

A village census

by VIRGINIA GREENE DEPRIEST
Cleveland County Historical Association
Guest Columnist

On June 1, 1880, S.C. Homesley started to take the census for the village of Kings Mountain. He visited about 95 homes before completing the census on June 5, 1880. He found that the oldest person living in Kings Mountain was a black woman, Tempy Herndon, who was 101 years old. She lived in the home of Daniel and Mary Blalock.

M.F. Jones was the only druggist in town but there were three physicians and one dentist to take care of the health of the people in and around Kings Mountain. Dr. Thomas Walker was the dentist and Benjamin Dixon, James Wray and William Tracy were the physicians.

Another professional man was the engineer, Elijah Brown. One wonders if "engineer" meant on the railroad or perhaps he was something like a "civil engineer". He probably was not a train engineer because John Borders and Joseph Curry were listed as "works on RR."

In connection with the railroad Kings Mountain had a hotel run by Stephen and Mary Homesley. Mary Homesley was one of only a few women who were listed as having an occupation other than "keeping house". The hotel may have been the Mountain View at the corner of Mountain and Battleground Streets; however I am not sure of that fact. Two porters, John Homesley and Alf Abel, both blacks, were employed at the hotel. The hotel cook, Amanda Carpenter, was also black as was the nurse for the children, Eliza Miller. The depot agent was Kelley Dixon,

who may have directed the only teamster in town, Nelson Roberts.

Capt. Bell's Military School was located where Central School is now on East Ridge St. William Bell was listed as a teacher on the census, along with two other men and one woman. Charles Mason, a teacher, lived in Jane Hall's home. She was listed with the occupation "keeps boarders". Seven boys who were students also lived in her home. William Bell had seven boarding students in the home. John Garrett was also listed as a teacher and his daughter was one of two female students.

Amos Morris gave his profession as "artist". Does any of his work survive? It could have been just wishful thinking on his part. The census taker was honest enough to list one person's occupation as "loafer".

Stores were rather plentiful. Eight men listed their occupation as "dry goods merchant" and eight other men were "clerks in store". The dry goods merchants were Rufus Roberts, Jacob Mauney, Anderson Carpenter, Michael Carpenter, Isaac Garrett, John Garrett, Andrew Mauney, and Frank Long. Phillip Baker and Freno Dilling were hardware merchants. William Hayes was the only shoemaker in town and Mary Hialop, who lived with her mother, Lavinia Presley, was the only milliner. Three men, William McLean, John White and Calvin Plonk, sold groceries. Joseph Nutall sold jewelry and Lawson Long was the stove dealer. Lawson Summie was the town tailor and had living in his home as a boarder Hester Wilson, the town's only female merchant. Redding Sugg was a general merchant.

Looking at Kings Mountain in 1880

Six carpenters - David Beam, James Toner, Polycomp Rudasill, Levi McAllister, Burt Rudasill and Eli Beam - and one tinner, George Strode, took care of those needs for the town. The city marshal, Frank McGinnis, kept the town in order. Henderson Long, a son of the stove merchant, Lawson Long, was a peddler, Lissie Quinn, who kept boarders, was the only other woman in town listed with an occupation.

Local transportation was provided for by

James Cornwall, who was a carriage and buggy maker, and by David Nance, George Cornwall and William Cornwall, who were wagon makers. Ben Huff was the town blacksmith and David Barnett served the town as a millwright.

Daniel Blalock, William Falls, Richard Garret, Jacob Quinn, Alfred Falls (who was retired), Joseph Roark and Jerome White, along with 15 farm hands, were the farmers of the community.

Three black miners lived in the village. They were James Shuford, Chester Roberts, and William Jarrett had Jane White and Lou Elliott living in his home and they both worked as "servant nurses". Altogether, there were 13 black households and about 87 blacks living in Kings Mountain in 1880.

Besides the occupations I have named, there were a few people who listed their occupations as either laborers or servants.

How does nation become rich?

By TOM ROSE

This was the question that Adam Smith set out to answer in his famous classic *The Wealth of Nations*, which was published in 1776. It is interesting to note especially during this present age of growing economic controls by centralized government - that Adam Smith's book dealt largely with the problems caused in his day by a government-regulated economy.

Smith lived during the Mercantile Age when government planners generally regarded the imposition of intricate economic controls as a proper function of civil government. Readers who remember their study of history will recall that the Mercantile Age was an era when national governments attempted to become richer in gold and silver by regulating internal trade and production with an eye to holding imports down the ideal level of zero.

But Adam Smith came up with some observations which shocked the planners: On one hand he pointed out that the real wealth of a nation consisted, not in accumulated gold and silver, but in the wealth of goods and services produced each year. On the other hand, Smith pointed out that a nation's real wealth would tend to increase at a faster rate if citizens were free to engage in economic activity without the suffocating controls imposed by the heavy hand of bureaucratic government planners. An invisible hand, he said, seemed to guide men naturally in the maximizing of their own personal welfare through the process of free trade. If left alone, citizens would do what comes naturally, would become rich and would thereby enrich the nation in which they lived.

These United States of America followed Adam Smith's advice to a greater extent than any other nation of people. And, sure enough, we became the richest people on earth. The process of growing richer has continued to this day - in spite of a new type of 20th Century Mercantilism which has been mushrooming in our country during the last

four decades. (The growth of a centrally controlled economy in America is reactionary. That is, it is a throwback to the economic policies of the 1700's).

Is America's wealth continuing to grow? On the surface our growth looks encouraging: In the 14-year period from 1968 to 1971 the total amount of goods and services produced per person per year rose from a value of \$2,569 to \$5,087 - almost a 100 percent increase. This amounts to a whopping big 5.3 per cent growth per year compounded. But if we look a little deeper, we find some serious cause for alarm: Because, if we "deflate" the 1971 figure of \$5,087 for the inflationary rise in prices which has occurred, we find that the real growth in per capita product has risen only to \$3,572. Thus, our real product grew, during 14 years, only by \$1,008 instead of \$2,488 - a growth rate of only 2.6 per cent (versus 5.3 per cent). In short, more than half of our growth is "paper growth." It is illusory.

If Adam Smith were alive today he would say, "You modern folks aren't growing

nearly as fast as you think you are. Most of your increase in wealth is illusory because it is being siphoned off by rising prices." And then, if Mr. Smith were familiar with our modern banking and tax systems, he would add, "Your rising prices are caused by the vast amounts of new money your national government creates each year. And the graduated income tax which you became saddled with in 1913 is now siphoning off much of your real increase in annual wealth. The reason it is doing so is that the rate at which you pay income tax is dependent upon your inflated and illusory income rather than upon your real income, which is quite a bit smaller. In short, your national government is siphoning off most of the gravy and leaving you with the dry bones!"

And, since Adam Smith was never one to pose a problem without trying to give solution, what remedy would he prescribe? Listen to him: "Frugality in civil government. Let government bureaucrats spend only what monies the people are willing to pay in taxes!"

EDITORIALS & OPINIONS

Prime example of government reliance

By TOM ROSE
Special to Mirror-Herald

Our shortage-of-gasoline is a prime example of what happens when people rely on civil government rather than the competitive market-place to enhance their welfare.

The economic problem, viewed from today's perspective, is that demand for gas and oil products has outstripped the limited supply that is available.

But the question to ask is why? Why did the shortage problem appear at all?

An educator in our community recently evidenced his failure to grasp the underlying economic problem when he told some students, "You just wait! As soon as the oil companies 'jack' prices higher, the scarcity will be over." This cynical inclination to blame private producers for shortages is apparently a common tendency. But it falls wide of the mark. It misses the economic forces behind the problem.

The Continental Oil Company, for instance, reports in its May-June employees' magazine that industry-wide well costs have risen from \$50,300 per well in 1960 to over \$78,000 in 1972. These higher costs must be recovered in the prices consumers pay if oil

companies are to survive to continue to serve the public efficiently.

Question: How many readers realize that taxes make up almost half of the consumer pump-price of gasoline?

But the major cause of the gasoline-shortage-problem is that civil government has operated to restrict supply on one hand while it has stimulated demand on the other:

Example No. 1: The FPC (Federal Power Commission) regulates the well-head price of gas and oil. For many years leaders in the oil and gas industry complained that the resulting price controls were having an adverse effect by discouraging the discovery and development of new oil fields. Low profits discouraged investors from channeling needed money into the industry. The reams of data produced by the oil industry fall on the deaf ears of FPC controllers. Their failure to listen to reason stymied the development of supply sources that we need so badly today.

Example No. 2: Government control over oil imports is responsible for restricting the current flow of available gas and oil into this country. A specific case is the refinery that Occidental Oil Company had wanted to build in Maine a few years ago. It was to use foreign oil that was exempt from the regular import quotas and costs. This would have put competing firms at a disadvantage, so political pressures led to scrapping the planned facility. That refinery which died during the planning stage would surely come in handy today, wouldn't it?

Example No. 3: Widespread public concern about air pollution has affected the demand side of gasoline: The expensive exhaust-control devices that new cars are now required to have by Federal law have produced a generation of gas-gulping monsters. A few years ago it was common for autos to get 14 to 16 miles per gallon. Today, many cars only get 8 to 10 miles per gallon. As older cars are junked, the overall ratio of gas-gulpers will continue to increase. The present method of loading autos down with anti-pollution devices has actually served to increase the total output of exhaust fumes. It seems that the "solution" may now be worse than the problem the controllers set out to cure.

This is just a thumbnail sketch of how the actions of civil government, mostly at the national level, have served to create a widespread problem that has been felt by every family in America.

There is a lesson to be learned. Critical shortages seldom occur in the free market because the automatic price mechanism quickly adjusts supply and demand. When crucial shortages do appear and continue to persist, the culprit won't be found in the private sector of the economy, but in the public sector. Actions in the public sector will tend to have an adverse effect on both price and supply. Public-pleasing solutions, when found, will be found through the voluntary actions of those competing in the private sector to serve the public.

Let's pay the debt

Anybody here remember Vietnam?

Of course, you say. Da Nang. Saigon. The Mekong Delta. My Lai. And all those other strange names that kept coming up in the headlines.

For millions of Americans - perhaps most of us - the war in Vietnam was never much closer than those headlines and the nightly news clips on television.

It was a war halfway around the globe that was never declared; a just seemed to grow behind or one awful day, there it was. No one went to that wailing and bands playing, went anonymously came

way. The longer it lasted the more unpopular it became, and its unpopularity seemed to rub off on the very ones who were most intimately caught up in it.

Perhaps the most demoralizing part was what didn't happen. Nobody said "thanks." Nobody said "We're proud of you. Even unpopular, we're proud of you." "I'll be serving your

Poets Corner

make up for the s. The week of May ally ... "Vietnam the Congress and rving it for what it last, to express a to the nearly ten an who served during e Vietnam Era. Let's pay the debt.

The return of the "painter"

By ROGERS WHITENER
Special to Mirror-Herald

In recent years much has been written and said about the return of the "painter" or cougar to the mountains of Appalachia.

The thought is enough to send chills down the spines of folks who live in isolated sections.

But it isn't the threat of painters that bothers Valle Crucis resident Will Byrd. It's the reality of bobcats.

Will, who resides several miles up the Dutch Creek Road, has been plagued for a number of years by various representatives of this member of the cat family who have eyes for his considerable collection of barnyard fowl.

"Not my fowl, really," says Will. "They belong to the misses - she likes to keep them around for company."

The "company," as Valle Crucis residents know, comes in considerable number and variety: all shapes and sizes of turkeys; an assortment of chickens, largely Domineckers and Rhode Island Reds; a dozen or so ducks, both the wild and domestic; occasionally geese and guineas, to say nothing of hawks and owls who drop in without invitation.

The bobcats were also uninvited. But they dropped by several nights in a row last winter with devastating results. During a period of three nights, according to Will, some thirty-four chickens came squawking from their tree perches into the jaws of a supersized male, his slightly smaller spouse, and three growing kittens.

The modus operandi of the marauders was...not difficult to fathom. Even those but slightly acquainted with the hunting habits of bobcats know that they are quite capable of climbing trees or leaping into lower branches. In this instance it was the male who climbed the roosting tree and drove the frightened flock to the ground and to their death.

Those who survived were subjected to the same tactics the next night and the next until only a handful were left.

As Will tells it, one survivor, a giant Rhode Island Red rooster, was so shaken by the first night's experience that he refused to go back to the roosting tree again.

"That old rooster was so scared," says Will, "that he wouldn't go near that tree. Instead he started roosting on the axle of an old piece of farm equipment. He got by the other raids, but one cold night his feet froze to the axle and he lost both of them. From then on he waddled around on his two stumps until an owl reduced him to a bunch of feathers one night!"

A gentle soul, Will is generally at peace with the animal world. He is not one to begrudge a passing hawk or own an occasional meal from his barnyard bounty. But thirty-four chickens lost in three nights!

Before the week was out he had set his traps for the bobcat invaders, catching the family one by one and having them mounted as gifts for friends.

The male, however, occupies a special place in the living room of the Byrd family trailer.

Sitting on the center table, he appears to be ready to spring at the unsuspecting visitor, a maniacal snarl on his face.

"That's the way he went out," says Will. "The trap had just caught him by his claws and he had pulled it up with him into the lower branches of the roosting tree. He was ready to pounce on me when I shot him with my pistol."

Made to look gaunt and hungry in the mounting process, the bobcat probably weighed in at close to fifty pounds in his chicken-hunting days.

No time to worry about painters with a bobcat that size in the neighborhood.

Readers are invited to send folk materials to Folk-Ways and Folk-Speech, Box 896, Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C. 28608.

I FIND MYSELF LOST

In the beginning, the middle to the end of a book, I get lost in travel, learning and hooked: the mind roams to the end of the world Then I come back to knit and pearl.

I meet other people and learn of their ways What makes them tick and spend their days, How they dress and the length of the hair I forget I am here and think I am there.

I find good friends in every race A smile is a smile on any face, Love is the same the whole world over the lucky ones find the four leaf clover.

I taste of their food and how long they live What is their treasure and what do they give, All I must do is take one look To find myself lost in the pages of a book.

VIVIAN S. BILTCLIFFE

What's your opinion?

We want to hear your opinion on things of interest to you. Address all correspondence for this page to Reader Dialogue, Mirror-Herald, P. O. Drawer 758, Kings Mountain, N. C. 28086. Be sure and sign proper name and include your address. Unsigned letters will not be published.

KINGS MOUNTAIN
MIRROR-HERALD

PUBLISHED EACH
TUESDAY AND THURSDAY

GARLAND ATKINS
Publisher

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ELIZABETH STEWART
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GARY STEWART
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PRESS ASSOCIATION

The Mirror-Herald is published by General Publishing Company, P. O. Drawer 752 Kings Mountain, N. C. 28086. Business and editorial offices are located at 431 N. Piedmont Ave. Phone 739-7496. Second Class postage paid at Kings Mountain, N. C. Single copy 15 cents. Subscription rates: \$6.50 yearly in-state, \$4.25 six months, \$9.50 yearly out-of-state, \$5 six months; Student rate for nine months \$6.24. USPS 881-040