



The Kings Mountain Herald

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulations worketh patience. Romans 5:3.

Business Outlook

With half of 1954 now ready for the history books, there is a rash of reviewing of the first six months' activity in industry and commerce coupled with the inevitable guesses projected into the future.

Roger Babson, the economist who established his reputation for able economic prophecy by predicting the 1929 crash, published a detailed look see ahead, and, generally, thinks the pace of business for the remainder of 1954 will not be bad. Important to Kings Mountain, he notes that so-called goods have continued to move in high unit volume, though frequently at sacrifice prices for both manufacturer and merchant.

Money is "easy", in contrast to the initial hard money policy of the Eisenhower administration on its inauguration. Interest rates have been cut heavily by the banks of large cities in order to keep money in the hands of interest-payers, and insurance companies, with their large cash holdings, have become real "peddlers" of cash.

Construction is heavy throughout the nation, and has been the backbone of the economy during the first six months of the year. It is evident in Kings Mountain, as a tour of the area will quickly show. It includes residential construction, commercial and industrial building, and public works by city, school, and state agencies. Construction means payrolls and payrolls mean customers for cars, window curtains, apparel, good food and all the many aids to a high standard of living.

If the textile industry emerges from its recession which started early this year, Kings Mountain will be a prosperous community during the last half of 1954.

Is Southern Bell practicing the old governmental trick of asking for much more than it expects in order to assure receipt of what it really wants? As the Utilities Commission considers the Bell appeal on the 1953 rate increase, Southern Bell has filed request to raise its rates even more. Few telephone subscribers will know how, nor care, to analyze the technical matter of rate of return on Southern Bell's invested capital, but they are sure they don't want to see their phone bills hiked. In Kings Mountain, where many people are chomping at the bit for dial service, the company can well expect more pressure for the more modern installation.

Dividends paid yesterday by Kings Mountain's two building and loan associations on savings shares for the half-year totaled more than \$36,000, which adds up to a nice twice-yearly payroll in its own right. Some of the money will be ploughed back into savings of one kind or another, while some of it will enter the local stream of commerce. The savings totals of Kings Mountain citizens continue to grow, reminding once again that regular, systematic saving is the only way most folk can accumulate surplus funds. And that's the way a majority of the shareholders of the two building and loan institutions have amassed their funds.

Congratulations are in order to C. D. Blanton, Kings Mountain druggist, recently elected second vice-president of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association for 1955-56, an elevation from his present position of third vice-president.

Thursday, July 1st, is deadline day for getting the full two percent discount on 1954 city tax bills.

10 YEARS AGO Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events THIS WEEK taken from the 1944 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Dr. W. S. Rankin, director of July 4th, according to report of the Duke Endowment of Char. J. G. Darracott, president of the lotte, painted a gloomy picture of Kings Mountain Merchants Association. Social and Personal
Glee A. Bridges was host at a stag supper Tuesday evening at his home on Gold street celebrating his 50th birthday. About fifty guests attended.
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MARTIN'S MEDICINE

By Martin Harmon
Ingredients: bits of news, wisdom, humor, and comment.
Directions: Take weekly, if possible, but avoid overdosage.

Sunday will be the 178th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, commemorating the day when a group of idealistic men in short breeches and powdered wigs affixed their names to a rebellious document declaring themselves and the people they represented to be free and independent of Great Britain, at that time the most powerful empire on the known face of the globe.

It had never crossed my mind before, but the step was a dangerous one for more reasons than the fact of fighting. Had the colonists lost the war, as was imminent until the Battle of Kings Mountain four years and more later, each of the signers may well have lost his life as a traitor.

Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, and the other signers must have known the possible result when they signed their names. It was a life-or-death step, bred out of many incidents and events in which the mother country treated her American subjects like red-headed stepchildren.

Equally as important for the generations of ancestors today is the fact that the ideals of these men have been met in the continuing history of the nation. The gradual evolution of the dignity of the individual and his freedom to do as his conscience dictates, has been enhanced by the years. There are still those who seek to abridge freedom, amend it, apply it to special situations only, but they are in the minority and few of this kind of thinking hold public positions of responsibility.

But this piece was not meant for serious philosophizing.

Not too many years ago the fact of Independence Day's arrival on the Sabbath would have been a source of great disappointment to the great majority of young folk the nation over, and many older ones as well. Independence Day was one of great celebration, with flags flying not only from every public building and store front, but from almost every home as well. The flags were of convenient sizes, from huge replicas of Betsy Ross' handwork to tiny ones suitable for waving by the smallest toddler.

Independence Day usually was a work day for the politician, almost every office-holder orating in the sun in bombastic tones. Community picnics and barbecues, preceded by contests of skill and dexterity such as catching the greased pig, pole climbing, foot racing and horse racing were the order of the day. Some communities still practice the city-wide celebrations, employing variations of the old forms of celebrity, including fireworks and popping firecrackers. In my day, when a Yankee moved South, a disturbing custom for his thinking was the presence of popping firecrackers at Christmastime, and their absence on July 4th.

Of course, my memory doesn't stretch quite as far back as the big celebrations, but, as a child, I remember my special-sized Fourth of July flag, and I remember, too, the big family reunions at Uncle Charlie Harmon's home in the Beulah community, with loads of rich food, horseback rides in the pasture, and, when Frank Harmon's dam hadn't washed out, a birthday-suit dip in the delicious waters of a creek which was making its way to Buffalo.

Baseball of some kind is a long-term July 4th feature, and it was here in the days when the Margraces team was cavorting successfully in semi-pro circles with Zeb Plonk catching, Skinny Jenkins at second base, Coman Falls, Red Ormand, Bill Huffstetter and others lacing enemy pitching.

One big July 4th celebration I remember was a mammoth barbecue for employees of the Dilling mill, on July 4th, of 1929, at what is now Kaye Park. I believe I had looked forward to the day with keen anticipation, and pitched horse-shoe, ate barbecue, and drank soda pop with the complete abandonment and enjoyment known only to the youngster.

Don Blanton, the pharmacist, was reminiscing nostalgically for the old-time celebrations the other day, and wondering if some revival of them couldn't be arranged. Today, Independence Day means holiday, golf course, trip to the beach, drive through the mountains, or putting around in the garden or at odd household chores. Perhaps times have dictated the change, but many long for the good old days when celebrations on Independence Day caused major travel only for the kin and friend who had left

The Passing Scene by Lepper



"It's getting to be kind of a little game with Fred—so far, he's been hit by Connecticut, Vermont, New York and Oklahoma drivers!"

Viewpoints of Other Editors

WAR MAY BE NEARER

Ten young men from Stanly county left last Thursday for the induction center, and it is our understanding that the number going into the services each month will be stepped up considerably in the near future.

At the same time, quite a few young men are being released from the services each month, so it is difficult to determine whether the size of our armed forces is being increased to any great extent.

Certain columnists have been saying in recent days that this country may be at war within a matter of weeks, and it is known that our military leaders are recommending that we take a hand in the situation in Indo-China. It would appear to us that perhaps we have waited too long to intervene.

Our leaders are facing a most critical time in the nation's history. The continent of Asia can swallow up ten million of our men quickly, and we can make little impression on that vast area. The people of this country know this, and any military move now would be far from popular. The Republicans spent a great deal of time characterizing the struggle in Korea as "Truman's War", and now they are confronted with a need to undertake an "Eisenhower War" in southeast Asia.

THEY SHOULD SEE OURS

The American Mosquito Control Association meeting in Atlantic City, which has long had the reputation of being the unofficial mosquito capital of America, had been told that Northern mosquitoes are larger but Southern members of the race are more numerous.

The Florida mosquito is cited as an example of Southern specimens inferior in size to their Northern cousins. Nothing is said of South Carolina mosquitoes, and apparently the authorities have not made full and thorough investigation of the species in this State. We do not claim to be a mosquitoologist, but we do recall after a storm on the coast seeing mosquitoes around Columbia that would rival a hummingbird for size. — The Columbia (S. C.) State

PARTY LINE

We have often wondered why telephone companies designate a single telephone circuit connecting several subscribers with the exchange as a "party line." Now we know.
A party is defined as: "A company or association of persons, as for social enjoyment." Yep, some of the subscribers on a party line certainly derive social enjoyment and bring into being association of persons by this very means. — Marion Progress
home firesides and wouldn't have missed the home celebration for any manner of inconvenience.

HOME TOWN VIEW OF SENATOR ERVIN

In Senator Sam Ervin do we have a "conservative" or a "liberal" or a "middle-of-the-roader" in Washington?
Most North Carolina editors have put the "conservative" label on the new Senator, though some have hastened to say that Mr. Ervin is not so conservative as Mr. So-and-So or Mr. Such-and-Such, well-known conservatives of the Old Guard. A few editors have made Senator Ervin a Mr. In-Between—to the left of Politician "A" but to the right of Politician "B".

What do the folks who know Sam Ervin best think of him? Listen to this from the Morganton News-Herald, the new Senator's home town paper:

"In a county which favored Umstead's opponent in the gubernatorial race and which rejected his earlier senatorial appointee in the May primary, there's not a man to be found but who will agree that the Governor demonstrated unsurpassed wisdom in the selection of Sam Ervin and feels that by that act alone the present Administration achieved its highest measure of success."

"The unanimity of rejoicing over his appointment to the Senate didn't come from an impersonal or forced respect for ability. It has a much warmer, friendlier basis in the nature of the man himself, Sam Ervin loves people, and they know it. His neighborliness and ready wit mix well with a heavy sprinkling of patience to endear him to Morgantonians as an unaffected friend who has never gotten too big to listen to their most trifling troubles."

"In this atmosphere of small town neighborliness, there has been no need to try to classify Judge Sam Ervin's political views, and the current label of "conservative-liberal" (or vice-versa), tagged on him since his appointment, suits the home folks all right. They know he is a middle-of-the-roader, being neither a wild-eyed radical nor a mossbacked reactionary. If pressed for a classification, they would probably consider him a little right of center, whatever that may mean, but they never had felt the need for cataloguing him. They've just had the feeling that because of his love of people the human race has nothing to fear from Sam Ervin." — Smithfield Herald

JUST ABOUT SHOT

We feel impelled to relay a reader's comment on that A. P. story that read:
"In Grand Rapids, Mich., a grandfather and grandson were watching a jungle show on television when a tiger appeared on the screen. Grandpa grabbed his grandson's B-B gun, fired, and ruined the set. He said he didn't know the gun was loaded."
Writes the reader:
"Never mind the gun; what about grandpa?" — The Asheville Citizen

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