



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.

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TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn. Proverbs 29:2.

If You Please, No

Mayor Glee Bridges, obviously basing on Shelby's recent action, revived his suggestion for a sewage service fee at a recent meeting of the board of commissioners.

Mayor Bridges last made the suggestion in official session two years ago, and at that time it fell on deaf commissioner ears. The best it got this time, at the moment, was a suggestion for an investigation and rate study from Comm. Boyce Gault.

The Mayor also suggested that Shelby and other cities are increasing outside city limits water rates. Shelby, incidentally, now will charge outside-city customers double the inside rate.

The Herald and many citizens have never taken kindly to a sewage fee for a variety of reasons, among them:

- 1) Sewage service, through history a deadweight service, has been customarily paid out of tax money, for a good reason. Sewage service is one of the reasons citizens incorporate themselves into municipalities.
- 2) A sewage fee is a method of shifting a portion of the tax burden to the city's many financial "lightweights" and, in turn, a bonanza to the financial "heavyweights". (The "middleweights" usually break about even, depending on the fee.)

- 3) The city, which has done a large amount of catching up on city services beginning in 1951, hasn't yet been in the dire financial straights necessary to raise large sums of additional revenue. (Shelby not only imposed the sewage fee but upped its longtime-low tax rate 25 cents per \$100 valuation.)

On the sewage rate matter, Mayor Bridges might have made a better case had he delineated some supporting reasons in the form of capital improvements.

Politically, the sewage fee imposition can be fatal. The Mayor mentioned Cherryville as a community imposing the sewage fee. He did not mention that the Cherryville voters pastured its governing team on the next chance at the polls. It doesn't take much imagination to envision the treatment such a fee would get at the barber shop and other more-or-less male establishments.

There may be more grounds for the outside-city water rate recommendation, since water receipts—not fully a deadweight service—do little more than pay operating expenses. Usually, the board financing comes wholly from taxes. In addition, outside city customers, of course, don't get an annual tax bill from City Hall.

The Herald has never thought it fully solid ground to support a position by comparison. In other words, what the Jones, Smiths, Shelby, or Cherryville are doing. It's all right to investigate and see. But the Jones, Shelby, and Cherryville could be out-of-step, even in their own situation. On the other hand, their situation could be different, and likely is, from ours.

It is good to know Mrs. Lloyd Ormand will assume management of the Teacherage come September, succeeding Mrs. Hill Carpenter who has managed the establishment since 1950. This community facility is a needed one. While in recent years, it has not had the occupancy of some other years, there have been seasons when the fact of the Teacherage enabled the school folk to start the year with full faculties.

10 YEARS AGO taken from the 1949 files of the Kings Mountain Herald. THIS WEEK Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events

Coach Everette Calton announced plans for pre-season training for Kings Mountain high school football team candidates this week, with the drill sessions to begin on August 15.

Plans for building a Memorial Building will be discussed at a special called meeting of Odis D. Green Post 155, American Legion, to be held at City Hall Friday night.

Social and Personal
Mrs. J. M. Patterson delightfully entertained members of the Thursday Afternoon Book club and a number of invited guests Thursday afternoon.

MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

A portion of this piece will be dedicated to "Confessions" of a husband after one week of so-called bachelor bliss.

m-m

Woman's work, indeed, is never done. As usual, I declined my mother's kind invitation to live with her for the week, on customary grounds that years of habit—the razor and shaving lotion always in the same place, ditto the socks, shirts, and shoes, not to mention being accustomed to places to dodge and thereby missing knocking the side of a chair or bed, with barefeet—make temporary moving unsettling. Then, too, I'm an expert at poaching the breakfast egg.

m-m

But a week can get to be a long time.

m-m

After the third night, I decided it was time to go to sleep in a made-up bed. Needless to say, the bed-making result wasn't particularly expert, but 'twas an improvement.

m-m

I can't brag much about sweeping and dusting as I found myself rather winded after 90 minutes of dish-washing, trash-emptying, putting away laundry and related chores.

m-m

There's another apology owed, too. I was never a devotee of instant coffee which I termed "ersatz" or "substitute" and I was inclined to carp a bit at home when, in the interest of speed and less washing duty, the ground up stuff was filled with hot water to make a quick cupful. Not once did I brew for myself an old-fashioned pot. And by the third day, the instant variety was tasting pretty good.

m-m

Neale Patrick, the Herald sports editor, thinks the Kings Mountain area unusual for the odd-ball plants it sometimes grows. He was moved to comment when Fuller McGill was showing him a seven-head cabbage, all on one stalk. Fuller didn't know the brand, or the why, but said he'd bought his plants from Ted Ledford. Incidentally, he gave me one of the heads, which was lush green and ideal for delicious cote au lait.

m-m

Dr. W. P. Gerberding, looking fresh and rested after his annual trek to see his sons in the Mid-West, was pleased with the showing of the Legion Juniors.

m-m

And I am indebted to Ruth Randall, doing some drawer cleaning at Dr. Anthony's establishment sometime ago, for a clipping of the definition of "A Secretary." Here's it:

Here it is: A secretary is a person, usually female, whom the boss often tells everybody but her he couldn't do without. If the boss is a young bachelor, he has to be on his guard; if he is an old married man, she has to be on her guard.

Where the boss and callers are concerned, a secretary acts either as a go-between or a stay-between.

A secretary, must know how to translate the Boss' rambling dictation into statements which are crisp and straight-forward and yet leave plenty of loopholes and side exits, so that he is pretty proud of himself when he reads what he thinks he dictated.

If the boss doesn't know something, he asks his secretary; if she doesn't know, she is dumb. The boss is not dumb for not knowing, on account of what has he got a secretary for? No man is a hero to his valet, and no boss is a hero to his secretary. When a secretary realizes that her boss wouldn't be worth fifteen dollars a week without her, she has to console herself with the fact that she wouldn't be getting her thirty-five per without him.

If secretaries didn't need their jobs, half the bosses in the country would be washed up. If secretaries published their bosses' confidential memos, the other half would be locked up. A secretary must know where her boss is every minute, so she can tell the right people the wrong place.

A secretary must know how to keep the Boss' wife secure in the feeling that she not only wears the pants in the Boss' family but the skirts also. Otherwise, the secretary must know how to hunt another job.

The secretary who takes her work seriously and shows an honest interest in the business and really makes a career of her job is the secretary who twenty-five years later, is still a secretary, only with dyed hair and typewriter spread.

An office boy starts at the bottom and works up; a secretary starts as a secretary and works.



"It's a new art form—all you need is paint and a trampoline."

Viewpoints of Other Editors

THE PARABLE OF THE KILLER

(Ed. Note — The following article was written by the Rev. Ward Patterson, pastor of the Antioch Christian Church in Daviess County, Indiana, during the summer of 1958. He had just witnessed a bad accident involving teen-agers and then wrote this in the pattern of the 15th Chapter of Luke.)
Hear then the parable of the killer. A certain man had a son. And the son said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me, that I may buy a 'rod' that will really 'scat', and his father divided unto him a portion of his living. And not many days after, the son gathered all his inheritance together, and took his journey to a car lot, and there bought a shiny 'heap' with a motor that was 'hot.'
And when he had spent all, there arose a great pride in his heart. And he spent his hours polishing and tuning until the time when he should show it to his friends with great rejoicing.
And it came to pass that he called together his friends, saying unto them, "Rejoice with me, for I have found me a 'rod' that will really 'drag.' And his friends joined themselves to him and they 'pealed out.'
And three spin, and the stones flew, and the motor roared, and the speedometer needle rose, and great was the rise of it. And the driver said within himself, "Man, thou hast much skill laid up for many curves; take thine chances, dig, drag, and be daring."
And they thought within themselves, "This is smart! This is great! This gets attention." And the citizens of the country looked on in horror.
And it came to pass that a curve turned more quickly than expected. The car crossed the center line and struck another head-on, and great was the crash of it.
And when in the hospital he came to himself the driver cried, "How doeth the others?" And the doctor turned and spoke, saying, "Two have given up the spirit, one may soon perish, and one will never walk again.
And the youth would fain have taken his own life in his great remorse. And he cried in great anguish, "I have sinned against heaven and before all and am no more worthy to be called a man."
Verily I say unto you, he that seeketh attention getteth it (for the papers carry the bloody story), but great is the price thereof. — *Forest City Courier.*

'HAM-AND-EGGERS'

The exchange of comments between President Eisenhower and certain art experts is quite interesting.
While we do not claim that Ike is a competent art critic and neither are we, it does seem that from some of our examples of modern art the Russians could get the idea:
That we are a crazy, mixed-up people.
That we have violated most of the rules of art in composing some of our pictures.
We often don't know what we are doing.
We are lagging terribly in ability as artists.
We might even be easily whipped in all-out combat if we can't fight any better than we can paint.
And former President Truman had a point when he said a lot of modern painters are ham-and-egggers. This is his explanation of it: "They just throw an egg at the canvas and mix in a little ham." — *Stanly News & Press.*

WE'D MISS GUNSMOKE

We don't claim cousins any more, at least those beyond second degree. Some people don't even claim second cousins. Some will turn their backs on first cousins, while still others, concerned with social status, don't go around bragging about brothers and sisters.
It has been more than 20 years ago that a third or fourth cousin was considered to be practically a member of the immediate family. It was always "Cousin Henry" or "Cousin Mary" or what have you. And anything within the fifth degree of cousins was considered to be a "kissin' cousin."
But not anymore. We've lost the knack of developing closely-knit families for the simple reason that there are too many other things to do. Family connections don't mean what they did a generation ago. And we'll never return to the day when every one had a favorite aunt or uncle lives next door, we never see them anymore. After all, we'd miss "Gunsmoke" if we got in the habit of calling on relatives. And offhand, I can't think of anything worse than that. — *The Sampsonian.*

SOMETHING IN COMMON

The older generation thought nothing of arising at 4 a. m. — and the younger generation doesn't seem to think much of it either. — *Successful Farming.*

SUPERIOR STRATEGY

An Atlanta furniture store manager was worried. His competitor across the street was drawing crowds to his window, having employed a gorgeous brunette to sit on one of his easy chairs, manicuring her nails and at the same time smiling at the crowd outside.
After considerable thought, the worried manager found an answer for his problem. The next morning a ravishing blonde was seated on a reclining chair in his window—but her back was to the street.
In a matter of minutes there was a milling crowd inside the store—some of them looking at the furniture too. — *We The People.*

HOW TO ENJOY DANCING

Most middle-aged men enjoy dancing if they can sit close to the stage. — *Changing Times.*

JUST CAN'T WAIT

The child prodigy finished her piano selection. "And what do you think of her execution?" the doting father foolishly asked a bored visitor. "When is it going to be?" was the eager reply. — *Excavating Engineer.*

IT IS TO BE HOPED

It is to be hoped that when Americans eventually succeed in landing on the moon they won't find a sign reading, "Kilroy was here." — *Grit.*

Don't Take Needless Risks...
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