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GARY STEWART

Community turns out for Kelli's benefit

In the Good Book is the familiar story where Jesus told his followers to tend to the needs of the sick, imprisoned, naked, etc., and made a statement that "when you did it to the least of these, my brethren, you did it to me."

That lesson hits home at times like last Saturday, when citizens of the Grover area turned out in huge numbers to support a bluegrass and gospel music show at Grover Elementary School for the benefit of Kelli Harry, a nine-year-old Grover School student who was seriously injured at the school in December when she ran in front of a pickup truck.

Kelli, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harry, remains in a coma in a Charlotte hospital.

While Kelli was in the hospital fighting for her life, her friends and neighbors were raising an estimated \$3,000 to help with the mounting hospital bills and the huge cost of transportation for her family to and from Charlotte everyday.

The crowd which packed the small Grover School gym was estimated at 1,000, more than the population of the town. Bands which usually receive good money for their performances donated their time so that all the money collected would be profit.

Participating groups included Nelson Young and the Sandy Valley Boys, Leonard McSwain Band, the Roustabouts and the Lincoln County Partners.

The Grover Rescue Squad and Philbeck's Shell Station sponsored bake sales, and people from all over the area donated cakes and other goodies to be sold in the cafeteria Saturday night. Police officers, rescue personnel and others gave of their time to park cars, direct traffic and perform other duties too numerous to mention, and other citizens did whatever was needed of them to make the show a success.

Minette Mills, Grover Industries and Har-Ray Mills purchased tickets for their employees and

their families and they, no doubt, were led to give more generously because of the generosity of their employers.

Many people who came to see the show gave more than the \$3.00 admission price, and dropped even more donations into a jar after they got inside.

Phil Harry and his family were overwhelmed at the show of love, and was too choked up to tell how he really felt.

"Phil said he'd someday like to get around to every one of you and shake your hand," the emcee told the crowd. "He wants us to report that Kelli is showing some encouraging signs."

To the 1,000, that statement was thanks enough.

Seven children steal the show

The seven children in the cast of Pineville Dinner Theatre's "Sound of Music," playing through Mar. 22, steal the show.

Caryn Kaplan (Brigitta) and her little sister, Debbie (who is Marta von Trapp in the musical) said after the show on opening night Wednesday that it's been hard for them to get up and go to school the next morning after production but that it's been worth the effort.

Actually, 14 children play the roles of the seven Von Trapp kids and alternate performances. Most of the children come from the Charlotte-Concord area but at least one of the performers is from Gastonia.

The children were receiving flowers from their parents and friends following the opening night show on Wednesday.

Nancy Callman, as Marie Rainer, Postulant of the Nonnberg Abbey, is a delightful Maria who has a beautiful soprano voice but lacks the accent of Julie Andrews, the well known actress and box-office hit in the movie version. Gary Goodson is the handsome Captain Von Trapp, Eileen Martin is the Mother Abbess and Melissa Johnson is the beautiful older daughter, Liesi. Patti Emler, as the Baroness Schraeder, the fiancée of the Captain, and Ron Culbreth as Max Detweiler, are cast in the supporting roles and are all well cast in the Pineville



Lib Stewart

production. Tom McClary, as Franz, the butler, and Jan Meredith as Fau Schmidt the housekeeper, are also excellent. The nuns of the Abbey have superior voices and the music is beautiful throughout the production.

The large dinner theatre cast presents the show, setting of which is Austria early in 1938, without the background of the Austrian countryside but effectively sets the stage in a simple setting and the few stage settings and props are changed with ease.

It is well worth the drive from Kings Mountain to Pineville and the price of the ticket, which includes a sumptuous buffet, to see "The Sound of Music." Call Sylvia Clark at 542-3481 for reservations. Season tickets are also available at big savings, five shows Sunday through Thursday for the price of four.



Poets Corner

WASHINGTON'S BATTLE FOR TRUTH

George Washington, the father of our country
Could not tell a lie,
Chopped down his father's cherry tree
Therefore he had no pie.

Never-the-less his dear old dad
Laid it on stern and sure,
Just like fathers way back when
Discipline was the cure.

Washington grew up to be president
But he never cared for cherry pie,
Whenever he saw a cherry tree
He couldn't look it in the eye.

Alas, when he married Martha
Her favorite was cherry pie
He declared, "The crust is not flaky,"
He could not tell a lie.

Perhaps he never told Martha
"I cannot tell a lie,"
But perhaps he did when he told her
"I like your cherry pie."
Vivian S. Biltcliffe

IN LOVING MEMORY OF ADA LEE & MAUD CLARK & THELMA WHETSTINE

Oh how patient you were in your suffering.
When no hand could give you ease.
God the helper of the helpless,
Knew that you were tired
And that you had done your best,
So he decided it was time
That he called you home to rest.
Helen Henson and Frankie Reynolds

THAT SNORE!

Some women amaze me!
For their men, they complain,
Snore so loudly
It drives them insane!

Some say they fuss.
Others shake him awake.
Some, with their pillow,
To another room they do take.

Those women would
Scoff and scorn at me.
They'd say I was foolish
And as crazy as could be.

For to me, that snore
To music I'd compare.
Because it's so comforting
Just to know that he's there.

Elaine G. Wade
Kings Mountain

Back in my school days, everybody walked

Talk about conserving gasoline. Boy, we sure did back when I went to high school from 1949-53. Gasoline didn't cost all that much back then either. Neither did automobiles.

The neighborhood guys in the East Belmont area for the most part walked to high school. Just about everybody inside the city limits of Belmont did. If you had a driver's license, you were likely to be named "Most Popular," or, "Most Likely To Succeed."

I was talking with Dean McCarn, one of my best boyhood pals (and he still is one of my best friends), recently, and Dean and I couldn't remember anybody but Max Robinson and Bunny Woodruff who drove cars back when we went to school.

We'd hitch a ride sometimes in bad weather, but most of the time we walked. I didn't learn to drive a car until I was 19. Dean said he didn't get his driver's license until he was 20.

Now we really conserved gasoline back then. There were more bicycles around the school than cars. Now at South Point High School, the parking lot is almost as large as Lineberger Stadium.

Just about everybody in school drives a car. Parents buy their children automobiles for birthdays and/or as a graduation present, or they drive the second or third car in the family.

I'm not about to brag about the fact that most of had to walk to school. Yet, it was fun.

We got to talk more and get to know each other better back then. Now you see maybe one student driving a car. Sometimes there will be two or three. A car-load is rare.

We used to get six and sometimes more in a car to go somewhere (which was rare-going somewhere). It was a treat for me to ride in a car with my teammates to basketball games on the road.

What I really recall more vividly than anything else concerning automobiles came during my senior year.

During a spring afternoon assembly one day, we were shown a film on how to be a safe driver. Now, mind you, I don't suppose there were over a couple of dozen students in school who had a car in the first place.

Dwight Frady

Frady's Views



Anyhow, after the film had ended, they herded us outside on the campus of what is now Belmont Junior High. They wanted to see some of the students who did drive just how quickly they could come to a stop.

They blew a horn or a loud whistle or something, and the guy or gal would slam down hard on the brakes.

All that burning rubber and noise almost scared me to death. This one student driver thought the signal meant to speed up and the driver went out of sight. He looked like Barry Newman in the movie "Vanishing Point." It was so darn funny.

This instructor amazed me. As quickly as the signal sounded, it appeared the tires started skidding at that very instant. He came to a complete halt in no time flat. He probably went on to become a highway patrolman. Boy, those fellows can really drive, and I've always admired and respected them.

Down South, the driver will say to a highway patrolman who stopped him, "Gosh, I'm sorry as I can be officer. Yes, I know I was going 61 miles an hour. I was thinking about something and forgot to keep my eye on the speedometer."

Up North, the driver will say to a highway patrolman when stopped, "Man, I wasn't speeding. I was going 48.5 miles an hour in a 55-mile zone. You'd better have your radar checked, pal. Hey, look at that guy who just went by you. He must be going 65 miles an hour."

During my senior year in high school, the Monogram Club had a hotdog and hamburger outing down by the river. Did we drive down there? Heck no—we went on a hayride. That's right. A hayride. It was one of the best times of my life.

The boy and girl athletes had more fun than a barrel of monkeys. We had hamburgers, potato chips and hot dogs. We roasted hotdogs over an open fire, along with marshmallows. It was just chilly enough to be just the right kind of spring night.

Not many of us had "steadies" back then. After all, we didn't have a car to take them anywhere. I guess most everybody went "strolling." You know, "walking your baby back home."

We didn't have the peer pressure the kids have today and our parents stayed together. We had to be in at a certain time. Our parents always knew where we were. It was a time when you could go out and leave your front door and back door unlocked and you would know that nobody would rip you off.

We thought drugs were something you got at the drugstore for an illness.

It was a time of backyard basketball, sandlot football and baseball, marble-shooting, and rolling hoops from a barrel down the street with a stick. In baseball, if you chased a foul ball down the right field line, you could stop for a few seconds to pick a few blackberries.

And yet, I think today's crop of high school students are the greatest. They're smarter, bigger, stronger, faster and more mature than we were.

I look back and I really believe there were only, at the most, perhaps a dozen really "pretty" girls in high school. Now, every girl in high school is pretty.

And now, it appears, what with drivers education helping the cause, everybody in high school has an automobile.

I only wish to do one thing—and that is to caution all of the young drivers to be careful. It tears me up to see where a young person has been killed in an automobile accident, or one who has been badly injured in a "total."

I didn't have those problems when I was a teenager. Was I among the lucky ones or not? I don't want to know.

LOOKING BACK

(From the Feb. 17, 1966 edition of The Kings Mountain Herald)

The race for the 29th District Democratic nominations for the North Carolina Senate became a four man affair Wednesday with announcement by Marshall A. Rauch, former Gastonia city councilman, that he is a candidate.

Charles W. Easley Jr., son of the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Easley of Kings Mountain, received the Eagle Scouting award at a recent scouting program at St. Matthew's Lutheran Church.

Social and Personal

Sharon Lashelle Cline celebrated her first birthday Feb. 7th. She is granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cline and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Huffstetler were honored on their 25th wedding anniversary at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Randy Cash and Mrs. Andrea Huffstetler Saturday night.