



GARLAND ATKINS

Buck Fraley— Chances Are, He Knows You

Don't ever get into a name-calling contest with Buck Fraley.

You'll lose. It has been said that Jim Farley, Democratic National Chairman in the forties, knew 10,000 people by name. If that be the case, John L. (Buck) Fraley knows 25,000 people by their first AND last name.

I had been told this fact by several people, including our former Congressman Basil Whitener. Buck made a believer out of me on Saturday night at his retirement and birthday dinner, when in the reception line he said to my wife, "Ellen, it's nice to see you." He had never met Ellen and there were no clues on her name tag. On it was printed - "Mrs. Garland Atkins."

If you ever go on a trip with Buck, you might as well plan to spend a little time waiting in airport terminals, hotel lobbies, offices, even fishing docks, while Buck Fraley stops to speak to one or more of his many friends.

At his birthday and retirement dinner on Saturday night at Club Carolina in Cherryville, Buck said, "I am so appreciative of all you people coming here tonight (there were about 450 people in attendance) and you know what? I know every one of you."

Buck Fraley learned early the importance of knowing people's names. He had ten brothers and sisters. That alone was a test of his memory. He passed that test and a lot more difficult ones on his way to becoming President, Chief Executing Officer and Vice Chairman of the Board of Directors of Carolina Freight Corporation in Cherryville, the sixth largest Freight Carrier in the United States.

Many people would say Buck Fraley came "from nothing." He was born and raised during the Great Depression, orphaned for awhile when his father died when Buck was four; later dropped out of high school and never received a college degree. Feed all those facts into a computer and you would get a very negative response as to future possibilities for this young man.

But if you look at the other side of the coin, you see that what Buck Fraley came from was really "something" indeed. Orphaned yes, but his mother reunited the family when she remarried and was able to. Dropped out of high school - yes - in order to help support his family when his step-father became ill. But he later finished high school at Fork Union Military Academy and graduated with honors. Didn't get a college degree - correct - because he was called into the military where he worked his way up to Captain and was in charge of a combat unit in Europe.

He had what many great men are thankful for - a Mother who motivated him, taught him the value of life, the worth of every individual, the simple Christian values, and yes, the importance of knowing a person's name. Buck never forgot the values his mother instilled in him.

There was never any doubt that Buck Fraley would be one of the great salesmen in the business world. He sold produce and fruit on the streets of Cherryville when he was just 12 years old, to help support his family. He sold that produce for Grier Beam who years later convinced Buck he ought to come to Carolina Freight and sell. In 1949 Buck did just that. The company had sales of One million dollars that year. On Saturday night, 36 years later, Carolina Freight had sales of \$550 million dollars. And the nice part of the story is that Grier and Buck not only became business associates, but partners and pals. And Grier Beam watched with pride on Saturday night as his friend was honored.

During those thirty six years, Buck Fraley pounded the streets of New York, the orange Groves of Florida, and the dirt roads of Central America, selling Freight for Carolina. He met thousands of new people - from all walks of life, in all parts of the world. He remembers all of them...and none of them have ever forgotten the super salesmen from Cherryville, who has the smile of confidence and the strong but gentle temperament.

John L. Fraley works as hard at helping his community as he did helping Carolina Freight. Whenever there was a Boy Scout drive or a football stadium drive, Buck was always there to help. He not only was the friend of Presidents and Governors - but the average man on the street.

As Buck stood at the head table Saturday night with Margaret, his wife of 42 years; his son Allen, and his wife Susan; his son John, his wife Guyann, and other members of his family, you couldn't help wonder what new areas Buck would be heading into now. Retire from Carolina Freight? He will remain as a consultant. Buck could never retire from anything. It's not his style. Besides somewhere out there, are about 10,000 more people he wants to meet.

If you know Buck Fraley, count yourself one of the lucky ones. If you don't, just stick around, you probably soon will know him. He gets around.

I'm sure that Buck's mother was looking down with approval at the festivities Saturday night. Her son had accomplished much, but mainly she was proud of the fact that he had not forgotten the simple Christian values she had taught him.

All the people in Cherryville, Gaston County, and North Carolina would agree.

We can all be grateful that the "Buck Stopped Here."

A Lesson To Help Avoid Future Vietnams?

Is there a lesson for us in Vietnam that will help us avoid future Vietnams?

Marking anniversaries like this week's 10th anniversary of the fall of South Vietnam brought back memories for at least one Kings Mountain veteran who said that sometimes the memory is so painful that he thinks he had more freedom in Vietnam than he does now in free America.

The 35-year-old, who doesn't want his name mentioned and who was laid off recently from his construction job on the new First Baptist Church, says doctors and counselors have told him he has what is called "delayed stress". Since Vietnam, he's had trouble getting along with people, losing job after job. Since he returned to King Mountain after service in Vietnam, he's had recurring dreams and "things going round in my head."

Now living in a "lean too" in the woods near Kings Mountain, he has refused to shave his beard and cut his long red hair which makes him stand out in a society that tells him he has to conform to it to survive, and in some cases, to keep his job. The "delayed stress" is also, in part, to loss of security, loss of family, divorce, and inability to get help from people, his family and friends, who have turned their backs on him.

Prompted by conversations with other Vietnam veterans, he talked to the newspaper and makes a plea to local people to give Vietnam veterans like him a chance. "The men who came home from World War II got a check from the government to help them get on their feet", he said. "We need total community support."

He described himself as a hometown boy who came back from Vietnam "a man". Now, he says, his hometown is trying to suppress him and make him a boy again. Although he is not angry anymore, he admits his two-year duty in Vietnam left scars which the years since have not erased.



Lib Stewart

"The modern marvel of paved roads has rolled a black blanket over mud and dust. But in the process it has also covered the summer daisies and fall goldenrod that lined familiar trails.

"Bethware High School isn't "high" anymore. Consolidation has long since reduced it to elementary status. And U.S. Highway 74 which linked us to the county seat and also to Charlotte and the world at large has been transformed. It has become four lanes and the Big Curve has been straightened.

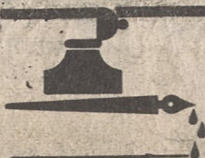
"That straightening of the Big Curve moved the road away from fronting our house. It also took it behind the school and conveniently close to Vestibule AME Zion Church.

"Vestibule was the church of the black neighbors of my boyhood. (They used simple logic in choosing the name. Every church had a vestibule, so it obviously was a "churchy" name.) Their house of worship was a plain rectangular building with a shaky belfry that housed a heavy brass bell. Now it is an attractive brick structure with white steeple and stained glass windows.

"It's hard to find familiar landmarks among disappearing farms, leveled woodlands and wide concrete bridges that have replaced one-lane wooden structures with iron siderails. A shopping center covers a neighbor's farm and 100 houses stand where cotton used to grow.

"But I found my way back home in a couple of ways. Neighbors Rufus and Eddie Doster, now well past 80, still live next door. And my closest boyhood pal, Herman Cash, runs the country store that has been his since 1949.

"The other route home is through memory. Without so much as closing my eyes I can see the warm kitchen, the shady lawn and wide porch, the endless fields, pastures, and woodlands. And I know that God gave us the ability so that we can always go home again."



Letters To The Editor

Community Needs Help Of All Its Citizens

Dear Editor,

3:33 a.m. April 15, 1985. What does something like this mean to many of you? Perhaps you are saying this is the final day to file 1984 taxes. For many others, this day is sad or special. My thoughts presently as a citizen of Kings Mountain is if I am going to be a part of this community I must be willing to give some of myself and what I possess to help develop a better community for all citizens. If you are one of the fortunate ones and you look out and say we have what we need and we can get what we want, perhaps you feel pretty well secure in your own little world. How long has it been since you have looked at this total historical community? What do we have to gain? What concerns me is what do we have to lose? Freedom of speech is still ours if we do not become so indifferent, complacent, and stay in a state of apathy as we are presently in. You could say later if I had been willing to stand tall and be counted things would have been different in our community.

I do not speak for a group. I speak as a concerned, private citizen. What can we do in our community to help develop a more wholesome life for all ages? Many things can be done with a limited amount of money if we are willing to dedicate ourselves to the great opportunities that are presently ours.

We have been meeting in Citizens Open Forum Meetings. My thoughts could be different, but those who speak openly will not cause problems, but those who meet in secret for personal gain will keep us in a state of confusion. "If I seek office in the city elections I could lose some votes in being seen in an open forum". Look at it from another side. You will lose votes if you aren't willing to stand on your own as an individual. Others have said, "I am afraid to attend." Who or what are you afraid of? People in Cuba, Poland, Afganistan were afraid to speak out until it was too late. Now is the time to make this area one of the strongest positive communities in the United States.

Others are afraid they will lose some income when city and other elections are held. We could, and perhaps, have already lost much freedom of choice, but it is not too late to make changes.

It is now 4:15 a.m. April 15, 1985. With some of these things off my mind, I think I will try to get a little nap. My prayer is I hope each day will be a good day for all of you.

KEN GEORGE
704 West Gold St.
Kings Mountain, N.C.

Thanks For Support

Dear Friends of All Children:

The Shriners have for many years sponsored the Shrine hospitals specializing in orthopedics and restoration of the burned child. There are 19 orthopedic and three burn hospitals of which the cost of these hospitals was in excess of

\$47 million last year.

Many blighted young lives have been refashioned into healthy, happy productive citizens. You are directly responsible for this due to your unselfish giving to this worthy cause.

Many projects have been initiated to further support these hospitals, among them are the Donkey Ball Games, and the newspaper sales, the Softball Tournament, Bar-B-Que Rodeo Show and many others.

To all who have participated in contributions or in any way, a hearty thank you. It is really true, A Crippled Childs Smile Makes It All Worthwhile.

The Shriners invite you to continue to help in their worthy cause. We stand ready to take any child regardless of race, creed or color who needs the help of our hospitals offer. If you would care to send a tax deductible contribution, the address is White Plains Shrine Club, P.O. Box 1306, Kings Mountain, N.C. 28086.

With kindest regards and again thank you.

Thomas D. Tindall
Newspaper Chairman
White Plains Shrine Club

Thanks For Sharing

To the Citizens of Kings Mountain and Surrounding Areas, Food Lions, Revco, Winn Dixie and Harris Teeter's:

We saw you last Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the named places of business. You came to us, the men wearing "Red Fez", with a great big smile, a hardy hand shake or maybe a joke or two as we the Shriners solicited contributions and gave out newspapers with the story of Shriners Hospitals for crippled and burned children. You were responsible for making our work most pleasant and gratifying for this worthy and commendable cause. Thank you friends of all children.

On behalf of the members of White Plains Shrine Club of Kings Mountain, N.C., it is a real pleasure to acknowledge the help you gave in your generous contributions this past weekend for the care and treatment of the many crippled and burned children.

Your generous contributions will enable us to help boys and girls return to their homes with stronger, healthier bodies.

All proceeds from this activity will go to the Shriners Hospital for Crippled and Burned Children, regardless of race, creed or color. Thanks for Sharing.

Carl W. Champion
President
White Plains Shrine Club