


Established 1889



The Kings Mountain Herald

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, published every Thursday by the Herald Publishing House.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Kings Mountain, N. C., 23086 under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873.

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.
 Isaiah 41:13

Mohair And Friends

Formalization of the previously indicated request of Massachusetts Mohair Plush Company for annexation of its Margrace plant to the city limits, together with petitions of 60 families, neighbors to the Margrace plant, offers the city chance of its most important expansion since 1923.

In that year, via legislative act under the bill introduced by then-Representative J. Roan Davis, the Town of East Kings Mountain was reincorporated and the area involved was incorporated into the Town of Kings Mountain.

Figuring about four persons per family (the 1960 census showed the average North Carolina family at 3.9 persons), the indicated population increase is about 2400 people.

Mohair Manager Al Maino says ad valorem taxable values represented by the petition are more than one million dollars.

As the petitions were filed, Mohair still needed at least one more "next friend" to petition for inclusion in order to meet the state's annexation test which requires annexed areas to be adjacent and continuous to the present city limits.

Under another state statute adopted several years ago, a city has the power to annex adjacent and contiguous areas at will — provided it has cash-in-hand or borrowing authority to provide all city services to the annexed areas within a period of two years. Property owners unwillingly annexed could otherwise obtain court orders to restrain the particular city from collecting ad valorem taxes and/or to obtain refunds.

The 1923 annexation at the time was quite unpopular in East Kings Mountain, where citizens were still smarting under the 1915 election defeat whereby the Town of East Kings Mountain was voted into Cleveland County after a close and bitter election.

Since 1923, city commissioners

Change of Position

United States Senator Sam Ervin, of North Carolina, is regarded as one of the nation's top Constitutional lawyers.

Thus, the Senator announced Tuesday he would support neither the Dirksen amendment to permit certain religious services in the schools nor the Bayh resolution which would declare the "sense of Congress" concerning Bible-reading and prayer in the public schools.

Senator Ervin said he had re-read the Constitution, as well as the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, and feel both the proposed amendment and resolution un-needed.

Justice Tom Clark wrote the majority opinion which said public school officials may not "prescribe nor proscribe" concerning prayer in the public schools. Additionally, Senator Ervin reminds, Article I of the Constitution remains quite operative, guaranteeing to all freedom of worship.

The Constitution was forged by men quite knowledgeable of Old Country troubles. Indeed, the colonies were settled in the main by two major groups, those desirous of religious freedom and those who believed in the right of all to hold and protect private property.

Bible, quite legally, continues to be offered as course of study here in Kings Mountain schools, at state-supported colleges in North Carolina and elsewhere.

Senator Ervin is quite right in his decision, as was the Supreme Court in its ruling.

Community Center

A sizeable community center is, perhaps, a luxury, and for most small cities a luxury they can ill afford either by public or private means.

Kings Mountain hopes to acquire one, via a federal government grant covering up to three-fourths the cost.

Few, if any, will argue with the basic need, nor with the idea that many community benefits will accrue therefrom.

Some decry federal largess and expenditure of funds for such domestic projects.

Fact remains these funds are made available and those who do not obtain them are, in effect, being doubly taxed.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

Ingredients: bits of news, wisdom, humor, and comments
 Directions: Take weekly if possible, but avoid overdosage.

By MARTIN HARMON

Carl Weisener, who lives here and peddles pills in Shelby, recently had a sequence of "those days". Events didn't move in pleasant pattern.

m—m

Yates Humphries, who had served the drug firm as deliveryman for four years, had moved downtown to join Red McClain at Sterchi's. Humphries replacement had failed to appear without notice after a few days on the job. A friend of the owner, described as a "boy", had agreed to deliver for a day, but failed to appear.

m—m

Next day an elderly fellow came in to say he'd been employed as deliveryman-for-a-day. As Carl welcomed him, he let out a string of vituperation about the "boy" who had failed to appear the previous day. Meantime, Carl was gathering a backlog of prescriptions for delivery, and the fill-in fellow had commented, "Some people don't understand business."

m—m

Shortly, the elderly fellow was back and to Carl's query, "What's the matter?" replied that there was no delivery station wagon in the parking lot.

m—m

Carl looked and there wasn't. The ignition keys usually remained in the switch. Carl immediately informed Shelby police and the highway patrol that the drug firm's station wagon had been stolen. It was sometime later in the day that Humphries (his wife still in the employ of the drug firm) phoned in to apologize for "using" the drug firm's wagon.

m—m

The using thereof had been in-advertent. Humphries had been driving the wagon home for four years and out of habit followed his old path.

m—m

Meantime, Carl learned from the owner, "boy" was actually the elderly gentleman who had reported a day late and who had replied to Carl's cussing, "Some people don't understand business."

m—m

Yet another tale must be told, though I am under petticoat dress of one of the principals to leave identities.

m—m

It was a few seasons ago and four Kings Mountain women were at a mountain resort, with a bridge game underway. An elderly gentleman, somewhat shy and obviously lonesome continued to hover in the wings. The ladies were pleasant, finally asked his name and whereabouts and gleaned this reply: "You ladies wouldn't be interested in an old widower like me."

m—m

To which one of the Kings Mountain feminine contingent, a widow, quipped, "Ask us!"

m—m

Fire Chief Floyd Thornburg is one of many Kings Mountain men who are devotees of hunting and fishing, but he doesn't go to Morehead City anymore.

m—m

Floyd and 21 friends were on a deer-hunt at Morehead a few seasons back, patiently manning their stands. Nothing happened. Finally, as the day waned, Floyd made a foray to the other side of the game preserve.

m—m

"That rascally guide wasn't 'hooning us any targets," Floyd says. "I found him asleep in a hammock. Worse than that, two of his dogs were piled up in the hammock with him."

m—m

Next day the 22 elected to forsake their guns for rod-and-reels. At \$8 per person per day, the sleepy guide paid \$176 for his dreams.

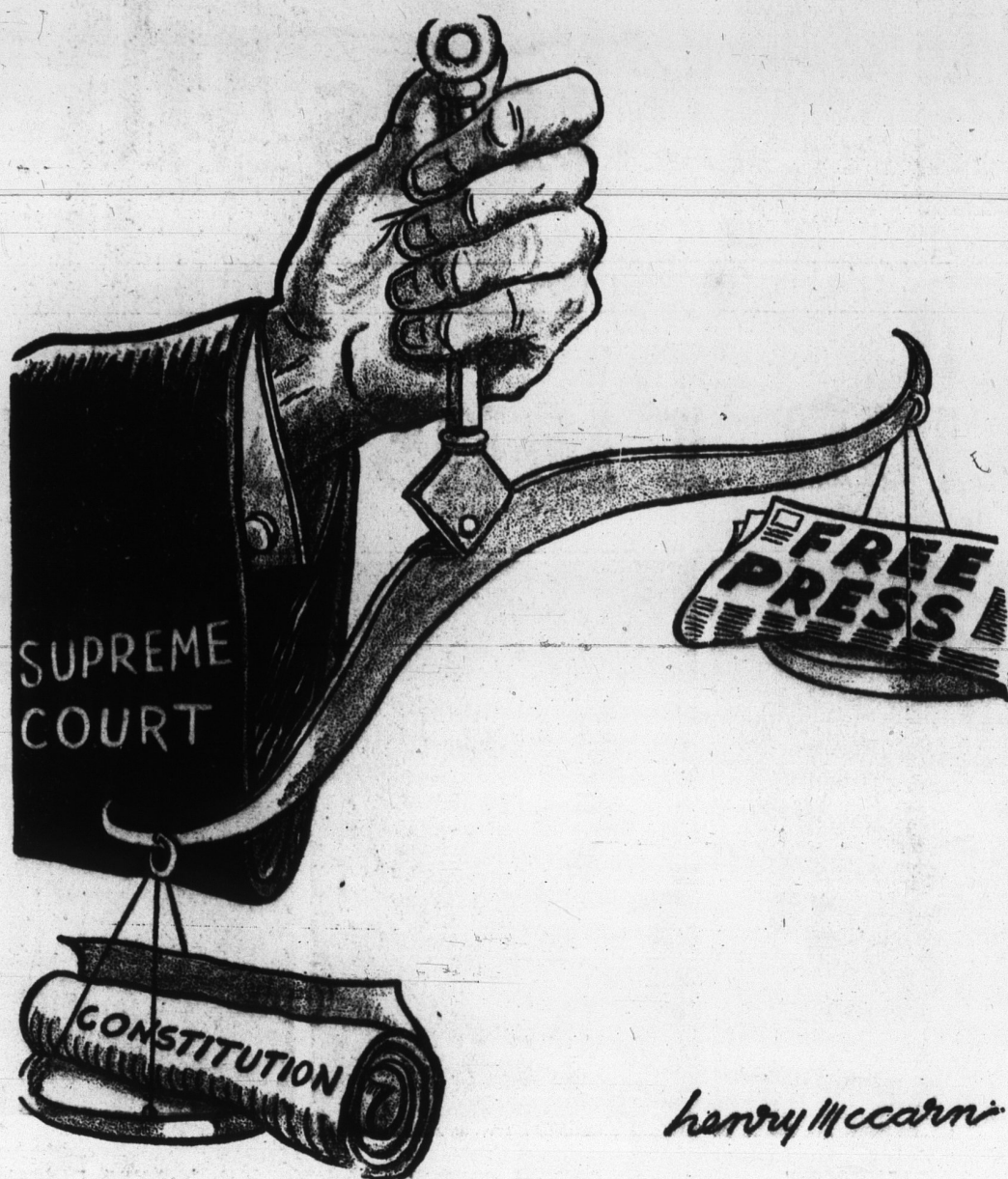
m—m

Otis Falls, Sr., has a friend who, some years ago announced he had sworn off drinking and become a devotee of fishing.

m—m

A few days later the friend returned with expansive tales of a big catch, both in quantity and size of fishes. Otis jested, "There you go. I don't know which is worse. You're just like all of 'em. You swear off drinking and take up lying."

In The Balance



Henry McCarn

SO THIS IS NEW YORK



By NORTE CALLAHAN

The political pot here is boiling in a family way. Two wealthy Protestants with Dutch names, Rockefeller and Roosevelt, are opposing in some ways, two Irish-Catholics, wealthy and other-wise, Kennedy and O'Connor. The race for governor is being watched as indicative of national trends, but regardless, it is a lively one with deals being changed, names being hurled and money flying around like the seasonal autumn leaves. The name of Roosevelt, once magic, has lost much of its miraculous touch, while that of Nelson Rockefeller has not been helped by his divorce and re-marriage. An Irish politician, O'Connor who is said to have the silent backing of President Johnson, is making quite a splash. Bobby Kennedy has lurked in the background but it is not like him to linger out of the limelight very long.

Now that schools are resuming, the military status of the young men is uppermost in many minds. On the campus of George Williams College, for instance, there is a sign all too reminding of this. It says, "Study each day or you may become 1A". Another sign of the times: There are only three college grades now: A, B and Viet Nam.

On the other side of life's picture, Francis Thompson has written, "Know what it is to be a child? It is to believe in love, loveliness, belief. It is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear. It is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness and nothing into everything, for each child has a fairy godmother in his soul."

The idea of what toys a child plays with and their influence on his later life is being explored not only by our lawmakers but by the toy manufacturers of the U. S. I received a questionnaire from them asking what was my favorite toy when I was a boy. After digging deeply into the dimming recesses of a recalcitrant memory, I came up with two childhood playthings: books and water pistols. Now if anyone can make any connection between that and my writing of books on military history, let him make the most of it.

Bud Collyer, like so many others who have similarly changed, planned to be a lawyer like his father. He did graduate from Fordham University and went to work for a law firm where he recalls, "I was working for a fast 15 dollars a week and desk space." But show business beckoned and he switched from ponderous tomes to upright microphones as a radio actor and announcer. Finally he began to have larger roles and when television came along, he was one of the first to work in this new medium, partly because of his looks and genial style. Now he is one of the leading masters of ceremony in the business, with "Beat the Clock," "Break the Bank" and "To Tell the Truth" to his credit. Oddly enough, off-stage Bud Collyer is superintendent of the Sunday School and a teacher in the First Presbyterian Church of Greenwich, Connecticut.

Although we hate to see memorable old buildings go, some of them should, says Roger Starr in Horizon magazine. This applies particularly to New York where many of the historic and sentimental landmarks stand on fabulously valuable property.

Viewpoints of Other Editors

Along Life's Highways And By-Ways

With JOHN ALLYN CHESHIRE (Guest Columnist)



Maybe you'll forgive me for this entirely personal column today. It is being written in unspeakable loneliness and grief with black despair clutching at a broken heart and choking of the dim light of God that just a few days ago shone so brightly and hopefully over this little house that has for more than a decade been the happy home of my wife and me.

Wednesday, Sept. 7, she kissed "Daddy" warmly, as she always calls me, opened her eyes for a moment, and then passed on to her God peacefully in the arms of her faithful nurse.

THEN THE sun went down for me and left me in a darkness where I had thought God always held a light for us to break the way out of every black valley of hopelessness and lead us into the daylight of the promises He has made us. But now God had failed me after all my prayers. . . after His promises to answer prayers, and I was bitter.

But I know there is a God. I have heard His voice, I have felt His presence, I have seen His miracles.

As I look around me now in my despair and doubt, I know all that is or was or ever can be is the handiwork of God. He is my father and I will yet go on trusting Him, but why did He fail me now when I needed Him so much, when Mother, as I always called her, wanted so much to get well and come back home because she said, "I need Daddy, and he needs me."

And she prayed that she might come back home to me, but again God did not answer her prayer. And after kissing me firmly she breathed just twice and gently died.

I'VE NEVER felt I needed a written covenant with God. Why should I seek the assurance of any living man that the wisdom, love and power of my heavenly Father would ever fail me? In His divine wisdom He did fail me when I needed Him most. But I accept His wisdom.

I saw Him last night in the brilliant stars through my tears. I knew He was up there guiding us all; and I saw Him in my loneliness in the daybreak this morning.

My house was home for Mother and me. Now it is just an unspeakably lonely house, but still I believe God watches over it, and that Mother is watching over it too because as she so often said, "I need you Daddy, and you need me." So I still have Mother.

WHEN THE solemn funeral services were over, together with my son and his wife and his two sons, we followed the funeral car that carried Mother to her last resting place. When the throngs had left I was driven back to our house along with my family.

Later my son suggested that we go back and see where Mother was placed, which was in the shade of a great, towering tree. There was lovely flowers every-

where in great profusion. Near my feet where I stood I noticed a large wreath with violet colored flowers. I said to my tall and strong son, "Son, I wish Mother could see those violet colored flowers. She always loved that color so much. It was always her favorite."

My son answered me with, "Dad, she does see them, she does see them." What a beautiful faith my boy has. I think now I'll soon understand.

I stepped lightly into her hospital room the day before she went home. The nurse was adjusting something about her neck. When she had finished, not knowing I was standing there at the room entrance, she bent down and kissed Mother's forehead and said gently, "You loveable little thing."

Then I walked in and she said to me, "Everybody here in the hospital loves her so much." And Mother loved everybody. . . and now she's with God.

IN THE CROWDED funeral home there were many friends of our family. I should like to name them, but space here doesn't permit. But the pallbearers were friends of the family, particularly my son's family.

They included Dan Finger, electrical contractor, Glee E. Bridges, hardware merchant, W. S. Fulton, department store owner, R. S. Suber, textile executive, Mauney Cotton Mills, and Grady Howard, administrator of the Kings Mountain Hospital where Mother was when she left me and went home to God.

There is a word of grief the sounding token. There is a word bejeweled with bright tears. The saddest word loving lips have ever spoken: A little word that breaks the chain of years; It's utterance must ever bring emotion, The memories its crystals cannot dye, 'Tis known in every land, on every ocean — 'Tis called the last "Goodbye."

10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events taken from the 1956 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Harrington assumed managerial duties at Kings Mountain Country Club Monday.

Deadline for Cleveland County farmers to soil bank their 1957 wheat crop, originally set for Friday, has been extended to October 5th, Ralph Harrill, county ASC manager, said this week.

Last week's Bethware Fair broke all previous records, including attendance, gross receipts, quantity of exhibits and otherwise. This was the report of Myra Hambright, fair manager.

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