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Haywood E. Lynch
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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.

BEST TEACHERS
I'd rather see a lesson
Than hear one any day.

The eye's a better teacher
And more willing than the ear.
And counsel is confusing:
But example's always clear.

The best of all the teachers
Are those who live their creed.
For to see good put in action
Is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn to do it
If you let me see it done.
I can watch your hands in action,
But your tongue too fast may run.

And the counsel you are giving
May be very fine and true.
But I'd rather get my lesson
By observing what you do.

—Author Unknown.

BE ON TIME
The man who is dependable is one who is on time for his job.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now, tomorrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He made his arrangements overnight, spoke to the man about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early in the morning.

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

The youth never looked behind him from that moment. His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do things with promptness.

SULFAPYRIDINE
When a loved one was stricken with pneumonia a few years back, and you looked deep into your physician's eyes to ask: "Isn't there something you can do?"

Shortly after he had released a sulfapyridine press dispatch with skepticism and crossed fingers — McDonough found himself desperately ill with the most deadly type of pneumonia infection.

An allied drug of sulfanilamide, which was originally "just a brick-red powder — one of the coal-tar dyes used to color cloth," sulfapyridine is unlike many other germicides, which annihilate germs.

During the first six months of 1939, a total of 396 persons were killed and 3,058 injured on North Carolina streets and highways.

RAMBLING AROUND
Martin Harmon is a louse — He's more than that. He's a good journalist. . . . That way a streak of envy has suddenly turned into strip of green jealousy a yard wide. . . .

He hits town for a couple weeks and this corner is positively eclipsed for six months. . . . We (speaking for dozens of folks) certainly are glad that Slim Rhyne finally got hitched. . . .

CONGRATULATIONS — We think Sarah and Slim are both lucky!

Here and There
Haywood E. Lynch

I have something in common with the new A. R. P. Pastor, Dr. R. N. Baird. We both like to find out how married couples met each other, and how long they courted, etc.

There is something fascinating about how two people met each other, fell in love and are married. Dr. and Mrs. Baird sat across from us at the Legion Birthday party, and it did not take him long to find out how me and the madam met and married.

Here's a little "ditty" I found over the telephone in Myers' Department Store. It's so good that I just can't resist the temptation to pass it on to Here and There Readers, so here 'tis:

God gave us two ends, one to sit on and the other to think with. A salesman's success depends upon which end he uses most.

It's a case of heads he wins—tails he loses. In my column last week, I mentioned that good painter who is working at my house, and I got his name wrong, and he is such a master at his trade that I want to correct the error, his name is A. P. Willis, and he now lives in Dallas, but is a former Kings Mountain citizen, and at one time helped print the Herald.

J. E. Rhodes was in the office this week to give me his opinion on the European war. He said the Allies and the Germans reminded him of two little boys about to fight, with both scared and each glad of it.

That snow Easter Sunday was a complete surprise to everyone, but it was beautiful. Just as the rain on Thanksgiving Day keeps many hunters indoors the snow on Easter Day kept many paraders of finery at home.

An average of 1.12 percent persons were killed in each of the 839 fatal accidents last year in North Carolina.

Having just returned from a session with the Little Theaters, I'm terribly disappointed. Not, however with the members of the cast. It's with myself. Here I have built myself up bigger than Gable in my dreams, and I find I haven't the dramatic ability of an oak tree.

But aside from personal failures on your chatterer's part, this Little Theatre really is going places. It seems they've picked out a swell play, and Jean Ware is directing, and — well, that's enough for a beginning. You'll be hearing about them later.

Pickle Dame Nature deluded the promiscuous, mislead melody into donating her Easter bonnet for Church, and then spread a blanket of glittering white over the face of Mother Earth hereabouts Sunday morning. And, were mildray brave enough, despite the chill preceding the snow, to have worn her Easter pumps, she probably had her pedic digits dipped in the fluffy coverlet before she reached home from church. 'Twas truly a dreary Easter. The weather men had predicted "fair but slightly cooler."

Yours truly was safely esconced in bed, looking out at the swirling flakes when this corner's mascot, Minnie Hehaw, came bursting in, tickled as pink as the eyes of the Easter rabbit she was lugging around. Minnie was the one lass in town who set her Easter Bonnet firmly on her cranium, let the blue ribbon which twirled behind flow away in the breeze, and dipped her red-nailed toes in the fluffy brink.

"Just think," she bubbled, "I can tell my grandchildren that I saw 'n snow on Easter!" Which, after all, is one consoling thought for us child-dren.

C. G. White reports that he watched the Queen Elizabeth put into port while he was in New York recently.

Methodically, Mrs. Danvers showed me everything in the room. Frank the same shyness that could understand my own, and I went to him. We talked a bit, and I helped him lick the stamps for his mailing, and then began.

"I was down on the beach the other day — by the little cove with the breakwater." "Oh?" "I'm afraid that cottage place there is going to wreck and ruin. Why isn't something done about it?"

"What was the cottage used for? I thought from the outside it was just a boat house." "It was originally, but Mrs. de Winter used it herself."

"Did she use it a great deal?" "Yes, she did. The boat used to be moored there."

"What boat?" "The boat she was sailing when she was drowned."

"Yes, it capsized and sank. She was washed overboard." "What made it capsize?" "It can be very equally in the bay. Nobody saw the accident. It was at night. Nobody even knew she'd gone out."

"Wasn't she afraid to go out alone?" "She wasn't afraid of anything." I looked at him. "Where did they find her?" I asked.

"He forced himself away, and went to the window. They found her near Edgcombe, about forty miles up channel — about two months afterward. Maxim went up to identify her. It was horrible for him."

"I could no longer bear to withhold what I was feeling, what I really wanted to tell him. 'Please don't think me too horribly curious,' I said. 'It's only that — that sometimes I feel myself at such a disadvantage. . . . All the time — whenever I meet anyone — Maxim's sister — even the servants — they're all thinking the same thing, all comparing me with — with — her.'"

Rotenone Will Control Mexican Bean Beetle

If you are troubled with Mexican bean beetles — and almost every truck farmer and home gardener is — J. O. Rowell, Extension entomologist, recommends that you dust or spray your plants with rotenone.

Rotenone is very toxic to insects, but is not poisonous to humans, the entomologist explained. It can be applied on beans at any stage of pod development with out fear of poisoning when the beans are served at the table.

More highway fatalities occur on Saturday than any other day.



WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF MANDERLEY
Rebecca
Starring LAURENCE OLIVIER-JOAN FONTAINE
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

SYNOPSIS: Traveling as a companion in the south of France, I met Max de Winter—a man full of silent, bitter brooding. My employer, Mrs. Van Hopper, told me of his famous estate, Manderley, which he had occupied since the death of his wife, Rebecca, in a sailing accident; when she became ill, we spent many hours together, and I fell completely in love with him. Suddenly, almost surprisingly, we were married, and went to Manderley. In everything about the great house, in Max's friends and relatives—I found the ever-present shadow of Rebecca. Mrs. Danvers, the housekeeper, seemed particularly cold as I resented of my replacing Rebecca. But I was happy with Maxim.

Chapter Three
Maxim was furious when I told him I had gone into the cottage on the cove, and when I pleaded with him not to be angry, he burst out: "We ought to have stayed away. We should never have come back to Manderley! What a fool I was!"

"I've made you unhappy," I said. "Somehow, I've hurt you. I can't bear to see you like this. I love you so much."

He took me into his arms, and searched my face. "Do you? Do you?" he said tensely. "Then forgive me."

He kissed me, and said that we ought to forget all that had happened. But I went to Frank Crawley, for there was something I had to know. We had spoken but a few words, but I saw only in

happens you're right, Danny — we mustn't lead the bride astray, he said, holding out his hand to see. "Good-bye, it's been fun meeting you. By the way, it would be very decent of you not to mention this little visit to your reversed husband. He doesn't exactly approve of us," I nodded. He began to leave, then turned to face me.

"Oh — I knew there was something wrong with that introduction," he said. "Danny didn't tell you did she? I'm Rebecca's favorite cousin. If you want to invite me down here any time, drop me a line. You'll find me in Rebecca's address-book." Then he was gone, and I turned around. Mrs. Danvers had disappeared.

"I suddenly received to see the room in the West wing. With Jasper at my heels, then running ahead, I walked down the corridor to the door. I opened it, and finding the room dark, drew the blind. To my amazement I saw that the room was completely furnished, gleaming with freshness — awaiting Rebecca to the last detail — the fresh flowers in the center vase to a nightgown of the sheerest silk lying across the made-up bed. I saw the initials: "R" — everywhere.

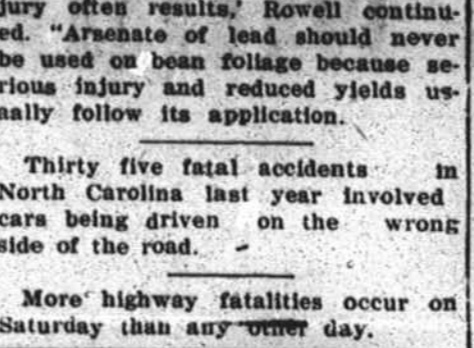
"Do you wish anything, Madam?" It was Mrs. Danvers. My fright and breathlessness were fuel to the triumphant fire in her eyes. Slowly, methodically, she showed me everything in the room, described and silk and beauty which poured from every drawer and corner. Her matter-of-fact voice took on a low, fanatical pitch. Not able to bear it, I stumbled to the door. She was beside me. "You wouldn't think she had been gone so long, would you?" she whispered intensely. "Sometimes when I walk along the corridor, I can hear her just behind me. It's not only in this room — it's in all the rooms in the house. I can almost hear it now. . . . Do you think the dead come back and watch the living?"

"NO! NO!" I screamed. "I don't believe it!" "She was smiling, whispering. "Sometimes I wonder if she doesn't come back here to Manderley to watch you and Mr. de Winter together. I could hear the surf pounding, and her voice, going on. You look tired. Why don't you stay here awhile and rest? Listen to the sea. It's so soothing. Listen. . . listen to the sea."

I broke into sobs. "I fled from the room."

(To be continued.)

JUST HUMANS
By GENE CARR



"Don't Run, Mister, That Dog Won't Harm You!"

(Cont'd from front page)
The come-on bait to farmers and small businessmen, of course, will be that the present business recession is serious and that it will get worse unless the government goes in for pump-priming. It will be contended that the farmer and business man will be able to sell more of their goods if the government puts money into the hands of the unemployed.

But several fallacies in that argument are pointed out by other more moderate New Deal economists. First, they say, without hesitancy that the current recession will be over by May and that 1940 as a whole will be a better year than 1939. Thus, they say, pump-priming even if it did good, would be unnecessary.

And a number of these Washington economists point out that when money is taken by the government for pump-priming it comes, of necessity, out of the incomes of those who have it. It is a well-known fact, they say, that there aren't enough wealthy people to bear the burden and the load, therefore, must be put upon the financial middle class, namely farmers, small businessmen and white collar workers.

The extremists argue, of course, that borrowing isn't bad because it simply constitutes a mortgage on the future which will be paid off when times get better. But the others retort with the important fact that today taxes amount to 21 cents out of each dollar of income against about 12 cents in the 20's. And, they add, in the 20's everybody was making money so they were in a much better position to pay taxes.

Speaking of jobs and better business, there is a case now pending in the courts which illustrates an

unwholesome attitude that exists in some Washington quarters.

The case involves a lumber company which was accused by the National Labor Relations Board of some unfair labor practices. It was ordered by the Board to pay some \$150,000 in back wages to former employees who allegedly had been discriminated against and discharged because of union activities.

The company took the case into court, insisting that it would have to sell everything it owned and then go out of business entirely if it paid this \$150,000. Such a move, of course, would deprive men, now working of their jobs.

The court, over the Board's protest, has taken a more reasonable attitude and designated a third person to determine how much the company could pay without going out of business.

Washington Snapshots

Paint with DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD Kings Mtn. Mfg. Co. Store

Anti-Termen
The Old Reliable
For the relief of upset stomach, excess acidity, indigestion, dysentery, colitis and similar stomach ailments. Separate prescription for adults and children.

How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of FAT
Lost Her Prominent Hips
Lost Her Double Chin
Lost Her Sluggishness

Gained a More Shapely Figure and the Increase in Physical Vigor and Vivaciousness Which So Often Comes With Excess Fat Reduction.

Thousands of women are getting fat and losing their appeal just because they do not know what to do. Why not be smart — do what thousands of women have done to get off pounds of unwanted fat. Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water first thing every morning to gently activate liver, bowels and kidneys — cut down your caloric intake — eat wisely and satisfactorily — there need never be a hungry moment!

Keep this plan up for 30 days. Then weigh yourself and see if you haven't lost pounds of ugly fat. Just see if this doesn't prove to be the surprise of your life and make you feel like shouting the good news to other fat people. And best of all a jar of Kruschen that will last you for 4 weeks costs but little. If not joyfully satisfied — money back.

Our Business is making old shoes like new. Try our service now. FOSTERS SHOE SERVICE Phone 154. We Deliver

SAVE AND HAVE
Your deposits need not be large. Regularity is the important thing. William Shakespeare wrote "Many strokes, though with a little axe, hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak." In the same sense it is true that many deposits, though small, will grow into a substantial sum that most people could acquire in no other way.

Besides being the most convenient way to accumulate money, a bank account has the added advantage of constant availability. Why not come in and start an account here now? It may turn out to be the most important step you have ever taken.

First National Bank
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation