



# The Kings Mountain Herald

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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.

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### TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE

"For we brought nothing into this world and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." St. Paul to Timothy 1:6.

## Sound Advice

"The challenge of the hour is one in which we face adversity for the first time in our history. We face a moral and spiritual adversity within our own borders brought on by a general slackening of will, a general tendency to countenance cupidly and applaud cunning, a general distrust of intellectual pursuits and those who pursue them, each a general vagueness as to national purpose and resolve. We have learned to distrust the intangible, to fear the non-conformist, to worship the material."

The statement, as quoted in *Time Magazine*, was that of Chancellor Samuel Gould of the University of California, in a commencement address at Pomona college.

The statement was one of the meatiest any college graduating class heard during the recent commencement season.

The Herald was shocked, some many years ago, when a Kings Mountain citizen made the remark he didn't believe the American people had the intestinal fortitude to fight and win another war. He amplified by saying that too many of us are materialists and bound by fear. It was a different way of saying the same statement of Dr. Gould's.

The Herald did not agree with its neighbor then, has had cause to wonder since.

Most Americans, indeed, are slaves to conformity and with reason. Public opinion is a heavy weapon, and mass thinking tends to condemn the man or woman who steps out of line. Every alcoholic knows the painful result of his illness. People who don't marry know their friends refer to them as "old maids" or "old bachelors". They haven't conformed.

Yet this nation grew great through the leadership of its non-conformists. The list of great Presidents include Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, the two Roosevelts, and Woodrow Wilson, not a conformist in the list.

The late Franklin D. Roosevelt will be remembered for generations to come for his famous moral leadership expressed, at the depths of the Great Depression, as the only fear we have to fear is fear itself.

Sir Winston Churchill, outstanding man of this age, attracted the antagonism of the conformists in Britain. He was low man on the British totem pole from the time he was sacked by the World War I government for his role in the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign and until he was called to be Prime Minister in 1940 after the beginning of World War II and fall of France.

His moral leadership enabled the free portion of the world to beat the madman, Hitler.

Too many folk are content to let others do their thinking. But the only scientific approach is to listen with an open mind to anyone's thoughts.

Any other course can be labeled the "ostrich" policy of burying one's head in the sand, or sweeping the dirt under the rug.

## Frank Glass

The Herald joins his many friends in sadness at the death of Frank B. Glass. Mr. Glass was a longtime Kings Mountain citizen and one of the community's more colorful characters. He was an able businessman and well-known throughout the community. For many years, he managed the Phenix Store, then opened his own business, when the Phenix plant was sold.

Though the Herald follows the Democratic faith as ardently as Mr. Glass ascribed to the Republican doctrine, the Herald knew Mr. Glass as one of its best friends and a regular patron. In addition, his firm was one of the several Kings Mountain Herald news dealers.

In ill health for the past several years, Mr. Glass relinquished ownership of the business to his sons about three years ago and they have carried on in their father's footsteps.

The Herald always found Mr. Glass forthright, plain-spoken, and truthful, the kind of man everyone honors with high regard.

## MARTIN'S MEDICINE

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

Theoretically, a person learns something new everyday, if he has eyes to see and ears to hear.

Intermittently, my friend Howard Jackson has suggested to me that I write a novel. He suggests that there's plenty of material right here in the home ballroom, certainly with the records of some of the city's founding fathers, the Falls, Mauneys, Wares, and others.

My standard reply is I doubt I'll ever attempt a novel, for two principal reasons: 1) My writing training is weak in the short story and novel-writing department and my previous attempts were puny indeed; and 2) I like it in Kings Mountain, don't want to do a sequel to the late Tom Wolfe's "You Can't Go Home Again."

The idea is sometimes intriguing and my new experience of being a patient at the Veteran's Administration Country Club, Salisbury, certainly is laden with story possibilities. I must have met at least 100 new friends since I logged in on June 7 and there are some real "characters." It is said that only "characters" are good subjects for roles in novels.

There are some good and smart men who are patients in the Salisbury establishment. Mack, from Ellenboro, is a produce jobber who had a heart attack in the final days of World War II. He sells in Kings Mountain, as well as other places, and tells some really ludicrous tales of how he and a topkicker collaborated in making life hard for their Texas Captain. On one occasion, the company was on the rifle range and the Captain was getting more and more disgusted with the poor scores his men were making. He told 'em to give him a rifle and he'd show 'em how to shoot, in quite a bragging attitude. Mack happened to be on duty as score-keeper that day, along with the sergeant. Actually, the Texan was a good marksman, and each of his shots hit in the charmed circle. But he never knew it. Says Mack, "We waved the bloomers, indicating he'd completely missed the bullseye, every time he fired. He got so angry he didn't know what to do and claimed the rifle was defective." On another occasion, in Italy, the Captain came up with five fifths of choice state-side bourbon. Mack and the sergeant steam-rolled the seals, poured a fifth of each fifth in a bottle of their own, replaced the difference with tap water, then replaced the five bottles. Says Mack, "The Captain never knew the difference."

Another interesting patient is Louis, from Blacksburg, S. C., a native American of German extraction. For ten years following World War II, Louis owned and managed "The Scribe," a fancy bar and restaurant on New York's famed "Steak Row." A neighbor restaurant was the "Pen and Pencil." "Why the newspaper names?" I asked. Louis said his place on 45th street, between Second and Third Avenues, was across the street from the New York Daily Mirror. One of his regular customers was Dorothy Kilgallen, the gal reporter who is a regular panelist on television's "What's My Line?," as well as her father, also a newswoman. The location is also close to New York's "ad alley," Louis found that the tough, confining restaurant business was a younger man's department and sold out. He bought a farm at Blacksburg, now is raising beef cattle. His missus I met subsequently and she is native German. Heading for the USA, she was caught up in World War II, spent the duration in Hamburg, where Allied bombers and riflemen were responsible for the death of 56,000 civilians. Louis is a patient for observation and examination in connection with the VA's intended cancellation of a disability pension. One of Louis' distant German cousins let him have a rifle butt in the teeth during the hostilities.

Another character is George, a Negro, native of Whiteville, but an employee of the Senate postoffice in Washington. D. C. George says he does extra duty by weekend chauffeuring for Senator Sam Erwin. Mack remembers George from a previous co-stay at Salisbury, recalls that George's I. Q. was 126. The Doctor who told George his score, had remarked, "Yours is higher than mine which is only 119." I know one thing, George plays a fast game of hearts, usually manages to let me catch the point-loaded queen of spades.

Another patient is from North Wilkesboro, says he worked on the big VA plant when it was being built. He remarked ruefully, "I never thought I'd see it from the inside out."

## Log Rolling Contest



## Viewpoints of Other Editors

### TRANSCONTINENTAL STROLL

Two British paratroop sergeants have just proved that two British paratroop sergeants can walk across the United States in ten days' less time than any American stroller has ever managed.

They did it by covering the 3,022 miles between San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and New York, Columbus Circle in 66 days, 4 hours, and 17 minutes. Average speed: about 4 1/2 miles per hour (as compared to normal British paratroop marching speed of 3 miles per hour.) Obstacles: Sierra Nevada mountain, deserts, rain, hail, traffic, autograph hunters.

If any American thinks this is a simple hike, let him try it. Americans, in fact, seem to have got out of the habit of walking across their country. Thirty-four years have elapsed since the last try. And the previous record was set in 1910, when 71-year-old Edward Weston paced from Los Angeles to New York. (His 77-day, 3,483-mile trip actually was made at almost the same speed per day as that of the sergeants.)

At any rate we are delighted to see Britons walking America. It's a fitting rejoinder to all those Americans swimming the channel. And it might even serve to remind some Americans of the values and pleasures of that nearly extinct old art of walking.

The sergeants deserve a good ride home. — *The Christian Science Monitor*.

### HOW TO BE HAPPY

The University of Michigan's survey Research Center, after a searching nationwide inventory on what makes people tick, came up last week with what seems like a fairly obvious finding: the major reason for unhappiness in this country is not enough money.

In addition to children, the survey showed the major reason for happiness was enough money.

Among other findings:  
Only 17 per cent of those interviewed said marriage alone made them happy.

Only 14 per cent cited their jobs as a major source of happiness.

Only four per cent said they were unhappy in 1957 because of world tensions and the possibility of war.

One interesting sidelight turned up in the survey: college educated people suffer from anxiety ailments — headaches, loss of appetite, insomnia — more often than people in lower educational levels.

The logical conclusion to be drawn from all of this is that your best bet to achieve substantial happiness in this world is to accumulate a couple of million dollars while avoiding education like the plague.  
Hmmm... — *Chapel Hill Weekly*.

### HOLDING THE LINE

When can a county or a state afford to "rest upon its laurels" and do what some politicians call "hold the line"?

In the light of current events in North Carolina it might be well for the people of the state to ask themselves that question.

Certainly, North Carolina is not in that position today. With a rating in the bottom ten states so far as education is concerned, with a standard of living somewhat below that of much of the nation, and with an average per capita income which should make us blush, it is no time to speak of holding the line.

There is only one direction in which we can go very far — and that is upward. It isn't far to the bottom, in spite of our boastful statements about the greatness of the "Old North State." North Carolina has problems.

### OUR TONY HAD TUTTI-FRUTTI

There is an ice cream truck which rolls slowly through our town. It is an ice cream factory on motorized wheels. As it rolls, a mechanical bell tolls its approach to the small fry.

I said "tolls" and that is the way it sounds to these ears. Its never-changing dang, dang, dang, repeated at five-second intervals has the call of a dirge or of the church bells ringing their last call for a departed one.

The tolling bell has none of the happy individuality of the bell which Tony, the small, wizened Italian-born fellow had on his ice cream pushcart as he rolled it through Monroe when we were young.

There were a couple of large cans of ice cream sunk into wells in Tony's cart. There must have been crushed ice around the cans.

To one side were the cones, 1-centers, 3-centers and whopping big 5-centers.

To the other side was a receptacle into which Tony plunged the scoop he used in taking the ice cream from the cans and putting it into the cones.

Never did Tony have more than two flavors. Dim recollection it, though, that on special days he had tutti-frutti, a two-on-one flavor, as well as vanilla.

Tony always wore a long white apron. He stood between the two handles of his cart to dish out his delights.

He smiled easily. But he talked little. Maybe he was fearful lest we urchins find his faltering accent funny.

The life of this quiet one and his family must have been lonely. Save for Sam Lee, the laundryman, they were just about the only foreign-born citizens. — *Henry Bell in The Greensboro Daily News*.

but it also has potential. That potential cannot be realized in any way other than through determined effort.

Where would North Carolina be today with regard to education if Charles Brantley Aycock had said, in effect, "I would like for the state to have good public schools, but we must hold the line"?

What sort of highway system would we have had if Governor O. Max Gardner had commented, "I know we are in grave need of better roads, but we must hold the line"?

Would the farmers have ever gotten "out of the mud" if the late W. Kerr Scott had said, "We need farm to market roads but we must hold the line"?

So long as we, as a people, are not satisfied with what we have we cannot afford to hold the line.

We must strive to go forward educationally, industrially, agriculturally, and culturally. — *Stanly News & Press*.

## 10 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Items of news about Kings Mountain area people and events taken from the 1950 files of the Kings Mountain Herald.

Kings Mountain citizens, along with the nation, and the world, were watching the Korean War with crossed fingers this week.

The big question was whether the invasion of South Korea by Communist troops of North Korea would furnish the match to light the fuse of another World War.

### Social and Personal

Mrs. W. K. Crook and Mrs. I. G. Patterson entertained with a series of parties, beautiful in every detail, last week at the home of Mrs. Crook.

Members of the Duplicate Bridge club held a meeting Monday afternoon with Mrs. George Houser as hostess at her home on Ridge street.

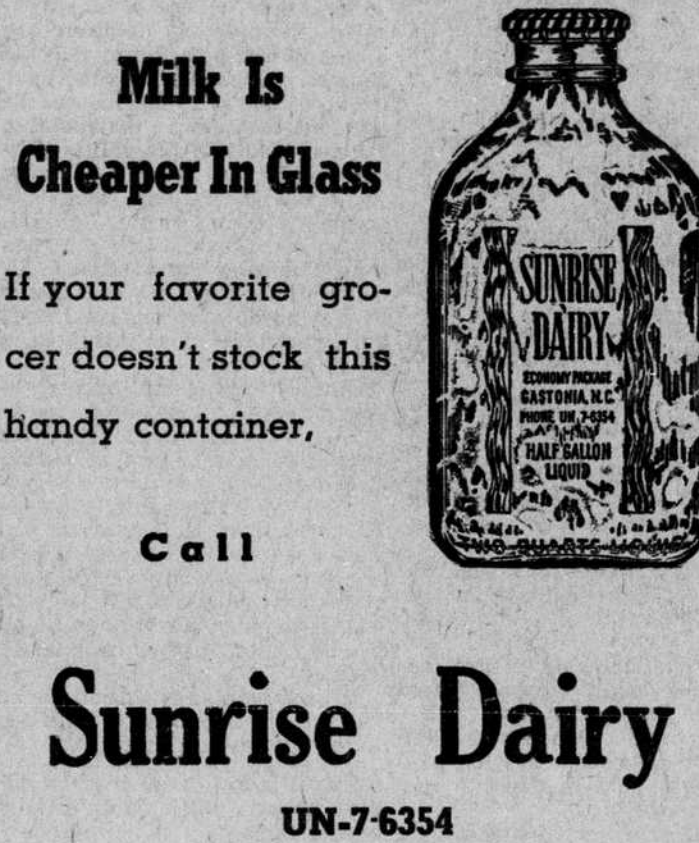


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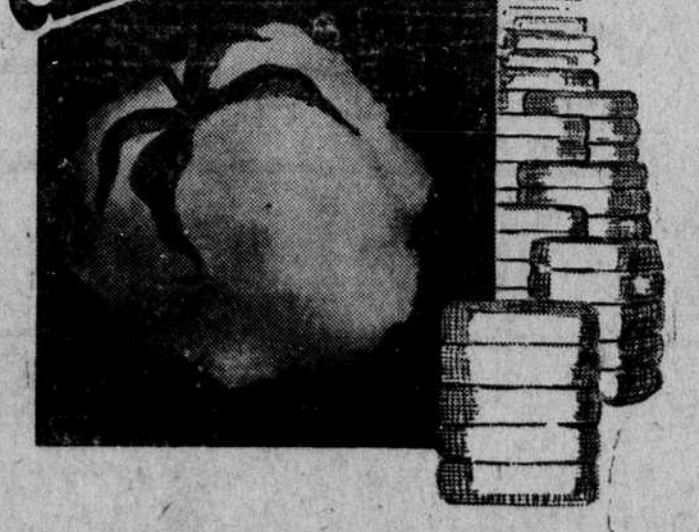
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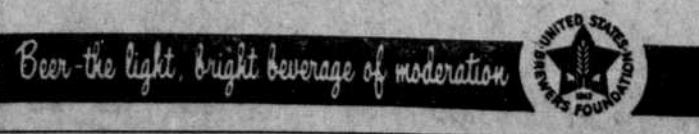
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