

English and Italian profanity that belched forth like a volcanic eruption. Tony suddenly stopped and gave sorta' self-conscious grin and said, "That Moosolean' is nothing but big-time gangster, and is not only going to ruin Italy, but maybe plunge the whole world into war." Knowing Tony served in the last War on the Italian side, I asked him, if Italy declared War, would he go back and fight for his native land. Tony gave me to understand that he was born and reared in Italy, but that he was just as much of an American as the product he sold and that the only condition upon which he would fight, in another War, would be when Uncle Sam became involved. He elaborated upon the fact that he came to this country, after the last war, started the business of his choice and was raising a family of nine children, that they were free to worship as they chose, and had the opportunities of a high school education - in Tony's own words, "This she the greatest countree' on face of earth, my children have just as mucha' da opportunity as reech' man's child, if my children want to go in modest business, it can be of their own choos- ing, if they wanta' be reech' man, they gotta' the brains, the guts, the ambish' - nobody tella' them they no can do."

At this time, no one was giving Mussolini much serious consideration and I thought Tony was doing a little extra flag-waving - in fact, I had forgotten the whole episode until I read the account of Tony receiving his American citizenship papers. In my opinion, this true story bears out one important point, that this foreign-born citizen and others like him, are much more appreciative of the many blessings and privileges of our great country than we native Americans, who are so prone to take these things for granted. Let us all strive to be more like our friend, Tony, ever grateful for the unlimited privileges that America offers.

We have received some very fine letters this past month, one from the Chief Executive of our State, Governor J.M. Broughton, one from Colonel J.W. Harrelson, and one from Judge A.A. Powell of Shelby. We are indeed proud of each of these letters, but especially are we proud of Colonel Harrelson's, for he was born out in the country near Lawndale and lived here practically all of his boyhood. As a boy, he started working in the Mill, during summer vacations and became imbued with the desire to study textiles, this he did, completing successfully a correspondence course, before entering college. He graduated from Piedmont High School with highest honors and later entered N.C. State College. There he studied Mechanical Engineering, and his outstanding scholastic records won for him a Professorship in this institution. Later he became President of this same college, then for a period of years was Head of the N.C. Department of Conservation, after which he returned once more to serve as President of State College - from this position he was called to active duty as Colonel with the U.S. Army. Starting from this little mill village, Colonel Harrelson has risen to one of the highest positions this nation has to offer - as Tony would say, "He hada' the brains, he hada' the ambish', he hada' the guts!" We take off our hats to him. You will find these three mentioned letters in other parts of our magazine - we know you'll enjoy them.

As a personal message to our home readers, we wish to gratefully acknowledge suggestions and contributions, that are given us from time to time. However, it is not always possible for us to publish them in the order received, as our space is limited, but we are holding such material until some future date.

Next month is our first anniversary in publishing this little bulletin, and, at that time, we shall try to give you the history of the Hoover Rail. Until then, Good Luck, Good Fighting, and God Bless You.

Sincerely,  
Jim Osborne.