revision.

SELL IT OR DESTROY IT?

Burke county officials recently seized a batch of tax-paid liquor, and instead of following the usual down-the-gutter procedure, with approval of the county commissioners, the stuff was sold to the State for its ABC stores.

When Mecklenburg officers made a similar effort to dispose of seized liquor, the county commissioners could not make up their minds whether to destroy it or sell it.

The Charlotte News thinks this a "noble but futile" gesture, yet while it "is easy to understand their viewpoint... bottled liquor has an economic value, and the county could easily use the money it would bring in.

We have steadfastly maintained that destroying liquor benefited only those who make it; that every time a bottle is destroyed it creates a market for another, and makes the suffer a welcome consumer.

DOUBLE DUTY DOLLARS

In his recent annual address, Paul R. Sommers, president of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, made this telling statement: "With only 7 per cent of the world's population, the American people have created and now own more than half the world's material wealth."

There isn't a job that wasn't born of individualism and created by enterprise. There isn't a home that isn't maintained and made possible by earnings and savings from these earnings.

"America hasn't 'just' grown" as Topsy did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin. America was made. It was made by

Here and There

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

Now that school is over and the boys and girls are home, I can't tell when the fathers are their store or office without going in.

I understand the Lions are going to roar tonight, so I guess I had better be there, in case any of them get loose.

I enjoy as much as anything I know of, just being down town and stopping on the streets for a short chat or the latest gossip.

By the way, folks seem to be in a big hurry for P. D.'s rugs. He showed me a letter with an order in it from Hawaii that had been mailed on the China Clipper.

Jimmy Burns was stung by a bumble bee, and he was trying to find some alcohol to put on it.

Fred Stallworth is getting married tonight (Wed) down in Woodruff, S. C. I wanted to get down to see him hitched, but I am hitched.

At Wuthering Heights, where Heathcliff has taken contemptuous command of the sodden, wretched Hindley, Isabella Linton came one day to pay a visit.

Three weeks after Isabella had come to Wuthering Heights, Cathy and Edgar Linton gave an elaborate party at Thrushcross Grange.

It will be a sad day for this great country of ours when these truths are forgotten. If ever the time comes when the individual is subjugated by the bureaucrat and the politician, we will be nearing the end of the finest civilization this modern world has ever known.

GOVERNMENT—THE NON-PRODUCER

Government is essentially a non-producer. That fact supplies the key to the riddle of "Why hasn't pump-priming by the government worked?"

In the past ten years, we have spent some thirty billion dollars which we have not yet earned — in addition to those other billions actually collected in taxes — in combating depression.

This is the fruit of a policy which has discouraged private, productive effort on every occasion, which has penalized and reviled business, and which in certain cases has actually put the government into business as a competitor, using the unbeatable weapons of tax-subsidies and tax-freedom.

Isn't it about time we adopted a policy of aiding and encouraging business, to the end that the real productive influences of this country be utilized? Isn't it about time we made it possible for capital to go confidently to work to build and rebuild? Isn't it about time we listened to the wise counsel of those who point to the vital necessity of co-operation with and for business — instead of to the extremists with their harsh philosophies of destruction?

During the years 1935 and 1936 there were only 257 persons in prison in North Carolina who had had a college education.

To operate a five ton truck between two states in the same section of the United States may cost its owner as much as \$1,100 each year in registration and special taxes.

The American petroleum industry pays approximately \$100,000,000 a year for drums, cans and other containers.

It is estimated that taxes amount to \$360 a year per family, or about \$30 a month.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO JUNE 17, 1920

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Mercer went to Synonurst, S. C., Saturday to visit their daughter.

Mrs. J. C. Fosier of Gastonia left Sunday after a visit to relatives in Kings Mountain.

Mr. J. V. Phillips and family of Athens, Ga., are visiting relatives here.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE HERALD

The Strangest Love Story Ever Told

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

HEATHCLIFF, a sly boy, comes to Wuthering Heights, and grows to love his young mistress, Cathy Earnshaw, reduced to misery by her brother, and to fury by Cathy's welcome for the attentions of rich young Edgar Linton, although Cathy loves him, Heathcliff leaves in a rage. Cathy married Edgar, and years later Heathcliff returns wealthy and the new master of Wuthering Heights.

Chapter Five

At Wuthering Heights, where Heathcliff had taken contemptuous command of the sodden, wretched Hindley, Isabella Linton came one day to pay a visit. She stopped at the manor house with the excuse that her horse was lame, which Heathcliff quickly perceived to be a clumsy pretext to disguise her loneliness.

Three weeks after Isabella had come to Wuthering Heights, Cathy and Edgar Linton gave an elaborate party at Thrushcross Grange. Cathy and Heathcliff had looked upon the same glittering scene years ago, through a window; this time he came as Isabella's guest. She awaited his coming without thought of anything else.

When he came, impeccably dressed and a thoroughly commanding figure, he had eyes for only one in the room, for Cathy, breathlessly gazing in a lovely, all-white gown, her cheeks flushed with the dance, his whole bearing one of gaiety. His eyes burned for her, and at first opportunity he took her arm and led her to the balcony. She smiled at him.

"How can you stand here, beside me, and not remember, Cathy?"

"I've had the pleasure of watching you," Cathy ever so grand, Heathcliff — so strong and handsome. Looking at you tonight I could not help but remember — how things used to be."

"Cathy was gay. 'Don't pretend that life hasn't improved for you!' 'I don't call it living to hover outside the gates of somebody else's heaven,' he said slowly.

"Please...," said Cathy. "No melancholy speeches. Let's just stand and watch the moors."

"Heathcliff!" she said in a frightened voice. "No! I forbid it!"

"And do you forbid what your heart is saying to me now, Cathy?"

"It's saying nothing." She was white, and trembling.

Then Isabella appeared, whispering to Heathcliff of the night air and the romantic music. An idea formed in his brain.

Later, Cathy stormed into Isabella's room.

"It was bad enough — your asking him here — but to make a spectacle of yourself — to throw yourself at him..."

"Catherine! Be careful of what you say!"

"You fool! You vain little fool!" Cathy exclaimed. "He's been using you... Don't you see what's he's been doing — using you to be near me, to smile at me behind your back to try to rouse something in my heart that's dead... dead! And I'll not allow you to help him any longer!"

"It's not a lie. He's told me so. He's kissed me... and told me that he loves me!"

"No! No!"

"He's asked me to marry him! Heathcliff's going to be my husband!"

"Isabella, you can't!" Cathy moaned. "Heathcliff is not a man out something dark and horrible to live with."

"Do you imagine, Catherine, I don't know why you're acting so?" said Isabella slowly and cruelly.

"It's because you love him."

Cathy flamed, and flew at Isabella, slapping her full upon the face.

"How dare you say that!" she screamed.

"Yes, you love him! And you're mad with pain and jealousy that the thought of my marrying him, because you want him to pine for you and dream of you, to die for you... you don't want him to be happy. You want to hurt him, destroy him! But I want to make him happy — and I will... I will!"

The next morning, Cathy went early to Wuthering Heights. She gave no word of greeting to the quietly smiling Heathcliff.

"Heathcliff, is it true?"

"That's what true?"

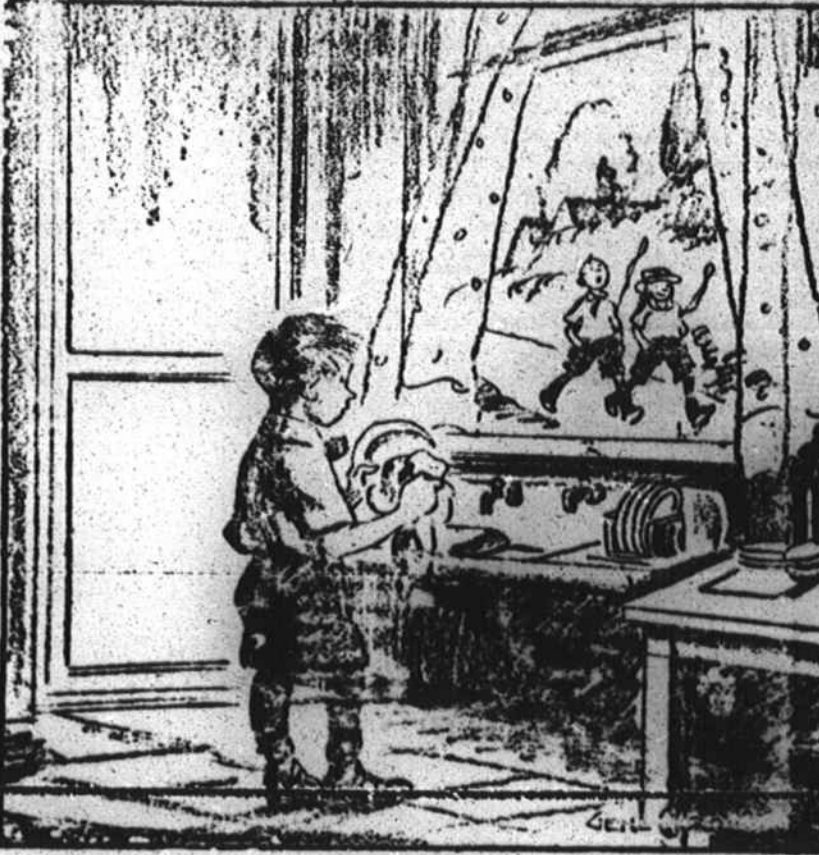
"That you asked Isabella to marry you?"

"Yes, to teach you the ways of pain and to let you taste the hell I am in!"

"Heathcliff... if there's anything human left in you, don't do this! Don't make me a partner to such a crime... it's stupid! It's mad!"

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



Out o' Luck.

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

But missing from the guest list were the so-called bright young men and women who have filtered into Washington (and into responsible, well-paying government jobs) in the last few years.

The energy that has been expended by these socially ambitious ones in an effort to get on the guest list, in many cases, exceeded the energy they expended to get they choicy jobs.

Indeed, the metamorphosis of a political pebble is strange when for some lifts it from the unknown and commonplace of Podunk to the potent pot of politics and patronage in Washington.

But the struggle for social recognition is only for the slighted brain trusters. The Congressmen and the administration top-runners have a war of their own on, and the stakes are considerably higher.

Typical of the issues is the tax question. A formidable group of Congressmen decided a few weeks ago to take this matter into their own hands and write a new tax schedule.

When the plan was presented at the White House the answer was "no." Finally, however, when it appeared certain that Congress would have its own way in the matter, regardless of administration wishes, there was a face-saving retreat.

Some observers are saying: Now that Congress has gotten a new taste of the authority which was rubber-stamped away a couple of Congresses ago, it is going to be difficult to head off anything it sets its mind to accomplish.

That is why there is a quiet effort being made by administration spokesmen in Congress to bring about adjournment as soon as possible.

ble. They don't want to gamble on what Congress might get into its head.

MORE BEEF STEW: Ever since the White House proclaimed Argentine beef to be cheaper and superior to American-grown beef, and ordered the Navy Department to buy the South American product for the Navy mess tables, the administration has wished it could awake and find the whole thing a dream.

Farm Questions

Q—How much molasses should I use to each ton of green feed in making grass silage?

A.—The quantity needed will depend upon the crop used for the silage. For cereals or a mixture of cereals and legumes, from 60 to 70 pounds of molasses should be used to each ton of green feed.

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