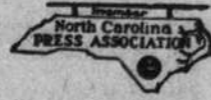




The Kings Mountain Herald

Established 1889



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 postoffice at Kings Mountain, N. C., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Martin Harmon Editor-Publisher
Robert L. Hoffman Sports Editor and Reporter
Miss Elizabeth Stewart Circulation Manager and Society Editor
Mrs. Thomas Meacham Advertising Salesman and Bookkeeper

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

Eugene Matthews Horace Walker Jack Heavener Bill Myers
Charles Miller Paul Jackson

TELEPHONE NUMBERS—167 or 283

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ONE YEAR—\$2.50 SIX MONTHS—\$1.40 THREE MONTHS—75c
BY MAIL ANYWHERE

TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. I Corinthians 3:7.

Election Bid

As was expected, Governor Luther Hodges has announced he will seek nomination and election entitling him to remain four more years in the Governor's mansion. Some newspapers headlined the announcement "seeks re-election," which is not technically correct, the Governor having assumed the office following the death of W. B. Umstead.

Only a few weeks ago, it appeared some candidate of major caliber would also put his name on the ticket and that North Carolina citizens would again witness—and participate in—a stirring Democratic primary.

But the major possibilities have removed themselves from further consideration. With not too many weeks remaining before the final day for officially filing notice of candidacy, it now appears Governor Hodges will not have major opposition.

It must be assumed the back-off is a compliment to the Governor, who has worked hard, tackled some nasty problems since he became the state's top administrative official, and emerged from several battles with few scars. History records that his nearest approach to a real fight has been with Highway Commission Chairman Sandy Graham. Yet, seemingly, the differences were settled without the necessity for meat-ax treatment.

Unquestionably, the Governor's most major headache, and a continuing one which is not likely to be settled during the four years Mr. Hodges wants to continue to be Governor, is the segregation issue. Hewing a course a little right of center, Governor Hodges has come to be regarded as the spokesman for the moderate Southerner, though not the moderate. But North Carolina has been beset by much less violent and intemperate discussion than many of the other neighbors of the South. There has been no Till incident, and all responsible citizens pray there will be none, nor cause for any.

The Governor is a graduate from the ranks of business. Perhaps this is the reason he handles his work with more dispatch and straightforwardness than some of his predecessors in the Governor's office. Yet his background in government, both in Washington and abroad, must have contributed to the softened approach he takes—even when being quite frank and executive.

Mr. Hodges' two-year record indicates North Carolinians will accord him the opportunity to extend it to six.

Mr. Gardner's Entry

The entry of Ralph Gardner, son of the former Governor, in the district Congressional Democratic primary, cut a new race of it, as indeed does the entry of any new candidate. Mr. Gardner's, however, is a little "extra."

It would be amiss to establish him as the favorite, for Basil Whitener, as this is written, is the lone candidate from Gaston, the district's largest county, and Mr. Gardner is the second candidate, with Hugh Wells, from Cleveland, second most populace county in the district.

However, Mr. Gardner is both experienced in matters political, and has many friends, some of them inherited from his late father and his able, popular mother.

It is safe to say he will be a strong candidate, whether the race remains a three-candidate affair, or whether other names dot the May 26 Democratic primary ballot.

Congratulations are in order to Carl Mayes, well-known Kings Mountain citizen, on his election as a director of Superior Stone Company, which he has served in various important capacities since the founding of the firm in 1939.

10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events taken from the 1946 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Kings Mountain Boy Scouts will join with others throughout the world during the coming week in the annual observance of Boy Scout Week, February 8-14.

C. T. Bennett, well-known Kings Mountain contractor, announced this week formation of Bennett Brick and Tile Company

which he hopes to have in operation here within two months. Miss Grace and Selma Allen, of Kings Mountain, are announcing this week the opening on Monday of Allen's Flower Shop on East King st.

Social and Personal
Mrs. H. R. Parton and sister, Mrs. V. R. Davis, who is visiting

here this month, went to Bennettsville, S. C., to spend a few days with Mrs. Parton's daughter, Mrs. Tommy Trotter and Mr. Trotter.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Pressly and Miss Mary Hicks spent Sunday in Spencer with Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hicks.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

By Martin Harmon

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

There are two particular kinds of letters I don't like to find in the postoffice box. One is a bright, white envelope bearing the neat return address of First National Bank. Having been on the receiving end of this kind a few times, I remember them well. More often than not, the bright, white First National envelope has a pink slip inside with a rubberized check attached. The usual check mark on the pink slip is "insufficient funds," or "no account by this name."

The other unpleasant-to-receive envelopes are any and all bearing the return address of Mr. Sanders, the government man down at Greensboro who collects North Carolina's Uncle Sam money. Until last weekend, the previous communiques had been limited to the usual statements for income tax payments and one or two callings of attention to errors in figuring, such as a ten-cent error in the social security return, a mis-copied employee social security number, or, as received a couple of months ago, an unsubtle hint that I better go back to the fifth grade and learn how to multiply. I had mis-multiplied the 1955 income tax bill, Uncle Sam's representative said, and would I please forward (within 10 days) the additional amount plus interest at six percent from last April 15? Actually, the bank and the collector's office are a little bit kin, at least as to accuracy. I re-multiplied and for the second time failed "to carry the one" and came up with the same answer. Momentarily, I was about to send off a warmish note telling them my fifth grade multiplying was better than their IBM brand when a little fairy says, "Check again." You can guess the result. Instead of a warmish note, I wrote a cool check, including interest.

I can't recall catching any bank in an error, but I did catch Uncle Sam one time. It was on an employee social security number. Would I please, a state agency wrote rather testily, list the employee's CORRECT social security number? I re-checked, then checked the employee's actual card. For once it was their error, and I did enjoy punching the hot note out of the typewriter. A few days later, I had the semblance of an apology Uncle Sam had duplicated a social security number. The number owned by the Herald employee belonged not to him at all, but to a lady in Raleigh. He got a new one.

But the most recent communique from Greensboro was real shocking because I'd never heard of it before and it's a bit more indication of (at least) how Uncle expects its citizens to do his work for him and (at worse) a bit of Gestapo tactics. Regulation such-and-such. Collector Sanders' office informed, required that printers report to Greensboro on regular basis any tickets printed for any function for which admission it to be charged. I publish this as a reminder to any and all ticket sellers that Uncle Sam wants his federal excise admissions tax. Naturally, he gets them from any regular entertainment business. But it's the one-night-stand operators he has trouble ferreting out.

I personally dislike the idea of more reports to Uncle Sam, but the Internal Revenue men say I gotta make 'em. Law or regulation? Who cares? It costs money to argue with Uncle Sam and it's cheaper to make the reports. But it's a sorry business. And it seems to make no difference whether the reins are in the hands of the Democrats or the GOP.

Loose ends: Hunter Patterson suggested to me, and to any and all, that they inquire of J. E. Aderholdt about the funny feeling in his side. Recently, it seems, Mr. Aderholdt had that funny feeling, felt his side, and plucked out a surgical needle—same needle lost 40 years ago in the process of an appendectomy. This in itself is shocking enough, but Mr. Patterson says the best part of the story is the size of the needle. . . . Another loose end on the medicinal agenda is a clean-up on the Hagood House history story, which is still very much in limbo, in spite of the Herald's efforts and a contribution from W. D. Weaver. . . . Sage Fulton begs to differ on both versions of the history of this old house that burned to the ground a few weeks back. . . . The house, says Mr. Sage, was originally built by R. H. (Dick) Garrett, for his daughter, Mrs. Hall. . . . It was subsequently sold several times, and among the occupants were the late Boyce Falls, Meek Crawford, and, of course the stylist Louis Hagood, the onetime Kings

Hold Your Breath---



Viewpoints of Other Editors

A WARNING ABOUT CORN LIQUOR

Reventurers on December 10th broke up two blockade outfits in Richmond County. Nothing unusual in that, except that one of these stills was being operated more by amateurs to make a little "spending money for Christmas." Now they'll tell it to Judge Hayes in Federal court here next March. . . . Back in 1935 the late Irvin S. Cobb wrote a recipe book with "authoritative directions for making 78 famous drinks" . . . Reflecting on illicit corn liquor, better known as "White Lightning," Cobb wrote as follows 20 years ago.

"Corn liquor may easily be identified by these signs: It smells like gangrene starting in a mildewed silo; it tastes like the Wrath to Come; and when you absorb a deep swig of it you have the sensations of having swallowed a lighted kerosene lamp.

"A sudden violent jolt of it has been known to stop the victim's watch, snap his suspenders, and crack his glass eye—all in the same motion.

"Personally, I would recommend it only for the persons who are headed for the last hiccup and want to get it over with as soon as possible.

"And if you must drink it, always do so while sitting flat on the floor. Then you won't have to go far to fall!" —Ike London in Rockingham Post-Dispatch.

DOCTORS OF DIVINATION

A number of doctors who have never seen President Eisenhower, and know no more about his exact physical condition than you or we, have expressed an opinion, based possibly on a reading of tea leaves, that he is physically able to serve a second term in the White House. The magazine U. S. News & World Report asked 444 heart specialists this question: "Based on what you have read about the nature of the President's illness and assuming a normal convalescence in the next few months, do you think Mr. Eisenhower can be regarded as physically able to serve a second term?" The American Medical Association condemned the poll, observing most moderately that "consultation without examination is absurd." Among those polled, 169 had sufficient respect for the medical profession if not for the President, to decline an answer. Nevertheless, 141 said yes and 93 said no. The most significant conclusion to be drawn from this piece of research, as we see it, is that heart specialists tend to be Republicans by a preponderance of about 3 to 2. —Washington Post.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Mother—How did it happen?
Boy—I was climbing up on the pantry shelf and it broke and I hit my knee on the bottom shelf.

Mother—What on earth were you doing up there?

Son—I was trying to get the glue so I could fix the big vase in the living room.

Mother—Goodness! Did you break that?

Son—No. The golf ball did when it bounced off the mantel mirror and bounced into the vase knocking it over.

Mother—Oh heavens. Don't tell me you were playing golf in the living room.

Son—No, mother, I wasn't. I was outside in the yard and the ball went through the living-room window. —N. C. Education.

Mountain banker . . . Mr. Fulton isn't sure of the chronological order of ownership. . . . Unless someone can set us straight it appears a courthouse deed check will be required. . . .

The Hagood hassle is a case in point for the statement of D. Hiden Ramsey, the retired Asheville editor, who remarked to me recently, "If everyone saw it the same way, there wouldn't be any need for study of history. I suppose he meant that historians must sift out the events' reports of contemporaries to determine the fact and the fiction and to separate the dross of color from the gold of truth.

WHY WE LIKE TO LIVE IN SOUTH

It happened at Goldsboro's lonely Union Passenger Station. One of the men on duty at the ticket office and dispatcher's office couldn't believe his eyes. There was actually someone seated in the waiting room. It was many hours before any train time. It was a young woman and she was crying.

Her shoulders heaved as she bent forward to bury her face in her hands and sought to stifle the sobs which shook her.

The man on duty could get only a general impression of the girl. She was in great distress. She was well dressed. Whether she was blonde or brunette, pretty or ugly was quite submerged under the wreck of her tears.

The man on duty turned to a friend in the office.

"She is in great trouble. We are going out for coffee. Let's see if we can cheer her up a bit."

The two approached the weeping figure.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said one of the men. "We are going out for coffee and we thought that a cup might cheer you up a bit."

The girl shook her head in negation, and the sobs shook her the more heavily.

The two men crossed West Walnut street to the coffee counter. They found empty stools toward the rear of the counter.

Before they had finished their coffee, the girl entered and sat down beside them. She now was under better control.

She thanked them for their offer of help.

Over the coffee the girl told how she had come from New York. She was a stranger in Goldsboro and had no acquaintance here. She could not get a train back to New York until the next day. Plans she had made to meet a friend in Goldsboro had miscarried.

The man in charge went to the telephone and called his wife. He told the story of the weeping girl.

"You bring her right on home," said the wife. "She will be our guest until train time tomorrow."

For 12 hours the girl from the big city was the family guest of the Goldsboro household. With the warmth of these new-found friends she regained her confidence. And her story came out.

She had come to Goldsboro expecting to marry a Marine with whom she had long been acquainted. When her train arrived, he met her. But only to report that he had decided not to marry her. —Goldsboro News Argus.

IKE'S INTENTIONS

The newspaper reporters who cover the activities of the President are convinced that Mr. Eisenhower will not be a candidate for re-election. They base their opinion on what the President has said at the news conferences recently, one of his statements being, in effect, that it "would be idle to pretend that I can regain the excellent health I enjoyed prior to my heart attack." He added that his future life would have to be carefully regulated to avoid excessive fatigue.

A President of the United States, in order to perform satisfactorily the tasks which fall to him, must necessarily place his personal health second. Getting the job done comes first.

Republicans who still hold to the idea that Ike will run again are "whistling in the dark," and truly, in the dark, they are.

Senator Knowland has indicated he is a candidate for President, but he is the leader of the Taft forces whose doctrine of turning the country back to 1898 has been firmly rejected time and again.

Latest "dark horse" to be mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination is Governor Christian Herter, of Massachusetts. Newspaper and magazine articles indicate he is above the average in ability.

So long as Republican strategy calls for holding out hope that Ike will run, just so much shorter becomes the time in which Governor Herter or any other "dark horse" can be promoted into a candidate of national stature.

Incidentally, Governor Herter's first name will not prove a handicap by any means.—Stanley News & Press.

THAT "SMART LOOK"

This family's got it! They look smart because they ARE smart . . . and one of the smartest things they do is to send all their clothes to us for our thorough, but-oh-so-gentle dry cleaning . . . which always brings back that like-new snap and sparkle!

WEAVER'S CLEANERS

Phone 910 • 310 N. Piedmont Ave.

PATSY SAYS: GOOD COAL MAKES WARM FRIENDS

KINGS MOUNTAIN COTTON OIL COMPANY

124 PHONES 1244

1220 kc 1,000 watts

HEAR THE BEST IN RADIO

WKMT

"your good neighbor station"

Kings Mountain, N. C.

Serving over a half-million people in the Piedmont Carolinas

THOSE NEEDED REPAIRS . . .

- NEW PORCH
- NEW ROOF
- RE-ROOF
- NEW SIDING
- DORMERS
- FLOORING
- PANELING
- ATTIC
- GARAGE DOORS
- INSULATION
- ANOTHER BATHROOM
- BATHROOM REPAIRS
- MODERNIZE ROOMS
- PLASTERING
- PAINTING

MAKE THEM NOW!

Make them now . . . the longer you wait the more costly.

Make them now . . . stop depreciation of your property.

Make them now . . . using our convenient ABC Budget Payment Plan. No red tape. Installments arranged to suit your income.

ELMER LUMBER COMPANY

Phones 54 and 25

—Subscribe To The Herald—