

Dr. White finally did right thing

Dr. Chris White created a crisis at Gardner-Webb, and the only way to resolve it was to resign.

When he instructed an employee to change a failing grade to a passing grade for a basketball player, White made a big mistake, regardless of his reason for the act. If he had an underlying reason for what he did, he should have made it public.

Instead, when it became public knowledge it caused an uproar among students, alumni, and just plain citizens.

The school has always been looked upon as the epitome of fairness and sound Christian principles, but this incident had people threatening to sever their ties with Gardner-Webb.

What's worse is a board of trustees who refused to reprimand White for his manipulation of a grade. Instead, they demoted at least two individuals who brought attention to the sorry situation.

White seemed to have holed up in his office hoping the storm would pass, but it didn't. And wisely, last Friday he resigned during a meeting of the board of trustees at a church in Shelby.

Had he not done so the school was sure to lose support from alumni groups, funding, and worst of all, academic respect.

The basketball program, which White is so interested in, will undoubtedly come under the NCAA microscope, and is almost sure to undergo sanctions.

The Board of Trustees should have taken care of this matter several weeks ago. Now, its members who refused to terminate White should also be resigning. If not The N.C. Baptist Convention should step in and replace them.

Sad state of affairs

What are children being taught these days?

A mob of 16, ranging in age from 10-18, attacked a man and beat him to death in Milwaukee recently. They used shovels, baseball bats, rakes, a folding chair and anything they could get their hands on.

This was not a mad dog killer they murdered. This was a simple citizen, on his way home from work.

The older children pressured a 10-year-old to throw an egg at the man, which he did. When the man chased the egg tosser, he was jumped and pummeled to death.

The young gang treated it as a game, encouraging one another to "pass the bat, so I can take a shot."

It is a sad commentary that people so young have such low regard for human life.

If society wants to weed out the worst of us, these hoodlums should be punished to the fullest extent allowed by law.

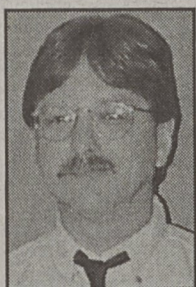
PICTORIAL EDITORIAL



GARY STEWART / HERALD

With the November general election just around the corner, political signs are popping up at just about every corner. This grassy area on U.S. 74 near the Kings Mountain Armory is always a popular place for politicians to seek votes. Someone sneaked in a sign (front right) that probably reflects the opinion of a lot of voters.

We weren't always as united as we are now



Alan Hodge
Guest Column

In the wake of all the 9/11 ceremonies that took place last month, the plethora of E Pluribus paraphernalia, flags, bumper stickers, etc. and the current big talk about kicking Saddam Hussein so hard his momma would feel it, I don't think there are many people in the nation or world who can look at our country today and say we are not united as a people. But, brothers and sisters, there was a time when just the opposite was the case.

My wife Sharon (AKA Lil Petey) and I have just returned from taking part in a reenactment of the 140th anniversary of the Battle of Antietam near Sharpsburg, Maryland. It was an event that will long linger not only in our minds, but in the hearts, minds and souls of the 60,000 or so folks who came to watch 14,000 of us try to recreate what was the bloodiest day in American history.

Here's a brief history lesson on the fight that took place on September 17, 1862. The opponents were about 40,000 Confederates led by Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson against 60,000 Union men led by George B. McClellan, Joseph Hooker, and Ambrose Burnside.

The fighting near the village of Sharpsburg took place on verdant fields of ripening corn, sections of forest, farm yards, and along a creek called the Antietam. The shooting started at 5 a.m. and by 6 p.m. when it ended, over 23,000 Americans were killed, wounded, or missing. Look at that number again. All in one day.

Except for times when someone slips and skins their knee, Civil War reenactments are for the most part bloodless affairs. Nonetheless, at a really big reenactment you can get some small idea of what the blue and gray armies looked like on the march, the sound of a heavy cannonade, and the crash, crash, of volleys from thousands of muskets. Every American should see this at least once.

As some of you know, I am a keen observer of my fellow man. At the 140th anniversary event, as thousands of us pseudo-Rebs marched to a rousing fife and drum accompaniment in a column four men wide and over a half mile long, I had the chance to look upon the faces of some of the many spectators than jammed the road leading to the field of pretend glory.

If I had to choose one word to describe the reaction most of these folks were expressing it would have to be awe-struck, and I'm sure our blue-clad opponents/friends on the other end of the 600-acre farm we did our thing on saw the same sight as they marched to the battlefield.

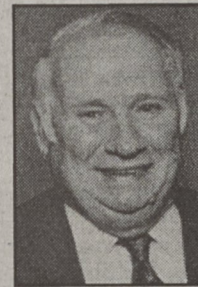
Besides awe, the next emotion that most spectators were expressing was pride. Pride in a time long ago when men were men, women were women, the term political correctness did not exist, and when folks in their simple way stood and fell for what they believed in. Pride in the rich fabric of a nation that has tolerated little or no foolishness from any regime past or present.

After the reenactment spectacle, we drove over to the site of the actual 1862 battle. It is a sobering thought to stand on ground that was once saturated with the blood of North Carolinians and boys from all the other states that made up the Union and non-Union of that time.

To pause in Bloody Lane, or on the Burnside Bridge, or

See Alan, 5A

Teddy bears: What a revoltin' development



Jim Heffner
Columnist

Some of you are going to think I'm losing it, but I'm tired of Teddy bears. You heard it right, Teddy bears. That's not to be confused with Teddy boys, those scroungy British kids who think they're tough guys and walk around the streets of London dressed in Edwardian clothes.

Every time I turn around somebody is telling me something wonderful about Teddy bears. There's even a company in New England whose sole purpose in life is to spread those things all over the world. They don't come cheaply either.

You can get Teddy bears in football gear, bikinis, diving regalia, motorcycle boots and any kind of uniform imaginable.

Elvis even had a hit record about a Teddy bear: "Baby let me be, your loving Teddy bear. Put a chain around my neck and lead me anywhere."

Children refuse to go to bed at night unless they are cuddled up with their Teddy bears, or some other stuffed animal. I have two young grandsons who refuse to close their eyes until they have their Teddy bears in bed with them.

Now, Molly, my six-year-old granddaughter, is a little different. She's more like a Marine drill instructor and would probably rather sleep with a toy M-16 or a billy club.

President Theodore Roosevelt started it all by sparing a bear cub's life while on a hunting trip. The political cartoonists got hold of the story, and before long newspapers all across the country were showing cartoons with Roosevelt snuggling up to a small bear, and after that some of the unfriendlier reporters began referring to him as President Teddy Bear. There was no stopping the Teddy bear explosion after that.

It gets under my skin that some people substitute Teddy bears for birthday, Christmas and anniversary gifts. Have a birthday, get a Teddy bear, get married, get a couple of Teddy bears dressed in a tux and a wedding gown, graduate from college, get a Teddy bear clutching a tiny rolled up diploma. Get arrested, get a Teddy bear in a striped uniform. As Jimmy Durante used to say, "What a revoltin' development this is."

I once heard a young woman describe John Goodman as being "just a big old Teddy bear." When somebody refers to a man as a big old Teddy bear, to me, it means he's a big fat ugly slob she wouldn't wipe her feet on, but he's so nice.

Maybe we could settle the problem in the Middle East if somebody would just send a Teddy bear to Saddam Hussein, who is incidentally, just a big old Teddy bear, but don't count on it.

I wouldn't be surprised to see politicians embrace the Teddy bear phenomena. Can't you just picture Erskine and Elizabeth making a commercial and saying something like "Vote for me, I'm for education, Social Security and two Teddy bears in every household."

I wouldn't put it past Governor Easley to institute a new tax for the education of Teddy bears, especially if they're four years old or less.

Enough about Teddy bears, I said I was tired of them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fast response and action saved husband's life

To the editor:

I would like to thank some very thoughtful and qualified citizens in Kings Mountain for the outstanding job they performed Saturday, September 28, 2002.

My husband, William C. Carroll, had been hospitalized prior to this date, and after bringing him home I suddenly realized he was not breathing and did not have a pulse. After making a 911 call the Kings Mountain Police were the

first to arrive and quickly started CPR. Then the Emergency Medical Services arrived and immediately inserted a tube into the lungs.

Thanks to all these men and women that took charge and were very confident in the medical knowledge of their jobs my husband is alive today.

Also, I would like to thank the Kings Mountain Hospital E.R. staff for their performance. The doctor and nurses were very kind to me

and my family and kept us well informed.

Our hats are off to all of you!

Thanks again,
Shirley Carroll
Kings Mountain

KM Police Chief supports Young

To the editor:

As Chief of Police in Kings Mountain, I fully support Bill Young for District Attorney in November's election. I have had the privilege of working with Bill Young for the past 15 years. I have tried cases with him in District Court as well as Superior Court and always found him very involved in his cases, putting in many hours of preparation. He has always visited the areas where the crime occurred to get a better feel

for the cases.

After being promoted to Assistant Chief, I left the detective with 2 murder cases pending. Bill Young prosecuted both cases and convicted both men in jury trials. His commitment to those cases were astounding. He is professional and is what this county needs in November's election. You will find that most of all law enforcement throughout this county support

See Letters, 5A